

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

EXT. ANCIENT TURKEY - DAY

A vast, infinite expanse of a deep blue, starlit sky. The stars burn like ancient torches. Cosmic silence.

The text scrolls upward, fading into the infinite void.

*"Long ago in a far away land...
lived a legendary race of warrior
women: THE AMAZONS OF THEMISCYRA.
Feared across the ancient world,
their lethal mastery of the
battlefield remained unrivaled in
an era of myth, gods, and heroes.
But as the golden age of monsters
fades, a new and terrifying power
rises in the West..."*

*"...Across the sea, the ROMAN
REPUBLIC is tearing itself apart
in a brutal civil war. From the
ashes of the collapsing Republic,
a dark alliance is forged. Driven
by desperation and greed, the
ruthless dictator JULIUS CAESAR,
his ferocious general MARK ANTONY,
and the brilliant queen CLEOPATRA
turn their sights toward the
untouched wealth of the Amazon
nation..."*

*"Unaware of the machinery of Rome,
PRINCESS REA rides hard toward the
treacherous cliffs of Thrace.
Guided by a cryptic riddle from
the Fates, she seeks an ancient
Seer to decipher a looming
shadow... clueless that the
nightmare has already arrived at
her shores..."*

EXT. DENSE FOREST - DAY

The gloomy, dappled sunlight of the Thracian woods barely pierces the heavy canopy.

A LEGEND APPEARS:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THRACE, BORDER PROVINCE OF ROME - 46 BCE

AT A HARD GALLOP --

A warrior woman tears down a narrow dirt trail. Her royal cloak ripples behind her. She is resplendent in bronze armor and a leather bustier dress.

A scarf swaddles her face, leaving only her piercing eyes exposed.

REA (V.O.)

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

She hard reins her warhorse. The beast snorts, kicking up damp earth. Rea's gaze locks onto the path ahead.

A LINE OF WOODEN CROSSES stretches down the ridge. Five in total. Raw. Crude. Blood-soaked.

Nailed to the closest cross is a LOCAL REBEL. Bloody, bruised, and naked. His eyes are glazed over, milky with the onset of death.

His jaw hitches. His swollen tongue tries to form a desperate plea, but only a dry rasp escapes.

HORSES HOVES. Heavy. Synchronized.

Riding through the fog comes a DETACHMENT OF LEGIONNAIRES. They are led by CENTURION MARCUS VALERIUS CORVUS-- a regally handsome commander with a maniac's eyes.

MARCUS

Halt in the name of Rome!

Rea wheels her horse around, facing them down.

Twenty armored soldiers glare at her, shields raised.

Marcus looks up at the dying man on the cross, unbothered by the cruelty.

MARCUS

A rebel. An enemy of everything
fine and decent and good that Rome
has built here.

Marcus turns his sharp gaze to the Amazon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCUS

Do you know this scum?

Rea stays silent. Still as stone.

MARCUS

Speak when a Roman officer
addresses you, girl.

Rea reaches up and pulls down her scarf. Her face is
breathtakingly regal, cold, and utterly unafraid.

This is PRINCESS REA.

REA

There are only two types of men
who question me. The dead and the
dying. Which do you want to be?

The last sentence is spoken in flawless, commanding
Latin.

An uneasy murmur ripples through the Roman ranks.

Marcus raises a hand, signaling his men to hold their
ground. He offers a rigid, respectful salute.

MARCUS

Salve! Ego sum Marcus Valerius
Corvus, Centurion of the Tenth
Legion.

REA

Princess Rea.

MARCUS

An Amazon. And you speak the
language of civilized men. Tell
me, Rea, what is to stop us from
putting you up on a cross next to
him? It takes days to die up
there.

REA

If your honor as a Centurion is
not enough, I shall rely on my
sword, Marcus.

Marcus breaks into a dark, merry laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARCUS

Now you impugn my honor? The Greeks tell wild tales about you Amazons. The animal style in which you mate. Randomly. In the dark.

REA

They also have tales about how we kill. Want to hear one?

MARCUS

Where are you headed?

REA

Look where the Roman dead are piled highest.

THRAX, a scarred, grizzly legionnaire, snaps. He steps forward, brandishing his short sword.

THRAX

Why provoke us? Is your life so cheap?

Rea slides down off her horse, moving with terrifying speed.

A sharp metallic HISS cuts the air. Thrax freezes. Four feet of razor-sharp Amazon steel rests firmly against his windpipe.

The Legionaries draw their swords, a wall of iron.

Marcus doesn't move. His maniac's eyes track the blade.

MARCUS

A bold move, Princess. But it's one blade against twenty. You slice his throat, my men turn you into a pincushion.

REA

He dies first. Anyone want to be second?

No one steps forward. Rea whistles, a sharp, bird-like click of her tongue.

Her warhorse steps up behind her, blocking the Romans' flanking path.

Keeping her eyes locked on Marcus, Rea backs up, dragging Thrax with her toward the thickest part of the tree line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

REA

Back your men off, Centurion. Or I
leave his head in the dirt.

Marcus raises a hand, signaling his men to hold. A
sinister, amused smile creeps onto his face. He's
enjoying the sport.

MARCUS

Let her go. Heavy armor is useless
in the deep brush anyway.

Rea reaches the edge of the dense fog. With a sudden,
explosive shove, she kicks Thrax forward into the dirt.

Before the Romans can charge, she leaps onto her horse in
one fluid, athletic motion.

REA

Tell Caesar the borders are
closed.

She digs her heels into the horse. It rears and plunges
into the dark, foggy depths of the beech woods.

Marcus watches the fog swallow her up. He chuckles,
wiping a splash of mud from his armor.

MARCUS

Track her.