

# RISE OF THE AMAZONS

Episode One:

"Sins of thy Mother"

Written by

Reginald. L. Riley & Andrea Veneman

Revisions by

Andrea Veneman  
01/23/25

Reginald.riley@yahoo.com  
HWhot2mali@aol.com

FADE IN:

**EXT. SKY - NIGHT**

*A cloudless void. Pitch black. A glittering starfield.*

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

The camera SUDDENLY PLUMMETS, leaving the heavens behind.

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

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

**EXT. DESERT - NIGHT**

A howling wind whips red dust across endless sand dunes.

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

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

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

The Amazon pulls her reins. The stallion halts.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

The pirate leader, ZENICETES, spurs his horse forward.

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

Rea stares back, cold and unmoved.

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

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

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

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

HERACLEO  
 Then you bleed!

REA  
 Silence, cur. May Hades devour  
 your soul.

ZENICETES  
 I hear Amazons fight with honor.  
 Die the same --

SCHWING. Zenicetes freezes mid-sentence, eyes wide in shock. He looks down. A dagger is buried in his chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The blade GLIMMERS SUPERNOVA BRIGHT, casting blinding light across the dunes.

Zenicetes slumps from his saddle, dead.

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

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

Two clean, silver arcs cut through the light. Two headless bodies slump into the sand.

Rea furrows her brow in concentration --

The light from her dagger fades back into a dull shimmer.

With a sickening rip, the dagger tears backward out of the wound, flying through the air before slamming violently into her open palm.

MORE PIRATES charge out of the dark, scimitars raised.

Rea kicks it into a gallop. Her horse surges forward like a rocket, leaving the attackers eating dust.

**INT. THE SHRINE OF THE DEAD - NIGHT**

Rea rips a torch from its bracket. A small leather oil pouch hangs from the base. She checks the weight, nods, and hooks it to her armor.

Rea pushes through a dark stone labyrinth to find--

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

REA

Mantis Pseudishtar - The Severer  
of Fate?

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

REA

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

The Seer offers a bemused smile beneath her veil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Your kings read the stars and pray  
to the smoke of burning meat. I  
speak to the dead to carve a wiser  
path forward. Yet, my words are  
ever unheeded.

Rea whips out her sword with blinding speed, puts it to  
the Seer's throat.

REA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

(amused, unbothered)

The dead do not pay in gold,  
Princess Rea. But they are far  
better listeners. Lower your  
steel. You did not come to spill  
my blood. You came because you are  
terrified.

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

REA

A divine warning has found me.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Did the high priests at Delphi  
speak this warning?

REA

No, a whisper from the Fates.

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

This is what the Fates whispered  
to you?

REA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

"By blind blood slain, the second  
born princess shall fall; Then a  
fool robs the Grave-King to answer  
love's call; And the Phantom  
Queen's fire shall consume the  
high hall."

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The Fates have decreed it.

REA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The Oracle's Dark Kinship.

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The riddle is a mirror to this  
ancient curse.

(beat)

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

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

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

Rea paces impatiently.

REA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

Her voice is somewhere between a whisper and a hiss.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

(rhythmic, chanting)

"One thread of morning, one strand  
of the night.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR (CONT'D)

Entwined by the blood of the  
Amazon's right. But the hand of  
the Dawn shall stumble in fear. To  
sever the life of the kin held  
dear."

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

REA

Do not speak to me in riddles!

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

"To knot the frayed cord, the  
weaver must descend. And barter  
her soul for a life without end.  
Yet Hades is cold, and his bargain  
is deep. A promise the weaver is  
now tethered to keep."

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

REA

I will pay any price to restore  
it. I will offer a thousand bulls,  
a mountain of gold.

Opening her eyes, staring through the mist...

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Hear the end of the song,  
Princess!

(shuts her eyes)

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

The divine light fades from the Seer's eyes.

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The loom is silent.

Rea dismissively waves away the wishful thinking.

REA

How do I fix it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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 to secure our bloodline.

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

REA

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

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

**EXT. SEER'S CAVE - DAY**

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

*PRINCESS REA (V.O.)*

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

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

**SUPER** - "Ten Years Later"

The pristine, beautiful cliffs of the Amazon kingdom.

