

INT. KING'S BEDROOM- NIGHT- 840BCE

Dido, 24, princess of Tyre, married to Acerbas and sister to younger brother, Pygmalion.

King Mattan has been killed in his sleep, stab wounds over his elderly chest. Pygmalion is covered in blood up to his elbows and blood splatters on his face.

Mago, head of the royal guard, interrogates Pygmalion and Dido as to what or who may have killed the king as he looks for any signs of struggle.

Mago asks questions of Pygmalion who is covered in blood to his elbows and splatters on his face. Pygmalion looks dazed and confused as though he is unaware where he is or what has happened.

MAGO:

Did you see who or where the intruder went to?

Pygmalion stands in silence, looking out the door towards the Mediterranean sea.

MAGO:

Dido, did you hear any intruders go past your room?

Dido, in tears, looks straight unable to keep her feelings of anger to herself but knowing if she says anything, she might be killed.

MAGO:

Ok, since you will not tell me what has transpired here, I will have to resort to other means of interrogation.

Dido, tears down her face, turns slowly towards the audience as a bright flash of light from a lightning storm, turns night to day and scene transitions to an earlier period in the city of Tyre.

EXT. TYRE PALACE, 840 BCE.- DAYTIME

Dido, a few days earlier, looks over the ancient city from the palace balcony while seated next to her father (Matan) and brother (Pygmalion) and husband (Acerbas), the high priest of Hercules stood around her. They are greeting the Sidonian king (Philocles), long time friend and ally, as the

city is bustling with trade and amusements.

MATAN:

Philocles, you old goat. Good to see you again. How long it has been since you have graced our fair city.

PHILOCLEES:

Many greetings brother of Baal.

DIDO:

Welcome honorable king. So glad you could join us.

PHILOCLEES:

My dear princess, I wouldn't miss the Bacchanalia even if I had lost all my limbs in battle.

Everyone laughs heartily as they take their appropriate seats. Food and wine is brought out to them by servants.

MATAN:

How fares news in the north?

PHILOCLEES:

We continue to survive as the gods test us. We almost starved last year, but thanks to our Phoenician brothers in Tyre and Byblos we were saved to fight the bastards from the mountains another day.

MATAN:

Oh my yes. The gods test to see how much gluttony and punishment we can take. We must never forget, hard times maketh a man and easy times breed weak men.

They raise their wine cups to toast and take a drink in unison.

PYGMALION:

My lord, how does trade with the Greeks fare?

PHILOCLEES:

The Greeks are tricky bastards to say the least. They try every trick in the book to get the lowest price on our

purple dye. One Athenian tried trading ten shekels for two garments. They were worth at least twice that!

MATAN:

Ah yes, we had similar dealings with the Egyptians as well. It would seem like everyone now wants a better deal even though we are the ones who toil on these rocky shores.

DIDO:

Perhaps they are struggling to keep coin in their own coffers and that might be the reason for dealing with us thus. Perhaps we can offer some assistance?

PHILOCLEES:

Unfortunately, in today's world, we are unable to offer as much aid as we used to. We ourselves struggle to get by as is. The rivers do not flow as they once did and the sea does not provide as much fish as it used to. It almost seems like things are moving away from here.

PYGMALION:

The gods will continue to take from our profits and coffers. Before you know it, they will want our food too. They should become mortal as we are and serve us as we them.

Acerbas quickly turns his head in anger towards Pygmalion.

ACERBAS:

Hold your tongue boy. You do not speak of the gods in this manner.

PYGMALION:

I will speak in whichever manner I choose. This is my wealth being squandered on those seas.

MATAN:

Pygmalion, you are turning green. We must see what can be done to aid our brethren and allies as well as continue securing our livelihood.

A loud bell is rung throughout the city. Everyone stands up and goes inside the palace as preparations for the festival of Baal begins.

MATAN:

Let us continue our discussions later this evening. Let us go and prepare for the festival. The gods are sure to bless us.

PYGMALION:

(Speaks under his breath)
The gods don't deserve our admiration.

They all stand up and walk down the hall to their rooms to prepare for the festival.

PHILOCLES:

(Yells down the halls)
Servants, I require a bath to remove the stench of horse.

Two nearby servants bow before him and turn away to start preparing his bath.

ACERBAS:

Dido, I must go to the temple. I will see you later tonight. My heart is with you my love.
(Leans forward and kisses her forehead)

Dido smiles and continues down the hallway to her room.

The moon rises and the city is vibrant and ablaze with music, jugglers, and many famous heroes.

Matan sits besides Philocles and his children. Food and drink is brought out to the tables.

Jugglers come out and provide entertainment in the center.

Matan turns to speak to Philocles.

MATAN:

Are you enjoying the Bacchanalia?

PHILOCLES:

Indeed, you have thrown a tremendous event this year. The gods are sure to favor you.

Dido sits next to her brother as he is not interested in the event.

PYGMALION:

Ahhhhh, when do we get to the good part? I want to go to bed.

DIDO:

Brother, hush. You should act as an example for your people.

PYGMALION:

The only example I wish to convey is strength and wealth. Tyre should be the rulers of Phoenicia. We should rule these lands.

MATAN:

Pygmalion, silence yourself and stop making a mockery of our family name.

Pygmalion takes a large gulp of wine.

PYGMALION:

Whatever you say oh king of kings. It is not as though you will live long.

Dido looks towards Pygmalion and her father fearful as to what was said.

Acerbas comes to the throne followed by fellow priests carrying offerings to the gods.

Dido smiles at her husband as he turns and goes down between the guests towards the golden altar with a statue of Baachus.

Acerbas performs the ceremony, burning incense and foods. Colorful flames erupt from the altar. The people cheer and continue with the festival. Acerbas returns to the throne and sits with his wife.

ACERBAS:

I hope you are enjoying yourselves as much as your subjects?

MATAN:

Indeed we are. We cannot thank you enough for tonight's festivities. We are surely blessed.

PYGMALION:

Oh yes good sir. We are indeed enjoying ourselves. (he said mockingly.)

ACERBAS:

Watch your tone, boy. I have no patience for your insolence tonight.

PYGMALION:

Oh my, did I say something to offend you?

DIDO:

Pygmalion, go back to the palace. It is past your bedtime.

PYGMALION:

(Red with rage as gold is being offered at the altar)

I will not go back until I right this wrong. My gold is being squandered. The gods are getting fatter than I.

