

RISE OF THE AMAZONS

Episode One:

"Sins of thy Mother"

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FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A cloudless void. Pitch black.

A glittering starfield unspools across the cosmos.

SUPER:

"Long ago, in an era of gods and heroes at the edge of the civilized world, lived the Themiscyreians—a race of warrior women feared throughout Greece."

The text fades. The stars tilt.

SUPER:

"The Republic of Rome has dispatched scouts ahead of an invasion, as an even darker threat approaches the shores of Themiscyra..."

The text fades. We plunge downward, leaving the heavens behind, descending rapidly through the dark...

The stars give 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, her ARMOR gleams with the spellbinding power of the gods.

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

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.

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

The pirate leader, ZENICETES, spurs his horse forward

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZENICETES

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

She stares back with cold eyes.

ZENICETES

(a command)

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.

ZENICETES

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.
(dismounts)
Die the same --

SCHWING. He's cut off in mid-sentence, eyes wide in
shock. Zenicetes looks down to see --

A DAGGER BLADE sunk deep into his chest, right over his
heart. He falls dead.

The other two pirates lunge to yank her from the saddle.

Rea draws her sword in a flash. SWISH. SWISH. Two clean
cuts.

Two headless bodies slump into the sand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rea kicks her stallion into a gallop.

Two more pirates charge out of the dark, but her horse pulls away like a rocket, leaving them in the dust.

Rea looks up at the stars as she rides.

REA

Artemis, guide my blade. Let the Oracle speak true before the doom falls.

INT. THE SHRINE OF THE DEAD - NIGHT

Rea stands at the entrance of a dark stone labyrinth. Her knuckles are white on her bronze spear.

A series of torches lines the wall.

She 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.

A dry whisper echoes through the dark tunnels.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR (O.S.)

Does the warrior princess fear the dark?

Rea pushes through cobwebs, stalks in to shadowy darkness to find--

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

On the floor beside her, a casting circle, and inside it a scattering of KNUCKLEBONES.

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

(concerned)

Did the high priests at Delphi
speak this warning?

REA

No, a whisper from the Fates
themselves:

Rea pulls a crumpled, blood-stained parchment from her
armor. Pseudishtar takes it, running 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, princess. They speak in
loops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Pseudishtar reads the cryptic parchment aloud, her voice echoing off the damp stone:

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*"By blind blood slain, the
firstborn 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.

HISSE. 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.

Her voice is somewhere between a whisper and a hiss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

(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
sister held dear."*

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 instantly 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

REA

How do I change fate?

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

(then)

Go home, weaver. And pray the thread holds.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Your womb is not barren; you can bear more children 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. ANCIENT TURKEY - DAY

SWEEPING ACROSS a vast island of tropical milieu in dawn's first light.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

Lush and green hills, an Idyllic postcard landscape.

BEAT. The SOUND of SWORDS CROSSING fills the air. ACHILLEA and AMAZONIA, teens square off. The swordplay is anything, but sisterly.

CAPTION - *"four years later..."*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amazonia fights powerfully, but clearly inexperienced. Achillea's agile, and easily moves out of the way of each blow.

She strikes with the swiftness of a cobra, snapping a side kick to Amazonia's face --

She crashes to the ground. Her mouth and nose bleed.

Ready to deliver the death blow - Achillea brings the blade down--

Amazonia BLOCKS IT ON THE DOWNSWING!

Achillea forces the sword down - Amazonia uses all her strength to push back. The sword's razor tip hovering centimeters over Amazonia's EYE!

REA (O.S.)

Achillea! Amazonia!

Rea -- TRANSFORMED. No longer a princess, Queen of the Amazons. Resplendent in white and gold. Her tiara, a crown of jewels -- she is stunning, regal.

She unhorses. They find their feet. A sharp SLAP explodes across Achillea's face.

REA

Amazonia's flesh and blood,
Achillea!

Achillea glares - spies a dagger that shines BRIGHT in her mother's greave.

Rea unsheathes a SWORD with an ornamented handle, the SEAL OF ARTEMIS.

REA

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

(turns to Amazonia)

Focus!

Rea trains Amazonia. They spar, swords clanging.

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REA (CONT'D)

Nor wickedness, amiable without treachery, compassionate for the suffering. Prefer DEATH to DISHONOR.

Rea shoots a glance towards Achillea, the sparing intensifies.

REA

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

Rea's sword flicks Amazonia's sword right out of her hands. She sweeps Amazonia's feet from under her.

Amazonia ends up on her ass, humiliated. Achillea laughs.

REA

Suppleness instead of force. Agility instead of strength. Rise!

Rea lunges powerfully. Amazonia deflects the blows effortlessly, pivoting gracefully. The blade and her body in a perfect harmony.

SSCHINK! Her blade grazes her mother's hand. Blood seeps. Amazonia, horrified. Rea smiles... "Very good."

REA

Now fetch your horses.

In a flash - Achillea rips the dagger from Rea's greave - makes jagged slashes across her mother's face.

She SCREAMS - covers up, blood seeps between her fingers.

AMAZONIA

NO!

Amazonia tackles Achillea. They grapple for control of the dagger. A life and death struggle.

REA

Amazonia, no!

She lets out a sharp GASP! Coughing up blood all over Amazonia-- FROZEN in catatonic state.

The dagger's embedded in a motionless Achillea's chest.

Rea shakes Amazonia who's still unresponsive.

REA

Amazonia! Amazonia!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Amazonia snaps out of it, horrified at the sight of Rea's disfigured face.

REA
(lying)
She's not dead.

She kneels before Amazonia, extends her arms. Her sword, the seal of Artemis is scripted on its blade.

REA
Do you know what it is?

AMAZONIA
(teary-eyed)
The Mournblade, "Cursed Saber of the Fallen."

REA
It has served me well -- it shall you. Take it.
(a sad beat)
Don't weep. We will embrace again if the stars align. I believe it to be so. Speak not a word to no one, but the High Priestess. Go!

A bloodied Amazonia runs past, WIPING US TO --

EXT. STREETS OF THEMISCYRA - DAY

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

CAPTION - "*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.

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CONTINUED:

ORITHIA

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

EXT. PAVILION - DAY

A temple-like structure.

THERMODOSA, 50, the high priestess, alone with her prayers before a statue of ARTEMIS. A voice breaks her train of thought.

AMAZONIA (O.S.)

Thermodosa!

Amazonia rushes in, can barely speak. Without looking up:

THERMODOSA

What holds her tongue, Amazonia?

She sees a distraught Amazonia, the blood.

Off Thermodosa, a look of grave concern...

INT. TEMPLE - DAY

Incense fumes spiral toward the heavens. Enormous statue of HECATE towers over the lone worshipper.

Achillea's linen-wrapped body rests on a stone altar.

Rea searches her serene, inscrutable face. Looking for answers. Finding none.

The flame of the brazier moves almost imperceptibly, caught by the tiniest of drafts.

Rea's eyes find Mantis Pseudishtar. She looks at the Seer, cold and detached.

Temple bell TOLLS. Perhaps it tolls for Rea.

REA

Seers are strange beings. They have a gift to rival even the demons and gods and what do they do with it? They send out vague warnings that more often than not, serve only to befuddle the citizens they were created to save. In the end, the future always came as they told it.

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CONTINUED:

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR
What's amiss?

REA
I cannot let her die.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR
I know.

REA
More prophecy? Then you should
have seen this day coming.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR
Oh, I have. So did Prophetess
Ananke. It is the reason for my
presence.

Silence speaks volumes. Then,

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR
When it comes to prophecies --
don't believe everything you hear.

REA
Ananke foretells one of salvation?

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR
We all have something to atone
for.

A pregnant pause. Pseudishtar nods.

REA
Anything you wish to say to me?

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR
A great deal. Better I keep that
quiet for now.

The first hint of Artemisia's vulnerability -

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR
Are you loyal?...will you serve
me?

Rea bows.

REA
I am loyal, I will serve you.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR
Rise.

EXT. A MIST ENSHROUDED FOREST - DAY

On horseback, Thermodosa gallops through swirls of mist, jumps a fallen log. She swings from side to side, ducking the low branches of trees.

As she gets swallowed up by the mist.

Up ahead, Achillea's body wrapped in a cloth, slug over a horse. A cloaked Rea ties it down. Her crown is gone, her armor.

REA

You have always known this day
would come.

THERMODOSA

(pleading)

Pause a moment, if you need.

REA

I will not reverse course.
We ride for the Cape of Taenarum.
The gates to the deep.

THERMODOSA

No mortal negotiates with the Lord
of Dead.

REA

I am not a mortal. I am her
mother.

An agonizing moment feels like an eternity. Finally,

REA

To create a life there must be a
death, the balance of the world
has to be repaid.

THERMODOSA

Forgive me. I cannot like this
plan.

REA

None of us choose our destiny...
(hint of sadness)
And none of us can escape it.

