

**SPARTACUS**  
**War of the Damned**

Episode #310  
"Victory"

Written By  
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Directed By  
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TO THE  
BITTER END!

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, likely belonging to Steven S. DeKnight, written over the bottom half of the page.

Production Draft

9/15/12

# **SPARTACUS**

## **War of the Damned**

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"Victory"

### CAST

SPARTACUS.....	<i>Liam McIntyre</i>
GANNICUS.....	<i>Dustin Clare</i>
AGRON.....	<i>Daniel Feuerriegel</i>
NAEVIA.....	<i>Cynthia Addai-Robinson</i>
CRASSUS.....	<i>Simon Merrells</i>
NASIR.....	<i>Pana Hema-Taylor</i>
CAESAR.....	<i>Todd Lasance</i>
LAETA.....	<i>Anna Hutchison</i>
SAXA.....	<i>Ellen Hollman</i>
KORE.....	<i>Jenna Lind</i>
SIBYL.....	<i>Gwendoline Taylor</i>
LUGO.....	<i>Barry Duffield</i>
CASTUS.....	<i>Blessing Mokgohloa</i>
RUFUS.....	<i>Roy Snow</i>
BELESA.....	<i>Luna Rioumina</i>
ADAL	
PLEURATOS	

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### SETS

#### EXTERIORS

APPIAN WAY  
BASE OF THE ALPS  
CRASSUS' PRAETORIUM COURTYARD  
MOUNTAIN PATH  
ND VILLAS  
REBEL CAMP  
    NORTHERN PART  
REBEL FRONT  
ROMAN CENTER POSITION  
ROMAN FORWARD POSITION  
ROMAN FRONT  
ROMAN HILLTOP (OVERLOOKING BATTLE)  
    BOTTOM OF ROMAN HILL  
ROMAN REAR POSITION  
VALLEY

#### INTERIORS

AGRON & NASIR'S TENT  
CRASSUS' PRAETORIUM  
GANNICUS' TENT  
ND VILLAS  
PITS  
ROMAN VILLA  
SPARTACUS' COMMAND TENT

# SPARTACUS

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### PRONUNCIATIONS

ADAL	[ee-DAL]
AGRON	[AG-ron]
AMPHORA	[am-FOR-uh]
APPIAN	[TBD]
BALLISTAE	[bah-LIS-tye]
BATIATUS	[BAH-tee-ah-tus]
CAESAR	[SEIZE-cr]
CASTUS	[cass-tuss]
CELTILLUS	[KEL-till-us]
CRASSUS	[CRASS-us]
CRIXUS	[CRICKS-us]
DOMINUS	[DOM-eh-nus]
GANNICUS	[GAN-uh-cuss]
IMPERATOR	[em-PEER-uh-tor]
KORE	[CORE-ay]
LAETA	[LIE-tuh]
LUGO	[LOO-go]
MEDICUS	[MED-uh-kuss]
MELIA	[MEL-ee-uh]
MELITTA	[MUH-lee-tuh]
MIRA	[MEER-uh]
NAEVIA	[NEV-ee-uh]
NASIR	[NUH-sear]
OENOMAUS	[en-uh-may-us]

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### PRONUNCIATIONS

PLEURATOS	[PLEW-rah-tos]
POMPEY	[POMP-ee]
PRAETORIUM	[pray-TOR-ee-um]
RUFUS	[ROOF-us]
SAXA	[SAX-uh]
SIBYL	[seh-BELL]
SURA	[SIR-uh]
SPARTACUS	[SPAR-tuh-cuss]
TESTUDO	[TBD]
TIBERIUS	[tie-BEER-ee-us]
VARRO	[varr-oh]

**SPARTACUS**  
**WAR OF THE DAMNED**

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OVER BLACK

The sound of slow, LABORED BREATHING. FADE UP on --

1 INT. ROMAN VILLA - NORTHERN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

1

OUT OF FOCUS. A blob of impressionistic colors heads directly at CAMERA in SLOW MOTION. It solidifies into

A ROMAN DOMINUS

fleeing for his life. Face bloodied. Eyes wide with terror. VILLA GUARDS rush past him in the opposite direction to meet

FIVE OF SPARTACUS' REBEL FIGHTERS

hot in pursuit, led by an armored and HELMETED WARRIOR (the helm obscuring his face). The Warrior and the Rebels lay waste to the Guards in an orgy of blood and death.

THE DOMINUS

grabs up a fallen sword and whirls to protect himself. The Warrior smashes it out of his hand and brings his own sword down hard, propelling us back to REAL TIME. TIGHT ON the Dominus' eyes as they shift to discover

THE WARRIOR'S SWORD

has pinned the neck of his robe to the ground, a hair's width from his jugular. The Warrior looms over him.

WARRIOR

Spread word to your kind to strike  
shackle from their slaves. Or I shall  
see their houses follow yours in blood  
and death.

DOMINUS

(terrified whisper)  
Who are you?

The Warrior takes his helmet off, revealing GANNICUS. PUSH IN as he gravely intones...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 1

GANNICUS  
*I am Spartacus.*

SMASH TO:

2 INT. CRASSUS' PRAETORIUM - ROMAN ENCAMPMENT - DAY 2

TIGHT ON A MARKER as it's slammed down on a northern area of Crassus' war map.

CAESAR (O.S.)  
Another villa set upon.

WIDEN TO REVEAL CAESAR glowering over the map. Other MARKERS dot a wide area to either side of the one he just slammed down. CRASSUS considers them with a distracted frown.

CRASSUS  
What number holds total?

CAESAR  
Six in half as many days.

3 EXT/INT. ND VILLAS - NIGHT (FLASHBACKS) 3

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS of BLOOD SPLATTERED REBELS claiming to be the Bringer of Rain:

PLEURATOS  
*I am Spartacus.*

CELTILLUS  
*I am Spartacus.*

LUGO  
*I am Spartacus.*

NASIR  
*I am Spartacus.*

The legend himself cuts down a ROMAN GUARD and proclaims:

SPARTACUS  
*I am Spartacus.*

4 INT. CRASSUS' PRAETORIUM - ROMAN ENCAMPMENT - DAY 4

CAESAR  
He lays assault with swiftness to rival winged Mars.

(CONTINUED)

CRASSUS

Spartacus stands but mortal man. I have yet held privilege of one that could span distant ground within single breath.

CAESAR

You believe reports false?

CRASSUS

I believe he lays strategy, to set Pompey to confusion. Chasing veiled spectre of the man himself.

CAESAR

We were charged with bringing Spartacus to heel, not Pompey. If the Thracian slips beyond the mountains, burden of defeat shall rest upon our shoulders.

Crassus' eyes fall on a DEATH MASK OF TIBERIUS on his desk.

CRASSUS

(soft)

And those who have given life towards campaign.

Caesar gauges that, shifts back to the map.

CAESAR

There was nothing save cooling embers in the rebel camp where Tiberius met his end. Forward scouts have yet to set eyes upon Spartacus and his army.

CRASSUS

See efforts doubled. I would press the Thracian upon field of battle at soonest opportunity. And gaze into his eyes as hope and life forever drain from them.

SMASH TO:

Spartacus strides through the rebel camp, a god of war preparing for a battle to shake the very heavens. Gannicus is at his side.

REBEL WARRIORS

hustle with intense purpose. Gathering armor. Preparing weapons. Sharpening STAKES. The air is thick with grim foreboding as they set to task.

(CONTINUED)



GANNICUS

Many times have I marveled at mad scheme  
sprung from fevered mind. Yet one you  
now set forth towers above fucking all.

