

RISE OF THE AMAZONS

Episode One:

"Sins of thy Mother"

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FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A cloudless void. Pitch black. A glittering starfield.

REA (V.O.)

*Before the ash, before the blood,
there was peace. Long ago, at the
edge of the world, my sisters and
I ruled the kingdom of Themiscyra.
The poets called us legends.*

The camera SUDDENLY PLUMMETS, leaving the heavens behind.

REA (V.O.)

*But a shadow has falling over our
shores. An unknown foreign King is
orchestrating a secret plot to
ignite a war between Athens, the
rising power of Rome, and the
gods. I left my kingdom, searching
for answers.*

Descending fast through the dark, the stars vanish,
giving way to a bleak, arid horizon.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A howling wind whips red dust across endless sand dunes.

An AMAZON rides hard. A royal cloak ripples from her
shoulder; leather bustier dress, ARMOR gleams with an
ethereal, divine luster.

A scarf swaddles her face. Only her piercing eyes show.

REA (V.O.)

*I sought a Seer, desperate to
understand a dark vision sent to
me by the Fates.*

The warrior pulls her reins. The stallion halts.

A rumble grows into a deafening roar: THUNDERING HOOVES
along the sand. She wheels her mount around --

Three PIRATES crest the ridge on massive black horses.
They wear a mismatched mess of stolen Greek armor, Roman
breastplates, and Persian helmets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REA (V.O.)

*But the puppet master's reach was
already wide. His marauders
infested the roads. They thought
an Amazon alone was easy prey.*

The warrior pulls down her scarf, revealing a stern,
beautiful face. This is PRINCESS REA.

REA (V.O.)

They were wrong.

The pirate leader, ZENICETES, spurs his horse forward.

ZENICETES

By the black waves of the Styx,
your head is worth fifty talents
of silver to the King.

Rea stares back, cold and unmoved.

ZENICETES

Speak, Amazon! Silence does not
buy your life.

REA

Only two types of men question me,
pirate. The dead, and those about
to join them. Choose your side.

ZENICETES

(sneers)

You mock the Sea-Wolves of Soli?
The sea is our slave. The desert
will be your grave.

REA

Silence, cur. May Hades devour
your soul.

ZENICETES

I hear Amazons fight with honor.
Die the same --

SCHWING. Zenicetes freezes mid-sentence, eyes wide in
shock. He looks down. A dagger is buried in his chest.

The blade GLIMMERS SUPERNOVA BRIGHT, casting blinding
light across the dunes.

Zenicetes slumps from his saddle, dead.

Panicked, the pirates shield their eyes from the glow -
lunge forward, trying to yank Rea from her horse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

In a flash, draws her sword. SWISH. SWISH. Two headless corpse slump into the sand.

Rea furrows her brow in concentration --

The light from her dagger fades back into a dull shimmer.

With a sickening rip, the dagger tears backward out of the wound - flies through the air, slams into her hand.

MORE PIRATES charge out of the dark, scimitars raised.

Rea kicks it into a gallop. Her horse surges forward like a rocket, leaving the attackers eating dust.

INT. THE SHRINE OF THE DEAD - NIGHT

Rea rips a torch from its bracket. A small leather oil pouch hangs from the base.

Rea checks the weight, nods, and hooks it to her armor.

She pushes through a dark stone labyrinth to find--

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE-- a medieval veil and swathed in heavy, gray expensive silks that shift with an unsettling, dry leaves.

REA

Mantis Praxidike, "the shade-speaker." Advisor to the demonic and underworld?

Smoky, sulfurous vapors rise from a jagged fissure in the stone floor. Praxidike sways over the mist.

REA

They say you are evil. That you bargain with the dead to harvest your prophecies.

Praxidike offers a bemused smile beneath her veil.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

Your kings read the stars and pray to the smoke of burning meat. I speak to the dead to carve a wiser path forward. Yet, my words are ever unheeded.

Rea whips out her sword with blinding speed, puts it to the Praxidike's throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REA

Where does your allegiance lie?
With the living, or the dead?

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

(amused, unbothered)

The dead do not pay in gold,
Princess Rea. But they are far
better listeners. Lower your
steel. You did not come to spill
my blood.

Rea NODS her acceptance, sheaths her sword.

REA

A divine warning has found me.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

Did the high priests at Delphi
speak this warning?

REA

No, a whisper from the Fates.

Rea pulls a blood-stained parchment from her armor.

Praxidike takes it, runs her fingers across the stains.

REA

A riddle of death and ash. It
leaves me no rest.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The Fates do not speak in straight
lines. They speak in loops.

Praxidike grabs dried herbs and fat - flings them into
the fissure. HISS.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

*"By blind blood slain, the second
born shall fall; Then a fool robs
the Grave-King to answer love's
call; And the Phantom Queen's fire
shall consume the high hall."*

Praxidike drops the parchment. She steps back, her
expensive silks rustling like dead autumn leaves.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The Fates have decreed it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REA

Decreed what? Speak plainly, Seer!
What have they decreed?

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The Oracle's Dark Kinship.

She turns to a shelf of rotting scrolls, pulls down a cracked, ancient clay tablet.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The riddle is a mirror to this
ancient curse.

(beat)

Look at this tablet. The rhythm
matches your parchment exactly.

Thick, oily black smoke billows, twisting like two intertwined snakes.

Rea paces - impatient.

REA

The smoke grows thick. Speak the
rest. What is the fate of my
daughters?

Her voice is somewhere between a whisper and a hiss.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

(rhythmic, chanting)

*"One thread of morning, one strand
of the night. Entwined by the
blood of the Amazon's right. But
the hand of the Dawn shall stumble
in fear. To sever the life of the
kin held dear."*

REA

Do not speak to me in riddles!

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

*"To knot the frayed cord, the
weaver must descend. And barter
her soul for a life without end.
Yet Hades is cold, and his bargain
is deep. A promise the weaver is
now tethered to keep."*

REA

I will pay any price to restore
it. I will offer a thousand bulls,
a mountain of gold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Opening her eyes, staring through the mist...

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

Hear the end of the song,
Princess!

(shuts her eyes)

*"If the Shadow-Heir sits where the
Light used to reign, the weaver
shall rise with a rattling chain.
She shall lead the dead shades to
burn and to tear, till the city of
MAIDEN is smoke in the air."*

The divine light fades from the Seer's eyes.

The smoke vanishes. The trance snaps. She pulls away, her
voice returning to a cold, flat monotone.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The loom is silent.

Rea dismissively waves away the wishful thinking.

REA

How do I fix it?

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The threads are spun. You cannot
untangle what is woven.

(then)

Go home, weaver. And pray the
thread holds.

A tense beat.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

Your womb is not barren; you can
bear more to secure our bloodline.

Rea turns, her cloak swirling, and takes a fast step
toward the exit.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

Do not rob the Grave-king to turn
the thread. Nor bargain with the
kingdom of the dead.

Rea freezes - does not look back.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

For if the fallen branch is made
to bloom, the weaver's love
becomes the kingdom's doom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

REA

I am a mother. I do not forsake my
own.

She raises her torch, stalks out.

REA (V.O.)

*I swore I would change their fate.
I swore I would protect them both.*

EXT. THEMISCYRA - DAY

SUPER - "Ten Years Later"

The pristine, beautiful cliffs of the Amazon kingdom.

EXT. THEMISCYRA - BEACH - DAY

TWO YOUNG GIRLS (14) trade brutal wooden sword strikes.

REA (V.O.)

*For ten years, I kept the secret.
For ten years, I watched them
grow. But you cannot hide from the
Fates... and you cannot hide from
a King who wants a war.*

This is AMAZONIA, fighting with defensive grace, and
ACHILLEA, attacking with vicious, unhinged rage.

Achillea lunges, swinging her wooden sword directly at
Amazonia's throat—not a spar, a killing blow.

Amazonia falls backward into the sand, terrified.

Before Achillea can strike again, a hand catches the
wooden blade.

QUEEN REA, 50. Resplendent in white and gold. Her tiara,
a crown of jewels. Her face is a mask of stern
discipline.

She twists the wood, disarming Achillea.

REA

A spar is to sharpen the mind,
Achillea. Not to murder your
sister.

Achillea glares at her mother in silent fury. Rea turns
her back on Achillea, offering a hand to pull Amazonia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REA

Your shield arm was low. When an opponent fights with anger, you do not retreat. You use their momentum against them. Like this.

Rea begins adjusting Amazonia's stance.

REA

A warrior must abide by the laws, the word of Artemis. Exercise mercy and justice in your deeds and judgements. Without FAVOR or HATE. Nor wickedness, amiable without treachery, compassionate for the suffering. Prefer DEATH to DISHONOR.

Rea shoots a glance towards Achillea.

REA

But above all, protect Themiscyra for she cannot defend herself.

Achillea's eyes lock onto Rea's greave. A gleaming, steel DAGGER rests in Rea's sheath.

Achillea lunges. She SEIZES the dagger and makes jagged slashes across her mother's face.

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

Rea collapses to one knee, gasping in shock.

ACHILLEA

(screaming)

You love her more! You always love her more!

Amazonia reacts on pure instinct. She tackles Achillea into the sand. The two grapple.

AMAZONIA

Get away from her!

Amazonia wrestles for control of Achillea's wrist.

