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FADE IN:

EXT. SKYLINE - DAY

Dawns early light. The red sun rises.

The following TEXT SCROLLS UPWARD...

*The Mediterranean is a lawless
wasteland. devoid of Roman order,
the notorious CILICIAN PIRATES
prowl the open waves, hunting for
plunder and high-born hostages.
But they do not sail alone.*

*From the east, the rising shadow
of the MITHRIDATIC WARS threatens
to consume the ancient world. The
defiant King Mithridates VI of
Pontus secretly funds these
marauders, using them as a
mercenary navy to bleed the Roman
Republic dry and drown the seas in
chaos.*

*Caught in the crossfire is a
legendary race of warrior women:
THE AMAZONS OF THEMISCYRA.
Fiercely independent and unrivaled
on the battlefield, they watch the
horizons with growing fury. For
the pirates have begun to raid
their sacred coasts, drawing the
Amazons into a conflict that will
decide the fate of empires.*

*Meanwhile, 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 fades... 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A LEGEND APPEARS:

THE KARAPINAR BASIN – SOUTHERN ANATOLIA – 85 BCE

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.

Hearing THUNDERING HOOVES along the sand behind her, The warrior pulls her reins, and 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 (85 BCE - END OF THE FIRST WAR)

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

She checks its weight, nods, and hooks it to her bronze armor.

She pushes through a twisting, dark stone labyrinth to find--

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE. She wears an elaborate medieval veil, swathed in heavy, expensive gray silks that rustle with an unsettling sound, like dry autumn leaves.

REA

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

Smoky, sulfurous vapors rise from a 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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, pressing the
razor-sharp edge directly against 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 and tosses a pouch of gold coins
onto the stone altar.

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.

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 takes the parchment, running her fingers
across the stains. She recites the text, a haunting
whisper:

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

When the silver-sailed wolves hold
the captive youth, The Eagle shall
rise to swallow the truth...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Praxidike grabs dried herbs and flings them into the fissure. The fire ignites, black smoke billows.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The Fates have decreed it. The Oracle's Dark Kinship. From the ancient scrolls of Prophetess Morwenna.

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

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

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

REA

I know of the other messages. But the smoke still dances. There is more to this prophecy, Seer. I can feel it. Speak the rest!

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The Fates do not bleed their secrets all at once. To know the end of the thread before the knot is tied would drive you mad. You are only strong enough to carry the weight of the beginning. You must unlock the first to receive the second. And so forth.

Rea paces, impatient.

REA

Then tell me what I must face first. What is this captive youth to the Amazon nation?

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The first storm clears, Princess Rea... but the horizon bleeds. Ten winters from now, a boy of Rome-- untested but carrying the shadow of an empire -- will be snatched from the waves by the vipers of the sea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REA

A Roman boy? Why should the
Amazons care for a child of the
Republic?

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

Because his chains will forge your
doom.

REA

Then we hunt this boy. We kill him
before his shadow can touch our
shores.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

If he dies, Rome will shatter. If
he lives, he will become the iron
master who starves your shores.
You will seek to buy his favor...
and you will fail.

The Seer locks her blind eyes onto Rea through the veil.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

Prepare your house, Rea. The crown
is coming for you, and the
nightmare follows close behind.

EXT. CITADEL OF THEMISCYRA - DAY

A great wall with battle armaments which stretches out to
infinity. Beyond it, a Greek metropolis: gleaming with
SPECTACULAR TOWERS, STATUES, and grand TEMPLES. glorious,

A LEGEND APPEARS:

THE CITADEL OF THEMISCYRA - ANATOLIA - 81 BCE

EXT. TRAINING COURTYARD - DAY

Shrouded by lush, tropical splendor. At the center of the
dust-choked arena stands a statue of the GODDESS ARTEMIS.

ORITHYIA (O.S.)

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

ORITHYIA, north of 40, great shape, barks orders as she
oversees dozens of YOUNG GIRLS training with wooden
swords and shields.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ORITHYIA (CONT'D)

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

Further away, past the children, the brutal, lightning-fast ring of GENUINE STEEL echoes through the courtyard.

TWO GIRLS (late teens) trade vicious, high-stakes sword strikes. Their blade-work is anything but sisterly.

ARTEMISIA, 19, fights with grace. She slides backward, parrying a savage strike from ACHILLEA, 18, who attacks with unhinged, predatory rage.

ACHILLEA

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

ARTEMISIA

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

With a sudden burst of speed, Achillea tackles Artemisia, slamming Artemisia hard into the stone dust.

They wrestle, swords forgotten, punching and tearing at each other's armor in a fierce, stubborn deadlock.

Achillea flips a hidden dagger into her palm and swings it at Artemisia's throat. This is no longer a spar.

QUEEN REA (O.S.)

Enough!

The sisters freeze.

Looking up, standing on a high stone balcony overlooking the courtyard, is--

QUEEN REA, 40, Her armor is ornate, royal, and battle-tested. Her gaze is noticeably heavier now, carrying the weight of her crown and the secret burden of the Seer's prophecy.

Beside her stands THERMODOSA, 60s, the high priestess.

QUEEN REA (CONT'D)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Achillea glares up at her mother, the blade still hovering inches from Artemisia's skin.

QUEEN REA (CONT'D)

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

Rea shoots a piercing glance directly at Achillea.

QUEEN REA (CONT'D)

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

Beat.

QUEEN REA (CONT'D)

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 arrives?

Artemisia springs to her feet, brushing dirt off her armor and bows respectfully.

ARTEMISIA

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

Achillea scrambles up, dusting herself off while glaring daggers 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

Pick up your weapons. Wash the
dirt from your faces. The Council
meets at dusk, and I expect both
of my heirs to act like royalty,
not barbarians.

Rea turns and exits into the palace. Thermodosa follows her into the shadows.

INT. PALACE CORRIDOR - DAY

Rea and Thermodosa stride down a marble hallway.

RACHNA, 40, joins them. Her face is scarred by many battles, a warrior whose bravery is tempered by wisdom.

RACHNA

My Queen. The Second War has reached the outer valleys. Mithridates' forces are retreating, and the Roman vanguard is pushing toward the Thracian borders.

Rea freezes in her tracks. The ancient, raspy voice of Mantis Praxidike echoes in her memory: *"Ten winters from now, a boy of Rome... will be snatched from the waves."*

QUEEN REA

Secure the mountain passes. The vipers are hunting. We must be ready for the boy when he arrives.

Rachna bows and departs.

EXT. TRAINING COURTYARD - DAY

Artemisia sheathes her sword. She extends an open, peaceful hand to her sister.

