Revelations

Written by
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FADE IN:

EXT. ARENA - CAPUA - DAY

FOLLOW A SWORD eclipsing the blazing sun as it ARCS down and buries itself into the shoulder of a SECUTOR GLADIATOR. BLOOD SPRAYS as the man GRUNTS in pain, eyes wide in terror as he looks at

CRIXUS,
a man possessed. Crixus PULLS his sword from the Secutor's shoulder and viciously attacks. BLOOD SPLATTERS like a Pollock painting as the crowd CHANTS "Crixus! Crixus!"

THE SECUTOR STUMBLES BACKWARDS

as Crixus presses. This is a fucking bloodbath. The momentum continues to build as CAMERA SLOWLY SINKS below the arena (a la Ep. 101), taking us to --

INT. HOLDING CELL - ARENA - DAY

SOlonius sits chained to the wall. Face bruised and hair disheveled. The once proud lanista has been stripped of his jewelry, wearing nothing but a dirty loincloth. Batiatus enters. Solonius barely looks at him.

BATIATUS
It wounds the heart. To see a man once so elevated, plummet to such depths.

SOLONIUS
Your dog Ashur. Was he always upon your leash, even when licking my ass?

BATIATUS
His loyalty never wavered.

SOLONIUS
The man is most skilled in deceit.

BATIATUS
Or perhaps you were too blinded by envy to perceive truth.

SOLONIUS
You flatter yourself.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

Batiatus
Did you not have eyes towards my ludus? My champions? My wife?

Solonius knows the sting of truth in that.

Batiatus (cont'd)
You attempt to steal glory from the House of Batiatus. Yet here you sit, nothing but blood and sand for your efforts.

Solonius
Capua will see you for what you are.

Batiatus
The man who brought the Magistrate's murderer to justice? A hero of the people?
(mocking)
May the gods protect me from their wrath.

A ROAR echoes from the arena. Batiatus glances up.

Batiatus (cont'd)
Crixus makes quick work of his opponent. I must return to the pulvinus... to announce your execution.

Solonius can't help but muster a begrudging respect.

Solonius
Well played. I underestimated you, Batiatus.

Batiatus
You are not the first to die for that mistake.

Batiatus turns and moves out of the cell, WIPING US TO --

EXT. ARENA - CAPUA - DAY

Crixus stands above the fallen Secutor as the crowd CHEERS for death. Crixus KICKS the Secutor's visor open.

Secutor's pov
as Crixus peers down at him from above.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CRIXUS
The gods bless you today. You die
at the hands of Crixus, true
Champion of Capua!

Crixus rears back and SLAMS his blade into the man's face. Blood ERUPTS as Crixus releases the handle, the sword QUIVERING back and forth from out of the helmet. CAMERA CIRCLES CRIXUS as he takes in his adoring public. His eyes finally land on

THE PULVINUS

where NAEVIA beams at his victory. She stands behind LUcretia, who sits with DOMITIA and NUMERIUS. Lucretia smiles at Crixus, thinking he is looking at her.

LUcretia
Crixus honors the memory of your husband.

Batiatus sweeps in.

BATIATUS
As do we all. Let us put these dark times behind us, and with Solonius' blood amend our grief.

OFF BATIATUS, eyes twinkling at the thought...

INT. THE CHUTES - ARENA - DAY

MOVE WITH Crixus as he returns from the arena. He passes AGRON tending his brother DURO, bruised and bloodied from an earlier fight. Crixus continues on, glaring at SPARTACUS, as he goes. Spartacus doesn't even notice, his mind focused only on vengeance against Batiatus. DOCTORE approaches with Spartacus' swords. Spartacus glowers.

SPARTACUS
I request words with Batiatus, yet you return absent the man.

DOCTORE
(handling swords)
Other matters occupy his attention.

(CONTINUED)
SPARTACUS
I have pressed for audience all week. Dominus forgets who his champion is.

DOCTORE
It is you who forgets title of master and slave.

A tense beat, broken by the FANFARE OF TRUMPETS. Spartacus swallows his anger -- for the moment.

SPARTACUS
Apologies. I have made many mistakes since becoming Champion. Know that I intend to rectify them shortly.

OFF Spartacus, his true intentions barely concealed behind burning eyes...

EXT. ARENA - CAPUA - DAY

Batiatus steps forward to address the crowd.

BATIATUS
Good Citizens of Capua! I stand before you, the sting of tears yet hot upon my cheeks, to redress a most vile crime against our city and our hearts. The murder of Magistrate Titus Calavius!

The crowd HISSES and SHOUTS in outrage.

BATIATUS (cont'd)
His life stolen for lust of profit and advancement. His warmth and guidance torn from our hands, and those of loving wife and noble son!

Lucretia takes Domitia's hand in sympathy, who dabs at her tears. Numerius bites his own back in favor of cold, vengeful fury.

BATIATUS (cont'd)
Yet today we shall witness justice! The base criminal that has so wounded us shall be executed ad gladium!

The crowd ROARS their approval.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BATIATUS (cont'd)
Enter Solonius! Enemy of the people!

ARENA

SOLONIUS is shoved out into the arena, sword in hand. He stands disoriented as the crowd BOOS and pelts him with garbage. THE PULVINUS

BATIATUS (cont'd)
And who shall balance the scales?!
Who shall restore honor to our city?!
There is but one man! The Slayer of Theokoles! The Bringer of Rain! Spartacus, Champion of Capua!

ARENA

The crowd goes insane as Spartacus comes out of the chute and squares off across from Solonius. Solonius swallows his fear, drawing himself up.

SOLONIUS
You survived your execution, Thracian. Upon these very sands. Perhaps good Solonius shall fare as well.

SPARTACUS
I would not expect it.

He turns to lock eyes with Batiatus in the Pulvinus.

BATIATUS

Begin!

Solonius bellows as he suddenly attacks -- and proves that he is not without considerable skill with a sword. The crowd ROARS. Spartacus defends but does not strike back.

PULVINUS

Numerius seethes.

NUMERIUS
Why does Spartacus not strike in return?

BATIATUS
He but extends the moment, to the favor of the crowd. The villain's blood will flow soon enough.
CONTINUED:

Batiatus places a reassuring hand on the boy's shoulder.

DOMITIA
(to Lucretia)
Your husband has been a gift from
the gods. Numerius would be lost
without his support.

LUCRETIA
He gains great comfort in the act.

DOMITIA
The comfort is ours.

She musters a smile at the sight of Batiatus and Numerius
together.

DOMITIA (cont'd)
He will make a fine father, when
the day comes.

Lucretia forces a pained smile. She shifts her attention to
the arena, changing the subject.

LUCRETIA
Ah. Spartacus draws blood.