They pass dozens of REBELS constructing what appear to be  
flimsy lattices of STICKS. Each ten feet by ten feet, being  
covered with GRASS and small SHRUBS.

SPARTACUS

Effort to confound Pompey to the north  
has given Crassus opportunity to gain  
needed ground. He will soon be upon us  
from the south with overwhelming  
advantage. Hope lies only in deciding  
time and place of final battle.

GANNICUS

You weave barest tether to the promise of  
such.

They pass more REBELS lashing twenty-foot long BRANCHES  
together forming flat BATTERING RAMS. The branch tips on one  
end have been sharpened into deadly SPIKES.

SPARTACUS

It shall hold long enough for the others  
to slip from grasp.

AGRON (O.S.)

I pray it so.

Spartacus turns to find AGRON approaching. The wounds he  
received at the hands of the Romans still ugly and raw. His  
palms wrapped in BLOOD-STAINED rags. Yet he refuses to give  
in to the pain.

AGRON

And would lend needed aid towards giving  
Crassus fucking pause.

Spartacus eyes him with sad admiration.

SPARTACUS

Make fist, as if gripping sword.

Agron reluctantly complies. He struggles to close his hands,  
the pain excruciating. He stops, tears of frustration welling.

AGRON

(soft)

They have taken all from me.

(CONTINUED)

SPARTACUS  
You will yet make difference in coming  
battle. By seeing those who cannot fight  
to the mountains. Return to task with  
Nasir, and prepare for journey.

Agron nods in defeat, moves off.

GANNICUS  
(with respect and disbelief)  
The man is more dead than living. And  
yet eager to die for your cause.

SPARTACUS  
Does it yet not stand your own?

GANNICUS  
I am no martyr upon cross.

Gannicus spots SIBYL helping the MOTHER (from Ep. 308)  
prepare her BABY for travel.

GANNICUS  
Yet I will gladly risk life, so those  
deserving may live.

Spartacus sees the love in Gannicus' eyes.

SPARTACUS  
Take pause, and see heart attended in  
advance of parting.

Gannicus nods, moves to join Sibyl. Spartacus watches them  
embrace, a deep sadness welling. NAEVIA approaches.

NAEVIA  
It seems another life. That I stood in  
equal embrace with Crixus.

SPARTACUS  
Much has been taken from us.

He locks eyes with her, hardening.

SPARTACUS  
Let us return favor upon Crassus and the  
legions of Rome.

OFF the burning desire...

6 EXT. NORTHERN PART OF REBEL CAMP - VALLEY - DAY 6

Agron organizes a chaotic mass of WOMEN, ELDERLY, and those  
too young or injured to fight.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

AGRON

Gather all you can carry and await signal after sun falls from horizon! Once upon path light no torch nor break unnecessary word!

ADAL, a disgruntled young teen, snorts in contempt.

ADAL

I would *fight*. Not take to heel with women and cripples.

AGRON

There are many you name as such that could yet teach hard lesson, boy. Hold tongue and fall to fucking purpose.

He slinks back into place as Nasir joins Agron.

NASIR

I fear you have made young Adal piss himself. Deserved fate, for one so brash.

AGRON

He but gives voice to obvious truth.

His eyes go to his ruined, bandaged hands.

NASIR

You are yet a warrior. And shall stand example that no matter injury inflicted by the Romans, a free man will fight to his end.

OFF the statement...

7 INT. AGRON AND NASIR'S TENT - REBEL CAMP - SUNSET

7

CLOSE ON a round SHIELD outfitted with DEADLY SPIKES around the rim. A RED SERPENT adorns it, reminiscent of the emblem on the gladiator's shield in Episode 101. WIDEN TO REVEAL Nasir holding it before a surprised Agron.

AGRON

You crafted this?

NASIR

With aid from Castus.

Nasir helps Agron guide his arm through the straps.

(CONTINUED)

NASIR

When time comes, I will lash hand to grip. So it is not torn from grasp when splitting Roman flesh.

Agron considers the shield, deeply touched. And troubled.

AGRON

(soft)

I cannot flee to the mountains with the others. Despite command, my place is upon field of battle.

Nasir takes that in, knowing it means almost certain death.

NASIR

As mine is forever by your side.

Nasir kisses him, devoted to the very end. Agron responds with all his heart, their love **TRANSITIONING US TO --**

Gannicus and Sibyl make love. Gentle and passionate, but with a heavy sense of inevitability. They climax as one, melting into each other's arms. Sibyl clings to him, wanting to freeze this moment in time.

GANNICUS

(soft)

The hour is upon us.

SIBYL

I do not want to leave your arms.

GANNICUS

Nor I to see you from them. Yet you must go with the others.

SIBYL

Come with me.

Gannicus takes her in, wishing it were that simple.

GANNICUS

You know I must stay. So that you may reach mountains, and live free of the Republic beyond them.

SIBYL

There is no life absent your touch.

(CONTINUED)

GANNICUS

(a beat)

You once said the gods had sent me to save you. You were wrong.

(a beat, soft)

You were the one that was sent. And I in need of saving.

He kisses her, all his brashness and posturing swept aside in favor of this simple, pure girl.

GANNICUS

I will join you at battle's end. If I am able.

Gannicus begins to dress. Tears streak Sibyl's cheeks.

SIBYL

And if you are not?

GANNICUS

Then I shall wait for you upon the shores of the afterlife. Oenomaus and Melitta to see me to company, until I hold you again.

SIBYL

(rising)

May the gods protect you...

She takes her small wooden IDOL from where it rests on a table and presses it into his hands.

SIBYL

... And see Crassus and his legions fall to better men.

GANNICUS

I will give all to make it so.

He takes her in his arms. She doesn't see the sad acceptance in his eyes that death holds more likely outcome in his future. OFF the moment...

9 EXT. CRASSUS' PRAETORIUM COURTYARD - ROMAN ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT 9

Crassus, stripped to the waist, spars with RUFUS and another SOLDIER, also stripped down. Crassus deflects a blow from the Soldier and kicks Rufus back. Rufus catches his breath, nods in respect.

RUFUS

Your skills remain keen, Emperor.

(CONTINUED)

CRASSUS

(grimly seething)

I would sharpen them to deadly edge, in  
advance of facing Bringer of Rain.

He attacks, hammering Rufus and the Soldier. The pain of his  
loss boiling over into rage. With each blow he flashes to a  
MEMORY of his fallen son:

\* Tiberius' beaming face as he receives the title of the  
Imperator's Word and Will from Ep. 302 (ALREADY SHOT).

\* Embracing Tiberius after reinstating him into the Legion in  
Ep. 307 (ALREADY SHOT).

\* Tiberius' dead face as PLASTER is applied to create a DEATH  
MASK.

Crassus explodes, laying out Rufus and the Soldier. His eyes  
shift to KORE being led into the courtyard by two SOLDIER  
GUARDS. Her hands bound in chains. OFF CRASSUS'  
impenetrable gaze...

10 INT. CRASSUS' PRAETORIUM - ROMAN ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

10

TIGHT ON TIBERIUS' DEATH MASK resting on the war table.  
ADJUST to find Kore, still in chains, staring down at it. A  
swirl of emotion in her eyes.

CRASSUS (O.S.)

He appears at peace.

REVEAL Crassus as he finishes strapping his armor on.

CRASSUS

Does he not?

KORE

(soft)

Yes, Dominus.

CRASSUS

It is false image of the boy I knew.  
Forever of furrowed brow and pressing  
concern. A reflection of his father,  
grave of face and disposition.

He picks up the death mask, his eyes filling with regret.

CRASSUS

He was not always so. Was he?

KORE

No, Dominus. He was not always so.

