

Trinity

By

Alex McKinnon

Characters Owned By DC Comics

[alexjmckinnon@live.com](mailto:alexjmckinnon@live.com)

INT. SMALLVILLE DINER - RECENT PAST

A cozy family-run diner on a comfortable summer day. A cupcake with a single lit candle sits at the center of a table. CLARK KENT - bespectacled, on the cusp of adulthood, sweetly nebbish - hands a waitress a menu.

CLARK  
I'm fine, thanks.

Clark beams a happy, sheepish smile. A teenaged boy (KURT) and girl (AMANDA) sit across from him, speechless.

AMANDA  
You're not serious. THAT'S the worst you've done?

Amanda folds her arms and leans back in her chair, frowning.

AMANDA  
I don't believe you.

CLARK  
Honest.

Amanda slaps the table, laughing incredulously.

AMANDA  
Come on! You skipped physics?! That's REALLY the best you got?

CLARK  
I told you it wasn't worth knowing.

AMANDA  
But we gave you such good ones! You can't honestly tell me that's all.

CLARK  
What exactly were you expecting?

Amanda just shrugs.

AMANDA  
Seriously, Clark. You've gotta find yourself a girl. Bring a little adventure into your life.

CLARK  
Well, I like this just fine, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

Unnoticed, a woman with a RUBY RED necklace steps in through the diner's front door. Suddenly, Clark looks very flushed. He teeters forward, wincing.

AMANDA

Hey Boy Scout, what's wrong?

CLARK

Nothing.

Clark grabs a menu and hides behind it, fidgeting. His eyes suddenly glow red. The menu erupts into flame, disintegrating instantly. Kurt and Amanda jump in their seats. Clark covers his eyes with his hand.

AMANDA

Clark, you're freaking us out...

An unusual sound, like meat SIZZLING in a frying pan.

CLARK

It's nothing. I'm fine...

Smoke spills up from between Clark's fingers.

AMANDA

Clark, what's wrong?

Amanda reaches across the table for Clark's shoulder. Something red and hot shoots from his eyes and consumes her. She falls to the ground, instantly dead. The occupants of the diner shoot out from their seats, terrified.

Clark panics, whipping his head sideways. The fire arcs around and slices straight through an old couple and their server, leaving a trail of scorched destruction wherever it falls.

Clark tumbles out of his chair as the diner erupts into chaos around him. He rolls onto his hands and knees, burying his face in his hands.

Clark GROANS, the fire shooting continuously, his eyelids melting. He SCREAMS, whipping his head backwards. The red beams tear right through the roof and set the whole place ablaze.

INT. CLARK'S APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY

Clark Kent - early twenties, melancholy - awakes with a start in a shabby, puny bachelor apartment, the faintest morning light flowing in from a window. SIRENS BLARE a few blocks away.

Clark sits up in his bed, rubbing his eyes. He grabs a small LEAD LOCKET from a nightstand, pulling it around his neck. He fingers it for a moment, staring at it. He flicks it open.

Inside the locket is a searing small chunk of green rock: KRYPTONITE. Clark winces, trembling ever so slightly. His hands tighten into fists, clutching the sheets. His toes curl, gripping carpet. He remains silent, enduring the pain.

After an excruciating moment, Clark shuts the locket. He collapses back into bed, panting, listening to the SIRENS. He pulls a blanket over his head, and shuts his eyes.

OPENING CREDITS

INT. QUARTERS, SHIP

The famous Wonder Woman garb, and all its vivid reds, blues, and golds, spilt out a sack atop a creaky wooden table.

On the opposite end of the room sits DIANA, in a flowing Grecian robe. She stares at the uniform, a sort of shameful uncertainty clouding her luminous face. A female voice calls for her:

SOLDIER

We're here.

Diana takes a deep, shaking breath.

EXT. THEMYSKIRA

An ancient ivory city on a lush tropical island, devastated by recent catastrophe. Hundreds of Amazons dressed in ancient Grecian robes and silver bracelets rebuild, passing a great wooden ship anchored at port. The SOLDIER addresses the crowds.

SOLDIER

People of Themyskira! Attention!  
Your Princess has returned to  
answer the call of the Gods!

Diana emerges atop the ship, uncomfortable. She glances around at the faces of her people, seeing only contempt, indifference, disappointment. Her eyes fall to the ground. The Amazons simply move on, unimpressed. Diana swallows hard, looking at the backs of their heads.

EXT. THEMYSIRIAN TEMPLE

Diana climbs a long staircase stretching up a mountain towards a beautiful temple. A pair of guards accept her stoically. She can not look at them.

INT. THEMYSIRIAN TEMPLE

A towering shrine, lit by torch. Five giant stone statues call for reverence: DEMETER, APHRODITE, ATHENA, ARTEMIS, HESTIA. Stone doors close behind Diana, locking her in. She wanders into the center of the temple, to the focal point of the five statues.

A wind picks up, swirling. Torches dance. Lightening flickers in the dome of the ceiling, finally surging into the statues and giving them life. Diana kneels reluctantly as the statues all look down upon her.

APHRODITE

In a city of eternal midnight, a shadow looms high.

ARTEMIS

With strength enough to cower Zeus himself.

HESTIA

The fire of Prometheus raging within him.

ATHENA

Power too great to exist within the mortal plain.

Diana looks up at the dome of the temple as an image materializes: a dark cloud growing, cruel wind raging.

ARTEMIS

You must return to Patriarch's world.

APHRODITE

You must venture into the deepest depths.

(CONTINUED)

DEMETER

You must confront the beast.

HESTIA

Else the Earth will quake.

ARTEMIS

The sky will crack.

APHRODITE

Gods will fall.

The cloud blinks fiery eyes, bolts of orange lightening echoing through its mass. Diana steels herself.

ATHENA

We give you sight.

Beams of blinding light shoot down into Diana's eyes. She screams as VISIONS OF APOCALYPSE fill the temple: skies of fire, oceans of death and blood. Finally, the endless charred remains of a once great city.

The cloud dissipates, freeing Diana from the light. She sinks to the floor, a trembling, broken mass.

APHRODITE

What you've seen need not come to pass.

DEMETER

So long as you heed our command.

HESTIA

A monster is a monster.

ATHENA

May you be the hand of the Gods.

The great SWORD OF PELEUS drops down in front of Diana in an exquisitely decorated scabbard. A small amulet follows, a golden jewel at its center matching the one on the sword's crossguard. Diana lifts her head, still trembling.

ATHENA

Hephaestus crafts weapons fit only for champions.

DEMETER

He imbued the Sword of Peleus with a new strength to aid your quest.

(CONTINUED)

HESTIA

Prove your worth. Earn the light.

Diana hardens, strong.

EXT. GOTHAM - MORNING

Sun dares not shine. A dark field of sharp-angled skyscrapers stabs into smog-filled sky. A layered city, the wealthy having retreated to the clouds, leaving the poor in the squalor. A monorail comes to a stop in a neighborhood cluttered with garbage and graffiti.

Doors open, revealing Diana, dressed to fit in, bag slung over her shoulder and hoodie pulled overhead. She sees a massive bill board: "GOTHAM CITY WELCOMES LEXCORP! NEW JOBS! NEW BUILDINGS! NEW WAY OF LIFE!" A picture shows the brand new LEXCORP building towering over the skyline.

Diana catches sight of a newspaper box. A drawing of a bat with violent red eyes shoots out from the front page.

INT. NEW WING, MUSEUM - NIGHT

A cavernous modern museum, empty in the late night. A pretty young girl (CALLIE, 17) WHIMPERS, blind-folded, gagged, and handcuffed to the railing of an EVOLUTION exhibit. A thug (LARRY, plain, 35) in something like SWAT gear watches her from around a distant corner. He frowns, and turns away.

INT. MUSEUM

A group of hostages huddle on their knees in the middle of a room, bound and gagged. Larry makes his way towards his similarly dressed (yet seedier) partners, MOE and CURLY, who pace around the hostages, rifles in hand.

LARRY

Do you... Do you really think we should leave her there? With him?

Moe and Curly both SNICKER. Larry picks up his rifle from where it rests leaning upon the wall.

DEATHSTROKE

Where's your faith in your fellow man?

(CONTINUED)

Slowly, Larry turns around, revealing DEATHSTROKE, a lightly armored mercenary littered with unique tools of the trade, a samurai sword chief among them. His mask features a single hole, a lone eye piercing from behind it.

DEATHSTROKE

Why the nerves? The police are paid, precautions taken. You boys aren't superstitious, are you?

Deathstroke approaches the collection of hostages, bending down and stroking a woman's hair.

DEATHSTROKE

They say he can't be killed. Can't be touched. That when you reach for him, it's like he's not even there. Too fast, too strong, too smart, too everything.

The woman shudders quietly. Deathstroke sneers, turning back towards the three thugs, thumbing the hilt of his blade.

Something in the darkness RATTLES. Deathstroke and the thugs all take pause. Deathstroke turns his attention to a pitch-black, shadowy corridor.

DEATHSTROKE

Speak of the devil.

Another RATTLE. Deathstroke strolls casually into the corridor. The thugs watch him disappear into the darkness.

Something like a THUMP. Larry and Moe activate the flashlights at the ends of their rifles, scanning what ends up being an empty corridor. Moe swallows, rifle pointed readily and expertly.

MOE

I'm going to check it out. You come too, B. C... try not to embarrass yourself in front of the hostages.

INT. PREDATORS OF THE WORLD EXHIBIT

Moe and Curly walk carefully through the halls, flashlights on the ends of their guns illuminating the way. Lions, tigers, and bears posture as monsters. The two thugs come upon the tail of an enormous T-Rex skeleton.

(CONTINUED)

MOE

You see anything?

CURLY

No. Like a tomb in here.

A series of noises, REPEATED CLINKS. The two thugs look up to see a small steel orb bouncing down the tail of the T-Rex, hitting vertebrate after vertebrate. The orb finally rolls to a stop at their feet. They stare at it, confused.

The orb EXPLODES in a massive fog of blinding smoke. The thugs thrash around, coughing and wheezing. Something wraps around Moe's neck and yanks him into the air. Terrified, Curly makes a break for it, but something catches him by the feet, pulling him scratching and clawing into the smoke.

BATMAN emerges from the haze, a surgical wraith, a streamlined nightmare. A voice mutters on a radio frequency.

ALFRED(OS)

We really need to find you some better competition. This is hardly sporting.

Batman whispers, his voice inhumanly calm.

BATMAN

Clear?

INT. BATCAVE

Immense blackness in every direction, save for cold light emanating from a massive computer console. ALFRED PENNYWORTH, 60, the definition of a kindly elderly gentleman, sits in front of countless monitors, all showing various angles of the museum. He scans the screens, and speaks into his headset.

ALFRED

No trace on the museum cameras, good angles on all of ours. Have you identified the last of the men?

INTERCUT WITH MUSEUM

BATMAN

Lawrence McGuinty.

Alfred furrows his brow, surprised as he taps a keyboard. A profile of Larry appears on a monitor.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED  
One of Gordon's?

Batman descends out of a monitor's frame, disappearing.

BATMAN  
Not anymore.

Alfred frowns as he reads Larry's profile.

ALFRED  
Oh yes. You flagged him as a  
defection risk when his son was  
hospitalized.

An article clipping reads "5 YEAR OLD CAUGHT IN CROSSFIRE AT  
BLACK FRIDAY SHOOTING." Alfred reads sadly.

INT. MUSEUM

Larry stands in front of the hostages, constantly scanning  
the darkness with the flashlight of his rifle. He whispers  
into a walkie-talkie:

LARRY  
A? B? What's going on? You guys  
okay?

Something cuts through the air, shattering Larry's  
flashlight. He panics, jerking his rifle about. A black  
thing slithers through the darkness. He fires into  
nothingness, again and again.

A strange blue residue begins to glow all along Larry's  
rifle. A small blue light flies across the room, slicing  
through the tip of the rifle. It arcs around, a mind of its  
own, slicing off more and more until nothing but a trigger  
remains for Larry to drop to the floor.

Batman maneuvers along the higher ground, unseen. Larry  
fumbles for his pistol.

ALFRED(OS)  
He has three commendations, sir.

BATMAN  
Don't.

The blue light arcs back towards Larry one last time, but  
suddenly darts straight up. Larry's gaze follows it to the  
dome of the ceiling, where he finds Curly and Moe, hanging  
from their ankles, unconscious. Larry looks back down, eyes  
darting around the room.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Seriously?! One time! One time I don't turn a cheek, one time I give in, and now you're here? Where were you before, huh?! When I needed it?!

Emptiness in all directions, as far as Larry can tell.

Alfred watches the action on a monitor, listening intently.

ALFRED

What's the point of all this if you don't save those who need it most?

A message appears on all monitors: RADIO OUT DISABLED. Alfred tears off his headset, frustrated.

Larry whips around, and inches from his face he finds Batman.

BATMAN

I know you. You don't belong here. Save the girl... I let you walk.

Slowly, Larry nods, holstering his pistol.

Alfred smiles, softly.

INT. MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

The hostages sit quietly, frightened, oblivious to what's happened. Suddenly, they find their bonds severed. They carefully lower their blindfolds. They look around themselves, finding nothing.

INT. NEW WING

Batman, following a few paces behind Larry, spots a smashed, emptied display case. On what remains of the glass: a picture of three large hunks of green rock. A card beside it reads "METEOR ROCKS - ADDIS ABABA".

Over their heads, a seemingly unconscious Deathstroke hangs, strung up from the ceiling much like Moe and Curly. As Batman rounds a corner, Deathstroke's eye flickers open.

Alfred still watches the monitors carefully. He notices empty bonds where Deathstroke once hung.

(CONTINUED)

Batman follows Larry around another corner. Callie sits at the distant end of the hall. Suddenly, Larry quickens his gait.

Deathstroke falls like a dart, sword first, just missing a diving Batman.

Batman tilts his head towards Larry, accusingly. Deathstroke stands, spinning his sword.

DEATHSTROKE

A word?

Batman slides around Deathstroke's swipes. He pulls two Batarangs from his belt and engages. Both men are masterful, weapons of dedication and precision.

Batman slices Deathstroke along the leg and chest, then staggers him with a rib-rattling fist. Deathstroke gasps, and swings wildly. Batman catches his arm, and twists the elbow until it SNAPS. Deathstroke GROANS sharply, and Batman puts him to sleep with a boot to the head.

Batman strides towards Callie. Larry reaches clumsily for his gun and sets it on Batman. Batman freezes him with a cold glare, then slices off Callie's blindfold with a Batarang, undeterred.

Callie looks up at Batman, confused and frightened. He reaches for her bonds, but a wheezing voice causes him to take pause.

DEATHSTROKE

We've miles to go before we sleep.

Deathstroke lurches to his feet, blood ceasing to flow as wounds close before our eyes. He cracks his elbow back into place and flexes his hand, completely recovered.

DEATHSTROKE

All the best lessons are learned  
lying in a pool of blood with  
darkness creeping in. Most men  
never get to use them. I'm not most  
men.

Batman hurls his Batarang, disarming Larry of his gun. Deathstroke charges Batman, seemingly one step quicker and a few times stronger.

Fighting a futile battle, Batman rolls behind Deathstroke and towards the girl, flipping open a Batarang. Before Batman can slice through the chains of her cuffs, a GUNSHOT sounds.

(CONTINUED)

Shot in the back, Batman stumbles, losing grip of the Batarang. Deathstroke gets a hold of him. Larry only watches, smoking gun still pointed.

Deathstroke expands a metallic staff, electricity crackling at both ends. He drives it between the plates of Batman's armor. The enormous shock floors Batman.

DEATHSTROKE

Wanted a good, long look at you before this went any further. Heard a lot about ya. Didn't disappoint. I'm guessing you're going to some zen place right about now. Won't help.

Deathstroke drags a convulsing Batman by the cape. Callie struggles vainly against her bonds, terrified as Deathstroke approaches.

Alfred watches the unfolding disaster, helpless.

DEATHSTROKE

I don't have many peers. Guessing you don't either. I see all that work, all that sacrifice. The countless hours, days... decades. I ain't ashamed to say there were any justice in the world, you'd be the best.

Deathstroke tosses Batman at Callie's feet. Batman tries to fight through his tremors, but Deathstroke slides his sword in and out of Callie like butter. She falls to the floor, dead eyes staring pleadingly at Batman.

DEATHSTROKE

But there isn't. And you aren't.

Deathstroke plops down next to Batman, cleaning the sword with a handkerchief. Larry stares down at Callie, feeling the brunt of his complicity.

DEATHSTROKE

It's true about you not killing, huh? I'm less sentimental. So we're clear: you're alive right now because no one's paid me to see to it otherwise. I ain't a charity. Consider this a professional courtesy: Give me a couple days, and you'll hardly know I was here. Get in my way, and innocent people die.

Deathstroke heads for the exit. Obediently, Larry follows.

DEATHSTROKE

Sit this one out, friend. You're  
out of your league.

Alfred sinks into his chair, crushed.

END INTERCUT.

INT. CRUMMY APARTMENT - LATER

Diana opens a door to a small studio apartment, empty if not for a mattress on the floor. She closes the door behind her, the floor CREAKING with each of her steps. She takes a seat on the mattress. She opens her bag and removes her sword. She unsheathes it, revealing a spine of GREEN ROCK snaking all along the blade.

Diana takes a couple practice swings. The Wonder Woman garb inside her bag catches her eye. She angrily closes the bag, and tosses it into a corner.

INT. SAM'S DINER - MORNING

A BELL rings as a door opens, and Clark, wearing earphones, steps in to a nostalgic fifties restaurant (old celebrity photos, a juke box, etc). He walks past SAM, a gruff, grizzly old diner owner.

Clark leaps over the counter and into the kitchen, pulling on an apron. Sam sits at the counter, unimpressed, reading an article with the headline "ANGEL TO COUNTERACT GOTHAM'S DEMONS? - NEAR-RAPE VICTIM CLAIMS DIVINE INTERVENTION". Beneath the banner: a blurry photo of a vaguely feminine silhouette, flying through the skyline.

CLARK

Hey, Sam. How's the news?

SAM

Terrible.

CLARK

Normal terrible or terribly  
terrible?

Clark messes up what's left of Sam's hair, and kisses him on top of his head. Sam pulls away, annoyed. Clark smiles, disappearing into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

Confident Sam can't see him, Clark pulls out his earphones and lets them rest around his neck. For the briefest second, we hear incredibly intrusive STATIC, thousands of conversations, all too loud.

A ring of the door bell slowly breaks Sam's gaze from his paper. He blanches when he sees who enters.

Clark, in the back, quickly shoves in a pair of EARPLUGS, dulling the static.

SAM

...Clark! I said you got company.

Clark heads for the counter, and spots the back of a shiny bald head sitting in a booth. Clark frowns as he makes his way over.

LEX

Glad to see you finally managed to make room in your busy schedule of jet-setting and trail-blazing...

Clark comes upon none other than LEX LUTHOR, a man only marginally older than Clark, but vastly more mature. He's dressed in a shamelessly expensive tailored suit.

CLARK

Well, well, well. Lex Luthor in my little diner? The Mighty hardly ever venture this far down the mountain.

Lex's smile slowly dissolves as he looks over a cheesy laminated menu. Clark takes a seat across from him.

CLARK

You should have let me know you were coming.

LEX

I've texted you like a hundred times.

CLARK

Really? I don't think this thing gets texts...

Clark pulls out a ridiculous, ancient, indestructible brick of a phone from his pocket, and adjusts his glasses as he checks its primitive screen. Amused, Lex snatches it away.

LEX

Are you kidding me with this? This looks like something an ex hucked through your window.

