

# RISE OF THE AMAZONS

Episode One:

"Sins of thy Mother"

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01/23/25

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FADE IN:

**EXT. SKY - NIGHT**

A cloudless void. Pitch black.

A glittering starfield unspools across the cosmos.

**SUPERIMPOSE:**

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

The text fades. The stars tilt.

**SUPERIMPOSE:**

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

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

The stars give way to a bleak, arid horizon...

**EXT. DESERT - NIGHT**

A howling wind whips red dust across endless sand dunes.

An AMAZON rides hard. A royal cloak ripples from her shoulder; leather bustier dress, her ARMOR gleams with the spellbinding power of the gods.

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

**LEGEND:** Late Iron Age

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 ARTEMISIA.

The pirate leader, ZENICETES, spurs his horse forward

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZENICETES

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

She stares back with cold eyes.

ZENICETES

(a command)

Speak, Amazon! Silence does not  
buy your life.

ARTEMISIA

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

Zenicetes sneers.

ZENICETES

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

ARTEMISIA

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

HERACLEO

Then you bleed!

ARTEMISIA

Silence, cur. May Hades devour  
your soul.

ZENICETES

I hear Amazons fight with honor.  
(dismounts)  
Die the same --

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

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

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

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

Two headless bodies slump into the sand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Artemisia kicks her stallion into a gallop.

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

Artemisia looks up at the stars as she rides.

ARTEMISIA

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

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

Artemisia 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?

Artemisia 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.

ARTEMISIA

Mantis Pseudishtar - The Severer of Fate?

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

ARTEMISIA

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

The Seer offers a bemused smile beneath her veil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

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

ARTEMISIA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

(amused, unbothered)

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

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

ARTEMISIA

A divine warning has found me.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

(concerned)

Did the high priests at Delphi  
speak this warning?

ARTEMISIA

No, a whisper from the Fates  
themselves:

Artemisia pulls a crumpled, blood-stained parchment from  
her armor. Pseudishtar takes it, running her fingers  
across the stains.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

This is what the Fates whispered  
to you?

ARTEMISIA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The Fates have decreed it.

ARTEMISIA

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.

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

Artemisia paces impatiently.

ARTEMISIA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

Her voice is somewhere between a whisper and a hiss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

(rhythmic, chanting)

*"One thread of morning, one strand  
of the night, Entwined by the  
blood of the Amazon's right. But  
the hand of the Dawn shall stumble  
in fear, To sever the life of the  
sister held dear."*

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

ARTEMISIA

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.

ARTEMISIA

The Weaver? I'll do anything for  
my family, for my daughter.

Opening her eyes, staring through the mist...

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*Hear the end of the song,  
Princess!*

(shuts her eyes)

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

The divine light fades from the Seer's eyes.

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The loom is silent.

Artemisia dismissively waves away the wishful thinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ARTEMISIA

How do I change fate?

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

(then)

Go home, weaver. And pray the  
thread holds.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

Artemisia 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.

Artemisia 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.

ARTEMESIA

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

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

ARTEMISIA

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

**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.

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CONTINUED:

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

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!

ARTEMISIA (O.S.)

Achillea! Amazonia!

Artemisia -- 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.

ARTEMISIA

Amazonia's flesh and blood,  
Achillea!

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

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

ARTEMISIA

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

(turns to Amazonia)

Focus!

Artemisia trains Amazonia. They spar, swords clanging.

ARTEMISIA

A warrior must abide by the laws,  
the word of Artemis.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARTEMISIA (CONT'D)

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.

Artemisia shoots a glance towards Achillea, then --  
The sparing intensifies.

ARTEMISIA

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

Artemisia'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.

ARTEMISIA

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

Artemisia 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. Artemisia smiles... "Very good."

ARTEMISIA

Now fetch your horses.

In a flash - Achillea rips the dagger from Artemisia'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.

ARTEMISIA

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.

Artemisia shakes Amazonia who's still unresponsive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMISIA  
Amazonia! Amazonia!

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

ARTEMISIA  
(lying)  
She's not dead.

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

ARTEMISIA  
Do you know what it is?

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

ARTEMISIA  
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.

**SUPERIMPOSE: Themiscyra, Kingdom of the Amazons.**

**EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY**

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ORITHIA

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

**EXT. PAVILION - DAY**

A temple-like structure.

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

AMAZONIA (O.S.)

Thermodosa!

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

THERMODOSA

What holds her tongue, Amazonia?

She sees a distraught Amazonia, the blood.

Off Thermodosa, a look of grave concern...

**INT. TEMPLE - DAY**

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

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

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

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

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

Temple bell TOLLS. Perhaps it tolls for Artemisia.

ARTEMISIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

What's amiss?

ARTEMISIA

I cannot let her die.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

I know.

ARTEMISIA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

Silence speaks volumes. Then,

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

ARTEMISIA

Ananke foretells one of salvation?

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

We all have something to atone for.

A pregnant pause. Pseudishtar nods.

ARTEMISIA

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?

Artemisia bows.

ARTEMISIA

I am loyal, I will serve you.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Rise.

**EXT. A MIST ENSHROUDED FOREST - DAY**

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

As she gets swallowed up by the mist.

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

ARTEMISIA

You have always known this day  
would come.

THERMODOSA

(pleading)  
*Pause a moment, if you need.*

ARTEMISIA

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

THERMODOSA

No mortal negotiates with the Lord  
of Dead.

ARTEMISIA

I am not a mortal. I am her  
mother.

An agonizing moment feels like an eternity. Finally,

ARTEMISIA

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

THERMODOSA

Forgive me. I cannot like this  
plan.

ARTEMISIA

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

THERMODOSA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMISIA

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--

ARTEMISIA

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

THERMODOSA

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

ARTEMISIA

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.

Artemisia 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.

HADES

(voice a low,  
resonant rumble)

You crossed the rivers of fire,  
Queen Artemisia.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HADES (CONT'D)

You walked the fields of Asphodel.  
Speak, before the Furies take your  
tongue.

ARTEMISIA

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

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

HADES

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

ARTEMISIA

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

HADES

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

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

HADES

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

ARTEMISIA

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

HADES

Splendid. Then let us write the  
terms in iron.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HADES

Your daughter Achillea 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.

ARTEMISIA

I accept.

HADES

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

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

HADES

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

Artemisia stares at him, her breathing shallow.

HADES

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

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

ARTEMISIA

(matter of fact)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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 Artemisia's forehead.

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

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

Achillea - her eyes flutters open...

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

**INT. BEDCHAMBERS - NIGHT**

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

Even in her weakened state, Achillea is combative.

THERMODOSA

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

ACHILLEA

Let's not pretend. Poor Artemisia  
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.

**SUPERIMPOSE: TWELVE YEARS LATER**

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

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

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

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

AMAZONIA

Any sign of the Marauder activity?

RACHNA

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

(beat)

Also, I think we're being  
followed.

AMAZONIA

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

CALLISTO, half-human, half-dryad, rides up from a forward scout position. Blonde hair habitually tied back with a piece of leather.

*Note: her SEA-GREEN EYES with GOLD FLECKS turn a DEEP FOREST GREEN whenever she's in battle or enraged.*

AMAZONIA

Give report.

CALLISTO

A single rider advances, hard upon  
reins.

AMAZONIA

(to her warriors)

Do not engage unless given  
command! Stand ready!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

AMAZONIA

Well, what have we here? Spear.

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

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

CALLISTO

It's that Thracian -- Solis.

RACHNA

Ah, the ex-gladiator.

CALLISTO

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

AMAZONIA

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

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

AMAZONIA

Halt! What business do you have here?

SOLIS

I do not seek quarrel! Your enemies are everywhere.

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

AMAZONIA

The  fucking  cock on  you .

SOLIS

What would you have me do?

Amazonia nods with a frown.

RACHNA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOLIS

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

AMAZONIA

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

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

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

AMAZONIA

What is it, Kleoptoleme?

**EXT. STREETS OF THEMISCYRA - DAY**

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

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

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

KAZZAK

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

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

SYREENA

The only good man is a dead one.

Syreena turns to--

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 been spilled.

ACHILLEA

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

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

ACHILLEA

Remove his traitorous tongue.

AMAZONIA

What is the meaning of this?

ACHILLEA

It's not your concern.

AMAZONIA

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

(to Achillea)

There are other ways to extract the whereabouts of the infidels.

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

Beautiful. Massive. Manicured gardens. Immense wealth.

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

Penelopeia turns to a troubled Olympia.

PENELOPEIA  
Olympia, I know that look.

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

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

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

**INT. QUEEN'S PALACE - THRONE ROOM - DAY**

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

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

Amazonia and Achillea bow.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA  
Your mother would not wish this.

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA  
She was the rarest of women. A pillar of graceful beauty and compassion, in a world, more evil than good. Our nation was built atop unshakable foundation of respect and honor. The throne. This crown carries great honor. And with it, even greater responsibility.  
(dark beat)  
Achillea.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA (CONT'D)

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 HIPPOLYTA

Somehow, I doubt your mother would approve.

(to Amazonia)

To the matter of these infidels pillaging our land.

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Uh, huh.

ACHILLEA

I'm not sure that is wise...

AMAZONIA

Releasing him sooner would rouse his suspicion.

(tense beat)

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

An unintentional slight, but it stings Achillea nonetheless.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Make it so.

ACHILLEA

As always, the Gods continue to show fucking favor.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Take your leave.

Amazonia exits, Achillea bows, one lacking of respect, seethes as she follows, WIPING US TO--

**INT. ROYAL PALACE - HALLWAY/STAIRS - NIGHT**

Achillea and Syreena walk and talk through the palace - in and out of adjoining rooms, halls, winding staircases.

ACHILLEA

I tell you Syreena, I'm near my wit's end.

SYREENA

The queen has a ill way with her.

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 Artemisia 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

I have none to give.

SOLIS

It is a matter of some importance.

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

SOLIS

You avoid my gaze.

AMAZONIA

As you should mine. Lest suspicions be aroused.

SOLIS

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

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

SOLIS

What happened between us --

AMAZONIA

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

SOLIS

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

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

AMAZONIA

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

Amazonia goes, WIPING US TO --

**EXT. BLACK FOREST - DAY**

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

She rounds a sharp bend and pulls the reins tight.

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

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

The rider reaches up and pulls back her hood.

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

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

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

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

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

ACHILLEA

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

(beat)

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

Gia does not flinch.

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

(wary)

You've heard of me?

GIA

Who hasn't. Your reputation precedes you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 the Senate their precious empire would burn.

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

THORA

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

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

ACHILLEA

Ride with me. It seems I require your services.

SYREENA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACHILLEA

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

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

**EXT. BLACK FOREST - TRAIL - LATER**

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

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

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

ACHILLEA

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

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

Rome is a thousand miles away,  
Saga.

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

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

My face?

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 they kiss, the ROAR of the CROWD PROPELLING US TO --

**EXT. ROME - DAY**

City of gleaming marble. Center of the known world.

**EXT. COLOSSEUM - DAY**

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

The ROAR of more than fifty thousand souls...

**EXT. THE ARENA - DAY**

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

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

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

INT. ROYAL COUNCIL VESTIBULE -DAY

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

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

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY  
Pirates? So far up the river?