ARENA
Solonius reels back, a gash across his cheek. Spartacus eyes
him with appreciation.

SPARTACUS
You are not absent skill.

SOLONIUS
(winded)
Nor desire to live.

Solonius attacks again. The crowd roars as Spartacus engages
him, trading blows.

PULVINUS
Batiatus laughs, clasping Numerius on the shoulder.

Batiatus
You see? Solonius comes to his end.

ILITHYIA enters.

ILITHYIA
And who would not wish it?

(Continued)
The streets of Rome are wet with tears of your loss.

Numerius nods his thanks. Batiatus shoots Lucretia a look. Lucretia whispers to Ilithyia as she sits.

**LUCRETIA**
We have not received word from you, Ilithyia. I feared you had gone astray.

**ILITHYIA**
I could never abandon such a good friend. Could I?

Ilithyia produces a measured smile.

**LUCRETIA**
Did you speak to your husband? About patronage for the House of Batiatus?

**ILITHYIA**
At length. He comes to Capua a day hence, to discuss the matter personally.

Lucretia beams at the news. The CROWD ROARS, pulling her attention to --

**THE ARENA**

Spartacus drives Solonius back with vicious precision. The crowd ROARS as Spartacus inflicts one wound after another, slicing Solonius to pieces in a spray of blood.

**SOLONIUS FALLS TO HIS KNEES,**

his sword tumbling from his hand. The crowd CHEERS. Solonius gazes into the stands with a sense of wonder.

**SOLONIUS**
The roar of the crowd. There is no sound more glorious.

**SPARTACUS**
The last you shall hear.

Solonius looks up as Spartacus looms over him.

**SOLONIUS**
You take the wrong life. Your master Batiatus. He is the villain.
CONTINUED:

SPARTACUS
And shall join you presently.

TIGHT ON SOLONIUS as it dawns on him that Spartacus plans to kill Batiatus. A smile forms just as Spartacus SLAMS HIS SWORD THOUGH SOLONIUS' NECK. The crowd ROARS as he yanks it out and Solonius' body collapses in a spray of blood. Spartacus looks to

THE PULVINUS

where Batiatus nods to Spartacus with a satisfied smile. OFF SPARTACUS, as a smile of his own forms, one tinged with thoughts of vengeance...

INT. BATIATUS' VILLA - NIGHT

FOLLOW Batiatus and Doctore as they move through the villa.

BATIATUS
I would not have Agron risk himself on behalf of brotherly bond. See him separated from Duro in future games.

DOCTORE
(nods)
What of Spartacus? He grows restless at not receiving audience.

BATIATUS
The proceedings with Solonius have filled my attentions. Send Mira to occupy his thoughts. I will summon him in the morning.

Doctore nods and heads back to the ludus as Batiatus steps into the --

TRICLINIUM

to find ASHUR. HOUSE SLAVES fit him in new, expensive robes. Batiatus grins at the sight.

BATIATUS (cont'd)
Robes, fit for a man of intelligence and breeding! You wear them well.

ASHUR
As I do the mantle of humble servant.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Batiatus waves the Slaves out of the room.

BATIATUS
This day beheld the end of Solonius. A welcomed spectacle, given purchase by your loyalty and cunning.

ASHUR
I took great pleasure in the act.

Batiatus pours wine.

BATIATUS
As do I in the rewarding of it. You are to be removed from the ludus immediately.

ASHUR
(concerned)
Removed?

BATIATUS
You shall reside in the villa! Elevated far above the common men, your devious fucking mind close to elbow.

Batiatus shoves a cup of wine in his hand with a laugh. Ashur is overwhelmed. This is a huge fucking deal.

ASHUR
Gratitude seizes the tongue.

BATIATUS
Perhaps a woman could aid in untangling it. Name any slave, and the wet joys of her body are yours.

Ashur's wheels kick into high gear, sensing opportunity.

ASHUR
I confess to certain longings. For one not yet soiled by the other men.

BATIATUS
Give voice to desire, and see it fulfilled.

OFF ASHUR, a sly grin bending his lips...
INT. SPARTACUS' CELL - BÁTIATUS' LUDUS - NIGHT

Spartacus sits and stares ahead. Killing Batiatus his only thought. The door to his cell opens, revealing MIRA. Spartacus glances over, says nothing. Mira offers explanation

MIRA
Apologies. My presence was commanded.

SPARTACUS
(darkening)
By Batiatus?

MIRA
His words set me to purpose. But they were gladly received...

She moves to touch Spartacus' face. He brushes her away, irritated. Mira flares at the rejection.

MIRA (cont'd)
I tend your wound. Stand guard at your request while you stain hands with blood. And you discard a simple touch?

SPARTACUS
(softening)
My mind is taken with other thoughts.

MIRA
Then break open head and share them, or prove yourself again an ass.

A beat. Spartacus glowers, gives in.

SPARTACUS
I fear Batiatus suspects my hand in Aulus' death.

MIRA
He appears absent weight of pressing concern. If he harbored suspicion --

SPARTACUS
Then why does he not grant me audience?!

(CONTINUED)
Mira catches the intense hatred flashing in Spartacus' eyes. She pauses, gauging the meaning of it.

MIRA
And what matter is the Champion so keen to broach?

Spartacus doesn't answer. Mira begins to put the pieces together.

MIRA (cont'd)
Aulus dies by your hand. And furious passion to stand before Batiatus follows. What secrets did Aulus reveal in final breath, that so inflamed?

SPARTACUS
(a beat)
That his hand robbed Sura of life. By command of Batiatus.

Spartacus locks eyes with her. She tenses as the true nature of his intentions slam into her.

MIRA
You plan vengeance!

Spartacus turns away.

MIRA (cont'd)
You cannot do this! Spartacus --

SPARTACUS
That is not what she called me! Never again will I hear her whisper my true name. Or taste the joy of it upon her lips.
(hardening)
I will see the light fade from his eyes, or join her in the attempt.

MIRA
At expense of my life? And every slave in the House of Batiatus!
(off Spartacus' look)
The fucking Thracian does not know Roman law! If one slave spills the blood of his master, all are put to death.

A beat as Spartacus absorbs that.
CONTINUED:

SPARTACUS
(soft)
Every man to his own fate. And I to mine.

OFF SPARTACUS, hardening in his resolve for vengeance...

INT. PANTRY - BATICUS’ VILLA - NIGHT

Crixus and Naevia collapse into each other's arms, naked, breathless and flush.

CRIXUS
You move... with strong purpose...

NAEVIA
Spurred... by your victory.

CRIXUS
(laughs playfully)
I thought you did not favor the games?

NAEVIA
It is not the games. It is the champion that plays them.

CRIXUS
(darkening)
Spartacus yet holds the title.