Clark snatches it back, CHUCKLING.

CLARK

Shut up. It's all I can afford. So what brings you down here? Judging by the suit, you're in a mood to get mugged.

LEX

Getting to know the city I'm saving.

CLARK

Everybody's excited to have you. Sam's giddy as a schoolgirl about it.

Clark nods towards Sam, who brings a family their food. He serves a screeching, messy toddler and fails utterly and completely to mask his contempt.

LEX

I bet.

CLARK

He doesn't like anybody. Really, he thinks you can make a difference.

LEX

I guess there's no use asking for a hand.

CLARK

I don't take handouts, Lex.

LEX

I don't give them. You'd move up quick at Lexcorp. You could do great things, huge things...

CLARK

I don't want to be great, I don't want to be huge. I just want to be left alone to live my simple little life.

LEX

This hardly seems the place for green grass and a white-picket fence. Come to my gala. Mingle. You could climb the ladder a bit. Push yourself, and who knows where you can go.

CLARK

Where do you keep getting this idea there's somewhere else I want to be?

Lex frowns.

CLARK

I appreciate what you're trying to do, but this is the last time I'm telling you, Lex.

Lex shrugs, and stands from the booth.

LEX

I hired your boss to cater my gala. You're meeting people whether you want to or not. Duty calls.

Clark snickers and shakes his head, defeated.

LEX

I just want the best for you, Clark.

CLARK

Yeah, well... the best isn't for everyone.

INT. BATCAVE

An immense place, infinite black in every direction outside the numerous cones of light bathing a wide variety of work stations. Monitors all throughout the cave replay recordings of the museum robbery from countless angles.

BRUCE WAYNE stands in front of a table, mixing chemicals silently. A young man of impeccable stillness, countless stitches, bruises, cuts, and crudely wrapped bandages mar a chiseled physique. He ignores the sound of FOOTSTEPS traveling across rock.

Alfred emerges beside Bruce, wearing a house coat, carrying two cups of coffee.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED

Couldn't sleep. Not a wink. I wager  
you had your usual glorious repose?

Alfred hands a cup to Bruce, who callously sets it as far  
aside as possible. Alfred picks up a clipboard, lifting  
glasses to his eyes.

ALFRED

What are you working on? A stronger  
sedative, eh?

BRUCE

Last one didn't cut it.

Alfred looks over to one of the monitors: reports of the  
stolen rock. He notices a small picture in the corner of a  
screen: the murdered girl in happier times, draping her arms  
over her parents. Blinding smiles.

ALFRED

What was her name?

Indifferently, Bruce reaches over, clicks. The image of the  
girl disappears.

BRUCE

Doesn't matter.

Bruce continues deeper into the cave. Alfred speaks up,  
bravely.

ALFRED

Heart gets in the way of the head  
sometimes. Won't happen again.

Bruce, still unmoved, brings up reports and statistics on  
Deathstroke.

BRUCE

Slade Wilson, aka Deathstroke.  
Former soldier. Rumor has it  
military experiments expanded his  
strength, speed, healing, and  
brain-power. Had to assume the  
stories were exaggerations. They  
weren't.

Alfred notices some blood dripping from the corner of  
Bruce's mouth.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED

I guess that's what we get for loafing, eh?

Alfred reaches with a handkerchief towards Bruce's mouth. Bruce pulls away, quickly wiping his mouth on his wrist and setting back to work. Alfred winces, hurt.

FLASH BACK

INT. WAYNE MANOR HALLWAY

A sunsoaked memory. A very YOUNG BRUCE (age 7) sits on a wooden floor, his pant leg pulled up, a scrape on his knee. Alfred kneels over him and gingerly applies a bandage. Bruce wipes his sniveling nose, and smiles gratefully.

END FLASH BACK

INT. BATCAVE

Bruce sets back to work on the chemicals. He doesn't bat an eye while a monitor flashes Callie getting killed. He speaks to Alfred, without turning.

BRUCE

Last night was hard on you. Go back to bed. Get some rest.

Alfred nods sadly.

ALFRED

Very good...

Alfred begins up the stairs.

BRUCE

Alfred.

Alfred lingers at the top.

BRUCE

From now on, if I don't address you first... Radio's closed.

Alfred swallows. He mutters on his way out:

ALFRED

Yes sir.

(CONTINUED)

Bruce sets down the chemicals, and heads towards his primary console. He passes by images of Callie, then Larry with his wife and son.

Bruce takes a seat and taps a key. A blurry still of Diana standing on a rooftop appears on a screen. He observes her quietly.

EXT. PARK ROW, SAM'S DINER

A cheesy sign atop a massive pole stands in front of the diner, with a big bold 'S' atop it for 'Sam.' Clark descends onto the sidewalk of the worst street in all the world, pulling up his hood, earphones already in place.

Further down the street, Diana watches a dozen televisions on display through a barred store window, bystanders stealing glances at her. All the screens share a broadcast: an old fantasy film, a knight battling with a dragon.

Clark finally raises his head, seeing a bunch of people staring at something across the street. He follows their gazes, and comes across Diana. She turns from the televisions, and all the crowd moves on, pretending not to have noticed her.

Diana spots Clark on the steps of a condemned building with a shady sort of fellow. Clark discretely hands the man some money, and the man gives him a box, then shuts the door. Clark looks both ways. Satisfied no one pays him any attention, he heads down the sidewalk.

Diana watches Clark head towards an arching entrance to ROBINSON PARK. Suspicious, she pulls up her hood and follows after him. On the televisions behind her: the knight pierces the dragon with his sword.

EXT. WALKWAY, ROBINSON PARK

A picturesque, autumn beauty standing defiantly and superficially at the center of a grim and gray city. There doesn't seem to be a soul within it save for Clark and Diana. She follows with head bowed from a safe distance, sneaking an occasional peek.

EXT. POND

As Clark rounds a corner just short of a pond, Diana pulls back. Clark meets with a blue-collar sort of couple and their little girl, CLARRISA. He greets them with nods and handshakes, then bends down to meet eyes with the girl, smiling happily at her and taking off his earphones.

Diana peers stealthily around a tree, watching carefully. Clark opens the box, and Clarrisa's face lights up. She picks up a scraggly looking kitten from the box and hugs it to her. Diana recoils, taken aback.

CLARK

Found it in a tree down by the  
Narrows. You gotta take better care  
of her, alright?

Diana watches the couple thank Clark. He waves goodbye to them as they set off on their way. He sits down contentedly on a bench, and stares ahead at the pond.

CLARK

You following me or something?

Diana darts back behind the tree, completely caught off guard.

CLARK

You don't have to be shy. The  
name's Clark. You got one?

Clark looks to the trees, patiently.

CLARK

I saw you on the sidewalk earlier.  
You're not from around here, are  
you? Can always spot a tourist.  
They're like unicorns in Gotham.  
Hard to miss.

Diana tries to figure out her next move.

CLARK

You want to come out and take a  
seat? We don't have to talk, since  
it's clearly not your thing. Just  
offering, in case you want some  
company. I mean... I'd like some  
company.

Clark waits a second. He turns back to the pond, then speaks up again.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

Wouldn't mind meeting someone this city hasn't trampled yet. Nice don't come around here too often.

Diana softens, but gives no answer. Clark waits.

CLARK

It gets hard, you know? Staying away from people.

A moment passes, and Diana appears beside Clark, taking a seat. The two of them quietly gaze across the water: the blue-collar couple enjoy the sight of their child chasing the cat.

DIANA

This is... pleasant. This place, I mean.

CLARK

I think so too. It's quiet.

Clark smiles, turning to her.

CLARK

I never caught your name.

Diana hesitates, but answers:

DIANA

Diana.

Clark offers his hand.

CLARK

Clark Kent. I already told you that, didn't I?

She shakes his hand politely. He gestures around at the park, livening up a bit.

CLARK

Not bad, eh? Gotham's best kept secret, I think. The first thing Wayne did when he came back.

Diana nods quietly. Clark points across the pond to a gorgeous garden with a grotesque ancient tree at its center.

CLARK

See that tree? Oldest thing in Gotham. Legend has it the Wayne

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLARK (cont'd)  
family planted it when they first  
settled here. "As long as this  
stands, so will Gotham."

Diana just looks at it.

DIANA  
Sure is a coarse sort of thing.

CLARK  
You think so? I don't know,  
something... beautifully ugly about  
it, you know? In spite of the worst  
conditions imaginable, it's carved  
itself a little rut.

Clark plucks a flower from a bed beside a tree, then shows  
it to Diana.

CLARK  
Check this out.

Diana looks over the flower, then sniffs it.

DIANA  
It's plastic.

Clark snatches back the flower.

CLARK  
I know. Hilarious, right? Didn't  
take long before landscapers  
refused to come within a mile of  
here. So Wayne had this low  
maintenance stuff installed  
instead. Grass is fake too. Thought  
that counts, I guess.

Diana glances out the corner of her eye at Clark. He seems a  
bit forlorn.

CLARK  
They're closing this place down for  
good tomorrow. Lex Luthor bought it  
from the city. "Development", they  
call it. Can't really blame them.  
This is about as busy as it gets.

DIANA  
Seems a shame.

Clark shrugs.

CLARK

Lex is a great man. If he thinks it's the right thing to do, I trust him. Even if a few folks don't see the big picture.

DIANA

Like Wayne?

Clark narrows his eyes.

CLARK

Well... it's about time that guy got on the winning side.

INT. ELEVATOR, LEXCORP BUILDING

Bruce, in long coat and suit, stares at his haggard reflection in the mirrored wall of the elevator, dissatisfied. He shuts his eyes, calming.

BRUCE

How'd the sedative turn out?

Alfred responds, over radio signal.

ALFRED(OS)

Strong enough to knock out a rhino, I'd say.

BRUCE

Run it again.

ALFRED(OS)

Shall we aim for elephant?

The elevator comes to a stop with a DING, and Bruce exhales readily.

BRUCE

Time to go.

ALFRED(OS)

Curtain call already?

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICES, LEXCORP BUILDING

Bruce steps into a corridor, a completely different person, a mild bounce in his step, a cockiness in his stride. A SECRETARY tries not to look too obvious while leering at him. He winks at her. She blushes, and suddenly looks very busy. His smile widens.

Bruce walks through a corridor and comes to a big oak double door. He swings both sides open, revealing...

INT. BOARDROOM, LEXCORP BUILDING

An expansive, high-end boardroom, a big round table at its center. Giant curved windows look down at the city, and televisions play news. Lex sits at the end of the room.

LEX

You're late.

Bruce tosses his coat atop a chair. He takes a moment to admire a framed magazine cover on the wall: Lex Luthor. Man of the Millenium.

BRUCE

You're picky. In a hurry?

LEX

Gotta stay on schedule. Long night?

BRUCE

Not especially.

LEX

You look half dead, by the way.

Bruce falls into his chair.

BRUCE

Good thing I'm a cup half full kind of guy.

LEX

Half was generous.

BRUCE

Quarter full kind of guy.

Lex CHUCKLES.

LEX

How do you like the building?

BRUCE

A bit ostentatious, don't you think?

LEX

You're not going to feed me that 'classic aesthetic' nonsense, are

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEX (cont'd)  
you? Get used to it. Ten years,  
whole city will look like this.

BRUCE  
First Metropolis, now Gotham.  
What's next? Washington?

LEX  
Gotta stay on schedule.

BRUCE  
Seems odd to bring this all round  
here. I had you pegged for a better  
businessman than that. This a buy  
low sell high kind of thing?

LEX  
It doesn't always have to be about  
the bottom line. Gotham doesn't  
have to be a town where only the  
crooks come willingly.

BRUCE  
So I've heard. You're tilting at  
windmills, Lex.

Lex gestures at the Gotham skyline.

LEX  
Look out the window: the giants are  
real, Bruce. Half of downtown is  
condemned, and half of that the  
junkies won't even touch.  
Orphanages are gutted, Hospitals  
abandoned. Last week, a warehouse  
burned down on Park Row. It wasn't  
reported until a janitor came to  
start his shift the next day.

Bruce ignores Lex, instead watching a monitor proudly  
display an automated factory. Huge gates seal individual  
sectors of a colossal assembly line, opening and closing.

BRUCE  
What's another body on the bread  
line, huh? At least he can make  
friends with the folks your  
automated factories put out of  
work.

Lex waves his hand dismissively. He stands from his chair,  
and overlooks the city.

(CONTINUED)

LEX

The hand you're dealt only means so much. In the end, people decide who they're gonna be. Look at us. Everything we are, we've built. What was even left of the Wayne name before you came back to town?

Bruce rolls his eyes, and throws his feet on the table.

BRUCE

What's left of it now?

LEX

I don't blame you. All this time, alone in the eye of the storm... and it's only gotten worse. I know how many people you've seen this town bury, Bruce. I know how powerless you must feel. I'm trying to do a good thing here. How often do you get to fill your wallet and clear your conscience all at once?

Bruce slyly cocks an eyebrow.

BRUCE

Is that more a paradox or an oxymoron?

LEX

Bear with me. I'm gonna save your life tonight.

INT. UNDERGROUND SHOPPING CENTRE, LEXCORP BUILDING

An extremely modern, metropolitan underground shopping centre, far exceeding the splendor of anything else in Gotham. Giant marble pillars tower like miniature skyscrapers, LexCorp banners cover every wall, and Gothamites pretend they're in a different city.

SLADE WISLON, 50, strolls in. He's a mature man, with one damaged eye. He wears an overcoat and hat.

EXT. GARDEN, ROBINSON PARK

Clark and Diana walk alongside the pond, then into the garden, past meticulously arranged flower beds. Clark playfully thumbs his plastic flower.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK  
So how long you been in Gotham?

DIANA  
Just since yesterday. I'm here on business.

CLARK  
Naturally. Why else, right?

Diana smirks.

CLARK  
This job you're here for... you enjoy it?

Diana shrugs.

DIANA  
It must be done.

CLARK  
What would you rather do?

DIANA  
Help people. Lead people.

CLARK  
Then do it.

DIANA  
It's not that simple. I have... debts.

CLARK  
Round here, we all do. So do what you want.

Clark stops as he approaches the Wayne tree. He bends down to swipe away some dead leaves, and Diana notices the locket dangling around his neck.

DIANA  
What's that?

She reaches for it, but Clark suddenly withdraws, pulling away the locket. He shakes his head, apologetically, then shows it to her, without opening it.

CLARK  
Sorry. It's personal. A memento from back home. Helps keep me grounded.

Clark pulls it away from her, tucking it beneath his shirt.

DIANA

Why would you leave? Home, I mean.

Clark frowns, but tries to keep upbeat.

CLARK

When you live in that small a town... everyone knows your name. Everybody expects things from you. Just wasn't up to it.

Diana watches Clark.

CLARK

Anyway... Gotham's a big pond, and I'm just another fish. Nobody cares who I am. I do what I want, and nobody gets hurt. What more can you ask?

Diana nods, understanding. He hands her the plastic flower he plucked. She smiles:

DIANA

You're more than 'just another fish'.

CLARK

Who says?

INT. UNDERGROUND SHOPPING CENTRE

Slade walks through the centre, incognito. People go about their business, too self-absorbed to notice him.

INT. LUTHOR LABORATORY, LEXCORP BUILDING

Lex shows Bruce around a giant, circular laboratory. Light bounces a bright, sterile white off flawless steel. A dozen labcoats work on a bulbous contraption hanging from the ceiling above a retractable metallic floor.

DALTON, a scrawny, middle-aged man in a shabby lab coat, stands atop an elevated walkway that rises from the floor and around the contraption, like a ring ready to envelop the tip of a finger.

(CONTINUED)

LEX

You know Dalton, right Bruce?

BRUCE

Yes. Very impressive, I'm sure,  
Lex. Now why should I care?

LEX

You still haven't congratulated me  
on the military contract.

Bruce, carrying his coat slung over an arm, nods,  
remembering.

BRUCE

Well, that has a lot to do with me  
thinking you're nuts --

LEX

What's the problem? It's ready to  
test soon, and I could use a  
partner in this. You know the  
advancements we've made in genetic  
engineering --

BRUCE

Advancements sure, but this weapon  
you're promising --

Lex scoffs, cutting him off.

LEX

Not a weapon. A new frontier.

BRUCE

Power like this doesn't and  
shouldn't exist. It does bad things  
to people.

LEX

Not all hands but your's are the  
wrong ones, Bruce. And with the  
world the way it is, what choice do  
we have? You saw what those maniacs  
did in Kasnia, didn't you?

Bruce betrays only the slightest disgust.

BRUCE

Of course I did.

(CONTINUED)

LEX

The world's changing, whether we want it to or not. We have a responsibility to stay ahead of the game. Adapt. Evolve. Or fade.

Bruce shakes his head.

BRUCE

Sorry, Lex. This isn't a line I'm eager to see crossed.

Lex maintains composure, forcing a smile.

LEX

Never took you for the scrupulous sort.

BRUCE

Full of surprises, aren't I?

INT. UNDERGROUND SHOPPING CENTRE

Slade checks his watch. He sneers.

Enormous, fiery explosions tear through the centre, and continue up through the LexCorp building, shaking its very foundation. Debris flies and concrete crumbles.

INT. LUTHOR LABORATORY

The entire lab trembles, flooring Bruce and Lex.

EXT. GARDEN, ROBINSON PARK

Sitting beneath the tree, Diana and Clark both see and hear the explosions tearing up through the base of the LexCorp building in the skyline.

INT. LUTHOR LABORATORY

ALARMS blare, and a voice comes over the INTERCOM:

INTERCOM

LexCorp employees: there have been numerous bomb detonations. Please evacuate through the practiced safety zones.

Bruce looks up from the floor. He slithers out of sight before Lex and his workers can pull themselves together.

EXT. GARDEN, ROBINSON PARK

Without even a moment's hesitation, Diana sprints towards the LexCorp building, leaving a less enthusiastic Clark behind.

CLARK

What do you think you're doing?!

She gives no answer. Reluctantly, Clark follows after her.

INT. UNDERGROUND SHOPPING CENTRE

Slade watches with mild disinterest as people scurry like cockroaches in the light, dodging falling marble and concrete, explosions thundering ceaselessly.

Slade pulls off his coat and hat, tossing them aside. He quickly pulls his mask over his face. He is Deathstroke.

Bruce, on the second floor, looks down at the chaos. He notices a display case of Medieval weaponry, a large sword featured prominently. He looks past it towards a sporting goods store.

Diana and Lex each arrive on the scene at the same time, scanning the center from opposite ends. Clark follows right behind Diana, but an explosion in a shop calls for her attention. She rushes off to the rescue, leaving an overwhelmed Clark to himself.

Bruce smashes his elbow through the glass of the sports store, grabbing with gloved hands an aluminum baseball bat from a mannequin. He puts some money in the mannequin's coat pocket, then turns towards Deathstroke, passing the untouched sword.

Through the frightened crowds, Deathstroke spots a shellshocked Clark. Deathstroke reaches for a pouch, fingering GREEN ROCK.

Deathstroke catches Clark unawares, knocking him to the floor. Deathstroke looms over Clark, Kryptonite in hand.

Bruce, enveloped in his coat, black tie wrapped around his eyes like a mask, leaps over the railing above Deathstroke's head. With a swing of his bat, he knocks the Kryptonite out of Deathstroke's grip, and it rolls some distance away.

(CONTINUED)

Bruce turns to a baffled Clark.

BRUCE

Run.

Clark obliges as Bruce presses the attack.

INT. SHOP

Inside a fiery shop, Diana hears faint MOANS of life. She grabs hold of a huge piece of fallen debris, and easily tosses it aside. She gathers up a wounded person, slinging them over her shoulder and rushing out.

