

Opening scenes from my Wonder Woman pilot concept, Revision 2.

The story starts off with a bang, and is told from the perspective of Steven Trimble, an assistant DA in San Francisco.

First photoenhance in the story is of Charlize Theron, which after watching Hancock is currently my favorite superwoman. I scanned it from the cover of the New York Times Style Magazine, Spring 2008. WW should never be a blonde. She really should have raven-black hair, but I could only Photoshop Charlize from a blonde to a red-head, so my WW is going to be a red-head.

Instead of a yellow lasso, which is kind of hokey, she's going to have this blue diamond necklace that she can wrap around someone to compel them to tell the truth. She can disappear in a blaze of light as she transforms from Wonder Woman to Diana Prince, and can disguise the look of her face, both as WW and as Diana. But not her eyes.

High-Res picture from the chapter (my photoenhance and the original scan), a picture of Diana Prince, and a full-on view of my idea of WW's proper costume is at:

http://velorian.net/WW/story_images.html

All images have a vertical resolution of 1600 pixels (which happens to fit my screen).

Now, if only the story and costume in the TV show could go this way, I'd be a happy camper.

By the way, I'm open to ideas and concepts for future chapters that you might want to post as replies to this thread. Can't guarantee anything, but I'm easily inspired.

Most importantly, I'd like to know if this is a story you'd like me to continue, at least until we see the "real" story on TV, for better or worse.

Chapter One

12:15am

I fell into the dirty, plastic seat of the T Third-train in downtown San Francisco, too bone-tired to even look around the train to check out the other passengers. I didn't care. Getting mugged on my way home would be the perfect ending for a completely shit day.

I thought we'd had the Bernelli brothers this time. I had an eyewitness to the crime boss' execution of one of his men. I had a cellphone video. I had a search warrant. A dozen cops were standing behind me, ready to bust into the building. My witness was inside along with Mario Bernelli.

And then all hell broke lose.

An explosion on the third floor peppered the street with glass and then the whole place went up in flames. I dove to the side a half second before the front door blasted open to send a tongue of flame lancing across the street. Within seconds, the entire building was burning, from street level to the sixth floor.

I knew right away that it had been bomb. That and a great deal of accelerant.

The fire department fought the flames for two hours. Nobody came out, and only a single charred body was found. Identification was going to be difficult, but I already knew it wasn't going to be Bernelli. The coroner on site said it was a female's corpse, and I knew the woman who had been my star witness was dead.

Without the witness, all I had was the video, and it was lousy quality. A good defense lawyer would bring in experts to claim the resolution was too low for a positive ID. And the Bernelli's had very good lawyers.

I'd pushed too hard and too fast. Too many people had known about the raid, and somebody had ratted us out. There was no telling how many cops were on Bernelli's payroll.

The train gathered speed as I stared numbly at the floor and replayed the events of the day, again and again. I was too lost in my grief over losing both a witness and the case I'd been working on to notice at first that the train was wobbling from side to side more than usual. A quick glance out the window revealed that we were going really fast. The Arleta station came up, but instead of slowing and stopping, the train kept accelerating right through the station.

A sliver of fear pushed away the tiredness of the long day. I traveled this train all the time, and I knew the elevated line ended after the next stop.

I struggled to my feet, only to find that the train was rocking so wildly now that it was hard to walk. I saw a tall redheaded woman in a trench coat standing at the front of the car. She was trying to open the locked door to the armored driver's compartment. I headed her way, and was twenty feet from her when it appeared she dug her fingernails into the steel around the door and pulled it off its hinges. She disappeared into the restricted driver's compartment.

Astounded, I reached for the tiny .357 Smith & Wesson in my pocket, and continued forward. I heard the shattering of glass from inside the driver's compartment.

The windows in that compartment are thick, bulletproof tempered glass. I know because I prosecuted a man who'd tried to shoot the driver of a train with his 9mm. The bullets had bounced off the windows, but I managed to get him on several federal counts, including attempted murder. He hadn't known the windows were bulletproof.

Despite the late hour, a dozen scared passengers stared at me as I went forward. Struggling against the blast of air coming from the driver's doorway, I slipped past the mangled door, noting the deep gashes in the frame, and found the driver slumped over his controls. The redhead was gone. She'd obviously broken out the bulletproof front window and jumped, which made even less sense than the way she'd opened the door.

I pulled the driver upright and reached for the controls, only to find that they'd been fused as if by a great heat. The speed control was set on Forward MAXIMUM.

