

RISE OF THE AMAZONS

Episode One:

"Sins of thy Mother"

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FADE IN:

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A cloudless void. Pitch black.

A glittering starfield unspools across the cosmos.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Long ago, at the edge of the world, lived the legendary Amazons of Themiscyra. Feared throughout Greece, their unmatched combat skills became the stuff of myth in an age ruled by powerful Gods, heroes, and monsters.

The camera begins a slow, deliberate TILT DOWNWARD.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But a shadow now falls over their shores. An unknown foreign King has unleashed marauders to raid the coastal cities of Anatolia, orchestrating a secret plot to ignite a catastrophic war between Athens, the rising power of Rome, and the realm of the gods.

The camera SUDDENLY PLUMMETS, rapidly leaving the heavens behind.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

While a hidden puppet master prepares his grand invasion, a dark prophecy takes root. It is a curse that brings something far worse than the threat of mortal war to the very gates of Themiscyra...

Descending fast through the dark, the stars completely 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

The Amazon pulls her reins. The stallion halts.

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

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

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

The pirate leader, ZENICETES, spurs his horse forward

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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

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.

Rea looks up at the spinning stars above as she rides.

REA

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

INT. THE SHRINE OF THE DEAD - NIGHT

Rea 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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:

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The loom is silent.

Rea dismissively waves away the wishful thinking.

REA

How do I fix it?

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

(then)

Go home, weaver. And pray the
thread holds.

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. ANCIENT TURKEY - DAY

SWEEPING ACROSS a vast island of tropical milieu in dawns
first light.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

Lush and green hills, an Idyllic postcard landscape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

CAPTION - "four years later..."

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

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

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

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

Amazonia BLOCKS IT ON THE DOWNSWING!

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

REA (O.S.)

Achillea! Amazonia!

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

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

REA

Amazonia's flesh and blood,
Achillea!

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

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

REA

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

(turns to Amazonia)

Focus!

Rea trains Amazonia. They spar, swords clanging.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REA

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

Rea shoots a glance towards Achillea, the sparing
intensifies.

REA

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

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

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

REA

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

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

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

REA

Now fetch your horses.

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

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

AMAZONIA

NO!

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

REA

Amazonia, no!

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Rea shakes Amazonia who's still unresponsive.

REA
Amazonia! Amazonia!

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

REA
(lying)
She's not dead.

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

REA
Do you know what it is?

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

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

A bloodied Amazonia runs past, WIPING US TO --

EXT. STREETS OF THEMISCYRA - DAY

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

CAPTION - "*THEMISCYRA, Kingdom of the Amazons...*"

EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

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

ORITHIA (O.S.)
A heavy heart weighs a warrior's sword. Welcome to the fucking sisterhood!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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

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

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

Temple bell TOLLS. Perhaps it tolls for Rea.

REA

I cannot let her die.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

REA

Ananke foretells one of salvation?

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*We all have something to atone
for.*

A pregnant pause. Pseudishtar nods.

REA

Anything you wish to say to me?

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

The first hint of Artemisia's vulnerability -

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

Rea bows.

REA

I am loyal, I will serve you.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Rise.

EXT. A MIST ENSHROUDED FOREST - DAY

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

As she gets swallowed up by the mist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

REA

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

THERMODOSA

Forgive me. I cannot like this plan.

REA

You have always known this day would come.

THERMODOSA

(pleading)
Pause a moment, if you need.

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,

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.

REA

Perhaps it's your destiny to change that.

THERMODOSA

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

REA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THERMODOSA

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

REA

My love for you has not dimmed.

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

Off Thermodosa, deeply troubled.

INT. THE THRONE ROOM OF EREBOS - UNDERWORLD

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

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

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

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

HADES

You coming here has caught the
Gods ire!

REA

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

Beat,

HADES

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

REA

I came for a trade, Lord of the
Unseen. Take my breath. Take my
blood.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REA (CONT'D)

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?

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.

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.

REA

I accept.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

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

Slowly, the color begins to return to her face.

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

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

Rea dies with a pained, anguished look. Her eyes lock on -
- Achillea - her eyes flutters open...

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

INT. BEDCHAMBERS - 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA

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

ACHILLEA

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

THERMODOSA

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

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

AMAZONIA

Thermodosa. Where's mother?

Thermodosa stares, a solemn expression.

EXT. SHORELINE OF THE THERMODON RIVER - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

AMAZONIA

Any sign of the Marauder activity?

RACHNA

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

(beat)

Also, I think we're being
followed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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...

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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 know that look.

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

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

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

INT. QUEEN'S PALACE - THRONE ROOM - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

ACHILLEA

I've no rebellion. Just a need to see her die.

SYREENA

It is sometimes necessary to do some bad in order to achieve a much greater good.

ACHILLEA

Vengeance won't wane with the sunset. Rest assured, my time shall come.

As they sweep out, their cloaks WIPING US TO:

INT. DUNGEON - CORRIDORS - DAY

Amazonia carries a torch to light her way as she navigates a dark, damp passageway. As she rounds a corner, she comes face-to-face with--

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

INT. DUNGEON CELL - DAY

Dimly lit even during the day.

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

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

SOLIS
Amazonia. A word.

AMAZONIA
I have none to give.

SOLIS
It is a matter of some importance.

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

SOLIS
You avoid my gaze.

AMAZONIA
As you should mine. Lest suspicions be aroused.

SOLIS
Will they not also be raised, if two friends are no longer seen to speak?

Amazonia considers that, reluctantly nods. Solis struggles to find the right words.

SOLIS
What happened between us --

AMAZONIA
Was not of our choosing. We must turn it from thought, and never give it voice.

SOLIS
My tongue bends to such warning.
(a beat, soft)
Yet the thought of you... it proves troublesome.

Amazonia sees a glimpse of emotion in him. She looks away, not wanting him to see how affected she is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

The memory will fade with time. As
do all things born of misfortune.

Amazonia goes, WIPING US TO --

EXT. BLACK FOREST - DAY

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

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

She rounds a sharp bend and pulls the reins tight.

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

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

The rider reaches up and pulls back her hood.

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

Around her neck, a distinct gold amulet of the Egyptian goddess Isis catches the dim northern sunlight.

Achillea spurs her horse forward. She stops short. Gia's beauty catches her completely off guard.

She eyes the unmistakable Egyptian gold resting against Gia's collarbone. She locks eyes with her.

Gia tracks Achillea's gaze. A slow, knowing smile spreads across her lips. Her attraction to the warrior is instant and entirely undisguised.

ACHILLEA

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

(beat)

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

Gia does not flinch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

(wary)

You've heard of me?

GIA

Who hasn't. Your reputation precedes you.

ACHILLEA

The dead do not usually send messengers so far north.

GIA

The dead are the ones who warned me. And if you do not listen to what they showed me, you will be joining them before the moon turns.

The surrounding Amazon entourage erupts into a mix of nervous murmurs and scoffing LAUGHTER.

Gia doesn't blink. Her eyes stay locked on Achillea.

GIA

I was a prisoner in Rome. I fled.

ACHILLEA

No one simply walks out of Rome. How did you escape?

GIA

The Republic is rife with corruption. Gold opens doors. Prophecy opens the rest.

ACHILLEA

And why did they lock you away?

GIA

I told Caesar their precious empire would burn.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THORA

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

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

ACHILLEA

Ride with me. It seems I require
your services.

SYREENA

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

ACHILLEA

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

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

EXT. BLACK FOREST - TRAIL - LATER

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

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

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

ACHILLEA

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

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

Rome is a thousand miles away,
Saga.

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

GIA

Because Rome is expanding like a
plague.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIA (CONT'D)

And because my visions didn't show me a city. They showed me a face.

ACHILLEA

My face?

GIA

(softly, teasing)

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

ACHILLEA

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

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

I do not understand.

GIA

You shall.

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ROAR of more than fifty thousand souls...

EXT. THE ARENA - DAY

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

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

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

INT. ROYAL COUNCIL VESTIBULE -DAY

The Royal council are passing from the chamber into the vestibule, then onto the broad steps. They chat quietly amongst themselves.

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.

QUEEN MYRINA

How large?

AMAZONIA

Small, easily runoff.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

You like him, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

ACHILLEA

Prophecy?

GIA

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

(then)

One will come, who will know both
the dark and the light.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIA (CONT'D)

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:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

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

RESUME SCENE

Amazonia smiles at the memory. It is short lived.

Nemesis escorts Solis in. Amazonia dismisses her.

SOLIS

I love you.

AMAZONIA

As if that mattered. We honor no marriages. Our society is stringently matriarchal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

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?

ACHILLEA

If I do, I shall tell you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

CASTUS

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

AMAZONIA

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

They kiss again. And when their lips part:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

The hour is upon us.

SOLIS

I do not want to leave your arms.

AMAZONIA

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

SOLIS

Come with me.

Amazonia takes him in, wishing it were that simple.

AMAZONIA

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

Solis dresses. Tears streak Amazonia's face.

SOLIS

And if it is not?

AMAZONIA

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

OFF the proclamation...

EXT. HIGH PALACE BALCONY - 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

RACHNA

And one day, it shall rest with
you.

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

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

RACHNA

A token. Of days past.

AMAZONIA

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

RACHNA

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

AMAZONIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RACHNA

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

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

RACHNA

...And she knew it, too.

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

RACHNA

We have all watched men fall by the work of our own hands. We have done so in service of God, Queen, and King. But we must all be driven by a deeper burn. We must feel that fire, Amazonia, or we wither and die.

Rachna gives Amazonia a firm, caring squeeze on the shoulder.

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

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

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

CLOSE ON THE RAILING

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

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

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

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

In the early morning mist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

EXT. FOREST - DAY

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

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

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

AMAZONIA

He is a good man.

CALLISTO

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

Amazonia flushes, embarrassed. Callisto laughs.

