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FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A cloudless void. Pitch black. A glittering starfield.

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

The camera SUDDENLY PLUMMETS, leaving the heavens behind.

PRINCESS REA (V.O.)
But a shadow was falling over our
shores. An unknown foreign King
was orchestrating a secret plot to
ignite a war between Athens, the
rising power of Rome, and the
gods. I left my kingdom, searching
for answers in the wastes.

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

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A howling wind whips red dust across endless sand dunes.

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

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

PRINCESS REA (V.O.)
I sought a Seer, desperate to
understand a dark vision sent to
me by the Fates. A prophecy about
the daughters I would one day
bear.

The Amazon pulls her reins. The stallion halts.

She tilts her head. A distant rumble grows into a
deafening roar: THUNDERING HOOVES along the sand.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRINCESS REA (V.O.)
 But the puppet master's reach was
 already wide. His marauders
 infested the roads. They thought
 an Amazon alone was easy prey...

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

PRINCESS REA (V.O.)
 ...They were wrong.

The pirate leader, ZENICETES, spurs his horse forward

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

Rea stares back, cold and unmoved.

ZENICETES
 Speak, Amazon! Silence does not
 buy your life.

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

ZENICETES
 (sneers)
 You mock the Sea-Wolves of Soli?
 We are Cilicians. The sea is our
 slave, and this desert will be
 your grave.

REA
 You waste your breath. I carry
 nothing but death for your men.

HERACLEO
 Then you bleed!

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.

The remaining pirates shield their eyes against the glow, screaming in panic. They lunge forward, trying to yank Rea from her horse.

Rea draws her sword in a flash. SWISH. SWISH.

Two clean, silver arcs cut through the light. Two headless bodies 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, flying through the air before slamming violently into her open palm.

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

Rea pushes through a dark stone labyrinth to find--

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

REA

Mantis Pseudishtar - The Severer
of Fate?

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

REA

They call you the witch-seer.
Adviser to demons and kings. They
say you bargain with the dead to
harvest your prophecies.

The Seer offers a bemused smile beneath her veil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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 Seer's throat.

REA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

(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. You came because you are
terrified.

Rea NODS her acceptance, Rea holds the blade for a beat,
then slowly lowers it.

REA

A divine warning has found me.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Did the high priests at Delphi
speak this warning?

REA

No, a whisper from the Fates.

Rea pulls a crumpled, blood-stained parchment from her
armor. She takes it, runs her fingers across the stains.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

This is what the Fates whispered
to you?

REA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

She reads aloud, her voice echoing off the damp stone:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

"By blind blood slain, the second
born princess 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."

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The Fates have decreed it.

REA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The Oracle's Dark Kinship.

The Seer turns to a shelf of rotting scrolls, pulling
down a cracked, ancient clay tablet.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The riddle is a mirror to this
ancient curse.

(beat)

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

Pseudishtar grabs a handful of dried herbs and fat. She
flings them into the fissure.

HISS. Thick, oily black smoke billows into the air,
twisting like two intertwined snakes.

Rea paces impatiently.

REA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

You bring a heavy thread to my
loom, Princess Rea.

(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."*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

In the fissure, the oily black smoke twists violently.
The shape of a blade forms in the mist.

REA

Do not speak to me in riddles!

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*"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."*

The smoke shifts, turning into the shape of giant,
grasping skeletal hands.

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 PSEUDISHTAR

Hear the end of the song,
Princess!

(shuts her eyes)

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

The divine light fades from the Seer's eyes.

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The loom is silent.

Rea dismissively waves away the wishful thinking.

REA

How do I fix it?

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

(then)

Go home, weaver. And pray the
thread holds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

Rea turns on her heel, her heavy cape swirling, and takes
a fast step toward the dark labyrinth exit.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

Rea stops in her tracks. She does not turn around. Her
shoulders are tense.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

REA

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

She raises her torch, turning back into the shadows of
the labyrinth.

EXT. SEER'S CAVE - DAY

Rea steps out into the blazing desert sun, looking down
at her hands, terrified of the future.

PRINCESS REA (V.O.)

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

EXT. THEMISCYRA - BEACH - DAY (TEN YEARS LATER)

SUPER: "Ten Years Later..."

The pristine, beautiful cliffs of the Amazon kingdom.

TWO GIRLS (early teens) trade brutal wooden sword
strikes.

PRINCESS REA (V.O.)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Achillea lunges, swinging her wooden sword directly at Amazonia's throat—not a spar, a killing blow. Amazonia falls backward into the sand, terrified.

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

PRINCESS REA, 30s, stands over them. Her face is a mask of stern discipline. She twists the wood, disarming Achillea.

PRINCESS REA

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

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

REA

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

(turns to Amazonia)

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

Rea begins adjusting Amazonia's stance.

REA

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

Rea shoots a glance towards Achillea.

REA

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

EXT. SHORELINE OF THE THERMODON RIVER - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

AMAZONIA

Any sign of the Marauder activity?

RACHNA

None. But were making good time.
We can see the hills of the
Parthian Province.

(beat)

Also, I think we're being
followed.

AMAZONIA

I know. I saw him when we crossed
the river.

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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Warriors drop down into attack posture. Shields up, swords, battle axes, bow and arrows, and spears out.

The RIDER draws closer. Amazonia tenses, shocked to see who it is approaching.

AMAZONIA

Well, what have we here? Spear.

Callisto tosses Amazonia her spear. She rears back and launches it. The spear stabs into the earth in the path of the Rider.

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. Spear.

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

AMAZONIA

Halt! What business do you have here?

SOLIS

I do not seek quarrel! Your enemies are everywhere.

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

AMAZONIA

The fucking cock on you.

SOLIS

What would you have me do?

Amazonia nods with a frown.

RACHNA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. THEMISCYRA - DAY

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

SUPER: THEMISCYRA, KINGDOM OF THE AMAZONS

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

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

ORITHIA (O.S.)

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

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

ORITHIA

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

EXT. STREETS OF THEMISCYRA - DAY

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

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

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CONTINUED:

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 BATTLE ARMOR GLEAMS in the sunlight, a paludamentum fastened at one shoulder.

It's Achillea-- face of an angel, soul of Beelzebub.

ACHILLEA

You believe in God, Kazzak?

For a moment Kazzak thinks he might be saved.

KAZZAK

Yes! Oh, yes!

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

Last chance, old man.

KAZZAK

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

Achillea casually SLITS Kazzaks' THROAT. He drops to his knees as BLOOD POURS from the gash.

ACHILLEA

Blood must be spilled.

Achillea draws her blade across Cronan's neck. He glances towards his dead comrade.

CRONAN

And blood has.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACHILLEA

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

Achillea's fist is brought to Cronan's face with
sickening THUD. Blood trickles from his nose.

ACHILLEA

Remove his traitorous tongue.

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 glares, angry and defiant.

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.

Penelopeia turns to a troubled Olympia.

PENELOPEIA

Olympia, I've seen that look
before.

OLYMPIA

You should, Penelopeia. It is the
same look the Romans gave to the
Christians before they feed them
to the lions.

ISIDORA

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

QUEEN REA

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

(dark beat)

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

ACHILLEA

I don't need to be reminded.

Rea backhands Achillea.

QUEEN REA

Do not speak in that tongue again.

(to Amazonia)

To the matter of these infidels
pillaging our land.

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN REA

Uh, huh.

ACHILLEA

I'm not sure that is wise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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. Cronan and the other are huddle conspiratorially together.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 --

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. A slow, knowing smile spreads across her lips. Her attraction to the warrior is instant and entirely undisguised.

ACHILLEA

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

(beat)

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

Gia does not flinch.

GIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

(wary)

You've heard of me?

GIA

Who hasn't. Your reputation precedes you.

ACHILLEA

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.

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."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

Gia runs her finger-rips over the non-intrusive branded mark on Achillea's upper arm, "It's an imperfect CROSS." Amazonia bears the same mark.

She recognizes it.

GIA

That mark. I've seen it before.

(off Achillea's look)

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

As the ROAR of the CROWD PROPELLING US TO --

EXT. ROME - DAY

City of gleaming marble. Center of the known world.

EXT. COLOSSEUM - DAY

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

The ROAR of more than fifty thousand souls...

EXT. THE ARENA - DAY

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

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

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

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 MYRINA, a young, pretty, and stately woman in a gorgeous gown, jewels.

QUEEN MYRINA

Pirates? So far up the river?

ISIDORA

They are here to hunt us?

OLYMPIA

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

REA

Do you trust this infidel?

AMAZONIA

I do, Mother.

REA

How large?

AMAZONIA

Small, easily runoff.

QUEEN MYRINA

You like him, don't you?

AMAZONIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Myrina takes Rea aside and speaks in a whisper.

QUEEN MYRINA
She wishes to bear child.

Rea regards her daughter almost bemused.

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

REA
Very well.

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

EXT. TEMPLE OF GAIA - NIGHT

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

INT. TEMPLE OF GAIA - NIGHT

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

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

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

Slowly, Gia raises it...

Then spills the runestones onto the stone table.

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

ACHILLEA
Prophecy?

GIA
I only see glimpses, fragments...
never the whole.
(then)
One will come, who will know both
the dark and the light. But, how
you choose could result in the
granting of your every wish... or
be the instrument of your death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

They FUCK, shadows cast by the flames as the rug moves with great passion, 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:

GREEKS and THRACIANS CLASH. An EPIC BATTLE. Metal against metal. Swords cut and sever. Body parts flying, screams of the wounded, the dying.

The Greeks surge, threatening to overrun the Thracians.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Our frenzied BRIGADE OF AMAZONS in full battle dress charge -- equal parts skill and power as they carve a bloody path through the Romans army.

Ancient Greece Neos slicing through a medieval Matrix.

Callisto fights along side Rachna --her DEEP FOREST GREEN eyes glows, cutting down Greeks at will. She's fearless.

A soldier thrusts his sword at Amazonia, who catches his wrist mid-thrust -- disarms a Greek soldier 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 Spartan'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.

SOLIS

I saved your ass.

AMAZONIA

And you'll have it tonight.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

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

RESUME SCENE

Amazonia smiles at the memory. It is short lived.

Nemesis escorts Solis in. Amazonia dismisses her.

SOLIS

I love you.

AMAZONIA

As if that mattered. We honor no marriages. Our society is stringently matriarchal. Men are of no use other than for mating, and slaves.

SOLIS

What about love?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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
perspiration. Gia cuddles with Achillea, soothing her to
rest... to sleep.

GIA

You wish to rest?

ACHILLEA

If I do, I shall tell you.

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

The faint sound of HORSES HOOVES approach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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, painfully forces her to drop the dagger, then WHACKS her across her face...

Achillea's arms envelope Gia. Gia's passion surges as she pulls Achillea close.

ACHILLEA

No, wait here!

Achillea breaks away, Gia stops her.

GIA

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

Achillea smiles as she secures her armor.

OFF Gia, her own concerns far from assuaged.

EXT. TEMPLE OF GAIA - NIGHT

The landscape is bathed in moonlight, which gives everything a mysterious look.

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

CASTUS, 30s, looks nervous, his eyes darting across the clearing. He is flanked by the stocky TRYPHON, and HERACLEO.

CASTUS

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

Achillea stalks out from the shadows, catching them completely off guard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blindingly fast, she attacks. The combat is brutal, messy, and primitive.

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

Achillea is a relentless, unstoppable killing machine.

She pivots and drives her blade straight through Castus's heart. He collapses, bleeding copiously.

Aghast, Heracleo abandons the fight and flees.

She snatches up a battle axe and hurls it. The heavy blade buries itself deep into Heracleo's back. He drops dead.

A wet groan. Achillea turns. Tryphon is on the ground, clutching his stump, barely alive.

ACHILLEA

You bleed on sacred ground,
thieves

She lifts his own heavy mace and caves his head in. Crimson splatters her face.

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

A GREY-CLOAKED FIGURE coalesces briefly. He leans on a scythe like a cane. His face is hidden in blackness, save for two GLOWING EYES. This is SEDITIOUS KANE.

She stares, stunned, as Kane melts back into nothingness. Breathing heavy, 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

(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, child.

AMAZONIA

But the ultimate power rested with
her.

RACHNA

And one day, it shall rest with
you.

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

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

RACHNA

A token. Of days past.

AMAZONIA

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

RACHNA

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

AMAZONIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RACHNA

You are entirely your mother's daughter. In truth, I fear you possess a fiercer will than she ever did.

Amazonia regards her for a long moment, the wind whipping her hair across her face

RACHNA

...And she knew it, too.

Rachna looks back down at the sprawling city. A heavy silence settles between them.

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 gives Amazonia a firm, caring squeeze on the shoulder.

She gently sets the carved wooden token down on the flat stone of the balcony railing, right next to Amazonia's hand.

Rachna turns and steps back into the palace shadows, her footsteps fading away

Amazonia remains entirely still. She looks down at the city lights.

CLOSE ON THE RAILING

The wind howls. The carved token rests on the cold stone.

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

We hold on the agonizing space between her hand and the token.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

In the early morning mist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

EXT. FOREST - DAY

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

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

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

AMAZONIA

He is a good man.

CALLISTO

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

Amazonia flushes, embarrassed. Callisto laughs.

AMAZONIA

The gods have truly blessed them.

The other's shriek with laughter.

AMAZONIA

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

EXT. PORT CITY OF HERACLES - MARKET - DAY

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

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

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

AMAZONIA

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

The warriors disperse into the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

DIOMEDES

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

AMAZONIA

And it is good to see you well, Diomedes.

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

DIOMEDES

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

AMAZONIA

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

DIOMEDES

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

ANOTHER CITIZEN

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

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

AMAZONIA

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

Raising her voice to the market...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMAZONIA

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

The seaside market falls into a tense, whispering silence following Amazonia's proclamation. 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 deep scar slicing across her forearm, stands by the tavern door.

She handles a heavy gutting knife with blunt, brutal efficiency.

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

Amazonia signals her guards to stay outside and follows her.

INT. HERACLES - TAVERN - DAY

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

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

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

AMAZONIA

The village elder claims no one here has seen the marauders' sails. But his hands shook when he spoke, and your people hide behind shuttered windows.

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

And you? What do you fear?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lageria drives her knife deep into the wooden table. It quivers. She finally looks Amazonia in the eye.

LAGERIA

I spent fifteen winters carrying a bronze aspis in your mother's vanguard, girl. I do not fear seawolves. I fear the hunger that follows a palace war.

AMAZONIA

(stepping closer)

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

LAGERIA

Because I learned that blood spilled for a throne tastes exactly like blood spilled in a gutter. If I tell you where those ships anchor, you will bring an army. You will turn our bay into a slaughterhouse, and my home will burn with it.

