

(Name of Project)

by
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in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

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FADE IN:

EXT. HEAVENS - NIGHT

Dark, churning cumulus clouds rolls across the screen.

The SILENCE is shattered by a deafening crack of THUNDER.

LIGHTNING rips through the sky, briefly illuminating the toxic, swirling vapors of the storm.

As the lightning fades, text slowly emerges from the shadows of the clouds, drifting forward into the void:

For generations, a legendary race of fierce, isolationist warriors known as the AMAZONS have guarded the natural magic of their homeland along the shores of Anatolia, choosing peace over war. Feared across the ancient world, their lethal mastery of the battlefield remained unrivaled in an era of myth, gods, and heroes."

A shadow now falls over their sanctuary. A ruthless eastern tyrant has unleashed a brutal faction of rogue PIRATES to raid the coastline, pushing the Amazons closer to a looming war...

As a massive ROMAN LEGION marches toward the region, threatening to burn the ancient world to ash, a desperate prophecy emerges from the shadows of destiny.

Seeking a way to save her people, PRINCESS REA, guided by a cryptic riddle from the Fates, journeys into the scorching heart of the forbidden desert, hunting for a Seer who holds the key to changing their fate....

The text drifts away.

The camera SUDDENLY PLUMMETS through the storm clouds, leaving the heavens behind.

Lightning flashes one final time, and we suddenly BREAK THROUGH, giving way to a bleak, arid horizon.

EXT. KARAPINAR DUNE FIELD - DAY

Blinding, howling, Gale-force desert winds whip fine grains of red sand across massive dunes.

A LEGEND APPEARS:***THE KARAPINAR BASIN - SOUTHERN ANATOLIA - 90 B.C.***

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.

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.

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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 sheaths her sword, tosses her a pouch of gold coins.

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.

Grabs dried herbs - flings them into the fissure. HISS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

*"By blind blood slain, the third
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.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The Fates have decreed it.

REA

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

MANTIS PRAIDIKE

The Oracle's Dark Kinship. From
the scrolls of Prophetess
Morwenna.

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

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

A collection of cryptic
prophecies. Five staves in all.
Individually benign, collectively
a harbinger. When linked together,
reveal a critical message...

REA

I know of the other messages.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

You must unlock the first to
receive the second. And so forth.

Thick, oily black smoke billows. Rea paces - impatient.

REA

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

Praxidike runs her fingertips along the text. 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."*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE (CONT'D)

*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.

Opening her eyes, staring through the mist...

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

*"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 snaps from the Seer's eyes.

The smoke vanishes. She eyes the tablet, runs a finger
over the smooth, unbroken clay beneath the words.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The rest is stone. The loom is
silent.

Rea dismissively waves away the wishful thinking.

REA

Stone?! How do I fix it?

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The threads are spun. You cannot
untangle what is woven. Go home,
weaver. And pray the thread holds.
(tense beat)
Your womb is not barren.

Rea turns, her cloak swirling, heads out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

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

REA

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

She raises her torch, stalks out.

EXT. CITADEL OF THEMISCYRA - TRAINING COURTYARD - DAY

A brutal, lightning-fast exchange of steel rings out.

ARTEMISIA (18) slides backward through the dirt, parrying
a savage downward strike from her sister, ACHILLEA (17).

A LEGEND APPEARS:

THE CITADEL OF THEMISCYRA - ANATOLIA - 80 B.C.

Artemisia is calculating and elegant, wielding a
lightweight bronze xiphos sword. Achillea is a powerhouse
of raw aggression, fighting with a heavy, double-bended
battle-axe.

Achillea grins, swinging the axe in a deadly horizontal
arc.

ACHILLEA

You're slowing down, sister! Rome
will have conquered the coast
before you even finish your
stance!

Artemisia ducks under the heavy blade, her movements
fluid and effortless. She steps into Achillea's blind
spot, using the hilt of her sword to strike her sister
sharply in the ribs.

ARTEMISIA

Rome relies on discipline,
Achillea. You rely on anger. Anger
makes you loud. And loud gets you
killed.

Achillea groans from the rib strike, her eyes flashing
with genuine fury.

Instead of backing off, she throws her entire body weight
into a brutal tackle, slamming Artemisia into the stone
dust of the courtyard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They wrestle in the dirt, blades forgotten, punching and gripping each other's armor in a fierce, stubborn deadlock.

QUEEN REA (O.S.)

Enough!

The sisters instantly freeze.

Standing on the stone balcony above them is QUEEN REA (30s).. Her bronze armor is more ornate, her gaze heavier, carrying the weight of a crown and the secret burden of a looming prophecy.

