Kill Them All

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FADE IN:

EXT. BALCONY/TRAINING SQUARE - BATIATUS' LUDUS - DAY

The sun hangs low. BATIATUS and LUCRETIA stand proud atop the balcony, which brims with ROMAN ELITE. DOMITIA, NUMERIUS, AEMILIA and her husband SEXTUS among them. ILITHYIA is at Lucretia's side, a forced smile gracing her lips. ASHUR hovers near Batiatus, ever the loyal dog. MIRA and AURELIA serve wine and food in the background.

SPARTACUS, AGRON, DURO, CRIXUS, and the other Gladiators are on display in the training square. All are in CHAINS, under the watchful eye of DOCTORE. GUARDS and several of GLABER’S MEN, led by IOVIS, are stationed to keep the gladiators in check. Spartacus is fixed on Batiatus as he addresses the crowd.

BATIATUS
The noble House of Batilatus stands deeply humbled! Humbled by the blessings the gods have seen fit to shower upon us. And by the presence of the most revered citizens in all of Capua, come to join in celebrating the patronage of Legatus Claudius Glaber!

Polite applause. Spartacus steals a concerned glance at Crixus. Crixus does not return it with his usual blistering scorn. He simply averts his eyes, lost in his own thoughts.

BATIATUS (cont'd)
The man himself regrets duties of the senate prevent attendance. Yet he would see you properly addressed, his words delivered by pleasing tongue of trusted wife.

He indicates Ilithyia. She steps forward, reading from a small scroll.

ILITHYIA
Good citizens of Rome's favored sister. It is with great pleasure that I, Legatus Claudius Glaber, bestow upon Quintus Lentulus Batilatus my patronage, and all encompassing benefits. No man in all of Capua is more deserving of such esteemed privilege.

(CONTINUED)
The hint of displeasure lurks behind Ilithyia's practiced smile as she glances at Lucretia. Lucretia returns it with a satisfied one of her own.

ILITHYIA (cont'd)
Good Batiatus should be held as example to a city mired in shadows and treachery.

Agron fidgets, his eyes flicking to the Guards.

ILITHYIA (cont'd)
The guiding light of his virtuous heart providing illumination in these dark and troubling times. For this reason and too many others to give voice, I lend Batiatus full and unconditional support towards the honored position of Aedile.

SPARTACUS
(soft, to Agron)
Still yourself.

The crowd TITTERS. Sextus eyes Batiatus in surprise.

SEXTUS
Aemilia failed to mention you had mind towards office.

BATIATUS
I admit to none, good Sextus. Until the Legatus broached the subject.

SEXTUS
Aedile is but a breath below Magistrate. We should dine, and discuss the matter further.

Batiatus shares a smile with Lucretia. Everything is going according to plan. He turns back to the crowd, beaming.

BATIATUS
My heart to Legatus Glaber and his support. In hopes that you will share it in the days to come, I present a gift of blood! Two legends of the arena, to face each other sine missione! No quarter given! No mercy shown! Behold, Crixus! The savage Gaul!
There's more than a little contempt in that description. A fleeting look of guilt clouds Lucretia's eyes as Crixus steps forward. The crowd applauds, excited as Crixus is unchained and given sword and shield. Ashur eyes his hated nemesis with a barely contained, knowing smile.

_BATIATUS (cont'd)_

And who shall attempt to tame him?
There could be but one! Spartacus!
Slayer of the Shadow of Death!

The crowd goes wild as Spartacus is unchained and given two swords. Mira watches with fearful intensity.

_AEMILIA_

He is of a form, is he not?

_NUMERIUS_

He stands a god.

Aurelia glances at him, uncertain, trying to unravel something in her mind.

_SPARTACUS_

squares off against Crixus, but something is obviously troubling him. He whispers, attempting to broach subject.

_SPARTACUS_

Crixus --

_CRIXUS_

I have given you answer. Let us finish this.

_BATIATUS_

Begin!

Crixus attacks. Spartacus hardens his resolve and counters, trading thunderous blows. As their swords clash --

_EXT. TRAINING SQUARE - BATIATUS' LUDUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)_

(TWO DAYS BEFORE THE FIGHT.) PRACTICE SWORDS CLASH as Spartacus spars with RHASKOS. Iovis and VESPER stalk the training square, clubs at the ready. Gladiators that aren't sparring are in chains.

_RHASKOS ATTACKS,_

moving in close to hiss at Spartacus, his voice a low growl.

(CONTINUED)
RHASKOS
You speak of dangerous things.

Spartacus counters, sending Rhaskos crashing to the ground.

SPARTACUS
We live in dangerous times.

He offers his hand to help Rhaskos up. Rhaskos hesitates. He takes it, drawing close to give reply.

RHASKOS
Many yet hold Crixus our true champion. As he draws breath, count me among them.

Rhaskos moves off. Spartacus frowns, calls to Doctore.

SPARTACUS
Doctore. I would work the palus.

Doctore looks to Iovis, not liking the new hierarchy of command.

DOCTORE
Permission for Spartacus.


SPARTACUS
Have you traded words with Hamilcar?

AGRON
He is with us. But Liscus and the Gauls refuse to grab cock without Crixus holding their balls. Where does Rhaskos stand?

SPARTACUS
The same. Our numbers are yet shallow. We must gain Crixus' support and see them rise.

DURO
The fucking mad man is still under lock and key. How will you turn him to cause if you cannot break words with him?
CONTINUED:

SPARTACUS
Being champion yet affords privilege. A way shall present itself.

GRUNTS OF PAIN pull their attention to Iovis and Vesper as they beat a GLADIATOR on the ground. Iovis grins at Doctore. Doctore glares, but turns away, having no recourse.

AGRON
It had best "present" fucking soon.

OFF SPARTACUS, feeling the truth of that as he returns to training, the blow of his sword WIPING US TO --

INT. HOLDING CELL - BATIATUS' LUDUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CRIXUS sits chained to the wall, his back mostly healed from the lashing he received (ep. 112). The cell door opens. A GUARD brings in his meal of gruel and water, exits, locking the door behind him. A beat. Crixus eats with his hands. Slowly. Without interest or pleasure. Feeling only the crushing loss of Naevia.

REVEAL LUCRETIA

watching unseen from the grate in the door. She takes him in for a tortured beat, the sight of him a knife in her heart. OFF Lucretia's pain as she turns away...

INT. BATIATUS' VILLA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Batiatus enters with Ashur, passing more of GLABER'S MEN stationed at the huge DOUBLE DOORS of the entrance.

BATIATUS
(beaming)
Glaber falls to patronage, and the men of influence greet me as fucking brother!

ASHUR
A day of shining glory.

Ashur spots a dour Doctore waiting for Batiatus, Iovis standing escort.

ASHUR (cont'd)
Marred by darkening cloud.

(CONTINUED)
DOCTORE
I beg a word, Dominus.
   (glaring at Ashur)
In private.

BATIOATUS
Spill sour thoughts, and see them
sweetened.

Batiatus motions for Doctore to follow him. Iovis and Ashur remain behind, watching them as they exit.

DOCTORE
Glaber's mercenaries punish absent
cause. The men suffer at their
hand.

BATIOATUS
It is a burden that must be
endured. I have no time for such
petty concerns.

DOCTORE
With respect, every ludus requires
the attention of its lanista.