Achillea fights like a wild animal, pressing the dagger down toward Amazonia's chest.

Amazonia throws her weight forward, executing the exact move Rea just taught her, using Achillea's momentum against her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They roll. A sickening MID-AIR REVERSAL.

A sharp, breathless GASP. The struggle ends.

Amazonia looks down. Her hands are on the handle, but the dagger is buried deep in Achillea's chest.

Achillea's eyes go wide, stares blankly. The life drains from them. She goes limp.

AMAZONIA

No... No, Achillea, wake up. I'm
sorry! Mother, help her!

Rea drags her bleeding face across the sand, pulling Achillea into her arms. She presses the wound, but it is too late.

REA (V.O.)

*The Seer warned me. The Fates
demanded it. But they
underestimated the depths of a
mother's grief.*

Amazonia snaps out of it, horrified at the sight of Rea's disfigured face.

REA

(lying)
She's not dead.

She kneels before Amazonia, extends her arms. Her sword, the seal of Artemis is scripted on its blade.

REA

Do you know what it is?

AMAZONIA

(teary-eyed)
The Mournblade, "Cursed Saber of
the Fallen."

REA

It has served me well -- it shall
you. Take it.

(a sad beat)
Don't weep. We will embrace again
if the stars align. I believe it
to be so. Speak not a word to no
one, but the High Priestess. Go!

Rea looks up from her dead child, her tear-stained face hardens. She looks out toward the crashing ocean waves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REA (V.O.)

*If the gods wanted a war... they
would have to settle it with me.*

EXT. STREETS OF THEMISCYRA - DAY

A great wall with battle armaments which stretches out to infinity. An ancient Greek city; glorious, gleaming with SPECTACULAR TOWERS, STATUES, TEMPLES.

SUPER - THEMISCYRA, Kingdom of the Amazons

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

Shrouded by tropical splendor. Its centerpiece - a statue of GODDESS ARTEMIS.

ORITHIA (O.S.)

A heavy heart weighs a warrior's sword. Welcome to the fucking sisterhood!

ORITHIA, north of 40, great shape - oversees YOUNG GIRLS with wooden swords and shields as they train.

ORITHIA

Let us see if you have learned all
I have to teach.

EXT. PAVILION - DAY

A temple-like structure.

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

AMAZONIA (O.S.)

Thermodosa!

Amazonia rushes in, can barely speak. Without looking up:

THERMODOSA

What holds her tongue, Amazonia?

She sees a distraught Amazonia, the blood.

Off Thermodosa, a look of grave concern...

INT. TEMPLE - DAY

Incense fumes spiral toward the heavens. Enormous statue of HECATE towers over the lone worshipper.

Achillea's linen-wrapped body rests on a stone altar.

Rea searches her serene, inscrutable face. Looking for answers. Finding none.

The flame of the brazier moves almost imperceptibly, caught by the tiniest of drafts.

Rea's eyes find Mantis Praxidike. She looks at the Seer, cold and detached.

Temple bell TOLLS. Perhaps it tolls for Rea.

REA

I cannot let her die.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

I know.

REA

Then you should have seen this day coming.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

Oh, I have. So did Prophetess Ananke. It is the reason for my presence.

Silence speaks volumes. Then,

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

When it comes to prophecies -- don't believe everything you hear.

REA

Ananke foretells one of salvation?

A pregnant pause. Praxidike nods.

REA

Anything you wish to say to me?

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

A great deal. Better I keep that quiet for now. Are you loyal? Will you serve me?

Rea bows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REA

I am loyal, I will serve you.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The swords you seek. The Gladius Lux -- buried with its twin -- the Gladius Tenebris.

(tense beat)

But it requires going back to the ruins of Aethelgard. The one place you are most afraid to go.

EXT. A MIST ENSHROUDED FOREST - DAY

On horseback, Thermodosa gallops through swirls of mist, jumps a fallen log. She swings from side to side, ducking the low branches of trees.

Up ahead, Achillea's body wrapped in a cloth, slug over a horse. A cloaked Rea ties it down. Her crown is gone, her armor.

REA

We ride for the Cape of Taenarum.
The gates to the deep.

THERMODOSA

Forgive me. I cannot like this plan.

REA

You have always known this day would come.

THERMODOSA

Pause a moment, if you need.

REA

To create a life there must be a death. The balance of the world has to be repaid.

(beat)

I will not reverse course.

An agonizing moment feels like an eternity. Finally -

REA

None of us choose our destiny.

(a sad beat)

And none of us can escape it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA

Achillea's jealous of her sister --
it corrupts her.

REA

Perhaps it's your destiny to
change that.

THERMODOSA

You may think bringing her back
saves the lineage, but who returns
is often no longer human-- perhaps
a shade or a vessel for something
darker--

REA

I'm sorry you have so little faith
in me, mother.

THERMODOSA

You are my only child, to the eye
your smiling face is like any
other. It is every mother's fate
to think her child is special and
yet I would give my life that you
were not so.

REA

My love for you has not dimmed.

Thermodosa strokes her daughter's hair and kisses her
forehead. They embrace, lovingly.

Off Thermodosa, deeply troubled.

INT. THE THRONE ROOM OF EREBOS - UNDERWORLD

No torches. Vast, silent, obsidian black, lit by the
eerie glow of the river Styx.

REA (V.O.)

*I defied the warning. I marched
straight into the kingdom of ash.
Not to beg... but to trade.*

Rea stands at the edge of a massive obsidian dais. She is
bruised, robes torn from the descent through the caverns.

Rea lays her daughter's body on the floor and looks up.

High above her sits HADES. He is draped in shadows that
bleed into the floor. His face is pale, handsome, and
entirely devoid of pity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Behind him, the ghosts of the damned drift like gray smoke. His voice a low, resonant rumble.

HADES

You coming here has caught the Gods ire!

REA

Do I look like someone who cares what the gods think?! We are the Last Order of the Achlyans!

HADES

You crossed the rivers of fire, Queen Rea. You walked the fields of Asphodel. Speak, before the Furies take your tongue.

REA

I came for a trade, Lord of the Unseen. Take my breath. Take my blood. Take my place among your shadows. Just let my daughter, Achillea, return to the sunlight.

A faint, terrible smile touches his lips.

HADES

Ah. A mother's sacrifice. How original. Do you think your grief is a currency I have not seen a million times before?

REA

My soul holds the weight of a realm. I offer it freely. One life for one life. The law of the cosmos allows it.

HADES

The law allows it. But the seer warned you of the price, didn't she?

Hades notes her hesitation and chuckles.

HADES

They told you that if the fallen branch blooms, your love becomes the kingdom's doom. And yet, here you stand. Begging to sign the contract.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REA

I do not care about the kingdom.

HADES

Splendid. Then let us write the terms in iron.

Hades stands. The shadows around him unfurl like wings. He steps down the dais, his movements silent.

HADES

Your daughter shall breathe again. She will walk the upper world. But a soul cannot be borrowed; it must be paid for. Your breath ends the moment hers begins.

REA

I accept.

HADES

And you shall remain here, a shade in my court. A servant to the dark. Bound to my will.

He stands inches from her now. His eyes are like bottomless wells.

HADES

But hear the final clause. If the blood corrupt ascends the throne-- you will be summoned. Not as a mother, but as a weapon of the Underworld. Do you still accept?

Rea smiles politely.

REA

No, My second born is first heir. Achillea will have no title, no claim, and no power. The throne is safe.

HADES

Human assumptions are the fuel of my realm. Your terms are struck.

The mist swallows Rea. On the floor, Achillea's eyes suddenly SNAP OPEN.

They burn with an eerie, cold light. She gasps, drawing her first breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REA (V.O.)
*The Ghost King accepted the trade.
 But the gods never give a gift
 without a curse.*

Light streams through Rea's pores, TRANSITIONING US TO --

INT. BEDCHAMBERS - DAY

Awash stark morning light. Achillea's in bed, sick with fever. Thermodosa dabs her forehead with wet towels.

Even in her weakened state, Achillea is combative.

THERMODOSA
 I'm concerned about you, Achillea.
 Losing your mother is hard.

ACHILLEA
 Let's not pretend. Poor Rea was a
 more loving mother to Amazonia
 than she ever was with me.

THERMODOSA
 Not true. In spite of it all --
 she loved you both equally.

A KNOCK -- a teary-eyed Amazonia enters the chambers.

AMAZONIA
 Thermodosa. Where's mother?

Thermodosa stares, a solemn expression.

EXT. SHORELINE OF THE THERMODON RIVER - DAY

A dozen horses pummel the sand. Mounted AMAZON WARRIORS in full regalia, horsehair-plumed helmets - armor ablaze by the sun, Racing to Themiscyra.

SUPER - *"Twelve years later..."*

SQUAWKING ominously, a CARRIER CROW dives out of the sky, lands on the forearm of--

Amazonia, her face has grown into striking features - patterned her look and style after *"Xena, Warrior Princess."*

She peels the message on its leg, watches it fly away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHNA rides up. 40s, with the vigor of a young woman. A warrior whose bravery is tempered by wisdom. Face scarred by many battles.

AMAZONIA

Any sign of the Marauder activity?

RACHNA

None.

CALLISTO, half-human, half-dryad, rides up from a forward scout position. Blonde hair habitually tied back with a piece of leather.