**EXT. THEMISCYRA - BEACH - DAY**

TWO YOUNG GIRLS (10) trade brutal wooden sword strikes.

QUEEN REA (V.O.)

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

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

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

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

QUEEN REA, 40s, stands over them. Resplendent in white  
and gold. Her tiara, a crown of jewels -- Her face is a  
mask of stern discipline.

She twists the wood, disarming Achillea.

QUEEN REA

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

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

QUEEN REA

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

*Rea begins adjusting Amazonia's stance.*

QUEEN REA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rea shoots a glance towards Achillea.

QUEEN REA

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

Behind them, Achillea's eyes lock onto Rea's greave. A gleaming, steel AMAZON DAGGER rests in Rea's sheath.

Blinded by rejection, Achillea lunges. She SEIZES the dagger and makes jagged slashes across her mother's face.

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

Rea collapses to one knee, gasping in shock.

ACHILLEA

(Screaming)

You love her more! You always love  
her more!

Achillea turns the bloody dagger toward her injured mother.

Amazonia reacts on pure instinct. She tackles Achillea into the sand. The two sisters grapple furiously, rolling over the blades and rocks.

AMAZONIA

Get away from her!

Amazonia wrestles for control of Achillea's wrist.

Achillea fights like a wild animal, pressing the dagger down toward Amazonia's chest.

Amazonia, panicked and losing strength, throws her weight forward, executing the exact move Rea just taught her, using Achillea's aggressive momentum against her.

They roll. A sickening MID-AIR REVERSAL.

A sharp, breathless GASP.

The struggle instantly stops.

Amazonia blinks, looking down. Her hands are on the hilt, but the Amazon dagger is buried deep in Achillea's chest.

Achillea's eyes go wide, staring blankly at the sky. The life drains from them. She goes limp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMAZONIA

(Horrorified,  
trembling)

No... No, Achillea, wake up. I'm  
sorry! Mother, help her!

Rea drags her bleeding face across the sand, pulling  
Achillea into her arms. She presses the wound, but it is  
too late. The Fates have claimed their prize.

QUEEN REA (V.O.)

*The Seer warned me. The Fates  
demanded it. But they  
underestimated the depths of a  
mother's grief.*

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

QUEEN REA

(lying)

She's not dead.

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

QUEEN REA

Do you know what it is?

AMAZONIA

(teary-eyed)

The Mournblade, "Cursed Saber of  
the Fallen."

QUEEN 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!

Rea looks up from her dead child, her tear-stained face  
hardening into absolute defiance. She looks out toward  
the crashing ocean waves.

QUEEN REA (V.O.)

*If the gods wanted a war... they  
would have to settle it with me.*

**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.

**SUPER - THEMISCYRA, Kingdom of the Amazons****EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY**

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

ORITHIA (O.S.)

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

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

ORITHIA

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

**EXT. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

QUEEN REA

I cannot let her die.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

I know.

QUEEN REA

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.

QUEEN REA

Ananke foretells one of salvation?

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*We all have something to atone for.*

A pregnant pause. Pseudishtar nods.

QUEEN 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Rea bows.

QUEEN 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.

QUEEN REA

We ride for the Cape of Taenarum.  
The gates to the deep.

THERMODOSA

Forgive me. I cannot like this plan.

QUEEN REA

You have always known this day would come.

THERMODOSA

(pleading)  
Pause a moment, if you need.

QUEEN REA

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

(beat)

I will not reverse course.

An agonizing moment feels like an eternity. Finally,

QUEEN 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:

QUEEN 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--

QUEEN 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.

QUEEN 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.

QUEEN REA (V.O.)

*I defied the warning. I marched  
straight into the kingdom of ash.  
Not to beg... but to trade.*

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

Rea lays her daughter's body on the obsidian floor and  
looks up into the darkness, completely unafraid of the  
terrors of death.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

HADES

You coming here has caught the Gods ire!

QUEEN REA

Do I look like someone who cares what the gods think?! We are the Last Order of the Achlyans!

HADES

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

QUEEN 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.

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?