BATIOATUS
I seek loftier title, far removed
from the arena.

Batiatus moves into the TROPHY ROOM. Doctore follows, shocked.

DOCTORE
You would see your family's
heritage a thing of memory?

BATIOATUS
No. Yet I tire of the drudgery, and
would have my interests in blood
and sand overseen by more attentive
eyes. Those of someone who has
forever proven himself loyal to the
House of Batiatus...

Doctore is stunned, realizing Batiatus is referring to him.

DOCTORE
You would entrust the ludus to a
slave?

(CONTINUED)
BATIATUS
A slave, never. I had plan to make announcement at the celebration, yet you force hand. My advocate draws papers granting your freedom.

DOCTORE
(overwhelmed)
Freedom...?

BATIATUS
No longer shall you be my doctore. You will assume mantle of lanista, and be warmly greeted by your name, Oenomaus.

Far from elated, Doctore slips into a troubled frown.

BATIATUS (cont'd)
I thought the news to please you.

DOCTORE
Apologies, I... I have heard rumor. One that has vexed sleep.

BATIATUS
Give voice, and dream again.

DOCTORE
Barca was not granted freedom. Instead he met his end, at your hands.

A tense beat. Batiatus locks eyes with Doctore.

BATIATUS
The rumor is true. Yet reasoning absent from it. Barca was dispatched to deliver simple message to Ovidius. Instead he slaughtered the man and his entire fucking house, against command. I had no choice but to take his life, before the Magistrate discovered the deed and pulled us to ruin.

DOCTORE
And Ashur? Did he aid you in this "choice"?

Batiatus considers Doctore for a moment.
BATIATUS
When you are lanista, you shall also be faced with decisions grave of consequence. And know your measure by how your blade falls.

Batiatus exits. OFF DOCTORE, absorbing his words...

EXT. BALCONY/TRAINING SQUARE - SUNSET (FLASHBACK)

Mira and Aurelia pour wine and lay out food. Lucretia ignores them, absently watching Spartacus and the men train as the sun sets. Her mind drifts towards Crixus, her hand absently dropping to caress her belly. Batiatus' hand slips over hers as he appears behind her, nuzzling her neck.

BATIATUS
Can you yet feel him move, eager to make entrance into the world?

LUCRETIA
It is too soon by many months. And how do you divine a son?

BATIATUS
Because the gods fucking favor us. Glaber's patronage, access to the upper strata of Capua, the promise of political office. Everything we have bled for, finally within grasp.

LUCRETIA
We are truly blessed.

Lucretia forces a sad smile, thoughts of Crixus lingering. Batiatus flares in frustration.

BATIATUS
I but deliver glorious news this day, only to be met with tempered response!

LUCRETIA
Joy is restrained to lend clear mind towards celebration. Glaber's patronage may have paved road to the elite, but they are of ravenous appetites.
CONTINUED:

Batiatus
And what meal would you suggest to see them sated?

Lucretia
One only the House of Batiatus can prepare. Spartacus, Slayer of Theokoles, in a contest to the death.

Batiatus
Similar diversion was already presented, at Numerius' Toga Virilis, where Varro fell to Spartacus' sword.

Aurelia tenses in the background, the words a knife in her heart. Mira catches that, can't help but feel pity.

Lucretia
Varro was never match for the Champion of Capua. We must give the crowd what was denied that night. What all of Capua longs to see, yet only the privileged few under our roof will bear witness to. Spartacus in a fight for his life with the only man that has ever defeated him.

Batiatus
Is this your hope? That the fallen Gaul be granted fucking opportunity to regain position?

Lucretia
(to Mira and Aurelia)
Out.
(hardening)
You mistake intent. I would see Crixus dead, for offenses made against the House of Batiatus.

Batiatus scrutinizes her, knowing the deeper reason.

Batiatus
We stand as one in such regard. Yet your tongue named cause of doubt. Crixus is the only gladiator to pose threat to Spartacus. And there is yet political advantage to (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
parading the Bringer of Rain as I campaign for office.

Lucretia's eyes fall on Spartacus in the training square. Once her bane, he is now the instrument of her revenge.

LUcretia
Then we must ensure Spartacus victorious. And Crixus fades from memory.

OFF LUcretia's ultimate betrayal...

INT. OFFICE - Batiatus' Villa - Night (Flashback)

Spartacus, hands shackled, is led into Batiatus' office by Iovis and Vesper. Batiatus waves them out.

Batiatus
That will be all.

Iovis glowers, exiting with Vesper. Batiatus frowns.

Batiatus (cont'd)
Patronage comes with unfortunate attachment.

Spartacus
(re: shackles)
A fact I am well aware of.

Batiatus
(laughs)
I am reminded of the first time you stood before me in this office, a savage in chains. Now you stand as death, made bone and meat.

Spartacus
It was your hand that forged my purpose.

Batiatus misses the deeper meaning of that.

Batiatus
Yet it is upon your shoulders the House of Batiatus has been elevated, and continues to rise. Two days hence we shall play host to the most influential in Capua, in celebration of patronage.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BATIATUS (cont'd)
Although closer look at the Slayer of Theokoles will be the true draw.

SPARTACUS
(sensing opportunity)
A great honor. The men are to be displayed in the villa?

BATIATUS
The Legatus would frown upon such storied tradition. You and the others will be confined to the square.

SPARTACUS
How will our guests have view?

BATIATUS
From purchase of the balcony. I promise no eye will be denied the Champion of Capua! Facing his arch rival in a match to the death!

Spartacus' eyes narrow. Opportunity indeed.

SPARTACUS
I am to fight Crixus?

BATIATUS
This concerns you?

SPARTACUS
It is long overdue. Yet there is no honor in taking life from a caged lion. I would see him return to training, to better thrill the crowd before his end.

BATIATUS
(laughs)
You truly have fucking mind for this. Crixus shall be freed from bond -- yet for training only. I would not have the animal run free, lest he again bares teeth. Remove yourself to slumber, and dreams of extracting them.

Batiatus starts to call for Iovis and Vesper.

(Continued)
SPARTACUS
Apologies, Dominus. There is something I crave more than sleep...

OFF BATIATUS, his interest piqued...

INT. CELL - BATIATUS' LUDUS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Spartacus falls into FRAME with Mira, naked, kissing and touching. Reveal Vesper standing guard outside the cell amidst the din of CAGED GLADIATORS. Mira eyes him, whispers in Spartacus' ear. This is the reason he is doing this -- to have a "private" moment.

MIRA
You ask the impossible. I assume Naevia's place at domina's side. She would notice my absence.

SPARTACUS
Then find excuse. The gate to the villa must stand open before I move on Batiatus.

MIRA
You would have me risk all. And for what? So Spartacus may have his vengeance?

SPARTACUS
No. So his heart may find a measure of peace.

MIRA
(softening)
Was she such a woman, your wife?

SPARTACUS
She was the sun. Never to rise again.

He can barely speak the words, tears welling in his eyes. Mira takes him in, her own heart breaking.

MIRA
A heavy thing, to be denied its warmth.

She struggles with his request, comes to the hard decision.

(CONTINUED)
MIRA (cont'd)
I will see the gate opened, or give life in attempt. But I would have exchange...

Mira kisses him, soft and gentle. Spartacus stops her. Mira locks eyes with him, her own filled with longing.

