

SCRIPT TITLE

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FADE IN:

**EXT. ANCIENT TURKEY - DAY**

A vast island of tropical milieu.

**EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY**

Descending into lush foliage, ACHILLEA and AMAZONIA, barely teens square off. The swordplay is anything, but sisterly.

Amazonia, not without skill, but is outmatched by Achillea, who strikes with the swiftness of a cobra, snapping a side kick to Amazonia's face --

-- who crashes to the ground. Her mouth and nose bleeding.

Achillea has her sword pressed against Amazonia's throat.

ACHILLEA

I want you to know how much  
happiness this brings me, to...

AMPHALIA (O.S.)

Achillea! Amazonia!

AMPHALIA, 30s, white dress, gold vambraces and greaves, hops off her horse. Amazonia's hair and Achillea's blue eyes.

Shameful, Amazonia finds her feet.

AMPHALIA (CONT'D)

She's your flesh and blood,  
Achillea.

ACHILLEA

She's a wench!

In a blink of an eye - two SHARP SLAPS EXPLODES across Achillea's face. She glares in disdain at Amphalia.

In contempt, Achillea spies the gold dagger in Amphalia's leg greave. Then spits on her boots.

Amphalia goes to strike again, Amazonia gets between them.

AMAZONIA

Please mother -- I beg you.

AMPHALIA

Amazonia. You never beg. That's  
not the Amazon way.

Achillea sees their hallmark moment, which enrages her more.

AMPHALIA (CONT'D)  
Get your horses. Head back to  
Themiscyra.

With speed and quickness - Achillea rips the dagger from Amphalia's greave, makes jagged slashes across her face.

Amphalia SCREAMS - covers up, blood seeps between her fingers.

AMAZONIA  
NO!

She tackles Achillea. They grapple for control of the dagger. A fight to the death. Beating Amazonia bloody.

AMPHALIA  
Amazonia, no!

Achillea lets out a sharp GASP! Coughing up blood all over Amazonia, who's FROZEN in catatonic state.

The dagger's embedded in Achillea's chest. She's lifeless.

Amphalia shakes Amazonia who's still unresponsive.

AMPHALIA (CONT'D)  
Amazonia! Amazonia!

Amazonia snaps out of it, teary-eyed, horrified at the sight of Amphalia's tragically disfigured face.

AMPHALIA (CONT'D)  
(lying)  
She's not dead.  
(then)  
Now go! Speak not a word to  
anyone, but Thermodosa. Go!

**EXT. STREETS OF THEMYSKIRA - DAY**

Renowned for its beauty, "Themyskira," This ancient Greek city; glorious, gleaming with SPECTACULAR TOWERS, STATUES, and TEMPLES. A great wall with battle armaments that stretches out to infinity.

**SUPERIMPOSE: Themyskira, Kingdom of the Amazons.**

**EXT. PAVILION - DAY**

A temple-like structure. THERMODOSA, 50s, the high priestess, alone with her prayers before a statue of ARTEMIS. A voice breaks her train of thought.

AMAZONIA (O.S.)  
Thermodosa!

Amazonia runs in, hysterical. She can barely speak.

THERMODOSA  
What is it child? What holds her  
tongue?

**INT. A CAVE - NIGHT**

Torch-lit.

Amphalia in a hooded cloak carries Achillea wrapped in a black cloth through a labyrinth. Thermodosa follows.

THERMODOSA  
Perhaps it's best. I beg you.  
Pause a moment, if you need.

AMPHALIA  
It's not your choice to make.  
Surely you can understand.

THERMODOSA  
You are my daughter, Amphalia. And  
I will always love you. No matter  
the path you choose. But some  
actions carry too steep a price.

AMPHALIA  
You will do as I ask, please  
mother.

They embrace, both emotional. Thermodosa smiles sadly, as Amphalia disappears into a the catacombs of a misty gloom.

**EXT. ACHERON RIVER - NIGHT**

Dark, churning waters. At the far end - CERBERUS, a three-headed dog, stands guard.

A boat ferried by CHARON, an old unkempt seaman, cloaked in reddish and brown garments. He extends a hand --

Amphalia pulls a coin from her daughters' mouth, hands it to him.

**INT. REALM OF HADES - NIGHT**

A dark, unwelcoming place. Amphalia walks a cavernous tunnel. Fire dance on pools of water.

In the front court sits three wise men, old as dirt: MINOS, RHADAMAMTHUSE, and AEACHUS. Judges of the underworld.

RHADAMAMTHUSE

Is this the child?

AMPHALIA

Yes, Rhadamamthuse.

AEACHUS

And just what makes you think Hades will have mercy?

AMPHALIA

Aeachus, he has shown it once before. Orpheus.

RHADAMAMTHUSE

Your request is unusual. We don't normally grant it. But seeing the circumstances...

HADES (O.S.)

Come forth.

Behind them, HADES sits on a bronze throne with his infamous helmet resting on his lap. Amphalia lays Achillea before him.

AMPHALIA

Hades, I come begging.

HADES

Will you die for her?

AMPHALIA

Yes... I'll die for her.

Hades brandishes a huge sword that casts an unearthly light.

HADES

This is the sword of "*life and death.*" One of immortal Gods.

Amphalia bows. The blade weighs heavy on her shoulder. FLASH OF LIGHT - Hades PLUNGES THE SWORD deep into her chest.

Amphalia stifles a GASP! As light streams through her pores.

**INT. BEDCHAMBERS - NIGHT**

Achillea lies in bed, sick with a fever. Thermodosa dips a rag into a basin, wipes sweat from Achillea's face.

Amazonia stands in the shadows. Thermodosa stares, a solemn expression.

AMAZONIA

Thermodosa. Where's mother?

THERMODOSA

Something terrible has happened.

A sickening feeling washes over Amazonia.

**EXT. WOODS - DAY**

**CHYRON: TWELVE YEARS LATER:** near a pond, Amazonia, freshly bathed, in leathers, lacing up her boots.

Another warrior draws near, moving stealthily.

CALLISTO, hair with a fringe, habitually worn tied back with a piece of leather. SEA-GREEN EYES with GOLD FLECKS turn a DEEP FOREST GREEN whenever she's in battle or enraged.

Amazonia pulls her sword. Callisto draws hers --

A friendly battle ensues. The two are closely matched in skill, but Amazonia fighting skills have gotten much better.

She kicks Callisto, who tumbles to the ground.

Amazonia extends a hand and helps Callisto to her feet.

**EXT. STREETS OF THEMYSKIRA - DAY**

Two MALE SLAVES, covered in dirt, are being manacled to wooden posts by Amazon warriors. FAT SLAVE strains against the cold iron rings.

FAT SLAVE

You would kill a defenseless man.  
Where is the fucking honor in that?

DERIMAKHEIA - a dark, sinister beauty, cruel intensity in every feature - looks upon him with revulsion. Prepares to read a parchment scroll.

DERIMAKHEIA

You are not a man. But an animal.  
And you will be slaughtered just  
the same.

Derimakheia turns to--

A dozen warriors side-by-side, wicked-looking crossbows laid  
across there shoulders - lets loose bolts, a hail of arrows  
felling him like a deer. Bursts of blood. Screams.

Fat Slave slumps, barely hanging on.

A slickly-muscled WARRIOR approaches. Her battle armor  
GLEAMS. It's Achillea - face of an angel, but the soul of  
Beelzebub.

ACHILLEA

It's okay. Jesus wept!

FAT SLAVE

May the Gods have mercy on your  
soul!

Upon hearing that, Achillea murmurs venomously.

ACHILLEA

Mercy died on a cross!

He screams as Achillea slices open his stomach...

Achillea turn to slay another slave. Amazonia bursts onto  
the scene. Takes her knife and cuts the ropes that bind him.

AMAZONIA

What is the meaning of this?

DERIMAKHEIA

Just a disobedient slave. Nothing  
that concerns you. Only Achillea.

AMAZONIA

It should concern all of you.  
Derimakheia! We're not barbarians.

Amazonia whirls and slugs Derimakheia. She crashes to the  
ground, spitting blood. Snorts in contempt.

She confronts Achillea, who speaks with chilling malevolence.

ACHILLEA

I'll kill you for this!

Achillea flies into a rage at Amazonia, charging her.

She knocks Amazonia off her feet. Amazonia lands hard. Within a matter of moments the two are BRAWLING.

Like sisters, they fight hard, punching and kicking until Callisto and Derimakheia separate them.

**INT. ROYAL OFFICE - DAY**

An enormous cathedral-like chamber. Decorated with trophies of dead Greek warriors. Two thrones sit on a raised dais.

BAEORI, 50s, in full royal garb, Queen of the Amazons, strong body, gazes calmly from a window, but deeply troubled.

Amazonia and Achillea march in - kneel, kiss her ring. Only Achillea does so with disdain. Baeori dresses them down.

BAEORI

Sometimes emotion carries us past reason. We have enough enemies without fighting among ourselves. Your mother would not wish this. She was the rarest of women. A pillar of graceful beauty and compassion, in a world, more evil than good. Our nation was built atop unshakable foundation of respect and honor. The throne. This crown carries great honor. And with it, even greater responsibility.

A tense beat, then:

BAEORI (CONT'D)

Achillea. You seek to inherit the throne one day. You show great promise, but times like these which gives me pause. Whether you like it or not. You are forever bound to one another.

Baeori hands Amazonia a letter. Her eyes light up.

BAEORI (CONT'D)

The King has requested our assistance.

Amazonia bows, hurries off.

ACHILLEA

As always, the Gods continue to show fucking favor.



BAEORI  
Take your leave.

Achillea bows, glares after Baeori as she departs.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

SHAPES MOVING IN THE SHINY RAIN. THE SOUNDS OF WAR: Metal on metal, screams of the wounded, the dying, and, under it, the TROJAN WAR: An EPIC BATTLE. It's fierce and bloody.

TROJANS battling impossible odds as thousands of GREEK SOLDIERS crash through their rear flanks.

SOLIS - a charming man carved from solid granite, addresses his vastly outnumbered army. By his side, LYSANDER.

SOLIS  
Fight to the bitter end.

But some flee into the slippery wet forest. Solis is furious, but stands his ground, no quit in him.

A fierce BATTLE CRY. The sound of pounding hooves and war cries is so loud we don't realize we're hearing it from both directions.

Hundreds of AMAZON WARRIORS in full battle dress charge past the Trojans a moment before they would be overrun, colliding with the GREEK ARMY.

Amazons super-human fighting skills on full display. Far superior fighters. Lysander turns to Solis.

LYSANDER  
I wouldn't want to fight them.

From nowhere a Greek runs at Callisto. Callisto makes short work of him before another soldier appears.

A GREEK EXPLODES from the mist. Amazonia blocks a spear attack, slashes his wrist, cuts him across his neck, he crumples before being swallowed by the battle.

Amazonia rides up along Solis, yells to his army.

AMAZONIA  
You can't win all battles with the odds in your favor.

Solis spears a Greek off his horse. Amazonia's battle axe carves through the bronze chestplate of another.

A SPEAR rips through the air, straight for Amazonia, but --  
SLAMS into a shield, in the hands of Solis.

Amazonia smiles, they eye-fuck each other with desire.

SOLIS  
I saved your ass.

AMAZONIA  
And you'll have it tonight.

**OFF IN THE DISTANCE --**

The KING of the GREEKS rides up on a chariot with his driver  
and a SPEARMAN. A gold SCEPTER, clearly a symbol of command.

His stares daggers at the blood-thirsty Amazons with evident  
unease. A GREEK OFFICER on horseback, sounds the retreat.

GREEK OFFICER  
Pull back! Pull back!

Greeks retreat. Callisto draws an arrow from her quiver,  
nocks it. Turning around in the saddle - cuts down a Greek.

Suddenly a barrage of FLAMING ARROWS from Amazons in reserve,  
lights up the battlefield -- most torching Greek Soldiers.

**INT. SMALL HUT - NIGHT**

Amazonia and Solis passionate lip action. Caked in dirt,  
sweat, and blood. Clothes fall, battle armor, too...

SOLIS  
Your touch has been missed.

AMAZONIA  
And the thought of yours consumes  
me. My belly yearns for a child.

SOLIS  
And I shall give it to you.

AMAZONIA  
Then step foot in me. And I will  
drain you of every drop of your  
seed until your exhausted... only  
then will you cease and desist.

**INT. TENT - DAY**

His passion PEAKED...Solis, panting, rolls off Amazonia, who, cuddles with him, soothing him to rest...to sleep.

SOLIS

I am in love with you, Amazonia.

AMAZONIA

As if that mattered. We honor no marriages. Our society is stringently matriarchal. Men are of no use other than for mating, and slaves. Their limbs amputated so not to rebel.

(switching gears)

You perform your duties befitting a champion. My gash is sore.

SOLIS

I love you.

AMAZONIA

Solis... don't be silly. I'm not in love with you.

SOLIS

I don't believe you.

AMAZONIA

Well, isn't that just a typical man? I give you a few kisses and a mating season, and you're convinced that I'm in love with you. You're kidding yourself. To be honest, I was embarrassed with all that mush you and I were spewing. The only reason I didn't kill you was because if something ever happened to me... I didn't want our child growing up with anyone but his father.

SOLIS

Now, enough with the tough talk.

He kisses her once more, then beckons her on. Amazonia looks after him. Her smile fading as his back turns -

AMAZONIA

Whatever you feel toward me will pass.

**EXT. ROYAL COURTYARD - DAY**

Shrouded by tropical splendor. Its centerpiece - a bronze statue of GODDESS ARTEMIS. YOUNG GIRLS, wooden swords, and shields, in the midst of intense training.

Amazonia, very much pregnant, and THERMODOSA walk in silence.

THERMODOSA  
What is it Amazonia?

AMAZONIA  
Priestess, I understand my mother rode with Queen Penthesilea to Troy.

THERMODOSA  
Yes. Is that the question you really wanted to ask me?

AMAZONIA  
My mother. She never told us who our father was. Do you know? Was it Achilles?

THERMODOSA  
Achilles copulated with many women but took few lovers. Your mother was young and very naive.

A wave of nausea overcomes Amazonia. Thermodosa - concerned. Amazonia smiles, takes Thermodosa's hand, gently places it of her stomach.

THERMODOSA (CONT'D)  
Is she kicking?

AMAZONIA  
Yes. Strong too.

Thermodosa's smile fades.

THERMODOSA  
Amazonia, you must prepare yourself, if it's a boy?

AMAZONIA  
I won't leave him to fend for himself in the wilderness. I can't.

THERMODOSA  
And we won't. Trust me.

AMAZONIA

You don't understand. I won't be able to give him up.

THERMODOSA

Well, let's pray for a girl.

**INT. COTTAGE - DAY**

A dozen council men have assembled. Tensions and paranoia run wild. In the bunch, LINUS, 40s, a burly farmer. HANSON and DUNDAS, 40s.

LINUS

So what! Taxes are a burden to --

HANSON

-- they'll have our families starve. We must reclaim our independence.

The door CRASHES open. Achillea and a handful of Amazons storm inside. The council looks on in contemptuous surprise.

ACHILLEA

Where is Abner Hanson?

HANSON

I am Hanson. What do you want?

Achillea grabs a dagger from KENDAA and draws the blade across Hanson's neck.

ACHILLEA

You sent the letter to the Queen full of blasphemies?

HANSON

My only regret, I didn't say it to her face.

ACHILLEA

You have.

Achillea burns a look at him, then without warning, casually SLITS Hanson's THROAT. The others gasp.

Derimakheia snaps Linus' neck. In quick order, the others are slaughtered.

KENDAA, a FEMALE THOR, swings a rope over a ceiling beam. Dundas is hoisted, feet first, just off the floor. Achillea slits his throat. Blood trickles.

Through a doorway into the room - the lusciously tressed  
 BIANCA, seething sexiness and mischief.

ACHILLEA (CONT'D)  
 Tell your people what happened  
 here. And I will do the same to  
 anyone who defies me. Tell them--

BIANCA  
 -- I will do no such thing. I sent  
 the letter. I come with you. I  
 know who you are.

Achillea steps forward - thrown by her beauty. And her  
 desire for Achillea is beyond concealment. After a long beat:

ACHILLEA  
 So you've heard of me?

BIANCA  
 Who hasn't. Your reputation  
 precedes you. As it does him.

**EXT. AMAZONS ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT**

Out on the moonlit grasslands, Achillea walks with  
 Derimakheia through the encampment of wildling tents. Save  
 for SENTRIES on guard, most are sleep inside their tents.

ACHILLEA  
 I've no plan but vengeance. I'll  
 lead you to a fight that will most  
 certainly end in a bloody death.

DERIMAKHEIA  
 A risk not heavy enough to sway us.

**INT. TENT - NIGHT**

Achillea kisses Bianca, who smiles into her eyes. They've  
 just finished having robust, sweaty sex.

Achillea stands, grabs a RED-HOT BRAND, bearing her mark 'A'  
 from the brazier flames, heating it to purpose.

Bianca moves to her belly, curls her hands around stakes in  
 the ground. Naked except for a purple ribboned choker around  
 her neck.

ACHILLEA

And bare my mark. Commit your  
flesh, soul, and undying love to  
me.

BIANCA

I do. I do.

ACHILLEA

If you betray me I'll kill a woman  
just as fast as I'll kill a man.

BIANCA

Am I the first?

ACHILLEA

No!

BIANCA

Then I'll be the last.

Achillea's smile broadening at the prospect.

ACHILLEA

We shall see.

On the red-hot brand as she presses it into Bianca's ass.  
Bianca's flesh ZIZZLES, she squirms, but suffers it in  
silence.

**INT. AMAZONIA'S CHAMBER - DAY**

The bed chamber is a sea of candles, the centerpiece of which  
is an ornate, canopied bed.

Amazonia is in a difficult labor as her pain reaches its  
climax and her screams echo.

Thermodosa holds the baby's head as the rest of its body  
slithers out in an abrupt rush of blood and afterbirth.

Thermodosa looks happy, but her eyes are sad. She hands the  
baby to Amazonia.

**INT. AMAZONIA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT**

Amazonia breast-feeds her NEWBORN SON, happiest woman alive.

AMAZONIA

I was expecting a girl. How silly  
of me. I'm thinking of a good name  
for you. Jonas. You like that?

Achillea storms in, followed by Royal Guards. Amazonia's annoyed at the intrusion.

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)  
What is this Achillea?

ACHILLEA  
The Queen would like to see you.  
(re: a warrior)  
Grab the boy.