QUEEN REA

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 seer warned you of the price, didn't she?

Hades notes her hesitation and chuckles.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QUEEN REA

I do not care about the kingdom.

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 silent.

HADES

Your daughter shall breathe again. She will walk the upper world. But a soul cannot be borrowed; it must be paid for. Your breath ends the moment hers begins.

QUEEN 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. Do you still accept?

Rea smiles politely.

QUEEN REA

No, My second born is first heir to the throne. Achillea will have no title, no claim, and no power. The throne is safe.

HADES

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

The mist completely swallows Rea. On the floor, Achillea's eyes suddenly SNAP OPEN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

They burn with an eerie, cold light. She gasps, drawing her first breath

*QUEEN REA (V.O.)  
The Ghost King accepted the trade.  
But the gods never give a gift  
without a curse.*

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

**INT. BEDCHAMBERS - DAY**

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.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He pulls back on the reins, rearing up as he stops.  
Reveal SOLIS, a charming man carved from solid granite.

CALLISTO

It's that Thracian -- Solis.

RACHNA

Ah, the ex-gladiator.

CALLISTO

He stands the fool, to face our  
legions with so few.

AMAZONIA

He has proven himself many things.  
A fool not among them. Spear.

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

AMAZONIA

Halt! What business do you have  
here?

SOLIS

I do not seek quarrel! Your  
enemies are everywhere.

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

AMAZONIA

The  fucking  cock on  you .

SOLIS

What would you have me do?

Amazonia nods with a frown.

RACHNA

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

SOLIS

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

AMAZONIA

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

She pulls a DAGGER, puts it to Kazzaks' throat.

ACHILLEA  
Last chance, old man.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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

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

ACHILLEA  
Remove his traitorous tongue.

AMAZONIA  
Unchain him.

ACHILLEA  
It's not your concern.

AMAZONIA  
It should concern all of us!  
We're not barbarians. Never bloody your hand unless you must.

Achillea glares, angry and defiant.

AMAZONIA  
You forget your place, Achillea. I do not ask. I command.

**EXT. QUEEN'S ROYAL PALACE - BALCONY - DAY**

Beautiful. Massive. Manicured gardens. Immense wealth.

ROYAL COUNCIL adorned with colorful robes and jewelry, having witnessing it. ISIDORA, DORKAS, PENELOPEIA, and OLYMPIA - the eldest.

Penelopeia turns to a troubled Olympia.

PENELOPEIA  
Olympia, I've seen that look before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLYMPIA

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

ISIDORA

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

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

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

Amazonia and Achillea bow.

QUEEN MYRINA

Your mother would not wish this.

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

QUEEN MYRINA

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 MYRINA

Somehow, I doubt your mother would approve.

(to Amazonia)

To the matter of these infidels pillaging our land.

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN MYRINA

Uh, huh.

ACHILLEA

I'm not sure that is wise.

AMAZONIA

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

An unintentional slight, but it stings Achillea nonetheless.

QUEEN MYRINA

Make it so.

ACHILLEA

As always, the Gods continue to show fucking favor.

QUEEN MYRINA

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 - DAY**

A torch illuminates the tomblike passageway as an imposing ROYAL GUARD, GLYKERIA, escorts Solis to a cell. He glances at the somber surroundings.

SOLIS

A bit gloomy in here. Ever thought of knocking out a wall, putting in a window?

(beat)

Something bright. Airy. Some flowers perhaps?

GLYKERIA

Move along.

She seizes his arm roughly, shoos him towards a cell --

**INT. CELL - DAY**

The heavy iron doors swing open --

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

Feeble torchlight sweeps from under the door.

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

**EXT. BLACK FOREST - DAY**

A lone rider, draped in a heavy hooded cloak, spurs her horse at a moderate clip. A worn leather purse bounces against the saddle.

The rider scans the dense tree line. Sensing danger, she kicks the horse into a hard GALLOP.

She rounds a sharp bend and pulls the reins tight.

Blocking the road are a half-dozen ARMORED AMAZONS on horseback. The warriors wheel their mounts, encircling the rider in a tight, defensive formation.

In the bunch, Syreena, and THORA, body of a female wrestler-- a VALKYRIE.