The music quiets down as the festival comes to a halt.

CITIZEN 1:

What do you think is going on?

CITIZEN 2:

I don't know. Let's listen.

MATAN:

Guards, take my son back to the palace under guard till I arrive.

PYGMALION:

You would have me arrested, father?

MATAN:

If it weren't for the protection of your sister, I would have you put on a ship and thrown over board with a rock around your feet.

PHILOCLEES:

If this were to happen in Sidon, he would be the offering to the gods.

PYGMALION:

Well, it is a good deal we are more

civilized than your primitive tribe.

Philocles reaches for his dagger and draws it at Pygmalion, who is smirking.

Dido quickly puts herself between the two.

DIDO:

Good king, please let us not have bloodshed tonight. For the sake of our alliance, what can be said or done to appease you?

PHILOCLES:

Him out of my sight. If I find him again with that sniveling smirk I will cut him down. Mark my words.

The guards escort Pygmalion away from the festival towards the palace.

MATAN:

Please, forgive me. I did not foresee this turn of events.

PHILOCLES:

It is not your fault. He was born under ill circumstances.

ACERBAS:

He is still a boy who needs much guidance. But what can be done? His thirst for glory and riches seems to have no end.

MATAN:

If his mother were here, she would have more to say on this matter. Alas, she was taken far to soon to make a dent in his heart.

DIDO:

Gentlemen, I am tired myself. I will return to the palace and prepare for bed. Acerbas, I will wait for you.

Acerbas smiles as he lets go of her hand and sees her off.

PHILOCLES:

How the hell with your features did you ever capture her heart?

They all laugh heartily and drink wine together.

FADE INTO

PALACE BEDROOM- INT. NIGHT

DIDO:

You need to apologize for what you said.

PYGMALION:

Yes mommy dear.

DIDO:

If mother were alive, she would be ashamed of her "would be king."

PYGMALION:

I would be the greatest king in Phoenician history. These shores would be brimming with gold and purple.

DIDO:

The way you act, you shall never sit on father's throne.

PYGMALION:

I would see it is burnt to the ground, and build a new one. In fact, I would burn everything before me and rebuild this city for a new era.

DIDO:

Have you gone mad? Don't let anyone hear what is truly on your mind.

PYGMALION:

(Yelling at Dido)

I want to be heard. I want to come out of the shadows. I am tired of living under your shadows. It is my time and I am lusting for it.

DIDO:

You are mad. Mad for power. I pray you do not live long to see that day.

PYGMALION:

Before my time is through, I will make sure that the historians remove anything related to you, your husband or father's legacy. I will remove anyone who is insignificant to me. For all anyone is concerned, I am the god of this land.

Pygmalion turns around and looks out the window towards the moon's reflection over the sea with his arms out.

Dido, in shock and dismay leaves the room and slams the door behind her. Tears streaming down her cheeks as though she has failed. She tries to compose herself and goes towards her room.

On her way, she sees Mago, the head of the royal guard, speaking with the servants.

MAGO:

(Speaks to the servant girls)

I was in this cave you see and came upon all these treasures. Never have I seen such wonders. Fish of every kind, each more royal than our own kings and queens.

Dido overhearing him laughs and comes nearer.

DIDO:

Is that how the story goes now? Last time, you found nothing but pretty stones that looked like glass and the cave smelled like, I can't remember how you put it last time. Refresh my memory again.

MAGO:

Your majesty, you do me a great honor. I believe it smelled like I were in the ass of a chalydonian boar. Even that I would think would have smelled fairer than the cave I was in.

Servant girls laugh, bow to Dido and leave them.

Dido, looks upset as she holds back her tears.

MAGO:
Princess, what is troubling you?

DIDO:
It is nothing, just a bad onion.

MAGO:
An onion. Would it happen to rhyme
with the words, Pyg and Malion?

Dido wipes her tears and chuckles.

MAGO:
We have been friends since we were
small children. Tell me your troubles.

DIDO:
You have always been a good friend. I
am worried about the future of Tyre. I
am worried for what my brother plans
to do. I am worried for my husband's
safety as well as my own. I am...

MAGO:
Say no more. You seem to have far to
many I's and worries. Let us go to the
kitchen and get some tea.

Mago leads Dido down the dark corridor towards the kitchen.

Later that night, Matan comes to Pygmalion with sword in
hand.

PYGMALION:
Well if it isn't father, great king of
Phoenicia.

Matan puts sword in its sheath.

MATAN:
You have done a great deal of damage
to the alliance with Sidon. Give me
one reason not to slit your throat and
be done with you.

PYGMALION:
You wouldn't dare kill your own son.

MATAN:

My father killed my elder brother for his attempt to usurp the throne. Do not test me.

PYGMALION:

It has been said "there is no difference between death and living". You are a weak and frail old shell of your once proud self.

MATAN:

Is that what you think of me? Then get your sword and I will teach you a lesson here and now.

Matan unsheathes his sword. A long bronze sword glimmers in the moonlight. A slight breeze blows through the drapes. Pygmalion, unfazed breaks out in laughter.

PYGMALION:

You damn fool. I will not pick up arms against a dying dog. Where's the honor in that?

MATAN:

You spat on honor when your mother gave birth to you welp.

A long pause is held as they stare at each other. Pygmalion picks up his dagger and points it at his father.

PYGMALION:

Your time is coming old man. Be wary of that moment.

Pygmalion puts his sword in its sheath and passes by his father. A twinge of fear in Matan's face as he is pale.

MATAN:

What have I done?

Matan falls to the floor weeping and tearing at his clothes.

FADE OUT TO DIDO AND MAGO IN THE KITCHEN

Mago brings two cups of hot tea. He puts a plate of bread and olives between the two. Dido, still distressed about the events of the evening. Mago tries to comfort her and tells stories.

MAGO:

Did I ever tell you the story of my fishing trip with my father?

DIDO:

You have told me many. Each one with a different colored fish you caught with your bare hands.

MAGO:

I haven't told you the one where my father almost threw me overboard trying to befriend the fish. It is bound to brighten your spirits.

DIDO:

That is a new one. Please tell me it.

MAGO:

One day, we were out to sea and my father had packed our lunch. Me being a young fool at the time, I saw a large school of fish. Their scales shimmering like gold under the sun. I thought perhaps I can befriend them and I would can be rich with their gold. I took the bread my father brought us and threw a whole loaf to the fish. My father yelled, "What the hell are you doing?"