AMAZONIA

The gods have truly blessed them.

The other's shriek with laughter.

AMAZONIA

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

EXT. PORT CITY OF HERACLES - MARKET - DAY

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

DIOMEDES

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

AMAZONIA

And it is good to see you well, Diomedes.

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

DIOMEDES

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

AMAZONIA

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

DIOMEDES

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

ANOTHER CITIZEN

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

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

AMAZONIA

I do not doubt your loyalty. But loyalty alone will not guard your throat when the sea-wolves land.
(raising her voice to the market)

Hear me, people of Heracles!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Amazonia signals her guards to stay outside and follows her.

INT. HERACLES - TAVERN - 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 when he spoke, and your people hide behind shuttered windows.

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

And you? What do you fear?

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

(stepping closer)

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

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

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

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

LAGERIA

(voice dropping)

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

AMAZONIA

Our tax grain?

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

Who commands them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAGERIA

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

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

LAGERIA

Sextus Pompeius.

AMAZONIA

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

LAGERIA

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

EXT. ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

A bustling, well-oiled military camp.

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

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..

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, three dozen.

SYREENA

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

ACHILLEA

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

In the distance smoke from several campfires can be seen.

EXT. THEMISCYRA PLAIN - DAY

Sweltering humidity hangs over the alluvial marshlands.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

DRAGO

Aaaaaaah, my bastard brother returns.

He dismounts, weary, tired. They embrace.

DRAGO

The other's?

CRONAN

Slaughtered.

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

HARAX

Yet you still breath. They followed you.

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

HARAX

This traitor lead them to us.

DRAGO

To arms! We're under attack!

Our warriors charge into camp, collide with the enemy.

Amazon archers ride the flanks of battle, picking targets - shoot as they stand in their stirrups or from beneath bellies of their warhorses as they swing beneath.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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

Pirates?

ACHILLEA

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

QUEEN MYRINA

Which king dares fund this
outrage?

ACHILLEA

Our prisoner chooses silence over
the truth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLISTO

May Poseidon curse their ships and
drown them all.

RACHNA

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

QUEEN MYRINA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Achillea coldly registers Amazonia's entrance.

AMAZONIA

What is the meaning of this?

ACHILLEA

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

AMAZONIA

One might misunderstand your tone for a threat, Achillea.

ACHILLEA

The queen as already made her decree!

Amazonia exhales sharply, relenting, moves away.

ACHILLEA

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

DRAGO

The Sunken Vanguard fears no Amazon blades. We are brothers to the deep sea. You cannot kill ghosts.

ACHILLEA

Ghosts do not bleed. Men do.

Beat. Achillea moves between his legs and grabs his genitals and lowers the knife.

ACHILLEA

Give me a name, or your cock opens right here. Who funds your raids on our shores?

DRAGO

Mercy. I will speak!

Achillea turns to Amazonia, vindicated.

ACHILLEA

There, you see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACHILLEA

The name. Now.

DRAGO

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

DRAGO

He commands massive rebel navies
and raid coastal territories to
sabotage Caesar's new empire.

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

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

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

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

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

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

QUEEN MYRINA

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

AMAZONIA

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

ACHILLEA

A Roman civil war, funded by our
blood?

AMAZONIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN MYRINA

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

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY

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

QUEEN MYRINA

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

QUEEN MYRINA

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

AMAZONIA

The Anatolian valleys will rise against us if we do.

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

QUEEN MYRINA

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

AMAZONIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACHILLEA

Then they are mortal traitors who
chose a Roman master.

AMAZONIA

They chose survival! Our elders
locked away the tribute grain to
prepare for a Roman invasion,
leaving the mortal villages to
rot. Sextus didn't conquer
Anatolia with iron, Queen Myrina.
He conquered it with bread. If we
ride out with swords, we are not
fighting a Roman fleet. We are
slaughtering the very people we
swore to protect.

EXT. ANATOLIAN CLIFFS - NIGHT

Rain slants across the jagged rocks.

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

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

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

Lageria stops, turning back. The rain glints on her deep
forearm scar.

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAGERIA

(grinning faintly)

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

AMAZONIA

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

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

So they owe their lives to a dead Roman.

LAGERIA

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

INT. HIDDEN FJORD - CAVERN CAMP - NIGHT

Torches burn in rusted iron braziers.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEXTUS

(without looking up)

An Amazon inside the wolf's throat. Either my scouts are getting lazy, or you have a death wish, princess.

AMAZONIA

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

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

SEXTUS

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

AMAZONIA

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

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

Through the shadows, Amazonia sees the three Anatolian children. They aren't in chains. They are sitting by a warm hearth, eating bowls of hot porridge given to them by Roman soldiers.

SEXTUS

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

AMAZONIA

(stunned, looking at the children)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SEXTUS

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

LAGERIA

(stepping forward,
narrowing her eyes)

And if she refuses?

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

SEXTUS

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

INT. ROYAL PAVILION - DAY

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

Lageria stands silently by the entrance.

ACHILLEA

She returns. Did you locate the pirate lair?

AMAZONIA

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

A ripple of tension goes through the guards. Myrina narrows her eyes.

QUEEN MYRINA

You negotiated with a Roman pirate? Without our council?

AMAZONIA

I went to find the stolen children. And I found them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

They are unharmed. Sextus is feeding them. He is feeding the entire outer valley.

QUEEN MYRINA

(scoffing)

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

AMAZONIA

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

ACHILLEA

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

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN MYRINA

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

AMAZONIA

(stepping closer to Myrina)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

QUEEN MYRINA

The grain stays locked, Amazonia.

AMAZONIA

My Queen—

QUEEN MYRINA

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

Amazonia stands frozen, realizing her words have failed completely.

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

QUEEN MYRINA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA

Perhaps I just needed to hear it
from you.

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

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

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

AMAZONIA

(sadly...)
Perhaps one day.

Amazonia hands it back to Thermodosa who puts it away.

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

Oh, Thermodosa, must we?

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

We make our own destinies. Nothing
is written.

THERMODOSA

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

A beat. Studying Amazonia.

THERMODOSA

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

(steps closer)

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THERMODOSA (CONT'D)

His father and killed him where he stood. He took a crown he never wanted. A kingdom he didn't understand. A queen...

(leans in)

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

Taps lightly near her own eye.

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

I have more pressing matters.

THERMODOSA

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

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

EXT. PALACE RAMPARTS - NIGHT

Rain lashes the stone battlements.

Amazonia stares out at the dark, distant valleys.

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

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

No. I won't let it happen.

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

I despise him, Laqeria. He's using those people as shields.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

If I give him the grain, he stays strong, and Caesar brings ten legions to burn us anyway. But if I don't give him the grain, The Queen slaughters the valleys.

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

I choose the people.

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

AMAZONIA

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

Lageria stops leaning. A slow, genuinely impressed grin spreads across her weathered face.

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

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

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

His shadow fleet vanishes,
Penthesilea has no traitors to
hunt, and Caesar has no reason to
sail east.

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

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

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

EXT. SOUTH BAY - SEA CLIFFS - LATE NIGHT

A savage storm thrashes the jagged rocks. Far below, four
small fisherman skiffs battle the rising swells. LAGERIA
stands at the bow of the lead boat, matching the rhythm
of the waves.

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

EXT. GRANARY VENTILATION LEDGE - SAME TIME

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

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

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

INT. ROYAL GRANARY - SECONDS LATER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

Amazonia pushes the sack. It plunges into the abyss.

EXT. SOUTH BAY - CONTINUOUS

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

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

INT. ROYAL GRANARY - MINUTES LATER

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

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

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

RACHNA (40s)—the ruthless hardline commander—steps inside. Two hoplites follow her, carrying burning brands. The firelight dances wildly across the stone pillars.

RACHNA

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

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

The hoplite pauses, looking down. A trail of loose wheat spills across the floor, leading straight to the open ventilation shaft. Outside, the wind howls through the broken grate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOPLITE

Commander. The sea-grate has been breached.

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

RACHNA

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

Amazonia presses her back against the grain sacks, her hand gripping her sword hilt. If she draws her blade, she is officially a traitor to her sisters. If she doesn't, she dies in the dark.

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

INT. ROYAL GRANARY - CONTINUOUS

Rachna rounds the corner, sword raised.

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

EXT. SEA CLIFFS - CONTINUOUS

Amazonia falls through the howling wind and rain. SIXTY FEET.

She hits the churning ocean like a stone.

EXT. SOUTH BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Amazonia breaks the surface, gasping for air. A rough hand grabs her collar. LAGERIA hauls her over the gunwale of the skiff. Amazonia lies on the floorboards, shivering, coughing up brine.

LAGERIA

(grinning through the storm)

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

Amazonia and Lageria stand on a cliffside watching the Amazon vanguard march toward the empty granary. Amazonia sheds her royal bronze armor, leaving it in the dirt, and changes into rugged traveler's leather.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

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

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

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

EXT. ANATOLIAN VILLAGES - PRE-DAWN (MONTAGE)

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

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

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

EXT. HIDDEN FJORD - CAVERN CAMP - DAY

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

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

A ROMAN CENTURION approaches, looking grim.

CENTURION

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

SEXTUS

Why? I offered them gold and vengeance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CENTURION

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

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

SEXTUS

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

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

SEXTUS (CONT'D)

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

INT. ROYAL PAACE - THRONE ROOM - DAWN

The first rays of sunlight cut through the openings. Myrina sits on her cedar throne, her face tight with worry. Myrina paces nearby, adjusting her bronze gauntlets.

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

ACHILLEA

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

QUEEN MYRINA

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

AMAZONIA (O.S.)

It wasn't a traitor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

She is shivering, but her posture remains unbroken.

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

QUEEN MYRINA

Amazonia... What have you done?