AMAZONIA

They are already burning the coast, Lageria. They took three children from the northern ridge.

Lageria pauses. Her grip tightens on the knife. The mention of children cracks her hardened exterior.

LAGERIA

(voice dropping)

They didn't take them to kill them. They're trading captives for the grain your city locked away.

AMAZONIA

Our tax grain?

LAGERIA

Your elders left the outer valleys to starve while your storehouses burst. The "pirates" you hunt are just desperate fathers and brothers. They don't want a war, heir of Themiscyra. They want to eat.

AMAZONIA

Who commands them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAGERIA

A ghost. A boy hunting the man who
killed his father.

Amazonia waits. Lageria steps close, dropping the name
like a curse.

LAGERIA

Sextus Pompeius.

AMAZONIA

The Roman? Rome rules the world,
Lageria. Why would a son of the
Republic hide in our coves?

LAGERIA

Because Caesar broke his Republic.
Caesar took their lands, locked up
their grain, and left their
veterans to rot. Sextus doesn't
call himself a pirate, warrior. He
calls himself the Son of Neptune.
And right now, he is the only man
offering bread to the people your
mother forgot.

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.

Syreena raises an ancient telescope, we see through it --

INT. COMMAND TENT - NIGHT

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

The flap opens and Syreena steps through.

ACHILLEA

Any signs of them?

SYREENA

The sky brightens. We will know
soon.

EXT. PONTIC MOUNTAINS - DAY

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

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

Thora raises a medieval TELESCOPE to her eye.

TELESCOPE POV: Something on the horizon, distorted by the rippling heat haze. The wavering image comes into focus..

She sees the Pirates camp. Not insurmountable odds.

THORA

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.

SYREENA

Have the empires allied against us?

Beat, Rachna lowers the scope --

THORA

I count one, three 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.

In the distance smoke from several campfires can be seen.

EXT. THEMISCYRA PLAIN - DAY

Sweltering humidity hangs over the alluvial marshlands.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

DRAGO

Aaaaaaah, my bastard brother returns.

He dismounts, weary, tired. They embrace.

DRAGO

The other's?

CRONAN

Slaughtered.

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

HARAX

Yet you still breath. They followed you.

All of a sudden-- dozens of FLAMMING ARROWS rain down the camp, torching a slew of Pirates now human fireballs.

HARAX

This traitor lead them to us.

DRAGO

To arms! We're under attack!

Our warriors charge into camp, collide with the enemy.

Amazon 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.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Thora 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 falls dead.

A HAND grabs his neck. He turns around to find: Syreena, who swings her sword and drives it 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 escape 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 Achillea gather round a table, talking quietly amongst themselves.

Rachna, Syreena, and a few others. If it resembles
KNIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE, all the better.

QUEEN REA

Pirates?

ACHILLEA

Worse, we believe a foreign king
pays them to harass our borders.

QUEEN REA

Which king dares fund this
outrage?

ACHILLEA

Our prisoner chooses silence over
the truth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLISTO

May Poseidon curse their ships and
drown them all.

RACHNA

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

QUEEN REA

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

Turns to Achillea -

QUEEN REA

You're far better at this than
your sister -- the quarterly
collections can wait.

(then)

We must learn the name of the
king!

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

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.

When he nearly faints, they pull 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.

Thora force his hands into a wooden pillory above his
head. His legs are spread. And his ankles strapped to the
heavy legs of the table.

Nearby, Achillea looks on, sharpening her knife.

Syreena rips away his subligaria.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drago writhes and they table groans with stress as more restraints are put on him. Suddenly there is a shout from OFF SCREEN.

Achillea coldly registers Amazonia's entrance.

AMAZONIA

What is the meaning of this?

ACHILLEA

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

AMAZONIA

One might misunderstand your tone for a threat, Achillea.

ACHILLEA

MOTHER as already made her decree!

Amazonia exhales sharply, relenting, moves away.

ACHILLEA

Your flesh will rot in the sun, Pirate. Tell me the name of the traitor who buys your fleet!

DRAGO

The Sunken Vanguard fears no Amazon 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?

DRAGO

Mercy. I will speak!

Achillea turns to Amazonia, vindicated.

ACHILLEA

There, you see.

ACHILLEA

The name. Now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DRAGO

We follow the true sons of Rome...
the lords who fled Caesar's
tyranny. Rebels loyal to
Dictator's dead rival.

(choking blood)

He commands massive rebel navies
and raid coastal territories to
sabotage the new empire.

She cuts them away with the knife. He lets out a deep,
agonized scream.

Blood pours down his thighs and calves, WIPING US TO --

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

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

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

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

REA

Speak it. Pompey the Great claimed
he swept these seas clean a decade
ago.

AMAZONIA

Pompey killed the kraken, but he
left the hatchlings. They call
themselves the Sunken Vanguard.
They are desperate, starving, and
flying the banners of Rome's
broken Republic.

ACHILLEA

A Roman civil war, funded by our
blood?

AMAZONIA

The Rebel commander directing
their sails is Sextus Pompey. The
dead general's son.

REA

Sextus? He is a boy playing at his
father's ghost. Why does he strike
our shores?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

Because he knows the Roman Empire is preparing their eastern campaigns. Sextus is seizing our coastal coves to block the grain lanes. He wants to turn Anatolia into a fortress, using our lands to bait Octavian into a trap.

REA

The Romans fight like rabid dogs over a bone, yet they dare bring their rabies to our shores. We are no man's bait.

QUEEN MYRINA

My grandmother Penthesilea bled the Greeks dry at the gates of Troy. We did not bow to Achilles, Rea. We certainly will not bow to a Roman exile.

REA

If Sextus Pompey wants a war of shadows, we shall bring him a storm. Gather the vanguard. We will purge every coastal village from here to the bay.

AMAZONIA

The Anatolian valleys will rise against us if we do.

Silence drops over the pavilion. Rea turns, her gaze sharp.

QUEEN REA

Explain yourself, daughter. The coastal mortals are our subjects. They owe us allegiance.

AMAZONIA

Sextus provides the sails, but the men pulling the oars are the local fishermen. The fathers and brothers of the outer ridge.

ACHILLEA

Then they are mortal traitors who chose a Roman master.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMAZONIA

They chose survival! Our elders
locked away the tribute grain to
prepare for a Roman invasion,
leaving the mortal villages to
rot. Sextus didn't conquer
Anatolia with iron, mother. He
conquered it with bread.

(tense beat)

If we ride out with swords, we are
not fighting a Roman fleet. We are
slaughtering the very people we
swore to protect.

EXT. ANATOLIAN CLIFFS - NIGHT

Rain slants across the jagged rocks.

Lageris leads the way, moving with the effortless grace
of an old soldier. Amazonia scrambles behind her, her
royal armor clinking.

LAGERIA

Keep your hand off your hilt. If
Sextus's scouts see an Amazon
blade, they'll put an arrow
through your throat before you can
recite your lineage.

AMAZONIA

I am here to negotiate a truce,
Lageria. Not to hide.

Lageria turns back. The rain glints on her forearm scar.

LAGERIA

You are here because your queen
chose slaughter, and your
conscience couldn't stomach it.
But don't mistake Sextus Pompey
for a philosopher. He is a Roman
aristocrat who lost a war. He will
use your guilt to feed his fleet.

AMAZONIA

And what would you have me do? Let
my people burn the valleys?

LAGERIA

No. I just want you to see what
happens when a princess tries to
play chess with a wolf. Come on.
The cove is just below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lageria eyes Amazonia with sad admiration.

AMAZONIA

Sextus Pompey sits on a throne in Sicily. Why are his sails in our Anatolian coves?

LAGERIA

Because a generation ago, his father spared the men of this coast. When the elders wanted to hang our fishermen as pirates, Pompey the Great gave them lands and let them live.

AMAZONIA

So they owe their lives to a dead Roman.

She turns, locking eyes with Amazonia.

LAGERIA

They owe their lives to the Pompey name. Sextus didn't have to sail his armada all the way from Italy to threaten your shores. He just had to send a message to his father's old friends. The men of these valleys didn't just build his hidden fleet-- they volunteered for it.

INT. HIDDEN FJORD - CAVERN CAMP - NIGHT

Torches burn in rusted iron braziers.

SEXTUS POMPEIUS, 30s, sharp-featured, wearing a salt-stained, sea-blue Roman general's cloak over battered bronze muscle armor, pours wine into a tin cup.

Around him, starving Anatolian fishermen mix with grizzled Roman legionaries, cleaning short-swords and repairing fishing nets.

Suddenly, two guards push Amazonia and Lageria into the light. Amazonia's hands are bound, but her posture is fiercely regal.

SEXTUS

(without looking up)

An Amazon inside the wolf's throat.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEXTUS (CONT'D)

Either my scouts are getting lazy,
or you have a death wish,
princess.

AMAZONIA

I am Amazonia, heir of Themiscyra.
I came to speak to the commander
of these raiders, not a Roman
exile hiding in the dark.

Sextus finally looks up. His eyes are cold, calculating,
and remarkably calm. He stands, stepping into her space.

SEXTUS

Exile? I am a Proconsul of Rome,
elected by the Senate, stripped of
my birthright by a tyrant who
calls himself Dictator. I do not
command raiders. I command the
free citizens of the Republic.

AMAZONIA

Your "*free citizens*" are burning
my coast. They took three children
from the northern ridge. Where are
they?

Sextus sighs, a flicker of genuine irritation crossing
his face. He gestures toward the back of the cavern.

Through the shadows, Amazonia sees the three Anatolian
children. They aren't in chains.

They are sitting by a warm hearth, eating bowls of hot
porridge given to them by Roman soldiers.

SEXTUS

They were starving, Amazonia. Your
queens hoarded the tribute grain
in their high palaces, leaving the
mortal valleys to rot. I didn't
kidnap those children to ransom
them. I brought them here to feed
them.

Amazonia stares in disbelief.

AMAZONIA

You expect me to believe a Roman
general acts out of charity?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SEXTUS

I act out of strategy. Octavian, Caesar's adopted son, is marching his legions east. He wants Anatolia's wealth to fund his crown. I am giving these people the bread your empire denied them. In return, their fathers pull my oars. If you want your coast to stop burning, tell your mother to unlock the granaries.

LAGERIA

And if she refuses?

Sextus glances at Lageria, recognizing an old soldier, then turns back to Amazonia. He leans in close.

SEXTUS

If she refuses, I will let the outer valleys burn her palaces to the ground. And when Octavian arrives to claim his prize, he will find nothing but ash.

OFF SEXTUS, his smile widening...

INT. ROYAL ALACE - WAR ROOM - DAY

MAPS of the Anatolian coast are pinned to a heavy cedar table. Queen Rea and Myrina look up as Amazonia strides inside, salt-stained and breathless.

Lageria stands silently by the entrance.

ACHILLEA

She returns. Did you locate the pirate lair?

AMAZONIA

I did. And I spoke with their commander. Sextus Pompey.

A tense beat. Rea barely hides her disappointment.

REA

You negotiated with a Roman pirate? Without our council?

AMAZONIA

I went to find the stolen children. And I found them. They are unharmed.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

Sextus is feeding them. He is feeding the entire outer valley.

REA

(scoffing)

A Roman general offering charity to Anatolian peasants? Do not be naive, child. It is a siege tactic.

AMAZONIA

It is working! The mortal villages worship him because we left them to starve. They aren't pulling his oars for Roman gold, they are doing it for bread. If we release the tribute grain from the royal granaries, the valleys will lay down their oars. Sextus will lose his fleet overnight.

ACHILLEA

Release the grain? That harvest belongs to the crown! It is our leverage when Octavian's legions cross the Hellespont.

Amazonia eyes her, not liking the sound of that.

AMAZONIA

It is food, Achillea! It belongs to the people who harvested it. If we do not open the gates, Sextus will weaponize their hunger. He will turn the entire mortal population against us.

REA

Then let them rise. We will crush the peasant revolt and execution-hang every farmer who looked at a Roman sail.

AMAZONIA

Mother, please. Look at the cost. We are supposed to be protectors of this coast, not tyrants who hoard wheat while children beg in the mud. If we go to war with our own subjects, Octavian won't even need to fight us. He will just walk over our ashes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rea stares. For a long second, the room is dead silent. Finally, Rea speaks, her voice like cold marble.

REA

The grain stays locked, Amazonia.

AMAZONIA

Mother.

REA

We do not take commands from a Roman exile, nor do we change imperial strategy for the comfort of mortal peasants. We will soon take the vanguard to the outer valleys. Anyone aiding the Sunken Vanguard will be put to the sword.

She looks back at Lageria, whose face is masked in grim satisfaction-- she knew this would happen.

Then looks in her mother's eyes for the first time. Defiant.

REA

You are dismissed, heir of Themiscyra. Pray your conscience does not dull your blade tomorrow.

Achillea bows hers head in "respect."

INT. THERMODOSA'S ABODE - DAY

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

AMAZONIA

You sent for me, High Priestess?

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

No.

THERMODOSA

Why?

AMAZONIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA

Perhaps I just needed to hear it from you.

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

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

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

AMAZONIA

(sadly...)

Perhaps one day.

Amazonia hands it back to Thermodosa who puts it away.

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

Oh, Thermodosa, must we?

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

We make our own destinies. Nothing is written.

THERMODOSA

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

A beat. Studying Amazonia.

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.

AMAZONIA

I have more pressing matters.

THERMODOSA

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

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

EXT. PALACE RAMPARTS - NIGHT

Rain lashes the stone battlements.

Amazonia stares out at the dark, distant valleys.

Lageria stands behind her, arms crossed, leaning against a bronze ballista.

LAGERIA

I told you what would happen, princess. Royal armor always comes with a blindfold. Soon, you mother's swords will turn the valleys red.

AMAZONIA

No. I won't let it happen.

LAGERIA

Then what? You going to run back to Sextus and hand him the keys to the city gates? You think that Roman boy is a savior?

Amazonia can't help but darken at that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

I despise him, Lageria. He's using those people as shields. If I give him the grain, he stays strong, and Octavian brings ten legions to burn us anyway.

(tense beat)

But if I don't give him the grain, the Queen slaughters the valleys.

LAGERIA

So you're trapped between two wolves and a lion. Pick a side.

AMAZONIA

I choose the people.

Amazonia turns, her eyes sharp. The weight of royal duty falls away, replaced by the cold focus of a rogue warrior.

AMAZONIA

We aren't giving the grain to Sextus. We are stealing it from the royal storehouses ourselves. Tonight.