MIRA (cont'd)
This is my price. To feel you inside me. To know pale shadow of the love you felt for her...

She kisses him. He hesitates, then responds, not with love but with compassion for a woman who has never known a gentle touch. As they roll over, SMASH TO --

EXT. TRAINING SQUARE - BATIATUS' LUDUS - SUNSET

SLAM BACK TO THE PRESENT. Spartacus CRASHES to the ground, bleeding. Crixus charges, attempting to sever head from neck. Spartacus narrowly intercepts the blow, managing to kick Crixus back and regain his footing. Crixus hammers him with sword and shield. Spartacus shoots a look to

MIRA
on the balcony. What the fuck is she waiting for? Mira glances at Lucretia, trying to muster her nerve.

AEMILIA
I would not have wagered the Gaul such a challenge to Spartacus!

ILITHYIA
You underestimate the man, Aemilia. Crixus was once Champion, was he not?

BATIATUS
The match is but newly born. Much may yet happen as it matures.

Batiatus shares a look with Lucretia. Ashur suppresses a grin. Mira whispers to Lucretia, finally gaining her courage.

MIRA
Apologies, Domina. I must gather more wine from the stores.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LUCRETIA
Send another. I would keep you
close, to attend our guests.

MIRA
Domina.

Mira glances down to Spartacus, gives a subtle shake of her
head. She's trapped.

TRAINING SQUARE

Spartacus grits his teeth, refocusing his attention on
deflecting Crixus' deadly assault. Agron shares a concerned
look with Duro. The plan is falling apart.

CRIXUS

redoubles his attack. Spartacus counters, drawing in close
to hiss at him.

SPARTACUS
You must listen to me --

Crixus snarls, answering with his sword and drawing blood.
The ROMANS cheer and scream, their faces twisted in
bloodlust as Crixus pounds Spartacus. ANGLE ON Doctore,
proudly watching his protege as WE SMASH TO --

INT. HOLDING CELL - BATIATUS' LUDUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

(ONE DAY BEFORE THE FIGHT.) Iovis unlocks Crixus from his
shackles and moves off with a sneer, revealing Doctore.
Crixus eyes him in surprise.

CRIXUS
Dominus releases me?

DOCTORE
It was Spartacus that moved his
hand.

CRIXUS
Spartacus?

DOCTORE
He desires you at your best... when
you face him sine missione.

CRIXUS
The gods finally take note of my
prayers.

(CONTINUED)
DOCTORE
Had they but answered sooner. You stand before him tomorrow, as the sun fades.

CRIXUS
If it were this very moment, the outcome would not sway. I made promise to Naevia. I will not die until freedom is won, and she is returned to my arms.

DOCTORE
Delay talk of freedom, until there are ears that would welcome the sound.

CRIXUS
I fear dominus shall forever be deaf to it. I must place faith in the demands of the crowd to move him.

DOCTORE
Place faith to closer quarters. Batiatus releases me from bonds of servitude, to assume mantle of lanista.

Crixus laughs, shocked and delighted. He grips arms with Doctore in congratulations.

CRIXUS
The title is well deserved.

DOCTORE
Together we shall restore honor to this ludus... and Naevia to your arms. Spartacus but stands in your way.

CRIXUS
(darkening)
Then he shall fall.

OFF the deadly proclamation...

EXT. TRAINING SQUARE - BATIATUS' LUDUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Spartacus spars with Agron and Duro. The three speak in hushed whispers, constantly on the alert for Iovis and Vesper.

(CONTINUED)
DURO
A celebration?

SPARTACUS
Filled with the elite. Their deaths will shatter Capua to chaos. It will be days before it regains sense to pursue us.

AGRON
Our plan takes form.

DURO
What of Crixus? You still must find way to broach subject with the fucking Gaul.

SPARTACUS
It presents itself, as promised.

SHOUTS and CHEERS erupt. Agron and Duro turn to gawk as Crixus steps out into the square with Doctore. Iovis glares as Rhaskos and a crush of other loyal men cheer and thump swords against shields.

AGRON
Fuck my ass.

Crixus is given a practice sword and shield. He grips them, throwing Spartacus a deadly look.

AGRON (cont'd)
Now all that remains is convincing the man that hates you to join your cause.

OFF SPARTACUS, his mind set to the task...

INT. Batiatus' Villa - Day (Flashback)

Lucretia walks with Ilithyia. Mira and a few Attending Slaves follow at a respectful distance.

LUCRETIA
You have seen task to completion?

ILITHYIA
My husband's patronage has lifted your celebration beyond the heavens, the clouds bursting with honored guests.
LUCRETIA
Altius? And his cousin Gaius? They are a necessity --

ILITHYIA
-- and are delivered, as commanded.

LUCRETIA
What of Aemilia’s husband, Sextus? He is a former magistrate, yet beloved by many. His support would all but secure office.

ILITHYIA
Pressing affairs draw him to Rome.

(Continued)

Ilithyia forces a measured smile, masking her displeasure at Lucretia’s tone.

ILITHYIA
Then perhaps his attendance shall. He will delay travel, with mind towards your celebration.

LUCRETIA
(delighted)
How did you turn his attentions?

ILITHYIA
He favors me. Most husbands do.

LUCRETIA
Your services are deeply appreciated. Yet more is required. In the absence of your own honored husband, we would have you address our most noble guests. A few words as if fallen from his mouth, extolling the virtues of the House of Batiatus.

ILITHYIA
I shall compose something appropriate for the occasion.

LUCRETIA
No need. I have already seen to it.
She hands Ilithyia a small scroll (the one Ilithyia was reading from in scene 1). Ilithyia scans it in disbelief.

ILITHYIA
My hands are no longer my own and now you seize my fucking tongue?

Lucretia remains pleasant and completely in control.

LUcretia
I would not have it flap about, absent direction.

ILITHYIA
How much longer must I suffer your indignities?

LUcretia
As long as breath gives life to my commands.

They lock eyes for a tense beat. Ilithyia swallows pride and backs down.

ILITHYIA
As you wish, then.

LUcretia
I know there have been tensions between us. Yet I find no cause for our current arrangement to fall to unpleasantness. We were once dear friends. Would you not see it so again?

ILITHYIA
Would that I had power to reverse the sun, and restore the world to its proper place.

OFF ILITHYIA'S "WARM" SMILE, the hatred behind it pulsating to be freed...

EXT. TRAINING SQUARE/MESS HALL - LUDUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Spartacus eyes Crixus as he trains with a GLADIATOR. Crixus is intense and focused, a killing machine waiting to be unleashed. He slams the Gladiator with his shield, sending him crashing to the sand. Rhaskos and other followers of Crixus grin and laugh. Doctore cracks his whip.

(CONTINUED)
DOCTORE
Rest and eat. We resume when midday sun has past.

Doctore nods to Crixus as he moves off, pleased by his performance. Crixus gives his shield and sword to a SLAVE.

SPARTACUS (O.S.)
You move well.

Crixus glances at Spartacus, who hands ANOTHER SLAVE his own swords.

SPARTACUS
As if lash had never been struck.

CRIXUS
Pain is erased, when inflicted upon others. I hear gratitude is deserved for my release to training.

SPARTACUS
I would have you at your best when we face each other.

CRIXUS
Is that all you would have from me?

Crixus shifts his eyes to Rhaskos as he passes. Spartacus shoots him a troubled frown. Crixus snorts.