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

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

AMAZONIA

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

Achillea draws her short-sword with a deadly ring.

ACHILLEA

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

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN MYRINA

(stepping close,
voice like steel)

You ruined our honor! You stole from the crown to feed commoners who owe us their lives. My grandmother did not bleed at Troy so a coddled princess could play saint to mortal beggars. This is high treason.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMAZONIA

(turning to her
mother)

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

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

If she shows mercy, she invites a civil war.

QUEEN MYRINA

(voice trembling but
cold)

You are no longer the heir of
Themiscyra, Amazonia.

Amazonia flinches, the words striking harder than a
blade.

QUEEN MYRINA

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

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

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

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN MYRINA

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

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

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

INT. CAESAR'S COMMAND TENT - NIGHT

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

JULIUS CAESAR (50s)—lean, sharp-jawed, with a receding hairline covered by a laurel wreath—sits calmly at the desk. He wears a spotless white toga with a broad purple stripe, peeling an apple with a small silver knife.

Standing across from him is MARK ANTONY (30s), a brash, muscular general in heavy iron armor, pacing like a caged animal.

ANTONY

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

CAESAR

(without looking up,
slicing the apple)

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

ANTONY

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

CAESAR

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

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

CAESAR

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAESAR (CONT'D)

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

ANTONY

And won't they?

CAESAR

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

Antony blinks, caught off guard.

ANTONY

An Amazon robbed her own palace? Why?

CAESAR

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

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

ANTONY

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

CAESAR

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAESAR

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

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...

INT. COLOSSEUM/INTERIOR STAIRWELL- NIGHT

VALERIA, 20s, takes the stone steps down, into the bowels of the amphitheater.

Torchlight illuminates the passage to..

Valeria's elegant. She wears a silk stola, but a heavy wool palla (veil) covers her hair and half her gorgeous face, masking her identity.

INT. COLOSSEUM/HYPOGEUM

Main corridor in this subterranean level connects storage rooms, animal cages and gladiator's "dressing rooms."

METELLUS, 30s, her loyal Greek slave, keeps watch at the iron grate door, a purse of bribed coins hidden in his tunic.

Metellus nods toward the darkness. A shadow moves.

Alexius appears. He's covered in whip-scars and older silver blade-cuts. He wears only a sweat-soaked subligaculum and leather arm-wraps.

Valeria lets her veil fall. Her eyes burn with a mix of hunger and fear.

VALERIA

You took too long. The night watch changes in an hour.

He doesn't bow. He looks down at her expensive gold earrings, then into her eyes

ALEXIUS

The Lanista wanted another round on the wooden post. My blood sells tickets, Domina.

VALERIA

Don't call me that. Not here.

She reaches out. Her manicured, pale hand—reeling with expensive Egyptian perfume—contrasts sharply against his rough, dirt-streaked chest.

She traces a fresh cut on his shoulder. He flinches slightly, but doesn't pull away

ALEXIUS

Your husband sat in the editor's box today. He gave the thumbs down to a Thracian boy I trained with.

VALERIA

My husband talks of tax farmers and grain supplies. He is a corpse who happens to still breathe.

She pulls his head down to hers. They kiss—brutal, desperate, and urgent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alexius grips her waist, his rough hands catching on the delicate silk of her dress.

Metellus suddenly taps the iron grate with his dagger.
Clang

METELLUS

Footsteps. The Lanista's guards
are returning from the tavern.

Valeria breaks the kiss, breathless. She pulls her veil back over her face, instantly transforming back into the untouchable Roman matron.

She slips a small glass vial into Alexius' hand.

VALERIA

Silphium oil. For your shoulder.
Do not die on Saturday, Alexius. I
have bet a fortune on you.

She vanishes into the dark corridor with Metellus.

Alexius looks down at the expensive vial in his scarred palm, then up at the empty hallway.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN MYRINA

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY

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

QUEEN 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

INT. ACHILLEA'S BED CHAMBERS/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Achillea gets out of her bath.

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

Syreena - peeking in around the door.

GIA

Do please don't lurk Syreena. Come in.

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

SYREENA

If it please you, let us speak alone.

ACHILLEA

It doesn't.

GIA

I must see to my ah, affairs.

INT. BED CHAMBER'S - NIGHT

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

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

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

ACHILLEA

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

SYREENA

And what about Amazonia?

ACHILLEA

She has shown no tendency toward ruling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

No one answers. Thora BACKHANDS him.

ACHILLEA

A lie bleeds two throats.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Shafts of sunlight pierce gray clouds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

Amazonia's stunned into silence.

AMAZONIA

What happened to him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA

Artemisia 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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

ARTEMISIA

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

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

ACHILLEA

You understand your death will
come at my hands?

Thermodosa gets between them -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

AMAZONIA

So this is the work of a Sorcerer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

ACHILLEA

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

ACHILLEA

The Queen request your presence.

Achillea motions for two ROYAL GUARDS to grab the infant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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...

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 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. The sound is a deafening, rhythmic thunder.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

Valaska stares into the churning soup of souls. She drops her chin, locking her helmet's sightlines onto the far bank.

She digs her heels into her steed's flanks--

VALASKA

HYAH!

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHARON

(screaming)

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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.

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.

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

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.

From behind the cold metal comes a horrific sound:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A rasping, wet hiss. Labored. Struggling. The sound of a woman dragging oxygen into actively dying lungs.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

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

THERMODOSA

Need not hide your faces from me.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

I hide it to protect you.

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

THERMODOSA

Why am I here?

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

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

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Amazonia stirs on a make-shift bed of straw, still weak from childbirth, awakened by the sound of FOOTSTEPS.

She sits up as the semi-darkness. Suddenly her cell door bursts open -- Achillea and ROYAL GUARDS, storms inside.

She lets out a gasp as the two guards drags her out of the cell.

INT. DUNGEON - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A Royal Guard approaches them --

GUARD

Achillea... this is a breach of law. Both Gods and Queen... it's madness

ACHILLEA

Relieve the guard of her duties and moral conflict..

On that command, Syreena runs a SWORD through the guard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amazonia sees her opening, breaks free and runs. Achillea laughs at the move --

ACHILLEA

Perfect. We'll blame this on Amazonia as she tried to escape.

EXT. AETHELGARD - NIGHT

Dark clouds pretend doom.

A CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE, moving fast, a DARK FORM on an ARMOR-CLAD black steed, charges out of the cloud like the angel of death; its Angelsin.

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

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.
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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Silence!

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

INT. THE TOMB - DAY

Angelsin and Pseudishtar stalk through the labyrinth.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Silence?

ANGELSIN

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

A smile creases Pseudishtar's lips. Ours too.

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

You know who she was?

SCYTHLORD ANGELSIN

Yes, my great-great grandmother.

Angelsin rises, stands before a colossal stone wall.

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

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

Two bejeweled swords, individually, wrapped in cloth.

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

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The Gladius Lux; the Sword of
Light.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR (CONT'D)

(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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

In perfect synchronization, they slide from their steeds light as smoke, hitting the wet earth without a sound.

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

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

ANGELSIN

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

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

EXT. WOOD - NIGHT

Amazonia runs as the warriors follows. Darkness and her condition make speed difficult. Before long, Syreena and Achillea is upon her.

Achillea throws her to the ground. Amazonia's undergarment ripped, her belly in view. She pleads as Achillea draws her sword --

AMAZONIA

Don't do this, Achillea. Please.

Achillea looks down at Amazonia, a mix of God-fear and guilt grips her. Then she sees the cross. Looks at it, sees its meaning. Then --

Achillea puts shackles on her hands and feet.

ACHILLEA

You are banished. Don't ever come
back here. Or anywhere on our
lands. You'll be sure as dead.

To Syreena.

ACHILLEA

Fetch a horse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Achillea presses the tip of her sword to Amazonia's belly.

AMAZONIA

Don't do this, Achillea. Please.

Achillea raises the SWORD to strike her torso--

--A HAND catches Achillea's wrist.

Achillea tries to break free, but--

A gauntleted hand grabs hold of her arm in a vice-like grip. *It's Angelsin.*

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

You'll only dull your sword.

Achillea stiffens and steps back withdrawing her sword.

Magically, Angelsins' *HILT; guard, grip, and pommel*, leaps into her hand, suddenly, a sword extends, showering them with STARBURTS OF LIGHT.

Achillea eyes it. The sword dazzles almost unnaturally.

ACHILLEA

W-what -- what devil possesses you... ?

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Darkness in which all light dies.

With blinding sword work, Angelsin forces Achillea back stronger and faster than any mortal could ever be.

With Amazonia, slowly regaining consciousness - squints at the two vague shapes circling in the gloom before her.

SPARKS from each contact gets more dazzling in the dark.

For the first time, Achillea is on the DEFENSIVE -- she can barely parry Angelsin's thrusts, much less attack.

Angelsin's voice remains calm as she whips her blade around Achillea in DAZZLING sword moves...

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Resistance is useless. Or have you forgotten everything in all those years of tutelage your mother taught you?

(a beat)

You cannot win.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Achillea overreaches -- Angelasin gives her sword a twist, and disarms Achillea.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN
Surrender instead of resistance.

Suddenly Achillea lunges at her, a dagger in her hand.

Angelsin catches her arm, twists with practiced efficiency, and disarms her -- coldcocks Achillea with her sword-pommel.

Angelsin towers over Achillea's unconscious form like the Angel of death.

BEAT. A flick of the wrist - her sword's light dims, then retracts into its hilt.

Amazonia stirs weakly -- Angelsin turns, drops to a knee beside her. Amazonia, staring, unfocused, which sends her reeling into a mumbling delirium.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN
You have a destiny to claim.

AMAZONIA
Destiny? I don't believe in fate and prophecies. Never did.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN
You have the chance to soar with the Ravens yet choose to die like a sparrow.

AMAZONIA
There are things worse than death.