Note: her SEA-GREEN EYES with GOLD FLECKS turn a DEEP FOREST GREEN whenever she's in battle or enraged.

AMAZONIA

Give report.

CALLISTO

A single rider advances, hard upon reins.

AMAZONIA

(to her warriors)

Do not engage unless given command! Stand ready!

The RIDER draws closer. Amazonia recognizes him.

AMAZONIA

Well, what have we here? Spear.

A warrior tosses her a spear, she doesn't hurl it yet.

He pulls back on the reins, rearing up as he stops. Reveal SOLIS, a charming man carved from solid granite.

CALLISTO

It's that Thracian -- Solis.

RACHNA

Ah, the ex-gladiator.

CALLISTO

He stands the fool, to face our legions with so few.

AMAZONIA

He has proven himself many things.
A fool not among them.

Amazonia cantors up to Solis, not happy to see him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMAZONIA

The fucking cock on you.

SOLIS

I come to warn you! What would you have me do?

RACHNA

How many did you kill? In the arena at least?

SOLIS

One hundred to win my freedom. A hundred more for the fame.

AMAZONIA

Polemusa. Escort the Thracian to Themiscyra before he gets into more trouble.

POLEMUSA, native Indian, beautiful, fit, moves on Solis.

KLEOPTOLEME, 17, a strikingly beautiful girl with a lean, hard body and innocent eyes-- rides up, out of breath.

AMAZONIA

What is it, Kleoptoleme?

EXT. STREETS OF THEMISCYRA - DAY

A medieval sun beats down on bare-chested MALE SLAVES being manacled to wooden posts by Amazons.

One is CRONAN, a small man with a crippled leg and eyes that radiate a calculating charm.

The other, KAZZAK, a rotund man with a great unkempt beard, strains against the cold iron rings.

KAZZAK

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

SYREENA - a dark, sinister beauty, battle-hardened, and a master swordswoman-- looks upon him with revulsion.

SYREENA

The only good man is a dead one.

A slickly-muscled AMAZON approaches, her ARMOR GLEAMS, a paludamentum fastened at one shoulder. It's Achillea, the face of an angel, soul of Beelzebub.

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CONTINUED:

CRONAN

We've not eaten in over a day. We should face death with something in our bellies.

She pulls a DAGGER, puts it to Kazzaks' throat.

ACHILLEA

Which of our enemies paid you for this treachery?! Speak!

KAZZAK

We are not sheep, to be lead to slaughter...

Achillea casually SLITS Kazzaks' THROAT. He collapse in a heap as BLOOD POURS from the gash.

In a flash, Achillea holds her dagger to Cronan's throat.

ACHILLEA

Blood must be spilled.

CRONAN

And blood has.

He glances at his dead comrade. Achillea smiles and slams a PUNCH across Cronan's face. He coughs up blood.

ACHILLEA

Remove his traitorous tongue.

Cronan struggles as Syreena forces his mouth open. Achillea takes a shorter blade. Amazonia grabs her arm.

AMAZONIA

Unchain him.

ACHILLEA

It's not your concern.

AMAZONIA

It should concern all of us!
We're not barbarians. Never bloody your hand unless you must.

Achillea, furious, ready to snap her neck.

AMAZONIA

You forget your place, Achillea. I do not ask. I command.

EXT. QUEEN'S ROYAL PALACE - BALCONY - DAY

Beautiful. Massive. Manicured gardens. Immense wealth.

ROYAL COUNCIL adorned with colorful robes and jewelry, having witnessing it. ISIDORA, DORKAS, PENELOPEIA, and OLYMPIA - the eldest.

ISIDORA

It's only time and point before
Amazonia catches Achillea's wrath.

Penelopeia turns to the other's.

PENELOPEIA

The look in Achillea's eye. I've
seen it before.

OLYMPIA

Yes, Penelopeia. It is the same
one the Romans gave to the
Christians before they feed them
to the lions.

Below them, two SLAVES scrub walls. Each missing a thumb.

A ROYAL GUARD, NEMESIS (guards wear a bejeweled bronze TIARA, bronze armor, and a sagum) monitors them.

INT. QUEEN'S PALACE - THRONE ROOM - DAY

An enormous cathedral-like chamber. Two THRONES sit on a raised dais. Decorated with war trophies from dead GREEK, VIKING, and SPARTAN WARRIORS.

QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS-- MYRINA, 40s, in full royal garb, strong body, paces, deeply troubled.

Amazonia and Achillea bow.

QUEEN MYRINA

Your mother would not wish this.

There's tension between the sisters that the death of their mother cannot mask --

QUEEN MYRINA

Our nation was built atop
unshakable foundation of respect
and honor. The throne. This crown
carries great honor. And with it,
even greater responsibility.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat.

QUEEN MYRINA

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

ACHILLEA

I don't need to be reminded.

QUEEN MYRINA

Somehow, I doubt your mother would approve.

(to Amazonia)

To the matter of these infidels pillaging our land.

AMAZONIA

There are other ways to extract the whereabouts of the thieves. Release him. Let him lead us to them.

QUEEN MYRINA

Uh huh.

ACHILLEA

I'm not sure that is wise.

AMAZONIA

My Queen, do you serve my sister, or does she serve you?

An unintentional slight, but it stings Achillea nonetheless.

QUEEN MYRINA

Make it so.

ACHILLEA

As always, the Gods continue to show fucking favor.

QUEEN MYRINA

Take your leave.

Amazonia exits, Achillea bows, one lacking of respect, seethes as she follows, WIPING US TO--

INT. ROYAL PALACE - HALLWAY/STAIRS - NIGHT

Achillea and Syreena walk and talk through the palace - in and out of adjoining rooms, halls, winding staircases.

ACHILLEA

I tell you Syreena, I'm near my wit's end.

SYREENA

The queen has a ill way with her.

ACHILLEA

I've no rebellion. Just a need to see her die.

SYREENA

It is sometimes necessary to do some bad in order to achieve a much greater good.

ACHILLEA

Vengeance won't wane with the sunset. Rest assured, my time shall come.

As they sweep out, their cloaks WIPING US TO --

INT. DUNGEON - DAY

A torch illuminates the tomblike passageway as an imposing Royal Guard, GLYKERIA, escorts Solis to a cell.

He glances at the somber surroundings.

SOLIS

A bit gloomy in here. Ever thought of knocking out a wall, putting in a window?

(beat)

Something bright. Airy. Some flowers perhaps?

GLYKERIA

Move along.

She seizes his arm roughly, shoos him towards a cell --

INT. CELL - DAY

The heavy iron doors swing open --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's thrown into a dank cell, falling face down on a pile of dirty straw. He rises, looks around --

A bruised and bloodied Cronan in torn and soiled garments, loll forlornly.

EXT. BLACK FOREST - DAY

A lone rider, draped in a hooded cloak, spurs her horse at a moderate clip. A worn leather purse bounces against the saddle.

The rider scans the dense tree line. Sensing danger, she kicks the horse into a hard GALLOP.

She rounds a sharp bend and pulls the reins tight.

Blocking the road are a half-dozen ARMORED AMAZONS on horseback. The warriors wheel their mounts, encircling the rider in a tight, defensive formation.

In the bunch, Syreena, and THORA, body of a female wrestler.

The rider reaches up and pulls back her hood.

This is GIA, 20s-- striking, and radiating a dangerous blend of sensuality and mischief.

Achillea spurs her horse forward. She stops short. Gia's beauty catches her completely off guard.

She eyes the unmistakable Egyptian gold resting against Gia's collarbone. She locks eyes with her.

Gia tracks Achillea's gaze. The attraction is mutual.

ACHILLEA

You are a long way from the warm waters of the Nile, traveler.

(beat)

Strangers do not walk the path to Themiscyra. State your name before my warriors find a use for your throat.

Gia does not flinch.

GIA

I'm Gia. I have not braved the Black Sea to seek your city. I have braved it to seek you, Achillea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

(wary)
You've heard of me?

GIA

Who hasn't. Your reputation
precedes you.

ACHILLEA

A proper woman should never travel
without an escort.

GIA

I am not a proper woman.

The surrounding Amazon entourage erupts into a mix of
nervous murmurs and scoffing LAUGHTER.

Gia doesn't blink. Her eyes stay locked on Achillea.

GIA

I was a prisoner in Rome. I fled.

ACHILLEA

No one simply walks out of Rome.
How did you escape?

GIA

The Republic is rife with
corruption.

ACHILLEA

And why did they lock you away?

GIA

I told the Senate and Lucius
Octavius Rome will burn.

Thora's horse shifts uncomfortably, sensing its rider's
sudden tension. Thora stares at Gia, realization dawning.

THORA

They call her the Sibyl of
Alexandria. Do not look into her
eyes, or she will read the day you
die.

Gasps amongst the other's. Achilleas' interest is piqued.

ACHILLEA

Ride with me. It seems I require
your services.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SYREENA

Achillea, is this wise? Perhaps it
would be best to --

ACHILLEA

-- No argument, Syreena. Go on
ahead. I will join you shortly.

Syreena nods, leads the warriors away, WIPING US TO --

EXT. BLACK FOREST - TRAIL - LATER

The dense canopy filters the afternoon sun into long,
dusty beams. Gia and Achillea ride side-by-side.

