

VIXEN OF DELPHI

A Short Film

Written by

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EXT. OUTSIDE, POSSIBLY AN ANCIENT TEMPLE - GOLDEN HOUR

Close up shot of ORACLE's face. Eyes closed. She's sitting cross legged. Meditating.

The a PAINTER and PHILOSOPHER approach the Oracle, who sits crossed legged, meditating. The BIRDS are loud and annoying.

HERO

Huh?

(dismissive)

Stupid Birds. ilíthia Pouliá.

PAINTER (O.S.)

Look who it is, the Oracle! Deíte poios eínai, o Manteío!

They look her up and down and lick their lips.

PAINTER (CONT'D)

Pretty one, too. koukla epísis

PHILOSOPHER

Hey, I could use some money, Oracle, why don't you put that talent to good use. Geia sou, tha boroúsa na chrisimopoiíso kápoia chrímata, Oracle, giatí den chrisimopoeíis aftó to talénto.

PAINTER

Tell us who will win the summer games 100 meter dash and we will split the money with you. Peíte mas poios tha kerdísei tous kalokairinoús agónes sta 100 métra kai tha moirastoúme ta chrímata mazí sas.

ORACLE

Please. I have better things to do. Sas parakaloúme. Écho kalýtera prágmata na káno.

PHILOSOPHER

Like what? San ti?

Close up on Hero-

HERO

Like kick your ass. Apalláxte ton kósmo apó parásita ópos eseís.

The camera moves around them as the hero readies herself for a fight when

The sound of KING and SPARTAN join drinking and carrying on.

KING

*Did you ask her? Tin rôtises gia ta
100 métra?*

HERO

He did, but I forsee another
future. To ékane, allá provlépo
álio méllon.

PHILOSOPHER

Does it involve four sexy men?
Perilamvánei tésseris séxi ántres?

They all laugh and lick their lips.

Close up: on licking their lips.

The oracle casually throws a stone over her head. It knocks out Philosopher cold.

Painter pulls a PAINTBRUSH. He's getting serious.

Painter thrusts knife into Oracle's stomach and pulls it out. She stumbles back as if mortally wounded. Then smiles. She pulls out a **book** that was stuffed down her shirt. It blocked the brush.

Painter lunges forward again and thrusts the knife into her chest and pulls it out. She removes a hip flask with a dent in it.

Painter looks exasperated. He stabs her one more time in the other side of the chest. She pulls out an apple and takes a bite.

Oracle headbutts painter. He falls to the ground.

All eyes go to Spartan and King who are stunned.

KING

You are a mad woman!

ORACLE

I knew you'd say that.

Philosopher dazed, stumbles to his feet to see what is going on. The three men stare down the oracle.

KING

A woman must know her role! Mia
gynaíka prépei na xérei ton rólo
tis!

PHILOSOPHER

Who will win the 100 meter dash!
Poios tha kerdísei ta 100 métra!

From the corner of her eye, Hero sees a SCORPION coming her way. Hero bends down and picks it up.

HERO

Gotcha. Nkóttsa.

Hero looks at the Philosopher and then runs with all her might towards him. Hero throws the scorpion into the air. It twists and turns as it flies, landing directly on Philosopher's face.

The scorpion lifts its tail, we linger on the anticipation as the tail slowly comes down and stabs him in the eye.

PHILOSOPHER

Ah!!

He runs off screaming in pain.

HERO

(laughs)

Spartan is not happy.

SPARTAN

*You will pay for that. Tha
plirósete gia aftó.*

HERO

*Come get some. Tha to káno? Eláte
na párete lígo.*

The Spartan rushes her with his sword, slamming it down missing her.

Hero grabs Spartan's sword and uses it on him.

FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW ON THE GROUND: One stab and he is dead.

Hero outsmarts them, using their weapons on them and finally knocking them both down dead.

The king has been watching this scene the whole time and laughs at it.

KING

Haha! That's quite a show you've put on there. You almost made me lose my appetite. Chacha! Eínai mia parástasi pou échete káneí ekeí. Paralígo na mou cháseis tin órexi.

He throws away the lamb leg.

KING (CONT'D)

But it hasn't made me lose my thirst. Allá den me ékane na chásó ti dípsa mou.

He offers her ouzo.

KING (CONT'D)

Would you like some? Tha ítheles lígo?

HERO

Sure. Sígouros.

KING

What will you give me for it? Ti tha mou dóseis gia aftó?

She gulps down the ouzo.

The king watches and laughs.

She then spits it all over King.

As she walks, the ouzo ignites and he is burned.

KING (CONT'D)

Oh no! You - you - Vixen! Och óchi! Esý - esý - Víxen!

Hero takes her seat again and start meditating.

HERO

That's right. Sostá.

The birds are loud and annoying. Close up: on Hero's eyes. They stop chirping.

Aerial shot of the dead men around her on the ground. She is at peace.

ZEE END.