

RISE OF THE AMAZONS

Episode One:

"Sins of thy Mother"

Written by

Reginald. L. Riley & Andrea Veneman

Revisions by

Andrea Veneman
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Reginald.riley@yahoo.com
HWhot2mali@aol.com

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 you 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 at the lead wraith, then scans the other three abreast. Her breath catches. She doesn't just see monsters. She sees prophecy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Thermodosa looks at the second wraith. Moonlight glints off a heavy iron sash across her waist—empty, with raw leather thongs where a legendary golden belt was once torn away.

THERMODOSA

The Sash of Ares... Queen Hippolyta.

The wraith nods once, her skeletal horse snorting cold mist.

Thermodosa turns her gaze to the third wraith. On her dark-silver breastplate, right beneath the collarbone, is a jagged, ruined puncture wound that glows with a faint, ghostly light.

THERMODOSA

Penthesilea. You led our sisters to the walls of Troy. You felt the spear of Achilles.

PENTHESILEA

(a hollow echo)
And now I hunt his bloodline.

Thermodosa's eyes shift to the fourth wraith, who rests her hand on a distinct, curved Eastern cavalry saber.

THERMODOSA

Thalestris. The one who stared down the conqueror of Macedon.

Finally, Thermodosa looks back to the leader on the moon-eyed white stallion.

THERMODOSA

The gates of the dead are locked. You're... the Scythewraiths. The First Crowns.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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;

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angelsin reaches up. Her gauntleted fingers unlatch the dark iron Attic helmet. It lifts away with a heavy hiss of escaping frost.

Thermodosa flinches, but forces herself to look.

Angelsin's face is a tragic monument to her sacrifice. Her flesh is the pale gray of river clay, with turquoise Stygian veins webbing across her jaw and collarbone.

Her eyes do not have irises—only a chilling, mechanical ice-blue glow that pulses with her breathing

THERMODOSA

What has Hades done to you?

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

He keeps his bargain. Achillea breathes the air of the surface, so I drag the ash of Tartarus into these rotting lungs. Do not weep for me, Mother. Fear for the living.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

You went to Sinope expecting a man who fears Roman legions. Mithridates fears nothing. He has spent decades filling his own veins with venom until his blood is a weapon and his mind is a fortress of madness.

THERMODOSA

He funded the rogue pirates. He used them to draw our sisters away from Themiscyra. I have the ledgers—

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

The pirate raids were never meant to just steal gold, Mother. They are a harvest. Mithridates has made dark pacts of his own. Every village burned, every sailor slaughtered by those sea rats—it is a systematic blood sacrifice.

THERMODOSA

A sacrifice to whom?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

To the dark corners of this realm. He is spilling enough blood on the Anatolian coast to intentionally rot the veil between life and death. He is starving your borders so his vanguard can walk through your front gates unchallenged. Return to the surface. Wake the shields. Tell Artemisia that the Poison King does not just want an empire... he wants a graveyard.

THERMODOSA

Artemisia? Artemisia does not have the vanguard. She is not the first heir. Amazonia holds the succession

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Amazonia will take the crown. She must.

THERMODOSA

Amazonia is regnant. She carries a child. A boy.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

No...

THERMODOSA

You know our laws. The laws of Ares. No boy can remain within the walls of Themiscyra. But Amazonia loves the child more than the crown. She is abdicating. She is choosing her son over the throne.

HADES

If Amazonia steps down, the crown falls to the second heir. It falls to Achillea.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

When I struck my bargain with Hades to save Achillea's life, I swore an oath in blood. If the dark sister ever sits upon the throne of the Amazons... I am bound. My vanguard is bound. The House of Hades will claim the debt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN
Mithridates' pirates are a distraction. The real war is inside our own gates. If Achillea touches that crown, I will be forced to march from this realm and tear Themiscyra down brick by brick. You must stop her, Mother. For the sake of the gods, do not let Achillea take the throne!

EXT. PLUTO'S STABLE - UNDERWORLD

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

Bursts of low, volcanic FIRE erupt from their nostrils, illuminating the cold, crisp air...

Out of the mist glide THE SCYTHEWRAITHS, moving in terrifying, mechanical synchronization.

Robed in tattered black capes billowing, DARK STEEL CUIRASSES, heavy LEATHER PTERYGES. What skin is exposed is gray, mottled, rotting.

The camera finds their heads: an oxidized CORINTHIAN HELMET, topped with a rotted, stiff horsehair plume.

Where a face should be, there is only a dark void in the eye slits.

Then-- the void stares back. Two needle-sharp pinpricks of COLD ETHEREAL LIGHT pulse to life.

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

Leading them, VALASKA, distinguished by a silver SNAKE ARMBAND. Flanking her:

PROTHOE, THALESTRIS (the tallest), and HIPPOLYTA. They wear bronze snake bands.

Valaska raises a gauntleted hand.

VALASKA
 By the blood of the fallen...
 open.

BOOM. The stable gates shatter outward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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 UNDERWORLD WASTES

The Scythewraiths ride like bats outta hell, charging over a floor of pure shadow.

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.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARON

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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

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of your sins drag you into the
abyss!

THE CROSSING

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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.

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of the ice, and the muffled wailing of the damned.

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spectral hand that breaks through the crust.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

EXT. AETHELGARD - DAY

Grey clouds pretend doom.

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--

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

ANGELSIN

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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. THE MORTAL REALM - RUINED TEMPLE - DAY

A misty fog tears across a crumbling Greek sanctuary.

Lightning flashes, illuminating a terrifying silhouette on the ancient stone steps.

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.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 --

EXT. CLIFFS OF AMASYA - NIGHT

Torches flicker along a massive, fortified stone wall that clings to the precipice.

SUPER: AMASYA - KINGDOM OF PONTUS

Cracks of THUNDER echoes across the canyon, illuminating the sprawling royal palace nested deep within the rock.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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—

EXT. AMASYA PALACE - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Rain lashes against the opulent, marble pillars of the Kingdom of Pontus.

BOOM! The massive, reinforced bronze gates of the palace splinter inward, exploding into a shower of wood and metal.

Through the debris, the Scythewraiths thunder in on their armor-clad, fire-breathing steeds. Sparks fly as iron hooves shred the polished marble floor.

INT. THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mithridates sits on his gilded throne, eyes wide with sudden terror.

BOOM.

The massive oak doors of the room EXPLODE inward, splintering into matchwood.

Two ROYAL GUARDS are thrown across the marble floor.

Through the dust and smoke, the Scythe Knights gallop into the hall. Their hooves rip up the polished mosaic tile.

The court SCREAMS. Panic erupts.

Mithridates jumps to his feet, dropping his chalice. Wine spills like blood across the gold-leaf steps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITHRIDATES

Guards! Kill them!

A dozen CAPADOCIAN GUARDS, heavily armored in bronze breastplates and carrying massive hoplite shields, form a desperate wall between the riders and the throne.

Valaska leads the charge on her steed. She leans low, her XIPHOS SWORD extending like a wing.

THE SLAUGHTER

With a sickening *CRACK*, Valaska's horse slams into the center of the guard wall, sending men flying into the pillars.

Prothoe and Myrina flank her. Their horses trample over the fallen guards.

Thalestris, towering above the rest, swings her massive blade downward.

A guard raises his bronze shield—her sword shears right through the bronze and the arm holding it.

Blood sprays the white marble walls.

It is not a battle. It is an execution.

The guards thrust their spears, but the iron tips glide right through the wraiths armor, striking nothing but hollow smoke and cold green light.

The undead warriors don't even bleed.

A guard tries to flank Prothoe. She doesn't look.

Her shadow-steed rears back, its heavy bronze-clad hooves crushing the man's chest plate flat.

In less than thirty seconds, the room falls deathly quiet.

The twelve guards lie in a gruesome heap of twisted bronze and shattered bone.

They approach the throne in unison. Their boots leave bloody, frozen footprints on the silk carpets.

King Mithridates hyperventilates, pressing himself so hard against the back of his throne the wood groans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Valaska stops at the base of the throne. She raises her sword. The blade stops an inch from the King's trembling throat.

Her helm tilts. Those pinpricks of orange-red fire lock onto his eyes.

VALASKA

A message from Scythelord
Angelsin.

Mithridates nods rapidly, tears of absolute terror streaming down his face.

VALASKA (CONT'D)

Themiscyra is forbidden. Cross the
border, and she will feed your
crown to the Styx.

Valaska lowers the blade. She reaches down, tears a blood-soaked royal sigil from a dead guard's cape, and drops it at the King's feet.

VALASKA

Consider this your receipt.

In unison, the Wraiths turn their backs on the terrified king, sweep out into the storm as calmly as they arrived.

EXT. THE OPEN SEA DAY

A small, single masted ship about sixty feet in length runs before an easy breeze over flowing seas. Islands can be seen in the background.

EXT. ABOARD THE MERCHANT BOAT - DAY

On mid-deck about a dozen men, A MOTLEY CREW, mostly young, are sprawled in various positions of repose.

One, EMMICH, a sadistic man with gruesome pinhole scars peppering his face.

Solis, the Captain, sleeps on a pile of rope with his sword nearby.

EMMICH

Wake up.

Solis awakens with a start.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLIS

What?

EMMICH

You've made sea voyages before..

SOLIS

Many...and let me tell you my friend the answer is heavy wine and sleep. Not standing at the rail and waiting.

EMMICH

Quiet. Two days ago we were surrounded by pirate ships. Today there is none.

Solis gets to his feet. He searches the horizon which is studded with islands.

SOLIS

Are we lost?

EMMICH

Hopefully.

SOLIS

What?

EMMICH

There are worse things.

He sees something off the horizon.

EMMICH

Like what?

A FLAMING ARROW slashes the darkness and embeds itself on the deck. The crew jump to their feet, alarmed.

Quickly, Solis puts out the flame, sees a message attached to the arrow. He reads.

EMMICH

What is it?

SOLIS

Head back. Quickly.

EXT. DOCKS - DUSK

A forest of masts are reflected in torchlight along the village docks as his crew load supplies onto boat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nearby, Amazonia and Solis.

SOLIS

Are you mad?!

AMAZONIA

The day dwindles.

SOLIS

I understand you have orders but this is a fool's errand you know.

AMAZONIA

You know the seas. If you refuse to co-operate, you will be punished.

SOLIS

It's dangerous. If something were to happen to --

AMAZONIA

See that it doesn't. I am with our child.

Solis bursts into joyful tears - takes her in his arms.

EMMICH

Solis, it grieves me to say so, but I think you are making a mistake.

AMAZONIA

A talent of god. Not a penny more.

EMMICH

Ah, of course.

AMAZONIA

Away now and sleep. We leave bright and early tomorrow.

INT. THERMODOSA'S ABODE - DAY

The chamber is dimly lit as Thermodosa finishes up a prayer. Amazonia enters warily, on edge.

AMAZONIA

You sent for me, High Priestess?

THERMODOSA

As a child, when the beast came for you, you weren't afraid?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

No.

THERMODOSA

Why?

AMAZONIA

Because good must always triumph over evil. Did you not know that?

THERMODOSA

Perhaps I just needed to hear it from you.

Thermodosa opens a chest, a bright light emanates from it, lifts the Mournblade.

She hands it to Amazonia, who holds it reverently. The weight of her mother's death still heavy on her shoulders.

Amazonia swings it through the air. There's a rightness to the feel, it seems like an extension of her hand.

AMAZONIA

(sadly...)

Perhaps one day.

Amazonia hands it back to Thermodosa who puts it away.

THERMODOSA

Amazonia, why do you run from the person you truly are?

AMAZONIA

Oh, Thermodosa, must we?

THERMODOSA

Yes. Are you blind to your destiny or do you simply ignore it?

AMAZONIA

We make our own destinies. Nothing is written.

THERMODOSA

You know the tale of Oedipus. A king of Thebes was warned: his son would kill him... and claim his queen. So he tried to defy the gods. Had the child cast out to die.

A beat. Studying Amazonia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THERMODOSA

But fate doesn't break. It waits.
The boy lived—raised far from
truth, far from destiny... Just as
you were.

(steps closer)

He ran from what was written.
And fulfilled it anyway. On the
road, he met a stranger. His
father and killed him where he
stood. He took a crown he never
wanted. A kingdom he didn't
understand. A queen...

(leans in)

His mother. When the truth found
him... It destroyed him. He punished
himself.

Taps lightly near her own eye.

THERMODOSA

And chose never to see the world
again. Not because of the prophecy—
because he believed he could
escape it.

AMAZONIA

I have more pressing matters.

THERMODOSA

Yes, I heard. Godspeed for your
warriors' sound return.

They embrace. Amazonia sweeps out, WIPING US TO --

EXT. AEGEAN SEA - NIGHT

Two sleek, black-painted AMAZON SKIFFS slice through the
choppy water. No torches. The warriors row in a silent
rhythm, their muscles gleaming with sweat and sea spray.

Aamazonia stands at the bow of the lead vessel, gripping
the wooden prow. Her eyes are fixed on a jagged landmass
rising from the shrouded horizon.

Lageria shifts her weight from her rowing bench, keeping
her voice to a low whisper.

LAGERIA

There. The cliffs of Pharmacusa.
The scouts reported the pirate
fleet is anchored in the southern
crescent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

Ship the oars. Let the current
carry us into the shadows of the
rocks.

The warriors pull their oars inside. The skiffs glide
into the rocky shoals of the island, invisible to guards
on the cliffs above.