ACHILLEA

You don't ride like a Oracle. You
ride like someone trying to outrun
her own shadow.

GIA

When the shadow belongs to Rome,
you learn to ride fast.

ACHILLEA

Rome is a thousand miles away.

GIA

Rome is expanding like a plague.
And because my visions didn't show
me a city. They showed me a face.

ACHILLEA

My face?

GIA

(softly, teasing)
It's a very difficult face to
forget. Especially when it's
covered in blood.

ACHILLEA

I am a warrior. Blood is my trade.

GIA

Not just any blood. Yours. Spilled
by a kinship.

ACHILLEA

I do not understand.

GIA

You shall.

EXT. HIGH PALACE BALCONY - NIGHT

A stone parapet hangs over the sheer cliffs of Themiscyra. Below, the torchlit grid of the city stretches to the sea.

Weary, Amazonia stands at the ledge. Rachna joins her.

AMAZONIA

You were my mother's trusted and loyal friend.

RACHNA

An honor I bore gladly. And now, I serve you.

AMAZONIA

You have done more than serve, Rachna. You have been family.

(beat)

Power breeds enemies. Tell me... did my mother harbor many?

RACHNA

Because of your mother's reign, Themiscyra has never known greater prosperity.

AMAZONIA

Or greater corruption. The elders raise taxes merely to enrich their own coffers.

RACHNA

It is what rulers have always done.

AMAZONIA

But the ultimate power rested with her.

RACHNA

And one day, it shall with you.

Rachna reaches into her armor and produces a weathered TOKEN OF CARVED OAK. She holds it out.

Amazonia looks at it, but her hands remain gripping the stone railing. She refuses to take it.

RACHNA

A token. Of days past.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

I wish only to serve the Gods and my kin. Not a cause, and certainly not a crown.

RACHNA

Do you truly think the gates of Mount Olympus swing open simply because you down a sparring partner with wood instead of steel? Piety does not absolve you of duty.

AMAZONIA

Perhaps not. But judgment finds us all in the end, Rachna.

RACHNA

We have all watched men fall by the work of our own hands. We have done so in service of God, Queen, and King. But we must all be driven by a deeper burn. We must feel that fire, Amazonia, or we wither and die.

Rachna puts a comforting hand on Amazonias' shoulder.

A long beat. Then leaves Amazonia to her thoughts.

CLOSE ON THE RAILING

The carved token rests on the flat stone.

A few inches away, Amazonia's fingers tighten against the parapet. She makes no movement toward the wood.

INT. ROYAL COUNCIL VESTIBULE - NIGHT

The Royal Council enters from the chamber, then onto the broad steps. They chat amongst themselves.

Myrina pass through the doors. In lock step, Amazonia and QUEEN DIANA TROY, a young, pretty, and stately woman.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Pirates? So far up the river?

ISIDORA

They are here to hunt us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLYMPIA

The slave markets of Delos are hungry, and they know what Amazon flesh fetches in gold.

QUEEN MYRINA

Do you trust this infidel?

AMAZONIA

I do, Queen Diana Troy.

QUEEN MYRINA

How large?

AMAZONIA

Small, easily runoff.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

You like him, don't you?

AMAZONIA

With utmost respect, my queen...he will not be a burden.

Diana Troy takes Myrina aside and speaks in a whisper.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

She wishes to bear child.

Myrina regards Amazonia almost bemused.

AMAZONIA

I'll watch him carefully, arrange his departure for dawn.

QUEEN MYRINA

Very well.

Amazonia bows her head in gratitude. The queens move off,
WIPING US TO --

EXT. TEMPLE OF GAIA - NIGHT

A secluded mud hut, flickering from the firelight within.
Horses tethered to a tree.

INT. TEMPLE OF GAIA - NIGHT

A small, ornate room. There's a stone table.

Achillea near a fire, its sparks and smoke rising to a hole in the ceiling above.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gia removes runestones from a leather pouch, continues with her ritual, placing the stone in a golden chalice.

Slowly, Gia raises it...

Then spills the runestones onto the stone table.

Gia picks up several stones and "reads" their symbolic markings with her finger-tips, braille-style.

ACHILLEA

Prophecy?

GIA

I only see glimpses, fragments...
never the whole.

(then)

One will come, who will know the
dark and the light. But, how you
choose could result in the
granting of your every wish... or
be the instrument of your death.

Gia senses an unspoken question.

GIA

Why such a thought? You know the
answer. Yes, you will be queen.

ACHILLEA

Where did you learn to do that?

GIA

As an Oracle you've got to know
how to read people or you don't
last very long.

Achillea eyes her, more suspicious than surprised.

Gia shrugs off her cloak, revealing a naked body built
for mischief underneath a bejeweled sheer dress.

GIA

Send me on my way, then.

She draws Gia's face to her own and gives her a hot kiss.

Gia's hands begin a sensual caressing of Achillea's body
that immediately arouses her desire.

Achillea sheds her armor, Gia helps. They TEAR at the
other's clothes, and drop to the bearskin rug, the motion
TRANSITIONING US TO --

EXT. AMAZONIA'S VILLA - TERRACE - NIGHT

Amazonia stands near the rails, looking down at the beautiful torchlit city, lost in thought.

FLASHBACK - EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

SHAPES MOVING IN THE SHINY RAIN. SOUNDS OF WAR: GALATIAN CELTS and THRACIANS CLASH. An EPIC BATTLE.

Metal against metal. Massive Celtic longswords cut and sever. Body parts flying, screams of the wounded, the dying.

The Celts surge, blowing eerie bronze carnyx horns - threatening to overrun the Thracian lines.

Our frenzied BRIGADE OF AMAZONS charge -- equal parts skill and power as they carve a bloody path through the Celtic horde.

Ancient Greece Neos slicing through a medieval Matrix.

Callisto fights alongside Rachna -- her DEEP FOREST GREEN eyes glow, cutting down Celts at will. She's fearless.

A giant Celtic soldier thrusts his sword at Amazonia, who catches his wrist mid-thrust -- disarms the warrior whose wrist she still holds, uses his own sword to kill him.

A SPEAR ROCKETS towards Amazonia -- just as it's about to skewer her -- she's YANKED to the side.

The spear is buried into a Celtic chieftain's horse, he topples to the ground.

She looks to whom saved her, it's Solis, light armor, covered in blood. Amazonia smiles, they eye-fuck each other with desire.

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

SOLIS

I saved your ass.

AMAZONIA

And you'll have it tonight.

RESUME SCENE

Amazonia smiles at the memory. It is short lived.

A Royal Guard escorts Solis in. Amazonia dismisses her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLIS

I love you.

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.

SOLIS

What about love?

AMAZONIA

Love's expressed in many ways. Friends. Family. Some remain celibate. Other's find it in the arms of one another.

SOLIS

Enough with the tough talk.

AMAZONIA

Then let us turn towards more pressing matters.

She reaches down, grabbing his cock.

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.

Amazonia kisses him, hard. Solis responds with all his heart, their love TRANSITIONING US TO --

INT. TEMPLE OF GAIA - NIGHT

The bearskin rug around them, both glisten with sweat. Gia cuddles with Achillea, soothing her to rest... to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIA
You wish to rest?

ACHILLEA
If I do, I shall tell you.

Gia runs a finger over a branded mark on Achillea's upper arm; *"an imperfect CROSS." Amazonia bears the same mark.*

GIA
That mark. I've seen it before.

Achillea moves atop Gia, Gia with her eyes half-closed, lips part, ready to be ravaged until...

The faint sound of HORSES HOOVES approach.

Achillea rises, her nude form in silhouette from the dying flames. She throws on her leathers.

Gia half wraps herself in her cloak, nude beneath it.

ACHILLEA
What is this...?

GIA
Rome is barbaric place and a woman must never be without dagger. Perhaps you'd like to see mine.

Achillea seizes her wrist, forces her to drop the dagger.

ACHILLEA
No, wait here!

A MOMENT between them. Growing CONNECTION. Gia gets out. Achillea breaks away, Gia stops her.

GIA
Tarry a moment. I hear Amazons fight with honor. If so, die the same.

Achillea smiles as she secures her armor.

OFF Gia, her own concerns far from assuaged.

EXT. TEMPLE OF GAIA - NIGHT

The landscape is bathed in moonlight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Three CILICIAN BRIGANDS in filthy tunics eye Achillea's warhorse. They grip brutal weapons, heavy maces and curved kopis blades.

CASTUS, nervous, his eyes darting around. He is flanked by the stocky TRYPHON, and HERACLEO.

CASTUS

Could be more. Like wolves -- they travel in packs.

Achillea stalks out, attacks. The combat is brutal, messy, and primitive.

Before Tryphon can raise his mace, she shears his arm off. He screams. Blood splashes.

Achillea is a relentless, unstoppable killing machine.

Drives her blade through Castus's heart.

Aghast, Heracleo abandons the fight and flees.

She hurls her sword. The blade buries itself deep into Heracleo's back. He drops dead.

A wet groan. Achillea turns.

Tryphon lies there, clutching his stump, barely alive.

ACHILLEA

You bleed on sacred ground.

Grabs his mace and bludgeons him to death.

Achillea scans the area for more. Her gaze is drawn to the edge of the woods.

A GREY-CLOAKED FIGURE coalesces briefly. He leans on a scythe like a cane. His face is hidden in shadow. This is SEDITIOUS KANE.