NAEVIA
But for a moment. Soon glory will be restored to its proper place.

CRIXUS
When I defeated Pericles and you were not in the pulvinus... There is no meaning in glory, without your eyes to witness.

Naevia takes him in, deeply affected by his words.

NAEVIA
They will never again be absent.

They kiss, their souls entwining.

LUcretia (O.S.)
Naevia?!

They scramble in panic to avoid being caught.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

NAEVIA
(hushed)
Quickly!

Naevia slips her dress back on. Crixus pulls her close for one last, quick kiss before disappearing through the gate.

LUCRETIA (O.S.)
Naevia!

Naevia locks it with Hector's KEY. She turns around, just as Lucretia descends the stairs.

NAEVIA
Domina.

Naevia discretely slips the key into her robe.

LUCRETIA
What business do you attend, that you do not answer?

NAEVIA
Fetching wine, Domina. I did not hear --

LUCRETIA
(gravely)
Leave it. There is a service required of you by Dominus. Come.

Lucretia heads back up the stairs. OFF NAEVIA, concerned by Lucretia's ominous tone as she follows, WIPING US TO --

INT. ASHUR'S QUARTERS - BATIATUS' VILLA - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a flame lighting a candle. REVERSE TO FIND Ashur as he sets the candle amongst several others lit throughout the room. NAEVIA enters, eyes filled with fear. Ashur drinks her in.

ASHUR
My heart quickens at such a vision. Please...

Ashur motions for Naevia, who enters with much trepidation.

ASHUR (cont'd)
Set mind to ease. I cling to no grudge for past transgressions.

(CONTINUED)
NAEVIA
I do not understand.

ASHUR
You spoke with Doctore, after it was said Barca secured his freedom. Your tongue set him towards suspicion, and my hand in Barca's true fate.

NAEVIA
I told him nothing.

ASHUR
A thing of no consequence. Turn it from your thoughts. As I have from mine, in favor of more intimate concerns...
   (his eyes wander her body)
I have admired your beauty for many years. Were you aware of my affections?

NAEVIA
I have felt your gaze linger of late.

ASHUR
A gaze all I could dare, your position placing you forever beyond my grasp. Delicate, ripe Naevia. Always the forbidden fruit. Until now...

Ashur brushes a stray lock of hair from her eyes and leans in to kiss her. Naevia tenses as his lips near. He pauses at the last second, enjoying the game.

ASHUR (cont'd)
You tremble. Has a man never kissed you...
   (circling her)
Caressed the soft curve of your hips...
   (a whisper)
Slipped inside you...

NAEVIA
Domina has seen that I remain untouched.

Ashur is now behind her, his lips close to her ear.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ASHUR
(smirks at the lie)
Then we are both in her debt...

Tears well in Naevia's eyes as Ashur slips the robe from her shoulder. It falls to the floor, WIPING US TO --

INT. BEDCHAMBER - BATIATUS' VILLA - NIGHT

Lucretia paces the room in anger as Batiatus reclines in bed.

LUCRETIA
You give her away as if a common whore! I preserved her chastity since she was a child, towards presenting it as a gift!

BATIATUS
The only gift of chastity is in its removal.

LUCRETIA
By a man of worth! Not fucking Ashur!

Lucretia sits on the bed, heavy with sadness and guilt.

LUCRETIA (cont'd)
Naevia has been my most trusted slave. The thought of that fucking Syrian shoving his devious cock inside her... It is a betrayal, Quintus.

BATIATUS
(comforting her)
It is a necessity. Set details of it aside, and shift mind to Glaber's arrival. His patronage brings to climax all our labors.
(kissing her)
When the sun rises on the House of Batiatus, everything will change.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TRAINING SQUARE - BATIATUS' LUDUS - DAY

Spartacus angrily strikes a palus. A focused rage. SLOW PUSH IN ON SPARTACUS, as each CRACK brings a FLASH of

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SURA

in the moment before her death (from episode 106 - ALREADY SHOT). Barely clinging to life. Spartacus slams the palus as he FLASHES on Sura reaching up and touching his cheek with her blood stained hand. The memory is shattered by --

CRIXUS

slamming the palus with his sword from the opposite side.

CRIXUS

Your wooden man gives almost as much fight as Solonius.

(striking palus)

With each victory, I draw closer to facing you again in the arena. And reclaiming stolen glory.

SPARTACUS

There is no glory. Only blood, spilled for the pleasure of the Romans.

CRIXUS

And how they will roar, when I spill yours across the sand.

HECTOR appears at the edge of the square, face still marred by his run-in with Spartacus (in episode 110).

HECTOR

Spartacus! You are summoned.

Spartacus looks to Crixus. Not planning to return.

SPARTACUS

I fear you will never have the chance.

Spartacus drops his sword and follows Hector out of the square. OFF CRIXUS, pondering the meaning of that...

INT. TRICLINIUM - BATIATUS' VILLA - DAY

FOLLOW TWO SLAVES moving a heavy couch. Mira and other SLAVES bustle about, cleaning and decorating. Batius supervises.

BATIATUS

(re: couch)
Careful with that!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BATTIATUS (cont'd)
(glancing about)
Where are the flowers? Go see where
the new girl is with the fucking
flowers!

A SLAVE hurries out, passing Hector and Spartacus as they
enter. Batiatus brightens.

BATTIATUS (cont'd)
Ah! The Champion of Capua graces
our presence!

Mira tenses as Batiatus moves to greet Spartacus.

BATTIATUS (cont'd)
Apologies for delay in receiving
you. I have been consumed by the
tumult of recent events.

SPARTACUS
Much has changed.

Spartacus subtly scans the room. Searching for a weapon.

BATTIATUS
The world reforms at our feet, the
very earth thrusting us to
unimaginable heights!

SPARTACUS
At great cost.

His eyes land on a nearby FLAGSTAFF. They shift to the CLUB
dangling from Hector's belt. They finally settle on a small
KNIFE beside a bowl of fruit.

BATTIATUS
Easily paid! This very moment
Legatus Glaber thunders towards us
to bestow patronage!

That gets Spartacus' attention.

SPARTACUS
Glaber?

BATTIATUS
I know your feelings towards the
man. I ask they be put aside, in
favor of nobler pursuits.

A tense beat.

(CONTINUED)
SPARTACUS
Glaber took Sura from my arms. But he is not the man who took her life.

Spartacus takes a step towards the knife. Mira's heart freezes in her chest -- but Spartacus' revenge is interrupted by VARRO'S WIFE AURELIA entering with flowers.

SPARTACUS (cont'd)
Aurelia?

Aurelia stares daggers at Spartacus, turns to Batiatus.

AURELIA
Will that be all?

Batiatus waves her out. Spartacus watches her go, stricken.