CRIXUS (cont'd)
What fever grips brain, that Spartacus would think me to band with him? To risk the life of my men? My life?

SPARTACUS
Is there one? Without the woman you love within it?

CRIXUS
I have never had stronger reason to live.

He heads for the Mess Hall across the square. Spartacus follows, his voice low.

SPARTACUS
I know your heart, Crixus. I felt the beating of it within my chest once.

(CONTINUED)
CRIXUS
Then you know I will fucking survive. And see Naevia returned to me.

SPARTACUS
As my wife was returned? Batiatus ordered her death.

CRIXUS
(shocked)
How do you come to this?

SPARTACUS
By tongue of his man Aulus, before silencing it forever. I will see the House of Batiatus fall, and with it the villain's blood upon the earth.

Crixus weighs that, the revelation striking a deep chord.

CRIXUS
As would I, in your place. Yet I am far removed from it. My escape would not aid Naevia's. How would I purchase her freedom, or even find her, while being hunted like an animal by the Romans?

SPARTACUS
Join me, and we will find her. Together.

Crixus considers Spartacus with newly minted eyes.

CRIXUS
In another life, perhaps you and I would have been as brothers.
(a beat, with regret)
But not in this one. I must win my freedom in the arena. Only then does hope of Naevia swell.

Spartacus accepts that with begrudging respect.

SPARTACUS
Then we stand in the way of each other's cause.

CRIXUS
And both are just.
(MORE)
CONTINUED:

    CRIXUS (cont'd)
    (a beat)
If I fall, swear that you will find
Naevia and see her freed.

    SPARTACUS
And I would have word that if you
are victorious, one day you will
have Batiatus' life.

A beat. Crixus extends his arm. They grasp forearms, sealing
the bond among enemies.

    SPARTACUS (cont'd)
    Tomorrow, then. One of us dies.

    IOVIS
Crixus! Come away! A dog eats in
his cage!

Crixus grins sadly at Spartacus.

    CRIXUS
I fear it was always fated so.

OFF SPARTACUS as he watches Crixus being led away, no longer
nemesis, yet neither friend...

INT. OFFICE CHAMBER - BATIATUS' LUDUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Aurelia pours wine for Batiatus. He eats an apple, cutting
slices off with a SILVER KNIFE as Ashur enters.

    ASHUR
Dominus.

    BATIATUS
Were you able to procure what we
need for tomorrow?

    ASHUR
Good Marcellus was ever helpful.

He eyes Aurelia, not wanting to say more in front of her.

    BATIATUS
Leave us.

Aurelia exits. Ashur appreciates her on the way out.

    ASHUR
Varro possessed a fine eye.

((CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BATIATUS
Turn yours towards business. What has coin extracted from Marcellus?

ASHUR
A solution to most vexing problem.

Ashur produces a small blue bottle from his robes.

ASHUR (cont'd)
A few drops in his cup, and fate is sealed.

BATIATUS
(taking bottle)
It must not kill him. Our guests need to believe the match balanced, lest goodwill turn to accusation.

ASHUR
It will but weaken Crixus, allowing Spartacus advantage.

BATIATUS
(holding up bottle)
It is a marvel. That so slight a thing could topple a legend.

ASHUR
All men fall. It is but time and method that differ.

BATIATUS
(handing bottle back)
See it done. And in the act, the end of that fucking Gaul.

Batliatus sweeps out. OFF ASHUR, his eyes shining darkly at the thought...

EXT. TRAINING SQUARE/BALCONY - BATIATUS’ LUDUS - SUNSET

SLAM BACK TO THE PRESENT. Spartacus and Crixus trade blows. Both bloodied by the conflict. If Crixus has been drugged, it sure as fuck isn’t showing.

THE BALCONY

Numerius ROARS in excitement as Crixus lands a series of blows.
DOMITIA
Crixus moves with deadly purpose.

NUMERIUS
He gives much better showing against Spartacus than the fool Varro.

Aurelia tenses, her uncertainty towards Numerius shifting towards thinly veiled hatred.

ILITHYIA
Poor Varro. He never stood proper chance, did he?

She shares a sly smile with Numerius. He barely contains himself, yet lusting for her touch. Ilithyia turns her attentions to the fight.

ILITHYIA (cont'd)
Crixus, however, threatens to strip the champion of life and title.

BATICRUS
Indeed. The Gaul yet surprises.

He shoots Lucretia a look of concern.

LUCRETIA
To the very end.

A faint, ambiguous smile graces her lips. Batiatus tenses. Does she know more than she's letting on?

THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD
rip his attention back to the fight. All eyes are transfixed by the epic battle. Mira senses her moment. She steels her nerves and quietly fades back into the villa.

OMITTED

INT. PANTRY/MESS HALL - BATICRUS' LUDUS - SUNSET

The sound of the crowd and swords clashing boom as Mira descends. A GUARD standing at the gate inside the pantry pays her no mind as she retrieves a jug of wine, his attention fixed on Spartacus and Crixus as they battle. MIRA TENSES,
The crowd ROARS as Crixus lands another blow. She calms her nerves -- AND PURPOSELY DROPS THE JUG OF WINE. The Guard turns.

MIRA
(feigning embarrassment)
Apologies.

He turns back to the fight, joining everyone else's attention. Mira picks up a JAGGED SHARD of the clay jug, steeling her nerves. As she rises with the makeshift weapon

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. TRAINING SQUARE - BATTIATUS' LUDUS - SUNSET

Crixus hacks at Spartacus with vicious determination.

INT. PANTRY/MESS HALL - BATTIATUS' LUDUS - SUNSET

Mira cautiously moves in close behind the Guard. As the crowd ROARS for a bone-jarring blow, she reaches around and SLITS THE GUARD'S THROAT, the SPRAY OF BLOOD WIPING US TO --

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. BEDCHAMBERS - BATTIATUS' VILLA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Batiatus is being dressed in magnificent robes by Attending Slaves. He holds a slip of parchment, memorizing his speech.

BATTIATUS
The noble House of Batiatus stands deeply humbled... Humbled by the fortunes the gods have seen fit to shower upon us --

LUcretia
I would change it to "blessings".

Batiatus glances over to find Lucretia entering.
The Slaves finish with Batiatus' robes. Lucretia adjusts them with a satisfied smile.

LUCRETIA
Has this city ever beheld such a man? Your father would have been proud.

BATICATUS
(laughs)
The old bastard would have cracked with jealousy, to be so eclipsed by unworthy son.

LUCRETIA
He loved you, Quintus.

BATICATUS
Yet never believed in me. Would that he were alive to see the House of Batiatus soar beneath the flapping of my wings!

He places a hand on Lucretia's belly, beaming.

BATICATUS (cont'd)
Our son shall inherit a fucking empire!

LUCRETIA
(laughs)
An empire now, is it?

BATICATUS
The foundation already laid. Today we build upon it! Spartacus and Crixus! Hated foes, facing each other in death! All the Republic shall whisper with envy what so privileged few bore witness.

LUCRETIA
It shall be a thing not soon forgotten.
Lucretia forces a weak smile. Batiatus catches the doubt in her eyes, darkens.

BATIATUS
I fear your resolve grows soft.

LUCRETIA
(hardening)
It remains a thing of stone. I but wish an end to the matter. And the man himself.