She stares, stunned, as he melts back into nothingness. Breathing hard, Achillea wipes the blood from her face.

INT. AMAZONIA'S BEDCHAMBERS - NIGHT

Amazonia is awake, studying Solis as he sleeps. She reaches for a pitcher of water and raises it to drink.

He stirs awake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

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

They kiss again. And when their lips part:

AMAZONIA

The hour is upon us.

SOLIS

I do not want to leave your arms.

AMAZONIA

Nor I to see you from them. Yet
you must go with the others.

SOLIS

Come with me.

Amazonia takes him in, wishing it were that simple.

AMAZONIA

If it is a boy I will join you til
the bitter end.

Solis dresses. Tears streak Amazonia's face.

SOLIS

And if it is not?

AMAZONIA

Then I shall wait for you upon the
shores of the afterlife.

OFF the proclamation...

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A horse's hooves, thundering nearer.

The rider is Cronan, pushing the limits of his endurance.

He pulls up, turns back, makes sure he isn't being
followed. Satisfied, takes off.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

In the early morning mist...

Amazonia leads a small army of warriors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

He is a good man.

CALLISTO

Is it true? That his thing is
large as a horse's?

Amazonia flushes, embarrassed. Callisto laughs.

AMAZONIA

The gods have truly blessed him.

The other's shriek with laughter.

AMAZONIA

Set your attentions to our battle
ahead. And do not see them stray.

EXT. PORT CITY OF HERACLES - MARKET - DAY

The hustle and bustle of a seaside trading hub. Foreign
merchants and dusty provincials mix with local fishermen.

SUPER - *"Port City of Heracles..."*

Amazonia raises a hand, halting her guard. She turns to
her warriors, her voice quiet but firm.

AMAZONIA

Scour the taverns and the docks.
Speak to the ship-masters, but
draw no steel unless provoked.

The warriors disperse into the crowd.

DIOMEDES, 50s, an elder villager with weathered skin and
a nervous twitch in his hands, comes hurrying forward.

DIOMEDES

My Lady Amazonia! The gods bless
your footsteps. It is a rare honor
to see the blood of the palace in
our streets.

AMAZONIA

And it is good to see you well,
Diomedes.

Diomedes anxiously eyes the warriors moving through the
crowd, interrogating the citizens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIOMEDES

Has some shadow fallen upon us?
Why do your spears walk our
market?

AMAZONIA

Pirates are stalking this
coastline. The blood of our people
cries out from the ashes of
neighboring shores. I had hoped
your fishermen might have seen
where their sails anchor.

DIOMEDES

(wringing his hands)
We know nothing of such wicked
men. When we were exiles,
wandering the harsh wastelands
with empty bellies, your mother
granted us this dirt to till.

ANOTHER CITIZEN

Our loyalty belongs entirely to
the Queen! We harbor no thieves
here.

Amazonia studies Diomedes' nervous posture. She senses
the fear beneath his praise.

AMAZONIA

I do not doubt your loyalty. But
loyalty alone will not guard your
throat when the sea-wolves land.

Raising her voice to the market -

AMAZONIA

Hear me, people of Heracles! Any
soul who brings word of where
these beasts rest their oars shall
have their taxes lifted for a
year, and gold from the royal
treasury.

The market falls into a tense, whispering silence.
Diomedes swallows hard, looking away. No one speaks.

Suddenly, a sharp scoff breaks the silence from the steps
of a ramshackle tavern nearby.

LAGERIA, 40s, a muscular woman with silver in her hair
and a scar slicing across her forearm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She handles a gutting knife with blunt, brutal efficiency.

She catches Amazonia's eye, spits on the dirt, and walks inside the tavern.

INT. TAVERN - DAY

The tavern is dark, smelling of stale ale and salt fish.

Lageria sits at a corner table, driving her knife deep into the wood so it quivers.

Amazonia steps up to the table. She does not sit.

AMAZONIA

The village elder claims no one here has seen the marauders' sails. But his hands shook, and you scoffed at my gold. Speak plainly, woman. You know who harbors these sea-wolves.

LAGERIA

Diomedes is a farmer. He fears anything that cannot be buried in the dirt.

AMAZONIA

And you? What do you fear?

LAGERIA

I spent twenty winters carrying a bronze aspis in your mother's brigade, Amazonia.

Amazonia looks at Lageria with a raised eyebrow.

LAGERIA

I do not fear sea-wolves. But I know when an amateur is walking her warriors into a slaughterhouse.

AMAZONIA

You fought for my mother? Why are you hiding in a broken hamlet?

Amazonia pulls up a chair and plops herself down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAGERIA

Because I learned that blood
spilled for a throne tastes
exactly like blood spilled in a
gutter. You think these pirates
are local scum? Thugs from our
outer shores? You are blind. The
men who burned the northern ridge
sail from the iron cliffs of
Cilicia.

AMAZONIA

Cilicians? They are half a sea
away. Why cross the Aegean for a
few broken hamlets?

LAGERIA

Because they have grown fat on the
blood of Rome, and no one has the
stomach to stop them.

(tense beat)

Even as we speak, their main fleet
is anchored off the isle of
Pharmacusa. They are holding a
Roman patrician hostage.

AMAZONIA

A nobleman? The palace would have
heard if Rome were marching east.

LAGERIA

Rome knows nothing yet. The boy's
servants are secretly scouring
Miletus to raise the silver. The
pirates demanded twenty talents
for his head, but the fool laughed
in their faces. He told them he
was worth fifty, and ordered them
to double the price.

AMAZONIA

He negotiated his own ransom up?
Is he mad?

LAGERIA

He spends his days in chains
writing poems-- forcing the crew
to listen to his speeches. Barks
orders when he wants to sleep.
The Cilicians treat him like a
pet. They think his arrogance is a
joke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMAZONIA

And what do you think?

LAGERIA

I think a crew bold enough to keep
a future senator of Rome in
shackles for amusement will not
think twice about tearing down the
walls of Themiscyra.

Amazonia tries to read her, see if she's lying.

LAGERIA

If they finish with him and turn
their eyes to our palace... you
are not marching a few spears out
to a victory. You are marching
them into a cage.

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

A bustling, well-oiled military camp.

Amazons move to and fro, preparing for battle. Suiting up
in armor, reading weapons; BATTLE AXES, SWORDS, SPEARS.

INT. COMMAND TENT - NIGHT

Achillea, Syreena, and Thora stand around a table as they
review battle plans over a papyrus map.

The flap opens and Rachna steps through.

ACHILLEA

Any signs of them?

RACHNA

The sky brightens. We will know
soon.

EXT. PONTIC MOUNTAINS - DAY

A wall of jagged limestone pierces the low-hanging fog.

Dense pine forests choke the steep ridges, dropping
sharply into the churning, slate, gray waters of the
Black Sea below.

Rachna raises a medieval TELESCOPE to her eye.

TELESCOPE POV:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the distance smoke from several campfires can be seen from the pirate's camp. Not insurmountable odds.

RACHNA (O.S.)

Strangers from the sea? But look at their vanguard. That man wears the iron cuirass of a Greek hoplite. The one beside him carries a heavy Roman shield.

Beat, Rachna lowers the scope, hands it to Achillea, who looks for herself.

THORA

Have the empires allied against us?

RACHNA

I count one, two dozen.

SYREENA

They think they are hunting. They do not know these woods belong to Artemis.

ACHILLEA

Signal the archers. Let us show these sea-wolves how we treat thieves who come ashore.

EXT. THEMISCYRA PLAIN - DAY

Sweltering humidity hangs over the alluvial marshlands.

Wild olive groves give way to sprawling, mud-slicked military encampment pushing up against the stone walls.

Two dozen PIRATES wearing stolen armor from various armies, are playing a drinking game and cracking each other up.

A few watch surrounding woods as others finish up a meal.

In the bunch, DRAGO, a burly brute, wearing blood-stained Roman armor.

HOOFBEATS fast approach. There are shouts, hands go quickly to weapons. Riding into camp is Cronan.

DRAGO

Aaaaaaah, my bastard brother returns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He dismounts, weary, tired. They embrace.

DRAGO

The other's?

CRONAN

Slaughtered.

HARAX joins them, a pale muscular man with a cruel face. He eye-fucks Cronan, barely able to control his rage.

HARAX

Yet you still breath. They followed you.

Suddenly, FLAMMING ARROWS rain down, torching a slew of Pirates now human fireballs. Their screams echo.

HARAX

This traitor lead them to us.

DRAGO

To arms! We're under attack!

Our warriors charge into camp, collide with the enemy.

Fierce. Unrelenting. Swords, spears, and battle axes smashing, chopping them to.

Archers ride the flanks of battle, picking targets - shoot as they stand in their stirrups or from beneath bellies of their warhorses as they swing beneath.

Achillea's spear drives into the eye-slit of a pirate's helmet and out the back.

Syreena launches herself at a fleeing Harax on horseback. She swings her sword, unseating him.

She stands over him, stabs him to death.

Cronan yanks his sword from a Amazon who dies. A HAND grabs his neck. He turns around to find--

Rachna drives her sword into his heart. He gasps.

CRONAN

Tell the queen her head won't be so pretty when the Kings done!

She glances across at Achillea who dispenses another.