Looking up, I saw the red lights marking the last station racing toward me at horrific speed. I desperately grabbed the controls and tried to turn them toward STOP, but they wouldn't budge, I began pushing every button I could, but the train kept racing onward. Looking up again, I saw a handful of shocked faces on the platform as we raced through the last station and plunged back into darkness.

We had to be going at least 80mph.

A line of red lights ran across the track to mark the end of the track and whatever lay beyond. The train rushed toward them, still accelerating. I barely had time to raise my arms before I was slammed down toward the floor as if by a great weight. At the same time, the sounds of the wheels on the tracks ceased. The electric motors screamed as the unloaded wheels briefly ran free, a shower of sparks shooting out both sides of the cars as the motors burned up. The train fell strangely

silent now except for some screams from the other passengers, and the rush of air through the broken window.

I suddenly knew what it was like to die in a violent crash. The brain speeds up fantastically, creating a fantasy world where death didn't occur. A second of dreaming became a minute. I crunched myself up, preparing for the sudden darkness that was sure to follow my dying dream.

Yet nothing happened for several long minutes. Opening my eyes carefully, only to find the inside of the train was totally dark. Leaning closer to the side window, I looked down in astonishment as city lights passed below. A moment later they were snuffed out as we flew into a fog bank. Waves of heavy moisture blasted through the shattered window for several more minutes, and then we burst out into clear, cold air. I could see stars overhead. I swore I was looking out the window of an aircraft.

Was this the afterlife? A floaty, fantastic world where physics made no sense?

No. The rational side of my mind fought back. I was alive and somehow the train was airborne. We hadn't crashed.

I had to figure out why and how.

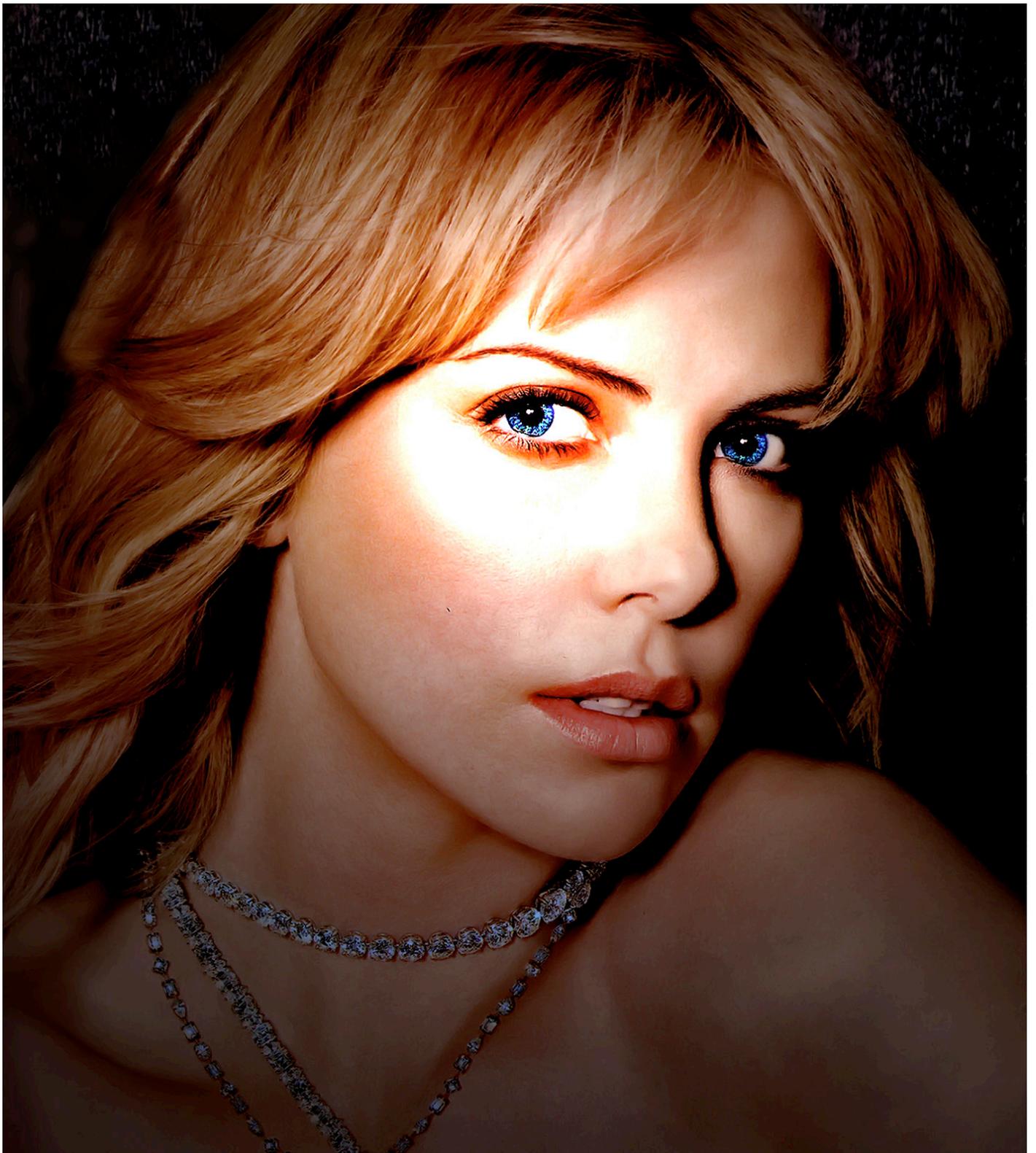
I fumbled for the flashlight I'd seen on the wall, and after groping around for a bit, managed to pull it free. Levering myself back out the driver's door of the steeply tilted car, I shined the light down the length of the passenger compartment to see terrified passengers piled up at the lower end, their eyes huge as they looked into the beam. I saw the second car hanging behind us.