ISIDORA  
They are here to hunt us?

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA  
Do you trust this infidel?

AMAZONIA  
I do, Queen Diana Troy.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA  
How large?

AMAZONIA  
Small, easily runoff.

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

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

Diana Troy takes Hippolyta aside and speaks in a whisper.

QUEEN DIANA TROY  
She wishes to bear child.

Hippolyta regards Amazonia almost bemused.

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA  
Very well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

**EXT. TEMPLE OF CYRA - NIGHT**

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

**INT. THE TEMPLE OF CYRA - NIGHT**

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

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

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

Slowly, Gia raises it...

Then spills the runestones onto the stone table.

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

ACHILLEA

Prophecy?

GIA

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

(then)

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

Gia senses an unspoken question.

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

Where did you learn to do that?

GIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Achillea eyes her, more suspicious than surprised.

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

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

GIA

Send me on my way, then.

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

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

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

They FUCK, shadows cast by the flames as the rug moves with great passion, the motion TRANSITIONING US TO --

**EXT. SMALL VILLA - TERRACE - NIGHT**

Amazonia stands near the rails, looking down at the beautiful torchlit city, lost in thought.

**FLASHBACK - EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

*SHAPES MOVING IN THE SHINY RAIN. SOUNDS OF WAR:*

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

*The Greeks surge, threatening to overrun the Thracians.*

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

*Ancient Greece Neos slicing through a medieval Matrix.*

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

*A soldier thrusts his sword at Amazonia, who catches his wrist mid-thrust -- disarms a Greek soldier whose wrist she still holds, uses his own sword to kill him.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

SOLIS

(in the throes)

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

Amazonia rolls on top of him, straddling him.

AMAZONIA

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

**RESUME SCENE**

Amazonia smiles at the memory. It is short lived.

Nemesis escorts Solis in. Amazonia dismisses her.

SOLIS

I love you.

AMAZONIA

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

SOLIS

What about love?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

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

SOLIS

Enough with the tough talk.

AMAZONIA

Then let us turn towards more  
pressing matters.

She reaches down, guiding his cock inside her.

SOLIS

Your touch has been missed.

AMAZONIA

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

SOLIS

And I shall give it to you.

AMAZONIA

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

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

**INT. THE TEMPLE OF CYRA - NIGHT**

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

GIA

You wish to rest?

ACHILLEA

If I do, I shall tell you.

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

The faint sound of HORSES HOOVES approach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Achillea rises, her nude form in silhouette from the dying flames. She throws on her leathers. Gia half wraps herself in her cloak, nude beneath it.

ACHILLEA

What is this...?

GIA

Rome is barbaric place and a woman must never be without dagger. Perhaps you'd like to see mine.

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

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

ACHILLEA

No, wait here!

Achillea breaks away, Gia stops her.

GIA

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

Achillea smiles as she secures her armor.

OFF Gia, her own concerns far from assuaged.

**EXT. TEMPLE OF GAIA - NIGHT**

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

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

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

CASTUS

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

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

Achillea is a relentless, unstoppable killing machine.

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

Aghast, Heracleo abandons the fight and flees.

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

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

ACHILLEA

You bleed on sacred ground,  
thieves

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

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

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

She stares, stunned, as Kane melts back into nothingness. Breathing heavy, Achillea wipes the blood from her face.

**INT. AMAZONIA'S BEDCHAMBERS - NIGHT**

Amazonia is awake, studying Solis as he sleeps. She reaches for a pitcher of water and raises it to drink.

He stirs awake and his eyes meets hers in an instant.

AMAZONIA

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

They kiss again. And when their lips part:

AMAZONIA

The hour is upon us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLIS

I do not want to leave your arms.

AMAZONIA

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

SOLIS

Come with me.

Amazonia takes him in, wishing it were that simple.

AMAZONIA

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

Solis dresses. Tears streak Amazonia's face.

SOLIS

And if it is not?

AMAZONIA

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

OFF the proclamation...

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Amazonia, Rachna, and ten warriors ride hard.

Suddenly, ARROWS RAIN DOWN around them, forming a circle  
of shafts. The warriors react, not surprised.

Amazonia draws her sword and plunges it into the dirt.  
Then, raises her hands high and holds the palms together.

Not a symbol of surrender, but obviously a symbol.

FOUR AMAZONS drop down from the treetops on ropes. The  
LYCASTIANS, an African tribe, not as glamorous as the  
Themiscyreians', but just a lethal.

Their leader, NIOBE removes her mask.

AMAZONIA

Niobe. A word.

NIOBE

Ah, I didn't expect to see you  
here, Amazonia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

I didn't expect to come.

NIOBE

You didn't have to. I thought we'd agreed on that.

AMAZONIA

That was before our enemies sent spies to our land.

Amazonia has Niobe's undivided attention.

AMAZONIA

Pirates. Perhaps The Sea-Vipers of Cilicia. A fortnight ago they raided a Monastery south of our borders.

NIOBE

We have eyes everywhere. We'll fortify the hills.

AMAZONIA

Get word to the Chadesians.

**EXT. HERACLES - DAY**

A tiny farming and trading HAMLET, perched on the edge of the sea. BARGES sail the water, headed up the trade route to the inland river.

PEASANTS work in well-tilled fields -- men, women, children -- hacking at the wheat with scythes, or at the sod with picks.

**SUPERIMPOSE: Port City of Heracles.**

**INT. VILLAGE ABODE - DAY**

FARMERS have assembled. Tensions and paranoia run wild. In the bunch, LINUS, 50, HANSON and DUNDAS, 40s.

They turn as Gia enters, her face shadowed under a hooded cloak. In the half-light, she looks helpless as a lamb.

The men steal lustily glances at her:

LINUS

So what! Taxes are a burden to -- we need to decide our next course of action.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANSON

They'll have our families starve.

Dundas turns to Gia.

DUNDAS

Is that true? Do you bring with you a threat? This massacre?

GIA

No, but I'll witness yours unless you alter your intent. Achillea rides to meet you. Twelve warriors. She'll butcher the lot of you.

DUNDAS

How would you know this?

GIA

The same way the Gods know. The presence of evil arrives long before the messenger who carries it.

The DOOR BURSTS OPEN and a phalanx of warriors march in. Leady by Achillea. Syreena by her side.

Gia turns, as does everyone.

HANSON

What in the name Duat's Dark is this?

ACHILLEA

This is our land. Against better judgement -- Queen Hippolyta III has allow you to settle on the outskirts for a fair price.

HANSON

Fair?! Lies!

ACHILLEA

Ah, you must be Abner Hanson? You sent the parchment full of blasphemies?

HANSON

I assure you, we know nothing of this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACHILLEA

I thought you might say that. The only thing that disturbs me more than the notion of the Queen's legendary generosity -- is the spectre of you shielding those Marauders.

LINUS

How dare you accuse us of hiding those thieves.

Achillea smiles warmly -- pulls her dagger and slits his throat. As he dies a slow, blood gurgling death.

Syreena fights alongside Thora -- easily and quickly overrunning the overwhelmed men.

One fights savagely, but is knocked to the ground by a mighty blow from Syreena's battle-axe.

ACHILLEA

What possible threat could you infidels pose?

Achillea runs him through. Places her foot near the hilt of her sword and draws out the fully buried blade...

A KNOT OF WARRIORS pass by, WIPING US TO --

**EXT. HERACLES - DAY**

Achillea and a two dozen warriors mount their warhorse. HECTOR, a grizzled, bear-like of a man, stalks towards them.

HECTOR

Achillea!

ACHILLEA

Ah, Hector. The harbinger of what's to come.

And hurls a dagger like a tomahawk - impaling his eye.

Hector HOWLS, drops to his knees, bleeding copiously.

Achillea her sword through Hector - rips out her dagger in the process. He gurgles up blood.

HECTOR

There will come a day of reckoning, Achillea.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HECTOR (CONT'D)

For this and all that follows.  
You'll pay. The Gods will see to  
it.

ACHILLEA

You pay now.

And disdainfully inflicts another blow for good measure.

A troubled Kleoptoleme rides up, dismounts.

ACHILLEA

I want the village burned. I want  
the fields burned. I don't want an  
insect alive when were done.

Achillea lifts her hand -- drops it. The warriors thunder  
past, roaring battle cries.

KLEOPTOLEME

This was not the Queen's orders.  
They're harmless! There's not a  
weapon in the village! This is no  
battle, it's a slaughter.

ACHILLEA

(cold)  
Are you having trouble hearing,  
Kleoptoleme? I'm ordering you.

Achillea locks eyes with her subordinate, putting a hand  
her sword.

KLEOPTOLEME

I'll not help you commit genocide!

Kleoptoleme curses and rides after them.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

At a fork in the road, Amazonia holds up her hand,  
halting her troops.

In a distance, they see SMOKE billowing.

CALLISTO

The village of Heracles!

Amazonia breaks into a HARD GALLOP. Her warriors follow,  
WIPING US TO --

**EXT. VILLAGE CENTER - NIGHT**

The houses are SET ON FIRE. Kleoptoleme ushering villagers who rush into the fields. Panicked. Scared.

KLEOPTOLEME

To the border! RUN!

Achillea watches the village burn. Satisfied.

LAGERTHA grabs a LIT TORCH - flushed with righteous anger. Even in peasant garb, she exudes beauty.

-- runs back towards the chaos. She stabs an Amazon with her torch, LIGHTING HER ON FIRE!

In a mad fury, Achillea approaches Lagartha, sword in hand, intent on delivering a deathblow.

Amazonia dismounts and restrains Achillea.

AMAZONIA

What... what have you done!?

RACHNA

We must hurry, Callisto. Before our ratchet whores burn it all.

Rachna and Callisto charge towards the village square.

AMAZONIA

Your disobedience will not go unpunished.

The two BRAWL like sisters. They fight hard, punching and kicking until Kleoptoleme separates them.

KLEOPTOLEME

Amazonia, I tried to help them.

Lagartha stares, lost in a whirlwind of forbidden thoughts.

ACHILLEA

(to lagartha)

Don't think for a second the Gods have spared you all mercy. Only time!

OFF the deadly proclamation...

AMAZONIA

You fight well. What is your name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAGERTHA  
Lagertha, former shield-maiden.

AMAZONIA  
You are far from home.

DIOMEDES, 40s, a stout man, head villager, storms inside.

DIOMEDES  
The queen promised we could settle  
here in peace.

AMAZONIA  
And she shall keep it.

Lagertha stares sullenly at a lifeless flower bed,  
touches them...

LAGERTHA  
...even the flowers are dying.

Callisto blows a kiss - breathes new life into the  
flowers. Much to Lagertha's surprise.

LAGERTHA  
You're half-dryad?

Callisto nods, follows Amazonia out, WIPING US TO --

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

The Royal Council encircle the room protectively.

Diana Troy sits on her throne, while Hippolyta paces as  
Achillea and Amazonia comforts them.

Nearby, Syreena and Kleoptoleme.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA  
You defy my orders?

ACHILLEA  
Perhaps I must have missed  
understood.

SYREENA  
She speaks the truth.

THERMODOSA  
Heirs to the throne don't miss  
understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KLEOPTOLEME

You lie!

