

BLOODLINE AMAZONIAN

By

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TEASER

SUPER: 290 B.C. THE PLAINS BY THERMODON RIVER IN THE WILDLANDS.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE SKY - DAWN

A crisp and frosty morning. The sound of BATTLE is heard: Warcries, flesh being pierced and sliced, a clash of swords, arrows taking flight, the roar of fire burning through hay and wood.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN

A small village by the water is under siege and some wooden hats are on fire.

An army of Athenian soldiers - near a thousand in number - is raging war on Amazonian women warriors who number a few hundred.

EXT. VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Head of the Greek soldiers is supreme commander DUCETIUS, who sports a long scar on one side of his face and whose sword pierces through the torso of another Amazon. As her body hits the ground, he raises his sword high and yells:

DUCETIUS  
Leave no Amazon alive, end the  
lineage!

Further along across the village now turned battleground, Amazon queen THALESTRIS stands near her fellow warrior sisters CLIO, ASTERIA, PISTO, and PHOEBE fighting tooth and nail against a mass of Athenian soldiers. All around them the chaos and destruction of war.

Thalestris receives a cut on her right shoulder but manages to best her attacker with a swift strike of her sword. She looks toward her four warriors:

THALESTRIS  
Sisters, to the stables!

They all start to retreat, the Athenians start to give chase.



The four Amazons reach the stables just as a horde of Athenian soldiers rush toward them.

THALESTRIS (CONT'D)

Hurry now.

Asteria and Pisto mount a hare, give their queen a nod and ride off towards a mountain range. At that same time, some Athenian soldiers aim and release arrows at them but they narrowly miss the two women and the horses.

UCETIUS

I want a unit after them, now!

Ducetius attacks Clio while another Athenian SOLDIER swings his sword against Thalestris.

The supreme commander's skills are too much for Clio and despite her best efforts she falls in battle. At the same moment, Thalestris stands victorious against the soldier that attacked her.

Supreme commander and queen turn and stare at each other.

Ducetius motions to his fellow soldier to keep clear.

UCETIUS (CONT'D)

We meet again, wildling.

THALESTRIS

This time I will finish the job.

UCETIUS

Queen of savages, I shall finally have payback.

They both square off but Thalestris turns her head and looks towards the mountain range. Pisto and Asteria seem to be far off in the distance. The queen smiles and turns back to her opponent.

THALESTRIS

You'll never reach them.

UCETIUS

Their heads will adorn the top of spikes before the night arrives.

Ducetius lets out a battle CRY and attacks, his strikes heavy and full of impact. Thalestris does all she can to parry the blows but finally is cut across her thigh.

Blood slides down her leg.

DUCETIUS (CONT'D)

Get used to it.

Thalestris goes to the attack and they exchange blows with the Amazon queen seemingly getting the worse of it.

As the fight goes on, Ducetius knocks the queen off her feet and she slams to the ground, her sword flying out of her hand.

An excited Ducetius rushes towards her and swings his sword down to her but she rolls to her side in time to evade the strike, then manages to sweep him off his feet.

The battle continues on the ground, with Ducetius managing to get on top of Thalestris and start to rain blows on her. She survives the onslaught enough to unsheathe his own dagger and stab him in the throat with it.

THALESTRIS

Told you I'd finish the job.

Blood pours down on top of the queen and she pushes the dead supreme commander to the side, then turns to watch as disgruntled Athenian soldiers rise their weapons and march toward her.

The queen slowly stands, clearly in pain, walks to where her sword lays and picks it up.

She gets into a battle stance.

THALESTRIS (CONT'D)

Come on then, do your worst!

The soldiers rush towards her.

EXT. THE SKY - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Snowflakes start falling from the sky as the SOUNDS of queen Thalestris' last stand echo through the wind.

TEASER ENDS

INT. ART CLASS - LADIES ROOM - DAY

Flakes of dandruff are falling to the floor.

SUPER: PRESENT DAY.

LYCENA - early twenties, dark circles under her eyes, pale complexion, dressed in drab, neutral colors - is sitting on the toiler seat and ruffling a hand through her hair causing dry skin to fall from her head.

INT. ART CLASS - DAY (LATER)

Lycena rushes back into the classroom where work-stations are positioned in a semi-circle for easy eye access to a male nude MODEL who is positioned in the center of the room and who is striking a lying down pose.

As Lycena reaches her station, her tutor, MS. ROGERS - female, mid-forties, autocratic and ostentatious - provides her with a look of annoyance.