LAGERIA

You want to rob your own mother? That's high treason. The granary is guarded by twenty elite guards.

AMAZONIA

The lower ventilation shafts feed directly into the sea-cliffs. The guards watch the front gates, not the sheer drop above the waves. If you can gather five trusted fishermen with cargo skiffs, we can drop the grain sacks straight down into the water.

LAGERIA

And then what? Feed them to Sextus's camp?

AMAZONIA

No. We dump the grain directly on the doorsteps of the outer villages before dawn. Anonymously. If the fishermen wake up with full bellies, they will abandon Sextus's oars.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

His shadow fleet vanishes, my
mother has no traitors to hunt,
and Octacian has no reason to sail
east.

Lageria stares at her, the silver hair plastered to her
forehead by the rain. She lets out a low whistle.

LAGERIA

You're striking at the root. It's
a beautiful, dangerous gamble. If
we get caught, they won't just
exile you. They'll execute us
both.

AMAZONIA

Then let's make sure we don't get
caught. Go find your fishermen.
I'll meet you at the cliffs in an
hour.

EXT. SOUTH BAY - SEA CLIFFS - LATE NIGHT

A savage storm thrashes the jagged rocks.

Far below, four small fisherman skiffs battle the rising
swells. Lageria stands at the bow of the lead boat,
matching the rhythm of the waves.

High above, a massive stone ventilation grate juts out of
the cliffside-- the underbelly of the royal granary.

EXT. GRANARY VENTILATION LEDGE - SAME TIME

Amazonia scales the wet, sheer rock face without a rope.
Her fingers bleed against the granite. She reaches the
iron grate.

She pulls a heavy bronze crowbar from her belt, jams it
into the ancient iron hinges, and thrashes her weight
against it.

With a deafening CRACK, the rusted bolts give way. She
slips inside.

INT. ROYAL GRANARY - SECONDS LATER

Immense. Vaulted stone ceilings echo with the sound of
the rain outside. Mountainous mounds of golden wheat and
stacked hemp grain sacks stretch into the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Through the massive front oak doors, the muffled voices of Royal Guards filter in. They are on high alert.

Amazonia moves like a phantom. She drags a massive, hundred-pound sack of tribute grain to the ventilation opening.

She looks down into the roaring dark. A torch flashes twice from the water - Lageria's signal.

Amazonia pushes the sack. It plunges into the abyss.

EXT. SOUTH BAY - CONTINUOUS

The grain sack hits the water with a massive splash. A fisherman instantly hooks it with a gaff, hauling it into the skiff.

ANOTHER SACK drops. Then another. The fishermen work frantically, stacking the stolen food.

INT. ROYAL GRANARY - MOMENTS LATER

Amazonia is covered in sweat and grain dust. She pushes the twentieth sack through the opening.

Suddenly, a heavy bolt slides back on the main oak doors.

Amazonia freezes. She dives behind a towering mountain of grain sacks just as the doors swing open.

Achillea steps inside. Two guards follow her, carrying burning brands. The firelight dances wildly across the stone pillars.

ACHILLEA

Check the southern locks. The Queen wants the vanguard moving the moment the sun breaks the horizon.

A Guard paces down the center aisle, her heavy bronze boots stopping just feet away from Amazonia's hiding spot.

The guard pauses, looking down. A trail of loose wheat spills across the floor, leading straight to the open ventilation shaft.

Outside, the wind howls through the broken grate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROYAL GUARD

Commander. The sea-grate has been
breached.

Achillea draws her sword. The steel rings out in the quiet vault. She walks slowly toward the open shaft, her eyes narrowing at the loose grain.

ACHILLEA

Spread out. Someone is stealing
the harvest. Cut them down.

Amazonia presses her back against the grain sacks, her hand gripping her sword hilt.

If she draws her blade, she is officially a traitor to her sisters. If she doesn't, she dies in the dark.

She looks at the open ventilation shaft. It is a sixty-foot drop into a raging sea.

INT. ROYAL GRANARY - CONTINUOUS

Achillea rounds the corner, sword raised.

Amazonia doesn't hesitate. She turns and launches herself through the open ventilation shaft.

EXT. SEA CLIFFS - CONTINUOUS

Amazonia falls through the howling wind and rain. SIXTY FEET. She hits the churning ocean like a stone.

EXT. SOUTH BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Amazonia breaks the surface, gasping for air. A rough hand grabs her collar.

Lageria hauls her over the gunwale of the skiff. Amazonia lies on the floorboards, shivering, coughing up brine.

LAGERIA

(grinning through the
storm)

Nice form, princess. Hold on!
We've got bread to deliver.

Amazonia and Lageria stand on a cliffside watching the Amazon vanguard march toward the empty granary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

If I go back, my mother will lock me in a cage to satisfy her council.

LAGERIA

Then welcome to the dirt, princess. The moment Rachna realizes the grain is gone, this entire coastline becomes a hunting ground. Your sisters will hunt you for treason. Sextus will hunt you for destroying his army.

Amazonia sheds her royal bronze armor, leaving it in the dirt, and changes into rugged traveler's leather.

AMAZONIA

Let them hunt. At least out here, I can fight back.

EXT. ANATOLIAN VILLAGES - PRE-DAWN (MONTAGE)

-- Shadows move through the rain. Lageria and the fishermen haul heavy hemp sacks onto the doorsteps of thatched huts.

-- A mortal mother opens her door to find a mountain of grain. She bursts into tears, clutching her hungry child.

-- Anatolian men, previously dressed for war, lay down their oars and look out at the dawn with relief.

EXT. HIDDEN FJORD - CAVERN CAMP - DAY

The storm has passed. Bright sunlight hits the mouth of the sea cave.

Sextus stands by the water's edge. He looks out at his fleet. Half of his ships are empty. The oars sit idle in the locks.

A ROMAN CENTURION approaches, looking grim.

CENTURION

General. Three hundred Anatolians abandoned the camp before dawn. They took their fishing boats and went back to the valleys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEXTUS

Why? I offered them gold and vengeance.

CENTURION

Someone dropped royal grain on every doorstep from the ridge to the bay. Their families are fed for the winter. They don't want to fight Octavian anymore, sir. They just want to farm.

Sextus's grip tightens on his gladius hilt until his knuckles turn white. His face is a mask of pure fury.

SEXTUS

A ghost stole my vanguard. If the coast is peaceful, Octavian will bypass Anatolia entirely. My trap is ruined.

He turns, his eyes scanning the cliffs. He isn't just angry-- he is calculating.

SEXTUS (CONT'D)

Find out who did this. No peasant could breach the royal storehouses. Find the Amazon who prefers bread to blood.

INT. ROYAL PAACE - THRONE ROOM - DAWN

The first rays of sunlight cut through the openings.

Rea sits on her cedar throne, her face tight with worry. Myrina paces nearby, adjusting her bronze gauntlets.

The Royal Council and Achillea strides inside, her boots splattered with mud.

ACHILLEA

My Queens. The lower sea-grate of the granary was breached during the storm. Twenty sacks of the tribute harvest are gone. The thief took a sixty-foot dive into the rocks to escape.

REA

A mortal peasant cannot scale those cliffs in a tempest. It was an insider. A traitor from within our own walls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA (O.S.)

It wasn't a traitor.

Amazonia steps into the light. Her royal tunic is torn, soaked in salt-crusted brine and dusted with golden wheat chaff.

She is shivering, but her posture remains unbroken.

Rea stands up, her eyes wide with shock and immediate dread.

REA

Amazonia... What have you done?

Amazonia pulls a small leather pouch from her belt and hurls it onto the central war table.

It bursts open, spilling a handful of raw wheat across Rea's maps.

AMAZONIA

The vanguard can stand down, mother. The outer valleys are at peace. The fishermen have abandoned Sextus Pompey's coves because their families woke up with full bellies. I broke the locks. I delivered the grain.

Achillea draws her sword with a deadly ring.

ACHILLEA

You robbed the royal storehouses?
You gave our war leverage to mortal subjects?

AMAZONIA

I gave food back to the hands that harvested it! If we went out there at dawn with swords, we would have slaughtered innocent fathers. I stopped a peasant revolt. I ruined Sextus's trap. I saved our shores from Octavian's wrath.

QUEEN MYRINA

(voice like steel)

You ruined our honor! You stole from the crown to feed commoners who owe us their lives.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QUEEN MYRINA (CONT'D)

My grandmother did not bleed at Troy so a coddled princess could play saint to mortal beggars. This is high treason.

AMAZONIA

(turning to her mother)

Look at the coves. Sextus's fleet is empty. His shadow vanguard is gone. I did what you were too proud to do. I protected our people.

Rea looks at Amazonia, her heart visibly breaking. She glances at Rea, then at Achillea, seeing the dangerous fury in their eyes.

If she shows mercy, she invites a civil war.

REA

You are no longer the heir of Themiscyra, Amazonia.

Amazonia flinches, the words striking harder than a blade.

REA

You have broken our sacred laws and humiliated the crown. Strip her of her armor.

Two guards step forward, aggressively ripping the bronze bracers and the royal sigil from Amazonia's leather.

Amazonia does not fight them. She keeps her eyes locked on her mother.

AMAZONIA

If the throne requires its people to starve to survive, Mother... then the throne is already dead.

REA

Take her to the mountain dungeons. Let her contemplate the weight of her stolen bread in the dark.

The Guards seize Amazonia's arms and drag her out of the room. Rea sinks back into her throne, burying her face in her hands.

Rea stares at the spilled wheat on the map, her expression murderous.

INT. OCTAVIAN'S COMMAND TENT - NIGHT

Maps of the Mediterranean and the Anatolian coast cover a massive oak desk, held down by heavy bronze weights.

OCTAVIAN, 20s, slender, sharp-jawed, with an intense, calculating gaze - sits at the desk.

He wears a spotless white toga with the broad purple stripe of a magistrate, casually peeling an apple with a small silver knife.

Standing across from him is MARK ANTONY, 40s, a brash, muscular general in heavy iron armor, pacing like a caged animal.

ANTONY

Sextus is calling himself the "*Son of Neptune*." He's consolidated the old pirate fleets in Sicily, and now his sails are choking the grain lanes in Anatolia. Let me take four legions. I'll cross the sea and hang his head from the prow of my ship.

Without looking up, slicing the apple --

OCTAVIAN

You always want to use the hammer, Antony. Even when you are dealing with a fly.

ANTONY

He is blockading our grain! The plebeians in Rome are already grumbling about the price of bread. If he starves the city--

OCTAVIAN

He cannot starve the city. Sextus is a boy wearing his father's oversized armor. Pompey the Great was a strategist. His son is merely... loud.

Octavian pops a slice of apple into his mouth, chewing thoughtfully. He taps the map near Anatolia with the tip of his knife.

OCTAVIAN

Sextus is desperate. He wants to draw my attention away from Rome.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OCTAVIAN (CONT'D)

He wants me to launch a massive, expensive naval campaign in the east so he can ambush my ships in the coves. He thinks the Anatolian villages will fight for him.

ANTONY

And won't they?

OCTAVIAN

Only if they are hungry. Hunger makes men foolish. But I received word from our spies an hour ago. A ghost broke into the Amazon granaries and dumped the royal harvest onto the doorsteps of the mortal valleys.

Antony blinks, caught off guard.

ANTONY

An Amazon robbed her own palace? Why?

OCTAVIAN

To prevent a war. And in doing so, she inadvertently cut the legs out from under Sextus Pompey. The fishermen have abandoned his oars. His "Sunken Vanguard" is a ghost fleet.

Antony leans over the desk, his eyes narrowing at the map.

ANTONY

Then we strike now while he's weak. We wipe him out.

OCTAVIAN

No. If we march in with swords, we look like conquerors. If we wait, Sextus will get desperate enough to do something stupid. He will try to force those villages back into his service, or he will strike the Amazons directly. Let them bleed each other, Antony.

Octavian stands up, smoothing his toga. His eyes are cold, reflecting the flickering candlelight.

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CONTINUED: (2)

OCTAVIAN

Besides, we do not need to waste Roman coin chasing pirates. Queen Cleopatra has agreed to finance our eastern legions.

Antony freezes. His aggressive posture instantly melts, replaced by a sudden, intense curiosity.

ANTONY

The Egyptian? She's backing us?

OCTAVIAN

(watching Antony closely)

She backs whoever holds Rome, Antony. Her gold sails from Alexandria tonight. She expects us to secure the trade routes.

Antony turns away, a slow, dangerous smile spreading across his face. He stares out the tent flap into the dark eastern night.

ANTONY

Then I suppose we shouldn't keep the Queen waiting.

OCTAVIAN

We continue our march east at dawn. We will arrive not as an invading army, but as liberators bringing order to a chaotic coast. By the time I meet this Amazon thief, the Pirate King, and our Egyptian benefactor... they will all be begging for Roman law.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S ROYAL BARGE - NIGHT

A golden goblet of dark, rich wine - identical to the shape of the silver knife Octavian used, but overflowing with luxury.

CLEOPATRA, 20s, lounges on a mountain of purple silk cushions. She is a striking contradiction: clad in a sharp, traditional pharaonic linen gown, but wearing a delicate Roman pearl necklace.

Her eyes are dark, intense, and deeply calculating.

A high-ranking EGYPTIAN MINISTER, ADI, 40s, paces the polished cedar floorboards of the cabin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The gentle swaying of the boat rocks the hanging oil lamps.

ADI

The gold has been shipped to Octavian's camp as you commanded, Your Majesty. But the court is whispering. You finance a Roman army when Sextus Pompey's pirate sails are practically on our horizon?

Cleopatra takes a slow sip of her wine, unbothered.

CLEOPATRA

Sextus is a dog barking for scraps. He blockades Anatolia because he has no land of his own. Why fight a dog when you can buy the man who holds its leash?

ADI

Octavian does not hold Sextus's leash.

CLEOPATRA

No. Octavian is a politician. He thinks in contracts and public ledgers. He will take my gold, thank me politely, and use it to build a cage for the both of us.

ADI

Then why feed him?

Cleopatra sits up, a dangerous, magnetic smile spreading across her face. She taps the side of her golden goblet.

CLEOPATRA

Because Octavian is not the one leading the legions east. Mark Antony is.

ADI

Antony is a brute. A soldier who knows only blood and iron.

CLEOPATRA

Exactly. He is a man driven by appetite, Adi. He hungers for glory, for wine, for things larger than life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

Octavian thinks he rules Antony,
but Antony is a wildfire. You do
not negotiate with a wildfire.

She stands up, walking over to a massive bronze mirror,
adjusting the heavy gold uraeus crown on her brow.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

You guide it. You give it fuel.
And you point it directly at your
enemies.