ACHILLEA

I assure you-- her tongue doesn't  
know what it speaks.

KLEOPTOLEME

I would not give false tongue.

AMAZONIA

(softly)

I believe it so.

(to Hippolyta)

The accusation bares careful  
consideration.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Take your leave!

Hippolyta motions to Kleoptoleme.

The council exchange worried glances.

AMAZONIA

I have no desire to be queen-- but  
if you insist on not honoring your  
agreement with them-- I'm afraid I  
must challenge for the crown. Me  
being the next in line-- it's my  
right.

Amazonia turns to Achillea. The two regard each other for  
a quiet beat - two women who do not trust each other.

AMAZONIA

And If I am so fortunate to win --  
I will chain you in a cell until  
trial. And if the council sees fit  
to find you guilty-- your  
punishment will be swiftly!

(re: Hippolyta)

You doubt my words? Test them. If  
you have fucking nerve to honor my  
request.

HIPPOLYTA

Enough! I can assure you Amazonia  
that won't be necessary --

AMAZONIA

Achillea stays way from the  
villagers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACHILLEA

I will not.

AMAZONIA

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

THERMODOSA

You shouldn't be fighting each other. Greek. Persia, Rome. They are our enemy. You should be on the same side, against them.

Amazonia turns to Hippolyta, then bows.

AMAZONIA

Respectfully, my queen.

Off Achillea, her hatred for Amazonia barely contained.

**EXT. ROYAL PALACE / ROOF - DAY**

The council, and queens have gathered, tensions run high as they stare out over a torchlit streets of Themiscyra and all its glory.

In the backdrop, ROYAL GUARDS stand watch.

HIPPOLYTA

Does she truly believe? That insurrection could be cast without consequence?

THERMODOSA

She may have overstep, but Amazonia has a point.

DIANA TROY

You are queen of war. Myself, queen of domestic affairs. We are the chosen voice of many. Together we govern Themiscyra, not you alone. The demands are reasonable.

A look of mutual respect between these two.

THERMODOSA

Dark forces are at work here.

ISIDORA

How so?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA

Those loyal to Achillea -- and  
those to Amazonia.

A heavy beat lingers. Olympia paces, thinking aloud.

OLYMPIA

When a nation fractures it can  
swallow much of its greatness.

(then)

But I learned something else, too.  
The end doesn't always justify the  
means, but there is wrong and  
there is right, and the right is  
worth fighting for...

**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.

Gia begins to massage Achillea's neck and shoulders.  
Achillea, vulnerable, welcomes her touch.

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 stand  
as a warning. To all others to  
leave our land.

GIA

Is that what's this is about?  
Ethnic cleansing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

They are murderers. Rapists.  
Thieves. Their death well  
deserved.

Gia sits on Achillea's lap.

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.

**INT. THERMODOSA'S ABODE - DAY**

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

AMAZONIA

*You sent for me, High Priestess?*

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

*No.*

THERMODOSA

*Why?*

AMAZONIA

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

THERMODOSA

*Perhaps I just needed to hear it  
from you.*

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THERMODOSA (CONT'D)

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. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

In the early morning mist...

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

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

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

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

**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.

Amazonia strolling through the camp. She gazes admirably  
at her warriors moving briskly about.

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

**INT. COMMAND TENT - NIGHT**

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

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.

The flap opens and Rachna steps through.

AMAZONIA

Any signs of them?

RACHNA

The sky brightens. We will know  
soon.

Amazonia moves pieces on the map. Warriors watch.

AMAZONIA

We cannot let the opponent  
anticipate our maneuver.

Rachna produces a wood scrap -- hands it to her.

RACHNA

A memento. Of days past.

AMAZONIA

I serve the Gods, family, Queen,  
not cause or Crown.

RACHNA

You think the veil lifts the  
clouds of Mount Olympus because  
you down a man with wood instead  
of steel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMAZONIA

Perhaps not. Judgment finds us  
all, Rachna.

RACHNA

We've all watched men fall by the  
work of our hands. In service of  
God, queen, even king. We all must  
be driven by a deeper burn. One we  
need to feel, or we wither and  
die.

Rachna gives Amazonia a caring squeeze on the shoulder.

**EXT. ROYAL COURT GARDEN - NIGHT**

Fountains. Dappled sunlight.

Hippolyta, Thermodosa, and Diana Troy walk and talk.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

What is it?

THERMODOSA

Your life may be in danger.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Do you know who maneuvers against  
her?

THERMODOSA

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

An immediate sense of dread befalls them.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Do not soil your imagination with  
such things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN DIANA TROY  
Why, if something were to ever  
happen to you--

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA  
-- Nothing will.

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

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

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

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

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY  
Out with it.

SYREENA  
Diana Troy, it regards the  
infidels.

Diana Troy steps up to Achillea.

QUEEN DIANA TROY  
(sarcastic)  
Your concern is almost charming.

Achillea's expression goes cold.

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

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

Dawns early light.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 two, three dozen strong.

CALLISTO

We're outnumbered. It's impossible.

RACHNA

That's what they said about Troy.

**EXT. A ROCKY HAMLET - DAY**

A bleak landscape with threatening clouds.

The wind moans through the rocks. There's no other sound as Amazonia, Rachna, Callisto, and two DOZEN warriors advance slowly up the pass.

CALLISTO

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

AMAZONIA

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. ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT**

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

A few wearing blood-stained Roman armor watch surrounding woods as others finish up a meal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the bunch, DRAGO, a burly brute.

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, he is barely able to control his rage.

HARAX

Yet you still breath. They followed you.

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

HARAX

This traitor lead them to us.

DRAGO

To arms! We're under attack!

Our warriors charge into camp, collide with the enemy.

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

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

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

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

Cronan yanks his sword from a Amazon who falls dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A HAND grabs his neck. He turns around to find: Rachna, who swings her sword and drives it into his heart... he gasps.

CRONAN

Tell the queen her head won't be  
so pretty when the Kings done!

She glances across at Amazonia who dispenses another.

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

**EXT. ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT**

The battlefield is littered in the dead and dying Pirates. Amazons loot the bodies and hurry the dying, but the misty field belongs to the dead.

Syreena picks up a rock and steps towards Drago, preparing to bash his skull in. Now tied to a tree.

Suddenly, WHACK! Rachna slices through the rope that binds Drago. WHACK! She cuts through the other rope, and Drago is free.

RACHNA

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

**MOMENTS LATER...**

AT THE PYRE -- three bodies of fallen comrades are laid down upon brambles and wood near a river.

Rachna places a COIN in a warriors mouth.

AMAZONIA

Goodbye, our friends. The Gods  
look after you now.

Rachna places coins in each of the dead's mouth.

RACHNA

For the Ferryman. A far better use  
for coin than I ever had. As well  
you know.

The pyre's lit by Callisto..

**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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

**INT. WAR ROOM - DAY**

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Cilician Pirates?

ARTEMISIA

Yes. They pillage our coastal towns. They take our wealthy for ransom and put the rest in chains.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMISIA (CONT'D)

They steal our grain and gold.  
They spare no one.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Must we prepare for an immediate  
strike?

ARTEMISIA

Not yet, my Queen.

CALLISTO

The infidels had no long spears  
for battle. Their belts were  
clogged with short sicae daggers  
and boarding axes.

AMAZONIA

And the coils of thick hemp rope  
and weighted nets on their hips.  
These are not the tools of a  
conquering army.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 HIPPOLYTA

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

Diana Troy moves off with Hippolyta, WIPING US TO:

**INT. DUNGEON - CELL - DAY**

The sound of Royal Guards, entering the cell block.  
Drago, having been terribly beaten, is dragged into the  
cell and manacled to a wall.

Achillea wipes her bloody hands as Drago collapse in a  
heap on the floor.

Amazonia scoots a pot of water across the floor to him.

Drago dips the torn sleeve of his shirt into the water  
and squeezes drops onto his swollen blood caked lips. It  
revives him. He smiles painfully.

AMAZONIA

(to Achillea)

Do as you're told!

Achillea's eyes light up with indignant rage.

ACHILLEA

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

AMAZONIA

What did you say? Say that again!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA  
 (to drago)  
 Don't think for a second the gods  
 have spared you mercy-- only time!

**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. WOODS - NIGHT**

Syreena and several warriors, dragging a heavy Drago - deep into the forest.

Through dense tree coverage; Thora swings a rope over a tree limb. Drago's hoisted, feet first, just high enough off the ground to allow gravity to do its work.

Achillea tests the sharpness of her blade.

ACHILLEA

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

DRAGO

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

ACHILLEA

Ghosts do not bleed. Men do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Achillea presses a cold dagger directly against his throat, drawing a thin line of red.

ACHILLEA

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

DRAGO

Mercy... I will speak!

Drago - choking, spitting blood onto Achillea's leather boots, laughing weakly.

Amazonia approaches at a hard gallop, dismounts. She confronts Achillea.

AMAZONIA

What is the meaning of this?

ACHILLEA

Queen's orders! Stand aside!

Achillea shoves Amazonia back.

DRAGO

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

ACHILLEA

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

DRAGO

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

ACHILLEA

A Roman patrician? Why should I  
care about a boy of Rome?

DRAGO

Because the boy is mad! He mocks  
us!

Drago can barely speak. Amazonia moves closer, as he whispers in her ear... a beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMAZONIA

Take him back to his cell. And  
send for a Medicus!

The flash of steel as a dagger slits his dead throat.  
Blood draining. It's Achillea.

**INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT**

Amazonia sweeps in, the Queens anxiously awaits.

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

AMAZONIA

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Mithridates? The Poison King?

AMAZONIA

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

RACHNA

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

ARTEMISIA

There is more, my Queens. The  
pirate spoke of a high-value  
captive. The sea-wolves recently  
intercepted a Roman vessel. They  
hold a young Roman nobleman for a  
massive ransom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN DIANA TROY

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

ARTEMISIA

He is no ordinary boy. The infidel  
says the youth is insufferable.  
When they demanded twenty talents  
of silver for his release, the boy  
laughed in their faces. He told  
them they had no idea who they had  
captured, and insisted they demand  
fifty talents instead!

RACHNA

(laughs softly)

A captive demanding his own ransom  
be raised? He is either mad or  
incredibly brave.

ARTEMISIA

He treats the pirates like his  
subjects. He commands them to be  
quiet when he wishes to sleep. He  
forces them to listen to his  
poems.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Poems?

ARTEMISIA

And he promises them daily that  
once his ransom is paid, he will  
return with a fleet and crucify  
every last one of them.

(dramatic pause)

His name is *Julius Caesar*.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

RACHNA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QUEEN DIANA TROY

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

Off Hippolyta, debating...

**INT. 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 vision, just common sense.

Gia continues to bellow incense.

GIA

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

ACHILLEA

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

GIA

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

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

GIA

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

(kisses Achillea)

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIA (CONT'D)

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.

**EXT. PALACE - ROYAL GUARDEN - DAY**

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

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

ACHILLEA

If I may. Enough with the Gargareans.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Our union with them is essential in maintaining our prosperity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

The young girls from neighboring  
villages will suffice.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

ACHILLEA

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

It will not be a burden.

ACHILLEA

Then I see your mind won't be  
changed.

Hippolyta smiles, but troubles worry her brow.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Take your leave.