ARTEMISIA

Come. Let us not keep the Queen waiting.

Achillea stares at Artemisia's open hand. She ignores it, brushes Artemisia aside, grabs her sword 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

Achillea taps the hilt of her sword against Artemisia's
chest-plate.

ACHILLEA (CONT'D)

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

Achillea turns and strides out of the courtyard, leaving
Artemisia alone beneath the shadow of Artemis's statue.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

AMAZONIA

The fucking cock on you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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...?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIOMEDES (CONT'D)

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 -

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

ARTEMISIA

He negotiated his own ransom up?
Is he mad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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?

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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!

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?

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.

Drago writhes and the 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

DRAGO

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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

ARTEMISIA

There is more. Lageria spoke of a captive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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!

ARTEMISIA

With all do respect, I would advise against it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

ACHILLEA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THERMODOSA (CONT'D)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOLIS (CONT'D)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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?

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAESAR (CONT'D)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

EXT. APERIAN CLIFFS - DAY (90 B.C.)

Dozens of colossal, naturally formed hexagonal hollows riddle the rock face, the hives.

A low, deep, vibrating HUM shakes the loose stones.

Emerging from the fissures are the VESPER BEES.

The size of sparrows, their iridescent carapaces gleaming dark violet and amber. Their stingers are thick, barbed bronze needles.

Dangling from hemp ropes above are THREE AMAZON HARVESTERS. They wear leather hoods, thick reinforced tunics, and bronze face-guards with narrow mesh eye-slits.

NYX

Steady! The wind is turning. Keep the smoke thick or they will smell your fear.

The LEAD HARVESTER holds a bronze brazier emitting a dense stream of PURPLE SMOKE, burning sleep-root.

She wafts the smoke gently toward a roaring hive entrance.

Inside the hollow, hundreds of giant bees slow down, their aggressive hum dropping to a whisper. They begin to drowse, clinging lazily to the rock.

The Lead Harvester moves fast.

She uses a curved bronze ladle to carefully scoop a thick, shimmering amber paste from the honeycomb. It glows with a faint, bioluminescent heat.

The Meli Mainomenon. The Mad Honey.

She trickles the nectar into a stone jar tied to her waist. A droplet misses the rim. It falls. The drop plummets down the face of the cliff, and splashes into the ocean below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Instantly, the water turns into a chaotic, boiling frenzy. Large coastal fish breaks the surface, tearing at each other in a sudden, mindless, hyper-violent rage, painting the sea foam pink with blood.

On the rope, the Lead Harvester watches the feeding frenzy below, swallowing hard through her mesh mask.

LEAD HARVESTER

The nectar is pure, Achillea. The madness is strong this season.

ACHILLEA

Then seal the jars with the sacred wax. If a single drop of this harvest ever leaves these cliffs unfiltered, it will bring an end to us all.

INT. SEA CAVE - NIGHT (75 B.C. - FIVE YEARS LATER)

Black, stagnant water laps against jagged cave walls. Torchlight flickers against the damp stone.

SECRET OUTPOST - ANATOLIAN COAST - 75 B.C.

A cloaked figure stands at the edge of the water.

A sleek CILICIAN PIRATE SKIFF glides into the cave. At the bow stands a high-ranking PONTIC EMISSARY dressed in the dark silk robes of Mithridates' royal court.

The boat drops anchor. The Emissary steps onto the wet stone, holding a small, intricately carved silver box.

PONTIC EMISSARY

The Poison King values your ambition, Princess Achillea. Few mortals have the courage to treat with him.

ACHILLEA

I don't care about his praise. I care about results. Do you have the shipment?

The Emissary opens the silver box. Nestled inside a velvet cushion is a vial containing a thick, milky-white liquid that gently bubbles on its own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PONTIC EMISSARY

The Tears of Hecate. A single drop in Queen Rea's evening wine will paralyze her lungs within an hour. The royal physicians will call it a natural stroke. No trace. No suspicion.

Achillea reaches for the vial, but the Emissary quickly snaps the box shut, stepping back.

PONTIC EMISSARY (CONT'D)

)First, our payment. The King's alchemists require a steady supply of the pure Meli Mainomenon to perfect his new battlefield mist. The pirates need the exact guard rotations for the Aperiaan Cliffs.

Achillea smiles—a terrifying, remorseless smirk. She pulls a leather parchment map from her armor and tosses it at his feet.

ACHILLEA

The cliff patrols are lightest during the new moon, three nights from now. Tell your pirates to strike then. They can take the honey, and they can take whatever Roman ships happen to cross their path.

She steps forward, aggressively wrenching the silver box from the Emissary's grip.

ACHILLEA (CONT'D)

Once my mother is in the ground, I will deal with my sister. And when I take the throne, your King will have a true ally ruling the Amazons.

INT. MITHRIDATES' WAR ROOM / ALCHEMICAL LAB - NIGHT

Green and crimson vapors rise from heavy copper vats. Caged wolves pace frantically along the stone walls.

At the center table stands KING MITHRIDATES VI—The Poison King. He holds a small glass vial swirling with a dense, blood-red vapor.

Beside him, the CHIEF ALCHEMIST watches anxiously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITHRIDATES

(Mesmerized by the vial) Beautiful. Like a trapped sunset. But does it hold the sting, or is it merely perfume?

CHIEF ALCHEMIST

It is perfected, Your Majesty. We have successfully bonded your most lethal neurotoxins with the grayanotoxins from the stolen Amazonian hives. We call it... The Fury.

Mithridates walks over to one of the caged wolves. He uncorks the vial and wafts a tiny droplet of the red mist into the cage.

The wolf sniffs it. Instantly, its eyes turn completely bloodshot. Its veins blacken against its fur.

The beast lets out a horrific, unnatural shriek. It doesn't just snap—it violently hurls its own body against the iron bars, biting its own paws in a mindless, psychotic rage.

Mithridates watches, completely unphased, a slow smile spreading across his face.

MITHRIDATES

Magnificent. A weapon that doesn't just kill the flesh... it rots the mind.

CHIEF

When released as a heavy mist over the battlefield, the Roman legions won't even have time to draw their shields. They will lose all reason. Brothers-in-arms will see each other as monsters. They will brutally butcher one another from the inside out before their vanguard can even catch sight of your castle gates.

Mithridates corks the vial. The wolf continues to tear itself apart in the background.

MITHRIDATES

Rome conquers through discipline. Order. Formation. Take that away, and they are just cattle waiting for the slaughter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MITHRIDATES (CONT'D)

(He turns, his face darkening) But this tiny vial will not stop Pompey's legions. I need a sea of it. Where is the rest of the Mad Honey?