DIDO:

I can't imagine he was too happy with that.

Dido takes a sip of her tea and takes a bite of bread.

MAGO:

No, indeed he was not. He made me work every day and night for a week to pay him back for the bread that was lost. But in the end, we came back with a large net of silver fish. I was so ashamed of that day. My father still found a way to make it right. He gave me a canvas made from the scales of the fish and said, "Here's your golden fish. Do not waste it." I laugh every day when I remember that day.

They both laugh. A slight pause is held between them.

DIDO:

I can not remember the last time my family was ever that happy. It seems like a lifetime ago since I had seen my brother laugh; even my father has forgotten what it means to laugh it seems.

MAGO:

Many tragedies have come between you. Walls have been built where they should be destroyed.

DIDO:

Walls of solid stone that would take a siege hammer to destroy. I do not know what can be done. I am but one person with no one to help me. I am so lost, the gods seemed to have abandoned me.

Mago reaches out his hand and holds her hand.

MAGO:

Dear princess, the gods have not abandoned you. I certainly have not abandoned you. I can tell you, this challenge is a difficult journey. I will help you in whatever way I can. For tonight, I will make sure you will all sleep well tonight. With that, you have my word.

DIDO:

You are a good friend to me and my family. I don't know what we would do without you.

MAGO:

Oh, you would probably be swallowed whole by the Sidonians.

They both laughed heartily as they finished their tea and left the kitchen.

They go up the dark staircase and down a dark hallway to her bed chambers. Dido opens the door to an empty room and lit candles. Before entering, she turns to Mago and bids him good night. Mago bows and walks away, leaving two guards at the entrance until Acerbas returns.

EXT.

TRANSITION TO- DAYTIME- OUTSIDE PALACE GATES

Matan, Dido, Pygmalion, and Acerbas are bidding farewell to Philocles as he goes on his journey back to Sidon. They exchange final pleasantries and gifts before Philocles and his entourage ride away on black steeds.

PYGMALION:

That was a rather pleasant time we spent together. Hopefully he never comes back.

MATAN:

You're a bastard. I want you out of my sight immediately.

PYGMALION:

You shall get what you wish. Servant, bring me my horse. My friends and I have an excursion in the east.

DIDO:

What do you hope to find there?

PYGMALION:

Nothing that concerns you, sister.

ACERBAS:

I swear, if you bring stolen treasure like the last time, I will put your head on a spike.

PYGMALION:

Oh; such strong words from the warrior priest. Put my head on a spike (he said sarcastically.)

The servant came out with a brown horse with several bags of food items and sword. Pygmalion's three friends arrive on their stallions as they turn towards the east and ride in a cloud of dust.

ACERBAS:

Good riddance. I hope he falls off a cliff at the Qaddisha.

DIDO:

Husband, please.

Acerbas takes a deep breath, stroking his hair back, and exhales deeply.

ACERBAS:

I am sorry. You are right. He is still a boy with much to learn.

MATAN:

Let us hope it is for the best. A short time in exile does everyone a good deal.

DIDO:

Father, come we have much work to do for our fare city. I want to show you where a new school can be built for the children.

MATAN:

Dido, always the queen of the people, for the people. Show me your ideals and let us enjoy the sun.

They stroll through the busy streets, look at the buildings, some are crumbling. Discussing new projects to bring new prosperity.

A FEW DAYS LATER

ABANDONED CITY OF FALLEN MEMORIES- SACRED SITE- PYGMALION'S TRAVELS IN THE EAST

After a few days and nights in the wild, Pygmalion and his friends arrive to an abandoned city in ruins. Down by a roaring river, the city is shrouded in a thick mist. The four tie their steeds to nearby cedar trees as they go under an archway to an open courtyard.

Pygmalion is fascinated and goes forward unafraid. His friends stick together in fright as they hold their swords tightly.

MILKATON:

My lord, shouldn't we return to Tyre (gulping loudly.)

PYGMALION:

Don't be a fool. Isn't this amazing? Who do you think lived here?

SHUBNA:

I'm more worried about why it was abandoned.

PYGMALION:

Our ancestors used to defend these lands from the barbarians in the north. Perhaps they left their treasures in a cave.

PUMMAY:

Whatever reason, we shouldn't stray far from each other. Let us look around for a while and return to the city.

PYGMALION:

I will stay if you sniveling weasels wish to return. History is shaped by the strong. As much as I hate my father, he had a few good lessons to give before he went senile and gave into barbarian demands.

Pygmalion spits on the ground as he walks down the charred remains of the city. It was all quiet, no birds in the air or deer in the woods. Only the river nearby and a gush of wind rustling the leaves.

Pygmalion and his friends come to the river where they walk up the banks until they come to a cave with a small opening wide enough for one person at a time. His friends take a step backwards as they are terrified to go in. He turns around to them and speaks.

PYGMALION:

Who wants to go down the creepy tunnel first?

His friends look at each other, pointing to each other and turn towards Pygmalion with pale faces.

PYGMALION:

Damned cowards. Fine, I'll go in alone, and whatever treasure I find will be all mine.

He lights a torch and goes down the dark hole. The crevice is tight. Bats flew over head, the wind was sharper and colder as he went further in. He reaches a wide opening where an old lady sits around a fire pit. She looked ancient and barely alive as she looked at the flame before her. She speaks.

WITCH:

Ah, young prince of Tyre, we have been

expecting you.

PYGMALION:

How do you know of me? Who is we?

WITCH:

I know many things. The gods speak to me through the eternal flame.

PYGMALION:

Eternal flame huh, what have the gods spoken to you of me? The greatest king that will be.

WITCH:

You are a damn fool if you think you would be king for long.

PYGMALION:

Do not test me, witch.

WITCH:

A witch am I?!

She looks up at him. Her face scarred and no eyes in her sockets. She was missing several fingers and her clothes were tattered and torn. She had a necklace in one hand with the seal of an ancient royal line indicating a deer under a bright sun and cedar woods.

PYGMALION:

Are you Queen Elissa?

The old lady looks at him, hauntingly.

WITCH:

Ah, you know the royal crest. Yes, it is I. I once ruled these lands, but a terrible foe swept through

PYGMALION:

How can this be? Your line was destroyed years ago. You can't be alive.