AMAZONIA  
No!

A brief struggle ensues.

ACHILLEA  
You're only doing the boy harm.

She screams in rapture as her son is ripped out of her arms.

#### **INT. ROYAL OFFICE - NIGHT**

The doors swing open. Weak from child birth, Amazonia full of tears, labors inside. Baeri rises from her desk.

BAEORI  
You know the rules.

AMAZONIA  
I could give a damn about the rules. I'm not giving up my son.

BAEORI  
Other warriors have made the same sacrifice. Your son will be no --

AMAZONIA  
I will not abandon him.

BAEORI  
The law is clear -- death or banishment from Themiscyra.

Without missing a beat, Amazonia stalks out.

BAEORI (CONT'D)  
You abandon all rights to the throne. Guards! Seize her!

Royal Guards grab Amazonia, who goes ballistic. They struggle to restrain her. More Guards join in.



**EXT. ROYAL PALACE - NIGHT**

There's many archways here. KLEPTOLEME, 9, holds Jonas wrapped in a blanket. A hand covers her mouth from behind, it's Thermodosa.

THERMODOSA

Go child.

Thermodosa slips away with Jonas. Kleoptoleme is intercepted by Achillea and several warriors.

ACHILLEA

The newborn. Where is he?

Kleoptoleme stands there defiant.

**EXT. LUSH FOREST - NIGHT**

Achillea drags Amazonia, battered, chained, and shackled. She presses that dagger between Amazonia's legs.

ACHILLEA

Amazonia! Do you know the shame you've brought on Themyscira?!

AMAZONIA

Being apart from him, it's like a wound that won't heal. He's my flesh and blood... Achillea.

ACHILLEA

You've been banished. If you return -- you'll die.

Her cries are heard... torn from the heart.

**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 ROMAN SOLDIER-- 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. Horses' HOOVES hammer the unholy silence.

**EXT. FOOTBRIDGE / CAVE EXIT - NIGHT**

In a sea of darkness, an isolated footbridge.

A solitary beacon of lightning cleaves the night sky.

Our warriors fly across rickety planks, their steeds igniters shooting out roaring tubes of flames, exhaling breaths of smoke, frothing at the mouth...

**EXT. DARK MEADOW - NIGHT**

Thermodosa runs through high grass, cradling Jonas. She looks back, torches, and riders, 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,

We BEHOLD the DARTHWRAITHS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ALL THEIR GLORY. *T-SLOT Helmets*, Short-sleeved, knee-length leather tunics, dark steel armor.

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... is it not?

The *leader*, VALASKA, a silver snake armband; inhuman evil  
embedded in her eyes, flanked by Lieutenants, bronze armlets-

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

The Darthwraiths steer their steeds around, menacingly.

AMAZONS 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.

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 (CONT'D)

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 confers with MEDICUS - grizzled like an old lion.

## MEDICUS

Caesar will have no use for her.  
She's dead.

Chained like a caged animal, Amazonia, covered in blood and  
dirt. 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 as she 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...

Unleashes a whip - it CONTRAILS through the air, lashing around Amazonia's neck, yanking her back.

**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, an Arabian woman of breathtaking poise and elegance, very finely dressed.

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.

**INT. THE SORCERESS' CHAMBERS - NIGHT**

*The CHYRON tells us; FIVE YEARS LATER...* within its black granite walls, a brazier of GLOWING COALS illuminates a dark, drafty, yet majestic chamber.

Laden on a table, a huge SWORD casts an unearthly light.

The DARK WARLORDERESS, a specter in black. Her eyes dark, fathomless. SCARS CRISSCROSSING HER FACE like a grotesque road map.

She furrows her brow in concentration; A TELEPATHIC SEARCH; a translucent image of JONAS, 7, riding a roan horse across a bizarre landscape... all seen from her POV.

Dark Warlordess whirls, black robes WHIPPING US TO --

**EXT. VALLEY OF DEATH - DAY**

Violent trimmers ripple across a bizarre landscape. Its black rock, gargoyle-like mountains, crashing to the earth.

Jonas SCREAMS, trying to outrun an avalanche of stones bearing down, but loses his footing...

**INT. THE SORCERESS' CHAMBERS - NIGHT**

...impassioned, her eyes ablaze, a swift hand gesture --

-- bolts of electricity emits from Warlordess' fingertips, telepathic and beyond awful, sears its way through a void...

**EXT. VALLEY OF DEATH - DAY**

...Jonas hands grabbing at the earth as he slides hard, fast, along loose rock and gravel, almost certain death.

The taste of dirt -- "YUCK!" Mercifully, Jonas is suddenly WHIPPED to the air by a supernatural force.

He's horrified. His body is catapulted across the landscape IN SLOW-MOTION until a hand grabs hold of him. He looks up --

Valaska levitates above Jonas. He fights to break free.

VALASKA

There's a reason why it's called the valley of death. The land's unstable, much like yourself.

JONAS

Valaska! Let me go!

She contemplates. A sudden HISSING. Her snake armlet unravels, morphs into a VENOMOUS RATTLESNAKE, enormous fangs poised to strike. Jonas is deadly afraid.

And just as fast, it recoils, melts into an armlet again. She yanks him up to safe ground. Hippolyta grabs a defiant Jonas, throws him on her steed.

OTRERA

Hm, I've seen that look. It's the same one the Romans gave the Christians before they feed them to the lions.

**INT. THE WARLORDERESS' CHAMBERS - NIGHT**

The Warlorderess towers over Jonas like the Angel of Death. Her helmet, Darth Vader-esque face plate, shields her scars from Jonas, but not her eyes.

*NOTE: when she speaks, there's a rasping sound of labored breathing, as if she's close to death.*

WARLORDERESS

I've let you have free roam of my humble abode. Haven't I?

JONAS

I -- I just wanted to play with my friends. It's so dark here.

WARLORDERESS

When I feel you're old enough to fend for yourself... I'll let you have your freedom. Go to your room.

**INT. DETENTION CELL - NIGHT**

Dim shafts of light stab through the dark. A nude Amazonia, a mass of muscle, more hardened, scrubs sweat, blood off her flesh...

The door GRINDS open - a ROMAN GUARD brings a meal and water.

ROMAN GUARD

A man, or woman shouldn't die on an empty stomach.

He laughs. Amazonia makes a painful decision.

**INT. POMPEIA'S VILLA - BEDCHAMBERS - NIGHT**

Luxurious. Flickering candelabras. Food, wine and drinks.

A globule of liquid. A signet ring. POMPEIA, naked under a bejeweled sheer gown, seals a letter.

A Roman Goddess; her power, beauty, and serenity, is seductive as they are deceptive.

She whirls, hands the letter to a courier - MORGAUSE, 30s.

POMPEIA

It is a personal matter, but one of vital importance.

MORGAUSE

I understand, m'lady. I am after all, your most trusted emissary.

POMPEIA

You will travel to the front line immediately. You must put this directly into the hands of General Petra Romulus.

He bows in acknowledgment, exits through a side door.

Amazonia enters, escorted by NADJA, a topless slave girl. A loose wrap of diaphanous silk barely covers her ass.

Pompeia dismisses Nadja, throws her arms around Amazonia's neck, kisses her lustily. She senses Amazonia's hesitation.

AMAZONIA

Should I draw a bath, m'Lady?

POMPEIA

I need more than a bath, Amazonia. So much more.

(kisses her)

And what do you think will happen if you fail my command?

Amazonia is clearly resistant, doesn't want to be there. But she knows he's got to play the game...

She slams Pompeia against a pillar, the motion transitioning us to -- the SOUNDS OF FUCKING echo.

Pompeia, great tits akimbo, is cumming hard. She gasps and screams and grabs at things, finally settles.

Amazonia comes up into frame. She lies down next to Pompeia, adjust the pillows so she's comfortable.

Pompeia pours wine, slips her moist fingers into Amazonia's mouth.

POMPEIA (CONT'D)

You are as skilled in its use as you are with a sword?

AMAZONIA

Your husband must be worried.

POMPEIA

As well he should be. His power and fortune shrivels, much like his cock.

(MORE)

POMPEIA (CONT'D)

These walls have seen such pleasures but none the likes of you. There must be truth to the legends. All Amazon warriors are ravenous beasts.

AMAZONIA

Pompeia, when did you favor gash over cock?

POMPEIA

When I laid eyes upon a real Amazon and Petra. I wish for our night to not end.

She pours wine over her breasts. Reluctant, Amazonia sucks.

AMAZONIA

So now you command me--? Will you decide who fucks me, too? To what end? You've made your decision.

A naked Pompeia saunters to the balcony, pushes opens the lead-lined glass - looks out over Rome. Her Mood darkens, nobody talks to her like that.

POMPEIA

I will not have that fucking tone. The hour is late. And my cunt is sore. Go. Carry with you my gratitude for the most--

AMAZONIA

I would fucking sever a breast from my body, then see her from my arms.

A PURSE OF COINS clanks onto a table.

POMPEIA

There's more. Mikaela's my most trusted, and sought after whore. They turn into complete fucking idiots around her. Her ass and glorious cunt have amass me a fortune.

AMAZONIA

Mikaela is not a whore!

POMPEIA

My affections for her are genuine. As are those she holds for you. The memory of him stuffing his dishonorable cock inside her.

(MORE)



## POMPEIA (CONT'D)

It's the ultimate Judas kiss. We choose our own fate! I intend to bet a substantial sum. Everyone will wager against you. I, on the other hand have made my choice, the Amazon princess in battle. I ask the impossible. No man has ever attempted. And lived. Does it concern you?

## AMAZONIA

I've never had a more stronger reason to live than my son.

Pompeia kisses Amazonia's battle scars proprietary. Nadja rushes in. Pompeia scowls, slaps Nadja's bare breasts.

## NADJA

Apologies, m'lady. Caesar returns.

## POMPEIA

(to Amazonia)

Leave us! Quickly. Tarry a moment.

(kisses Amazonia)

I hear Amazons fight with honor. May the gods not will it, but if so...die the same.

As Nadja escorts her out, the SCREEN IS CONSUMED IN LIGHT, transitioning us into the BLAZING SUN --

**XT. ROME - DAY**

Before the fire. An epic urban center, and all its glory.

**INT. AMPHITHEATRE - TUNNEL - DAY**

A TRADER laughs at MALE GLADIATORS, chained and shackled. Their appearance reeks of long imprisonment and fear.

From our vantage point - they see the bloody, mutilated corpses of men inside the arena. Chanting from the blood-thirsty crowd; *"Bring on the Amazon Warrior."*

Amazonia hears them too. Bare-chested, wearing a loincloth, traditional gladiator equipment; metal leg guards, a maniac.

As a SLAVE TRADER removes her shackles, Mikaela runs into her arms. They stare deeply, longingly.

MIKAELA

Give last night no thought. The memory will soon fade. This is the moment you've dreamt of. You must think of your son. And not me. I beg you. Do not challenge the beast.

AMAZONIA

The gods have seen to it that I shall not go to my grave without my son's love. They have sent me this chance to atone for my sins.

A ROMAN sees the intimacy between them, pulls them apart.

ROMAN SOLDIER

Amazonia, it's time.

He shoves a short sword, and shield into her chest. Mikaela walks off - looks back, sad eyes.

### **THE ARENA**

Amazonia enters, immediately greeted by BOOS. She sizes up. THRACIAN, SECUTOR, and RHODIAN, heavily muscled bodies.

POMPEIA (V.O.)

Thracian will be the one wearing the wide-brimmed crested helmet. The short curved sword. Secutor will be the one wearing the egg-shape helmet. He's called "chaser," because he's frequently paired with Rhodian, who uses running as his main tactic. Rhodian hardly wears any protection and no mask. So naturally he's vulnerable to wounds, but don't be fooled he's more mobile than the others. Because he has the net, he should be your first kill.

AMAZONIA

If you turn back now -- I will spare your miserable lives.

They're more surprised than scared. Rhodian laughs, motions for Secutor and Thracian to step aside. Amazonia smiles.

RHODIAN

I would greatly enjoy breaking you to my masculine will then riding you.

(MORE)

## RHODIAN (CONT'D)

But I regret that it will be  
necessary for me to impale you with  
by sword rather than my cock.

They battle. Amazonia, a killing machine, relentless,  
delivers a flurry of frenzied strikes with super-human speed.

He grows infuriated, unable to snare her in his net. Lunges,  
Amazonia side steps, slashes ruthlessly at Rhodian.

He howls in pain, her sword pierces his chestplate.

Amazonia takes on the two. Swirling action as she fights  
like a woman possessed - sword flashing this way and that -

## THRACIAN

Ha! Your sword. It's too short?

## AMAZONIA

It's long enough to reach your  
heart.

Then hurls herself at Thracian, SLAMS her sword through his  
heart. Turns - Secutor's slashing... lands a crushing blow,  
which knocks Amazonia to the canvass.

CHEERS erupt, but he gives Amazonia a puzzled glance, then  
pounds his chest... about to apply the coup de grace when --

-- her eyes fly open, playing possum. Unleashes a fatal  
strike that pierces his heart, he's dead-faced with shock.

**THE IMPERIAL BOX**

CAESAR, reviling in his amusement, sits alongside Pompeia,  
his junior, dressed in the finest attire and jewels. They're  
flanked by SENATORS. One being GAIUS.

## GAIUS

The Amazon is better than I  
thought. Seems you owe me a bit of  
gold.

## CAESAR

Not yet. The lions are hungry.

## POMPEIA

Caesar maybe a tyrant, but he's a  
man of his word. The Amazon won  
her freedom. Now she's fighting  
for someone else.

GAIUS

Who?

Pompeia looks at a nervous Mikaela, seizes Mikaela's hand.

POMPEIA

Steel your fucking nerve!

### **THE ARENA**

A trapped door springs open. A mighty roar. A lion charges Amazonia. Its paws clawing at her flesh, and she's slashing.

Her sword and shield goes flying. She wrestles the lion to the ground, finds herself at a terrible disadvantage as the hungry beast bears down on her.

Spots her shield, out of reach, musters the strength to roll them in that direction - grabbing it without breaking stride.

Jams it between its jaws. Grabs her sword, slays the lion. A SHOCK WAVE of audible horror filters through the crowd.

### **THE IMPERIAL BOX**

Caesar can't believe it. Mikaela runs for the exits. Pompeia discreetly gives a fist pump. Under her breath...

POMPEIA

Now there's a fucking gladiator!

### **EXT. FIELDS - DAY**

BETAMUS, 50s, herding cows. Rhythmic DRUMMING, coming closer. The drumming gets louder. Eyes full of fear, sprinting towards a small village.

BETAMUS

The Amazons are coming!

### **EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Suddenly... a cavalcade of Amazon warriors, their hooves creating the drumming! Battle-dress ablaze in the sunlight.

Leading them - Achillea, a grand MAROON plume atop her helmet, cape swirling like a sea of blood.

**EXT. TESEMA - DAY**

Pandemonium! Men take up weapons; pitchforks, sticks, knives -- Terror-stricken citizens rush for shelter.

Amazons flood the landscape like man-eating locusts. Leaping from rooftops, hurtling through the air. As the bloody carnage unfolds -

Achillea, armor gleaming, cutting a wide swath through more men, severing their limbs in a explosion of blood.

She blocks another's blow with her forearm guard, grabbing his throat, snapping his neck like a twig.-

The horrified women and children are rustled up like cattle. Achillea looks on, pleased. Riding from a plume of smoke --

KLEOPTOLEME, 17, a face of naive and innocence, dismounts. A flash of annoyance in Achillea's face, then --

ACHILLEA

Kleoptoleme, what is it?

KLEOPTOLEME

This was not the Queen's orders.

ACHILLEA

The Queen isn't here.

KLEOPTOLEME

You have no heart, or you wouldn't do such terrible things.

ACHILLEA

You are not meant for good. You are meant to feel the blood-lust and hear the cries our enemy dying.

KLEOPTOLEME

They are not our enemy --

ACHILLEA

Maybe you're not ready to be a warrior.

Kleoptoleme draws her sword. Achillea launches into a flurry of thrusts and swipes. Kleoptoleme parries, Achillea's skill is too great.

She clatters Kleoptoleme's sword from her grasp. Kleoptoleme gasps. Expecting death, but then...

a man's agonizing moans. Betamus lies wounded on the ground. Achillea takes a knee, retrieves a GOLD DAGGER hidden in her gleaming leg greave.

BETAMUS

Please, Achillea. Show mercy.

ACHILLEA

The only good man is a dead one.

And with that - Achillea SLICES HIS NECK wide open.

HECTOR, bleeding from his wounds, stalks from the ashes.

HECTOR

Achillea!

ACHILLEA

Ah, Hector. The harbinger of what's to come.

Achillea hurls her dagger - impaling his right eye. Hector howls, drops to his knees, bleeding copiously.

She stalks towards Hector - runs her sword through him - rips out her dagger in the process. He gurgles up blood.

HECTOR

There will come a day of reckoning, Achillea. For this and all that follows. You'll pay. The Gods will see to it.

ACHILLEA

Well, you will pay now.

And disdainfully inflicts another blow for good measure. As the SPLASH OF BLOOD WIPING US TO --

**EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY**

From the woods, THIEVES scatter, run for their lives.

Amazons hurtle over a split-wooden fence. A terrifying and relentless charge. One of the thieves looks back -

A CLASH OF METAL, a shiny sword flashes in the sunlight. His severed head cartwheels through the air.

The rider dismounts - Callisto. He eyes a deep forest green. She grabs his head, then stares at his crumpled body.

DERIMAKHEIA (O.S.)  
Callisto -- headhunting are we?

CALLISTO  
Derimakheia, you should try it.

That's when Derimakheia flings her net over the second thief - hopelessly entangled. Leaps off her warhorse, knife in hand.

THIEF  
Please! I'll do anything.

DERIMAKHEIA  
Good. Die.

And she guts him like a fish - quick and efficient, too.

Meanwhile... the third cowers. Amazons converge like wild animals. Move in for the kill. Achillea rides up.

ACHILLEA  
No! I have other plans for him.

**EXT. HORSE STABLE - DAY**

SUN SETS on black smoke. Carcasses burn, illuminate the ruins. The women and children are herded inside, avoiding Achillea's cutting stares.

ACHILLEA  
You were hiding them.

A beautiful woman, EVE yells out.

EVE  
We did no such thing!