ADI

And if the wildfire burns Egypt
instead?

Cleopatra turns to him, her eyes flashing cold in the
lamplight.

CLEOPATRA

I am the Living Isis, Adi. The
Nile runs through my veins. Rome
can bring all the iron they
want... but they will still drown
in our gold. Send word to Antony's
personal scouts. Tell him the
Queen of Egypt invites him to a
private banquet. Let us see how
much iron it takes to resist an
empire.

INT. MARK ANTONY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The contrast to Octavian's pristine tent is stark.

This space is a chaotic mess of military excess. Armor is
strewn across folding camp chairs. Empty wine amphorae
litter the corners.

Mark Antony stands shirtless, sweating, hacking a heavy
wooden gladius into a battered training dummy. Each
strike is furious, fueled by restless energy.

His trusted lieutenant, DOMITIUS AHENOBARBUS, 30s,
grizzled, practical, nursing a cup of cheap wine--
watches from a stool.

ANTONY

*"A boy wearing his father's
oversized armor."* That's what
Octavian calls Sextus. The kid
thinks everyone who isn't a lawyer
is a boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AHENOBARBUS

Octavian's a calculator, Mark.
Calculators win wars when the
infantry is starving.

Slamming his sword into the dummy's neck.

ANTONY

I won Philippi while Octavian was
shivering sick in a tent! I am the
iron of Rome, Domitius. But he
sits back in the capital, counting
grain kernels, acting like he's
the one holding the sword.

A GUARD enters, clearing his throat nervously.

GUARD

General Antony. A messenger from
the coast. He bypasses Octavian's
command. He says his business is
for your eyes alone.

Antony stops, burying the wooden sword deep into the
dummy's chest. He wipes sweat from his brow with a
forearm.

ANTONY

Send him in.

The Guard steps aside.

An EGYPTIAN COURIER (20s) enters. He wears a spotless
silk tunic - far too rich for a war camp, and carries a
small cedar box wrapped in gold twine.

He bows deeply, offering the box.

COURIER

From the Living Isis, Queen of
Egypt, Cyprus, and the Levant. For
the eyes of Mark Antony, Triumvir
of Rome.

Antony's irritation vanishes instantly. A sharp curiosity
lights up his eyes. He snatches the box, tearing the gold
twine away. He flips the lid open.

Inside sits a single, exquisite pomegranate, carved
entirely out of blood-red ruby, alongside a rolled scroll
of fine papyrus.

Ahenobarbus leans forward, squinting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AHENOBARBUS

Is that... a trap?

Unrolling the scroll, a slow grin spreading

ANTONY

No. It's an invitation.

He reads the message. The flickering candlelight catches the deep crimson of the ruby fruit.

ANTONY

She's bypassing the official senate channels. She wants to meet at Tarsus. A private banquet on her royal barge. Just her court, and my command.

AHENOBARBUS

(Stands up, alarmed)

Octavian will lose his mind. Egypt is funding our legions, yes, but negotiating outside the Triumvirate is treasonous. Octavian will see it as a play for the East.

ANTONY

Let him look. Octavian wants to march through the mud to fight a pirate king and a ghost thief. I say we let him.

Antony tosses the papyrus scroll into a nearby brazier. It catches fire instantly, curling into ash.

He picks up the ruby pomegranate, tossing it lightly in his palm, feeling its immense weight.

ANTONY

Tell the Queen's courier that I accept. I'll ride for Tarsus before the dawn breaks.

AHENOBARBUS

And what do we tell Octavian when he sees your tent is empty?

Staring out the tent flap toward the sea...

ANTONY

Tell him I'm securing our flank. After all... we wouldn't want to keep our benefactor waiting.

EXT. CYDNUS RIVER - TARSUS - NIGHT

The rugged, brutalist aesthetic of the Roman military vanishes.

Floating down the river is CLEOPATRA'S ROYAL BARGE—a towering, impossible mountain of gold and purple. The hull is entirely gilded, reflecting the moonlight across the water. The oars are solid silver, beating the river in a hypnotic, rhythmic pulse.

Sails of deep Tyrian purple billow in the wind, perfumed with the intoxicating scent of myrrh and cinnamon that drifts all the way to the riverbanks.

EXT. ROYAL BARGE - DECK - CONTINUOUS

Musicians play silver harps and double-flutes, their melodies low and seductive. Moving through the mist of burning incense are boys dressed as Cupids and handmaids styled as Graces and Nereids.

At the center of the deck, under a canopy woven from threads of real gold, lounges CLEOPATRA. She wears the robes of Aphrodite—sheer, shimmering, and defying Roman modesty. She watches the boarding plank.

MARK ANTONY steps onto the deck.

He is dressed in his finest ceremonial armor—polished bronze, a sweeping scarlet cloak—but he looks entirely out of place. He is a bull stepping into a porcelain garden. AHENOBARBUS follows a few paces behind, his hand instinctively gripping the hilt of his gladius, his eyes darting around suspiciously.

Antony stops. He stares at Cleopatra. For the first time in his life, the brash Roman general is completely speechless.

CLEOPATRA

(A smooth, melodic purr)

Welcome to Egypt, Mark Antony. You look as though you expected a battlefield.

ANTONY

(Swallowing hard, stepping forward)

Your Majesty. I... I expected a queen. I didn't expect a goddess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cleopatra lets out a soft, musical laugh. She rises from her cushions with effortless grace, gliding toward him. The gold bangles on her ankles chime softly.

CLEOPATRA

In Rome, men carve their gods out of cold marble. In Egypt, we prefer them living.

She stops just inches from him. She is much shorter than the towering general, but her presence completely dominates the deck. She reaches out, her fingers lightly brushing the cold bronze armor over his chest.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

You wear too much iron, Antony. It must be exhausting, carrying the weight of Rome on your shoulders while Octavian sits safely in his tent.

ANTONY

The iron keeps me alive, Queen.

CLEOPATRA

No. Your strength keeps you alive. The iron is just a cage Octavian puts you in so you don't break his world.

She turns, gesturing to a massive banquet table overflowing with exotic fruits, roasted meats, and golden amphorae of wine.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

Tonight, there are no cages. I have heard stories of your appetite. I wished to see if the rumors were true.

Ahenobarbus steps forward, his voice a low, urgent whisper.

AHENOBARBUS

General. The treaty. We need to discuss the Anatolian grain lanes and Sextus Pompey's blockade.

Cleopatra doesn't even look at Ahenobarbus. She fixes her intense, magnetic gaze entirely on Antony. She picks up two golden goblets of wine from a passing servant, offering one to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEOPATRA

Sextus Pompey is a problem for tomorrow. Tonight, the Son of Neptune can rule the seas... because the God of War is having dinner with the Queen of Kings.

Antony looks at the goblet, then at Cleopatra's eyes. A slow, reckless grin spreads across his face. He snatches the wine.

ANTONY

To tomorrow being a very long way away.

He drains the goblet in one massive gulp. Cleopatra smiles, a predatory, knowing look in her eyes as she takes a delicate sip of her own.

CLEOPATRA

(Leaning in close)

Oh, Antony. We are going to do magnificent, terrible things together.

INT. AMAZON CITADEL - PRISON CELL - NIGHT

A cold, subterranean cavern carved directly into a jagged cliffside. Thick iron bars block the exit. Outside, the distant, rhythmic pounding of the Aegean Sea echoes through the stone.

The thief, LYRA (20s)—athletic, covered in dirt and dried blood, wearing the tattered remains of a royal guard armor—sits on the stone floor, chained to the wall by heavy bronze shackles.

Standing outside the bars, keeping watch, is LAGERIA (30s). She is a former Amazon who chose exile years ago; her armor is mismatched, scarred by mortal battles, and she carries a heavy gladius. She speaks in an urgent, hushed whisper.

LAGERIA

You are a fool, Lyra. The Queen is meeting with the council right now. They are talking about execution.

LYRA

(Wiping a streak of blood from her lip)

Let them talk.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYRA (CONT'D)

The mortal valleys were starving, Lageria. Octavian's legions are marching east. If the farmers had no grain, they would have traded their land to Rome just to eat.

LAGERIA

So you robbed the royal granaries? You dumped the sacred harvest onto the doorsteps of peasants? You didn't stop a war, Lyra. You just stripped the Queen of her leverage.

LYRA

I gave the people a choice! Now they can fight. Now they don't have to beg for Roman law.

LAGERIA

They won't fight! They are cowering in their huts. And worse—Sextus Pompey is furious. He was counting on that grain to feed his pirate fleet. He thinks the Queen did this to insult him.

Lyra leans her head back against the cold stone, a bitter smile on her face.

LYRA

Good. Let the Pirate King starve too.

LAGERIA

(Leaning close to the bars)

You don't understand. Sextus isn't just going to sail away. His warships are turning toward our coast right now. And Octavian's scouts are only two days behind him. You wanted to protect the valleys, but you've trapped us between a politician, a pirate, and an angry Queen.

LYRA

Then get me out of these chains.

Lageria hesitates, her hand resting on the heavy iron key hanging from her belt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAGERIA

If I unlock this door, we are both traitors to the sisterhood. There is no coming back from this.

LYRA

The sisterhood is hiding behind stone walls while the rest of the world burns. If we don't act now, there won't be an Amazon kingdom left to execute me.

A distant trumpet sounds from the citadel above—the alarm for approaching ships. Lageria looks up, then back at Lyra. She draws her key.

LAGERIA

Sextus is here.

INT. SEXTUS POMPEY'S FLAGSHIP (THE NEPTUNE) - NIGHT

A brutal, functional war room. The wooden beams creak heavily against the rocking waves. Sea charts are pinned to the walls with throwing knives.

SEXTUS POMPEY (30s) stands at the stern windows, staring out at the dark Amazon cliffs. He wears ornate sea-green armor over Roman leather. His hair is wild, caked in salt. He looks exhausted, dangerous, and deeply betrayed.

Standing in the center of the cabin, flanked by two heavily armed pirate guards, is QUEEN HIPPOLYTA (40s). She stands tall, calm, wearing pristine silver scale-mail, a heavy bearskin cloak, and no weapons.

SEXTUS

Your people robbed me, Queen. My men haven't eaten a full ration in weeks. I was promised the Anatolian harvest, and instead, your guards threw it into the mud for peasants to trample.

HIPPOLYTA

It was a rogue soldier, Sextus. She has been chained. The sisterhood did not authorize the theft.

SEXTUS

(Slamming his fist onto the chart desk)
Intentions don't feed an army!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEXTUS (CONT'D)

Octavian is marching three legions down the coast. Mark Antony is sailing up from the south with Egyptian gold. I needed that grain to hold the lanes. Now? My men are mutinous. If I don't sack your towns for supplies, my fleet falls apart by dawn.

HIPPOLYTA

If you attack my shores, you will lose half your fleet to our archers before your boots even touch the sand. And the half that survives will be sitting ducks when Octavian arrives.

Sextus draws a dagger, tapping the tip against a map of the coastline. His eyes narrow.

SEXTUS

Then give me a reason not to burn your ports, Hippolyta. Right now.

HIPPOLYTA

I will give you something better than grain. I will give you the Mortal Shallows.

Sextus freezes. He looks from his dagger up to the Queen.

SEXTUS

The Shallows are a suicide trap. A maze of jagged limestone and hidden reefs. No ship can navigate them without tearing its hull to splinters.

HIPPOLYTA

No *mortal* ship can. My navigators have mapped those currents for three generations. We know every safe channel, every hidden cove, and every underwater ridge.

Hippolyta steps forward, entirely ignoring the guards who cross their spears. She reaches into her cloak and pulls out a tightly sealed leather cylinder. She lays it on the desk.

HIPPOLYTA

These are the Star-Charts of the Vanguard.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

With these, your fleet can glide
through the reefs in pitch
darkness.

Sextus stares at the cylinder, his mind rapidly
calculating the tactical advantage.

SEXTUS

If I can hide my ships in the
Shallows... Octavian's heavy Roman
quinqueremes won't be able to
follow me. They'll beach
themselves on the rocks.

HIPPOLYTA

You can strike his supply lines
from the shadows and vanish into a
fortress of stone where Rome
cannot touch you. You wanted grain
to survive a siege, Sextus. I am
giving you the power to break it
completely.

Sextus reaches out, his calloused fingers hovering over
the leather cylinder. He looks up at her, a skeptical,
grim smile on his face.

SEXTUS

And what does the Amazon Kingdom
want in exchange for the keys to
their sea?

HIPPOLYTA

When Octavian arrives, you will
use the Shallows to lure his
vanguard onto the rocks. You
destroy his scouts, you protect
our valley, and you leave our
borders forever.

Sextus snatches the cylinder, pulling the cap off to
glimpse the intricate, glowing ink maps inside. He
laughs—a sharp, desperate sound.

SEXTUS

You've got a deal, Queen. Tell
your archers to stand down.
Tonight, the Son of Neptune takes
the Shallows.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S ROYAL BARGE - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

The low, hypnotic melodies of the silver flutes drift in from the upper deck. The room is bathed in the warm, flickering glow of scented oil lamps. Heavy silk drapes block out the rest of the world.

MARK ANTONY sits on the edge of a massive, low-slung bed covered in leopard skins and gold-threaded linens. His heavy bronze armor is gone, discarded in a chaotic heap on the marble floor. He wears only a simple tunic, looking uncharacteristically vulnerable, staring at his calloused hands.

CLEOPATRA glides into the room from behind a sheer curtain. She has removed her heavy gold crown; her dark hair falls loosely around her shoulders. She carries a small silver bowl filled with scented oils.

She steps up behind Antony, her movements completely silent. She places her hands on his broad, tense shoulders. Antony flinches slightly, then relaxes under her touch.

ANTONY

(A low, rough rumble)

Ahenobarbus thinks I'm a traitor. He thinks the moment I stepped onto this boat, I handed Octavian the Republic on a silver platter.

CLEOPATRA

(Massaging the tension from his neck)

Ahenobarbus thinks like a soldier, Antony. He sees lines on a map. He doesn't see the currents shifting beneath the world.

ANTONY

The lines matter, Cleopatra. If Octavian takes Anatolia, he controls the east. If he destroys Sextus, he becomes a god in Rome. And I'll be left with nothing but a memory of Philippi.

Cleopatra stops massaging. She moves around the bed, sliding onto his lap with effortless grace. She rests her hands against his chest, feeling the heavy, rapid thumping of his heart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEOPATRA

You are Mark Antony. You took
Caesar's mantle when the rest of
the Senate cowered in fear. Do you
truly believe a pale boy who gets
seasick on a calm river can take
the world from you?