INT. UNDERGROUND SHOPPING CENTRE

An explosion throws Diana and the coughing wounded to the floor just as it tears free an immense piece of stone above them. In a nearly imperceptible blur of movement, Clark darts across the centre, right past Bruce.

Bruce whips around just in time to see Clark dive under the falling debris, rolling and pulling both Diana and the wounded out of the way. Diana lifts her head, stunned to find Clark protecting her.

CLARK

You okay?

Deathstroke smacks the briefly distracted Bruce to the floor, and sprints for Diana and Clark. Just as he lifts his sword over them, Lex dives onto Deathstroke's back with a YELP, wrapping his arm around the mercenary's throat.

Clark takes the opportunity to grab Diana's hand, pulling her along as he escapes. Deathstroke stumbles a couple paces, but finally gets a hold of Lex, then tosses him over his shoulder.

Deathstroke hurls a grenade towards a distant pillar. The grenade explodes, and the pillar breaks away, tipping over. Diana and Clark see the shadows gathering around them.

Clark braces himself to catch the pillar, but Diana suddenly shoves him to the floor. Before Bruce and Lex can even make it to their feet, Diana catches the pillar, holding it above her head!

Bystanders stop in their tracks. Bruce, Lex, and Clark all look at her, baffled.

(CONTINUED)

A GUNSHOT sounds and a bullet grazes Diana's arm, catching her by surprise. Her wounded arm falls away from the pillar, but she still manages to support the weight with her shoulders.

Bruce notices Diana's wound. Deathstroke marches towards her, firing his gun. Diana lifts her wounded arm and manages to deflect his shots with her silver bracelet. Lex, broken from his daze, spots the Kryptonite at his feet.

Diana maneuvers the pillar onto the floor as Deathstroke runs out of bullets. After putting his pistol away, Deathstroke charges in, driving her into the pillar and then into the floor.

Clark watches, balling his fists. He stops himself. His hands open, and he backpedals, gripping his locket. Lex observes him.

Bruce takes in the scene, assiduously. Deathstroke brushes a couple fingers across her cheek before grabbing her entire head in his hand. He drives her face-first into the floor.

Diana lifts her head up from a miniature crater, dazed. Deathstroke drives his sword towards her, but she catches it dead in a single hand. She looks up at Deathstroke, furious yet unhurt as he struggles to slide his blade free. She easily snaps his sword in two with a strike of her forearm.

Diana spins and delivers a brutal backhand, sending Deathstroke stumbling, completely thrown. She begins working him over, overpowering him by seemingly a hundred-fold.

The crowds watch, wide-eyed, amazed. Diana finally delivers Deathstroke a ferocious knockout, putting him down for the count. She stands over him, fuming. The masses approach her carefully as sprinklers activate to sate the fires. People begin to CLAP and CHEER, increasing in ferocity.

Diana gazes in awe all around herself as the appreciation grows deafening. Lex runs in, arriving at her side. He lifts her arm to the sky, triumphantly. Bruce maneuvers quietly along the outskirts. He looks to Clark, who stares at Diana, disconcerted.

EXT. LEXCORP BUILDING - LATER

Diana makes her way down steps through throngs of people, cameras, and microphones desperately probing for attention. She keeps her head bowed, ignoring them. She reaches the bottom of the steps, and clears a path for herself, gently yet firmly shoving people aside. With a few feet of space,

(CONTINUED)

she takes off into the air and flees the scene, a hush falling over the crowd.

ALFRED(OS)  
She's unbelievable, isn't she?

INT. BATCAVE

Alfred packs small, innocuous devices into the pockets of an elegant black jacket.

ALFRED  
From the tips of her toes to the ends of her hair. And what if this isn't science waiting to be discovered? What if it's something... higher?

Bruce stands in a clearing of the cave. A crude, digital, HOLOGRAPHIC representation of Diana materializes across from him.

BRUCE  
It's always science. Motive and means, cause and effect. If it's real, it's flawed. Begin.

The digital representation advances on Bruce, precisely mimicking Diana's fighting style and rhythm. Bruce slides masterfully around swipes, watching every movement with great care.

Alfred observes some monitors around the cave. Most cycle security footage from the shopping centre, but he stumbles upon Clark's face in the background of a still. Clark's driver's license and personal information scroll along the side.

ALFRED  
Found a new friend?

BRUCE  
Clark Kent of Smallville, Kansas. Slade singled him out. We need to know why.

ALFRED  
I thought Mr Wilson was out of the picture?

Bruce doesn't answer, battling with the simulation.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED

Those cogs are turning, aren't they?

BRUCE

There's more happening here.

ALFRED

And what about the woman? Simply too wonderful to be trusted?

Bruce shoots Alfred an annoyed glance. The simulation catches a distracted Bruce with a kick to the head that passes harmlessly through him.

COMPUTER

Catastrophic damage. You are now dead.

Alfred chuckles slightly. Bruce stares at Diana's digital representation.

BRUCE

Lex will get her to the gala. We'll talk.

ALFRED

Better not let her do anything else to you.

INT. HALLWAY, CRUMMY APARTMENT

Diana walks speedily down her apartment hallway, hood pulled over head. She reaches into her pocket, and slides a key into the doorknob.

INT. CRUMMY APARTMENT

Diana enters the apartment, and stops in her tracks. She finds her humble room filled with extravagant gifts: dresses, flowers, baskets. She picks up a note off a new table. It reads: "Out the window."

Diana gingerly maneuvers through her inundated room. She looks out the window, and sees dozens of digitized billboards atop roofs, glorifying her face. A HONK draws her attention. She looks down towards the street. A CHAUFFEUR leans against a stretch limousine, waving politely.

EXT. SAM'S DINER

Clark sits on the back of a truck as Sam gleefully loads various trays of food.

SAM

This is it, kid. Big times, big players, big connections... no more crying babies and snotnosed kids. This night could make us.

Clark just watches Sam, nervously.

CLARK

I'm leaving town, Sam.

Sam sets down a tray and turns to Clark.

SAM

You forgot to book it off.

Clark shakes his head.

CLARK

I don't think I can stay in Gotham anymore. I... I think I got mixed up in something.

Sam nods quietly as he shuts the cargo door.

SAM

Heard that before. Never thought I'd hear it from you.

CLARK

Sorry to disappoint.

Sam takes a seat next to Clark.

SAM

I know how it is around here. You gotta go, you gotta go. When you heading out?

CLARK

Figured I owed you tonight.

Sam sniffs loudly. He offers Clark a comforting pat on the knee.

SAM

You're gonna be fine. And someday... you'll be more than

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAM (cont'd)  
fine. I'm sorry I won't get to see  
it.

Sam messes with Clark's hair, then kisses him on top of the head like it's no big deal.

SAM  
I'll miss you, kid. Promise you'll  
let me see you off proper.

Clark smiles softly. Sam clears his throat and jumps to his feet, hardening.

SAM  
Get ready. It's gonna be a big  
night.

INT. BLACKGATE PENITENTIARY

A dozen GUARDS escort a mechanically chained Slade down a long, isolated prison corridor. Slade SNICKERS.

SLADE  
You know, it's remarkable what  
friends in high places can mean for  
a man.

The guards pry open the steel door of Slade's cell.

SLADE  
They always find ways to loosen  
your bonds, give you the freedom  
you need to grab hold of life.

The high-tech chains all around Slade deactivate, snapping open. The guards look up at him, horrified.

SLADE  
What's life without friends?

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICES, LEXCORP BUILDING

Lex moves through the offices with some swiftness, mouth moving a million miles per hour as a MALE ASSISTANT follows him, desperately jotting down notes.

LEX  
...see that the catering is well  
taken care of. Make sure to confirm  
with Wayne, because he's probably  
forgotten.

Lex's assistant follows him into the boardroom.

INT. BOARDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Something catches the assistant's eye outside the window. Lex turns to face him.

LEX

...any news from Wonder Woman? She has to be there. Why aren't you getting this?

Lex follows his assistant's gaze, finding Diana floating outside, staring down at them. He shoves his assistant away.

LEX

Take five.

The assistant scampers off as Lex reaches for a control panel next to the window. A few touches, and the window between him and Diana lifts away, rolling on WHIRRING machinery.

LEX

What a pleasure it is to see you again. Do you want a drink? A bite? I don't know about you, but flying always makes me hungry.

DIANA

You know why I'm here. Something in my room was missing.

Lex smiles, and strides around the table. He comes upon a safe in the wall, opens it quickly, and removes Diana's sword. He plays with it for a moment.

LEX

I should be surprised you noticed, what with all the gifts I left you. But I'm not. I asked them to bring me back something of value, and they certainly delivered. This is really a fascinating little thing.

He unsheathes it slightly, scanning the green rock spiraling up the blade.

LEX

Such a unique stone adorning the blade. You've really got something special here.

(CONTINUED)

Diana pulls her amulet from her pocket, and tightens her grip around it. It begins to glow, and in a flash, the sword flies out of Lex's hands and into her's. She folds her arms as Lex looks up at her.

LEX

Neat trick. Though it raises the question of why you bothered coming here.

DIANA

I've heard everything short of songs sung in your name. I expected a man of your stature to be above such base tactics.

LEX

Still stuck on that? Fine. I apologize. I figured someone as grand as you would never condescend to one so lowly as I. Seems I was right. Sorry I wasted your time.

Diana turns away from him. Lex frowns.

LEX

I saved your life.

Diana pauses.

LEX

Today. That monster reached for you. I tried to help you.

Lex approaches her, sincere.

LEX

All my life I've waited for something... pure. Noble. And now you're here. There are people you'll meet who would rather snuff you out, and I know I can stop them. I can make you everything you could possibly be. For you, for me, for all the world. If you let me.

Diana listens, moved.

LEX

Would I lie to you?

Lex looks back down to his feet, turning away from her and heading for the exit. She unfolds her arms, and drops to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

Lex stops in his tracks, and turns back towards her, smiling.

LEX

Tell me, Princess: have you ever  
been to the Ball?

EXT. GOTHAM RITZ - NIGHT

Mosh pits of photographers are in mid-frenzy on either side of a red carpet, barely contained by guards and velvet ropes. Bruce drapes his arm over a bubbly bimbo-type named GERTRUDE, and yammers on with a reporter, obnoxious smile plastered on his face.

A long white limo pulls up, and the photographers just about salivate. Lex exits, waving and smiling. He gestures for patience, and reaches a hand into the limo.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Diana sits nervously in the limo. Lex sticks his head in.

LEX

Ready?

Diana takes a deep, shaking breath.

EXT. GOTHAM RITZ

Diana steps out uncomfortably from the limo, in a flowing red gown. Everyone stares at this impossible beauty, arms limp at their sides and jaws hanging to the pavement. Bruce, on the other hand, reveals a coldness, if for only a second.

The two pits erupt in a frenetic burst of CHEERS, calls for attention, and flashing bulbs. Diana winces slightly, blinded, not knowing where to look or how to react. Lex slides an arm around her waist, and whispers in her ear:

LEX

Stick with me, kid, and we'll be  
the stuff of legend...

Lex walks next to Diana, pushing her towards Bruce, who easily slides back into character.

LEX

Bruce! I'm sure you know who this  
fine lady at my side is, but I'll

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEX (cont'd)  
introduce her anyway: this is the  
girl that's going to change the  
world.

Bruce offers a hand to Diana. She shakes it cautiously.

BRUCE  
So you're 'the Wonder Woman'. Let  
me guess: Lex picked the outfit.

Diana tries to say something, but Lex jumps in.

LEX  
Guilty. As you can imagine, she  
doesn't have time to keep up with  
the fashions.

BRUCE  
I'm sure. Well, nobody knows what a  
girl ought to look like better than  
you, Lex.

Bruce eyes Diana's bare arm. Her skin is perfect, without  
flaw.

BRUCE  
I saw you take a bullet on the news  
today. We heal quickly, don't we?

LEX  
You don't miss much, do you Bruce?

Diana silently measures Bruce. Gertrude none-too-subtly  
clears her throat.

BRUCE  
Oh! Sorry! This is...

Bruce just squints at his date.

GERTRUDE  
Gertrude.

BRUCE  
Really? Right. This is Gertrude.

LEX  
Pleased to meet you. What do you  
think? About time to get out of the  
cold?

The four of them agree, Lex wrapping an arm around Bruce's  
shoulders and Gertrude hanging back with Diana.

GERTRUDE

So... who does your hair and  
make-up?

Diana can only offer a quizzical look, not understanding.

DIANA

What do you mean?

INT. BALLROOM, GOTHAM RITZ

A great, ornate hall. A glass wall overlooks the skyline. A band plays strings, unobtrusively. Bruce and Lex step in to some fanfare, but do little more than politely and tiredly shake hands. Diana draws far more attention and APPLAUSE, adults rushing for attention and children hanging back, gobsmacked.

Bruce spots Clark, who prepares a bar, wearing the uniform Sam gave him. Bruce maintains a perfect poker face as he approaches, grabbing a champagne flute. Clark goes out of his way to not make eye contact. Bruce politely offers his hand.

BRUCE

I'm not used to this flying under  
the radar stuff. It's freaking me  
out. Bruce Wayne.

Surprised, Clark shakes it.

CLARK

Yeah, I know. Nice to meet you. Not  
everyday a boy from Kansas gets to  
talk to a celebrity like you.

BRUCE

Please. The only difference between  
me and anyone else is a few  
billion. Kansas, huh? That's like  
worlds away from me. What's that  
like?

CLARK

Sunny, small, sparse... kind of the  
exact opposite of around here, I  
guess.

BRUCE

Sounds terrible. Maybe I'll buy a  
ranch.

Clark CHUCKLES.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

It had its charm. People really  
look out for each other down there.

BRUCE

Gotham must be a breath of fresh  
air, then?

CLARK

I don't know that 'fresh' is the  
right word...

Bruce forces a grin.

BRUCE

Well, things change...

Lex remains next to Diana, maneuvering her through the crowd, doing all the talking for her. Bruce and Clark watch her from a distance. She just shakes hands, hardly saying a word. Clark conjures some courage, turning to Bruce.

CLARK

Hey. You don't know kung-fu or  
something, do you? There was this  
guy earlier today...

Bruce ignores him, following after Lex. Clark frowns, then takes a seat.

CLARK

Couldn't be you.

Lex is in mid-conversation when Bruce crashes into him, spilling the entirety of his champagne. Bruce, seemingly very drunk, apologizes profusely, wiping at Lex's suit and dragging him away.

Diana befuddled, catches eyes with Clark. Clark gulps, barely squeaking out:

CLARK

Hey.

INT. WASHROOM

Lex and Bruce enter a lavish washroom. Lex runs some water and begins dabbing at his shirt.

BRUCE

Sorry, man. Really sorry.

(CONTINUED)

LEX  
Don't worry about it.

Bruce shakes his head, woozy.

BRUCE  
Nice night otherwise though, right?

LEX  
Yeah.

BRUCE  
Tough luck about your building.

LEX  
Life goes on. I just thank God no  
one was hurt.

BRUCE  
I guess so. Man, that really was a  
miracle, wasn't it? All those bombs  
going off, not a single person  
hurt?

Lex pauses. Bruce seems trashed.

LEX  
I don't know what you mean.

BRUCE  
Just saying it'd have to be a  
miracle. Because for somebody to  
detonate those bombs and know they  
wouldn't hurt anybody... they'd  
have to know the building inside  
out. Know where people'd be, you  
know? Or at least know someone  
who'd know.

Lex says nothing. Bruce scans him closely, then stumbles his  
way out the exit.

BRUCE  
What do I know. Just an amateur  
detective, that's all I am.

INT. BALLROOM

Sam, fixed up as presentably as he can manage, can't keep  
from staring as Diana approaches Clark. Someone gestures for  
his attention, and he sets back to work.

(CONTINUED)

DIANA  
I wasn't expecting to see you here.

CLARK  
Yeah, well, duty calls.

DIANA  
Thankfully, for once.

Clark grins goofily as Diana smooths out the shoulder of his outfit. She begins, a bit awkwardly.

DIANA  
It's not often I need saving. I'm not terribly familiar with the etiquette. But I believe I owe you a thank you.

CLARK  
Don't bother. I probably only embarrassed you...

DIANA  
No. You acted bravely. Thank you.

Clark stares at Diana for a moment. He bows his head and swallows.

CLARK  
So... Princess, huh?

DIANA  
You heard.

Clark nods his head at a cluster of middle-aged women behind Diana.

CLARK  
Word travels quick among rich house-wives.

Diana giggles. Clark notices people staring at him, whispering to each other. Clark looks to the floor, uncomfortable.

DIANA  
You don't much care for attention, do you?

CLARK  
I should tell you... the reason I stay away from people? It's not for me. It's for them.

Diana looks him over, concerned.

CLARK  
I'm leaving town tomorrow.

DIANA  
Why's that?

CLARK  
Nothing left for me here.

Diana winces, but smiles gently.

DIANA  
You're a terrible liar.

Diana gestures towards Sam, who picks his ear. Clark laughs.

DIANA  
You're everything to him. Has he  
ever told you?

CLARK  
No. But I know.

A woman grabs Diana, pulling her away, yammering. Diana smiles sadly, and turns her back to Clark. Sam approaches Clark, frowning.

SAM  
You screwed that one up, kid.

CLARK  
Yeah, I know.

SAM  
Should have asked her to dance.

CLARK  
Sam...

SAM  
She'd a said yes. Would have made a  
hell of a story for the  
grand-kiddies.

CLARK  
I don't need...

Before Clark can continue, Sam turns towards Diana and the crowd, and at the top of his lungs:

(CONTINUED)

SAM  
HEY PRINCESS!

MUSIC STOPS. Clark entire body immediately cringes. The room freezes and all eyes turn to him. Diana stares, curiously.

Sam nudges Clark in the ribs. Mortified, Clark slowly opens his eyes, meeting all the bemused glances. He turns to Sam.

SAM  
Shoot for the stars.

Clark looks at a patient Diana, considering. He swallows, then pulls his locket over his head, and hands it to Sam.

Clark takes a deep breath as he approaches Diana.

CLARK  
Um... wanna dance?

A few bystanders SCOFF. Diana smiles lightly.

DIANA  
I'd like that.

Attendees murmur amongst themselves. The band shrug to one another, and start playing again. Clark approaches Diana nervously, wiping his hands on his pants.

They meet like kids at their first dance, locking hands on one side, and then struggling to find a place for the other. Clark settles on the hip, Diana on the shoulder, and they both CHUCKLE. A foot or so of empty space separates their torsos.

CLARK  
So, um... how do you want to do this?

DIANA  
I was hoping you knew. I've never danced.

Clark blushes a bit.

CLARK  
Right. Well, I guess you won't know how awful I am for at least a little while, then.

Clark starts, and MUSIC follows. He moves simply, slowly, not risking much.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

It gets less unbearable, I swear.

Diana GIGGLES.

INT. CORRIDOR

Lex, alone outside the ballroom, speaks into his cellphone.

LEX

Get ready. We have to move things  
along.

Lex turns off the phone and looks to the dance floor through  
a door.

INT. BALLROOM

Sam shoves Clark's locket into his back pocket. Bruce  
emerges and snatches it instantly, completely unseen. He  
flicks it open, and observes the Kryptonite. He looks to  
Clark, interest piqued. Effortlessly, he slides the locket  
back into Sam's pocket.

Clark and Diana inch just barely closer. Clark notices the  
plastic flower he handed her, tucked beneath her bracelet,  
bud peaking out.