WITCH:

Oh but I am. The gods kept me alive to save these lands. To save Phoenicia from what you will bring forth.

PYGMALION:

You do not fear me! I will conquer this realm and the next. Now, where is the treasure I seek.

WITCH:

The treasure will come to you soon. Come, warm yourself by the fire and put your sword in its sheath. You are on sacred ground. But I cannot help you if you try to harm me.

He puts his sword in its sheath and slowly walks towards the old lady. She holds out her hand, chanting in the ancient language. She pricks his hand to draw blood as it drips into the fire. The flame turns a dark blue then a red smoke bursts out with loud screams.

EXT. CAVE OPENING

MILKATON:

Did you hear that?

SHUBNA:

I don't like this. We should go in after him.

PUMMAY:

Let us wait a little while longer. It's probably just the wind. By the way, he was right. You two are cowards.

The other two look at their friend confused.

INT. CAVE

PYGMALION:

What is happening?

WITCH:

Behold the future young prince. Many trials and tribulations will you and your people face.

He looks into the flame and sees shadow figures but cannot make sense of what he sees.

PYGMALION:

What trials? What can be done to fix this?

WITCH:

One greater than you shall be king. He will be from your blood, but not your child. A great enemy will arise in the west, but you will face an equal challenger from the east.

PYGMALION:

Who will be victorious in the struggle?

WITCH:

It is difficult to say. The gods do not show me.

PYGMALION:

Perhaps you need to pay more and give me the answer I seek.

WITCH:

It is you who must pay, wretch. You bring nothing but misery to your people. More will surely follow if you become king.

PYGMALION:

I will be Phoenicia's greatest ruler, you decayed relic.

The flame burns out to embers, the cave turns an ominous blue as the ceiling reflects the embers.

WITCH:

I have lived in these lands far longer than your family has ruled in three generations. The gods have kept me alive as to aid the greatness of Phoenicia. But it looks like I have failed. You must die by my hand.

She takes a small knife from her side and lunges at him, faster than any human could possibly move. Pygmalion feels his neck where she scratched him. He looks around him to see where she was at. She takes the knife and licks his blood.

WITCH:

It has been a while since I've tasted royalty.

She cackles maniacally as she lunges again. Pygmalion grabs his sword and fights her. He yells loudly to his friends

outside.

PYGMALION:
HEEEEEEEELP... HEEEEEEELP you fools.

EXT. CAVE OPENING

MILKATON:
Do you hear something?

SHUBNA:
No, what is it we are hearing?

He takes a bite out of a fish still gasping for air he caught.

MILKATON:
Listen.

PYGMALION:
Heeeeeelp! (Softly)

MILKATON:
The prince calls to us. We must go in
and save him. We're coming your
highness.

They quickly take their daggers out and go into the cave one by one.

INT. CAVE

PYGMALION:
You cannot kill me, bitch.

WITCH:
The gods will it. I was once a warrior
queen of these lands. I will rule once
again, but not before an impudent mutt
like you dies. Phoenicia will remain
strong.

Pygmalion's friends arrive. They look around, not knowing what is happening.

SHUBNA:
My lord, did you find the treasure?

Everyone pauses and looks at him confusedly.

PYGMALION:

Do you see the fucking treasure?! Kill the bitch.

The four stand surrounding her and attack her. She is still strong as she cuts them deeply. One is mortally wounded as her knife is plunged deep into his neck and eye socket.

PYGMALION:

Pummay, noooooooooo!

WITCH:

This is what you will bring to your people. Your friends will all die, your children will be sold as slaves in a foreign land, your head on a spike with your intestines fed to the pigs.

They fight a while longer until finally, after Pygmalion's friends have been killed in the battle, he stabs his sword into her throat. Her blood is black and dry pours out like sand. Her body hits the ground with his sword still plunged into her.

PYGMALION:

You have lived long enough. My time has come. My friends served their purpose. It seems I have found the greatest treasure.

He cleans his dagger with his cloak and leaves the cave. He leaves his friends bodies to rot in the cave. Once out, he kills their horses and frees his to ride back to Tyre. As he is crossing the river, he sees something glimmering in the water. He gets into the water laughing menacingly as he picks up a golden stone. He studies it and sees the entire river bed is filled with it.

PYGMALION:

(He yells at the sky)

Thank the fucking gods, I have found the treasure. The king has arrived.

He picks up the golden stones and fills all the bags he brought with him. He laughs and kisses every stone he finds, forgetting about his friends in the cave.

After picking all the gold he could carry, he rides into the forest and back towards Tyre.

EXT.

DAY- TYRE A FEW DAYS LATER

Matan sits with his counselors, including Dido, Acerbas, and Mago. They are discussing an expedition to meet with the Greeks at Cyprus in one week.

MATAN:

Our friend, Sargon, wishes us to voyage to Cyprus. He wants to make a trade deal.

COUNCILLOR 1:

Excellent news, sire. What kind of trade deal does he propose?

MATAN:

I do not know, but our deals have always been in the best interest for both nations. Hopefully, he will trade some fine wool this time.

DIDO:

Father, do not forgot the foods we so desperately need for the winter. Our warehouses are running low. Perhaps we can trade some gems?

MATAN:

My dear, gems are a precious commodity. Why, ten bag full is enough to furnish our palace a hundred times over.

ACERBAS:

I think what she means, perhaps if we give him a lavish gift, they might be willing to provide more. We have been close allies for a good many years. And your former wife, the gods bless her, is of Cypriot descent.

MATAN:

Ah yes, she was fine island stock. We will see how what we can give to them. Perhaps fine cloth?

MAGO:

Your highness, if I may interject. We are in need of weapons as well. Some

spears and shields if Sargon is willing to spare some. I know we have not been attacked, but with Pygmalion missing, we do not know what our enemies are plotting against us.

MATAN:

If he does not arrive before we depart, he will be declared our only enemy. May the gods prepare a room in the deepest depths of hell with spikes big enough to skewer a wild boar.

DIDO:

Father please; he will return. And hopefully in better spirits.

Acerbas holds her hand tightly, glances at her stern face then looks towards the king.

MATAN:

Yes, you are always optimistic. I for one, have lost empathy. It might just be my old age. Now, if everyone does not mind, I am hungry and the cooks have prepared my favorite dish. Away with you all.

They all stand up, except for the king, and leave the great hall. Dido stays behind to discuss great matters of state.