Achillea draws her sword - quick slashes shreds Eve's dress, exposing her nude body. Eve GASPS, covers herself the best she can. The hate in her eyes palpable.

ACHILLEA  
Close the stable and burn it.

The women panic. Callisto intervenes, at Achillea.

CALLISTO  
Are you --

An ominous roar of thunder. All eyes look towards the darkened sky except Achillea.

ACHILLEA  
 Zeus! Your timing is impeccable.  
 (re: Callisto)  
 Head back to Themiscyra.

Derimakheia approaches. Achillea turns back to the people.

ACHILLEA (CONT'D)  
 Do not think for one second the  
 Gods have spared you mercy. Only  
 time.

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

A light drizzle of rain sweeps across a regiment of ROMAN SOLDIERS, charging through the fog-shrouded trees.

Up ahead - CLASHES OF STEEL, the guttural cries of a fierce battle. The ROMAN GENERAL and his men pull up in disbelief.

As the fog dissolves... a ROMAN flies into shot, dead from a massive wound... alongside fallen comrades in a bloody field.

At the hands of Amazonia - who slices through another. Took her fashion cue from XENA WARRIOR PRINCESS... only better.

The General and Amazonia trade stares for a poignant beat.

He dismounts, tension rises as he eyes his wounded soldiers, no fight left in them.

AMAZONIA  
 Your Emperor gave me my freedom.

ROMAN GENERAL  
 Yes. Against his better judgment.  
 The slave girl stays.

Mikaela - in a mid-riff baring top and skirt. A bejeweled headband. There's a small gash in her thigh.

Amazonia readies her sword. The General draws his, advances.

ROMAN GENERAL (CONT'D)  
 For the glory of Rome!

AMAZONIA  
 Maybe you should discover the  
 better part of valor.

And he couldn't be more insulted. Blades COLLIDE with a resounding CLASH. He unleash a strike that pierces Amazonia arm, only a flesh wound --



-- the General lunges, she side steps him, counters with a flurry of strikes, decapitates him. An eruption of blood.

He staggers backwards, collapses and dies. She scans the others, ready for a fight. A soldier comes forth when --

-- LIEUTENANT MARCO MARSELLIS, young, dashing, restrains him with a hand. Glares at her. More fear than macho bravado.

MARCO

We didn't care much for him anyway.

A nervous laughter among the Romans. Marco addresses them.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Collect the wounded. There's been enough bloodshed for one day.

(re: Amazonia)

The last thing we need is a thousand more like you to descend upon Rome.

Amazonia scrutinizes the soldiers. Mikaela takes a piece of wrap from her dress, then attends to Amazonia's wound.

AMAZONIA

I'm all right.

MIKAELA

I know. Be still.

MARCO

What is it with you and the Greeks?

AMAZONIA

You'll have to ask them.

MARCO

The Greeks have many tales about you Amazons. The animal style in which you all mate, at random, in the dark.

AMAZONIA

It's not wise to believe everything you hear.

MARCO

Be clear of Rome by first dawn.

They ride off. Amazonia mounts Nemesis, reaches a hand down. Mikaela winces, climbs on the back.

AMAZONIA

It's going to be a torturous ride,  
but nothing I can do about it.

**EXT. BANK OF A RAVINE - NIGHT**

A tent. Campfire crackles. Amazonia adds more wood, kicks rocks out of the flames, and places a bag of water on top of the hot rocks.

She rummages through her saddlebag made of skin from a wild beast. From a small pouch, pours herbs into her hands.

MIKAELA (O.S.)

Do you like it?

Amazonia stares at Mikaela's face, eyes closed, and glowing in the firelight. Every muscle in Mikaela's body aches. Mikaela gestures towards Amazonia's garments.

AMAZONIA

Yes. How long did it take you?

MIKAELA

Long enough.

She washes her cut. Mikaela suppresses her pain. Amazonia makes tiny sutures between each pass of the needle through Mikaela's skin.

MIKAELA (CONT'D)

I see you've had a lot of practice.

AMAZONIA

My mother taught me.

MIKAELA

Where is she?

AMAZONIA

Dead.

MIKAELA

I'm sorry. I fled Athens. I wanted to learn how to read and write.

AMAZONIA

Go back and teach the other women.

MIKAELA

I refused to go back and be a slave again.

(MORE)

MIKAELA (CONT'D)

To carry out menial domestic chores. Help raise the children of their wives. You know what the men say?

AMAZONIA

I need you to be still.

MIKAELA

Teaching a woman to read and write. What a terrible thing to do. Like feeding a vile snake on poison. Do you know what it's like to fall asleep and not want to dream about tomorrow?

AMAZONIA

No. All my dreams will be answered when I find my son.

MIKAELA

I owe you my freedom.

AMAZONIA

You owe me nothing. It needs fresh air. I'll bandage it in the morning. Before we head for Troy.

Swirling smoke from the fire as it TRANSITIONS US TO -

**EXT. TENT CITY - NIGHT**

Bonfires. A chill in the air. Scores of tents along the shoreline. ROMAN LEGIONNAIRES, battle weary, drink and eat.

**INT. TENT - NIGHT**

Flickering braziers. A richly appointed command tent.

Petra eyes troop markers on a map. The tent flaps open, ULYSSES, a seasoned officer enters, not happy to see her, but cordial.

ULYSSES

Aye, General, an urgent message from Rome.

He hands her a parchment. Reading, her mood darkening...

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

No report from the centurions of enemy scouts probing our lines.

(MORE)

ULYSSES (CONT'D)

The men are restless. There's no one left to fight.

PETRA

Ulysses, there's always someone left to fight. You are dismissed.

As he leaves, her eyes turn cold with malevolent intent.

**EXT. SOLIS' PALACE - TERRACE - DAY**

Backlit by a setting sun, the KING'S PALACE and Mediterranean are visible in the distance. Amazonia, lost in her thoughts.

Solis, still chiseled, handsome, admires her. She looks past him... into a bedchamber. A HANDMAIDEN pampers Mikaela.

SOLIS

She is quite beautiful. Who is she?

AMAZONIA

A slave girl who looked after me in Rome. She'd make you a good wife.

SOLIS

And you'd make a better one.

AMAZONIA

Solis, I can bare no more children.

This takes him by surprise. Silence befalls them.

SOLIS

I must know.

AMAZONIA

No. He is not.

And it sounded like a lie - but Solis swallows his doubt.

SOLIS

What makes you think he's alive?

AMAZONIA

I know. In my heart. I've dreamt of him for the last seven years. I have to believe. I must.

The flutter of her dress WIPING US TO --

**EXT. STREETS OF THEMISCYRA - DAY**

Proudly on display, the lone thief, naked, grotesquely broken neck, as he hangs from a scaffold.

Achillea parades through a single file of SLAVES, trembling in fear, and laboring under the weight of heavy chains.

ACHILLEA

This man was one of the scum, who raped and pillaged the village near Lycastia. A shepherdess. In our land, the punishment for rape is castration and death.

**EXT. QUEEN'S ROYAL PALACE - DAY**

White marble and gold. Slaves scrub the walls. Each missing a thumb. ROYAL GUARDS, horsewhips in hand, berates them.

**INT. QUEEN'S PALACE - THRONE ROOM - DAY**

Achillea and Derimakheia look over a spectacular world map, whispering eagerly. The massive doors swing inward --

Baeori strides in. Achillea and Derimakheia bow.

ACHILLEA

We were just preparing our attack on the New Peoples Republic of Sauromatai.

BAEORI

Will strike the Sarmatians when either I, or Priyanka gives the word.

ACHILLEA

No disrespect, but Priyanka rules over domestic affairs only. She knows even less about military matters.

BAEORI

She's still Queen.

Baeori turns to Derimakheia.

BAEORI (CONT'D)

Take your leave.

Derimakheia masks her contempt, bows, makes a hasty departure. Not happy, Baeori sets her sights on Achillea.

BAEORI (CONT'D)  
I gave you particular instructions,  
Achillea. Why didn't you follow  
them?

ACHILLEA  
(lying...)  
In my haste to carry out your  
wishes, I must have misunderstood.

Baeori's gaze drifts towards the window... a THUNDEROUS CLAP!

BAEORI  
Heirs to the throne don't  
misunderstand. You've made the Gods  
angry.

Her comment only adds fuel to the fire in Achillea's eyes.  
Achillea bows, storms out.

Emerging from a back room, QUEEN PRIYANKA, 40s, an East  
Indian looker, a fire bellies in her small stature.

PRIYANKA  
Achillea half scares me to death.  
Why, if something were --

BAEORI  
Priyanka -- nothing will.

PRIYANKA  
Per your request, I've assembled  
the Royal Council.

**INT. QUEEN'S PALACE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Spectacular archways. Achillea bursts out of the room,  
joined by Derimakheia. Their voices hushed.

ACHILLEA  
Everything is proceeding as I have  
foreseen. Soon -- I'll be the most  
powerful woman this empire as ever  
known.

They bump FOREARM GUARDS. As they sweep out, WIPING US TO --

**INT. QUEEN'S PALACE - ROYAL OFFICE - DAY**

Four Senators, over forty, adorned with colorful robes and jewelry, talk among themselves.

SCYLEIA, IPHITO, PHOEBE, and DEINOMACHE - the oldest. The Queens enter.

DEINOMACHE

Baeori, we've amended the law.

PHOEBE

We've all signed it. It just needs your signature.

Phoebe hands her a scroll. At her desk, Baeori reads.

BAEORI

It's always been the next heir to the throne.

SCYLEIA

The Gods forbid -- if something happened. Achillea's not fit to lead this nation.

BAEORI

Achillea maybe a tyrant, but she's no fool. She'll make a great queen.

PHOEBE

You must see something in her that we and the Gods do not.

BAEORI

The point is neither here nor there. I reign. And if any doubts should surface -- we have rules in place.

Frustrated, Iphito chimes in.

IPHITO

A fight to the death in the arena. Barbaric. Majority rules with the surviving Queen, of course, having final authority.

BAEORI

If it were Amazonia -- would we be having this conversation?

DEINOMACHE  
Amazonia isn't here.

THERMODOSA (O.S.)  
She's won her freedom.

Thermodosa exits the shadows in high spirits.

SCYLEIA  
Baeori. Is this true?

PRIYANKA  
Yes.

BAEORI  
She gave up her rights to the throne.

THERMODOSA  
By Amazon law -- she has the right to challenge.

Thermodosa heads off, WIPING US TO --

**INT. SOLIS' PALACE - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT**

A summer breeze blows in from the open terrace doors. Amazonia paces, consumed with guilt. Her sheer gown swishing aside to expose her bare ass.

Mikaela saunters in. A welcomed surprise for Amazonia.

AMAZONIA  
The hour is late. You should be in bed.

Mikaela, a mischievous smile, lets her gown fall. Amazonia takes in her naked body. It strokes her desire. Mikaela lies on the bed. Amazonia joins her there.

MIKAELA  
I am going with you.

AMAZONIA  
You'll only slow me down. No, it's better if you stay and heal.

MIKAELA  
The life of a Greek wife is horrible. And I have no intentions of marrying one -- ever.



AMAZONIA

Solis likes you. He's a good man,  
who carries a strong sword.

MIKAELA

I don't want his sword. I want  
yours, and the body that wields it.  
(a pregnant beat)  
Then, why did you fight for my  
freedom, if only to leave me? Do  
you not desire me?

AMAZONIA

Just the thought of you makes me  
moist between my thighs.

MIKAELA

(pleased)  
They say love in the proper arms  
can fill a woman with hope. I was  
taken from Persia and forced to be  
a slave girl in Athens. Then Rome.  
I've been a whore ever since.

They kiss, tears streaking down Mikaela's face.

MIKAELA (CONT'D)

A good whore mind you. And I'd lay  
down and bare all again for a  
thousand more to raise you an army  
of Amazon warriors. Beautiful and  
strong, just like you. Well, all  
except my heart and soul. For that  
belongs to you. And only you.

Amazonia grabs her, almost desperate, kissing Mikaela, who  
smiles, kissing back. Helps Amazonia out of her gown. They  
make mad, passionate love.

**EXT. UNKNOWN RIVER - NIGHT [DREAM SEQUENCE]**

Amazonia's caught up in the raging currents, a dark liquid,  
thick as crude oil. Panic rising... trapped, can't get out.

**INT. SOLIS' PALACE - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT**

Amazonia bursts awake in a cold sweat, her scream lingering.  
The room is dark now. Mikaela moves to calm her.

MIKAELA

I am here. Be still.

A lapse silence befalls them.

MIKAELA (CONT'D)  
I am going.

AMAZONIA  
No, you're not.

OFF Amazonia, struggling with a decision.

**INT. ACHILLEA'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT**

A room of sexual decadence full of mist and steam as Achillea reclines in a large, candlelit bubble bath.

Bianca, naked, except for a flimsy wrap of diaphanous silk - sprinkles opium powder in a goblet. Hands it to Achillea.

BIANCA  
Yet once again... you find yourself  
in her shadow.

Anger flares in Achillea's eyes. Soap and water swirl about her nude body, as she steps out --

-- smashes Bianca in the face with her cup, she crashes to the floor. A shameful Bianca wipes her bloodied lip.

ACHILLEA  
She's not a true Amazon. She was  
adopted by our nation. And she'll  
never understand.

BIANCA  
The fault lies with me. I only  
meant perhaps the queen's death  
shall bring light to the matter.

ACHILLEA  
And it shall when I seize the  
throne from that fucking Celtic  
bitch!

Achillea's anger subsides. Bianca scrapes herself off the floor, and pours Achillea more wine.

BIANCA  
And I long for it to be so.

ACHILLEA  
Do you?

BIANCA

Very much. And I haven't any doubts that your devious plans will come to fruition.

Achillea smiles, drains her drink, mesmerized by the swell of Bianca's breasts, who perfumes her body with the wine. She notes Achillea's surprise and excitement.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

My appetite for blood is only matched by you love for wine and opium.

Bianca lets her silk fall, naked. Achillea kisses her neck, luxuriating in its scent.

ACHILLEA

Why do you stay?

BIANCA

You ask what you already know the answer to.

They embrace, kissing. Achillea throws her down on the bed.

**INT. IMPERIAL PALACE - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT**

In his elegant throne room, Caesar is standing with Pompeia and several senators when -- Petra strides in and bows.

PETRA

Hail, Caesar! Emperor of Rome.

CAESAR

General Petra "the Valkyrie" Romulus, the champion of Rome. Your triumph and tribute pleases me. Accept my imperial thanks -- and the thanks of a grateful nation.

PETRA

With respect, sire, I wish, no I must lead...

He waves her off, turns to Pompeia.

CAESAR

Pompeia, if you'll excuse us --

POMPEIA

I think not. If it concerns Rome,  
it concerns me.

CAESAR

(re: Petra)

Yes, I've examined your letter.

PETRA

She as much told me so. It holds  
many powers, one of Gods. I only  
do this for the glory of Rome,  
sire.

Caesar paces, wheels spinning in his head. Pompeia, not  
liking it one bit - looks as if she's going to be ill.

POMPEIA

I'm sorry, all of you, excuse me.

Pompeia kisses Caesar chastely. Her and Petra trade a  
meaningful glance. Pompeia hurries out.

CAESAR

All right, Petra. You shall march  
on the Amazon City, and if you  
return with that belt, there will  
be much riches for you.

Petra bows, exits, WIPING US TO --

**INT. IMPERIAL PALACE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Ablaze with torches. Petra moves through - a woman's arm  
reaches out, pulls her into a corner, half hidden by shadows.

It's Pompeia, flush with excitement, kisses Petra hungrily.

POMPEIA

His tongue tells me. See to it  
that Petra have several woman for  
her pleasure tonight. Motivation  
for his other generals that success  
breathes awards in many forms.  
I'll see her well satisfied. Your  
victory wet my eyes. Among other  
things.

She drifts towards her chambers, regards Petra's hesitation.

POMPEIA (CONT'D)

What delays your hand?

PETRA

Mikaela?

POMPEIA

I am not the one who spurn your heart. This isn't for the glory of Rome, is it--? This is madness. You're just acting from misguided feelings. I implore you not to go. No good will come of this. Only death.

PETRA

I've stared death in the face. You know what? He doesn't look so bad.

Pompeia sees it's hopeless, smiles sadly, kisses her softly.

POMPEIA

Let us turn to more pressing matters.

Petra obeys, lifts Pompeia's dress, leans down, brushing her lips against Pompeia's navel. GUARDS pass, unaware of their presence.

PETRA

May the Gods wilt your cunt, you conniving bitch!

POMPEIA

Hold your tongue.

PETRA

Is that what your heart desire?

Pompeia catches the deeper meaning of this, quickly softens.

She grasps Petra's head, trembling, can't hide her anguish. Suddenly, Pompeia pulls away.

POMPEIA

His army will be a problem. Take Lieutenant Marco Marsellis with you. They love him. No General is more respected. And after all, you're not a freeborn Roman, so don't assume all of Rome loves Caesar, or you.

As Petra departs...

**EXT. REPUBLIC OF SARMATIA - NIGHT**

Within a walled city, the flaming ruins, the horrors of battle. CRIES and SCREAMS of their enemy dying.

Baeori takes in the massacre, which WE DON'T SEE with satisfaction as Achillea gallops up, armor covered in blood. Sword, too.

Darkness envelopes a warrior, moving in stealth. She raises a spear, it's Derimakheia, sights focused on -- Baeori.

BAEORI

Have you captured the majority of our Amazonians?

ACHILLEA

They are not Amazonians. They relinquished that right when they united with the Scythian men. We slaughter them like sheep, now.

BAEORI

No! It's done Achillea!

Suddenly a spear rips through the darkness - impaling Baeori in her throat. She topples to the ground, bleeds to death.

Achillea grins lecherously. The last thing Baeori sees.

Callisto rushes over, troubled by this, which isn't lost on Achillea. Achillea points in the opposite direction.

ACHILLEA

Find him!  
(turns to Callisto)  
Our fight is not yet finished!

**EXT. OASIS - DAY**

A secluded rock oasis. Tropical splendor. A pool. Nemesis is tethered to a tree. Amazonia folds her bedroll.

Mikaela, sleepy-eyed, polishes Amazonia's sword with a cloth.

MIKAELA

Good morning. You sleep okay?

AMAZONIA

Like a rock. How about you?

MIKAELA

As if I slept on a rock.

Out of her saddlebag, she retrieves a flat silver object engraved with Chinese symbols. Flicks her wrist. It expands into a boomerang. Amazonia snaps it shut, hooks it on.