Clark spins Diana as the MUSIC comes to a stop, broad smiles  
on both their faces. There's some charmed, scattered  
APPLAUSE from the observers. Bruce easily slides Clark's  
locket back into Sam's back pocket.

CLARK

Congratulations. Another thing  
you're great at.

DIANA

Well, you're an excellent teacher.

Bruce grabs Diana by the wrist as she parts from Clark.

BRUCE

Amateur hour's over.

Diana stifles a gag, but some enthusiastic applause picks up  
from the attendees. Reluctantly, she obliges Bruce as the  
MUSIC picks up. Clark watches the two of them quietly for a  
moment before setting back to work.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE  
Fitting right in with the  
Aristocracy, aren't we? Never quite  
managed, myself.

DIANA  
Everyone's been quite gracious.  
Your friend... Gertrude. She's  
quite pretty.

BRUCE  
So I hear.

DIANA  
That doesn't really mean much to  
you, does it?

Bruce curves an eyebrow at her.

DIANA  
You don't like me.

Diana turns her face away from him slightly.

DIANA  
It's in the way you look at me...  
like I were a piece of meat.

BRUCE  
Seems unfair to single me out for  
that.

DIANA  
It's different. There's something  
scientific about it. It's in all  
you do, actually. How you move, how  
you dance, how you talk. Every  
inch, every molecule precisely  
where you intend it. Measured.  
Methodical. A masterpiece of  
falseness.

Bruce SNEERS.

DIANA  
To you... I'm nothing but a carcass  
on an operating table. Something to  
be probed and carved until all its  
secrets are neatly cataloged and  
made fact.

Bruce just looks at her, smile still plastered upon his  
face.

(CONTINUED)

DIANA

You can hardly stand the sight of me. And I can't help but wonder why?

Bruce exhales thoughtfully, keeping an elegant stride.

BRUCE

I look at you... and you make me feel like things are okay. And that's such a stupid, useless lie it turns my stomach.

Diana looks him square in the eye.

BRUCE

Listen: the flashbulbs, the pretty dresses... they don't mean anything.

DIANA

Says the man in the ten thousand dollar suit.

BRUCE

Been in the big city a day and she already knows what everything costs.

DIANA

You don't need to worry. I'm not one to take this sort of thing to heart. But people need symbols. Beacons of potential.

Bruce shakes his head.

BRUCE

Symbols... they really only work if people want to be good. People say they do. A few even mean it. Those ones don't last. Sooner or later, they falter. Or fall. Most people... well, give them an inch and see what happens. I dare you. These vultures will kiss your feet and dress you up, but turn your back and they'll go right back to butchering each other. All those precious little platitudes of your's? Won't mean a thing. When you get down to it, what do you know? You're just fiction. Entertainment.

(CONTINUED)

Bruce spins her, and Diana stumbles a bit, trying to mask the wound he gave her.

DIANA

Who are you? Really?

BRUCE

Bruce Wayne. We met earlier.

DIANA

You must be the ugliest man I've ever met.

Bruce slides back in next to her, all cocky grin.

DIANA

And the best liar, too.

BRUCE

Total package.

DIANA

Truly. You've stacked so many masks upon each other, even I can't tell what's real. It's quite the trick.

BRUCE

Maybe if you're nice, Lex will explain it to ya.

The music picks up. Diana stops going along with his steps, instead forcing him to follow her's. Bruce seems a bit put off, trying to keep up with her quickened pace.

BRUCE

Generally, I do the leading.

DIANA

I think I've got the hang of it.

Bruce lowers his eyes, seething.

DIANA

I've been thinking lately about freedom. Doing as I please, without obligation or direction. Like you. I see now what a life of self gratification means: Apathy. Nothing really hurts you or moves you anymore, does it? You don't really enjoy or love or even like anything. Thank you, Mr Wayne. I see now my calling is a blessing. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DIANA (cont'd)  
have purpose. And it makes me  
strong.

BRUCE  
You don't know what strong is.

Bruce quickly maneuvers a leg between both of her's, tripping and pulling her into a dip. However, she twists, and instead pulls him over her hip. Rather than falling into a dip, Bruce plants a hand, and back-hand springs away from her. GASPS sound as the two stand opposite one another, at a stalemate.

Diana stands to her full height, caught off guard. Bruce stares a hole through her, fuming. The music finishes, and the audience applauds. Bruce and Diana smile, keeping up their best behavior. Bruce nods to a waiting Lex, then kisses Diana's hand, smiling broadly. He whispers in her ear:

BRUCE  
You sure you want people following  
your example if you're not the one  
setting it?

Diana has no retort as Bruce passes by her, heading for the exit.

BRUCE  
Nice dress.

Lex breaks Diana from her stupor, grabbing her by the arm. She turns to him with a start.

LEX  
Good for you. That's a nice friend  
to be making.

Diana casts another glance in Bruce's direction.

DIANA  
I'm not so sure.

Lex tries to pull her away.

LEX  
Come with me. There's something you  
have to see.

INT. CORRIDOR

Bruce pushes through a door into the empty hallway. His playboy demeanor melts away instantly as he leans back against the wall, irate and humiliated.

INT. SECURITY CABIN

A door swings open, and Lex practically drags Diana into a cramped security cabin. A console offers views of much of the building.

LEX

Trust me. This, you gotta see.

He reaches backwards and presses a button at the console. The monitors flicker to a dozen separate shots of Clark in different locales, performing remarkable feats.

DIANA

What's the meaning of this?

Lex presses a pair of buttons.

INT. CORRIDOR

A big metal lock automatically slides into place with a CLUNK. Concerned, Bruce pulls on the door. It doesn't budge.

INT. BALLROOM

Clark moves through the crowds, serving. A minuscule red piece of crystal descends from the immense chandelier at the center of the room. Clark slows a step as he passes under it. A bewildered, sick look comes across his face.

Clark's eyes begin to crackle red as he keels over. Immediately terrified, he covers his face in his hand.

INT. CORRIDOR

Bruce looks through the door's window, and spots Clark at the center of the room.

INT. BALLROOM

That familiar sound of SEARING FLESH returns, and smoke spills up from between Clark's fingers. He mutters weakly.

CLARK  
Everybody...

No one pays him much attention.

CLARK  
EVERYBODY LISTEN!!!

Finally, attendees shift their gazes towards him.

CLARK  
You all need to get out of here  
right now...

Sam glances over shoulders.

CLARK  
GET OUT!!!

A SHARP GROAN escapes Clark as he whips his head upwards, and the beams of red tear through his hand, cutting straight through the chandelier. The attendees SCREAM and flee as the whole thing comes down. Clark buries his head in his shoulder, and hurls himself towards the door.

INT. CORRIDOR

Bruce dives aside as Clark smashes the locked door right off its hinges. Clark rolls, skidding across the floor, face buried in his arm. He stumbles around a corner, and Bruce sets after him, until a quiet THUNK catches his attention.

INT. BALLROOM

The glass wall EXPLODES, flooring the majority of the attendees. A huge SWAT team bursts into the Ballroom, each member heavily armed, covered in Kevlar, and masked by reflective visors. Deathstroke stands at the head of the pack. He roams through the petrified crowds, a shark in still waters.

DEATHSTROKE  
Ladies and Gentlemen: welcome to  
the show. Please stay in place  
until the end of the festivities.  
Lest you be made an example of.

(CONTINUED)

The attendees all stare, horrified. Deathstroke heads for the smashed doors. A pair of SWATs cover the exit as he passes through it.

DEATHSTROKE

Been a pleasure meeting you all.

INT. CORRIDOR

Deathstroke strides through the corridor. Bruce is long gone.

INT. SECURITY CABIN

Lex approaches Diana, who can't pry her eyes away from the monitors.

LEX

I've seen some things that man wasn't meant for, Princess. I've heard the siren's song and lived.

Lex looks to an image of Clark.

LEX

I've been keeping an eye on him for some time now. I knew, I always knew that he wasn't supposed to be here. That's why you've come, isn't it? To protect us. That sword you have, the green rock is good for one thing... it kills him.

Diana stares at the monitors.

DIANA

Lies. These are lies... what agenda are you pushing, what webs are you weaving?

LEX

You'd know if I had any, wouldn't you? I know it's hard...

Diana reaches into the back of her dress, and pulls out her GOLDEN LASSO.

DIANA

Do you know what this is?

Lex, uneasy, looks at the cord burning fervently in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

DIANA

It will permit no darkness,  
deception, or injustice. To be  
under its spell is to see  
righteousness through. Will you go  
under it? Can you face it?

Lex looks from the lasso to Diana.

LEX

Can you?

Diana hesitates.

INT. UTILITY ROOM

Bruce marches steadily and speedily straight across a room and out the other end, attaching some sort of device to a circuit box on his way up a stairway to the rooftop. He mutters into a tiny microphone on his wrist.

BRUCE

We have an emergency.

INT. CORRIDORS

Clark stumbles through hallways, face buried in his arm. He trips over Deathstroke's leg.

Deathstroke grabs hold of Clark, and presses Kryptonite into his face. Clark groans as the green rock SEARS against his flesh. He still covers his eyes.

DEATHSTROKE

You should hear the stories he tells: "Faster than a speeding bullet. Could change the course of mighty rivers". He talks like you're a god or something.

Deathstroke smacks Clark to the floor with the Kryptonite. Clark lies limply on the floor, lip bloodied, eyes still covered.

DEATHSTROKE

What do you think? About time for a miracle?

EXT. ROOFTOP

A gloved hand presses a button on a small remote.

INT. UTILITY ROOM

The device on the circuit box BUZZES, forcing a malfunction.

INT. GOTHAM RITZ

The lights go out throughout the building, throwing the ballroom into darkness. Emergency lights activate in the hallways.

INT. CORRIDOR

Deathstroke sneers, observing the emergency lights. He looks back down to Clark.

DEATHSTROKE

I guess the angels must be busy.

The fire begins to fade from Clark's eyes.

INT. BALLROOM

The SWATs turn on the flashlights at the ends of their rifles, anxiously scanning the black, rifles pointed at the doors. Batman bursts into the room behind their backs, through the remains of the window. He slithers, slides, and tears through the SWATs, an impossibly quick shadow ferociously dancing in the flicker of gunfire and flashlight.

The last of the SWATs crumples to the floor, Batman crouched in the center of a ring of defeated foes. He spots a small red shard amongst the chandelier wreckage, and picks it up.

Batman stands to his feet, a SWAT rifle in hand. He unloads it, snatching a bullet as it pops into the air. He looks it over carefully, before finally turning to the attendees.

BATMAN

Stay where you are.

The petrified crowd nods meekly, save for Sam. Batman drops the rifle to the floor and moves on, the crowd offering him a wide berth.

INT. CORRIDOR

Deathstroke bends down nearer to Clark.

DEATHSTROKE

Friends in low places better than  
no friends at all.

A golden loop falls over Deathstroke's head, tightening around his neck. It pulls hard, and he spins around in time to receive a crushing kick in the jaw from Diana that knocks him out cold and sends the Kryptonite tumbling free from his grip.

Diana bends down to pull off the lasso, then turns to Clark, offering a hand.

DIANA

We've got to get you out of here.

Clark looks up from the floor, weak, confused.

DIANA

I'm here to help.

Clark swallows. He grabs Diana's hand, she helps him up, and they head down a hallway. A mere moment after they round the corner, Batman arrives on the scene, grabbing the Kryptonite. He sees blood simmering atop it.

INT. 50TH FLOOR LOBBY

Diana and Clark, walking speedily, come upon a large room overlooking the city, the crossing point of many corridors.

DIANA

Lex Luthor is behind all this. He has some sort of agenda concerning you. He's telling me you're the monster I'm hunting.

Clark limps to a stop as Diana passes by him. Diana turns back to him, concerned.

A silver ball rolls towards them, stopping between their feet innocently enough. They look down at it, and it explodes in an impossibly bright FLASHBOMB.

Diana and Clark reel, completely dazed and blinded. A sweep of the legs puts Diana on her back. Before Clark can get a hold of himself, Batman is across the room, pinning him to the wall with one hand and pressing the burning Kryptonite against his face with the other.

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN

What are you?

Diana, still blinded, reaches for her Golden Lasso. She tosses it expertly towards Batman, but he snatches it out of the air and envelops Clark in it, shoving him to his knees.

Clark quivers as Batman holds him in place, Kryptonite still pressed. Green and Gold burn violently.

CLARK

Please... just let me go...

DIANA

Leave him alone.

Batman tightens the lasso around Clark's neck, focused on Diana.

BATMAN

Make him tell us what he is.

Diana doesn't budge. Something CLICKS. Sam stands at the mouth of a corridor, rifle pointed at Batman.

SAM

You're gonna want to let him go.

Batman stares down Diana unwaveringly as he addresses Sam.

BATMAN

Leave. Now.

SAM

I like him more than I'm scared of you. Don't push your luck.

Diana tries to eye Sam out the corner of her eye.

DEATHSTROKE(OS)

Well this is a delicate little situation.

Deathstroke strolls down the corridor opposite Sam, one arm behind his back as he stops a safe distance from the scene.

DEATHSTROKE

A good ol' Mexican Standoff. This would all seem irresolvable, wouldn't it? Isn't that right, Bats?

Batman surrenders nothing. Deathstroke looks to the rest of the gang.

(CONTINUED)

## DEATHSTROKE

Doesn't spook easy, does he? See, he knows what I know: my employer, in his infinite compassion, loaded all the guns with blanks. Save for mine, of course.

Deathstroke lifts his machine gun into view, pointing it steadily at Sam.

In the split second Deathstroke takes to press down on the trigger, Diana lets go of the lasso, making a dash to try and deflect the bullets. As soon as the lasso is free of her hands and some slack given to the rope, Clark escapes from Batman's grip.

Clark hurls Diana and Sam out of the way before she has any opportunity to deflect the bullets. They look to Clark, expecting the worst. Instead, they see a steady stream of bullets tear his clothes to rags, shattering the windows behind him. No mark is left, no blood is drawn. His glasses fall to the floor, breaking.

Deathstroke tosses down the gun with a content SIGH, out of bullets. Clark shoots Diana an apologetic look. He turns tail and runs, jumping out the remains of the shattered window, jetting off down the street.

Diana just stares for a moment, frozen. Finally, a bitterness rises up in her. She follows after Clark. Deathstroke watches them go, then turns back to the lobby, and is rather surprised to see himself completely alone, both Batman and Sam having disappeared.

## DEATHSTROKE

This should be interesting.

## EXT. POSH GOTHAM

Clark and Diana rip through the streets of Gotham's upper crust with a speed that defies reason. He ascends, but she follows. He zigzags down across the street and sidewalk. Still she follows.

Clark descends into traffic, darting between cars and through every opening he gets. She stays on his tail, following his frenetic path, even toppling over a pair of taxis. She never yields.

EXT. BACK ALLEY, GOTHAM RITZ

Sam smashes clumsily through a back door, skidding to a stop. He climbs into the driver's seat of his truck, peeling out.

EXT. POSH GOTHAM

Clark comes to an overpass and turns sharply on to it, taking a new street. He looks over to find, much to his dismay, that his pursuers have doubled. The Batmobile ROARS down the street behind him.

INT. BATMOBILE

Batman taps a few keys and a small circular radar emerges from the center of his steering wheel.

BATMAN

You have something to say?

ALFRED(RADIO)

We're unprepared. Is this really wise?

BATMAN

No. But neither's letting them run loose in the city.

A pair of digital crosshairs appear on the windshield, each targeting Diana and Clark. They get a lock, two blips appearing on the radar, red for Diana, blue for Clark, speedometers accompanying them.

EXT. POSH GOTHAM

Clark looks behind him at Diana and the Batmobile. He looks back forward and sees a wall of cars thundering down the road towards them. Clark turns abruptly, off the overpass and down into the highway. Diana follows. The Batmobile swerves, smashing through the protective barrier of the overpass. It soars down towards the highway and oncoming traffic.

Sam turns hard in his big ugly delivery truck, emerging on a street above the highway, swerving between cars. He looks over through his side window down at the action.

Clark turns sharply, into an elevated train tunnel. Diana actually misses the turn, but The Batmobile follows Clark onto the tracks, just barely ahead of a TRAIN.

Diana scowls to herself, the train blocking her path. She takes off, straight up, deep into the sky for an eagle's eye view.

INT. TRAIN TUNNEL

Clark looks backwards through the darkness, the Batmobile's headlights a pair of demonic eyes staring him down.

CLARK

That is just straight up  
reckless...

With a pull of a lever, the Batmobile fires a pair of silver balls that explode into a net.

Clark suddenly darts sideways and into a station, avoiding the net, rocketing up the stairs and to street level. Batman frowns slightly inside the Batmobile, unable to follow.

EXT. POSH GOTHAM

Clark descends back over the tunnel to a lower street. The Batmobile emerges from the tunnel and onto open air tracks, tailed by the train. The Batmobile plows straight through some fencing before dropping down to the street, tailing Clark.

Clark sees the Batmobile following behind him, and heads straight up into the sky in an effort to lose it. Batman turns hard, and the Batmobile disappears down a street.

Sam and his truck round a corner, and he swerves to a stop, coming out and gazing upwards after Clark.

Clark ascends over the highest rooftops, and Diana spots him. She rockets towards him, blindsiding him.

Clark tumbles across the skyline, and barely manages to maneuver himself through the intertwining support poles of a water tower without hitting them. Diana simply smashes right through them, following after him. Sam, oblivious to the precarious water-tower, watches the pair streak across the sky.

The tower tips over the building, falling towards Sam. Clark gets an eyefull of the unfolding disaster, shakes off Diana, and shoots towards Sam. Clark barely snatches him off the ground as the water-tower lands atop the delivery truck, demolishing it.

(CONTINUED)

Clark sets Sam down a safe distance away as water spills across the street. Sam seems impossibly excited, even childishly amused.

SAM

Whoa! Why didn't you tell me about this stuff?!

Clark, exhausted, gasps for air as he pushes Sam along.

CLARK

What?

Sam rips free of Clark's grip.

SAM

You can fly?!

CLARK

Sam, I'm super busy...

SAM

Right, but what's the deal? Are you like the Princess? Star-crossed, last of your kind sort of thing?! Do you need your locket? Is it a power boost or something?

Clark just barely shoves Sam out of the way before getting sideswiped by Diana. Sam watches for a moment, and then knows well enough to flee the scene.

EXT. BATMOBILE

Batman stands outside his car in an alley. He presses a button, and a latch opens on the side, revealing syringes and darts of varying sizes. A label reads "SEDATIVE". He attaches a few to his belt.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Diana tackles Clark through room after luxurious room of a beautiful apartment building, finally slamming him to the floor of a corridor.

Clark stumbles to his feet, dazed. Diana lays into him with brutal lefts and rights. She swings her leg around and kicks his head into the wall. She grabs him by the back of his collar and throws him straight through the opposite wall, into a bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

A frightened couple yelp as Clark lands at the foot of their bed. Clark tries to offer a rushed apology, but Diana flying kicks him through a few more walls and into a living room.

Clark smashes down through a coffee table and forces himself to his feet. Diana marches steadily towards him. She gathers her strength, curls a fist, and delivers the most powerful uppercut of her life.

Clark rockets up straight through the ceiling. Diana pursues him, peppering him with strikes through room after room, story after story, and finally deep into the night sky.

EXT. POSH GOTHAM

High above the rooftops, Diana grabs hold of Clark by the foot. She hammer-throws him back down to the city. He bounces across car after car on the top of a parking garage.

Diana descends upon Clark. He pushes his feet into her abdomen and launches her off of him upside-down into a brick wall. Debris crumbles on top of her, but she is unfazed.