DIDO:

Father, forgive my intrusion. Do you hate your son?

MATAN:

Of course I don't hate him. Sometimes I wish I could run a spike between his eyes is all.

DIDO:

Father, I just don't think we should be so angry with each other. These feuds can tear our entire kingdom apart. What would mother think of what has happened to us.

MATAN:

She'd probably find a larger spike and hammer it through his ass.

DIDO:

Father, I am being serious. Try harder to be kinder to him. Remember, he did not grow up with the same kindness I had with mother. He only had your example.

Matan puts down the pig snout in his hand and stands up.

MATAN:

The gods be damned, you are right as always. Your mother also had her way. When he returns, I will do better with him. I will be more "fatherly" and less "kingly".

DIDO:

Thank you father.

She kisses his forehead and leaves the hall.

MATAN:

Fuck me, this pig is delicious.

A FEW DAYS LATER

Pygmalion returns to Tyre like a triumphant conqueror. His horse clearly exhausted and his bags weighed down by the gold stones. Matan and Dido greet him at the gate.

MATAN:

My son, welcome home. How was your journey?

PYGMALION:

Father. Sister. The gods have brought me great fortunes on this journey. Look at all this gold I bring to you.

Pygmalion walks back to the horse and takes out a handful of the gold stones.

DIDO:

Amazing brother. We can improve the prosperity of our people's wellbeing.

PYGMALION:

Absolutely not!

MATAN:

Pygmalion, I implore you not get riled

up. You know how your sister is. (said
whispering to him.)

Pygmalion looks down at his father, snarling under his breath
then looks at his sister. His anger turns into a fake smile.

PYGMALION:

Ah yes, the people deserve something I
guess. Fine, let us discuss it over
dinner tonight. I must wash myself of
this journey.

MATAN:

Yes, I could smell you a good ways
off. By the way, where are your
friends?

Pygmalion looks at him worriedly.

MATAN:

I did not see them ride into the city
with you. Has something happened to
them?

Pygmalion sheds a single tear and replies.

PYGMALION:

Alas, they have fallen to their
deaths. We were ambushed along the way
by Sidonians and they gave up their
lives to protect me.

MATAN:

Sidonians attacked you?! Surely you
are mistaken.

PYGMALION:

I wish I was mistaken. Now, if you
both don't mind, I must bathe in warm
milk and honey. Servants, prepare my
bath.

Two servants nearby bow to him and immediately go to do his
bidding.

DIDO:

Father, surely you don't believe him?

MATAN:

Believe him?! I believe him as I
believe in his capabilities as a

warrior. But, I will look into this matter myself. If I find out he has lied to me, may the gods protect him.

DIDO:

Father, do not do anything rash. He has brought us much gold.

MATAN:

This is a side of you I have rarely seen of you. A love for shiny objects as well.

They both laugh and return to the palace.

INT. PALACE

PYGMALION'S ROOM- NIGHT

Pygmalion is in his bath of milk and honey. Candles are lit around him and rose petals on his bed. He is investigating at the gold stones he brought back. He chuckles under his breath, kisses each stone he touches and speaks to them.

PYGMALION:

Oh my precious stones. You would never betray me. You would never leave my side.

He then finishes his bath and gets dressed to go to dinner. He dresses in his purple and gold robe. He enters the dining hall where he sees his sister, brother-in-law and father already seated with food before them.

MATAN:

Ah, son, I thought you had forgotten dinner.

PYGMALION:

My apologies father. I was just finishing my bath.

MATAN:

Yes, it was indeed a journey you went on. We are glad for your return.

PYGMALION:

Yes, many a day have past. Much have I thought about since I left. The gods have revealed much to me.

ACERBAS:

The gods have spoken to you? What did they say?

PYGMALION:

They have shown me the errors of my way. I have committed many atrocities to both my family and my people. Sister, you were right. I need to be a better example for my people.

Pygmalion picked up his goblet of wine and lifted it before them.

MATAN:

My son, my heart is glad to hear your apology. How did you come to find your answer?

PYGMALION:

A witch in a cave had given me much to think about when I was found for dead.

DIDO:

What happened?

PYGMALION:

We were ambushed, as I said before, by Sidonian bandits. We fled for our lives until we came to a waterfall. My friends fought to save my life, but alas I survived by jumping the waterfall and floating down the mighty Levant River.

ACERBAS:

My my. What a story.

DIDO:

Husband, please. Don't you start being an ass now.

Acerbas scoffs and takes a drink of his wine.

MATAN:

Yes, go on.

PYGMALION:

When I came to, I was awakened by a woman who revealed herself to be Queen Elissa. She revived me and spoke to me

of the gods. She used her magic to show me the wrongs I have done.

ACERBAS:

And, she also gave you the gold.

PYGMALION:

Bastard! No, before I left the charred remains of her city, I found the gold in the river and brought as much as I could carry back to Tyre.

MATAN:

And a great treasure you have brought back. We shall make an offering to the gods, and our family will be favored. In the meantime, I will write to our good friend Philocles of Sidon, why bandits are venturing to the south.

PYGMALION:

Yes, those barbarians must be reminded who is in charge.

DIDO:

Pygmalion, hush. I am overall glad to see you are alive and well. Let us enjoy this delicious meal and together and be off to bed. We have much to do to better our city.

PYGMALION:

Indeed we do. (he whispered under his breath.)

Acerbas heard him but did not say anything as to upset his wife and king.

After they finished dinner, they went off to bed. Pygmalion went to the royal library with an oil lamp in hand.

INT.

ROYAL LIBRARY- NIGHT

Pygmalion sits in the royal chair reading the royal history of the family line . The librarian is wondering the aisles of scrolls.

PYGMALION:

Who knew father was a warrior in his

prime.

PYGMALION:

Unfortunately, his time is coming to an end.

LIBRARIAN:

My lord, it is late. Did you find everything you were searching for?

PYGMALION:

Have you studied our family's history?

LIBRARIAN:

Studiously. Most studiously my lord. It is the responsibility of all royal librarians to know the history of their masters.

PYGMALION:

What are your thoughts of grandfather's violent nature?

LIBRARIAN:

If you are referring to Esser killing his own son who tried to usurp power from him, I was warned to never divulge that information to anyone.

PYGMALION:

I am the prince and your future king. I order you to tell me your thoughts.

LIBRARIAN:

I fear your father's guards more than your threats. I can direct you to the scroll of Matobal's demise. But you didn't hear it from me.

PYGMALION:

Bloody coward! Where is this scroll?

LIBRARIAN:

Follow me, my lord.

Pygmalion follows the librarian down the dark shelves of mountains of scrolls. They reach a secured area of the library where the librarian takes out a key and unlocks a cage. In the cage are three scrolls. The librarian grabs the center scroll and gives it to Pygmalion.

PYGMALION:

You shall be rewarded for your aid.

LIBRARIAN:

Make sure you return it to the box.
Nobody but the king is supposed to lay
eyes on this scroll.

PYGMALION:

You have my word. (he says with a
menacing smile under the lamp light.)

Pygmalion unfurls the scroll and begins reading his family history. As he reads, he notices several mistakes.

PYGMALION:

This doesn't make sense? Why would
grandfather have his own son killed
for defending the kingdom. He was
trying to save father.

He takes notes but looks through the scroll. When he can't find the information he is looking for, he looks through the other two scrolls in the cabinet.

Unaware as he reads the scroll, Matan enters the library.

MATAN:

I see the curiosity bug has struck
you.

PYGMALION:

Father, apologies. I thought everyone
was asleep.

MATAN:

No need for apologies. I was curious
as well that's why I visit here from
time to time. That, and the librarian
had alerted me to your whereabouts.

PYGMALION:

That damned old bastard.

MATAN:

What information are you searching
for?

PYGMALION:

I wished to know how you came to
power. Why grandfather killed his

eldest son.

MATAN:

Ah, let me find my seat. This will take some time to tell you the history of Tyre. Are you familiar with the war between Tyre and the Sidonians?

Pygmalion shakes his head.

MATAN:

The days were dark for Tyre. Brother against brother, father against son. Tyre was in flame and ruins. I was a young and more foolish man at the time. Your grandfather, Esser, had a habit for making enemies.

PYGMALION:

What led to the war?

MATAN:

My brother was much like you. Greedy for treasure and the throne. Doing whatever it would take him to become king; even if it meant betraying Tyre to our enemies.

PYGMALION:

Amazing! (he said under his breath. A glimmer of happiness was caught in his eyes.)

MATAN:

Try to contain your excitement. We were caught unaware how far his treachery would go. He and father had an argument over how to best rule the kingdom. However, Esser banished him hoping it would ease the tension. But he was mistaken.

There is a slight pause between them. The oil lamp begins to flicker as a soft breeze blew in.

MATAN:

My brother returned with an army behind him and his new allies, the Sidonians. They surrounded us and burnt our city to the ground. I ran for my life to flee the city with as

many of the people I could. As I fled, father stayed behind to protect us with the few remaining troops who volunteered to stay. He would fight my brother and in the end, both were killed at each other's hands. I vowed to return one day and take back our homeland.

Matan wiped tears from his face as he looked at Pygmalion.

PYGMALION:

Such a moving tale. I did not realize such a curse lay upon our family name.

MATAN:

A curse from the gods, it would seem. But, I do not wish to see our family torn apart in such a way. I come to you now as a father, not your king.

PYGMALION:

Oh father. What would you have me do to make amends?

MATAN:

Come to me, my son. Embrace me as your father, and king.

Pygmalion, in subtle tears, gets up and goes to his father. He puts his arms around him.

PYGMALION:

Oh father, I am sorry for all I have done to our family.

MATAN:

Son, it is the past. The gods shine a new star upon this night.

PYGMALION:

Oh father.

Pygmalion in tears, gets down on his knees as he sobs.

MATAN:

Let us put the scrolls away and go back to the palace.

PYGMALION:

Yes, let us return. It is cold in the

library. When I am king, I will make sure a fireplace is put here.

MATAN:

My son, you will not be king of Tyre. Acerbas is to rule after me.

Pygmalion, wipes his tears away as his face turns red with rage.

PYGMALION:

I should have known this was your plan all along. You would put Tyre's future in the hands of the priest. You evil, sadistic bastard.

MATAN:

Pygmalion, please. It was not my decision. The council decided it while you were away on your journey.

PYGMALION:

Why would they choose the high priest over me?! I am your son. (he erupts in anger.)

MATAN:

They assured me, you will be next in line if anything were to happen to Acerbas.

Matan reaches for Pygmalion who stands still with anger coursing through him.

PYGMALION:

If it must be this way, I will accept the will of the council.

MATAN:

My son, if perhaps you weren't so impatient to rule, you would have made for a great ruler. Perhaps, greater than I.

PYGMALION:

Oh, I will still be king of Tyre. I will make damn sure of it. (He says under his breath.)

They hug one more time as they leave the library.

MATAN:

Help an old man to his room, my son.

Pygmalion puts one hand over his father's shoulder and helps walk him through the palace doors.

INT.

PALACE HALLWAY- NIGHT

Pygmalion and his father are outside the king's bedroom. Matan is exhausted as he enters the room.

MATAN:

Thank you for helping an old man go to bed. Before you leave, I have something for you.

Matan takes an old box from a secret compartment behind the bed. It is an unknown object to Pygmalion as he looks at it confusedly.

PYGMALION:

What is it father?

MATAN:

It belonged to your grandfather. His royal signet ring. It has been passed down from father to son for generations. Remember this story about your grandfather and uncle.

PYGMALION:

Thank you father. I will treasure this the rest of my life.

MATAN:

Good night my son.

Matan lays his head down and falls to sleep. Pygmalion turns around to the camera, putting the ring on his finger as he walks out the dimly lit room.

Pygmalion goes to his room where he meets two large men. They are an unsightly pair. The larger man is a former soldier who was discharged for leaving the royal dagger in pieces. The second soldier is a skinnier man. Thin enough to pass through any alleyway, and agile enough to climb any wall.

PYGMALION:

Evening gentlemen.

MAN 1:
My lord. We are pleased to be in your presence.

MAN 2:
Always a pleasure.

PYGMALION:
We have much to discuss. Come inside.

PYGMALION:
Gentlemen, I have invited you here tonight to discuss matters of great importance. The king must be killed.

The two men look at each other in shock.

MAN 1:
My lord?

PYGMALION:
You heard me. The time has come for our great and fragile king to meet the gods.

MAN 2:
It will cost you greatly for such a job to be done.