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

ISIDORA

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

**EXT. TRIBE OF THE GARGAREANS - DAY**

Achillea leads two dozen warriors into --

**SUPERIMPOSE: Gargareans Village**

The village is 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.

ACHILLEA

What do you know about these  
Marauders? Have you seen them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ILORAN

How can you come here and accuse us?

ILORAN

Search among us, if you must.

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

More dismount, starts looting huts, looking for marauders, very methodical.

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

Enjoy this while you can.

Off her treachery --

**EXT. TRIBE OF THE GARGAREANS - NIGHT**

The tiny courtyard is lit by fires from torches.

On horseback, Achillea and Syreena...

Nearby, they observe Holidus doing his best to shield the younger boys.

Three warriors ride hard into camp... early twenties. PERVICA, KYRA, and HARMONIA strong and stout, rides up.

ACHILLEA

Leave not man nor boy. Exterminate the filth and bring their day of judgement. Have you the stomach for it, Pervica?

ILORAN

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SYREENA

I have no son!

Syreena unhorses, approaches Iloran.

SYREENA

Are you calling me a liar?

She edges her sagum back ever so slightly, revealing the hilt of her sword. Itching for a fight.

BOOM! Syreena hauls off and punches Iloran, driving him backward two or three steps.

SYREENA

Take greater care with your accusations, old man.

**INT. HUT - NIGHT**

A dozen men enjoying an evening orgy.

Nearly nude Amazon warriors can barely mask their disdain as they dance around drunken men who lie like pretzels in various stages of fornication..

Billius extends his goblet.

BILLIUS

To the sweethearts of  
Themiscyra...

Just then - a FLASHING BLADE severs his hand above the wrist. He twists in shock to see his spurting arm..

...and Pervica, face contorted in rage, holding a bloody battle axe. She hacks down again. And again. And again.

Billius topples to the ground, dead.

The Amazons rise up, grabs swords, and the peasants fall beneath the frenzied warriors as they're hacked to death with much savagery.

Achillea and Syreena step in, and stare for a beat at the massacre...

**EXT. HUT - NIGHT**

A warrior sets the hut ablaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

ACHILLEA

No. I want them alive. For now.  
Let them suffer this, and fill the  
ears of those with horrid tales of  
woe.

HOLIDUS

What's the matter Is this not  
enough.

SYREENA

Even you Monk should show more  
respect than that.

HOLIDUS

For what? A murderer? A crazy  
woman whose only purpose in life  
is to kill and conquer?

Holidus raises his arms to the side, palms up, as if he is waiting to be executed.

HOLIDUS

Go on, Achillea! Kill me!

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. STREAM - DAY**

At the rivulet at the village edge, Achillea looks on as her warriors wash off the blood and dirt of battle.

SYREENA

Why you give them til the summer  
solstice?

ACHILLEA

By then I shall have seized the  
throne.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

Shafts of sunlight pierce gray clouds.

Kleoptoleme on horseback traverses the countryside.

**INT. ROYAL PALACE CORRIDOR - DAY**

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

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

THERMODOSA

Is she kicking?

AMAZONIA

Yes. Strong too.

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

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

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

THERMODOSA

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

AMAZONIA

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

THERMODOSA

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

Off Amazonia's confused look.

THERMODOSA

You have a brother. Alexius.

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.

AMAZONIA

*How do we stop it?*

THERMODOSA

*We can't. Because it is no longer  
alive, no mortal weapon can kill  
it.*

AMAZONIA

*Surely there must be something...*

THERMODOSA

*Nothing can stop it until it has  
achieved what it came for.*

AMAZONIA

*And what is that?*

THERMODOSA

*Yes, there is...*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

**AMAZONIA**

*As a child mother would read to me  
from the ancient chronicles of the  
Achlyans. On spoke of twin swords.  
Tears of iron which can destroy  
anything - alive or dead.*

**THERMODOSA**

*Yes,*

**INT. ACHILLEA'S BED CHAMBERS' - NIGHT**

Achillea draws her sword, turns --

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

Seditious speaks with a disembodied voice.

SEDITIOUS KANE

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

ACHILLEA

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

SEDITIOUS KANE

You and I were destined to meet.

ACHILLEA

Who are you?

SEDITIOUS KANE

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

Beat.

SEDITIOUS KANE

You need a friend. One who  
understands you.

ACHILLEA

Where would I find such a friend?

SEDITIOUS KANE

Darkness and light-- where they  
meet.

**INT. AMAZONIA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT**

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

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

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

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

**INT. AMAZONIA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT**

Amazonia breast-feeds her NEWBORN, happiest woman alive.

AMAZONIA

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

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

AMAZONIA

What is this, Achillea?

ACHILLEA

The Queen request your presence.

Achillea motions for two ROYAL GUARDS to grab the infant.

AMAZONIA

No!

A brief struggle ensues.

ACHILLEA

You only doing the boy harm.

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

**INT. ROYAL OFFICE - NIGHT**

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

Hippolyta rises from her desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIPPOLYTA

You know the rules.

AMAZONIA

I'm not giving up my son!

HIPPOLYTA

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

AMAZONIA

-- I will not abandon him.

HIPPOLYTA

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

Without missing a beat, Amazonia stalks out.

HIPPOLYTA

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

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

They drag her body off, WIPING US TO --

**EXT. ROYAL PALACE - NIGHT**

A swath of moonlight shines in across many archways here.

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

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

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

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

**EXT. THEMISCYRA - NIGHT**

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

**EXT. UNDERWORLD - CONTINUOUS**

Out of the churning MIST, they materialize like apparitions-- THE SCYTHER KNIGHTS

They advance in a terrifying, synchronized rhythm. Heavy black cloaks billow behind them.

Underneath the fabric: tarnished bronze cuirasses molded directly to gray, decaying skin, fusing seamlessly into tears and cracks in the metal plates.

A cold, ethereal light pulses from beneath the armor. Around their waists, shredded leather pteryges sway with every step.

Finally, the camera catches their heads: an imperial Gallic-esque helmet with face mask a total, pitch-black void where eyes should be.

Then, the darkness stares back.

Deep within the hollow eye sockets of the helm, two smoldering, orange-red embers flare to life--burning with an ancient, silent malice.

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

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

From the fog ahead, an aggressive, mechanical SNORT echoes.

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.

*SWOOSH*. They swing their heavy cloaks and mount the armor-clad steeds.

The Wraiths violently yank the reins, turning the beasts toward the distant, glowing horizon where the dark waters churn.

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

**EXT. THE UNDERWORLD WASTES - CONTINUOUS**

The four gallop at breakneck speed, charging over a floor of pure shadow. The sound is a deafening, rhythmic thunder.

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

The Wraiths 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

Valaska's 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 the red steed's flanks--

VALASKA

HYAH!

The stallion leaps into the abyss.

Prothoe, Hippolyta, 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 withered neck bulging as he screams after them into the void.

CHARON

(screaming)

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

THE 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.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 runs through high grass of a dark meadow, cradling a NEWBORN wrapped in a blanket.

Out of breath, looks back, torches, riders on horseback, GALLOPING fast, getting closer.

She's doing the best she can, but somehow, it's not enough. The riders closing in. Deafening HOOFBEATS.

Suddenly, four steeds burst onto the scene, exhaling breaths of smoke, frothing at the mouth...

The Scythe Knights gazing down upon Thermodosa.

Frozen in fear until... she spies a shield attached to their mounts engraved with the COAT OF ARMS FO THE UNDERWORLD.

*(A dark silver divided shield, a two-pronged gold spear&key, a dark turquoise wavy line. Two guardant Stygian hounds on either side of the shield)*

THERMODOSA

That shield -- represents the divide between the realm of the living and the dead, and the dark turquoise wavy line down the middle represents the RIVER STYX.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA (CONT'D)

Does it not? And tell me, the golden bident, the pair of crossed keys, signify the gates are locked, preventing souls from escaping. Yes?

(no response)

And that's Cerberus guarding the entrance.

(under her breath)

The Coat of Arms of the Underworld.

(then)

You're the Scythe Knights?

Then -- HORSES HOVES thundering towards them.

The Scythe Knights steer their warhorses around.

A dozen Amazon warriors approach in a thunder of hoofbeats. Achillea and Syreena lead the charge. They pull up.

VALASKA

All fear the dark or yield your Soul.

Achillea restrains her warriors with a gentle hand...

VALASKA

Go back whence you came.

With that, Achillea turns her horse, leads her entourage back.

Saddened, Thermodosa plants a perfunctory farewell kiss on his forehead. About to hand him over when --

VALASKA

Someone wishes to see you.

The moment is not lost on Thermodosa.

Thalestris extends a gauntleted hand and hoists Thermodosa up onto the saddle...

**INT. TEMPLE OF THE FATES - DAY**

*A tiny temple with prehistoric drawings, shrouded in torchlight.*

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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...

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. Struggling. The sound of a woman dragging oxygen into actively dying lungs.

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

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Forgive me. For my eyes are sensitive to light

CLOTHO

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

LACHESIS

You wish us to speak of your prophecy -- your child...

ATROPOS

...will bring forth a twilight and usher in a new beginning...

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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. 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.

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**

Angelsin sweeps in. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

A smile creases Pseudishtar's lips. Ours too.

Angelsin kneels at the HIGH SEER ANANKE's sarcophagus, grieving. The sound of Ananke's sorrow whisers, 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;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR (CONT'D)

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.  
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...

**EXT. THE MORTAL REALM - RUINED TEMPLE - NIGHT**

A violent thunderstorm tears across a crumbling Greek  
sanctuary.

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

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

The storm sky above the temple SPLITS.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

They drop to one knee, bowing their high-crested 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 locks her icy, burning eyes onto her leader.

She places a gauntleted hand over her breastplate, right beneath her silver snake armband.

Valaska turns, vaulting back onto her stallion. The others follow.

With a deafening thunder of hooves, they wheel their mounts around and vanish into the raging storm.

**EXT. WOOD - NIGHT**

Amazonia runs as the warriors follow. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

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 Thermodosa....

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

He turns with a predatory smile—

**EXT. PALACE OF PONTUS - ROYAL COURTYARD - NIGHT**

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

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

Through the debris, the Scythe 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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

Blood sprays the white marble walls.

It is not a battle. It is an execution.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VALASKA (CONT'D)

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

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

VALASKA

Consider this your receipt.

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

**INT. ROYAL OFFICE - NIGHT**

Syreena and Achillea stand before a concerned Hippolyta. 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 HIPPOLYTA

I heard the tales, it's a legend.

RACHNA

Some stories are true.

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACHILLEA

Your deed will be remembered.

HIPPOLYTA

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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. *She looks to the sky --*

*A SOLAR ECLIPSE, casting a shadow, not over the earth, just Achillea to REVEAL - a CHASM in front of her.*

*She kicks her mount on full speed -- they leap into the void, and come thundering down on the other side...*

**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.

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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

SEDITIONOUS 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?

SEDITIONOUS KANE

I must teach it to you sometime.

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

ACHILLEA

The Dark One?

SEDITIONOUS KANE

ScytheLord Angelsin.

Seditious Kane grins at that, his mood bright.

SEDITIONOUS KANE

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

ACHILLEA

I've got to have it!