Clearly, something had attached itself to the front of the train and was pulling us upward. A helicopter made no sense, for there was no noise. I wracked my brain, trying to come up with an answer that didn't involve my being dead.

Terrifyingly, I couldn't think of any, other than maybe a UFO abduction. Assuming those things really happened, they certainly didn't grab out-of-control transit trains off the streets of San Francisco.

My arms and legs were shaking wildly as I crawled forward to the unbroken glass window at the front of the passenger compartment, and shined the light through the glass.

I jumped back and nearly dropped the flashlight as the beam reflected off a woman's face. It was the red-head I'd seen earlier, and her face was barely a foot in front of the window. Her trench coat was gone, and she was staring back at me as I focused my flashlight on her right eye. Strangely, she wore a blue diamond necklace.



My first thought was that she was hanging onto the front of the train, and was in danger of falling. I thought of going back into the driver's compartment to reach out the shattered window to grab for her, but the expression on her face gave me pause. She wasn't scared. She was simply staring curiously at me.

I shined the beam around her, then upward, but saw nothing that could be lifting the front of the train car. Leaning daringly closer to the window, I shined the light down to see that the woman's shoulders and arms were tight with muscle. Shining the light further down, I found myself staring into her dramatic cleavage. She seemed to be wearing a red bustier with a large golden "W" woven into the top of it. Amazingly, her hands were holding the huge coupler at the front of the car, gripping it hard enough to deform it. Below that I saw a pair of blue hotpants with white stars all over them, and a golden belt that was formed into another "W", and then long bare legs and pair of red boots, her feet floating on air.

I just stared at her, jaw hanging open, until she turned away to look back over her shoulder. I saw an opening in the clouds, and she shifted her position as we started to drop toward an island. I recognized Alcatraz. I saw her shoulders flexing even tighter as the train began to slow, and I suddenly realized, impossible as it was, that she was holding the train up.

Which of course was ridiculous. Nobody outside the comic books could really fly. Besides, how much did a double-car T Third train weigh? A hundred tons?

The island grew larger until we were directly over the old penitentiary. We stopped and began to descend vertically, the walls of the old prison rising up to surround the train. I felt the rear car touch down. Then my car jerked and started to level out. The woman crouched lower as we came level, and then stood back up to brush her hands off. I found myself staring at an expanse of tanned, bare flesh, the center point of which was a remarkably firm bosom. Her bustier clung to her body like a second skin, leaving a slash of bare abs above her star-speckled blue shorts.

And then, before I could move a muscle or even open my mouth to ask her who she was, she leaped upward and was gone.

I dashed for the side door and pulled the emergency release, but by the time I jumped down to the stone floor of the old exercise yard, I saw only stars overhead. I shined the flashlight into the heavens for a long minute, and then turned back to begin helping the other passengers out of the train.

I asked if anyone had seen the redhead, but other than a couple people who'd seen her standing at the front of the car in her trench coat, I quickly realized that nobody else had a clue that she'd been the one to fly us here.