PYGMALION:
I will pay any price; give you any position in my new kingdom.

The two men look at each other and nod their heads in agreement.

MAN 2:
What is your plan?

PYGMALION:
You two must attack the king at night, and it must be done quickly.

MAN 1:
It will be difficult getting past the guards. How do you suppose we get past them?

PYGMALION:
Use your imagination, nitwit.

MAN 2:
What will you be doing, my lord?

PYGMALION:
I will make sure no evidence is left behind. I must not be tied to this plan in any such way.

MAN 1:
Yes. Leave it to us.

The two men go towards the door. Before they leave, the larger man turns around and speaks.

MAN 1:
Before we leave, we require down payment.

PYGMALION:
Thieving bastards. (He gives them both a bag of gold.) Make sure the job is done.

The two men bow and leave Pygmalion.

PYGMALION:
Tonight a prince, tomorrow a king. Those bastards better not run away with the gold.

EXT.

PALACE BALCONY- DAY

The next day was windy with sporadic downpours. Trade was at a halt as the sea was rough. The waves crashed loudly against the rocky shores.

Pygmalion was on the balcony looking towards the sea. He watched as the citizens ran for shelter.

PYGMALION:
Fucking sheep. Baaaaaaaa. After tonight, they will become my sheep.

Dido comes behind him. The rain blows into her face. Her colorful veil blows in the wind.

DIDO:
Brother, you must come inside before you catch an illness.

PYGMALION:

If an illness was all it took to kill me, I would gladly accept it and be rid of this wretched life.

DIDO:

Certainly, you don't mean that? The people need their prince.

Dido walks up to him and throws a cloak over him.

PYGMALION:

Get away from me! (he yells and turns towards her.)

DIDO:

Brother, you are frightening me. What has come over you?

Pygmalion looks at her confusedly and then turns his head towards the floor.

PYGMALION:

I am sorry sister. I don't know what came over me.

DIDO:

Let us go inside and have something warm to drink. Maybe we'll play a game like we used to when we were children.

Pygmalion nods his head as he lays his head down on her shoulder like an injured dog.

INT.

PALACE DINING ROOM- DAY

Dido and Pygmalion play an old board game (like chess). They drink warm wine and eat bread, olives, and cheese. Pygmalion moves his pawn to E4.

DIDO:

Clever move brother.

She moves her knight to G6.

PYGMALION:

I could never defeat you or father at this silly game. Always made me feel inferior to you both.

They move their pieces across the board. One piece devours another.

DIDO:

Father always told us to never back down from a challenge. It was all in good fun.

PYGMALION:

Good fun my royal ass.

Dido and Pygmalion laugh at each other. Dido moves her bishop into position threatening Pygmalion's king piece.

PYGMALION:

What would be your role in the palace if father were to make me king?

Dido places her knight next to box the king in.

DIDO:

I don't know. Perhaps remain princess of Tyre.

Pygmalion takes out the royal signet ring from his grandfather.

DIDO:

I see father gave you a royal gift.

PYGMALION:

Yes he did. The last gift he will ever give me.

Dido looks up at his cold, anger filled eyes.

DIDO:

What did father tell you?

PYGMALION:

He said good night and we went our separate ways.

Dido takes a deep breath and smiles.

DIDO:

Good to hear.

Dido knocks over Pygmalion's king piece, winning the game.

DIDO:

It seems the game is over. It is getting late and I must go to sleep. This storm is going to keep me up all night.

Pygmalion laughs maniacly.

PYGMALION:

You always were the sensitive one. You would run scared to my room whenever the gods battled over control of the sky. Anyways, sleep well sister.

Dido leaves the room as Pygmalion turns towards the fire place. In his anger, he throws the game into the flames. His eyes are red and covered in dark circles.

PYGMALION:

It is the last night for you, father.

He falls on his knees before collapsing from exhaustion.

INT.

KINGS ROOM- NIGHT

Matan is preparing to sleep. He changes into his night gown. The wind blows the curtains inward, catching on fire.

MATAN:

Damn it all.

He grabs the curtain and pulls it down to the damp stone floor.

MATAN:

Blasted storms. Don't the gods ever tire of this nonsense?

He puts out the fire hurriedly, closes the shutters, blows out the candles and goes to bed. His sword is hidden behind his pillow. The guards outside struggle to stay awake. Mago patrols the hallways as he walks back and forth in the dark.

MAGO:

All is quiet.

EXT.

PALACE WALLS- NIGHT

The two men arrive to the palace. They are wearing dark cloaks, shrouded in mystery. The guards at the gate approach them.

SOLDIER 1:
Halt! Who goes there?

The soldiers hold their spears to the two.

MAN 1:
Sorry... we are lost. Looking for a place to rest.

SOLDIER 2:
This is the palace. Go down to the barn with the other animals where you belong, uglies.

MAN 2:
We like this big house though.

The two men take their swords out and quickly kill the guards. The guards bodies are taken to the side and hidden in the bushes.

MAN 1:
Alright, go and open the gate. And keep quiet.

MAN 2:
Fuck you! I know how to do my job.

Man 2 starts climbing the wall. Soldiers on the wall do not notice the two missing guards. The stranger reaches the top and quickly begins scaling the other side. He is met with some resistance but quickly begins turning the gate winge. The gate slowly goes up, more soldiers come to the gate as the two men kill as many soldiers as they can before entering the palace.

INT.

KINGS ROOM- NIGHT

Mago comes to awaken the king to take him to safety. The king startled, jumps to his feet forgetting his sword behind.

MAGO:
We are under attack!

MATAN:
What? By whom?

MAGO:
I do not know. I will figure out what
is happening. I must keep you safe.

As they go down the dark corridor, Pygmalion runs into them.
He has his sword in hand.

PYGMALION:
Father. Mago. What is happening?

MATAN:
We are under attack. We must get to
safety.

PYGMALION:
Yes. Father, come with me. Mago,
protect my sister and guard the
citadel.

Mago nods his head and leaves hurriedly.

Pygmalion takes his father to the guest royal bedroom. He
begins barring the door with a large wooden beam. Matan is at
the back of the room by the window to the sea. A large storm
is seen coming towards shore. The sounds of men screaming in
the distance echo throughout the palace walls.

MATAN:
Do you know who is behind this attack?

Pygmalion slowly turns around. A dark veil covers his face as
his eyes turn a dark red. He takes a deep breath.