BATIATUS
Ashur already attends to it.
(gently kissing her)
Let us turn thoughts from unfortunate past, and fix them upon glorious future.

Batiatus exits. OFF LUCRETIA, regret over betraying Crixus gnawing at her despite her words...

INT. BATIATUS' VILLA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Aurelia knocks over a bowl of olives, quickly tries to herd them. Ashur appears, lending hand.

ASHUR
These celebrations can cause hands to tremble. Even the most practiced ones.

AURELIA
Gratitude.

Ashur takes an ornate tray, begins building a meal on it.

ASHUR
See nerves calmed. You will do well here. I have a feeling of it.

Ashur smiles warmly. Aurelia forces a polite, uncomfortable smile, shifting attention to Ashur's food.

AURELIA
You are allowed to eat from your master's table?

ASHUR
I am allowed many privileges above common slaves. But no. I prepare this as tribute to the mighty
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
ASHUR (cont'd)
Crixus, before his match against the champion.

AURELIA
May the gods bless it, then. And give him strength to kill Spartacus.

ASHUR
I would save prayer. I do not believe Spartacus will fall this day.

Aurelia eyes him carefully.

AURELIA
I have heard Crixus bested him in the arena once, at the Vulcanalia. What leads you to certainty against similar outcome?

ASHUR
I am certain of many things within these walls.

He gently brushes a stray lock of hair from her face.

ASHUR (cont'd)
Your beauty among them.

MIRA
Aurelia.

Aurelia turns as Mira appears with a basket of flowers.

MIRA (cont'd)
You are needed in the square.

Aurelia disengages from Ashur with an uncomfortable smile. Ashur's eyes lick her as she exits with Mira before turning back to Crixus' deadly meal. He fishes

THE SMALL BLUE BOTTLE

out from his robes and clandestinely pours a few drops into an ornate cup. He plucks a FLOWER from the table arrangement and lovingly places it on the tray as a final touch. OFF

ASHUR's dark smile...
EXT. TRAINING SQUARE - BATIATUS' LUDUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Spartacus, Agron, Duro and the other men are sitting in the training square in chains, eating as SLAVES decorate the Mess Hall. Doctore passes, whip in hand. Agron waits, then whispers to Duro.

AGRON
Stay to my side. Do not stray from it, and I will see you beyond these walls.

DURO
I do not need you to hold hand.

AGRON
I only wish your life protected, you fucking cock!

Doctore glances back with a glare, continues on.

SPARTACUS
(a hiss)
Speak louder, and see us all undone.

AGRON
I would have his fucking whip removed, along with the arm that wields it.

SPARTACUS
Doctore is an honorable man. I would not have him dead. Nor any slave.

DURO
You fret of shit and piss. Rhaskos and the others still will not fall to purpose without Crixus.

Spartacus spots Aurelia as the Guard stationed inside the pantry unlocks the gate with his KEY for her. She enters with the basket of flowers.

SPARTACUS
They will seize the moment. When Crixus is dead, and there stands but one champion.
   (calling out)
Doctore. Water?

(Continued)
Doctore looks to Iovis for permission. Iovis absently waves his approval. Spartacus heads to the rain barrel -- which is right next to where Aurelia is placing flowers. He drinks, keeping an eye on Iovis as he whispers to her.

SPARTACUS (cont'd)
These celebrations have habit of turning from control. Should they again, remove to a safe place.

AURELIA
(with venom)
None exist. Not since Varro was taken from me by your hand.

SPARTACUS
And I shall forever despise it for the deed. In company with the voice that commanded it.

AURELIA
You blame Batiatus.

SPARTACUS
For many things. But not this. It was the boy Numerius who demanded simple sport end in death.

That stops Aurelia. She eyes Spartacus, then hardens.

AURELIA
And I should believe a man that would do anything to win?

Spartacus glances at her, having no idea what she's talking about. Aurelia snorts in disgust.

AURELIA (cont'd)
Do not take me a fool. I heard the dog Ashur tell his master he made purchase from Marcellus. A shit well known in the market as peddler of flesh and deception. And now Ashur prepares meal for Crixus, and speaks of the certainty of your fucking victory.

The shock of realization slams into Spartacus.

SPARTACUS
They corrupt his food?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

AURELIA
Was it the same for Varro? Is that
how you bested him?

SPARTACUS
I have no hand in this.

AURELIA
Were it true, I would still pray
Crixus takes your life before he
falls.

Aurelia moves away. OFF SPARTACUS, deeply troubled...

INT. HOLDING CELL - BATIATUS' LUDUS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON the tray of food Ashur prepared for Crixus as a
Guard sets it down. WIDEN as he exits. A chained Crixus eyes
the indulgent meal with surprise. He picks up the FLOWER on
the tray, considers it for a moment before crushing it. He
takes the ornate cup of water, but before he can drink --

LUCRETIA (O.S.)
You betrayed me.

Lucretia has appeared in the doorway.

LUCRETIA
Yet I have come to realize the
fault is not your own. You cannot
be blamed for being weak. All men
are, when presented with wet
opportunity.
(a beat)
I would place it behind us. All I
ask in return is truth. Tell me
Naevia held no meaning to you.

CRIXUS
(a beat)
You ask tongue to make false noise.

Not the answer she wanted to hear.

LUCRETIA
(soft)
And what sounds would it conjure
for our child?

Her hand slips to her belly. Crixus eyes her in surprise.

(CONTINUED)
CRIXUS
Child?

LUCRETIA
Seed has at last taken hold. The gods bless us.

CRIXUS
You divine me as father? Not dominus?

LUCRETIA
I feel the blood of a champion, swelling within me. I feel you, Crixus.

Crixus takes that in, softening with a faint, sad smile.

CRIXUS
I have often dreamt, in quiet moments, of having children. (a beat, hardening)
With Naevia.

Lucretia barely holds back the sting of the rejection.

LUCRETIA
Then there is truly nothing left between us.

She turns to leave. Crixus picks up his cup. She pauses, her conscience seizing her.

LUCRETIA (cont'd)
Crixus --

Crixus pauses, the damned cup hovering close to lip. A frozen moment. Lucretia wrestles with her conscience -- and subdues it.

LUCRETIA (cont'd)
I did not wish it to end this way.

She turns and goes, knowing that she is condemning him to death. Crixus watches her for a moment, then brings the tainted cup to his lips. As he drinks --

SMASH BACK TO:
EXT. BALCONY/TRAINING SQUARE - Batiatus' LUDUS - SUNSET

Crixus pounds Spartacus -- but begins to falter, the drug finally taking effect. He blinks the sweat from his eyes, confusion washing across his face as he stumbles back. Spartacus seizes the moment, attacking. The crowd ROARS.

THE BALCONY

Batiatus grins in relief, whispers to Lucretia.

BATIATUS

Crixus begins to fade.

LUcretia

As all memories do.

Her eyes harden as she drains her wine. She holds her cup out for Mira to refill it.

LUcretia (cont'd)

Mira --

She turns, surprised to find her gone.

PANTRY GATE

TIGHT ON a bloodied HAND as it unlocks the gate. WIDEN TO REVEAL Mira with a key taken from the Guard she killed.

TRAINING SQUARE

Spartacus spots Mira standing in the now open gateway to the pantry. She holds up her blood-stained palm as a signal.