SEDITIONOUS KANE

You can never hold it.

Her nostrils flare.

SEDITIONOUS KANE

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

ACHILLEA

And where can I find this blade?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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 whisers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. ETHEREAL SPACE - UNDERWORLD**

A vast, obsidian plaza stretches into the fog.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

As a SLAVE TRADER removes her shackles,

FADE OUT.

**INT. DETENTION CELL - NIGHT**

Dim shafts of light stab through the dark. A nude Amazonia, a mass of muscle, more hardened, scrubs sweat, blood off her flesh...

The door GRINDS open - a ROMAN GUARD brings a meal and water.

ROMAN GUARD

A man, or woman shouldn't die on  
an empty stomach.

He laughs. Amazonia makes a painful decision.

**EXT. UNDERWORLD - CONTINUOUS**

*Out of the churning MIST, they materialize like apparitions--* THE SCYTHE KNIGHTS

*They advance in a terrifying, synchronized rhythm. Heavy black cloaks billow behind them.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*Underneath the fabric: tarnished bronze cuirasses molded directly to gray, decaying skin, fusing seamlessly into tears and cracks in the metal plates.*

*A cold, ethereal light pulses from beneath the armor. Around their waists, shredded leather pteryges sway with every step.*

*Finally, the camera catches their heads: an imperial Gallic-esque helmet with face mask a total, pitch-black void where eyes should be.*

*Then, the darkness stares back.*

*Deep within the hollow eye sockets of the helm, two smoldering, orange-red embers flare to life—burning with an ancient, silent malice.*

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

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

*From the fog ahead, an aggressive, mechanical SNORT echoes.*

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.*

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

*SWOOSH. They swing their heavy cloaks and mount the armor-clad steeds.*

VALASKA

To the river STYX.

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

*They are heading for the crossing. Earthbound.*

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

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

**EXT. BANKS OF THE RIVER STYX - MOMENTS LATER**

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

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

THUD-THUD-THUD-THUD!

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

Through the vapor, the Scythe Wraiths thunder toward the dock on their firebreathing black steeds.

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

CHARON

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

The lead Wraith doesn't even slow down.

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

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

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

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

No coins. No respect.

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

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

CHARON

(screaming)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

**INT. AMASYA PALACE - AUDIENCE CHAMBER - NIGHT**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MITHRIDATES

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

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

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

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

From the shadows behind the tapestries, they emerge.

FOUR WRAITHS.

th 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Deep, glowing cracks snake across the metal, pulsing with that same freezing, ice-blue light.

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

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

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

WRAITHS

Mithridates. King of Kings. Poison-drinker.

Mithridates draws his sword. The steel blade trembles.

MITHRIDATES

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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, gauntleted hand through Guard 1's bronze breastplate.

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

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

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

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

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

he heavy oak doors open slowly.

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

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

ARCHELAUS

Sire...? The vanguard is 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

MITHRIDATES

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

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

Archelaus bows slowly, backing away toward the door.

ARCHELAUS

As you command, Sire.

Archelaus exits, leaving the doors slightly ajar.

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

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

**INT. AMASYA PALACE - AUDIENCE CHAMBER - DAY**

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

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

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

DIOPHANTUS

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

ARCHELAUS

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

Diophantus scoffs, crossing his arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIOPHANTUS

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

ARCHELAUS

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

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

DIOPHANTUS

If the army sees the King of Kingscower before an empty plain, the tribes will revolt. 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 Scythe 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 Scythe-lord Angelsin. And our King just met them.

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

**EXT. UNDERWORLD - CONTINUOUS**

Out of the churning MIST, they materialize like apparitions--

THE SCYTHE WRAITHS.

They advance in a terrifying, synchronized rhythm. Heavy black cloaks billow behind them.

Underneath the fabric: tarnished bronze cuirasses molded directly to gray, decaying skin. The flesh is mottled and veiny, fusing seamlessly into tears and cracks in the metal plates.

A cold, ethereal light pulses from beneath the armor like a dying heartbeat. Around their waists, shredded leather pteryges sway with every step.

Finally, the camera catches their heads: high-crested Attic helms. The elongated, razor-sharp cheek guards frame a total, pitch-black void where a human face should be.

Then, the darkness stares back.

Deep within the shadows of the helm, two smoldering, orange-red embers flare to life—burning with an ancient, silent malice.

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.

From the fog ahead, an aggressive, mechanical SNORT echoes.

A line of BLACK STEEDS waits in formation. These are monstrous beasts, clad in spiked iron barding. As they breathe, bursts of low, volcanic FIRE erupt from their nostrils, illuminating the ash around them.

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

SWOOSH. They swing their heavy cloaks and mount the armor-clad steeds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*The Wraiths violently yank the reins, turning the beasts toward the distant, glowing horizon where the dark waters churn.*

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

**INT. DARK PASSAGEWAY**

CORNEILA, 20s, an elegantly beautiful Roman matron in a stola made of silk, and wears a veil...

AURELIA COTTA, an elegantly beautiful aristocrat in her early forties... thirties,

is in a room beyond a large bed, draped in flowing silk and linen. CORNEILA, 20s, an elegantly beautiful Roman matron, writhes ecstatically astride a muscular little Jewish

man. Just then, Caesar joins her, dressed as a woman. He kisses Pompeia... looking for a spark of emotion, but she's vacant.

POMPEIA

I beg of you, if you wish to speak with me, speak.

CAESAR

He alone occupy your thoughts.

POMPEIA

Alexius is of no concern to me.

She heads out of the room, her dress, swishing aside to reveal her bare ass. Caesar watches her, frustrated.

POMPEIA

I'll send for Inus. You can have her ass for my viewing pleasure.

Dark. Silent. Then, A cacophony of footsteps, echoing, and-- FOUR TORCHES, splintering the darkness, revealing --

THE WALLS ARE LINED WITH THOUSANDS OF SKULLS AND BONES!

The SCYTHKNIGHTS-- DARK. SINISTER. CLOAKS, trekking through a netherworld of passageways. But we DON'T see them in full, NOT YET, more silhouette than solid.

AN IMPOSING BLACK CLOAKED FIGURE, folded Bedouin-type ROBES wrap up around her head, a gauntleted hand grabs hold of her arm in a vice-like grip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A *DARTH VADER-ESQUE MASK*, with eye apertures .

SCYTHE WARLOCK ANGELSIN. *There's a rasping sound of labored breathing, as if she's close to death.*

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

There is a way to "seal" the bloodline and end the curse forever.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

But it requires going back to the ruins of Aethelgard. The one place you are most afraid to go.

ARTEMISIA

There I'll find the swords I seek?

MANTIS PRAXIDIKE

The *Gladius Lux*, buried with its twin -- the *Gladius Tenebris*. Forged in the fires of Aethelgard by Ananke.

**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

The dark figure sweeps in, robes fluttering. tunic of black fabrics, DARK ARMOR. Her skin gray, mottled, veiny, signs of decay, but it's...

That Darth Vader-esques face mask of dark iron, Eye apertures, a menacing light sweeping, everaware.

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN. When she speaks, there's a rasping sound of labored breathing, as if she's close to death.

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.

A smile creases Pseudishtar's lips. Ours too.

Angelsin kneels at the HIGH SEER ANANKE's sarcophagus, grieving. The sound of Ananke's sorrow whisiers, 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. 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.

**INT. TEMPLE OF THE FATES - DAY**

A tiny temple with prehistoric drawings, shrouded in torchlight.

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

A DARK FIGURE sweeps in, robes fluttering. Black tunic, DARK ARMOR; arm and leg guards. *Her skin, gray, veiny, signs of decay, but it's...*

*A Darth Vader-esque mask of dark iron, leaving apertures for DEAD eyes. A menacing light sweeping, everaware. This is the SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN.*

*When she speaks, there's a rasping sound of labored breathing, as if she's close to death.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

SCYTHELORD ANGELSIN

Forgive me. For my eyes are sensitive to light

CLOTHO

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

LACHESIS

You wish us to speak of your prophecy -- your child...

ATROPOS

...will bring forth a twilight and usher in a new beginning...

ARTEMISIA

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?

Artemisia 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...

ARTEMISIA

Oh, I'm counting on it...

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Yes, the twin swords. Sword of Light blessed by Artemis.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR (CONT'D)

The sword rests in a hidden, sacred sanctuary, rejected by all who lack the absolute purity of heart required to draw it from its altar.

**EXT. THE BLACK SEA - DAY**

Dawn. Fog. Thick. Grey. Rough seas--

Two PIRATE SHIPS ARE TOSSED from side to side. Terrified Sailors fall from them, screaming!

The ships SMASH TOGETHER, SPLINTERING INTO PIECES!

Pirates abandon ship, diving into the water, swimming for their lives. The look around, no land in sight...

**EXT. BLACK SEA - DAY**

A ghostly line of lamp lights appears as a BLACK BANNER flies from its mainmast... emerges through the fog like a shark fin...

A massive PIRATE WARSHIP, menacing...

**EXT. PIRATE WARSHIP - DECK - DAY**

A mongrel mix of pirates, swarming onto the deck.

SLAVES, their clothes are filthy and their hair is unkept, work the oars to a steady, rhythmic beat.

Tarcondimotus "The Sea King"

LYKAON "The Wolf" Pelias, faces away from us, grabs a spyglass, stares out at... And WE SEE --

*Off in the distance, the sea swallows up one of their ships.* He lowers her spyglass.

FIRST MATE KASTOR "The Iron Wave" SIDERIS, 40, but with the courage and vigor of a much younger man joins him.

KASTOR

Aye, Capt. Why are you so uptight?

LYKAON

Poseidon has cursed this voyage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kastor takes the scope and looks out.

KASTOR

I'm sorry, mate... we have no room to spare. Let the sea take 'em.

LYKAON

Any word of our crew?

KASTOR

Not a peep. Presumed dead or captured. What ails you?

LYKAON

You've heard the stories. Blood-thirsty. Fearless. The Greeks fiercest enemies. Thundering across arid battlefields. It's said they were the first to tame and ride horses.

KASTOR

Ah, a load of bull. We have a thousand of warriors. Bigger and stronger. Will annihilate them, eh.

LYKAON

Tell that to the Greeks.

LYKAON

Give the order. Turn back. We shall wait for fair weather.

THALASSA "The Tide" VALERIOS: a tough sea-faring female.

MOAGETES "The Anchor"

**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, LUCIOUS, 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.*

**INT. DUNGEON - CELL - DAY**

The sound of Royal Guards, entering the cell block. Drago, having been terribly beaten, is dragged into the cell and manacled to a wall.

Achillea wipes her bloody hands as Drago collapse in a heap on the floor.

Amazonia is suddenly in front of Achillea.

AMAZONIA

What is this?

ACHILLEA

He is a victim of noble character.

AMAZONIA

And when his noble character gets him killed, what then?

Amazonia slides a pot of water across the cell floor to him.

Drago dips the torn sleeve of his shirt into the water and squeezes drops onto his swollen blood caked lips. It revives him.

He smiles painfully.

DRAGO

My thanks.

ACHILLEA

Amazonia thinks she is already Queen of the Amazons.

SYREENA

A crown reserved for yourself, no doubt...