Diana grabs whatever's closest to her, which happens to be a sedan, and chucks it at Clark. It hits him hard, carrying him off the building along with it. It drops down in the middle of an intersection, pinning him to the street.

Diana, never far behind, falls feet first, splitting the car into two clean pieces and sending glass and chunks of steel flying every which way. Bystanders flee, terrified.

Diana throws the two halves of the car in either direction and pulls a dazed Clark up from the ground. She viciously pummels him, finally delivering a blow so hard he rockets down a good block or so, smashing into the side of a tractor-trailer.

Diana closes her hand upon her amulet. It glows golden.

INT. CRUMMY APARTMENT

The sword rests easily on Diana's mattress, still sheathed. The jewel in the cross-guard glows, and the sword flies right out the window at an impossible speed.

EXT. POSH GOTHAM

The blade flies through the winding streets of Gotham, turning corners, bystanders darting out of its way. Finally, it finds Diana, hand raised and ready to catch it. But a black glove reaches for it.

Batman snatches the blade out of the air in mid-dive. He swings the blade at Diana, and she just barely lifts her bracelets in time to block it. There's a shocking force behind the sword, knocking her fifteen feet backwards and to the ground. Batman, surprised, takes a look at the sword then at Diana. He doesn't bother unsheathing it.

Clark gets to his feet and tries to get away, but Batman and the sword promptly knock him down. Clark looks upon Batman with a very genuine fear, but swallows and hardens, trying to show a bit of backbone. Batman straightens, lifting the sword from his side.

Diana comes upon them before they get started. They each dodge by the skin of their teeth, each defending themselves from her strikes. Batman slips away from her, and she focuses on Clark. Batman quickly rejoins the fray. He knocks Diana down with a kick and sets upon Clark. Diana rises, and goes after Batman.

Batman maneuvers himself between swipes from Clark and Diana. Batman catches Clark off-balance, sending him tumbling down to the pavement. Diana tries to land some blows, but Batman proves elusive. Batman tags her repeatedly with fists and feet, but can't slow her.

Clark quickly realizes little attention is being paid his way, and he tries to make a break for it, only to draw the ire of both Batman and Diana.

Diana tackles him, dragging him to the ground, and Batman swings at him. Both press the attack, and Clark finds himself losing pace. He hurls Diana away, going one on one with Batman.

Batman greets Clark, fighting expertly with the sheathed blade. Clark blocks a good deal of swipes. He begins to resist its force more and more, to the point where his feet stay planted when it strikes him.

Batman dives out of the way as Diana comes down upon them. She finds home for blow after blow on Clark. He digs in his heels, and she throws her best cross. She staggers him, but her hand CRACKS as it lands on his chin. She winces, staring at her broken hand. Frustrated, Clark finally counters with a quick fist.

(CONTINUED)

An absolutely thunderous blow. Batman watches in muted amazement as Diana rockets a preposterous distance, rolling across the pavement, dazed. Clark pales, horrified.

As she struggles to her feet, Diana holds her trembling, broken hand. A small dart of sedative appears in the back of her neck. Annoyed, she tears it out, and looks up to find Batman standing across from her, arms beneath his cape.

Clark observes the action, and turns around, seeing nothing but empty street. He pauses and looks back to Batman and Diana.

Diana engages Batman, sluggish but furious. Batman easily parries her swipes, and punishes her by driving syringes of sedative into every vein she exposes. She groans with each new injection.

Diana finally drops to a knee, fading. Batman lifts one last syringe into the air, but before he can bring it down, Diana disappears in a flash. Batman immediately looks to a distant building, knowingly.

Atop the building's roof, Diana looks up to find Clark standing over her.

CLARK

I... I've never really hit anyone like that. You okay?

She swings an exhausted fist at him, missing wide and collapsing into his arms, unconscious. He looks over her sadly before gently setting her down.

Batman arrives on the scene, and Clark looks to him almost imploringly before escaping into the sky. Batman looks down upon the unconscious Diana. Not far from her hand, he notices the tattered, plastic flower.

INT. BIG BLACK ROOM - LATER

A black, seemingly endless room. Diana sits against a wall, unconscious, one arm chained and the other in Bruce's hands. Thick, CRACKLING wires and cables roll out from the wall behind her. Gently and expertly, Bruce sets her broken hand and prepares a splint.

LATER

Diana wakes with a start, sore. She glances around at her surroundings, finding herself alone.

(CONTINUED)

Diana sits up to her knees, uneasy. She looks down to her wrists at thick iron cuffs, and the splint around her broken hand. Huge chains bind her to the wall and the cables.

Diana drives her arms forward, trying to free herself. As the chains extend to their full length, a vicious surge of electricity shoots from the walls. She SCREAMS as the shock courses through her.

When the charge finally ceases, she falls back against the wall, legitimately hurt, slack returning to the chains. She looks around the room, at a loss.

INT. BATCAVE

Bruce swings a hammer down upon Diana's amulet, shattering it into a thousand pieces. He wipes golden dust off himself, then walks to another table. Alfred watches a monitor featuring Diana.

ALFRED

Seems a little much...

Bruce only tinkers quietly with a new pair of gloves. He tightens the loop of Diana's lasso around his wrist as Alfred approaches. Bruce tosses the other end of the lasso to Alfred. The cord is an ugly, flaccid grey.

BRUCE

Ask me a question you know the answer to.

ALFRED

Beg your pardon?

BRUCE

Ask me something I could lie about.

ALFRED

That Princess is quite beautiful, isn't she?

Bruce shoots Alfred a scolding glare. He loosens the lasso, and pulls it off his arm.

BRUCE

It's not working.

Alfred sneers, and looks over Bruce's work table. Shards of Kryptonite litter it.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED

What exactly do you need it for?

Bruce, ignoring Alfred, grabs a specific shard off the table and slides it into his console. He taps expertly at a keyboard.

BRUCE

Kent's blood. He's incredible.  
Totally unprecedented strength,  
speed, sight, hearing.

An enlarged sample of the Kryptonite appears on the main monitor.

BRUCE

This is an untainted piece of the  
rock.

Bruce taps at a few other buttons. Cells fluctuate feverishly.

BRUCE

Compare it to a piece with some of  
Kent's blood.

Bruce brings up another sample on a separate monitor.

BRUCE

Him and the rock seem uniquely  
susceptible to one another. The  
effect on him is something akin to  
radiation poisoning.

Alfred just looks on, puzzled.

BRUCE

It limits his abilities. Dulls  
them. If not for this little  
question mark on the periodic  
table, he'd be unstoppable. But  
this... this can kill him.

Bruce slides the red shard he'd grabbed into the computer. Cells behave erratically.

BRUCE

This piece of rock is similar to  
the green, but it's unstable. It  
causes him to lose control of some  
of his more unique faculties. The  
effects wear off quickly.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED

That's what caused all the trouble  
at the ball?

BRUCE

It was planted. I couldn't be sure  
he was behind all this before  
tonight, but --

ALFRED

Wait. Who's 'he'?

Bruce frowns condescendingly as he heads back to his work  
bench.

BRUCE

Try to keep up, Alfred.

ALFRED

Sorry. It's just an awful lot to  
follow...

INT. LUTHOR LABORATORY, LEXCORP BUILDING

Elevator doors open, revealing Lex. He heads down a  
corridor, emerging into the central laboratory. Dalton works  
away.

LEX

How's it coming, Dalton?

Dalton peers over the railing of the walkway, somewhat  
frustrated.

DALTON

It's awful short notice, sir. And  
without an adequate specimen for  
testing --

Lex starts down a second corridor, ignoring Dalton.

LEX

You'll get your specimen.

Lex comes upon a steel door. He presses a button, and the  
door slides open, revealing his impressive WAR ROOM, inside  
which Slade sits on a table, cross-legged, playing with his  
sword absentmindedly.

INT. WAR ROOM, LEXCORP BUILDING

Lex marches straight in. The place is full with computers and miscellaneous ambiguously complicated machinery. He frowns at Slade.

LEX

Aren't there some people you ought to be looking for?

EXT. GAS STATION

Clark walks a barren road in the middle of nowhere. He lifts his head, and spots a rickety, ancient gas station. An OLD WOMAN sitting in a rocking chair stares at the tattered remains of Clark's uniform from the porch. He nods politely but self-consciously as he passes.

Just down the street, a sign reads "You are now leaving Gotham County". His hand floats to his neck, nervously, and he's almost surprised to find nothing there.

Something VIBRATES. Clark pauses and reaches into his pocket, fumbling a bit. He pulls out his ancient cellphone, which is still in surprisingly good condition. Behind cracks, the screen reads 1 NEW MESSAGE. He hits a button, and lifts the phone to his ear.

SAM(OS)

Clark! It's Sam. Look, I don't know what's going on, but I'm here for you kid. I don't care what you've done, who you are, I'm here.

Clark drifts towards the gas station, and takes a seat on some steps, smiling faintly.

SAM(OS)

I've still got your locket. I'll get your other stuff together, too. Meet me at the diner in an hour, if you can. If you think it's better to leave it all behind, I get it. But uh... I'll miss you, kid.

Clark turns off his phone. He looks to the Gotham County sign, considering.

INT. WAR ROOM

Lex paces his war room, trying not to look at Slade, who still sits atop the table.

LEX

I told you never to come here.

SLADE

No one saw me.

LEX

Ever consider the thought I just don't like spending time with you?

Slade smiles. He leans towards Lex, flashing his pistol atop the table.

SLADE

Never ceases to amaze. Always the same, every corner of the world: Man comes to me, asks for help that only I can give him... then somehow he gets it in his head he can talk down to me. Never occurs to him that if he were really any better than me, he wouldn't need me.

Lex stares at the gun. Slade takes his hand off it, leaning backwards, hands in the air. Lex moves on.

LEX

In the Princess' dress was a small, untraceable tracker. It shortcircuited soon after she disappeared, but not before it came to a stop just outside the city.

A single red light beeps on the outskirts of the map.

LEX

I think you ought to drop by Wayne Manor.

Slade observes the red light, suspiciously.

SLADE

Think you're pretty clever, don't you?

LEX

Go to Wayne's, get the Princess, and let her bring Kent to us. Nothing clever about it.

(CONTINUED)

SLADE

I'll say. Won't work. Princess won't beat him. You're not putting all the pieces on the table to use.

LEX

You mean Wayne? You're serious?

SLADE

He's more dangerous than you think.

LEX

Even so, if Kent runs, Wayne won't catch him.

SLADE

Well we better make sure Kent doesn't run, then.

Lex bristles, suppressing disgust.

LEX

How?

Slade grins, heading for the exit.

LEX

Just get it done. I don't want to hear anything about it.

SLADE

Of course not. You're better than that.

The red light beeps on the map.

INT. BATCAVE

A red light beeps on a minuscule piece of machinery: Lex's bug. Bruce holds it in his hand, staring at it. His eye floats to a monitor featuring Diana and the Big Black Room. Alfred emerges around a distant corner.

ALFRED

I finished the background check.

Bruce shuts his hand over the bug as Alfred nears. Alfred dumps a pile of papers on Bruce's desk. Bruce paws through pictures: friends, family, tender moments. Clark in better times.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED

He grew up on a farm. Good friends,  
hard work. And his parents did the  
job. Honors, clubs, no bad  
behavior...

Bruce drinks in the images. He frowns.

BRUCE

Something happened.

ALFRED

Something always does. It must have  
been terrible for it to have  
brought him here, away from  
everyone he ever cared for.

Bruce exhales tiredly, rubbing his face.

ALFRED

Every new science, every new tool  
that could possibly be of use to  
you, you master. Isn't there  
goodness here? A chance at it?

BRUCE

They aren't human.

ALFRED

Why not? Just because they see more  
of you than you're willing to show?

Bruce doesn't answer, fixed on the photos. He looks to one  
of a distraught Diana, in the heat of the earlier battle.

BRUCE

She'd have killed me in a minute if  
not for him. He didn't even want  
to, and he hurt her worse than I  
ever could.

Bruce inhales through his nose.

BRUCE

He means something to her.

INT. SAM'S DINER

Sam rushes into the darkened diner, out from cruel rain. He  
pulls down the hood of his coat, and drops a bag from his  
shoulder and onto a bench. He freezes upon finding  
Deathstroke sitting in a booth with a cup of coffee.

(CONTINUED)

DEATHSTROKE

Hi there.

INT. BIG BLACK ROOM

Diana sits against the wall, knees drawn into her chest, as small as she's ever been.

DIANA

My hand would have healed on it's own.

Batman emerges from the shadows, standing a safe distance from her. Diana doesn't look the slightest bit intimidated.

DIANA

I know that you hate me. I know you'd rather I never came. But if you don't let me go, you will allow the passing of a blight unlike the world has ever seen.

Batman observes her quietly.

DIANA

Look: I could use your help. You're skilled. You knew my every step before I did. We can share the glory.

Batman fades back into the shadows. Diana suddenly explodes:

DIANA

I know what he can do. I can stop him. Let me!

Batman pauses.

DIANA

You have to LET ME GO!!!

Diana dives at Batman, almost tearing the chains from the wall as she fights through the vicious shock. Mercifully, Batman kicks her back into the wall and onto the floor, returning some slack to the chains.

DIANA

He can kill you. He can kill everyone.

Batman turns away. Diana glares up at him.

(CONTINUED)

DIANA

The lasso wouldn't work for you,  
would it?

Batman stops.

DIANA

It's for the righteous. The pure of  
heart. It will refuse all deceit or  
treachery. That puts you out of  
luck.

Batman glances over his shoulder at her.

DIANA

I've heard a thousand stories about  
men like you and their blasphemous  
pride. You're just another would-be  
conqueror, grasping at what's  
beyond you. Another stupid, petty  
child who can't stand that the  
world doesn't bend for him.

Batman doesn't say a word.

DIANA

They all end the same.

Batman just glares coldly.

DIANA

You are weak. Beneath that cloak,  
you are nothing but bone and meat.  
We are all slaves to fate. We all  
have a purpose, a path on which  
we're set. You are not part of the  
plan.

BATMAN

I make my own plans.

DIANA

The boy and I have been called. You  
have not. This is the order of  
things. Accept it or doom us all.

Batman considers. Finally, he mutters over his shoulder.

BATMAN

What do you want with Kent?

Diana looks at him like he's insane.

(CONTINUED)

DIANA  
Have I been unclear?

BATMAN  
I know what your bosses want. What  
do you want?

Diana quiets.

BATMAN  
These chains... you could break  
them if you wanted. You don't.

Diana merely swallows. Batman leaves without looking back.

DIANA  
I want my sword back.

BATMAN  
You can't have it.

INT. SAM'S DINER

Clark carefully enters Sam's diner.

CLARK  
(whispering)  
Sam? Sam!

Clark slips a bit. He looks to the floor. He finds a trail of blood, leading around the counter. Clark pales slightly. He gulps, and follows the trail. He rounds the counter, into the kitchen. He stops.

Blue lips. Unblinking eyes. A limp hand, with Clark's locket. Red. Sam.

Clark bends down towards Sam, looking over him with evaporating hope. He shuts his eyes and bows his head, his entire body quaking.

His eyes fall upon the locket. Heartbroken, he grabs it, and pulls it over his head.

Lex emerges a few paces behind Clark, genuinely remorseful.

LEX  
I didn't want it to come to this.

In a flash, Clark is across the diner and at Lex's throat, pressing him down onto a table.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK  
You did this?

Lex struggles in a grip that could turn diamonds to dust.

LEX  
No... Deathstroke...

CLARK  
You're paying him.

LEX  
Can't control him...

Clark releases Lex, who sucks as much air as he can. Clark turns his back, walking down the aisle, trembling.

CLARK  
You're like a brother, Lex. You're supposed to take care of me.

LEX  
I was trying to help.

Lex pulls himself to his feet.

LEX  
Do you know what you are, Clark?  
What you could be? I thought if I pushed you --

CLARK  
Sam's dead. Because of you.

Lex swallows, defensive.

LEX  
You brought him into this. You could have stopped this any time you wanted. If you just stood up.

Clark tries to pass Lex.

LEX  
It doesn't have to be this way.  
Come with me. Please. I can still help you!

Lex grabs Clark by the elbow, but he tears himself free, exploding.

CLARK

You don't get it! Everywhere I go, everything I see is just dust! Like if I move too fast, or breathe too hard, it's gone! This thing I am can't be helped! All I can do is stay away.

Clark turns, heading for the door.

LEX

The Bat will come for you.

Clark pauses.

LEX

He'll find you. Everyone you touch, everything you try to build... he'll take it away. He'll kill you. You understand? He'll have to.

CLARK

He doesn't kill people.

LEX

You're not people.

Clark winces, hurt. He notices the bag Sam brought on a bench.

LEX

Are you going to run forever? Come on. We'll get the Bat out of the shadows, and meet him on our terms. Come with me.

Lex outstretches his hand. Clark pulls a coat from the bag, throws it over himself.

LEX

You keep turning your back on the people who care about you, a day will come you've got nothing left.

Clark takes a deep breath.

CLARK

Don't come for me, Lex. I'm through running.

Clark lifts his hood over his head, and heads out into the rain. Lex drops his hand to his side, disappointed.

INT. BATCAVE

Bruce sits in his chair in front of his console, in full gear save for his mask. On the monitors, an article from the SMALLVILLE CHRONICLE: "13 DEAD IN UNEXPLAINED FIRE".

Alfred rounds a corner, looking at the article, knowingly, sadly. Bruce stands, and puts on a new, thicker glove.

ALFRED

Do you remember what you told me all those years ago? God, you were just a boy. You said, with something in your eyes I've never seen elsewhere: 'I'm going to fix this world. Make it what it's supposed to be.'

Bruce grabs Diana's sword, unsheathing it slightly so as to observe the Kryptonite.

ALFRED

All at once, it was the most beautiful and frightening thing I'd ever heard.

Bruce packs various weapons into his belt.

ALFRED

I like to believe, beneath it all, that boy is who you really are. But I wonder now... Is there anything left of him?

Bruce pauses.

ALFRED

Is he just another mask for you now? A part you play to string me along?

Bruce turns to Alfred, and steps nearer to him.

ALFRED

I fear for you, this night. You've pushed yourself so far, cut away at all that's soft in you. But what if all that's soft is all that's decent? What if without the flaws and cracks, all that remains is -

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE  
Strength.

Alfred stares up at Bruce, gathering his courage.

ALFRED  
Inhuman.

Bruce looks into Alfred, unflinchingly.

BRUCE  
Do you trust me?

It takes a moment, but Alfred nods meekly. Bruce presses a few buttons at his computer.

EXT. ENTRANCE, ROBINSON PARK

The familiar arch, ominous in rain and thunder. A new sign reads: 'CLOSED FOR REDEVELOPMENT.'

EXT. POND

Clark sits on his bench, staring ahead blankly. A loud obnoxious BUZZ begins to ring in the air. He cringes. His trembling hands reach for his ears, and he removes his EAR PLUGS.

BRUCE(OS)  
I know you can hear this. You and only you.

INTERCUT WITH BATCAVE

Bruce stands in front of his console, stoic.

BRUCE  
You know who I am. So you know I don't stop. You've hurt people, and you can't tell me it won't happen again. So I'm coming for you.

Clark listens. RAIN BEATS DOWN.

BRUCE  
The life you know is dead. You won't have long.

Bruce turns off the signal. Alfred stares, devastated. Clark sits on his bench, furious. The rain turns to steam as it hits his burning hot closed eyelids. He mutters to himself.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK  
Come and get me.

A SCREAM rips out from his lungs, and fire blasts out from his eyes. At a distance, it's a streak of red on a callous black canvas.