THERMODOSA

Achillea's jealous of her sister --
it corrupts her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REA

Perhaps it's your destiny to change that.

THERMODOSA

You may think bringing her back saves the lineage, but who returns is often no longer human-- perhaps a shade or a vessel for something darker--

REA

I'm sorry you have so little faith in me, mother.

THERMODOSA

You are my only child, to the eye your smiling face is like any other. It is every mother's fate to think her child is special and yet I would give my life that you were not so.

REA

My love for you has not dimmed.

Thermodosa strokes her daughter's hair and kisses her forehead. They embrace, lovingly.

Off Thermodosa, deeply troubled.

INT. THE THRONE ROOM OF EREBOS - UNDERWORLD

No torches. Vast, silent, obsidian black, lit by the eerie glow of the river Styx.

Rea stands at the edge of a massive obsidian dais. She is bruised, her royal robes torn from the descent through the caverns.

High above her sits HADES. He is draped in shadows that bleed into the floor. His face is pale, handsome, and entirely devoid of pity.

Behind him, the ghosts of the damned drift like gray smoke. His voice a low, resonant rumble.

HADES

You crossed the rivers of fire, Queen Rea. You walked the fields of Asphodel. Speak, before the Furies take your tongue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REA

I came for a trade, Lord of the Unseen. Take my breath. Take my blood. Take my place among your shadows. Just let my daughter, Achillea, return to the sunlight.

Hades leans forward. A faint, terrible smile touches his lips.

HADES

Ah. A mother's sacrifice. How original. Do you think your grief is a currency I have not seen a million times before?

REA

I am a Queen. My soul holds the weight of a realm. I offer it freely. One life for one life. The law of the cosmos allows it.

HADES

The law allows it. But the seers warned you of the price, didn't they?

Hades notes her hesitation and chuckles—a sound like grinding stones.

HADES

They told you that if the fallen branch blooms, your love becomes the kingdom's doom. And yet, here you stand. Begging to sign the contract.

REA

I do not care about the doom of the kingdom. I care about my child.

HADES

Splendid. Then let us write the terms in iron.

Hades stands. The shadows around him unfurl like wings. He steps down the obsidian dais, his movements completely silent.

HADES

Your daughter Achillea shall breathe again. She will walk the upper world.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HADES (CONT'D)

But a soul cannot be borrowed; it must be paid for. Your breath ends the moment hers begins.

REA

I accept.

HADES

And you shall remain here, a shade in my court. A servant to the dark. Bound to my will, completely and utterly.

He stands inches from her now. His eyes are like bottomless wells.

HADES

But hear the final clause, Queen Rea. If the blood corrupt ascends the seat-- if your returned daughter ever takes the throne-- you will be summoned. Not as a mother, but as a weapon of the Underworld.

Rea stares at him, her breathing shallow.

HADES

Your phantom hand shall rise to burn the throne beneath her eyes. You will tear your own kingdom to ash, and you will have no choice but to obey my command. Do you still accept?

Rea looks back toward the distant, glowing gates of the upper world. She pictures Cora's dead face. Her jaw tightens.

REA

(matter of fact)

No, My second born is the true, lawful heir to the throne. Achillea will have no title, no claim, and no power. She will just be a sister in the shadows. The throne is safe.

HADES

Human assumptions are the fuel of my realm. Your terms are struck.

Hades makes a decision... seals his lips with Achillea's-- he's drawing the death out of her body...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Slowly, the color begins to return to her face.

Hades reaches out and presses his cold, black-ringed hand against Rea's forehead.

A terrible, agonizing gasp escapes Rea's lips as the life is violently pulled from her body. Her skin turns ash-gray.

Rea dies with a pained, anguished look... Her eyes lock on --

Achillea - her eyes flutters open...

as light streams through her pores, TRANSITIONING US TO --

INT. BEDCHAMBERS - NIGHT

Awash stark morning light. Achillea's in bed, sick with fever. Thermodosa dabs her forehead with wet towels.

Even in her weakened state, Achillea is combative.

THERMODOSA

I'm concerned about you, Achillea.
Losing your mother is hard.

ACHILLEA

Let's not pretend. Poor Rea was a
more loving mother to Amazonia
than she ever was with me.

THERMODOSA

Not true. In spite of it all --
she loved you both equally.

A KNOCK -- a teary-eyed Amazonia enters the chambers.

AMAZONIA

Thermodosa. Where's mother?

Thermodosa stares, a solemn expression.

EXT. SHORELINE OF THE THERMODON RIVER - DAY

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

CAPTION - *"Twelve years later..."*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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!

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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-gadiator.

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?

SOLIS

One hundred to win my freedom. A hundred more for the fame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMAZONIA

Polemusa! Escort the Thracian to Themiscyra before he gets into more trouble.

POLEMUSA, native Indian, beautiful, fit, moves on Solis.

KLEOPTOLEME, 17, a strikingly beautiful girl with a lean, hard body and innocent eyes-- rides up, out of breath.

AMAZONIA

What is it, Kleoptoleme?

EXT. STREETS OF THEMISCYRA - DAY

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

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

The other, KAZZAK, a rotund man with a great unkempt beard, strains against the cold iron rings.

KAZZAK

You would kill a defenseless man.
Where is the fucking honor in that?

SYREENA - a dark, sinister beauty, battle-hardened, and a master swordswoman-- looks upon him with revulsion.

SYREENA

The only good man is a dead one.

A slickly-muscled AMAZON approaches, her BATTLE ARMOR GLEAMS in the sunlight, a crimson 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 been spilled.

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
What is the meaning of this?

ACHILLEA
It's not your concern.

AMAZONIA
It should concern all of us!
We're not barbarians. Never bloody
your hand unless you must.
There are other ways to extract
the whereabouts of the infidels.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PENELOPEIA

Olympia, I know that look.

OLYMPIA

You should, Penelopeia. I wear it often. It's only time and point before Amazonia catches Achillea's wrath.

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

A ROYAL GUARD, NEMESIS (guards wear a bejeweled bronze TIARA, bronze armor, and a sagum) monitors them.

INT. QUEEN'S PALACE - THRONE ROOM - DAY

An enormous cathedral-like chamber. Two THRONES sit on a raised dais. Decorated with war trophies from dead GREEK, VIKING, and SPARTAN WARRIORS.

QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS-- HIPPOLYTA III, 40s, in full royal garb, strong body, paces, deeply troubled.

Amazonia and Achillea bow.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Your mother would not wish this.

There's tension between the sisters that the death of their mother cannot mask --

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

She was the rarest of women. A pillar of graceful beauty and compassion, in a world, more evil than good. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Somehow, I doubt your mother would approve.

(to Amazonia)

To the matter of these infidels pillaging our land.

AMAZONIA

They are outlaws. Scavengers. I say give it time then release him. Let him lead us to them.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Uh, huh.

ACHILLEA

I'm not sure that is wise...

AMAZONIA

Releasing him sooner would rouse his suspicion.

(tense beat)

My queen, do you serve my sister, or does she serve you?

An unintentional slight, but it stings Achillea nonetheless.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Make it so.

ACHILLEA

As always, the Gods continue to show fucking favor.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 - 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--

An imposing Royal guard, GLYKERIA who protects a heavily fortified door. She bows, lets Rea pass -

INT. DUNGEON CELL - DAY

Dimly lit even during the day.

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

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

SOLIS

Amazonia. A word.

AMAZONIA

I have none to give.

SOLIS

It is a matter of some importance.

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

SOLIS

You avoid my gaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 the Senate their precious
empire would burn.

Thora's horse shifts uncomfortably, sensing its rider's sudden tension. Thora stares at Gia, realization dawning.

THORA

*"They call her the Sibyl of
Alexandria. Do not look into her
eyes, or she will read the day you
die."*

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

ACHILLEA

Ride with me. It seems I require
your services.

SYREENA

Achillea, is this wise? Perhaps it
would be best to --

ACHILLEA

-- No argument, Syreena. Go on
ahead. I will join you shortly.

Syreena nods, leads the warriors away, WIPING US TO --

EXT. BLACK FOREST - TRAIL - LATER

The dense canopy filters the afternoon sun into long, dusty beams. The rest of the war band is gone.

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

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

ACHILLEA

You don't ride like a priestess.
You ride like someone trying to
outrun her own shadow.

GIA

When the shadow belongs to Rome,
you learn to ride fast.

ACHILLEA

Rome is a thousand miles away,
Saga.

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

GIA

Because Rome is expanding like a
plague. And because my visions
didn't show me a city. They showed
me a face.

ACHILLEA

My face?

GIA

(softly, teasing)
It's a very difficult face to
forget, Princess. Especially when
it's covered in blood.

ACHILLEA

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

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

I do not understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 they kiss, 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.

Hippolyta pass through the great doors onto the steps...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY
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.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA
Do you trust this infidel?

AMAZONIA
I do, Queen Diana Troy.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA
How large?

AMAZONIA
Small, easily runoff.