CHIEF ALCHEMIST

The Cilician pirates have secured the coastal cliffs, Sire. But the Amazonian hives are fiercely guarded. The nectar we have is only enough for a prototype. To weaponize The Fury on a military scale, we need a massive, pure supply of their sacred hives.

MITHRIDATES

Then tell the pirates to bleed the Anatolian shores until the Amazons are forced to leave their sanctuaries. Distract them. Burn their villages. I want those hives, Alchemist. And I want Rome to watch its greatest empire tear itself to pieces.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

A high-ranking CILICIAN PIRATE is stripped to the waist, bound with leather ropes to a wooden post. He is bruised, sweating, and panting.

Achillea stands in the shadows, sharpening a curved hunting knife against a whetstone.

Beside the pirate stands Syreena. She holds a small, stone jar filled with a thick, dark, shimmering amber substance.

ACHILLEA

You sail all the way from Cilicia to raid our coastal fishing outposts. You lose dozens of men for a few goats and silver trinkets. You are outlaws, pirate. Outlaws fight for gold, not suicide missions.

The pirate spits a mouthful of blood onto the stone floor. He tries to chuckle, masking his terror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN

We go where the plunder is, barbarian. You think a few angry women in leather armor scare a crew that rules the Mediterranean? Kill me. My captain will just burn your shores to ash.

Achillea stops sharpening the blade.

Syreena dips a long wooden stir-rod into the stone jar, pulling it out coated in the thick, glowing nectar.

She holds it inches from the pirate's face

ACHILLEA

The Meli Mainomenon. The Mad Honey.

PIRATE

(Eyes widening in recognition)

So what? It's a luxury drug. A king's ransom on the black market.

ACHILLEA

In micro-doses, yes. But unfiltered, raw from our sacred cliffs... it is a terrifying neurotoxin. If I let a single drop fall into your eye, your heart will begin to race until it tears itself apart. You will hallucinate your worst nightmares while your lungs slowly paralyze.

ACHILLEA

You are going to tell us who bought your fleet, pirate. Because outlaws don't die for a king's secrets. Speak, or we let the honey do the talking.

Styreena tilts the rod. A drop of the honey hangs precariously, right above the pirate's left eye.

He looks up at it, terrified, his bravado gone.

MAN

Wait! Wait, wait, don't! Stop! I'll talk!

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PIRATE

Mithridates! King Mithridates! The
Poison King! He's the one paying
the captain!

ACHILLEA

Nnnn

PIRATE

He doesn't want to heal anyone!
His alchemists... they've been
experimenting with his poisons.
They found a way to bond it with
your honey. They call it The Fury.
It's a red mist... a bio-weapon.

ACHILLEA

What for?

PIRATE

When a soldier breathes it in,
they lose all reason. They fall
into a psychotic, hyper-violent
rage. They don't recognize friend
from foe. Mithridates is going to
unleash it on the Roman legions
marching through the valley. The
Romans will literally tear
themselves apart from the inside
out before they can even reach his
castle!

Achillea draws her blade back a fraction, shocked by the
terrifying scale of the plot.

PIRATE

But he needs a sea of it to wipe
out Rome! The prototype is done,
but to mass-produce it for a war,
he needs your entire sacred
harvest! We were sent to bleed
your coast to keep you distracted
while his men secure the hives!

ACHILLEA

If Mithridates perfects this
weapon and a Roman army butchers
itself on our soil, Rome won't
care who made the mist. They will
blame Anatolia. They will send
every legion they have left to
burn the Amazons to ash to avenge
their empire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMAZONIA

We cannot let Rome's war cross our borders. The Roman patrician your crew captured a week ago... Julius Caesar. Where is he?

EXT. HEAVENS - NIGHT

A suffocating, pitch-black abyss.

Dark, churning cumulus clouds rolls across the screen.

SILENCE is shattered by a deafening crack of THUNDER.

CRIMSON LIGHTNING rips through the black 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 Third Mithridatic 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The camera PANS DOWN, plunging through the violent storm clouds. Lightning flashes one final time, and we suddenly BREAK THROUGH the bottom of the cloud layer into clear, blinding daylight...

King Mithridates is losing his war against Rome. Has dispatched ruthless pirates to launch brutal amphibious raids on the Anatolian coast in hopes of drawing them into his wider war...PRINCESS REA rides hard toward the treacherous sands of some place. Guided by a cryptic riddle from the Fates, she seeks an ancient Seer to decipher a looming threat that brings something far worse than war to the shores of Themiscyra..."

AMAZONIA

King Mithridates commands their sails.

MYRINA

It is my understanding, Rome and Mithridates are at peace... Surely Mithridates didn't have a hand in this Romans kidnapping...

AMAZONIA

It is unknown, but he might as well have -- he funds the pirates, give them safe harbor during the wars, it's turned the Mediterranean into a lawless zone which allowed for this kidnapping of the boy to happen.

MYRINA

What is his strategy?

AMAZONIA

Perhaps to draw us into a third war which is coming...

INT. AMAZON COUNCIL CHAMBER - NIGHT

A tense, suffocating silence grips the room. TORCHES cast dancing shadows across stone walls lined with ancient spears. At the center, a brass map table displays the Aegean Sea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA (forty, scarred, a hardened general) slams her fist onto the table.

AMAZONIA

The King of Pontus commands their sails. The pirates are merely the hounds; Mithridates holds the leash.

MYRINA (thirty, sharp-eyed, regal) paces the perimeter of the room, her hand resting on the pommel of her sword.

MYRINA

Yet the ink on the treaties is barely dry. Rome and Pontus share an uneasy peace. Surely the King would not dare provoke the Republic by snatching this Roman boy from the sea?

AMAZONIA

Whether he ordered the strike or simply paved the road matters little. Mithridates fills their coffers with gold and opens his ports to their bloodstained hulls. He has transformed the Mediterranean into a lawless wasteland—a breeding ground for monsters. The boy's capture is but a symptom of the King's infection.

MYRINA

But to what end? Why unleash these vipers upon the waters, knowing they strike our shores as fiercely as they strike Rome's? What is his strategy?

AMAZONIA

(grimly)

He seeks to drown the world in chaos. A third war is bleeding over the horizon, Myrina. By bleeding our coasts and paralyzing Rome, he forces our hand. He will offer us a choice: bend the knee to his grand alliance, or be swallowed by the storm he created.

MYRINA

(stepping forward)

Then the King is a fool.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MYRINA (CONT'D)

He plays a gambler's game with
Rome's patience.

AMAZONIA

He is a desperate man, Myrina. And
desperate kings make reckless
moves.