SPARTACUS SNARLS,

attacking Crixus. Crixus struggles to counter, his vision blurring from the drug. They lock swords, Spartacus leaning in to hiss a warning.

SPARTACUS

You weaken because of something in your food! They wish you dead.

Crixus shoves Spartacus back. He looks up at Lucretia in shock. She averts her eyes, her guilt obvious. Crixus growls in rage, knowing he has been undone as he attacks Spartacus. Spartacus easily counters, hammering him.

(CONTINUED)
SPARTACUS (cont'd)

I would not have this. Join me,
brother. And see the House of
Batiatus fall.

Crixus struggles with the choice as he continues to fight. With his last ounce of strength he manages to knock one of
Spartacus' swords loose. It spins into the air, landing near
Agron.

SPARTACUS UNLEASHES ON CRIXUS,

landing a blow that sends him crashing back onto the sand. The crowd CHEERS. Agron tenses. This is it.

BLOOD DRIPS
down Crixus' face, the world coming through in distorted
waves. He locks eyes with Spartacus -- and taps his shield,
signaling his acceptance of what must be done.

CRIXUS
Spartacus...

SPARTACUS BELLOWS

and charges. Crixus raises his shield at the last moment. Spartacus uses it as ramp, as he did against Theokoles. TIME
SLOWS as he SOARS THROUGH THE AIR towards the balcony, framed by the golden light of the setting sun.

BATIATUS

constrains in horror as he sees Spartacus slamming towards
him. He grabs Sextus at the last moment, using him as a
shield as TIME RESUMES. Spartacus runs Sextus through the
head as he lands on the outside of the balcony.

PANDEMONIUM ERUPTS

as Sextus tumbles from the balcony, taking Ashur with him as
he clutches for purchase with his dying breath. TIME SLOWS
as Ashur crashes to the ground, Sextus' body breaking his
fall as he's knocked unconscious.

SPARTACUS REARS BACK

to split Batiatus' skull in two. Batiatus' eyes go wide. CRACK! TIME RESUMES as Spartacus' hand is stopped by

(CONTINUED)
DOCTORE'S WHIP

lashing around his wrist from below. Guests scream as they rush back into the villa. Batiatus wades through them with Lucretia and Ilithyia as Spartacus struggles against Doctore's whip. He's about to tumble from the balcony when

CRixelx SEVERS THE WHIP

with his sword. Doctore flies back, sliding to a stop dangerously close to the edge of the cliff, dazed, face bleeding. Crixus roars to the men.

CRixelx (cont'd)
Kill them! Kill them all!

CHAOS as Rhaskos and the other men erupt into violence. Agron grabs up Spartacus' fallen sword and attacks the Guards. Duro swings his chain, smashing a Guard in the face.

THE BALCONY

Spartacus shakes the severed whip from his wrist and leaps over the railing. Guards attack. Spartacus trades blows as Batiatus SEALS THE DOORS to the villa.

INT. TRICLINIUM/VILLA - BATIATUS' VILLA - SUNSET

The Guests rush through the villa. Aemilia wanders in shock, splattered in her husband's blood. Batiatus shoves past her with Lucretia, Ilithyia, Domitia, Numerius and Aurelia.

LUcretia
He tried to kill you. That fucking animal.

BATIATUS
(hissed to Lucretia)
We must calm this! Where are the fucking guards?!

LUcretia
(to Ilithyia)
What do you stand there for?! Gather your men!

The glint of opportunity flashes in Ilithyia's eyes.

ILITHYIA
I shall see you properly attended.

(CONTINUED)
She surprises Lucretia with a kiss before she exits, WIPING US TO --

OMITTED

EXT. BALCONY/TRAINING SQUARE - BATHIATUS' LUDUS - SUNSET

Spartacus battles the Guards on the balcony. Down below, the Gladiators use their chains as weapons to block swords and clubs. BODIES fly and BLOOD splatters.

CRISUS

struggles against the effects of the drug as he severs limbs with his sword.

IOVIS

slices open a Gladiator, bellowing.

AGRON

splits open a Guard with his sword. He grabs the man's keys, unlocks his chains.

AGRON

Duro!

He tosses the keys to Duro, who follows suit.

ANGLE ON CRISUS

as he hacks a Guard open. He spots Ashur as he comes to from his fall. Crixus flares with hatred.

DOCTORE

Crixus!

Crixus whirs to find Doctore coming at him from across the square. Ashur seizes the moment, escaping into the ludus. A GLADIATOR tries to intercept Doctore. Doctore tosses him, gaining the man's sword without breaking stride.

DOCTORE (cont'd)

What is this madness?!

CRISUS

My mind is clear. Spartacus shows us the way.
Doctore's eyes shift to Spartacus on the balcony as he slices open one of the Guards.

DOCTORE
He is a dog without honor!

CRIXUS
This house is without honor!
Batiatus ordered his wife dead! And domina...
(fighting nausea and weakness)
She has tainted me, because I spurn her fucking heart.

DOCTORE
I have given my life to this ludus!

CRIXUS
No. They have taken it from you. From all of us. They fill us with promises and lies, never to be kept. And it shall always be so while Batiatus draws breath.
(a beat)
You asked me to put faith in you. (lowering his sword)
Now I ask the same. Bring honor to us all, and see the end of this fucking house.

Doctore wavers, tears welling in his eyes. He screams, his world shattering as he rears back and HURLS HIS SWORD. TIME SLOWS as it rotates towards Crixus -- and narrowly misses him, instead

SLAMMING INTO IOVIS

as he raises his sword behind Crixus to cleave him in two. TIME RESUMES as Iovis crashes to the sand, dead. Doctore spits in contempt, eyes hardening.

DOCTORE
Go.

Crixus nods in gratitude. He turns and heads for the pantry gate. Rhaskos and half a dozen men fall in with him. Doctore stands frozen for a moment as the sun finally sinks below the horizon behind him. His eyes climb to

(CONTINUED)
SPARTACUS

on the balcony as he kicks the last Guard through the office chamber door.

INT. OFFICE CHAMBER - BATIATUS' VILLA - SUNSET

The Guard crashes to the floor. He starts to scramble up but Spartacus slices him open, the BLOOD SPRAY WIPING US TO --

OMITTED

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. ATRIUM - BATIATUS' VILLA - NIGHT

Mira enters from the hall leading to the pantry. She watches the panicked Guests swarm into the Atrium, her heart in her throat. Batiatus attempts to calm them.

BATIATUS

The situation is being attended!
Still your hearts! In a moment my Guards will have --

SCREAMS cut him off as Crixus and his men surge past Mira into the villa. BLOOD SPLATTERS as they attack. Some with swords, some with the chains still binding them. Guests scramble to escape this new horror. Mira looks on, unable to process the depth of the violence.

NUMERIUS

They have lost mind!

A frozen moment as Crixus locks eyes with Lucretia across the room. Her heart seizes in her chest at the hatred filling his eyes. A Guard attacks him, breaking the moment.

BATIATUS

Come! Let us away!

Batiatus hustles Numerius, Domitia, and Lucretia away. Aurelia follows, terrified.

LUCRETIA

Where the fuck is Ilithyia?
INT. MAIN ENTRANCE - BATIATUS' VILLA - NIGHT

Screams echo. Ilithyia strides with Vesper, joining Glaber's Men stationed at the double doors of the main entrance.