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

A FOG settles... Artemisia rides through a graveyard of once-great trees. The ground is grey, ruined forever.

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

Artemisia 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?

Artemisia 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.

ARTEMISIA

Mantis Pseudishtar - The Severer of Fate?

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

ARTEMISIA

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.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTEMISIA

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.

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

ARTEMISIA

A divine warning has found me.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

(concerned)

Did the high priests at Delphi  
speak this warning?

ARTEMISIA

No, a whisper from the Fates  
themselves:

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

Artemisia paces impatiently.

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

Her voice is somewhere between a whisper and a hiss.

ARTEMISIA

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 Artemisia.

ARTEMISIA

(defiant)

I am an Amazon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*(rhythmic, chanting)*

The shadow falls by kin's  
unwitting hand, A silent shroud  
now wraps the grieving land!

ARTEMISIA

Do not speak to me in riddles!

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*Seek not the Unseen King to turn  
the thread, Nor bargain with the  
kingdom of the dead.*

ARTEMISIA

Barter? If blood is lost, I will  
pay any price to restore it. I  
will offer a thousand bulls, a  
mountain of gold.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

The Seer steps closer, pointing a withered finger  
directly at Rea's chest.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*Bound to the dark, her phantom  
hand shall rise To burn the throne  
beneath her daughter's eyes!*

The divine light fades from the Seer's eyes.

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The loom is silent.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The threads are spun, Queen. You  
cannot untangle what has already  
been woven. The Fates have  
officially decreed it.

ARTEMISIA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*The Oracle's Dark Kinship.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMISIA

What you speak of -- when I was but a child, my mother spoke of it.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Then you know it foretells a return to the dark, forgotten origin of the Achlyans.

Beat.

ARTEMISIA

Yes. Two daughters shall grow from the Amazon's side, One born of the light, one where shadows reside. But the hand of the Good One shall stumble in dread, To strike down her sister and leave her for dead. To knot the frayed cord, the sad Mother must go, To barter her soul in the kingdom below. Yet Hades is cold, and his bargain is deep, A promise the Mother is tethered to keep. If the Dark Daughter sits where the Light used to reign, The Mother 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.

Artemisia softens. We can see her internal struggle, her misery.

ARTEMISIA

Tell me, prophetess... where did I fail?

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Failure? You mortals love that word. You think you are a potter who cracked a jar, but you are something much older. You are a Charioteer.

(beat)

Two winged steeds, Artemisia. This is the soul. One is white-noble, drawn to the light. The other black-chaotic, bound to the earth.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*"To fly..." you must master both.  
Favor the white, and you become a  
statue, cold and hollow. Favor the  
black, and you become a beast,  
lost to the dark.*

Pseudishtar - urgent, grabbing her wrists.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*But heed this: If it should come  
to pass...do not weave the dead  
back into the world of the living--*

ARTEMISIA

*And let the thirdborn stay in the  
shadows?*

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*Your womb is not barren; you can  
bear more children to secure your  
line. Do not rob the Grave-King!*

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*"Sun and night bleed into one,By  
sister's hand, the dawn undone.The  
weaver walks the house of bone,To  
buy a life and leave her own.If  
shadow takes the sun-god's  
chair,The chained one wakes to  
breed despair.She leads the dead  
with torch and blade,To turn to  
ash the city made."*

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

Artemisia 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?*

Artemisia pushes though cobwebs, stalks in to shadowy darkness to find--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

ARTEMISIA

Mantis Pseudishtar - The Severer of Fate?

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

ARTEMISIA

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.

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

ARTEMISIA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

(amused, unbothered)

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

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

ARTEMISIA

A divine warning has found me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

(concerned)

Did the high priests at Delphi  
speak this warning?

ARTEMISIA

No, a whisper from the Fates  
themselves:

Artemisia pulls a crumpled, blood-stained parchment from  
her armor. Pseudishtar takes it, running her fingers  
across the stains.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

This is what the Fates whispered  
to you?

ARTEMISIA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

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

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*"Sun and night bleed into one,  
sister's blade, the dawn undone.  
The weaver walks the house of  
bone, To buy a ghost and leave her  
own. A shadow on the sun-god's  
chair. Awakes the chained one to  
despair. With torch and blade, the  
dead arise, And smoke consumes  
where Maiden lies."*

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The Fates have decreed it.

ARTEMISIA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*The Oracle's Dark Kinship.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTEMISIA

*What do you speak of.*

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*A prophecy told long ago, believed to be a myth. The riddle you carry is the key that unlocks it.*

ARTEMISIA

*What of this Dark Kinship?*

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.

Artemisia paces impatiently.

ARTEMISIA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*You bring a heavy thread to my loom, Princess Artemisia.*

Her voice is somewhere between a whisper and a hiss.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*"One thread of morning, one strand of the night, Entwined by the blood of the Amazon's right. But the hand of the Dawn shall stumble in fear, To sever the life of the sister held dear."*

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

ARTEMISIA

*A sister's blade... No. Keep speaking, witch!*

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."*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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

ARTEMISIA

The weaver... She means to trap me there.

Opening her eyes, staring through the mist...

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Hear the end of the song, Queen!

(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 Seer opens her eyes, staring through the thick smoke at Artemisia.

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The riddle you were given is a mirror to this ancient curse. Look to the smoke. Two serpents, devouring one another. One of morning, one of night.

(beat)

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

ARTEMISIA

The prophecy... *'one thread of morning, one strand of night.'*

ARTEMISIA

Yes, My first heir, with eyes as bright as the summer sun, the other, her gaze holds the chill of a winter moon.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

It is clear one's destined for goodness, while the other seems to carry the weight of darkness within her.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

You cannot cage the Fates, Mother.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR (CONT'D)

Which is why you are the 'weaver'  
in the song. You wove them into  
existence in your own womb. And  
when you see one daughter die by  
the other's hand, you will do what  
any mother must. You will walk the  
'house of bone'—you will march  
straight into the Underworld.

ARTEMISIA

To seek the Ghost-king. To barter  
my soul for my dead daughter's  
breath. I will gladly trade my  
life for hers!

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

*It is not death you should fear,  
Queen. Look to the end of the  
song. If the Shadow-Heir takes the  
throne while you are trapped  
below... you will not return to  
your surviving child as a loving  
mother...*

Pseudishtar points a trembling finger at the black smoke  
as it turns into the shape of a burning crown.

ARTEMISIA

You will rise in rattling chains.  
A monster leading an army of  
ghosts. And the city of Maiden  
will burn to ash by your own  
torch.

Artemisia stands frozen. The words hang in the heavy,  
sulfurous air. She grips her bronze spear until her  
knuckles turn purple.

ARTEMISIA

Then I will bend the thread. I  
will watch over my daughters with  
every breath. I will not let them  
harm each other.

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

And if the Fates outrun you,  
Princess?

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ARTEMISIA

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The prophecy is a trap! Hades does not want your daughter's soul. He wants yours. He needs a weaver of flesh to lead his army into the light. If the worst happens... do not seek the Ghost-king. Do not bargain for her breath. If you walk into the house of bone, you very well could damn us all.

Artemisia stares at the Seer for one long, silent beat. Her eyes are hard as stone.

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

ARTEMISIA

If one of my daughters dies, Seer... I will pay any price to restore it. I will offer a thousand bulls, a mountain of gold.

Pseudishtar stands alone over the fissure. The oily black smoke suddenly snaps shut, plunging the shrine into total, suffocating darkness.

ARTEMISIA

No. 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

"Sun and night bleed into one, A sister's blade, the dawn undone. The weaver walks the house of bone, To buy a ghost and leave her own. A shadow on the sun-god's chair Awakes the chained one to despair. With torch and blade, the dead arise, And smoke consumes where Maiden lies.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

A prophecy told long ago, believed to be a myth. The riddle you carry is the key that unlocks it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The riddle you were given is a mirror to this ancient curse. Look at the smoke. Two snakes, biting each other's tails. One of morning, one of night.

ARTEMISIA

The prophecy... 'one thread of morning, one strand of night.' They are twins. My light and my shadow.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The hand of the Dawn shall stumble. It is not an enemy's blade that will end your child's life, Queen Artemisia. It is her own twin. One sister will murder the other.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

(rasy, otherwordly)

Two daughters shall grow from the Amazon' side, One born of the light, one where shadows reside.

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

But the hand of the Good One shall stumble in dread, To strike down her sister and leave her for dead.

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

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

(more tense)

To knot the frayed cord, the sad Mother must go, To barter her soul in the kingdom below. Yet Hades is cold, and his bargain is deep, A promise the Mother is tethered to keep.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

If the Dark Daughter sits where  
the Light used to reign, The Mother  
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.

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

For the first time, her fierce eyes look afraid.

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

ARTEMISIA

They love each other, seer. They  
are children.

MANTIS SEUDISHTAR

The Fates see the paths of  
tomorrow. One of your girls is  
born of the light. The other  
carries a shadow in her heart

ARTEMISIA

It says the Good One stumbles. A  
mistake. An accident!

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

An accident that ends in blood.  
The good sister will take the dark  
sister's life.

Artemisia grips her bronze spear until her knuckles turn  
white again. Her eyes blaze.

ARTEMISIA

Then I will change their fate! If  
one dies, I will march straight  
into the Underworld. I will give  
Hades my own soul to buy my  
daughter back. A mother protects  
her blood.

Pseudishtar steps forward. She snaps her pale fingers,  
and the knucklebones on the floor rattle on their own.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

That is exactly what the prophecy  
warns you not to do! Look at the  
final lines, foolish Mother.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR (CONT'D)

Hades is a trickster. He will take your soul and give you back your child. But you will become his slave, bound by a rattling chain.

ARTEMISIA

I would gladly serve in the dark to see my daughter breathe again.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

Even if she destroys everything you love? If the resurrected daughter—the dark one—ever sits on your throne, Hades will pull your leash. You will be forced to lead his army of ghosts to burn your own city to ash. You will destroy the kingdom you spent your life building

ARTEMISIA

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, Artemisia! 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.

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

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

She looks down at the blood-stained parchment, trapped between her love as a mother and her duty as a queen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

MANTIS NEMESIS

You see only with your eyes. Look within.

ARTEMISIA

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.

ARTEMISIA

I did not come for riddles. My daughter's blood is on the sand. The thread is cut. Fix it.

HIGH SEER

One thread of morning, one strand of the night/Entwined by the blood of the Amazonâ's right/But the hand of the Dawn shall stumble in fear/ To sever the life of the sister held dear. 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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

\*"Two threads dance but cannot  
blend,Till maiden blood forces  
their end.The morning hand shall  
strike in fright,And kill the twin  
to block the light.To fix the  
string, the maker falls,To trade  
her breath in shadow halls.But  
stone and dark demand a cost,To  
bind the soul of what was lost.If  
midnight sits upon the throne,The  
maker wakes in chain and bone.She  
leads the ghosts to burn the  
spire,And turns the virgin land to  
fire."\*

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

"Sun and night bleed into one,By  
sister's hand, the dawn undone.The  
weaver walks the house of bone,To  
buy a life and leave her own.If  
shadow takes the sun-god's  
chair,The chained one wakes to  
breed despair.She leads the dead  
with torch and blade,To turn to  
ash the city made."\*

Nemesis coaches the flames higher and higher. Her voice  
is somewhere between a whisper and a hiss.