Drago tries to run but warriors drag him to a tree as they pummel him with their fists.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Achillea intervenes.

ACHILLEA

Kill him later if you must. Now we
need him.

She moves off with Syreena in tow, WIPING US TO --

INT. ROYAL PALACE - WAR ROOM - DAY

A library-like room. Books, maps, battle memorabilia.

The Queens, Council, and a few other's gather around. If
it resembles *KNIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE*, all the better.

QUEEN MYRINA

Cilician Pirates?

ACHILLEA

The port of Soli shelters these
dogs. Worse, a foreign king pays
them to harass our borders.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Which king dares fund this
outrage?

ACHILLEA

Our prisoner chooses silence.

CALLISTO

May Poseidon curse their ships and
drown them all.

RACHNA

If he does not, our high cliffs
give us the vantage. We shall spy
their sails long before their
boots touch our sands.

QUEEN MYRINA

Enough. Increase our patrols. I
want twice as many warriors
searching for these infidels.
Every field, hill, and mountain.

Turns to Achillea -

QUEEN MYRINA

The quarterly collections can
wait. We must learn the name of
the king!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

INT. ACHILLEA'S VILLA - BEDCHAMBERS/BATH - NIGHT

Achillea gets out of her bath.

A topless Gia. A loose wrap of diaphanous silk barely covers her ass, dries and oils her in a ballet of graceful servitude.

ACHILLEA
Have your visions altered?

GIA
They remain constant.

ACHILLEA
Then I cannot relent.

GIA
And I shall be by your side.

Achillea takes Gia's face in her hands, kisses Gia.

ACHILLEA
Perhaps there's another man who carries a strong sword.

GIA
I don't want his sword. I want yours, and the body that wields it.

Gia looks deep into her eyes, then -

GIA
They say love in the proper arms can fill a woman with hope. I was taken from Alexandria and forced to be a slave girl in Rome. I've been a whore ever since.

(pauses)
I would bare all for a thousand more to raise you an army. Beautiful and strong, as you. Well, except my heart. For that belongs to you.

ACHILLEA
And what if it's a boy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIA
I'll seize your dagger and do the
honors myself.

Achillea smiles. Gia, too. They kiss with passion.

INT. ACHILLEA'S VILLA - BEDCHAMBERS - NIGHT

Hot, sweaty sex between Achillea and Gia. But it's more
than a FUCK, it's easy to tell they're very much in love.

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

GIA
Am I the first?

ACHILLEA
No!

GIA
Then I'll be the last.

OFF Achillea, reveling in the thought. As they resume...

INT. DUNGEON - CELL - NIGHT

Drago yanks at his chains, trying to pull the ring from
the wall or break the manacles on his wrists. Blood runs
from his palms.

The cell door opens.

Syreena and Thora enter carrying a staff with a noose of
a chain. Slipping it over his neck they twist until they
choke him into submission.

He nearly faints, they drag him across the cell.

Drago twists and fights as he is pulled to a table. Again
choked to submission by the chain, he is forced down.

They force Drago's hands into a wooden pillory above his
head. His legs are spread, ankles strapped to the legs of
the table.

Nearby, Achillea looks on, sharpening her knife.

Syreena rips away his subligaria.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drago writhes and they table groans with stress as more restraints are put on him.

Suddenly there is a shout from OFF SCREEN. Achillea coldly registers Amazonia's entrance.

AMAZONIA

What is the meaning of this?

ACHILLEA

I tell you Amazonia, I'm near my wit's end with you!

AMAZONIA

One might misunderstand your tone for a threat, Achillea.

ACHILLEA

The queen as made her decree!

Amazonia exhales sharply, relenting, moves away.

ACHILLEA

Your fleet will burn, pirate. Tell me who commands your sails, or I will feed your fingers to the crows one by one.

DRAGO

The Sunken Vanguard fears no blades. We are brothers to the deep sea. You cannot kill ghosts.

ACHILLEA

Ghosts do not bleed. Men do.

Beat. Achillea moves between his legs and grabs his genitals and lowers the knife.

ACHILLEA

Give me a name, or your cock opens right here. Who funds your raids on our shores?

Achillea cuts away. He lets out a deep, agonized scream. Blood pours down his thighs and calves.

DRAGO

Mercy. I will speak!

Achillea turns to Amazonia, vindicated.

ACHILLEA

There, you see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DRAGO

The gold... the gold comes from
the east. Mithridates of Pontus!
He pays us to clear the northern
waters.

ACHILLEA

Mithridates? What else? What did
your ships steal from the southern
trade routes?

DRAGO

Nothing of yours! We took a Roman
galley... three days ago. A high-
value prize. We hold--

AMAZONIA

-- a wealthy Roman youth for
ransom.

Drago raises an eyebrow, surprised she knows.

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

Drago's continuing cries of agony cut through the dungeon
as Amazonia exits, stares transfixed on horror.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

The Queens and Council presides over a model of the city.
Achillea and Amazonia brief them.

ACHILLEA

King Mithridates of Pontus
commands them.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

The Poison King?

ACHILLEA

He seeks to dominate the Euxine
Sea, and he uses these butcher
dogs to clear his path.

AMAZONIA

He believes the pirates will
distract us while his own armies
march. He thinks we will never
look toward his mountain
strongholds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

They are pirates. Bloodshed is certain. War is inevitable.

AMAZONIA

No war is certain, Achillea. All are born of greed, and all leave a trail of regret.

Achillea chews on that. Doesn't care for the taste. Then -

AMAZONIA

There is more. Lageria spoke of a captive.

THERMODOSA

Lageria?

AMAZONIA

The sea-wolves recently intercepted a Roman vessel. They hold a young patrician for a handsome ransom.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

What is a boy of Rome to us? Let the Romans fight their own battles.

AMAZONIA

He is no ordinary boy, Diana Troy. He mocks his captors and promises to crucify them all when he is free. His name is Julius Caesar.

The room registers surprise.

QUEEN MYRINA

A bold Roman child and a treacherous eastern king. This Caesar boy has spirit.

RACHNA

If he dies, Rome will send legions to avenge him, bringing war to our doorstep. If we take him, we hold a powerful piece against both Rome and Mithridates.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Then we do not wait for the ransom to be paid. We strike the pirate camp ourselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Myrina freezes, wheels turning.

INT/EXT. ACHILLEA'S HOME - DAY

A beautiful ATRIUM. Walls painted with bucolically sexy scenes from mythology. A fountain tinkles in BG.

Achillea stands in the shadows with Syreena, her coconspirator.

SYREENA

If our ultimate objective is to rule all of Anatolia and control the Aegean we will need more warriors.

ACHILLEA

And we shall. We will seize mothers, their daughters. They will train as warriors. If they refuse we slaughter their fathers and sons.

SYREENA

And what about Amazonia?

Achillea sits on a bench, sharpening her sword.

ACHILLEA

I want Amazonia dead! Do you hear me, Syreena?! I want her dead!

GIA (O.S.)

No.

Gia approaches, looking like a Greek Goddess in a sheer white dress and jewels.

GIA

Not yet. She is with child. A boy.

ACHILLEA

She will want to keep the boy. She vacates all rights to the throne.

GIA

Exactly. It would seem destiny has met your ambitious.

ACHILLEA

All that is left is to replace the Queen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They kiss long and deep. When they come up for air:

GIA

Come to bed when you finish with
your sword. I'll be waiting.

OFF Achilleas' deadly smile...

INT. AMASYA PALACE - AUDIENCE CHAMBER - NIGHT

A sprawling synthesis of empires. High Greek marble columns are draped in rich Persian silks of saffron and crimson.

BRONZE BRAZIERS roar with open flame, throwing erratic, fiery shadows across a low Persian divan.

The air is thick with burning frankincense and a sharp, medicinal tang.

At a massive arched window stands the silhouette of a giant.

KING MITHRIDATES VI (40s) is an absolute force of nature. Over six feet tall, broad-shouldered, with a lion's mane of thick, wild hair.

He wears a Greek chiton under a royal purple Persian robe stitched with gold.

Mithridates lifts a small glass vial, swirling a clear liquid.

MITHRIDATES

They say a Roman general can sleep
soundly because he trusts his law.
A King of Pontus never sleeps,
because he knows his kitchen.

He downs the lethal dose of poison without flinching.
Exhales. Completely immune.

He turns with a predatory smile—

THERMODOSA

You play a dangerous game, King of
Pontus. Rome will not sit idly by
while their noblemen are taken
host. You think Rome will only
strike your ports?

A tense beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA

If that boy's blood touches the Aegean, the Senate will not stop until the entire Euxine Sea is red. They will march through Pontus. They will march through Themiscyra. Release the Roman.

KING MITHRIDATES

The Amazons are warriors. Let the Romans try to cross the Thermodon.

THERMODOSA

We are warriors, not fools! We fight for honor, not for your pirate ransoms. My sisters will not bleed to line your treasury. Release the Roman, or I will hand the Senate the rope to hang you myself.

KING MITHRIDATES

Rome is already marching, High Priestess. The ink on King Nicomedes' will is barely dry, and the Senate has claimed Bithynia for itself. The Third War has begun.

THERMODOSA

Then why invite their wrath? Why fund these sea rats to kidnap Caesar?

KING MITHRIDATES

Because a cornered king needs every weapon at his disposal. While the Roman navy scatters across the Aegean searching for their precious Julian boy...