SPARTACUS
What is she doing here?

BATIATUS
Working beneath my employ, to see Varro's debts properly repaid.

SPARTACUS
I pledged my winnings to such a cause. You did not tell her this?

BATIATUS
Of course. Yet she would have no coin from your purse. Nor mine, unless obtained by means of fair labor. She wishes to serve the House of Batiatus, until all debts are balanced.

Spartacus reels from this news. His eyes flick back to the knife. He stands frozen. Conflicted. He comes to a decision, delaying his revenge. For now.

SPARTACUS
She is a good woman. And worthy of consideration.

Mira can't help but darken at that. Batiatus grins.

BATIATUS
And shall have it in abundance. Now what matter have you been so eager to discuss?

(CONTINUED)
ON SPARTACUS, head spinning, needing to gather his thoughts.

SPARTACUS
I merely sought word towards
Varro's wife, and that she had been
provided for.

BATIATUS
(laughs)
Excellent! Then all is well between
us!

OFF BATIATUS, beaming, not knowing how close he just came to
a bloody end...

INT. BATIATUS' VILLA - DAY

Hector leads Spartacus back the ludus. Mira hustles up.

MIRA
I require words with Spartacus.

HECTOR
And why the fuck would I allow
that?

MIRA
(hissed)
Because my tongue remains silent
towards the gate key you lost. You
would have it remain so?

Hector realizes she is forcing his hand. Scowls.

HECTOR
Be quick.

Hector moves off a bit to give them a moment. Mira moves
closer to Spartacus. Speaks so as not to be overheard.

MIRA
Opportunity presents itself, yet
Batiatus lives.

SPARTACUS
For the moment.

MIRA
What delays your hand?

Spartacus doesn't answer. Mira snorts in disgust.

(CONTINUED)
MIRA (cont'd)
Last night the lives of every slave under this roof meant nothing to you. Then Aurelia appears, and you grow a fucking conscience!

SPARTACUS
Varro was as a brother. I will not see his wife put to risk.

MIRA
You put the woman at risk when you killed her husband.

Mira storms away. OFF SPARTACUS, feeling the weight of her words...

INT. CORRIDOR - Batiatus' LUDUS - DAY

TWO GUARDS flank Ashur as he carries out the last of his belongings. Ashur spots Crixus, breaks into a bright smile.

ASHUR
Crixus! I had hoped to pass you! A parting gift...

He hands him a clay tablet.

CRIXUS
What shit is this?

ASHUR
A memento of your battle with Theokoles. The city was filled with such novelties after Spartacus brought the rains.

TIGHT ON THE TABLET, depicting Spartacus defeating Theokoles, Crixus lying wounded in the b.g. Crixus seethes, hurls the tablet to shatter against the wall.

ASHUR (cont'd)
(shrugs)
The craftsmanship was rather poor.

Crixus snorts at Ashur's robes, his stuff.

CRIXUS
Dominus finally removes you from the company of men?
ASHUR
(smiles, rubbing it in)
Far removed. I have been given favored quarters within the villa.
To serve as our master's right hand.

CRIXUS
The one he wipes ass with.

ASHUR
Ah, witty turn of phrase. One of the many splendors I shall miss of being a gladiator.

CRIXUS
You were never a gladiator.

Ashur darkens, the subject yet tender.

ASHUR
No. Not after your blade found itself in my leg.

CRIXUS
(shit-eating grin)
My gift to you.

ASHUR
One that has given great reward. My new station affords pleasures far beyond those dreamed by common gladiators. Even one who was once champion.

(locking eyes)
Everything I am, everything I now possess, I owe to you.

Ashur smiles warmly as he moves off with the Guards, WIPING US TO --

INT. ATRIUM - BATTIATUS' VILLA - DAY

Naevia stands next to Mira, her shame barely masked behind a forced smile. Aurelia enters with a tray of food. Mira hisses at her, voice filled with contempt.

MIRA
No, that goes to the balcony.
Quickly. The Legatus arrives.

(CONTINUED)
Aurelia nods, passes Lucretia adjusting Batiatus' robes as she heads out.

**LUCRETIA**
The new girl is slow to the task.

**BATIATUS**
An act of charity.
(eyeing Aurelia as she exits)
We shall yet find proper use for her.

Ashur enters and takes his place at Batiatus' side.

**ASHUR**
A great day, Dominus. One that shall be remembered.

He smiles at Naevia. The heart catches in her throat as she bites back the tears. THE ATRIUM DOORS SWING OPEN -- and Ilithyia strides in, absent Glaber.

**BATIATUS**
Where is the Legatus?

**ILITHYIA**
Apologies. My husband is delayed.

**LUCRETIA**
(hint of a threat)
You made promise.

**ILITHYIA**
Which will be well kept. He yet intends proper visit, but requests good Batiatus give greeting upon entering the city.

**BATIATUS**
(beaming)
A great honor! When does he arrive?

**ILITHYIA**
Now.

**BATIATUS**
(coversing his irritation)
Ashur, gather cart! We must hurry!

Lucretia eyes Ilithyia warily as Ashur and Batiatus exit. Is Ilithyia playing games?
LUCRETIA
Come. Let us retire to the balcony to feast. And review your sense of timing.

ILITHYIA
I would love nothing more, but must return to the villa and gather my belongings.

LUCRETIA
To what end?

ILITHYIA
(bursting with excitement)
I am moving back to Rome!

Lucretia takes that in, not caring for the implication.

LUCRETIA
But your time in Capua has been so brief.

ILITHYIA
Painfully. Yet now that my husband campaigns for Praetor, he insists I remain at his side.

Lucretia puts a hand to her stomach, fighting back a wave of nausea.

ILITHYIA (cont'd)
Are you well? The blood drains from your cheeks.

LUCRETIA
My heart but flutters... at the thought of losing you.

Ilithyia smiles sympathetically.

ILITHYIA
Memories of our time together will fade only with difficulty. Your friendship, Lucretia, has forever altered my life.

Ilithyia leans in and kisses Lucretia. Softly. Lingering. She pulls away with a faint smile and heads for the door.
OFF LUCRETIA, a wave of unease washing over her as she watches Ilithyia exit...
EXT. TRAINING SQUARE/BALCONY - BATIATUS' LUDUS/VILLA - DAY

The hot sun beats down on Crixus as he spars. His body glistening. Form flawless. CAMERA TILTS UP TO --

THE BALCONY

Aurelia pours wine. Lucretia sips it, her gaze focused on Crixus. Eyes dancing with desire. Naevia shares her gaze, her own eyes threatening tears.

LUcretia

Naevia.

NAEVIA

Domina.

Lucretia pauses in her command, noticing Naevia's condition.

LUcretia

Your eyes. They threaten tears.