Bruce sheaths the sword, and hooks it to his belt. He walks right past Alfred.

Clark stumbles to the pavement, his scream faltering, weak. Clark lifts his head, and spots the garden across the pond. Embittered, he's there in a blink.

END INTERCUT

EXT. GARDEN

Clark inhales and exhales icy mist unconsciously as he walks through the garden. The flowers freeze and crack instantly as he passes them. He grabs onto the ancient Wayne tree.

With a demon's strength, he begins to pull and lift. Thick, gnarly roots clutch helplessly at infertile earth as he ascends. Clark's eyes burst red.

EXT. GOTHAM - LATER

Batman stands on a rooftop, grim, an orange glow upon him, CRACKLING in the distance. He looks over the edge of the building. A giant, flaming bat burns upon the forestry of Robinson Park.

INT. BIG BLACK ROOM - LATER

Diana yanks the chains to their full extension, absorbing the shock and SCREAMING furiously. Too painful to maintain, she lets the chains fall limp, but then dives forward again, taking the shock. She tries and fails, again and again, unflinching stubborn.

INT. BATCAVE

Alfred watches Diana on a monitor, hurting, wincing every time she strains against the chains.

DEATHSTROKE(OS)  
She's a handful, isn't she?

(CONTINUED)

Alfred turns to find Deathstroke ascending stairs and onto the platform, pulling his sword from his scabbard.

DEATHSTROKE

Nice security you guys have around here. My compliments to your boss.

Deathstroke rests his sword against his shoulder.

DEATHSTROKE

But there's only so much one man can do.

EXT. POND, ROBINSON PARK

Batman paces carefully along the ice of the frozen pond. The husk of his once great tree sits atop the surface, and he looks it over, puzzled. He hears something like a shifting of DIRT. Batman looks to the horizon.

Over the tree tops, the massive sign from Sam's diner hurtles through the sky like a javelin, towards him. Batman immediately gets moving, just barely diving out of the way as it crashes into the pond, shattering ice.

Batman falls into the water. He gets his head into the open air, only to find Clark Kent hovering atop him. Clark grabs Batman by the collar, and takes to the skies.

EXT. SKY, PARK ROW

Clark drags Batman, jetting over rooftops. Batman struggles, and Clark drops him, indifferently. Batman topples through the air, clumsily. He extends his cape into a glider as he heads towards an immense factory.

INT. AUTOMATED FACTORY

A futuristic recovery project. Immense machinery works for itself across a number of floors, stacked one over the other. Batman crashes through the skylight, tumbling down towards a distant, immense bed of red hot coals. He lands hard, rolling, flames licking at him.

Clark drops down upon the coals, unaffected. He boots the sheathed sword out of Batman's hand.

CLARK

You know, I used to be afraid of you.

(CONTINUED)

Batman spots the sword resting at the end of the bed. He quickly tosses a Batarang, knocking it down onto a conveyor belt. Clark kicks coals at Batman, who barely covers up.

CLARK

I covered at the thought of you.

Batman hurls a kick, but Clark catches his leg, and trips out the other, driving Batman face first into the coals.

CLARK

But I look at you now... and I see you've probably broken every bone you have. I see ribs hanging from God-knows-what. A couple organs begging for you to let them fail.

Clark grabs Batman by the collar, and lifts him into the air. Batman struggles vainly.

CLARK

You're just a man.

Batman suddenly hurls a vial down at Clark. It shatters, spreading a fluid. Flames instantaneously engulf Clark. He doesn't seem to notice, still staring up at Batman.

CLARK

I'm going to show you what a real monster is.

Batman throws down his hands. From his elbows to his fingers and his knees to his feet, he bursts into familiar green flame. Clark's face sags, dejected.

CLARK

Dammit.

Batman boots Clark beneath the chin, freeing himself and sending Clark stumbling. Batman flings himself at Clark, catching him with a knee to the head and knocking him off the bed of coals and down onto a platform, smothering flames as he rolls.

Clark swings furiously and sloppily, missing wide again and again as Batman lands crushing blow after crushing blow. Badly rocked, Clark quickly puffs at Batman. Batman covers up, but finds his arms instantaneously frozen together, green fire smothered. Clark presses his advantage, but still has trouble keeping up with Batman's quick-footed kicks.

(CONTINUED)

Batman clinches with Clark, locking his frozen arms behind the boy's head. Batman connects with brutal, fiery knees. He leaps and launches himself off Clark's chest with both feet, splitting his frozen arms apart with the kid's head.

Clark lands on his back as Batman leaps over a railing to a lower level, near a trail of molten, fiery iron. He holds his frozen arms over the fire. Ice begins to melt, patches of green fire crackling. Above, he spots his sword approaching, on a near by conveyor belt.

On the higher level, Clark tries to catch his breath, dazed. He lifts himself up, and hops over the railing.

Batman frees his arms from the ice, green fire raging. He barely rolls out of the way as Clark descends upon him. He dodges a quick swipe, snatches his sword, and lands a big swing that sends Clark rocketing down an assembly line towards a huge opening leading outside.

Clark fights to his feet as Batman strides towards him. Very suddenly, an enormous gate shuts between them, locking Batman inside the factory and Clark out. Clark feels the rain of the outdoors on him, baffled at his luck. Batman looks over the massive gate, smoke spilling out inside the factory.

Clark looks to the open sky, considering. Batman just barely whispers:

BATMAN

You gonna run?

Clark turns back towards the gate, hardening. Batman steps back a couple paces. Clark bounces up and down, anticipating the reopening of the gate. Batman winds up, and as soon as the gate whips open, Clark jets forward.

Batman preemptively ducks a looping hook and connects with a devastating strike from the sword, launching Clark across the factory and through some windows.

INT. OFFICES, AUTOMATED FACTORY

Clark lands crashing through glass in a huge, dark room filled to the brim with cubicles. He stumbles to his feet as the end of the Batgrapple latches to the ceiling. Batman soon follows, just barely missing a swing of the sword.

Clark dodges a swipe or two, but Batman catches him with a hard kick, sending him to the floor of a particularly cramped cubicle.

(CONTINUED)

Batman charges towards Clark. Hastily, Clark slides a partition into the entrance of the cubicle. Batman simply leapfrogs over the wall and comes down upon Clark, swinging the sword. Clark dodges it, and several more swings in the minuscule space, if only by a hair.

Batman stabs the sword forwards, but Clark ducks, and the sword embeds itself in the cubicle wall. Batman struggles to free it, slowing Clark with a kick or two. Clark hurls a spinning backfist, but Batman frees the sword and uses it to absorb the blow. It still sends him rocketing, smashing through a few cubicles before hitting the floor.

Batman, hurt, rolls to his feet as Clark leaps over the cubicles. Batman grips the sheathed sword in both hands and drives it down upon Clark with all his strength. Clark catches it in both hands, but the sheer force brings him to a knee. The shock resonates through him, tearing through the floor and hurling cubicle walls down like dominos.

Clark releases one hand from the sword so as to grab Batman by the throat. He takes off skywards, smashing through the ceiling.

EXT. GOTHAM

Clark ascends deep into the night sky, carrying Batman behind him, rain still pounding. Above the tallest skyscrapers, Clark lifts Batman over his head, holding him at arm's length by the throat, beginning to squeeze the life from him.

Batman, choking, tries to wriggle free, but Clark just holds him tightly. Fading, Batman sees his sword in Clark's free hand. He grabs hold of it's handle, and slides it out of its scabbard. A vivid explosion of GREEN suddenly bursts, separating the two of them and launching Clark to the streets.

EXT. DEMOLISHED BEND

Clark drops like a meteor, demolishing the bend of an elevated train track. He smacks the street hard, beneath the shadows of the tracks. He writhes, WHEEZING, seriously hurt, lifting himself to his feet. He looks around at the quiet stillness around him, frightened.

In a savage flash of movement, Batman bursts unseen from the darkness. He slices Clark across the chest, spins, and drives the sword backwards into Clark's gut. Clark GASPS, falling forward and leaning against Batman's back.

(CONTINUED)

Batman slides the blade out, and Clark collapses to his knees, forehead against the pavement as he clutches both hands against his belly. The flaming green blade tickles the back of his neck.

CLARK

So this is it, huh?

Batman pauses, sporting a new wound or two. A TRAIN-WHISTLE sounds. Clark and Batman both look up at the demolished bend, realizing immediately what it means.

EXT. GOTHAM

A train emerges from a tunnel. Quite a ways away from it, the demolished bend.

EXT. PARK ROW

Batman tenses, blade still held at the back of Clark's neck. Clark shuts his eyes tight, quivering.

CLARK

I hear everything. Every time someone dies, every time someone hurts, I hear them screaming at me. I can't get away from it. It's everywhere.

Clark swallows.

CLARK

I can hear them now, whispering. But it's too much. I can never be strong enough, I can never be fast enough. They don't know...

Batman looks down the street. Clark shuts his eyes tight.

CLARK

Since the second I stepped into this town, I've been waiting for you. Make it stop. Please... just make it quiet.

An anxious second. Clark opens his eyes. An engine REVS, and tires BURN. The Batmobile rockets down the street.

INT. BIG BLACK ROOM

Diana still fights against the chains and shocks. A loud CRUNCH near the door draws her attention and causes her to stop. The sound repeats. The lights of the room flicker, brightening to a weak grey.

On the third go, the door explodes off its hinges. Deathstroke stands in the frame, stepping out from flame and smoke.

DEATHSTROKE

Angel had her wings clipped?

Diana tenses. Deathstroke tosses a bag at her feet.

EXT. GOTHAM

The Batmobile and the elevated train rocket towards one another. The Batmobile opens, Batman standing upright as the car speeds down the street. He lifts his Batgrapple, pointing it towards the train, waiting. At the exact right moment, he fires. The grapple yanks him into the sky.

INT. TRAIN

Batman smashes through glass, rolling through the fall gracefully enough, much to the horror of the cart's passengers. He raises his head, peering through a window, seeing the train's ENGINEER inside the control room.

GLASS SHATTERS as a BATARANG cuts through the air, flying right by the engineer's ear before embedding itself in the windshield. The engineer whips around, seeing Batman through the frame of a shattered window.

The engineer turns back around, reaching for a gun on the counter. Batman, already in mid-dive through the shattered window, is upon the engineer before he can turn, effortlessly and callously disarming him.

Batman immediately flips a lever, activating the emergency brakes. He manages to stand perfectly still as he stares down the horizon, the whip-lash flooring everyone else.

EXT. TRAIN

The train's brakes grip the rails hard, sparks flying, metal SCREECHING. The train continues on at breakneck speed.

INT. TRAIN

The engineer and the rest of the passengers all look to Batman, petrified.

BATMAN

The bend's been... compromised.

Batman stands stubbornly still, watching the approaching bend, not even offering the whimpering engineer a glance.

BATMAN

Get up.

The engineer pays Batman no attention, crestfallen. Batman turns away from the windshield. He looks at the passengers behind him.

BATMAN

I'm sorry.

Batman grabs hold of the engineer and tosses an explosive against the window, opening a huge hole in the train. He dives out of the control room, pulling the engineer with him.

EXT. DEMOLISHED BEND, GOTHAM

Batman and the engineer hurtle through the air, landing atop the roof of a building. Batman lets the engineer down, then watches impotently as the train rockets recklessly towards the demolished bend.

Clark stands in the street a little ways past the bend, waiting. Just as the train leaves the rails, he leaps towards it. He catches the front of the locomotive out of the air, steel CRUNCHING in his grip! He pulls the train as best he can, finessing it through the narrow corridor of buildings and onto the street, demolishing pavement. Everyone inside gets a rocky ride.

Clark cringes, feet digging into the street as the train grinds relatively safely to a halt. Finally, he releases, amazed by his own handiwork. He looks to the rooftops, seeing Batman watching.

(CONTINUED)

Batman looks across the street to another rooftop, and Clark follows his gaze. He finds Diana looking down at him, clad in a generic, dark, sterile soldier's garb, balling her fists. Clark looks to Batman. Batman turns away, stepping out of Clark's view.

Clark swallows, terrified. Diana jets down, viciously tearing into him.

Batman doesn't budge an inch, sword at his hip, back turned to the action. He listens to blows landing like CRACKS OF THUNDER, CONCRETE SHATTERING.

INT. BATCAVE

Alfred limps to the main console, wounded. He looks over the countless monitors, seeing the streets of Gotham.

EXT. DEMOLISHED BEND, GOTHAM

Diana beats Clark to a pulp. As she pulls back a fist, Batman appears behind her, and tosses her to the street.

Diana looks up at Batman, unharmed but furious. He holds her blade readily, between her and Clark.

BATMAN

Get away, Clark. You won't have long.

INT. BATCAVE

Alfred smiles faintly.

INT. MONARCH THEATER

Dilapidated drywall and decrepit wooden pillars are the only echoes of previous life for a once great auditorium. Diana crashes through a window with frightening velocity, skidding and rolling across the stage to a stop.

Batman catches up. Diana hurls her lasso, and catches him around the neck. The lasso doesn't burn as hard as usual.

Diana pulls the lasso hard, but Batman swings the sword, and cuts through the rope. Diana falls to the floor, and observes her broken lasso, shocked.

(CONTINUED)

Batman follows after her, expertly swiping. She parries and dodges. She manages to disarm him of the blade, taking it for herself. They go back and forth, robbing each other of the blade, until it finally ends up hurled all the way back to the entrance.

Batman presses the pace, dodging everything Diana can throw at him and making her look like a novice by comparison. He outlands her a thousand to one, but it's her one that matters. Inevitably, she catches him with a kick to his chest that shatters the Bat-emblem and sends him rocketing backwards, landing sloppily on his back.

INT. BATCAVE

Alfred watches the battle, monitoring Batman's vitals and heartrate. He winces with the collision.

INT. MONARCH THEATER

Diana leaps at Batman feet first, but he rolls out of the way and onto his feet. He jumps and tosses a desperate hook kick, but she catches him in mid-air and throws him through a wooden support beam. She goes to stomp on him, but again he rolls up onto his feet, stumbling, already broken.

Diana side-kicks Batman, and he goes flying through a wall. She tears it apart, going after him. He tries to push himself off the floor. She grabs his cape and tears it away. She grabs his head by the horns, and drives her knee into his face. His head whips back, the horns breaking off.

Diana throws her leg around and kicks him in the abdomen. He shoots through the air, smacking into the backmost wall of the stage. He falls to the floor, clutching his ribs with one arm. Blood trickles from his side to the floor. Diana stops in mid-stride when she sees the red.

DIANA

Is that all it takes?

Diana picks Batman up by the head and hurls him into the backmost wall. He sinks to the floor, falling face first, her grip so tight on his mask his head slides out of it. She turns away from whatever's left of him, stepping off the stage and walking down the center aisle towards the exit.

Of course, Batman once more starts to push himself up. Diana slows to a stop, fed up. She turns, approaching slowly as she looks more closely. Shocked, she recoils slightly.

(CONTINUED)

DIANA  
Bruce Wayne?

Batman lifts his head, looking down at a flabbergasted Diana.

DIANA  
You have everything...

She jets towards him, driving his head into the backmost wall with a horrendous elbow. He crumples to the floor, clutching the waist of her outfit. She looks down at him, tightening her fists.

DIANA  
Ask me to stop.

Stealthily, Batman reaches into his belt. As Diana swings at him yet again, he dives off the stage behind her, tossing a Batarang with a blue light at its center. Diana deflects it easily with a bracelet.

EXT. PARK ROW

In an alley, the Batmobile comes to life, the console lighting up.

INT. MONARCH THEATER

As Diana paces towards Batman, he crawls away. But the bluelighted Batarang arcs back around, a mind of its own, catching Diana by surprise across the cheek. She looks to Batman, baffled, the cut on her cheek healing instantly. Batman's hands begin to reveal a glowing blue residue. The same residue glows all over Diana, in patches from head to toe.

EXT. PARK ROW

A latch on the Batmobile bursts open. A black cloud of Batarangs with blue lights swarms out into the night sky.

INT. MONARCH THEATER

Diana jets towards Batman just as the Batarangs crash through the windows. He dodges a swipe, and catches her with a kick. She stumbles a step, and the swarm is upon her. She deflects as many as she can, quickly as possible, but cuts start adding up.

EXT. MONARCH THEATER

Batman, half the lasso still around his neck, stumbles out of the theater, as fast as his broken body can carry him. He presses a button on his wrist.

INT. MONARCH THEATER

Diana tries to defend herself against the Batarangs. The blue lights turn hot red.

EXT. MONARCH THEATER

A series of EXPLOSIONS absolutely decimates the Monarch Theater, throwing Batman down to the pavement beneath a street lamp. The theater collapses upon itself.

The rain beats down on Batman as he lifts himself to his knees, panting, exhausted. He fixes his eyes upon the wreckage, a Batarang held up readily in a trembling hand. The debris doesn't stir.

Lowering the Batarang, Batman looks around the streets. No one around, he rolls onto all fours, gags, and finally can't keep from hacking blood onto the pavement. He gasps for air desperately, brutalized.

Swallowing it all up, Batman pushes himself off the pavement, and looks up to find Diana floating a few yards away from him, sword in one hand and her end of the lasso at her hip. Her cuts and burns heal right in front of him. His shoulders sag.

Diana shoots down, and grabs Batman by the make-shift noose still around his neck.

DIANA

Don't you get it?! Don't you see  
what's at stake?!

Batman looks at her straight in the eye. The lasso burns around his neck.

BATMAN

Don't you?

Diana quivers for a moment.

DIANA

You really think this world will  
bend for you? Do you honestly think  
you're strong enough?

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN

No.

DIANA

Then why?! If you know there's no use, if you know you can't help it all, then why?! Fall in love, raise a family, live a good life on the simple terms you're meant for. Be happy! No one asks anything else from you. Why fight?! What's the point?!

Batman tries to keep from drifting into nothingness.

BATMAN

Don't want anyone to hurt like I do.

Diana swallows hard, letting go of the rope and turning away. Batman drops to the street.

BATMAN

Said I'd fix this world. Make it what it's supposed to be.

Diana pauses. Batman pushes himself back to his knees.

BATMAN

I'm going to save him.

Diana boils. She turns back to Batman, and drives the sword into his gut.

Batman GASPS. Diana steps away, leaving the blade in him. His head falls forward, limp. He sits there again, hunched on his knees, beneath the same lamp light and across from the same Theater where he lost his parents.

Diana looks up and down the street. She backs away from Batman, a chill in the air.

INT. BATCAVE

Alfred watches the monitors, heartbroken. The head console depicts Batman's vitals: a single white line and a sustained BEEP.

INT. WAR ROOM, LEXCORP BUILDING

Lex and Deathstroke sit with each other, patient.

DEATHSTROKE

How do you know she won't kill the  
kid?

EXT. GARDEN, ROBINSON PARK

Clark limps through a corridor of burnt, dead trees, hardly able to stand. He looks backwards, finding Diana standing at the center of the walkway.

INTERCUT WITH WAR ROOM

LEX

I'll admit, it's a risk. But he  
won't give her a reason to.

Clark turns, pleading:

CLARK

Please?

Deathstroke shakes his head.

DEATHSTROKE

She has plenty of reason.

Diana rockets forward, hitting Clark with a single right hook. He fires backwards, smashing into a lamppost. She follows through instantly, tossing him across the garden. He smashes into a tree, trampling frozen flowers.

Diana still presses the attack, punching and kicking, working his body and face over. She can't help but ease off just a little when he swings pathetically at her.

LEX

There's something else...