Reluctantly, Angelsin nods, sadly...

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN
Yes. There is. You forced your mother's hand. Do not force mine!

AMAZONIA
Perhaps -- but if I must face it, let it find me, for I shall not search for it -- only my son.

With a hand gesture -- an evil breeze blows through the area. The moonlight shimmers.

Achillea CONVULSES TO LIFE. Grabs her sword, turns several full rotations, craning for a glimpse of the sorceress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Her eyes burn with fury...

INT. REALM OF HADES

Within the deepest, most shadowy pit, a dark dungeon.

SUPERIMPOSE: TARTARUS

Carved out of solid black rock, both sides of the broad tunnel are occasionally punctuated by thick steel doors, leading to prison cells.

The floor is lined with DEAD BODIES, in varying states of decay.

On the go, the heavy darkness presses in on Angelsin.

THERMODOSA

This place reeks of the dead.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

I imagine they are the fortunate ones here.

INT. THE SORCERESS' CHAMBERS - NIGHT

A brazier of GLOWING COALS illuminates a dark, drafty, yet majestic chamber befitting a Queen.

Angelsin, her back turned away from Thermodosia....

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Sounds less like a question of purpose, more like a crisis of faith.

THERMODOSA

Did you send for me to provoke a quarrel? Why Rome?

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

There is someone she should meet.

THERMODOSA

Both. The powers of light and darkness are still with you!

Without looking back.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

There is no light - only the dark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA

Yet you keep the boy safe.

Angelsin reluctantly moves off, WIPING US TO:

INT. AMASYA PALACE - AUDIENCE CHAMBER - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MITHRIDATES

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

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

He turns with a predatory smile—

EXT. PALACE OF PONTUS - ROYAL COURTYARD - NIGHT

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Through the debris, the Scythe Wraiths thunder in on their armor-clad, firebreathing 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 Wraith gallop into the hall. Their hooves rip up the polished mosaic tile.

The court SCREAMS. Panic erupts.

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

MITHRIDATES

Guards! Kill them!

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

The Amazons don't even slow down.

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

THE SLAUGHTER

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

Prothoe and 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is not a battle. It is an execution.

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

The undead warriors don't even bleed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

VALASKA

A message from Scythelord
Angelsin.

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

VALASKA (CONT'D)

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

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

VALASKA

Consider this your receipt.

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

INT. ROYAL OFFICE - NIGHT

Syreena and Achillea stand before a concerned Myrina. They've been explaining their situation.

SYREENA

I've heard the whispers of the dark One spawned by the Devils beneath the earth, to be loosen on the world like a plague as judgement for the sins of man...

QUEEN MYRINA

I heard the tales, it's a legend.

RACHNA

Some stories are true.

QUEEN MYRINA

I wonder what she would want with the boy.

Thermodosa strides in, the Royal Council follows.

THERMODOSA

I bring good news. The child is safe.

ACHILLEA

You traitor!

THERMODOSA

Hold your tongue!

Achillea then takes a step toward Thermodosa.

But the Royal Council draw their swords in unison, daring Achillea act.

ACHILLEA

Your deed will be remembered.

MYRINA

Enough! Take your leave, Achillea!

INT. ROMAN WARSHIP - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

The hull CREAKS. The ship treads its course.

A ROMAN confers with MEDICUS - grizzled like an old lion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEDICUS

Caesar will have no use for her.
She's dead.

Chained like a caged animal, Amazonia, covered in blood and dirt. It's not immediately clear if she's alive or dead.

The officer unlocks the cage, whips out his dick and pisses on her battered face.

Amazonia's eyes open. She convulses.

ROMAN OFFICER

Yea, she was.

The men CHUCKLE. He struggles to re-start his piss.

She springs upward, throwing her bound arms around his neck, using the length of those chains to catch him in a chokehold.

He thrashes as she bashes his face into the cage. BLOOD SPRAYS from his mouth and nose.

Medicus yells for help! The SNAPPING OF BONE.

A Roman Captain swoops in, PETRA ROMULUS - ruthless as she is handsome. Shiny Lorica Segmentata, burgundy robes flowing.

Unleashes a whip - it CONTRAILS through the air, lashing around Amazonia's neck, yanking her back.

EXT. THEMISCYRA PLAIN - DAY

Achillea rides across a moonlit pasture. Realizing that she is being pursued, she cuts into a thicket of trees.

Moments later Syreena and Gia arrive, suddenly losing her trail.

ACHILLEA (O.S.)

Are you following me?

Achillea emerges from the tress.

SYREENA

You didn't think I'd let you go off by yourself, did you?

ACHILLEA

This is where we part for now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This takes Syreena off guard.

ACHILLEA

Challenge me if you must, but it
will be your defeat.

SYREENA

Very well. Then let us part as
sisters and not enemies.

They bump forearm guards.

Gia rides up to Achillea, looks her in the eyes, the chemistry between them palpable. She kisses Achillea - deeply, passionately.

GIA

I could not have you leave without
tasting your lips once again.

Achillea holds her tight, embracing every bit of her.

GIA

Return to me.

She nods. Gia's fingers linger on Achillea's face for as long as she can bear, then rides away with Syreena.

BEAT. Achillea gallops away. Suddenly, a shadow passes over her face.

EXT. DARK TOWERS - DAY

A large, imposing temple-like structure. It looks mysterious and ancient. Reeks of evil and malevolence.

The shadows reflect back on themselves, giving it a certain Escher-like feel.

INT. THE DARK TOWER - DAY

TORCHES set in the walls are the only source of light. Achillea hauls ass through the claustrophobic labyrinth of bones.

A hooded Seditious Kane sits on a boulder. Rests his hand atop his sword, stretching to the dirt. His face hidden in shadow.

He quite simply couldn't look more menacing if he tried.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Achillea whips out her sword with blinding speed, puts it to his neck. Seditious speaks with a disembodied voice.

The cavernous space reverberates with the CLANG of swords and the gloom is pierced by SPARKS from their blades.

Achillea is good, but so is Seditious Kane. He laughs, enjoying the battle until...

Seditious' strength starts to wane, feeling the pain of his age, begins to lose ground. He's having difficulty withstanding the power of her blows.

She presses, sensing his weakness.

The flames dim, his voice now soothing, almost hypnotic.

SEDITIOUS KANE

Can you feel it, Achillea? Your arm, it grows weaker... your muscles shutting down... You're tired... so tired... weary... you can hardly focus... barely keep your eyes open...

Her hair hangs wildly about her face. She moves a bit clumsily, getting drowsier, struggles to shake it off.

SEDITIOUS KANE

Your legs are getting numb... your arms are like lead... Your sword is heavy... so heavy... you can barely lift it, you CAN'T lift...

Suddenly she can't breathe. Her sword grows heavy, her shoulders sag, threatening to overwhelm her strength

Achillea's struggles to lift it.

Seditious strikes her SWORD away, pushes Achillea to the ground. She looks up as Seditious who retires his sword.

He lowers his hood-- he looks a hundred years old, blind in one eye, a ghost-pale face.

SEDITIOUS KANE

Your anger blinds you. You must learn to harness it. When the time comes you'll only have but one chance. You best use it well.

ACHILLEA

What trick is this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

I must teach it to you sometime.

He starts off. Achillea takes his arm, halting him.

ACHILLEA

The Dark One?

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

ScytheLord Angelsin.

Seditious Kane grins at that, his mood bright.

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

The sword Angelsin wields. The
Gladius Lux, the Sword of Light.

ACHILLEA

I've got to have it!

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

You can never hold it.

Her nostrils flare.

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

Buried with its twin--
(grins)
Fortune favors you.

ACHILLEA

And where can I find this blade?

SEDITIONIOUS KANE

It shall find you. But first -- we
must expel what light remains
within your soul. Only then can
you possess-- the Gladius
Tenebris, the Sword of Darkness.

She replies with a sly grin.

Seditious Kane ascend up a STONE STAIRWELL, Achillea follows, WIPING US TO --

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

A shaft of light illuminates Amazonia, who lies unconscious on an examination table. Silk covers her naked torso as...

BLOODY HANDS stitch lacerations inside her southern region. Dabs Amazonia's forehead with a wet cloth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly-- Amazonia's eyes fly open. Lightning fast, grabs the hand, yanks her into the light --

MARCELA, stunning in her flowing robes, a woman of breathtaking beauty, poise and elegance.

MARCELA

Shhh. You may be beaten and broken, but your spirit is still intact. I hear Amazons are hard to kill. I'll see you well again.

Tears streak Amazonia's face. Marcela's moved as well.

INT. IMPERIAL PALACE - TRICLINIUM - NIGHT

A sumptuous room, lavishly appointed. Music, wine, food.

An orgy is in progress - ROME'S ELITE, men, women, and scantily-clad WHORES. Not since Caligula's reign have we seen anything like this before.

To spare us the details...

FIND Valeria, lounging on a sofa, no interest in the depravity. SHEBA, a half-naked slave girl, hurries over. They speak in hushed whisiers.

SHEBA

Domina, Petra Romulus is bringing in a new prisoner. An Amazon. Bares the same scar as Alexius.

Panic befalls Valeria.

VALERIA

Have you informed Alexius?

Shakes his head...no.

VALERIA

Keep this between us.

Valeria heads out, her dress, swishing aside to reveal her bare ass. Sheba follows.

INT. TEMPLE OF THE FATES - DAY

A tiny temple with prehistoric drawings, shrouded in torchlight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

Scythelord Angelsin sweeps in...

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

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Forgive me. For my eyes are sensitive to light.

CLOTHO

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

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

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

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

CLOTHO

What do you seek to do?

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

LACHESIS

Has never been done before.

ATROPOS

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

She cuts the strand then retreads the Loom...

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Oh, I'm counting on it...