NAEVIA

Apologies, Domina.

Lucretia feels a twinge of guilt. Wants to comfort Naevia. Tries to find the right words, but is unable to.

LUcretia

None required.  
(changing subject, whispered)

Have Crixus brought to my chambers.

Naevia nods and moves out. Lucretia watches in worry as she goes, then rises. Her softness fades as she addresses Aurelia.

LUcretia (cont'd)

Clear this mess.

Aurelia sets to it as Lucretia exits.

TRAINING SQUARE

Spartacus watches Aurelia as he trains, his heart heavy with guilt. MOVE OFF Spartacus to find Doctore with Agron and Duro.

DOCTORE

You are to fight separately.

(CONTINUED)
AGRON (incensed)
But we were victorious!

DOCTORE
The decision has been made. Duro.
Train with Hamilcar.

Doctore walks away. Duro laughs.

DURO
Finally. Opportunity to remove我自己 from your fucking shadow.

He joins HAMILCAR with a grin. Agron's mind races. He spots Spartacus, an idea forming as he crosses to him.

AGRON
Spartacus. I would make request.

SPARTACUS
Ask another, if you seek it granted.

Spartacus motions for him to spar. Agron complies.

AGRON
It is not for me, but for my brother. Batiatus orders us parted. Duro greets the news with laugh and fucking smile. Yet I fear he shall not survive the arena on his own.

SPARTACUS
You are not alone in the thought.

AGRON
Batiatus shows you much favor. A word from your lips could see the decision undone.

Spartacus darkens at the mention of Batiatus.

SPARTACUS
Batiatus favors no one but himself.

Spartacus attacks, WIPING US TO --
EXT. MARKET PLACE - CAPUA - DAY

PEDESTRIANS make way as CLAUDIUS GLABER appears on horseback, followed by TEN OF HIS MEN and a STANDARD BEARER. Citizens gawk at the impressive sight.

BATIATUS

hustles up, winded, with Ashur and ATTENDING SLAVES in tow.

BATIATUS

Legatus Glaber! Your arrival honors the fair city of Capua!

Glaber barely acknowledges him.

GLABER

An honor I expected matched by greeting at the gates.

BATIATUS

Apologies. I had thought --

GLABER

(curts)

Let us move past it. My ears burn with reports of lawlessness since last I paid visit.

BATIATUS

The Magistrate's murder was quite unfortunate...

GLABER

As was that of Ovidius and his family. And now the cousin of Senator Crassus goes missing.

BATIATUS

Let us retire to my villa, where we may discuss this and other matters at length.

GLABER

I prefer to speak with someone in authority. Good Mercato awaits.

BATIATUS

Shall I accompany you?

GLABER

That will not be necessary. Await me at your villa.
CONTINUED:

BATIATUS
When may I expect you?

GLABER
When I arrive.

Glaber spurs his horse forward, the rest of his men following. OFF BATIATUS, seething over the snub as he watches them ride away, WIPING US TO...

INT. BATIATUS' VILLA - DAY

Naevia escorts Crixus. Naevia avoids his eyes, barely keeping it together. Crixus whispers to her.

CRIXUS
You fill my thoughts. I long for night, to resume what was last interrupted.

NAEVIA
(her voice cracking)
I cannot meet you.

Unable to hold it back any longer, Naevia begins to cry. Crixus stops, gently wiping away her tears.

CRIXUS
It is but one night. Your touch will be missed, but no cause for this.

NAEVIA
Yes, cause. Enough to drown us both in tears.
    (with difficulty)
Dominus has given me to another.

Crixus is stunned. His surprise quickly gives way to anger.

CRIXUS
Who?
    (pulls her closer, desperate)
Tell me the man's name!

NAEVIA
It does not matter. We have lived in a dream. And now must awaken.

Naevia hurries away, tears burning her cheeks. OFF CRIXUS, his world spinning out of control...
INT. BEDCHAMBER - BATIATUS' VILLA - DAY

Crixus enters. Heart heavy. Still reeling.

    LUCRETIA (O.S.)
    Do not be troubled, mighty Crixus.

Lucretia appears in a flowing, translucent gown. The OPAL NECKLACE Crixus gave her (in ep. 104) gracing her neck.

    LUCRETIA
    Capua cheers your name once more.

Lucretia moves to Crixus. Circles him. Her finger tracing the chiseled curves of his flesh.

    LUCRETIA (cont'd)
    Soon you will seize the mantle of Champion from that fucking Thracian. And everything shall be as it was before you fell to Theokoles.

    CRIXUS
    I long for it to be so.

    LUCRETIA
    As do I.

Lucretia kisses him passionately. Crixus tries to respond in kind, but thoughts of Naevia invade. Lucretia pulls back, eyes filling with uncertainty and the creeping tinge of fear.

    LUCRETIA (cont'd)
    Something is wrong...

    CRIXUS
    Apologies, Domina. I --

Lucretia's legs half buckle. Crixus catches Lucretia, realizing she wasn't referring to him.

    CRIXUS (cont'd)
    Domina?!

Lucretia clutches her stomach, half conscious.

    CRIXUS (cont'd)
    (calling out)
    Naevia! NAEVIA!

OFF the moment...
INT. ATRIUM - BATICATUS' VILLA - NIGHT

Batiatus storms in, Ashur in tow.

BATICATUS
The shit fuck beckons me to the city, only to spurn me as he would a thin waisted whore! Once again the gods spread cheeks and ram cock up fucking ass!

ASHUR
Perhaps a gentle nudge, to remind the Legatus of your importance...?

Batiatus considers that, nods.

BATICATUS
Make arrangements. Glaber will bend to my fucking will. Or break in the denying of it.

Ashur nods and hurries back out. Batiatus heads for the bedchambers.

BATICATUS (cont'd)
Lucretia!

INT. BEDCHAMBER - BATICATUS' VILLA - MOMENTS LATER

Batiatus enters, breathing fire.

BATICATUS
You need to have fucking words with Ilithyia --

He freezes. Lucretia is on the bed, attended to by MEDICUS and Naevia. Mira stands off to the side.

BATICATUS (cont'd)
What has happened? Lucretia...?

Lucretia locks eyes with him... and smiles.

LUCRETIA
I am with child.

Batiatus struggles to process that. Lucretia laughs.

LUCRETIA (cont'd)
You are to be a father, Quintus.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Batiatus rushes to Lucretia, overcome with joy.

    BATTIATUS
     (to Mira)
    Wine! Wine for the fucking house!
    We must celebrate!

Mira rushes out, WIPING US TO --

INT. BEDCHAMBER - ALBINIUS' VILLA - NIGHT

Ilithyia sips wine as SLAVES brush her hair in preparation
for bed. Glaber sweeps in, removing his armor.