(CONTINUED)

CRASSUS

The passing of years hardens a man to the simple joys of life.

(re: death mask)

Until all that is left is a thing of stone, cold and unforgiving.

KORE

(tentatively)

I wish nothing more than journey had set towards different path.

Crassus considers that, he himself wanting nothing more than to be in a better place. With his son yet at his side. And the woman he loves in his arms.

CRASSUS

(soft)

Tell me again of his passing.

KORE

(with difficulty)

The rebel camp was thick with slaves, angry the son of Crassus had been granted release. One broke from crowd with knife clutched in hand as Caesar led Tiberius away...

Crassus' eyes fill with tears.

CRASSUS

Give voice towards slave that robbed him of life.

Kore hesitates, wanting to tell him the truth. Wanting him to know why she betrayed him and why Tiberius fell. But her tongue instead finds the lie told by Caesar in Ep. 309.

KORE

(soft)

A man long of years. The scars of his master etched upon flesh.

CRASSUS

Would that he had been struck from this world, so that Tiberius may yet be of it.

Kore wells with tears, the lie twisting the knife lodged in her heart. Caesar enters, interrupting. His eyes flash with the slightest hint of worry over Kore's obvious distress.

CAESAR

Apologies for intrusion. We have received word from forward scouts.

(CONTINUED)

CRASSUS

Spartacus?

CAESAR

A clutch of his men sighted to the north.

CRASSUS

Give order to strike encampment and fall to march.

CAESAR

Imperator.

He chests salutes and exits.

KORE

War at last draws to its end.

CRASSUS

As all things must, born of man and misplaced desire. The guards will see you returned to where you belong.

He starts out. Kore calls to him, mustering her courage.

KORE

You have not asked why I turned from you.

CRASSUS

(sadly)

Could answer reverse course of time's passing? Or erase memory of deepest wound?

KORE

(soft)

No. Yet I would give life to gaze upon forgiveness in your eyes. For all that I have done.

Crassus takes her in, eyes filled with regret -- but not forgiveness.

CRASSUS

(with pain and longing)

If but I could be so moved.

Crassus turns and exits. OFF KORE, the depth of her despair deepening...

Spartacus walks with LAETA. The mood somber.

(CONTINUED)



SPARTACUS

Once beyond camp, you will divide number and path. To better give chance of reaching mountains absent discovery by Pompey.

LAETA

I would count fortune more assured, were you to lead us.

SPARTACUS

Crassus must be given pause. So that you and the others may slip beyond reach.

LAETA

We shall wait for you then, at foot of the mountains.

SPARTACUS

I would not have it so.

LAETA

Am I not free, to make own choice?

SPARTACUS

(with a wry smile)

As you frequently remind. Yet do not hazard life, in hopes that I yet cling to my own.

LAETA

You will not fall in battle against Crassus.

SPARTACUS

(laughs)

You now hold power to pierce future's uncertain veil?

LAETA

I hold but faith. In a man like no other.

SPARTACUS

(soft, touched)

Gratitude. For your words. And what comfort presence has given.

They come to the northern edge of the camp where THOUSANDS OF FREED SLAVES have gathered for the exodus to the mountains. Women, Children, the Mother and her Baby, Adal, the Elderly and the Infirm. Naevia and Lugo aid in final preparation.

(CONTINUED)

GANNICUS

leads Sibyl to join them. Can't help but smile as he spots SAXA sharing a heated farewell kiss with BELESA.

BELESA

Do not fall to the Romans, you wild cunt.

SAXA

(laughs)

I fuck them all. And you, when return.

Agron and Nasir move past them to meet Spartacus.

SPARTACUS

You are clear of purpose?

AGRON

Never more so. Yet Nasir and I shall not be among those striking towards mountains.

SPARTACUS

(darkening)

We have broken words towards subject.  
You cannot fight --

NASIR

He has found way, forged by loving hands.

AGRON

Do not ask my own to lay idle in coming battle.

Spartacus gravely considers the request.

SPARTACUS

I have born witness to the fall of many I have called brother. You are the last yet living that stood with me when Batiatus' ludus was laid to ruin.

(a beat)

You honor me, by standing again at my side in final conflict.

Agron nods, swelling with pride and emotion. Gannicus joins Spartacus, slipping Sibyl's IDOL (now tied to a length of cord) around his neck. Naevia, Saxa, and Lugo not far behind.

GANNICUS

They are readied for journey.

Spartacus addresses the gathered masses.

(CONTINUED)

## SPARTACUS

The time of our parting has come. Know that you will be heavy upon thought as we face Crassus and his legions. Many of us will fall. There is strategy nor deception that can bend course of inevitable fate. Yet our blood shall purchase needed opportunity for you to gain mountain paths. Beyond snapping jaws of Rome that have plagued with death and misery. Part way. And live free.

The Mother steps forward, her child in her arms and tears of gratitude in her eyes.

## MOTHER

Gratitude. For all you have done.

The rest of the exodus takes up the somber call, each calling out their thanks.

## EXODUS REBELS

Gratitude. Gratitude, Spartacus.  
Gratitude. May the gods bless you.  
Gratitude...

Spartacus is deeply moved by the outpouring. CASTUS thunders up on a horse with Celtillus, interrupting.

## CASTUS

Spartacus! Roman scouts have laid eyes upon us to the south of the valley!

The crush of mountain-bound Rebels MURMURS in fear.

## SPARTACUS

What markings did they bear?

## CASTUS

Fearsome bull upon chest.

## NAEVIA

*Crassus.*

## SPARTACUS

(to Exodus Rebels)  
Set upon path, and do not turn from it!  
Go!

The exodus heads out under the cover of darkness, absent torches that would give away their position. Laeta pauses, kissing Spartacus.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

LAETA

I shall lend prayer. Towards the end of  
Crassus. And the triumph of Spartacus.

She moves off with Sibyl and the others as they break from  
camp. Spartacus watches them go, a wistful longing in his  
eyes.

GANNICUS

I have had fill of words and tearful  
farewells. I desire blood, and the cries  
of our enemy.

PUSH IN on Spartacus, his own desire for such burning in his  
eyes...

SPARTACUS

Let us make it so.

OFF the threat...

12 EXT. REBEL CAMP - NIGHT

12

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS: Shields, swords, spears, war hammers,  
and other weapons being grabbed up. Horses being readied.  
REBEL BOOTS rushing forward.

INTERCUT WITH:

13 EXT. ROMAN FRONT - VALLEY - NIGHT

13

QUICK SHOTS OF CRASSUS' LEGIONS advancing in strict battle  
formation. Horses' hooves chewing up the ground. The ROMAN  
STANDARD held high in the air. CATAPULTS and BALLISTAE being  
pushed into place along the rear lines.

14 EXT. REBEL FRONT - VALLEY - NIGHT

14

The Rebel Army takes their positions. Unlike the Romans,  
they are loosely grouped to enable swifter maneuvering.

SPARTACUS

stands at the front, powerful and determined. Gannicus,  
Naevia, Agron (with his spiked shield lashed to one hand and  
a steel-plated MANICA on the other to deflect sword blows),  
Nasir, Castus, Saxa, and Lugo stand with him, along with a  
clutch of battle hardened WARRIORS. WRAP AROUND SPARTACUS to  
reveal the full might of

(CONTINUED)

CRASSUS' LEGIONS

a mile in the distance. Thousands of torches dotting the night. Filling the other side of the valley with impossible numbers. Pleuratos rides up from a forward scout position.

SPARTACUS

Give report.

PLEURATOS

A single rider advances, hard upon reins.

SPARTACUS

(to his troops)

Do not engage unless given command!  
Stand ready!