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

INT. ETHEREAL SPACE - UNDERWORLD

A vast, obsidian plaza stretches into the fog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the move, Angelsin in the Stygian gloom. Her face in shadow, robes billowing against a wind that isn't there.

The hilt of her sword floats midair before her. With a jedi-style wave, it spins faster and faster until...

ANGELSINS' TELEPATHIC SEARCH - INTERCUT

A passageway opens, belching smoke and blinding dust. A ROAR from within, then out of the intense heat and dust--

A CHARIOT lead by a team of black horses... It's Hades. His face contorts into an terrifying, angry snarl.

HADES

Fate be fucked -- so it begins!

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

I believe you will find the gods amenable to this suggestion.

HADES

And what do you hope to gain in return?

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

I offer them my allegiance. I will not offer a second time.

HADES

I have no need to be part of your vengeance, nor do I need your allegiance.

ARTEMISIA

Heed what I am saying, mind your place. I will fulfill the prophecy and when I control the beast I will rule the kingdoms. You'd be wise to remember that. Nothing will stand in our way. Certainly not the Lord of the Damned.

HADES

Who am I speaking with -- Angelsin or Mal-assandra?

Beat, she waves him off, continues on...

HADES

You conjured this thing. Their deaths are at your hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Spare me! Always so righteous,
never to blame.

(off her ire)

You defied the gods when you
coveted my mother, father! They
cursed us... as predicted
generations ago by Prophetess
Ananke. Does Persephone know of
me?!

HADES

You must swear to me that you will
keep your oath.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

I've sacrificed for one. Surely, I
shall do the same for the other!

(beat)

I will take it to my grave.

HADES

And Seditious Kane?

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Leave him to me!

Her hand reaches up, grabs the hilt, ending the images.

Our first look at Angelsin; skin gray, mottled, veiny,
eyes DEAD. SCARS CRISSCROSSING THE SIDE OF HER FACE like
a grotesque road map.

If we've been paying attention it's Artemisia. Hereafter
she's known as the Scythelord Angelsin.

She sweeps out, robes WIPING US TO --

INT. AMPHITHEATRE - TUNNEL - DAY

A TRADER laughs at MALE GLADIATORS, chained and shackled.
Their appearance reeks of long imprisonment and fear.

From our vantage point - they see the bloody, mutilated
corpse of men inside the arena.

Chanting from the blood-thirsty crowd; "Bring on the
Amazon Warrior."

Amazonia hears them too. Bare-chested, wearing a
loincloth, traditional gladiator equipment; metal leg
guards, a maniac.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As a SLAVE TRADER removes her shackles,

EXT. AEGEAN SEA - NIGHT

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

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

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

The Perfect Co-Ruler: In many myths, Myrina co-ruled the Amazons alongside a sister or another queen. Having Queen Myrina (the wise, protective mother) ruling alongside Queen Myrina (the aggressive, ruthless warrior) creates a brilliant political dynamic

...In Greek lore, Thalestris was a famous Amazon queen who allegedly marched out to meet Alexander the Great because she wanted to have a child with the world's greatest conqueror. Why it works: Since Alexander lived closer to Caesar's era (about 300 years before Caesar), Thalestris fits a later timeline much better. It also creates a great parallel: she once dealt with a great conqueror (Alexander), and now she has to deal with another one (Caesar)

In mythology, Myrina led a massive army of 30,000 Amazon cavalry across Anatolia and Syria, conquering vast territories. Why it works: Myrina is famous for being a ruthless, aggressive military genius. This fits the personality of your hardline queen perfectly, especially since she wants to use a "storm" to wipe out the coastal villages

According to ancient writers, Marpesia was a queen who led the Amazons to conquer parts of Anatolia and built a massive defensive wall in the mountains to keep out invaders. Why it works: This name perfectly matches a queen who is obsessed with fortifying Anatolia, locking up the grain, and preparing for a massive invasion from Rome

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This is a fantastic character beat. Amazonia doesn't have to like Sextus—she just needs to recognize that a war between him and Julius Caesar on her home soil will completely obliterate Anatolia. To prevent the war entirely, Amazonia realizes she can't just hand the grain over to Sextus blindly. If she gives him the grain, he stays fed, stays powerful, and Caesar will come to fight him. Instead, Amazonia and Lageria hatch a plan for a controlled, anonymous heist. They will secretly break into the royal granaries, steal the food, and distribute it directly to the Anatolian villages under the cover of night. Why this plan solves Amazonia's problem: It robs Sextus of his leverage: If the villagers are fed by an anonymous "ghost," they no longer need to pull Sextus's oars to survive. His local pirate fleet will dissolve before the Amazon vanguard even arrives. It stops the Amazon vanguard's slaughter: If the villages aren't actively aiding a Roman pirate anymore, Queen Penthesilea has no legal excuse to massacre them at dawn. It keeps Caesar away: Without a rebel fleet blockading the coast, Caesar has no bait drawing him to Anatolia.

2. The Legal and Political Fallout
 The Strip of Rank: Queen Myrina faces an immediate mutiny from Rachna and Penthesilea if she shows favoritism. To maintain order, Myrina must publicly strip Amazonia of her royal tiara and her right to the throne.
 The Prison Sentence: Instead of execution, Myrina sentences her daughter to life in the mountain dungeons.

How the Story Moves Forward (The Dungeon Twist)
 While locked away, Amazonia realizes her move only bought temporary peace. Sextus Pompey is still desperate.
 The Next Beat: Sextus realizes the only way to get his army back is to remove the Amazon rulers entirely. He launches a stealth raid on the palace—not to kill, but to break Amazonia out of prison.
 The Conflict: Amazonia is dragged out of her cell by the very man she despises. Sextus offers her a choice: help him overthrow her mother's corrupt council, or watch Julius Caesar march in and enslave them all.

Option 2: The Outlaw on the Run (Action Survival)
 Amazonia realizes that staying means death or a cage, so she vanishes into the Anatolian wilderness with Lageria.
 The Scene: Amazonia and Lageria hide out in a remote, hidden mountain village that they just saved from starvation. Amazonia swaps her gleaming royal armor for rugged hunter's leathers to blend in with the locals.
 The Fallout: Amazonia is now a woman without a country. The Amazon vanguard is hunting her as a royal traitor, meaning she can never go home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Simultaneously, Sextus Pompey's elite Roman scouts are combing the valleys, hunting the "rebel princess" who ruined his armada. **The Plot Pivot:** This turns the script into a thrilling cat-and-mouse game. Amazonia is caught in the middle of a three-way hunt between her former sisters, Sextus's mercenaries, and the looming shadow of Julius Caesar's advancing vanguard. She has to rely entirely on Lageria and the local mortals to survive.

The Tactical Fallout
A Fugitive with Two Targets: Amazonia is now public enemy number one for two completely different factions. Amazon scouts track her from the mountains; Roman mercenaries hired by Sextus hunt her from the valleys. **The Mortal Alliance:** Amazonia is forced to rely entirely on the mortal peasants she saved. They hide her in their barns, misdirect the guards, and feed her, showing her a warmth she never experienced in the cold palace.

3. How the Story Moves Forward (The Wilderness Twist)
The Next Beat: While dodging patrols, Lageria and Amazonia intercept a terrifying piece of intelligence: Julius Caesar's vanguard has officially landed on the southern ridge ahead of schedule. **The Conflict:** Caesar doesn't care about the grain; he is here to claim Anatolia by force. Amazonia is the only one who sees the Roman legions coming. She must find a way to unite the remaining Anatolian mortals and somehow warn her mother before the Amazon kingdom is entirely wiped off the map.

QUEEN MYRINA

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QUEEN HIPOLYTA (CONT'D)

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

Amazonia 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...

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...

EXT. THE OPEN SEA DAY

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

EXT. ABOARD THE MERCHANT BOAT - DAY

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

EMMICH

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. PALACE SMITHY - NIGHT

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

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

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

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PALACE TRAINING GROUNDS - DAWN

AMAZONIA (V.O.)

(echoing)

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

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

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

AMAZONIA

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

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

INT. PALACE SMITHY - NIGHT

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

EXT. PALACE TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

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

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

AMAZONIA

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

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

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

LYANDER

Like that?

AMAZONIA

(nodding, dead serious)

Exactly like that.

EXT. PALACE CLIFFS - DUSK

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

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

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

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

EXT. PALACE OF THEMISCYRA - GATES - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

INT. PALACE THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

The heavy bronze doors swing open.

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

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

TILLIUS

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

QUEEN REA

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

TILLIUS

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TILLIUS (CONT'D)

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

AMAZONIA

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

TILLIUS

(smiling thinly)

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

(he looks up at the Queen)

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

QUEEN REA

And if we refuse this 'reasonable' offer?

TILLIUS

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

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

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

INT. PALACE THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

QUEEN REA

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

RACHNA

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

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

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN REA

Then you choose war, daughter?

AMAZONIA

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

(she turns to her mother)

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

RACHNA

(intrigued)

Go on, child. What do you propose?

AMAZONIA

He wants to look like a conqueror. So we give him a stage.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA (CONT'D)

We send the herald back with a counter-proposal: a challenge of champions. Before the sun touches the western cliffs, Caesar brings his finest warrior to the neutral sand of the beach below. I will represent the blood of Themiscyra.

QUEEN REA

You would risk your life in a common duel?

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN REA

And if his warrior defeats you?

AMAZONIA

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

(she looks her mother
dead in the eye)

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

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

RACHNA

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

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

EXT. HERACLES - NEUTRAL BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

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

CAESAR

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

AMAZONIA

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

Caesar laughs out loud, genuinely amused by her defiance.

CAESAR

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

CAESAR

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

Caesar raises a hand, signaling the start.

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

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

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

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

MARCUS

(grunting, in Latin-accented Greek)

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

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

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

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

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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

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

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

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

That split second is all she needs.