Pulls out a scabbard and dagger, hands it to Mikaela.

MIKAELA (CONT'D)  
So what's the plan for today.

AMAZONIA  
First, I have to see the FATES.

MIKAELA  
Oh, this is ridiculous. We control our own destiny, not fate.

AMAZONIA  
I know this maybe hard for you to understand, but these dreams have haunted me ever since my mother died. It's something I must do.

**EXT. SHORELINE OF THE THERMODON RIVER - DAY**

Hundreds of Amazons on horseback, hugging the coastline. In front of the ranks, the Senators, Priyanka, and Achillea.

Callisto watches Kleoptoleme - the only one shedding tears.

CALLISTO  
A warrior doesn't cry for the fallen. She died honorably.

A FUNERAL PYRE. Baeori's body wrapped in cloth, lies atop. Thermodosa chants an unintelligible prayer. Places a torch on the pyre. Fire spreads.

Amazons push it out to sea - bang swords against shields. Chorus of voices: "*Farewell to thee, Queen Baeori.*"

**EXT. QUEEN'S ROYAL PALACE - DAY**

The streets gleam. Amazons in full battle-dress, stand in formation - awed by Achillea, who addresses them.

ACHILLEA  
BEHOLD! No longer will man pillage the women of the Amazon empire. No longer will he or any man boast that we -- women of the Amazon have no chance to stand against the superior size and strength of man.

(MORE)

ACHILLEA (CONT'D)

Or any chauvinist empire. I will  
rid our land of the vial band of  
male scum.

In the b.g., Priyanka and the council, dreadful, talk amongst  
themselves. As Achillea's voice trails off...

PRIYANKA

It's not enough to conquer. She  
wants to destroy.

DEINOMACHE

Is there anyone in the ranks who  
would challenge her?

IPHITO

Look at them. Achillea might as  
well descended from Mount Olympus.

PRIYANKA

General Callipatira. It's no  
secret, her and Achillea despise  
one another.

DEINOMACHE

Yes, but she's still in Sparta,  
trying to form our alliance with  
their warrior women. They have  
ships, we don't.

IPHITO

How long does it take? Summons  
her.

**INT. TEMPLE OF THE FATES - DAY**

Not much light. Amazonia moves through a labyrinth; a tiny  
temple with prehistoric drawings, shrouded in candlelight.

A BOUNDLESS TAPESTRY, a spiderweb of intertwining threads  
that stretch into infinity.

The FATES, three women -- LACHESIS gathers threads. ATROPOS  
cuts them to different lengths, hands them to --

CLOTHO behind a WOODEN SPINNING WHEEL, weaving the thread  
into the tapestry. Doesn't look at Amazonia.

CLOTHO

The thread of life, all the good  
and evil that befalls you is woven  
into your destiny, and cannot be  
altered.



LACHESIS

We've been expecting you.

AMAZONIA

Then you must know of my bad dreams. It's... it's... like they're trying to tell me something, but... everything is black.

Clotho stops, eyes the whirring spindle - which turns into a vision; *FLASHES* of *HADES* on his dark *CHARIOT* drawn by four coal black horses. As the vision *FADES*...

CLOTHO

I'm afraid you've come along way for nothing.

AMAZONIA

What--? Why--?

CLOTHO

Speak no more. Ghost River. There, you will find the answers you seek. If you are so fortunate to hear the children's choir.

She can't hide her disappointment, moves off, WIPING US TO --

**INT. ROYAL OFFICE - DAY**

Achillea, flanked by Callisto and Derimakheia in a heated debate with the Royal Council.

ACHILLEA

Gargareans will no longer be welcomed in Amazon country.

PRIYANKA

You're a fool. Our union with them is essential in maintaining our prosperity.

ACHILLEA

Strangers, travelers, and girls from neighboring tribes will suffice.

PHOEBE

Look, I told you, we can't reason with her.

Priyanka shoots Callisto a worried look.

ACHILLEA

There will be more changes with or without the Council's approval.

PRIYANKA

Laws are in place for a reason, Achillea. We're not barbarians.

ACHILLEA

That's exactly what we are.

PRIYANKA

This empire was built so that we could live free from man's rule under two queens. Live in peace, and only make war to protect ourselves and this great kingdom.

ACHILLEA

Last I checked, I'm Queen of War.

PRIYANKA

You've gone too far Achillea.

ACHILLEA

(threatening)

Apparently -- not far enough.

Thermodosa emerges from the side door, she's heard enough.

THERMODOSA

It took thousands of years. Blood, sweat, and tears to build this city, and you want to destroy it in a matter of days.

ACHILLEA

Ah. The high priestess. More prophecy? Well, you should have seen this day coming.

**INT. PALACE OF ACHILLEA - DAY**

Lavish. Fit for a Queen. Achillea moves through with Thermodosa on her heels.

THERMODOSA

I urge you to reconsider. Take pause, I beg of you.

ACHILLEA

This is just the beginning! I will  
build an empire of blood and glory  
in my name!

She viciously backhands Thermodosa. Hate consuming her now,  
but she won't give Achillea the satisfaction.

ACHILLEA (CONT'D)

Death finds us all. Press me  
further, and it shall find you.

THERMODOSA

You're not the child I and your  
mother raised. You dishonor your  
family. You dishonor me. You bare  
the sins of your mother.

ACHILLEA

If my purpose in life is to suffer  
for the rest of the days in order  
to atone for my mother's sins... I  
don't think I want to live much  
longer.

THERMODOSA

Then may the Gods answer your  
prayers.

Achillea shoots her a venomous look, sweeps out, her robes  
WHIPPING US TO --

**EXT. AEGEAN SEA - NIGHT**

Out here... the wind HOWLS. A treacherous storm rocks the  
seas. Three ROMAN WARSHIPS sail.

**EXT. ROMAN WARSHIP - DECK - NIGHT**

A Roman officer faces away from us, grabs a spyglass, stares  
out at... off in the distance - GREEK SHIPS.

Ulysses joins him. Sips from a jug of whiskey.

ULYSSES

Aye, Lieutenant. Why are you so  
uptight?

He spins - to our surprise, it's Marco.

MARCO

Poseidon has cursed this voyage.

Ulysses takes a swig, offers up the jug. Marco declines.

MARCO (CONT'D)

You've heard the stories. Blood-thirsty. Fearless. The Greeks fiercest enemies. Thundering across arid battlefields. It's said they were the first to tame and ride horses.

ULYSSES

Ah, a load of bull. We have thousands of warriors. Bigger and stronger. Will annihilate them, eh.

MARCO

Tell that to the Greeks.

Petra strolls along the deck, not everyone's delighted to see her. Marco falls in line.

MARCO (CONT'D)

And that's the plan, right?

PETRA

What are you getting at?

MARCO

They need to know exactly where your loyalties lie. If you're not a friend to neither side, you're an enemy to both.

A SOLDIER devours fresh meat, wipes his cruddy mouth.

SOLDIER

Aye, General, how's your backside?

In a blink of an eye, her sword SLASHES out at the soldier, who jumps back, blood seeps from a deep gash in his neck.

PETRA

If you speak such blasphemies again, I'll cut out your tongue.

(re: the soldiers)

I'm no fool. It doesn't matter what you think of me. Caesar's the one who makes the decisions. Nor is this a fool's errand. He wants their riches and gold... and I intend to get it. For the glory of Rome!

As she moves off, the flutter of the robe WIPING US TO --

**INT. RED DWARF TAVERN - NIGHT**

Seedy, and torch-lit. Seated in a dark corner, three GREEK MERCENARIES observe someone off screen.

DAHAK, wild hair frames his demented face. REAPER, the nose of a boxer, and FALTO - a big, unpleasant man.

The barkeeper, RED DWARF, a midget, shuffles over, refills their mugs. Dahak drains his wine, slams his mug down.

At a table - Amazonia and Mikaela eat and drink wine.

AMAZONIA

No, Thermodosa will know where my  
sone is. There's a village I use  
to visit after my mother died.  
You'll be safe. Until I return.

Mikaela - not liking this. Dahak appears, flanked by his cohorts.

DAHAK

You fought with the Trojans against  
us. My brother died at the hands  
of your people. And I swore, if I  
ever got the chance -- I'd kill  
each and every Amazon, who dare  
cross my path.

Amazonia's expression says it all, it's hopeless. She tosses a GOLD DINAR on the table.

AMAZONIA

There, have a drink on me.

DAHAK

Save it for the ferryman.

AMAZONIA

I will mourn your lose.

In a flash, Amazonia puts the mug down, grabs a torch, puts it to her lips, and spits the wine into its flame - shooting a FIREBALL into Dahak's face.

He staggers back, face burning, howling in pain.

Amazonia kicks the chair across from her, knocking Reaper's feet out from under him. Shields Mikaela.

Falco charges with a spear. She grabs hold of it, hurls him across the room - he crashes onto a table, which SHATTERS.

Embeds his spear into the wall, using it has a chin up bar. Her boots shoot out, smashes Reaper's face with bone-crushing force - sends him flying. Blood gushes from his nose.

Reaper swings savagely. She rips him open in a SPRAY OF BLOOD. Back on his feet, Falco rushes Mikaela --

Amazonia hurls her boomerang - it misses - sails over his head, ricocheting off a candelabra - throwing off sparks --

-- only to SLAM into his face, nearly decapitates him. As her boomerang returns to her -

Dahak, face devoid of most of its skin, about to plunge his blade into her from behind when --

MIKAELA

Amazonia -- look out!

Amazonia takes a knee, extends her sword behind her, slam it up through his belly.

Mikaela runs straight for Amazonia, who secures her boomerang. Red Dwarf shuffles over, fixated on the object.

RED DWARF

Say, what's that there--?

AMAZONIA

A boomerang. I keep trying to get rid of it, but it always finds its way back.

And the joke sails right over Red Dwarf's head.

**EXT. ROYAL COURTYARD - DAY**

Achillea walks, followed closely behind by Derimakheia and Callisto. Young Amazons are training.

POLEMUSA, 15, practices archery, misses her target. Achillea - irritated, grabs her arm. Polemusa wilts under her gaze.

ACHILLEA

Polemusa, you try my patients. How many times do I have to tell you?

POLEMUSA

And I'm trying, Achillea.

ACHILLEA

It wasn't long ago when we'd cut-off or burn the girls' right breast to ensure their skill. Now try again.

As they move on...

ACHILLEA (CONT'D)

The Gargareans. The mating season is upon us. Fuck them, then cut their throats.

DERIMAKHEIA

I assumed that went without saying.

**INT. PALACE OF ACHILLEA - BEDCHAMBERS - NIGHT**

Achillea on the bed with Bianca, NAKED under a sheer bejeweled minidress, kissing her passionately.

JAYDEN, 20s - a gorgeous servant, semi-clad, uncorks wine. Pours some into a goblet. Sprinkles in OPIUM POWDER. She hands it to Achillea.

ACHILLEA

Leave us. I want a word.

Bianca watches Jayden run off. Bianca subconsciously rubs her belly, yearning.

ACHILLEA (CONT'D)

I have decided. You can bare a child.

BIANCA

For us.

ACHILLEA

But if it is a boy --

BIANCA

-- I'll seize your dagger and do the honor myself.

Achillea's surprised by her own depth of emotion. They kiss again until Bianca screams in extreme pain.

ACHILLEA

Bianca. What is it?

BIANCA

Nothing. It'll pass.

Achillea, face dark with concern. A side of her we haven't seen before. Jayden rushes in, with deep concern --

ACHILLEA  
Send for the doctor.

**INT. CAVE - DAY**

A torch illuminates Thermodosa, who treads lightly through the dark tunnel. Stops before a pond, flames run hither and across its surface. On the other side...

The Warlordress, her face in half light, half darkness.

THERMODOSA  
I -- I don't know if anyone will betray Achillea. They've sworn to her.

WARLORDERESS  
It's honor they serve. The Queen is dishonorable. Her oath of honor is removed.

THERMODOSA  
Her presence is strong amongst them. If we ask them to betray their Queen, they'll be discontent amongst the army. And that's what the Royal Council fears the most. The threat of mutiny. Being declared a public enemy, and face execution.

WARLORDERESS  
Achillea will not go wanting, but a new Queen must seat the throne.

THERMODOSA  
And what if Amazonia doesn't remember?

WARLORDERESS  
By the power of the Gods, I will march on Themiscyra and destroy the city. The wrath will be like no other, as if Hades himself was raining death upon them. She's your last hope.



**INT. AMAZONIA'S TENT - NIGHT**

They're spooned up together, sleep evading them. Amazonia looks off, her thoughts melancholic.

MIKAELA

So who's this Warlordress?

Amazonia's thoughts turn inward.

AMAZONIA

Truth be told, I don't know. I've heard all the stories.

(reminiscing...)

Hades summoned a warrior, bestowed the powers -- one of immortal Gods to rule over a kingdom -- darkness and light where they meet.

**QUICK FLASHES:**

-- A desolate gravesite. Warlordress runs her fingers along her sword's blade, its mystical light glows.

AMAZONIA (V.O.)

Wields the sword of life and death.

-- she raises it towards the heavens, lightning strikes the tip, spiderwebbing across the night sky..

AMAZONIA (V.O.)

And was sent forth to resurrect former great Queens of the Amazons.

-- A TORNADO, spiraling over the grave, eroding the dirt away, revealing the skeleton remains of a WARRIOR WOMAN.

-- Warlordress plunges her sword into her chest. Instantly, a human life form begins to take shape.

-- A rumble SHATTERS the silence. GHOSTLY BACKLIT WARRIORS ride hard through a THUNDERSTORM. Eyes burn amber red...

AMAZONIA (V.O.)

...the Darthwraiths who command her army of the living dead.

**EXT. RHEITHRON - NIGHT**

Subhuman WAR CRIES. VILLAGERS, scattering for their lives, as Achillea's army unleashes a BRUTAL assault on the men.

Achillea, face hidden behind a mask; "THE HEAD OF A MALE LION WITH FULL DARK MANE AND FEROCIOUS TEETH".

Derimakheia rides up, armor tainted with blood.

ACHILLEA

Ah, mayhem and destruction sings  
the sweetest songs.

DERIMAKHEIA

(nodding in agreement)  
We have him, Tefnut.

**INT. BARN - NIGHT**

Huddled in a corner, terrified women and children. No escape. Achillea inspects all the teen-age girls, clearly displeased.

Derimakheia storms in manhandling TEFNUT, a wild giant of a man, and deposits him at Achillea's feet.

TEFNUT

I must have more time to convince  
you of my worth.

A crimson pool pluming from beneath him, as Achillea and Derimakheia gut Tefnut... loving the gratuitous gore.

The women shield the children from their brutal massacre.

ACHILLEA

Seize the girls. If they resist,  
their mother's die.

The hostages are aghast.

Amazons rip the girls from their mother's arms, who try to fight back until Amazons press knives to their throats.

EARTHA, a frail woman, 60s, jumps to her feet in protest, but Achillea cold-cocks Eartha with her sword-pommel.

Herded out, the girls have temper tantrums.

Achillea drives her sword into the lone man. The SPLATTERING of blood WIPES US TO --

**EXT. RHEITHRON - DAY**

A once Hamlet lay in ruins. Smoke rises from the smoldering remains. Townsfolk clear rubble care for the wounded.

Amazonia and Mikaela ride up, overpowered by the stench of death. Their tortured faces looking at the devastation.

Amazonia dismounts. A MOB of villagers shout blasphemies, gathers stones, pronged sticks, and surround her.

Amazonia slices the air with her sword to fend off the angry mob. Mikaela rushes over. She shields Mikaela behind her.

TOWNSFOLK

You did this to us!

AMAZONIA

Listen to me! Please. I come in peace.

They move closer, trying to work up the nerve to attack.

YOUNG WOMAN

You come here preaching peace --  
yet you carry a sword.

Amazonia dodges a bombardment of stones being hurled her way. One smashes her in the forehead, leaves a nasty gash.

EARTHA (O.S.)

Stop! She's a friend. My friend.

Eartha cuts between the mob, as Mikaela helps Amazonia up, who struggles to regain her equilibrium.

EARTHA (CONT'D)

Amazonia. Oh, I'm so sorry. Are you all right?

AMAZONIA

Eartha. I'll live.

EARTHA

Thank the Gods. I didn't think we'd ever see you again. Come quick.

Behind a watering trough - ZETHUS, 6, frightened and shivering in a high fever. An arrow lodged in his shoulder.

Amazonia comes around the corner, immediately taken to the boy. Zethus cowers. She smiles, examines his wound.

AMAZONIA

It's all right. I'm here to help.

EARTHA

It's okay, Zethus.

AMAZONIA  
It didn't pass through.

EARTHA  
Oh. Good.

AMAZONIA  
No, it's bad. I'll have to push it through.

Amazonia turns her attention to Zethus.

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)  
Zethus, is it?  
(he nods...)  
I'm Amazonia. Okay, I need you to be strong -- this is going to hurt a bit. Mikaela. Come hold his hand.

Mikaela obliges. He grimaces as Amazonia quickly pushes it through, breaks the arrow's head, then pulls out the shaft.

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)  
Good.

EARTHA  
Thank the Gods that's over.

AMAZONIA  
Not yet. I've got to get the poker. I'll need bandages.

Eartha hurries off. PERCEVAL, 50s, long wild hair, mismatched leathers, well worn, rides up, and dismounts.

PERCEVAL  
Amazonia.

AMAZONIA  
Perceval.

He stares lovingly at the boy. Perceval goes to Zethus, tousles his hair. His eyes well-up.

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)  
Where's his mother?

PERCEVAL  
Dead. I've raised him like my own son.

Amazonia, a solemn expression, turns to Mikaela.

## AMAZONIA

My son's his age. No son should be without their mother. That arrow was poisonous. I've got to get him some medicine, and soon.

She hurries off, Mikaela heads after her, WIPING US TO --

**INT. PALACE OF ACHILLEA - BEDCHAMBER - DAY**

Bianca lies in bed, suffering, drifting in and out of consciousness. A rotund medicine man, BLY, 50s, patch over his left eye, mixes herbs and spices.

Achillea breezes in, magnificent robes fluttering. Heart heavy with worry.

BLY

She's very weak.

Bianca's eyes flutter open. Achillea beams, the sight warming her heart.

ACHILLEA

Bianca?

Achillea pulls her into a desperate kiss.

BIANCA

*Shhh.* I will always be with you. The Gods themselves could not keep me from your side.

