

TEASER

EXT. MOUNTAINS - MORNING

CLOSE ON a GLEAMING SWORD -- SOUND OF ROCK ON METAL -- a HAND rubs a BLACK STONE against the edge of a sword --

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

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

A rolling, green plain with a few ridges.

THOUSANDS of SOLDIERS, all wearing black armor and holding SWORDS, stand in line -- their gruff faces look forward with anticipation. CAMERA PANS a SOLDIER with a GRUESOME SLASH across his face -- PANS a REDHEADED SOLDIER -- PANS ANOTHER with a crater face --

Deborah, riding a BLACK HORSE, moves across the FRONT LINE, surveying her army, who remain still and standing at attention --

Commander, **MARCELLUS, (45, bearded, stern)**, mounted on a BROWN HORSE, rides toward her.

MARCELLUS

General, they're across the ridge,  
seven thousand of them.

Deborah's face looks saintly. Still on horseback, she turns around and faces her ready soldiers. She nods to Marcellus who draws his sword and points it to the soldiers.

MARCELLUS (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Soldiers of Carthage, you were born  
for this army. Born to wear the  
armor of Carthage. To wield your  
sword on a day such as this. In  
this battle, you will take victory  
over Gomor for they have made a  
threat to your king. This then is  
your moment of fate. Your moment to  
be born again.

MARCELLUS (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Will you fight?!

The Soldiers let out a single WAR SHOUT.

MARCELLUS (CONT'D)  
Will you kill?!

The army SHOUTS.

MARCELLUS (CONT'D)  
Will you rule?!

The army SHOUTS.

MARCELLUS (CONT'D)  
Then join our General in this day  
of certain slaughter!

Deborah pulls out her sword, raising it. The army explodes with war cries --

Carthaginian cries reverberate across the ridge, where Gomorian SOLDIERS, dressed in red armor, line up for battle --

All out war: Deborah SLAMS her sword against the sword of an opposing SOLDIER 1 -- she performs a quick sword trick that disarms the Fighter and THRUSTS her sword in his stomach. He CRIES out in pain as Deborah KICKS him down -- quickly attacking another SOLDIER 2, she SLICES his neck, killing him.

Deborah exhibits uncanny strength and speed as she eerily fights through the onslaught of Gomor soldiers. She has a her special gift to supernaturally IDENTIFY unguarded VITAL POINTS on her enemy, which she slices, pierces or attacks--

She DRIVES her sword perfectly through the stomach of SOLDIER 3, quickly pulling out her SWORD, causing a portion of ENTRAILS to bulge out --

CAMERA WIDENS to reveal SCREAMING MEN, ONE kneeling on the ground, bowing down to death -- a large scale combat between Carthaginian soldiers and Gomor's SOLDIERS -- a sword to sword, spear to spear, and hand to hand fight --

Marcellus KICKS down a soldier and serves a FATAL SWORD ATTACK to ANOTHER. At the front lines, Soldiers of Carthage use brute force and skill to combat the opposing army --

A BURLY CARTHAGINIAN SOLDIER, **THYSUS (35, handsome, left-handed)**, fighting at Deborah's side, HEAD BUTTS an oncoming Gomor soldier. He and Deborah exchange a look, soon CLANKING their swords against swords of enemy SOLDIERS.

EXT. CARTHAGINIAN'S BATTLE CAMP - EVENING

Carthaginian Soldiers weave through an area of tents, marching through the camp --

EXT. BATTLE FIELD - SAME

Deborah, sitting high on her black horse, surveys at the BLOODY, BODIED aftermath of war in the field -- Abandoned swords, shields and horses; RED and BLACK lifeless WARRIORS strewn across the fields.

Marcellus rides toward her --

MARCELLUS

We can storm the city tonight and finalize our victory.

DEBORAH

No...Send a messenger to the king of Gomor and let him know that his army is completely destroyed.

(looking at Marcellus)

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

EXT. CARTHAGINIAN'S BATTLE CAMP - NIGHT

A GRUFF SOLDIER, holding a black helmet, marches 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. Thysus, the soldier from the battlefield, is among them.