ANTONY

(Looking into her
eyes)

He has the ledgers. He has the
grain lanes.

CLEOPATRA

And you have the iron. And now...
you have me.

She leans in close, her breath warm against his neck. Her
fingers trace the jagged white scar across his
collarbone—a souvenir from a dozen battles.

CLEOPATRA

Let Octavian count his coins,
Antony. Let him chase a pirate
king through the mud. While he
bleeds his legions dry against the
Amazons, we build an empire here.
An empire of gold, of spice, of
gods.

Antony stares at her, completely intoxicated by her
proximity, her voice, her scent. The doubt in his eyes
burns away, replaced by a fierce, reckless hunger.

ANTONY

You are a dangerous woman,
Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA

(A slow, seductive
smile)

Only to men who want to stay
small.

Antony reaches up, his large, scarred hands tangling in
her dark hair. He pulls her down into a fierce, desperate
kiss. All the political anxiety, the rivalry with
Octavian, and the pressure of Rome melt away into the
shadows of the room.

Cleopatra kisses him back with equal intensity, her hands
gripping his shoulders, pulling him down onto the silk
cushions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

For a moment, the world outsideâ€”the marching legions, the pirate fleets, and the brewing warâ€”completely ceases to exist. There is only the rhythm of the river, the flickering lamplight, and the two rulers of the East.

EXT. ANATOLIAN COAST - CLIFFSIDE PATH - DAY

A brutal, unforgiving landscape. Jagged limestone cliffs tower over a churning, violent sea. The sky is a heavy, bruised grey.

MARCHING down the narrow, rocky path is OCTAVIAN'S VANGUARD. Thousands of Roman legionaries march in tight, disciplined columns. The rhythmic, synchronized *thud-thud-thud* of their iron-shod sandals echoes off the stone. Heavy armor clanks. Dust kicks up into the salt air.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE OVERLOOK - CONTINUOUS

OCTAVIAN rides a white horse near the front of the column. He wears a gleaming silver cuirass over a pristine purple cloak. He looks pale, his lips chapped from the sea wind, but his eyes are sharp, scanning the horizon.

Riding beside him is MARCUS VIPSANIUS AGRIPPA (30s)—Octavian's master general. Agrippa is a blunt, heavily weathered man with a face built from granite. He constantly checks the sea below.

AGRIPPA

I don't like it, Octavian. The coast is too quiet. We haven't seen a single fisherman or merchant ship for ten miles.

OCTAVIAN

The peasants fled because they heard Caesar's legions were coming, Agrippa. It's what peasants do.

AGRIPPA

No. Peasants flee inland. They don't take their boats with them. Look at the water below. The tide is dropping, revealing the shoals. This is the entrance to the Mortal Shallows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Octavian pulls his horse to a stop at the edge of the cliff, looking down into the massive, jagged bay. Far below, the water crashes violently against hidden, razor-sharp limestone reefs.

OCTAVIAN

Our spies said Sextus Pompey's
fleet was mutinous and starving.
If he's hiding in those rocks,
he's cornered himself.

AGRIPPA

Or he's baiting us. Our heavy
Roman quinqueremes draw too much
water. If we send our fleet in
there to trap him, the rocks will
rip our bottoms out before we can
fire a single catapult.

OCTAVIAN

(A cold, dismissive
smile)

Sextus is a pirate, Agrippa. He
lacks the discipline for a grand
strategy. He's running out of
options because the Amazons
emptied his granaries. He's hiding
because he's afraid.

Suddenly, a distant, deep *HORN* echoes from the sea.

Down in the maze of the Shallows, thick fog begins to roll out from the sea-caves. And out of the mist, the black sails of SEXTUS POMPEY'S FLEET begin to emerge.

They aren't fleeing. They are forming a perfect, lethal crescent line, blocking the mouth of the bay.

Agrippa's eyes widen. He points down at the lead pirate warship.

AGRIPPA

Look at their prows! They aren't
riding high. They're tracking the
deep channels perfectly. They know
exactly where the hidden reefs
are.

OCTAVIAN

(Frowning, his
composure slipping)

That's impossible. No Roman
navigator has mapped those
shallows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AGRIPPA

Then they aren't using Roman maps.

On the deck of the lead pirate ship, a massive ballista fires. A flaming pitch-barrel arcs high into the sky, crashing onto the rocky beach below the Roman column, exploding in a wave of fire.

From the high cliffs above the path, a shower of black-feathered arrows suddenly rains down on the Roman vanguard. Soldiers scream, raising their shields in a frantic *Testudo* formation.

OCTAVIAN'S HORSE rears back, whinnying in panic. Octavian fights the reins, looking up at the high ridge.

Standing on the cliffs above them are AMAZON ARCHERS, their bows drawn back, pinning the Romans against the sea.

AGRIPPA (CONT'D)

(Drawing his sword,
shouting over the
chaos)

It's an ambush! The pirates have
the sea, the Amazons have the high
ground! Octavian, we have to fall
back!

Octavian looks from the flaming sea below to the archers above. The realization hits him like a physical blow—he has been completely outplayed.

OCTAVIAN

(Teeth gritted, his
voice shaking with
rage)

They made a deal... The pirate and
the wild women. They dared to
bargain against Rome.

Another volley of arrows rains down. Agrippa grabs the reins of Octavian's horse, forcing him back down the path.

AGRIPPA

Save the fury for later! Move!

EXT. THE MORTAL SHALLOWS - BAY - CONTINUOUS

The fog thickens, choked with the black smoke of burning pitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OCTAVIAN'S COALITION FLEET—dozens of massive, towering Roman quinqueremes—is a disaster zone. The heavy, lumbering warships are completely trapped in the maze of shallow water.

CRUNCH! The hull of a leading Roman vessel splinters open as it slams full-speed into a hidden limestone reef. Soldiers in heavy iron armor scream as they are tossed into the churning, rocky foam.

Out of the sea-caves glide SEXTUS POMPEY'S WARSHIPS. They are lighter, faster, and moving with terrifying precision. They slice through the water, flawlessly weaving between the hidden reefs.

EXT. SEXTUS POMPEY'S FLAGSHIP (THE NEPTUNE) - CONTINUOUS

SEXTUS POMPEY stands at the prow, his wild hair whipping in the wind. He holds Queen Hippolyta's leather map cylinder in one hand and a blood-stained cutlass in the other.

SEXTUS
(Shouting to his
oarsmen)
Starboard stroke! Steer three
points to the sun! Let the shoals
do the work for us!

Below him, the pirate oarsmen beat a frantic, aggressive rhythm. The Neptune surges forward, its massive iron-shod ram aiming directly at a stranded Roman ship.

SPLINTERING CRASH! The Neptune's ram punches clean through the side of the Roman quinquereme. Water pours into the enemy hull.

SEXTUS (CONT'D)
(Laughing maniacally)
Look at them drown in their own
armor! I am the Son of Neptune!
Throw the grappling irons! Board
them!

Pirates scream in triumph, swinging across ropes onto the tilting Roman decks. It is an absolute slaughter. Rome's discipline means nothing when their boots are underwater.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE OVERLOOK - CONTINUOUS

OCTAVIAN watches from his horse, pinned against the rocks by the rain of Amazon arrows. Down in the bay, three of his largest flagships tilt on their sides, burning.

His face is completely white. The cold, calculating magistrate is gone; he looks like a horrified boy.

OCTAVIAN

(Whispering, in shock)

My fleet... Agrippa, where are our reinforcements? Where is the southern fleet? Where is Antony?!

AGRIPPA

(Deflecting an Amazon arrow with his shield)

Antony isn't coming, Octavian! He never left the coast of Tarsus!

OCTAVIAN

He abandoned us... He left me here to die!

AGRIPPA

We retreat now, or there won't be a Rome left to go back to! Fall back!

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CLEOPATRA'S ROYAL BARGE - BEDCHAMBER - DAY

A stark, jarring contrast. No screaming men, no splintering wood, no smoke. Only the gentle, rhythmic lapping of the peaceful Cydnus River.

The morning sun filters through sheer, golden silk drapes, casting a warm, amber glow across the massive bed.

MARK ANTONY lies flat on his back, fast asleep, his muscular chest rising and falling. His face is completely relaxed, a stark contrast to his usual aggressive posture.

CLEOPATRA sits up beside him. She is completely naked, wrapped loosely in a sheet of purple silk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks radiant, holding a silver chalice of watered wine, watching the sleeping Roman general with a cool, victorious smile.

The heavy oak door of the bedchamber creaks open a fraction of an inch. AHENOBARBUS peeks his head through, his face covered in sweat and panic. He tries to whisper, his voice cracking.

AHENOBARBUS

General... General, wake up!

Antony doesn't stir. Cleopatra turns her head slowly, fixing Ahenobarbus with a sharp, freezing glare. She presses a single finger to her lips.

CLEOPATRA

(A low, lethal
whisper)

Silence, Roman.

AHENOBARBUS

Your Majesty, I have spies from the north! Octavian's vanguard just marched straight into a combined trap. Sextus Pompey and the Amazons are annihilating our fleet in the Shallows! Octavian is fleeing for his life! We have to sail!

Cleopatra looks down at Antony. She reaches out, her delicate fingers gently smoothing the wild hair away from his forehead. Antony lets out a soft grunt in his sleep, turning closer to her touch.

She looks back at Ahenobarbus, her eyes completely calm, filled with an ancient, terrifying certainty.

CLEOPATRA

Let Octavian run. Let him bleed. The boy wanted to bring Roman law to the East... but he forgot that the East belongs to the Gods.

She takes a slow sip from her chalice, leaning back against the plush pillows.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

Close the door, Ahenobarbus. General Antony is busy securing our empire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ahenobarbus stares at her, horrified by her coldness, but he looks at his sleeping commander and realizes he has lost him completely. He slowly closes the door, leaving the lovers in the dark.

EXT. ANATOLIAN COAST - BEACH - NIGHT

A bleak, miserable shoreline. The storm has passed, leaving a heavy fog over a graveyard of shattered wood. The black, twisted ribs of destroyed Roman warships stick out of the surf like skeletal fingers.

A makeshift campsite clings to the base of the cliffs. No grand tents. No banners. Just a few smoking bonfires fueled by the wreckage of their own navy.

OCTAVIAN sits on a waterlogged crate near the surf. His silver armor is gone, replaced by a muddy wool cloak. His hands are caked in dried salt and blood. He stares blankly at the water, his fingers trembling slightly as he tries to hold a wooden cup of sour military wine.

AGRIPPA walks up through the sand. His face is blackened by soot, his armor dented, a rough bandage wrapped tightly around his left forearm. He drops a waterlogged leather ledger onto the sand at Octavian's feet.

AGRIPPA

Twelve quinqueremes completely shattered on the reefs. Six more captured by the pirates. We lost over four thousand men, Octavian. Mostly drowned.

Octavian doesn't look up. He watches a piece of a Roman shield wash up against his boots.

OCTAVIAN

(His voice hollow,
barely a whisper)
And the Amazons?

AGRIPPA

They vanished back into the high ridges the moment the ships started burning. They didn't even come down to loot the bodies. They just... watched us drown.

Octavian suddenly hurls his wooden cup into the sea. He stands up, his face twisted with a mixture of raw humiliation and fury.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OCTAVIAN

They laughed at us. A pirate exile
and a tribe of wild women
outmaneuvered the legions of
Caesar. If Rome sees me like
this... if the Senate sees me
crawl back into the capital with
my fleet at the bottom of the sea,
I am finished.

AGRIPPA

Then we don't go back. Not yet. We
still have three legions on foot.
They are battered, but they are
Romans.

OCTAVIAN

To do what, Agrippa?! Fight a navy
we cannot see? Sextus is
untouchable in those shallows! He
has the maps! He has the wind! And
Antony...

Octavian grips his own hair, his teeth gritted so hard
his jaw shakes.

OCTAVIAN

Antony is lying in a bed of
Egyptian silk, laughing while my
throat is cut. He knew. He knew
the trap was there, and he let me
march right into it.

AGRIPPA

(Stepping close,
grabbing Octavian's
shoulders)

Then stop acting like a victim and
start acting like Caesar's heir.
Antony wants the East? Let him
have the luxury. Luxury makes men
soft. It made Julius soft in the
end.

Agrippa kicks the waterlogged ledger, turning it over in
the sand.

AGRIPPA

Sextus won a battle, but he didn't
win the war. His fleet is still
made of wood, and wood burns. I've
been looking at the wreckage,
Octavian.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AGRIPPA (CONT'D)

If we cannot sail *through* the
Shallows, we change the rules of
the sea.

Octavian blinks, the manic rage in his eyes slowly
cooling into something much more dangerous—his signature,
calculating coldness. He looks at his general.

OCTAVIAN

What are you proposing?

AGRIPPA

We retreat to the northern
shipyards. We build new ships. Not
the heavy, clumsy quinqueremes,
but lighter, faster vessels. And I
will design a new weapon. A giant
grappling harpoon fired from a
ballista. We don't chase Sextus
through his maze. We snag his
ships from a distance, drag them
into the deep water, and let our
infantry do what they do best.

Octavian looks back out at the burning horizon. He pulls
his muddy cloak tight around himself. A slow, terrifying
smile touches his chapped lips.

OCTAVIAN

Yes... We let Sextus celebrate his
victory. Let him grow arrogant.
Let Antony drown in his wine and
his Egyptian queen. We will build
a new navy in the dark. And when
we return, Agrippa... we won't
just kill the Pirate King. We will
burn the Amazon forests to ash.

INT. AMAZON CITADEL - COUNCIL CHAMBER - NIGHT

A massive room made of white marble, open to the night
sky. Braziers throw long, dancing shadows across a giant
stone map of the Anatolian coast carved into the floor.

Queen reia stands at the head of the map. The bear-skin
cloak is gone, revealing her silver scale armor, now
flecked with Roman soot.

Around the map stand her top GENERALS and COUNCILORS,
their faces grim despite the day's victory.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHNA

Our archers report the Romans have retreated to the northern beach. They are burning their dead. Octavian's vanguard is broken, My Queen. Sextus Pompey controls the waves. The valley is safe.

COUNCILOR

Safe for now. But we have poked a hibernating bear. Rome does not accept defeat. They merely delay their vengeance.

QUEERN REA

(Placing her hand on
the carved stone
cliffs)

Octavian is a creature of pride and ledgers. He lost four thousand men and three flagships to a tribe he considers savages. He cannot return to the Senate empty-handed. He *will* return here.

QUEEN MYRINA

Let him. The Mortal Shallows will trap his ships again.

QUEEN REA

No. Octavian is foolish, but Marcus Agrippa is not. Agrippa watched the water today. He saw how our maps guided Sextus's sails. When they return, they will not march into the same trap. They will adapt. They will build faster ships, or they will bring enough legions to march overland and burn our forests from behind.

COUNCILOR

Then we made a mistake bargaining with the Pirate King. We should have let Sextus and Octavian destroy each other.

HIPPOLYTA

Sextus was starving. If we did not give him the Shallows, he would have sacked our ports for food. I chose the lesser of two evils. But a pirate's loyalty lasts only as long as his belly is full.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Hippolyta steps into the center of the stone map, looking out toward the open sea where Egypt lies.

HIPPOLYTA

The real danger is not the boy Octavian. It is the south. Mark Antony has vanished into Alexandria. If Cleopatra chains the God of War to her throne, Egypt and Rome will become one giant empire. When that storm moves north, no maze of rocks will save us.

AMAZON GENERAL

Then what is our plan, Queen? Do we fortify the ridges?

HIPPOLYTA

We fortify our defenses, yes. But we also need eyes in the mortal world. We need to know what Octavian builds in his northern shipyards, and we need to know what Cleopatra whispers into Antony's ear.

She turns her head toward the heavy oak doors of the chamber, her eyes narrowing.

HIPPOLYTA

Bring in the thief. It is time she pays her debt to the sisterhood.

INT. AMAZON COUNCIL CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The heavy oak doors groan open.

Two royal guards march LYRA and LAGERIA into the room. Lyra's hands are still bound in heavy bronze shackles, the chains clinking against the stone floor. Lageria walks beside her, hands held at her sides, showing no weapon, but her jaw is set tight.

They stop at the edge of the giant stone map. Queen Hippolyta watches them, her expression unreadable, radiating absolute authority.

HIPPOLYTA

Lageria. You were exiled from this citadel five winters ago.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

Yet my guards found you unlocking
a traitor's cage during a pirate
siege. Explain why I shouldn't
throw you both from the cliffs
tonight.

LAGERIA

(Stepping forward,
bowing her head
slightly)

I didn't come to break your laws,
Hippolyta. I came because I saw
the Roman banners on the horizon.
Lyra is a fool, yes. She stole
your grain. But she did it to save
the mortal valleys from a Roman
siege. Execution won't rebuild the
granaries.

HIPPOLYTA

The grain is gone, Lageria. And
because of her "mercy," I had to
hand the secret star-charts of our
navy to a pirate king just to keep
him from burning our ports.

Lyra looks up, her eyes flashing with defiance despite
the chains.

LYRA

Sextus Pompey is a wolf. You gave
a wolf the keys to our home,
Queen. He will turn those charts
against us the moment he runs out
of Roman ships to sink.

HIPPOLYTA

(Stepping down from
the dais, her voice
dropping to a cold,
dangerous whisper)

I did what was required to ensure
the survival of the sisterhood,
child. A duty you abandoned when
you emptied our storehouses. You
think you understand the world
because you know the names of the
mortal farmers? You know nothing
of the storm that is coming.

Hippolyta draws a small, silver-bladed dagger from her
belt. She steps up directly to Lyra. The guards tense,
hands on their spears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Instead of striking, Hippolyta slices clean through the leather bindings holding Lyra's shackles together. The heavy bronze chains crash to the marble floor.

Lyra rubs her bruised wrists, caught completely off guard.

LYRA

You're freeing me?

HIPPOLYTA

I am changing your sentence. The council wants your head. I want your eyes.

Hippolyta turns back to the stone map, pointing her dagger at the northern coastline, then shifting the blade down toward Egypt.

HIPPOLYTA

Octavian has retreated north to rebuild his navy. Marcus Agrippa is designing something new—something meant to break our shallows. And in the south, Mark Antony has abandoned his legions to drown himself in Cleopatra's wine.

She looks back at Lyra and Lageria.

HIPPOLYTA

The mortal world is fracturing. If we sit behind our walls, we will be crushed in the debris. You wanted to protect the valleys, Lyra? Then you will leave our borders. You and Lageria will hunt the shadows.

LAGERIA

You want us to spy on the Triumvirs.

HIPPOLYTA

I want to know exactly what Agrippa is building in his shipyards. And I want to know what the Egyptian Queen plans to do with Rome's greatest general. If you succeed, your treason is forgiven, Lyra. If you fail, do not bother returning to these cliffs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Lyra looks at Lageria, who gives her a grim, silent nod. Lyra looks back at her Queen, her posture straightening, accepting the burden.

LYRA

We leave tonight.

HIPPOLYTA

May the gods guide your blades.
Because if Rome learns who you
are... not even the shadows will
hide you.

EXT. AMAZON CITADEL - CLIFFSIDE OVERLOOK - PRE-DAWN

The dark Aegean Sea churns hundreds of feet below. A cold mist clings to the jagged rocks.

LYRA and LAGERIA stand at the edge of the precipice, dressed in dark, non-descript traveling leathers. Their Amazon armor has been stripped away, replaced by standard mortal daggers and shortswords. Two horses stand tethered to a nearby pine tree, breathing heavy steam into the chilly air.

Lageria adjusts the strap of her travel pack, looking out toward the open sea.

LAGERIA

The northern shipyards are a
fortress, Lyra. Octavian is
paranoid, and Agrippa doesn't
sleep. Infiltrating them will be
like trying to slip into a snake's
nest.

LYRA

Then it's a good thing you're the
one going north. You have the
patience for it.

Lageria turns, frowning.

LAGERIA

What do you mean? The Queen said
we go together.

LYRA

No. The Queen said we need to know
what Agrippa is building *and*
what Cleopatra whispers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYRA (CONT'D)

If we both go north, Egypt remains a blind spot. We split up. You take the shipyards. I go south.

LAGERIA

To Alexandria? Alone? Lyra, Cleopatra's palace is a labyrinth of poison and spies. If they catch an Amazon in the royal court, Antony will have your head on a spike before you can explain yourself.

LYRA

Cleopatra won't kill me.

Lyra pulls a small, intricately carved silver coin from her pouch—the official seal of the Amazon Royal Guard.

LYRA

Word traveled fast through the valleys before I was locked up. Cleopatra's scouts were asking questions about the grain theft. She didn't want the food—she wanted to know *who* had the audacity to cut the legs out from under Sextus Pompey right under Octavian's nose. She wants to meet the thief. I'm going to give her what she wants.

Lageria stares at her, realizing she can't talk her out of it. She steps forward, grabbing Lyra's shoulder tightly.

LAGERIA

Cleopatra is not a soldier, Lyra. She won't fight you with iron. She will smile, feed you fruit, and read your mind before you even realize you've spoken. Be careful.

LYRA

(Putting a hand over Lageria's)

Keep your head down in the shipyards, sister. Don't let Agrippa catch you looking at his blueprints.

Lageria lets go, untethering her horse and mounting up. She looks down at Lyra one last time through the grey morning light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAGERIA

May the hunt be kind to us.

Lageria spurs her horse, galloping along the rugged cliffside path toward the north.

Lyra watches her disappear into the fog. She takes a deep breath, turns to her own horse, and looks out toward the southern horizon, where Egypt awaits.

EXT. ALEXANDRIA - HARBOR - DAY

A blinding, sun-drenched spectacle of absolute wealth.

The Mediterranean sea here is a pristine turquoise. Towering over the harbor is the PHAROS LIGHTHOUSE, a mountain of white marble casting a massive shadow across hundreds of Egyptian, Roman, and Syrian merchant ships.

LYRA moves through the dense, chaotic crowd on the stone docks. She looks overwhelmed. Exotic animals roar from wooden crates, merchants scream in five different languages, and the air smells heavily of salt, roasted cumin, and expensive perfumes.

She pulls her dark hood low, navigating past a patrol of Roman legionaries who are drunkenly laughing, their armor unbuckled. Egypt has clearly made them soft.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S PALACE - AUDIENCE HALL - LATER

Cool, quiet, and grand. Giant columns carved to look like blooming lotus flowers stretch up to a gold-leaf ceiling. The floor is polished black granite, reflecting the light like a dark mirror.

At the far end of the hall, lounging on a throne of solid ebony and gold, is CLEOPATRA. She wears a sheeny royal blue gown, her eyes lined with heavy kohl.

MARK ANTONY sits on a low bench beside her throne, a massive golden cup of wine in his hand. He is laughing at a joke made by a court jester, entirely at ease.

Lyra stands in the center of the hall, flanked by four towering Egyptian guards holding heavy bronze spears. ADI, Cleopatra's minister, steps forward, holding up Lyra's silver Amazon coin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADI

Your Majesty. This traveler was caught trying to bribe her way into the palace kitchens. She carries the seal of the Anatolian guard.

Antony stops laughing. His eyes narrow as he looks at Lyra's athletic build and the scars on her knuckles. He sets his wine down, his soldier's instincts instantly flaring.

ANTONY

That's no traveler. Look at her shoulders, Cleopatra. She's an Amazon. One of the wild women who pinned Octavian to the cliffs.

Antony stands up, his massive frame dominating the room as he steps down from the dais toward Lyra.

ANTONY (CONT'D)

Did your Queen send you to assassinate me, girl? Or did Sextus Pompey pay you to bring a message?

Lyra doesn't flinch as the Roman general towers over her. She keeps her eyes fixed past him, straight on the Queen.

LYRA

I don't answer to Sextus. And I didn't come for the General. I came because word reached the valleys that the Queen of Egypt wanted to look at the thief who emptied the royal granaries.

Antony blinks, caught off guard.

Cleopatra's eyes light up with sudden, intense amusement. A slow, sharp smile spreads across her face. She rises from her ebony throne, her silk robes whispering against the black granite as she glides down the steps.

CLEOPATRA

Step back, Antony. You are trying to intimidate a wolf with a stick.

Antony grunts but steps aside, watching Lyra suspiciously. Cleopatra stops just a foot away from Lyra. She reaches out, using two fingers to gently lift Lyra's chin, forcing the young Amazon to look her in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

So. You are the ghost. You are the one who single-handedly ruined a Roman magistrate's grand strategy because you felt pity for starving farmers.

LYRA

I did what was right.

CLEOPATRA

(Letting out a soft, melodic laugh)

"Right." What a beautifully small, mortal word. You destroyed a harvest, starved a pirate fleet, and forced your own Queen to hand over her naval secrets just to survive the fallout. You didn't just steal grain, Lyra. You shifted the balance of the entire Mediterranean.

Cleopatra turns back to Antony, her eyes gleaming.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

Do you see, Antony? Octavian thinks he controls the world with his ledgers. But a single girl with a broken lock can rewrite history while he sleeps.

She turns back to Lyra, her face growing cold, calculating, and deeply magnetic.

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

Your Queen thinks she punished you by sending you to spy on my court. But I don't execute brilliance, Lyra. I employ it. Tell me... what is Hippolyta so afraid I will do to her kingdom?

EXT. MISENUM NAVAL BASE - NORTHERN ITALY - NIGHT

A massive, industrialized fortress. Torchlight flickers across a sprawling network of wooden scaffolding, dry docks, and stone barricades. The air is thick with the smell of sawdust, hot pitch, and burning iron.

Hundreds of SHIPWRIGHTS and BLACKSMITHS work under armed guard, hammering iron plating onto the hulls of newly designed, sleek warships.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAGERIA moves through the shadows beneath a towering wooden crane. She is dressed in the rough, grease-stained tunic of a civilian carpenter, her hair pulled back and covered in dirt. She carries a heavy timber beam over her shoulder, blending perfectly into the frantic labor.

INT. MILITARY ARCHIVE TENT - LATER

The tent is quiet, lit only by a single oil lamp. Tables are covered in charcoal sketches, engineering tools, and papyrus blueprints.

Lageria slips through the canvas flap, completely silent. She drops her timber beam and immediately moves to the central desk. Her eyes scan the blueprints.

She finds a detailed schematic of a lighter, narrower warship—a *Liburnian*. Next to it is a drawing of a terrifying new siege weapon: a massive, spring-loaded ballista mounted to a swivel prow, designed to fire a giant iron harpoon with heavy chains.

Lageria gasps softly, her fingers tracing the iron chain drawing.

LAGERIA

(Whispering to
herself)

The *Harpax*... He's going to hook
our ships from the deep water.

AGRIPPA (O.S.)

It's a beautiful design, isn't it?

Lageria freezes. Her hand instinctively drops toward the small dagger hidden in her boot.

She turns around slowly.

MARCUS AGRIPPA stands in the entrance of the tent. He is shirtless, his torso covered in soot and sweat from working the shipyards himself. He holds a heavy iron drafting square in one hand. He doesn't look angry; he looks fascinated.

AGRIPPA (CONT'D)

Most carpenters look at blueprints
and see lines. You looked at that
and saw a executioner's axe. You
aren't from the guilds, girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAGERIA

(Keeping her voice
low, masking her
accent)

I am a laborer from the docks,
General. I was told to bring the
lumber invoices to your desk.

AGRIPPA

(Stepping closer, his
eyes narrowing at
her posture)

A laborer who moves like a
gladiator? A dock worker with no
calluses from ropes, but a heavy
scar on her inner thigh from a
cavalry saddle?

Lageria shifts her weight, preparing to spring. Agrippa notices, a grim, respectful smile touching his face. He doesn't call for guards.

AGRIPPA (CONT'D)

Octavian thinks Sextus Pompey is
our greatest threat. But I know
who really destroyed our fleet in
the Shallows. It wasn't the
pirates. It was the women who
guided them through the rocks.
You're an Amazon.

LAGERIA

If you call your guards, General,
I will have your throat open
before they cross the threshold.

AGRIPPA

I don't doubt it. But if I wanted
you dead, the archers outside
would have taken your head when
you crossed the perimeter an hour
ago.

Agrippa walks past her, completely exposed, and taps the
blueprint of the *Harpax* harpoon.

AGRIPPA (CONT'D)

I let you in because I wanted you
to see this. Go back to your
Queen, Amazon. Tell her that Rome
does not play by the rules of her
shallow rocks anymore.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AGRIPPA (CONT'D)

Tell her that when my new fleet sails, we will drag her hidden coves into the open sea and burn her citadel to the ground.

Lageria stares at him, caught off guard by his tactical ruthlessness.

LAGERIA

You're letting me go?

AGRIPPA

Octavian wants a political victory. I just want a fair fight. Take a good look at the drawings. Memorize the iron. Because the next time you see this weapon, it will be tearing through your sisterhood's hulls. Now move... before Octavian finds you here and turns you into a political execution.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S PALACE - AUDIENCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

Lyra stands perfectly still, her chin still resting between Cleopatra's fingers. The air in the grand hall is thick, suffocating.