Lycena picks up her pencil and continues to draw the model. Her version has him looking like a Hercules; the drawing displaying a strong antiquity sensitivity.

Ms. Rogers walks around nodding at each passing drawing until she stops in front of Lycena's piece and frowns upon laying eyes on it.

MS. ROGERS

Is that meant to be Hercules?

LYCENA

Heracles - but yes.

MS. ROGERS

What?

LYCENA

I prefer the Hellenic version of the name. It literally means 'Glory to Hera', which I find interesting as it doesn't fit with the whole evil stepmom narrative that we now know. Points to there being a different myth version that originated in a more female-centric era which later on got corr-

MS. ROGERS

Don't care about any of that! Just draw what you see.

LYCENA

But - that's what I see.

MS. ROGERS  
Lycena, do you even want to be  
here?

The rest of the class looks up from their drawing and stare  
at this exchange, making Lycena feel really self-conscious.

LYCENA  
Of - course.

MS. ROGERS  
Cause you're always late, you take  
long toilet breaks and you draw -  
whatever. I mean, either shape up  
or stop coming here.

LYCENA  
Yes, Ms. Rogers, sorry.

MS. ROGERS  
OK, now, start over.

EXT. ART CLASS - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY (LATER)

Lycena approaches the front entrance doors but hesitates as  
she hears the unmistakable sound of RAIN outside. A quick  
look from the side window despairingly confirms her  
suspicions.

LYCENA  
Just great.

She takes out her cell phone and makes a call.

INT. SAVE THE SNOW LEOPARD FOUNDATION - OFFICE - DAY  
(CONTINUOUS)

GRANT - tall, athletic, and with rugged good looks - answers  
his cell while staring at his monitor.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ART CLASS AND OFFICE:

GRANT  
Hey, sweetie, all good?

LYCENA  
Hey, no, it's raining now.

GRANT  
Oh, is it?

LYCENA  
Can you pick me up?

GRANT  
Can't, sorry, about to go to a meeting.

LYCENA  
Oh - shoot.

GRANT  
Sorry.

LYCENA  
When's your car ready?

GRANT  
Two more days, they said. Why don't you Uber it, I'll pay for it?

LYCENA  
No, don't worry, it's fine, I'll catch the bus.

GRANT  
You sure? Oh, gotta go. Later babes.

LYCENA  
Um - ok-

He hangs up.

EXT. ART CLASS - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

LYCENA  
Grant?

She realizes he's gone and lowers the phone.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY (LATER)

Lycena's running desperately on the sidewalk and in the rain as a bus has made a stop but as she nears, the bus starts off before she can get to it.

She stops still and watches hopelessly as the bus speeds away. And then, a car speeds by splattering water all over her.

LYCENA  
Shit!



INT. DINER - DAY

A plate with half-melted leftover chocolate ice cream is picked up.

Lycena, hair wet, is wearing a waitress outfit as she clears a table. Her friend and co-worker SYLVIA - red-haired, eyes bright with optimism - approaches her.

SYLVIA  
Still hasn't returned the car, eh?

LYCENA  
Hasn't had the chance yet.

SYLVIA  
I know he's super hot and all but you've got to stop defending him.

LYCENA  
Not defending him, he's - got a lot on these days and -

That moment, VALERIO - the owner, Mediterranean, heavysset, permanent frown - walks by and interrupts:

VALERIO  
More work, less chat, ladies.

Sylvia gives him a dismissive look.

LYCENA  
Sorry, boss.

Sylvia leans into Lycena.

SYLVIA  
That's another thing, you say sorry way too much.

LYCENA  
I do no such thing!

EXT. BUILDING/MMA CLASS - NIGHT

Lycena hurries towards the front door.

INT. MMA CLASS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Lycena rushes into a mixed martial arts class full of students that has already begun. The TEACHER notices her and gives her a look.

LYCENA  
Sorry, I'm late.

INT. MMA CLASS - NIGHT (LATER)

Lycena is sparring with JESSIE but she does not seem to be fully present or fully committed and she keeps getting tagged.

Jessie shoots for her legs and takes Lycena to the ground, then works towards a neck choke and, as it gets secured, Lycena taps to it.

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lycena walks into her apartment, closes the door, leans on it, and sighs. She lives within a relatively small one-bedroom apartment, but everything is clean, tidy, and perfectly aligned.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

She walks inside her bedroom and her cell VIBRATES that she's received a message. She sits on the bed and sees that it is a message from Grant:

GRANT: *How're u babe?*

She types back.

