

Revelations

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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

(handing swords)  
Other matters occupy his attention.

(CONTINUED)

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)

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)

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)

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 THROUGH 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 - BATIATUS' 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)

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)

CONTINUED:

SPARTACUS

(soft)

Every man to his own fate. And I to mine.

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

INT. PANTRY - BATIATUS' 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)

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. Batiatus supervises.

BATIATUS

(re: couch)

Careful with that!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BATIATUS (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.

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

Mira tenses as Batiatus moves to greet Spartacus.

BATIATUS (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.

BATIATUS  
 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.

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

That gets Spartacus' attention.

SPARTACUS  
 Glaber?

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

A tense beat.

(CONTINUED)

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)

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)

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 - BATIATUS' 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)

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

(covering his  
irritation)  
Ashur, gather cart! We must hurry!

Lucretia eyes Ilithyia warily as Ashur and Batiatus exit. Is Ilithyia playing games?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. Lingeringly. 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)

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  
myself 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  
(curt)  
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)

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 - BATIATUS' VILLA - NIGHT

Batiatus storms in, Ashur in tow.

BATIATUS

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.

BATIATUS

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.

BATIATUS (cont'd)

Lucretia!

INT. BEDCHAMBER - BATIATUS' VILLA - MOMENTS LATER

Batiatus enters, breathing fire.

BATIATUS

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.

BATIATUS (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.

BATIATUS

(to Mira)

Wine! Wine for the fucking house!  
We must celebrate!

Mira rushes out, WIPING US TO --

INT. BEDCHAMBER - ALBINUS' 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)

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)

CONTINUED:

AURELIA

The deed is done.

SPARTACUS

Then I shall see it undone. My  
winnings in the arena --

AURELIA

Are not fucking wanted.

Aurelia locks eyes with him, barely containing her fury.

SPARTACUS

It is my duty. Varro asked that I  
see you taken care of.

AURELIA

Then return him to me.

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

SPARTACUS

Varro's son. He is safe?

AURELIA

He stays with my brother. To be  
raised free of his father's debt.

SPARTACUS

Absent his mother.

Her guilt wells.

SPARTACUS (cont'd)

What of the child you carry?

AURELIA

It was not fathered by Varro.  
Without him...

(hardening)

I had it removed from my concerns.  
As I would be from yours.

Aurelia heads for the stairs. Spartacus hisses after her.

SPARTACUS

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

AURELIA

My husband is dead. And with him  
all faith.

(CONTINUED)

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)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

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.

BATIATUS

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)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

BATIATUS

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.

BATIATUS

Do not turn from me!

Glaber spins around in anger.

GLABER

You forget your place, lanista!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BATIATUS

No. I secure it.  
 (to slaves)  
 Clear the fucking room! Tell Ashur  
 to bring our gift for the Legatus!

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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BATIATUS

But a piece of the whole. Licinia.  
Cousin of Crassus.

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)

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

No man is above retribution for offenses committed against the House of Batiatus. No gladiator. No champion.

Spartacus tears his eyes from Crixus to look at Batiatus. Batiatus reaches into Ashur's sack and pulls out HECTOR'S SEVERED HEAD.

BATIATUS (cont'd)

Not even the men that guard you, should they be guilty of deceit or incompetence.

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

BATIATUS (cont'd)

The fault lies in my own breast, with a heart grown too large. This cannot stand. Legatus Claudius Glaber is now our honored Patron. And he has opened my eyes to the error of my generosity. One that demands correction.

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)

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)

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