Diana smashes Clark down into the pavement. She holds him in place with her heel in his throat. He struggles weakly, beaten within an inch of his life.

LEX

The way she looked at him...

She stares down at him beneath her foot, torn to pieces.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK

Please...

LEX

She could never do it.

A soft drop somewhere behind Lex captures Deathstroke's attention. Lex smiles, swiveling his chair around to reveal Diana standing in the door frame, a bloody and unconscious Clark at her feet. Lex smiles slyly.

INT. WAR ROOM, LEXCORP BUILDING - LATER

Lex and Diana watch as Slade and Dalton strap Clark to a cold steel stretcher.

DIANA

You promised if I brought him here,  
you'd see the job through.  
Painlessly.

LEX

It's not that simple. Precautions  
to be taken, steps to be followed.  
There aren't many ways to skin this  
cat...

Diana looks over Clark, her eyes falling upon his locket. She flicks it open, finding the small sliver of Kryptonite. Slade and Lex exchange glances as Diana scans Clark's face sadly.

Diana snaps the locket shut. Lex relaxes slightly as Dalton wheels Clark into a sealed room, leaving him beneath a strange pod.

LEX

I wonder... what'd you do with  
Wayne?

DIANA

I killed him.

Lex only stares as Diana walks out of the room. Slade approaches him.

SLADE

She'll never forgive you for this.

LEX

Don't be a downer. It's a time for  
celebration. Breakout the  
champagne. Tonight, God fears us.

Slade sneers, and walks away. Lex, alone, spots Clark in the sealed room. He strolls towards it.

INT. SEALED ROOM

Lex enters, and stands over the unconscious Clark. He picks up the locket, and snaps it open. The Kryptonite crackles. He shakes his head, and drops it down on Clark's chest.

LEX

That's just like you, isn't it?

Lex rubs his mouth. He looks around the room, shamefully.

LEX

I've been keeping something from you, Clark: I hate you. The way you walk, the way you talk... everything about you. How you pretend you're so ordinary, but stand on a mountain over us all.

Lex finally looks down at Clark.

LEX

Do you have any idea what someone like me could do with the power you have? Any clue what kind of man I'd be?

Lex pulls back as Clark stirs back into consciousness, dazed.

CLARK

Help me...

Lex swallows, annoyed. He punches Clark across the chin, knocking him out. He delivers a couple more for good measure.

EXT. MONARCH THEATER

Batman sits beneath the street lamp, cold and empty, his noose faded to a flaccid gray. It flickers gold, crackling.

## INT. BATCAVE

Alfred sits sunken in the chair of the main console, lost. On the monitor, various vital signs seem grim.

Alfred entwines his hands, and bows his head atop them. Suddenly, a minor BLIP flashes on the flat-line of a heart monitor. Alfred looks up hopefully. Nothing follows.

## DREAM SEQUENCE

## EXT. BLACKNESS

A young BRUCE sits beneath a street-lamp, staring down at the corpses of his Mother and Father. He looks all around: nothing but darkness outside a circle of light. THUNDER GRUMBLES. He gently shakes his Father.

YOUNG BRUCE

Come on Dad, he's gone... get up.  
Come on, Dad...please. I'm sorry,  
okay?

Young Bruce stands to his feet, looking around himself. There's nothing but pitch blackness outside the circle of light.

YOUNG BRUCE

Is anybody there?! Help me! I need  
help!

THE BAT

No one's coming to save you.

Young Bruce stops dead.

THE BAT hangs from the lamp, up side down, sword buried in its black mass. It's a growing shadow, inseparable from the night, a toothy, fanged mouth its only feature.

YOUNG BRUCE

I just want to go home.

THE BAT

You have no home.

Bruce snuffles, shaking.

YOUNG BRUCE

Isn't it enough yet?

(CONTINUED)

A hand pierces out from the darkness, falling limp just within the border of the circle of light. It lays still. Young Bruce looks at it, knowingly. The boy stands, slowly. He approaches the hand. He hesitates as he comes to the border, staring down at the hand. Finally, he steps out of the circle light, and finds a face to the hand: Callie. She stares right at him.

THE BAT

Never enough.

Young Bruce looks just past Callie. A streak of lightening reveals an ocean of corpses, eyes locked on him. Cadaverous buildings stand lonely in a city all too quiet.

YOUNG BRUCE

Let me sleep. Let it be over.

THE BAT

Stick to the plan. Always.

YOUNG BRUCE

They're gone. I can't save them.  
You know I can't!

THE BAT

Plan. Always.

Young Bruce whips around and steps back into the circle of light, screaming up at the indifferent Bat.

YOUNG BRUCE

I won't let you make me anymore!  
You make me work, you make me keep  
going, even though you know there's  
no end, when all we do is hurt  
worse! I won't do it! You can't  
make me!

Another hand falls down into the cone of light. THUNDER BOOMS. The young boy freezes.

THE BAT

Truth.

Young Bruce approaches the hand. Again he hesitates, but with a sort of bitter bravery, he pulls the hand into the circle of light.

The hand belongs to Clark Kent. Big blue eyes stare up at the young boy as The Bat descends slightly in the background.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG BRUCE  
After... can we...?

THE BAT  
No.

Young Bruce sniffs, and nods. He turns, finding the Bat sitting on its knees in the center of the light. Young Bruce places his hand atop the sword's handle in the Bat's gut.

YOUNG BOY  
Yeah, I know...

EXT. MONARCH THEATER - END DREAM

Batman sits beneath the lamp.

INT. BATCAVE

Alfred watches the heart-rate. Again, the flat-line beeps, accelerating quickly.

EXT. MONARCH THEATER

Batman's hand tightens and releases. His jaw twitches. The lasso around his neck burns a pristine gold. His hand shoots to the sword, and he pulls it cleanly out of his stomach, GOLDEN LIGHT bursting from the wound.

Batman falls to the street, gasping shocked new breaths of life.

INTERCUT WITH BATCAVE

ALFRED  
Sir! Sir! Sir!

Alfred nearly collapses, breathing a sigh of relief.

ALFRED  
It's a miracle. It's impossible.

Batman pushes himself up with one arm, pressing through pain.

ALFRED  
But there's a lot of that going around.

Alfred shakes his head, baffled.

(CONTINUED)

ALFRED

The car should pick you up shortly.

The Batmobile pulls up to the curb. As it opens up for him, Batman leans in and grabs a first aid kit.

ALFRED

Sir? Can you speak?

Batman inhales calmly, more annoyed than distraught.

BATMAN

My arm's broken.

Undeterred, Batman ties a makeshift sling for his devastated arm with his good hand.

BATMAN

At the elbow. She drove it into my ribs. They're broken too.

ALFRED

I'll call Leslie. She'll be at the Mansion shortly.

Batman starts tapping at a keyboard as he extracts a bag.

ALFRED

Sir, what are you doing? The autopilot's already set to bring you home...

BATMAN

Alfred...?

ALFRED

Yes, sir?

BATMAN

It can wait until morning.

As Alfred yelps his protest, Batman tears out his ear piece and throws it into the alley. He looks to the end of the street, the familiar LexCorp building carving its place in the sky high above all others.

Alfred sinks into his chair.

END INTERCUT

INT. LOBBY, LEXCORP BUILDING - LATER

A security guard sits at his desk inside a very posh lobby, comfortably reading a newspaper. He hears the distant ROAR of an engine coming nearer, incredibly fast. He looks up from his newspaper.

The security guard dives out of the way as the Batmobile comes crashing through the front doors of the LexCorp building!

INT. LEXCORP BUILDING - WAR ROOM

SIRENS blare as security monitors flicker to the scene exploding in the lobby. Lex quickly hits a switch, speaking into a microphone.

LEX

I want every single member of  
security in the first floor lobby,  
now!

Lex turns to Slade.

LEX

She must have hit him in the head  
pretty hard.

Slade watches the monitors suspiciously.

INT. CORRIDOR, LEXCORP BUILDING

Diana sits alone on the floor, observing her splint, covered in blood. She hears the siren.

INTERCOM

Security to lobby. Security to  
lobby.

INT. LOBBY

Dozens of security guards pour into the lobby from elevators or stairways, each and everyone of them opening fire on the stationary Batmobile.

## INT. EMPTY FLOOR

An empty room's worth of cubicles. Something small and fast shoots straight through a window with barely a whisper, hooking itself deep into the wall, a cord attached to the back of it. Something much larger follows.

Batman crashes through the window, rolling sloppily across the floor over his good side, the lasso still hanging from his neck and sling still in place. He comes to a stop and retracts his Batgrapple, scanning the empty surroundings, bag and sword slung over his shoulders. He lifts his wrist to his lips:

BATMAN

Demolition mode. Rubber bullets.  
Zero casualties.

## INT. LOBBY

The Batmobile WHIRS as canons emerge from its sides. A pillar protrudes from the bottom, pushing it up off the floor. The Batmobile turns in place atop the pillar, firing missiles and rubber bullets at its surroundings, shattering brick and marble. Guards either continue firing or dodge falling debris, remaining mostly unharmed.

## INT. WAR ROOM

The vast majority of the screens depict the warzone unfolding. A monitor showing an elevator shorts out.

## INT. ELEVATOR II

Batman rips a security camera out from a corner of the ceiling and drops it to the floor. He pulls the sword from his belt, tries to stand straight and strong, wincing as the elevator climbs. His eyes scan the elevator one last time.

Alone and exhausted, Batman leans forward, forehead pressed against the wall. He takes deep, steadying breaths, steeling himself. The elevator DINGS as it comes to a stop. The doors open, and there stands Diana, waiting.

INT. LUTHOR LABORATORY

Diana tosses Batman across the lab. Batman crashes through a pushcart, fumbling the sword.

DIANA

None before or since could be so  
foolish as to stretch the mortal  
coil so far.

Batman pushes himself off the floor. Diana observes the broken lasso dangling around his neck. She tries to harden.

DIANA

Well? Come on, then. You must still  
have some fight left in you. Dig  
into that belt of your's once more,  
I'm sure you've a trick or two  
left.

Diana notices the sword on the floor. She kicks it over to Batman.

DIANA

Take your shot.

Batman looks down at the sword.

INT. WAR ROOM

Slade stares at a monitor. Lex follows his gaze, and finds Diana and Batman.

INT. LUTHOR LABORATORY

Batman looks up slowly at Diana. He reaches for the sword, then tosses it at her feet. He shakes his head.

Diana eyes Batman, warily. She picks up the sword, and rockets towards him, slamming him into the wall. He makes no attempt at a defense, only slides down to the floor.

DIANA

Come on now. Get up. GET UP!!!

She throws him to his feet and into another wall. Still he attempts no defense, again dropping to the floor. She looks down at him, confused.

(CONTINUED)

DIANA  
FIGHT! You know I'll kill you,  
don't you?!

She pulls him up by his broken elbow. He inhales sharply. She points the sword within an inch of his face, irate.

DIANA  
FIGHT!!! I'LL MAKE SURE THIS  
TIME!!! I WILL!!!

Batman just looks her in the eye, trying to keep from shaking. She cracks only slightly.

DIANA  
He has to die. No matter the cost!  
It's the only thing to do!

Batman manages to wrap Diana's arm in his end of the Golden Lasso.

BATMAN  
Then tell it to me again.

Diana stares at him, trembling, the Golden Lasso searing her flesh. She grits her teeth and chokes him harder, bringing the sword nearer his eye. She finally breaks, releasing her grip of him and letting him drop to the floor. Batman's lasso slides off her arm.

Diana stares down at the burns along her arm as Batman pulls his bag from around his shoulders and leaves it at her feet.

DIANA  
How do you do it? How do you push  
so hard when there are so many ifs,  
ors, and buts...

Batman pulls himself together, heading towards Lex's War Room. Diana eyes the bag on the floor.

DIANA  
What's in the bag?

He doesn't answer, limping down the corridor. Diana reaches for the bag, opening it. She finds the reds, blues, and golds of her famous uniform.

DIANA  
What if you're wrong? What if he  
ends up being everything I've been  
told he is?

Batman pauses.

BATMAN

Then we'll stop him.

INT. WAR ROOM

Lex looks to Clark in the sealed room. There's a heavy BANG at the steel door of the war room's entrance. Dalton is a mess, terrified.

LEX

START IT!

DALTON

Sir, it's not ready!

LEX

DO IT!

Another BANG.

DALTON

Sir, I won't. This is going too far. We're risking all out--

Lex picks Slade's pistol up off the table and fires at Dalton, killing him instantly. Slade doesn't so much as flinch. Calmly, he stands to his feet, and begins down towards a darkened corridor.

Lex whips his gun towards Slade, in a panic.

LEX

Where do you think you're going?!

Slade strolls along his way.

SLADE

You can keep the gun. I'll add it to invoice.

Lex holds the gun in a trembling, helpless hand as Slade disappears into the shadows.

Frantically, Lex taps at some keys.

There's a WHIR as something descends from the pod above Clark: KRYPTONITE, encased in a thick, plastic dome. The Kryptonite starts to glow, green electricity crackling around it. Emerald beams shoot down from the rock, bathing Clark in haunting green light. Spider-leg needles extend out from under the steel table and stab into him. Machinery buzzes, shooting analytical lasers.

INT. LUTHOR LABORATORY

The floor retracts, and the huge probe starts to spin. It descends as a table spirals up from under the floor, a vaguely human form beneath a white sheet atop it.

INT. WAR ROOM

The door flies off its hinges, and WONDER WOMAN emerges from the dust. Lex lifts his gun, firing at her. She deflects the bullet.

Before Lex can fire again, a Batarang cuts through the air, knocking the gun out of his hand. Wonder Woman drops down upon him, pinning him atop a table.

INT. LUTHOR LABORATORY

The probe starts to emit a frightening, hazardous green, the machinery chattering. Violent green beams from a newly exposed Kryptonite tip shoot down into the ambiguous shape.

INT. WAR ROOM

Batman enters, tossing another Batarang, slicing into a computer. The Batarang blinks a vibrant yellow, and the entire room shorts on and off. The machine above Clark comes to a halt.

LEX

NO!!!

INT. LUTHOR LABORATORY

The huge beams of green light flicker to nothing, the probe slowing to a stop. We see a huge hand under the white tarp as it turns an ugly, chalk-white. It twitches.

INT. WAR ROOM

Wonder Woman makes her way to the cell as Batman cuffs Lex.

LEX

I had to, Bruce... I had to... he had everything we ever wanted, ever needed...

Batman doesn't flinch.

INT. SEALED ROOM

Wonder Woman easily rips the door off the cell. She looks down upon Clark, full of regret. She tears off his straps

INT. LUTHOR LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER

Wonder Woman walks down a corridor towards the main room, pulling Lex by cuffed wrists and Clark slung over her shoulder, Batman following behind her. She freezes as she rounds a corner.

Batman raises his head. At the end of the corridor, he sees the table where the retractable floor used to be, shape and blanket atop it.

The shape floats up from the table, levitating above them, Orlok rising from his coffin. Red eyes scorch fervently behind the tarp. It sets alight, and burns out instantly.

WONDER WOMAN

Lex, what have you done...?

Lex can only stare, in shock.

LEX

It's alive...

The figure is Frankenstein's Monster for the world of tomorrow: BIZARRO. Icy mist spills with every breath he takes and fire flickers up from his horrific red eyes. He wears an abomination of the Superman uniform.

Batman switches on a fiery green glove. Bizarro snarls.

LEX

That's not going to work. We eliminated the issue.

Batman frowns and flicks off his glove, deeply annoyed.

BATMAN

Lex, you better hope we don't live through this...

Wonder Woman stares at Bizarro, steadying herself. She passes Clark over to Batman.

WONDER WOMAN

Get Clark out of here.

Batman shifts uncomfortably.

(CONTINUED)

## WONDER WOMAN

Go now and come back prepared.  
You're no good to me now.

Batman, quite reluctantly, slings Clark's arm over his shoulders and drags him out. Wonder Woman lifts her sword readily. Bizarro snarls.

## EXT. GOTHAM

Wonder Woman launches out through the wall of the LexCorp building, tackling Bizarro. She tears into him, throwing vicious swipes of the blade that land but don't cut, knocking him backwards. He lands hard on a rooftop, and Wonder Woman comes down upon him, looking to drive the blade down into his face.

Bizarro grabs the sword in both hands, stopping it. She presses down with all her might, without luck. Bizarro looks her dead in the eye. He SNARLS, and easily breaks the blade, a PULSE OF LIGHT bursting out from it.

Diana hurtles backwards as the sword shatters. Bizarro ascends back into the air, and there's a slight panic about her as he approaches.

## INT. INFIRMARY, BATCAVE - LATER

Clark groans and sits up from a cold steel table, waking back into existence. He rubs at sore muscles, confused. He appears healthier than ever before, his wounds healed. He notices a strange lamp hanging over him.

Clark looks around, surrounded by what vaguely resembles an infirmary. Outside of the warm light provided by the lamp, it's darkness in every direction.

Clark pushes himself off the table. He sees a staircase and climbs it, grabbing a coat off a chair.

## INT. BATCAVE

Clark rounds a corner, finding Bruce a little ways down the cave, back turned, scrolling through an enormous list of names and pictures, each different on every monitor. A splint and sling hold his arm in place.

Bruce addresses Clark without turning.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

These are all the people I never saved. Sometimes, when it's hard to keep going, I take a few... and I wonder what if I'd been better. Like Diana's better. Like you are.

Clark swallows, and spots a chunk of the Golden Lasso wrapped around Bruce's forearm.

BRUCE

The list gets longer every night. Tonight, on that train... I was ready to add hundreds more. But you were there...

Bruce turns to Clark. Surprise flashes briefly across Clark's face, and he looks to the floor.

BRUCE

I may not have your ears, but I've heard the screams. I know I won't stop them. It's just a matter of time: one bullet, and it's over.

Bruce gestures at the cave.

BRUCE

One bullet, and none of this matters. There's no fate protecting us. No promise things will work out. We decide who we are, how this world's going to be. Tonight... it's all up to you.

EXT. STREET

Wonder Woman takes a few overwhelming blows from Bizarro, staggering. As he pulls back for a particularly gruesome strike, she braces herself, covering up behind her silver bracelets and digging her feet into the street.

Bizarro delivers, and she fails to hold her ground, rocketing backwards, smashing through building after building before finally dragging her hands through the pavement and slowing herself.

Bizarro follows after her. She just barely dodges a swipe, and grabs him by the cape. She hurls him down the street. He crashes into a building, dust pouring out.

INT. BATCAVE

Clark finally speaks up, meekly.

CLARK

How can you be sure you're making a difference, that things won't just keep getting worse?

BRUCE

You can't.

Bruce works at his computer, back to Clark.

BRUCE

I fail everyday. Maybe I won't tomorrow. That's enough.

A THUNDER CLAP sounds. Bruce turns, looking around at the empty cave. He lets the lasso fall off from his arm and to the floor.

EXT. GOTHAM

Bizarro rockets out from a building, an enormous vault held over his head. Diana tries to meet him in the sky, but he drives the vault into her, carrying her into the distance.

INT. BATCAVE

Bruce grabs a pair of UNIQUE SILVER BATARANGS off a table and a mysterious BLUE VIAL as it pops out from the console.

EXT. BRIDGE

A massive, monumental suspension bridge stretches across the river. Bizarro smashes Diana down onto it, shattering concrete, snapping cables, and tossing cars into the air. He swings the vault down upon her like a hammer, again and again.

Bizarro finally lays the vault to rest, satisfied. With a triumphant roar, he shoots up into the sky, spiraling upwards. Vicious red beams rip out from his eyes, bringing entire buildings down. It barely takes a second, and all of Gotham is set ablaze, the sky alight with fire.