LYCENA: *Just got in, tired. You working late, then?*

This leads to the following written exchange:

GRANT: *Indeed. Say... how bout a vag pic?!?*

Lycena rolls her eyes.

LYCENA: *Not a good suggestion.*

GRANT: *Why not?*

LYCENA: *Not in sexy mood.*

GRANT: *plz plz plz!!!! Had shit day - cheer me up.*

Lycena sighs.

She quickly pulls her trousers and knickers down, snaps a quick pic, and pulls them back up.

She send the pic. Soon the reply arrives:

GRANT: *Hell's that?*

LYCENA: *Part of my anatomy.*

GRANT: *Can't c nuthin.*

LYCENA: *Not my fault.*

GRANT: *Is 2. Grab em trimmers girl - damn jungle down there.*

Lycena hesitates, not sure how to respond. She finally types:

LYCENA: *Sorry.*

Angry with the development, and herself, she tosses the phone behind her and onto a pillow.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Lycena is sitting down naked on the shower pan, knees to her chest, and is letting the water fall all over her.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

It is raining as 10-year-old CHILD LYCENA is watching as two caskets are lowed side by side to their resting place on the burial ground. Holding her hand is her aunt ELAINE.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Lycena, in pajamas, is in bed eating a microwave meal and watching the 1966 film *Our Man Flint* on her tablet.

She picks up a bottle of pills from the bedside table, pops a couple in her mouth, and downs them with some cherry cola.

MEMORY/DREAM:

INT. FAMILY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Child Lycena is making a mess on the counter as she is spiritedly preparing breakfast - cereal and orange juice - for her parents.

MARIA and RICK - slightly concerned from the mess but much more so amused and proud - are sitting by the table watching on, as instructed.

LYCENA  
Plain old crunchy oats for you,  
dad, right?

RICK (O.C.)  
That's right, pumpkin.

Lycena pours the cereal into a bowl, spilling some on top of already spilled juice. She pours milk on top.

Onto the next bowl.

LYCENA  
Cornflakes, mommy?

No answer.

LYCENA (CONT'D)  
Mommy?

Nothing.

Lycena is suddenly gripped with angst.

She turns around in apprehension and is shocked to see that there is no one there.

LYCENA (CONT'D)  
Mommy, daddy?

She's all alone.

MEMORY/DREAM ENDS.

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lycena wakes up startled.

She picks up her tablet and starts scrolling online.

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lycena - dressed and with a backpack on - walks to the front door but she hesitates.

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

She rushes in and stares at the closed tap.

She whispers to herself:

LYCENA  
It's closed, damn it.

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Lycena arches forward and checks that the stove burners are actually off. They are.

LYCENA  
Off, they're off. OK.

INT. LYCENA'S BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Lycena comes out of her apartment, closes the door, and locks it. She pushes the door a few times, sighs and forces herself to disengage, and walk away.

EXT/INT. BUS - DAY

It is an overcast day.

Lycena - dressed in her usual somber way - is sitting on a seat on the bus looking miserable.

She takes out her cell and types a message to Grant:

LYCENA: *Car?*

She presses send.

Soon, Grant replies:

GRANT: *Bring tonight.*

Lycena smiles.

LYCENA: *Great. Stay over?*

GRANT: *Yup.*

LYCENA: *Look forward to it.*

GRANT: *Same babes.*

The bus comes to a sudden stop and Lycena hits her forehead on the grab bar.

LYCENA

Shit!

EXT. DINER - DAY

BILLY (O.S.)

This is shit!

INT. DINER - DAY

It's a packed and busy morning.

A customer sitting alone at a table, BILLY - forties, tall and overweight - pushes his plate of greasy breakfast away from him and towards a standing Lycena.

BILLY

I ain't having it, just take it away already.

LYCENA

What's wrong with it?

BILLY

It ain't cooked right, bacon's not crispy enough and the eggs aren't over easy.

Lycena closely inspects the food, the bacon looks so crispy it'll snap at the touch and the eggs look as they ought to.

Sylvia comes over and joins Lycena.

SYLVIA

Food's good, Billy.

BILLY

Beg to differ.

SYLVIA

Why'd do always do this? Why'd you always want Lycena to serve you, you got a crush or something?

Billy reddens.

BILLY

Do not.

LYCENA  
No, it's fine, I'll get you a fresh  
plate.