    ILITHYIA
    Finally. I had feared you absorbed
    for the night.

    GLABER
    The curse of Mercato's
    incompetence. The cousin of Crassus
    vanishes, and the fool has no
    theory rattling in his empty head.

Ilithyia subtly turns away to hide her reaction.

    ILITHYIA
    Theories pale against the obvious.
    Licinia's tongue was suspected of
    lounging in less esteemed places
    than around her husband's cock...
    (pouting)
    Whereas mine has made do with
    naught but idle conversation.

Ilithyia steps up to kiss him, but Glaber holds her off.

    GLABER
    I fear it has not been as idle as
    you would have me believe.

Ilithyia tenses.

    GLABER (cont'd)
    What promises have you made to
    Batiatus and his faded bitch? The
    flesh monger looks to me with
    rheumy eyes, brimming with
    expectation.

(CONTINUED)
ILITHYIA
I promise nothing, save word on their behalf to my dearly missed husband...

She strokes his bare chest, kissing his neck.

GLABER
Batiatus is little better than the beasts that bear his mark.

ILITHYIA
True, but he does provide a certain amusement.

Ilithyia slips out of her gown, revealing naked perfection.

ILITHYIA (cont'd)
Humor their intent. No more can be asked from a man of your station. My promise discharged, we shall return to Rome. And more civilized company.

Glaber pushes Ilithyia against a nearby dresser and enters her. Ilithyia reaches out in ecstasy, her hand knocking over her cup. The spreading wine TRANSITIONING US TO --

INT. PANTRY - BATIATUS' VILLA - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a pool of spilled wine. PULL OUT to find Aurelia quickly picking up the pieces of a shattered wine jug. Mira glares.

MIRA
Fetch another. And fucking hold onto it this time.

Aurelia moves to comply. Spartacus appears from the shadows on the other side of the gate.

SPARTACUS
Aurelia. I beg a moment.
(to Mira)
Alone.

Mira stares daggers at Spartacus, then storms back up the stairs. Aurelia stays, but refuses to look at Spartacus.

SPARTACUS (cont'd)
You cannot be under care of Batiatus.

(CONTINUED)
Aurelia locks eyes with him, barely containing her fury.

Spartacus has no reply, save the swell of guilt in his eyes. A somber beat.

Her guilt wells.

Aurelia heads for the stairs. Spartacus hisses after her.

Spartacus is not to be trusted. Do not lay faith in him.

My husband is dead. And with him all faith.
CONTINUED:

She exits. OFF SPARTACUS, devastated by his failure to honor Varro's dying wish of protecting Aurelia...

INT. TRICLINIUM - BATIATUS' VILLA - DAY

Batiatus and Lucretia lead Glaber and Ilithyia into the Triclinium where a feast has been arranged. Several of Glaber's Men follow at a respectful distance.

BATIATUS
(making the hard sell)
As your eyes witness, no coin has been spared in restoring the villa! All will marvel upon privileged entry, and be humbled by the storied history of the House of Batiatus!

Glaber takes in the villa, impressed despite his feelings towards Batiatus.

GLABER
It is a vast improvement.

ILITHYIA
The gods have truly blessed them.

Lucretia shares a warm smile with Batiatus.

LUCRETIA
And continue to do so.

Batiatus takes wine from Mira, hands Glaber a cup.

GLABER
If fortune so favors, why continue to press so brazenly for my support?

BATIATUS
True fortune extends no further than a man's ambition. And mine stretches well beyond the sands of the arena.

GLABER
How far beyond?

BATIATUS
To the very doors of political office.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Glaber stifles a dismissive grin. Batiatus hedges.

BATIATUS (cont'd)
Of a minor capacity. At first.

GLABER
Let us entertain it for a moment. What men of status lend you their confidence?

BATIATUS
Magistrate Calavius had voiced endorsement. Before the coward Solonius forever stilled his tongue.

ILITHYIA
(shudders)
A base villain. The way he would stare with his teeth.

GLABER
My heart is moved by the tragedy. Yet my head remains fixed. What advantage would I gain from association with a lanista?

BATIATUS
My gladiators ignite the passion of the crowd. Lend name to my cause, and see their deafening cheers transformed -- into demand for Claudius Glaber, and his desired position of Praetor.

For the first time, Glaber seems to be seriously entertaining the idea of granting patronage. Ilithyia subtly disrupts the thought.

ILITHYIA
They do favor Batiatus' men like no others. Especially Spartacus.

GLABER
(darkening)
The Thracian.

Lucretia shoots Ilithyia a displeased look.

GLABER (cont'd)
What does it say that your finest gladiator was my worst soldier?
CONTINUED:

Batiatus
That I am the greatest lanista in all the Republic. For I have taken a wild beast, and forged him into a god.

Glaber
A bold claim.

Batiatus
Built upon a foundation of fucking granite.

Glaber mulls this over, intrigued.

Glaber
I would see words made flesh.

Batiatus
Easily conjured. Spartacus trains in the square with the other men.

Glaber
I have descended into the bowels of your ludus before, and did not care for the stench. Summon the Thracian to the villa. With the rest of your men.

Batiatus
All of them?

Glaber
All.

Off Glaber, expecting his command to be obeyed...

INT. ATRIUM - Batiatus' Villa - Moments Later

A crush of Gladiators are assembled, all in chains. Glaber moves past Agron and Duro, then Crixus. Crixus glances across the room at Naevia, who averts her eyes in shame. Ashur notes the building rage in Crixus.

Glaber Comes to Rest

in front of Spartacus, looking him over in cool dissection. Batiatus tenses.
GLABER
The Champion of Capua. A sad day when an honored city elevates a cur to such position.

Spartacus catches sight of Aurelia standing near Mira, says nothing. Now is not the time.

GLABER (cont'd)
(a beat, then to Batiatus)
I see you have taught the animal not to speak out of turn. I would have demonstration of other tricks the Thracian has learned. Unchain him.

Batiatus reluctantly nods for Hector to unchain Spartacus. Spartacus steps forward, taking two practice swords from Doctore.

BATIATUS
Which of my men would you have oppose him?

GLABER
None. (to his men) Formation.

They draw their swords and spread out, forming a huge circle around Spartacus. Mira, standing near Aurelia, tenses.

BATIATUS
Spartacus wields practice swords. I fear he is at disadvantage.

GLABER
I but give him chance to prove his legend. Iovis.

IOVIS, a thick-jawed brute, steps forward with a grin. Doctore shoots Batiatus a look -- this is not right. Batiatus signals Doctore to stand down. Ilithyia grins wickedly as she watches from Lucretia's side.

ILITHYIA
How exciting.

Lucretia shoots her a tight look.

GLABER
Begin!