QUEEN DIANA TROY
You like him, don't you?

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

Diana Troy takes Hippolyta aside and speaks in a whisper.

QUEEN DIANA TROY
She wishes to bear child.

Hippolyta regards Amazonia almost bemused.

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA
Very well.

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

EXT. TEMPLE OF CYRA - NIGHT

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

INT. THE TEMPLE OF CYRA - NIGHT

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

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

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

Slowly, Gia raises it...

Then spills the runestones onto the stone table.

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

ACHILLEA

Prophecy?

GIA

I only see glimpses, fragments...
never the whole.

(then)

One will come, who will know both
the dark and the light. But, how
you choose could result in the
granting of your every wish... or
be the instrument of your death.

Gia senses an unspoken question.

GIA

Why such a thought? You know the
answer. Yes, you will be queen.

ACHILLEA

Where did you learn to do that?

GIA

As an Oracle you've got to know
how to read people or you don't
last very long.

Achillea eyes her, more suspicious than surprised.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Gia shrugs off her cloak, revealing a naked body built for mischief underneath a bejeweled sheer dress.

GIA

Send me on my way, then.

She draws Gia's face to her own and gives her a hot kiss.

Gia's hands begin a sensual caressing of Achillea's body that immediately arouses her desire.

Achillea sheds her armor, Gia helps. They TEAR at the other's clothes, and drop to the bearskin rug.

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

AMAZONIA

Love's expressed in many ways. Friends. Family. Some remain celibate. Other's find it in the arms of one another.

SOLIS

Enough with the tough talk.

AMAZONIA

Then let us turn towards more pressing matters.

She reaches down, guiding his cock inside her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLIS

Your touch has been missed.

AMAZONIA

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

SOLIS

And I shall give it to you.

AMAZONIA

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

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

INT. THE TEMPLE OF CYRA - 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

SOLIS

I do not want to leave your arms.

AMAZONIA

Nor I to see you from them. Yet
you must go with the others.

SOLIS

Come with me.

Amazonia takes him in, wishing it were that simple.

AMAZONIA

If it is a boy I will join you til
the bitter end.

Solis dresses. Tears streak Amazonia's face.

SOLIS

And if it is not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

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

OFF the proclamation...

EXT. HIGH PALACE BALCONY - NIGHT

A stone parapet hangs over the sheer cliffs of
Themiscyra.

Below, the torchlit grid of the city stretches to the
sea. The faint hum of a restless marketplace rises from
the dark.

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

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

AMAZONIA

You were my mother's trusted and
loyal friend.

RACHNA

An honor I bore gladly. And now, I
serve you.

AMAZONIA

You have done more than serve,
Rachna. You have been family.

(beat)

Power breeds enemies. Tell me...
did my mother harbor many?

RACHNA

Because of your mother's reign,
Themiscyra has never known greater
prosperity.

AMAZONIA

Or greater corruption. The elders
raise taxes merely to enrich their
own coffers.

RACHNA

It is what rulers have always
done, child.

AMAZONIA

But the ultimate power rested with
her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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
he rhair 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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...

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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

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

AMAZONIA

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

The warriors disperse into the crowd.

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

DIOMEDES

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

AMAZONIA

And it is good to see you well,
Diomedes.

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

DIOMEDES

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

AMAZONIA

Marauders are stalking this
coastline, Diomedes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

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)

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

The market falls into a tense, whispering silence.
Diomedes swallows hard, looking away.

EXT. HERACLES - MARKET - DAY

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 - CONTINUOUS

The tavern is dark, smelling of stale ale and salt fish. Lageria sits at a corner table, driving her knife deep into the wood so it quivers.

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

AMAZONIA

The village elder claims no one here has seen the marauders' sails. But his hands shook, and you scoffed at my gold. Speak plainly, woman. You know who harbors these sea-wolves.

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

And you? What do you fear?

LAGERIA

I spent fifteen winters carrying a bronze aspis in your mother's vanguard, girl. I do not fear sea-wolves. But I know when an amateur is walking her men into a slaughterhouse.

AMAZONIA

(stepping closer)

You fought for the Queen? Why are you hiding in a broken hamlet?

LAGERIA

Because I learned that blood spilled for a throne tastes exactly like blood spilled in a gutter. You think these pirates are local scum? Thugs from our outer shores? You are blind. The men who burned the northern ridge sail from the iron cliffs of Cilicia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

Cilicians? They are half a sea away. Why cross the Aegean for a few broken hamlets?

LAGERIA

Because they have grown fat on the blood of Rome, and no one has the stomach to stop them. Even as we speak, their main fleet is anchored off the isle of Pharmacusa. They are holding a Roman patrician hostage. A boy named Caesar.

AMAZONIA

(intrigued)

A Roman nobleman? The palace would have heard if Rome were marching east.

LAGERIA

Rome knows nothing yet. The boy's servants are secretly scouring Miletus to raise the silver. The pirates demanded twenty talents for his head, but the fool laughed in their faces. He told them he was worth fifty, and ordered them to double the price.

AMAZONIA

He negotiated his own ransom up? Is he mad?

LAGERIA

He is a Roman. He spends his days in chains writing poems, forcing the crew to listen to his speeches, and barking orders when he wants to sleep. The Cilicians treat him like a pet. They think his arrogance is a joke.

AMAZONIA

And what do you think?

LAGERIA

I think a crew bold enough to keep a future senator of Rome in shackles for amusement will not think twice about tearing down Themiscyra.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAGERIA (CONT'D)

If they finish with him and turn
their eyes to our palace,
Amazonia... you are not marching a
few spears out to a victory. You
are marching them into a cage.

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

A bustling, well-oiled military camp.

Amazons move to and fro, preparing for battle. Suiting up
in armor, reading weapons; BATTLE AXES, SWORDS, SPEARS.

Achillea and Syreena strolling through the camp. She
gazes admirably at her warriors moving briskly about.

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

INT. COMMAND TENT - NIGHT

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

The flap opens and Rachna steps through.

ACHILLEA

Any signs of them?

RACHNA

The sky brightens. We will know
soon.

EXT. PONTIC MOUNTAINS - DAY

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

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

Rachna raises a medieval TELESCOPE to her eye...

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

She sees the Pirates camp. Not insurmountable odds.

RACHNA

Strangers from the sea? But look
at their vanguard.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHNA (CONT'D)

That man wears the iron cuirass of a Greek hoplite. The one beside him carries a heavy Roman shield.

CALLISTO

Have the empires allied against us?

Beat, Rachna lowers the scope --

RACHNA

I count two, three dozen strong.

CALLISTO

We're outnumbered. It's impossible.

ACHILLEA

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.

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

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

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

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

DRAGO

Aaaaaaah, my bastard brother returns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He dismounts, weary, tired. They embrace.

DRAGO

The other's?

CRONAN

Slaughtered.

HARAX joins them, a pale muscular man with a cruel face. He eye-fucks Cronan, he is 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.

Callisto 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: Rachna, 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 Amazonia who dispenses another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Drago tries to escape but warriors drag him to a tree as they pummel him with their fists.

Achillea appears.

ACHILLEA

Kill him later if you must. Now we need him.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Hippolyta holds court at a table in a library-like room. Books, maps, battle memorabilia. If it resembles *KNIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE*, all the better.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Cilician Pirates?

ACHILLEA

Yes. They pillage the coastal towns. Steal our grain and gold. They spare no one.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

And they claim dominion over the entire Mediterranean?

ACHILLEA

They do. The port of Soli shelters these dogs. Worse, we believe a foreign king pays them to harass our borders.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Which king dares fund this outrage?

ACHILLEA

Our prisoner chooses silence over the truth.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

Turns to Achillea -

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

(then)

We must learn the name of the
king!

Diana Troy moves off with Hippolyta, 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 from the cell.

Held by three struggling guards, 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 off his lionscloth. Drago writhes and they
table groans with stress as more restraints are put on
him.

Suddenly there is a shout from OFF SCREEN. Achillea
pauses and looks back ---

Amazonia storms in...

AMAZONIA

What is the meaning of this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

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

AMAZONIA

One might misunderstand your tone
for a threat, Achillea.

ACHILLEA

The queen as already made her
decree!

Amazonia shakes her head, disgusted.

ACHILLEA

Your fleet is burning, pirate.
Tell me who commands your sails,
or I will feed your fingers to the
crows one by one.

DRAGO

The Sunken Vanguard fears no
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 throat
opens right here. Who funds your
raids on our shores?

DRAGO

Mercy... I will speak!

Achillea turns to Amazonia, vindicated.

ACHILLEA

There, you see.

DRAGO

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACHILLEA

Mithridates? What else? What did your ships steal from the southern trade routes?

DRAGO

Nothing of yours! We took a Roman galley... three days ago. A high-value prize. We hold a wealthy Roman youth for ransom at our camp near Soli.

She cuts them away with a carved knife.

He lets out a deep, agonized scream. BLOOD POURS from his thighs and calves...