SYLVIA  
Lycena?

BILLY  
Good, that's what I like to hear.

Lycena takes the plate and walks away and Sylvia turns and  
leans into Billy's face.

SYLVIA  
Back off, or I'll come to the  
basement of your mother's house you  
stay in and break your goddamn X-  
box!

Billy's taken back and shook. He looks to the side.

BILLY  
I - don't...

SYLVIA  
Do you understand?

BILLY  
Y - yeah.

Sylvia straightens up and smiles.

SYLVIA  
Good, hope you enjoy your meal.

She walks away.

BILLY  
(More to himself)  
I - ain't got no X-box - got a  
*Playstation.*

INT. DINER - DAY (LATER)

The place is less packed now.

Lycena is wiping a table down when she sees a mother and son  
walk into the diner. The child is wearing a Bruce Lee T-  
shirt.

FLASHBACK:

INT. FAMILY HOUSE - DAY

Child Lycena is sitting on the floor in awe watching the television screen as Bruce Lee spins the nunchaku weapon in the film *Fist of Fury/The Chinese Connection*. She is holding a bowl of melted ice cream on her lap.

On the couch beside her, Maria and Rick are sitting and drinking coffee.

MARIA

Honey, your ice cream's melted.

Lycena absentmindedly picks up a scoop and puts melted ice cream in her mouth.

She turns to her parents excitedly.

LYCENA

I know what I want for Christmas.

MARIA

You do?

RICK

Oh yeah?

LYCENA (CONT'D)

Yes. I want nunchucks.

Rick and Maria give each other a look.

INT. FAMILY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

It's Christmas evening now and sounds of FOREPLAY are drowned out as Lycena - in her pajamas and with a plastic nunchaku in one hand - KNOCKS on the door to her parent's bedroom enthusiastically.

There is absolute silence.

She KNOCKS again.

RICK (O.S.)

We're sleeping!

MARIA (O.S.)

Everything OK, sweetie?

Lycena opens the door and walks inside.

INT. FAMILY HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Lycena stands in front of the bed finding her mother flushed and her father exasperated and with a pillow on his lap.





Maria gets out of bed and approaches her daughter.

MARIA  
Come, let me tuck you back in bed  
now, way past your bedtime.

LYCENA  
O - K.

They walk to the room's exit.

MARIA  
And this time you sleep.

LYCENA  
Yes, mommy.

RICK  
We'll finish doing our exercises  
when you're back, eh, honey?

MARIA  
(Without turning)  
Oh, don't know about that.

A dejected Rick watches Maria and Lycena exit the room.

A moment later though Maria pops her head back in:

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Yes.

And it's Rick's turn to beam a wide smile.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. DINER - DAY

Lycena is standing by a table looking lost in thought.

VALERIO (O.C.)  
Tables won't clean themselves,  
Lycena.

Lycena snaps out of her daze and turns to see an annoyed Valerio staring at her.

LYCANA  
Yes, of course, sorry, I'm on it.

She proceeds to clean another table.

EXT. DINER BACK ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON

Lycena and Sylvia are sitting by some steps in front of the back door and they are sharing a joint between them.

SYLVIA  
Wanna catch a film tonight?

LYCENA  
Can't, Grant's coming around.

Sylvia rolls her eyes.

LYCENA (CONT'D)  
What?

Sylvia drags out her puff on the joint.

SYLVIA  
Is he at least returning the car?

She hands it to Lycena, who hesitates.

LYCENA  
He is, in fact.

Lycena inhales briefly.

SYLVIA  
He only had it for a month.

LYCENA  
Three weeks.

Lycena sighs then passes her the joint.

LYCENA (CONT'D)  
Don't get what you have against him?

SYLVIA  
Told you, he seems dishonest.

LYCENA  
Why?

SYLVIA  
Just does. Besides, he's obviously banging that woman he works with.

LYCENA  
Celeste?

SYLVIA

You said it yourself that they look good together.

LYCENA

I - it's - they do.

FLASHBACK:

INT. SAVE THE SNOW LEOPARD FOUNDATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Lycena - dressed in a grey shirt and matching shorts - walks into the office to a celebratory atmosphere as Grant pops open a bottle of champagne, the bottle's cork narrowly missing her head as she ducks just in the nick of time.

Right next to Grant in a tank top that has the film title *Lethal Weapon* written on it and a short skirt is CELESTE - African American, tall, athletic and stunning - and three other employees are further back. They all look at a startled Lycena and start laughing; all clearly intoxicated.