Spartacus' Army goes into attack posture. Shields up, swords and spears out. A tense beat as the RIDER draws closer.

SPARTACUS

*Spear.*

A Warrior Woman tosses him her spear. Spartacus rears back and launches it. The spear stabs into the earth in the path of the Rider. He pulls back on the reins, rearing up as he stops. Reveal Rufus. He shouts to Spartacus.

RUFUS

I do not seek quarrel! Only to deliver  
message from Emperor Crassus!

SPARTACUS

*Spear.*

Nasir tosses him his spear. Fear wells in Rufus' eyes -- but Spartacus doesn't hurl it.

SPARTACUS

Break words. And pray to your gods I  
find them of worth.

OFF SPARTACUS' warning...

CAMERA CRESTS THE HILL, revealing Crassus standing at the edge of the hilltop with his back towards us, a light breeze tugging at his cape. Caesar and half a dozen ROMAN SOLDIERS stand a ways back on each side. CAMERA COMES TO REST over Crassus' shoulder. In the valley below, the torches and campfires of the

(CONTINUED)

## TWO OPPOSING ARMIES

dot the landscape. Crassus' Legions, in tight rectilinear formation, outnumbering the sprawling Rebels five to one.

## SWING AROUND ON CRASSUS

taking in the impressive sight. Lost in troubled reflection. Spartacus appears, cresting the hill behind him. Gannicus, Agron, Nasir, Castus, and Naevia are with him. Sweat and fear stain the faces of Crassus' Soldiers at the sight of Spartacus.

CRASSUS

(soft, not turning)

Have you ever witnessed such a thing? So many hearts, beating towards inevitable end?

SPARTACUS

Why did you call me here, Crassus?

CRASSUS

The same reason you came.

He turns, locking eyes with Spartacus.

CRASSUS

Curiosity.

SPARTACUS

Has it been satisfied?

CRASSUS

Has yours? We have vexed each other for many months. Both suffering grievous wound upon effort. Yet have never broken single word.

SPARTACUS

There are none that would hold difference.

CRASSUS

Perhaps.

Crassus casually draws his sword. Spartacus and the Rebels draw their own. Caesar and the nervous Soldiers respond in kind, but Crassus holds his hand up.

CRASSUS

Yet I would have them regardless.

(CONTINUED)

Crassus hands his sword to Caesar. Spartacus hesitates, hands his sword to Gannicus.

CRASSUS  
(to Caesar)  
Leave us.

CAESAR  
(protesting)  
Imperator --

CRASSUS  
*Fall to command.*

Caesar reluctantly withdraws with the Soldiers. Spartacus nods to Gannicus to do the same. Gannicus glowers, moves off with the others. Crassus returns to looking out across the gathered armies.

CRASSUS  
It is a thing known, is it not? That you cannot win this conflict.

Spartacus joins him.

SPARTACUS  
A sentiment shared.  
(a beat)  
By all the Romans that I have killed who held such belief.

CRASSUS  
(soft)  
My son among them.

SPARTACUS  
I cannot give voice to regret of passing.  
To the soldier who robbed Crixus of life.

CRASSUS  
(flaring)  
The Gaul died upon field of battle. An honor denied Tiberius.

SPARTACUS  
It is not as I had wished, nor commanded.  
Yet the woman had been rudely treated by his hands, and her own claimed vengeance.

Crassus absorbs that, giving nothing away.

CRASSUS  
As mine are so moved in memory of my son.  
And yours towards wife no longer --

(CONTINUED)

SPARTACUS

Do not think to place your loss upon equal footing. Your son took up arms for the Republic. One that saw my wife torn from grasp and condemned to slavery and death.

CRASSUS

And now you lead thousands to join her in futile attempt.

SPARTACUS

Whatever happens to my people it will be because **we** choose for it. **We** decide our fates. Not the Romans. Not even the gods.

CRASSUS

You choose but time and place of journey's end.

SPARTACUS

Better to fall by the sword than the master's lash.

CRASSUS

And will it balm festering wound? If the Bringer of Rain heralds miracle and defeats Crassus and his legions, will he withdraw from the Republic? Content that he has brought those who so injured him to justice?

SPARTACUS

(soft)

There is no justice. Not in this world.

A weariness seeps into Crassus' eyes.

CRASSUS

At last. A thing we agree upon.

Crassus extends his hand. Spartacus considers it, takes it.

SPARTACUS

When we again meet, I will kill you.

CRASSUS

No. You are going to **try**.

SPARTACUS

It is all a free man can do.

(CONTINUED)



15      CONTINUED: (4)      15

Spartacus disappears back into the night. OFF CRASSUS, deeply troubled by the exchange...

16      INT. CRASSUS' PRAETORIUM - ROMAN ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT      16

TIBERIUS' DEATH MASK resting on the war table looms large in the foreground as a furious Crassus strides in with Caesar.

CAESAR

You cannot place trust in the words of Spartacus.

CRASSUS

What reason would he have to twist tongue upon subject?

CAESAR

I do not pretend to know lay of a savage's fucking thoughts.

Crassus' eyes fall on Tiberius' death mask.

CRASSUS

Tell me again. What hand struck Tiberius from this life?

CAESAR

One belonging to a man long in years, as I have said --

Crassus whirls and slugs Caesar in the face. Caesar goes down spitting blood, stunned.

CRASSUS

Spartacus spoke of a *woman*.

His eyes shift to Kore, in shackles, as she's brought in by the Soldier Guards.

CRASSUS

Moved by vengeance.

Kore's eyes flick to Caesar on the ground as the Soldiers exit.

CAESAR

He but attempts to turn us against each other with plotted lie.

CRASSUS

The threat of ruin carries upon such deceit, if so embraced.

(to Kore)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CRASSUS (CONT'D)

Yet only in breaking of truth swells hope  
of *forgiveness*.

Kore wavers, can't continue the lie.

KORE

(soft)

It was my hand that moved against  
Tiberius, and saw him from this world.

Crassus absorbs that, his world dropping out from under him.  
Caesar tenses.

CRASSUS

Was my touch so cruel? That you would  
strike at heart through noble son?

He grabs her by the hair, whipping his dagger up to her  
throat.

CRASSUS

Speak! While you yet have throat to give  
voice!

CAESAR

(rising)

You place blame upon victim! Your  
"noble" fucking son forced himself inside  
her. One of many acts leading to  
deserved fate.

CRASSUS

More lies!

KORE

It is the truth! His love for you turned  
to hate in wake of decimation. And he  
struck at you in only way he could. One  
he knew would inflict deepest wound.

Tears stream down her cheeks. Crassus takes her in, sees  
that she's telling the truth. Lowers the dagger.

CRASSUS

(soft, devastated)

Why did you not tell me?

KORE

I made attempt, upon Melia Ridge.

CRASSUS

(remembering, hating himself)

And I said there was nothing I could not  
forgive Tiberius for.

(CONTINUED)

Crassus turns from her, his eyes falling on Tiberius' death mask.

CAESAR

(soft)

We did not wish to cause you further pain absent reason, Marcus. The cause of withholding truth.

CRASSUS

(a beat, soft)

Leave us.

Caesar complies, giving Kore a sad, worried look as he goes. Crassus picks up the death mask, tears welling.

CRASSUS

A son is but reflection of the father. Is this how I stand? Twisted and grotesque?!

He smashes the mask, tormented rage swelling.

KORE

You stand as you always have. A good man. That does what he must.

Crassus takes strength from that. Tenderly caresses her face.

CRASSUS

Apologies. For all that you have suffered.

He kisses her with desperate, sad longing.

CRASSUS

Know that it shall end when Spartacus falls. And unfortunate events of war trod path of faded memory.