PYGMALION:
No father. I do not have any knowledge
of who is attacking us. Just know I
would protect you with my life.

MATAN:
Yes, I am sure you would indeed.

EXT.

PALACE WALLS- NIGHT

The two men are slowly making their way through the palace.
Soldiers are coming at them, but the two men kill them one by
one. The men, covered in blood yell at one another.

MAN 1:
Where did he say we needed to go?

MAN 2:
We will know by a purple flag outside
the window.

MAN 1:
Let's earn our gold tonight. The gods
surely bless our carnage.

They hide in the dark as soldiers pass them by. They tread
cautiously, avoiding soldiers where they can.

INT.

DIDO'S ROOM- NIGHT

Dido is with her husband. She shows calmness, but her heart
is pounding. She is unsure what is happening but has a
feeling of who is behind this.

ACERBAS:
Wife, you must remain calm. We have
guards at every entrance.

DIDO:
I know. It's just... it's just... I
have a worrisome feeling about all
this.

ACERBAS:
What is the matter? What feeling do
you have?

DIDO:
I cannot tell. He may come for me
next.

ACERBAS:
I see. Do you really think **He** would be
capable of making such a thing come to
fruition? He can't even prepare his
own bath water, let alone make plans
this complicated.

DIDO:
You don't know what he is capable of.

ACERBAS:
Whatever it is. I will protect you and

this kingdom. If he comes to power, I will make his rule the most difficult. I would rather see Tyre in the hands of Babylon than under his tyrannical rule.

DIDO:

Please! Do not say such things. He is still my brother after all.

ACERBAS:

If he achieves his goal, he will be my enemy for all eternity. He will journey the underworld blind and deaf so that all the spirits know, this is the fool who thought he would control Phoenicia.

DIDO:

If you go against my brother, than it would indeed be better if Phoenicia were under Babylonian rule. We can not divide the kingdom.

ACERBAS:

Not to worry. You will not have to bear this burden for long.

DIDO:

If you were killed, I do not know if I would be able to live in this life any longer.

ACERBAS:

You must. For the sake of our children. You must.

Acerbas comforts Dido as he rubs her belly. He kisses her forehead and holds her tight.

INT.

ROYAL GUEST ROOM

PYGMALION:

Where are those bastards? I told them to be here before the alarm was rung. (he said under his breath.)

MATAN:

My son, what are you doing. Come

inside before the enemy sees you.

PYGMALION:
I will be in shortly.

Pygmalion ties a purple flag outside the window. He returns to his father's side.

MATAN:
What were you doing by the window?

PYGMALION:
I was looking to see if the enemy were close by. We may have to climb down the palace walls if the enemy finds us.

MATAN:
Are you mad?! We can't climb down there. We would fall to our deaths.

PYGMALION:
Perhaps. But we would be killed if we stay here.

MATAN:
Do not take your father for a fool. I know your plans all too well.

Pygmalion slowly turns around. A dark look is over his face with a grin. He breaks out into laughter.

PYGMALION:
How long have you known of this moment? Did the gods send you a vision of your imminent death?

MATAN:
I have known your mind for some time. It is the same thoughts my brother had before your grandfather killed him. This curse of hatred runs deep in our family. It took your mother's life and now it comes to take mine.

PYGMALION:
You were a fool to tell me I would not inherit the throne. The gods be damned of your foolishness.

MATAN:

The gods will bless me in my triumph
when your head is on a spike for all
the world to see. You are no son of
mine! (He yells.)

Pygmalion laughs out maniacally.

PYGMALION:

We shall see who lives out the night.

He looks out the window once more as he sees the two men running towards door to the interior palace. They kill a few more soldiers as they make their way up to the bedroom. They run down the dark corridor and up the stairs until they reach the royal guest bedroom. Soldiers and servants scream in agony as many lie dead or severely injured.

MAN 1:

Death has arrived for you old man.

MATAN:

Do not under estimate me you piece of
horse shit. I was a great warrior in
my day and I will not let the likes of
you lay me down.

Matan grabs the hidden sword from behind the bed and begins swinging violently at the intruders. Pygmalion stands by with an evil smirk on his face.

Matan cuts the intruder (Man 1) on the leg as he steps back in agony.

MAN 1:

You old bastard. DIEEEEEEEEE!

He yells as he lunges at the king. Matan dodges and plunges his sword into his throat. The other intruder is distressed as he sees his friend fall to the floor in a pool of blood.

MAN 2:

NOOOOOOOO!

He attacks the king from below as he slashes his legs and cuts the king's face. The king is in pain as he is gasping for air. The fight continues as he finally kills the second intruder. Matan quickly decapitates him as the body hits the ground hard.

Pygmalion takes the opportunity and plunges a dagger into his

father's chest. The dagger cuts through his flesh as a large amount of blood pools over his chest.

PYGMALION:

I will see you in hell, father.

MATAN:

You damn coward.

Matan takes a few steps forward before he collapses to the floor, dead. The storm over the Mediterranean sea finally reaches land. The lightning crashes as streaks of bright light hits the earth. The king's body, lifeless as Pygmalion is covered with blood up to his elbows and splatters on his face. Pygmalion's face goes from a smile to a look of confusion.

Mago runs to the room with shield and spear in hand. Dido and Acerbas come in behind him. Dido puts her hand to her face as she breaks out in tears. Acerbas, with a look of intense anger, looks at Pygmalion with a burning intent to kill him.

MAGO:

The king is dead. What has happened?

Pygmalion stands silent as he looks out the window as the rain breaks out.

MAGO:

My prince, what has happened? Who are these men? Dido, do you know who they might be.

Dido is too distressed to speak. She wipes her tears as she tells her husband to help lift the king's body to the bed. Servants come to the door as they also break out into tears.

PYGMALION:

Father is dead. He died a warrior's death.

Acerbas grasps his dagger from his side. He cannot stand the words coming out of his mouth.

ACERBAS:

My wife, we must leave here.

DIDO:

I cannot.

ACERBAS:

We must. Leave this matter to Mago.

Mago orders the soldier's to remove the intruder's bodies from the room. The king lay on the bed as a purple bed sheet was pulled over him.

Dido takes a deep breath as her face regains its composure and anger begins to fill her heart and mind. The tears quickly dry up. The camera comes up to her face as a final lightning strike hits and the screen cuts to black.