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

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

Marcus freezes. His chest heaves. He is beaten.

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

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

AMAZONIA

(breathing heavily)

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

EXT. HERACLES - NEUTRAL BEACH - SUNSET

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

QUEEN REA

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

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN REA

It would have.

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

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

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

QUEEN REA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

ACHILLEA

(to draço)

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

INT. ACHILLEA'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

ACHILLEA

What is it?

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

That's some vision.

GIA

Not a vison, just common sense.

Gia continues to bellow incense.

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

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

GIA

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

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

GIA

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

(kisses Achillea)

A good whore mind you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIA (CONT'D)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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

From the shadows behind the tapestries, they emerge.

FOUR WRAITHS.

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

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

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

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

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

WRAITHS

Mithridates. King of Kings. Poison-drinker.

Mithridates draws his sword. The steel blade trembles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MITHRIDATES

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

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

WRAITHS

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

WRAITHS

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

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

WRAITHS

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

The lead Wraith touches the flat of Mithridates' sword.

SHATTER! The steel blade explodes into frozen shards.

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

GUARD 1

Sire! We heard a—

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

MITHRIDATES

Behind you!

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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. The lead Wraith points a smoky finger at the dead men.

WRAITHS

A preview of Pontus. Remember.

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

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

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

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

INT. AMASYA PALACE - AUDIENCE CHAMBER - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

he heavy oak doors open slowly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 assembled at the river. We await your command to march on Themiscyra.

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

MITHRIDATES

They are already inside us, Archelaus.

ARCHELAUS

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

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

MITHRIDATES

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

ARCHELAUS

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

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

MITHRIDATES

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

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

Archelaus bows slowly, backing away toward the door.

ARCHELAUS

As you command, Sire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIOPHANTUS

If the army sees the King of Kingscower 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. The ones who guard the gateway to the deep. The Scythian knights.

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

DIOPHANTUS

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

ARCHELAUS

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

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

QUEEN MYRINA

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

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

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

GIA

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GIA

They say love in the proper arms
can fill a woman with hope. I was
taken from Egypt 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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DIOMEDES

So what do we owe this visit?

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.

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

A series of torches lines the wall.

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

A dry whisper echoes through the dark tunnels.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR (O.S.)

Does the warrior princess fear the dark?

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMESIA

Mantis Pseudishtar - The Severer
of Fate?

The Oracle doesn't flinch. She gently rolls a bone
between her fingers.

ARTEMESIA

They call you the evil seer.
Adviser to demons and kings. They
say you bargain with the dead to
gain your prophecies

She offers a bemused smile.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

You kings read the stars and pray
to the smoke of burning meat. I
speak to the dead to build a
better path forward. Yet, my words
are always unheeded.

Artemesia whips out her sword with blinding speed, puts
it to Nemesis throat.

ARTEMESIA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

(amused, unbothered)

The dead do not pay in gold,
Queen. But they are far better
listeners. Lower your steel. You
did not come to kill me. You came
because you are terrified.

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

ARTEMESIA

A divine warning has found me.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

(concerned)

Did the high priests at Delphi
speak this warning?

ARTEMESIA

No, a whisper from the Fates
themselves:

Artemesia pulls a crumpled, blood-stained parchment from
her armor. Pseudishtar reads it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

A single cord, split into silver
and pitch, Is severed in haste by a
jagged, red stitch.

Pseudishtar stops. She looks up from the parchment, her eyes locking onto Artemesia's face.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The thread that was shadow is
knotting in death, By the hand of
the sister who shares the same
breath.

Artemesia flinches. Pseudishtar turns back to the page, her voice dropping to a harsh whisper.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

To mend what was broken, the
Weaver shall fly, Trading the sun
for a starlit sky..."

A long beat. The torches in the shrine suddenly flicker, casting long, monstrous shadows on the wall.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

But if the dark strand should
resume the design, And sit where
the gold and the ivory entwine...

Pseudishtar gasps softly. She traces a blood-stained line on the paper with her fingernail.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The Mother shall unravel the City
of Rose, Where the blood of the
lineage secretly flows. And
Themiscyra shall fray like a
garment of old...

Pseudishtar looks at Artemesia with deep, chilling pity.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

As the ghosts of the past reclaim
what was sold."

Artemesia's chest heaves. For the first time, her fierce eyes look afraid.

Pseudishtar grabs a handful of dried herbs and fat. She flings them onto the burning torch.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Artemesia paces impatiently.

Her voice is somewhere between a whisper and a hiss.

ARTEMESIA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

Pseudishtar watches the gray shapes dance. She looks at
Artemesia with deep pity.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The single cord is not you, Queen.
It is the bloodline inside your
womb. You will bear twin
daughters.

Artemesia gasps, her hand touching her stomach

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

One daughter will be light. One
will be shadow. The smoke shows a
terrible day in the future. The
good sister will strike a blow...
and accidentally kill the dark
one.

ARTEMESIA

o. I will protect them. I will
teach them peace. How do I change
this fate?

The smoke twists into the shape of a skull.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

You cannot change what is woven.
Hear me, Artemesia! When that dark
day comes, you will want to weep.
You will want to march into the
Underworld and beg Hades for her
life. Do not.

Artemesia stares at the smoky skull.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

If you bargain with the Lord of
the Dead, he will demand your life
for hers. You will become his
servant in the dark.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR (CONT'D)

And if your resurrected daughter takes the throne... you will be forced to lead Hades' army to tear down your own city.

Artemesia steps away from the fire, trembling with fear and love for children she hasn't even met yet.

ARTEMESIA

I would gladly die so my child could live.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

And in doing so, you will unravel Themiscyra. Leave the dead to the dead, Queen.

MANTIS NEMESIS

You see only with your eyes. Look within.

ARTEMESIA

I do not understand.

MANTIS NEMESIS

You shall. You have your answer. There is nothing more to tell!

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

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Artemesia moves deeper into the shadowy darkness to find--

MANTIS NEMESIS, regal, wise beyond her years. Her silks and robes resplendent, a medieval-style VEIL.

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

ARTEMESIA

Mantis Nemesis, "the shade-speaker." Are you not?

MANTIS NEMESIS

I've been expecting you.

ARTEMESIA

You are the evil supernatural adviser to the demonic and underworld--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nemesis regards her almost bemused.

ARTEMESIA

And you speak to the dead to gain
your prophecies. Is that so?

MANTIS NEMESIS

I am also a spiritual adviser to
those alive-- often not headed.

Artemesia whips out her sword with blinding speed, puts
it to Nemesis throat.

ARTEMESIA

Where does your allegiance lie?
With the living? Or the dead?

MANTIS NEMESIS

Neither.

Artemesia NODS her acceptance, After a beat - hands
Nemesis a bloodied parchment. Nemesis unfolds it.

MANTIS NEMESIS

(concerned)

What Divine Messenger delivered
it? The Oracle at Delphi --

ARTEMESIA

No, a "Whisper from the Fates.

Nemesis coaches the flames higher and higher. Her voice
is somewhere between a whisper and a hiss.

ARTEMESIA

The smoke is thick, Priestess. My
daughters wait for a sign of their
future. Will the Amazon line
endure?

MANTIS NEMESIS

Born of one womb, two heirs to the
crown, By a sisterly slip, shall
one be cast down.

ARTEMESIA

A slip? You speak of a childhood
tumble. They are warriors grown;
they do not 'fall'--they conquer.

MANTIS NEMESIS

Though the blow is a blunder, the
life-blood is lost, But a Mother's
dark bargain carries the cost.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

A bargain? If blood is lost, I will pay any price to restore it. I will offer a thousand bulls, a mountain of gold.

MANTIS NEMESIS

Enough! Seek not the unseen, nor the King of the dead, to wake the cold girl in her limestone bed. For if the Pale Shadow shall sit on the stone.

ARTEMESIA

You dare forbid a mother her own child? If Hades takes her, I will tear her back from his very grip!

MANTIS NEMESIS

The Empire shall crumble, and blood claim the throne.

MANTIS NEMESIS

Indeed, the Fates have decreed it.

ARTEMESIA

Decreed what?

MANTIS NEMESIS

"Twin branches grow high from the Amazon root. Till the Good Sister tastes of the Bitterest Fruit. In a moment of mercy, she'll strike at her kin, A tragedy born not of hate, but of sin. Oh, Queen of the Bold, heed the Stygian Gate. To summon the fallen is to beckon your fate. If the Ghoul wears the crown of the daughter you knew, your Kingdom shall die, and your house perish too."

ARTEMESIA

What you speak of -- when I was but a child, my mother spoke of the Oracle's Dark Kinship.

MANTIS NEMESIS

Then you know it is a curse that foretells a return to the dark, forgotten origin of the Achlyans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMESIA

My first born, goodness and light.
The other seems to carry the
weight of darkness within her.

MANTIS NEMESIS

Your spiritual disturbance gets
deeper, Artemesia.

(off her look)

I know your distress is
undoubtedly about the safety of
their souls. Perhaps it's time to
consider yours.

The first hint of Artemesia's vulnerability -

MANTIS NEMESIS

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

Artemesia bows.

ARTEMESIA

I am loyal, I will serve you.

MANTIS NEMESIS

Rise.

MANTIS NEMESIS

"A Charioteer," driving two winged
horses. I compare it to the soul.
The white: noble, spirited, and
drawn to the light. The other
black: Wild, chaotic, and drawn
toward the darkness.

(tense beat)

To "fly," and reclaim balance, one
must master both. If you favor the
white, you become cold and
detached; if you favor black, you
become a monster.

ARTEMESIA

I do not understand.

MANTIS NEMESIS

You shall. You have your answer.
There is nothing more to tell!

Artemesia nods,

EXT. A VERDANT STREAM - DAY

Artemesia 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.

Artemesia almost smiles at that.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

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.