KING MITHRIDATES

...your Amazon sisters will fly down the coast to hunt those same pirates for raiding your borders. Themiscyra will be left wide open for my taking. I will have a unified eastern empire to crush the Republic, built on the ashes of your homeland.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THERMODOSA

You speak of empires, Mithridates,
but you are nothing but a thief
hiding behind sea rats. You think
you can cage a Roman lion and
conquer the daughters of Ares in
the same breath?

Mithridates watches the bronze doors slam shut. He looks
at his CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD. He raises a finger.

KING MITHRIDATES

She does not leave this province
alive.

The CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD nods, drawing a curved Pontic
blade, and slips into the shadows of a side corridor.

EXT. PLUTO'S STABLE - UNDERWORLD - NIGHT

Out of the mist glide THE SCYTHEWRAITHS.

Ragged, black cloaks, LORICA SEGMENTATA's and short-
sleeved, leather tunics, greaves, decrepit and tattered.
Like they were buried in them.

CODE OF THE ARMS OF THE UNDERWORLD prominent on
breastplates.

The CAMERA GLIDES closer; an oxidized, Imperial Gallic
Helmet. Through the narrow eye slits: nothing. A pitch-
black void.

Then, the void stares back.

Within the shadows of the helms, INRICKS IGNITE. A cold
ETHEREAL LIGHT, casting a ghostly, frozen luminescence.

Four STEEDS wait in formation, Skeletal plates of bronze
armored chamfrons and criniers are bolted to the horses'
skulls and necks.

SWOOSH. The mount up. The horses stomp, blanketing the
obsidian floor in white frost.

The leader, VALASKA, distinguished by a silver SNAKE
ARMBAND, sits upon a pure white horse. Flanking her:

The other's wear bronze snake bands.

THALESTRIS (the tallest), a fiery red steed, its mane
crackling with volcanic embers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIPPOLYTA is astride a jet-black steed that seems to swallow the surrounding torchlight.

PENTHESILEA straddles a pale, a sickly, ashen-green-like color that leaves a trail of dying frost on the floor.

Valaska raises a gauntleted hand.

VALASKA

By the blood of the fallen...
open.

BOOM. The stable gates shatter outward.

Our dark warriors yank the reins, turning the beasts toward the glowing dark waters of the RIVER STYX.

THALESTRIS

To the River Styx?

VALASKA

No! The Acheron. River of Woe!

The ECHO of her WHISPER metamorphose into the sound of flowing water into a riverbed --

EXT. THE BANKS OF THE ACHERON (RIVER OF WOE)

Standing on the deck of a decaying, rib-vessel is CHARON. He is a gaunt, withered boatman draped in tattered shrouds, leaning heavily on a wooden oar.

THUD-THUD-THUD-THUD!

The pounding of iron hooves shatters the silence.

Charon blinks, raising a lantern.

Through the vapor, the Scythewraiths thunder toward the dock. They slide to a halt at the edge of the massive, churning chasm.

This is the RIVER OF WOE. It is not water, but a thick, obsidian sludge of LIQUEFIED DESPAIR.

The river doesn't roar, it WEEPS. A deafening chorus of whispers, gasps, and sobs rises from the current.

Cold, ash-colored vapor rises off the surface, twisting into phantom shapes that claw at the banks before dissolving to reveal --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thousands of featureless SOULS churn beneath the surface. Their faces stretch against the liquid tension, mouths open in a silent scream.

Charon holds out a skeletal, upturned palm, expecting the traditional obolus coins.

CHARON

No shade crosses without tribute!
Where is my gold, fleshless ones?
May the Styx swallow your bones!

Valaska steers the horse back around. Levels her gaze...

VALASKA

Hades pays us in blood, Ferryman.
Get in our way, and you will
collect it from your own veins.

Valaska doesn't wait for an apology. She slaps her reins.

She drops her chin, locking her helmet's sightlines onto the far bank. Digs her heels into her steed's flanks--

VALASKA

Ride!

Valaska leaps into the abyss. Prothoe, Hippolyta, and Thalestris charge right behind her.

Charon slams his oar onto the deck of his boat, veins on his neck bulging as he screams after them into the void.

CHARON

Thieves! Defilers! May the weight
of your sins drag you into the
abyss!

THE CROSSING

The horse's hooves hit the surface. It doesn't sink.

The liquid FREEZES to black glass. The ice cracks, but holds. They ride over a bridge of their making.

Below, hands claw against the underside, trying to drag them down into the sludge.

The sound is deafening: thundering hooves, the shrieking of the ice, and the muffled wailing of the damned.

Thalestris swings her sword downward, slicing off a spectral hand that breaks through the crust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Up ahead, the far bank rises out of the ash-colored vapor.

Valaska's steed makes a final leap, crashing onto the jagged obsidian rock of the opposite shore.

The others land in rapid, violent succession behind her.

Behind them, the ice bridge shatters, melting back into a screaming vortex of sludge.

EXT. CITADEL OF SINOPE - NIGHT

A fortress, jutting into the black waters of the Euxine Sea. Angry waves crash against the massive, sea-washed stone walls of the harbor.

Rows of military warships rock in the docks, their rigging snapping against the masts in the cold sea wind.

High above the harbor, the royal citadel glows with a sickly, yellow torchlight, overlooking a sprawling, dark port city that stretches along the coastline.

SUPER: Port City of Sinope

EXT. SINOPE OUTSKIRTS - COASTAL ROAD - NIGHT

HOOVES CLATTER frantically against wet stone.

Thermodosa rides for her life. Her robes are soaked with sea spray and sweat. She spurs her horse hard, riding down a narrow, cliffside path.

Behind her, a sea of TORCHES.

A small army of PONTIC SOLDIERS pursues her on horseback, their bronze shields gleaming under the moonlight.

Leading the charge, a PONTIC CAPTAIN draws his sword, closing the gap.

PONTIC CAPTAIN

Bring her down! The King wants her
alive!

Thermodosa glances back. Her horse is breathing heavily, near collapse. The road opens up into a desolate, moonlit beach. A dead end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, the temperature drops. The ocean wind freezes. The horses of the Pontic army rear back, panicking, snorting icy vapor.

From the fog line at the edge of the beach --

THE SCYTHEWRAITHS emerge.

They form a wall between Thermodosa and her pursuers. In unison, they DRAW THEIR GLADII. The iron SHRIEKS.

THE INRICKS IGNITE. A collective, cold, ghostly luminescence explodes into the dark.

The Pontic army freezes in sheer terror.

Valaska rears her stallion. White-hot fire roars from its nostrils, engulfing the front line.

Flesh hisses and vaporizes, silencing the soldiers' screams into a rain of ash. The remaining riders fall from their saddles, scrambling backward, staring up at the wraiths in horror.

VALASKA

Go back whence you came, or ride
across the Styx tonight.

The soldiers break rank, flee, trampling each other.

The wraiths pivot their warhorses, blocking her path.

Thermodosa freezes. Trapped. Valaska shifts. Moonlight catches a massive dark-silver shield slung over her mount.

INSERT: THE UNDERWORLD COAT OF ARMS

A golden bident and crossed keys are etched in dark silver, split by a glowing, turquoise vein of water. Two obsidian Stygian hounds flank the crest.

BACK TO SCENE

Thermodosa's eyes widen as she recognizes the turquoise vein.

THERMODOSA

(breathless whisper)
The River Styx.

She looks up into the void of the wraith's helmet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THERMODOSA

The gates are locked. You're...
the Scythewraiths.

She looks down at her through the dark slit of her
helmet.

VALASKA

Someone wishes to see you.

THERMODOSA

To see me? Who?

Valaska doesn't answer - extends a gauntleted hand down
to her. It is not an invitation; it is a command.

VALASKA

Mount. The living do not walk the
path we take.

Thermodosa takes her hand. She effortlessly pulls her up
onto the shroud of her mount.

Valaska rears her steed. The Scythewraiths wheel their
horses and charge directly toward a massive, ancient oak
tree.

Thermodosa braces for impact, closing her eyes-

But instead of crashing, the ground gives way. The horses
plunge downward into a yawning chasm of shadows that
swallows the night air.

EXT. THE FIELDS OF ASPHODEL - UNTIME

MATCH CUT ON: Thermodosa's eyes snapping open.

A desolate, hyper-boreal expanse. The underworld is not
fire here-it is a bitter, weeping COLD. Hoarfrost coats
the black soil.,,

A thick, freezing fog rolls off the landscape, swallowing
all sound. Through the glacial mist,

An ominous, dark figure approaches.

A heavy, nomadic wool cape flutters, black tunic, DARK
ARMOR; arm and leg guards. Her skin, gray, veiny, signs
of decay, but it's...

Finally, the camera finds her head;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An ATTIC HELMET of dark iron, its faceplate forged into the cheek guards-- through eye apertures, a menacing, ice-blue light SWEEPS back and forth--

A restless, rhythmic beam, everaware.

This is SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN.

From behind the cold metal comes a horrific sound: A rasping, wet hiss. Labored. The sound of a woman dragging oxygen into actively dying lungs.

THERMODOSA

Need not hide your face from me.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

I hide it to protect you.

EXT. AETHELGARD - DAY

Grey clouds pretend doom.