GRANT

Lycena, welcome!

Lycena looks at Grant and Celeste as they are standing so close to one another. They both seem so comfortable with each other and physically, like natural-born models.

And now they are both rushing over to her:

Grant plants a sloppy kiss on her lips while Celeste gifts her with a hug.

LYCENA

Oh, wow, t- thanks.

As Celeste lets go, she tenderly strokes Lycena's hair.

CELESTRE

Your hair's still dry. Didn't you use the conditioner I recommended?

LYCENA

I - I haven't gotten around to that, yet, but I will. So what's the big news then?

GRANT

We got the funding? We're going on the mission!

LYCENA

The mission?

CELESTRE

A week from now we'll be landing at Paro, then driving into Thimphu.

LYCENA

The what now?

GRANT

Honey, Bhutan, to capture footage of the snow leopards. I surely told you about it, didn't I?

LYCENA

Um - no, I don't think you did.

GRANT

Oh, I'm sure I did.

LYCENA

I - sorry, it must have slept my mind. So the whole group's going?

GRANT

No, just me and Estre.

LYCENA

Estre?

CELESTRE

He calls me that now.

She turns and playfully slaps him.

GRANT

He's too lazy to call me by my full name.

They giggle and Lycena joins in with a fake giggle.

FLASHBACK ENDS

EXT. DINER BACK ALLEY - LATE AFTERNOON - (CONTINUOUS FROM BEFORE FLASHBACK)

Lycena hands the joint to Sylvia who proceeds to take one last drag.

LYCENA

I'm - fairly certain he's not cheating on me.

Sylvia drops the butt to the ground and stamps on it.

SYLVIA

Right.

LYCENA

Fairly certain, yes.

SYLVIA

Whatever. Give you a ride back?

LYCENA

Please.

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lycena - dirty apron on, smudges of sauce on her chin - is putting the finishing touches to an elaborate meal she has prepared.

The doorbell RINGS.

She looks in the direction of the door with slight apprehension.

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Lycena opens the front door and sees Grant standing there, a sly smirk on his face. She immediately becomes self-conscious and tries to clean her face and touch her hair up.

LYCENA

You're so ea-

Grant launches himself on her and starts to kiss and grope her.

She manages to push him off.

LYCENA (CONT'D)

Baby, hold up a sec.

GRANT

But I want you so much.

LYCENA

It's just - I - I thought we'd have food first.

Grant takes his top off displaying a set of ripped and perfect abdominal muscles.

GRANT

Screw that.

Lycena's eyes travel from his pale blues all the way to his torso, Sylvia was right, he is super hot.

He's on her again, kissing her mouth and making his way to her neck, and this time she relinquishes her resistance.

CUT TO:

Lycena is on her knees on the couch with Grant behind her - in the middle of having sex. Grant's pushing away at her relentlessly.

Lycena's more in a tolerable state than a pleasure state but bites her tongue and goes along with it.

Grant comes, loudly, pushing even harder into her, Lycena's face being squeezed into the fabric of the couch.

He finally moves back and takes a satisfying breath in.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Goddamn, that was so good!

He pulls his trousers back up and Lycena works her panties back on.

LYCENA

Yeah - It was - great.

GRANT

Hell yeah, it was.

As he puts his shoes back on, his cell PINGS a notification that he's received a text. He picks up his phone and reads it.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Ah, fuck a duck.

Lycena has finished putting on her trousers and lifts the apron off the floor.

LYCENA

What is it, honey?

GRANT

I'm needed at the office.

LYCENA

Now?

GRANT

Yeah, I'm so sorry, babe, a video call with a financier is back on and they can only do it in the next hour.

Lycena sits back on the couch, she's utterly dejected.

LYCENA

I made so much food.

GRANT

Oh man, I feel like a big fat shit. Look, I'll make it up to you. Let's spend all weekend together.

Lycena grabs a couch pillow and hugs it.

LYCENA

Sure, let's do that.

Grant walks quickly to her and plants a kiss on her lips.

GRANT

That's my girl. I'll see you soon.

LYCENA

Yep, take care.

He reaches the front door.

GRANT

You too.

He exits and Lycena sits there holding on to the pillow.

FLASHBACK:

INT. FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT

Child Lycena is sitting on the couch, holding on to a stuffed gorilla toy, and looking miserable as her parents are by the door, suitcase by their feet.