INT. LUTHOR LABORATORY

A voice hums 'AULD LANG SYNE' sadly and quietly. A bottle of champagne sits atop a pile of rubble.

Lex is drunk. He holds a hunk of Kryptonite in his hand, carving it to a point with a knife. He looks through the holes in his building left by Diana and Bizarro. He sneers at the burning Gotham, pocketing his shiv. He pantomimes playing a fiddle.

Batman appears at the other end of the room, back in his best gear. Lex chuckles, observing the sling beneath Batman's cape.

LEX

You... are really good at that,  
Bruce.

Lex stops smiling. He slides Deathstroke's pistol towards Batman's feet.

LEX

You can see why I had to, can't  
you? All our work, all our  
sacrifice... and he's just born  
better? That's not right. That's  
not America.

Batman looks at Lex quietly for a second, and kicks the gun out one of the giant holes in the building. Lex SNEERS.

LEX

You want to know how to stop him,  
right?

Lex tosses Batman a small detonator with a single trigger. Batman snatches it out of the air.

LEX

I'm not stupid. I put a bomb in his  
head. Big enough to level a block  
or two. Still probably too small to  
hurt him. Lure him away from the  
city. It's your best shot.

Lex doesn't budge as Batman heads for the exit.

LEX

I really did it, Bruce. A perfect  
weapon.

Lex eyes the syringe at Batman's hip.

(CONTINUED)

LEX

Let's see you do better.

INT. VAULT

A couple of men have climbed into the vault, grabbing bags and boxes of loot. Wonder Woman stirs at the split in the bottom, having been smashed right through. She looks at the men, dazed. They scurry out after finally noticing her.

EXT. BRIDGE - VAULT

Abandoned cars pack the bridge like sardines as refugees make the trek on foot. A calm VOICE addresses the city as DOOMSDAY WHISTLES sound.

VOICE

REPEAT: THE CITY IS BEING  
EVACUATED. ABANDON ALL POSSESSIONS  
AND HEAD FOR BRIDGES...

Wonder Woman climbs her way out of the vault, stumbling to the street. The worst of human nature is on display: rioting, fighting, looting, etc. People claim treasures as abandoned cars burn. The injured, the desperate go ignored.

WONDER WOMAN

ENOUGH!

The mobs freeze, in quiet awe as they look up into the sky to find Wonder Woman floating above them.

WONDER WOMAN

Are you animals?! You steal, you  
fight, you kill when thousands die  
by fire, when we stand on the  
precipice of oblivion?!

The mob watches quietly. Wonder Woman swallows.

WONDER WOMAN

Unite. It's the only chance we  
have.

Wonder Woman looks upon the crowds, calming. A ROAR breaks the silence, and something takes hold of her at a blinding speed, pulling her off the bridge, tossing up a huge ripple of water to the SCREAMS of bystanders.

(CONTINUED)

Wonder Woman fires out from the water, smashing through suspension cables and smacking back down upon the pavement limply, all wet. She staggers to her feet just as Bizarro comes down after her. She dodges a couple swipes, but is rocked by a hard one, stumbling to her hands and knees.

Bizarro swings down upon Wonder Woman, but she dodges, and nails him with a vicious uppercut that nearly brings him off his feet. She presses an exhausted attack, catching the beast with a couple ineffectual blows. He snarls at her, and then takes a deep breath.

Bizarro exhales an icy gale down upon Wonder Woman. She tries to cover up, but he pulls her arms away to expose her fully. Her skin begins to pale. Her hair begins to frost up.

A bullet bounces off Bizarro's head, and he pauses, turning his attention down the bridge. None other than Larry stands at the center of the bridge, pistol pointed steadily at Bizarro. A crowd stands behind him, hesitant.

Irritated, Bizarro tosses a limp Wonder Woman aside, then sets his sights on Larry. Larry fires shots again and again. People around him begin to pick up chunks of debris, hurling them at Bizarro.

Bizarro begins to levitate, unfazed as projectiles bounce off him. A silver Batarang cuts through the air, whizzing by Larry's ear, hitting Bizarro straight in the face, exploding with an ear-splitting SCREECH.

Bizarro ROARS in horrific pain, clutching at his bleeding ears. He tumbles heedlessly through the air, retreating into the distance. The crowd disperses, covering their ears, and everyone makes a break for it. Batman drops down into the scene, and shares a glance with an escaping Larry.

Wonder Woman lays on her stomach, struggling to breathe, shivering violently. Batman comes to her side, yet doesn't reach down for her. She can't look up.

WONDER WOMAN

I'm sorry... I'm so sorry for  
everything I did to you, to your  
city. I'm sorry I can't fix it,  
that I'm not strong enough to make  
it up to you...

People SCREAM as the bridge quakes, slowly beginning to collapse.

(CONTINUED)

## WONDER WOMAN

Just... tell me you forgive me.  
Tell me you've some clever trick to  
make this all better. Please? Tell  
me lies?

Batman drops his end of the Golden Lasso in front of her.  
The bridge trembles, slowly coming apart.

## BATMAN

Keep the bridge up.

Batman strides steadily down the bridge. Fissures begin to appear beneath Diana. She ties both ends of her lasso back together and it glows a fervent gold. Reluctantly, she takes off.

The bridge continues coming apart, huge concrete ridges and valleys emerging. Diana comes up beneath it, holding the center as steadily as she can, straining against impossible weight. People rush desperately for dry land.

Bizarro shakes his head, dazed. A Batarang ricochets off his brow, getting his attention. Batman stands a safe distance from him, calm.

In the distance, the Batmobile comes to life.

Batman hurls a Batarang as Bizarro hovers over the bridge. It deflects off of him, harmlessly. Batman presses forward, and hurls another. It crackles, sparking as it bounces off Bizarro's chest.

The Batmobile drives on top of cars as bystanders clear the bridge.

Wonder Woman fights to hold the bridge on her shoulders, Atlas holding up the Earth. She begins to mutter through clenched teeth.

## WONDER WOMAN

I don't know if you can hear me. I  
don't know if you're there. We need  
you, Clark. There's so little left  
of us...

Gotham in flames spirals away from us.

EXT. SPACE

Clark floats in the atmosphere, the infinity of space out ahead of him, his back turned to all the Earth. He hears everything, eyes shut, locket wrapped around his fingers. In the cacophony, his name pierces. His eyes shoot open.

INTERCUT WITH BRIDGE

Wonder Woman tries desperately to hold the bridge as straight as she can.

WONDER WOMAN

I know how cruel it is to ask this of you. But the truth is the world is cruel. For all of us. Our only solace, the only kind truth out there is we are not alone. No matter how dark things seem, how strange and horrible we think ourselves, we always have each other. We only have each other. I know this... because I was sure I was alone. And then I found you.

Batman hurls a ball that explodes in a fog of smoke. Bizarro thrashes, squinting, annoyed. Soon as the haze clears, he sees the Batmobile soaring towards him.

The Batmobile smashes into Bizarro, carrying him down the bridge a ways. Finally, he digs his heels, and lifts it into the air. Suddenly, a Batarang embeds itself in the exposed belly of the car, blinking red.

Batman covers up as the Batmobile explodes in the distance. He waits a moment. A furious ROAR follows. Batman holds Luthor's detonator steadily in his hand.

WONDER WOMAN

The world needs us. All of us.  
You're a part of it. So answer.

Clark listens, sadly.

The last bystanders begin to make their way towards land. Batman keeps an eye on them.

DIANA

Clark. Clark! CLARK!

In a flash, Bizarro has Batman by the throat, lifting him into the air. Batman holds his gaze on the escaping bystanders.

(CONTINUED)

Clark winces, and floats forward and into outer space. The cacophony disappears in an instant.

Clark stares out at the universe, in awe of the vastness ahead of him, the deafening quiet. He looks down at the locket in his trembling hand. He tosses it defiantly into the oblivion. A BOOM, and he's gone.

END INTERCUT

Bizarro snarls at Batman. The last of the bystanders make it off the bridge, and Batman activates Luthor's charge.

Time slows to a crawl as fire begins to burst out from every orifice in Bizarro's head. Something impossibly fast snatches Batman away just as the flames begin to lick at him.

A huge amount of fire rips across the bridge like a wave, but a freezing cloud passes over it all in the blink of an eye.

The explosion just barely reaches across the edges of the bridge, settling. Wonder Woman looks at the bridge above her, and carefully releases. The bridge is totally, utterly frozen in ice, seemingly rock solid.

Batman rolls across a distant rooftop, alone and befuddled.

A strange wind picks up. It lifts fire off buildings, a flaming cyclone, rising higher and higher. It sucks the fire into a vacuum, destroying it.

Batman watches. Wonder Woman watches. Everyone watches. They see something at the center of the cyclone, descending. As the sun peeks out from the horizon, the image becomes clearer and clearer: blue and red tights. The famous S shield. It's not a bird. It's not a plane.

SUPERMAN descends from high in the sky down to meet Batman.

BATMAN

Where'd you get the outfit?

SUPERMAN

My mom made it for me before things soured. Strange expectations, huh?

BATMAN

Suits you.

Bizarro ascends from the streets into the sky, making himself known, focused on Superman.

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN

Try to keep the collateral damage  
short of ridiculous.

From the bridge, Wonder Woman sees the distant silhouettes of Superman and Bizarro rocket towards one another.

Superman and Bizarro collide at light-speed, each landing a fist upon the other. A DEAFENING CRACK shatters all the glass for blocks, and they each rocket backwards in opposite directions, tearing through buildings, finally stopping as they land crashing at opposite ends of the city.

Superman and Bizarro each quickly rise to their feet and ascend into the dawn sky. Over the rooftops, they set their sights on one another. Again, they jet towards each other.

Superman and Bizarro battle, equals, every blow a thunderous CRACK as they tear through the city, reducing buildings to apple cores. Clouds of dust from shattered concrete pour through the streets.

EXT. LEXCORP ROOFTOP

Lex climbs a steel staircase, high atop the Lexcorp building, up towards a helipad. He sways in his stride, champagne bottle in hand. He approaches the edge of the rooftop, and looks over the city. He spreads his arms.

LEX

It's been fun, everybody.

In the distance, Superman tussles with a dazed Bizarro. He closes his combination with a huge blast of heat vision. Bizarro shoots to the street, seemingly knocked unconscious.

Superman tightens his fist, and goes to follow after the beast, but something catches his ear.

SUPERMAN

Oh no.

Lex takes a step off the edge, falling like a rock towards the distant ground. Something snatches him up.

Superman carries Lex back up to the top of the building, dropping him on the helipad. Superman pants, tired. Lex looks up at him.

LEX

Why?

Superman offers a confused look, as if it's obvious:

(CONTINUED)

SUPERMAN

You're my friend, Lex.

Lex and Superman push themselves up to their feet. Lex steps towards Superman and hugs him.

Superman gasps. Lex slides his Kryptonite shiv out from Superman's gut, leaving shards in the wound. Lex stabs, again and again, holding Superman up with his free arm.

LEX

You were right, Clark. You were always right. This thing you are can't be helped. You're poison. That's all you'll ever be.

Lex leaves Superman to drop to the helipad.

LEX

Can't fight fate.

The Golden Lasso drops around Lex, and yanks him off the rooftop. He screams, swinging through the sky.

EXT. SECONDARY ROOFTOP

Lex lands on another empty rooftop, Wonder Woman pinning him.

EXT. LEXCORP ROOFTOP

Batman arrives on the scene, crouching over Clark. He grabs the remaining base of Lex's shiv, stuffing it into a belt pouch. He then observes the Kryptonite shards lodged in Clark's abdomen.

In the distance Bizarro growls softly, dizzily rolling onto his hands and knees.

Batman pulls a pair of tweezers from his belt. With impossible steadiness, he begins extracting shards of Kryptonite from Superman with his lone good hand, dropping them into a belt pouch. Superman hears Bizarro in the distance.

SUPERMAN

He's coming. You have to get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

BATMAN

Shut up.

Bizarro stumbles to his feet, and begins ascending into the air. He spots Superman and Batman.

Batman keeps working. Superman comes around, seeing the sun peeking out from behind clouds. Out the corner of his eye, Batman notices Bizarro approaching.

Bizarro is upon them before Batman can finish, but the Golden Lasso falls around the beast's neck, holding him at bay. Wonder Woman, fighting to hold back Bizarro, takes off skywards, straight up.

Batman quickly finishes up, pocketing the last of the Kryptonite. Superman shoves him aside, then takes off after Wonder Woman. Batman wastes no time, escaping off the building.

Wonder Woman forces herself as high as she can go, past the clouds, nearly out of orbit. She swings the Golden Lasso around her, over and over, gathering momentum. With all her strength, she hurls Bizarro back down to the Earth.

Superman bursts up through the clouds just in time for Bizarro to shoot down through them. For only a second, Wonder Woman catches his eye, strong.

Superman rockets back down after Bizarro. Superman grabs hold of Bizarro, and their speed explodes, so great the two of them catch fire. That ground just keeps getting closer.

Lex watches from afar as the two close in on his building.

LEX

No. No. NO!

Superman and Bizarro crash down upon the LexCorp building, smashing through every floor, bringing the whole thing down with them. A tsunami of dust rolls through the city.

EXT. GOTHAM - MOMENTS LATER

Batman strides through the dissipating dust, climbing a giant mound of wreckage and debris. Fingers poke through, and Batman's hand flies to his hip, where a syringe with the blue vial rests. Superman pulls himself out from the wreckage. Batman relaxes, then helps him up. Superman glances at Batman, but then shifts his gaze skywards.

(CONTINUED)

Wonder Woman, takes deep, sagging breaths, floating over the mound. She trembles a moment, then drops down next to Superman.

WONDER WOMAN

It's been a very long day...

Batman hears some footsteps, and he looks sideways. Throngs of people emerge through the dust, approaching the three of them carefully, remaining at an awestruck distance. Superman waves, nervously.

SUPERMAN

What's up?

The crowds immediately begin to CHEER, uproariously, deafening, and then rush towards their heroes, embracing them, grabbing at them. Superman and Wonder Woman, surprised at first, begin to smile. Wonder Woman looks to where she expects Batman to be, but he's gone. She looks all around herself. Superman notices nothing, too elated.

Batman walks alone down an empty alley. The CHEERS can be heard far behind him. Suddenly, something smashes through the concrete, and snatches his ankle, pulling him beneath the street.

INT. GOTHAM SEWERS

Batman tumbles into the shallow waters of an immense, cavernous sewer system, the only light pouring in from the hole he fell through. He shoots quickly to his feet, wet, nervous, knee deep in water. He looks all around himself, ready with the syringe.

A beaten, bloodied Bizarro sneaks up on Batman. Before Batman can move, a bloody, chalk hand is at his throat, forcing him to his knees. He loses grip of his syringe. As Bizarro pulls back his fist, Wonder Woman appears from nowhere, clutching desperately to his arm.

Bizarro releases Batman, letting him drop into the water. Bizarro hurls Wonder Woman off of him. As she spots and grabs hold of Batman's syringe, Bizarro grabs her by the throat. Batman notices the lasso dangling from the beast's neck. He grabs hold of it, pulling back with all his strength. Bizarro ROARS, gold burning around his neck.

BATMAN

The wound!

(CONTINUED)

Wonder Woman drives the syringe into the open wound on Bizarro's head. Bizarro snarls furiously, stumbling like a diseased animal. He begins to crystallize, spreading rapidly out from his wound until he's just a chalky statue. He shatters into a million pieces of pristine, crystalline dust.

Batman and Wonder Woman crumple to their knees, exhausted, panting, water dripping off of them. Wonder Woman gazes at the hole above, into the light pouring down upon them, listening to the distant CHEERING.

WONDER WOMAN

I knew you had a trick left.

Batman just stares at Wonder Woman. She looks down at him, and smiles softly. She notices blood dripping down from the corner of his mouth. She wipes it away with her thumb.

BATMAN

I think I'll... rest for a bit...

Batman collapses face first into the water, passing out.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, WAYNE MANOR - LATER

Bruce lays in bed, bandaged to high heaven and hooked up to every medical device imaginable. DOCTOR LESLIE THOMPkins (60, an elderly woman) and Alfred look over him, solemn.

Clark sits in a small parlor just outside, on edge. Leslie leaves the room in a hurry, and Alfred emerges. Clark shoots to his feet.

ALFRED

I'd be lying if I said he'd seen worse. But Leslie's a great doctor, and nothing's taken him yet.

CLARK

Can I see him?

Alfred hesitates.

ALFRED

I don't know that he'd want to be seen...

BRUCE(OS)

Let him in.

Alfred turns around, shocked to find Bruce sitting up in bed, looking over his medical chart.

(CONTINUED)

Alfred smiles and walks away as Clark approaches Bruce.

CLARK  
You really should rest.

BRUCE  
I've been asleep for hours.

CLARK  
I don't think comas count.

Bruce rubs his face, and throws his feet over the bed.

BRUCE  
Too much to do. City must be a mess. Give me a minute --

CLARK  
Fires are out. No riots. No looting. Just rebuilding.

Bruce reaches for a cane, struggling slightly. Clark hands it to him, helpful. Bruce accepts it, begrudgingly, and stands himself up from the bed.

BRUCE  
Where is she?

INT. KITCHEN

Diana sits at a small table in a large, dusty kitchen, feet folded casually beneath her. Her face still sports some bruising from the previous night, but her eyes sparkle as Alfred gleefully regales her, serving her a cup of coffee.

ALFRED  
I swear: there never was a clumsier child! And he'd get so worked up with every stumble and stutter. He so hated to look foolish.

Diana happily takes a sip as Alfred plops down across from her.

DIANA  
Hasn't really outgrown that, has he?

Bruce and Clark appear in the door frame. Clark carries a bag, slung over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CLARK  
My ride's ready.

Diana follows Clark out. Bruce lingers, staring down Alfred. Alfred merely shrugs, leaning back in his chair smugly.

EXT. WAYNE MANOR

Clark and Diana walk along a gravel driveway outside the mansion.

CLARK  
So this is how you must feel most days, huh? All satisfied and impressed with yourself? I could get used to it.

DIANA  
Don't. Things seldom go so smoothly.

CLARK  
Well, they're going to start. The three of us... years from now, people will look back on us here and say "this is when it started."

Clark and Diana come upon a town car. She stops at the edge of the walkway.

DIANA  
That'd seem a tad grand coming from anyone other than man who can do anything.

He calls to her, jovially.

CLARK  
Not anything. All morning, I've been trying to figure out how I could ever thank you enough. Some things are just impossible.

Diana grins and heads back the way she came. She comes upon Bruce, who leans on his cane, waiting for her.

BRUCE  
So what's the plan?

DIANA  
Figured I'd stay a while. Watch over you until you got your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DIANA (cont'd)  
strength back. Your pride  
permitting, of course.

Bruce nods, turning back towards the mansion.

BRUCE  
Alfred will fix you a room.

Clark opens the door of the car, but then looks up at the sky.

CLARK  
I'm fine, thanks.

He slaps the roof of the car, and shuts the door.

A gust of wind blows past Diana. She looks to the sky, and sees Clark whiz by. She smiles tiredly.

INT. BATCAVE

A monitor shows Clark jetting over treetops. Bruce pays no attention, already back to work at his computers.

EXT. GOTHAM

All throughout the streets, people are rebuilding Gotham. Larry can be seen, helping a medic carry a wounded person near Sam's diner. A wind picks up. Bystanders look skyward.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Lex sits at the back of a long limousine, his head leaning against the window, Gotham racing past him. He looks to the sky.

Superman soars over the Gotham skyline, triumphant. Lex scowls.

THE END