SOLDIER

Thysus, you're summoned.

Thysus exchanges a look with a few of his comrades.

EXT. DEBORAH'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

TWO SOLDIERS stand guard at the tent. Thysus approaches, holding up the helmet. One of the soldiers creates an opening in the tent.

INT. DEBORAH'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE on Deborah's serene face. She stands facing Thysus who stands at the tent's opening; it closes behind him.

THYSUS  
(head bowed)  
My Lord.

He kneels down.

DEBORAH  
Rise up and bring the helmet to me.

Thysus walks over to her and hands her the helmet.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)  
Do you know why you are here?

THYSUS  
No, my Lord.

Thysus seems nervous.

DEBORAH  
In today's battle, you were  
unguarded on your right side.

She pulls his sword from his sword belt, soon gently pointing to the area of his kidneys.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)  
Your enemy could have easily  
attacked, ending your life with one  
sharp swoop. But you would have  
known this had you served in this  
army with me.

Deborah uses the sword to rent the sleeve on his right arm, revealing massive scarring.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)  
Why are you here?

THYSUS  
To defend the kingdom of Carthage,  
my Lord.

DEBORAH  
As an invalid?

THYSUS  
 (with conviction)  
 I would gladly give my life for my  
 king...and my princess.

She hands his sword back to him.

DEBORAH  
 You are prohibited to fight with me  
 until you undergo proper training.  
 The generals will know of your  
 disadvantage, though I suppose for  
 you it's not a challenge.

Thysus nods.

THYSUS  
 No, my Lord. I will fight for you  
 until I die.

DEBORAH  
 Die not today, Thysus.

INT. GOMOR'S PALACE - MORNING

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

The two move toward **KING PRESTUS (70, long gray hair)** who  
 stands besides his large BRONZE THRONE. FOUR SOLDIERS stand  
 guard at the king's 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  
 destroyed the glory of my kingdom.

King Prestus ventures away from his throne.

KING PRESTUS (CONT'D)  
 What now is left of this place?

DEBORAH  
 I will preserve it with honor,  
 though 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  
 what... to a woman! We ought to  
 burn down the rest of the city!

MARCELLUS  
 King Prestus, take refuge in  
 General Deborah's words. All  
 assault ends here.

Prestus walks over to Deborah and Marcellus.

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

Prestus spits on the ground in front of Deborah. Marcellus  
 motions ahead, but Deborah gestures for him to stand back.

DEBORAH  
 I will plunder your city, forcing  
 all your young men to pledge  
 allegiance to my army. Your women  
 will become our slaves and your  
 treasury, my father's personal  
 gain. And you... you will become  
 but a speck of blood in Carthage's  
 trail of conquest. You can either  
 humbly accept your fate or divide  
 your soul with pride.

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

KING PRESTUS  
 I no longer have a soul. I pray you  
 understand.

Marcellus strikes Prestus neck, cutting his head off.

ACT ONE

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

SOUND of HORSES GALLOPING -- CLOSE ON the horses' racing legs -- A GROUP of soldiers, on horseback, ride through the plains.

Deborah leads the pack of riders.

INT. ROMAN PALACE - SAME - HALLS

**GENERAL TARTUS(45)** dressed in GOLD march toward a large door, soon opening.

WAR ROOM

Roman Governor, **SELLIUS (60)**, stands at a war table, looking at a map of ROME and its surrounding cities. He carefully places GOLD COINS on various locations.

Tartus walks in, stopping at attention.

TARTUS  
Lord Sellius.

Sellius looks up.

TARTUS(CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Carthage has taken the Palace of Ramor.

SELLIUS  
Our Council has obviously undermined her skills.

TARTUS  
I've heard that she is like a god and unlike any General or *woman* for that matter --

SELLIUS  
(mockingly)  
I can see that, Tartus.

Sellius turns his attention to the war table.

SELLIUS (CONT'D)  
Rome shall prepare for siege against Carthage. Send word of recruitment. I want the best from our territories and put the provinces on alert --