LYRA

My Queen did not send me to spy on a goddess. She sent me to watch a politician.

Cleopatra lets go of Lyra's chin, taking a slow step back, her dark eyes flashing with dangerous delight.

CLEOPATRA

A politician? How delightfully Roman of her. Hippolyta thinks in borders and tribute. She thinks I want to conquer her cliffs.

LYRA

You bought the iron of Rome with Egyptian gold. You chained Mark Antony to your side while his partner drowned in the north. You don't want our cliffs, Cleopatra. You want the whole world. And our home is sitting right on your path.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Antony steps forward, a heavy laugh booming from his chest. He claps a massive hand onto his sword hilt, looking at Cleopatra.

ANTONY

She's got spirit, Cleo. Most spies weep and beg for the lions when you catch them. This one just lectures you on geography. Let me take her to the barracks. My officers will find out exactly what the Amazons are planning by morning.

CLEOPATRA

(Without looking
back, raising a hand
to stop Antony)

No, Antony. Your barracks are for breaking shields. This girl breaks empires with a lockpick. She is far too valuable for your blunt instruments.

Cleopatra glides back toward Lyra, her voice dropping to a smooth, magnetic whisper.

CLEOPATRA

You want to protect your valleys from Rome, Lyra? Then stop looking at Octavian. Octavian is a dying ember. He is shivering on a beach in the north, trying to build ships out of wet timber. The future is standing right here in this room.

She gestures broadly to Antony, then to the golden grandeur of her hall.

CLEOPATRA

Mark Antony and I are marching east. We are creating a new world. One where Rome does not dictate the laws of the sea. If your Queen aligns with us, her borders will be sacred forever. If she clings to her isolation... she will be crushed under the wheels of history.

LYRA

And what does the "Living Isis" want from a thief?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEOPATRA

Sextus Pompey holds the naval charts to your Shallows. He is erratic. Arrogant. He thinks because he beat Octavian once, he is the new master of the Mediterranean. He will eventually betray your Queen, and he will eventually block my trade routes.

Cleopatra leans in close, her breath smelling of cinnamon and sweet wine.

CLEOPATRA

I want you to steal the charts back from Sextus. Strip the Pirate King of his armor. Do that for me, and I will personally sign a treaty that guarantees the Amazon Kingdom stays free from Roman chains forever.

Lyra looks from Cleopatra's cold, calculating smile to Antony, who is watching her like a hawk. She realizes she is trapped between two giants—but Cleopatra is offering her exactly what she needs to save her sisters.

LYRA

Sextus's flagship is a fortress on the water. Getting onto his ship is suicide.

CLEOPATRA

Then it is a good thing you are a ghost. What is your choice, Amazon? Will you die a spy in my kitchens, or will you ride the tide with a goddess?

INT. AMAZON CITADEL - COUNCIL CHAMBER - NIGHT

A raging thunderstorm bathes the white marble chamber in flashes of strobe-like lightning. Thunder rattles the heavy iron braziers.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA stands alone over the stone map carved into the floor.

The heavy oak doors burst open with a violent slam.

LAGERIA stumbles into the room. She is completely drenched, her hair matted to her face, gasping for breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blood drips from a deep gash on her temple, mixing with the rainwater on her clothes. She collapses to her knees, skidding across the stone map.

Hippolyta doesn't move, but her posture stiffens.

HIPPOLYTA

You return alone, Lageria. Where is Lyra?

LAGERIA

(Breathing heavily,
clutching her ribs)

She went south... to Alexandria. She wanted to face the Egyptian Queen.

HIPPOLYTA

(Her voice dropping,
cold)

Then she is dead, or she is a pet in Cleopatra's menagerie. I told you both to hunt together.

LAGERIA

(Pushing herself up,
her eyes wide with
panic)

Forget Lyra! Hippolyta, look at the map! Look at the north!

Lageria lunges forward, pulling a crumpled, waterlogged piece of parchment from inside her leather tunic. She slams it onto the stone map, right over the northern shipyards of Misenum.

Hippolyta steps closer, looking down. The lightning flashes, illuminating charcoal drawings of a sleek, narrow warship and a massive, spring-loaded ballista firing a giant harpoon with heavy iron chains.

HIPPOLYTA

What is this?

LAGERIA

Marcus Agrippa's answer to our shallows. It's called the *Harpax*. They aren't going to try and sail through our reefs anymore, Queen. They built lighter ships that draw no water, and they are mounting these monsters to the prows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lageria points a trembling, dirty finger at the drawing of the iron chains.

LAGERIA

They are going to sit in the deep water, fire these harpoons into our hulls, and drag our ships out into the open sea. Our navigators, our secret channels—none of it matters if they can pull us out of the rocks like hooked fish.

Hippolyta stares at the blueprint. For the first time, a flicker of genuine dread crosses her face. She traces the iron chain drawing with her finger.

HIPPOLYTA

Agrippa designed this... How many have they built?

LAGERIA

Hundreds. The shipyards are working through the night. The smoke chokes the northern sky. Agrippa found me in his archive tent. He *let* me leave, Hippolyta. He wanted me to bring this to you. He wants us to know we are already dead.

HIPPOLYTA

(Genuinely shaken,
whispering)

Rome does not accept defeat... They change the rules of the world.

LAGERIA

They are sailing within a fortnight. If Octavian catches Sextus Pompey in our bays, the *Harpax* will rip his fleet to splinters, and then the legions will march up these cliffs and burn our forests to ash. We have no weapon that can match this.

Suddenly, a shadow steps out from the dark curtains at the back of the chamber.

It is AN EGYPTIAN COURIER, dressed in the same rich silk tunic seen in Tarsus. He holds a sealed message bearing Cleopatra's golden hawk emblem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EGYPTIAN COURIER

Perhaps you don't need a weapon,
Queen Hippolyta. Perhaps you just
need an ally.

Hippolyta's hand instinctively drops to the hilt of her
sword. She glares at the courier.

HIPPOLYTA

How did an Egyptian slip past my
guards?

EGYPTIAN COURIER

(Bowing deeply)

The Living Isis has eyes
everywhere, Your Grace. My Queen
knows of Rome's new toys in the
north. She sent me with a
proposition. Mark Antony's
southern fleet is ready to sail.
We can crush Octavian's new navy
before it ever reaches your
shores... but the price of Egypt's
protection is steep.

Hippolyta looks from the terrifying Roman blueprint on
the floor to the golden seal of Egypt in the courier's
hand. She realizes her kingdom is officially trapped
between the iron of Octavian and the gold of Cleopatra.

EXT. THE MORTAL SHALLOWS - THE NEPTUNE (FLAGSHIP) - NIGHT

A violent storm batters the bay. Rain lashes the deck of
Sextus Pompey's massive flagship as it rides the heavy
swells, anchored inside a deep limestone cove.

PIRATE GUARDS patrol the slippery decks, huddled under
leather cloaks, distracted by the roaring wind and
thunder.

Below the waterline, a shadow emerges from the churning
foam.

LYRA scales the slick wooden hull of the ship using two
notched Amazon daggers as climbing spikes. She wears
skintight black leathers, her hair braided tight. She
slips through an open gunport into the lower decks,
completely silent, dripping wet.

INT. SEXTUS POMPEY'S FLAGSHIP - CAPTAIN'S CABIN -
CONTINUOUS

The cabin is dark, lit only by a swinging oil lamp that casts erratic shadows. Sea charts are scattered across the desk, but the leather cylinder containing the Amazon Star-Charts is missing.

SEXTUS POMPEY lies passed out on a velvet couch, snoring loudly, an empty silver flagon of wine resting on his chest. He wears only a silk tunic, his sea-green armor piled in a corner.

Lyra drops from the ceiling beams, landing on the Persian rug without a sound. She scans the room.

Her eyes lock onto Sextus. Tucked securely beneath his arm, clutched tight to his chest like a doll, is the leather cylinder. He is sleeping directly on top of the prize.

Lyra draws a deep breath, her heart hammering. She glides toward the couch, stepping over broken wine cups.

She kneels beside the sleeping Pirate King. Slowly, inch by inch, she slides her hand beneath the leather cylinder, trying to slip it out from under his heavy arm.

Sextus grunts. He shifts his weight, his grip tightening around the cylinder.

Lyra freezes, her hand trapped beneath his forearm. She holds her breath, staring at his closed eyelids.

Sextus murmurs in his sleep, a drunk, paranoid mumble.

SEXTUS

(Mumbling)

...Son of Neptune... the waves are
mine... Octavian is a boy...

He turns over onto his side, releasing his grip just enough.

Lyra smoothly slides the leather cylinder out from his grasp. She pulls it free, tucking it into her back harness. Success.

She backs away slowly, heading toward the stern windows.

CLICK.

The sound of a heavy iron crossbow
mechanism locking into place
echoes through the cabin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lyra stops. She turns her head.

Standing in the shadows by the cabin door is SEXTUS'S CHIEF MATE, a massive, scarred pirate with a gold hoop earring, holding a loaded hand-ballista aimed directly at her chest.

CHIEF MATE

(A low, wicked grin)

The Queen's ghost. I told the master you'd come back for your maps.

The click of the crossbow wakes Sextus instantly. He bolts upright on the couch, the silver flagon clattering to the floor. His eyes dart from his empty arms to Lyra, then explode with manic, drunken rage.

SEXTUS

(Roaring over the thunder)

You! The thief! You dare steal from the God of the Sea?!

Sextus lunges off the couch, snatching his cutlass from the desk.

SEXTUS (CONT'D)

Guard! Shoot her!

The Chief Mate pulls the trigger. *TWANG!*

Lyra twists her body mid-air as the heavy iron bolt rips through the shoulder of her leather tunic, burying itself deep into the wooden wall behind her.

Lyra kicks the heavy oak chart desk, sending it crashing violently into the Chief Mate, pinning him against the door.

Sextus swings his cutlass in a wild, vicious arc. Lyra blocks the strike with her two daggers. Sparks fly in the darkness. The strength of the Pirate King pushes her back against the glass stern windows.

SEXTUS (CONT'D)

(Teeth gritted, spitting salt water)

You gave me those charts, Amazon! They belong to the fleet now! Rome is coming with fire, and you want to leave me blind?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LYRA

You were always blind, Sextus!
You're just a pawn in a game you
don't understand!

Lyra uses his own momentum to flip him over her shoulder. Sextus crashes heavily onto the chart desk.

Before the Chief Mate can recover his crossbow, Lyra turns and throws her entire weight against the glass stern windows.

SHATTERING CRASH!

Lyra bursts through the glass, plunging backward into the dark, violent sea hundreds of feet below, tightly clutching the Amazon Star-Charts to her chest.

EXT. THE MORTAL SHALLOWS - CONTINUOUS

Lyra hits the freezing water, swallowed by the black waves.

Up on the deck of the Neptune, pirate alarms blare, horns echoing through the stormy bay. Torches light up the railings as pirates fire arrows blindly into the foaming surf.

But below the surface, Lyra kicks hard, swimming through the black currents—freeing her kingdom's greatest secret from the Pirate King.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S PALACE - PRIVATE QUARTERS - NIGHT

The storm outside is a distant murmur against the heavy alabaster walls. Soft incense smoke curls from bronze burners.

CLEOPATRA sits on a velvet chaise lounge, a silk robe loosely draped over her shoulders. She is reading a scroll by candlelight, looking entirely serene.

The balcony curtains rustle. A pool of seawater spreads across the polished marble floor.

LYRA steps out of the shadows. She is a complete mess: her leathers are torn, her face is bruised, and her left arm is wrapped in a bloody cloth where the crossbow bolt grazed her. She is shivering, gasping for breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a trembling hand, she reaches into her back harness and pulls out the leather cylinder—drenched in salt water but intact. She drops it onto the table beside Cleopatra's candle.

LYRA

(Her voice hoarse,
shaking)

The charts. Sextus Pompey is
blind.

Cleopatra doesn't rush. She sets her scroll down, looks at the dripping leather cylinder, and then up at Lyra. A slow, triumphant, and utterly radiant smile spreads across the Queen's face.

CLEOPATRA

You actually did it. A mortal girl
dived into the mouth of Neptune
and tore out his teeth.

Cleopatra opens the cylinder, pulling out the intricate, glowing ink maps of the Mortal Shallows. She unrolls them on the table, her eyes scanning the hidden reefs and secret coves with the hunger of a conqueror.

LYRA

I kept my end of the bargain,
Cleopatra. Now give me the treaty.
Order Antony's fleet to sail north
and protect the Amazon borders.
Octavian is launching a new navy,
and Sextus is going to burn our
ports in revenge. We are out of
time.

Cleopatra rises from the chaise, her silk robes whispering on the floor. She walks over to a silver pitcher, pours a cup of warm, spiced wine, and offers it to Lyra. Lyra hesitates, then takes it, drinking deeply.

CLEOPATRA

You have done a magnificent thing
for your people, Lyra. Truly.

LYRA

Then where is the treaty? Where is
Antony?

CLEOPATRA

(A soft, pitying
sigh)

Oh, my brave little ghost.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEOPATRA (CONT'D)

You are so brilliant with a blade,
but so terribly blind to the
world. Antony's fleet is not
sailing north to protect your
cliffs.

Lyra drops the silver cup. It clatters loudly against the
marble. The wine pools like blood.

LYRA

You lied to me.

CLEOPATRA

I gave you a politician's promise,
Lyra. I needed Sextus blind so
Octavian would destroy him for me.
If Antony sails north now, he
enters a war he doesn't need to
fight. Let Octavian's new *Harpax*
weapons tear the pirates to
pieces. Let them bleed each other
dry in your shallow waters.

LYRA

(Drawing her dagger,
her eyes wild with
betrayal)

My sisters are in those waters! If
Octavian wins, he will burn our
citadel! You promised us freedom!

Before Lyra can even take a step, the curtains part. MARK
ANTONY steps into the room, fully armed in his golden
ceremonial armor. He doesn't draw his sword; he just
stands there, a towering wall of muscle, looking down at
Lyra with a mixture of amusement and pity.

Cleopatra doesn't even flinch at Lyra's dagger. She steps
closer to the blade, her voice dropping to a smooth,
freezing whisper.

CLEOPATRA

And I will give you freedom. Once
Octavian wastes his legions and
his new navy crushing the pirates
and your stubborn Queen, he will
be weak. His coffers will be
empty. That is when Antony and I
will strike. We will march north
not as invaders, but as saviors to
the survivors of a broken coast.