Her mother turns to address her:

MARIA

Aunt Elaine should be here any second now - hopefully. You behave with her, OK?

Lycena stays quiet.



MARIA (CONT'D)  
Lycena, OK?

LYCENA  
Yes, mother.

Rick hates seeing her like this:

RICK  
We'll only be gone a couple of  
days.

LYCENA  
Until next time.

Rick sighs.

RICK  
I'll get you a white gorilla toy,  
how bout that?

Lycena shrugs her shoulders.

MARIA  
Don't be like that, it's not like  
we have a choice, it's really  
important that we go.

LYCENA  
Always is.

MARIA  
Look, life isn't a bloody fairytale-

RICK  
Maria!

MARIA  
No, she's old enough to hear this.  
(To Lycena) It's full of  
disappointment and - injustice and-

RICK  
Jesus.

The doorbell RINGS.

Maria opens to aunt Elaine.

Lycena squeezes her toy.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lycena is squeezing the pillow.

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Lycena opens the drawer and takes out her anti-depressant pills.

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Lycena walks into the kitchen, avoids all the food she has made, and just grabs a packet of potato chips from the cupboard.

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

She sits back down on the couch, puts the television on, and opens the packet of chips.

DREAM/MEMORY SEQUENCE:

INT. FAMILY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Child Lycena is tucked in bed and Maria is telling her a somewhat 'gruesome' bedtime story:

MARIA

.. And so Thalestris stood  
undaunted as the soldiers rushed  
towards her, brandishing sharp  
iron, spitting saliva and wrath  
with each of their step.

LYCENA

Did she beat them, mommy?

MARIA

No, it was her time to - exit the  
story. Yet, she never faltered, she  
never conceded, she kept swinging  
her sword, even as sharp blades  
ripped her flesh open. And when her  
weapon was taken away, she punched  
and scratched and bit away with  
berserk fury. Like a she-wolf  
protecting her cubs. It took five  
swords piercing straight through  
her torso and neck to finally end  
her skirmish.

LYCENA

Oh no.

MARIA

But see, she had accomplished her goal. She had ensured her pregnant warriors had fled to safety. She had protected the bloodline.

Maria lowers her face to the covers - it's an unnatural movement.

Lycena suddenly feels a chill and becomes quite apprehensive:

LYCENA

Mommy?

Maria lifts her head but it is not her anymore, the clothes and hair are the same but the face belongs to queen Thalestris and it is bloody and furious looking.

She lunges forward at the girl and brings a dagger out, placing it on the skin of her throat.

THALESTRIS

Look at you, a pathetic pushover, a weakling, an embarrassment to our proud heritage. Your mother should have strangled you at birth.

Lycena - horrified - is now the grown woman of the present. The knife has clipped the skin of her throat and a slither of blood is running down her skin.

THALESTRIS (CONT'D)

You don't deserve the blood running through your veins.

Thalestris pushes the knife through, piercing Lycena's throat, and blood sprays everywhere.

DREAM/MEMORY SEQUENCE ENDS

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lycena wakes up with a SCREAM.

She's still on the couch, having fallen asleep on it, bits of chips all over her chest and mouth, her hair disheveled. The television is still on and showing an episode from the 1966 *Mission Impossible* series.

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - SHOWER - DAY (LATER)

Lycena showers. She vigorously washes her face in an effort to clean the nightmare from her being.

She finishes the shower and double-checks that the tap is closed properly.

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

She dresses in her usual bland-looking clothes.

A BEEP message is heard from her cell phone. She picks it up off the bed and sees that it is from a 'private number'.

She reads the message which says: *Don't trust anyone.*

LYCENA  
What the hell?

EXT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Lycena locks the front door, checks three times that the door is closed and stays there looking at it.

LYCENA  
(to herself)  
Move it, girl, you'll be late again.

She sighs, turns, and walks away.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

An anxious-looking Lycena is sitting opposite her psychiatrist, AURIC - seventies, long hair, hippy tattoos on the back of either hand - who is sitting behind his desk.

AURIC  
Care to address your dilatory manner, Ms. Collier?

LYCENA  
Sorry, my what?

AURIC  
You were late again.

LYCENA  
Yeah, I'm very sorry, I -

AURIC

Not after an apology or excuses, I just want to try and determine the cause of this habit.

Lycena shrugs her shoulders.

AURIC (CONT'D)

Perhaps, unconsciously, you do not wish to become better.

LYCENA

Of course, I do.