The rider reaches up and pulls back her hood.

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

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIA

Who hasn't. Your reputation precedes you.

ACHILLEA

*A proper woman should never travel without an escort.*

GIA

*I am not a proper woman. The Gods sent me to save you.*

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

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

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

I do not understand.

GIA

You shall.

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

She recognizes it.

GIA

That mark. I've seen it before.  
(off Achillea's look)  
The young man who bears it is  
Rome's most prized gladiator.

As the ROAR of the CROWD PROPELLING US TO --

**EXT. ROME - DAY**

City of gleaming marble. Center of the known world.

**EXT. COLOSSEUM - DAY**

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

The ROAR of more than fifty thousand souls...

**EXT. THE ARENA - DAY**

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

**EXT. HIGH PALACE BALCONY - DAY**

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.

**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.

Myrina pass through the great doors onto the steps.

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 MYRINA

Do you trust this infidel?

AMAZONIA

I do, Queen Diana Troy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN MYRINA

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 Myrina aside and speaks in a whisper.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

She wishes to bear child.

Myrina regards Amazonia almost bemused.

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN MYRINA

Very well.

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

**EXT. TEMPLE OF GAIA - NIGHT**

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

**INT. TEMPLE OF GAIA - NIGHT**

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

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

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

Slowly, Gia raises it...

Then spills the runestones onto the stone table.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

Prophecy?

GIA

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

(then)

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

Gia senses an unspoken question.

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

Where did you learn to do that?

GIA

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

Achillea eyes her, more suspicious than surprised.

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

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

GIA

Send me on my way, then.

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

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.

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.

**RESUME SCENE**

Amazonia smiles at the memory. It is short lived.

A Royal Guard escorts Solis in. Amazonia dismisses her.

SOLIS

I love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

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

SOLIS

What about love?

AMAZONIA

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

SOLIS

Enough with the tough talk.

AMAZONIA

Then let us turn towards more pressing matters.

She reaches down, guiding his cock inside her.

SOLIS

Your touch has been missed.

AMAZONIA

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

SOLIS

And I shall give it to you.

AMAZONIA

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

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

**INT. TEMPLE OF GAIA - NIGHT**

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

GIA

You wish to rest?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

You perform your duties befitting  
a champion. My gash is sore.

They kiss again. And when their lips part:

AMAZONIA

The hour is upon us.

SOLIS

I do not want to leave your arms.

AMAZONIA

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

SOLIS

Come with me.

Amazonia takes him in, wishing it were that simple.

AMAZONIA

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

Solis dresses. Tears streak Amazonia's face.

SOLIS

And if it is not?

AMAZONIA

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

OFF the proclamation...

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

In the early morning mist.

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

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

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

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

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

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

AMAZONIA

He is a good man.

CALLISTO

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

Amazonia flushes, embarrassed. Callisto laughs.

AMAZONIA

The gods have truly blessed them.

The other's shriek with laughter.

AMAZONIA

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

**EXT. PORT CITY OF HERACLES - MARKET - DAY**

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

**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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

DIOMEDES

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

AMAZONIA

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

DIOMEDES

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

ANOTHER CITIZEN

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

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

AMAZONIA

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

(raising her voice to  
the market)

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

The seaside market falls into a tense, whispering silence following Amazonia's proclamation. Diomedes swallows hard, looking away. No one speaks.

Suddenly, a sharp scoff breaks the silence from the steps of a ramshackle tavern nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAGERIA (40s), a muscular woman with silver in her hair and a deep scar slicing across her forearm, stands by the tavern door.

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

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

Amazonia signals her guards to stay outside and follows her.

**INT. HERACLES - TAVERN - 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 warriors into a slaughterhouse.

AMAZONIA

(stepping closer)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. 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.

Rachna 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..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sees the Pirates camp. Not insurmountable odds.

RACHNA

Strangers from the sea? But look at their vanguard. That man wears the iron cuirass of a Greek hoplite. The one beside him carries a heavy Roman shield.

CALLISTO

Have the empires allied against us?

Beat, Rachna lowers the scope --

RACHNA

I count one, two dozen.