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

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

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Amazonia sweeps in, the Queens anxiously awaits.

ACHILLEA

My Queens! The prisoner has broken. He gave up the name of his master before his heart stopped.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Speak it. Who pays these sea-wolves to bleed our lands?

AMAZONIA

The gold does not come from the Greece, nor from the senate halls of Rome. It comes from the east. King Mithridates of Pontus commands them.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Mithridates? The Poison King?

AMAZONIA

Ah, he seeks to dominate the Euxine Sea, and he uses these butcher dogs to clear his path?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHNA

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

ACHILLEA

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

AMAZONIA

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

Beat.

AMAZONIA

There is more, my Queens. Lageria spoke of a captive.

THERMODOSA

Lageria?

AMAZONIA

The sea-wolves recently intercepted a Roman vessel. They hold a young Roman patrician for a massive ransom.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

What is a boy of Rome to us? Let the Romans fight their own battles.

AMAZONIA

He is no ordinary boy. The youth mocks his captors and promises to crucify them all when he is free. His name is Julius Caesar.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

A bold Roman child and a treacherous eastern king. This Caesar boy has spirit.

RACHNA

If he dies, Rome will send legions to avenge him, bringing war to our doorstep. If we take him, we hold a powerful piece against both Rome and Mithridates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QUEEN DIANA TROY

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

Off Hippolyta, debating.

INT/EXT. ACHILLEA'S HOME - NIGHT

A beautiful ATRIUM. Walls painted with bucolically sexy
scenes from mythology. At least twenty niches containing
masks and busts of venerable ancestors.

A fountain tinkles in BG.

On a bench we FIND Achillea, sharpening her sword. Gia
approaches, looking like a Greek Goddess in a sheer white
dress and jewels.

ACHILLEA

Have your visions altered?

GIA

They remain constant.

ACHILLEA

Then I cannot relent.

GIA

And I shall be by your side.

They kiss long and deep. When they come up for air:

GIA

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

EXT. HIGH PALACE BALCONY - NIGHT

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

Hippolyta, and the council stands over a bronze map
table.

Amazonia paces the perimeter of the terrace, the wind
catching her cloak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

AMAZONIA

It is blood mone. The Cilicians are holding a man in chains like an animal at Pharmacusa. We should be launching our galleys to crush the pirates, not plotting to steal their scraps.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Crush them with what? If we send our fleet to open war, we bleed our own youth into the Aegean. For what? To save a petulant Roman aristocrat who cares nothing for our gods or our sovereignty?

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

(stepping toward her)

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

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY

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

Hippolyta is slightly annoyed.

QUEEN HIPOLYTA

We let the Roman associates hand over the fifty talents. The moment Caesar is freed and the ransom enters the pirate camp, their guards will be drunk on victory. That is when we strike.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QUEEN HIPOLYTA (CONT'D)

We slaughter the Cilicians, secure our borders, and bring the Roman silver back to our vaults.

AMAZONIA

(disgusted)

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

Pointing over the city...

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Look at those lights below us! If you do not have the stomach to stain your hands for their survival, then you have no right to inherit their loyalty.

Hippolyta moves to leave, but stops by the stone railing. She looks down at the carved wooden token resting on the stone.

She picks up the token, holds it out to Amazonia, and presses it firmly into her reluctant palm.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

The Roman boy will survive his chains. The question is whether you will survive yours. Prepare the vanguard. You sail when the fourth moon wanes.

EXT. PLUTO'S STABLE - UNDERWORLD - NIGHT

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

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

They snort, expelling freezing plumes of fog from roaring, mechanical NOSTRIL-LIKE IGNITERS.

Out of the mist glide THE SCYTHER KNIGHTS. Four of them. Moving in terrifying, mechanical synchronization.

They wear tattered black cloaks over DARK STEEL CUIRASSES, with heavy LEATHER PTERYGES layering their shoulders and waists.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

What little skin is exposed is gray, mottled, and veiny. Rotting.

The camera pushes in on the lead Knight's head: an oxidized CORINTHIAN HELMET, topped with a rotted, stiff horsehair plume.

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

Then—the void stares back.

Deep within the shadows of the helmet, two needle-sharp pinpricks of COLD ETHEREAL LIGHT pulse to life.

In unison, they march up to the mounts. They grip the reins.

SWOOSH. They swing their heavy cloaks and mount the armor-clad steeds without stirrups. One fluid, ghostly motion. They sit tall, radiating absolute dread.

The horses stomp, blanketing the obsidian floor in white frost.

Leading the charge is VALASKA, distinguished by a silver SNAKE ARMBAND.

Flanking her: PROTHOE, THALESTRIS (the tallest), and PENTHESILEA. They wear bronze variants of the snake bands.

VALASKA
To the river STYX.

Valaska raises a gauntleted hand.

BOOM. The stable gates shatter outward.

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

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

EXT. BANKS OF THE RIVER STYX - MOMENTS LATER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Standing on the deck of a decaying, rib-vessel is CHARON. He is a gaunt, withered boatman draped in tattered shrouds, leaning heavily on a wooden oar.

THUD-THUD-THUD-THUD!

The pounding of iron hooves shatters the silence. Charon blinks, raising a lantern.

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

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

CHARON

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

Valaska doesn't even slow down.

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

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

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

Charon stands frozen. Staring at his empty, skeletal palm. Completely shocked.

No coins. No respect.

A beat. The shock curdles into pure, demonic fury.

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

CHARON

(screaming)

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

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

EXT. AETHELGARD - DAY

Grey clouds pretend doom.

A CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE, moving fast, behind a blurred DARK FORM on an ARMOR-CLAD black steed

The IMPOSING FIGURE charges out of the cloud like the angel of death...

An ancient city lay in ruins. Its landscape begins changing... sinister. The sky darkens... a wicked MIST in a fairytale...

Up ahead... a lone structure stand, half-sunken in the earth --a high, decaying DARK TOWER, its summit reaches the CLOUDS.

INT. DARK TOWERS - DAY

A DARK FIGURE sweeps in...

A heavy, nomadic wool cape flutters, black tunic, DARK ARMOR; arm and leg guards. Her skin, gray, veiny, signs of decay, but it's...

Finally, the camera finds her head;

An ATTIC HELMET of dark iron, its faceplate forged into the cheek guards-- through eye apertures, a menacing, ice-blue light SWEEPS back and forth--

A restless, rhythmic beam, everaware.

This is SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN.

From behind the cold metal comes a horrific sound: A rasping, wet hiss. Labored. The sound of a woman dragging oxygen into actively dying lungs.

Pseudishtar is waiting...

Angelsin humbly TAKES A KNEE before her.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR
Need not hide your faces from me.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN
I hide it to protect you.

A SPHINX carved out of dark rock, looks down from above. She eyes the decaying structure...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, the Sphinx comes to life, blowing a wall of flames, blocking the entrance...

SPHINX

All you seek passage must solve
the riddle, fail and you shall
die.

SPHINX

"I am the architect of the world's
end, yet I have no hands. I can
build a mountain from a pebble and
hide a king within his own shadow.
I move without legs and consume
without a mouth. I am the only
thing that grows larger the more I
take away." What am I?

Annoyed, Angelsin waves a gauntleted hand -- extinguishes
the wall of fire herself. Much to the chagrin of the
Sphinx.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Silence!

A tense, anxious beat, the Sphinx shuts its mouth, lowers
its head, allowing passage.

INT. THE TOMB - DAY

Angelsin and Pseudishtar stalk through the labyrinth.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Silence?

ANGELSIN

It takes away sound, but the more
sound it removes, the larger and
more heavy it feels.

A smile creases Pseudishtar's lips. Ours too.

Angelsin kneels at the HIGH SEER ANANKE's sarcophagus,
grieving. The sound of Ananke's sorrow whispers, ever-
present..

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

You know who she was?

SCYTHLORD ANGELSIN

Yes, my great-great grandmother.

Angelsin rises, stands before a colossal stone wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The quiet is broken by the sound of the sarcophagus supernaturally, turns ever-so-slightly, revealing ---

Angela waves her hand -- and a WALL DISSIPATES...
Revealing a HOARD OF TREASURE.

Two bejeweled swords, individually, wrapped in cloth.

Angelsin-- focusing her telekinetic power... and her dead eyes is a mask of concentration and strain --

The first sword lifts up - Angelsin manipulates its movement with her eyes and hands...

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The Gladius Lux; the Sword of
Light.

(then)

A blade of solid, shimmering gold radiance. It doesn't just cut; it sears. When it swings, it leaves a trail of sunlight behind it, making a low, humming drone like a swarm of golden bees.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Blessed by Artemis. Rejected by all who lack the absolute purity of heart required to draw it from its altar.

Angelsin lowers it back into its rightful place. Does the same for the other -

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The Gladius Tenebris; the Sword of
Darkness.

(then)

A blade of "visible" shadow, like a tear in reality. It's cold enough to freeze the air around it, and when it moves, it makes a high-pitched, ghostly whistle.

And it does...

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Forged from abyssal iron and fueled by her immortal demigod status. With it, can command the dead, summon crushing shadows, and drain the life force of any who resists its rule.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Choose wisely...

EXT. THE MORTAL REALM - RUINED TEMPLE - NIGHT

A misty fog tears across a crumbling Greek sanctuary.

Lightning flashes, illuminating a terrifying silhouette on the broken marble steps.

Waiting. Angelsin stands on the stone steps. She holds a sword, wrapped and hidden inside a cloth blanket.

The storm sky above the temple SPLITS.

Four streaks of black and blood-red lightning crash into the muddy courtyard, shaking the ancient stone steps.

Out of the smoking craters, the Scythe Knights emerge at a full gallop. The mounts hiss, their oxidized bronze armor caked with the ash of the Acheron.

They pull their mounts to a sudden, violent halt, sending mud flying.

In perfect synchronization, the Scythe Knights dismount. They slide from their steeds light as smoke, hitting the wet earth without a sound.

They drop to one knee, bowing their helmets. They rise.

Angelsin steps forward. The ice-blue light in her mask flares, casting an eerie glow over the horsewomen

ANGELSIN

Ride for the kingdom of Pontus.
Show yourselves to King
Mithridates. Give him this
warning. If his armies cross the
border into Themiscyra...I will
tear his kingdom from the earth
and feed his crown to the Styx.

Valaska places a gauntleted hand over her breastplate, right beneath her silver snake armlet.

INT. TEMPLE OF THE FATES - DAY

A tiny temple with prehistoric drawings, shrouded in torchlight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Scythelord Angelsin sweeps in...

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

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Forgive me. For my eyes are sensitive to light.

CLOTHO

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

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

It's ironic, isn't it? How a single step can change the entire path of one's destiny? Had I just heeded the prophecy,

Beat. Angelsin comes forth, takes an ornamented dagger from her robes. Tests them for their sharpness.

CLOTHO

What do you seek to do?

Angelsin eyes the strand once more. MOVES her finger up a few inches...

LACHESIS

Has never been done before.

ATROPOS

Tampering with the Loom could alter the very fabric of life, changing not only your destiny but that of countless others.

She cuts the strand then retreads the Loom...

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Oh, I'm counting on it...

And with that, she sweeps out, her cape WIPING US TO --

FADE OUT.

INT. AMASYA PALACE - AUDIENCE CHAMBER - NIGHT

A sprawling synthesis of empires. High Greek marble columns are draped in rich Persian silks of saffron and crimson.

BRONZE BRAZIERS roar with open flame, throwing erratic, fiery shadows across a low Persian divan.

The air is thick with burning frankincense and a sharp, medicinal tang.

At a massive arched window stands the silhouette of a giant.

KING MITHRIDATES VI (40s) is an absolute force of nature. Over six feet tall, broad-shouldered, with a lion's mane of thick, wild hair.

He wears a Greek chiton under a royal purple Persian robe stitched with gold.

Mithridates lifts a small glass vial, swirling a clear liquid.

MITHRIDATES

They say a Roman general can sleep soundly because he trusts his law.
A King of Pontus never sleeps,
because he knows his kitchen.

He downs the lethal dose of poison without flinching. Exhales. Completely immune.

He turns with a predatory smile—

EXT. PALACE OF PONTUS - ROYAL COURTYARD - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

BOOM.

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

Two ROYAL GUARDS are thrown across the marble floor.

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

The court SCREAMS. Panic erupts.

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

MITHRIDATES

Guards! Kill them!

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

The Amazons don't even slow down.

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

THE SLAUGHTER

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

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

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

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

Blood sprays the white marble walls.

It is not a battle. It is an execution.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

The undead warriors don't even bleed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

VALASKA

A message from Scythelord
Angelsin.

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

VALASKA (CONT'D)

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

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

VALASKA

Consider this your receipt.

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

INT. ACHILLEA'S BED CHAMBERS/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Achillea gets out of her bath.

A topless Gia. A loose wrap of diaphanous silk barely covers her ass, dries and oils her in a ballet of graceful servitude.

Syreena - peeking in around the door.

GIA

Do please don't lurk Syreena. Come in.

Gia kneels at Achillea's feet, oiling her legs.

SYREENA

If it please you, let us speak alone.

ACHILLEA

It doesn't.

GIA

I must see to my ah, affairs.

INT. BED CHAMBER'S - NIGHT

Blood drips into a tray of oil, spreads to form patterns...

Gia drifts through the softly-lit chamber, intoxicated by perfumes and musk and lay the tray down.

Gia burns incense and coaxes the aromatic smoke to encircle them both.

ACHILLEA

It doesn't matter. As long as we get our hands on that poison.

SYREENA

And what about Amazonia?

ACHILLEA

She has shown no tendency toward ruling.

SYREENA

She says that now, but she is too spirited to simply fade away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

So, we must adapt.

She gazes into the smoke, as if reading something there.

SYREENA

What do you suggest we do?

ACHILLEA

Kill her.

GIA

No. Not yet. She is with child. A boy.

ACHILLEA

She will want to keep the boy. She risks banishment.

GIA

Exactly. It would seem destiny has met your ambitious warrior.

EXT. THE OPEN SEA DAY

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

EXT. ABOARD THE MERCHANT BOAT - DAY

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

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

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

EMMICH

Wake up.

Solis awakens with a start.

SOLIS

What?

EMMICH

You've made sea voyages before..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLIS

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

EMMICH

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

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

SOLIS

Are we lost?

EMMICH

Hopefully.

SOLIS

What?

EMMICH

There are worse things.

He sees something off the horizon.

EMMICH

Like what?

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

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

EMMICH

What is it?

SOLIS

Head back. Quickly.

EXT. DOCKS - DUSK

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

Nearby, Amazonia and Solis.

SOLIS

Are you mad?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

The day dwindles.

SOLIS

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

AMAZONIA

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

SOLIS

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

AMAZONIA

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

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

EMMICH

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

AMAZONIA

A talent of god. Not a penny more.

EMMICH

Ah, of course.

AMAZONIA

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

INT. THERMODOSA'S ABODE - DAY

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

AMAZONIA

You sent for me, High Priestess?

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA

Why?

AMAZONIA

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

THERMODOSA

Perhaps I just needed to hear it from you.

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

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

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

AMAZONIA

(sadly...)

Perhaps one day.

Amazonia hands it back to Thermodosa who puts it away.

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

Oh, Thermodosa, must we?

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

We make our own destinies. Nothing is written.

THERMODOSA

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

A beat. Studying Amazonia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THERMODOSA

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

(steps closer)

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

(leans in)

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

Taps lightly near her own eye.

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

I have more pressing matters.

THERMODOSA

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

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

EXT. AEGEAN SEA - NIGHT

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

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

LYANDER shifts his weight from his rowing bench, keeping
his voice to a low whisper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYANDER

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

AMAZONIA

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

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

AMAZONIA

(drawing her bronze
kopis)

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

The skiffs gently scrape against the gravel beach.
Amazonia is the

first to leap into the knee-deep surf, leading her
vanguard into the dark.

EXT. PHARMACUSA ISLE - COVE - NIGHT

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

Dozens of CILICIAN PIRATES are in the throes of a drunken
celebration. Wine sloshes from clay amphorae. Massive
wooden chests of ROMAN SILVER sit open, reflecting the
firelight.

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

Amazonia moves through the knee-deep surf, completely
silent. Her vanguard follows behind her like shadows
rising from the sea.

They fan out across the wet sand, bronze spears leveled.

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

Through the sea mist, AMAZONIA'S EYES FLASH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

He goes down with a muffled choke.

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

The dark beach explodes into motion.

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

Three pirates drop instantly into the embers.

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

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

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

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

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

As he hits the ground, she disarms him with a swift, brutal strike of her kopis.

She doesn't kill him—she knocks him unconscious with the flat of her blade. Her reluctance to spill unnecessary blood is still there, even in battle.

Around her, the vanguard is ruthlessly efficient.

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

The roaring campfires crackle against a sudden, heavy silence.

Amazonia stands in the center of the camp, breathing heavily, her face splattered with sea salt and soot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She looks down at the open chests of Roman silver.

LYANDER

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

AMAZONIA

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

LYANDER

(looking at a dying pirate nearby)

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

AMAZONIA

(frowning)

What did the Roman do?

LYANDER

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

Amazonia walks to the edge of the water, looking out at the dark, open sea where Caesar's ship disappeared.

AMAZONIA

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

LYANDER

He will think the pirates hid it.

AMAZONIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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

AMAZONIA

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

EXT. ROYAL COURT GARDEN - DAY

Fountains. Dappled sunlight.

Hippolyta, Thermodosa, and Diana Troy walk and talk.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

What is it?

THERMODOSA

Your life may be in danger.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Do you know who maneuvers against her?