AURIC

After all, we are creatures of habit and we do not deal well with being out of our comfort zone.

LYCENA

I don't agree, I hate having OCD, hate being anxious all the time.

AURIC

Of course, but it's something all too familiar to you, nonetheless. The prospect of something new might be proving to be quite the challenge. Why else do you never do your CBT homework, your breathing, your meditation?

LYCENA

I take the pills.

AURIC

On their own, they're not sufficient, we've been over this.

LYCENA

I - I don't know, I don't seem to find the time really.

AURIC

Priorities, Lycena, life is about priorities. Anywhere attention goes, energy flows. I can only help those that want to help themselves. You understand?

Lycena nods her head Yes.

LYCENA

I'll do better.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

A naked female MODEL is posing in the middle of the class. Lycena has drawn her in exquisite detail but has also added an olive wreath to her head and is putting the finishing touches on that addition currently.

She stops and looks at the finished product with satisfaction, then notices Ms. Rogers across the room so she takes an eraser and starts rubbing out the olive wreath.

INT. MMA CLASS - NIGHT

Lycena - headgear and eight-ounce gloves on - is in the midst of an intense sparring section with WEILI - twenties, gritty looking, muscular - but she gets lit up with various strikes.

A well-placed left hook drops her to the ground.

Weili goes to her looking concerned.

WEILI

You OK?

Lycena nods her head yes.

WEILI (CONT'D)

You want to take a small break?

Lycena starts to take her gloves off.

LYCENA

Think I'm done for tonight.

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Lycena is on her bed, pillow on the wall and her back to it, legs crossed in a lotus position, and her eyes closed.

Soon she opens them in frustration.

She picks up her phone and scrolls through the net.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The place has closed for the day and Lycena is mopping the floor.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lycena takes her usual pills, downs them with some water, and gets in bed.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. AMAZONIAN VILLAGE - DAY

The Amazonian headquarters are under attack, just like with the Athenian invasion. There is chaos and battle and death and huts are burning bright.

Lycena is there, somewhat confused and bewildered, dressed in the ancient attire of the female warriors.

Suddenly she's approached by queen Thalestris and fellow warriors Clio, Asteria, Pisto, and Phoebe. They are looking solemn and enraged.

LYCENA

What is this, what's going on?

The Amazons brandish their swords at her.

THALESTRIS

Kill the imposter!

They all rush at her.

Lycena is lifted from her feet and slammed to the ground.

ASTERIA

Die, shameful pretender.

Lycena feels swords pierce through her body. Blood spills out of her mouth.

DREAM ENDS

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lycena wakes up startled.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Lycena and Sylvia are sitting by a bench in front of a pond and are having a treat. Sylvia's having a mango icicle while Lycena has a triple scooped ice cream cone.

Some of the melted ice cream drops on her lap.

LYCENA  
Of shoot, not again.

She tries to wipe it with a tissue.

SYLVIA  
Lycena, your hand.

Ice cream is sliding down her hand now.

LYCENA  
Oh no.

She licks at it.

SYLVIA  
Perhaps the third scoop broke the camel's back.

LYCENA  
Yeah, I overdid it.

SYLVIA  
I don't get how you can eat as much as you do and stay so lean.

Lycena shrugs her shoulders.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)  
If I ate half as much, my ass would be the moon.

Lycena chuckles then licks at her other arm which now has ice cream sliding on it too.

LYCENA  
Always been that way. Your ass's an apple by the way.

SYLVIA  
That's cause I squat till I drop each day.

Lycena smiles:



LYCENA  
Better you than me.

Sylvia now chuckles.

SYLVIA  
You serendipitous, bitch. Oh,  
chocolate mustache.

She points to Lycena's philtrum area over the top lip.

Lycena swipes the area with her tongue.

LYCENA  
Good?

SYLVIA  
Yeah. So, how bout we put on  
something super painfully tight and  
flaunt our butts at a club tonight?

LYCENA  
Oh, sorry, can't, Grant's taking me  
to dinner.

SYLVIA  
Oh well, guess my butt's flying  
solo tonight.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lycena is shaving her legs.

She showers.

She carefully and meticulously applies makeup.

In front of the indoor closet mirror, she tries one outfit on  
after the other, seemingly not satisfied until the very last  
one, a tight-fitting red dress.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

Lycena is sitting impatiently on the couch, stealing glances  
at the cell phone for both new messages and to see the time.