SYREENA

They think they are hunting. They do not know these woods belong to Artemis.

ACHILLEA

Signal the archers. Let us show these sea-wolves how we treat thieves who come ashore.

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

Aaaaaah, 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, 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.

Syreena launches herself at a fleeing Harax on horseback. She swings her sword, unseating him. She stands over him, stabs him to death.

Cronan yanks his sword from a Amazon who 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 Achillea who dispenses another.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Achillea intervenes.

ACHILLEA

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

She moves off with Syreena in tow, WIPING US TO --

**INT. ROYAL PALACE - WAR ROOM - DAY**

A library-like room. Books, maps, battle memorabilia.

The Queens, Council, and Achillea gather round a table, talking quietly amongst themselves.

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

QUEEN MYRINA

Cilician Pirates?

ACHILLEA

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

QUEEN MYRINA

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 MYRINA

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

Turns to Achillea -

QUEEN MYRINA

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

(then)

We must learn the name of the king!

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

**INT. DUNGEON - CELL - NIGHT**

Drago yanks at his chains, trying to pull the ring from the wall or break the manacles on his wrists. Blood runs from his palms.

The cell door opens.

Syreena and Thora enter carrying a staff with a noose of a chain. Slipping it over his neck they twist until they choke him into submission.

When he nearly faints, they pull him across the cell.

Drago twists and fights as he is pulled to a table. Again choked to submission by the chain, he is forced down.

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

Nearby, Achillea looks on, sharpening her knife.

Syreena rips away his subligaria.

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

Achillea coldly registers Amazonia's entrance.

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 exhales sharply, relenting, moves away.

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 cock opens  
right here. Who funds your raids  
on our shores?

DRAGO

Mercy. I will speak!

Achillea turns to Amazonia, vindicated.

ACHILLEA

There, you see.

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 the knife. He lets out a deep, agonized scream.

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

**INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT**

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

**INT. ROYAL PALACE - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT**

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

QUEEN MYRINA

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

ACHILLEA

King Mithridates of Pontus commands them.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Mithridates? The Poison King?

ACHILLEA

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

AMAZONIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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

AMAZONIA

There is more. 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*.

The room registers surprise.

QUEEN MYRINA

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.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Myrina freezes, wheels turning.

**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.

OFF Achilleas' deadly smile...

**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.

Out of the mist glide THE SCYTHEWRAITHS. 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.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The camera finds their heads: 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.

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

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

Leading them is VALASKA, distinguished by a silver SNAKE ARMBAND.

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

Valaska raises a gauntleted hand.

BOOM. The stable gates shatter outward.

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

Thalestris deftly handles her mount, looking over to Valaska. She yells over the roaring wind—

THALESTRIS

To the River Styx?

Valaska draws her sword—the blade ignites with a cold, supernatural glow, cutting through the freezing fog ahead.

VALASKA

No! The Acheron. River of Woe!

The ECHO of her WHISPER metamorphose into the sound of flowing water into a riverbed --

**EXT. THE UNDERWORLD WASTES - CONTINUOUS**

The Scythewraiths gallop at breakneck speed, charging over a floor of pure shadow.

**EXT. THE BANKS OF THE ACHERON (RIVER OF WOE)**

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 Scythewraiths thunder toward the dock on their fire-breathing black steeds.

They slide to a halt at the edge of a massive, churning chasm.

This is the RIVER OF WOE. It is not water, but a thick, obsidian sludge of LIQUEFIED DESPAIR.

Millions of gray, featureless SOULS churn beneath the surface. Their faces stretch against the liquid tension, mouths open in a silent scream.

The river doesn't roar—it WEEPS. A deafening chorus of a million whispers, gasps, and sobs rises from the current.

Cold, ash-colored vapor bleeds off the surface, twisting into phantom shapes that claw at the banks before dissolving.

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 Woe without  
tribute to the--

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

Her hooves splashing the oily shore. Where the droplets land, the ground itself withers.

She drops her chin, locking her helmet's sightlines onto the far bank. Digs her heels into her steed's flanks--

VALASKA

HYAH!

The stallion leaps into the abyss. Prothoe, Hippolyta, and Thalestris charge right behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 neck bulging as he screams after them into the void.