She reaches out, her delicate fingers gently pressing
against the flat of Lyra's dagger, forcing it down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLEOPATRA

Your kingdom cannot survive in the old world, Lyra. Hippolyta's isolation is a dying dream. But under my shadow... your sisters will live. Go back to your coves if you must. Warn your Queen. But know that the storm coming north cannot be stopped by arrows. It can only be survived by bending the knee.

Lyra looks from Cleopatra's cold, absolute gaze to Mark Antony's smug smile. She realizes she didn't save her kingdom—she just handed the keys of the Mediterranean to a goddess.

With a bitter look of pure fury, Lyra turns and leaps off the balcony back into the dark Alexandria night.

ANTONY

(Looking over the railing)

Want me to have the guards hunt her down?

CLEOPATRA

(Rolling up the Amazon star-charts, a knowing smile on her lips)

No. Let her run. She has a war to get back to.

EXT. THE MORTAL SHALLOWS - AMAZON COAST - NIGHT

The storm rages at its absolute peak. Lightning tears the sky open, illuminating a terrifying sight.

SEXTUS POMPEY'S FLEET is attacking the Amazon ports.

Without the star-charts, the pirate ships are moving recklessly, crashing blindly into the outer reefs, but they don't care. They are desperate. Flaming fireballs from pirate catapults arc through the sky, smashing into the stone watchtowers along the cliffs.

EXT. THE NEPTUNE (FLAGSHIP) - CONTINUOUS

SEXTUS POMPEY stands at the helm, his face twisted in maniacal fury, drenched in blood and rain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A jagged piece of glass from his shattered cabin window has cut his cheek.

SEXTUS

(Roaring over the
thunder)

Ram them! Ram the docks! If the
wild women won't feed us, we will
take their flesh! Burn it all!

EXT. AMAZON SEAWALL - CONTINUOUS

Arrows fly through the dark like a swarm of angry
hornets.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA stands on the stone ramparts, her silver
armor reflecting the flames of the burning docks below.
She fires her recurve bow with lethal precision, dropping
a pirate boarding captain across the surf.

LAGERIA fights right beside her, using a heavy shield to
deflect a flaming spear.

LAGERIA

(Shouting over the
noise)

They're fighting like madmen,
Queen! They don't care if their
hulls split on the rocks! They
have nothing left to lose!

HIPPOLYTA

(Drawing another
arrow)

Then we give them graves! Hold the
seawall! Do not let them breach
the lower valley!

Suddenly, a sound cuts through the thunder and the
screams of battle.

A deep, metallic, mechanized *THUD*. It sounds like the
heartbeat of a giant iron beast.

Lageria freezes. She looks past the burning pirate ships,
out toward the deep, open waters of the Mediterranean.

Emerging from the black horizon are the glowing lanterns
of an entirely new fleet. Sleek, narrow, and terrifyingly
fast.

OCTAVIAN'S NEW NAVY HAS ARRIVED.

EXT. OCTAVIAN'S FLAGSHIP - CONTINUOUS

OCTAVIAN stands calmly at the prow, wrapped in a spotless white cloak that whips in the storm wind. Beside him, MARCUS AGRIPPA stands over a massive, spring-loaded steel ballista.

The weapon is loaded with a giant, four-pronged iron harpoon, wrapped in heavy, clanking iron chains that trail down into the ship's hold. The *Harpax*.

AGRIPPA

The pirates are trapped against the seawall, Octavian. They've done half our work for us.

OCTAVIAN

(A cold, beautiful smile)

The Pirate King and the wild women, destroying each other in the mud. How poetic. Agrippa... show them the new face of Rome.

Agrippa raises a heavy wooden mallet. He slams it down onto the ballista's release trigger.

WHAM!

The *Harpax* fires. The massive iron harpoon screams through the rainy air, trailing its heavy chains like a flying anchor.

EXT. THE MORTAL SHALLOWS - CONTINUOUS

The harpoon punches clean through the hull of a pirate warship, burying its barbs deep into the timbers.

On the Roman ship, the heavy iron winches begin to spin, groaning under the immense tension. The chains snap taut, hissing through the water.

The pirate ship is violently yanked backward, its oars snapping like toothpicks as it is dragged out of the shallow rocks and pulled directly into the deep water toward Octavian's waiting infantry.

Up on the seawall, Lageria watches the horror unfold.

LAGERIA

(Screaming to the Queen)

The *Harpax*! Hippolyta, look!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAGERIA (CONT'D)

They're dragging the fleet into
the deep!

Hippolyta watches in absolute shock as the rules of naval warfare are rewritten right before her eyes. The shallow rocks can no longer protect them.

And from the cliffs behind them, LYRA emerges from the woods, on foot, gasping for breath, having finally survived her escape from Egypt. She sees the flaming chaos of the three-way war.

LYRA

(Whispering in
horror)

We're too late...

EXT. THE MORTAL SHALLOWS - SEAWALL - CONTINUOUS

Chaos. The *Harpax* chains hiss through the foaming water like iron serpents. Another pirate warship is hooked, its timbers groaning as it is dragged kicking and screaming into the deep water where Octavian's infantry slaughters the crew.

LYRA sprints down the crumbling stone steps of the rampart, ducking under a falling beam. She reaches Queen Hippolyta and Lageria, who are pinned behind a stone breastwork.

LYRA

Hippolyta! Cleopatra betrayed us!
Egypt is staying in the south—she
wants Octavian to wipe us out so
she can take the scraps!

LAGERIA

We have bigger problems, Lyra!
Look at the water! Agrippa's
hooked Sextus's flagship!

Through the smoke, the massive *Neptune* is shaking. Two giant Roman harpoons have punched through its stern. The heavy iron chains are taut, dragging the massive pirate flagship backward toward Octavian's waiting line of warships.

EXT. THE NEPTUNE - CONTINUOUS

Sextus Pompey is hacking at the massive iron chains with his cutlass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPARKS FLY, but the steel blade barely dents the Roman iron. He is weeping with rage, his wild hair caked in ash.

SEXTUS

(Roaring at the sea)

Cut them! Get the axes! I am the Son of Neptune! I will not be dragged like a dog!

PIRATE

The axes are snapping, Captain! It's Roman tempered steel! We can't break the links!

EXT. AMAZON SEAWALL - CONTINUOUS

Lyra looks from the doomed pirate flagship to the leather cylinder still strapped to her back—the stolen star-charts. An idea flashes in her eyes. She grabs Lageria's arm.

LYRA

Lageria, how do the Roman winches work? You saw the blueprints!

LAGERIA

They are massive wooden drums held by iron gears on the Roman prows! Once the harpoon hits, the gear locks. You can't pull the harpoon out, and you can't snap the chain!

LYRA

You can't snap the chain... but what happens if the chain gets caught on something immovable? What happens if the Roman ships are anchored to the earth?

Lageria blinks, her engineer's mind instantly catching up to Lyra's madness. She looks down at the jagged limestone reefs cutting through the surf.

LAGERIA

The underwater spires. The "Fangs of Neptune." If the chains are dragged over those rocks at a sharp angle...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYRA

The Roman winches will rip themselves clean out of their own wooden decks. They'll sink themselves.

Lyra rips the leather cylinder from her back and thrusts it into Queen Hippolyta's hands.

LYRA (CONT'D)

Hippolyta, you have to signal Sextus. He doesn't have the charts, but *you* know the channels. Tell him to steer the Neptune hard port, directly behind the Fangs.

HIPPOLYTA

(Staring at the charts, then at the burning sea)

Sextus wants to burn my ports, girl. He is an enemy of the sisterhood.

LYRA

Right now, he's the only shield we have left. If his flagship sinks, Octavian takes the valley. Trust me, Queen.

Hippolyta looks at the roaring chaos, then nods. She grabs a massive brass signaling horn from a fallen guard. She blows a long, rhythmic blast that cuts through the thunder.

EXT. THE NEPTUNE - CONTINUOUS

Sextus hears the Amazon horn. He looks up at the cliffs. Through the lightning, he sees Queen Hippolyta standing on the rampart, pointing her bow toward a deadly row of jagged rocks sticking out of the water to his left.

SEXTUS

(Squinting through the rain)

The wild woman... She's telling me to steer into the reef? She wants to finish me herself!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF MATE

Captain! Look at the Roman chains!
If we go around those rocks, the
chains will hit the stone first!

Sextus looks at the tension on the iron chains, then back at Hippolyta. A desperate, wild grin breaks through his bloody face.

SEXTUS

Hard port! Drop the starboard
oars! Let the currents take us! If
we go down, we take the Caesar
with us!

The Neptune groans, its rudder slamming hard left. The massive ship swings heavily into the violent surf, sliding directly behind a towering, razor-sharp ridge of black limestone.

EXT. OCTAVIAN'S FLAGSHIP - CONTINUOUS

The heavy iron winch on the deck is spinning violently, reeling the Neptune in. Suddenly, the winch halts with a deafening *METAL SCREECH*.

The chain has caught on the underwater base of the limestone cliff.

AGRIPPA

(Shouting, lunging
for the brake)

The line is snagged! Release the
gear! Release the gear!

OCTAVIAN

(Gripping the
railing)

No! Pull them out!

AGRIPPA

The rock isn't moving, Octavian!
The ship is!

CRACK!

The immense tension of the chain transfers entirely into the hull of the Roman flagship. The heavy iron winch tears free from its wooden mountings, ripping up the deck planks like paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The massive steel ballista snaps in half under the pressure, flying backward and smashing into the mainmast. The Roman flagship violently tilts forward, water pouring over its bow as the weight of the fallen winch drags the front of the ship straight into the sea.

OCTAVIAN is thrown off his feet, sliding across the slick, tilting deck, barely catching himself on a splintered rail.

EXT. THE MORTAL SHALLOWS - CONTINUOUS

Across the bay, three more Roman warships undergo the exact same fate. Their own *Harpax* weapons become their executioners as the Amazons and pirates use the natural maze of the reefs to turn the iron chains into anchors that drag the Roman navy down.

Up on the seawall, Lyra, Lageria, and Hippolyta watch as the proud, technological vanguard of Rome begins to capsize and shatter against the immovable earth.

The strategy of the machine has officially been broken by the secrets of the sea.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S PALACE - ROYAL OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

A magnificent domed chamber. Silk drapes flutter softly in the warm Egyptian breeze. Massive bronze astrolabes and star-charts rest on marble pedestals, mapping the heavens.

Through the massive open arches, the lights of Alexandria stretch out toward a peaceful, dark sea.

MARK ANTONY stands at the marble railing, a gold-rimmed cup of untasted wine resting on the ledge. He looks uneasy, his fingers tapping a rhythmic, anxious beat against the stone.

CLEOPATRA sits nearby on an ivory throne. A servant gently brushes out her long, dark hair. She looks completely relaxed, idly spinning a golden ring on her finger.

ANTONY

(Glancing toward the
northern sky)

The storm should have hit the
coast by now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTONY (CONT'D)

If Octavian's new fleet moved as fast as Agrippa promised, the Shallows are already burning.

CLEOPATRA

Do not fret, Antony. A calculator like Octavian cannot win a war against a wilderness. He will bleed his legions into the rocks, and Sextus Pompey will finish what is left.

ANTONY

And if Octavian wins? If that new weapon of his actually breaks the pirates?

CLEOPATRA

Then he wins a graveyard. And he returns to Rome with empty pockets and exhausted men. Either way, the boy is broken. And the East belongs to us.

The heavy bronze doors of the observatory screech open.

ADI, Cleopatra's minister, enters the room. His face is pale, his silk robes disheveled. He doesn't bow. He is trembling.

Antony turns instantly, his soldier's instincts flaring.

ANTONY

Speak, Adi. Is the Pirate King dead?

ADI

No, General. Sextus Pompey lives. He... he has retreated to Sicily.

Cleopatra's hand stops spinning her ring. Her eyes narrow slightly.

CLEOPATRA

Then Octavian holds the Amazon citadel. Send the messengers. It is time to offer him our "aid."

ADI

(Swallowing hard, his voice shaking)
You do not understand, Your Majesty. Octavian does not hold the citadel. His fleet is gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Antony blinks, stepping away from the railing.

ANTONY

Gone? What do you mean gone? He had twenty quinqueremes! Agrippa built a weapon that could drag mountains out of the sea!

ADI

The Amazons turned the weapon against them. They used the iron chains to anchor the Roman ships to the underwater reefs. When the winches engaged... Octavian's own flagships tore themselves apart. They capsized in the Shallows.

Antony stares at Adi, completely speechless. Then, a slow, booming laugh begins to rumble in his chest, exploding into the quiet room.

ANTONY

(Laughing hysterically, slamming his fist on a pedestal)

He sank his own fleet! The brilliant Caesar's heir drowned his own army with his own toys! Oh, I would have given ten legions to see the look on his face!

CLEOPATRA

(Her voice a freezing, lethal whisper)

Silence, Antony.

Antony's laughter cuts off instantly. He looks at her, confused.

Cleopatra stands up from her ivory throne. The serene, victorious goddess is gone. Her face is a mask of pure, calculating dread.

ANTONY

Cleo, what's the matter? This is perfect for us. Octavian is humiliated. He's weak. He has to crawl back to the Senate with nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLEOPATRA

No, you fool. If Octavian had won, he would have stayed north to govern the territory. If he had lost a normal battle, he would have retreated to lick his wounds. But he was humiliated by savages and a pirate.

She walks over to a massive bronze globe, her fingers resting on the carved word: *ROMA*.

CLEOPATRA

Octavian cannot survive a public humiliation in the capital. The Senate will eat him alive. He has only one option left to save his legacy. He must find a greater threat. A bigger enemy. A war so massive that Rome forgets his failure in the north.

Antony frowns, the reality of the political chess board finally hitting him.

ANTONY

He's going to point the finger at us. He'll tell the Senate we funded the pirates. He'll say we sabotaged his campaign.

CLEOPATRA

(Turning to Antony,
her eyes flashing
cold in the
candlelight)

He won't just point a finger, Antony. He will declare us enemies of the state. He is marching back to Rome right now to rally every sword, every shield, and every citizen Italy has left.

She looks back out at the dark, peaceful Mediterranean horizon. The silence of the night suddenly feels like the calm before a world-ending storm.

CLEOPATRA

The little boy isn't playing with toys anymore. He is bringing the whole Republic to our doorstep. Pour out your wine, Antony. The real war has just begun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

-----What a way to end it! This creates a massive cliffhanger that perfectly bridges your fantasy Amazon story back into the historical reality of the Final War of the Roman Republic (Octavian vs. Antony and Cleopatra).

Achillea—the ruthless hardline commander—steps inside. Two hoplites follow her, carrying burning brands.