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FADE IN:

EXT. KINGDOM OF THE UNDERWORLD - NIGHT

THE BLACKNESS SPLITS revealing a malevolent, mystical colorful rolling fog...

Torchlight dots a mammoth and foreboding, medieval fortress. TOWERING STEEL DOORS open --

Armor-clad BLACK STEEDS VIOLENTLY KICKING as they grunt, snort, expel foggy plumes from NOSTRIL-LIKE IGNITERS. Their hot breath condensing the crisp air.

Then a RUSH OF SOUND, a mad cacophony of FOOTSTEPS, emerging from the MIST like apparitions,

Four MYSTERIOUS DARK WARRIORS, a cross up of a RINGWRAITH, and SITH -- but we DON'T see them in full, NOT YET, they're more silhouette than solid...

They mount up, skilled horsemen, quick to calm their steeds.

THEIR HOOVES RIP ACROSS INVISIBLE TERRAIN, POUNDING HELL-FOR- LEATHER THROUGH THE UNDERWORLD, cloaks fluttering, armor made incandescent in the eerie light.

PENTHESILEA

To the river Styx?

VALASKA

No! Sorrow or Woe...

...the echo of her WHISPER metamorphose into the sound of flowing water into a riverbed --

EXT. RIVER OF SORROW OR WOE - NIGHT

Restless GHOSTS and APPARITIONS burdened with heavy chains, roam across a nightmarish swampland of brimstone and fire.

Stillness. Then HOOVES hammer the unholy silence. Igniters shooting out roaring tubes of flames, exhaling breaths of smoke, frothing at the mouth...

EXT. FOOTBRIDGE / CAVE EXIT - NIGHT

In a sea of darkness, an isolated footbridge.

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A solitary beacon of lightning cleaves the night sky...

HOOVES fly across rickety planks, as they thunder past us...

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

THERMODOSA, 50, a high priestess, runs through high grass of a dark meadow, cradling a NEWBORN wrapped in a blanket.

Out of breath, looks back, torches, lots of them, and riders on horseback, GALLOPING fast, getting closer. She's doing the best she can, but somehow, it's not enough.

The riders closing in. Then, deafening HOOFBEATS. Suddenly four steeds burst onto the scene. And from Thermodosa's POV,

The DARTHWRATHS burst onto scene in ALL THEIR terrifying glory. faceless, armor hammered in dark steel. Helmets, a sinister work of cruelty..

The *leader*, VALASKA, distinguished by a silver snake armband; inhuman evil embedded in her eyes,

She's flanked by Lieutenants, bronze snake armlets,

OTRERE, hard-eyed, contained but feral. HIPPOLYTA, cunning as she is of regal bearing, and PENTHESILEA, the youngest, strong and stout.

Thermodosa spies their cloaks emblazoned with crossed swords over a shield, a Queen's crown prominent.

THERMODOSA

The coat of arms of the Kingdom of the Underworld. You must be the undead servants of the WARLORDERESS?

The DARTHWRATHS steer their war horses around, menacingly.

AMAZONS WARRIORS approach in a thunder of hoofbeats. Battle armor gleams in moonlight. HARMOTHOE, 20s, muscular, pulls up, stares, a bit unnerved. They all are.

VALASKA

Go back whence you came.

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With that, turns her horse, leads her entourage back.

Saddened, Thermodosa plants a perfunctory farewell kiss on his forehead. About to hand him over when...

VALASKA

Someone wishes to see you.

The moment is not lost on Thermodosa, who takes her hand and is hoisted up into the saddle in front of Valaska.

EXT. ADRIATIC - NIGHT

An armada of ROMAN WARSHIPS sail the rough seas.

INT. ROMAN WARSHIP - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

The hull CREAKS. The ship treads its course. A ROMAN OFFICER is conferring with MEDICUS - a grizzled old lion.

MEDICUS

Why would the queen condemn the woman to this? Caesar will have no use for her. She's dead.

Caged like an animal, a pale, fragile woman, hands chained, covered with dirt and blood. And it's not immediately clear if she's alive or dead.

The officer unlocks the cage, whips out his dick and pisses on her battered face. The woman's eyes open. She convulses.

ROMAN OFFICER

Yeah, she was.

The men chuckle. He struggles to re-start his piss.

She springs upward, throwing her bound arms around his neck, using the length of those chains to catch him in a chokehold.

He thrashes, crashes to his knees as she rides him all the way down - bashes his face into the cage. BLOOD SPRAYS from his mouth and nose.

The Medicus yells for help! The SNAPPING OF BONE.

A Roman Captain swoops in, PETRA ROMULUS - ruthless as she is handsome. Shiny Lorica Segmentata, burgundy robes flowing...

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Unleashes a whip - it CONTRAILS, lashing around the woman's neck, yanking her back. Our heroine - AMAZONIA.

INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

A shaft of light illuminates Amazonia, who lies unconscious on an examination table. Silk covers her naked torso as...

BLOODY HANDS stitch lacerations inside her southern region. Dabs Amazonia's forehead with a wet cloth. Suddenly -

Amazonia's eyes fly open. Lightning fast, grabs the hand, yanks her into the light -- MIKAELA, 20s, exotic features, seething sexiness and mischief.

MIKAELA

Shhh. You may be beaten and broken, but your spirit is still intact. I hear Amazons are hard to kill. I'll see you well again.

Tears streaking Amazonia's face. Mikaela's moved as well.

EXT. STREETS OF THEMISCYRA - NIGHT

SOARING over the majestic great wall with battle armaments that seemingly stretches out to infinity. An ANCIENT GREEK CITY; glorious, gleaming with SPECTACULAR TOWERS, STATUES, and TEMPLES.

SUPERIMPOSE: Themiscyra, Kingdom of the Amazons.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - NIGHT

There's many archways here.

Kleoptoleme, 9, holds A NEWBORN wrapped in a blanket. A hand covers her mouth from behind, it's Thermodosa.

THERMODOSA

Go child.

Thermodosa slips away with the newborn.

Kleoptoleme is intercepted by--

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A *WARRIOR*, her armor gleams, body of a fitness model,
ACHILLEA. The face of an angel, but the soul of
Beelzebub. A plume, cape swirling like a sea of blood.

Achillea's flanked by several warriors.

ACHILLEA

The newborn. Where is he?

She says nothing. Achillea grabs Kleoptoleme by her
throat.

ACHILLEA

TELL ME!

She strains to breath, face turning blue...