CHARON

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

### **THE CROSSING**

The horse's hooves hit the surface. It doesn't sink.

Instead, the liquid despair FREEZES to black glass beneath its weight. The ice cracks violently, but holds.

Our Scythewraiths galloping over a bridge of their own making. Below them, the gray souls THRASH in agony.

Their hands claw against the underside of the temporary ice, trying to drag the riders down into the sludge.

The sound is deafening: the thunder of hooves, the shrieking of the ice, and the muffled wailing of the damned just inches beneath them.

Thalestris swings her sword downward, slicing off a spectral hand that breaks through the crust.

Ethereal fluid spray-paints the dark ice.

Up ahead, the far bank rises out of the ash-colored vapor.

Valaska's steed makes a final, massive leap, crashing onto the jagged obsidian rock of the opposite shore.

The others land in rapid, violent succession behind her.

Behind them, the ice bridge instantly shatters, melting back into a screaming vortex of sludge.

### **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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPHINX (CONT'D)

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?

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Yes, my great-great grandmother.

Angelsin rises, stands before a colossal stone wall.

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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 pregnant, eerie, silent beat before -- Angelsin grabs the sword -- a high-pitched, ghostly WHISTLE echoes...

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.

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 ancient stone steps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angelsin comes out. She holds a sword, wrapped and hidden inside a cloth blanket.

Waiting. The Scythewraiths. The mounts hiss, their oxidized armor caked with the ash of the Acheron.

They look elemental, as if mounted demons had descended to earth.

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

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.

**EXT. ROYAL PALACE - BALCONY - NIGHT**

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

Myrina looks out over the city. Amazonia paces the perimeter of the terrace, the wind catching her cloak.

QUEEN MYRINA

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

Myrina strokes Amazonia's face -- but it's far from a tender gesture

QUEEN MYRINA

Crush them with what? If we send  
our fleet to open war, we bleed  
our own youth into the Aegean.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN MYRINA (CONT'D)

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.

Myrinas' anger starts to SMOLDER...

QUEEN MYRINA

(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.

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

Amazonia reels from that, deeply stung.

AMAZONIA

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QUEEN MYRINA

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.

Myrina 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 MYRINA

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

OFF the declaration...

**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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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

THE SLAUGHTER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Prothoe and Myrina 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.

The guards thrust their spears, but the iron tips glide right through the wraiths 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. TEMPLE OF THE FATES - DAY**

A tiny temple with prehistoric drawings, shrouded in torchlight.

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

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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—

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

From the shadows behind the tapestries, they emerge.

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

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?

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

Valaska glides forward. The steel of her blade begins to frost over. Valaska 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.

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

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 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 points a smoky finger at the dead men.

VALASKA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

Valaska leads the charge on her steed. She leans low, her XIPHOS SWORD extending like a wing.WO ROYAL GUARDS rush in, spears leveled.

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.

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.

**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.

ARCHELAUS

Sire...? The vanguard is assembledat the river.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHELAUS (CONT'D)

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.

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 Kings cower before an empty plain, the tribes will revolt. 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHELAUS (CONT'D)

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.

**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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

EMMICH

Wake up.

Solis awakens with a start.

SOLIS

What?

EMMICH

You've made sea voyages before..

SOLIS

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

EMMICH

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

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

SOLIS

Are we lost?

EMMICH

Hopefully.

SOLIS

What?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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?!

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

We make our own destinies. Nothing is written.

THERMODOSA

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

A beat. Studying Amazonia.

THERMODOSA

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

(steps closer)

He ran from what was written. And fulfilled it anyway. On the road, he met a stranger. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

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.

Myrina, Thermodosa, and Diana Troy walk and talk.

QUEEN MYRINA

What is it?

THERMODOSA

Your life may be in danger.

