

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 Batiatus 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 Batiatus my patronage, and all encompassing benefits. No man in all of Capua is more deserving of such esteemed privilege.

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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!

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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.

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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.

Iovis absently waves his approval. Doctore nods to Spartacus. Spartacus works the palus beside Agron. Duro trains nearby.

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?

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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.

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CONTINUED:

DOCTORE

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

BATIATUS

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.

BATIATUS

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.

BATIATUS

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?

BATIATUS

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?

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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.

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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.

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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)

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CONTINUED:

BATIATUS (cont'd)  
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)

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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.

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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.

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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)

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.

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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.

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CONTINUED:

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.

LUCRETIA

(glaring)  
The news does not bring comfort,  
Ilithyia.

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.

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CONTINUED:

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.

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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)

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)

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.

Batiatus 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

BATIATUS

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 - BATIATUS' 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,

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

wavering. 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 - BATIATUS' LUDUS - SUNSET

Crixus hacks at Spartacus with vicious determination.

INT. PANTRY/MESS HALL - BATIATUS' 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 - BATIATUS' VILLA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

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

BATIATUS  
 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCRETIA (cont'd)  
 "Fortunes" carry but connotation of  
 coin.

BATIATUS  
 Blessings, then.

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.

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

LUCRETIA  
 He loved you, Quintus.

BATIATUS  
 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.

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

LUCRETIA  
 (laughs)  
 An empire now, is it?

BATIATUS  
 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

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...

OMITTED

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)

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)

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)

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

constricts 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)

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

CRIXUS 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.

CRIXUS (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)

CONTINUED:

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

OMITTED

EXT. BALCONY/TRAINING SQUARE - BATIATUS' 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.

CRIXUS

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 CRIXUS

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

DOCTORE

Crixus!

Crixus whirls 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?!

CRIXUS

My mind is clear. Spartacus shows us the way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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)

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,

all drenched 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 CLANGING across the floor.

(CONTINUED)

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)



CONTINUED:

LUCRETIA  
 (realizing)  
 Ilithyia.

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.

BATIATUS  
 Go!

LUCRETIA  
 Quintus --

BATIATUS  
 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)

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 - BATIATUS' 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 whirls 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 - BATIATUS' LUDUS - NIGHT

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

(CONTINUED)

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)

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)

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)

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)

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)



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)

CONTINUED:

SPARTACUS (cont'd)  
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