Beside her stands NYX, older, her hair streaked with silver.

Queen Rea looks down at her daughters, her voice cold and commanding.

QUEEN REA (CONT'D)

You fight like stray dogs in the gutter. You are princesses of Anatolia. If you cannot find harmony on the training field, how do you expect to defend our borders when the storm finally arrives?

Artemisia quickly stands up, brushing the red dirt off her armor and bowing her head respectfully.

ARTEMISIA

My apologies, Mother. I was merely demonstrating the flaws in Achillea's vanguard form.

Achillea springs to her feet, snatching up her battle-axe, glaring at her sister.

ACHILLEA

Flaws? I had you pinned! If this were a real battlefield, your head would be resting on my mantle!

Queen Rea exchanges a long, grim look with Nyx. The tension between her daughters is growing, and time is running out.

QUEEN REA

Pick up your weapons. Wash the dirt from your faces.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QUEEN REA (CONT'D)

The Council meets at dusk, and I
expect both of my heirs to act
like royalty, not barbarians.

Queen Rea turns and exits the balcony. Nyx follows her
into the shadows of the palace.

Down in the courtyard, Artemisia immediately sheathes her
sword. She extends a hand to her younger sister.

ARTEMISIA

Come. Let us not keep the Queen
waiting.

Achillea stares at Artemisia's open hand. Her expression
hardens into a cold, resentful sneer.

She ignores the hand, pushing past Artemisia aggressively
to snatch her battle-axe from the dirt.

ACHILLEA

Save your grace for the Council,
sister. You're going to need it
when the elders realize your
'discipline' won't stop a Roman
invasion.

ARTEMISIA

Our mother has kept our borders
safe for a decade through
diplomacy and strength. Trust in
her wisdom, Achillea.

Achillea stops. She slurs her axe over her shoulder,
stepping uncomfortably close to Artemisia. She towers
over her elder sister, her eyes gleaming with a
dangerous, calculating malice.

ACHILLEA

Mother looks at the horizon and
sees a storm. I look at the
horizon and see opportunity.
Empires are built on blood,
Artemisia. Not prayers to Artemis.

ARTEMISIA

And what would you do? Lead our
warriors into a slaughter against
Rome's legions?

ACHILLEA

I would do what is necessary to
make the Amazons feared again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She smiles coldly, tapping the flat of her axe against Artemisia's bronze chest-plate)

ACHILLEA

Enjoy the view from the first
chair while you can, sister. Heavy
is the head that wears the
crown... especially when it rolls.

TWO GIRLS (early teens) 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 gauntleted hand
catches the wooden blade.

PRINCESS REA, 30s, stands over them. 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. Rea turns her back on
Achillea, offering a hand to pull Amazonia.

REA

Your father. He was headstrong. I
warned him. You so rebellious - a
tiresome child.

(turns to Amazonia)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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.

EXT. THEMISCYRA - BEACH - DAY

The pristine, beautiful cliffs of the Amazon kingdom.

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

A LEGEND APPEARS:

SHORELINE OF THE THERMODON RIVER - ANATOLIA - 75 BCE

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.

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.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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-- Rea, 40s, in full royal garb,
strong body, paces, deeply troubled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amazonia and Achillea bow.

REA

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

(dark beat)

Achillea. You seek 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.

Rea backhands Achillea.

QUEEN REA

Do not speak in that tongue again.
(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 REA

Uh, huh.

ACHILLEA

I'm not sure that is wise.

AMAZONIA

Mother, do you serve my sister, or
does she serve you?

An unintentional slight, but it stings Achillea
nonetheless.

QUEEN REA

Make it so.

ACHILLEA

As always, the Gods continue to
show fucking favor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QUEEN REA

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 --

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

Feeble torchlight sweeps from under the door.

A lone miserable slave in torn and soiled garments, loll forlornly. It's Cronan.

INT. DUNGEON - CORRIDORS - DAY

Amazonia carries a torch to light her way as she navigates a dark, damp passageway. As she rounds a corner, she comes face-to-face with--

Glykeria who protects a heavily fortified door. She bows, lets Amazonia pass -

INT. DUNGEON CELL - DAY

Dimly lit even during the day.

Solis and two other PRISONERS share the dank, putrid cell. Cronon and the other are huddle conspiratorially together.

He approaches the bars. His heart catching at the unexpected sight of Amazonia.

SOLIS

Amazonia. A word.

AMAZONIA

I have none to give.

SOLIS

It is a matter of some importance.

Amazonia pauses. Sees the somber look in his eyes. Relents. He whispers to her. Part secrecy, part intimacy.

SOLIS

You avoid my gaze.

AMAZONIA

As you should mine. Lest suspicions be aroused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLIS

*Will they not also be raised, if
two friends are no longer seen to
speak?*

*Amazonia considers that, reluctantly nods. Solis
struggles to find the right words.*

SOLIS

What happened between us --

AMAZONIA

*Was not of our choosing. We must
turn it from thought, and never
give it voice.*

SOLIS

*My tongue bends to such warning.
(a beat, soft)
Yet the thought of you... it
proves troublesome.*

*Amazonia sees a glimpse of emotion in him. She looks
away, not wanting him to see how affected she is.*

AMAZONIA

*The memory will fade with time. As
do all things born of misfortune.*

Amazonia goes, WIPING US TO --

EXT. BLACK FOREST - DAY

A lone rider, draped in a heavy 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-- a VALKYRIE.

The rider reaches up and pulls back her hood.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Around her neck, a distinct gold amulet of the Egyptian goddess Isis catches the dim northern sunlight.

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.

ACHILLEA

(wary)

You've heard of me?

GIA

Who hasn't. Your reputation precedes you.

ACHILLEA

The dead do not usually send messengers so far north.

GIA

The dead are the ones who warned me. And if you do not listen to what they showed me, you will be joining them before the moon turns.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACHILLEA

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

GIA

The Republic is rife with
corruption. Gold opens doors.
Prophecy opens the rest.

ACHILLEA

And why did they lock you away?

GIA

I told Octavian-- the future
Emperor Augustus their precious
empire would 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."

A heavy silence falls. Achillea gauges the rumor, then smiles warmly, intrigued by the threat.

ACHILLEA

Ride with me. It seems I require
your services.

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. The rest of the war band is gone.

Gia and Achillea ride side-by-side at a slow, deliberate walk. The silence between them stretches, thick with unspoken tension.

Achillea breaks it, her eyes fixed on the trail ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

You don't ride like a priestess.
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,
Saga.

Gia steers her horse a fraction closer to Achillea's,
their stirrups brushing.

GIA

Because 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, Princess. Especially when
it's covered in blood.

ACHILLEA

I am a warrior. Blood is my trade.
If that is all your gods showed
you, you wasted a lot of leather
riding here.

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

I do not understand.

GIA

You shall.

INT. ROYAL COUNCIL VESTIBULE -DAY

The Royal council are passing from the chamber into the
vestibule, then onto the broad steps. They chat quietly
amongst themselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rea pass through the great doors onto the steps.

In lock step, Amazonia and QUEEN REA, a young, pretty, and stately woman in a gorgeous gown, jewels.

QUEEN REA
Pirates? So far up the river?

ISIDORA
They are here to hunt us?

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

REA
Do you trust this infidel?

AMAZONIA
I do, Mother.

REA
How large?

AMAZONIA
Small, easily runoff.

QUEEN REA
You like him, don't you?

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

Rea takes Rea aside and speaks in a whisper.

QUEEN REA
She wishes to bear child.

Rea regards her daughter almost bemused.

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

REA
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.

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 both
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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gia's fingers hovering just an inch away from the armor over Achillea's heart. She doesn't touch it, but the heat between them is palpable.

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. SMALL 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

In the dying firelight, Amazonia and Solis FUCK. The sex is raw and animalistic. SOUNDS OF WAR rages outside.

RESUME SCENE

Amazonia smiles at the memory. It is short lived.

Nemesis escorts Solis in. Amazonia dismisses her.

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, guiding his cock inside her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLIS

Your touch has been missed.

AMAZONIA

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

SOLIS

And I shall give it to you.

AMAZONIA

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

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

INT. TEMPLE OF GAIA - NIGHT

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

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...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 and his eyes meets hers in an instant.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

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

OFF the proclamation...

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. The faint hum of a restless marketplace rises from
the dark.

Amazonia stands at the ledge, facing the wind. Her jaw is
tight.

Rachna steps up beside her, looking out over the
flickering lights rather than at the young heir.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

In the early morning mist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A horse's hooves, thundering nearer, the rider --Cronan, pushing the limits of his endurance.

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

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.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Dawns early light. Amazonia leads a small army of warriors.....

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 them.

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

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

ARTEMISIA

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

The warriors disperse into the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

DIOMEDES

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

ARTEMISIA

And it is good to see you well, Diomedes.

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

DIOMEDES

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

ARTEMISIA

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.