Suddenly, her cell BEEPS indicating that she has received a new message. She quickly looks at it, it's from GRANT: *Sorry, running late, meet you there.*

LYCENA

Shoot.

She picks up her purse and is about to exit when she pauses.

LYCENA (CONT'D)

Shoot, shoot, shoot.

INT. LYCENA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lycena is staring at the showerhead, making sure that it is closed properly.

She then checks the sink's tap. Not entirely convinced, she lowers her head and stares intently at the faucet. That does the job of convincing her.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

MOVING

Lycena is driving the car in the street when she suddenly gets alarmed.

LYCENA

The freaking stove?

She slows down but wills herself to gather speed again.

LYCENA (CONT'D)

It's fine, girl, stop being an idiot.

She tenses up.

She starts doing a breathing exercise.

The car keeps going down the road passing by all sorts of buildings.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Lycena is sitting at the table by herself, she has started to feel uncomfortable and self-conscious.

The WAITER walks to her table again.

WAITER  
Are you sure you don't want a drink  
while you wait?

LYCENA  
Glass of house red, please.

WAITER  
Sure.

The waiter leaves.

CUT TO:

Lycena finishes sipping her wine.

On the table, her cell BEEPS.

GRANT: *So sorry, babe, shit-storm here, can't get away.  
Sorry. Tomorrow?*

Lycena sighs loudly in exasperation.

She motions to the waiter and he comes over.

LYCENA  
Fill up, please.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

MOVING TO NOT MOVING

Lycena stops the car near her apartment block.

She stays there, deep in thought.

SYLVIA (V.O.)  
Told you, he seems dishonest.

LYCENA (V.O.)  
Why?

SYLVIA (V.O.)  
Just does. Besides, he's obviously  
banging that woman he works with.

Lycena takes hold of her cell phone and scrolls through the  
messages until she reaches this one: *Don't trust anyone.*

She starts the engine and drives off.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT (LATER)

MOVING TO NOT MOVING

Lycena slows down and kills the car lights a few blocks down from the Save the Snow Leopard Foundation building.

She stops the car and keeps her head low as she witnesses Grant and Celeste look around them apprehensively, before getting together into a car.

The car's engine kicks into gear and they drive off.

Lycena is unsure about what she wants to do but decides to start the engine and follow them.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Lycena is a good distance behind Grant's car, following them and hoping to God that she doesn't get made.

LYCENA

Hell am I doing? This is nuts.

The car in front makes a right into a highway and Lycena soon does likewise.

LYCENA (CONT'D)

He's not a cheat. They're not heading to a sleazy motel to jump each other's bones off. There's a reasonable excuse for this, perhaps a sighting of a snow leopard a few miles on.

Lycena picks up her cell and dials Grant's number. It keeps RINGING and soon goes to the answerphone and Lycena kills the call.

The cars are in a country road now.

Lycena watches as Grant's car stops on a dirt-filled clearing at the start of a forest so she kills the lights and stops the car at the side of the road.

She bends low inside the car and watches as Grant and Celeste exit the car, look around nervously and head to the trunk. They open it and Grant takes out two shovels that he hands to Celeste, then grabs hold of a black body bag.

LYCENA (CONT'D)

What the shit?

Lycena watches on as Grant and Celeste move into the forest. She hesitates, then exits the car and slowly heads in the same direction.

INT. FOREST - NIGHT (LATER)

Lycena is hiding behind some plants and bushes as Grant and Celeste reach a clearing and dump the body bag and the shovels down to the ground.

Well hidden, she watches as they both stretch out their bodies then pick up the shovels and start digging into the ground.

LYCENA

Wake up, Lycena, any second now.

She instinctively brings her cell up and takes a photo of the action.

She looks at the photo she has taken to see if it came out right but the phone starts to vibrate in her hands and she drops it in surprise and sudden fear.

She locates it on the ground, picks it up, and is shocked to see that it is Grant that's calling.

She looks back out at the clearing and sees Grant and Celeste staring at her location.

The phone keeps ringing.

Reluctantly she answers.

LYCENA (CONT'D)

Y- yes?

GRANT (V.O.)

Enjoying the view?

Lycena's heart starts beating hard and words get caught in her throat.

LYCENA

I...

GRANT (V.O.)

Turns out you're quite the peeping Tom. Aren't you, Lycena?

LYCENA

I - s - sorry.

GRANT (V.O.)  
Stay put, will you?

Grant hangs up and Lycena watches in horror as Grant starts walking toward her.

END OF PILOT