THERMODOSA

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

An immediate sense of dread befalls them.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Do not soil your imagination with such things.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

-- Nothing will.

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

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

ACHILLEA

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

SYREENA

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Out with it.

SYREENA

Diana Troy, it regards the infidels.

Diana Troy steps up to Achillea.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

(sarcastic)

Your concern is almost charming.

Achillea's expression goes cold.

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

EXT. PALACE OF THEMISCYRA - COURTYARD - DAY

A sharp, cinematic transition. The roar of the Aegean surf is replaced by the echoing footsteps of Amazonia's vanguard marching across the pristine marble courtyard.

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

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

INT. PALACE THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

The heavy bronze doors swing open. Amazonia enters alone, her expression grim. She looks older than when she left.

Behind her, the warriors carry the iron chests into the center of the room. With a synchronized grunt, they drop the chests onto the polished marble floors.

The impact echoes like thunder through the vaulted hall. One of the lids pops loose, spilling dozens of gleaming ROMAN DENARII across the floor.

QUEEN REA

(a slow, cold smile appearing)

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

Amazonia does not move. She stares at her mother, completely devoid of pride.

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN REA

(the smile vanishes)

Explain yourself.

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN REA

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

AMAZONIA

The boy's name is Julius Caesar. And he did not sail back to Rome to lick his wounds. He is marching on Miletus at this very moment to raise a Roman legion and a war navy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

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

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

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

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

A heavy, suffocating silence settles over the throne room.

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

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

A heavy, suffocating silence settles over the throne room. Queen Rea's grip on her stone armrest tightens until her knuckles turn white.

Before the Queen can strike back with her words, Rachna steps smoothly between them, cutting off their line of sight.

RACHNA

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

QUEEN REA

(furious, pointing at Amazonia)

She brings panic into my hall! Rome is a thousand leagues away, fighting her own civil blood-feuds. They will not launch a campaign over a handful of dead pirates.

RACHNA

They will not launch a campaign for pirates, no. But they will sail for Caesar.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RACHNA (CONT'D)

(turning to the
Queen)

Your Majesty, the girl speaks the truth. Julius is of the patrician blood. The Julian clan does not suffer insults to their name, nor do they allow foreign hands to touch their silver. If this boy is as arrogant as the rumors claim, his pride will bring him back to our waters.

Amazonia steps forward, gesturing to the overflowing chests.

AMAZONIA

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

RACHNA

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

(she turns back to
the Queen, her voice
steady)

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

AMAZONIA

And the Roman navy?

RACHNA

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

Rachna looks between the mother and the daughter, her face hardening into a battle-tested mask.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RACHNA

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

INT. PALACE SMITHY - NIGHT

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

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

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

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PALACE TRAINING GROUNDS - DAWN

AMAZONIA (V.O.)

(echoing)

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

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

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

AMAZONIA

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

Lyander barks a command. The warriors strike their spears against their shields in a deafening, synchronized CLANG. They advance forward as a single, unbreakable machine.

INT. PALACE SMITHY - NIGHT

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

EXT. PALACE TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

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

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

AMAZONIA

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

She thrusts her blade through a microscopic gap between two shields. Lyander smoothly pivots, catching her blade on his shield boss and counter-thrusting his blunt training spear inches from her throat.

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

LYANDER

Like that?

AMAZONIA

(nodding, dead serious)

Exactly like that.

EXT. PALACE CLIFFS - DUSK

The training pads are gone. Amazonia stands alone at the highest peak of the coastal cliffs, looking out over the endless Aegean Sea.

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

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

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

EXT. PALACE OF THEMISCYRA - GATES - DAY

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

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

Behind him, anchored just outside the harbor's reach, three massive ROMAN WAR GALLEYS loom on the horizon like floating fortresses. Their red banners flutter in the wind.

INT. PALACE THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

QUEEN REA sits on her stone throne, her face hardened into an unreadable mask. RACHNA stands at her right hand.

AMAZONIA stands a few paces down the steps, her hand resting naturally on the hilt of her sword. Her training has paid off; her posture is commanding and rigid.

The heavy bronze doors swing open.

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

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

TILLIUS

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

QUEEN REA

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

TILLIUS

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tillius takes a slow step forward, his eyes scanning the polished marble floor. He stops right where the silver chests had been dumped days before. He looks directly at Amazonia.

TILLIUS (CONT'D)

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

AMAZONIA

The Aegean is full of lawless men, Herald. If your master lost his coin to the waves or to other thieves, he should look for them there.

TILLIUS

(smiling thinly)

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

(he looks up at the Queen)

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

QUEEN REA

And if we refuse this 'reasonable' offer?

TILLIUS

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

Tillius strikes his herald's staff sharply against the marble floor, the sound echoing through the quiet hall. He turns on his heel and marches out of the throne room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Amazonia watches him leave, then turns to her mother. The clock is officially ticking.

INT. PALACE THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The heavy bronze doors slam shut behind Tillius. Queen Rea rises from her throne, her face white with fury.

QUEEN REA

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

RACHNA

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

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

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN REA

Then you choose war, daughter?

AMAZONIA

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

(she turns to her mother)

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

RACHNA

(intrigued)

Go on, child. What do you propose?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN REA

You would risk your life in a
common duel?

AMAZONIA

If my champion wins, Caesar takes
his ships and sails back to Rome,
swearing never to cross into our
waters again.

QUEEN REA

And if his warrior defeats you?

AMAZONIA

Then we hand over the fifty
talents of bullion as a legitimate
prize of combat, not as a shameful
ransom.

(she looks her mother
dead in the eye)

Caesar will accept. A dramatic
duel on a foreign beach is exactly
the kind of story he wants to
write about himself for the Roman
public. It saves his pride, it
saves his silver, and it keeps his
empire's army away from our gates.

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

RACHNA

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

Queen Rea studies Amazonia's rigid, confident posture.
The reluctant girl is gone; a ruler stands in her place.

EXT. HERACLES - NEUTRAL BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

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

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

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

In the center of the beach stands the Roman champion: MARCUS (30s). He is a mountain of a man, wearing heavy iron segmentata armor. He holds a massive scutum shield and a gleaming iron gladius.

AMAZONIA steps onto the wet sand. She wears light leather and bronze greaves, carrying only a circular aspis shield and her curved bronze kopis.

Caesar looks down at her from his saddle, a casual, maddening smirk on his face. He slowly sips from a golden goblet before handing it to Tillius.

CAESAR

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

AMAZONIA

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

Caesar laughs out loud, genuinely amused by her defiance.

CAESAR

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

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

Caesar's smile hardens slightly, his eyes narrowing as he takes in her unyielding posture.

He raises a hand, his voice dropping to a cold, commanding tone.

CAESAR

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

Caesar raises a hand, signaling the start.

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

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

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

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

MARCUS

(grunting, in Latin-
accented Greek)

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

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

Amazonia pivots hard, the sand flying from her boots. The iron blade slices the air inches from her ribs. She uses his forward momentum to slice the back of his knee—the one unarmored gap in his leg.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

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

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

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

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

Marcus tries to wrench the blade free from the dense, wet sand.

That split second is all she needs.

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

She leaps up, retrieves her kopis from the surf, and presses the curved bronze tip directly against the exposed throat of the fallen champion.

Marcus freezes. His chest heaves. He is beaten.

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

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

AMAZONIA

(breathing heavily)

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

EXT. HERACLES - NEUTRAL BEACH - SUNSET

The three massive Roman war galleys raise their anchors. Their red banners catch the final, blood-red rays of the setting sun as they slowly turn and sail away, disappearing into the open Aegean Sea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

QUEEN REA

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

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN REA

It would have.

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

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

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

QUEEN REA

A ruler must know when to strike, and when to negotiate. But a true queen must know the soul of her people.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QUEEN REA (CONT'D)

Today, you saved Themiscyra
without losing your own.

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

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

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

EXT. PALACE - ROYAL GUARDEN - DAY

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

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

ACHILLEA

If I may. Enough with the
Gargareans.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Our union with them is essential
in maintaining our prosperity.

ACHILLEA

The young girls from neighboring
villages will suffice.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

ACHILLEA

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

It will not be a burden.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

Then I see your mind won't be changed.

Hippolyta smiles, but troubles worry her brow.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Take your leave.

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

ISIDORA

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

EXT. TRIBE OF THE GARGAREANS - DAY

Achillea leads two dozen warriors into --

SUPER: Gargareans Village

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

Among them, a novice Monk. HOLIDUS.

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

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

ILORAN

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

SYREENA

I have no son!

Syreena unhorses, approaches Iloran.

SYREENA

Are you calling me a liar?

She edges her sagum back, hand on her sword.

ILORAN

Ah, are these the vigins left among you whores.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

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

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

ACHILLEA

Where are they?

Iloran hesitates. Syreena clarifies --

SYREENA

The Pirates!

ILORAN

How can you come here and accuse us?

BILLIUS

Search among us, if you must.

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

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

BILLIUS

We are only farmers.

No one answers. Thora BACKHANDS him.

ACHILLEA

A lie bleeds two throats.

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

ACHILLEA

Do I seem a fool?!

(at Syreena)

Slit the boys throat.

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

BILLIUS

No!

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ILORAN

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

On that, Achillea runs a SWORD through him.

ACHILLEA

Burn it to the ground.

Off her treachery --

EXT. HUT - NIGHT

A warrior sets the hut ablaze.

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

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

Achillea approaches, satisfied.

Bodies of dead men being laid out near the hovel.

ACHILLEA

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

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

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Shafts of sunlight pierce gray clouds.

Kleoptoleme on horseback traverses the countryside.

INT. ROYAL PALACE CORRIDOR - DAY

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

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

THERMODOSA

Is she kicking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

Yes. Strong too.

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

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

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

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

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

THERMODOSA

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

Off Amazonia's confused look.

THERMODOSA

You have a brother. Alexius.

Amazonia's stunned into silence.

AMAZONIA

What happened to him?

THERMODOSA

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

Instinctively, Amazonia studies the *cross*.

AMAZONIA

Why?

THERMODOSA

In hope of one day you shall find one another.

(off Amazonia's look)

Well, let's pray for a girl.

Kleoptoleme rides hard, dismounts...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KLEOPTOLEME

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

THERMODOSA

Then spit it out, Kleoptoleme.

KLEOPTOLEME

You told me to ride after them.
But you don't fight.
(amazonia nods)
She's a cruel one.

Thermodosa panics. Amazonia intervenes, at Kleoptoleme --

AMAZONIA

Go fetch my horse.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

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

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

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Amazonia catches up to them, confronts --

AMAZONIA

We grew up sisters... learned to fight together.
(sad beat)
There was no evil in her heart.

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

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

Kleoptoleme watches on fearfully, impotent to help.

KLEOPTOLEME

Come on, Amazonia.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

ACHILLEA

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

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

As the final stroke lands, Amazonia goes down.

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

REA

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

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

ACHILLEA

You understand your death will come at my hands?

Thermodosa gets between them -

THERMODOSA

Put up your blades!

Achillea starts to walk back toward the gates...

AMAZONIA

I saw it. It pierced her breast plate.

THERMODOSA

Are you sure?

AMAZONIA

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

KLEOPTOLEME

Maybe she already is.

Thermodosa turns to Kleoptoleme, stern -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THERMODOSA

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

Both reflect, then give resigned nods.

INT. THE TEMPLE OF ARTEMIS - DAY

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

Thermodosa sits in the chapel. Deep in prayer.

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

THERMODOSA

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

(beat)

You're dealing with a wraith.

AMAZONIA

A wraith?

THERMODOSA

The spirit of a dead warrior conjured from the grave.

AMAZONIA

So this is the work of a Sorcerer?

THERMODOSA

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

Tormented, Amazonia studies at her hands...

AMAZONIA

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

THERMODOSA

You are not to blame.

AMAZONIA

Was my blade killed her.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

I see I took her life.

THERMODOSA

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

INT. ACHILLEA'S BED CHAMBERS' - NIGHT

Achillea draws her sword, turns --

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

Seditious speaks with a disembodied voice.

SEDITIOUS KANE

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

ACHILLEA

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

SEDITIOUS KANE

You and I were destined to meet.

ACHILLEA

Who are you?

SEDITIOUS KANE

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

Beat.

SEDITIOUS KANE

You need a friend. One who understands you.

ACHILLEA

Where would I find such a friend?

SEDITIOUS KANE

Darkness and light-- where they meet.

INT. AMAZONIA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

INT. AMAZONIA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Amazonia breast-feeds her NEWBORN, happiest woman alive.

AMAZONIA

I was expecting a girl. How silly of me. I'm thinking of a good name for you. Jonas. You like that?

Achillea storms in. Amazonia's annoyed at the intrusion.

AMAZONIA

What is this, Achillea?

ACHILLEA

The Queen request your presence.

Achillea motions for two ROYAL GUARDS to grab the infant.

AMAZONIA

No!

A brief struggle ensues.

ACHILLEA

You only doing the boy harm.

Amazonia screams as her son is ripped out of her arms.

INT. ROYAL OFFICE - NIGHT

The doors swing open. Weak from child birth, Amazonia full of tears, labors inside.

Hippolyta rises from her desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIPPOLYTA

You know the rules.

AMAZONIA

I'm not giving up my son!

HIPPOLYTA

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

AMAZONIA

-- I will not abandon him.

HIPPOLYTA

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

Without missing a beat, Amazonia stalks out.

HIPPOLYTA

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

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

They drag her body off, WIPING US TO --

EXT. ROYAL PALACE - NIGHT

A swath of moonlight shines in across many archways here.

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

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

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

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

EXT. THEMISCYRA - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

(to drago)

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

INT. ACHILLEA'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

ACHILLEA

What is it?

GIA

A lot of blood. Death. People
screaming, burning, flesh burning,
and you in the middle of it all.

ACHILLEA

That's some vision.

GIA

Not a vison, just common sense.

Gia continues to bellow incense.

GIA

The life of a Greek wife is
horrible. And I have no intentions
of marrying one -- ever.

ACHILLEA

Perhaps there's another man who
carries a strong sword.

GIA

I don't want his sword. I want
yours, and the body that wields
it.

She stares-- no hiding the fact she's blown away by Gia.

GIA

They say love in the proper arms
can fill a woman with hope. I was
taken from Persia and forced to be
a slave girl in Athens. Then
Rome. I've been a whore ever
since.

(kisses Achillea)

A good whore mind you. And I'd
lay down and bare all again for a
thousand more to raise you an army
of warriors. Beautiful and
strong, just like you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIA (CONT'D)

Well, all except my heart and
soul. For that belongs to you.

Achillea grabs her, almost desperate, kissing Gia, who
smiles, kissing back.

ACHILLEA

And what if it's a boy?

GIA

I'll seize your dagger and do the
honors myself.

ACHILLEA

If you betray me I'll kill a woman
just as fast as I'll kill a man.

GIA

Am I the first?

ACHILLEA

No!

GIA

Then I'll be the last.

OFF Achillea, reveling in the thought.

INT. AMASYA PALACE - AUDIENCE CHAMBER - NIGHT

A sprawling synthesis of empires. High Greek marble
columns are draped in rich Persian silks of saffron and
crimson.

BRONZE BRAZIERS roar with open flame, throwing erratic,
fiery shadows across a low Persian divan.

The air is thick with burning frankincense and a sharp,
medicinal tang.

At a massive arched window stands the silhouette of a
giant.

KING MITHRIDATES VI (40s) is an absolute force of nature.
Over six feet tall, broad-shouldered, with a lion's mane
of thick, wild hair.

He wears a Greek chiton under a royal purple Persian robe
stitched with gold.

Mithridates lifts a small glass vial, swirling a clear
liquid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITHRIDATES

They say a Roman general can sleep soundly because he trusts his law. A King of Pontus never sleeps, because he knows his kitchen.

He downs the lethal dose of poison without flinching. Exhales. Completely immune. He turns with a predatory smile—

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

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

From the shadows behind the tapestries, they emerge.

FOUR WRAITHS.

They drift across the marble, blurring at the edges like black smoke. They wear the battle-scarred, decayed armor of ancient Amazon warlords. Pitted breastplates are fused with frayed leather tunics that dissolve into phantom fog.

THEIR HELMETS are ancient Corinthian helms of dark, weathered bronze. High crests of rotted horsehair float and sway as if submerged underwater. Deep, glowing cracks snake across the metal, pulsing with that same freezing, ice-blue light.

Where eyes should be, two pinpricks of blinding white fire pierce the darkness beneath the brims, tracking Mithridates with absolute, predatory focus.

Mithridates drops his gold chalice. It CLANGS on the stone. His hand flies to the hilt of his short sword.

The wraiths encircle him. Their voices echo directly inside Mithridates' mind—a chorus of four overlapping, dry hisses.

WRAITHS

Mithridates. King of Kings. Poison-drinker.

Mithridates draws his sword. The steel blade trembles.

MITHRIDATES

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

WRAITHS

To the living, we are nightmares.
To the dead, we are justice. But
to a tyrant... we are the bill
come due.

WRAITHS

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

The lead Wraith glides forward. The steel of his blade begins to frost over.

WRAITHS

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

The lead Wraith touches the flat of Mithridates' sword.

SHATTER! The steel blade explodes into frozen shards.

Footsteps THUNDER down the corridor outside. The heavy oak doors burst open. TWO ROYAL GUARDS rush in, spears leveled.

GUARD 1

Sire! We heard a—

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

MITHRIDATES

Behind you!

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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

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

WRAITHS

A preview of Pontus. Remember.

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

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

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

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

INT. AMASYA PALACE - AUDIENCE CHAMBER - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

he heavy oak doors open slowly.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHELAUS

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

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

MITHRIDATES

They are already inside us, Archelaus.

ARCHELAUS

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

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

MITHRIDATES

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

ARCHELAUS

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

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

MITHRIDATES

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

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

Archelaus bows slowly, backing away toward the door.

ARCHELAUS

As you command, Sire.

Archelaus exits, leaving the doors slightly ajar.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

INT. AMASYA PALACE - AUDIENCE CHAMBER - DAY

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

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

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

DIOPHANTUS

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

ARCHELAUS

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

Diophantus scoffs, crossing his arms.

DIOPHANTUS

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

ARCHELAUS

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

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

DIOPHANTUS

If the army sees the King of Kingscower before an empty plain, the tribes will revolt.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIOPHANTUS (CONT'D)

Rome will swallow us by winter.
What did he call them?

ARCHELAUS

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

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

DIOPHANTUS

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

ARCHELAUS

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

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

DIOMEDES

The people of Heracles cannot bear
the burden of more taxes.

AMAZONIA

On whose orders? Not the Queens. Nor
mine.

DIOMEDES

Achillea.

AMAZONIA

She speaks false tongue.

DIOMEDES

So what do we owe this visit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMAZONIA

Look around. This is Amazon territory. It is our duty to protect you.

DIOMEDES

By order of the Queen, no crew of any pirate ship drops sail.

DIOMEDES

A pirate ship sailed east a half day long.

INT. ROYAL AUDIENCE CHAMBER - AMASYA - NIGHT

Hellenistic marble columns meet Persian excess.

Bronze braziers cast flickering orange shadows across intricate silk tapestries.

High above, the window frames a terrifying view: the sheer cliffside, carved with the monumental, glowing tombs of dead kings.

EXT. A VERDANT STREAM - DAY

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

THERMODOSA

Aethelgard was real.

Rea almost smiles at that.

REA

Of course it was.

THERMODOSA

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

(beat)

...until it wasn't.

Amazonia listens closely now.

THERMODOSA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REA

You expect me to believe that?

THERMODOSA

I expect you to listen.

A long silence.

THERMODOSA

One among them rose against the Order. Mantis Morari.

AMAZONIA

The Shadow Queen.

Thermodosa nods once.

THERMODOSA

She was strong enough to destroy them.

REA

Then why speak of her like a monster?

THERMODOSA

Because she became one.

The fire cracks between them.

THERMODOSA

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

Rea folds her arms tighter.

REA

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

THERMODOSA

You already know the answer to that.

That lands harder than Rea expects.

REA

Why are you telling me this now?

Thermodosa studies her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THERMODOSA

Because the Achlyans' blood runs through you.

A beat.

REA

No.

THERMODOSA

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

Amazonia shifts uneasily.

REA

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

THERMODOSA

No.

REA

Why?

THERMODOSA

Because it devours everything it touches.

The certainty in her voice cuts deep.

Rea steps back.

REA

You knew.

THERMODOSA says nothing.

REA

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

THERMODOSA

I tried to spare you.

REA

Spare me?

She laughs once -- hurt, disbelieving.

REA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Amazonia steps between them.

AMAZONIA

If Morari is coming, hiding the truth changes nothing.

THERMODOSA

Truth awakens the curse.

AMAZONIA

Or prepares her for it.

THERMODOSA

To wield that power is to invite her inside you.

Rea stares at her own hands.

Something is wrong.

A faint tremor beneath the skin.

REA

Sometimes...

(swallows)

...I feel something moving in me.

Thermodosa goes still.

REA

A coldness under my skin.

THERMODOSA

Rea--

REA

I thought it was anger.

She looks up. Frightened now.

REA

I thought it was me.

Thermodosa grabs her shoulders.

THERMODOSA

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

Rea jerks away from her touch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

REA

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

THERMODOSA

To the world, we still are.

REA

And what if you're wrong?

THERMODOSA

I am not.

REA

How can you know that?

Her voice cracks.

REA

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

Silence. Then:

REA

If it happens...

Thermodosa's face falls.

REA

If I become what you fear--

THERMODOSA

Don't say that.

REA

Promise me.

A long beat.

THERMODOSA

Promise what?

Rea fights to hold herself together.

REA

That you kill me before I stop
being myself.

EXT. HERACLES - TAVERN CORNER - DAY

Away from the main market, LAGERIA (40s), a muscular woman with silver in her hair and a deep scar slicing across her forearm, sits on a bench.

She is scaling fish with blunt, brutal efficiency.

She watches Amazonia approach. Her eyes drop to Amazonia's boots, recognizing the fine palace leather instantly. She does not bow.

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?

Lageria drives her knife deep into the wooden table, leaving it quivering. 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 sea-wolves. I fear the hunger that follows a palace war.

AMAZONIA

(stepping closer,
intrigued)

You fought for the Queen? 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

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

LARGERIA pauses. Her grip on the knife handle tightens. The mention of the children strikes a chord, cracking her hardened exterior.

LARGERIA

(voice dropping)

They did not take them to kill them. Themarauders are taking captives to exchange for the grain your city locked away in the royal granaries.

AMAZONIA

The tax grain?

LARGERIA

Your elders left these people to starve. The 'pirates' you hunt are the fathers and brothers from the outer valleys. They do not want a war, heir of Themiscyra. They want to eat.

INT. TEMPLE OF THE FATES - DAY

A tiny temple with prehistoric drawings, shrouded in torchlight.

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

A DARK FIGURE sweeps in...

A heavy, nomadic wool cape flutters, black tunic, DARK ARMOR; arm and leg guards. Her skin, gray, veiny, signs of decay, but it's...

Finally, the camera finds her head;

An ATTIC HELMET of dark iron, its faceplate forged into the cheek guards-- through eye apertures, a menacing, ice-blue light SWEEPS back and forth--

A restless, rhythmic beam, everaware.

This is SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From behind the cold metal comes a horrific sound: A rasping, wet hiss. Labored. The sound of a woman dragging oxygen into actively dying lungs.

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

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Forgive me. For my eyes are sensitive to light

CLOTHO

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

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

It's ironic, isn't it? How a single step can change the entire path of one's destiny? Had I just heeded the prophecy,

Beat. Angelsin comes forth, takes an ornamented dagger from her robes. Tests them for their sharpness.

CLOTHO

What do you seek to do?

Angelsin eyes the strand once more. MOVES her finger up a few inches...

LACHESIS

Has never been done before.

ATROPOS

Tampering with the Loom could alter the very fabric of life, changing not only your destiny but that of countless others.

She cuts the strand then retreads the Loom...

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Oh, I'm counting on it...

And with that, she sweeps out, her cape WIPING US TO --

If we keep the pirates but make them a desperate rogue group trying to survive during Caesar's reign, the throne room scene changes slightly to show how powerful Rome has become. Alternate with Caesar in power

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Pirates?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REA

Yes. They pillage our coastal towns. They take our wealthy for ransom and put the rest in chains. They steal our grain and gold. They spare no one.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

And they claim dominion over the entire Mediterranean?

REA

They do. The port of Soli shelters these dogs. Worse, we believe a foreign king pays them to harass our borders.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Which king dares fund this outrage?

REA

Our prisoner chooses silence over the truth.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Must we prepare for an immediate strike?

REA

Not yet, my Queen.

RACHNA

To reach us, their fleet must sail north. They must brave the treacherous waters of the Hellespont and the Bosphorus before they can even enter the Euxine Sea.

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.

ACHILLEA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

INTI. DUNGEON - DAY

Interrogation scene.

ACHILLEA

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

PRISONER

(choking blood)
Mercy... I will speak.

ACHILLEA

The name. Now.

PRISONER

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

PRISONER

They commanded massive rebel navies and raid coastal territories to sabotage Caesar's new empire. We take our orders and our gold from Sextus Pompey.

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

My Queens! The prisoner has broken. He gave up the name of his master before his heart stopped.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Speak it, Rea. Who pays these sea-wolves to bleed our lands? Pompey thought he swept the seas clean years ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REA

Pompey killed the kraken, but he left the hatchlings. These remnants call themselves the Sunken Vanguard. They are desperate, hungry, and being funded by Roman rebels who hate Caesar.

RACHNA

So... the rebels pay the pirates to strike our shores.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

And who is this new master?

REA

The rebel commander Sextus Pompey directs their sails.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Sextus Pompey? The son of the dead general? He plays the pirate while Rome burns under Julius Caesar's heel.

RACHNA

He uses the port of Soli because his father built it. He thinks the ghost of his father will protect his hidden fleet.

REA

He wants to draw Caesar's armies away from Rome and into the East. He is using our blood to bait a trap for the Dictator.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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 DIANA TROY

If Sextus Pompey wants a war of shadows, we shall bring him a storm.

SOLIS

(in the throes)

The Greeks have many tales about you Amazons.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOLIS (CONT'D)

*The animal style in which you all
mate, at random, in the dark.*

Amazonia rolls on top of him, straddling him.

AMAZONIA

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