Artemisia's breath catches in her throat.

MANTIS PSEUDISHTAR

The Fates say otherwise. The good  
sister will stumble in fear. By a  
terrible accident, her hand will  
take her sister's life.

ARTEMISIA

Then I will protect them! If one  
dies, I will march straight into  
the Underworld. I will give Hades  
my own soul to buy my daughter  
back!

ARTEMISIA

The smoke is thick, Priestess. My  
daughters wait for a sign of their  
future. Will the Amazon line  
endure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

MANTIS NEMESIS

One thread of morning, one strand  
of the night. Entwined by the  
blood of the Amazon's right.

Artemisia slams her spear butt against the stone.

ARTEMISIA

Enough. I know the lineage. I know  
the cost. I will pay it.

MANTIS NEMESIS

But the hand of the Dawn shall  
stumble in fear, to sever the life  
of the sister held dear.

ARTEMISIA

Stumble? They are warriors grown;  
they do not 'fall'--they conquer.  
I will descend to the Black Gate  
myself. Hades will take my soul  
and give back her breath.

MANTIS NEMESIS

To knot the frayed cord, the  
weaver must descend, and barter  
her soul for a life without end.

Nemesis reaches out. Her fingers are skeletal, the skin  
literally peeling back. Grabs Artemisia's wrist.

Her touch is ice. A chill runs down Artemisia's spine.

MANTIS NEMESIS

Yet Hades is cold, and his bargain  
is deep: a promise the weaver is  
now tethered to keep.

Artemisia rips her arm away, repulsed.

Nemesis begins to laugh-- a dry, wheezing sound like wind  
through dead leaves.

MANTIS NEMESIS

If the Shadow-Heir sits where the  
Light used to reign, the weaver  
shall rise with a rattling chain!  
She shall lead the Unliving to  
burn and to tear, till the City of  
Maidens is smoke in the air.

Artemisia backs away, her face a mask of defiant fury.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

ARTEMISIA

Then let it burn. If I have her back, I'll set the fire myself.

With that, Artemisia turns and vanishes into the dark.

Nemesia watches the empty space, a piece of her own finger snapping off and falling into the ash.

Artemisia softens. We can see her internal struggle, her misery.

ARTEMISIA

*I cannot deny my failure...Tell me, Seer... where did I fail?*

MANTIS NEMESIS

Failure? You mortals love that word. You think you are a potter who cracked a jar, but you are something much older. You are a Charioteer.

(beat)

Two winged steeds, Artemisia. This is the soul. One is white—noble, drawn to the light. The other black—chaotic, bound to the earth.

ARTEMISIA

*The dark one... she has a fire in her that burns everything I touch. She doesn't just pull away; she wants to run us off the cliff. I'm afraid if I don't break her, she'll kill us all.*

MANTIS NEMESIS

*And so you pull the white rein until your fingers bleed, while the black horse foams at the mouth. Of course she wants the cliff. She is starving for the lead.*

MANTIS NEMESIS

*"To fly..." you must master both. Favor the white, and you become a statue, cold and hollow. Favor the black, and you become a beast, lost to the dark.*

MANTIS NEMESIS

Indeed, the Fates have decreed it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

ARTEMISIA

Decreed what?

MANTIS NEMESIS

*the Oracle's Dark Kinship. Cryptic prophecies. Individually benign, collectively a harbinger*

ARTEMISIA

*What you speak of -- when I was but a child, my mother spoke of it.*

MANTIS NEMESIS

Your spiritual disturbance gets deeper, Artemisia.

(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 Artemisia's vulnerability -

MANTIS NEMESIS

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

Artemisia bows.

ARTEMISIA

I am loyal, I will serve you.

MANTIS NEMESIS

Rise.

**EXT. A VERDANT STREAM - DAY**

*Artemisia 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.

Artemisia almost smiles at that.

ARTEMISIA

Of course it was.

THERMODOSA

It stood beyond the western sea. Hidden by mist.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THERMODOSA (CONT'D)

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.

ARTEMISIA

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.

ARTEMISIA

Then why speak of her like a  
monster?

THERMODOSA

Because she became one.

The fire cracks between them.

THERMODOSA

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

Artemisia folds her arms tighter.

ARTEMISIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THERMODOSA

You already know the answer to that.

That lands harder than Artemisia expects.

ARTEMISIA

Why are you telling me this now?

Thermodosa studies her.

THERMODOSA

Because the Achlyans' blood runs through you.

A beat.

ARTEMISIA

No.

THERMODOSA

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

Amazonia shifts uneasily.

ARTEMISIA

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

THERMODOSA

No.

ARTEMISIA

Why?

THERMODOSA

Because it devours everything it touches.

The certainty in her voice cuts deep.

Artemisia steps back.

ARTEMISIA

You knew.

THERMODOSA says nothing.

ARTEMISIA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THERMODOSA

I tried to spare you.

ARTEMISIA

Spare me?

She laughs once -- hurt, disbelieving.

ARTEMISIA

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.

Artemisia stares at her own hands.

Something is wrong.

A faint tremor beneath the skin.

ARTEMISIA

Sometimes...

(swallows)

...I feel something moving in me.

Thermodosa goes still.

ARTEMISIA

*A coldness under my skin.*

THERMODOSA

Artemisia--

ARTEMISIA

I thought it was anger.

She looks up. Frightened now.

ARTEMISIA

I thought it was me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Thermodosa grabs her shoulders.

THERMODOSA

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

Artemisia jerks away from her touch.

ARTEMISIA

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

THERMODOSA

To the world, we still are.

ARTEMISIA

And what if you're wrong?

THERMODOSA

I am not.

ARTEMISIA

How can you know that?

Her voice cracks.

ARTEMISIA

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

Silence. Then:

ARTEMISIA

If it happens...

Thermodosa's face falls.

ARTEMISIA

If I become what you fear--

THERMODOSA

Don't say that.

ARTEMISIA

Promise me.

A long beat.

THERMODOSA

Promise what?

Artemisia fights to hold herself together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ARTEMISIA

That you kill me before I stop  
being myself.

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.

MANTIS NEMESIS

"The Charioteer and two winged  
steeds. This is the soul. One is  
white—noble, drawn to the light.  
The other black—chaotic, bound to  
the earth. To fly, you must master  
both. Favor the white, and you  
become a statue, cold and hollow.  
Favor the black, and you become a  
beast, lost to the dark."

ARTEMISIA

I do not understand.

MANTIS NEMESIS

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

Artemisia nods,

MANTIS NEMESIS

Indeed, the Fates have decreed it.

ARTEMISIA

Decreed what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

## MANTIS NEMESIS

*Two branches spring from the  
selfsame root, One bears sweet  
blossom, one bitter fruit. When  
light strikes shadow in unwitting  
war, The fallen dark shall walk the  
earth once more. A mother's breath  
shall pay the ferryman's toll, To  
buy the dawn, the sun must yield  
its soul. "Yet heed the crown: if  
blood corrupt ascends the seat, The  
mother's hands shall lay the  
kingdom at his feet.*

## MANTIS NEMESIS

*What you speak of -- when I was  
but a child, my mother spoke of  
the Oracle's Dark Kinship.*

## MANTIS NEMESIS

*Cryptic prophecies. Individually  
benign, collectively a harbinger.  
(concerned)  
Then you know it is a curse that  
foretells a return to the dark,  
forgotten origin of the Achlyans.*

2.5million viewers is a ratings disaster? I understand the ratings scale is different but that's a lot of viewers for a regular season women's basketball game on a Saturday at 1pm. People are busy and I'd guess most casuals don't even know the season has started yet because mainstream isn't really talking about it like they were last year.

The CC YT community has really fallen off. It's just negativity every video and it's not going to end well for you guys. Ragebait only works for so long. People get frustrated and eventually tune out. Enjoy it while you can I guess.

## MANTIS NEMESIS

*life is a thread; once it's cut,  
it's never supposed to be tied  
back together.*

## ARTEMISIA

*I am a vessel that brought forth  
poison. One daughter walks in the  
light of the gods; the other  
carries the darkness of the pit.  
Tell me, Seer... where did I fail?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

MANTIS NEMESIS

Failure? You mortals love that word. You think you are a potter who cracked a jar, but you are something much older. You are a Charioteer.

Beat.

MANTIS NEMESIS

When the Great Architect forged the soul, he gave it wings and hitched it to two beasts. Your first-born is the White Steed—Spirit, honor, the pride that looks toward Olympus. She obeys your voice because she loves the sun.

ARTEMISIA

And the other? She defies me. She hungers for things that should not be named.

MANTIS NEMESIS

She is the Black Steed. She is the Appetite of the Earth. She is the heavy, thrumming blood that wants to scream and feast and sink into the moss. You call her "bad" because she is wild, but look at your "good" daughter—without her sister's fire, she is a ghost. She has no weight. She has no will to move.

MANTIS NEMESIS

A chariot with only a white horse is a kite lost in the wind. A chariot with only a black horse is a stone in the mud. The gods gave you two different daughters so that you might soar, not so you could choose between them.

ARTEMISIA

But she pulls so hard... I can't hold her.

MANTIS NEMESIS

Then strengthen your grip! Your "failure" is not the horse's hunger, but the weakness of your own hands.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

## MANTIS NEMESIS (CONT'D)

The reins are your Mind. Stop weeping for the dark and start steering. If you do not learn to master both, the chariot will shatter, and the pit will claim you all

Action Lines: Use the physical decay of the Mantis to underscore the warning. The Mother's "repulsion" is a key beat—it shows she sees the cost but is too arrogant to believe it applies to her. Pacing: The Mother interrupts the poem. This makes the dialogue feel like a conflict rather than a "performance." Subtext: The Mother's line "I'll set the fire myself" is the dramatic irony. She thinks she's being hyperbolic, but the prophecy confirms she will literally do it.

## 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."*

## ARTEMISIA

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.

A strikingly beautiful woman, of regal bearing, joins him. This is PERSEPHONE, queen of the underworld. She is wonderfully clothed.

## MANTIS NEMESIS

You see only with your eyes. Look within.

## ARTEMISIA

I do not understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

MANTIS NEMESIS

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

ARTEMISIA

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

ARTEMISIA

Excuse my impropriety, since I had  
no idea-- Queen Persephone was  
here.

Artemisia, focusing her telekinetic power... and her face  
is a mask of concentration and strain --

MANTIS NEMESIS(O.S.)

Artemisia.

Artemisia looks up to see an apparition: Mantis Nemesis.

MANTIS NEMESIS

Reconsider. It may seem harsh, but  
I assure you-- it is as merciful  
as this day will ever be.

ARTEMISIA

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.

HARAX, DRAGO, KRATOS, POLEMAN--

Raiding Themiscyra--the mythological capital city of the  
Amazons located along the Black Sea coast--gives your  
Later Iron Age Solian fleet an incredible narrative  
purpose. Historically and mythologically, an attack on  
Themiscyra requires sailing north out of the  
Mediterranean, navigating the treacherous Hellespont  
(Dardanelles) and Bosphorus straits, and entering the  
Euxine Sea (Black Sea). Because the Amazons are  
legendary, elite warrior women, a fleet planning to raid  
them would need a name that sounds highly disciplined,  
heavily armored, and capable of a brutal coastal siege.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

Since the Amazons are a formidable nation, the pirates of Soli wouldn't just show up in random fishing boats; they would operate under a grand military banne

If you want to create dramatic irony, have the Amazons spot the Solian sails a full day before they arrive. The high cliffs along the southern Pontic coast offered incredible vantage points, meaning the raiders would lose the element of surprise long before their hulls hit the Thermodon river delt

The Sea-Vipers of Cilicia: Evokes a strike-and-retreat tactic using poison or fire.

The Reavers of Soli: A classic, sharp fantasy-epic title focusing entirely on their lawlessness.

The Chimaera's Pack: Named after the fire-breathing monster native to the Cilician mountains.

The Wolves of Zephyrium: Named after Cape Zephyrium near Soli, a famous pirate lookout point.

The Fleet of the Solian Arsenal: Soli and its surrounding cliffs had hidden, sophisticated shipyards, docks, and timber reserves to build proper navies.

The Solian-Pontic Armada: Suggests the Solian pirates have allied with the Kingdom of Pontus (the Iron Age empire ruling the Black Sea coast) to split the spoils of Themiscyra

There is a huge time gap between the Iron Age and Julius Caesar's life: The Iron Age & Megacles: This era took place much earlier, around 900 BC to 600 BC. This is when Megacles and the early leaders of Athens ruled. Julius Caesar: He lived much later, during the late Roman Republic from 100 BC to 44 BC. This was hundreds of years after the Iron Age had ended in Greece. Here is a way to handle the king's name. During the Iron Age (around the 8th to 7th century BC), Athens stopped using traditional kings and was ruled by powerful, wealthy leaders called Archons Using the name of a real, powerful Athenian Archon from that exact era—like Megacles or Hippomenes—fits the timeframe perfectly. Megacles sounds especially villainous and powerful for an Amazon enemy

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

*Cilician Pirates?*

ARTEMISIA

*Yes. They pillage our coastal towns. They take our wealthy for ransom and put the rest in chains.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

ARTEMISIA (CONT'D)

*They steal our grain and gold.  
They spare no one.*

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

*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.*

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.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

RACHNA

*Perhaps. Our advantage is our high cliffs -- we shall lay eyes upon them long before they breach our shores..*

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Interrogation scene.

ACHILLEA

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

PRISONER

*(choking blood)*  
*Mercy... I will speak.*

ACHILLEA

*The name. Now.*

PRISONER

*It is the gold... the gold of Attica. We take our orders from Athens... from the high lord, Megacles!*

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

ARTEMISIA

*It is no savage chieftain from the wild lands. The gold comes from the marble halls of Attica. The archon Megacles of Athens commands them.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*QUEEN DIANA TROY*

*Athens? They mask themselves as philosophers and poets, yet they hire butcher dogs to do their bidding?*

*RACHNA*

*They thought the sea would hide their footprints. They thought the Amazons would blame the pirates and never look toward their shores.*

*QUEEN HIPPOLYTA*

*Then they have miscalculated. If Athens wants a war of shadows, we shall bring them a storm. Sharpen the bronze. We sail for Attica.*

-----Why This Setup is Perfect for Your Story  
 The Real Enemy: King Mithridates fits the "treacherous foreign king" role perfectly. He was famous for conquering lands, hating Rome, and using pirates as an unofficial navy.  
 The Perfect Entry for Caesar: This sets up the famous real-life historical event where a young Julius Caesar was kidnapped by Cilician pirates. Having the Amazons learn about this arrogant young Roman creates a great crossover between mythology and history.

Roman senate, Rome was still a republic at the time. when Consuls in power at the time... Lucius Octavius

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Interrogation

-----Choosing Option 2 makes your story feel like a grand political thriller. During the years Julius Caesar ruled Rome, his greatest enemies were the Pompeians (Romans who stayed loyal to his dead rival, Pompey the Great) [75 BC - 50 BC, 49 BC]. They controlled massive rebel navies in the Mediterranean and Black seas. They teamed up with foreign kings to launch brutal coastal raids, trying to destroy Caesar's new empire from the outside. Here is how your dialogue looks when we switch the pirates out for Caesar's real political enemies.

Why Sextus Pompey is the Perfect Villain  
 He Was Real: Sextus Pompey was the actual son of Pompey the Great.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After Caesar took over Rome, Sextus became a literal "pirate king." He gathered a massive rebel navy, ruled the seas, and terrorized coastal regions to try and overthrow Caesar. The Perfect Connection: Since Soli was the city built by his father, it makes perfect sense that Sextus Pompey would use Soli as a secret base for his rebel fleet!

INT. THRONE ROOM DAY

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

Roman Rebels?

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 HIPPOLYTA

And they claim dominion over the entire Mediterranean?

ARTEMISIA

They do. The port of Soli shelters these dogs. Worse, we believe these Roman traitors are being paid by an eastern king to harass our borders.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Which king dares fund this outrage?

ARTEMISIA

Our prisoner chooses silence over the truth.

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.

(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.

ACHILLEA

*They are desperate rebels.  
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 HIPPOLYTA

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

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

Interrogation scene.

ACHILLEA

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

PRISONER

(choking blood)  
Mercy... I will speak.

ACHILLEA

The name. Now.

PRISONER

*We follow the true sons of Rome...  
the lords who fled Caesar's  
tyranny. We take our orders and  
our gold from Sextus Pompey.*

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

ARTEMISIA

The gold does not come from a pirate captain, nor a foreign barbarian. It comes from the broken remnants of Rome. The rebel commander Sextus Pompey directs their sails.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Sextus Pompey? The son of the dead general? He plays the pirate while Rome burns under Julius Caesar's heel.

RACHNA

He uses the port of Soli because his father built it. He thinks the ghost of his father will protect his hidden fleet.

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 HIPPOLYTA

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

QUEEN DIANA TROY

If Sextus Pompey wants a war of shadows, we shall bring him a storm.

-----

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

*Pirates?*

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 HIPPOLYTA

*And they claim dominion over the entire Mediterranean?*

ARTEMISIA

*They do. The port of Soli shelters these dogs. They call themselves the Grave-Breakers. 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.*

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.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 HIPPOLYTA

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

INTI. DUNGEON - DAY

Interrogation scene.

ACHILLEA

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

PRISONER

(choking blood)  
Mercy... I will speak.

ACHILLEA

The name. Now.

PRISONER

We follow the Roman rebels loyal  
to Dictator's dead rival, Pompey.  
They commanded massive rebel  
navies and raid coastal  
territories to sabotage Caesar's  
new empire.

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUEEN HIPPOLYTA

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 the new master of Rome.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

And who is this new master?

RACHNA

The dictator who sits on the throne of marble. Julius Caesar. The rebels pay the pirates to strike our shores, hoping to draw Caesar's fleets into a trap.

QUEEN DIANA TROY

Do you trust this infidel?

ARTEMISIA

I do.

RACHNA

They will no longer plague us.

ARTEMISIA

Name your fleet. Who commands your crew? Speak, before I feed your tongue to the crows!

SOLIS

The Sunken Vanguard:  
(laughing)

The Sunken Vanguard. We do not fear your blades, Amazon. We are brothers to the deep sea. You cannot kill ghosts.

SOLIS

We are so comfortable with death and the deep sea. We are ghosts.

..The Solian Navarchs: A Navarch was an ancient high admiral.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

This title emphasizes that the fleet is led by skilled, professional naval tacticians rather than chaotic thugs.

The woman pulls down her scarf, revealing an exquisite face of stern patrician bearing, yet still hinting a sensual depravity. This is PRINCESS ARTEMISIA.

She scans the horizon, listens, it grows louder, until it is clear: HOOVES thundering along the sand.

PRINCESS ARTEMISIA lowers her scarf as the horsemen hit the Dune. An exquisite woman of stern patrician bearing, yet still hinting a sensual depravity.

ZENICETES, the leader, spurs his horse toward Artemisia.

The pirates try to grab the reins and yank her from the saddle.

She slashes left and right with her sword and decapitates both. Breaking free, she rides onward.

Two more PIRATES give chase. But they are no match for her stallion, which practically flies.

The pursuers are left behind.

Artemisia unhorses, sheds her robes-- she gal took her fashion cue from Xena "warrior princess." SILVER ARMOR.

The pirateswo HOODED MEN run from hiding and try to grab the reins and yank her from the saddle.

### **EXT. KINGDOM OF THE UNDERWORLD**

THE BLACKNESS SPLITS revealing a malevolent, mystical colorful rolling fog...

Torchlight dots a mammoth and foreboding, medieval fortress. TOWERING STEEL DOORS open --

HOLY FUCKING SHIT!

FOUR ARMOR-CLAD STEEDS, one WHITE, BLACK, RED, and PALE (a sickly greenish color) kick, grunt, snort, expel foggy plumes from NOSTRIL-LIKE IGNITERS.

Their hot breath condensing the crisp air.

Emerging from the black smoke like apparitions, THE SCYTHE KNIGHTS; WE SEE them in ALL THEIR TERRIFYING GLORY-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Black cloaks, leather tunics, Greek-style ARMOR hammered in dark steel, an imperial Gallic-esque helmet with face mask, a sinister work of cruelty--

Leading the four HORSEWOMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE.

VALASKA, distinguished by a silver snake armband; flanked by lieutenants (bronze snake armlets) PROTHOE, THALESTRIS, the tallest, and PENTHESILEA.

They mount up. Skilled horsewomen, quick to calm their steeds. They look elemental, as if mounted demons had descended to earth.

HOOVES RIP ACROSS INVISIBLE TERRAIN, POUNDING HELL-FOR-LEATHER. *Pale rider looks to Valaska on the red steed.*

THALESTRIS

-- To the river Styx?

VALASKA

No! Sorrow or Woe...

**EXT. RIVER OF WOE**

Muddy, surrounded by a cold mist and dark, rocky, and impassable gorges....

Charon ferries souls of the recent dead. A place of eternal sadness, sorrow, and despair.

HOOVES fly across rickety planks of a footbridge, shaking the unholy silence.

GIA

Alexius was his give name.  
Paterculus was given to him by  
Marcus Junius Juncus... The Roman  
who Governed the province of Asia.  
he took their clan name... a  
highly influential and ancient  
patrician took him in,

SEDITIONOUS KANE

-- It has been written in the  
wind, long before we've walked  
this earth.

(reminiscing...)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEDITIONOUS KANE (CONT'D)

-- it tells of twins born on the winter solstice, one of light, the other darkness follows her...a Warriors rebirth who would go through light into darkness and return to defeat the voice of light, goodness.

**EXT. CAPUA GLADIATOR BARRACKS - NIGHT**

Torches flicker against damp stone arches. Rain drips from the open-air courtyard into a central drain.

The distant roar of a late-night Roman street fade out.

A subterranean corridor. The air is thick with the stench of copper, stale vinegar, and pungent olive oil.

VALERIA, 20s, stands in the shadows. She is breathtakingly elegant. Her body is wrapped in a midnight-blue silk stola, but a heavy wool palla (veil) covers her hair and half her face, masking her identity.

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

ARTEMISIA

Yes. (beat) If we live through this, I will kill you.