MYRINA

But his madness will be our
undoing! Rome is an empire of iron
and memory. When the Senate
finally loses its patience—when
they send their legions to crush
Mithridates once and for all—they
will not care where Pontus ends
and our borders begin.

AMAZONIA

(looking out the
balcony toward the
sea)

No. They will burn the entire
coast to ash just to ensure his
grave is cold.

MYRINA

Exactly. If the Roman eagle flies
east to hunt the wolf of Pontus,
its shadow will fall upon our
shores. Our fields will be
trampled, our rivers choked with
the blood of our sisters, all
because Mithridates could not rein
in his sea-rats. We cannot allow
his recklessness to drag us into
Rome's jaws.

ORITHYIA (twenty-five, a fierce vanguard warrior) steps
out from the shadows of the pillars, arms crossed.

ORITHYIA

Then we stand with the King!
Mithridates is a son of Asia, just
as we are. His pirates are a
plague, yes, but they are a plague
directed at Rome's throat. If we
add our vanguard to his fleets, we
can break the Republic before they
ever cross the Aegean. To fight
Mithridates is to do Rome's
bidding for them!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MYRINA

(incredulous)

You would invite a war of
extermination?

ORITHYIA

I would rather die bleeding the
Republic dry than live as a well-
behaved dog of the Senate!

MYRINA

(raising a hand,
authoritative)

Silence.

The chamber grows dead quiet. All eyes lock on the Queen.
Myrina walks slowly to the map table, her eyes scanning
the islands.

MYRINA

You say the Roman boy is held on
the island of Pharmacusa? Just off
our western waters?

AMAZONIA

He is. Safe in the jaws of the
Cilician fleet.

MYRINA

Then fortune has dropped a thread
into our laps, and we would be
fools not to pull it. Orithyia
speaks of bleeding Rome, but Rome
cannot be bled—only enraged. When
their legions arrive, they will
look for enemies to slaughter. I
intend for them to find a debt
they cannot ignore instead. We
will buy our peace with Roman
blood.

ORITHYIA

You would play the savior to our
oppressors?

MYRINA

I play the shield for our people!

Myrina turns sharply to Amazonia, her voice hardening
into a royal decree.

MYRINA

Assemble the vanguard. Three fast
war-galleys.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MYRINA (CONT'D)

We slip through the pirate
blockade under the cover of dusk,
slaughter the garrison holding the
boy, and bring him to our shores.
We do not wait for Rome to come to
us. We force them into our good
graces.

EXT. PHARMACUSA BEACH - NIGHT

FOG rolls thick over the black sand. The Aegean Sea laps
quietly against the shore.

Suddenly, the hulls of THREE AMAZON WAR-GALLEYS slice
through the mist, grounding silently on the shallows.

Dozens of AMAZON WARRIORS, faces painted with dark ash,
slip over the sides into the waist-deep water. Shields
up. Short-swords drawn.

At the vanguard, MYRINA and AMAZONIA wade ashore, moving
with lethal, synchronized precision.

EXT. PIRATE CAMP - CONTINUOUS

A cluster of crude hide tents sits nestled between jagged
coastal cliffs. A single campfire flickers.

TWO CILICIAN PIRATES sit by the fire, drinking from clay
jugs. They are relaxed, completely unguarded.

THWACK. An Amazon arrow pierces the first pirate's
throat. He falls without a sound.

The second pirate leaps up, drawing a rusted scimitar,
but Amazonia bursts from the tree line. She spins,
driving the butt of her spear into his chest, then
finishes him with a swift downward thrust.

MYRINA

(whispering, urgent)

Secure the perimeter! Find the
Roman!

The Amazons move like a shadow network, slicing through
tents, kicking over crates.

But something is wrong. The camp is practically empty.
There are no sounds of a waking garrison. No alarms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amazonia kicks open the flaps of the largest, grandest tent—the Captain's quarters. Inside, overturned tables, spilled wine, and empty chests.

AMAZONIA

Myrina. Look at the earth.

Myrina steps into the tent. She looks down. The dirt floor is heavily trampled by hundreds of military sandals, deep grooves left by heavy trunks being dragged away.

MYRINA

This wasn't a raid. This was an evacuation.

ORITHYIA (O.S.)

My Queen! Over here!

EXT. COASTAL CLIFFS - MOMENTS LATER

Myrina, Amazonia, and a dozen warriors sprint up a narrow rocky path leading to the high cliffs overlooking the bay.

They crest the ridge and freeze. The wind howls.

Below them, the pirate bay is a graveyard. FOUR MASSIVE PIRATE SHIPS drift in the water, charred, smoking hulls burning down to the water line.

But it's the shoreline that robs the breath from Myrina's lungs.

Lined up along the beach are TWENTY WOODEN CROSSES, silhouetted against the moonlight. Groaning, dying CILICIAN PIRATES hang from them, nailed by their hands and feet.

At the center of the carnage stands a massive wooden post. Nailed to it is the severed, bloody head of the PIRATE CAPTAIN.

Myrina slowly steps closer to the cliff edge, staring down at the horrific display of absolute, systemic Roman vengeance.

AMAZONIA

(horrified whispered)

The gods protect us... Who did this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Myrina spots a discarded piece of parchment pinned to the Captain's post by a Roman dagger. Her eyes track the symbol stamped in wax: The Roman Eagle.

MYRINA

(voice trembling)

The boy. He didn't wait for Rome.

ORITHYIA

Then our gamble... our alliance...

Myrina closes her eyes as the crushing weight of her failure sinks in.

MYRINA

It is gone. We bled his enemy, but
we did not buy his favor. We are
completely alone.

XT. ROMAN GALLEY (AEGEAN SEA) - DAY

A massive, pristine Roman warship cuts through the azure waters of the Aegean. The rhythmic thumping of the oars below creates a steady, militaristic heartbeat.

On the raised aft deck stands JULIUS CAESAR (25). He is lean, sharp-jawed, wearing a spotless white toga over a light leather breastplate. The sea wind whips his hair. He looks entirely at peace.

Beside him stands JUNIUS (40), a battle-hardened Roman captain, looking exhausted but deeply impressed.

JUNIUS

The execution was... efficient,
sir. But Miletus is furious. You
raised a private fleet using their
money without the Senate's
official decree.

CAESAR

(without looking at
him)

The Senate is a collection of old
men who mistake bureaucratic
hesitation for wisdom. The pirates
insulted the dignity of Rome. I
told them I would return and
crucify them. A Roman always keeps
his word, Junius. It builds a
reliable reputation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Junius looks back toward the horizon, where the smoke from Pharmacusa island is a faint smudge on the sky.