I felt the first doubts beginning. Had I really seen what I thought I had?

My legs felt like they were made of rubber as I walked toward the front of the car to shine the flashlight on the train coupler. I saw what appeared to be the deep imprint of fingers in the thick steel. I felt as if I was floating on air once again as I realized I'd just witnessed what could only be a superhuman. I tried to memorize every detail of the woman's face, her clothing or costume, whatever it was. My lingering memory was that she was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. An angel from heaven?

I was suddenly angry with myself for not thinking to pull my iPhone out and snap her picture. I shook my head as my doubts grew stronger. I don't believe in angels any more than I do heaven or hell. I was also well aware how unreliable people's memories were after they witnessed a crime or a near fatal accident. What would people say when I told them what I'd seen? They would think I'd gone completely around the bend.

On the other hand, somebody was going to have to explain how a T Third train had jumped the tracks and landed five miles away in Alcatraz.

Even more importantly, how in the world would I ever find her again? I owed her my life. I had to find her.

I was tracing my fingers over the depressions in the steel at the front of the car, wondering what WW stood for, when I saw the faint imprint of fingerprints in the steel.

Maybe... maybe there was a way.

Chapter Two

12:47am

I didn't even try to call 911 to report the train crash — if that's what it could be called. Instead, I called my boss, District Attorney James Addison. He wasn't happy at getting wakened, least of all to hear me gushing about a train jumping the tracks and winding up in Alcatraz.

I suddenly stopped talking before I mentioned the woman. I wasn't sure I even believed what my eyes had seen. It just seemed too fantastic to tell anyone.

Yet there was no denying that the train was inside the prison walls of Alcatraz.

Addison's voice turned sympathetic. "Steven, I don't blame you for going on a bender after today. Take a day off, and then stop by my office so we can talk."

I realized that Addison thought I was drunk.

"No, boss, its not what you're thinking. Look, pull up the webcams at Alcatraz. Then you tell me."

He signed and I heard him typing on a keyboard. Then nothing for a long moment. When he spoke again, the sleepiness had vanished from his voice.

"Don't let anyone talk to anyone until we get the proper team there," he said firmly. "Do you understand, Steven? No one."

"Yeah, sure, got it, boss." I looked around the dark, cold former prison grounds. The fog was starting to sift back in. "Other than a night watchman, who is probably sleeping given we haven't seen him yet, nobody is here. I'll try to kill the webcams."

"Find that watchman, Steven, and hang onto him as well. Good thinking on the webcams. Also collect everyone's phones, right now. I'll get back to you as soon as I set some things in motion."

I clicked off the phone, realizing that Addison had sounded scared. Did he know something I didn't?

That got me thinking about that wondrous woman. Why had she set the train down here of all places? Did she also understand the ramifications of such a paranormal event? The way the public could panic and the media would hype endless speculation. There were enough end-of-the-world sects out there looking for a sign. Someone might decide this was the beginning of the rapture and hand out the strychnine-laced Kool-Aide. The crazies were everywhere.

I borrowed a woman's large purse and collected the passenger's cellphones, which wasn't easy. I had to show my District Attorney's ID to get some of them to hang up and give me the phone. Then I told them to stay in the cars until help came.

Once they were secure, I went looking for the night guard. I found him snoozing in his office. He woke up and began to get belligerent, accusing me of trespass-

ing, so I took him outside to show him the train. He got very quiet after that. I took his phone away as well.

Two very long hours passed before I saw the lights from the approaching helicopters. A whole squadron of them. Clearly, Addison had woken up a lot of people. They started to land all around the prison grounds. I saw a couple with FBI markings, but most of the choppers were a nondescript black with no markings. I found it strange that no state or city police choppers were here. Most of the people coming off the helicopters wore black uniforms, and they carried a great deal of equipment. They all seemed to know exactly what they were supposed to do. Clearly, I was watching some kind of special response team going to work.

The last chopper disgorged Addison and a very tall, black-haired woman. They made their way directly toward me while the rest of the team gathered up the passengers and the security guard. I noticed uncomfortably that half the team members carried assault rifles.

“Steven, this is Diana Prince,” Addison said. “I’ve been briefing her about you and what you reported. Diana comes to us from MI5, the FBI’s equivalent in the UK.”