QUEEN MYRINA

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 MYRINA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN DIANA TROY

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

QUEEN MYRINA

Do not soil your imagination with such things.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

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

QUEEN MYRINA

-- 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 MYRINA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

(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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RACHNA (CONT'D)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*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?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

TILLIUS

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

QUEEN REA

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

TILLIUS

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

Tillius takes a slow step forward, his eyes scanning the polished marble floor. He stops right where the 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TILLIUS (CONT'D)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAESAR (CONT'D)

*I must confess, Princess, when my herald told me you demanded a duel of champions, I expected something... more substantial. Rome conquers with iron and discipline, not with fairy tales.*

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.*

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.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

*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.*

*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.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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 Myrina walk through the rose garden.

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

QUEEN MYRINA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 MYRINA

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

ACHILLEA

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

QUEEN MYRINA

It will not be a burden.

ACHILLEA

Then I see your mind won't be changed.

Myrina smiles, but troubles worry her brow.

QUEEN MYRINA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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...

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...

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 -

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

Who are you?

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

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

Beat.

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

You need a friend. One who  
understands you.

ACHILLEA

Where would I find such a friend?

SEDITIONIOUS 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

Myrina rises from her desk.

MYRINA

You know the rules.

AMAZONIA

I'm not giving up my son!

MYRINA

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

AMAZONIA

-- I will not abandon him.

MYRINA

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

Without missing a beat, Amazonia stalks out.

MYRINA

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.

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.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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.

FOUR WRAITHS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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

QUEEN MYRINA

*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 who orders? Not the Queens. Nor mine.

DIOMEDES

Achillea.

AMAZONIA

She speaks false tongue.

DIOMEDES

So what do we owe this visit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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. 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...

**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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 --

SOLIS

(in the throes)

The Greeks have many tales about you Amazons. The animal style in which you all mate, at random, in the dark.

Amazonia rolls on top of him, straddling him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMAZONIA

Fuck me again, Thracian. And while  
you're doing it, remember this --

**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.

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.

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

The camera finds their heads: 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.

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

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

Leading them 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 int

***EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT***

*Thermodosa tears through the chest-high grass of a pitch-black meadow. She cradles a NEWBORN close to her chest.*

*She glances back—torches slice through the dark.*

*HOOFBEATS thunder closer.*

*Suddenly, four massive warhorses burst from the tree line ahead, blocking her path. They exhale thick smoke, jaws frothing.*

***THE SCYTHEWRAITHS.***

*Thermodosa freezes. Trapped. Valaska shifts. Moonlight catches a massive dark-silver shield slung over her mount.*

***INSERT: THE UNDERWORLD COAT OF ARMS***

*A golden bident and crossed keys are etched in dark silver, split by a glowing, turquoise vein of water. Two obsidian Stygian hounds flank the crest.*

***BACK TO SCENE***

*Thermodosa's eyes widen in horror as she recognizes the turquoise vein.*

***THERMODOSA***

*(breathless whisper)*

*The River Styx.*

*She looks up into the void of the wraith's helmet.*

***THERMODOSA***

*The gates are locked. You're...  
the Scythe Knights.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The wraiths don't answer. Instead, they pivot their warhorses, forming a defensive wall between Thermodosa and the approaching threat.

A dozen Amazon warriors erupt from the tall grass, torches blazing. Achillea and Syreena lead the charge, skidding their mounts to a halt just yards from the frothing warhorses.

Achillea draws her bronze sword, pointing it directly at the lead Knight.

ACHILLEA

Hand over the child, Thermodosa!  
He belongs to the sisterhood, not  
to the shadows!

The Scythewraiths don't flinch. Their mounts stomp the earth, sending sparks into the night air

Syreena notches an arrow into her bowstring, her eyes darting to the glowing turquoise Styx sigil on the shields.

She leans toward Achillea, her voice tight with panic.

SYREENA

Achillea... look at the crests.  
Those aren't mortal mercenaries.

Achillea's gaze shifts to the shield. She hesitates, her gripped sword trembling slightly as she recognizes the Stygian hounds.

Valaska steps her horse forward. Her voice booms from beneath her dark helmet—hollow, ancient, and echoing with the weight of the dead.

VALASKA

All fear the dark, or yield your  
soul. Go back whence you came.

Achillea tries to hold her ground, but her horse rears back, terrified by the scent of the Underworld.

VALASKA

The thread of this child belongs  
to Scythelord Angelsin. Go back  
whence you came, or ride across  
the Styx tonight.

The other wraiths draw their scythes in unison. The cold steel rings out in the quiet meadow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Syreena lowers her bow, looking at Achillea. It's a losing fight.

Achillea stares into the void of Valaska's helmet. She realizes she is outmatched by cosmic forces. She lowers her sword.

ACHILLEA

(to her warriors)

Hold! Lower your weapons.

With a tight jaw and a bitter glare at Thermodosa, Achillea raises a hand and wheels her horse around.

ACHILLEA

Retreat!

She signals the entourage. The Amazons melt back into the darkness, the thunder of their retreating hoofbeats fading into the night.

The silence of the meadow is heavy, broken only by the panting of the horses and the soft cooing of the baby.

Thermodosa looks down at the newborn. Tears well in her eyes. She presses a long, desperate kiss to the child's forehead.

She steps toward Valaska. The massive warhorse snorts, smoke curling from its nostrils, but Thermodosa doesn't flinch this time.

Motherhood has made her brave. She extends her arms, offering the bundle upward.

THERMODOSA

Protect him. Please.

Valaska leans down from her saddle. Her gauntleted hands-- cold as grave-dirt--reach out and take the infant.

She handles the bundle with a surprising, practiced gentleness. Thermodosa's hands linger on the blanket, loath to let go.

THERMODOSA

Does he truly belong to the dead now? Is that his fate?

Valaska pulls the child close to her chest, shielding him from the night wind. She looks down at her through the dark slit of her helmet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VALASKA

No child belongs to the dead until their thread is cut. He is safe from the living. That is all you need know.

Thermodosa lowers her empty hands, wiping a tear from her cheek. A heavy sense of relief mixes with her heartbreak.

She steps back, ready to accept her solitude.

VALASKA

Do not weep yet, daughter of the sun. Someone wishes to see you.

THERMODOSA

To see me? Who?

Valaska doesn't answer. Valaska extends a gauntleted hand down to her. It is not an invitation; it is a command.

VALASKA

Mount. The living do not walk the path we take.

Thermodosa takes her hand. She effortlessly pulls her up onto the shroud of her mount. Thermodosa grips her cold, iron chest piece.

Valaska rears her steed. The Scythewraiths wheel their horses and charge directly toward a massive, ancient oak tree.

Thermodosa braces for impact, closing her eyes—

But instead of crashing, the ground violently gives way. The horses plunge downward into a yawning chasm of shadows that swallows the night air.

**INT. DARK CHAMBER - UNDERWORLD**

MATCH CUT ON: Thermodosa's eyes snapping open.

The roaring wind of the descent is gone. It is replaced by a deathly, echoing silence.

They stand in a majestic chamber carved from solid, obsidian rock. Eerie turquoise flames flicker in iron braziers, casting long, dancing shadows.

Valaska dismounts, cradling the newborn. She signals Thermodosa to follow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*At the far end of the chamber, standing before a massive arched overlook that views the endless, misty wastes of Asphodel, stands SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN.*

*She wears robes of midnight black, trimmed with silver armor that mirrors the coat of arms.*

*She does not turn around immediately. His presence alone suffocates the room*

VALASKA

*My Lord. The child is secure. And the High Priestess is brought before you.*

*Angelsin slowly turns. Her eyes carry the weight of millennia. She glances at the baby, then shifts her piercing gaze directly to Thermodosa.*

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

*You ran well, Thermodosa. The Amazons are formidable, but they do not command the dark*

*Thermodosa steps forward, trembling but defiant, her eyes locked on her child.*

THERMODOSA

*You have the boy, Scythelord. My bargain is fulfilled. Why am I here?*

*Angelsin walks toward her, her footsteps echoing like a ticking clock. She stops just inches away, looking down at her with a chilling, unreadable expression.*

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

*Because a bargain with the Underworld is never truly finished, mother. Your role in his destiny has only just begun.*

He gestures with his chin toward the treeline behind him.

From the dense shadows of the ancient oaks, a thick, ethereal mist begins to roll across the grass. The temperature drops rapidly. The grass itself begins to frost over.

A dark figure begins to coalesce within the fog