(CONTINUED)
Iovis charges. Spartacus deflects, his twin wooden swords slicing the air with deadly, practiced intent. Iovis is completely dismantled by Spartacus' superior skill and agility. He crashes to the floor, bleeding and unconscious.

SPARTACUS

locks eyes with Glaber, ready for more.

GLABER (cont'd)

Vesper! Linus!

VESPER and LINUS rush in from opposite sides, attacking Spartacus. Batiatus tenses, realizing Glaber intends to kill Spartacus.

B ATIATUS

Legatus --

GLABER

You opened this door, lanista. And we shall pass through it.

Spartacus battles Vesper and Linus. Vesper manages to slice Spartacus across the shoulder. Spartacus grunts, redoubles his own assault. Vesper goes down. Glaber snarls, signaling the rest of his men to attack.

MIRA

looks on with worry as Glaber's remaining men swarm in. Spartacus takes a few hits, driving him back. His eyes land on Batiatus for a brief, frozen moment. Spartacus' resolve hardens -- he will not die while Batiatus yet lives.

SPARTACUS ERUPTS,

a man possessed. He counters and attacks, a demon of pain and vengeance. MEN scream as BLOOD splatters.

CRIXUS WATCHES,

detached from the life and death struggle as his eyes continue to flick to Naevia. A smile bends Ashur's lips as he drifts towards Naevia, intent on seeing his own battle with Crixus concluded.

SPARTACUS SPINS AND ATTACKS

Glaber's men in a frenetic orgy of violence. The last man crashes to the floor. Spartacus stands in the center of a circle of the semi-conscious, bleeding men. Batiatus beams.
CONTINUED:

BATIATUS
Behold. The legend, proved.

Spartacus bows his head in "respect".

SPARTACUS
Dominus.

GLABER
This savage caused Rome great offense!

Glaber surveys his injured men -- and can't help but consider Spartacus with begrudging respect.

GLABER (cont’d)
Yet it appears you have broken the man.

Ashur slides in next to Naevia in the background.

GLABER (cont’d)
The way he bows in deference. Would I be afforded such courtesies, I wonder, if patronage were to be awarded?

BATIATUS
He would be yours to command, as all my men.

Glaber locks eyes with Spartacus.

GLABER
Kneel. And it shall be so.

Spartacus hesitates. Batiatus tenses. Spartacus glances to Aurelia -- and complies.

SPARTACUS
Legatus.

Glaber smiles in satisfaction. Batiatus glows, all his hopes and dreams about to be realized. ANGLE ON ASHUR as he seizes the moment to bring his own devious plans to fruition. He gently brushes back Naevia's hair to kiss her neck -- SMILING AT CRIXUS AS HE DOES.
REVERSE ON CRIXUS

as the shock of recognition slams into him that Ashur is the man Batiatus gave Naevia to. Naevia looks at him for the first time. Her sad eyes a silent confirmation.

CRIXUS SNARLS IN RAGE,

launching himself across the room. TIME SLOWS as Batiatus' eyes widen in shock. Doctore starts to move, but it's too late. Crixus knocks Spartacus over and slams into Ashur, TIME RESUMING as they smash to the ground.

        CRIXUS
        You fucking cunt!

        BATIATUS
        Crixus!

Lucretia gasps as Crixus smashes Ashur in the face. Blood splatters. Ilithyia fights to stifle a GIGGLE. Crixus bellows in rage, but is pulled off by Doctore, who struggles to contain him. Spartacus rises, rushes to help Doctore.

        SPARTACUS
        (a hiss)
        Calm yourself!

        GLABER
        Slaves running wild! Is this what you would have me give name towards?

        BATIATUS
        (to Crixus)
        What seizes your fucking wits?!
        Speak!

Crixus says nothing. Naevia starts to speak to defend him, but Ashur cuts her off.

        ASHUR
        I but touch my gift, and Crixus goes mad. I felt her maidenhood long absent when we lay together. Now I know whose cock was in her first.

Ilithyia glances at Lucretia, her eyes dancing at the revelation. OFF LUCRETIA, her face flushing with rage and betrayal...
INT. BEDCHAMBER - BATIATUS' VILLA - DAY

Naevia CRASHES to the floor. Face bloody. A BRUISE across her right cheek. Lucretia towers over her, eyes wild.

LUCRETIA
You little whore!

Lucretia viciously kicks her in the stomach.

LUCRETIA (cont'd)
How long?! How fucking long?!

Naevia says nothing, trying to catch her breath. Lucretia rages, kicking her repeatedly.

LUCRETIA (cont'd)
Answer me! How long have you laughed behind polite smile! How long have you been luring him into your filthy cunt?!

THE GATE KEY dislodges from Naevia's robe, landing on the floor in SLOW MOTION with a thunderous metallic BOOM. A frozen beat. Lucretia slowly retrieves it.

LUCRETIA (cont'd)
What is this?

Naevia SPITS blood, shaken and terrified.

NAEVIA
(soft)
Hector's key.

LUCRETIA
How did you come by it?

NAEVIA
I took it.

Tears well in Lucretia's eyes, rage giving way to the sting of treachery.

LUCRETIA
To open the gate. So you could lie with Crixus.

(a beat)
You alone knew my feelings for him.
Yet you betray me.

Naevia looks in Lucretia's eyes for the first time. Defiant.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

NAEVIA
Crixus never loved you. He only did as commanded.

That hits Lucretia hard. She turns away.

LUCRETIA
Mira!

Mira enters.

MIRA
Domina.

LUCRETIA
Bring me a knife.

Lucretia looks to Naevia, murder dancing in her eyes. OFF NAEVIA, fear constricting her heart...

INT. ATRIUM - BATIATUS' VILLA - DAY

Batiatus tries to calm the turbulent waters with Glaber.

BATICUS
You have assurance Crixus will be punished.

GLABER
I fear your hands too soft for the task.

Lucretia enters, wiping blood from her hands with a cloth. Ilithyia clocks the blood, tensing.

LUCRETIA
You mistake them. They are as steel, hardened to their purpose.

GLABER
As I to mine. I return to Rome, absent unworthy entanglements.

Glaber turns to go with Ilithyia. Batiatus erupts.

BATICUS
Do not turn from me!

Glaber spins around in anger.

GLABER
You forget your place, lanista!

(CONTINUED)
Batiatus' house Slaves scurry out.

GLABER
Keep your gifts. I would part as from a troubling dream, untethered by the memory of it.

BATIATUS
Oh you will remember this day. Until you lay to slumber, never to awaken.

ILITHYIA
I fear we have let events run the best of us.

LUCRETIA
Perhaps a cup of wine to cool our heads.

GLABER
We are long past civilized recourse. Your husband presses issue. And I would see it closed.