ACHILLEA

If they try, I'll kill 'em all.

BLY

I've done all I can. She rests in the hands of the Gods.

Lightning fast, she slams him into the wall, hard, her dagger against his neck, cuts into his flesh. Droplets of blood.

ACHILLEA

Then you had better pray -- the Gods do not FUCK ME again.

Off a puddle of piss - forming around his sandals.

**INT. PERCEVAL'S HOUSE - DAY**

Mikaela holds up a mirror. Amazonia stitches up her own wound. Perceval and Eartha join them.

PERCEVAL

I was out scouting when the attack happened.

AMAZONIA

Amazons don't attack unless provoked.

EARTHA

And that's what we thought. They took our daughters, too.

PERCEVAL

Look at us! Who are we to ever go up against them.

He's right and Amazonia knows it. Perceval's hurt and anger, manifesting themselves.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

We gave them no reason to attack us. For years we lived a one day ride from your borders.

EARTHA

We use to feel protected by them in away. They never bothered us until now.

AMAZONIA

None of this makes sense.

PERCEVAL

We were surprised when this all started two weeks ago. First the village of Tesema, now ours. Two valleys away, Neritum.

AMAZONIA

Queen Baeori would never --

PERCEVAL

-- That's right. You haven't heard. There's a new Queen.

AMAZONIA

What...? Who?

EARTHA

Achillea.

For the first time, there's real fear in Amazonia's eyes.

PERCEVAL

I swear vengeance on the Amazon nation. I'm going to hunt them down and kill every last one.

AMAZONIA

I understand how you must feel, but don't be a fool.

PERCEVAL

I don't care! I'm going to get revenge for what they've done.

**EXT. PALACE OF ACHILLEA - BALCONY - NIGHT**

The palace aglow in moonlight, Achillea sips wine from a goblet. POOF! In a pillar of flames -

ARES - a handsome and muscular warrior appears; dark hair silked back, goatee. His leather fits like a second skin.

She looks upon him, her eyes dancing with lust. He moves towards her, his filled with love.

ACHILLEA

I see you've come to your senses.

ARES

And you should come to yours. The light is strong within Amazonia.

She shows her displeasure.

Achillea's pulls Ares close, kisses him hard and rough. His arousal escalates, her hands rubs his cock through his pants.

ACHILLEA

I don't want a man. I want a God to father my child. And you are it.

ARES

Be my wife, and you'll have more power and great fortune than you could ever imagine.

ACHILLEA

I am Queen, my powers extend well  
behind these walls and so does my  
fortune.

ARES

I see your ambition extends well  
beyond your fortune. Well, know  
this. The day will come, very  
soon, the walls of Themiscyra will  
come toppling down. Don't find  
yourself buried in the rubble.

And he melts into the darkness, leaving her alone to stew.

**EXT. RHEITHRON - NIGHT**

Amazonia and Perceval move swiftly through the torch-lit  
streets -- strain and tension etched on their faces.

PERCEVAL

His fever is still high.

AMAZONIA

That's expected. Curin poison  
shuts down everything.

PERCEVAL

Amphipolis?

AMAZONIA

No, it's too far. No antidote, and  
no time.

PERCEVAL

Then where --

AMAZONIA

-- The Gorgon is the one I'll seek.

Mikaela interjects herself, a confused look.

MIKAELA

The Gorgon--?

PERCEVAL

A mortal cursed for her vanity so  
that anyone who looks upon her is  
turned to stone.

MIKAELA

I thought it was a myth?



PERCEVAL

No. Death. You'll never make it.

AMAZONIA

And neither will your son if I don't. Perceval, I remember you being a man of great faith.

PERCEVAL

Faith has killed more men than war.

MIKAELA

Wha -- what are you serious? Your son.

Amazonia - clearly torn. Short debate, then...

AMAZONIA

Her blood will bleed new life into him. Zethus will more than likely die before I return. So it's imperative that you speak to no one about this. The last thing we need --

PERCEVAL

-- I understand. How long?

AMAZONIA

A day.

PERCEVAL

You're risking your life -- why?

MIKAELA

Then my journey's with you.

AMAZONIA

You once said, "I owe my life to you." Then honor my wish. Do as I say.

She can't argue with that. Amazonia pulls her close, they kiss with passion. Perceval looks off, almost embarrassed.

A beat, Amazonia manages to extricate herself, catapults over Nemesis rump, lands in the saddle. She takes off.

**EXT. SHORELINE OF THE THERMODON RIVER - DAY**

Hooves fly along the sand. A regiment of Amazons ride hard.

SQUAWKING ominously, a CARRIER CROW dives out of the sky, lands on the forearm of Callisto, who peels the message on its leg, then watches it fly away.

She pulls up, gold speaks twinkling in her eyes. Sniffs the air, senses danger. Derimakheia draws alongside, unnerved.

DERIMAKHEIA

What is that half-dryad side of you thinking, Callisto?

CALLISTO

Danger. They're here.

DERIMAKHEIA

Who?

An otherworldly THUNDER OF HOOVES! Plumes of smoke billowing, undulates languidly, a thick fog of sorts. Poor visibility.

Spooked horses topple riders, break, running wild. Everyone spins; The Amazons cover their mouths, fight stifling coughs.

CALLISTO

Stand firm. Prepare for battle.

The Darthwraiths burst onto the scene through the fog and smoke. Their steeds frothing, spit fire, flames CRACKLING.

CALLISTO (CONT'D)

Ah, the Darkwraiths. If you're looking for fight, you've found it.

The Darthwraiths swap smiles, more cynicism than anything.

HIPPOLYTA

Seems we're outnumbered.

OTRERA

Maybe we should give them the chance to surrender.

Valaska gestures. A parchment tied with a bow move through the air effortlessly. Callisto snatches it.

VALASKA

Take that to your Queen. If she marches on Amphipolis. It will be your last ride.

With that, the Darthwraiths melt away, as the smoke lifts.

**INT. REALM OF HADES - DAY**

Hades sits on his THRONE. At his feet, Cerberus. By his side, PERSEPHONE, pretty, long braided hair.

The Warlordess cloaked in black robes, wearing her helmet, bows before Hades, then addresses Persephone.

WARLORDERESS  
Queen Persephone. Welcome back.

PERSEPHONE  
Lordess. Always good to see you.

HADES  
For every action there's consequences. You've sown the seeds of your fate, and that of the Amazons.

WARLORDERESS  
I couldn't let her die.

HADES  
Amazonia is not to kill the Gorgon.

WARLORDERESS  
She won't.

HADES  
Are you sure?

WARLORDERESS  
I'll stake my life on it.

Persephone is absolutely stunned by her remark.

HADES  
Rest assured, Warlordess Amphalia. You have.

PERSEPHONE  
What in the Hades' do you think you're doing?

WARLORDERESS  
I've laid down my life for one. Surely I'd do the same for the other.

Warlordess whirls, her black robes WHIPPING US TO --

**INT. QUEEN'S PALACE - ROYAL OFFICE - DAY**

Achillea snatches the parchment from Callisto, reads it.  
Priyanka glances to Callisto, who averts her eyes.

CALLISTO  
Highly reliable report from General  
Callipatira.

ACHILLEA  
It does seem farfetched. It's also  
unfortunate, and foolish.

PRIYANKA  
May I suggest we seek assistance  
from the Valkyries.

ACHILLEA  
Your thoughts on the matter  
interests me not.

A look of dismay on Priyanka's face, who produce a sheaf of  
papers from her robes. Tosses it at Achillea.

PRIYANKA  
Then, perhaps another matter shall  
interest you. This treaty outlines  
our plans to forge an alliance with  
the European tribe -- the  
Valkyries.

Priyanka exits. Achillea reacts with quiet displeasure. Then  
sets fire to the papers and the parchment.

CALLISTO  
The occupation of Northern  
Anatolia. Crete. Our coming war  
with Rome. They're are strength in  
numbers. It wasn't a riddle, but a  
warning.

ACHILLEA  
I'd never consider taking orders  
from some Sorceress or anyone else.

**EXT. ROYAL GARDENS - DAY**

The lush vegetation is sun drenched. Priyanka plucks away  
dried up flowers. A sadness in her eyes, turns to Callisto.

PRIYANKA  
Even the flowers are dying.

Callisto blows a kiss - breathes new life into the flowers.

PRIYANKA (CONT'D)

Where does your loyalties lie?

CALLISTO

With you, of course. If I challenge her and win. Amazon laws forbids us from being together. Is this what you want?

PRIYANKA

No. Of course not. Yes, I know it hardly seems fair, but...

CALLISTO

No! I made a vow to live as a human. Never to use my dryad earth power to my own advantage.

Callisto shivers at the thought. Her eyes turn deep green. Priyanka backs down, hates herself for asking. They embrace.

**EXT. TEMPLE OF CORFU - DAY**

A monstrous shadow looms over a magnificent structure supported by columns. Greek sculptures, Allegorical figures.

Amazonia leans against a wall, covers the glint of her sword's blade with mud. Amazonia shuts her eyes...

*QUICK FLASHES; on the training grounds, Amazonia, 10, is blindfolded. Practicing sword fighting, using her other senses. From a distance, Amphalia looks on.*

AMPHALIA

What your eyes can't see. Your ears will hear. Your nose will smell, your heart will feel, but no good can come of this -- only darkness if you cannot covet the light that lives within you. The force of good that lives with all of us. It is there, I've seen it. Trust it, embrace it. it is your destiny...

Now, Amphalia moves like a whisper, approaches Amazonia, moving this way and that.

AMAZONIA

Even Achillea?

With that distraction, tries to sweep Amazonia's feet from under her, but Amazonia jumps up, clears Amphalia's foot. Amphalia smiles...

AMPHALIA

Yes, even your sister.

Amazonia opens her eyes - reacts to a GROWL that follows the sight of --

-- AKIMBO; a serpent, full hair of venomous snakes. A beauty and beast. Wings of gold, brazen claws, and tusks of boars.

She sniffs the air, senses an unwelcome presence, scans her surrounding like a hawk. Snakes HISSING.

Amazonia breaks from a column, eyes shut. Her sword slices into her flesh, spilling blood. A howling GROWL, terrifying.

One of her tails yanks Amazonia by her legs, skyward, her sword drops. She's flung around, as Akimbo flails violently.

Amazonia struggles, but manages to corral her dagger in her hands. Slices part of its tail off, freeing herself.

She lands hard, eyes flutter, but remain closed. Part of Akimbo's flesh in hand, dripping blood.

Like a hunted animal, she makes a beeline for a wooded area, favoring her right shoulder, grabs her sword in mid-stride.

Wings sprout. Akimbo sours through the air. She swoops down to make the kill, but Amazonia drops off her radar.

#### **EXT. WOODS - DAY**

Concealed under bushes, Amazonia fills a pouch with blood.

Akimbo soars low above the treeline, eyes dart back and forth between the temple, and woods, trying to decide.

Frustrated, growls angrily, heads back to the temple.

Suddenly a cacophony of HOOFBEATS... then DARK SHAPES glide silently out of the trees nearby. Before she can react -

The Darthwraiths are upon her. Stagger to her feet, uncharacteristically nervous. Draws her sword.

AMAZONIA

I can fight even better with my left.

VALASKA

Your true test awaits you. I speak  
of what will never pass. The first  
of many shall fall beneath our  
swords.

AMAZONIA

I have no time for your rhetoric.

Valaska rears her steed up, its mouth hinges open, *WHOOOOSH*.  
Flames misses Amazonia's face by inches, knocking her down.  
Her steed pauses for a breath.

The other's pounce on Amazonia, hold her down. She fights to  
no avail. Amazonia's BLOODCURDLING SCREAMS as Hippolyta pops  
her shoulder back in place.

After a short beat. They release her.

OTRERA

Yes -- just like your mother.

AMAZONIA

You knew my mother?

PENTHESILEA

She rode with me to fight alongside  
King Priam of Troy.

AMAZONIA

Penthesilea?

PENTHESILEA

Not in strength are we inferior to  
men. The same our eyes, our limbs  
the same. One common light we see,  
one air we breathe. Nor different  
is the food we eat --

AMAZONIA

-- What then denied to us hath  
heaven on men bestowed.

PENTHESILEA

Unlike your sister -- you have your  
father's eyes.

AMAZONIA

You knew my father--?

HIPPOLYTA

Why, child. She looked him dead in  
the eye before he killed her.

AMAZONIA

And you are--?

HIPPOLYTA

Oh, I know a little something about sibling rivalry. I had two. Antiope and Melanippe.

AMAZONIA

Hippolyta?  
(re: Otrera)  
And you?

Valaska scowls. They mount up. Hippolyta's lips are still, but Amazonia can hear her voice in her head.

HIPPOLYTA (V.O.)

Why she's Otrera, the original Goddess of the Amazons -- daughter to Aries -- and my mother.

AMAZONIA

A word. My son?

VALASKA

I have none to give.

AMAZONIA

I will see my son again, or give life in attempt.

OFF her deadly proclamation... the Darthwraiths spur their steeds, thunder off, translucent in the harsh sunlight.

**INT. ROMAN WARSHIP - CABIN - NIGHT**

It's cramped in here. It's dark. Lit by a few dim lanterns. Petra bolts upright in bed, panting, drenched with sweat.

She climbs out, drinks directly from a jug. Her hands are shaking. Petra looks out through a porthole.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

**EXT. SOUTHERN BORDER OF RUSSIA - DAY**

*Snow-capped mountains, as black smoke rises from lapping flames. Across a frozen tundra... the SUPER tells us: the sweeping steppes of Southern Russia.*

*A PLUME of blood and gray matter... then -- the headless body of a VIKING TOPPLES over in heavy snow...*



VIKINGS battle a mongrel mix of Russian, Chinese, and Persian female warriors, the VALKYRIES. A rag-tag army, nowhere glamorous as the warriors of Themyscira, but just as deadly.

Leading them, Petra and JADEWOLF, full of spitfire. The butchery, it's brutal and raw, close-quarters combat.

JADEWOLF

Spill their blood! For the Gods!

Petra decapitates another - his severed head grimaces in agony as it FLIES PAST FRAME.

PETRA

I'm a fool -- for thinking the Amazons of Themyscira would help us. I don't want them on our land.

All of a sudden - thunderous war cries.

Both armies look towards the darkened sky - tons of flaming arrows raining down with precision, penetrating the Vikings...

Meanwhile, Petra and Jadewolf look out: they see a regiment of Amazons charging towards the battlefield.

JADEWOLF

See! Amazonia gave her word.

**EXT. PORT CITY - NIGHT**

The fire-ravaged port city in complete devastation, fraught with the littered dead of Valkyries and Vikings alike, nearly buried in a bloodbath of snow.

Among them, like the Reaper, prowls Petra, Jadewolf, and Lykopolis weary from battle...

PETRA

This deed cannot go unpunished. Valkyries! I propose a new mission for us. It's time to avenge our fallen sisters. Death to the Amazonians! Once we've mourned our loss, we will have our revenge. We'll kill every last one of them.

JADEWOLF

Do you not have any respect for the dead? Don't your traditions include listening to your queen?

(MORE)

JADEWOLF (CONT'D)

You shame me. Leave my presence at once.

One WOUNDED VIKING tries to stagger erect, RUN -- Petra catches him, drives her hunting knife deep...

JADEWOLF (CONT'D)

We have an obligation here.  
Without new life, our tribe dies!  
Begin the right of caste ceremony.

PETRA

All of you move against me now?

LYKOPIS

As our foresisters honored the  
first Cyane-- give your spirit kiss  
to our new queen, Jadewolf. We  
have an obligation to foresisters.  
The tribe.

Amazonia takes all this in. In her anger, Petra turns on.

PETRA

This is your doing!

AMAZONIA

We came soon as we could. The  
winter is harsh. We've lost many,  
too.

PETRA

You're sorry?! Listen to that! My  
Port City to the new world is on  
fire and you're sorry!

A new, human SHADOW falls across them, Achillea.

ACHILLEA

You ungrateful bitch!

Petra and Achillea draw swords. Jadewolf and Amazonia gets between them. A stand off between Amazonia and Achillea..

AMAZONIA

You forget your place, Achillea.  
There has been enough blood  
spilled.

JADEWOLF

I am sorry... you must forgive  
Petra Romulus. It is an honor to  
have the Amazons of Themyscira at  
our side.

AMAZONIA

*Like wise. By order of my queen  
we've come in hopes of forming an  
alliance. Offer you our  
allegiance. Sadly, I cannot offer  
it a second time.*

JADEWOLF

*Very well. Then let us part as  
sisters and not enemies. Let it be  
done then.*

*Then - Jadewolf hurls her sword at the ground between them.  
Amazonia does the same with her sword, which sticks in the  
ground beside Jadewolf's, crossing it.*

AMAZONIA

*It is done. From this day forward,  
we all fight as one. Fight to  
preserve our land, this country,  
our families...*

PETRA

*You're making a terrible mistake.*

JADEWOLF

*The only mistake would be to ignore  
the debt we owe our foresisters and  
the others. Nothing will stop me  
from fulfilling our duty.*

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

**INT. PERCEVAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The flickering light of an OIL LAMP. Zethus lies in bed,  
dangerously ill with a fever. Perceval's close by, his fear  
surmounting every other emotion.

Mikaela, tearing linen into strips for bandaging.

PERCEVAL

*I've never felt so helpless.*

Mikaela pours water into a basin. Amazonia walks through the  
door. Both happy to see her.

PERCEVAL (CONT'D)

*You made it.*

AMAZONIA

*How is he?*

PERCEVAL  
Still alive.

AMAZONIA  
Hold him.

Zethus' body shudders, as Amazonia forces a little bit of red liquid down his throat. Then...

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)  
He should be well by sunrise.

Mikaela collapse in her arms. Accidentally grazing her sore shoulder. Amazonia winces in pain.

MIKAELA  
Your hurt...

AMAZONIA  
It's nothing.

PERCEVAL  
We can't stand another attack.

AMAZONIA  
I know Achillea. If I push her hard enough she will -- but I have to get the children back. Hopefully, you won't have to. In the meantime, you must prepare yourselves to fight.

#### **INT. THERMODOSA'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT**

Thermodosa sits indian-style, removes runestone's from a leather pouch, placing them in a golden chalice.

She raises it, mumbles a silent ritual, then spills them on the floor. Picks some up, reads the symbolic markings with her fingertips. Priyanka joins her.

THERMODOSA  
Rome will burn for six days and seven nights. And seventy-percent of the city will be destroyed. If Achillea remains in power, Themiscyra will suffer the same fate. And the Gods will not let us rebuild.

PRIYANKA  
You can't go alone.

THERMODOSA  
 We won't. The Gods will look after  
 us.

PRIYANKA  
 Who?

**INT. TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS - NIGHT**

Ablaze by torches. A beautiful sanctuary full of GREEK-ERA furnishings. Mysterious carvings. Kleoptoleme prays before a statue of ARTEMIS.

Thermodosa watches. Once Kleoptoleme's finished.

THERMODOSA  
 There's thousands of years of  
 Amazon history within these walls.

KLEOPTOLEME  
 You think Artemis hear our prayers.

THERMODOSA  
 Absolutely. I need a brave warrior  
 to escort me across the forest of  
 darkness.

KLEOPTOLEME  
 I'll go.

THERMODOSA  
 We need to ride now... and fast.

**INT. PALACE OF ACHILLEA - BEDCHAMBERS - NIGHT**

Bianca writhes in agony. Achillea rushes in. Bly looks up from Bianca's side.

BLY  
 I am doing all I can.

BIANCA  
 Hush, my love. I'll be fine.

Achillea takes her in her arms. Bly notices their intimacy and excuses himself. Once he's out of earshot...

BIANCA (CONT'D)  
 You ignored my request. Jayden.

ACHILLEA  
 It is fortunate that I did.

BIANCA  
Because you love me. Say it!

ACHILLEA  
I love you.

They share a passionate kiss. Derimakheia appears in the doorway, clears her throat. Achillea looks back, irritated.

ACHILLEA (CONT'D)  
My lady, sleep. I shall return  
soon.

Achillea goes to her side. They speak in a hushed whisper.

DERIMAKHEIA  
My queen. Your oracle and  
Kleoptoleme have left the grounds.

She takes a moment to digest this, a bit concerned.

ACHILLEA  
Take four warriors and cut through  
the pass. Pick up their trail.

#### **INT. PRISON - NIGHT**

A horrible place. Royal Guards drag a shackled PRISONER towards a chopping block. He screams and struggles.

Their fists rain down, turning his face into raw meat. Then slam him down, he's going nowhere. Force his mouth open.

ACHILLEA (O.S.)  
I hear whispers you do not partake  
in my joyous offerings.

Achillea, dagger in hand, cuts out his tongue. Blood fills his mouth. She tosses it aside. A rat scurries over.

She approaches a cell, the light inside melts into darkness. Slides her blade between the bars... into a man's lips.

ACHILLEA (CONT'D)  
If you fail me, the only question,  
should I hang you, behead you, or  
tear you from limb to limb in the  
public courtyard.

Achillea moves off into the darkness, WIPING US TO --

**INT. BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT**

In a canopied bed, Jonas sobs quietly in his sleep. Warlordress sits nearby. A portrait of a sad and lonely existence as she watches over him.

**EXT. FOREST LAND - DAY**

Amazonia and Mikaela proceeds down a path. Sounds of nature in their hidden depths. Birds, beehives.

AMAZONIA

Not far. But first I gotta deal with Achillea.

MIKAELA

You can't reason with someone like her -- I know.

AMAZONIA

I have to try. And besides -- in a strange way, it'll be nice to see it again.

**EXT. STREETS OF THEMISCYRA - DAY**

Amazonia and Mikaela ride past a legion of warriors, training in the courtyard. A reflective moment, as Amazonia takes in the sprawling city.

**EXT. QUEEN'S PALACE - DAY**

Mikaela and Amazonia gallop up, rein their horses to a stop.

AMAZONIA

I won't be long.

She approaches Royal Guards, who block the door, yet stare in recognition.

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

I'll tear your heart out and feed it to you before it stops beating.

The Guards swap looks. On second thought, they step aside --

Derimakheia stands there, ready to fight. Swords clash.

DERIMAKHEIA

Surrender or die.

The sword fight resumes, Amazonia beats down Derimakheia's defense and sends her sword flying and landing in the ground a fair distance away.

**INT. QUEEN'S PALACE - ROYAL OFFICE - DAY**

Amazonia barges in. Derimakheia's on her heels. Achillea rises, surprised, but up for the challenge.

ACHILLEA

Ah -- Amazonia. You've got a lot of nerve coming here.

AMAZONIA

I'm visiting my old haunts.

A bitter laugh from Achillea. Now they're toe-to-toe.

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

We are not born to war, but peace.

ACHILLEA

I said once, If you returned, you'll die.

AMAZONIA

I had to warn you -- return the children... and don't march on any other villages -- nor Amphipolis.

ACHILLEA

How dare you?! I am queen on the Amazons. No one, God, nor man -- tells me to do anything. I'll march right in there. Torch everything in sight.

AMAZONIA

If you do -- I swear, on the head of Ares, God of war, you'll find justice at the tip of my sword.

ACHILLEA

I've been dreaming of this moment. Of RIPPING YOUR HEART OUT. I just assume kill you right now.

PRIYANKA (O.S.)

No!

Priyanka, happy to see Amazonia, who bows. She extends her hand. Amazonia kisses it, much to Achillea's dismay.



PRIYANKA (CONT'D)  
Go Amazonia. No harm will come to  
you. Not while I'm still alive.

Amazonia turns to Derimakheia.

AMAZONIA  
If I lay eyes on you again, I'll  
kill you.

She leaves. Achillea's face dark with wrath, grabs Priyanka  
roughly by her arm, forces her to look.

ACHILLEA  
My army may have a fondness for  
you, but I won't be patient with  
you meddling in my affairs.

Achillea hurries from the room, her robes WIPING US TO --

**INT. QUEEN'S PALACE - HALLWAY - DAY**

Amazonia moves swiftly. A hand grabs her arm, she whirls --

-- Callisto. They're locked in fierce hand-to-hand combat.  
Growing intense. Both smile. An undeniable bond rekindled.

CALLISTO  
It's good to see you, Amazonia.

Callisto reaches a hand out. They grasps forearms.

CALLISTO (CONT'D)  
You should have killed her when you  
had the chance. For every drop of  
blood she sheds -- is on your  
hands.

Callisto walks away, leaving Amazonia to grapple with the  
enormity of her statement.

**INT. PALACE OF ACHILLEA - ATRIUM - DAY**

Through a large open space with a glass roof, Achillea moves  
swiftly, flanked by Derimakheia.

ACHILLEA  
Themiscyra has one too many queens.

DERIMAKHEIA  
We can arrange her death as well.

ACHILLEA  
No! Will wait for the Romans to  
launch their attack.

DERIMAKHEIA  
Ah, a diversion.

Achillea nods in confirmation, then...

DERIMAKHEIA (CONT'D)  
Maybe you should consider replacing  
the Royal Council as well.

ACHILLEA  
No. Their fighting skills has long  
diminished. If all goes according  
to my plans -- the Roman army will  
save me the trouble.

DERIMAKHEIA  
I'm concerned about Callisto.

Off Achillea - who shares her sentiments.

**EXT. IMPERIAL PALACE - TERRACE - NIGHT**

Awash moonlight, Pompeia, in an elegant sheer dress, looks  
over the city. Morgause is by her side.

MORGAUSE  
Apologies. I have not heard.

POMPEIA  
What sort of answer is that,  
Morgause? It's been a fortnight.

Panic befalls Pompeia. She dismisses him. Stops in her  
tracks -- Caesar emerges from the shadows. *How much did he  
hear?*

He kisses her, looking for a spark of emotion, she's vacant.

POMPEIA (CONT'D)  
I beg of you, if you wish to speak  
with me, speak.

CAESAR  
He alone occupy your thoughts.

POMPEIA  
Marsellis is of no concern to me.

She heads for the bed chamber. Caesar watches, frustrated.

**INT. ROMAN WARSHIP - CABIN - DAY**

Petra laughs, shoves a goblet of wine in Marco's hand as they go over battle plans. He glowers, gives in.

MARCO

We'll be reaching the shores of Amphipolis soon.

PETRA

Good. The mother fleet will attack from their Southern border. Gaul, the north. We'll ride east. It's a one day ride.

MARCO

Ah, divide and conquer.

PETRA

It worked for Caesar.

MARCO

Perhaps too easy. What -- are you really after -- Petra?

PETRA

You love her? Yes, I know you only agreed to appease her.

MARCO

My affairs do not concern you.

PETRA

Still the fool. Love drains a man more than war. The odds do not favor you.

He considers her remarks. Not caring for them.

MARCO

They seldom do.

**EXT. BLACK FOREST - DAY**

Towering trees stretching across the horizon, blocks out the sun. Its mere size is awe-inspiring.

Amazonia and Mikaela surge ahead, torches doing little.

MIKAELA

I've noticed something.  
You never get angry.

AMAZONIA

Anger makes you weak and  
vulnerable.

MIKAELA

You won your freedom, yet you  
killed a lion for me.

AMAZONIA

You saved my life. I have loved  
you since first we meet.

MIKAELA

And I you, my love.

A heartfelt moment, then --

MIKAELA (CONT'D)

Did you love the boy as well?

Amazonia levels a withering gaze...

AMAZONIA

I know what you are getting at.  
The truth is I've never been able  
to defeat Achillea... at anything.

**EXT. BLACK FOREST - TRAIL - DAY**

Kleoptoleme and Thermodosa ride along the path. A short  
distance away, remains of black and scorched buildings.

Thermodosa scans the area with her torch, a bit jittery.

KLEOPTOLEME

What is it?

THERMODOSA

I've got a bad feeling about this --

Suddenly - a stone strikes the side of Thermodosa's face. She  
plummets off her horse. Before Kleoptoleme can react --

-- three MARAUDERS spring from the tress, short swords, and  
dangerous. A fast and furious melee ensues.

Kleoptoleme's battling, a flashy young fighter, but she's  
stubborn, too.

KLEOPTOLEME

(almost a snarl...)

Three against one. I hardly call  
it fair.

Her sword goes flying. POE, black beard, powerful build.

POE  
Well, look what we've captured,  
boys.

ONE-EYED Marauder backhands her savagely, and she falls.

**EXT. BLACK FOREST - DAY**

Kleoptoleme and Thermodosa on horseback. Hands bound, noose's around their necks.

KLEOPTOLEME  
You're making this harder than it  
needs to be.

The MUSTACHED marauder slings the long end of the rope around a tree branch. Poe stands by a rock, gloating, and ready to give the command.

POE  
Just hang in there. It won't be  
long now.

They laugh. He tugs on the rope, lifting Kleoptoleme off the saddle by her neck when --

-- WHIZZING past, a boomerang slices the rope that suspends Kleoptoleme and Thermodosa, freeing them.

The Marauders spin, as the boomerang returns to Amazonia, fright and awe on their faces.

KLEOPTOLEME  
Amazonia, oh boy. I'm glad to see  
you.

AMAZONIA  
Wow! You've grown.

Without an eyeblink's pause - she snaps her horsewhip at Poe, coiling its leather around his throat. Spins him around, his face contorts in agony.

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)  
Now let's see how you like it.

She tosses the whip handle over a branch, hauls on the rope, lifting Poe up - feet scrabbling off the ground... enough to prevent him from choking.

Amazonia nods towards the other's. Poe grasp as the noose tightens around his neck.

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)  
 Anyone care to take his place? I  
 didn't think so.

Meanwhile, Kleoptoleme guards the other two, sword ready to cut their throats.

Mikaela takes a hunting knife, cuts the rope that binds Thermodosa. A big smile on Thermodosa's face.

THERMODOSA  
 Amazonia. Please let him down.

Amazonia obliges. Poe drops to the ground, gasping.

AMAZONIA  
 Now go stand near your friends and  
 raise your swords.

To Amazonia's amusement, Poe joins them. They comply. She hurls her boomerang, slicing their swords in half, rendering them useless.

After which, she embraces Thermodosa and Kleoptoleme, all hugs, smiles, and kisses.

In a flash, Amazonia has the tip of her sword under his chin.

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)  
 These are friends of mine that you  
 were about to kill. So -- either  
 you start fillin' in the holes or  
 I'll make them.

POE  
 Queen Priyanka ordered them dead.

Their eyes staring disbelief back at Poe.

KLEOPTOLEME  
 Okay, this is ridiculous. Let me  
 put my sword through him and see if  
 he's telling the truth.

AMAZONIA  
 Good point.

POE  
 Actually, it was, uh, Achillea.

ONE-EYED

I, for one, will swear by him.

AMAZONIA

Why--?

POE

She didn't say. Nor did we ask.  
It was either do or die.

THERMODOSA

Will you testify before the Royal  
Council?

POE

Oh Lord, no! Achillea has some  
pretty sick ideas of entertainment.

KLEOPTOLEME

But you must.

AMAZONIA

If you care for your safety, you'll  
stay. I can guarantee your  
freedom, if you testify.

POE

Your Queen slaughtered three  
innocent men. Now unless you're  
going to kill us, we're headed for  
the border.

MIKAELA

I have faith in Amazonia. You  
should to.

KLEOPTOLEME

It matters not. She's violated the  
most sacred Amazon law. We can  
still bring it before the tribunal.

THERMODOSA

I'm afraid we must have proof  
beyond a reasonable doubt.

In the distance, Amazons crouched behind bushes, spying. In  
the bunch, Derimakheia and PANTARISTE, 20s, hard-beautiful.

DERIMAKHEIA

We'll ride ahead and pick up their  
trail. Someone had better warn  
Achillea.

**EXT. BLACK FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT**

As the Marauders leave the forest, WHISPERS in the wind. Something's not right. Glimpses of shadows around them.

Poe sees movement amidst tress. They all do, reaching for their swords, remembering... "shit." Before they can react --

Amazons drop from the trees, sends the Marauders crashing to the ground. Battle axes rain down. Screams. Blood flies.

**EXT. MONASTERY - NIGHT**

Firelight. Overshadowed by a tower, a vacant building in the middle of a barren field. Its bell chimes softly, like a sighing wind.

Mikaela sits on a bench. Kleoptoleme twirls her sword, stabbing, getting accustomed to its weight and balance.

Amazonia and Thermodosa talk in the moonlit courtyard.

AMAZONIA

Surely, there must be someone --

THERMODOSA

General Callipatira, but she might not get back in time.

AMAZONIA

In time for what?

THERMODOSA

I'm afraid, it's become an empire of evil, stained with blood and sacrifice of innocents suffering. The Warlordress has vowed to destroy our nation.

AMAZONIA

What--?

THERMODOSA

Of course, if you were to return and seize the throne...

Amazonia wrestles with her dilemma.

AMAZONIA

Thermodosa, you of all people know what this means to me. If there was any other way...

(MORE)



AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

but I cannot have both, nor can I ignore my heart. I've waited seven long years -- I'll wait no longer.

THERMODOSA

Ah, but if you were to win -- you could crown your Queen.

AMAZONIA

And if I don't, I'll never see my son again.

KLEOPTOLEME

That's odd, coming from you. You're not one to run from a fight.

AMAZONIA

It's not my fight.

THERMODOSA

It's very much your fight.

Amazonia tries to read her tone.

KLEOPTOLEME

She's vile, her heart is made of stone. Well -- I -- for one will not stand by, and let darkness consume our land. Then I'll challenge her.

AMAZONIA

Don't be foolish child.

KLEOPTOLEME

You taught me well. And I'm not a child.

Amazonia sees her mistake.

AMAZONIA

Yes, you're right. My apologies.

KLEOPTOLEME

I want to show you my skills.

Mikaela retrains her with a gentle hand, whispers.

MIKAELA

Don't hurt her.

AMAZONIA

I'd never do that.

They spar. Amazonia, impressed. Kleoptoleme holds her off for a little while until her sword goes flying.

KLEOPTOLEME  
I'm getting better.

Amazonia notes Kleoptoleme's pained look. Cups her face in her hands.

AMAZONIA  
Yes, you are. But sometimes more brain than brawns works better. Always try to solve things peacefully.  
(kisses her forehead)  
In the universe, there's law and order. And everything has its rightful place. One day, you'll make a great Queen.

KLEOPTOLEME  
Really? You think so?

AMAZONIA  
I know so.

**INT. PALACE OF ACHILLEA - PERISTYLE - NIGHT**

A beautiful court for parties. Bianca lounges on a sofa, more radiant than ever. Jayden fans her. Food and wine lay before them as they gossip.

JAYDEN  
She was mad with worry. You must be out of your mind, to only lay with one woman. One with a very reputable reputation.

Bianca freezes, shooting a glance at Jayden, who realizes her mistake. She kisses Bianca softly. Very apologetic.

BIANCA  
You are my dear friend, but do not speak unwisely again.

JAYDEN  
Princess, I meant no malice. From all the stories I've heard... she's much like her father. He took many lovers, but only loved one.

BIANCA

Yes. She's more than a Queen. And like him, Achillea's a God among men. She'll do extraordinary things, and I for one cannot wait to see them.

Achillea appears, delight having overheard.

ACHILLEA

You are well.

BIANCA

The beating of your heart filled me with strength and hope.  
(re: Jayden)  
Leave us.

Jayden smiles, retreats. Alone, they stare, madly in love. Achillea pulls her into a kiss, passion rising. Bianca suddenly stops.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

Achillea...

Then a seizure overtakes Bianca, coughing up gouts of blood that splatters their faces and Achillea's helpless.

ACHILLEA

Bianca! Bianca!

Achillea scoops up her lifeless body, carries her off, a great sadness welling in her eyes.

**INT. PALACE OF ACHILLEA - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT**

Candles illuminate the murky gloom. Achillea's alone in her grief and devastation. Derimakheia and Pantariste hurry in.

They bow. A moment. They offer silent comfort.

ACHILLEA

What is it?

DERIMAKHEIA

It was Amazonia.

Achillea controls her rage.

ACHILLEA

Did their tongues remain silent?

PANTARISTE

No, my Queen.

A dark silhouette rises in the background, it's Callisto.  
Achillea places a reassuring hand on Pantariste's shoulder.

ACHILLEA

My orders were clear.  
(re: Derimakheia)  
Finish off Kleoptoleme and my  
Oracle.

CALLISTO

That would be ill-advised.

Without warning, runs her sword through Pantariste. Blood  
drips from her mouth as she collapses.

Achillea turns to a horrified Callisto.

ACHILLEA

And to have the Queen's orders go  
unfulfilled would be unwise.

DERIMAKHEIA

Amazonia--?

ACHILLEA

No! That honor belongs to me.

**INT. MONASTERY - NIGHT**

Lit three-headed iron candelabras, casts interesting shadows  
around a once masterpiece, now in shambles. Our foursome are  
gathered together.

THERMODOSA

I couldn't help you -- so I helped  
your son.

AMAZONIA

Why did you leave him with the  
Sorceress--?

THERMODOSA

Achillea's heart was filled with  
much hate. Still is. She would  
have killed him. I knew he'd be  
safe with her.

AMAZONIA

Who is she--?

Thermodosa stops short, clearly consumed with guilt.

THERMODOSA

No one really knows. After your mother died... my daughter, I did my best to raise you both with a sense of right and wrong. But I'm afraid I've failed.

AMAZONIA

You didn't fail. If you hadn't been there for me...

THERMODOSA

...haven't I--?

AMAZONIA

No.

THERMODOSA

We all have choices.

Thermodosa senses Amazonia wants to ask her something.

THERMODOSA (CONT'D)

What is it?

AMAZONIA

Remember, when I was telling you about my dreams.

(Thermodosa nods)

I went to see the Fates -- they mentioned Ghost River.

THERMODOSA

Yes, the river wild.

MIKAELA

I've heard of it. No good will come of this. I hear it only holds doom. Why -- why -- it will lead to a horrible end.

THERMODOSA

No. It represents life, not death. Wonder and joy, and yes -- darkness as well. The river is a fine line between the real world and the underworld. It unlocks many secrets.

**EXT. THEMISCYRA - NIGHT**

Kendaa and Callisto walk along the torch-lit back streets. Callisto's mood is grim.

CALLISTO  
There is no limit to her ambitions.

KENDAA  
We swore an oath to the Queen.

CALLISTO  
With respect -- to what end.

**EXT. PORT HARBOR - NIGHT**

The lights of the harbor are obscured by a dense fog as several legions of the Roman army ride hard. Leading them, Petra and Marco.

PETRA  
What's the matter, Marco? Still waiting, hoping Pompeia divorces Caesar, huh?

MARCO  
Wishing I'd never heard of the Amazons.

PETRA  
It's better to die for love than live for it.

**EXT. MONASTERY - DAY**

They prepare to depart. Kleoptoleme offers her hand, hoist Mikaela onto her horse. Thermodosa kisses Amazonia on her forehead.

THERMODOSA  
We must get back. Queen Priyanka will be worried.

Amazonia's surprised by her remark.

AMAZONIA  
No. It's best you stay with me for now.

THERMODOSA  
No. I have to inform Priyanka and the council.

(MORE)

THERMODOSA (CONT'D)

And I'll pray it's enough to put  
Achillea to death for her high  
crimes.

KLEOPTOLEME

Amazonia, the high priestess is  
right. We've must go back.

AMAZONIA

For a woman with your eyes... it  
seems careless.

THERMODOSA

The way others' see things, I'm not  
surprised, but like you -- I cannot  
ignore my heart.

Thermodosa crosses herself. Amazonia, not liking the sound  
of it. They embrace, loving. She helps Thermodosa onto her  
horse. Then:

AMAZONIA

I'll come as soon as I can.

She gives Kleoptoleme a big bear hug.

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

Look after her.

KLEOPTOLEME

I will.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - DAY**

In the pouring rain, Amazonia and Mikaela ride hard into a  
small valley, running through the middle of its stream.

MIKAELA

How far is the Temple of Dionysus?

AMAZONIA

Not far at all, near Ghost River.

**INT. TEMPLE OF DIONYSUS - DAY**

A mere fragment of its former self. Rain pours through the  
veil of leaves over the temple's opening.

In a bed of ferns, they're spooning, warming their wet, naked  
bodies by a fire. They kiss. Amazonia's mind is elsewhere.  
This isn't lost on Mikaela either.

MIKAELA

What is it--?

AMAZONIA

I'm afraid. I've never raised a child before.

MIKAELA

You never had the chance.

AMAZONIA

Oh God. I don't know the first thing about --

MIKAELA

Well, I attest. It'll be much easier with help.

Amazonia kisses her. Mikaela kisses back.

AMAZONIA

You'll be safe here.

MIKAELA

How far--?

AMAZONIA

Just far enough for you to throw a stone.

MIKAELA

Are you a good swimmer?

Amazonia makes a decision.

AMAZONIA

Those dreams aren't important. Finding my son is.

MIKAELA

Can you trust her--?

A shadow of a doubt crosses Amazonia's brow, then...

AMAZONIA

Thermodosa did.

**EXT. BRIDGE TO THE BLACK FOREST - DAY**

In the darkness, Mist hangs across a narrow bridge, spanning a shallow stream. HOOFBEATS carries a certain sense of menace.



The Darthwraiths, cloaks billowing, ride like the wind. They're GHOSTLY BACKLIT... transformed; eyes burn an amber red, flesh in the latter stages of rigor mortis.

Before them, a supernatural image; amidst indigo flames, an apparition of the Warlordress.

WARLORDERESS

Prophecy or not -- it is forbidden  
for any oracle to be taken before  
their time. Protect the priestess.

**EXT. BLACK FOREST - DAY**

In the immense murky light, Kleoptoleme and Thermodosa ride.

KLEOPTOLEME

Back there. You held back,  
Priestess.

THERMODOSA

You're very observant. That's  
good.

KLEOPTOLEME

But why--? You hardly put up a  
fight.

THERMODOSA

There's something's we must  
discover for ourselves.

A short distance away, there's movement behind some stones, just beyond the boulders, out of sight - Derimakheia lunges forward, spear in hand.

With Kleoptoleme and Thermodosa - a shudder runs through them at the sound of a WHISTLING.

KLEOPTOLEME

What's that?

To which they turn, jerk back in surprise -- the spear is headed straight for Thermodosa.

Kleoptoleme throws herself in arms way. The spear penetrates her breastplate, dropping her instantly.

THERMODOSA

NO!!!

She rushes to Kleoptoleme's aid. Blood pumps out, running down her polished armor.

THERMODOSA (CONT'D)  
Kleoptoleme! Stay with me.

Thermodosa summons all her strength, breaks the spear, pulls it out. Kleoptoleme tries to speak, her eyes flutter closed.

She cradles a mortally wounded Kleoptoleme in her arms, wails her grief to the sky. She grabs Kleoptoleme's sword.

Derimakheia and a group of Amazons spring from their hiding places, weapons out, about to finish Thermodosa off when --

Callisto attacks, much to the shock of Derimakheia, and the other's. They hurl themselves at her.

A barrage of blows. Callisto and Thermodosa, getting the worst of it. Thermodosa's driven to the ground.

Her assailant is about to deliver a death blow when suddenly, HORSES burst onto the scene.

The darthwraiths attack the surprised Amazons, who defend, but their swords impenetrable against our translucent warriors, who annihilate them with vicious savagery.

And soon, the Darthwraiths morph into blackness, leaving Thermodosa and Callisto with the bloody and mutilated bodies.

CALLISTO  
Derimakheia. She's escaped.

**EXT. CLIFFS OF GHOST RIVER - DAY**

Amazonia emerges out onto the cliff edge, stares down at --

**EXT. SHORELINE OF GHOST RIVER - DAY**

Fog undulates languidly, bleeding out from the crevices of isolated caves, and intimidating rock formations.

The dark, shifting river, high rumble surf, its turbulent waters thick like black gold.

Amazonia stands near the edge, looks like she might take the plunge. Instead, crests the cliff top, heading uphill.

Hesitates when she spots a hidden cave heavily forested.

**INT. CAVE - DAY**

In the murky light, Amazonia grabs a torch from off the wall. Carved inscriptions in rocks, larger than life chiseled images of Hades, glaring back in cold judgment.

Flames off her torch makes the images seem almost real.

She plunges further, freezes before a narrow bridge corkscrewing into an endless void... and something else...

The Warlordress, face enshrouded in shadow.

AMAZONIA

You have my son. Where is he? I want him. I want my son. And I'll die fighting for him.

Amazonia draws her sword. Warlordress conjures a hand gesture, Jedi-style -- Amazonia's paralyzed by an invisible force.

Drops to her knees, suffocating. Color drains from her face.

She's freed from control, grasping for air, and her resolve begins to waver, knowing Warlordress could have killed her.

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

No son should grow up without his mother.

WARLORDERESS

He hasn't.

AMAZONIA

You are not his mother. Are you telling me I cannot have my son?

WARLORDERESS

There are no easy choices. Nor good ones, only lesser degrees of evil.

AMAZONIA

I'm not leaving without my son. You're immortal. You can never understand the pain of losing a child.

WARLORDERESS

Your mother, Amphalia had one.

AMAZONIA

You know nothing of my mother.

WARLORDERESS

She made a bargain with Hades -- It was a royal mistake. Now other's are paying the debt of her sins.

AMAZONIA

What are you talking about? I don't...

Amazonia voices trails off, remembering...

THERMODOSA (V.O.)

The key to the future lies within the past.

AMAZONIA

I'll be back for my son.

WARLORDERESS

The first time you forced your mother's hand. Don't force mine.

**INT. QUEEN'S PALACE - ROYAL OFFICE - DAY**

Kendaa CRASHES to the floor, bloody and beaten. Achillea towers over her, eyes burn in dark fury. She's flanked by Derimakheia.

ACHILLEA

You knew of this and didn't tell me? You whore! How long! How fucking long!

Achillea brutally kicks her repeatedly. Kendaa says nothing, spits out blood and teeth. Terrified.

DERIMAKHEIA

I knew we couldn't trust Callisto.

She grasps Kendaa by her throat, lifts her off her feet.

ACHILLEA

You're gutless. I should kill you. If you fail me again I shall.

And she lets Kendaa drop, half strangled at her feet.

DERIMAKHEIA

Your plans are in peril. Why, if this information reaches the walls of Themiscyra. I know it will spark an uprising against you.

(MORE)

DERIMAKHEIA (CONT'D)

I implore you, my Queen. We must go after them.

ACHILLEA

No, not now. The Romans are about to invade. And I cannot risk Themiscyra falling into their hands. But rest assured, they'll be dead by dawn.

KENDAA

May I advise you. I have another plan.

Kendaa whispers to Achillea, who looks pleased. Then:

KENDAA (CONT'D)

If there is any doubts to my loyalty, they'll be put to rest when I kill them.

Achillea grabs Kendaa by her armor.

ACHILLEA

I'm the only one who kills Amazonia.

**EXT. SHORELINE OF GHOST RIVER - DAY**

Amazonia strips off her leathers, walks naked into the sacred waters. The waves swallow her up, floating on her back...

THERMODOSA (V.O.)

...the river's mystical powers are not for beginners. It's imperative you purge her mind. Listen to the waves, hear their whispers. Let it take you away.

(beat)

I know this will be hard, but you have to surrender... completely, or it will be your last ride.

Now she HEARS a faint sound of LAUGHTER, now listening to a haunting melody sung by a CHILDREN'S CHOIR.

Amazonia loses consciousness. A karmic FLASH --

*A TRANSPARENT VERSION OF AMAZONIA SNAPS back into consciousness, just snippets; reliving the fight between her and Achillea in the rainforest.*

**EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY**

She convulses back to life, a wild ride down the roaring river, finds herself sinking deeper into the watery tomb. Panic escalating, Amazonia spots a tunnel's opening.

**EXT. CLIFFS OF GHOST RIVER - DAY**

Fighting vertigo, Mikaela leans forward, patting Nemesis' neck. Stares down into the river wild, notes Amazonia's leathers. Worried sick, tossing rocks. Reacts to --

THERMODOSA (O.S.)  
Amazonia!

Mikaela's surprised to see Thermodosa below, and Callisto, who's carrying Kleoptoleme.

**EXT. SHORELINE OF GHOST RIVER - DAY**

Along the pebble shoreline, Mikaela races towards them, a wrenching, sickening sensation. Sees Kleoptoleme's body, flooded with grief.

THERMODOSA  
Amazonia?

Mikaela looks out over the river, their eyes follow.

MIKAELA  
How do we get her back?

THERMODOSA  
She must get herself back.

**EXT. MOUTH OF GHOST RIVER - DAY**

Crashing waves slams Amazonia's twisted body into the rocks, where she slumps down on a stone, fights back sobs.

WARLORDERESS (O.S.)  
It's been trumpeted a thousand times -- the golden rule of the Amazon nation was given to us for a reason. A society can only survive when the needs of other's becomes equally as important as our own.

She stares up at Warlordress, towering over her from the rocky path above. Her words strikes a chord with Amazonia.

AMAZONIA

I didn't mean to. I only wanted to get the dagger away from her.

WARLORDERESS

It doesn't matter. All that matters is here and now. This moment --

-- bangs her fist on a rock, which crumbles.

WARLORDERESS (CONT'D)

-- the dawn of humanity.

Amazonia pulls herself along the rocks. Amphalia stares at her for a long beat... even in the murky light, the pain of guilt etched in her eyes, then...

WARLORDERESS (CONT'D)

But make no mistake. The heavier price for our sins are always paid by the one's we love.

A moment of bonding. Amazonia stares in recognition, maybe.

MIKAELA (O.S.)

Amazonia! Amazonia!

Mikaela comes running, but all she sees is Amazonia alone. A large sinkhole slits the ground before Mikaela, who leaps, barely clearing the gap.

AMAZONIA

Mikaela, I thought I told you --

MIKAELA

-- something horrible has happened.

**INT. TEMPLE OF DIONYSUS - DAY**

Thermodosa sits in silent prayer alongside Kleoptoleme's body. Amazonia drops to her knees, inarticulate with her rage and grief. Mikaela notices, affected.

THERMODOSA

They can kill her body, but not her spirit.

AMAZONIA

I will not except her death. There are choices. The Sorceress can save her.

THERMODOSA

And who's life will take her place?  
You? Your son?

Amazonia slams her fist into the wall - again...

AMAZONIA

I should have went with you.

THERMODOSA

The decision is mine. It's not  
about living, or dying. I'm taking  
her back to have a proper Amazon  
burial. We're going to honor her  
memory.

With Mikaela, something deeper - weighing heavily.

CALLISTO

We should have killed her when we  
had the chance. Now all the  
bloodshed's on our hands.

She glares at Callisto - a strange calm to Amazonia now. A  
quiet acceptance, as if she knows what she must do.

AMAZONIA

I feared it always fated so.

Amazonia removes Kleoptoleme's bloody battle armor, dons it.

CALLISTO

And what do you propose to do?

AMAZONIA

Restore glory to its proper place --  
replace the Queen.

Hope is alive in the room. Then...

MIKAELA

Your son?

A sad beat.

AMAZONIA

The greater cause -- my mother  
taught us. One greater than  
ourselves. Things that hold a  
higher meaning than our own  
existence.

(re: Mikaela)

I can't fight her if I'm worrying  
about you. You'll be safe here.



MIKAELA

We've already had this discussion.  
I told you. I'm not leaving your  
side. So we're just going to have  
to get through this.

THERMODOSA

It seems the Goddess of Love is  
intent on keeping you two together.  
Matter of fact... she insists  
you're destined for each other.

**INT. AMPHALIA'S WAR ROOM - DAY**

Dark and lighted with torches. Warlordress, surrounded by  
her commanders. It resembles knights at the round table.

PENTHESILEA

If Amazonia fails -- Amphipolis is  
doomed.

VALASKA

Believe me, m'lady, if there was  
any other way.

WARLORDERESS

Proceed as planned.

**EXT. KINGDOM OF THE UNDERWORLD - DAY**

In the darkness, those towering steel doors open --

The Darthwraiths race out, eyes burn amber red, their flesh  
metamorphose into rigor mortis. They're not alone...

Like a pack of wolves, a cavalcade of black forms in pursuit.

OTRERA

To the river Styx?

VALASKA

To the river Styx.

Valaska grins mirthlessly, WIPING US TO --.

**EXT. THE RIVER STYX - DAY**

Black fog clings to the thick currents of its dark, churning  
waters, which propels a boat, piled high with DEAD BODIES.

Charon dips his oar. Around the hull, the living dead, their hands reaching, pawing in anticipation.

The Darthwraiths skirt along a rocky and violent coastline.

Charon's greedy eyes looks upon them, a patronizing grin. It's almost comical. They all swap glances, then --

-- Valaska breaks from the pack, cutting across, treading water, much to the bemused looks of everyone else.

PENTHESILEA

Follow the leader.

And much to the shenanigans of Charon.

CHARON

Nobody rides for here!

They plunge across the river, swords drawn, chopping off the hands, and heads of THE DEAD, eager to pull them below.

In a mighty ROAR - Valaska's steed rears up. With a slight of hand, she palms a gold coin. Flicks it towards Charon --

He reaches out with his hand. In mid-air, Valaska snatches it from his grasp. Charon plunges into the waters.

VALASKA

Better luck next time, Ferryman.

Charon's pissed, curses, spitting unintelligible testament.

#### **EXT. GUARD TOWER - DAY**

High above the battlements, Kendaa loads an arrow into her bow, sets her deadly sights on her target.

#### **EXT. STREETS OF THEMISCYRA - DAY**

Trumpets blare. Amazons, armed to the hilt, preparing for battle; mount war horses. Position catapults. Archer's man the battlements upon the walls.

Callisto rides through the gauntlet.

CALLISTO

Stand firm. Check formation.  
Prepare to move out.

Amazonia rides through the gates. Thermodosa and Mikaela race catch up. Harmothoe gallops towards them.

AMAZONIA  
Who's in charge here?

HARMOTHOE  
I am -- Harmothoe.

AMAZONIA  
Or what will be left, if those  
ships reach shore. Don't wait for  
my orders, fire when ready.

HARMOTHOE  
And who are you --?

AMAZONIA  
Your Queen.

They hear a WHIZZING sound. Amazonia jerks, sees the arrow bearing down on them. Blocks it with her boomerang, then --  
-- hurls it towards the tower - striking Kendaa, who topples to her death.

**INT. QUEEN'S PALACE - WAR ROOM - DAY**

Subtle disagreements. Everyone in full battle-dress. Achillea coordinates strategy with the royal council.

ACHILLEA  
Send three regiments to secure the  
northern border.

PRIYANKA  
Why--? The enemy is coming from  
the south. Where are legions  
should be. All except two.

ACHILLEA  
No. It's commonplace for the  
Romans to attack from all sides.  
They may have advance scouts.

PRIYANKA  
Maybe so, but it's more than a days  
ride. I respectfully request we  
concentrate our legions where they  
can serve us best.

IPHITO  
She's right, Achillea. If they  
breach our walls, Themiscyra could  
be lost.

ACHILLEA

You have your orders, Derimakheia.

DERIMAKHEIA

Yes, my Queen.

DEINOMACHE

Thermodosa's prediction of our nation's fate. Now seems almost certain.

The door is kicked in. Amazonia carries Kleoptoleme, lays her body on a table. Thermodosa and Mikaela follow.

DEINOMACHE (CONT'D)

Amazonia! Thermodosa!

Priyanka and the others' are numb, the mood is solemn.

AMAZONIA

Your Queen is dishonorable and a murderer. The blood you see belongs to Kleoptoleme.

She unwraps the cloth. A stunned silence. All eyes on Achillea - who stares daggers at Amazonia.

SCYLEIA

Is that true, Achillea? Did you commit this insidious crime?

THERMODOSA

Achillea, you've sown the seeds of you own revolt. Now comes the harvest.

ACHILLEA

How dare you. These are all lies. I am clearly the victim of a conspiracy designed and perpetuated by Amazonia and my Oracle.

PRIYANKA

And so, until such time as I and the royal council -- can determine the whole truth in this matter --

ACHILLEA

-- you can't do this to me. I'm the Queen of the Amazons.

AMAZONIA

Not anymore! I challenge you for the throne.

The Royal Council hide their subtle smiles.

IPHITO  
Are you refusing, Achillea?

DERIMAKHEIA  
Of course not.  
(re: Achillea)  
Tell them, my Queen.

ACHILLEA  
I should have killed you when I had  
the chance.

AMAZONIA  
It runs in the family.

ACHILLEA  
I will not spare your life.

AMAZONIA  
Nor will I spare yours.

Achillea snatches a spear from hands of a warrior, heaves it -  
the spearpoint stops dead, inches from Amazonia's face.

She's caught the spear in mid air - whipping it around, hurls  
it lightning speed right at Achillea, who dodges snake-fast --

They close with a great clash of swords. It's fast, brutal.  
So much so, steel off their swords, throwing off sparks.

Both inflicting wounds, but Amazonia's getting the brunt of  
it, but neither show any signs of letting up.

Priyanka and the Royal Council on edge.

They draw together, blood and sweat. Achillea breaks the  
onslaught just long enough to...

ACHILLEA  
...now you die.

AMAZONIA  
Save your breath for battle.

ACHILLEA  
They say time heal all wounds...  
even the deepest.

And her remark strikes a deeper chord with Amazonia, deadly  
anger flashing in her eyes. One we haven't seen before --

-- they resume, trading thunderous blows. Amazonia's so angry, and Achillea's uses it to her advantage.

Achillea - slicing - slashing - dominating. Amazonia's sword goes flying. Disarmed, there is nothing she can do as --

-- a headbutt from Achillea, sends Amazonia crashing to the floor. Her mouth and nose bleed.

Achillea plants her foot on neck. Amazonia tries to wrest herself free, no dice. Priyanka restrains Mikaela - a great sadness welling in her eyes.

PRIYANKA

No! It is the way of the Amazons.

MIKAELA

Calm yourself -- Amazonia!

ACHILLEA

You see, Amazonia's fatal flaw, she cares. She feels. Her emotions gets the better of her. Just like our mother.

Amazonia sees their mother's dagger concealed inside her leg greave. Achillea moves in for the kill, launches herself.

MIKAELA (O.S.)

NO!

AMAZONIA

(eyes flutter open)

I'm sorry -- I would have liked to have a sister.

Amazonia grabs the dagger, rips through flesh, bone.

Achillea roars in pain, staggers back, shocked to find that dagger lodged in her leg.

At the same time, Amazonia recovers her sword, hurls it like a javelin. It impacts Achillea's girdle, through her heart.

Achillea, far from dead, still on her feet, gurgles up blood as she rips the sword from her chest. Charges like a maniac when her sword falls.

She drops alongside, dead. From Amazonia's facial expression, there's no joy in her killing, just resolve.

Derimakheia draws her sword, rushes Mikaela. But Priyanka plunges her sword into Derimakheia.

Callisto rushes in, sees the aftermath, understands.

CALLISTO

Queen Priyanka, the Romans have  
attacked the pass. We can't hold  
them without reinforcements.

PRIYANKA

How long?

CALLISTO

Not long - but long enough to get  
everyone to safety.

A loud BOOM. The building shudders under the impact, plunges  
them into controlled chaos.

AMAZONIA

Priyanka, you and the council get  
them to safety.

PRIYANKA

Very well, then will take to  
southern hill pass, and re-group in  
the Temple of Artemis. C'mon.

Amazonia turns to Mikaela. No time for a kiss good-bye.

AMAZONIA

Go with them.

**EXT. GREAT WALL OF THEMISCYRA - DAY**

WIDE ACROSS THE BATTLEMENTS, another fire pot comes crashing  
down, topples part of the wall.

No panic in the Amazons as more archer's take up positions  
from fallin' comrades. Flames burning from their arrows.

Harmothoe shouts orders, warriors launch GREEK FIRE POTS from  
catapults.

**EXT. ROMAN WARSHIP - DECK - DAY**

The Romans raises their shields to block flaming arrows  
raining down - it's no use - they penetrate the soldiers with  
terrifying precision.

Just then -- various voices, "In coming." That's when --

Those Greek fire pots slam onto the deck. Obliterates the  
ship into thousands of pieces.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

One hundred yards from the wall of Themiscyra. Callisto at Amazonia's side as they ride through the ranks of warriors, some thousand strong.

AMAZON WARRIOR

There's so many.

AMAZONIA

You can't fight all the battles  
with the odds in your favor.

**IN THE SHORT DISTANCE -**

The Romans charge. QUINTUS leads them. They shield their eyes from the Amazons armor, which gleams with the intensity of the sun.

Amazonia raises her sword and with a loud battle cry -- Quintus yells the call to CHARGE.

ARMIES COLLIDE. A bloody and fierce battle. Both sides inflicting casualties. Some of the Romans, fear on their faces - awed by the Amazons savagery.

Amazonia stands over a dead Roman. Another grabs a dagger, thrusting it at Amazonia, who parries the blade and drives her sword into him. He falls back dead.

A ROMAN clocks Callisto in the face. Blood Spews. She redoubles her attack, pummeling and hacking him to death.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY**

Almost twilight. The Darthwraiths gaze down at the raging battle, watching... waiting.

**EXT. STREETS OF THEMISCYRA - DAY**

Invasion in full swing. Romans flood the gates, charging the Amazons. A battle of epic proportions. Both sides take casualties.

Petra and Marco, slashing and thrusting and clearly outnumbered. Marco falls back from the havoc of their charge, his expression is evident with unease.

MARCO

Maybe this isn't such a good idea.



PETRA

Those women are savages and whores.  
Kill 'em. Kill 'em all.

**INT. TUNNEL - DAY**

Sounds of combat above them. Priyanka, and Royal Guards escorts the children, brave faces, deeper into the tunnel.

Bringing up the rear, Thermodosa and Mikaela, who stops, something occurs to her.

THERMODOSA

Come. We must keep moving.

MIKAELA

No. I'm sorry.

And with that, she bolts in the opposite direction.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

Amazonia trudges through the carnage. Quintus growls at her. They circle each other while their battle-scarred armies fight to the death.

QUINTUS

Who are you, Amazon?

AMAZONIA

Amazonia, Queen of the Amazons.

QUINTUS

You fuckin' whores have slain the best of my men.

AMAZONIA

You have to fight me. If you win -- the Amazon City is yours.

QUINTUS

Good. I'm going to kill ya.

Amazonia and Quintus gestures, and like the red sea, both armies part, clearing the way for --

She grabs a spear from a warrior. Quintus does the same.

AMAZONIA

This won't take long.

QUINTUS

No. It will not.

Amazonia hurls her spear with such force - it slams into his shield, flies through the air...

QUINTUS (CONT'D)

...is that all you...

Quintus' face disfigured and broken. His sword and shield drop - he crumbles to the field, dead on arrival.

The Romans start fleeing towards their ships. Amazons mount horses, pursue the cowards.

Amazonia runs, leaps over Nemesis' rump, races back towards the Amazon City.

**INT. TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS - DAY**

A handful of Royal Guards and the Council take up positions.

DEINOMACHE

May the Gods protect us.

The Council crosses themselves, all except Iphito.

IPHITO

Prayers alone -- won't save us.

And just then - a dozen or so blood-thirsty Romans storm the hall. The Royal Council takes the fight to the enemy.

Reminiscence of "CUSTER'S LAST STAND." The onslaught is too much, the Royal Council, barely holding their own.

Priyanka drives her sword into a Roman's chest, killing him.

Re-enforcements arrive... in the form of --

GENERAL CALLIPATIRA, black, beautiful, a BRONZE TIARA in her hair, flanked by -- a tide of SPARTAN WARRIOR WOMEN.

A spark in the Royal Council's eyes.

PRIYANKA

General Callipatira. So glad you could join us.

Our warriors with the upper hand, strides towards the enemy, slashing, decimating them.

**EXT. STREETS OF THEMISCYRA - DAY**

Mikaela races through the war-ravaged streets, a familiar pouch in hand, trying to reach the palace when --

A ROMAN grabs her - forces Mikaela against the wall.

SOLDIER

I'd rather take your virtue,  
Persian whore.

MIKAELA

Take this!

Mikaela unsheathes the knife from under her skirt, and stabs him. He crumples to the ground, dead. She eyes the bloody blade in her hand, which shakes violently.

WITH Petra, who spots Mikaela, who ducks inside the palace.

MARCO

We must retreat.

PETRA

Rome is not my concern -- freeing  
Mikaela is.

Marco stares at Petra, who dashes through the fray, anger and disappointment flash on his face.

A SOLDIER, bleeding from a stomach wound, takes up a position beside him.

ROMAN SOLDIER

Where's Gaul's regiment?

**EXT. THE BLACK SEA - DAY**

A fleet of ROMAN WARSHIPS brace themselves against a raging storm, which intensify. Soon - a hundred yards away --

-- a BLACK SHAPE takes form, races towards them, HURRICANE FORCE WINDS follow, like a vision of Armageddon...

...now ships being RIPPED apart, as Warlordess levitates above the churning sea as the devastation swirls all around her.

Then a calmness falls over, she settles on top of the water.

**INT. QUEEN'S PALACE - WAR ROOM - DAY**

The swirl of movement, a black cape billows as Ares strides in, lifts Achillea's body.

ARES  
Until next time, Amazonia.

Another swirl of movement, both vanish without a trace.

Mikaela bursts in, shudders as she forces blood-red liquid from the pouch down Kleoptoleme's throat.

**EXT. STREETS OF THEMISCYRA - DAY**

Pandemonium. Amazonia slices her way through, sees a Roman charging. Cuts him down. A soldier comes at her from behind -

-- Marco intervenes, runs his soldier through, much to the shock of Amazonia. She shoots him a deadpan thanks.

MARCO  
This wasn't our fight. Petra.

AMAZONIA  
There's no shame in retreat. Leave now -- I'll spare your lives.

MARCO  
Will collect our dead and go in peace.

AMAZONIA  
Then do, before I change my mind.

Marco barks orders to his dwindling army.

**INT. QUEEN'S PALACE - WAR ROOM - DAY**

There's a faint CRASH - the door flies open.

Mikaela wheels. Petra storms in, love shining in her eyes.

MIKAELA  
Petra, what're you doing here?

PETRA  
My lady. I come to take you back.  
You belong to me.

Petra moves closer, inching Mikaela backwards. Mikaela slashes with her knife. Petra sidesteps, throws her up against the wall, pins her there.

MIKAELA

One must give them one's heart.

PETRA

If I can't have you, no one will.

She hears the rustle of footsteps, pivots to find -- Amazonia rushes in. Petra stares daggers at her.

As their swords clash, Mikaela watches them - Amazonia with a host of emotions; fear, admiration, and love.

Amazonia crashes to the floor. Petra rushes her, moves to attack. Amazonia intercepts the blow, kicks Petra back, finds her footing --

-- lunges forward with terrifying speed, thrusting her sword through Petra's breastplate. Yanks her sword out.

Undaunted, Petra charges. Amazonia kicks her sword, sending it exploding in the air - catches it - decapitating her head.

Mikaela runs into Amazonia's arms. Outpouring of motion.

MIKAELA

Not that I mind. But I'm going to wear your breastplate pattern on my face.

A ragged whisper...

KLEOPTOLEME (O.S.)

Am I dead.

A barely conscious Kleoptoleme stirs. Confused, blinking through her laudanum haze. Mikaela rushes to her side.

MIKAELA

If you are, then I must be an angel, and that's the one thing I'm not.

Amazonia in disbelief, surveys the room, her mind heavy with worry. Notices Achillea's body missing. Under her breath...

AMAZONIA

Do my eyes deceive me--? Ares.

Mikaela, oblivious to it all... turns to Amazonia.

MIKAELA

I saved some. The blood from the  
Gorgon. I just had to.

Outside the walls, a tremendous cheer is heard.

**EXT. STREETS OF THEMISCYRA - DAY**

Amazonia and Callisto, assessing the damage. Despite the  
destruction, most of the city remains intact. Callipatira,  
in full royal garb, joins them.

CALLIPATIRA

Ares. Why would he do that?

AMAZONIA

Anything Ares does is for himself.

CALLISTO

You should be proud.

AMAZONIA

Death is the only winner in war.

CALLIPATIRA

Our sisters and the Amazon nation  
owe you a great debt of gratitude.

AMAZONIA

I am happy, Queen Callipatira. If  
I was able to be of some small  
service to my beloved sisters.

Callipatira and Amazonia bump forearm guards.

CALLIPATIRA

Farewell, Amazonia. May the Gods  
speed you on your way.

**INT. BEDCHAMBER - DAY**

Awash sunlight. Kleoptoleme lies in bed. Thermodosa and  
Mikaela by her side. Amazonia kisses Kleoptoleme's forehead.

KLEOPTOLEME

Long live the new Queen!

AMAZONIA

One day you shall lead our nation  
into peace and prosperity.

KLEOPTOLEME  
Will you come back?

AMAZONIA  
Of course, Themiscyra is my home.

**INT. CAVE - DAY**

Carrying a torch, Amazonia leads the way, holding Mikaela's hand. Stop when they hear a boy's soft cries. Jonas walks from the shadows - shy, a little scared.

Amazonia's face lights up. Jonas looks back over his shoulder at Amphalia, who nods; it's all right.

AMAZONIA  
Jonas.

Surprised, Jonas matches her gaze. Something in Amazonia's face calms him. She kneels, runs his fingers along her face. Tears of joy rolls down her cheek.

JONAS  
I have your eyes.

AMAZONIA  
No. I have yours.

She takes Jonas in her arms, at first he's tentative, then melts into her embrace. Mikaela looks on, touched.

Amazonia stares into the empty darkness.

JONAS (O.S.)  
Mother?

She turns back, grabs Jonas and Mikaela.

MIKAELA  
It is finally over, then?

AMAZONIA  
No, it's just begun.

**INT. IMPERIAL ALCOVE - NIGHT**

A vast space of vaulted stone. Torches burn. Achillea lies on the alter. No armor, just a simple dress.

SEDITIONOUS KANE, a SPECTOR IN A GREY CLOAK sweeps in, hooded and faceless, a scythe as a walking stick. Disembodied voice.

SEDITIONIOUS

Rise!

He calmly waves his hand at her, Jedi-style. And WHAM...

An INVISIBLE PULSE warps the air, Achillea, her eyes open. It takes a moment for her to gather her bearings.

Achillea hops down, stunned she's alive... turns to face the grey cloak who looks on. Sneering malevolently back...

ACHILLEA

Who are you?

SEDITIONIOUS

A friend to some. A foe to others.  
I have so much to teach you. We  
must harness the darkness which  
consumes your soul to expel what  
little light remains. Only then can  
you master the gift that was given  
to you so long ago... come. For  
tomorrow my real work begins.

ACHILLEA

You make your vows. Now I'll make  
mine. You don't want me. The  
first chance I get I'd stick a  
knife in your back.

Seditious nods at her, walks off. But something's gnawing at her. Her eyes filled with a dark vengeance.

FADE OUT:

**EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT**

**CHYRON; the Great City of AMPHIPOLIS.**

In the foreground, a quaint metropolis of ivory and gold, bordered on a cliff, tapering down from a snow white peak; its villas, temples, reflecting off tranquil waters.

Two PIRATE SHIPS sitting at anchor nearby.

A number of drunk PIRATES disembark, jugs of wine, causing a ruckus. There's a horrible, otherworldly ANIMAL SHRIEKING. They stop dead in their tracks.

Materializing before them... the Knightlords. Ominous specters in the glow of moonlight. Black steeds frothing at the mouth, dripping saliva.



PIRATE

What the hell is that?

VALASKA

From whence you come. Go back.  
Never to return!

PIRATE

Let's, for fun, say if we don't.  
What then?

Done with them. Valaska's steed rears up, its nostril-like igniters shoots out a roaring tube of flames.

His body erupts in FLAMES! A human fireball, screaming and writhing. Layers of skin dripping off like wet tissue paper.

The angry pirate crew stare, in shock at what just happened.

The CLICK of pistols cocking, the angry pirate crew with their weapons aimed at the warriors, who look on menacingly.

BOOM! Pistols FIRE... their bullets are just going right through them with no effect. They can't kill them.

All four steeds rear up - WHOOSH! The pirates duck as...

Flames torch one of their ships. The fire ignites the ship's CANNONS. KABOOM. Splintering the ocean with falling debris.

The Knightlords dismount, pull sabers. Transformed. Their skin in the latter stages of rigor-mortis. Faces cloaked in shadow. Their eyes burn RED.

VALASKA

Where's your Captain?

A beat, CAPTAIN POLK, 50s, bearded, steps forth.

And Valaska STRIKES him down on his head with her sword, practically splitting him lengthwise.

The other's GASP, then draw their swords.

The Knightlords attack with a vicious savagery, hacking them to pieces. Eviscerates the pirate's carcasses.

Otrera ducks a saber, impales the pirate with an inverted sword stab at the same time whirls, slicing off the head of another.

The remaining pirates are stunned by the display of supernatural powers. They retreat back to the ship, getting the hell out of there.

In the firelight, the Knightlords turns on their steeds and ride off. The Pirates look after them. The carnage.