AMAZONIA

(drawing her sword)

Remember, we are ghosts tonight.
Secure the gold, eliminate the
sentries, and move before the
embers of their celebration die.

The skiffs scrape against the beach.

EXT. PHARMACUSA ISLE - COVE - NIGHT

A sprawling camp of makeshift tents, upturned skiffs, and
roaring beach fires.

Dozens of PIRATES are in the throes of a drunken
celebration. Wine sloshes from clay amphorae.

Massive wooden chests of ROMAN SILVER sit open,
reflecting the firelight.

At the dark edge of the cove, the Amazon skiffs drift
into the shallows.

Amazonia moves through the knee-deep surf, silent. Her
warriors follow like shadows rising from the sea.

They fan out across the wet sand, weapons ready.

A pirate sentry stumbles away from the fire to urinate in
the surf. He freezes, squinting into the darkness.

Through the sea mist, AMAZONIA'S EYES FLASH.

Before the sentry can draw breath to yell, Amazonia
launches forward. She drives the butt of her spear into
his throat.

He goes down with a muffled choke.

AMAZONIA

(low, fierce whisper)

Now! For Themiscyra!

The dark beach explodes into motion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A hail of AMAZON ARROWS arcs out of the dark, thudding into the backs of the pirates sitting around the main campfire.

Three pirates drop instantly into the embers.

The rest of the camp panics. Pirates scramble for their iron gladiuses, slipping in the wet sand.

PIRATE CAPTAIN
(slurring, terrified)
Raid! To the weapons! To the—

Solis charges out of the surf, driving his bronze aspis shield into the Captain's chest, sending him crashing into a stack of wine barrels.

Amazonia moves like a whirlwind through the chaos. A burly CILICIAN RAIDER swings a cutlass at her head.

She ducks the blade, the sand kicking up around her boots. She pivots, uses his own momentum against him, and sweeps his legs out.

As he hits the ground, she knocks him unconscious with the flat of her blade.

Around her, the Amazons are ruthlessly efficient.

Within moments, the remaining pirates are either dead on the sand, unconscious, or fleeing into the rocky cliffs.

Amazonia looks down at the open chests of silver.

LAGERIA
The beach is secure, Amazonia. But the hostage is gone. The scouts confirm a Roman galley departed the cove just before our oars touched the sand.

AMAZONIA
Then the boy is safe. He has his freedom, and we have the silver. The Fates are merciful tonight.

Nearby, they glance at a dying pirate, barely alive.

SOLIS
Perhaps not entirely. This one was still breathing when I found him. He says the Roman patrician did not weep when he left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMAZONIA

What did the Roman do?

SOLIS

He laughed. He told them he would see them on the cross before the moon changes shapes. He is already marching to Miletus to raise a Roman war fleet.

Amazonia walks to the edge of the water, looking out at the dark, open sea, concerned.

AMAZONIA

Then he is returning to this island. And when he arrives, he will find his fifty talents of silver missing.

SOLIS

He will think the pirates hid it.

LAGERIA

No. A man like that will look at the tracks in the sand. He will look at the bronze spear tips left in his captors' chests. He will know exactly who picked the pockets of his enemies.

Amazonia turns back to her warriors, the reality of her mother's gamble sinking in.

AMAZONIA

Load the skiffs! We must be over the horizon before the eagles of Rome wake up.

EXT. ROYAL COURT GARDEN - DAY

Fountains. Dappled sunlight.

Myrina, Thermodosa, and Diana Troy walk and talk.

QUEEN MYRINA

What is it?

THERMODOSA

Your life may be in danger.

QUEEN MYRINA

There are always enemies to the throne. We've survived.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Do you know who maneuvers against her?

THERMODOSA

Unfortunately, I'm not privy to any details, but it is easy to guess.

An immediate sense of dread befalls them.

QUEEN MYRINA

You don't need to hold your tongue with me.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Let's see... she'd have to be in line to the throne. Achillea. Who else?

QUEEN MYRINA

Do not soil your imagination with such things.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Why, if something were to ever happen to you--

QUEEN MYRINA

-- Nothing will.

Not far off, Achillea discusses something privately with Thora and Syreena.

The queens watch carefully, their whispers intended to be concealed. A beat, the queens approach.

QUEEN MYRINA

What is it you speak of so delicately that it is not for my ears?

ACHILLEA

The delicacy of war. I intend no secret or offence.

SYREENA

The burden is ours to bear so that you are free from it.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Out with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SYREENA

Diana Troy, it regards the infidels.

Diana Troy steps up to Achillea.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

(sarcastic)

Your concern is almost charming.

Achillea's expression goes cold.

As the queens sweep out, their robes, WIPING US TO --

EXT. ROYAL PALACE - COURTYARD - DAY

Amazonia's warriors marching across the courtyard.

Palace guards stand at attention as the raiders pass, their armor covered in salt crust and dried pirate blood.

Four warriors two massive, iron-reinforced wooden chests between them. The chests creak under the immense weight of the Roman silver.

INT. PALACE THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rea sits on her throne, rigid, her face unreadable. Rachna stands a few paces behind her, watching the doors with quiet intensity.

The bronze doors swing open. Amazonia enters alone, her expression grim.

Behind her, the warriors carry the chests and drop them onto the polished marble floors.

One of the lids pops loose, spilling dozens of gleaming ROMAN DENARII across the floor.

REA

Fifty talents. Intact. You have saved the harbors, Amazonia. You have fed our people for a generation.

Amazonia stares at the queen, devoid of pride.

AMAZONIA

I have filled your vaults. And I have emptied our future.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REA

(the smile vanishes)
Explain yourself.

AMAZONIA

The hostage was gone before our
oars touched the sand. The pirates
took their ransom and freed him.

REA

Then the transaction was complete.
The gold belongs to no one but the
dead men you took it from.

AMAZONIA

May I remind you -- the boy's name
is Julius Caesar. And he did not
sail back to Rome to lick his
wounds. He is marching on Miletus
at this moment to raise a Roman
legion and a war navy. He is
returning to that island to hang
every pirate from a cross.

Queen Rea paces, her eyes narrowing as she shifts her
gaze to the spilled silver on the floor.

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

When he finds his fifty talents
missing, he will not blame the
dead. He will find our tracks in
the sand. He will see the marks of
Amazon iron. You wanted me to buy
this kingdom time. Instead, you
have bought us a war with the
Republic of Rome.

Rachna steps forward from the shadows, her eyes moving
from the silver up to Amazonia's defiant face.

Rea looks at the money, then at Amazonia. The reality of
the gamble sinks in, but she refuses to show fear.

RACHNA

Peace, my Queen. Breathe. Anger
will not turn back the Roman
galleys.

QUEEN REA

(furious, pointing at
Amazonia)
She brings panic into my hall!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QUEEN REA (CONT'D)

Rome is a thousand leagues away, fighting her own civil blood-feuds. They will not launch a campaign over a handful of dead pirates.

LAGERIA

They will not launch a campaign for pirates, no. But they will sail for Caesar. Your Majesty, Amazonia speaks the truth. Julius is of the patrician blood. The Julian clan does not suffer insults to their name, nor do they allow foreign hands to touch their silver. If this boy is as arrogant as the rumors claim, his pride will bring him back to our waters.

AMAZONIA

He is already coming. Rachna, the tracks we left on the beach are a roadmap straight to our gates. What do we do when his warships appear on our horizon?

ACHILLEA

We do what Amazons have done since the dawn of the bronze, Amazonia. We prepare. My Queen, the fifty talents are already inside our walls. We cannot return them to dead men, and to send them to Rome now would be an admission of theft. Melt the coin down. Turn the Roman faces into bullion so they cannot be tracked.

AMAZONIA

And the Roman navy?

RACHNA

Caesar will have only the local fleet he can beg or buy from Miletus. He does not have the backing of the Roman Senate yet. If he comes to our shores, he comes as a man seeking vengeance, not an empire. We fortify the coastal hamlets. We double the sentries on the cliffs.

Rachna looks between the queens and Amazonia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RACHNA

You wanted a cause to serve,
Amazonia? You have one now.
Keeping Rome's eagles
from tearing out our throats.

INT. PALACE SMITHY - NIGHT

A roaring furnace blasts white-hot air into the stone chamber.

An Amazon smith tongs a massive iron crucible over the heat. Inside, dozens of silver ROMAN DENARII - bearing the stamped profile of the Roman Republic - begin to soften, warp, and liquify.

The silver faces of Rome melt away into a pool of glowing, formless liquid.

EXT. PALACE CLIFFS - DUSK

Amazonia stands alone at the highest peak of the coastal cliffs, looking out over the endless Aegean Sea.

The wind howls, whipping her cloak around her. Her hand rests firmly on the hilt of her sword.

Behind her, the palace furnaces bellow thick black smoke into the twilight sky, the ashes of Roman silver drifting away on the wind.

Amazonia watches the horizon line, waiting for the first sign of Roman sails

EXT. GATES OF THEMISCYRA - DAY

The morning sun reflects off the shields of a dozen Amazon guards lining the stone bridge.

A lone Roman horseman rides toward the palace gates. He carries no weapon. In his hand, he holds a staff wrapped in white wool, the traditional mark of a diplomatic HERALD.

Behind him, anchored just outside the harbor's reach, three massive ROMAN WAR GALLEYS loom on the horizon like floating fortresses.

Their red banners flutter in the wind.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - THRONE ROOM - DAY

Rea sits on her throne. The Council flanks her.

Aamazonia and Achillea stand a few paces down the steps, her hand resting on the hilt of her sword.

The doors swing open.

The Roman Herald, TILLIUS (30s), steps into the hall. He wears a spotless white toga with a purple border. He walks with the supreme, annoying confidence of a man who knows three war fleets are backing him up.

He stops in the center of the room, looking at the two women. He does not bow.

TILLIUS

Greetings to the house of Themiscyra. I speak on behalf of Gaius Julius Caesar, citizen and patrician of the Roman Republic.

QUEEN REA

Rome has no business in our waters, Roman. State your purpose, or turn your horse back to the sea.

TILLIUS

My purpose is simple, Queen Rea. My master recently concluded a business matter on the island of Pharmacusa. Fifty talents of Roman silver were paid to settle a debt with the local sea-marauders.

Tillius takes a slow step forward, his eyes scanning the polished marble floor.

He stops right where the chests had been dumped days before. He looks directly at Amazonia.

TILLIUS (CONT'D)

When Caesar returned to that island with his ships to punish those thieves, he found the pirates slaughtered. And the fifty talents vanished.

AMAZONIA

The Aegean is full of lawless men, Herald.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

If your master lost his coin to the waves or to other thieves, he should look for them there.

TILLIUS

(smiling thinly)

Other thieves do not use the heavy, curved blades of the Amazons. Other thieves do not leave the signature of imperial bronze spear tips in the chests of dead men.

(he looks up at Rea)

Caesar is a reasonable man. He understands the temptation of such wealth. He offers you a choice. Return the fifty talents to my ship by sunset, along with twenty of your finest horses as a tax for his inconvenience.

REA

And if we refuse this 'reasonable' offer?

TILLIUS

Then the ships you see on the horizon are merely the vanguard. Caesar will turn your coastal villages to ash, blockade your trade routes, and take the silver from your vault himself. He gives you until the sun touches the western cliffs.

Tillius strikes his herald's staff against the marble floor, the sound echoing through the hall.

He turns on his heel and marches out of the throne room.

Amazonia watches him leave, then turns to her Myrina.

INT. PALACE THRONE ROOM - DAY

Rea rises from her throne, her face white with fury.

REA

Arrogant Roman dog! He dares bring threats into my hall? I will throw his herald from the cliffs before I yield a single coin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHNA

If you kill the herald, those three galleys on the horizon will drop anchor in our bay by midday. We are fortified, my Queen, but a prolonged blockade will starve the outer valleys.

Amazonia steps into the center of the room, looking out the tall arched windows at the red banners of the Roman ships.

AMAZONIA

We will not kill the herald. And we will not yield the silver.

REA

Then you choose war?

AMAZONIA

No. I choose to exploit a madman's pride.

(she turns to them)

Lageria told me about this Caesar. When the pirates demanded twenty talents for his head, he insulted them and demanded they ask for fifty. He is a man driven by his own myth. He does not want a messy, protracted siege in an unknown land-- the Roman Senate would mock him for wasting resources on an obscure kingdom.

RACHNA

(intrigued)

Go on. What do you propose?

AMAZONIA

He wants to look like a conqueror. So we give him a stage. We send the herald back with a counter-proposal: a challenge of champions. Before the sun touches the western cliffs, Caesar brings his finest warrior to the neutral sand of the beach below. I will represent the blood of Themiscyra.

REA

You would risk your life in a common duel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMAZONIA

If I win, Caesar takes his ships
and sails back to Rome, swearing
never to cross into our waters
again.

QUEEN REA

And if his warrior defeats you?

AMAZONIA

Then we hand over the fifty
talents of bullion as a legitimate
prize of combat, not as a shameful
ransom. Caesar will accept. A duel
on a foreign beach is exactly the
kind of story he wants to write
about himself for the Roman
public. It saves his pride, it
saves his silver, and it keeps his
empire's army away from our gates.

Rachna looks at the Queen, a slow, appreciative nod
spreading across her face.

RACHNA

Amazonia has learned well, your
Majesty. It is not a moral puzzle.
It is cold, calculated math.

Rea studies Amazonia.

EXT. HERACLES - NEUTRAL BEACH - DAY

The sun hangs low over the Aegean Sea, casting long,
dramatic shadows across the wet sand.

On one side of the beach, QUEEN REA, RACHNA, and a
contingent of Amazon warriors stand rigid.

On the other, CAESAR (25) sits atop a fine Roman horse,
flanked by Tillius and a row of legionaries.

In the center of the beach stands the Roman champion:
MARCUS (30s). He is a mountain of a man, wearing heavy
iron segmentata armor.

He holds a massive scutum shield and a gleaming iron
gladius.

Amazonia steps onto the wet sand. She wears minimal
armor, carrying only a circular aspis shield and sword.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Caesar looks down at her from his saddle, a casual, maddening smirk on his face.

He sips from a golden goblet before handing it to Tillius.

CAESAR

So, this is the magnificent heir of Themiscyra. I must confess, Princess, when my herald told me you demanded a duel of champions, I expected something... more substantial. Rome conquers with iron and discipline, not with fairy tales.

AMAZONIA

Your herald forgot to mention that Roman aristocrats hide behind horses while other men bleed for them.

Caesar laughs out loud, genuinely amused by her defiance.

CAESAR

A clever tongue. But wit does not split shields. Marcus here fought in the social wars; he has put down kings and barbarians alike. I gave him strict instructions not to mar that pretty face of yours, but I cannot promise he will be gentle with your pride.

AMAZONIA

Let him worry about his own skin, Roman. Call your beast to heel, or let us begin.

Caesar's smile hardens, as he takes in her. He raises a hand, his voice drops to a cold, commanding tone.

CAESAR

When my champion breaks you, Princess, remember that it was your own pride that wrote the terms. Marcus... show our hosts how Rome collects its debts.

Caesar raises a hand, signaling the start.

Marcus doesn't waste time. He advances with a heavy, rhythmic stomp, keeping his body sealed behind his massive rectangular shield.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Amazonia moves swiftly, circling him like a hawk. She lunges, slashing her sword across his armor.

The bronze sparks against the iron, leaving barely a scratch.

Marcus counters with a lightning-fast, horizontal shield bash. The scutum slams into Amazonia's shield, the sheer force sending her skittering back across the sand.

MARCUS

(grunting, in Latin-
accented Greek)

You are fast. But bronze does not
pierce Roman iron.

Marcus charges. He lunges with a brutal, straight stabbing motion aimed at her chest.

Amazonia pivots hard, the sand flying from her boots. The iron blade slices the air inches from her ribs.

She uses his forward momentum to slice the back of his knee - the one unarmored gap in his leg.

Blood wells from the cut. Marcus roars in frustration, dropping to one knee.

From the sidelines, Caesar's eyes narrow. His casual smirk vanishes.

Marcus swings his shield in a blind fury, catching Amazonia in the stomach.

She gasps, the wind knocked out of her as she crashes hard into the wet surf. Her sword flies from her hand, landing feet away in the water.

Marcus stumbles back to his feet, bleeding but furious. He raises his gladius for a final, downward execution strike.

Amazonia looks up, the sea foam swirling around her. She sees the blade coming.

Using her agility, she rolls through the wet sand as the gladius drives deep into the beach where her head had just been.

He tries to wrench the blade free from the dense sand.

That split second is all she needs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Amazonia drives her feet into his chest, using the sand for leverage. The explosive kick sends the towering centurion crashing backward into the shallow water.

She leaps up, retrieves her blade, and presses the tip against his throat. Marcus freezes. His chest heaves. He is beaten.

A silence falls over the beach, broken only by the crashing waves.

Amazonia looks away from the defeated warrior and fixes her gaze on Julius Caesar.

AMAZONIA

The beach is ours, Roman. Tell your ships to drop their sails.

EXT. HERACLES - NEUTRAL BEACH - SUNSET

The three Roman war galleys raise their anchors.

Amazonia stands at the water's edge, watching them go. She sheathes her sword, her knuckles raw, her breathing finally slowing down.

Lageria and the other warriors raise their spears, letting out a roar of victory that echoes off the cliffs.

Amazonia does not join the cheering. She turns back toward the royal pavilion.

Myrina steps out from beneath the silk canopy. She walks past her guard, her royal purple cloak trailing in the wet sand.

Rachna follows a few paces behind, a proud smile on her face.

Myrina stops a few feet from Amazonia. For the first time in her life, the cold, calculating mask is gone from Rea's face.

She looks at her daughter not as a stubborn child, but as an equal.

QUEEN REA

You did not use my math, Amazonia.
You used your own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

Your math would have left our valleys burning under a Roman blockade, Mother.

QUEEN REA

It would have.

The admission hangs in the air. Queen Rea reaches into her tunic and pulls out the weathered TOKEN OF CARVED OAK.

She holds it in her palm for a moment, tracing the ancient emblem of their lineage. Then, with deliberate care, she steps forward and presses it gently into Amazonia's hand.

This time, Amazonia does not fight it. Her fingers slowly close around the wood, accepting its weight.

QUEEN REA

A ruler must know when to strike, and when to negotiate. But a true queen must know the soul of her people. Today, you saved Themiscyra without losing your own.

Queen Rea takes a half-step back and bows her head—a gesture of absolute respect from a monarch to her heir.

Behind her, Rachna bows. Then Lyander. Then, one by one, the entire contingent of Amazon warriors drops to one knee on the sand, their bronze armor clanging in unison.

Amazonia stands alone in the center of the kneeling army. She grips the wooden token in her fist, looking out over the peaceful kingdom she is finally ready to lead.,.,.,.

Gia kisses Achilles' mark.

GIA

That mark. I remember now.

(off Achilles' look)

The young man who bears it is Rome's most prized gladiator.

As the ROAR of the CROWD PROPELLING US TO --

EXT. ROME - DAY

City of gleaming marble. Center of the known world.

EXT. COLOSSEUM - DAY

Mammoth entertainment venue at city center. Colossal statue of the sun god, Sol Invictus, lends its eventual name...

The ROAR of more than fifty thousand souls...

EXT. THE ARENA - DAY

ALEXIUS, young, handsome, well-muscled, makes short order of two GLADIATORS. Scrapes and bruises from his gladiator battles tattoo his skin.

If you look long enough, you'll see something haunting in his eyes.

Opponents dispatched, Alexius exits the arena without acknowledging the CHEERING crowd.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - PRIVATE LAGOON - NIGHT

Amazonia enters the lavish bath area, tearing her clothes off, as Achillea storms in.

Amazonia doesn't have her leather skirt off yet, drops the rest of her clothes behind a rock, then dips into the water.

AMAZONIA

Do please don't lurk Achillea.
Come in.

ACHILLEA

Speak. The son of our mother. Our brother.

AMAZONIA

What mean you by that sister?

INT. TEMPLE SANCTUM - NIGHT

Achillea and Amazonia corner Thermodosa near the smoking altar. The shadows cast by the braziers stretch across the stone floor.

AMAZONIA

Is it true? Our mother bore a son?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

*Speak the truth, Priestess. Before
I paint these pillars with your
blood.*

AMAZONIA

(stepping in, sharp)
*Lower your sword, Achillea!
Thermodosa is our grandmother. You
will not desecrate her altar with
threats.*

Achillea's eyes narrow in fury.

ACHILLEA

*Why provoke me? Is your life so
cheap?*

ACHILLEA

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

*Thermodosa does not flinch, looking at her granddaughters
with a mixture of pity and cold pragmatism.*

THERMODOSA

*Let her wave her steel. You think
you know your lineage? You think
your mother's legacy is pure steel
and unbroken pride?*

A tense beat.

THERMODOSA

Yes. Alexius.

AMAZONIA

(stunned)
A brother... lives?

THERMODOSA

*Twenty-five years ago, the Roman
legions had our borders encircled.
Starvation or slaughter. Those
were our options. So your mother
made a deal with the Senate. A
treaty signed not in ink, but in
flesh.*

AMAZONIA

*She gave them our brother? To
Rome?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACHILLEA

Your brother. He is a Roman creature now. He means nothing to me.

THERMODOSA

She gave them a gift to guarantee the peace. A piece of royal Amazonian blood to be raised in Roman courts, wrapped in a toga, untaught in the way of the sword. She bought your freedom with his exile.

AMAZONIA

And you kept this from us.

THERMODOSA

I honored your mothers wishes.

THERMODOSA

Amazon Law, all male children born are either left to the wilds or killed. What was she suppose to do?

ACHILLEA

What she should've done!

Thermodosa eye-fucks and suddenly slaps Achillea's face.

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 --

Amazonia catches up to them, confronts --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMAZONIA

We grew up sisters... learned to
fight together.

(sad beat)

There was no evil in her heart.

The two warriors circle each other, suddenly Achillea
unleashes a series of blows. Her style is precise,
devoid of emotion.

All Amazonia can do is block and parry, Amazonia's forced
backward.

Kleoptoleme watches on fearfully, impotent to help.

KLEOPTOLEME

Come on, Amazonia.

The fight accelerates, blows rain down on Amazonia.
Achillea is relentless, unstoppable...

Suddenly, Amazonia manages to unleash a single strike
that pierces Achillea's breastplate...

She touches the wound, looks at the blood on her finger,
then tastes it. Achillea grins.

ACHILLEA

I welcome the pain. Reminds me of
who I am.

The fight resumes, Achillea shows no sign of injury.
Instead, she reacts with a flurry of frenzied blows.

As the final stroke lands, Amazonia goes down.

Achillea steps over to a wounded Amazonia's body, about
to end her life.

ARTEMISIA

I beg of you. Please... Find the
light in you. Have mercy. Not for
me, but for the innocent heart
beating inside... Please...

The chill in Achillea's voice cuts her celebration short.

ACHILLEA

You understand your death will
come at my hands?

Thermodosa gets between them -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THERMODOSA

Put up your blades!

Achillea starts to walk back toward the gates...

AMAZONIA

I saw it. It pierced her breast plate.

THERMODOSA

Are you sure?

AMAZONIA

My eyes are quicker than yours.
She should be dead.

KLEOPTOLEME

Maybe she already is.

Thermodosa turns to Kleoptoleme, stern -

THERMODOSA

And not a word about this to the other's.

Both reflect, then give resigned nods.

INT. THE TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS - DAY

Thermodosa sits in the chapel. Deep in prayer.

A troubled Amazonia is quiet for a moment, then resumes her pacing, her mind whirring.

THERMODOSA

Warriors don't just rise up from the dead though, no matter how hard they are.

(beat)

You're dealing with a wraith.

AMAZONIA

A wraith?

THERMODOSA

The spirit of a dead warrior conjured from the grave.

AMAZONIA

So this is the work of a Sorcerer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA

Witchcraft can harness the grief
and rage of a tormented soul and
make it live again.

Tormented, Amazonia studies at her hands...

AMAZONIA

All the blood Achillea's spilled
are on my hands.

THERMODOSA

You are not to blame.

AMAZONIA

Was my blade killed her.

Thermodosa takes her arm, turns Amazonia to look at her.

THERMODOSA

Amazonia, you had no choice! Do
you not see?

AMAZONIA

I see I took her life.

THERMODOSA

And your mother offered her life
in exchange for Achillea's.

INT. ACHILLEA'S BED CHAMBERS' - NIGHT

Achillea draws her sword, turns --

Seditious Kane, standing half-hidden in shadow -- it's as
if he just materialized. Achillea takes a ready stance.

Seditious speaks with a disembodied voice.

SEDITIONOUS KANE

You'll have no need for that,
Princess Achillea.

ACHILLEA

Since we hardly know each other,
I'm sure you'll understand if I
hold one to it for awhile.

SEDITIONOUS KANE

You and I were destined to meet.

ACHILLEA

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEDITIONOUS KANE

Friend to some. Foe to others.
I am a teacher of sorts.

Beat.

SEDITIONOUS KANE

You need a friend. One who
understands you.

ACHILLEA

Where would I find such a friend?

SEDITIONOUS KANE

Darkness and light-- where they
meet.

INT. ROYAL PALACE CORRIDOR - DAY

Thermodosa and a nine months pregnant Amazonia walk down
an outdoor corridor alongside the lush courtyard. A wave
of nausea overcomes Amazonia.

Amazonia smiles, takes Thermodosa's hand, gently places
it of her stomach.

THERMODOSA

Is she kicking?

AMAZONIA

Yes. Strong too.

Thermodosa's smile fades. Across the way, Diana and the
Royal Council walk along the adjacent corridor.

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

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

THERMODOSA

And we won't. The Gargareans will
take good care of him.

AMAZONIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA

*Neither could your mother.
Well, let's pray for a girl.*

INT. AMAZONIA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

On a birth bed, Amazonia screams in agony-- attended to by Lagertha and Thermodosa with bowls and linens and medicines.

As Amazonia's pain reaches its climax and her screams subsides...

Lagertha holds the baby's head as the rest of its body slithers out in an abrupt rush of blood and afterbirth. The WAIL of a newborn.

She hands the child to Thermodosa, who wraps the BABY into swaddling, smiling, but eyes are sad.

INT. AMAZONIA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Amazonia breast-feeds her NEWBORN, 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. Amazonia's annoyed at the intrusion.

AMAZONIA

What is this, Achillea?

ACHILLEA

The Queen request your presence.

Achillea motions for two ROYAL GUARDS to grab the infant.

AMAZONIA

No!

A brief struggle ensues.

ACHILLEA

You only doing the boy harm.

Amazonia screams 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.

Myrina rises from her desk.

MYRINA

You know the rules.

AMAZONIA

I'm not giving up my son!

MYRINA

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

AMAZONIA

-- I will not abandon him.

MYRINA

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

Without missing a beat, Amazonia stalks out.

MYRINA

You abandon all rights to the throne. Guards! Seize her!

Guards grab Amazonia. She pleads, then goes ballistic. One guard silences Amazonia with a brutal gut punch.

They drag her body off, WIPING US TO --

EXT. ROYAL PALACE - NIGHT

A swath of moonlight shines in across many archways here.

Kleoptoleme holds Jonas wrapped in a blanket. Thermodosa rushes over, takes the child, then slips away with him.

And then, from the darkness behind Kleoptoleme a HAND REACHES AROUND HER FACE AND COVERS HER MOUTH, and--

-- she's yanked back into a black void beyond the light. When Kleoptoleme gets her wits about her, she sees it's Callisto, telling her to SHHH!

She ushers Kleoptoleme down a secret passageway, steals a glance at Syreena searching for Jonas before following, WIPING US TO --

EXT. THEMISCYRA - NIGHT

Thermodosa, on horseback with Jonas, galloping across the courtyard -- cuts in front of the Royal Guard and lashes out with her boot, knocking her down.

EXT. PLUTO'S STABLE - UNDERWORLD - NIGHT

VALASKA

To the river STYX.

Valaska raises a gauntleted hand.

BOOM. The stable gates shatter outward.

The Knights violently yank the reins, turning the beasts toward the distant, glowing horizon where the dark waters of the RIVER STYX churn.

With a collective, monstrous roar of fire and iron hooves, the Knights THUNDER into the darkness.

EXT. BANKS OF THE RIVER STYX - MOMENTS LATER

The black, oily waters of the RIVER STYX churn against a skeletal stone dock.

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 Scythe Knights thunder toward the dock on their fire-breathing steeds.

Charon drops his posture, shifting into professional mode. He holds out a skeletal, upturned palm, expecting the traditional obolus coins.

CHARON

Hold! None cross the Styx without
tribute to the--

Valaska doesn't even slow down.

Instead, the beast rears back, breathing a jet of white-hot volcanic fire that singes Charon's tattered robes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The massive horse leaps straight over the bow of the ferry, clearing the riverbank entirely.

The rest of the phalanx follows, a storm of iron barding, heavy cloaks, and cloaking ash, splashing brutally into the dark waters as the steeds swim and surge toward the mortal realm above.

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

CHARON

(screaming)

THIEVES! SACRILEGIOUS WRETCHES!
MAY THE FURIES TEAR THE FLESH FROM
YOUR GRAY BONES! YOU WILL PAY!

The glowing orange-red eyes of the Knights don't even look back as they disappear into

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

Thermodosa tears through the chest-high grass of a pitch-black meadow. She cradles a NEWBORN close to her chest.

She glances back—torches slice through the dark.

HOOFBEATS thunder closer.

Suddenly, four massive warhorses burst from the tree line ahead, blocking her path. They exhale thick smoke, jaws frothing.

THE SCYTHEWRAITHS.

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 in horror as she recognizes the turquoise vein.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA

(breathless whisper)

The River Styx.

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

THERMODOSA

The gates are locked. You're...
the Scythe Knights.

The wraiths don't answer. Instead, they pivot their warhorses, forming a defensive wall between Thermodosa and the approaching threat.

A dozen Amazon warriors erupt from the tall grass, torches blazing. Achillea and Syreena lead the charge, skidding their mounts to a halt just yards from the frothing warhorses.

Achillea draws her bronze sword, pointing it directly at the lead Knight.

ACHILLEA

Hand over the child, Thermodosa!
He belongs to the sisterhood, not
to the shadows!

The Scythewraiths don't flinch. Their mounts stomp the earth, sending sparks into the night air

Syreena notches an arrow into her bowstring, her eyes darting to the glowing turquoise Styx sigil on the shields.

She leans toward Achillea, her voice tight with panic.

SYREENA

Achillea... look at the crests.
Those aren't mortal mercenaries.

Achillea's gaze shifts to the shield. She hesitates, her gripped sword trembling slightly as she recognizes the Stygian hounds.

Valaska steps her horse forward. Her voice booms from beneath her dark helmet—hollow, ancient, and echoing with the weight of the dead.

VALASKA

All fear the dark, or yield your
soul. Go back whence you came.

Achillea tries to hold her ground, but her horse rears back, terrified by the scent of the Underworld.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VALASKA

The thread of this child belongs to Scythelord Angelsin. Go back whence you came, or ride across the Styx tonight.

The other wraiths draw their scythes in unison. The cold steel rings out in the quiet meadow.

Syreena lowers her bow, looking at Achillea. It's a losing fight.

Achillea stares into the void of Valaska's helmet. She realizes she is outmatched by cosmic forces. She lowers her sword.

ACHILLEA

(to her warriors)

Hold! Lower your weapons.

With a tight jaw and a bitter glare at Thermodosa, Achillea raises a hand and wheels her horse around.

ACHILLEA

Retreat!

She signals the entourage. The Amazons melt back into the darkness, the thunder of their retreating hoofbeats fading into the night.

The silence of the meadow is heavy, broken only by the panting of the horses and the soft cooing of the baby.

Thermodosa looks down at the newborn. Tears well in her eyes. She presses a long, desperate kiss to the child's forehead.

She steps toward Valaska. The massive warhorse snorts, smoke curling from its nostrils, but Thermodosa doesn't flinch this time.

Motherhood has made her brave. She extends her arms, offering the bundle upward.

THERMODOSA

Protect him. Please.

Valaska leans down from her saddle. Her gauntleted hands-- cold as grave-dirt--reach out and take the infant.

She handles the bundle with a surprising, practiced gentleness. Thermodosa's hands linger on the blanket, loath to let go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THERMODOSA

Does he truly belong to the dead now? Is that his fate?

Valaska pulls the child close to her chest, shielding him from the night wind. She looks down at her through the dark slit of her helmet.

VALASKA

No child belongs to the dead until their thread is cut. He is safe from the living. That is all you need know.

Thermodosa lowers her empty hands, wiping a tear from her cheek. A heavy sense of relief mixes with her heartbreak.

She steps back, ready to accept her solitude.

VALASKA

Do not weep yet, daughter of the sun. Someone wishes to see you.

THERMODOSA

To see me? Who?

Valaska doesn't answer. Valaska 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. Thermodosa grips her cold, iron chest piece.

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 violently 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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;

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.

THERMODOSA

Why have you brought us here?

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Because a bargain with the Underworld is never truly finished, mother. Your role in his destiny has only just begun.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Amazonia stirs on a make-shift bed of straw, still weak from childbirth, awakened by the sound of FOOTSTEPS.

She sits up as the semi-darkness. Suddenly her cell door bursts open -- Achillea and ROYAL GUARDS, storms inside.

She lets out a gasp as the two guards drags her out of the cell.

INT. DUNGEON - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A Royal Guard approaches them --

GUARD

Achillea... this is a breach of
law. Both Gods and Queen... it's
madness

ACHILLEA

Relieve the guard of her duties
and moral conflict..

On that command, Syreena runs a SWORD through the guard.

Amazonia sees her opening, breaks free and runs. Achillea
laughs at the move --

ACHILLEA

Perfect. We'll blame this on
Amazonia as she tried to escape.

EXT. WOOD - NIGHT

Amazonia runs as the warriors follows. Darkness and her
condition make speed difficult. Before long, Syreena and
Achillea is upon her.

Achillea throws her to the ground. Amazonia's
undergarment ripped, her belly in view. She pleads as
Achillea draws her sword --

AMAZONIA

Don't do this, Achillea. Please.

Achillea looks down at Amazonia, a mix of God-fear and
guilt grips her. Then she sees the cross. Looks at it,
sees its meaning. Then --

Achillea puts shackles on her hands and feet.

ACHILLEA

You are banished. Don't ever come
back here. Or anywhere on our
lands. You'll be sure as dead.

To Syreena.

ACHILLEA

Fetch a horse.

Achillea presses the tip of her sword to Amazonia's
belly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

Don't do this, Achillea. Please.

Achillea raises the SWORD to strike her torso--

--A HAND catches Achillea's wrist.

Achillea tries to break free, but--

A gauntleted hand grabs hold of her arm in a vice-like grip. *It's Angelsin.*

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

You'll only dull your sword.

Achillea stiffens and steps back withdrawing her sword.

Magically, Angelsins' *HILT; guard, grip, and pommel*, leaps into her hand, suddenly, a sword extends, showering them with STARBURSTS OF LIGHT.

Achillea eyes it. The sword dazzles almost unnaturally.

ACHILLEA

W-what -- what devil possesses
you... ?

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Darkness in which all light dies.

With blinding sword work, Angelsin forces Achillea back stronger and faster than any mortal could ever be.

With Amazonia, slowly regaining consciousness - squints at the two vague shapes circling in the gloom before her.

SPARKS from each contact gets more dazzling in the dark.

For the first time, Achillea is on the DEFENSIVE -- she can barely parry Angelsin's thrusts, much less attack.

Angelsin's voice remains calm as she whips her blade around Achillea in DAZZLING sword moves...

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Resistance is useless. Or have you
forgotten everything in all those
years of tutelage your mother
taught you?

(a beat)

You cannot win.

Achillea overreaches --Angelasin gives her sword a twist, and disarms Achillea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN
Surrender instead of resistance.

Suddenly Achillea lunges at her, a dagger in her hand.

Angelsin catches her arm, twists with practiced efficiency, and disarms her -- coldcocks Achillea with her sword-pommel.

Angelsin towers over Achillea's unconscious form like the Angel of death.

BEAT. A flick of the wrist - her sword's light dims, then retracts into its hilt.

Amazonia stirs weakly -- Angelsin turns, drops to a knee beside her. Amazonia, staring, unfocused, which sends her reeling into a mumbling delirium.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN
You have a destiny to claim.

AMAZONIA
Destiny? I don't believe in fate
and prophecies. Never did.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN
You have the chance to soar with
the Ravens yet choose to die like
a sparrow.

AMAZONIA
There are things worse than death.

Reluctantly, Angelsin nods, sadly...

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN
Yes. There is. You forced your
mother's hand. Do not force mine!

AMAZONIA
Perhaps -- but if I must face it,
let it find me, for I shall not
search for it -- only my son.

With a hand gesture -- an evil breeze blows through the area. The moonlight shimmers.

Achillea CONVULSES TO LIFE. Grabs her sword, turns several full rotations, craning for a glimpse of the sorceress.

Her eyes burn with fury...

INT. ROYAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Syreena and Achillea stand before a concerned Myrina.
They've been explaining their situation.

SYREENA

I've heard the whispers of the
dark One spawned by the Devils
beneath the earth, to be loosen on
the world like a plague as
judgement for the sins of man...

QUEEN MYRINA

I heard the tales, it's a legend.

RACHNA

Some stories are true.

QUEEN MYRINA

I wonder what she would want with
the boy.

Thermodosa strides in, the Royal Council follows.

THERMODOSA

I bring good news. The child is
safe.

ACHILLEA

You traitor!

THERMODOSA

Hold your tongue!

Achillea then takes a step toward Thermodosa.

But the Royal Council draw their swords in unison, daring
Achillea act.

ACHILLEA

Your deed will be remembered.

MYRINA

Enough! Take your leave, Achillea!

INT. ROMAN WARSHIP - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

The hull CREAKS. The ship treads its course.

A ROMAN confers with MEDICUS - grizzled like an old lion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

Amazonia's eyes open. She convulses.

ROMAN OFFICER

Yea, 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.

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.

EXT. THEMISCYRA PLAIN - DAY

Achillea rides across a moonlit pasture. Realizing that she is being pursued, she cuts into a thicket of trees.

Moments later Syreena and Gia arrive, suddenly losing her trail.

ACHILLEA (O.S.)

Are you following me?

Achillea emerges from the tress.

SYREENA

You didn't think I'd let you go
off by yourself, did you?

ACHILLEA

This is where we part for now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This takes Syreena off guard.

ACHILLEA

Challenge me if you must, but it
will be your defeat.

SYREENA

Very well. Then let us part as
sisters and not enemies.

They bump forearm guards.

Gia rides up to Achillea, looks her in the eyes, the
chemistry between them palpable. She kisses Achillea -
deeply, passionately.

GIA

I could not have you leave without
tasting your lips once again.

Achillea holds her tight, embracing every bit of her.

GIA

Return to me.

She nods. Gia's fingers linger on Achillea's face for as
long as she can bear, then rides away with Syreena.

BEAT. Achillea gallops away. Suddenly, a shadow passes
over her face.

EXT. DARK TOWERS - DAY

A large, imposing temple-like structure. It looks
mysterious and ancient. Reeks of evil and malevolence.

The shadows reflect back on themselves, giving it a
certain Escher-like feel.

INT. THE DARK TOWER - DAY

TORCHES set in the walls are the only source of light.
Achillea hauls ass through the claustrophobic labyrinth
of bones.

A hooded Seditious Kane sits on a boulder. Rests his hand
atop his sword, stretching to the dirt. His face hidden
in shadow.

He quite simply couldn't look more menacing if he tried.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Achillea whips out her sword with blinding speed, puts it to his neck. Seditious speaks with a disembodied voice.

The cavernous space reverberates with the CLANG of swords and the gloom is pierced by SPARKS from their blades.

Achillea is good, but so is Seditious Kane. He laughs, enjoying the battle until...

Seditious' strength starts to wane, feeling the pain of his age, begins to lose ground. He's having difficulty withstanding the power of her blows.

She presses, sensing his weakness.

The flames dim, his voice now soothing, almost hypnotic.

SEDITIOUS KANE

Can you feel it, Achillea? Your arm, it grows weaker... your muscles shutting down... You're tired... so tired... weary... you can hardly focus... barely keep your eyes open...

Her hair hangs wildly about her face. She moves a bit clumsily, getting drowsier, struggles to shake it off.

SEDITIOUS KANE

Your legs are getting numb... your arms are like lead... Your sword is heavy... so heavy... you can barely lift it, you CAN'T lift...

Suddenly she can't breathe. Her sword grows heavy, her shoulders sag, threatening to overwhelm her strength

Achillea's struggles to lift it.

Seditious strikes her SWORD away, pushes Achillea to the ground. She looks up as Seditious who retires his sword.

He lowers his hood-- he looks a hundred years old, blind in one eye, a ghost-pale face.

SEDITIOUS KANE

Your anger blinds you. You must learn to harness it. When the time comes you'll only have but one chance. You best use it well.

ACHILLEA

What trick is this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

I must teach it to you sometime.

He starts off. Achillea takes his arm, halting him.

ACHILLEA

The Dark One?

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

ScytheLord Angelsin.

Seditious Kane grins at that, his mood bright.

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

The sword Angelsin wields. The
Gladius Lux, the Sword of Light.

ACHILLEA

I've got to have it!

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

You can never hold it.

Her nostrils flare.

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

Buried with its twin--
(grins)
Fortune favors you.

ACHILLEA

And where can I find this blade?

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

It shall find you. But first -- we
must expel what light remains
within your soul. Only then can
you possess-- the Gladius
Tenebris, the Sword of Darkness.

She replies with a sly grin.

Seditious Kane ascend up a STONE STAIRWELL, Achillea follows, WIPING US TO --

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly-- Amazonia's eyes fly open. Lightning fast, grabs the hand, yanks her into the light --

MARCELA, stunning in her flowing robes, a woman of breathtaking beauty, poise and elegance.

MARCELA

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 streak Amazonia's face. Marcela's moved as well.

INT. IMPERIAL PALACE - TRICLINIUM - NIGHT

A sumptuous room, lavishly appointed. Music, wine, food.

An orgy is in progress - ROME'S ELITE, men, women, and scantily-clad WHORES. Not since Caligula's reign have we seen anything like this before.

To spare us the details...

FIND Valeria, lounging on a sofa, no interest in the depravity. SHEBA, a half-naked slave girl, hurries over. They speak in hushed whisers.

SHEBA

Domina, Petra Romulus is bringing in a new prisoner. An Amazon. Bares the same scar as Alexius.

Panic befalls Valeria.

VALERIA

Have you informed Alexius?

Shakes his head...no.

VALERIA

Keep this between us.

Valeria heads out, her dress, swishing aside to reveal her bare ass. Sheba follows.

INT. AMPHITHEATRE - TUNNEL - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From our vantage point - they see the bloody, mutilated corpse 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...

FADE OUT.

INT. COLOSSEUM/INTERIOR STAIRWELL- NIGHT

VALERIA, 20s, takes the stone steps down, into the bowels of the amphitheater.

Torchlight illuminates the passage to..

Valeria's elegant. She wears a silk stola, but a heavy wool palla (veil) covers her hair and half her gorgeous face, masking her identity.

INT. COLOSSEUM/HYPOGEUM

Main corridor in this subterranean level connects storage rooms, animal cages and gladiator's "dressing rooms."

METELLUS, 30s, her loyal Greek slave, keeps watch at the iron grate door, a purse of bribed coins hidden in his tunic.

Metellus nods toward the darkness. A shadow moves.

Alexius appears. He's covered in whip-scars and older silver blade-cuts. He wears only a sweat-soaked subligaculum and leather arm-wraps.

Valeria lets her veil fall. Her eyes burn with a mix of hunger and fear.

VALERIA

You took too long. The night watch changes in an hour.

He doesn't bow. He looks down at her expensive gold earrings, then into her eyes

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEXIUS

The Lanista wanted another round
on the wooden post. My blood sells
tickets, Domina.

VALERIA

Don't call me that. Not here.

She reaches out. Her manicured, pale hand—reeling with
expensive Egyptian perfume—contrasts sharply against his
rough, dirt-streaked chest.

She traces a fresh cut on his shoulder. He flinches
slightly, but doesn't pull away

ALEXIUS

Your husband sat in the editor's
box today. He gave the thumbs down
to a Thracian boy I trained with.

VALERIA

My husband talks of tax farmers
and grain supplies. He is a corpse
who happens to still breathe.

She pulls his head down to hers. They kiss—brutal,
desperate, and urgent.

Alexius grips her waist, his rough hands catching on the
delicate silk of her dress.

Metellus suddenly taps the iron grate with his dagger.
Clang

METELLUS

Footsteps. The Lanista's guards
are returning from the tavern.

Valeria breaks the kiss, breathless. She pulls her veil
back over her face, instantly transforming back into the
untouchable Roman matron.

She slips a small glass vial into Alexius' hand.

VALERIA

Silphium oil. For your shoulder.
Do not die on Saturday, Alexius. I
have bet a fortune on you.

She vanishes into the dark corridor with Metellus.

Alexius looks down at the expensive vial in his scarred
palm, then up at the empty hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACHILLEA

(to drago)

Don't think for a second the gods
have spared you mercy-- only time!

SOLIS

(in the throes)

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

Amazonia rolls on top of him, straddling him.

AMAZONIA

Fuck me again, Thracian. And while
you're doing it, remember this --

QUEEN MYRINA

Prepare for battle. We shall
slaughter these heathens before
their stench defiles our sacred
temples...

EXT. A VERDANT STREAM - DAY

Rea sits on a rock under a canopy of lush foliage,
washing her legs, as Thermodosa waters their horses and
fills a water bag....

THERMODOSA

Aethelgard was real.

Rea almost smiles at that.

REA

Of course it was.

THERMODOSA

It stood beyond the western sea.
Hidden by mist. Protected by the
gods...

(beat)

...until it wasn't.

Amazonia listens closely now.

THERMODOSA

The Order there fed its magic with
blood. Innocents. Prisoners.
Children.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REA

You expect me to believe that?

THERMODOSA

I expect you to listen.

A long silence.

THERMODOSA

One among them rose against the Order. Mantis Morari.

AMAZONIA

The Shadow Queen.

Thermodosa nods once.

THERMODOSA

She was strong enough to destroy them.

REA

Then why speak of her like a monster?

THERMODOSA

Because she became one.

The fire cracks between them.

THERMODOSA

Morari turned the dark magic against the world. Cities burned for days. Until the gods collapsed the mountains around them, burying Aethelgard beneath the rumble to stop her.

Rea folds her arms tighter.

REA

And somehow her spirit survived. She lies dormant, seeks a vessel?

THERMODOSA

You already know the answer to that.

That lands harder than Rea expects.

REA

Why are you telling me this now?

Thermodosa studies her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THERMODOSA

Because the Achlyans' blood runs
through you.

A beat.

REA

No.

THERMODOSA

If Morari finds you, she will
hollow you out and wear your body
like armor.

Amazonia shifts uneasily.

REA

If I carry this power, then teach
me to use it.

THERMODOSA

No.

REA

Why?

THERMODOSA

Because it devours everything it
touches.

The certainty in her voice cuts deep.

Rea steps back.

REA

You knew.

THERMODOSA says nothing.

REA

Every time I asked who I was...
you knew.

THERMODOSA

I tried to spare you.

REA

Spare me?

She laughs once -- hurt, disbelieving.

REA

You made me afraid of myself
without ever telling me why.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Amazonia steps between them.

AMAZONIA
If Morari is coming, hiding the
truth changes nothing.

THERMODOSA
Truth awakens the curse.

AMAZONIA
Or prepares her for it.

THERMODOSA
To wield that power is to invite
her inside you.

Rea stares at her own hands.

Something is wrong.

A faint tremor beneath the skin.

REA
Sometimes...
(swallows)
...I feel something moving in me.

Thermodosa goes still.

REA
A coldness under my skin.

THERMODOSA
Rea--

REA
I thought it was anger.

She looks up. Frightened now.

REA
I thought it was me.

Thermodosa grabs her shoulders.

THERMODOSA
Listen to me carefully. If the
Mist rises, you must bury it.
Starve it. Do not let it feed.

Rea jerks away from her touch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

REA

You speak about this blood like
it's a plague.

THERMODOSA

To the world, we still are.

REA

And what if you're wrong?

THERMODOSA

I am not.

REA

How can you know that?

Her voice cracks.

REA

If the blood is the same... maybe
the hunger is too.

Silence. Then:

REA

If it happens...

Thermodosa's face falls.

REA

If I become what you fear--

THERMODOSA

Don't say that.

REA

Promise me.

A long beat.

THERMODOSA

Promise what?

Rea fights to hold herself together.

REA

That you kill me before I stop
being myself.

The Pythia of Alexandria (after the famous single
priestess style)The Prophetis of Alexandria

INT. TEMPLE OF THE FATES - DAY

A tiny temple with prehistoric drawings, shrouded in torchlight.

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

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--

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.

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

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Forgive me. For my eyes are sensitive to light

CLOTHO

The Fates always welcome you here. Cant say we're pleasantly surprised.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 --

EXT. CITADEL OF SINOPE - NIGHT

SUPER: SINOPE - CAPITOL OF PONTUS

A fortress of salt and stone, jutting into the black waters of the Euxine Sea.

Angry waves crash against the massive, sea-washed stone walls of the harbor.

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

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

EXT. CLIFFS OF AMASYA - NIGHT

Torches flicker along a massive, fortified stone wall that clings to the precipice.

SUPER: AMASYA - KINGDOM OF PONTUS

Cracks of THUNDER echoes across the canyon, illuminating the sprawling royal palace nested deep within the rock.

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—

The roaring braziers suddenly SNAP. The warm orange flames instantly die down to an unnatural, ice-blue glow.

The heat vanishes. A freezing mist rolls across the floor.

From the shadows behind the tapestries, they emerge.

The Scythewraiths. A violent blast of freezing wind sweeps through the room. Mithridates shields his face.

WRAITHS

Mithridates. King of Kings. Poison-drinker.

Mithridates draws his sword. The steel blade trembles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITHRIDATES

What sorcery is this? Are you Roman tricks? Speak, or I hack you back to the underworld! What are you?

The Wraiths tilt their heads in perfect, eerie unison. The ice-blue cracks on their helmets flare with blinding intensity.

WRAITHS

To the living, we are the dark. To the dead, we are the soil. But to a tyrant... we are the worms already inside you.

Valaska glides forward. The steel of her blade begins to frost over. Valaska touches the flat of Mithridates' sword.

SHATTER! The steel blade explodes into frozen shards.

Footsteps THUNDER down the corridor outside. The heavy oak doors burst open.

A dozen CAPADOCIAN GUARDS, heavily armored in bronze breastplates and carrying massive hoplite shields, form a desperate wall between the riders and the throne.

GUARD 1

Sire! We heard a—

The Wraiths drop from the ceiling, vanishing into the shadows behind the guards.

MITHRIDATES

Behind you!

Too late. The lead Wraith drives a smoky, clawed hand directly through Guard 1's bronze breastplate.

Guard 1 gasps. ICE rimes over his eyes. His flesh shrivels into dust inside his armor. He collapses into a heap of empty plates.

Guard 2 spins, swinging his spear. A second Wraith catches the shaft. The wood freezes and SHATTERS.

The remaining Wraiths swarm Guard 2, inhaling his life force. His muffled screams echo until he falls—a frozen, mummified corpse twisted in absolute horror.

The Wraiths turn their glowing eyes back to Mithridates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They approach the throne in unison. Their boots leave bloody, frozen footprints on the silk carpets.

King Mithridates hyperventilates, pressing himself so hard against the back of his throne the wood groans.

Valaska raises her sword. The blade stops an inch from the King's trembling throat.

Her helm tilts. Those pinpricks of orange-red fire lock onto his eyes.

VALASKA

A message from Scythelord Angelsin.

Mithridates nods rapidly, tears of absolute terror streaming down his face.

VALASKA (CONT'D)

Themiscyra is forbidden. Cross the border, and she will feed your crown to the Styx.

Valaska lowers the blade. She reaches down, tears a blood-soaked royal sigil from a dead guard's cape, and drops it at the King's feet.

Valaska points a smoky finger at the dead men.

VALASKA

A preview of Pontus. Remember.

A violent blast of freezing wind sweeps through the room. Mithridates shields his face.

The wind stops. The room snaps back to a warm orange glow. The Wraiths are gone.

Only the pile of ash, the mummified corpse, and the melting shards of his sword remain.

Mithridates slowly lowers his arms. His hands tremble. Hedrops the frozen hilt. For the first time in his life, theKing of Pontus is paralyzed by fear.

Valaska leads the charge on her steed. She leans low, her XIPHOS SWORD extending like a wing.WO ROYAL GUARDS rush in, spears leveled.

The Wraiths turn their glowing eyes back to Mithridates. The lead Wraith points a smoky finger at the dead men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WRAITHS

A preview of Pontus. Remember.

WRAITHS

Turn your armies away from the Plains of Themiscyra. Attack them, and we will bring the fires of Armageddon to your valleys. We will turn your mountains to ash, and your kingdom into a tomb.

INT. AMASYA PALACE - AUDIENCE CHAMBER - NIGHT

The vibrant morning sun bleeds through the massive arched window, cutting through a lingering, heavy layer of gray ash.

The room is completely silent, save for the crackle of burning fat from the newly lit, orange-flamed braziers.

Mithridates sits flat on the marble floor. His royal purple robes are stained with the gray dust of his first guard.

His fingers are caked in the thawing, wet ice that is puddling around the mummified corpse of his second.

He hasn't blinked in hours. His wild, lion's mane of hair hangs loose and matted over his face.

he heavy oak doors open slowly.

ARCHELAUS (50s), Mithridates' chief general, steps inside. He carries a gold tray of fruit and wine. He stops.

Archelaus eyes the pile of armor, the gray ash, and the shriveled corpse. He looks at his King on the floor.

ARCHELAUS

Sire...? The vanguard is assembled at the river. We await your command to march on Themiscyra.

Mithridates doesn't look up. He slowly lifts his hand. It is trembling violently. He stares at his own fingernails, as if expecting them to turn black.

MITHRIDATES

They are already inside us, Archelaus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHELAUS

Who is inside us, my King? What happened here? Was it assassins?

Mithridates finally raises his head. The piercing, confident light in his eyes is entirely gone, replaced by a hollow, frantic paranoia.

MITHRIDATES

Burn the corpses. Wash the floor. Tell the court the guards died of the pestilence.

ARCHELAUS

And the invasion? The plains are wide open for the taking.

Mithridates pushes himself up, using a marble column for support. He looks out toward the direction of Themiscyra.

MITHRIDATES

We do not march. Halt the legions. If we cross that border... the earth will open up and swallow Pontus whole.

Archelaus stares at his commander, deeply unsettled by the sudden cowardice of the "King of Kings."

Archelaus bows slowly, backing away toward the door.

ARCHELAUS

As you command, Sire.

Archelaus exits, leaving the doors slightly ajar.

Mithridates walks over to the table. He picks up a fresh gold cup, pours wine, and looks down into the dark liquid.

He hesitates, terrified that even his own wine is infected by their shadow. He drinks anyway, desperately trying to swallow down the fear.

INT. AMASYA PALACE - AUDIENCE CHAMBER - DAY

A narrow, stone-walled chamber. Maps of Asia Minor and the Plains of Themiscyra cover a heavy cedar table.

General Archelaus stands over the table, his fingers white as he presses them into the wood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Across from him stands DIOPHANTUS (40s), a cold, calculating Pontic strategist.

DIOPHANTUS

Halted? The entire vanguard is sitting in the mud at the Iris River. Why?

ARCHELAUS

He claims a pestilence took the nightwatch. But I saw the room, Diophantus. There was no sickness. One guard was nothing but gray ash inside his armor. The other was... shriveled. Mummified.

Diophantus scoffs, crossing his arms.

DIOPHANTUS

A Roman poison, then. Mithridates is losing his mind to paranoia. He drinks venom for breakfast; it was bound to rot his brain eventually.

ARCHELAUS

No. This wasn't poison. The room was freezing. Ice was melting on the floor in the heat of the morning. He kept muttering about something being inside us. He looked at the eastern horizon like a frightened child.

Diophantus straightens up, his eyes narrowing. The political reality sets in.

DIOPHANTUS

If the army sees the King of Kings cower before an empty plain, the tribes will revolt. Rome will swallow us by winter. What did he call them?

ARCHELAUS

He didn't. But the old texts of the marshlands speak of them. The ones who guard the gateway to the deep. The Scythian knights.

Diophantus pauses. A flicker of genuine unease crosses his face before he masks it with a sneer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DIOPHANTUS

Old wives' tales. Ghost stories to keep children from wandering into the swamps.

ARCHELAUS

They aren't stories. They are the iron servants of the Scythe-lord Angelsin. And our King just met them.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Achillea and a brigade of warriors ride hard as day slips into night. Cutting a determined path through virgin woods. A non-stop journey.

A SCYTHERKNIGHT towers over the battlefield—a terrifying amalgamation of a Roman legionary and a medieval knight clad in interlocking plates of obsidian armor.

Its helmet is a sealed iron cage. Through the narrow, horizontal eye slits, there is only a bottomless, pitch-black void.

The Scytheknight turns its head, locking onto Amazonia.

Deep within the dark void of the helmet, two INRICKS suddenly ignite, burning with a cold, ethereal light that glares through the steel slits.

A suffocating, bottomless expanse. Volcanic ash drifts like snow through a thick, sulfurous mist that clings to the jagged obsidian ground.

Through the dense fog, FOUR SHAPES materialize.

The SCYTHERKNIGHTS.

Clad in dark, unearthly armor, a brutal fusion of a Roman legionary and a medieval knight. Overlapping plates of black lorica segment their torsos, while heavy steel pauldrons and greaves encase their limbs.

They wear enclosed iron helmets, featuring sharp Roman neck guards and faceplates. Through the narrow, horizontal eye slits, there is nothing. Just a pitch-black, hollow void.

Then the void stares back -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

the INRICKS ignite. A cold, ethereal light pulses, casting a ghostly, frozen luminescence across the metal faceplates. They stare forward.

Ahead of them, FOUR BLACK STEEDS emerge from the vapor. Massive, demonic stallions with coats like liquid midnight. Fire spills from their nostrils, hissing violently as the sparks hit the damp underworld mist.

The Scytheknights move in perfect, disciplined unison. Heavy steel boots crunch against the stone. They reach for the reigns of their fire-breathing beasts.

One of the knights pauses, his glowing inricks shifting toward the front of the line. His voice is a low, grating rasp of scraping metal

The Leader mounts his stallion in one fluid, heavy motion. The beast rears back, snorting a violent burst of flame into the dark.

The four demonic stallions gallop through the underworld fog, their hooves leaving scorch marks on the stone.

They screech to a halt at the precipice of a massive, cavernous bank.

Below them lies THE ACHERON. Unlike the shimmering, glassy River Styx, the River of Woe is a churning, violent torrent of black, viscous water.

It doesn't splash, it WEEPS.

The surface ripples with the agonized, translucent faces of damned souls trapped beneath the current. Their muffled shrieks create a deafening, ambient drone of pure despair.

The Leader guides his fire-breathing steed to the very edge. The beast snorts flame, illuminating the thrashing souls below.

The Leader raises a heavy, medieval-plated gauntlet toward the cavern ceiling.

INT. THE PORTAL / BETWEEN WORLDS - CONTINUOUS

The Leader slams his fist downward into the black waters of the Acheron. The River of Woe violently erupts.

A massive vortex of black water and trapped souls spins upward, defying gravity, tearing open a jagged rift in reality itself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The rift crackles with dark lightning.

Through the tear, a glimpse of the mortal world appears:

The Leader kicks his stallion's ribs.

The Scytheknights charge into the vortex. The screams of the damned souls wrap around them like a cloak as they are sucked upward into the cosmic tear.

INT. THE GREY EMBERS - UNDERWORLD - UNTIME

A vast, ash-choked courtyard outside the gates of Hades.

EXT. A VERDANT STREAM - DAY

Amazonia sits on a rock under a canopy of lush foilage, washing her legs, as Thermodosa waters their horses and fills a water bag....

THERMODOSA

What do you know of Aethelgard?

REA

A ancient myth. A fairy tale, told to frighten others'.

THERMODOSA

Aethelgard is no myth. It was home to the Achlyans. A coastal village hidden by divine mist, from the world. A gateway between the mortal world and a hidden isle of heroes, celestial deities.

(reminiscing...)

It was some of the darkest days, an empire dedicated to dark seers, even darker magic, sorcery without end. It was a painful history few who dare not remember.

REA

Yet you have.

THERMODOSA

Because I must. We must. They are our ancestors... we are THE LAST ORDER OF THE ACHLYANS.

THERMODOSA

The history of our people is etched in blood.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA (CONT'D)

The dark magic of Aethelgard required the blood of innocents. Many lives were seized to fuel our power, until finally one of their own sought to stop this evil. Ananke. She possessed a power far superior than the others, even Queen Ananke, except for her brother, Kane.

AMAZONIA

Did everyone have this power?

THERMODOSA

Not everyone. It skips blood lines.

REA

Did Morari kill him?

THERMODOSA

Then turned her dark magic upon Greece and her own people. Never has civilization witnessed such fury, destruction. Cities consumed by fire that raged for days, until the great flood swallowed Aethelgard, burying everyone who remained beneath the sea.... their secrets with them.

REA

You mean some escaped?

THERMODOSA

Indeed, thanks to Prophetess Ananke. She foresaw it coming. Tried to warn the others' but her words fell on deaf ears. So she gathered her family and fled into the mountains.

THERMODOSA

Mantis Morari blamed the gods. She marched on Olympus and challenged them. The gods won. With her last breath cursed them to one day suffer her return...

THERMODOSA

The Promethean Dawn, a fate that cant be changed, not even by the gods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THERMODOSA

Morari's spirit lives, she seeks a vessel, Artemesia, because the power of her ancestor, Ananke, still lies in Artemesia's blood. If somehow she were to sacrifice Artemesia--it would become her.

REA

Why not have her use this power against her? If it is as you say, she could easily--

THERMODOSA

-- Because I had kept Artemesia's power a mystery to her -- for her own good. You see-- the dark magic of the Achlyans is pure evil, it bends all to its will, even gods and kings. Once sparked, the evil would consume her and all around her. This cannot be, at any cost.

REA

Yet she chose to sacrifice her life to save my sister.

REA

Do you have the power?

THERMODOSA

No, but you do. In her own way, your mother sacrificed for you both.

Black dust lingers in the air li

HADES

I pride myself as a fair and just King, but I've a good mind not to help you.

HADES

Fate be fucked -- so it begins!

ANGELSIN

I believe you will find the gods amenable to this suggestion.

HADES

And what do you hope to gain in return?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGELSIN

I offer them my allegiance. I will not offer a second time.

HADES

I have no need to be part of your vengeance, nor do I need your allegiance.

ANGELSIN

Heed what I am saying, mind your place. I will fulfill the prophecy and when I control the beast I will rule the kingdoms. You'd be wise to remember that. Nothing will stand in our way. Certainly not the Lord of the Damned.

HADES

The gods believe this child is fulfilling prophecy that will end their rule.

ANGELSIN

A myth. It's what they have you to believe. Yes, it seems to mean one thing, but means another.

HADES

For such a lie you will eat your tongue and lips.

ANGELSIN

Quiet! Stop you're mewling.

HADES

(angered)

You can't address me like that.

ANGELSIN

I assume you are familiar with the Oracle's Last Breath -- after the Prophetess Ishtar Alter?

ANGELSIN

When the golden ichor turns to rust, and the Oracle of Delphi speaks only dust; a child born of shadow and sea, shall break the Fates' eternal decree. From silent bronze, the gods shall fall, and mortal fire consume the hall."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HADES

(frightened)

The Promethean Curse, The Fall of
Olympus prophecy! Return of the
Titans.

ANGELSIN

A fate that cant be changed, not
even by the gods.

Hades, wagging an accusing finger at her.

HADES

You're up to something.

HADES

So be it. You've chosen your fate!

ANGELSIN

I am the Last Order of Achlyans.
We make our own fate!

HADES

You conjured this thing. Their
deaths are at your hand.

AANGELSIN

Spare me! Always so righteous,
never to blame... You were
unfaithful to Persephone. Does she
know of me?!

HADES

You must swear to me that you will
keep your oath.

ANGELSIN

I will take it to my grave.

WOMAN

We're outnumbered. It's
impossible.

AMAZONIA

That's what they said about Troy.

MORWENNA

A return to a dark, forgotten
origin. It's from the Mantis Mal-
assandra's Scrolls, a chain of
prophecies linked together into a
single, cohesive volume --
revealed in cryptic messages...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ARTEMESIA

I know of the other messages.

MORWENNA

*One must unlock the first to
receive the second. And so forth.
Three In all. Look within
yourself.*

ARTEMESIA

I do not understand.

MORWENNA

You shall.

Standing in a rigid phalanx: THE SCYTHEWRAITHS.

These are no ragged ghosts. They are undead warriors—former QUEENS OF THE AMAZONS. They wear heavy plates of tarnished dark steel, molded to brutal, regal musculature. No hoods cover their heads.

Instead, they wear crested ancient war-helmets. Through the hollow eye slits, there is nothing but an absolute, pitching BLACK VOID.

Tattered, blood-wine colored CAPES hang from their pauldrons.

In their gauntleted hands: broad, double-edged GREEK XIPHOS SWORDS, forged from Stygian iron.

A low tremor ripples through the ash. A gateway to the living world groans open ahead of them, casting a warm, vital Earth-light across their dark armor.

Inside the leading Queen's helmet, the void changes. Two pinpricks of COLD BLUE LIGHT ignite deep within the eye slits. The abyss stares back.

She raises her iron blade. The Scythewraiths march forward.

Use code with caution.

EXT. THE STYGIAN EDGE - UNTIME

A cliffside overlooking a swirling maelstrom of souls.

Three SCYTHEWRAITHS step to the ledge. Their dark iron armor is etched with ancient Amazonian battle-runes, now corrupted and weeping frost.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Long, charcoal-grey CLOAKS billow violently behind them, whipped by underworld gale winds.

They hold heavy, notched broadswords. The metal is pitted from centuries of blood.

We tracking shot past their faces. The helmets are empty. Just hollow, featureless voids beneath the metal brims.

Suddenly, a violent rift tears open the sky above—revealing a mirror-image view of a moonlit NYC ALLEYWAY on Earth.

The moment the living world is exposed, the voids ignite.

A blinding, icy-blue luminescence flares behind the helmet slits. The cold blue eyes lock onto the mortal realm above.

Without a sound, the Amazon Queens bend their knees and vault upward, defying gravity as they ascend out of hell.

Use code with caution.

EXT. THE FIELDS OF ASPHODEL - UNTIME

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, a spark of blinding orange ignites. Then another.

A thundering rumble shakes the frozen ground as The Scythewraith charge into view, mounted upon ARMORCLAD, fire-breathing STEEDS.

Flames erupt from their nostrils, melting the frost before them and casting dancing shadows across the wasteland.

Their tattered, blood-wine capes billow against the underworld gale. Their dark steel armor gleams in the firelight.

Behind the hollow eye slits of their ancient war-helmets, the BLACK VOID reacts to the heat. Two sparks of CRUEL BLUE LIGHT snap awake. The cold blue eyes stare through the smoke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They rein in their mounts at a precipice.

Below them lies THE RIVER STYX.

The water is a churning, glassy black-viscous with the frozen tears of the damned and humming with a lethal, sub-zero current. Earth lies just beyond the far bank, veiled in shadow.

The leading Queen draws her Stygian iron broadsword. She points it across the freezing waters.

The steeds let out a collective, synchronized roar of flame, and the Scythewraiths plunge their mounts directly into the icy torrent.

Use code with caution.

EXT. THE RIVER STYX - UNTIME

A vast, subterranean canyon. The air here is a lethal, sub-zero vacuum.

Below, THE RIVER STYX churns—a viscous, glassy-black expanse of frozen tears. A toxic, freezing fog hangs inches above the water.

Emerging from the gloom on the far bank: CHARON. The skeletal Ferryman stands atop his rotting skiff, guiding it through the ice-choked current with a long oar.

Suddenly, a thunderous roar fractures the silence.

Out from the glacial mist bursts THREE SCYTHEWRAITHS.

They ride massive, armorclad steeds that breathe violent, orange fire. The heat vaporizes the freezing fog into clouds of hissing steam.

The Amazon Queens lean forward in their saddles. Their tattered, blood-wine capes—the color of ancient royal burials—snap in the wind.

They don't stop at the shoreline.

With a shattering shockwave, the steeds leap. Their hooves hit the black water—and STICK. They do not sink. They GALLOP ACROSS THE SURFACE, leaving a trail of instant, boiling steam on the freezing river.

The armorclad steeds gallop across the glassy black surface, their fiery breath sending plumes of white steam into the sub-zero air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ahead, CHARON blocks the path. He plants his long oar deep into the riverbed, bringing his rotting skiff to a halt.

He raises a bony, fleshless hand, pointing a crooked finger at the oncoming horde.

CHARON
(a gravelly,
subterranean hiss)
No shade crosses without tribute!
Where is my gold, fleshless ones?
May the Styx swallow your bones!

The leading Queen violently yanks her reins. Her steed skids across the icy water, hooves spraying a shower of boiling mist.

She glares down at the Ferryman. Behind the hollow eye slits of her dark iron helmet, the black void suddenly ignites. Two pinpricks of freezing, ICY BLUE LIGHT stare into his soul.

Her blood-wine cape settles around her armor. When she speaks, her voice is a dark chorus of echoed royalty—the sound of grinding tectonic plates.

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

Charon freezes. The skeletal ferryman slowly lowers his hand. He knows the mark of his Master.

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

AMAZON QUEEN

(CONT'D)
Ride!

Her steed rears back, breathing a wall of orange fire that forces Charon to shield his face. The Scythewraiths tear past the skiff, rocketing toward the glowing earthly rift on the horizon.

Charon looks up.

Behind the hollow eye slits of the leading Queen's helmet, the absolute black void shifts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two burning pinpricks of ICY BLUE LIGHT flare to life.
The void stares back.

She draws her Stygian iron broadsword, raising it as she charges directly toward Charon's path.

The Ferryman slowly lowers his oar, stepping back into the shadows of his skiff as the fiery nightmare horde roars past him, heading straight for the earthly rift on the horizon.

Use code with caution.

The SCYTHEWRAITHS.

Terrifying, blood-wine caped warriors, robed in dark iron—a ruined lorica segmentata, A short-sleeved, leather tunics, vambraces, leg greaves...Their arms and bare legs are gray, mottled, and Rotting.

hey look elemental, as if mounted demons had descended to earth.

an Imperial Gallic Face Helmets, there a dark void in hollow eye slits.

As they step into the light of the fires, the true horror of their form is revealed.

Then-- the void stares back.

The INRICKS ignite. A cold, ethereal light pulses behind the eye holes.

Two needle-sharp pinpricks of COLD ETHEREAL LIGHT pulse to life.

but

SCYTHEWRAITHS-- but we DON'T see them in full, NOT YET, *robed in short-sleeved, leather tunics, dark iron—a ruined lorica segmentata, vambraces, greaves, decaying gray flesh beneath tattered black cloaks flutter...*

INT. UNDERWORLD

The SCYTHEWRAITHS-- *heavy, tattered black cloaks, robed in short-sleeved, leather tunics, Greek-style armor hammered in dark steel; vambraces, greaves, breastplates, decaying gray flesh...*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Camera finds their faces -- an Imperial Gallic Face Helmets. Through the hollow eye slits, there is no flesh. Just a pitch-black void

Then the void stares back

The INRICKS ignite. A cold, ethereal light blooms behind the eye holes, casting a ghostly, frozen luminescence...

INT. UNDERWORLD - MOMENTS LATER

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

As they breathe, bursts of low, volcanic FIRE erupt from their nostrils, illuminating the ash around them.

Emerging from the obsidian shadows, THE SCYTHEWRAITHS; Over their shoulders, heavy, black cloaks billow behind them. A legion of rot and jagged iron.

They wear a LORICA SEGMENTATA ARMOR overlapping steel bands rusted and fused into decaying gray flesh. Beneath the plates, the shredded leather tunic hang in rotting rags.

The CAMERA GLIDES closer, tight on a pitted Imperial Gallic Helmet. Through the narrow eye slits: nothing. A pitch-black void.

Then, the void stares back.

THE INRICKS IGNITE.

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

The Scythewraiths grip the reins with their bare, withered forearms. In unison, they swing their legs over the saddle, mounting the armor-clad beasts.

The fiery steeds REAR BACK.

An army of ash and flame, ready to ride.

he Scythewraiths move. The fused plates of their lorica segmentata groan.

Emerging from the obsidian shadows...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE SCYTHEWRAITHS; Ragged, black cloaks billow behind them. Beneath the cloth, tarnished dark steel lorica segmentata over leather tunics fused to Their gray, mottled, and Rotting flesh.

gray, decaying skin...

They wear ragged, black cloaks. Beneath the cloth, tarnished dark steel lorica segmentata over leather tunics fused to gray, decaying skin...

, dark steel lorica segmentata over leather tunics, decaying gray flesh

The segmented metal plates groan with every step.

They DRAW THEIR SWORDS—broad Gladii of corrupted iron, shrieking as metal leaves scabbard.

A collective, low RUMBLE shakes the cavern floor.

Out of the obsidian shadows step THE STEEDS. Monstrous, muscular warhorses of pure midnight. Heavy, spiked iron barding clanks against their flanks.

snort. JET-BLACK FIRE surges from their nostrils, scorching the underworld stone. HOLY FUCKING SHIT!

FOUR ARMOR-CLAD STEEDS, one WHITE, BLACK, RED, and PALE(a sickly greenish color) kick, grunt, snort, expel foggy plumes from NOSTRIL-LIKE IGNITERS.

Their hot breath condensing the crisp air.

Emerging from the black smoke like apparitions, THE SCYTHE KNIGHTS; WE SEE them in ALL THEIR TERRIFYING GLORY-

EXT. UNDERWORLD - CONTINUOUS

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

As they breathe, bursts of low, volcanic FIRE erupt from their nostrils, illuminating the cold, condensed air..

Emerging from the obsidian shadows...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Four ominous, and terrifying, dark warriors, THE SCYTHEWRAITHS;

Ragged, black cloaks billowing. Tarnished dark iron cuirasses and shredded short-sleeved, leather tunics, fusing to gray, decaying flesh.

An Imperial Gallic-esque face helmet masks their features. Deep within the dark eye slits: a void.

Leading them, VALASKA, distinguished by a silver SNAKE ARMBAND. Flanked by --

PROTHOE...

THALESTRIS (the tallest),

and HIPPOLYTA. The youngest

They wear bronze variants of the snake bands.

Then, the void stares back.

THE INRICKS IGNITE.

A flash of cold, ethereal light flares behind the eye slits.

INT. UNDERWORLD - CONTINUOUS

Four massive, armor-clad black steeds emerge from the shadows, their nostrils snorting WHITE-HOT FLAMES that violently clash with the sub-zero cavern air.

The Scythewraiths approach their mounts.

LEADING THEM IS VALASKA (THE ATHOS).

The oldest and most revered. She is distinguished solely by a tarnished SILVER SNAKE ARMBAND. She moves with a cold, aristocratic grace, bearing the crushing weight of her sins like a physical crown.

Flanking her right is PROTHOE (THE PORTHOS).

The brawler. Though her armor matches the others perfectly, she rests an oversized, notched iron broadsword casually over her shoulder. She rolls her neck, making her identical steel bands screech loudly in anticipation of the fight.

On her left stands THALESTRIS (THE ARAMIS).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The tallest of the four, possessing a lean, towering, and elegant silhouette. She moves with the quiet, chilling precision of a high priestess, her gaze calculating, cold, and intensely secretive.

To her left stands THALESTRIS (THE ARAMIS).

The tallest of the four, possessing a lean, towering silhouette. She remains completely motionless, tilting her helmeted head with the quiet, chilling precision of a predatory hawk analyzing its prey.

Stepping up last is HIPPOLYTA (THE D'ARTAGNAN).

The youngest. Her INRICKs burn with a reckless, erratic heat, spitting bright sparks into the frost. Feral ambition radiates from her frame, desperate to prove her lethal worth to the older queens.

Stepping up last is HIPPOLYTA (THE D'ARTAGNAN).

The youngest. Her INRICKs burn with a reckless, erratic heat, spitting bright sparks into the frost. Shifting her weight, she tightly grips her hilt, practically vibrating with the urge to move first.

LEADING THEM IS VALASKA (THE ATHOS).

The oldest and most revered. Her corrupted armor is pitted by ancient wars, distinguished by a tarnished SILVER SNAKE ARMBAND.

Flanking her right is PROTHOE (THE PORTHOS).

A mountain of rotted iron and brute strength. Her lorica segmentata is reinforced with jagged steel spikes. She grips her weapon with terrifying physical dominance, eager for the absolute chaos of the slaughter.

To her left stands THALESTRIS (THE ARAMIS).

The tallest of the four, possessing a lean, towering, and deeply elegant silhouette. She moves with the quiet, chilling precision of a high priestess, her gaze calculating, cold, and intensely secretive.

Stepping up last is HIPPOLYTA (THE D'ARTAGNAN).

The youngest. Her INRICKs burn with a reckless, erratic heat, spitting bright sparks into the frost. Feral ambition radiates from her frame, desperate to prove her lethal worth to the older queens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In unison, the four Queens draw their swords. The metal SHRIEKS.

They vault into their saddles. The fiery steeds REAR BACK.

Beneath the fabric, tarnished dark steel lorica segmentata clamps over leather tunics. The armor is fused to their gray, mottled, and rotting flesh.

An Imperial Gallic-esque face helmet masks their features. Deep within the dark eye slits: a void.

Valaska draws her sword - the blade ignites with a cold, supernatural glow, cutting through the freezing fog ahead.

CHARON

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

-----Four BLACK STEEDS wait in formation.
Bronze armored chamfrons and criniers-skeletal and jagged-are bolted directly into the warhorses' skulls and necks.

With every breath, bursts of low, volcanic FIRE erupt from their nostrils, illuminating the cold, condensed air.

The Wraiths mount the beasts

They wear rusted Roman Imperial helmets, the cheek guards and brow ridges jagged and cracked. Iron faceplates mask their features.

The camera tilts up to reveal their Imperial Gallic-esque face helmets masks their features.

Deep within the dark eye slits: a void.

Suddenly, a cold, ethereal light flares in the darkness, staring straight back at us.

Out of the churning MIST, they materialize like apparitions-- THE SCYTHE NIGHTS

They advance in a terrifying, synchronized rhythm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Heavy black cloaks billow. Tarnished dark iron cuirasses and shredded short-sleeved, leather tunics fused to gray, decaying flesh. An Imperial Gallic-esque face helmet masks their features.

Deep within the dark eye slits: a void.

Finally, the camera catches their heads: an imperial Gallic-esque helmet with face mask a total, pitch-black void where eyes should be.

A cold, ethereal light pulses from beneath the armor. Around their waists, shredded leather pteryges sway with every step.

Then, the darkness stares back.

Deep within the hollow eye sockets of the helm, two smoldering, orange-red embers flare to life—burning with an ancient, silent malice.

From the fog ahead, an aggressive, mechanical SNORT echoes.

A line of BLACK STEEDS waits in formation, Skeletal plates of bronze armor—chamfrons and criniers—are bolted directly to the horses' skulls and necks.

As they breathe, bursts of low, volcanic FIRE erupt from their nostrils, illuminating the ash around them.

THE SCYTHEWRAITHS.

A legion of rot and jagged iron.

They wear a corrupted LORICA SEGMENTATA—overlapping steel bands that are rusted, warped, and fused directly into their decaying gray flesh. The metal plates groan and grind against each other with every twitch of their frames.

Beneath the armor, the tattered remains of a black tunic hang in shreds.

The CAMERA GLIDES closer, tight on a pitted Imperial Gallic Helmet.

Through the narrow eye slits: nothing. A pitch-black void.

Then, the void stares back.

THE INRICKS IGNITE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Use code with caution.

INT. UNDERWORLD - MOMENTS LATER

THE SCYTHEWRAITHS.

A phalanx of rot and dark metal. They wear short-sleeved leather tunics, a ruined lorica segmentata dark steel armor; breastplates, greaves, vambraces, decaying gray flesh. Tattered black cloaks billow around them like smoke.

The CAMERA GLIDES closer, tight on a rusted Imperial Gallic Helmet. Through the narrow eye slits: nothing. A pitch-black void.

Then, the void stares back.

THE INRICKS IGNITE.

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

Use code with caution.

SCYTHEWRAITHS-- robed in short-sleeved, leather tunics, dark iron--a ruined lorica segmentata, vambraces, greaves, decaying gray flesh beneath tattered black cloaks...

an Imperial Gallic Face Helmets. Through the hollow eye slits, there is no flesh. Just a pitch-black void

As they step into the light of the underworld fires, the true horror of their form is revealed. Their arms and bare legs are exposed, decaying gray flesh

Deep within the hollow masks, the INRICKS ignite. A cold, ethereal light blooms behind the eye holes, casting a ghostly, frozen luminescence across the expressionless metal features. They stare forward

As they step into the light of the underworld fires, the true horror of their form is revealed. Their arms and bare legs are exposed, showing gaunt, decaying gray flesh

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They wear fully enclosed iron helmets, combining the heavy cheek guards and sweeping neck plates of a Roman legionary with a brutal, riveted medieval visor slammed over the face. Through the narrow, horizontal eye slits, there is only a pitch-black, hollow void.

The Torso (Roman Imperial): They wear a corrupted version of the Roman Lorica Segmentata (overlapping iron bands over the chest and shoulders). However, the metal isn't bright; it is forged from dark, underworld iron that absorbs light. The Limbs (Medieval Knight): Instead of bare legs and arms like Roman legionaries, their limbs are fully encased in medieval steel plates (greaves and vambraces) with sharp, articulated joints at the elbows and knees. The Skirt: Over their thighs hangs the traditional Roman military belt (cingulum) made of heavy leather strips, but tipped with jagged, bladed underworld metal.

Beat. Gia's passion surges as Achillea pulls her closer.

EXT. PALACE TRAINING GROUNDS - DAWN

AMAZONIA (V.O.)

(echoing)

Rome does not fight like the sea-wolves. They do not scatter when the first blood is drawn.

Amazonia stands on a wooden platform, overlooking the dirt training field. Sweat pours down her neck. Her expression is fierce, the reluctance gone from her eyes.

Below her, Orithia leads two dozen warriors in tight formation. They carry heavy bronze ASPIS shields, locked rim-to-rim.

ORITHIA

They march in lines! They lock their shields like an iron wall! If you break your line, they will slide their short-swords between your ribs. Again!

Orithia barks a command. The warriors strike their spears against their shields in a deafening, synchronized CLANG.

They advance forward as a single, unbreakable machine.

INT. PALACE SMITHY - NIGHT

The smith pours the molten Roman silver into a long, rectangular clay mold. The glowing liquid hisses as it settles into a heavy, anonymous bullion bar.

The name of Rome is erased.

EXT. PALACE TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

Amazonia jumps down from the platform, drawing her sword. She lunges at Lageria's shield wall, hacking brutally at the bronze rims to test their strength.

The warriors hold their ground, their boots digging deep into the dirt.

AMAZONIA

Stronger! Caesar will not show you mercy! You must be tighter than the stones of our walls!

She thrusts her blade through a microscopic gap between two shields. A warrior pivots, catching her blade on her own shield and counter-striking her blunt training spear inches from her throat.

They freeze, chest-to-chest, breathing heavily. Lageria offers a grim smile.

LAGERIA

Like that?

AMAZONIA

(nodding)

Exactly like that.

EXT. PALACE - ROYAL GUARDEN - DAY

The soft light of earliest dawn brings pastel hues to Themiscyra as Achillea and Myrina walk through the rose garden.

The Royal council chaperones from ten feet behind, keeping a stern watch over them. Well, Achillea.

QUEEN MYRINA

Diana Troy has selected the twelve. You shall have the honor of leading them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

If I may. Enough with the
Gargareans.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Our union with them is essential
in maintaining our prosperity.

ACHILLEA

The young girls from neighboring
villages will suffice.

QUEEN MYRINA

The sun is well into the sky.
Waste no more time.

ACHILLEA

Our normal ranks can't be spared
at this time.

QUEEN MYRINA

It will not be a burden.

ACHILLEA

Then I see your mind won't be
changed.

Myrina smiles, but troubles worry her brow.

QUEEN MYRINA

Take your leave.

Achillea goes. Olympia, Thermodosa, and the other's step
forward.

ISIDORA

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

EXT. TRIBE OF THE GARGAREANS - DAY

Achillea leads two dozen warriors into --

SUPER: Gargareans Village

A collection of huts. Very primitive. Men, old and young
alike, dirty and ragged clothes, are around a small fire,
cooking a recent kill.

Among them, a novice Monk. HOLIDUS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLIUS, 50s, rough and with hunched back, greets them.

ILORAN, a brutal man with an ugly face and personality to match approaches. He offers a cadaverous smile.

ILORAN

Ah, Syreena. Your son? Do you even know which one?

SYREENA

I have no son!

Syreena unhorses, approaches Iloran.

SYREENA

Are you calling me a liar?

She edges her sagum back, hand on her sword.

ILORAN

Ah, are these the vigins left among you whores.

ACHILLEA

You speak too candidly. Perhaps I shall cut out your tongue.

Achillea dismounts, kicks Iloran in the chest and creates a domino effect that flattens four other men.

ACHILLEA

Where are they?

Iloran hesitates. Syreena clarifies --

SYREENA

The Pirates!

ILORAN

How can you come here and accuse us?

BILLIUS

Search among us, if you must.

Achillea gestures. Warriors dismount, starts looting huts, looking for the thieves, very methodical.

More wielding swords ride across a cooking fire, toppling the cooking pots and everything else in a shower of sparks...

BILLIUS

We are only farmers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

No one answers. Thora BACKHANDS him.

ACHILLEA

A lie bleeds two throats.

Achillea drags a scared ELEVEN YEAR-OLD in front of the tribe.

ACHILLEA

Do I seem a fool?!

(at Syreena)

Slit the boys throat.

She grabs the dagger from Achillea. Before Syreena can draw the blade across the boys' young neck -

BILLIUS

No!

Syreena burns a look at him, then without warning, cuts his THROAT. The tribe SCREAMS. Billius runs to the boy.

ILORAN

Devils! Curs! They'll hunt you down and cut out your stone hearts.

On that, Achillea runs a SWORD through him.

ACHILLEA

Burn it to the ground.

Off her treachery --

EXT. HUT - NIGHT

A warrior sets the hut ablaze.

In the backdrop, Amazons storm the village, torching whatever will burn.

What few terrified peasants remain are herded into the smoke-enshrouded courtyard.

Achillea approaches, satisfied.

Bodies of dead men being laid out near the hovel.

ACHILLEA

Run. Don't ever come back here. Or anywhere in our land. You'll be sure as dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the short distance, a GRASSY KNOLL. Kleoptoleme has been spying on Achillea.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Shafts of sunlight pierce gray clouds.

Kleoptoleme on horseback traverses the countryside.

INT. ROYAL PALACE CORRIDOR - DAY

Thermodosa and a nine months pregnant Amazonia walk down an outdoor corridor alongside the lush courtyard. A wave of nausea overcomes Amazonia.

Amazonia smiles, takes Thermodosa's hand, gently places it of her stomach.

THERMODOSA

Is she kicking?

AMAZONIA

Yes. Strong too.

Thermodosa's smile fades. Across the way, Diana and the Royal Council walk along the adjacent corridor.

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

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

THERMODOSA

And we won't. The Gargareans will take good care of him.

AMAZONIA

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

THERMODOSA

Neither could your mother. You weren't first born.

Off Amazonia's confused look.

THERMODOSA

You have a brother. Alexius.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amazonia's stunned into silence.

AMAZONIA

What happened to him?

THERMODOSA

Rea wanted him to have a normal life -- she sent him to Rome. He wears the same mark -- she bestowed upon you and Achillea.

Instinctively, Amazonia studies the *cross*.

AMAZONIA

Why?

THERMODOSA

In hope of one day you shall find one another.

(off Amazonia's look)

Well, let's pray for a girl.

Kleoptoleme rides hard, dismounts...

KLEOPTOLEME

Amazonia! There is something of great urgency I must discuss with you.

THERMODOSA

Then spit it out, Kleoptoleme.

KLEOPTOLEME

You told me to ride after them. But you don't fight.

(amazonia nods)

She's a cruel one.

Thermodosa panics. Amazonia intervenes, at Kleoptoleme --

AMAZONIA

Go fetch my horse.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Break of dawn. Vultures circle the smoke-darkened sky above where the village stood.

Amazonia rides slowly through the destruction, aghast. This isn't what the queen ordered. She turns to Rachna, uncomprehending.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Amazonia catches up to them, confronts --

AMAZONIA

We grew up sisters... learned to
fight together.

(sad beat)

There was no evil in her heart.

The two warriors circle each other, suddenly Achillea
unleashes a series of blows. Her style is precise,
devoid of emotion.

All Amazonia can do is block and parry, Amazonia's forced
backward.

Kleoptoleme watches on fearfully, impotent to help.

KLEOPTOLEME

Come on, Amazonia.

The fight accelerates, blows rain down on Amazonia.
Achillea is relentless, unstoppable...

Suddenly, Amazonia manages to unleash a single strike
that pierces Achillea's breastplate...

She touches the wound, looks at the blood on her finger,
then tastes it. Achillea grins.

ACHILLEA

I welcome the pain. Reminds me of
who I am.

The fight resumes, Achillea shows no sign of injury.
Instead, she reacts with a flurry of frenzied blows.

As the final stroke lands, Amazonia goes down.

Achillea steps over to a wounded Amazonia's body, about
to end her life.

REA

I beg of you. Please... Find the
light in you. Have mercy. Not for
me, but for the innocent heart
beating inside... Please...

The chill in Achillea's voice cuts her celebration short.

ACHILLEA

You understand your death will
come at my hands?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thermodosa gets between them -

THERMODOSA

Put up your blades!

Achillea starts to walk back toward the gates...

AMAZONIA

I saw it. It pierced her breast plate.

THERMODOSA

Are you sure?

AMAZONIA

My eyes are quicker than yours. She should be dead.

KLEOPTOLEME

Maybe she already is.

Thermodosa turns to Kleoptoleme, stern -

THERMODOSA

And not a word about this to the other's.

Both reflect, then give resigned nods.

INT. THE TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS - DAY

The setting sun pouring through the STAINED GLASS gives the space an ominous glow.

Thermodosa sits in the chapel. Deep in prayer.

A troubled Amazonia is quiet for a moment, then resumes her pacing, her mind whirring.

THERMODOSA

Warriors don't just rise up from the dead though, no matter how hard they are.

(beat)

You're dealing with a wraith.

AMAZONIA

A wraith?

THERMODOSA

The spirit of a dead warrior conjured from the grave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

So this is the work of a Sorcerer?

THERMODOSA

Witchcraft can harness the grief
and rage of a tormented soul and
make it live again.

Tormented, Amazonia studies at her hands...

AMAZONIA

All the blood Achillea's spilled
are on my hands.

THERMODOSA

You are not to blame.

AMAZONIA

Was my blade killed her.

Thermodosa takes her arm, turns Amazonia to look at her.

THERMODOSA

Amazonia, you had no choice! Do
you not see?

AMAZONIA

I see I took her life.

THERMODOSA

And your mother offered her life
in exchange for Achillea's.

INT. ACHILLEA'S BED CHAMBERS' - NIGHT

Achillea draws her sword, turns --

Seditious Kane, standing half-hidden in shadow -- it's as
if he just materialized. Achillea takes a ready stance.

Seditious speaks with a disembodied voice.

SEDITIOUS KANE

You'll have no need for that,
Princess Achillea.

ACHILLEA

Since we hardly know each other,
I'm sure you'll understand if I
hold one to it for awhile.

SEDITIOUS KANE

You and I were destined to meet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

Who are you?

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

Friend to some. Foe to others.
I am a teacher of sorts.

Beat.

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

You need a friend. One who
understands you.

ACHILLEA

Where would I find such a friend?

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

Darkness and light-- where they
meet.

THERMODOSA

*You think Rome will only strike
your ports? 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.*

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.*

THERMODOSA

Why have you brought us here?

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

*Because a bargain with the
Underworld is never truly
finished, mother. Your role in his
destiny has only just begun.*