ILITHYIA
Seal the doors. Let no one beyond them.

VESPER
What of the guests? There are --

ILITHYIA
I am the wife of the Legatus! Seal the fucking doors!

Vesper swallows his doubt, nods to his men. Ilithyia sweeps through the doors just as Aemilia and a wave of panicked, bloodied ROMANS wash into the entryway.

AEMILIA
Ilithyia!

Vesper and the Men follow Ilithyia. RAMP TO SLOW MOTION as Ilithyia looks back, a cool SMILE OF VENGEANCE bending her lips. The doors close. Aemilia and the Romans slam into them, screaming and pounding to be let out.

RHASKOS AND THREE GLADIATORS,
alldrenched in blood, rush the trapped Romans from behind with their swords raised.

EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE - BATIATUS' VILLA - NIGHT

CONTINUE SLOW MOTION as Vesper and Glaber's Men PADLOCK the doors to keep the Romans from bursting through. The doors shudder, BLOOD seeping from inside as Aemilia and the others are slaughtered.

OMITTED

INT. BATHS - BATIATUS' LUDUS - NIGHT

Ashur hustles in. SCREAMS and CLASHING SWORDS echo from the barracks. He desperately searches for a place to hide or a weapon, overturning a box of OIL SCRAPERS, sending them CLANGLING across the floor.

(CONTINUED)
DOCTORE (O.S.)
Do you recall what I said?

Ashur whirls to find Doctore looming in the entrance. Twin swords clutched in his hands.

DOCTORE
In this very room? That if there were more to Barca's departure, you and I would share words.

ASHUR
(forcing an innocent laugh)
Doctore --

DOCTORE
Do not fucking speak. I have seen you ply tongue upon ear, whispering poison. Infecting the honor of this house.

ASHUR
You would kill a defenseless man? Where is the fucking honor in that?

Doctore considers that, tosses one of his swords to Ashur.

DOCTORE
Let us see if you remember what I taught you. When you were yet a man.

OFF ASHUR, his balls in his throat...

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. TROPHY ROOM - BATIATUS' VILLA - NIGHT

Batiatus hustles through the carnage with Lucretia, Domitia, Numerius, and Aurelia. A DYING GUARD half collapses into Batiatus' arms as they round the corner.

GUARD
(gurgling blood)
The doors... Glaber's men... sealed the doors...

(CONTINUED)
DOMITIA
(coming apart)
Why would she do such a thing --

Domitia screams as a Gladiator rushes from the gloom. She throws up an arm to protect herself and GETS IT HACKED OFF.

NUMERIUS
Mother!

The Gladiator finishes her off. Batiatus grabs the dead Guard's sword and runs the Gladiator through the side. Rhaskos appears at the entrance, battling a Guard. Batiatus rips his sword from the Gladiator, intent on fighting to save his house.

BATHIATUS
Go!

LUCRETIA
Quintus --

BATHIATUS
GO!

Lucretia half drags Numerius away, the boy's eyes fixed on his dead mother. Aurelia follows as they move through THE VILLA,

weaving through bodies and avoiding Gladiators. They pause, holding breath as they spot Spartacus slaughtering a Guard. He snarls as the man falls, stalking away in search of his prey. Numerius watches the blood-drenched champion with horror.

NUMERIUS
We are all of us dead.

LUCRETIA
No. We will regain this House.
(to Aurelia)
Take Numerius and conceal yourself.

Aurelia hesitates, something dark passing just beneath her eyes before she takes Numerius' hand.

AURELIA
Come. I know a place.
CONTINUED:

NUMERIUS
(panicked, to Lucretia)
Where do you go?

LUCRETIA
To my husband. And the death of Spartacus.

Lucretia sweeps out, WIPING US TO --

EXT. TRAINING SQUARE - BATICATUS' LUDUS - NIGHT

The remaining Guards battle Agron, Duro, HAMILCAR and a clutch of other bloodied Gladiators. Hamilcar is fatally wounded.

DURO
Hamilcar!

Duro flares, hacking and slashing. Agron cuts down a Guard, but another blind-sides him. Agron smashes to the ground, dazed. The Guard raises his sword for the death blow.

DURO (cont'd)
No!

Duro rushes in. The Guard whirs around. They trade quick blows -- and DURO GETS RUN THROUGH THE STOMACH.

AGRON
Duro!

Agron surges to his feet and decapitates the Guard. Duro crumbles. Agron cradles him. Duro locks eyes with him, smiling through the agony.

DURO
I save you this time, brother...

The light fades from his eyes. A frozen beat, shattered by Agron's scream as he rips the sword from Duro's body. He attacks the remaining Guards in a frenzy of blood. OFF AGRON's crimson rage...

INT. BATHS - BATICATUS' LUDUS - NIGHT

Ashur crashes to the floor, his robes slashed and bleeding. Doctore looms over him.
CONTINUED:

DOCTORE
Pathetic.

ASHUR
You think this will cause
difference? Even if life fades, my
hand shall yet be felt. It plotted
the death of Barca. Saw the
Magistrate's end. Even helped force
Glaber to patronage. Every beam,
every stone of this fucking house
bears the mark of Ashur!

DOCTORE
It bears only your treachery.

ASHUR
My treachery?

Ashur rises, tears welling in his eyes.

ASHUR (cont'd)
My fucking treachery?! When did you
stand forth for Ashur? When did any
of you greet me short of mockery
and scorn, you fucking cunts!

Ashur attacks. Doctore counters.

DOCTORE
You received... what was deserved!

Doctore slashes Ashur. The sword tumbles from his hand. He
sags, knowing his end has come. He laughs sadly, his eyes
filled with regret.

ASHUR
Would that this were the arena.

DOCTORE
Your blood would dishonor the
sands.

ASHUR
Send me on my way, then.

Ashur drops to his knees, tears in his eyes.

ASHUR (cont'd)
As you would a Gladiator. Please,
Doctore. A parting kindness...

(CONTINUED)
Doctore hesitates, then turns his sword to rear back to plunge it into Ashur's breast. Ashur uses the moment to grab a fallen OIL SCRAPER and STAB IT INTO DOCTORE'S LEG. Doctore grunts in pain, his sword slicing Ashur deep across the face as the villain scurries back and flees for his life. Doctore grits his teeth, pulling the scraper from his leg in a gout of blood. MURDER flashes in his eyes.

INT. CORRIDORS - BATIATUS' LUDUS - NIGHT

Doctore stalks through the corridors, passing the bodies of GUARDS and GLADIATORS.

    DOCTORE
    Ashur!

As he moves off, REVEAL ASHUR hiding beneath a pile of blood soaked bodies. He watches Doctore go, his face twisting with hatred. OFF the cowardly escape...

OMITTED

INT. BEDCHAMBERS - BATIATUS' VILLA - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A DEAD ROMAN WOMAN'S FACE, dress ripped open and throat slit, half sprawled across the bed. WIDEN as Lucretia enters. More BODIES litter the floor. Blood stains the walls. Lucretia whispers into the gloom.

    LUCRETIA
    Quintus...?

    CRIXUS (O.S.)
    You were right.

Lucretia freezes as Crixus emerges from the shadows behind her. Drenched in blood. Weak from poison. Sword in hand.

    CRIXUS
    There is yet something between us.

    LUCRETIA
    Crixus --

    CRIXUS
    Where did you send Naevia? Where?!