I shook her hand, surprised by her firm grip. I couldn’t help but stare levelly into her dark blue eyes for a second longer than I should have, feeling a strange sense of familiarity. The soft freckles on her face made her look cute, but also awfully young to be MI5. But it was her eyes that were truly striking.



“Nice to meet you, Mr. Trimble. I understand you’ve experienced a true event.” She spoke with a strong British accent; one that suggested she’d grown up on the poor side of London.

“Event?”

“Diana was a student in Paranormal Pathology at Cambridge,” Addison explained. “She recently joined MI5, and was assigned to work with our local FBI office a couple of months ago. As you know, this area seems to have more than its share of strange... sightings.”

He didn't sound very impressed. He was a former cop, and like most old time cops, he didn't believe in things he couldn't see, taste or smell. On the other hand, the train inside the walls of Alcatraz was pretty real.

"So everyone here is FBI but us? What's with the black helicopters and uniforms?"

"Special Event Response Team," Diana said. "They are trained to investigate sensitive events like this."

"The FBI has a team trained to investigate trains that fly on their own to Alcatraz?"

"They investigate any event that has a large potential impact on the public or media and which can't be explained by any known science."

Now I was really impressed. "I assume these boys don't get out too often."

Neither Diana nor Addison said anything in reply, which told me more than I wanted to know. Addison excused himself and walked over to talk to the guy who appeared to be the team leader.

Diana took my arm and led me further away from the FBI agents. "So, Steven, tell me about the woman."

I gawked at her. "How did you know...?"

"We've had five other sightings in the last two months, all within a hundred miles of here."

"But I haven't heard anything..." She raised an eyebrow to stop me. "Oh, yeah, now I get it. The response team. So how do you keep everyone from talking?"

"There are amnesiac drugs that can wipe out the last few hours of a person's memory. Everyone on the train will find themselves home by morning with a bad headache and no idea how they got there."

"And me?"

"You are our star eyewitness. And you're a trained investigator. We need you."

I found that strangely funny. Last night, I would have appreciated having my memory wiped after I screwed up the Bernelli case, but not now. Not after I'd seen Her. "So, you got me. Who is she?"

Diana shrugged. "Unknown. Superhuman for sure. You saw that she's very strong and can fly. Beyond that, we don't have anything solid. But a lot of people are working on it."

"Alien," I said. "Has to be from a distant star. I don't think those train cars were really all that heavy for her."

"I'd rather not speculate at this time, Mr. Trimble." She pulled out a small recorder. "Right now, I need you to describe everything you experienced, everything you saw. While its still fresh."

She took me through it five times, asking slightly different questions each time. I made a point of emphasizing the fingerprints in the steel. I thought that was important.

She was an expert at interrogation, and she twisted my answers around slightly which forced me to correct her. That was how an interrogator determines how solid a witness's recollections were and whether they were subject to having their memories influenced. She was young but she'd obviously been through this a few times before. MI5 training was among the best in the world.

After she was done, she turned me over to a sketch artist who had set up a laptop with Photoshop and some other specialized software. It wasn't long before we had an image that looked like what I recalled of the woman. He turned me back over to Diana.

"So, what do the W's stand for?" I asked. "On her costume, uniform, whatever you call it."

She shook her head. "We don't know. No one has talked to her. You've come the closest to her of anyone. You had plenty of time to study her as she flew the train, which is why I appreciate the composite you've helped us create. What would you guess her height was?"

I shrugged. "Hard to tell, but taller than normal. But it was her eyes that really got to me."

“How so?”

“They were a very dark blue, but highly faceted.” I found myself staring into Diana’s eyes, and realized my recollection might be compromised. Short-term memories were easily corrupted by new stimuli. “Actually, I think they looked a lot like yours. Very striking.”

“That wasn’t how you described them to the sketch artist.”

“I didn’t think of it until now. And now I’m doubting what I saw. Late night memories can be like that. Especially when it comes to beautiful women.”

She laughed, a lovely, high British laugh. “If I didn’t know better, I’d think you were trying to make a pass at me.”

“Shit...ah, no,” I quickly protested. “I was just letting my thoughts range. Sorry. Guess I’m starting to fizzle out.”

Damn it, I cursed silently. The last thing I needed to do was to get too familiar. These people drugged people and made them forget. I had no doubt they could make people disappear as well if needed. I wasn’t as much a member of their team as much as I was the only observer who would remember the event tomorrow, and I was the only one who’d seen the woman.

That strangely bothered me. If someone wanted to cover this up, all they had to do was silence me.

Chapter Three