Ashur, now with a broken nose and swollen eye, appears with an ornate rectangular box.

BATIATUS
As would I.

Batiatus motions to Ashur, who hands the box to Glaber.

GLABER
Do you really believe this will make a difference?

BATIATUS
Open it and see.

Glaber scowls as he pulls off the top revealing A WOMAN'S DECAYED, SEVERED HAND resting inside, rings still gracing boney fingers. Glaber tenses in surprise. Ilithyia SHRIEKS.

GLABER
What is this abomination?
Fear rises in Ilithyia’s chest. Lucretia shoots Batiatus a worried look. This is a very dangerous game he’s playing.

GLABER
You murdered Licinia?

BATIATUS
No. Your wife did.

Glaber stares at Ilithyia in disbelief.

ILITHYIA
He lies.

BATIATUS
A most heinous act. One I was content to help obscure, under promise of her aid in obtaining your favor. Now I fear Licinia’s body may resurface. On the grounds of your villa, perhaps?

ILITHYIA
I will see the tongue ripped from your fucking mouth!

LUCRETIA
Even so ruined, it would yet speak the truth.

ILITHYIA
(to Glaber)
Cladius. You cannot believe me capable of such a thing.

Glaber looks deep in her eyes. Searching for the truth for a tense beat. He finds it, veiled behind her pleading eyes. Glaber suddenly SLAPS Ilithyia hard across the face, sending her to the floor, blood leaking from a busted lip.

GLABER
(to Batiatus)
Patronage is granted. A portion of my men will be stationed against further embarrassments. Make all other arrangements with Ilithyia. She will be remaining in Capua.
CONTINUED:

Batiatus beams as Glaber sweeps out. OFF ILITHYIA, bleeding, watching the life she knew leave with him...

EXT. TRAINING SQUARE/BALCONY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A CHAIN, as it tightens around a wrist. PULL BACK to find Iovis and Vesper shackling Crixus between two paluses, facing the balcony. Doctore stands nearby with his whip. Spartacus and the rest of the Gladiators watch, bound in chains.

BALCONY

Batiatus addresses the men. Ashur stands beside him, holding a large sack. Lucretia is also present, along with Mira, Aurelia, and a few Attending Slaves.

Batiatus reaches into Ashur's sack and pulls out HECTOR'S SEVERED HEAD.

Batiatus tosses the head into the Training Square. Spartacus eyes the BURN MARKS creasing Hector's dead face.

Batiatus nods down to Doctore.

TRAINING SQUARE

Doctore returns the nod. He pauses to whisper to Crixus, regret filling his eyes.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

DOCTORE
Embrace the pain. It is the only way.

Doctore moves away, uncoiling his whip. Crixus locks eyes with Lucretia. Her heart lodges in her chest.

BATIATUS
Begin.

Doctore rears back. The whip CRACKS, cutting into flesh. Crixus winces in pain. CRACK. CRACK. CRACK. Agron looks on, his face carved from stone. Duro averts his eyes. Spartacus turns his to find Aurelia, worry creasing his face. Aurelia avoids his look. But Mira can't help but notice it.

BALCONY

Ashur allows himself a veiled grin, his revenge now complete. Tears fill Lucretia's eyes as she watches Crixus suffer.

BATIATUS (cont'd)
(still looking down below)
I expect your meetings with Crixus to end.

Lucretia is unable to hide her shock. Her fear.

LUCRETIA
Quintus --

BATIATUS
Do not fucking speak. That you would think me a fool is insult enough. I have always known. And turned eye away only because it made you happy, and caused me no thought. Those days have ended.

He looks at her for the first time.

BATIATUS (cont'd)
Set your attentions to our child. And do not see them stray.
(to Doctore)
Enough!

Batiatus strides back into the villa. Lucretia takes one last longing look at Crixus, then moves to follow.

(CONTINUED)
TRAINING SQUARE

Glaber's men round up the Gladiators and march them into the barracks. Crixus remains tied to the palus. Head bowed. His breaths deep and ragged. Spartacus takes him in with pity as he passes. Even an enemy doesn't deserve this. Crixus ignores him, his eyes drawn to

NAEVIA

being escorted to the gate in chains. Her long hair has been hacked off. Face bruised and bloodied. She sees Crixus and breaks away, rushing to him. The Guard catches up, grabbing her. Doctore looms.

DOCTORE

Grant them a moment.

(Off Guard's hesitation)

He was our Champion once. Allow him such respect.

The Guard hesitates, releases her and returns to the gate. She rushes to Crixus, desperately kissing him. Knowing this is their last moment together.

CRIXUS

My actions have destroyed us.

NAEVIA

We yet live.

CRIXUS

Where do they take you?

NAEVIA

I do not know.

Crixus registers that, tears cutting through the sweat and grime.

CRIXUS

Keep me close to your heart.

He kisses her for the last time, whispering to her.

CRIXUS (cont'd)

I shall win my freedom. And not rest until my arms hold you again.

Naevia tenses at the mention of freedom. Doctore steps up, taking her arm.

(CONTINUED)
DOCTORE

It is time.

Doctore gently escorts her to the gate. She tears her eyes from Crixus to whisper to Doctore.

NAEVIA

He speaks of freedom, as Barca did.

DOCTORE

You have my word, that I shall aid him in the seeking of it.

NAEVIA

No. You must not let him broach the subject. Barca was not freed. Batiatus took his life.

The Guards step in to take her, cutting off further conversation. OFF DOCTORE, reeling from the revelation...

INT. BARRACKS - BATIATUS' LUDUS - NIGHT

Glaber's Men roughly herd the shackled Gladiators into the cells. Iovis shoves Duro.

DURO

Fuck ass, you Roman cock.

Vesper CRACKS Duro with a truncheon. He half collapses into Agron's arms, face bleeding. The Gladiators yell and protest. Glaber's men shove them into the cells and lock them. Spartacus whispers to Agron and Duro from the adjoining cell.

SPARTACUS

I would caution softer words.

AGRON

The shit keeps rising higher in this fucking hole.

Spartacus considers that, a plan starting to form.

SPARTACUS

Perhaps it best not to be present, when it fills the mouth.

This is not said lightly. Gets their attention.

AGRON

What do you speak of?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

    SPARTACUS
    I speak of nothing.

    DURO
    (wiping blood)
    Nothing sounds much like escape.

Spartacus' look confirms that this is exactly his meaning.

    DURO (cont'd)
    And how would "nothing" find way
    through Batiatus and all his
    fucking Romans?

    SPARTACUS
    There is but one path.

PUSH IN ON SPARTACUS, his eyes darkening with impending
violence.

    SPARTACUS (cont'd)
    We kill them all.

OFF the ominous proclamation...

    BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE