

THE GENERAL

"The Black Army"

Written by

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FADE IN:

TEASER

EXT. MOUNTAINS - MORNING

CLOSE ON a GLEAMING SWORD -- a HAND rubs a BLACK STONE against the edges of a long sword --

DEBORAH (32, dressed in black armor) stands, sharpening her sword. Her face is stoic but regal and beautiful as she inspects her weapon --

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

DROVES of SOLDIERS, all wearing black and holding SWORDS, stand in line, their faces looking forward with anticipation. CAMERA PANS a SOLDIER with a GRUESOME SLASH across his face-- Ahead, the fields are clear --

Deborah, riding a BLACK HORSE, gallops across the FRONT LINE SOLDIERS, surveying her army. Her men stand at attention, eyes forward anticipating pending war --

A commander, MARCELLUS, (45, bearded, stern), riding a BROWN HORSE, moves towards her.

MARCELLUS

General Deborah, they are across the ridges, all three thousand of them.

Deborah's face looks almost saintly. She turns around and faces her ready soldiers.

GENERAL DEBORAH

(shouting)

Soldiers of Carthage, I want you to know that you were born to stand in this army. Born to wear the armor of darkness. Born to wield your sword on a day such as this.

(a beat)

Today you will take victory over Gomor for they have made a threat to our king. This is your moment of fate. Fight this battle with me...

Deborah draws her SWORD and points it to her army.

GENERAL DEBORAH (CONT'D)

... and make victory yours!

On ONE ACCORD, the whole army, including the second in command, GRUNTS three times. Deborah turns her horse around to face what's ahead. She closes her eyes and feels the wind that BLOWS her long hair. Her massive army stands behind her as she soon lets out a WAR CRY --

EXT. BATTLE FIELD - SAME

Deborah SPINS around, swinging her SWORD at an OPPOSING SOLDIER, dressed in RED, SLICING him across the STOMACH. He CRIES out in pain as Deborah KICKS him down -- quickly attacking another SOLDIER, SLICING through his neck.

Deborah is a pro, CUTTING DOWN her enemies with uncanny strength and speed - She DRIVES her sword perfectly through the GUTS of her enemy, quickly pulling out her SWORD, causing the ENTRAILS to drain out -- a BURLY CUSH SOLDIER, fighting near Deborah's side, HEAD BUTTS an oncoming Gomor soldier. He and Deborah exchange a look, the two continue in war cries of victory.

Deborah has a special gift as she is able to supernaturally IDENTIFY an unguarded spot of attack on her enemy. She moves with grace and fluidity as she pierces the VITAL POINTS of each ONCOMING ENEMY --

Marcellus, by her side, KICKS down a soldier and serves his FATAL SWORD ATTACK to ANOTHER. In the front lines, the army of Carthage use brute force and skill to move forward and combat the army of Gomor.

CAMERA WIDENS to reveal the painfully SCREAMING MEN, some bowing down to death -- a large scale combat between Carthage soldiers and Gomor's SOLDIERS -- a massive battle zone as enemies fight sword to sword, spear to spear and hand to hand combat.

EXT. BATTLE FIELD - EVENING

Soldier's dressed in black armor weave through the tents, navigating through the camp --

General Deborah, sitting high on her black horse, looks at the BLOODY, BODIED aftermath of war in the field (her face serene and calm) - Fallen swords, shields and horses; RED and BLACK lifeless WARRIORS strewn across the fields. Death, languish and pale, is everywhere.

Marcellus rides towards Deborah --

MARCELLUS

We can storm the city tonight and finalize our victory.

DEBORAH

No. I want Gomor to feel the fear of pending death. Send a messenger to him and let him know that his army is utterly destroyed.

(looking at Marcellus)

Let him know that I did what I said I would do.

EXT. CARTHAGINIAN'S BATTLE CAMP - NIGHT

A SOLDIER, holding a helmet, walks toward a group of SOLDIERS who drink wine and laugh amongst themselves. The Soldier walks over and drops the helmet in the middle of the men, who immediately stop laughing.

SOLDIER

Thysus, you are called.

THYSUS (35, handsome) exchanges a look with a few of his comrades. He takes the helmet.

INT. DEBORAH'S TENT - SAME

Deborah sits on a war chair, wearing feminine white silks, a contrast from the armor she wore earlier. Thysus stands at the tent's opening, holding his helmet.

THYSUS

General, your helmet.

DEBORAH

Did I say you could speak?

Thysus doesn't respond. Deborah walks over to inspect Thysus who seems a bit nervous.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Take off your armor.

Deborah watches as Thysus loosens his breastplate -- then his russet -- then his silver pourpoint --

A NAKED Thysus stands in front of the General. Deborah turns around, walking in the opposite direction.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Get yourself dressed and leave.

Thysus looks confused. He begins to pick up his clothes.

THYSUS

My princess and Lord. I hope I have not disappointed you. If I do offend, I apologize --

DEBORAH

Quiet and get out. You will not speak anything of this night. Do you understand?

THYSUS (O.C.)

Yes, my Lord.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. GOMOR'S PALACE - MORNING

CLOSE ON Deborah's dispassionate face. CAMERA WIDENS to reveal her marching alongside Marcellus. They both are dressed in their black armor.

The two move towards KING PRESTUS and his large BRONZE THRONE. FOUR SOLDIERS stand guard by Prestus side --

Deborah and Marcellus kneel down in front of the King.

DEBORAH

King Prestus.

Deborah rises, Marcellus following suit.

KING PRESTUS

(embittered)

I am no longer a king for you have brought demise to my reign.

King Prestus walks over to his throne.

KING PRESTUS (CONT'D)

What now will you have of this place?

DEBORAH

I will preserve it in your honor, but it now belongs to Carthage.

KING PRESTUS

(with disdain)

Carthage? Is Carthage worthy of such an honor?

DEBORAH

Your men fought with valor and strength.

KING PRESTUS

My men lost their lives... and that, to a woman! You ought to burn the city down!

MARCELLUS

King Prestus, take refuge in Debora's words. Any assault ends here.

Prestus walks over to Deborah, facing her and Marcellus.

KING PRESTUS

Refuge? What peace do I have in such a shameful loss? What reckoning in the wake of death?

Marcellus motions ahead, but Deborah waves him off.

DEBORAH

I will plunder your city and force all your sons to pledge allegiance to my army. Your women will become my slaves and your treasury, my personal gain. And you, you will become but a speck of blood in my trail of conquest. You can either humbly accept your fate or poison your heart with pride.

Marcellus draws his sword. Prestus sighs, soon kneeling on the ground.

KING PRESTUS

I no longer have a heart for this life. I pray you understand.

Marcellus strikes Prestus neck, cutting his head off.

Deborah wipes splattered blood from her cheeks.

ACT ONE

EXT. FOREST - DAY

SOUND of HORSES GALLOPING. CLOSE ON their racing legs.

Deborah, in the front, races her horse through the plains. CAMERA REVEALS a large, countless army following behind.

INT. CARTHAGINIAN PALACE - SAME

A General dressed in GOLD march towards a door, soon opening.

WAR ROOM

Roman Governor SELLIUS stands over a war table, looking at a map of ROME and its surrounding cities. He carefully places GOLD COINS on various locations.

The Roman General walks in, stopping at attention.

ROMAN GENERAL

Lord Sellius.

Sellius looks up.

ROMAN GENERAL (CONT'D)

She has won the war, taking another fortress at Ramor.

SELLIUS

Our Council has obviously undermined her skills.

ROMAN GENERAL

She's not like any other woman or General for that matter--

SELLIUS

I know that, Tartus!

Sellius throws everything of the war table, the sound of the gold coins CLINKING on the ground.

SELLIUS (CONT'D)

Rome shall prepare for any war, even if it's a slight suggestion. Carthage has begin to make encampment around our territory--

ROMAN GENERAL

We stand chance to make alliance, my Lord.

Sellius looks at the General, suspicious.

SELLIUS

(incredulous)

Rome cannot yield. Rome will never yield. And if you ever make suggestion of that again, I will have your head smashed and burnt in the hottest furnace man can stoke.

INT. PALACE OF CARTHAGE - EVENING - BATHHOUSE

CLOSE ON Deborah's face. CAMERA WIDENS to reveal her standing in her armor as FEMALE SERVANTS and one MALE SERVANT (16) pull off the pieces of her armor. The STEAMING BATH POOL lies a few feet ahead.

She raises her arms as two of servants take of her pourpoint. She stands naked in front of them --

Lying in the tub, Deborah submerges her head under the water. CAMERA WIDENS to reveal her black armor and under garments lying on the floor near the tub.

INT. PALACE OF CARTHAGE - MORNING - THRONE ROOM

Deborah, dressed in her armor, walks towards the throne of MIDIAN (65, with a thick white beard), king of Carthage and her father. He rises from his seat as she approaches, soon bowing in front of his throne, elevated on a higher platform.

DEBORAH

My King.

MIDIAN

(smiling)

Rise, my daughter... for this day
you have given me honor.

Deborah rises with a slight smile on her face. Midian descends a few stairs, walking towards her, soon hugging her.

MIDIAN (CONT'D)

Your brother, Marc, will be
jealous.

Releasing from the hug:

DEBORAH

I do not seek to inflame his
sensibilities, Father. All I've
ever wanted was to bring justice to
your name and glory to the land of
Carthage.

MIDIAN

You have secured the legacy of
Carthage for at least another
hundred years.

DEBORAH

Then I will gladly fight another
hundred wars to hold this as true.