(CONTINUED)
He grabs her by the throat and slams her against the wall.

LUCRETIA
(terrified)
See me and the dominus from the villa... and I will tell you.

Crixus searches her eyes, knowing her all too well.

CRIXUS
(soft)
I do not believe you.

LUCRETIA
Crixus... please... our child --

Crixus rams his sword into her stomach (below frame). She stiffens in shock, blood trickling from her mouth.

CRIXUS
I would rather it dead, than suckle at your breast.

He rips the blade out and turns to go. OFF LUCRETIA as she raises a trembling, blood-soaked hand to her eyes in horror...

INT. OFFICE CHAMBER - BATIATUS' VILLA - NIGHT

Aurelia enters with Numerius. He rushes past DEAD ROMANS, his eyes desperately searching for a place to hide, tears hot upon his young cheeks.

NUMERIUS
We must conceal ourselves...

AURELIA
Was it yours?

He turns, frightened and confused.

AURELIA (cont'd)
That small, little voice. Did it form the words that robbed Varro of his life?

NUMERIUS
Varro?! He deserved to die! He was nothing!

Aurelia takes Numerius in, dissecting his contempt, knowing now that Spartacus told her the truth.

(CONTINUED)
AURELIA
What did you know of the man? That he would sing to his child, sleeping in his arms? Or kiss the tears from my cheek, when I was of a mood? Did you know the father? The husband?

She picks up the KNIFE Batiatus was using to eat his apple in scene 13, tears cresting her cheeks. Numerius stiffens, realizing who Aurelia is.

AURELIA (cont'd)
He was not a perfect man. But he was mine.

Numerius suddenly bolts for the door. She lunges and STABS HIM IN THE NECK. He gurgles in shock, grabbing at the wound as BLOOD sprays. Aurelia falls on him, repeatedly stabbing, her tears mixing with the blood splattering her face.

AURELIA (cont'd)
He was mine! He was mine!

SPARTACUS (O.S.)
Aurelia.

She looks up to find Spartacus has entered. A specter of death and blood.

SPARTACUS
(re: Numerius)
It is done.

She sees Numerius' body as if for the first time. She sobs, lost and damaged. Spartacus holds his hand out to her.

SPARTACUS (cont'd)
Come.

She hesitates, takes it. As she rises she suddenly stiffens in terror, spotting something behind Spartacus. Spartacus whirls just as a bloodied Guard attacks. Spartacus' arm is sliced open, his weapon tumbling from his hand. The Guard rears back for the death blow but

A SWORD SHOOTS THROUGH HIS NECK,

spraying Spartacus with blood. The Guard collapses, revealing Doctore behind him. Spartacus nods his thanks, retrieving his sword.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SPARTACUS (cont'd)

Look to the girl.

He heads out. Doctore takes in Numerius and the dead Romans, his soul churning.

DOCTORE

Is this not enough? How many more must die?

SPARTACUS

(darkening)

I would see but one.

OFF SPARTACUS, revenge flashing in his eyes...

OMITTED

OMITTED

INT. ATRIUM - BATIATUS' VILLA - NIGHT

TRACK THROUGH the aftermath of the massacre. Romans and Guards lay dead and dismembered. Mira comforts FRIGHTENED HOUSE SLAVES, splattered with blood. Gladiators slit the throats of those clinging to life.

CRIXUS

half collapses into a chair, still fighting the drug in his system. He drinks from a cup of wine, his eyes finding

AGRON

entering from the ludus, bloodied and spent.

CRIXUS

Your brother?

Agron shakes his head, unable to speak through his grief. A solemn beat. Crixus hands him his cup of wine. A gesture of respect. Agron drinks. A commotion pulls their attention to

BATIATUS

as he crashes in across the room, using his sword to fend off Rhaskos and a few other Gladiators taunting him.
CONTINUED:

BATIATUS
I am your dominus! I will see your fucking hearts for this!

LUCRETIA (O.S.)
Quintus...

Batiatus freezes. Lucretia drifts through the carnage, pale and near death, her hand to her blood drenched stomach. Crixus watches without passion as she collapses to the floor.

BATIATUS
Lucretia!

SPARTACUS (O.S.)
What would you do?

Mira's heart catches as Spartacus appears, moving between Batiatus and Lucretia. Rhaskos and the others respectfully back away.

SPARTACUS
To hold your wife again? To feel the warmth of her skin? The taste of her lips? How many men would you kill? A hundred? A thousand?
(a beat)
There stands but one, between you and her.

Batiatus screams, attacking. Spartacus counters.

SPARTACUS (cont'd)
Go to her. Tell her the gods themselves will not keep you apart. Lie. As you lied to me of my wife.

The shock of what this is about slams into Batiatus. He marshals his courage and attacks. Spartacus systematically slices him to pieces, careful to avoid the killing blow. Wishing to extend the moment.

LUCRETIA

watches from the floor as her husband cries out in pain, his wounds weeping blood. Batiatus trembles, tears spilling across his cheeks as he scans his men for mercy. His eyes fall on Doctore, entering with a shell-shocked Aurelia.

BATIATUS
Oenomaus...

(CONTINUED)
A frozen beat. Doctore turns his eyes, unable to help -- or bear witness to his end. Batiatus' fear turns to rage as he screams at Spartacus.

BATIATUS (cont'd)
You were nothing before me! I gave you the fucking heavens! I gave you means to accept your fate!

SPARTACUS
And now you are destroyed by it.

Batiatus snarls as he attacks. Spartacus counters, spinning around and

HACKING OPEN BATIATUS' THROAT

in a spray of blood. The sword falls from Batiatus' hand. He turns, takes a few steps towards Lucretia before collapsing to his knees. He locks eyes with her, face filled with longing and regret. The life drains from his face as he collapses at the foot of his statue, dead. Tears fall from Lucretia's eyes, before they too are stilled.

HIGH SHOT

as Batiatus' blood spreads across the floor to merge with Lucretia's. Husband and wife, forever bound in death.

SPARTACUS

turns from his revenge to survey the Gladiators and House Slaves. The wounded and the frightened. His people.

SPARTACUS (cont'd)
I have done this thing... because it was just. Because blood demands blood. We have lived...
(to Crixus)
... and lost, at the whims of our masters for too long. I would not have it so.
(to Aurelia)
I would not see the passing of a brother for reasons of sport. I would not bear another heart ripped from chest, nor breath forfeit without cause.
(to Doctore)
I know not all of you wished this. Yet it is done. It is done. Your lives are now your own. Forge your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
own path... or join with us, and together we shall see Rome tremble!

The Gladiators ERUPT in response, as do most of the Slaves. Agron practically froths at the mouth. Doctore takes this in, uncertain. Crixus rises, gaining strength as he adds his own voice to the roar of freedom. PUSH IN ON SPARTACUS, his eyes burning with violent determination...

EXT. MAIN GATES - BATIATUS' LUDUS - NIGHT

RAMP TO SLOW MOTION as the gates are smashed open. Spartacus is first out, with Crixus, Doctore, and Agron close behind. The Gladiators, Mira, Aurelia, and the other Slaves swarming behind them.

SPARTACUS

charges the CAMERA. Sword raised. A battle cry twisting his lips. As his vengeance fills the FRAME --

BLACKOUT.

END OF SEASON ONE