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

ARTEMISIA

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 -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMISIA

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.

She handles a gutting knife with blunt, brutal efficiency.

She catches Artemisia'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.

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

ARTEMISIA

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.

ARTEMISIA

And you? What do you fear?

LAGERIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Artemisia 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.

ARTEMISIA

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

Artemisia pulls up a chair and plops herself down.

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.

ARTEMISIA

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.

ARTEMISIA

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAGERIA (CONT'D)

He told them he was worth fifty,
and ordered them to double the
price.

ARTEMISIA

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.

ARTEMISIA

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.

Artemisia 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHNA

The sky brightens. We will know soon.

EXT. PONTIC MOUNTAINS - DAY

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

Rachna raises a medieval TELESCOPE to her eye.

TELESCOPE POV:

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.

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.

A sprawling, mud-slicked encampment pushing up against the stone walls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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 REA

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.

Turns to Achillea -

QUEEN REA

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 Artemisia's entrance.

ARTEMISIA

What is the meaning of this?

ACHILLEA

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

ARTEMISIA

One might misunderstand your tone for a threat, Achillea.

ACHILLEA

The queen as made her decree!

Artemisia 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 Artemisia, 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--

ARTEMISIA

-- a wealthy Roman youth for ransom.

Drago raises an eyebrow, surprised she knows.

INT. ROYAL PALACE - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

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

ACHILLEA

Mithridates 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.

ARTEMISIA

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

ACHILLEA

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

ARTEMISIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

ARTEMISIA

There is more. Lageria spoke of a captive.

THERMODOSA

Lageria?

ARTEMISIA

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.

ARTEMISIA

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

(a long pause)

His name is Julius Caesar.

The room registers surprise.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

This Caesar boy has spirit.

ISIDORA

If he dies, Rome will send legions to avenge him, bringing war to our doorstep.

DORKAS

But...if we take him, Isidora, we hold a powerful piece against both Rome and Mithridates.

PENELOPEIA

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

The silence stretches for a moment, all realizing the weight of what has been said.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

In the name of Artemis and the Kingdom!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMISIA

With all do respect, I would
advise against it.

THERMODOSA

Queen Rea, I am here to counsel
and serve our kingdom. If I may. I
know Mithridates.

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 Artemisia?

Achillea sits on a bench, sharpening her sword.

ACHILLEA

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

GIA (O.S.)

No.

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

GIA

Not yet. She is with child. A boy.

SYREENA

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

Achillea looks at Syreena and cannot help but smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

When the time comes... all that is
left is to replace the Queen.

GIA

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

OFF Achilleas' deadly smile...

INT. AMASYA PALACE - AUDIENCE CHAMBER - NIGHT

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.

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 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. Immune. He turns with a predatory smile to -
Thermodosa.

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.

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.

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

EXT. ROYAL PALACE - BALCONY - DAY

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

Rea looks out over the city. Artemisia paces the
perimeter of the terrace, the wind catching her cloak.

QUEEN REA

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

ARTEMISIA

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.

Rea strokes Artemisia's face -- but it's far from a
tender gesture.

QUEEN REA

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMISIA

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

Reas' anger starts to SMOLDER...

QUEEN REA

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

ARTEMISIA

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY

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

Rea is slightly annoyed.

QUEEN REA

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.

Artemisia reels from that, deeply stung.

ARTEMISIA

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

Pointing over the city...

QUEEN REA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rea 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 Artemisia, and presses it firmly into her reluctant palm.

QUEEN REA

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...

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. ROYAL COURT GARDEN - DAY

Fountains. Dappled sunlight.

Rea, Thermodosa, and Diana Troy walk and talk.

QUEEN REA

What is it?

THERMODOSA

Your life may be in danger.

QUEEN REA

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 REA

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 REA

Do not soil your imagination with such things.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

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

QUEEN REA

-- 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 REA

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. DOCKS - NIGHT

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

Nearby, Artemisia and Solis.

SOLIS

Are you mad?!

ARTEMISIA

The day dwindles.

SOLIS

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

ARTEMISIA

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

SOLIS

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

ARTEMISIA

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.

ARTEMISIA

A talent of god. Not a penny more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMMICH

Ah, of course.

ARTEMISIA

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. Artemisia enters warily, on edge.

ARTEMISIA

You sent for me, High Priestess?

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

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

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

ARTEMISIA

(sadly)

Perhaps one day.

Artemisia hands it back to Thermodosa who puts it away.

THERMODOSA

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

ARTEMISIA

Oh, Thermodosa, must we?

THERMODOSA

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

ARTEMISIA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A beat. Studying Artemisia.

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.

ARTEMISIA

I have more pressing matters.

THERMODOSA

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

They embrace. Artemisia 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.

Artemisia 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAGERIA

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

ARTEMISIA

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.

ARTEMISIA

(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.

Artemisia 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, Artemisia's eyes flash.

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

He goes down with a muffled choke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMISIA
(low, fierce whisper)
Now! For Themiscyra!

The dark beach explodes into motion.

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 into the embers.

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

Solis, Emmich, and his crew join the fray.

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.

Artemisia 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.

Artemisia looks down at the open chests of silver.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

ARTEMISIA

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.

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

ARTEMISIA

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.

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

ARTEMISIA

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

EXT. ROYAL PALACE - COURTYARD - DAY

Artemisia'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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 - DAY

Mtrina 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. Artemisia 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.

QUEEN REA

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

Artemisia stares at the queen, devoid of pride.

ARTEMISIA

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

QUEEN REA

(the smile vanishes)
Explain yourself.

ARTEMISIA

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

QUEEN REA

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

ARTEMISIA

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMISIA (CONT'D)

He is returning to that island to
hang every pirate from a cross.

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

ARTEMISIA (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 Artemisia's defiant face.

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Peace. Breathe. Anger will not
turn back the Roman galleys.

QUEEN REA

(furious)

She brings panic into my hall!
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,
Artemisia 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.

ARTEMISIA

He is already coming. 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACHILLEA

We do what Amazons have done since
the dawn of the bronze, Artemisia.
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.

ARTEMISIA

And the Roman navy?

ACHILLEA

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 Artemisia.

RACHNA

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

Achillea gets in Artemisia's face.

ACHILLEA

She's incapable! You are weak!

INT. PALACE SMITHY - NIGHT

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

An Amazon smith tongs an 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

Artemisia 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.

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

RACHNA

But are you ready to lead our people when called?

ARTEMISIA

I am.

RACHNA

Yet you flinch at ruling, at duty. What is required to be their queen.

ARTEMISIA

No, Rachna... I only --

RACHNA

Only what?!

Artemisia feels the full weight of her destiny. She stammers, but still holds to her thoughts -

Instinctively, Artemisia rubs her belly.

RACHNA

Enemies lurk in every shadow! They smell your weakness, your hesitation, and that is when they strike! SHOW THEM YOU ARE READY!

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He carries no weapon. In his hand, he holds a staff wrapped in white wool, the traditional mark of a diplomatic HERALD.

Behind him, in the short distance, anchored just outside the harbor's reach, three 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.

Artemisia 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 Artemisia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

ARTEMISIA

The Aegean is full of lawless men, Herald. 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 talents to my ship by sunset, along with twenty of your finest horses as a tax for his inconvenience.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

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.

Artemisia watches him leave, then turns to her Rea.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QUEEN 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.

THERMODOSA

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

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

ARTEMISIA

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

OLYMPIA

Then you choose war?

ARTEMISIA

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.

QUEEN REA

(intrigued)

Go on. What do you propose?

ARTEMISIA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ISIDORA

You would risk your life in a
common duel?

ARTEMISIA

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY

And if his warrior defeats you?

ARTEMISIA

Then we hand over the 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.

Everyone eyes Artemisia, a slow, appreciative nods
spreading across their faces. Except for Achillea.

QUEEN REA

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

DORSKA

In the name of Artemis and the
Kingdom!

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, the queen, council, 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 scutum shield and a gleaming iron gladius.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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.

ARTEMISIA

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.

ARTEMISIA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

Artemisia 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 Artemisia's shield, the sheer force sending her skittering back across the sand.

Grunting, in Latin-accented Greek -

MARCUS

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

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

Artemisia 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 Artemisia 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.

Artemisia 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

That split second is all she needs.

Artemisia 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 y against his throat. Marcus freezes. His chest heaves. He is beaten.

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

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

ARTEMISIA

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.

Artemisia 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.

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

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

The council follows a few paces behind, a proud smile on their faces.

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

QUEEN REA

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

ARTEMISIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN REA

It would have.

The admission hangs in the air.

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
Artemisia's hand.

This time, Artemisia 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.

*Achillea—the ruthless hardline commander—steps inside.
Two hoplites follow her, carrying burning brands. Gia runs
her finger—rips over the non-intrusive branded mark on
Achillea's upper arm, "It's an imperfect CROSS." Amazonia
bears the same mark.*

She recognizes it.

GIA

That mark. I've seen it before.
(off Achillea's 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.