SUPER: Aethelgard

A CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE, moving fast, behind a blurred DARK FORM on an ARMOR-CLAD black steed

The IMPOSING FIGURE charges out of the cloud like the angel of death...

An ancient city lay in ruins. Its landscape begins changing... sinister. The sky darkens... a wicked MIST in a fairytale...

Up ahead... a lone structure stand, half-sunken in the earth --a high, decaying DARK TOWER, its summit reaches the CLOUDS.

INT. DARK TOWERS - DAY

A DARK FIGURE sweeps in...

A heavy, nomadic wool cape flutters, black tunic, DARK ARMOR; arm and leg guards. Her skin, gray, veiny, signs of decay, but it's...

Finally, the camera finds her head;

An ATTIC HELMET of dark iron, its faceplate forged into the cheek guards-- through eye apertures, a menacing, ice-blue light SWEEPS back and forth--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A restless, rhythmic beam, everaware.

This is SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN.

From behind the cold metal comes a horrific sound: A rasping, wet hiss. Labored. The sound of a woman dragging oxygen into actively dying lungs.

Praxidike is waiting...

Angelsin humbly TAKES A KNEE before her.

A SPHINX carved out of dark rock, looks down from above. She eyes the decaying structure...

Suddenly, the Sphinx comes to life, blowing a wall of flames, blocking the entrance...

SPHINX

All you seek passage must solve
the riddle, fail and you shall
die.

SPHINX

"I am the architect of the world's
end, yet I have no hands. I can
build a mountain from a pebble and
hide a king within his own shadow.
I move without legs and consume
without a mouth. I am the only
thing that grows larger the more I
take away." What am I?

Annoyed, Angelsin waves a gauntleted hand -- extinguishes the wall of fire herself. Much to the chagrin of the Sphinx.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Silence!

A tense, anxious beat, the Sphinx shuts its mouth, lowers its head, allowing passage.

INT. THE TOMB - DAY

Angelsin and Praxidike stalk through the labyrinth.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

Silence?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGEL SIN

It takes away sound, but the more
sound it removes, the larger and
more heavy it feels.

A smile creases Praxidike's lips. Ours too.

Angelsin kneels at the HIGH SEER ANANKE's sarcophagus,
grieving. The sound of Ananke's sorrow whispers, ever-
present.

Angelsin rises, stands before a colossal stone wall.

The quiet is broken by the sound of the sarcophagus
supernaturally, turns ever-so-slightly, revealing ---

Angela waves her hand -- and a WALL DISSIPATES...
Revealing a HOARD OF TREASURE.

Two bejeweled swords, individually, wrapped in cloth.

Angelsin-- focusing her telekinetic power... and her dead
eyes is a mask of concentration and strain --

The first sword lifts up - Angelsin manipulates its
movement with her eyes and hands...

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The Gladius Lux; the Sword of
Light.

(then)

A blade of solid, shimmering gold
radiance. It doesn't just cut; it
sears. When it swings, it leaves a
trail of sunlight behind it,
making a low, humming drone like a
swarm of golden bees.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

Blessed by Artemis. Rejected by
all who lack the absolute purity
of heart required to draw it from
its altar.

Angelsin lowers it back into its rightful place. Does the
same for the other -

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The Gladius Tenebris; the Sword of
Darkness.

(then)

A blade of "visible" shadow, like
a tear in reality.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE (CONT'D)

It's cold enough to freeze the air
around it, and when it moves, it
makes...

A pregnant, eerie, silent beat before -- Angelsin grabs
the sword -- a high-pitched, ghostly WHISTLE echoes.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

Forged from abyssal iron and
fueled by her immortal demigod
status. With it, can command the
dead, summon crushing shadows, and
drain the life force of any who
resists its rule.

Beat.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

Choose wisely.

EXT. DARK TOWERS - DAY

Angelsin comes out. She holds a sword, wrapped and hidden
inside a cloth blanket.

Waiting. The Scythewraiths. The mounts hiss, their
oxidized armor caked with the ash of the Acheron.

Angelsin steps forward. The ice-blue light in her mask
flares, casting an eerie glow over the Scythewraiths.

ANGELSIN

Ride for the kingdom of Pontus.
Show yourselves to King
Mithridates. Give him this
warning. If his armies cross the
border into Themiscyra...I will
tear his kingdom from the earth
and feed his crown to the Styx.

Valaska places a gauntleted hand over her breastplate,
right beneath her silver snake armlet.

EXT. ROYAL PALACE - BALCONY - DAY

The carved wooden token still rests on the flat stone
railing, exactly where Rachna left it.

Myrina looks out over the city. Amazonia paces the
perimeter of the terrace, the wind catching her cloak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN MYRINA

Fifty talents of Roman silver. It is a sum that could rebuild our outer harbors and feed the valleys through three winter famines.

AMAZONIA

It is blood money. The Cilicians are holding a man in chains like an animal at Pharmacusa. We should be launching our galleys to crush the pirates, not plotting to steal their scraps.

Myrina strokes Amazonia's face -- but it's far from a tender gesture

QUEEN MYRINA

Crush them with what? If we send our fleet to open war, we bleed our own youth into the Aegean. For what? To save a petulant Roman aristocrat who cares nothing for our gods or our sovereignty?

AMAZONIA

We do it because it is just. Because the sea-wolves are burning our lands.

Myrinas' anger starts to SMOLDER...

QUEEN MYRINA

(stepping toward her)

Justice is a luxury for kingdoms with full treasuries, Amazonia. A ruler does not look at a crisis and see a moral puzzle. She sees an opening.

AMAZONIA

So we let the pirates take the gold? We let them grow stronger?

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Perhaps Princess Amazonia has a point. Our vaults can hold no more gold.

Myrina is slightly annoyed.

QUEEN HIPOLYTA

We let the Roman associates hand over the fifty talents.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QUEEN HIPOLYTA (CONT'D)

The moment Caesar is freed and the ransom enters the pirate camp, their guards will be drunk on victory. That is when we strike. We slaughter the Cilicians, secure our borders, and bring the Roman silver back to our vaults.

Amazonia reels from that, deeply stung.

AMAZONIA

You are turning our warriors into thieves. We would be no better than the marauders we hunt. I want to serve this kingdom, not debase it.

Pointing over the city...

QUEEN MYRINA

Look at those lights below us! If you do not have the stomach to stain your hands for their survival, then you have no right to inherit their loyalty.

Myrina moves to leave, but stops by the stone railing. She looks down at the carved wooden token resting on the stone.

She picks up the token, holds it out to Amazonia, and presses it firmly into her reluctant palm.

QUEEN MYRINA

The Roman boy will survive his chains. The question is whether you will survive yours. Prepare the vanguard. You sail when the fourth moon wanes.

OFF the declaration...

INT. TEMPLE OF THE FATES - DAY

A tiny temple with prehistoric drawings, shrouded in torchlight.

The FATES, CLOTHO, LACHESIS, and ATROPOS, spinning, measuring, and cutting the stream of destiny's golden threads that stretch into infinity.

Angelsin sweeps in... With a violent hand gesture-- extinguishes all but a few torches, dimming the space.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Forgive me. For my eyes are
sensitive to light.

CLOTHO

The Fates always welcome you here.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

It's ironic, isn't it? How a
single step can change the entire
path of one's destiny? Had I just
heeded the prophecy,

Beat. Angelsin comes forth, takes an ornamented dagger
from her robes. Tests them for their sharpness.

CLOTHO

What do you seek to do?

Angelsin eyes the strand once more. MOVES her finger up a
few inches.

LACHESIS

Has never been done before.

ATROPOS

Tampering with the Loom could
alter the very fabric of life,
changing not only your destiny but
that of countless others.

She cuts the strand then retreads the Loom...

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Oh, I'm counting on it...

And with that, she sweeps out, her cape WIPING US TO --

FADE OUT.

*Thalestris draws a massive, jagged blade that ignites
with dark fire. With a deafening banshee cry, the four
supernatural warriors charge down the narrow path,*

EXT. DESERT - BRONZE AGE - NIGHT

*A young SHEPHERDESS walks the dunes, collecting a bundle
of DRIED WOOD for the fires. As she bends to pick up a
branch --*

*She pauses at a distant sound. As she listens, it grows
louder, until it is clear:*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HORSES HOOVES at a FULL GALLOP, thundering along as they chew up the sand.

She looks worried. She turns, quickly scans the horizon -- and freezes in fear. Coming straight at her --

THE FOUR HORSEWOMEN OF THE APOCALYSE

DARK WARRIORS on fire-breathing, armor-clad steeds; one black, red, white, and PALE(greenish color), short, black military cloaks, leather tunics, DARK ARMOR, now decayed and tattered. Like they were buried in them.

An imperial Gallic-esque helmet with face mask a total, pitch-black void where eyes should be.

They look elemental, as if mounted demons had descended to earth. Then, the darkness stares back.

THE INRICKS IGNITE.

A flash of cold, ethereal light blooms behind the iron eyes, casting a ghostly, frozen luminescence over the dead metal.

WOMAN (V.O.)

The Scythewraiths. Once, the proud Queens of Themiscyra. Now... shadows bound to the underworld.

WOMAN (V.O.)

They walk the waking world, and hunt in the world of shadow. Servants to a singular master: the Scythelord, Angelsin.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Do not seek them. Do not fight them. They cannot be killed.