ARTEMESIA

Then why speak of her like a
monster?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

Artemesia folds her arms tighter.

ARTEMESIA

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

THERMODOSA

You already know the answer to that.

That lands harder than Artemesia expects.

ARTEMESIA

Why are you telling me this now?

Thermodosa studies her.

THERMODOSA

Because the Achlyans' blood runs through you.

A beat.

ARTEMESIA

No.

THERMODOSA

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

Amazonia shifts uneasily.

ARTEMESIA

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

THERMODOSA

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMESIA

Why?

THERMODOSA

Because it devours everything it touches.

The certainty in her voice cuts deep.

Artemesia steps back.

ARTEMESIA

You knew.

THERMODOSA says nothing.

ARTEMESIA

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

THERMODOSA

I tried to spare you.

ARTEMESIA

Spare me?

She laughs once -- hurt, disbelieving.

ARTEMESIA

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

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.

Artemesia stares at her own hands.

Something is wrong.

A faint tremor beneath the skin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMESIA

Sometimes...

(swallows)

...I feel something moving in me.

Thermodosa goes still.

ARTEMESIA

A coldness under my skin.

THERMODOSA

Artemesia--

ARTEMESIA

I thought it was anger.

She looks up. Frightened now.

ARTEMESIA

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.

Artemesia jerks away from her touch.

ARTEMESIA

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

THERMODOSA

To the world, we still are.

ARTEMESIA

And what if you're wrong?

THERMODOSA

I am not.

ARTEMESIA

How can you know that?

Her voice cracks.

ARTEMESIA

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

Silence. Then:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ARTEMESIA

If it happens...

Thermodosa's face falls.

ARTEMESIA

If I become what you fear--

THERMODOSA

Don't say that.

ARTEMESIA

Promise me.

A long beat.

THERMODOSA

Promise what?

Artemesia fights to hold herself together.

ARTEMESIA

That you kill me before I stop
being myself.

A strikingly beautiful woman, of regal bearing, joins him. This is PERSEPHONE, queen of the underworld. She is wonderfully clothed.

ARTEMESIA

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

ARTEMESIA

Excuse my impropriety, since I had
no idea-- Queen Persephone was
here.

Artemesia, focusing her telekinetic power... and her face
is a mask of concentration and strain --

Then reacts to a voice...

MANTIS NEMESIS (O.S.)

Artemesia.

Artemesia looks up to see an apparition: Mantis Nemesis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MANTIS NEMESIS

Reconsider. It may seem harsh, but I assure you-- it is as merciful as this day will ever be.

ARTEMESIA

Save your mercy, Mantis Nemesis, it falls on deaf ears.

MANTIS NEMESIS

(a solemn beat)

Then our time is short.
I must confess...

Nemesis steps though and vanishes into the mist.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

A breathless, dark canopy. A million bright stars burn in the silence.

LEGEND: "Long ago in a far away land..."

We drift down from the heavens. The stars give way to a bleak, arid horizon...

EXT. UNDERWORLD - ASH WASTES -- DIM LIGHT

Then, a sudden, rhythmic rumble shatters the quiet.

THUD-THUMP. THUD-THUMP. THUD-THUMP.

It is the heavy, thunderous beat of hooves striking the stone in perfect, terrifying unison. The ground violently shakes.

Out of the mist ride the ANCIENT AMAZON WARLORDS, mounted atop towering, midnight-black stallions. The horses are monstrous, clad in spiked, tattered iron barding that rattles with every stride.

From the beasts' nostrils, roaring streams of orange and blue fire ignite the dark, boiling the fog around them into sulfurous steam.

The warlords sit high and rigid in their saddles with flawless military precision. Decayed, skeletal hands grip the reins with iron strength.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rusted bronze cuirasses—cracked open by lethal blows delivered millennia ago—jolt in unison with the rhythmic lurch of the mounts. Wisps of pale, neon-blue spiritual energy bleed from the armor's gashes, casting an eerie glow over the rotting, desiccated flesh of the riders.

They do not slow. They do not break formation. They ride through the underworld like a cataclysmic machine of war, leaving a trail of scorched stone and burning ash in their wake.

The cavalry thunders forward through the dense fog. At the front rides the LEADER, her horse draped in a tattered, ancient war-banner that flows like black smoke.

With a sharp, synchronized yank on the reins, the phalanx halts. The horses rear up, their iron-clad hooves slamming back into the obsidian rock.

They snort, spraying plumes of low, roaring fire across the frozen ash.

A SOLDIER pulls her massive black stallion up alongside the Leader. Beneath her rusted visor, the gray, desiccated skin of her jawless skull tightens as she turns to look at her commander.

When the Soldier speaks, her voice is a dry, raspy hiss competing with the crackle of the horses' flames.

A thick, sulfurous fog clings to the jagged obsidian ground. Silence, heavy and absolute.

Then, a low, metallic scraping sound.

Out of the mist emerges a phalanx of ANCIENT AMAZON WARLORDS. They do not walk; they glide with an eerie, synchronized precision.

They wear shattered bronze cuirasses, cracked open by lethal blows delivered millennia ago. Wisps of pale, neon-blue spiritual energy bleed from the gashes, illuminating the hollow armor. Torn leather pteruges and shredded war-capes float around them, drifting lazily as if suspended underwater.

Where faces should be beneath their high-crested, Corinthian helms, there is only a chilling, empty void—save for two pinpricks of cold, glowing mist.

The phalanx glides through the fog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

At the front walks the LEADER. She is distinguished by a shattered, golden laurel wreath welded directly onto her rusted helmet, and a tattered, ancient war-banner that hovers behind her back without a flagpole.

A SOLDIER—whose breastplate is split entirely down the middle—turns its hollow helm toward the Leader.

When the Soldier speaks, its voice doesn't come from a throat. It is a dual-layered sound: a raspy whisper echoing over the low scrape of dragging metal.

WOMAN

To the River Styx?

The Leader halts. The entire phalanx stops instantly behind her, like a single entity. The Leader's helmet tilts slightly.

WOMAN

(voice like grinding
ice)

No. The Acheron. The River of Woe.

The Metal: Dark, weathered bronze or iron plate armor covered in deep battle gashes, corrosion, and jagged chips. The Spectral Glow: Wisps of ethereal, translucent mist—often cold blue, pale green, or ash gray—bleeding out from the cracks in the plates. The Tattered Fabrics: Shredded leather straps and torn war-capes that float and drift as if underwater, completely ignoring the wind. The Silhouette: The armor looks mostly solid but blurs or turns completely see-through around the edges, showing the hollow emptiness inside

he Cuirass: A sculpted, anatomical breastplate made of darkened bronze, cracked directly across the center from a lethal, ancient blow. The Helmet: A high-crested, Grecian-style helm where the horsehair crest has been replaced by a flickering flame of cold phantom fire. The Ornaments: Intricate engravings of mythological beasts or battle victories, now choked with glowing green spiritual energy instead of gold inlay.

INT. AMASYA PALACE - AUDIENCE CHAMBER - NIGHT

A sprawling, intimidating synthesis of empires. Towering, white Greek marble columns line the chamber, but they are draped in rich, heavy Persian silks dyed in deep saffrons and crimsons.

BRONZE BRAZIERS roar with open flame, throwing erratic, fiery shadows against the walls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the far end of the room sits a low, wide Persian divan.

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

On a silver table sits an array of glass vials, dried herbs, and a gold chalice.

At the window, looking out into the pitch-black night, stands the silhouette of a giant.

This is KING MITHRIDATES VI (40s).

An absolute force of nature. He stands well over six feet tall, broad-shouldered, with the hard, muscular build of an elite cavalry commander. His thick, wild hair flows back from his forehead like a lion's mane—a deliberate imitation of Alexander the Great.

He wears a finely tailored Greek chiton, but over it, a Persian royal purple robe stitched with gold thread, and embroidered trousers.

His eyes are piercing, hyper-vigilant, and radiant with high intelligence.

Mithridates doesn't turn around when the doors click open. Instead, he lifts a small vial of clear liquid, swirling it thoughtfully.

He speaks in fluent, impeccable Greek, his voice a deep, commanding baritone.

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.

Mithridates brings the vial to his lips and downs the lethal dose of poison without flinching. He exhales, his body absorbing the toxin, completely immune.

He turns to face his wife. A terrifying, predatory smile breaks across his face.

LAODICE: They could ass for fraternal twins...His sister, whom he initially married to secure his royal bloodline. She eventually

Suddenly, the roaring braziers SNAPPED. The vibrant orange flames instantly die down to an unnatural, ice-blue glow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The heat leaves the room. A freezing mist rolls across the marble floors, swirling around Mithridates' boots.

From the shadows behind the Persian tapestries, they emerge.

FOUR WRAITHS.

They do not walk; they drift across the floor, their forms blurring and tearing at the edges like smoke in a wind tunnel. They wear the tattered, spectral armor of ancient Amazon warlords, 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 silver chalice. It CLANGS against the stone. His hand instinctively flies to the hilt of his short sword, his knuckles white. For the first time in his life, the King looks shaken.

The wraiths encircle him, their movements synchronized and serpentine. When they speak, it is a chorus of four overlapping, hissing voices that echo directly inside Mithridates' mind.

WRAITHS

Mithridates. King of Kings. Poison-drinker.

Mithridates draws his sword, the steel blade trembling slightly in the ice-blue light. He bares his teeth, trying to summon his warrior rage.

MITHRIDATES

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

The lead Wraith glides forward, stopping inches from the point of his blade. The steel begins to frost over.

WRAITHS

Turn your armies away from the Plains of Themiscyra.

Mithridates scoffs, his fierce pride fighting back the fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MITHRIDATES

Themiscyra is mine! The Black Sea
is my birthright! No phantoms will
dictate the borders of Pontus!