JUNIUS

And the ransom? The fifty talents?

CAESAR

Recovered to the last coin. Half will go to pay the men of Miletus. The other half... well, a rising politician in Rome always has debts to settle.

Caesar takes a small silver chalice of wine from a servant. He takes a sip, staring out toward the coast of Asia Minor—specifically toward the mountains of the Amazon territory.

JUNIUS

Our scouts reported Amazon war-galleys landing on the north beach just as we were setting sail. They slaughtered a remnant faction of the pirates. It seems they intended to rescue you themselves.

Caesar pauses, a faint, amused smile playing on his lips.

CAESAR

To save me? How charmingly redundant. They wanted to buy our favor. They fear Mithridates, and they fear what we will do to him.

JUNIUS

Should we turn back? Acknowledge their gesture?

CAESAR

No. Let them stare at the crosses I left behind. Let them learn the difference between an Amazon raid and Roman justice. When the time comes to crush Mithridates, the Amazons will know exactly what happens to those who stand in our way.

Caesar turns and walks toward his quarters, his cape billowing behind him.

EXT. AMAZON THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

A stark contrast to the open sea. The atmosphere is claustrophobic, lit by fierce, roaring braziers.

QUEEN MYRINA sits on a stone throne, her head resting heavily on her fist. AMAZONIA stands at her right hand. The room is packed with tense, murmuring warriors.

BOOM. The heavy oak doors at the back of the hall blast open.

MITHRIDATES' ENVOY (50), a towering, imposing man dressed in the heavy, gold-trimmed armor of Pontus, strides into the room. He is flanked by four heavily armed PONTIC GUARDS. He does not bow.

ENVOY

Myrina!

The Amazon vanguard draws their swords in unison. The Envoy doesn't even blink. He stops at the base of the throne, his face twisted in fury.

ENVOY (CONT'D)

King Mithridates demands an explanation. Your vipers violated our borders. You sailed into the Pharmacusa shallows and slaughtered the King's allies!

AMAZONIA

(stepping forward,
fiercely)

They were pirates! Sea-rats who raided our own fishing vessels and bled our merchants!

ENVOY

They were the King's navy! They were the shield of Asia against the Roman wolves! And you broke his shield while he honored a treaty of peace!

The room erupts into angry shouts from the warriors. Myrina raises a single hand. The room falls dead silent. She fixes a cold, royal gaze on the Envoy.

MYRINA

The pirates captured a high-ranking son of the Roman Senate.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYRINA (CONT'D)

They brought the gaze of the Roman war machine directly to our shores. I acted to protect my people from the storm.

ENVOY

(scoffing)

By trying to hand the boy back to Rome? By begging for the Senate's mercy? Do not lie to me, Queen. Our scouts saw the empty cages. You went to play the savior, and instead, the Roman boy slaughtered them himself and left you with nothing.

Myrina flinches slightly, but hides it quickly behind a mask of stone.

ENVOY (CONT'D)

You have insulted the King. You have proven you cannot be trusted to stand with Asia when the third war begins.

The Envoy steps closer, his voice dropping to a low, venomous threat.

ENVOY (CONT'D)

Mithridates offers you one final mercy. You will surrender half of your vanguard fleet to the Pontic navy as restitution for the men you killed. And you will swear a binding oath of blood to fight Rome under his banner. Fail to do so... and the King will let his remaining fleets turn your coastline into an open hunting ground.

Orithyia steps forward, looking at Myrina, waiting for the command to cut the Envoy down.

Myrina looks at the Envoy, then at Amazonia. The trap has closed. Rome despises them, and Pontus is ready to consume them.

INT. AMAZON THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The heavy oak doors SLAM shut behind the Pontic Envoy and his guards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

For a heartbeat, the room is dead silent, save for the crackle of the braziers. Then, the chamber EXPLODES into chaos. Dozens of voices clash at once.

ORITHYIA

We let him walk out of here
alive?! He threatened our shores!
He insulted the Queen to her face!

AMAZONIA

(shouting over the
noise)

Quiet! All of you, quiet!

The shouting dies down to a bitter, tense murmur. Orithyia strides to the center of the floor, directly before Myrina's throne, her face flushed with anger.

ORITHYIA

We must give him our answer now,
Myrina. With steel. If we
surrender half our fleet to
Mithridates, we are defenseless.
If we swear his blood oath, we
invite Rome's total annihilation.
We must hunt that Envoy down
before he reaches his ship and
send his head back to Pontus!

AMAZONIA

And then what, Orithyia? You want
a war on two fronts? We are a
single nation of warriors, not an
infinite empire. If we strike
Mithridates now, his main army
will march across our borders
before the week is out.

ORITHYIA

Better to die fighting a tyrant we
know than to wait for the Romans
to slide their chains around our
necks!

Orithyia turns to the gathered council, raising her arms to the crowd.

ORITHYIA

Look what our Queen's 'shrewd
diplomacy' bought us! We sailed to
Pharmacusa to beg for Roman favor,
and instead, Caesar left us a
beach full of corpses and a
message of pure contempt.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ORITHYIA (CONT'D)

Rome does not want our friendship.
And now, Pontus wants our blood.

A loud wave of AGREEABLE MURMURS ripples through a
faction of the younger warriors.

Amazonia steps down from the dais, putting herself
between Orithyia and the throne.

AMAZONIA

Mind your tongue, vanguard. You
speak to your Queen.

ORITHYIA

I speak to a leader who has backed
us into a corner! We have no
allies left.

MYRINA

(calm, ice-cold)
That is enough.

The authority in Myrina's voice hits the room like a
physical blow. Orithyia freezes.

Myrina slowly stands up from her stone throne. She does
not look defeated; she looks dangerous. She walks down
the steps, her boots clicking sharply against the stone
floor until she is standing inches from Orithyia.

MYRINA

You think I do not see the walls
closing in? You think I slept
soundly while the Roman boy lined
that beach with crosses?
(she looks around the
room, capturing
every eye)

MYRINA (CONT'D)

I made a gamble to save our
future. It failed. The Roman boy
proved to be a monster, and the
King of Pontus is a vulture
waiting for us to die. But I will
not have this council descend into
a panic of barking dogs.

ORITHYIA

(dropping her gaze
slightly, but
defiant)
Then what is the command, Myrina?
Do we bend the knee to the
vulture?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MYRINA

Never. We will not give
Mithridates a single plank of our
ships, nor a single drop of our
blood for his oath.

AMAZONIA

If we refuse, his fleets will tear
our coast apart. Our fishing
villages, our ports—they will
burn.

MYRINA

Then we abandon the coast.

The council gasps. Amazonia looks at Myrina in disbelief.

AMAZONIA

Abandon it? Myrina, that is our
livelihood. Our history.

MYRINA

Our history is in our blood,
Amazonia, not the sand.
Mithridates expects us to stay and
defend our beaches like stubborn
fools. If we pull our forces back
into the mountains—into the jagged
ridges of the Thermodon—his ships
become useless. He will have to
march his infantry into our
valleys, where the terrain belongs
to us.

Orithyia shifts her weight, her anger slowly giving way
to tactical calculation.

ORITHYIA

And when Rome comes? They will
land on those same abandoned
beaches.

MYRINA

Let them. Let Mithridates and Rome
break their bones against each
other on our shores. We will watch
from the heights. We will bleed
whoever wins.

Myrina turns back to her throne, drawing her short-sword
and slamming the point deep into the wooden map table at
the center of the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MYRINA

Assemble the riders. Evacuate the coastal gates by dawn. We are no longer playing the chess match of empires. We are turning our home into a graveyard for anyone who dares enter it.

The warriors stare at the sword vibrating in the wood. Slowly, Orithyia beats her fist against her chest in salute. The rest of the council follows, a thumping chorus of defiance.

EXT. THERMODON MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

A narrow, rocky gorge. High, jagged cliffs squeeze the sky into a thin strip of gray. Mist hangs low over the boulders.

QUEEN MYRINA stands atop a high ridge, wrapped in a dark cloak. Beside her, AMAZONIA and ORITHYIA peer down into the valley below.

Down in the pass, the PONTIC ARMY marches. Hundreds of infantrymen in heavy bronze armor, carrying long pikes. But they aren't moving with the precision of conquerors. They are ragged, muddy, and marching at a frantic, disorganized sprint.

ORITHYIA

Look at them. They run like dogs with the scent of a predator on their heels.

AMAZONIA

They are overextended. They expected a quick victory on the beaches, not a chase into our hunting grounds.

Myrina draws her short-sword. The blade rings out in the mountain air.

MYRINA

Let them learn why the mountain belongs to the dead. Prepare the volley.

Behind the ridge, FIFTY AMAZON ARCHERS draw their bows in unison, aiming down into the choke-point.

Myrina drops her sword.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MYRINA

Loose!

A hail of black-feathered arrows rains down into the gorge.

Down below, the Pontic soldiers scream as the arrows find the gaps in their armor. Chaos erupts. The lines buckle immediately.

ORITHYIA

Sound the charge! Let us finish them!

Orithyia raises her blade to lead the vanguard down the slope—

BOOM.

A thunderous explosion of sound echoes from the far end of the valley. The ground beneath the Amazons' feet trembles.

Myrina holds up a hand, halting the charge.

MYRINA

Wait. Look at the western ridge.

Through the mountain mist, a massive column of dust rises. The sound of thousands of rhythmic, iron-shod boots beats against the stone like an approaching earthquake.

Out of the dust emerges the vanguard of the ROMAN LEGION. Spotless red cloaks. Gleaming silver breastplates. Heavy rectangular shields locked tight in a moving wall of iron.

At the head of the legion, a Roman Centurion raises a golden Eagle standard.

AMAZONIA

(stunned)

The legions... They didn't land on the coast. They marched through the southern valleys.

MYRINA

Mithridates didn't come to conquer us, Orithyia. He was fleeing.

Down in the gorge, the Pontic army realizes they are trapped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The front of their line is pinned by Amazon arrows; their rear is being utterly crushed by the advancing Roman meat-grinder.

The Romans do not hesitate. They crash into the back of the Pontic lines with brutal, devastating efficiency. Short swords stab rhythmically behind shields. The Pontic army is being systematically liquidated in front of the Amazons' eyes.

Orithyia looks on, her thirst for blood replaced by pure awe and terror at the speed of the Roman war machine.

ORITHYIA

They are slaughtering them... The King's grand army is nothing but dust to them.

AMAZONIA

Should we strike? If we catch the Romans while they are engaged—

MYRINA

No. Sheathe your weapons.

Myrina steps back from the ledge, watching the Roman Eagle push deeper into the valley, trampling the last remnants of Mithridates' men.

MYRINA (CONT'D)

The vulture of Pontus is dead. The wolf of Rome has eaten him. We pull back deeper into the high ridges. Let the Romans take the valley, and let them think they conquered it alone. We survive to fight another day.

Myrina turns and disappears into the mountain mist. Amazonia and Orithyia exchange a grim look, sheathe their swords, and follow her into the fog.

Behind them, the sounds of the Roman victory horns echo through the bloody gorge.

EXT. PHARMACUSA ISLAND - NIGHT (75 B.C.)

DRONE SHOT. A small, craggy volcanic island in the Aegean Sea off the southwestern coast of Anatolia.

A massive, hidden stone fortress— Dozens of iron braziers burn along the rocky battlements, casting a ghostly orange glow over the stone walls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fast, sleek CILICIAN WARSHIPS rock violently in a hidden, narrow sea cave at the base of the cliffs, their silver sails tightly furled against the wind.

Patrolling the high walkways are armed CILICIAN PIRATES, their silhouettes sharp against the starry sky, holding curved scimitars and heavy crossbows.

A low, rowdy chorus of drunken laughter and clinking tankards echoes from the deep, subterranean windows carved into the cliffside

INT. CELL DAY

Inside the cell, GAIUS JULIUS CAESAR (25) sits on a wooden stool. Despite his heavy iron chains and tattered linen toga, he carries himself like a king on a throne.

He holds a scrap of parchment, casually scratching lines with a piece of charcoal.

Outside the bars, TARIK (30s), a massive, gold-toothed Cilician pirate captain, slams a heavy tankard onto a table.

TARIK

(Boisterous, thick accent) Drink up, boys! The Roman Senate just accepted our terms. Twenty talents of silver for the pretty patrician boy! We're going to be kings!

The pirates roar with laughter, clinking their tankards. Caesar doesn't look up from his writing. He lets out a sharp, aristocratic scoff.

CAESAR

Twenty talents? Truly?

Tarik stops laughing. He turns, his scarred face tightening as he steps up to the iron bars, glaring at the prisoner.

TARIK

You got something to say, Roman? That coin is more than your life is worth.

Caesar finally looks up. His eyes are piercing, calm, and completely devoid of fear.

He shakes his head in genuine pity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAESAR

It proves you are entirely ignorant of who you have stumbled upon in the night, pirate. Twenty talents is an insult to my name. If you demand a ransom that small, the Senate will assume I am a nobody and leave me here to rot with you filth.

The guardroom goes dead silent. Tarik grips the bars, his knuckles turning white.

TARIK

You're a hostage, boy. I can slit your throat right now and dump you into the tide.

CAESAR

(Sighs, entirely unfazed)

But you won't. Because you love gold more than your pride.

(He stands up, the heavy chains rattling, and steps right up to the bars, looking down his nose at Tarik)

CAESAR

Go back to your scribes. Tell them the price for Gaius Julius Caesar is fifty talents. Not a drachma less.

Tarik stares at him, utterly bewildered by the prisoner's sheer arrogance. He looks back at his men, then cracks a yellow-toothed smile.

TARIK

Fifty talents? You're out of your mind. You want us to ask for more money?

CAESAR

I want you to properly appraise the prize you hold. And while you wait for my gold to arrive, keep your men quiet. The howling of your drunken crew is disrupting my cadence. I am writing an epic poem, and none of you grunts possess the meter to appreciate it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tarik bursts into a loud, booming laugh, slapping the iron bars.

TARIK

An epic poem! Hear that, boys? The hostage is a poet!

CAESAR

(Smiles coldly, a dangerous edge to his voice)

Laugh all you like, Tarik. Enjoy the gold when it arrives. Feast, drink, and buy your women. Because I give you my solemn word as a Roman: the moment my ransom is paid and these chains are unlocked, I am going to man my own fleet. I am going to hunt every single one of you down. And I am going to personally nail you to a cross.

Tarik's laughter dies down. He looks into Caesar's eyes, looking for a bluff, but finds only absolute, chilling certainty. Tarik slowly steps away from the bars, spitting on the floor to mask a sudden jolt of unease.

TARIK

Keep dreaming, Roman.

Caesar sits back down on his stool, adjusting his tattered toga with casual elegance, and goes right back to scratching charcoal against his parchment.

ACHILLEA

No, theses infidels are independent of Cilician pirates..

ARTEMISIA

We believe they're a loose, decentralized network of maritime raiders originating from the rugged southern coast of modern-day Turkey. They did not take orders from a single king or state

ARTEMISIA

We should have known it was the poison king.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REA

Its no secret Mithridates been bankrolled, protected, and utilized the Cilician pirates as a proxy navy to harass Roman shipping lanes and disrupt trade during his long-running wars against Rome.

THERMODOSA

Eventually they'd reach our shores...

QUEEN REA

Reports of burning sails from the north to the western capes. The sea-lanes are choked with ash. Tell me of these raiders, Artemisia. Who strikes our shores?

ARTEMISIA

The Cilicians, Mother. They are no longer simple water-thieves or scattered vagrants. They are a coordinated maritime syndicate. They sail fast galleys, occupy fortified cliff fortresses, and command thousands of hardened blades.

QUEEN REA

Outlaws do not launch multi-pronged military feints against an empire's vanguard. They hunt for easy gold. Why do they bleed our borders?

ARTEMISIA

Because they are not hunting for coin. They bypassed our gold reserves entirely during the raid on the Aperiaan Cliffs. They target the sacred vaults. They are after the Meli Mainomenon. The Mad Honey.

QUEEN REA

The sacred nectar... If outsiders learn to refine its raw poison, it will invite the wrath of the gods. But pirates do not have the alchemical mind to weaponize it. They are mercenaries.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

QUEEN REA (CONT'D)

Someone feeds them. Someone holds their leash.

ACHILLEA

Does it matter who pays the wolf, Mother? A wolf only understands the spear. We waste precious twilight debating their master when we should be marching our phalanx to the coast to butcher them where they stand.

ARTEMISIA

It matters entirely, sister! If we blindly march our armies to the sea, we leave the citadel unguarded. And we must know who our true enemy is. (Turning back to Rea) We interrogated a captured captain before he succumbed to his wounds. The pirates are funded by the East. By King Mithridates.

QUEEN REA

The Poison King...

ACHILLEA

Mithridates is locked in a death-struggle with the Roman legions. Why would a king waste his treasury to fund ocean filth when his own crown is burning?

ARTEMISIA

Because those 'ocean filth' are his shadow armada, Achillea! Mithridates has weaponized the Cilicians as a proxy navy. For years, he has bankrolled their fleets to harass Roman shipping lanes, plunder their merchant vessels, and starve the Republic's trade routes. He keeps Rome's generals distracted at sea so his own legions can maneuver on land.

Artemisia paces along the table, pointing to the coast

ARTEMISIA (CONT'D)

But now, the King is desperate. His alchemists have synthesized our neurotoxins with his own poisons.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ARTEMISIA (CONT'D)

They have created a payload—a red mist they call The Fury. A single breath drives men into a mindless, psychotic rage. He intends to unleash it upon the approaching Roman armies, forcing the legions to slaughter one another from within.

Silence blankets the throne room. Queen Rea looks down at the map, the weight of the Fates crushing her.

QUEEN REA

If a Roman legion destroys itself with our sacred blood on Anatolian soil... Rome will not care who brewed the poison. They will see the Amazons as architects of their ruin. They will send a sea of iron to burn Themiscyra to ash.

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

Show me what you have brought from the sands.

Rea holds a bronze medallion inscribed with a cryptic riddle. The firelight dances across her face.

Rea places it onto the stone rim of the basin. Praxidike's fingers trace the engraved symbols.

SEER

Ah. The first thread of the shroud. Read it, Rea. Let the air of this sacred place give it life.

Rea does - her voice steady but laced with dread.

REA

"When the silver-sailed wolves hold the captive youth. The Eagle shall rise to swallow the truth."

SEER

A Roman youth... a boy of patrician blood, destined to reshape the mortal world. The silver-sailed wolves—the pirates of the coast—will take him. They will think he is merely gold.

REA

And the Eagle? Rome?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SEER

The Eagle is the boy himself, and the empire he will build on the bones of his enemies. If the wolves kill him, the Eagle falls, and a tidal wave of Roman blood will drown our lands in vengeance. But if he lives... he will conquer us all.

Beat.

SEER

This is only the first turn of the wheel, Princess. Fifteen winters from now, the youth will enter the cage. And your choice will decide if our people survive the Poison King's shadow... or burn in the Eagle's fire.

The Seer grips Rea's wrists, her blind eyes wide with terror as she stares into the dark water of the basin.

SEER

Fifteen winters from now, the youth will enter the cage. And your choice will decide if our people survive the Poison King's shadow... or burn in the Eagle's fire.

REA

Then I will watch the horizon. And if the wolves take the Eagle, I will clip its wings myself.

SEER

You cannot outrun the threads of the Fates, Princess. You can only choose how they strangle you.

You should absolutely hold back and not reveal all four parts of the prophecy in the opening scene. In a high-stakes action/fantasy screenplay, giving the audience the entire prophecy upfront can actually kill the mystery and tension. By pacing the revelation across the three acts of your movie, you keep the audience hooked, make the Seer feel incredibly powerful, and allow your protagonist, Princess Rea, to organically solve the riddle as the stakes escalate. Here is how you can strategically distribute the four parts of your brilliant prophecy across your script to maximize the cinematic tension:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Why this works: It tells Princess Rea (and the audience) exactly what to look out for. When the movie jumps 15 years into the future to 75 BCE, and news reaches Rea that the pirates ("wolves") have captured young Julius Caesar ("the Eagle"), the audience will get chills because they realize the prophecy is finally starting.

Act 2 (The Midpoint Twist): The Political Threat Reveal the next lines right after the midpoint twist—either when Rea discovers Caesar's empty cage or when she realizes Mithridates is pulling the strings. Rea can read the next section from an ancient tablet or remember the Seer's warning: *"A Three-Headed Beast will trample the West, / While the Serpent of Nile cradles Rome at her breast."*

Why this works: The "Three-Headed Beast" perfectly foreshadows the First Triumvirate (the political alliance Caesar will later form with Pompey and Crassus to rule Rome), and the "Serpent of Nile" is Cleopatra. This raises the stakes by showing that saving Caesar won't just stop a localized war—it will accidentally birth a global Roman superpower.

Act 3 (The Climax): The War for the Honey & The Finale Save the final, action-heavy lines for right before or during the massive final battle against Mithridates' forces: *"The Lion of War shall march for your gold, / But against the Crescent, their fortunes grow cold. / The titans will clash, but the iron shall break, / And Rome will remember the vengeance you wake."*

Why this works: This is the ultimate payoff. The "Lion of War" marching for gold fits perfectly with Mithridates sending the pirates to steal the Amazons' sacred Mad Honey. The "Crescent" represents the Amazons fighting back. Hearing these lines as the Amazons charge into battle gives the climax an incredible, mythic momentum.

EXT. PHARMACUSA ISLAND - SHORELINE - NIGHT (75 B.C.)

The three pitch-black AMAZON SKIFFS slice silently through the dark surf. The hulls hit the volcanic sand with a soft CRUNCH.

ARTEMISIA (23) vaults over the bow, her bronze sword drawn. She gestures to her vanguard, and they swarm the low beach trails like ghosts.

Up on the cliffs, the pirate lookout tower is completely unguarded. The island is suspiciously loud—roaring with drunken cheers, music, and the clinking of gold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Artemisia frowns, tracking the noise down toward the main docks.

EXT. PHARMACUSA ISLAND - FORTIFIED DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Through the gaps in the volcanic rocks, Artemisia and her squad peer down at the harbor.

A sleek Roman merchant ship is slowly pulling away from the stone dock into the moonlit Aegean Sea.

Standing at the stern of the boat—wearing a clean toga and holding a cup of wine—is a 25-year-old Julius Caesar. He salutes the shore with a mocking, victorious smile.

Down on the docks, TARIK and a dozens of CILICIAN PIRATES are cheering, dancing, and hoisting massive, iron-bound chests of Roman silver onto their shoulders.

AMAZON WARRIOR

(Whispering) Commander... look. The Roman. They aren't executing him. They've freed him.

Artemisia stares at the departing Roman ship, then down at the pirate hoard. Her eyes narrow as she realizes the tactical reality.

ARTEMISIA

His ransom was paid. The wolves have been fed, and the boy is returning to Rome to bring a legion back with him.

AMAZON WARRIOR

Then our mission is a failure. We must retreat before they spot us.

ARTEMISIA

No. Look at what they hold.

(She points to the chests of silver)

That is fifty talents of Republic coin. If Mithridates uses these pirates to lock down the coast, he needs that wealth to fund his shadow navy. If we take that silver, the pirates starve, and Mithridates loses his armada. Artemisia raises her bronze sword, the crescent moonlight catching the blade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMISIA (CONT'D)

For Themiscyra! Leave none of
these dogs alive!

THE AMBUSH EXPLODES.

A storm of Amazon arrows rains down onto the docks. Three
pirates drop instantly, spilling silver coins into the
dirt.

Tarik spins around, his drunken smile turning to horror
as the Amazon phalanx crashes through the smoke, spears
thrusting forward.

TARIK

Ambush! Secure the chests! Secure
the—Artemisia cuts him off,
driving her shoulder into his
chest and kicking him off the
wooden pier into the black water
below. She spins, parrying a
scimitar strike, and drives her
blade cleanly through an outlaw's
throat.

The Amazons form an impenetrable shield-wall on the
docks, driving the remaining pirates back into the sea
caves.

Within minutes, the docks belong to the Amazons.
Artemisia steps up to the primary chest and kicks the
heavy lid open. Inside are hundreds of gleaming, stamped
Roman silver bars.

ARTEMISIA

Load the skiffs. Every single
talent.

She looks back out across the dark Aegean Sea. The sails
of Caesar's ship are vanishing into the midnight horizon.

ARTEMISIA (CONT'D)

Go home to your Senate, Roman boy.
We will hold your wealth until you
return.

EXT. HEAVENS - NIGHT

Dark, churning cumulus clouds rolls across the screen.

The SILENCE is shattered by a deafening crack of THUNDER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

REA

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

Praxidike offers a bemused smile beneath her veil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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."*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. 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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

She raises her torch, stalks out.

Sunlight cuts through high windows, illuminating a much more mature, regal QUEEN REA (late 20s). The weight of leadership sits heavy on her shoulders.

Playing on the steps of the stone dais are her TWO YOUNG DAUGHTERS (under the age of 7)â€”the future main charactersâ€”giggling as they practice wooden sword drills.

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

The following TEXT SCROLLS UPWARD through the darkness:

The Mediterranean has become a lawless wasteland.

Following a bitter war in the West, the Roman Republic's grip on the seas has faltered, allowing the notorious CILICIAN PIRATES to prowl the open waves completely unchecked. Hunting for plunder and high-born hostages, their fleets have transformed the waters into a zone of pure terror.

But the wolves of the sea have grown too bold. Driven by an unseen malice, they have begun to raid the sacred, untouched shores of THE AMAZONS OF THEMISCYRA.

Unrivaled on the battlefield and fiercely independent, the Amazons watch their bleeding coastlines with growing fury. As a dark shadow creeps toward their borders, they must unravel who is truly commanding the sails... before the rolling tides of war consume them.