Kore is consumed by relief as she embraces Crassus, at last again in his arms. Crassus hugs her close, but his own eyes are filled with hardening resolve -- and not just towards Spartacus. OFF CRASSUS as his face melds into SPARTACUS', TRANSITIONING US TO --

TIGHT ON SPARTACUS, lost in troubled thought.

GANNICUS (O.S.)

It is heavy burden.

(CONTINUED)

Spartacus glances over to where Gannicus has entered.

GANNICUS

To gaze upon war's end. And weigh bitter cost of it.

SPARTACUS

You do not believe we can defeat Crassus?

GANNICUS

(laughs)

Many times you have done the impossible. I would not wager against you in final gambit. Yet odds are not of a favor.

SPARTACUS

(soft)

No. They are not.

GANNICUS

I would offer drink to lift spirit, but I have turned from such of late.

SPARTACUS

A thing not escaping notice.

(a wistful smile)

I also turned from wild pursuits. When possessed by purest heart.

GANNICUS

You speak of your wife?

SPARTACUS

The night we first lay together, she told of how the gods delivered oracle in her dreams. And foretold that I would never love another woman.

GANNICUS

Did prophecy hold true?

SPARTACUS

I found comfort in others. Yet there stands an emptiness that can never be filled. A void left where heart once beat, when Sura was taken from me.

He locks eyes with Gannicus.

SPARTACUS

You once questioned how victory is defined. I thought answer held in Roman deaths.

(CONTINUED)

GANNICUS

A position no longer taken?

SPARTACUS

**Life** is what defines it. Not ours, nor those that follow us into battle. But the life of Sibyl. Of the mother and her child and so many others. They are all Sura. And I would see them live.

GANNICUS

(soft, with a smile)

A cause that even I can embrace.

SPARTACUS

If we are to have chance against Crassus, you must do more than embrace. You must **lead**.

GANNICUS

(waving it away)

An old argument.

SPARTACUS

That now must stand settled. I cannot do this without you assuming rightful position. One there is none more deserving of.

Gannicus frowns at that -- but nods, finally accepting a role as a leader.

GANNICUS

What would you have me do?

A wry smile bends Spartacus' lips.

SPARTACUS

The impossible.

OFF the mystery...

18 EXT. VALLEY (BATTLEFIELD) - DAY

18

Adjust off the rising sun to find the Rebel and Roman Armies facing each other in the valley below.

19 EXT. ROMAN CENTER POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

19

Crassus' Legions stand in battle formation. LEGIONARY FLAGS flutter in the breeze.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

FIND CRASSUS

in full armor astride his horse as he joins Caesar and Rufus (also on horseback) looking out across the Rebel Army beyond the Forward Position. Crassus is grave of face, the coming battle and the revelation about his son weighing heavy.

CRASSUS

The men stand ready?

CAESAR

They do, Emperor.

RUFUS

(eyeing Rebel Army)  
Spartacus stands the fool, to face our legions with so few.

CRASSUS

He has proven himself many things. A fool not among them.

CAESAR

Whatever he is, I long for triumph that shall greet us in Rome. When we carry his fucking head through the streets.

OFF the deadly proclamation...

20 EXT. REBEL FRONT - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

20

Spartacus strides to the front of his still vastly outnumbered Army. Agron is by his side, with his red serpent shield and steel-plated manica. Naevia, Lugo, Castus, and Nasir follow. Gannicus and Saxa are absent -- as are any rebels on horseback. Castus eyes Crassus' Legions in awe.

CASTUS

They stand an ocean.

NAEVIA

As when Crixus was swept from the shores of the living.

AGRON

They but offer opportunity. To swim in a sea of Roman blood.

Spartacus takes in the massive enemy Army. Haunted by a memory of dire foreboding.

SPARTACUS

(soft)  
Great and unfortunate things.

(CONTINUED)

AGRON

What meaning do words carry?

Spartacus' eyes fall on the red serpent on Agron's shield.

SPARTACUS

A warning, given voice by loving wife.

(hardening)

To a man that no longer exists.

(to his Army)

Soon Crassus shall give command! And we shall face his legions in open battle!

SHOTS of Spartacus' people as he speaks, their faces set with determination.

SPARTACUS

We stand in shadow of greater might! As their Republic has cast across lives of every man... every woman... every child condemned to the darkness of slavery! Made to toil and suffer, so that those of coin and position may see fortunes grow beyond need or purpose! Let us teach them that all who draw breath are of equal worth! And those who seek to place heel upon throat of liberty... shall fall to the cry of freedom!

The Rebel Army ROARS. They will fight to the bitter end. As free men and women. ROMAN HORNS split the air in the distance.

21 EXT. ROMAN CENTER POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

21

Crassus shouts to his men.

CRASSUS

No wounded enemy is to be blessed with merciful passing! I would make example of all who dare raise hand against the glory of Rome! Sound advance! And see rebellion laid waste!

HORNS split the air. Crassus and his Legions surge forward with a thunderous ROAR.

22 EXT. REBEL FRONT - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

22

Spartacus and his Army charges with a deafening ROAR.

23 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY (AERIAL)

23

The two Armies rush to meet each other.

24 EXT. REBEL FRONT - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 24

Spartacus leads the charge. Naevia and Lugo are on his left flank. Agron, Nasir, and Castus on the right flank. As they draw closer to Crassus' Legions --

SPARTACUS  
TAKE POSITION!

The Rebels suddenly halt their advance, those with SHIELDS and SPEARS forming a protective wall against the oncoming enemy. Spartacus stands in front of it with his twin swords.

25 EXT. ROMAN FORWARD POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 25

The massive Roman Army thunders towards the Rebels.

INTERCUT WITH:

26 EXT. REBEL FRONT - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 26

Spartacus stands defiant and exposed in front of his Army as the Romans draw closer.

SPARTACUS  
(to his Army)  
HOLD...

Tense shots of the Rebels' dirty, strained faces as they muster courage in face of certain death.

SPARTACUS  
HOLD... HOLD...

Crassus' Forward Position presents swords and spears to cut Spartacus down as they near striking range -- BUT TUMBLE INTO PITS DUG INTO THE FIELD and camouflaged with the GRASS COVERINGS the Rebels were making earlier in Scene 5.

27 INT. PITS - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 27

Roman Soldiers tumble into the pits in agonizing SLOW MOTION. SHARPENED BRANCHES positioned at the bottom PIERCE ARMOR AND FLESH. As one goes through a SOLDIER'S FACE --

28 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY (AERIAL) 28

Half the Roman Forward Position collapses into the rebel pits, filling them with bodies. The rest are thrown into chaos as the Soldiers coming up behind bunch against them.



29 EXT. REBEL FRONT - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 29

SPARTACUS  
ARCHERS!

REBEL ARCHERS draw back their bows and hammer the fractured Roman Forward Position.

30 EXT. ROMAN CENTER POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 30

Crassus pulls hard on his reins, stopping his horse. Caesar growls at the sight of the shattered Forward Position.

CAESAR  
The savage yet proves resourceful.

CRASSUS  
He but delays coming tide with grains of sand.  
(to his men)  
Give signal to form testudo!

HORNS SOUND in reply.

31 EXT. ROMAN FORWARD POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 31

The Forward Position regroups, forming TESTUDO (shields covering front and overhead) to protect themselves against the hail of Rebel arrows.

32 EXT. REBEL FRONT/ROMAN FORWARD POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 32

Naevia grins at the sight of the Roman Forward Position regrouping.

NAEVIA  
They fall to predicted maneuver.

SPARTACUS  
Let us show them one unexpected.  
(to Army)  
ADVANCE!

The Rebels ROAR as they surge forward. The Roman Forward Position grips SHIELDS and presents SPEARS. Just as Spartacus and his Army are about to be upon them --

SPARTACUS  
**NOW!**

Spartacus and his Front Position separate into multiple columns. The REBELS behind them snatch up

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

## THE LONG FLAT RAMS

with SPIKES at the end (from Scene 5), camouflaged beneath grass and shrubs. The Romans brace for impact as the rams bear down on them. But the Rebels suddenly plant the spiked ends into the ground and bodies filling the pits.

## THEY FLIP THE FLAT RAMS

over on top of the Roman testudo formations. The Romans realize too late that these aren't rams -- they're **ramps**.

## SPARTACUS,

Naevia, Agron, Nasir, Castus, Lugo, and a wave of Rebels rush up the ramps. They leap off of them, soaring into the air and coming down on the surprised Romans, cutting them down in sprays of blood.

## LUGO

swings his war hammer, breaking bones and smashing skulls. Naevia fights nearby, hacking a swath through the startled Romans.

## AGRON

rips through Roman flesh with his spiked shield. Nasir and Castus follow in his wake, their spears tearing apart the Soldiers in their path.

## SPARTACUS' TWIN SWORDS

send blood spraying across the battlefield as the Roman Forward Position is decimated by his relentless fury.

33 EXT. ROMAN CENTER POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

33

Crassus snarls at the sight of Spartacus and his Army overrunning his Forward Position.

## CRASSUS

Raise command for ballistae and catapults!

Caesar tenses as HORNS sound.

## CAESAR

You would rain death upon our own men?

## CRASSUS

I would end this fucking war!

34 EXT. ROMAN REAR POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 34

BALLISTAE and CATAPULTS let loose a barrage of death into the air (the ballistae hurling HUGE JAVELIN-LIKE BOLTS and the catapults hurling FLAMING PITCH SOAKED PROJECTILES).

35 EXT. ROMAN FORWARD POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 35

A hail of BALLISTAE BOLTS rain down, impaling Romans and Rebels alike. Fireballs blast Romans and Rebels into the air, their charred bodies littering the battlefield. BOOM! A fireball explodes dangerously close, showering Spartacus and those near him with debris.

SPARTACUS

Do not turn from advance! Press forward!

Smoke and death fill the air as Spartacus relentlessly presses forward, his swords slick with Roman blood.

A FIREBALL

explodes near Lugo, showering him with FLAMING PITCH and setting him ablaze.

NAEVIA

Lugo!

Lugo bellows in agony and rage, his flesh burning as he swings his now flaming war hammer. Romans fly back beneath the hellish assault. Lugo staggers to his knees, grins as the flames reach his face, devouring it.

LUGO

(in German)

Fuck your mothers.

Romans descend on him with SPEARS, slamming into his burning face. Naevia leaps in, slaughtering the Romans as Lugo's corpse burns.

36 EXT. ROMAN CENTER POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 36

Crassus, Caesar, and Rufus watch as the artillery hammers the advancing Rebel Army.

RUFUS

The slaves fall to superior tactic and strategy.

CAESAR

As do *Romans* beneath our command.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

CRASSUS

An unfortunate loss. Yet one gladly  
accepted, to bring Spartacus to deserved  
end --

A ROAR splits the air from the Rear Position. Crassus  
whirls, shocked to see

GANNICUS AND SAXA

thundering up behind enemy lines on horses. REBEL CAVALRY  
(including Pleuratos and Celtillus) and a WAVE OF WARRIORS  
follow.

37 EXT. ROMAN REAR POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

37

Gannicus and his assault force slam into the Roman Rear  
Position, slaughtering the Soldiers manning the ballistae and  
catapults.

GANNICUS

Turn ballistae! Quickly!

Saxa leaps off her horse and seizes control of a ballista  
with Pleuratos and Celtillus. Other Rebels do the same along  
the Rear Position as Gannicus battles from atop his horse.  
Saxa and the Rebels lower the ballistae trajectories and FIRE  
AT THE ROMAN CENTER POSITION.

38 EXT. ROMAN CENTER POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

38

Ballistae BOLTS rain down, taking out SOLDIERS all around  
Crassus, Caesar and Rufus. Chaos erupts as the Legions  
realize they're being attacked on two fronts.

CRASSUS

Caesar! Take command of rear position!  
Do not let them fall to confusion!

Caesar turns his horse and gallops off. A BOLT whizzes past  
Rufus and impales THREE SOLDIERS at once.

RUFUS

We must withdraw!

CRASSUS

No! That is what he expects! Sound  
horns and advance!

HORNS split the air. The SOLDIERS of the Center Position ROAR  
as Crassus and Rufus lead them into battle.

39 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY (AERIAL) 39

Crassus' Center Position surges forward to meet Spartacus and what remains of his Rebel Army.

40 EXT. ROMAN FORWARD POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 40

Spartacus ROARS as he hacks apart Romans. Ribbons of blood glisten in the air as both sides take heavy losses in QUICK POPS of the battle:

\* Naevia slaughters Roman Soldiers, her face twisted in hatred.

\* Nasir's spear rends flesh.

\* Agron bellows, his spiked shield ripping apart the enemy.

\* Castus works his spear, taking out Soldiers. He doesn't see Crassus thundering up behind him on his horse.

NASIR

Castus!

Castus whirls just as Crassus swings his sword. Castus goes down in a spray of blood as Crassus continues galloping past with Rufus in tow. Agron and Nasir rush to him. Castus gurgles blood, mortally wounded.

CASTUS

(a whisper, to Agron)

Would that I had been you...

His eyes fall on Nasir, a sad smile bending his lips.

CASTUS

... for but a day...

The life fades from his eyes. Nasir is pulled from the moment by ATTACKING SOLDIERS. He bellows in rage, destroying them. Agron joins him, honoring the fallen Cilician with a tribute of blood.

SPARTACUS

(to Agron and Nasir)

Agron! Shore your flank! Do not let them close upon us!

Agron and Nasir respond, protecting their immediate flank. Spartacus cuts down a knot of Soldiers with Naevia and other Rebels, punching a hole through the Roman line.

(CONTINUED)

SPARTACUS  
(to Naevia)  
Aid Gannicus! Move!

Naevia dashes for the rear position. A flood of Rebels follow as more Soldiers attack Spartacus. He fights them off, but takes several blows, opening wounds.

ON CRASSUS

hacking apart Rebels further down the flank. PUSH IN on him as he spots --

CRASSUS  
*Spartacus.*

He spurs his horse, thundering towards Spartacus. Spartacus kills the last Soldier he was fighting, sees Crassus galloping towards him -- and takes off running directing at him. They charge each other. One on horseback, one on foot. Both intent on bringing death. Just before they collide

SPARTACUS LEAPS

off of the shield of a wounded ROMAN SOLDIER and hurtles through the air.

CRASSUS

raises his sword at the last second to deflect a killing blow. The impact knocks him from his horse, his helmet flying off as he smashes to the ground. Spartacus rolls up to finish him, but a swarm of Soldiers intercepts. Spartacus exchanges blows, shouting to the Rebels.

SPARTACUS  
Kill the Emperor!

Rebels rush to comply. Rufus gallops up and leaps from his horse, cutting down two Rebels bearing down on Crassus. More Soldiers rush in to fend off the surging Rebels as Rufus half carries Crassus from the fray. Spartacus bellows in frustration.

SPARTACUS  
Crassus!

OFF SPARTACUS' rage...

41 EXT. ROMAN REAR POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

41

A bloodied and wounded Gannicus leaps off his horse, aiding his band of Rebels against Soldiers attempting to retake the Rear Position.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

GANNICUS

Seize amphoras and see them to purpose!

Saxa fires her last bolt, slices open an attacking Soldier, and flings an

AMPHORA OF PITCH

used to douse the catapult projectiles at a knot of others. The pot shatters, coating them with pitch. Gannicus grabs

A CATAPULT TORCH

and hurls it, setting the Soldiers ablaze. More pots are heaved by the Rebels, engulfing the encroaching Romans in a wall of flame.

CAESAR

suddenly leaps through it with an army of reinforcements, hacking through the Rebels in his path. Gannicus snarls.

GANNICUS

Caesar!

Gannicus rushes to meet him. Their swords flash through the air as they trade thunderous blows, TRANSITIONING US TO --

42 EXT. ROMAN FORWARD POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

42

Spartacus' swords clang against a Roman Soldier's. Agron and Nasir battle Crassus' Legions in the background. Spartacus spins, cutting Soldiers down. ROMAN HORNS blare. Spartacus engages three Soldiers, trading blows as

MORE AND MORE REBELS

are cut down. It's a war of attrition, and Spartacus knows he's losing. The Soldiers slice his arm and his leg open. He winces in pain, but keeps fighting, cutting the men down. He grits his teeth against the pain, spotting Crassus being helped across the battlefield by Rufus and a knot of Soldiers.

AGRON

flies through the air, smashing a Soldier attempting to take advantage of Spartacus' distraction. He and Spartacus take out two more Soldiers attempting to press them. Agron catches his breath, eyes sweeping the hordes of Roman Soldiers. A smile seizes his bloodied, battered face.

AGRON

It is a glorious day. To have so many Romans to kill.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

SPARTACUS

There is but one life that holds meaning.  
Pull attention upon field, and I shall  
claim it.

OFF SPARTACUS, darkening with determination...

43 EXT. ROMAN HILLTOP - OVERLOOKING BATTLEFIELD - DAY

43

Rufus helps Crassus gain the hill. Fifteen Soldiers are with  
them, guarding the Imperator.

RUFUS

Send for the medicus!

Crassus shakes him off, bloodied but regaining his senses.

CRASSUS

I need no soothing balm. Only to return  
to field and rebel blood hot upon face.

RUFUS

Do not place yourself at further risk.  
If you were to fall, Spartacus would gain  
advantage --

A battle cry splits the air as Spartacus crests the hill.  
Wounded. Alone. And deadlier than ever. Crassus' Soldiers  
rush to meet him. He slams into them with his two swords,  
sending blood flying. OFF his wrath...

44 EXT. ROMAN REAR POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

44

Gannicus battles Caesar as the war rages around them, Saxa  
and the Rebels in danger of being overrun.

CAESAR

I have longed to meet you in true  
contest.

GANNICUS

As I have longed to see your fucking head  
parted from neck.

Gannicus hammers Caesar, driving him back. Soldiers break  
off to aid Caesar but are intercepted by Naevia and a crush  
of Rebels leaping through the flames to aid Gannicus. Caesar  
registers a flash of concern as swords clash in SLOW MOTION,  
TRANSITIONING US TO --



45 EXT. ROMAN HILLTOP - OVERLOOKING BATTLEFIELD - DAY 45

Spartacus hacks apart Soldiers, trying to get to Crassus. Hopelessly outnumbered, the Soldiers rip apart his flesh with swords and spears -- but Spartacus refuses to go down.

INTERCUT WITH:

46 EXT. ROMAN REAR POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 46

Caesar battles for his life against Gannicus. Naevia, Saxa, and the Rebels trade blows with the Soldiers, but more and more keep streaming in. Saxa gets smashed with a shield and RUN THROUGH WITH A SWORD.

GANNICUS

Saxa!

Gannicus ducks under a blow from Caesar and flips him high in the air. He dashes off to aid Saxa as Caesar crashes to the ground.

SAXA

uses her daggers to stab the shit out of the neck of the Soldier who just ran her through. She kicks him back and starts to collapse. Gannicus catches her in his arms.

SAXA

(soft, in German)

I again find myself in your arms...

Her voice trails off as she dies, a wry smile bending her lips. Gannicus bellows, his swords arcing death in her honor. As he tears through Roman Soldiers...

47 EXT. ROMAN HILLTOP - OVERLOOKING BATTLEFIELD - DAY 47

Spartacus hacks through the last of the Roman Soldiers. Rufus rushes in, grabbing up a fallen spear. He manages to rip open Spartacus' left arm, disarming one of his swords. He goes in for the kill but

SPARTACUS CUTS HIM DOWN

in a spray of blood, falling to one knee in the effort. Exhausted. Blood weeping from a tapestry of deep, crippling wounds. Yet the fire of vengeance still burns bright in his eyes.

SPARTACUS

I made promise. That time next we met...  
I would have your life.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

Crassus' hand grips his sword. There is no fear in his eyes. Only hard purpose.

CRASSUS

Come then. And attempt to take it.

Spartacus gathers the last of his strength and surges to his feet, attacking. Crassus meets him, exchanging blows. Spartacus is the superior fighter, but his grievous wounds and exhaustion even the epic clash of titans as the battle rages in the distance below.

INTERCUT WITH:

48 EXT. ROMAN REAR POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 48

Gannicus, Naevia, and the Rebels struggle against more and more Soldiers pouring into the Rear Position. Caesar cuts down Rebels, trying to get to Gannicus.

49 EXT. ROMAN CENTER POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 49

Agron, Nasir, and REBELS battle impossible odds. Nasir spears a SOLDIER off his horse. Agron leaps on top of it, his shield smashing Soldiers from higher ground.

INTERCUT WITH:

50 EXT. ROMAN HILLTOP - OVERLOOKING BATTLEFIELD - DAY 50

Spartacus summons the last of his strength against Crassus. Crassus counters, each man landing blows.

INTERCUT WITH:

51 EXT. ROMAN REAR POSITION - BATTLEFIELD - DAY 51

More Rebels fall in sprays of blood as the Romans retake the Rear Position. Caesar charges for Gannicus, but Naevia intercepts him, slicing him across the arm. He snarls, trades blows, and HACKS HER NECK OPEN.

GANNICUS

No!

She folds to her knees, blood streaming down her neck. She tries to raise TIBERIUS' SWORD in her hand, but Caesar takes it from her.

CAESAR

This does not belong to you, *slave*.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

He rams the sword down into the space between her shoulder and her neck. He pulls it out in a spray of blood. Naevia goes down, never to rise.

GANNICUS ROARS

as he flies through the air, attacking Caesar. But more and more Soldiers swarm in. Pleuratos and Celtillus fall. Gannicus is overwhelmed by Soldiers aiding Caesar. Swords and shield batter him from all sides. Gannicus collapses to his knees.

CAESAR FLIPS HIS SWORD

in the air, grabbing it by the blade and swinging it like a club. The pommel smashes into Gannicus' face, TRANSITIONING US TO --

52 EXT. ROMAN HILLTOP - OVERLOOKING BATTLEFIELD - DAY

52

Spartacus hammers Crassus, refusing to give up. With each blow he flashes to those he loved that were torn from him by the Romans. MIRA, bloodied and dying. VARRO at the moment of his death. SURA's last breath in his arms. With his final ounce of strength

SPARTACUS DISARMS CRASSUS

and thrusts his sword out for the death blow. But Crassus GRABS THE BLADE WITH HIS BARE HANDS just like he did with Hilarus in Ep. 301. He wrenches the sword from Spartacus, spins, and RAMS IT TOWARDS SPARTACUS' STOMACH.

BUT SPARTACUS SPINS

out of the way at the last second. He smashes Crassus in the face with an elbow and rips the sword out of his hands. Crassus folds to his knees in surprise. He looks up as Spartacus raises his sword to end his life. But just before he brings it down

A SPEAR SLAMS

into his shoulder. REVERSE to reveal a small knot of ROMAN SOLDIERS cresting the battlefield side of the hill. Two more SPEARS are hurled, each impaling Spartacus. He falls back, mortally wounded.

CRASSUS RISES,

halting the Soldiers' advance on Spartacus. He approaches the fallen hero. Spartacus grunts in pain as Crassus tears one of the spears from his body.

(CONTINUED)

CRASSUS

(soft, with respect)

Would that you had been born a Roman.  
And had stood beside me.

Spartacus barely clings to consciousness. He sputters blood, weak and in agony... but defiant to the end.

SPARTACUS

I bless the fates... that it was not so.

Crassus raises the spear to finish Spartacus off -- but whips his eyes up as

AGRON

thunders over the hill on his horse, Nasir and a clutch of bloodied Rebels in his wake. Agron smashes into Crassus, sending him flying back.

CRASSUS TUMBLES

over the edge of the hilltop, disappearing below. Nasir and the Rebels cut down the remaining Romans as Agron leaps from his horse and rushes to follow Crassus, intent on killing him - - but freezes as he sees

A FLOOD OF SOLDIERS

surging towards the hill from below.

NASIR

Agron!

Agron turns, rushing to Spartacus as Nasir pulls the last of the spears from his ravaged body. Spartacus grunts in pain.

SPARTACUS

(weakly)

Give me... a sword...

His eyes half flutter shut as he begins to lose consciousness. OFF AGRON, knowing there will be no victory this day...

53 EXT. BOTTOM OF ROMAN HILL - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

53

Caesar and an army of Soldiers sweep through the carnage and smoke. He spots Crassus, rushes to help him up.

CAESAR

Imperator --

Crassus angrily shakes him off, stalking back up the hill.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

CRASSUS

Fall by my side and retake hill!

Caesar and the Soldiers follow, WIPING US TO --

54 EXT. ROMAN HILLTOP - OVERLOOKING BATTLEFIELD - DAY

54

Crassus, Caesar, and a clutch of Soldiers crest the hill -- only to find Spartacus and his Rebels gone. Crassus seethes, the opportunity lost.

CRASSUS

(to Soldiers)

Sweep surrounding hills!

The Soldiers hustle off. Caesar glowers.

CAESAR

The gods once more aid Spartacus in slipping from fucking grasp.

CRASSUS

He weeps from a thousand wounds. If heart yet beats, it shall cease upon briefest passing --

CAESAR

There are many that followed mad cause that also cling to fading life.

CRASSUS

See them to promised example upon Appian Way. And let all slaves upon road to Mother Rome know reward for turning hand against master.

OFF the searing proclamation...

55 EXT. APPIAN WAY - DAY

55

SERIES OF SHOTS as REBELS are mercilessly crucified. End on Gannicus, bloodied and half conscious, being nailed to a cross. WIDEN TO REVEAL Crassus and Caesar on horseback presiding over the grisly proceedings.

CAESAR

Ignoble end. For a legend that once stood a god of the arena.

CRASSUS

Legends are but bone and meat of dreams. Rotting in harsh sun of reality.

(CONTINUED)

Gannicus is hoisted up into position alongside other CRUCIFIED SLAVES. RACK to the one immediately next to him, revealing Kore. Tears of suffering stain her cheeks.

CAESAR

It is hard sight. To see one so loved among the damned.

CRASSUS

(soft)

She was known to be of the rebellion. I have forgiven reason. Yet do what I must.

Crassus takes her in, heartbroken. A SOLDIER rushes up with a message.

SOLDIER

Imperator.

Crassus takes it. Cracks the seal, tightens as he discovers -

CRASSUS

(soft)

Pompey has fallen upon a clutch of slaves breaking for the mountains. He has sent word to Rome, claiming victory over Spartacus.

CAESAR

The fucking shit. Let us hasten to Rome, and see claim proven false --

CRASSUS

No. We shall voice no protest.

Caesar stares in disbelief.

CAESAR

After all we have suffered, you allow Pompey to snatch triumph from deserving hands?

CRASSUS

In supporting claim he will be made ally. We shall stand fearsome triumvirate, with means to bend course of history.

CAESAR

(bitterly)

You forever speak of the future.

(CONTINUED)

CRASSUS

The past cannot be altered. The present holds but regret and loss.

He stares up at Kore. Her suffering bitter reminder of war's cost.

CRASSUS

It is only in days to come that a man may find solace. When memory fades.

He turns from her, setting upon the road to Rome with his SOLDIERS. With Caesar, and the future that awaits them. CRANE UP to reveal the Appian way is lined with THOUSANDS OF CRUCIFIED SLAVES. COME TO REST

ON GANNICUS

large in the foreground. Fighting against the agony. The life draining from him. His eyes focus on something in the road down below. A smile bends his lips, tears welling. REVERSE on what he sees, revealing

OENOMAUS

standing in the road as the Soldiers pass. A warm smile greeting his old friend. A SOLDIER on horseback WIPES PAST the vision, TRANSITIONING US TO --

56 EXT. BASE OF THE ALPS - DAY

56

MOVE UP SPARTACUS' ravaged body, coming to rest on his battered, bloodied face.

AGRON

(distorted)

Spartacus...

Spartacus' eyes flutter open, the world a blur. They focus on Agron leaning over him, calling his name.

AGRON

We have gained the mountains.

SPARTACUS

(weak)

Laeta...?

Laeta kneels by his side, tears welling.

LAETA

I am here. We waited for you, as promised.

(CONTINUED)

WIDEN TO REVEAL Sibyl, Nasir and the clutch of Rebels that rescued Spartacus.

SPARTACUS  
All safe?

Agron shares a look with Laeta.

AGRON  
Pompey set upon other half.

LAETA  
We must see him to mountain path, before we are discovered.

Agron and Nasir move to lift him. Spartacus grimaces in pain.

SPARTACUS  
Stay hand. I would rest awhile.

NASIR  
We cannot stay here.

SPARTACUS  
No, you cannot. Nor can I follow.

Tears well in Agron's eyes as he realizes what this means. Spartacus' journey has come to an end.

SPARTACUS  
(fading)  
Do not shed tear for me. There is no greater victory... than to fall from this world a free man.

His breathing slows. Stops. Laeta softly weeps. Agron gently closes Spartacus' eyes, his own tears threatening to overcome him.

AGRON  
Rome shall one day fade and crumble. Yet you shall always be remembered. In the hearts of all who yearn for freedom.

DISSOLVE TO:

57 EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH/BASE OF THE ALPS - SUNSET

57

CLOSE ON THE BABY born in Episode 308. WIDEN to reveal he's being carried by his Mother up the mountain path to freedom. Sibyl walks with her. Laeta, grief weighing each step, follows with Adal and other REBELS.

(CONTINUED)



AGRON

stops, taking a moment to glance back at the lands of Rome. Nasir pauses, holds his hand out. Agron takes it, continuing on with him.

BASE OF PATH

Music swells as CAMERA reveals a THOUSAND REBELS upon the path to freedom. A thousand lives saved by Spartacus and his mad dream.

CRANE DOWN

to come to rest on STONES serving as Spartacus' grave. Agron's shield a makeshift headstone. The RED SERPENT adorning it forever standing sentinel over the slave that made Rome tremble...

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF SERIES**