The four Wraiths suddenly screech—a sound like tearing
metal. The ice-blue braziers erupt, shooting pillars of
freezing fire toward the high ceiling.

WRAITHS

Cross the border, and the bargain
is broken. Attack Themiscyra, and
we will bring the fires of
Armageddon to your valleys. We
will turn your mountains to ash,
and your kingdom into a tomb.

The lead Wraith reaches out a smoky, clawed hand and
touches the flat of Mithridates' sword.

SHATTER! The steel blade explodes into a dozen frozen
shards.

Mithridates stumbles back, clutching the useless, frozen
hilt.

The mist suddenly vanishes. The braziers snap back to
roaring, hot orange flame. The room is instantly warm
again.

The Wraiths are gone.

Mithridates stands alone in the center of the chamber,
breathing heavily, staring down at the shattered
fragments of
his sword melting on the floor.

The Wraiths wear the tattered, spectral armor of ancient
Amazon warlords, Pitted Hellenistic breastplates are
fused with rotting leather pteruges. Their tattered
cloaks do not drift in the wind—they dissolve into a
freezing, phantom smoke that pulses with an unnatural, ice-
blue luminescence.

THEIR HELMETS are ancient, battle-scarred Corinthian helms
forged from a dark, unknown metal. The cheek guards are
elongated and sharp, framing a total void where a human
face should be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

High crests of rotted horsehair plume from the ridges, floating and swaying as if drifting 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.

THE LEADER'S HELMET

is a monstrous variation of the Corinthian design. Crafted from a polished, mirror-black obsidian-bronze, it features no eye slits at all—only a seamless, terrifying expanse of featureless dark metal.

Instead of horsehair, a crown of jagged, blackened iron spikes weaves around the crest, mimicking the horns of an underworld deity.

When the creature speaks, the solid black face of the helmet fractures. A single, blinding crack of ice-blue fire rips

open down the center of the mask, parting like a vertical eye to reveal the burning abyss within.

WHEN THE LEADER REMOVES ITS HELMET

The black obsidian-bronze rises. The iron crown is pulled back.

Beneath it is not a skull, nor a rotting corpse. It is a fluid, suffocating nightmare.

The face is a human landscape made entirely of shifting black ash and swirling, toxic underworld smoke. The features—the high cheekbones of an ancient Amazon warrior, a razor-sharp jawline—are constantly forming and disintegrating in the air, like ink poured into water.

The skin does not reflect light; it swallows it.

Where the mouth should be, there are no lips, only a jagged tear in the smoke that pulses with the dull, rhythmic glow of a dying star.

But their eyes are fixed. Two solid, flawless orbs of cracked ice. They do not blink. They do not move. They simply freeze the very air in front of them, projecting a terrifying,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

eternal consciousness that has watched empires rise and fall
from the depths of the underworld.

GIA

You are all knots and coil. Hope it was worth the days of pain that follow.

ACHILLEA

An unfortunate necessity.

GIA

I assume you met them with fierceness.

ACHILLEA

Better. I let their deaths be a warning to the others to leave our land.

INT. PALACE COURTYARD NIGHT

Syreena stands in the shadows with Achillea, her coconspirator.

ACHILLEA

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

SYREENA

And what of 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.

SYREENA

What do you suggest we do?

ACHILLEA

Kill her?

GIA

Not yet. She is with child. A boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

She will want to keep the boy.

GIA

It would seem destiny has met your
ambitious warrior.

EXT. HERACLES - TAVERN CORNER - DAY

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

She is scaling fish with blunt, brutal efficiency.

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

AMAZONIA

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

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

And you? What do you fear?

Lageria drives her knife deep into the wooden table, leaving it quivering. She finally looks Amazonia in the eye.

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

(stepping closer,
intrigued)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

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

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

LAGERIA

(voice dropping)

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

AMAZONIA

The tax grain?

LAGERIA

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

EXT. HERACLES - DAY

Amazonia leads a small ARMY towards a tiny HAMLET, perched on the edge of the sea.

BARGES sail the water, headed up the trade route to the inland river.

PEASANTS work in fields; men, women, children -- hacking at the wheat with scythes, or at the sod with picks.

SUPER: PORT CITY OF HERACLES

EXT. HERACLES/MARKET - DAY

The hustle and bustle of a farming and trading village.

Travelers from abroad and provincials mix easily with villagers.

Amazonia holds up a silencing hand. She turns to her warriors.

AMAZONIA

Search the village. On all sides.

They head off. With others, a nervous DIOMEDES, 50s, an elder villager comes hurrying up.

DIOMEDES

Amazonia. How good it is to see you.

AMAZONIA

Diomedes, it is equally good to see you.

He eyes the warriors searching the village, talking with citizens.

DIOMEDES

Is there a problem?

AMAZONIA

Pirates! Perhaps you might be of assistance.

DIOMEDES

Yes, yes, of course.

(beat)

As refugees our lives were hard, we wandered the wastelands, no place to settle. Hungry and thirsty. The Queen was gracious enough to allow us to settle here.

CITIZEN

Our loyalty lies with her.

AMAZONIA

Excellent!

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

Any citizen with information to the infidels whereabouts could expect reward in equal proportion.

EXT. FIELDS/WOODS/MOUNTAINS

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

The DARK IMPOSING FIGURE charges out of the cloud like the angel of death; Black, folded Bedouin-type ROBES wrap up around her head. Face In shadow.

EXT. AETHELGARD - DAY

Grey clouds pretend doom.

The figure charges across a river, leaving a violent wave of dark, churning waters...

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pseudishtar is waiting...

Angelsin humbly TAKES A KNEE before Nemesis.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR
Need not hide your faces from me.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN
I hide it to protect you.

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

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

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

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

Annoyed, Angelsin waves her 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, Angelsins' eyes remain forward.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR
Silence?

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A smile creases Pseudishtar's lips. Ours too.

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

You know who she was?

SCYTHLORD 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 --

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 -- a blade of "visible" shadow, like a tear in reality.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR (CONT'D)

It's cold enough to freeze the air around it, and when it moves, it makes a high-pitched, ghostly whistle.

And it does...

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Choose wisely...

Angelsin EXITS with the sword.

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

QUEEN MYRINA

Pirates?

ARTEMISIA

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

QUEEN MYRINA

And they claim dominion over the entire Mediterranean?

ARTEMISIA

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?

ARTEMISIA

Our prisoner chooses silence over the truth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Must we prepare for an immediate strike?

ARTEMISIA

Not yet, my Queen.

RACHNA

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

CALLISTO

May Poseidon curse their ships and drown them all.

RACHNA

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

ACHILLEA

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

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN MYRINA

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

INTI. DUNGEON - DAY

Interrogation scene.

ACHILLEA

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

PRISONER

(choking blood)
Mercy... I will speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

The name. Now.

PRISONER

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

PRISONER

They commanded massive rebel navies and raid coastal territories to sabotage Caesar's new empire. We take our orders and our gold from Sextus Pompey.

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

QUEEN MYRINA

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

QUEEN MYRINA

Speak it, Artemisia. Who pays these sea-wolves to bleed our lands? Pompey thought he swept the seas clean years ago.

ARTEMISIA

Pompey killed the kraken, but he left the hatchlings. These remnants call themselves the Sunken Vanguard. They are desperate, hungry, and being funded by Roman rebels who hate Caesar.

RACHNA

So... the rebels pay the pirates to strike our shores.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

And who is this new master?

ARTEMISIA

The rebel commander Sextus Pompey directs their sails.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Sextus Pompey? The son of the dead general?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN DIANA TROY (CONT'D)

*He plays the pirate while Rome
burns under Julius Caesar's heel.*

RACHNA

*He uses the port of Soli because
his father built it. He thinks the
ghost of his father will protect
his hidden fleet.*

ARTEMISIA

*He wants to draw Caesar's armies
away from Rome and into the East.
He is using our blood to bait a
trap for the Dictator.*

QUEEN MYRINA

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY

*If Sextus Pompey wants a war of
shadows, we shall bring him a
storm.*

EXT. HIGH PALACE BALCONY - NIGHT

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

QUEEN REA (50s), sharp-eyed and draped in royal purple, stands over a bronze map table.

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

QUEEN REA

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

AMAZONIA

*It is blood money, Mother. 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.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN REA

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

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN REA

(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 REA

We let the Roman associates hand over the fifty talents. The moment Caesar is freed and the ransom enters the pirate camp, their guards will be drunk on victory. That is when we strike. We slaughter the Cilicians, secure our borders, and bring the Roman silver back to our vaults.

AMAZONIA

(disgusted)

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

QUEEN REA

(pointing out over the city)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

Queen Rea picks up the token, holds it out to Amazonia, and presses it firmly into her reluctant daughter's palm.

QUEEN REA

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

EXT. HERACLES - TAVERN CORNER - DAY

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

She is scaling fish with blunt, brutal efficiency.

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

AMAZONIA

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

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

And you? What do you fear?

Lageria drives her knife deep into the wooden table, leaving it quivering. She finally looks Amazonia in the eye.

LAGERIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

(stepping closer,
intrigued)

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

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

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

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

LAGERIA

(voice dropping)

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

AMAZONIA

The tax grain?

LAGERIA

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

AMAZONIA

Who commands them?

LAGERIA

Wherever the Roman rebels loyalty lies... the "pirate" king. The leader of the Roman rebels...

EXT. HERACLES - TAVERN CORNER - DAY

Away from the market hubbub, LAGERIA (40s) sits on a bench. Muscular, silver-haired, with a deep scar slicing across her forearm.

She scales fish with blunt, brutal efficiency.

She watches AMAZONIA approach. Lageria's eyes drop to Amazonia's boots—fine, royal-grade palace leather. She does not bow.

AMAZONIA

Who commands them?

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

INTI. DUNGEON - DAY

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT