

S P A R T A C U S

Revised Final Screenplay

JANUARY 16, 1959

Screenplay by

DALTON TRUMBO

Based on the novel by HOWARD FAST

Revised Final Screenplay

Mel Tushman

NO. 1888 TITLE SPARTACUS
CLOSE CAMERA DAYS

DIRECTOR S. KUBRICK
ASST. DIR. M. GREEN
BUS. MGR. N. DEMING

CAMERA DAY AND DATE	DESCRIPTION OF SET OR LOCATION	ACTORS WORKING	WARD-ROBE CHANGE	SEQ	PAGE	LOCATION OR STUDIO	DAY OR NIGHT
THURS. 6/11/59	<u>EXT. APPIAN GATE (RETAKE)</u> Sc. part 419, 420 Batiatus and Varinia pass through gate on wagon - stopped by centurion.	BATIATUS VARINIA CENTURION 6 PRAETORIANS 20 SOLDIERS WAGON HORSE			1/4	GAUSMAN GULCH	D
FRI. MON. TUES. 6/12/59 6/15/59 6/16/59	<u>EXT. APPIAN GATE</u> Sc. 361 thru 380 Spartacus and Antoninus talk - fight to death - Antoninus killed.	SPARTACUS ANTONINUS DBL CRASSUS DBL CAESAR 24 SOLDIERS 4 CAVALRY CRASSUS' HORSE			4	GAUSMAN GULCH	N
6/17/59	<u>INT. SPARTACUS' CELL</u> Sc. 119-C, 120 Varinia says goodbye to Spartacus.	SPARTACUS VARINIA			3- 1/8	STAGE 20	N
THURS. FRI. MON. 6/18/59 6/19/59 6/22/59	<u>EXT. SPARTACUS' CAMP AT VESUVIUS</u> Sc. 217 thru 223 Antoninus arrives - plays egg trick on Spartacus.	SPARTACUS ANTONINUS CRIKUS DAVID DIONYSIUS OLD CRONE CARPENTER 1st MAN 2nd MAN 250 SLAVES 20 CHILDREN 2 WELFARE WORKERS			4	FOX RANCH	D
	<u>EXT. SLAVE ENCAMPMENT</u> Sc. 226 Antoninus plays egg trick again - Spartacus.	SPARTACUS ANTONINUS VARINIA DIONYSIUS 150 SLAVES 20 CHILDREN 2 WELFARE WORKERS			1- 3/4	FOX RANCH	D

REVISED 6/10/59
SHOOTING SCHEDULE

NO. 1888 TITLE SPARTACUS
CAMERA DAYS

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CAMERA DAY AND DATE	DESCRIPTION OF SET OR LOCATION	ACTORS WORKING	WARD-ROBE CHANGE	SEQ	PAGE	LOCATION OR STUDIO	DAY OR NIGHT
MON, 6/29/59	<u>INT. HDQTRS. TENT</u> Sc. 256 Bargain with pirate over ships.	SPARTACUS ANTONINUS VARINIA CRIXUS DAVID DIONYSIUS TIGRANES 4 SLAVES			2	STAGE 12	N
TUES. WED. 6/30/59 7/1/59	<u>EXT. SUPPLY DEPOT</u> Sc. 258, A, B, C, D, E, G Spartacus catches Crixus stealing supplies.	CRIXUS SPARTACUS DAVID DIONYSIUS 150 SLAVES 4 WAGONS & TEAMS			2- 1/2	CALIF. ST.	N
THURS. FRI. 7/2/59 7/3/59	<u>EXT. SLAVE CAMP - DEPOT</u> Sc. 259, A, B, C, D, E, F, G Spartacus hangs Crixus. ----- Reaction shots Tony	SPARTACUS CRIXUS ANTONINUS VARINIA DAVID DIONYSIUS 150 SLAVES 10 CHILDREN 2 WELFARE WORKERS 4 WAGONS & TEAMS 2 MULES			2- 1/2	CALIF. ST.	DAWN
MON. TUES. 7/6/59 7/7/59	<u>EXT. SLAVE CAMP #3</u> Sc. 290, 291 Spartacus discusses strategy - goes to tent. ----- Sc. 290, 291 Reaction shots of Tony.	SPARTACUS ANTONINUS CRIXUS DAVID 100 SLAVES			1	STAGE 12	N

REVISED 6/10/59
SHOOTING SCHEDULE

1 TITLE SPARTACUS

DIRECTOR S. KUBRICK

ASST. DIR. M. GREEN

CAMERA DAYS

BUS. MGR. N. DEMING

DESCRIPTION OF SET OR LOCATION	ACTORS WORKING	WARD-ROBE CHANGE	SEC	PAGE	LOCATION OR STUDIO	DAY OR NIGHT
<p><u>EXT. AUTUMN CONTRYSIDE</u> Sc. 262, A,B,C,D,E,F, 263, A,B,C,D,E,F,G Runaway slaves want to join Spartacus. He tells them he has too many already.</p>	<p>SPARTACUS ANTONINUS SLAVE LEADER 3 AD LIBS 300 SLAVES 20 CHILDREN 2 WELFARE WORKERS 10 HORSES</p>			4	LOCAL LOCATION	D
<p><u>EXT. TOWN SQUARE</u> Sc. 263-H, 263-I, 263-J Spartacus sees slave leader tortured - orders town burned.</p>	<p>SPARTACUS ANTONINUS DAVID DIONYSIUS SLAVE LEADER 20 SLAVES (MOUNTED) 15 SLAVES - DEAD 1 WOMAN 2 CHILDREN WELFARE WORKER SPARTACUS' HORSE 23 HORSES RAIN</p>			5/8	MEXICAN STREET	D
<p><u>EXT. SPARTACUS CAMP - VESUVIUS</u> Sc. 217 thru 220 Opening - Exercise & training slave army.</p>	<p>SPARTACUS VARINIA CRIXUS DAVID DIONYSIUS 250 SLAVES 20 CHILDREN 2 WELFARE WORKERS 10 PACK MULES 6 HORSES 3 CARTS & HORSES</p>			2-1/4	FOX RANCH	D
<p><u>EXT. SLAVE CAMP - 2nd NIGHT VESUVIUS</u> Sc. 229 thru 240 Spartacus wants to go to Rome. Stry warns that Romans are near - argue about running away - decide to attack.</p>	<p>SPARTACUS VARINIA CRIXUS DAVID DIONYSIUS SENTRY Sc. 233 MAN Sc. 236 VOICE Sc. 237 MOTHER Sc. 237 150 SLAVES ACROBAT 15 CHILDREN</p>			5-1/4	STAGE 12	N

ESTIMATED POSTAGE - - Rev. Final Screenplay,
Jan. 16th, Mar. thru Feb. 3, 1959.

Page No.	Rate	Foot per page - average - 81 plus	Foot
1 - 40	16-1/4		1,359

Craesus and party arrive at encampment to issue new battle orders for the encounter with Spartacus. Flashback begins as Craesus relates Spartacus' background as a Thracian slave working in the Egyptian mine. We see him hamstringing a guard for which he is sentenced to die at sundown. Batiatus buys him among others to be trained in his Gladiatorial School at Capua.

41 - 78	15-1/4	FT. PER PG. - aver. - 75 plus	1,147
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Varinia, a free-born slave girl is tossed into Spartacus' cell to puzzle and intrigue him by her spirited defiance and refusal to be "owned" no matter what he does to her. She agrees to teach him to read. The harsh training proceeds in the school and Spartacus learns that fair play can be costly when Draba takes advantage of it and gives Spartacus a black mark. Varinia smuggles the alphabet into his cell.

79 - 116	19	FT. PER PG. - aver. - 69 plus	1,307
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Craesus, Glabrus and two ladies arrive at the school, the ladies demanding an exhibition of two pair of Gladiators fighting to the death. Batiatus escorts them to the cells where they choose Draba and Spartacus for one pair. Varinia, in serving the guests, purposely spills wine on the edifice Glabrus. Craesus quickly says her to avert Batiatus' wrath. Draba fights Spartacus in the arena but suddenly turns to attack the guests on the box. Craesus stands his ground and knives him expertly.

117 - 183	16-3/4	FT. PER PG. - aver. - 89 plus	1,497
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Spartacus and Varinia draw closer together as each understands the other's yearning for freedom. She tells him goodbye before she is to leave for Craesus' household in Rome. Marcellus, the trainer, taunts Spartacus with Varinia and provokes the revolt of the Gladiators. They are joined by the field hands as they take to the open country, Varinia marching with the women and children. Under Spartacus' leadership they defeat the Garrison of Capua. He now claims a willing Varinia as his own.

184 - 210	14-1/2	FT. PER PG. - aver. - 81 plus	1,200
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Gracchus leaves his constituents to attend the evening Senate. Glabrus, Commander of the Rome Garrison, is charged with the capture of Spartacus. Craesus returns to inform Glabrus that Gracchus has tricked him into the assignment that may rule him, in order that his own protégé, Julius Caesar may take command. Gracchus pays Batiatus in advance for Varinia in case she is captured and sold.

211 - 247 15-7/4 Ft. Per Ft. - aver. - 67 mins 916

Crassus instructs his new slave-boy, Antonius, but loses him when the boy jumps off the balcony and is lost in the passing Garrison as it leaves the city. Spartacus asserts his authority over Crispus who favors marching on Rome. Varinia tells him she is with child. Antonius, captured as a spy, informs Spartacus that Crassus plans to attack his army in the morning.

248 - 270 16-7/4 Ft. Per Ft. - aver. - 69 mins 1,168

The Senate convenes to hear Paribian's account of the annihilation of the Garrison. Spartacus exhorts his followers to deal with the pirates for transportation and leave the country since all they want is freedom. Crassus tries to wear Caesar away from Gracchus and establish himself as a dictator.

271 - 289 16-5/4 Ft. Per Ft. - aver. - 79 mins 1,338

Spartacus learns that Crassus has been rebidding him and causing delay in the arrival of the pirate ships. Infuriated, he decides to march on Rome. Gracchus briefs Caesar on political strategy while Crassus is acclaimed First Consul and takes the field himself against Spartacus. He commands Sestius to stand by and identify Spartacus for him in the coming battle.

290 - 339 17 Ft. Per Ft. - aver. - 79 mins 1,351

Spartacus plans his strategy with his leaders then goes to Varinia who expects the child momentarily. Remembering that David the Jew is also a priest, though of a different religion, he orders a mass marriage ceremony for all who wish it, including himself and Varinia. While this is being performed, Lucullus' and Pompey's armies approach to join Crassus. The battle is played offstage over the River Silarus. Crassus and Sestius searching the slain for Spartacus find only Varinia and her new-born son. She insists that Spartacus is dead. Crassus doesn't believe this and orders her sent to his palace in Rome.

339A - 356 14-3/4 Ft. Per Ft. - aver. - 22 mins 1,043

When Sestius delivers a covered head, supposedly Spartacus', Crassus orders him flogged. Sestius wins Crassus' grudging respect by claiming death first, his due as a Roman knight. He also reminds Crassus that he reigned the greatest general of the times, Spartacus. Among the passing prisoners, Spartacus hears this and reacts, knowing that Sestius has no intention of giving him away. This group of prisoners is quartered in Crassus' family tomb where he later visits them and asks Spartacus, if present, to give himself up and save the lives of the others. When he does so, the others quickly ridicule his hoping to confuse Crassus. They must fight to the death in the family grove, in matched pairs with the sole survivor to be crucified as done. Crassus is further infuriated by Varinia's interpretation of love as she shared it with Spartacus.

SPARTACUS ----- ESTIMATED FOOTAGE - Feb. 11, 1959

356A - 403 18-1/2 Ft. per pg. - aver. - 74 plus 1,371

Spartacus inspires his men to die like gods, now, and at the moment of their own choosing, instead of like animals and slaves as they have had to live. Crassus commissions Satiatus to kidnap Varinia and deliver her to him. Crassus and his guests are puzzled by the gladiators' submission to death, seemingly at a pre-arranged moment. Antonius disregards previous instructions and tries desperately to kill Spartacus in order to be crucified in his place. Crassus goes to Spartacus in admiration for his leadership and offers his hand. Spartacus refuses, preferring his fate.

404 - 441 15-1/2 Ft. per pg. - aver. - 79 plus 1,088

Crassus is somewhat flustered when Satiatus delivers Varinia to him, with the baby, though it has nothing to do with his plan to send her back to her own Germanic tribe and remove her forever from his arch rival, Crassus. He charges Satiatus with her safe delivery before he leaves the country with the fortune he is being paid to accomplish this. Crassus quietly retires to his bath to commit suicide before Crassus arrives, after watching the crucifixion with Caesar and party. Satiatus approaches the guards and asks permission for the victim's wife to speak to him. This is treated as a joke but they agree. Varinia holds up his son for Spartacus to see in his dying agony. His last vision of her is as she waves from the chariot disappearing to freedom in the distance.

Total / 194-1/2 Pgs. Ft. per pg. + aver. - 76 plus 14,759 Ft.

Approximate Reading Time - 3 Hrs. 44' 17"

1 Page
61 BYSSOLVES

PHONETICS BASED ON U.S. USAGE

- SPARTACUS - SPÄR'ta.kus
 LUCIUS POLYBIUS PETRONIUS - LÖ'shus PÖ.LIB'i.us PĒ TRÖ'ni.us
 MARCUS LICINIUS CRASSUS - MÄR'kus Li.SIN'i.us KRAS'us
 SEPTIMUS PUBLIUS - SEP'ti.mus PUB'li.us
 LIVIA DRUSILLA - LIV'i.ä Drö.SIL'ä
 GANNICUS - GAN'i.kus
 BRUCULLUS - Brö.KUL'us
 LENTULUS BATIATUS - LEN'tū.lus Bā.TĪ'a.tus
 LUCANO - LÖ.KAN'ō
 CRIXUS - KRIX'us
 CAIUS - KÄ'us
 SEPTIMUS - SEP'ti.mus
 MARCELLUS - Mär.SEL'us
 RAMON - Ra.MÖN'
 VARINIA - Va.RI'ni.ä
 DRABA - DRÄ'ba or DRA'ba
 VARINIUS GLABRUS - Va.RI'ni.us GLÄ'brus
 HELENA GLABRA - HEL'e.na GLÄ'brä
 CLAUDIA MARIA - KLÖ'di.a MÄR'i.a
 SEPTIMUS CAIUS MARIUS - SEP'ti.mus KÄ'us MÄR'i.us
 ANTATAXES - An.ta.TAKS'ēs
 ANTONINUS - An.tō NĪ'nus
 LENTULUS GRACCHUS - LEN'tū.lus GRAK'us
 PUBLIUS VARIUS - PUB'li.us VÄR'i.us
 CAIUS METALLIUS - KÄ'us Me.TAL'i.us
 PARIBIAN - Pa.RIB'i.an
 PATROCULUS FABIUS - Pā.TRÖ'kul.us FÄ'bi.us
 PRAETORIAN (ARMY) - Prē.TÖ'ri.an
 VELLEIUS HECTOR COMMIDIUS - Ve.LĒ'us HEK'tor Kom.Ö'dē.us
 PATULUS - PA'tū.lus
 PARABUS - PÄ ra.bus
 LUCULLUS - LÖ.KUL'us

PHONETICS BASED ON U.S. USAGE

- CAPUA - KAP'ū.ă
 METAPONTUM - Met.ă.PON'tum
 COMMODIUS - KOM'ō.dus
 LUGERIA - Lö.SER'i.ă
 DECIUS CAIUS MARIUS - DESH'us KĂ'us MĂR'i.us
 PUBLIUS MARCUS - PUB'li.us MĂR'kus
 CAPITOLINE HILL - KAP'i.to.līne Hill
 CIRCUS MAXIMUS - SĒR'kus MAK'si.mus
 NOLA - NŌ'lă
 CORA - KŌ'ră
 TARRANTINE BAY - TAR'ăn.tīn Bay
 BRUNDISIUM - Brun DŪ'zhi.um
 PUBLIUS FABIUS CORNELIUS - PUB'li.us FĂ'bi.us Kŏr.NĒL'yus
 PICENUM - Pĭ.SĒ'num
 QUINTUS FABIUS OPTIMIUS - KWĪN'tus FĂ'bi.us Op.TĪM'i.us
 ONAEUS POMPEIUS MAGNUS - O.NĒ'us Pom.PĒ'us MAG'nus
 LANISTA - lan.IS'ta
 TREBINUM - trĕ.BĪ'num
 CIS-ALPINE - Sis.AL'pīne

PHONETIC KEY

A	as in	fat
<u>A</u>	" "	fate
˘A	" "	far
˜A	" "	bear
˙A		a-sound is obscured, as in rural

E	as in	net
<u>E</u>	" "	meet
˙E		e-sound is obscured, as in towel

I	as in	pin
<u>I</u>	" "	pine

O	as in	dog
<u>O</u>	" "	note
˘O	" "	spoon
ˆO	" "	song
˙O		o-sound is obscured, as in actor

U	as in	up
<u>U</u>	" "	mute

/ denotes syllable having primary accent
 • denotes division between syllables.

WILD CUT FOR USE IN "TRAINING MONTAGE"

MED. CLOSE SHOT - BALCONY - BATIATUS AND RAMON

Ramon is standing beside his master, stylus and papyrus in hand, taking down his instructions. Batiatus is seated, leaning forward on his hands which are folded on the balcony. He is observing the SCENE below with the intent, critical eye of an expert. Not once, while he speaks, does he take his eyes from the SCENE below.

BATIATUS

The Lybian chops. He'll never do for sword-play. Shift him to the short dagger.

(Ramon writes)

The Ethiopian doesn't even pretend to defend himself. He must. Number five flinches. He must not.

Ramon takes the message mechanically. The master, without even a glance at him, has risen and is now starting for the stairs that lead to the area below. Ramon hurriedly follows.

*Settle
back - Running
shot Army*

S P A R T A C U S

FADE IN

1 EXT. ROAD - LONG SHOT - CRASSUS AND ESCORT - NIGHT 1
(X)

Mounted escort of twelve men and three staff officers. Occasional rumble of THUNDER. No rain but intermittent flashes of dazzling sheet lightning. They ride OUT of FRAME.

DISSOLVE TO

2 EXT. HILL - MATTE - FAVORING CRASSUS 2
(X)

The horsemen pause on crest of hill. A flash of lightning reveals the massed legions several miles below on the broad plain. The group MOVES OFF.

DISSOLVE TO

3 thru 5 OMITTED 3 thru 5
(X)

6 EXT. PRAETORIUM - ~~NIGHT~~ 6

Twilight
The command headquarters is sheltered by a magnificent tent patterned in gay colored stripes. Guard of honor stands at attention as Crassus and his party pull their sweating, excited mounts to a halt. They dismount. Crassus, without a word or sideglance, moves swiftly up the brief steps to the entrance of his headquarters, his associates following behind. They ENTER the tent.

7 INT. COMMAND HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 7

Perhaps twenty ranking officers of the army come instantly to attention as Crassus ENTERS. Guards and attendants spring into action. Crassus, without looking directly at his waiting staff, merely says "GENTLEMEN," begins to divest himself of his cloak, gloves etc., keeping in physical action all the while, picking up a dispatch from one desk, crossing with it as he reads it, dropping it on another. When his gloves, helmet and cloak are removed, he turns to the entire room.

CRASSUS

Have your dispositions been made?

FIRST OFFICER

Each maniple knows its position in line, sir, and exactly what's expected of it. Every legion commander has received his battle orders.

CONTINUED

CRASSUS

Excellent. All positions will be changed. New battle orders will be issued in the morning.

(they react in surprise)

Spartacus takes great interest in our plans. At Metapontum he knew more about Commodius' order of battle than Commodius himself.

Changed to what?

SECOND OFFICER

Commodius had slaves attached to his army. They betrayed his plans.

CRASSUS

True. Yet Lentulus had no slaves at all with his forces, and still he lost thirty thousand men.

SECOND OFFICER

He divided his army.

Crassus turns sharply on Second Officer.

CRASSUS

A blunder is the effect of something, never its cause.

(to room in general)

All ranks of legion commander and above will join me in my quarters.

He turns, moves swiftly across room EXITS through another doorway. Perhaps twelve of the officers in the room move behind him.

It is richly furnished. A low table is flanked by the Consular banner and Crassus' own personal banner. The table contains maps, parchment scrolls, fruit, wine, and the golden baton, or wand, which is the symbol of Crassus' authority as commander-in-chief. Crassus begins to roam the room. He begins to speak before the last of his commanders has actually entered. The commanders remain standing, paying him the most painfully alert attention.

CONTINUED

CRASSUS

Nine Roman armies have been destroyed by Spartacus because they went out to fight slaves. Unless I am able to persuade you that the enemy we engage tomorrow consider themselves free men and fight like free men--- then we shall be defeated. And our defeat will mean the fall of Rome.

He starts across the room toward his carved chair behind the low table, pauses, and stabs the air incisively with his forefinger.

CRASSUS

The question is this: why has a rabble of slaves been able to destroy the best troops the world ever saw? To answer such a question, you must understand that rabble. And most particularly, you must understand the man who commands them.

There is an uneasy stirring; muttered affirmatives. Crassus flings himself into his chair, indicates parchment rolls before him.

CRASSUS

Experience has taught me the convenience of knowing nothing about my friends and absolutely everything about my enemies. My informers range from the gutters of Antioch to the temple of Jupiter in Rome herself. Since the first beginnings of this accursed rebellion, they have concentrated on one man, and one man only---Spartacus. Before we move on to tactics I am therefore determined to confront you with the essence of our problem. With the man himself. With Spartacus.

(stares coldly around)

Is there anyone here who considers this slave unworthy of his attention?

ROUND OF AD LIBS

No, sir!
Perfectly right!...
Etc.

Crassus relaxes once more, sinks far back in his chair. His eyes assume a faraway gaze, as if he were actually witnessing and evaluating that which he describes.

CRASSUS

Spartacus is what the Egyptians call a koruu. That is to say, he is in the third generation of born slaves. He was sold from Thrace as a boy into Egypt. At fourteen he went into the mines. I've seen those mines . . .

DISSOLVE TO

11 FULL WIDE ANGLE - EGYPTIAN OR LIBYAN DESERT - HIGH, HOT NOON 11

The desert blazes beneath the sun's direct and shocking rays. Heat waves distort vision. There is a sense of fever in the air. In the b.g. a jagged rock escarpment frames the end of a low range of craggy, barren hills. Through the crevices and over the surface of the escarpment crawls a swarm of male slaves of varying age, each wearing leg chains but devoid of all other shackles. They are almost naked. Whip-carrying guards are stationed at every strategic spot, urging the slaves to greater exertion. The slaves, with pick, spike, iron spear and hammer, hack away at the veins of gold-bearing quartz which ribbon the grey rock of the escarpment, and give it all its value.

12 CLOSER SHOT - GROUP OF SLAVES WITH GUARDS 12

The slaves are in the last stages of physical exhaustion -- and their working day is scarcely at the half-way mark. Their bodies glisten with sweat which runs in rivulets down the scar-troughs that cover their backs and buttocks. They work barefoot, with scarcely more than loincloths for clothing. Their mouths are dry for lack of water; their eyes large and wide from incessant suffering. Their beards are matted, their bodies scaled with filth, for they have not bathed in years. On all sides of them stand the guards, prodding a man here, slashing him there with a whip.

COMMANDS OF GUARDS

Move on to the next!
 Two sledgehammers over here!
~~LIFT it, you Gallic dog!~~
 Etc.

13 MED. SHOT - A SLAVE BOY *cheek rock* 13

Barely in his teens, thin and emaciated and covered with sores, he struggles feebly to dislodge a section of rock with his long, iron-tipped spike. Suddenly the rock comes loose, crashes down on him as he stumbles. He falls to earth, the rock crushing in on his midriff. He SCREAMS.

14 ANOTHER ANGLE - BOY - SPARTACUS

14

SPARTACUS is working with his spike perhaps eight feet distant. He whirls at the SOUND of the CRY, throws down his pike, moves over to the boy, begins to strain against the rock which pins the victim down. As he topples the rock, a guard, whip in hand, APPROACHES from b.g.

GUARD

Back to work, Thracian!

Spartacus, having shoved the rock off, now takes the victim's head in his arms. The boy SCREAMS again.

15 CLOSE ON SPARTACUS - BOY

15

SPARTACUS

(softly)

Just hold still. And try not to yell any more.

The boy opens his eyes, stares up at Spartacus as GUARD rushes into SCENE, brings his whip down hard across Spartacus' back.

GUARD

Damn you! Get up -- !

Spartacus, his face suffused with rage, whirls from his crouched position, rushes the guard. The guard catches him with the hard butt-end of the whip squarely on the skull. Spartacus, clawing the air, goes down.

16 CLOSE SHOT - GANNICUS

16

A great, bearded Gaul. He looks off at the struggle, lifts an enormous rock with his right hand, draws back to throw it as a guard, spotting him, smashes the butt of a pilum over his head. Gannicus goes down.

17 CLOSE ON SPARTACUS' HEAD - GUARD'S FEET - ON GROUND

17

Spartacus tries to cover himself from the blows. He grabs for the guard's leg. With a YELL of rage, the guard brings the heavy butt of his whip down against Spartacus' head. Within six inches of his head is the guard's sandaled foot. Spartacus sinks his teeth into the guard's exposed heel in such a way as to hold the Achille's tendon between them. He bites down hard. Guard gives an anguished YELL.

18 ANOTHER ANGLE - SPARTACUS, GUARDS, SLAVES IN B.G.

18

The guard, beating Spartacus frantically, tries to hobble toward his fellows, dragging Spartacus along behind him.

CONTINUED

GUARD

Help! Help!

Other guards rush over, begin to belabor Spartacus, who twists and writhes over the blows, but keeps his hold on his enemy. Slaves watch from the corners of their eyes, too frightened to stop working even when their guards are elsewhere engaged. Spartacus' guard goes down with a wild SHRIEK.

GUARD

Help!

Other guards arrive. Two of them carry the wounded guard away. His right foot hangs limp. He SOBS uncontrollably.

GUARD

I'm crippled!

Captain of the Guard ENTERS SCENE. Boiling group over Spartacus separates, and we see Spartacus, panting and barely conscious, stretched on the ground.

CAPTAIN

The Thracian again, eh?

SECOND GUARD

He hamstringed Brucullus.
(indicated Gannicus)
This one tried to help him.

CAPTAIN

Tie them up. A hundred lashes for the Gaul. The Thracian dies. Wait till sunset so they can all see it.

Guards bend down to obey order. Captain, dismissing the whole business, moves away from the scene, CAMERA TRUCKING with him. He squints up at the sun, takes a whistle that hangs around his throat, blows two sharp BLASTS, continues on his way.

The slaves boil up out of their crevices, guards urging them to greater speed, following them closely. The slaves fall into line, start off toward the distribution point for water and bread, their chains CLANKING.

In the b.g. guards are doling out a cup of water, a chunk of bread to each slave. The slaves grab the ration, immediately sit down and greedily begin to eat. In f.g. Captain is gazing off in some surprise toward:

21 REVERSE ANGLE - END OF ESCARPMENT

21

Coming around the base of the escarpment, which is a very short distance from the Captain, is the entourage of Lentulus Batiatus. It consists of Batiatus, mounted on a mule, several following slaves carrying provisions and water, and two guards bringing up the rear. It approaches the Captain.

22 ANOTHER ANGLE - CAPTAIN

22

He turns back to the guards. The slaves are still being rationed.

CAPTAIN

It's Lentulus Batiatus. Hurry them up.

Guards begin urging the line forward, jabbing them with the butt end of whip, pushing them, commanding them.

GUARDS

All right, faster there.
Move ahead, move ahead!
Etc.

23 ANOTHER ANGLE - CAPTAIN - ENTOURAGE OF BATIATUS

23

BATIATUS is fanning himself, an exhausted look on his face. He is a man of middle weight and middle years, soft as butter from good living, and keen as a knife from acquiring the wherewithal for his way of life. Although of lowly origin, he has achieved the rank of knighthood -- not very much as Roman honors go, but which, combined with money, can make a man acceptable anywhere.

With a heavy sigh, patting his beaded brow with a scarf, fanning himself exhaustedly, rolling his eyes heavenward at the bleakness of the situation, he steps to the ground and greets the waiting Captain.

CAPTAIN

Welcome Lentulus Batiatus.

Batiatus, despite his air of languorous exhaustion, scarcely looks at the Captain. Instead, he sweeps past him, his eyes beadily intent upon the squatting line of slaves, toward which he instantly moves, talking all the while to the Captain,
CAMERA TRUCKS WITH HIM.

BATIATUS

(fanning self)

Welcome, indeed, my dear Captain!
I've never seen a grimmer day.

CONTINUED

BATIATUS (Cont'd)

Eleven miles through this disastrous heat, and the cost of renting an escort is absolutely ruinous. Even so, I'll wager, you've nothing fit to sell me. I've wasted both time and money, haven't I, Captain? Now do tell me the truth for once.

CAPTAIN

(following him)

I think we've got several you'll be interested in.

BATIATUS

(a sigh)

Lying's such a bad policy.
(pauses, gestures off)
These?

Filthy, worn out, exhausted, tearing at their bread like beasts, slopping their water greedily.

Batiatus turns to the Captain, his eyes wide and innocent and shocked.

BATIATUS

Carrion. How do they fight off the buzzards?

CAPTAIN

Fourth one down's not bad. He's a Gaul.

BATIATUS

I'm not fond of Gauls. They're too hairy.

He comes up to the slave fourth down, a dessicated giant. He looks carefully, but swiftly, at every lineament of his almost naked body, shaking his head reprovngly.

BATIATUS

Can he come to his feet unassisted?

CONTINUED

CAPTAIN

(to Gaul)

Get up, Gaul!

The Gaul glares at them, wearily rises. Batiatus fastidiously touches the Gaul's biceps. He shakes his head wearily.

BATIATUS

Be good enough to let me see his teeth.

CAPTAIN

(to Gaul)

Open your mouth!

For a moment it appears the Gaul will decline; then a threatening gesture from the Captain causes him to open his mouth. Instantly Batiatus, with his thumb, pulls the lower lip down, while the thumb of his other hand curls the upper lip toward the nose. He peers into the mouth right and left, up and down, with an alert interest that seems what it is; obscene.

BATIATUS

(examining mouth)

As the teeth go, so go the bones...

(shocked tones)

This mouth is really impermissable!

He takes his thumbs away, the slave's mouth goes shut again.

BATIATUS

The fellow's made of chalk.

CAPTAIN

There's another one down here that --

Batiatus lifts a hand in pious disclaimer.

BATIATUS

Perjure yourself no further, Captain.
I'll see for myself.

They pass along the lines of crouched slaves, Batiatus shaking his head sadly all the while.

BATIATUS

(points)

What's this?

He turns away from the line of squatting slaves (all of whom he has inspected carefully despite his apparent rejection of them) and moves, CAMERA STILL TRUCKING, to:

27 MED. SHOT - SPARTACUS - GANNICUS

27

spread-eagled on a huge rock, their bodies covered with welts, their legs and arms bound with chains. Batiatus and the Captain COME INTO THE SCENE. Batiatus regards Spartacus with sharp interest. Spartacus' eyes are closed; his breath still heaves from his exertions.

CAPTAIN

The big one's a Gaul. This one's Thracian. I'm making an example of him.

Batiatus bends down, his eyes wander over the powerful body of the Thracian.

BATIATUS

(softly)

What a pity....

28 MED. CLOSE ON BATIATUS, SPARTACUS, CAPTAIN'S LEGS IN SCENE

28

Spartacus' eyes still closed. Batiatus slides the palm of his right hand along Spartacus' shoulders, forearm, and thigh. The slave's flesh quivers delicately, withdraws in wavelets under the soft touch, and this must be photographed. Batiatus smiles, looks up at o.s. Captain.

BATIATUS

You see? He reacts. Good muscle tone. Have him open his mouth.

Captain now bends down INTO SCENE.

CAPTAIN

Open your mouth, Thracian!

Slowly Spartacus opens his eyes. He glares balefully at Batiatus, the muscles of his jaws knotted. Batiatus watches him, his eyes gleaming with interest. He sniffs delicately.

BATIATUS

(wrinkling nose)

He smells like a rhinoceros.

(looks up to Captain delicately)

The teeth, Captain. You told him to open his mouth. Doesn't he obey you?

CAPTAIN

His teeth are the best thing about him. He hamstringed a guard with them not more than an hour ago.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

Batiatus looks from guard back to Spartacus.

BATIATUS

(enchanted)

Hamstrung? How marvelous! I'll take him.

(to Spartacus)

You're an ugly brute, but if you please me, I'll give you anything you want.

(pause; very softly)

What do you want, slave?

Spartacus almost spits the word out---his response is not a request, it is derision born of hate.

SPARTACUS

Freedom!

Guard laughs; Batiatus shrugs.

BATIATUS

You'll have it. Day after day I promise you one moment of choice. And where you have choice, you have freedom.

As Spartacus glares at his new master, we

DISSOLVE TO

29 THE DESERT - NEAR SUNSET - ENTOURAGE OF BATIATUS - LONG SHOT 29

It is moving across the many-colored sunset desert---Batiatus, mounted guards and soldiers---all on horseback. Behind their owner, chained together through metal collars, are perhaps ten slaves.

30 MED. TRUCKING SHOT - FAVORING BATIATUS 30

Batiatus takes a bottle of wine from his saddle-bag, drinks deeply at it. Then he takes a look at the setting sun, calculating the time. Next he looks rearward, shrewdly estimates the capacity of his sweaty, sullen acquisitions. He turns back, calls forward to lead guard.

BATIATUS

Faster, up there! It's almost nightfall.

CONTINUED

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12-A

30 CONTINUED

30

LEAD GUARD
(turning back)
Are you sure it won't destroy
their wind?

BATIATUS
They don't need wind, they need
strong legs.

Lead guard spurs his horse, as do all behind.

30-A FULL TRUCKING SHOT - THE SLAVES BEHIND

30-A

Exhausted though they are, the pace now compels them to
break into a slow run. We see Spartacus and Gannicus
among them.

DISSOLVE TO

31 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - FULL SHOT - THE ESTABLISHMENT OF BATIATUS - 31
NEAR CAPUA - DAY

We see the imposing residence of the owner, a typical Roman country-seat, but different than most in that it is connected to all its outbuildings by high walls. To the left of the residence, massive gates give onto a thick-walled alleyway which, in its own turn, opens onto the grounds beyond, invisible from our angle. Guards in the uniform of the garrison of Capua are stationed on either side of the front door to the residence, and half a dozen are stationed by the gates, which swing open as Batiatus and his string of newly purchased slaves approach the establishment. Batiatus is carried in a litter by eight slaves, preceded by two mounted guards. Behind his litter shuffle perhaps twenty male slaves, all strong men in their prime, shackled by leg-chains. Other guards on foot walk alongside the slaves. The small procession begins to pass through the open gates to the left of the residence.

32 FULL SHOT - AT GATES - BATIATUS AND SLAVES PASSING THROUGH 32

In b.g. we see household dignitaries lined up to welcome their returning master. The slaves, among whom we observe Spartacus and Gannicus, look at the massive walls of the enclosure through which they pass, exchange inquiring glances amongst themselves.

33 TRUCKING SHOT - BATIATUS AND SLAVES 33

They pass down the narrow, high-walled passageway toward a gate cut through the right hand wall which gives onto the principal enclosure of the compound. Batiatus and his guards turn into the gate. Slaves, herded by guards, obediently follow.

34 TRAINING AREA - GLADIATORIAL SCHOOL - CAPUA - FULL SHOT - DAY 34

Batiatus and his charges arrive at the point where MARCELLUS, the school's head trainer, RAMON, the majordomo and accountant, guards and household slaves, are lined up to greet the master. As Batiatus' litter comes to a stop, and is gently lowered to the ground, Marcellus and Ramon step forward, each bowing.

GUARD O.S.

Halt!

35 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE SLAVES IN CHAINS 35

They shuffle to a stop, their wide eyes staring off in surprise, wonderment, or horror to b.g. scenes which tell them at last what their fate is to be.

36 ANOTHER ANGLE - POINT OF VIEW - SLAVES

The training area consists of a large open arena, above which stands a high pavilion for spectators. Opposite it is a long barred cage, and behind the cage, the area which contains gladiators' cells. To the left is the kitchen. In the area a group of gladiators is engaged in training under the watchful eyes of guards, responding energetically to the SHOUTS and ORDERS of their conditioners. Various apparatuses are seen (not in detail).

(X)

BATIATUS O.S.

Ah gentlemen, gentlemen!

37 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING BATIATUS, MARCELLUS, RAMON - NEW SLAVES IN B.G.

Batiatus, just descended, extends a limp hand to Ramon, who kisses it fervently.

BATIATUS

How very good of you to receive me.

(to Marcellus,
indicating slaves)

Well there they are, Marcellus. A dirty lot, but the best I could do.

Marcellus is a squat, powerful, dehumanized brute, clad in leather and mail, whip, brass knuckles and dagger hanging from his broad brass-studded belt. A former gladiator himself, his face and arms are covered with the scars of combat. His ferocious eyes take in the newcomers.

MARCELLUS

I've seen worse. And better.

(X)

BATIATUS

(gently)

All I've ever asked is that you do your best.

(turns toward slaves)

And you, slaves -- I ask the best from you also. You have arrived at the gladiatorial school of Capua. Here you will be trained by experts to fight in matched pairs. To the death.

(stir among newcomers)

Compose yourselves. Obviously we shan't fight you to the death here. That will occur after you're sold. And only for the edification of ladies and gentlemen of quality. I congratulate you.

(X)

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED

37

BATIATUS (Cont'd)

(pause)

Approximately half the graduates of our school live on into their forties. Some of them even gain their freedom, and become trainers themselves. Eh, Marcellus?

(Marcellus leers)

A trained gladiator is like a fine stallion. He must be pampered. You will be bathed and shaved, conditioned and oiled and massaged.

(touches Marcellus' cauda)

(X)

You will be given your caudas. You will be warmly clothed, and your food will be the best money can buy.

(smirk)

At certain intervals you will even be given the companionship of a girl.

(to Marcellus, indicating Spartacus)

Watch the fifth from the end. He's a Thracian. They were going to kill him for hamstringing a guard.

MARCELLUS

We'll break him of that.

BATIATUS

(to Ramon)

Well, you sly Greek dog -- let's go to the house and have a look at the books. I could hear you diddling them all the way to Alexandria.

(starts out of scene)

And has no one the decency to offer me a cup of wine?

He EXITS, FOLLOWED by Ramon.

MARCELLUS

(to all of them)

All I want is for you to get along with me.

(goes up to Spartacus)

What's your name, slave?

SPARTACUS

(spitting it)

Spartacus.....slave.

Marcellus stares hard at him for an instant, then gestures with his head to a guard.

MARCELLUS

Unchain him.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED - 2

37
(X)

Guard steps forward, takes chain from Spartacus' iron collar.

MARCELLUS

Give him your sword.

Guard draws his long sword, gives it to Spartacus, who reacts with the quick suspicious, inquiring glances of an animal. Marcellus draws the short eight-inch dagger from his belt.

MARCELLUS

? (This is the only fair chance you'll ever have.) Kill me.

Spartacus' grip tightens on the sword, he hesitates, then leaps forward, thrusts viciously with his sword. The routine of this fight has been worked out elsewhere in detail. It is simply a demonstration of the trained gladiator's marvellous skill, not only in evading injury and defending himself with a dagger against the long sword, but also his ability to inflict terrible damage on his opponent. Marcellus only pricks the wildly swinging Spartacus with his dagger, but each tiny skin-break could be a death blow. Most of the punishment he administers with his feet, knees, hips, his free fist, or the broad edge of his hand which finally chops down across the back of Spartacus' neck like an axe.

Panting, bleeding, exhausted, and now stunned, Spartacus sprawls at Marcellus' feet. Marcellus looks down at him contemptuously, then nods to the guards. Guards come forward; one retrieves the sword that has fallen from Spartacus' hand; the other hauls him to his feet, snaps the chain to his collar. As the guard releases him, Spartacus, conscious but practically paralyzed, begins to sag. CRIXUS, the slave next to him, a young man of thirty with the fierce eyes of a hawk, takes Spartacus' arm to keep him on his feet. Without a second glance at his victim, Marcellus turns to the others.

MARCELLUS

(deadly ferocity)

Get along with me. That's all I say.

Get along with me!

(to guards)

Clean them up!

*What about
Spartacus' help
Marcellus
M...*

Guards leap into action.

GUARDS

All right, now! Get along there!
March!

38 OMITTED

38

39 REVERSE ANGLE - THE SLAVES

39
(X)

Prodded by their guards, they move rearward toward the gladiatorial quarters.

DISSOLVE TO

40

INT. STEAM ROOM - DAY - SPARTACUS, DIONYSIUS, CRIXUS,
DRABA, DAVID THE JEW

They are in various states of dress or undress, washing themselves in the great central basin, etc.

DAVID

You did the right thing. Every once in a while Marcellus likes to kill a man as an example. I think he's picked you. Watch out for him.

SPARTACUS

What's your name?

DAVID

David.

SPARTACUS

How long have you been here?

DAVID

Six months.

DIONYSIUS

I wish he'd pick me. I want just one chance at him before they carry me out of here.

Guard's VOICE O.S.

GUARD

No talking.

CRIXUS

(disgustedly)

Dionysius, you always talk too much. You'll get us all in trouble... just like in the mines.

Spartacus, who has been listening intently, walks over to Draba.

SPARTACUS

(to Draba)

How long have you been here?

Draba doesn't answer.

SPARTACUS

(puzzled)

I'm from Thrace, where do you come from?

An air of sullenness seems to settle over everybody in the scene.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

DRABA

(flatly)

I don't want to know anything about you.

SPARTACUS

(shrugs)

Just trying to be friendly.

DRABA

Just stay away from me. Because if we're ever matched out there in the arena, I'm going to have to kill you. Gladiators make no friends.

He turns, strides out of scene.

DISSOLVE TO

41 INT. CORRIDOR BETWEEN GLADIATORS' CELLS - NIGHT 41

It is a narrow stone corridor, lined up on either side with heavy, rough-hewn, bar-locked doors which give onto the gladiators' individual cells. Down the corridor, headed by Marcellus who supervises the operation by the light of slave-borne torches, come guards herding slave girls. The girls are dressed in simple home-spun dresses -- actually sacks. They are bare-legged, bare-foot. Their hands are tied behind them. Cell doors are opened right and left, and a girl is thrust unceremoniously through each door, after which the door is swiftly locked and barred again. The girls, thrust about like sacks of grain, say nothing, make no protest. They know their fate, and are accustomed to it. But their faces, their eyes, are dead, utterly devoid of emotion.

42 MED. SHOT - FAVORING BATIATUS 42

He stands alone, watching benignly as the girls shuffle past him. Varinia appears in the line. He reaches out, takes her arm, disengages her from the line.

43 CLOSE SHOT - BATIATUS, VARINIA 43

Batiatus extends his right hand reproachfully.

BATIATUS

Observe. The kindly hand that feeds you. Nipped beyond recognition.

(she stares at the hand; no reaction)

Have you nothing to say? No word of pity? No remorse?

(she has none)

Very well. I've found a creature who shares your beastly appetites. Come along.

He takes her arm, starts down passage with her, motioning to Marcellus as he goes. CAMERA trucks with them to:

44 SPARTACUS' CELL DOOR - MARCELLUS, BATIATUS, VARINIA 44

Marcellus unbolts the door, throws it open.

44-A INT. SPARTACUS' CELL - FULL SHOT 44-A

Spartacus glares at the three who stand in the open doorway.

BATIATUS

I bring you a gift, Spartacus.

(pushes Varinia into the cell roughly)

Beware of her. She bites too.

He steps backward into the passage; the door slams shut.

45 CLOSE ON SPARTACUS 45

He has not moved a muscle since the appearance of Batiatus with Varinia. Now, alone with her, he remains seated on his stool, his body tense as that of a wild creature which has seen, for the first time and face to face, the shocking, unexpected figure of a man. His eyes stare out at her with the most urgent inquiry; they flicker like serpents' tongues over every aspect of her body. Occasionally he may even stare away from her, at the floor or toward the wall, as if trying to evaluate and understand her presence without her immediate image in his retinas to deceive or baffle him.

46 CLOSE ON VARINIA 46

She stands almost midway between door and Spartacus, where the impact of Batiatus' thrust has sent her. She gazes squarely at Spartacus, her eyes cold and knowing and remote. She knows what is in store for her; she proposes to resist or outwit him if and as long as she can; and, when her strength is gone, to yield to him coldly, emotionlessly, and without surrender. A flicker of curiosity creases her forehead as she observes him before her, so still, his eyes so filled with questions.

47 ANOTHER ANGLE - SPARTACUS AND VARINIA 47

Slowly he rises, approaches her from one side, almost sniffing the air, almost listening for her slightest reaction. She stiffens imperceptibly, preparing herself for what she knows must come. Spartacus comes very close to her.

48 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SPARTACUS 48

He has never seen such beauty so close at hand. Her loveliness stuns him, fills him with wonderment and unbelief and something close to fear. He simply cannot comprehend her presence, nor what it implies. Abruptly his eyes turn floorward to:

49 CLOSE UP - VARINIA'S BARE FEET - FROM SPARTACUS' P.O.V. 49

CAMERA slowly PANS upward in CLOSE UP, examining her parts as they come into view, lingering here, yearning for a moment there, finally completing the tour with the slim column of her throat and then:

50 CLOSE UP - VARINIA 50

Her eyes watch him as alertly as if he were some deadly snake which at any moment is capable of sudden death. But behind her watchfulness is a growing question, a growing doubt and curiosity --- perhaps even a growing hope.

50-A MED. CLOSE SHOT - VARINIA AND SPARTACUS

50-A

Slowly he reaches out with the flat of his hand, barely touches her hair. At the instant of contact his hand flies backward two or three inches, as if burnt. Then the hand comes forward again, not flat this time, but with fingertips distended like the antennae of an insect. With the utmost caution, with the most exquisite delicacy, his finger-tips touch the skin of her cheek, move slowly downward to the side of her throat, where they pause for a moment and withdraw. He looks from her throat to his fingertips, and then into her eyes. His face mirrors a struggle of conflicting emotions: fear, desire, wonder almost to the point of worship, eagerness --- and shame. He shakes his head once or twice, tries to find his voice.

SPARTACUS

(huskily, softly, a cry of hunger, an appeal for help)

I --- I --- I've never had a woman -- !

Her eyes widen with surprise. She makes no other movement, for suddenly their moment of recognition is interrupted by the obscene GIGGLE of Batiatus O.S. Spartacus freezes, his head swiveling toward the SOUND, until he discovers:

50-B THE GRILL IN CEILING -- ABOVE - FROM SPARTACUS' P.O.V.

50-B

Batiatus, Marcellus and the guard are watching, all of them convulsed by the shameful confession they've overheard.

50-C ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING SPARTACUS, VARINIA, GROUP AT GRILL

50-C

Spartacus is still staring upward, hatred freezing on his face. Varinia watches only Spartacus.

BATIATUS

(softly)

Now that you do have one, you must take her. What will she think of you? Indeed, what shall I think of you?

(X)

Spartacus still glares up at his tormentors, dazed and unbelieving. All three at the grill involuntarily duck. Spartacus takes the stool which falls back at his feet, jumps onto it, leaps convulsively toward the bars, hangs dangling in air, held by a single hand clenched to the bar, while the other is thrust between the bars, blindly groping for throats.

CONTINUED

50-C CONTINUED

50-C

SPARTACUS

(gasping)

I'll kill you!

Marcellus' boot comes down on the doubled fist that keeps Spartacus aloft. Instantly he crashes to the floor. Batiatus peers down as he struggles to his feet.

BATIATUS

(gently)

Direct your courage to the woman, Spartacus.

As Spartacus scrambles to his feet, all three faces disappear from the grill above.

50-D MED. SHOT - SPARTACUS AND VARNINIA

50-D

Spartacus, panting, his hand bleeding, turns from the grill to face Varinia. He shakes his head fiercely.

SPARTACUS

(barely a whisper)

I'm not an animal!

A ripple of physical relief passes through Varinia's body. Her surprised, unbelieving eyes examine every line of his pale, tight face. A smile touches her lips.

VARINIA

(softly)

Neither am I...

A hot, anguished torrent of shame for his confession causes him to avert his face, even, perhaps, to cover it from her eyes.

SPARTACUS

(thickly)

I ~~was~~ born a slave. I was ten years old when they --- when they shipped me to the mines. I --- they --- I never ---

(a gesture of helplessness, both arms extended; a cry of fury subdued to an agonized whisper)

And so I --- I've never had --- a woman --- !

CONTINUED

50-D CONTINUED

50-D

For a moment he lets her look full at the nakedness of his life. Then he turns away. During this shamed explanation, a look of infinite pity has come to Varinia's face. With a swift, birdlike movement, she reaches out, touches his shoulder in a delicate gesture of sympathy, of consolation. It is her touch which causes him to turn to her, this time without shame. His eyes frankly drink in her loveliness. He shakes his head. He smiles. A long, quivering sigh pronounces his recovery from crisis. Miraculously, she smiles back at him. At this moment the door opens to admit Batiatus and Marcellus. Both of them whirl as the cell door opens.

BATIATUS

Marcellus take her out.

Marcellus seizes her, starts out with her.

BATIATUS

(to Spartacus)

Perhaps you may not be an animal,
Spartacus, but this sorry show gives
me little hope you'll ever be a
man.

Batiatus EXITS, and the door closes behind him barely in time to save him from the lunge which hurls the gladiator full force against the door..

DISSOLVE TO

51 EXT. EXERCISE GROUNDS - GLADIATORIAL SCHOOL - FULL SHOT - DAY 51 (X)

In the far b.g. we SEE a twin line of experienced gladiators, clad in the uniforms of their profession with the right-arm guards, violently feinting and thrusting with wooden swords. Trainers watch; guards are in evidence everywhere. There is a closer o.s. SOUND OF FEET beating against the earth in unison. In the f.g. we see our newly arrived gladiators working with the blade machine and the mechanical shield-and-mace. Marcellus is in charge, watching them closely. The great blades are sheathed with padded leather; nonetheless they are still able to send a man spinning to the earth if he misses a leap, or fails on the next turn, to duck and let the blade pass over him. Spartacus is not in scene. WHISTLE BLOWS. The two machines lumber to a halt. The trainees, their bodies running with sweat, their breath coming in gasps, line up under the prodding of the guards. Marcellus faces them.

MARCELLUS

Pay attention to this. I'm only going through it once.

Spartacus, in charge of two guards, is thrust INTO scene. He is clad only in breech-cloth. His naked body has been marked off, like a map, in various colors. Marcellus draws his sword. During the following scene, as he indicates on Spartacus' body those anatomical details which are important, he lightly flicks the skin with his swordtip. Sometimes the flick merely tickles; sometimes it draws a tiny bead of blood; sometimes it cuts deeper. Spartacus, his face pale with rage, refuses to move a muscle. His eyes remain through scene fixed in a glare of hatred upon Marcellus' face.

MARCELLUS

You get an instant kill on the red.
(touches red with
his sword)
Here---here---here---here---and here.
Slow kill, yellow: here---here---
here---here---here---here. Cripple
on the blue: here---here---here---
here---here---here---here---and
sometimes here.

Batiatus ENTERS quietly from behind.

MARCELLUS

Always go for the red. If you don't,
your opponent will. Second rule:
try for a cripple over a slow kill.
A slow kill may have enough left to
kill you before he dies. A cripple
you know you've got if you keep
your distance and wear him down.
The rest ---

CONTINUED

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51 CONTINUED 51
(X)

MARCELLUS (Cont'd)
(indicates other body
areas with sword)
- is all right for a public spectacle
in Rome, but in Capua we expect more
than simple butchery. We get it, too.

52 OMITTED 52

53 MED. REVERSE SHOT - VARINIA 53

She is barefoot, in kitchen rags, carrying across her shoulders
a yolk from which two wooden pails of water are suspended.
Despite her burden, her head is held high, and her gait is
that of a young goddess.

54 CLOSE ON SPARTACUS 54

His eyes follow Varinia hungrily.

MARCELLUS' VOICE
(sharply, o.s.)
Thracian!

Spartacus' head snaps back to:

55 ANOTHER ANGLE - SPARTACUS IN LINE - MARCELLUS - BATIATUS IN 55
B.G.

MARCELLUS
(tauntingly)
What are you looking at that girl
for?

Spartacus doesn't answer; Varinia in b.g. hastens her step.

BATIATUS
Don't tease him, Marcellus. He's
a house slave at heart.

MARCELLUS
(sharply)
Stand still, girl!

Varinia freezes, but scorns to look at her tormentor.

MARCELLUS
(to Spartacus)
All right, hero. If all you can do
with girls is look at them---then
look!

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

55

MARCELLUS (Cont'd)

(to other guards)

Take the rest for a hundred rounds at
a job. Finish with twenty on the run.

(to aide)

Check their legs when they've finished.

Aide nods. Others, with guards, start OUT OF SCENE. Varinia
in b.g. quietly starts to exit.

MARCELLUS

(sharply)

Hold it, girl!

(she freezes; he

turns to Spartacus;

very softly)

Keep on locking...slave.

Spartacus, rigid with fury and humiliation, stares off to
Varinia, who stands tall and straight and aloof, showing no
emotion at all.

DISSOLVE TO

56 INT. SPARTACUS' CELL - NIGHT

56

The cell door opens. Spartacus rises. One or two guards
appear with Varinia in tow. She looks across at him, her face
blank of any emotion. The humiliation of being disposed of
like an animal permits no emotion; she simply withdraws from
herself, removes herself from her body, so to speak, so that
it is not she at all who is being dealt with, but some stranger,
some other person altogether. Spartacus stares at her, almost
wild with the wonder that she should be bestowed upon him a
second time.

Marcellus APPEARS in b.g. of doorway.

MARCELLUS

No, no, this one goes to the Spaniard.

(guards instantly

remove Varinia

from scene; Marcellus

grins at Spartacus)

Have a good night's rest, Thracian.

Spartacus lunges for him. With a soft laugh, Marcellus side-
steps, slams the cell door. Spartacus crashes into the door.

DISSOLVE TO

57
thru
57-E OMITTED

57
thru
57-E

58 EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY - BARRED CAGES IN B.G. -
BLADE MACHINE

58
(X)

The new gladiators -- Spartacus, Gannicus and Crixus among them -- are lined up before machine. Guards are peeling off the padded leather sheaths, revealing the naked blades, razor-sharp on either edge, glistening cruelly in the sunlight. Marcellus watches the gladiators, a thin smile touching his lips. The gladiators glance at the blades, and at each other. A terrible, expectant silence falls over them. The sheaths are now off. Marcellus blows his WHISTLE. The giant blades begin to turn, slowly at first, then faster. Marcellus gives an approving nod. He turns to trainees. He blows WHISTLE again. The first pair disengage themselves from the line. They move reluctantly into opposite positions at the circumference of the blades' path. Then, crouched low, they run into the pattern, alternately ducking and leaping as the blades revolve. WHISTLE. They run out.

Two more trainees step forth, move into the pattern. A moment of ducking and leaping -- and one of them miscalculates. A terrible SCREAM rends the silence. The man falls to the ground. WHISTLE. The second man runs out of the pattern.

MARCELLUS

(to guards)

Move him out!

Guards, creeping on their bellies, enter the pattern beneath the whirling blades, remove the fallen man. WHISTLE.

MARCELLUS

Next pair!

Spartacus and Gannicus disengage themselves, approach the circumference. They run into the pattern. They duck and leap alternately.

58-A CLOSE ON MARCELLUS

58-A
(X)

MARCELLUS

(to slaves
turning blades)

Faster!

58-B CLOSE ON GANNICUS

58-B

over and under, as the blades flash by.

58-C CLOSE ON SPARTACUS

58-C

face beaded with sweat, rigid with terrible concentration, leaping and ducking.

DISSOLVE TO

eva #1888 - Changes 2/3/59

20
thru
30

58-D EXT. TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY - COLUMN OF TRAINEES

58-D

among them Spartacus. They are jogging around the arena, guards attentive.

58-E ANOTHER ANGLE - VARINIA

58-E
(X)

She is pulling a hand-cart loaded high with squashes. Her position is such that the curve of the jogging men is for a short time parallel to her course. Spartacus passes by on the jog. With a grin he seizes her cart, drags it along with him for a distance. Guards, on other side of column, cannot see. Varinia gasps indignantly, runs after her cart. Spartacus laughs.

DISSOLVE TO

58-F CLOSE ON WOODEN SWORDS

58-F
(X)

with leather tips being inserted in a box of lamp-black.
CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

59 OMITTED

thru
63

59
thru
63

64 EXT. MAIN TRAINING AREA - DAY - FULL SHOT

64

The arena swarms with guards, attendants, trainers, who are here shaping up the full man-power of the gladiatorial school in various areas. Most of these are experienced gladiators, attired in the conventional dress of the arena, including the leather sword-arm pad. All are armed with wooden swords, the edges of which have now been heavily tipped with lamp-black, or soot.

- Js #1888 31
- 65 MED. FULL SHOT - TRAINEES 65
- For the first time we see them in the traditional garb of their profession. Under the watchful eye of Marcellus, and at the command of his WHISTLE, they file by guards to receive, for the first time, their leather sword-arm pads.
- MARCELLUS
Fasten them on so they stay! If your sword arm's crippled in a matched pair, we have to replace you with a fresh man. That costs money. You've got to take care of yourselves!
(blows WHISTLE)
Shape up!
- Other WHISTLES blow in other parts of arena; in b.g. we SEE other gladiators falling into line.
- 66 FULL SHOT - THE ARENA - DAY 66
- The entire gladiatorial personnel of the school now face each other in two parallel lines, about twenty feet separating them. Guards are everywhere.
- 67 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MARCELLUS, GUARDS, BATIATUS 67
- They are watching.
- MARCELLUS
(quietly)
Now we'll see how they do against professionals.
(blows WHISTLE again)
- Up and down the lines ring the SHOUTS of the guards.
- 68 FULL SHOT - ARENA - DAY 68
- The two lines charge at a dead run, each man engaging his opposite number as they come to close quarters. In an instant the field becomes a boiling scene of struggle, none the less serious for the fact that the swords are of wood. Basically, these men are fighting for their lives, and they take the work seriously.
- 69 MED. GROUP SHOT - GLADIATORS 69
- At close quarters, using every trick of their deadly trade, guards leaping in and out of the foray, watching alertly. The black sword-tips mark where thrusts have been successful by leaving smudges on the recipient's body.

70 MED. CLOSE SHOT - GANNICUS AND DAVID THE JEW 70

DAVID THE JEW, a powerful man in his thirties, with keen intelligent eyes and a black beard, fends Gannicus off with cool, professional skill. Gannicus' rushes are almost overwhelming in their ferocity.

71 ANOTHER ANGLE - CRIXUS AND OPPONENT 71

Crixus fights like a tiger, his eyes gleaming with an excitement that has turned to hatred. He feints, retreats, thrusts, trips his opponent, lunges the sword against his breast. A guard rushes IN. He points to the smudge on the fallen man's breast.

GUARD

A kill!
(to loser)
Out!

Loser rises wearily to his feet, trudges out of the melee.

72 MED. SHOT - SPARTACUS AND DRABA - MARCELLUS IN B.G. 72

There are, of course, others fighting in b.g. Draba is an enormously tall and handsome Negro. Draba fights coolly, his face impassive, his eyes as alert as an animal's. The advantage of his great height is overcome somewhat by Spartacus' dazzling speed and intensity. Draba lunges at Spartacus, who fends the blow, turns Draba on his hip, sends him sprawling to earth. Spartacus' face shows a curious kind of joy in this activity, the joy of a healthy man winning a contest that carries no implication of death. As Draba strikes the ground, he is kicked in the head by another contestant passing through the scene.

73 MED. SHOT - DRABA 73

Somewhat dazed, he tries to pick himself up. He has to pause on all fours to shake the fog from his brain. Spartacus bounds INTO SCENE, offers his hand. Draba, his face expressionless, accepts the proffered aid. Then, as he almost achieves his feat, he gives Spartacus' hand a swift, fierce tug which sends Spartacus sprawling face forward on the ground. Spartacus twists like a cat, starts to rise---to find Draba's sword-tip at his throat. He stares up at Draba in shocked surprise, his eyes wide and questioning. Draba simply gazes down at him, and holds the sword at his throat. Marcellus bounds INTO SCENE, followed by Batiatus.

MARCELLUS

I told you gladiators have no friends!

(X)

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED

73

MARCELLUS (Cont'd)

(Draba withdraws sword)

Get off the field.

Spartacus rises, casts a furious glance at Draba, starts off.

BATIATUS

(reproachfully)

In a real fight you'd have cost me
three thousand sesterces!

Spartacus EXITS. Batiatus turns to Marcellus.

(X)

BATIATUS

They stood up rather well. It
calls for a distribution of young
ladies tonight. Virtue must never
go unrewarded.

Marcellus nods, puts whistle to mouth, WHISTLES.

DISSOLVE TO

74 INT. TRAINING AND STEAM ROOM - DAY - FULL SHOT

74

In b.g., is a curtain of steam arising from hot rocks, above
which, on benches, are hunched naked gladiators. In the f.g.,
is a dark pool of cool water in which the gladiators plunge
after their steam. In f.g., are wooden slabs filled with glad-
iators in various stages of undress, being oiled and massaged
by slave attendants. Aides pass among them, examining feet and
other members, as they would examine horses after a workout.
Light is dim, filtering in through cracks in the board walls.
Here and there an injured fighter receives bandages and unguents.
They are most carefully cared for.

75 ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD POOL - FAVORING DRABA

75

The tall African is just pulling himself out of the pool.
Spartacus spots him, grins, slips up from behind and with the
flat of his foot, topples Draba back into the water. Draba
comes up spitting water he has swallowed, looks at Spartacus
with unsmiling eyes.

SPARTACUS

(mockingly)

Now I know how you play the game.
I'll play it that way too!

Draba gives him a scornful look. With one powerful stroke
reaches the edge of the pool again, pulls himself out and
faces Spartacus.

DRABA

(tonelessly)

Killing's no game.

Spartacus, smiling, climbs onto one of the slabs. He turns
on his belly as the slave begins massaging and oiling his back.

75 CONTINUED

75

He turns away, adjusts himself on his side, his back to Spartacus.

DAVID
(quietly)
He's right.

Spartacus turns his head. David the Jew is just unwinding from his middle torso a dirty, fringed, rectangular cloth. He touches it to his lips, folds it carefully, places it beside him.

SPARTACUS
What's that?

DAVID
A tilluth. A prayer shawl.

SPARTACUS
What do you do with it?

DAVID
(lies down on back)
I was a rabbi.

SPARTACUS
What kind of work is a rabbi?

DAVID
A teacher. Some might call me a priest. I teach the law of the one true God. Jehovah.

Spartacus considers this frowningly for a moment.

SPARTACUS
If he's the true god, why doesn't he get you out of here?

While David, frowning at the ceiling, considers this, Draba, on the other side of Spartacus, answers without turning his face toward them.

DRABA
The true gods are all dead.

All lapse into silence.

DISSOLVE TO

76
thru
78

OMITTED

(X) 76
thru
78

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(X)
79 EXT. SCHOOL OF CAPUA - DAY - FULL SHOT - TOWARD ARCHED MAIN ENTRANCE 79

A magnificently outfitted cortege, consisting of four glittering litters, mounted guards, and attendant slaves, is just approaching the archway to the courtyard that separates the front of Batiatus' residence from the outer wall.

80 OMITTED 80

81 BALCONY - BATIATUS' RESIDENCE - MED. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - WITH RAMON 81

as he rushes INTO residence.

82 INT. BATIATUS' OFFICE - DAY 82

Batiatus, lolling at his ease, is being shaved.

BATIATUS

Gently, gently. I can't stand the sight of my own blood.

Ramon bursts INTO the room.

RAMON

We have visitors! Tremdous visitors!
Two simply enormous Roman lords!
They want you at once.

CONTINUED

BATIATUS

Tell them I'm occupied. As you see.
How tall do these lords grow?

RAMON

One of them is Marcus Licinius
Crassus!

BATIATUS

Hey?

(flinging towels)

Get me out of this! Wipe me off,
you fat-head!

He leaps from the chair, suddenly has an appalled second thought.

BATIATUS

Crassus -- !

(whirls on Ramon)

The bust! The bust! Take it away!
Get rid of it!

RAMON

(blinking stupidly)

What bust?

BATIATUS

The bust of Gracchus that sits in
the atrium. You know how Crassus
hates him! Smash it!

(eyes to heaven)

Forgive me, dear Gracchus.

Ramon turns, dashes OUT of room. Batiatus hastily begins to
don tunic.

82-A FULL SHOT - COURTYARD BEFORE BATIATUS' RESIDENCE - DAY

82-A

The richly dressed visitors are just debouching from their
litters.

82-B INT. ATRIUM - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - BUST OF GRACCHUS

82-B

Carved from white marble, Gracchus wears a bland smile. His
eyes have a slight leer to them. The brow is crowned with a
wreath of freshly cut flowers. The bust stands on a marble
column in the most prominent part of the atrium.

Ramon rushes in carrying a cloth, skids to a stop, hurls the
cloth over the offending bust, lifts the bust from its pedestal,
starts out with it, pauses indecisively, then rushes OUT OF SCENE.

83

COURTYARD BEFORE BATIATUS' RESIDENCE - DAY

83

The litters are being lowered to the ground. MARCUS LICINIUS CRASSUS is the first to DESCEND, FOLLOWED by VARINIUS GLABRUS. Glabrus is younger than Crassus, richly dressed but lacking both hardness and real dignity. The softness of his face bespeaks indulgence and dissipation. He defers greatly to Crassus, but he cannot suppress the look of weary boredom and vacuity which constantly shadows his lustrous eyes.

He assists two handsome women from the remaining two litters. One of them is his sister, HELENA GLABRA, and the other is CLAUDIA MARIA. They are exquisitely gowned and bejeweled, the obvious products of high fashion and enormous wealth. They look about fastidiously, hasten to find a place in the shade.

At this point, Batiatus rushes INTO SCENE, FOLLOWED by a swarm of SERVANTS carrying chairs, cushions, food, wine, fans. He rushes directly to Crassus, makes a deep bow.

BATIATUS

(bows low to Crassus)

Marcus Licinius Crassus, most noble
reverence, first general of the
Republic, defender and father of
Rome!

(gesture toward
entrance)

Honor my house! Bless it with your
presence!

With a slight inclination of the head, Crassus acknowledges the greeting, turns, and, under the humbly agile guidance of Batiatus and the kow-towing of slaves, moves with his party toward the entrance.

84

INT. ANTRIUUM - HOUSE OF BATIATUS

84

A noble, semi-open room, with a reflecting pool, giving at its far end onto a balcony from which fights may be witnessed in the private arena below at the rear of the house. Batiatus CLAPS hands briskly. Servants leap into action. Amongst them we see Varinia.

BATIATUS

Arrange! Move quickly! Can't you
see their worships are exhausted?

Varinia places chair for Crassus.

BATIATUS

Have the goodness to sit.

Crassus turns, sees Varinia. A slight frown comes to his face.

85 MED. CLOSE SHOT - VARINIA BEHIND CHAIR - CRASSUS FACING HER 85

There is something in his direct, inquiring glance that causes Varinia almost visibly to withdraw into herself. Crassus' eyes sweep her from head to foot, not insolently, not even sensuously -- but with the considered admiration of a connoisseur. Batiatus nervously ENTERS.

BATIATUS

Is something wrong, your highness?

CRASSUS

(still gazing at Varinia)

No.

(slight bow of head and shoulders to Varinia)

Thank you. I prefer to stand.

86 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING THEM ALL

BATIATUS

(salaams to Crassus)

As your divinity desires.

(bows to Claudia)

Welcome, most blessed Claudia Maria, former wife of Lucius Caius Marius whose execution touched us all so deeply!

(fawns to Helena)

Honor to the lady Helena, daughter of the late Septimus Optimus Glabrus, whose fame shall live forever in the person of your noble brother and his heroic son---

(genuflects to Glabrus)

---Publius Marcus Glabrus, hero of the eastern wars.

HELENA

(to others)

How very much he knows.

(to Batiatus)

Allow me to bring you up to date, lanista. We are here to celebrate the marriage of my brother ---

(indicates Glabrus)

---to the lady Claudia.

BATIATUS

(raptly, to both of them)

A mating of eagles!

(to Glabrus)

Your sanctity!

(to slaves)

Fan his beatitude! He sweats!

*Account
of the... 86*

CONTINUED

Slaves leap forward with fans. All four are now at their ease in chairs, the ladies' feet resting on small colored cushions. Trays of wine and refreshments are offered.

CRASSUS

My young friends desire a private showing of two pairs.

BATIATUS

Ab-hai! Instantly!

CLAUDIA

To the death.

There is a moment of stunned silence, while Batiatus blinks at them in disbelief.

BATIATUS

To the -- death, your ladyship?

HELENA

Do you think we traveled all the way to Capua for gymnastics?

BATIATUS

But I do beg your worships -- here at Capua we have the most highly trained gladiators in Italy. They'll give you an exhibition of sword-play you couldn't buy at the Circus Maximus for any price. After they're sold, of course, their new masters may use them as they wish. But while they're here we never fight them to the death.

CRASSUS

Today is an exception.

BATIATUS

(distressed
and greedy)

A fight to the death would raise bad feelings through the whole school. And dear, O dear, O dear!
-- How costly that could be.

CRASSUS

(coldly)

Whatever happens, I shall accept full responsibility. Name your price.

Batiatus' beady eyes flicker like serpents' tongues from the ladies to Crassus, and back again.

CONTINUED

BATIATUS

Ah -- forgive me, serenity -- twenty-five thousand denarii!

CRASSUS

Arrange it immediately.

BATIATUS

This instant!

HELENA

Of course we want to choose them ourselves. You do have a -- certain variety, don't you?

BATIATUS

Inexhaustible!

(blows WHISTLE)

Allow me to show you the way.

They start OUT of the atrium, CAMERA TRUCKING with them, down the outer staircase and onto the training area below.

86-a INT. STEAM ROOM - SPARTACUS, CRIXUS, DRABA, DAVID, DIONYSIUS, 86-A AND OTHERS

David ENTERS.

DAVID

Spartacus, there's going to be a fight to the death.

AD LIBS

(quiet, stunned)

To the death . . . ?

To the death---

CRIXUS

(to David)

How do you know?

DAVID

I heard Marcellus tell one of the guards.

There is a long moment of silence.

CONTINUED

DIONYSIUS

Who fights?

DAVID

I don't know.

CRIXUS

(strangely)

To the death . . .

(looks at
Spartacus)

What if they matched you and me?

SPARTACUS

We have only one possession - life.
And to us that must be all and
everything.

CRIXUS

Spartacus, what if they matched you
and me? Would you fight?

SPARTACUS

(after a moment)

I'd have to. So would you.

CRIXUS

(quietly)

Would you---kill?

A silence; all eyes on Spartacus.

SPARTACUS

(after a long
thought; very
quietly)

Yes, I---I'd kill. I'd try to stay
alive, and you will too.

A guard ENTERS.

GUARD

Form up in the training area. Some
visitors want to admire you.

They look silently at one another, then move out at the
prodding of the guard.

DISSOLVE TO

87 FULL SHOT ACROSS ARENA TOWARD ASSEMBLY CAGES - DAY

87

The puzzled gladiators are ENTERING the cage. They press toward the rear, compelling those who follow to assume positions closer to the front. No one wishes to be against the bars, open to public inspection. They peer curiously across to mid-field at the approaching procession.

88 MED. TRUCKING SHOT - BATIATUS AND HIS GUESTS - FAVORING CRASSUS AND HELENA

88

A slave with umbrella shades the lovely Helena from the sun.

HELENA

(gaily)

Thracians are a fad, anyhow. They're flashy with the knife, but they don't kill well.

CRASSUS

Where did you acquire this refined taste for brutality?

HELENA

(mocking smile)

When I was a little girl, and saw two thousand Syrians fought to the death in the Circus Maximus. They were your prisoners.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

88

CRASSUS

(dryly)

Brutality is perfectly justified as an instrument of state power. But it makes atrociously dull entertainment.

HELENA

(bullfight terms)

Not entertainment. Art---sculpture --- poetry! What greater drama could there be than two men down there in the arena, drenched with sunlight . . . and fighting to the death?

CRASSUS

There's no drama in death unless you're afraid of it.

CLAUDIA

(pointing)

Oh! They're magnificent!

89 ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD ASSEMBLY CAGES

89

The men, each one of them a superb fighting machine, peer curiously, with a certain shame, at the gala procession that now arrives for inspection three feet distant on the other side of the bars. As the distinguished guests come up to the cages, chairs are placed for them, umbrellas are lovingly interposed between their fair skins and the sun.

90 CLOSE ON SPARTACUS - IN FRONT ROW

90

He is staring at them as if they were the animals on display rather than himself. Varinia, scarcely ten feet away, watches Spartacus with dread in her eyes.

91 REVERSE ANGLE - THROUGH THE BARS - THE GUESTS

91

Crassus and Glabrus are seating themselves. At no time throughout this and the successive fight scenes does Crassus pay the slightest attention to the gladiators, or their contest. Either he is engaged in conversation with Glabrus, or devoting his attention to thoughtful scrutiny of Varinia. Meanwhile, the young women, shepherded by Satiatus and trailed by Marcellus, pace slowly along the perimeter of the cages, their eyes filled with pleasure at the sight of so many superb male physiques.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED

91

BATIATUS

Practically every man here is an expert with the Thracian knife. But the trident is something rare. I'd recommend this fellow here. Ethiopian.

He indicates a fierce-looking, swarthy man; but Helena and Claudia have their eyes on Draba.

CLAUDIA

I like this one better!

Will audience know?

Batiatus shudders. He has the honest merchant's instinct to keep his best merchandise and sell his shoddy.

BATIATUS

Draba? Oh no, he'd never do. For you I want only the best.

CLAUDIA

But I want the most beautiful. -- I'll take him.

BATIATUS

Very well.
(to Marcellus)
Draba, curse it!
(to Helena)
And now for you, Lady Helena, I suggest . . . ah yes, Praxus! A veritable tiger!

HELENA

I don't like him.
(indicates Crixus)
I much prefer that one.

BATIATUS

(distressed)
Eh? This one, your ladyhood?
(she nods; he rolls his eyes to Marcellus)
Crixus for the short sword.
(eagerly suggesting the next one)
Observe this fellow! Did you ever see such splendid shoulders?

CLAUDIA

Yes. Right here.
(indicates Galino)

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED - 2

91

BATIATUS
(can't believe it)
Ah?
(can)
Ah-huh.
(to Marcellus, dead
voice)
Also Galino.

92 ANOTHER ANGLE - OUTSIDE CAGE - TOWARD IT

92

Crassus and Glabrus paying no heed, taking no part in the selection. Helena and Claudia have moved a bit away from Batiatus and Marcellus. Batiatus is holding a soft, inaudible conversation with his trainer. Helena's eyes wander over several gladiators including Spartacus, then return to Spartacus. Her eyes sweep him from head to toe, then slowly back again. Spartacus glares at her--- then insolently permits himself the same inspection. Batiatus realizes they're about to make another choice, rushes up to them.

BATIATUS
(urgently)
For the Thracian knife I have the
most ferocious --

HELENA
(as Spartacus completes
his intimate inspection)
Oh! He's impertinent!

BATIATUS
And a coward to boot! I'll have
him flogged!
(takes her arm)
There's only one man in the entire
school who stands a chance with
the Thracian knife against the
trident.
(points him out)
Behold---the beast of Lybia!

HELENA
(eyes on Spartacus)
I prefer the coward.
(to Varinia, in B.G.)
Girl---some wine.
(faint smile to
Batiatus)
Watching us choose has bored you.

CONTINUED

BATIATUS

(accepting fate)

Scarcely, your blessedness. It's been---most exciting. I tingle.

Varinia advances with a tray of wine. Her eyes meet Spartacus'. Helena takes a glass, sips it, her eyes still on Spartacus. Then she turns to Batiatus.

HELENA

If both men are down and refuse to continue the fight, your trainer will cut their throats. We want no tricks.

BATIATUS

(shocked reproach)

Tricks? At the school of Batiatus? We'll slit their throats like chickens!

An audible GASP goes up from those within the packed cage. They stare at Helena with unbelieving eyes. Varinia gazes mutely at Spartacus.

BATIATUS

You hear, Marcellus?

Marcellus, who himself is staring at Helena as if she were some new and malignant type of monster, bobs his head.

BATIATUS

Then get about it!

Marcellus turns, bows, EXITS. Without looking for the tray, Helena places her unfinished wine glass on it. She gives a last flashing glance at Spartacus, turns away.

HELENA

And do-let us get out of this sun.

CLAUDIA

Yes, lets!

(looks at Draba)

I feel so sorry for the poor things in all this heat.

(to Batiatus)

Don't put them in those suffocating tunics. Let them wear---just enough for modesty. . . .

BATIATUS

They'll fight in loincloths and bless your name.

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED - 2

92

BATIATUS (Cont'd)

(to Marcellus)

Arrange!

(to Ramon)

Conduct their magnificenses to the gallery!

They move back toward the house and the balcony-pavilion from which they will ~~view the fight.~~

93 AT REAR OF CAGES

93

WHISTLES BLOW. Spartacus, Draba, Crixus and Galino, their heads down, as the men file past them returning to the cell block.

94 INT. BOX IN GALLERY - OVERLOOKING ARENA - CLOSE ON BUST OF GRACCHUS - DAY

94

It has been hastily deposited on the floor, only partly concealed by its covering cloth. As we come in on scene Crassus' hand is delicately flicking the cloth off, revealing the bust, tipped at a rakish angle, its wreath of flowers slipped forward to conceal the eyes.

CRASSUS' VOICE

(wry amusement, o.s.)

Ah! An eavesdropper!

CAMERA NOW PULLS BACK to reveal:

94-A THE GALLERY - DAY - CRASSUS, GLABRUS, HELENA, CLAUDIA, ATTENDANT SLAVES

94-A

In this luxurious box, protected from the sun, cushioned and draped with silk, the four Romans take their ease on soft sofas. Slaves pass among them with food, wine, sweetmeats. Varinia is prominent among them. As we come in on scene they are all regarding the exposed bust of Gracchus with a certain fastidious distaste.

CRASSUS

(continuing; as he adjusts the wreath)

How far from Rome must I go to avoid that cunning face?

CLAUDIA

(petulantly)

Let's not talk about Gracchus. He bores me. Besides, all he does is hate us.

94-A CONTINUED

94-A

CRASSUS

For Gracchus, hatred of the patrician class is a profession.

(pauses briefly, while Varinia replenishes wine; his eyes follow her)

And not a bad one, either. How else does one become master of the mob and first senator of Rome?

Varinia passes behind Claudia, comes up to Glabrus, pours wine.

CLAUDIA

(sniffing the air)

I believe that girl smells of perfume!

Glabrus reaches out, takes the hem of Varinia's skirt, thus detaining her, sniffs it.

GLABRUS

(nodding)

Whatever it is, she smells good.

Varinia starts to move away, but Glabrus holds on to her hem, thus preventing her.

HELENA

(casually)

You can't keep slaves from stealing any more unless you chain them.

CLAUDIA

When a slave's as pretty as this one, she doesn't have to steal. An arrangement is made.

GLABRUS

(lifting her skirts slightly)

If her ankles are good, you may be sure an arrangement was made.

Crassus has his eyes directly on Varinia's face. She flares red. With cautious aim, she drops her tray squarely on Glabrus' head, spattering him with wine.

VARINIA

(gasp)

Oh, master!

CONTINUED

94-A CONTINUED - 2

94-A

She pretends terror and begins to wipe the wine from Glabrus with her robe.

GLABRUS

I've been anointed!

CLAUDIA

You filthy trollop! You did that on purpose!

At this point, Batiatus RUSHES INTO the SCENE, gasps with horror at the shambles Varinia has made.

BATIATUS

Oh merciful heavens, a catastrophe!

CRASSUS

(severely)

It was an accident.

(to Varinia)

Come here, girl.

Varinia stands before him.

CRASSUS

(gently)

Don't be frightened. Where are you from?

VARINIA

Brittania.

CRASSUS

How long have you been a slave?

VARINIA

Since I was thirteen.

CRASSUS

You have a certain education.

VARINIA

My first master had me tutored for his children.

Crassus nods, turns to Batiatus.

CRASSUS

I like her. She has spirit. I'll buy her.

Varinia stares at Crassus unbelievably.

CONTINUED

94-A CONTINUED - 3

BATIATUS

Buy her, your lordship? Of course!
She's yours!

(to Varinia)

You're lucky, you clumsy cow!

(to Crassus)

She'll be waiting at your litter.

CRASSUS

I've no transport for her, and I
don't want her feet spoiled by walk-
ing. Send her to me with your
steward on his next trip to Rome.

BATIATUS

He goes tomorrow, your magnitude!

(as Varinia reacts)

And with him the wench.

(to Varinia)

Clean him well, and praise your
gods!

Varinia resumes her efforts to clean Glabrus' soiled robe.

95 ANOTHER ANGLE - GROUP ON BALCONY - OVERLOOKING ARENA

95

HELENA

You provoke me, Crassus. I shan't
be nice to you any more.

Batiatus EXITS.

CRASSUS

Why distress me so?

HELENA

You're horribly rich, yet you're
the only one of my brother's friends
who hasn't yet given him a wedding
present.

Crassus shrugs, reaches inside his cloak, takes out a golden
medalian attached to a chain. He hands it to Helena.

CRASSUS

I was saving it for a better time.
Give it to him, child.

Helena stares at the badge, passes it to Claudia who does like-
wise and hands it to Glabrus. Crassus watches them keenly.

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED

95

CRASSUS

(to Claudia)

As of this moment, your husband is
Commander of the Garrison of Rome.

GLABRUS

I -- I don't know how I shall ever
be able to repay you.

CRASSUS

(faint smile)

Time will solve that mystery.

CLAUDIA

(to Crassus)

The Garrison of Rome is hardly more
than a police force! I wanted him to
be at least a tribune!

CRASSUS

Nonsense! The Garrison of Rome
controls the streets, curbs the
mob, puts down civil disorder, and
enforces the law. It's the only
power in Rome that's strong enough
to check-mate Gracchus and the senate.

96 ANOTHER ANGLE

96

Batiatus enters to group, bows, hands Crassus a silver whistle.

BATIATUS

At your pleasure, excellency.

Batiatus EXITS. DRUMS begin o.s. Crassus gives the whistle
to Helena.

CRASSUS

The honor of starting this poetic
drama shall go to you, my dear.

Helena, flushed with excitement, takes the whistle, looks
toward the arena.

DISSOLVE TO

97 NEAR TRAINING AREA - FULL SHOT - DOWN LINE OF GUARDS

97

As a guard turns the winch that raises the gate - Martellus
ENTERS in the training area - followed by Crixus, Spartacus,
Galino and Draba. The four are now covered by their green

CONTINUED

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50
(X)

97 CONTINUED

97

ponchos. Marcellus steps through the opening and stands in front of the guards as Crixus and Other Three step through.

MARCELLUS

(pointing to o.s.
waiting shed)

Through that door.

CAMERA DOLLIES BACK and PANS with Crixus, Spartacus, Galino, Draba and Marcellus as they move down the line of guards and are herded into the waiting shed. Marcellus watches as the door is locked after them, and he EXITS f.g.

98
thru
99-A

OMITTED

98
thru
99-A

100 INT. GLADIATORS' SHED - SPARTACUS, DRABA, CRIXUS AND GALINO 100

It is dark inside the shed. They sit in silence. DRUMS o.s. Draba is stern and impassive. Spartacus watches him covertly, as one has the right to watch his future murderer. Crixus glares fiercely straight ahead. Galino is completely wrapped in his thoughts. There is nothing to say, nothing to do but wait for the fatal SOUND of the WHISTLE. WHISTLE BLOWS. All freeze. Door swings open. Marcellus APPEARS in bright shaft of sunlight, Guards behind him.

MARCELLUS

Crixus! Galino!

Both men slowly rise. For an instant each looks straight into the other's face. Then they turn and EXIT together. Door closes behind them. Spartacus and Draba, alone with each other, exchange no glances between themselves. ROLL of DRUMS outside. They stiffen slightly. SOUND of fight beginning. Spartacus rises, moves silently to the arena-side wall. He puts his eyes to a crack, peers out.

100-A FLASH REVERSE - SPARTACUS' POINT OF VIEW

100-A

The merest impression of two nearly naked men in swift, ferocious combat.

100-B
thru
102-C

OMITTED

100-B
thru
102-C

102-D INT. GLADIATOR'S SHED - SPARTACUS - DRABA

102-D

Spartacus is still peering through the crack. WHISTLE SOUNDS. Slowly Spartacus rises. Slowly he turns, his face white, and moves back toward the bench. Draba watches him. The door opens. Crixus RE-ENTERS. He is stained with blood and sweat and dirt. His face is a gray mask. He looks neither at Spartacus nor Draba. Instead, like a man dreaming but ambulant, he moves slowly to the bench, sits down carefully, stares straight ahead. Spartacus and Draba, whose eyes have been fixed on him from the moment of his entry, exchange their first glance with each other. Marcellus APPEARS in doorway.

MARCELLUS

Second pair!

They rise like automatons. They move toward the door. CAMERA TRUCKS with them just far enough to carry them through the door and into the sunlight beyond.

102-E EXT. ARENA - FULL SHOT

102-E

Guards stationed, DRUMS beating faster. Spartacus receives his short, curved Thracian knife. Draba is given his iron-spiked trident and his fish-net. Guards place them in position for combat. They begin slowly to manoeuvre for position.

102-F MED. SHOT - GROUP IN BOX

102-F

Helena and Claudia are watching the fight in the arena below. Crassus and Glabrus are holding a quiet conversation about business. From time to time, this scene is INTER-CUT with ANGLES which keep Roman characters in f.g., showing the arena action in b.g. Varinia is in b.g. of Roman characters, sometimes watching fight below, sometimes averting her eyes in horror. Batiatus is in the remote b.g., nervously waiting fight slaves, everything, to make certain his guests are pleased and well attended.

103 REVERSE ANGLE - SPARTACUS AND DRABA

103

In dodging a deadly thrust of the iron hooks, Spartacus has gone into a rolling spin. It brings him up against the fence. He kicks away from the fence, tries to bound up to his feet again. At this point, Draba deftly drops the net over him, tugs hard. Spartacus goes down. Hopelessly entrapped in the net, he threshes about like a wild animal, slashing vainly his knife to free himself. Draba, trident at aim, approaches him cautiously for the kill.

104 INT. BOX - CRASSUS, GLABRUS, HELENA, CLAUDIA, VARINIA, BATIATUS IN B.G.

104

(Dialogue During Spartacus-Draba Fight)

CRASSUS

(quietly)

Don't underestimate Pompey. They've packed him off to Spain, but he'll be back. And then will the senate smart for its pains.

CLAUDIA

It's an absolute mis-match. The trident's bound to win.

CRASSUS

Invariably.

HELENA

It's dull. The Thracian's fading.

GLABRUS

(to Crassus)

How did you get my appointment without Gracchus knowing?

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED

104

CRASSUS

I fought fire with oil. I purchased
the senate behind his back.

(indicates badge)

Use it well. You've no idea how
many millions it cost.

(suddenly grim)

Nor how deeply the senate will regret
its easy virtue before I'm through.

HELENA

(scream; watching
fight)

Kill him!

105
thru
106 OMITTED

105
thru
106

106-A MED. CLOSE SHOT - DRABA AND SPARTACUS

106-A

Draba is now ready to deliver the death. Spartacus, panting,
exhausted, utterly defeated, helpless, understands. He stares
up with stunned recognition at the face of death.

HELENA, CLAUDIA,
GLABRUS

(o.s., fiercely)

The kill! Kill him! The kill!

106-B CLOSE ON BATIATUS - VARINIA IN F.G.

106-B

Eager to please his guests, Batiatus cups hands to mouth:

BATIATUS

KILL HIM, YOU IMBECILE!

106-C MED. CLOSE - SPARTACUS AND DRABA

106-C

Spartacus, utterly immobilized, watching, waiting for death.
Slowly Draba turns, stares up into the stands. His face is
covered with sweat, his mouth is anguished, his eyes are wide
with horror and the exertions of this life-and-death struggle.
But now he sees, in the box, something even more horrible than
death. His whole body turns toward the stands. He begins to
shamble toward his tormentors, forgetting his prey. Spartacus,
in b.g., is rising from the sand. Draba charges straight for
the fence, and the gallery and box beyond and above it.

107 FLASH SHOT - OCCUPANTS OF BOX

107

Crassus, a brave man who has faced death so many times that he neither fears it nor over-values life, sits immobile, profoundly absorbed in what is happening. Helena, her eyes wide with horror, cowers behind him. Glabrus' reaction is one of stimulation, excitement. Claudia has risen as if to flee. Varinia, in b.g. watches the approach of Draba with a prayer in her eyes for his safe arrival at the box, and for the success of the deadly enterprise he there will carry through.

HELENA

(a scream)

What's he doing?

BATIATUS

Run, your lordships! Flee, your ladyhoods!

(bellowing off)

Guards! Guards --- !

108 FULL SHOT - FIELD AND GALLERY

108

Draba has reached the fence. There a guard tries to intercept him. Draba skewers him and flings his body away as if scattering trash. He climbs the fence, lunges upward into the gallery and toward the box. Other guards are now closing in from all directions. As Draba leaps toward the box, the first guard gets within throwing distance. He hurls his heavy pilum at Draba. The eighteen inches of steel imbeds itself in the gladiator's ebony body, but still he plunges upward, his trident in position to throw, his eyes on his deadly enemies in the box. A second pilum finds its mark, but already Draba has groped his way almost to the box, the spears dragging from his body.

109 FLASH SHOT - ARENA - SPARTACUS

109

stupefied, staring, just extricating himself from net.

110 FLASH SHOT - THE BOX

110

Batiatus hides behind it. Glabrus leaps in alarm to his feet. Crassus moves not a muscle. Chill as steel, utterly fascinated by the possibilities, he watches the approach of Draba. Claudia, trying to get out of the box, stumbles, falls and SCREAMS.

111 ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING BOX AND DRABA

111

Guards rushing UP on him in b.g. Draba, the two spears still sticking in his back, makes a final lunge. His hands grasp the edge of the box. His eyes glare up at the occupants, fierce

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED

111

and horrible and lost. Crassus, in the meanwhile, has slowly risen. Calmly, he slips a tiny bejeweled dagger from his belt. And then, as Draba's great arms reach out to seize him, he bends forward between those terrible arms (exactly as a bullfighter risks life by bending forward between the horns for the death-thrust) and deftly inserts the knife into Draba's spinal cord just above the shoulder-line. Even before the knife is withdrawn, Draba is dead. The effect is instantaneous (again as in a bullfight when a member of the corrida severs the spinal cord of a wounded and dying bull.) The great African, like his counterpart the bull, curls convulsively into the birth position, his head forward between his arms, his knees drawn upward -- but he was dead before the reflex action of death was made visible.

112 ANOTHER ANGLE - OCCUPANTS OF BOX

112

staring at Draba's o.s. body. Crassus wipes the tip of his knife on a cushion to clean it, and replaces it in his belt. He turns, smiles with faint contempt at Helena.

CRASSUS

Well, child -- has your ardor somewhat cooled?

HELENA

(weakly)

I'm going to be sick.

CLAUDIA

Let's go! Let's get out of here!

113 WIDER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE VARINIA - GUARDS IN B.G. JUST STARTING TO DRAG DRABA'S BODY AWAY

113

Glabus gives a fastidious glance at the dead African. Guards begin to drag him OUT.

GLABRUS

Ugly fellow.

CRASSUS

He died rather well, I thought.

He takes Helena's arm. They start OUT of the box behind Glabus, Claudia already being under way.

114 ANOTHER ANGLE - CRASSUS, HELENA, VARINIA

114

As Crassus passes a few feet in front of Varinia, he pauses, gazes at her intently. Varinia, pale and straight, stares back at him. Crassus bows. Then he turns and EXITS. Varinia gives no sign of recognizing his gesture, or even of having seen him. Batiatus APPEARS behind her, peering timidly over the rear of the box. He sees that the danger has passed -- and with it, his guests. He rises, starts off after them, his voice piteous.

BATIATUS

Your lordships! Oh, your dear,
dear excellencies -- !

He moves OUT OF SCENE, FOLLOWING them.

115
and
116

OMITTED

115
and
116

117 EXT. TRAINING AREA - NIGHT - A FIGURE IN WHITE 117

Moving stealthily from one pool of shadow to the next, keeping close to walls, darting across open spaces like a frightened bird. It is Varinia, pursuing her stealthy way toward the cell house. Remote SOUND of a man singing a lament in some foreign tongue COMES OVER this and subsequent scenes.

118 EXT. CELL HOUSE DOOR - NIGHT - A GUARD 118

He stands before the door, a weary, middle-aged man, absorbed in his secret thoughts. He looks off. He sees Varinia approaching. He appears not surprised.

119 ANOTHER ANGLE - WALL OF CELL HOUSE - VARINIA 119

shrinking close to the wall, she approaches the door and the guard.

119-A MED. SHOT - DOOR - GUARD 119-A

Varinia slips INTO THE SCENE. From beneath her robe she brings forth a jar of wine. She hands it to the guard. He nods, circles the training area with watchful eyes, then opens the door ever so slightly. Varinia slips silently inside. Door CREAKS as it opens and closes.

119-B INT. CELL HOUSE CORRIDOR - NIGHT - VARINIA 119-B

She flickers down the corridor like a ghost toward the stone steps. SOUND of the foreign LAMENT is louder inside the cell house.

NOTE: 117 thru 119-B HAVE BEEN SHOT, BUT ARE BEING ELIMINATED AT THIS TIME.

119-C
thru
120 OMITTED

119-C
thru
120

120-A INT. GLADIATORS' CELL BUILDING - MORNING - FULL SHOT - FAVOR-120-A
ING ENTRANCE ARCH TO STEAM AND CONDITIONING ROOM (X)

Suspended from the arch, in its precise center, swings the body of Draba. He has been hung by his heels. His wounds have crusted over. He wears only a loincloth -- or, if it can be discreetly shot, nothing, as the case would actually be. His long arms, stiffened now by rigor mortis, seem to clutch downward at the stone floor, some six inches below their grasp. The body turns slowly from right to left, pauses, and then just as slowly begins to turn in the other direction. C.S. SOUNDS of tramping feet against stone pavement. The gladiators are marching toward the mess kitchen and their morning meal. SOUND INCREASES in volume, until we go to:

120-B ANOTHER ANGLE - FROM INSIDE STEAM ROOM - SHOOTING TOWARD 120-B
CORRIDOR - DRABA'S SWINGING BODY IN IMMEDIATE F.G. (X)

SOUND of approaching FOOTSTEPS draws very close. We are SHOOTING INTO the corridor, our shot divided in the immediate f.g. by Draba's body, which looms large in CAMERA. Now the gladiators, marching in a single line, file past the steam room entrance on the way to the mess hall, guards pacing with them at regular intervals. Each gladiator, as he sees the body of his dead comrade thus defiled and dishonored as an example to his survivors, gazes straight into CAMERA. Spartacus passes. He stares at the body with horror. Gannicus' face is filled with rage; David the Jew's with pity; Crixus' with admiration. We gain the impression that the lesson of the display is perhaps a different one than Marcellus and Batiatus intended.

DISSOLVE TO

121 INT. GLADIATORS' MESS HALL - MORNING - FULL SHOT - DINING 121
ROOM AND KITCHEN (X)

At each end of the kitchen stand Roman guards. Six more stand in the central portion, which is open to the sky. The gladiators pick up wooden bowls as they ENTER the mess hall, pass along the kitchen line before the slave women, who fill their bowls with food; then they move out of the kitchen area and eat on the floor, either cross-legged or crouched with the bowls on their laps, using wooden spoons.

122 ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING SPARTACUS 122
(X)

He stands about fifth in line from those who are receiving their food from the women. Spartacus' eyes, with growing alarm, search among the women. Third man behind him is Gannicus. Ahead of him is David the Jew.

123 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE WOMEN SERVING - GUARDS IN B.G. 123

The men shuffle forward. Spartacus at last arrives with his bowl before the first woman.

SPARTACUS

(softly)

Where's Varinia?

The woman, about to answer, is prevented from doing so by the sudden appearance of Marcellus. He grins at Spartacus, points toward the barred window.

MARCELLUS

(tauntingly)

Take a last look at her, Thracian.

Spartacus stares toward the window, sees:

124 REVERSE ANGLE - THROUGH BARRED WINDOW - VARINIA, RAMON, OTHERS 124

Varinia is already seated in the rear of a cart. She is simply dressed. A slave holds the horses, another sits in the driver's seat. Ramon is just ascending the cart.

MARCELLUS' VOICE

(softly, o.s.)

She's going to Rome.

125 MED. SHOT - SPARTACUS, MARCELLUS, SERVING WOMEN 125

Spartacus, his face blank and wild, turns back to Marcellus. (X)

MARCELLUS

(chuckling)

Why should you care? She won't be any farther from you than she's always been.

He reaches out, still chuckling, jabs Spartacus with the tip of his pike. Spartacus, in a convulsion of pure rage, turns toward the enormous cauldron that bubbles and steams on its tripod above the open fire. With a tremendous shove, he upsets the scalding mass so that Marcellus, with a terrible SCREAM, is buried beneath it.

126 FLASH SHOTS - THROUGH MESS HALL 126

thru thr

126-E A dozen faces, including those of Gannicus and David, stare off 126
at the sudden UPROAR, then excitedly join it.

- eva #1888 - Changes 2/3/59 59
- 127 FULL SHOT - MESS HALL 127
- With a spontaneous ROAR the gladiators rise -- all their tensions set off by the excitement of this direct conflict between gladiator and guard. Hot food flies through the air. The room is filled with SHOUTS, SCREAMS, IMPRECATIONS, GROANS.
- 128 GANNICUS - AND OTHERS 128
- Gannicus lifts a writhing guard high above his head, and then, with fearful force, hurls him to the floor, where others stamp him to death.
- 129 SPARTACUS - AND GUARD 129
- With one terrible, chopping blow of his fist to the nape of a guard's neck, he kills him.
- 130 SLAVE WOMEN 130
- They have seized spits, knives, pots, and are joining the assault. A guard bears down on an old woman. She scoops a ladle of flaming coals from the open hearth, dashes them full in his face. He SCREAMS. One section of the wooden kitchen uprights has caught fire; flames lick toward the roof.
- 131 LONG SHOT - TOWARD DOOR 131
- The door guards are being methodically slaughtered.
- 132 MED. SHOT - VARINIA IN CART 132
- With a sudden movement, she trips the slave who has charge of the reins, rolls him off the wagon, leaps onto the ground, and runs across the arena toward the supply house.
- 133 EXT. TRAINING AREA - DAY 133
- Some forty or fifty Roman legionaries (part of the security staff) are running toward the mess hall, SHOUTING for others. Flames now break through roof of mess hall.
- 134 EXT. TRAINING AREA - ANOTHER ANGLE - BATIATUS AND RAMON 134
- Batiatus, terrified, is SCREAMING at the little Creek.

BATIATUS

Ride to Capua! Call out the Garrison!

Ramon starts OFF at a dead run, CAMERA TRUCKING WITH HIM. He starts to cross at an angle before the mess hall, from which emanates a ROAR of sound. Batiatus rushes BACK into the house.

135 FULL SHOT - TOWARD MESS HALL 135

The massive doors burst open. The SHOUTING, maddened gladiators burst OUT into the grounds. Some of them carry arms taken from the slain guards inside the hall. Others have clubs. They charge into the guards outside the mess hall, who seek to bar their passage. The scene becomes a seething mass of bodies, blood and fury. (X)

136 FRONT OF BATIATUS' HOUSE - TOWARD THE ARCH 136

Batiatus, Ramon with Varinia at the cart, at the point of break-out by gladiators. (X)

BATIATUS

(to Ramon)

And remember to collect for her before you give the receipt. Money's so unimportant to the extremely rich they often forget about it altogether.

RAMON

I'll remember.

Guard runs up.

GUARD

There's trouble in the mess hall. They've killed Marcellus, and maybe the others too!

Batiatus looks sharply off toward the mess hall. He doesn't like what he hears and sees; he takes immediate measures to save both his property and his hide.

BATIATUS

(to Ramon)

Keep them locked in, and call out the guard!

(to guard)

Ride to Capua and notify the garrison.

(climbing into
cart, grabbing
reins)

I'll deliver the girl myself!

(to stupefied
Ramon)

Well, get about it, man! I'm leaving you in charge, and I hold you responsible for all losses!

He brings his whip down hard. The cart starts out at a run. Guard dashes in one direction. Ramon in another.

137 ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD BATIATUS' QUARTERS 137

The house slaves, armed with staves; slave-women brandishing knives, pokers, forks, - begin to pour INTO the arena, to join the gladiators in revolt.

137-A INT. STEAM ROOM 137-A

Slaves have trapped three or four guards; they drown them in the pool; incinerate them against the glowing hot rocks; strangle them in vats of bubbling water.

137-B ENTRANCE STEAM ROOM - THE ARCH - DRABA'S BODY 137-B

An old Crone, with two other women, is cutting the body down. They lower it gently, turn it on its back. They begin to wind a white sheet around it.

138 TRAINING AREA - FAVORING SPARTACUS 138

In b.g. we see another building catch fire from the flaming mess hall. Also another small detachment of guards APPROACHING in an attempt to rescue their fellows. The gladiators, unencumbered by armor, move freely among the armored guards, dragging them down, literally killing them with bare hands, then seizing their arms and leaping upon the next. We see Varinia RUN THROUGH THE SCENE.

139 EXT. BLAZING ARMORY - DAY - CLOSE ON DOORWAY 139

The door has been broken open. Half a dozen women are passing out arms from the arsenal of Batiatus. Among them is Varinia.

- 140 FULL SHOT - FROM INSIDE GROUNDS - TOWARD MAIN GATE 140
- Here a handful of the remaining guards are putting up a desperate battle to hold the gate until help can arrive. Slaves scale the walls, drop down on the guards from above; they dash IN with burning firebrands, or hurl their naked bodies recklessly against their enemies' cold steel. One by one, the guards sink in death.
- 140-A INT. BUILDING - CLOSE SHOT - THE BODY OF DRABA 140-A
(X)
- The entire structure around Draba's body is a glowing hell of fire. Draba has been placed on a cot, which is his bier. He lies stiff and implacable, hands folded on his breast, his face stern, as the flames grow closer. He is an African king on his funeral pyre. Flames rise to shut him from sight in a curtain of fire.
- 141 THE ARENA - FULL SHOT 141
- Blazing buildings. Slaves packing off loot. Arms being snatched from the bodies of guards, which litter the grounds. Suddenly there is a tremendous SHOUT from O.S. CAMERA, with all heads in scene, TURNS TOWARD:
- 142 FULL SHOT - FROM INSIDE TRAINING SCHOOL AREA - TOWARD THE GREAT GATES 142
- The guards defending them are all dead. The gates are slowly being pushed outward. THROUGH them the SHOUTING, cheering, laughing mass of slaves and gladiators already is beginning to pour.
- 143 EXT. GATES - FULL SHOT 143
(X)
- A triumphant torrent of gladiators, house-slaves, women, children BURSTS THROUGH the gates, and begins to stream into the countryside, while behind them towering flames and great columns of smoke mark the death of the gladiatorial school of Capua.
- 144 FRONT OF BATIATUS' HOUSE - FULL SHOT 144
- Another torrent of slaves BURSTS THROUGH the great front doors, rushes SHOUTING and YELLING through the archway into the open land beyond.
- 145 FULL SHOT - TOWARD CREST OF A LOW HILL 145
- Against the crest, field slaves may be seen, silhouetted at their work. One of them looks off, points; others stop to look; they cluster -- gesticulating excitedly amongst themselves.

145-A EXT. APPIAN WAY - DAY - THROUGH WOODED AREAS - THE CART 145-A

Driven at full speed by Batiatus, while Varinia sways from side to side.

145-B CLOSE ON WHEEL OF CART 145-B

It is beginning to come off its axle.

145-C ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CART 145-C

The cart begins to shudder; Batiatus reins in the animals, but before he succeeds in halting, the wheel comes off, the cart is dragged on its side for a short distance. Varinia is thrown free of the cart, lands beside the road on her side. Batiatus rides it down without injury, climbs from the wreckage, surveys it. Varinia begins to worm her way slowly, painfully, toward the woods.

BATIATUS

(inspects wheel,
shakes his head)

We're done for, now.

(looks off at
Varinia)

Come here, woman! I'll cut the
horse loose and ride him. You'll
walk. Well --- get up!

VARINIA

I can't.

With a gesture of impatience, Batiatus moves to her, takes an arm, helps her to her feet.

BATIATUS

(as he does so)

I begin to think you were not one
of my more fortunate purchases.

(she's up)

There. Come along.

He turns, starts for the horse. Varinia turns away from him, starts running toward the woods. Hearing the SOUND of her footsteps, Batiatus whirls, stares after her in stupefaction, then calls out:

BATIATUS

Come back here! Come back at
once!

145-D ANOTHER ANGLE - VARINIA

145-D

She turns her head at the SOUND of his voice, then continues toward the woods, running like a deer.

145-E MED. SHOT - BATIATUS

145-E

With a ROAR he starts out after her, CAMERA TRUCKING with him as he lumbers along, obviously no match for her.

145-F LONG SHOT - VARINIA

145-F

With another swift backward glance, she vanishes into the woods.

145-G TRUCKING SHOT - WITH BATIATUS

145-G

Thoroughly winded, he pauses, BELLOWS:

BATIATUS

(shouting to nothing)

Come back! Come back! I command you!

Then, with something almost like a SOB of frustration, he lowers his heaving frame to the ground, sits there to regain his breath, the picture of desolation.

BATIATUS

(panting)

It takes a great soul----to stand up---to the misfortunes of---my miserable life----!

DISSOLVE TO

146 EXT. VESUVIUS - DAY - THE SLAVE ENCAMPMENT

How Man

It is the day after the outbreak, or the second day thereafter at most. The encampment boils with activity, but it is in the most primitive state of organization. Men may be felling trees for stockades to be set up on peripheral areas of the encampment not naturally defended by the lofty position of the site; women may be pulling the trees after they have been split to a point where others hoist them up as additions to the stockade. Whatever the specific nature of the activity shown in this scene, its real purpose is to show the newness of the encampment, and that such measures as are taken are purely defensive measures, as would be natural to men and women who wish to make themselves safe in order to stave off attack while they effect some sort of permanent organization and form. The scene also can be very brief -- merely the impression rather than the detail of what is suggested above.

most all they had to pick

Crossing the encampment rides a company of horsemen, numbering perhaps sixty men, under the leadership of Spartacus. Crixus rides beside the leader. They are all armed. They proceed through the raw, bustling encampment, CAMERA FOLLOWING.

147 ANOTHER ANGLE - EDGE OF ENCAMPMENT - DAY - FULL SHOT

147

This is the periphery of the natural fortress they have selected; here the escarpment gives way to serrated cliffs which descend abruptly to the valley below. Spartacus and his horsemen appear; they hang on the horizon for an instant, then begin the descent, threading their way through the clefts and ravines.

DISSOLVE TO

148 APPIAN WAY - DAY - FULL SHOT - SPARTACUS AND HORSEMEN

148

The great highway is emptied of all traffic; alongside the road may be seen the debris of wrecked baggage trains which have fallen afoul of the slaves' fury as they swept down the road. The feeling is one of desolation and abandonment.

149 ANOTHER ANGLE - HIGHWAY AND COUNTRYSIDE - SIX HORSEMEN

149

They gallop toward Spartacus and his men, coming from the direction in which Spartacus' group is pointed.

150 ANOTHER ANGLE - SPARTACUS AND HIS HORSEMEN - THE SIX HORSEMEN

150

They are led by Dionysius, who rides up and reports to Spartacus.

CONTINUED

150 CONTINUED

DIONYSIUS

The school's deserted and the whole countryside's run away. We buried our dead and stacked theirs. All the equipment's still there.

SPARTACUS

Good!

(to leaders around him)

We need wagons, horses if you can find any, food, clothing, all kinds of supplies. Fan out and find 'em. We'll meet at the school.

Why

151 FULL SHOT - WIDE ANGLE - HORSEMEN

151

Fanning out from the highway through the countryside, splitting up into groups of perhaps three or four each. There is real spirit behind this movement; they start their horses out fast, and they pay no attention to obstacles. They could even YELL, one to another, from the sheer pleasure of being free, of raiding a countryside that held them so long in bondage.

152
thru
154

SERIES OF RAID DISSOLVES - THE MOUNTED GLADIATORS - DAY

152-
154

The various small parties sweep through abandoned estates, search farmhouses, outbuildings, villas. They sweep through over fields and through woods. Among the specific FLASH SCENES are:

1. FLASH - GLADIATORS rush into a chicken-house (or hen-run) filled with white poultry. In an instant feathers are flying like snow.
2. They LIBERATE a wagon.
3. They load three captured mules with cheeses or other products from looted plantation storeroom.

155 EXT. PLANTATION HOUSE - CRIXUS AND THREE OF HIS MEN

155

They emerge from the gutted building herding two middle-aged Romans ahead of them. The Romans have their hands tied behind their backs. The SCENE should be very brief; since it speaks for itself, no dialogue is necessary. It is merely one of a number of RAID DISSOLVES, occurring in the latter portion of the sequence.

DISSOLVE TO

- my #1888 - Changes 6/22/59 61-E
- 156 MED. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - SPARTACUS - DAY 156
He is walking his horse up a slight hill or promontory, surmounts it, reins his mount in, gazes thoughtfully off and down to:
- 157 REVERSE ANGLE - FROM SPARTACUS' ANGLE - THE GLADIATORIAL SCHOOL OF CAPUA - DAY 157
Gladiators' horses are tethered where the guards' horses formerly were quartered. Five or six wagons are drawn up before the establishment, some hitched to mules, others to the riding horses. The day's loot is being loaded into the wagons, while others pass back and forth between the wagons and the school, leading the booty that has been discovered in the warehouses and house of Batiatus.
- 158 CLOSE ON SPARTACUS 158
staring down at the activity. Then he spurs his horse forward, starts to canter down the incline toward the school.
- 159 EXT. GLADIATORIAL SCHOOL - DAY 159
Spartacus arrives, dismounts. The whirling knife machine is being loaded onto a wagon, along with the mechanical man. Arm-loads of swords, tridents, pilums, shields, armor are being transported from school to wagons. Horses are being loaded behind saddles with sacks of grain, bolts of cloth, etc.
- 160 CLOSE ON SPARTACUS
He watches the activity for a moment, then turns, and slowly crosses to the walled drive by which he first entered the school. (Loot from the establishment, aside from massive items like whirling knives, is carried out through the other gate -- a shorter route).
- 161 TRUCKING SHOT - WITH SPARTACUS 161
He passes between those long walls, utterly alone, regarding the desolation and wreckage which presents itself on every hand with something close to wonder. He recognizes everything, yet somehow it is entirely different. And he, of course, is entirely different. While he makes this solitary, meditative walk-through, he is actually not aware of the SHOUTS AND SOUNDS of bustling activity which proceed from other side of the wall.

- 162 CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - SPARTACUS - DAY 162
He reaches the end of the walled roadway, turns towards the cell house.
- 163 INT. CELL HOUSE - CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - SPARTACUS 163
He walks slowly through the center passageway. Doors hang crazily on their hinges, debris and marks of the fire are apparent everywhere. Spartacus, moving as in a dream, slowly approaches the steps, at the top of which is the arch from which Draba's body was suspended. He pauses, gazes up at it for a moment. Only the cut rope remains. Then he turns, retraces his steps to his own cell. He enters the cell.
- 164 INT. SPARTACUS CELL - FULL SHOT - SPARTACUS 164
He stands in the center of it, taking in every aspect of slavery and degradation. Then his eyes slowly lift to:
- 165 THE GRILL ABOVE - FROM SPARTACUS'S POINT OF VIEW BELOW 165
There is no one there. She is gone. Nothing remains of her presence but the whisper of her MUSICAL THEME.
- 166 FULL ON SPARTACUS 166
He takes his eyes away from the grill, casts a final glance around cell, EXITS slowly.
- 167 INT. CELL HOUSE - TOWARD EXIT - SPARTACUS 167
He emerges from his cell, passes slowly OUT of the cellhouse, Varinia THEME still haunting him.
- 168 INT. KITCHEN AREA - SPARTACUS - DAY 168
He ENTERS, gazes about him. All is desolation, all is wreckage. A stray dog might be investigating the remains of a kettle of food that has been spilled onto the floor. Dog slinks away as Spartacus approaches. Spartacus sits on the bench, where he has sat so many times before, waiting for Varinia to arrive before him. He looks down to the area of the pots and fires, where she should be this instant, just beginning her journey down the line to him, watching him, as he watches her. But there is no one there. Nothing but Varinia's THEME.

169 CLOSE ON SPARTACUS

169

Gazing into the past, and the memory of the girl who made it barely tolerable. His intense absorption in the past, in the dream of Varinia, has subdued all SOUNDS of external activity. Now, however, the quality of outer SOUNDS changes. As his attention is diverted to them, he listens, frowns. Outside the men are JEERING, HOOTING, MOCKING. He rises slowly, still listening, still puzzled.

O.S. CRIES

Kill him, Roman!
Here's a matched pair you'll never
forget!
(etc)

He turns and EXITS.

170 SPARTACUS - AT ENTRANCE TO ARENA

170

He freezes as he stares into the arena, sees:

171 FULL SHOT - THE ARENA AT CAPUA

171

In the midst of this burnt-out desolation, we see the two middle-aged Roman captives, stripped down to loincloths, bleeding, exhausted, slowly circling each other with knives, while slaves prod them on with lighted torches, spears and sword-tips, HOOTING and JEERING. In the balcony from which Crassus viewed the fight and killed Draba, sits Crixus, surrounded by others of his comrades. They are enjoying the affair immensely.

SHOUTS

Get in there, Roman!
Draw a little blood!
Fight like gladiators!
Look at him --- he doesn't like it!
The big one's almost through. Losing
too much blood.
This is to the death, Roman --- don't
be afraid of a little cold steel!
I wouldn't give twenty-five sesterces
for the pair of 'em.
(etc)

172 CLOSE ON SPARTACUS - JUST INSIDE GATE

172

He drinks in the scene; the memory of his own sufferings in this same arena, his fears and his hatred and his abasement, sweep over him. A spasm of revulsion crosses his face. He starts forward grimly, CAMERA TRUCKING with him.

173 TRUCKING SHOT - WITH SPARTACUS

173

to the center of the arena. As he passes through the men who are tormenting the Romans and goading them on, they sense the grim displeasure of his face, and fall silent, or draw back somewhat. The Romans, panting, expecting death any moment, observe his approach uncertainly.

174 MED. SHOT - SPARTACUS AND ROMANS

174

Sudden silence has fallen over the group in the pavilion, and those who have been goading the fight forward in the arena. Spartacus steps between the two Romans.

SPARTACUS

How do you like it? Fighting each other like animals while your new masters bet which one of you'll be the first to die?

(pause; a surge
of disgust and
anger)

Throw your swords down.

The Romans stand stupefied. Spartacus, all his thoughts on Varinia, is having difficulty controlling himself, so terrible is his hatred of Rome and the Romans. The Romans can't believe what is happening to them. They blink stupidly, remain transfixed.

A rising OUTCRY from the disappointed spectators.

AD LIB PROTESTS

They didn't even get started!

At least they ought to fight till
one of 'em's down!

They never turned us free!

Let them fight! -- they love
matched pairs!

I had five sesterces bet on the
little one! He'd have won, too!

SPARTACUS

What are we becoming -- Romans?
Have we won nothing but their games?

CONTINUED

174 CONTINUED

174

CRIXUS

(angrily)

I want to see their blood ---

(points)

---right over there where Draba died!

SPARTACUS

We'll see plenty of Roman blood, but we're through with their games.

(to Romans)

Now get out of here!

FIRST ROMAN

(hoarsely)

May the gods attend you forever!

SPARTACUS

I'm not doing this to save you.

I'm doing it to save us. Let's

burn this place down.

That his perception of their emotional needs was correct is evidenced by the SHOUT that rises among them, and the eagerness with which they swarm off, torches high, to carry forward the happy labors of destruction.

DISSOLVE TO

175 EXT. GLADIATORIAL SCHOOL OF CAPUA - DAY

175

The entire establishment is roaring inferno of flames. Before it the YELLING, joyous gladiators, already mounted and just getting under way, are standing back for Vesuvius.

175-A WIDE ANGLE - THE GLADIATORS - BURNING SCHOOL IN B.G.

175-A

They SWEEP BY CAMERA at full speed -- fifty or sixty mounted men; loot tied to their saddles; five to eight wagons drawn by mules, running full tilt, the drivers hanging on for dear life and SHOUTING for more speed; and the pack horses (or mules) plus the horses of those who had to dismount and drive the teams. They pass in a swirl of dust and SHOUTING triumph.

DISSOLVE TO

176
and
177

OMITTED

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178 ESTABLISHING SHOT 178
 as Spartacus and his men ride away from Capua; that two or three field slaves, newly escaped, run alongside the wagons trying to clamber aboard; that helping hands assist them.

179 ESTABLISHING SHOT 179
 as the riders sweep back toward Vesuvius, that two or three bands of escaping slaves wave to them, SHOUT to them, and the raiders SHOUT back, indicating for them to follow. Then:

DISSOLVE TO

180 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FULL SHOT - SPARTACUS AND HIS HORSEMEN -180
 NIGHT
 They are riding in a column. A group of two or three slaves, escapees, may also be seen.

180-A EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - ELDERLY ESCAPED SLAVE - PRECEDING 180-A
 VARINIA - NIGHT
 SOUND of approaching horsemen o.s. Varinia turns, looks backward. Elderly Slave, trudging with a staff, continues ahead and passes OUT of scene.

180-B REVERSE ANGLE - FROM VARINIA'S POINT OF VIEW - 180-B
 SPARTACUS AND LEADERS OF COLUMN - NIGHT
 Moving toward Varinia. She stares almost unbelievably at Spartacus -- a man somehow she has never known before, a man in action, a man in command of himself and his surroundings.

180-C ANOTHER ANGLE - VARINIA - HORSEMEN INCLUDING SPARTACUS 180-C
 approaching Varinia, and now beginning to pass her.

180-D CLOSE - SPARTACUS 180-D
 He sees her standing and watching him. For an instant he can't believe it is she. He rides on.

180-E ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING SPARTACUS AND HORSEMEN 180-E
 Now he realizes it was she, stares off at her unbelievably. He motions the rest of column on. He starts back toward Varinia, CAMERA TRUCKING, INTER-CUTTING between them until we come to:

181 MED. SHOT - VARINIA AND SPARTACUS

181

facing each other. Both seem to be fighting for words, both seem to be seeing in the other something never perceived before.

SPARTACUS

I thought you were in Rome. I thought I'd never see you again.

Still she remains silent, as if contemplating some profound mystery. Spartacus dismounts.

SPARTACUS

Why -- why don't you say something?

VARINIA

You're so different. The only memory I have of you is the last one. It blotted all the others out. You in the arena -- waiting to die.

(pause)

I was waiting too. Out there in the sand I was dying with you.

SPARTACUS

(sees the horror in her eyes)

You shouldn't have watched.

VARINIA

I had to. I loved you.

Stunned silence; a long pause.

CONTINUED

SPARTACUS

(whisper)

What---?

VARINIA

(nodding her head)

I loved you, Spartacus, I loved
you. I love you now.

He makes a move toward her, stops, tries to comprehend the full meaning of what she has said, the wonder of it, the surprise of it, the stunning shock, the incredible joy. His lips try to form words; the words can't come. The thought behind them is still incoherent. Suddenly he turns away from her as if to leave her standing there, a problem too great to cope with. He takes two short steps, halts, turns back in a little circle to confront her once more.

SPARTACUS

You -- love me?

(she nods)

All my life I never dared dream of love. When I was in the mines I squeezed my heart so tight there was no room for love -- only hate. And then that night you walked into my cell and I looked at you -- and touched your skin and felt your hair. For a moment I dared to dream again. Then suddenly you were gone. I squeezed my heart tighter than ever. There was no room for anything but hate.

VARINIA

(softly)

Make room for me, Spartacus.
Please. . . ?

She sinks slowly to her knees, and he with her.

SPARTACUS

(quietly)

You're free now.

VARINIA

I know.

SPARTACUS

Nobody can sell you. Nobody can
give you away. Nobody can make
you stay with anyone.

CONTINUED

VARINIA

(softly)

Nobody.

SPARTACUS

You don't even have to stay with me.
You could leave me if you wanted to.

VARINIA

I love you, Spartacus. I give myself to you. Forbid me ever to leave you.

A look of pride, of relief, of conquest in its loveliest and most loving sense, suffuses his face. He reaches out, touches her shoulders with both of his hands.

SPARTACUS

(softly)

I do forbid you.

He squeezes her tightly. We must remember the ferocity of passion in such a man when for the first time in his life he holds a woman in his arms. He understands none of the delicacy of love-making. He is like a bear in his inexperience. He hurts her.

SPARTACUS

I forbid you!

VARINIA

(muffled voice)

You're hurting me.

He releases her instantly.

VARINIA

(smile)

You crush my lips. Kiss me like this. . .

181-A CLOSEUP - SPARTACUS AND VARINIA

181-A

Very lightly she touches her lips to his. The ensuing kiss develops into passion.

DISSOLVE TO

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66
thru
70-F
182
and
183

182
and
183
OMITTED

184 INT. PUBLIC HOUSE - MED. SHOT - LENTULUS GRACCHUS - DAY

184

Lentulus Gracchus is dining, as he always does, prodigiously. Great joints of meat, massive pastries, goblets of wine, stacks of cheese and fruit. In this crowded room he is surrounded by petitioners and politicians, and he obviously loves his association with them as dearly as he does his food. He is a man of universal tastes, of universal likings; a man who takes pleasure in every act of his life -- direct, physical, sensual pleasure. Throughout this opening scene he masticates vigorously, drinks deeply, yet never ceases talking, be his mouth full, empty, or merely in the process of being filled.

CONTINUED

GRACCHUS

(to a petitioner)

It's all arranged. Your permit was drawn up this morning. But only to sell fish. It's not a license to steal.

PETITIONER

I told my wife Gracchus could do it if anyone could.

GRACCHUS

Anyone couldn't. Only Gracchus.

(to next)

Well, Marius?

MARIUS

When are we going to get another distribution of grain?

GRACCHUS

Soon. Soon, we hope. Pirates are still raiding the grain-fleet but we've requisitioned 500 wagon-loads from the south.

2ND PETITIONER

Yes, but will they get through? I hear there's a slave revolt down there. They're raiding the highways.

GRACCHUS

Two or three hundred bandits don't make a revolt. They've raided a few baggage trains and burnt a house or two. We'll have them all on crosses within the week. Besides, you shouldn't spread rumors.

3RD PETITIONER

About my poor mother, sir.

GRACCHUS

(thinks, remembers)

Yes, Serverus, your poor mother. She'll be released tomorrow.

(dryly)

For the third time. Try to keep her out of fights, and never let her use a club.

3RD PETITIONER

She'll bless your name!

CONTINUED

GRACCHUS

(to next)

Well! What brings you here, Otho?

In b.g. WE SEE Caesar ENTER the room. He is richly attired, thirty years old, a patrician, dissipated, reckless, intelligent, ambitious -- and, at the moment, coldly disapproving of this noisy public place. His eyes swiftly search the room, spot Gracchus. He frowns, and, gathering his robe close about him so it shan't get soiled, he moves through the crowded room like a great lord.

OTHO

The Garrison broke up a feast of the college of sausage-makers last night.

GRACCHUS

(instantly interested)

They did, eh? Tell me more.

OTHO

They said from now on we'll have to hold our assemblies outside the city walls.

GRACCHUS

(nodding thoughtfully)

This Crassus moves fast. I'll look into it.

Caesar comes up to Gracchus, leans down, whispers into the older man's ear. (NOTE: We shall not name Caesar until the climax of the forthcoming senate scene.) Gracchus makes a face, nods, starts to draw back from the table.

GRACCHUS

(a sigh)

The senate's convening.

(calling to woman
slave)

Woman! Divide a skin of wine among my friends.

(to group)

At least you'll be enjoying yourselves.

(as he turns away)

Don't forget the twelfth precinct assembly tomorrow night.

Amid a babble of farewells, Gracchus and Caesar EXIT.

187 EXT. SLUM STREET - ROME - DAY - FULL SHOT

187

Tenement buildings, five to seven stories high, shut out the sunlight from the teeming streets below. Dogs, cats, children, hucksters, dice shooters, beggars, brawlers, prostitutes, fiercely bargaining housewives, make the day hideous with their clamor. Gracchus' litter and Caesar's horse wait outside a shabby doorway, which now opens as Gracchus and Caesar ENTER SCENE.

188 ANOTHER ANGLE - GRACCHUS AND CAESAR

188

They move toward a carriage. A beggar-woman extends her palm to Gracchus. Like everybody else in Rome, she knows his name.

BEGGAR WOMAN

Have pity, great Gracchus!

GRACCHUS

(gives her a coin)

Remember me in your prayers, grandmother.

(they continue on;

Gracchus looks at

Caesar with wise

amusement)

Don't turn up your nose, young man.
I was born on this street.

CAESAR

I was born on the Capitoline Hill.
But I moved.

GRACCHUS

I didn't. The Forum may be the mind of Rome, but her heart and most of her belly's right down here in the Fourth Ward. I love this street. I might even be willing to die for it.

(climbs into carriage)

He settles himself. Caesar climbs in beside him. Carriage starts.

188-A TRUCKING SHOT - WITH CARRIAGE - GRACCHUS AND CAESAR

188-A

Caesar turns his fastidious eyes from the teeming street to Gracchus.

CONTINUED

188-A CONTINUED

188-A

CAESAR

(sardonically)

And since most of them have votes,
they return your love.

GRACCHUS

(cheerfully)

Yes -- don't they though? Every
mother's son of 'em votes with
Gracchus. If I were an ambitious
young aristocrat I'd take a house
in this ward. Cultivate these people.
Learn from them. They can lift you
higher than you think.

(inhales deeply)

Smell that?

CAESAR

I've been smelling it steadily.

GRACCHUS

It's the perfume of Rome. The
smell of power. We reek of power
down here.

DISSOLVE TO

188-B TRUCKING SHOT - GRACCHUS AND CAESAR - IN CARRIAGE - STREET 188-B
APPROACHING FORUM

GRACCHUS

You look cheerful enough after yester-
day's bad luck.

CAESAR

(a little startled)

I didn't have such a bad day.

(X)

GRACCHUS

In the morning you lost 300,000
sesterces at the races. In the
afternoon you were hauled up on
charges of adultery with the wife
of Callistus.

CAESAR

And cleared.

CONTINUED

188-B CONTINUED

188-B

GRACCHUS

Technically. In the evening you flogged a committee of creditors, and spent the night brawling in your palace with sixty guests.

(pause)

This morning you visited your money-lender.

CAESAR

At least I keep his money in action. Where do you get all this information?

(X)

GRACCHUS

Your money-lender. You've got him scared.

(benign smile)

I told him your future had the color of gold.

189 INT. VESTIBULE - ROMAN SENATE - DAY - MED. SHOT - GRACCHUS, CAESAR - GLABRUS IN B.G. 189

as they ENTER through the great doors of the building. The vestibule is an apartment where senators may gossip informally, or plan strategy, while the Senate is conducting its business in the great chamber immediately beyond. Through the open doorway into the senate chamber proper we can catch a BACKGROUND glimpse of the Senate in session: We HEAR the DRONE of senatorial VOICES, indicating that the Senate is in session. Gracchus, while he and Caesar are divested of their outer garments by attendants, goes to the door, his eyes sweep the chamber beyond, then he turns back and addresses Glabrus.

GRACCHUS

(to Glabrus)

Where's the mighty Crassus?

GLABRUS

Out of the city.

GRACCHUS

Well, at least you're here.

(moves to Caesar)

No reason to worry for Rome as long as we've got Glabrus with us.

He takes Caesar's arm, and they pass INTO the Senate Chamber, followed by Glabrus.

190 INT. ROMAN SENATE - DAY - MED. SHOT TOWARD ENTRANCE -
GRACCHUS AND CAESAR

190

ENTER. The Senate Chamber is an apartment of grave and sombre magnificence. It is a circular room, as if the speakers' area were the crescent apron of a theatre, around which two rows of senators' seats form a semi-circle. Thus, the person who addresses the Senate stands, so to speak, in the midst of it -- a theatre in the semi-circle rather than in the round. Behind the two rows of Senatorial seats stands a low semi-circular wall, behind which are two rows of seats for guests and spectators.

CAMERA TRUCKS with Caesar and Gracchus as they quietly take their seats in the second Senatorial row, while a speech goes on.

SYMMACHUS

(the speaker)

From Capua they swept through the countryside, forcing other slaves to join them, looting, robbing, burning everything in their path. Now they pause in the escarpments of Vesuvius, where each day swells their numbers. The situation presently lies in the hands of this august body.

There is a BUZZ in the Senate. Another senator arises.

LAELIUS

Not to mention over a hundred estates that have been burned, among them, gentlemen -- my own. Burned to the ground and three million sesterces lost! I propose the immediate recall of Pompey and his legions from Spain.

191 MED. CLOSE SHOT - GRACCHUS AND CAESAR

191

Caesar leans to Gracchus, whispers in his ear.

CAESAR

I'll raise five hundred men and bring the whole lot of them in!
(starts to rise)

GRACCHUS

(restraining him)

Sit down! Don't make a fool of yourself!

192 FULL SHOT - THE SENATE

192

Gracchus rises.

GRACCHUS

Why call back the legions when the Garrison of Rome has nothing to do but defend us from sausage-makers? Let's send Glabrus against these scoundrels and give them a taste of Roman steel.

LAELIUS

(in high alarm)

I protest! I most strongly protest! There are more slaves in Rome than Romans. With the Garrison absent, what's to prevent them from rising too?

GRACCHUS

(to Laelius)

I did not say the whole Garrison. Six cohorts will more than do the job. The rest can stay in Rome to save you from your house-maids.

(turns to Glabrus)

Will you accept such a charge, Glabrus?

193 CLOSE ON GLABRUS

193

He's pleased at the idea. He hears a rising MURMUR of approval. He rises.

GLABRUS

I accept the charge of the Senate, if it truly charges me. The Garrison of Rome stands ready.

194 ANOTHER ANGLE - FULL SHOT - FAVORING GRACCHUS

194

He extends his hand toward Glabrus in a gesture of gratitude.

GRACCHUS

Of course it does.

(to all)

Slave hunting's a dirty business, and it takes a brave commander to consent to it. I propose that we turn the city out tomorrow in tribute to Glabrus as he marches through.

CONTINUED

194 CONTINUED

194

BUZZ of approval.

GRACCHUS

And for temporary commander of the
Garrison during his absence, I
propose Caius Julius Caesar.

DISSOLVE TO

195 INT, SENATE VESTIBULE - DAY

195

Senators are passing from the chamber into the vestibule, and
thence out onto the broad steps of the building. They chat
quietly amongst themselves. Caesar and Gracchus pass through
the great doors onto the steps.

196 TRUCKING SHOT - CAESAR AND GRACCHUS - DOWN SENATE STEPS

196

They start slowly down the steps.

GRACCHUS

I think you should pay a visit to
the sausage-makers. Tell them to
meet wherever they want.

(glance)

You don't look very happy about the
new job.

CAESAR

Why should I? Glabrus'll be back.

GRACCHUS

(shrugs dubiously)

Maybe.

CAESAR

(looks at him
sharply)

But this isn't a serious outbreak.

GRACCHUS

Anything can become serious. Even
the dreams of a man like Crassus.
That's why I wanted Glabrus out of
the way for a while.

(chuckle)

You know, most decent Romans love
the Republic as a mother is loved.
But this Crassus wants to marry her!

SOUND of O.S. CRIES and CHEERS from steps above.

197 EXT. SENATE BUILDING - TOWARD SENATE DOORS - GLABRUS

as he passes through the door, the citizens on the steps, as well as senators who have remained, CHEER and APPLAUD. CRIES of "Hail, Glabrus!" "Great Glabrus!" "Hail!" Glabrus pleased, bows right and left and starts down the steps attended by a retinue.

198 ANOTHER ANGLE - AMIDST CROWD AT BASE OF STEPS - GRACCHUS, CAESAR, FIMBRIA IN B.G.

198

FIMBRIA, an elderly man, carries a string of live pullets for sale. Gracchus and Caesar are both watching the descent down the steps of Glabrus. They are APPLAUDING.

GRACCHUS

(ironically)

Hail, Glabrus, hail!

(to Caesar)

I hope he returns to such applause.

He now turns to Fimbria.

GRACCHUS

Two fat ones, Fimbria.

Fimbria gives them to him; Gracchus pays.

GRACCHUS

No change. Take it to your wife.

FIMBRIA

May the gods adore you!

GRACCHUS

Only through your prayers, Fimbria.

CONTINUED

GRACCHUS (Cont'd)

(hands chicken
to Caesar)

Let's make an old-fashioned sacrifice for Glabrus' success, eh?

CAESAR

(as they start off
again)

I thought you had reservations about the gods.

GRACCHUS

(chuckles)

Privately I don't believe in any of them, and neither do you. Publicly I believe in them all.

(bows off)

Greetings, Marcus Clodius Flavius!

DISSOLVE TO

The travel-stained cortege of Marcus Licinius Crassus has just drawn up to the courtyard of the palace, which is a princely Roman residence. Crassus steps OUT of his litter, to a bowing of slaves like wind touching a field of ripe wheat. He passes with swift step into the open patio which is the rectangular enclosure that gives entry into the palace proper.

201 INT. PATIO - CRASSUS' PALACE - DAY 201

As Crassus ARRIVES, the Majordomo whom we have seen at the slave market bows low in greeting, half-a-dozen minor house-dignitaries behind him.

CRASSUS

Send a courier to the palace of Marcus Glabrus. I wish him to attend me at once.

MAJORDOMO

He awaits your pleasure in the salon.

CRASSUS

Excellent.

(sees something off)

What have we here?

202 INT. PATIO - ANOTHER ANGLE 202

Crassus in f.g. looks sharply across to half-a-dozen newly-purchased slaves in b.g. There are two middle-aged women, three adult males, and a strikingly beautiful young man, scarcely out of his teens. They may, if we wish, be secured to each other by rope. Each wears around his neck the plaque which he wore in the slave market, announcing his name, age, origin, etc.

MAJORDOMO

They arrived as a gift from the provincial government of Thessaly.

Crassus nods slowly, his eyes still on the new slaves; then he walks across the patio, CAMERA TRUCKING with him to:

203 MED. SHOT - CRASSUS AND ANTONINUS - FAVORING ANTONINUS 203

who is shy as an animal in new surroundings, and filled with the shame of his condition. Crassus looks keenly into his eyes.

CRASSUS

Your name?

ANTONINUS

Antoninus.

CRASSUS

(gently correcting him)

Antoninus, master.

CONTINUED

203 CONTINUED

203

ANTONINUS

Master.

CRASSUS

Do you have a skill, Antoninus?

ANTONINUS

I am a poet. I trained the children
of my master in the classics.

CRASSUS

(thoughtfully)

A poet....

(nods)

You'll be my body servant.

(to majordomo)

Instruct him.

He shoots a final keen glance at Antoninus, and EXITS.

204 INT. SALON - PALACE OF CRASSUS - GLABRUS - DAY

204

This set can be as opulent as we desire -- or as simple. Crassus lived in the style of a great prince, so at the very least there should be a profusion of marble and gilt and statuary. A section of one side of the salon gives onto a columned courtyard in which a fountain sends up crystal spray. Glabrus looking stern and very martial, is pacing back and forth before this open section of the room, ramrod-stiff, hands clasped behind him, the very picture of a hero. He snaps his turns like a guardsman, measures his steps like a Beefeater. He is absorbed in thoughts of military glory, stunned by the measure of his own greatness.

205 ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD SALON ENTRANCE - CRASSUS

205

He APPEARS in the doorway, advances a few steps into the room. There he stops, his eyes narrowed in speculation, as he observes the stern posture of his protege. A faint smile of contempt touches his lips.

CRASSUS

Are you on guard duty?

Glabrus, startled, whirls; then advances eagerly to his patron.

GLABRUS

My dear Crassus! Congratulate me!
Or better still, let us congratulate
each other.

CONTINUED

CRASSUS

(dryly)
I congratulate us.

GLABRUS

Tomorrow I lead six cohorts of the garrison against the slaves on Vesuvius. The whole city's turning out to see us off.

A look of sheer rage mounts to Crassus' face.

CRASSUS

May the Palatine Apollo forgive me!
(hastily composes himself, manages a smile)

Your pardon. I always address heaven in time of triumph. Did Gracchus have something to do with this brilliant affair?

GLABRUS

(nodding)
He even proposed it. And very decently, too.

CRASSUS

(softly)
And you? Do you think I made you commander of the garrison to control some rock-patch on Vesuvius?

(sternly)
No! It was to control the streets of Rome herself!

GLABRUS

(placatingly)
But I only take six cohorts. The rest of the garrison remains.

CRASSUS

Under whose command?

GLABRUS

Why --- under the command of Caesar.

CRASSUS

Oh excellent, excellent. Finding Gracchus in control of the mob and the senate, you felt impelled to hand the garrison over to him also.

CONTINUED

GLABRUS

Only temporarily.

CRASSUS

Perhaps. In the meanwhile, one word from Gracchus can destroy us all. If he chooses to speak it.

GLABRUS

Then I'll refuse. I'll withdraw from the expedition.

CRASSUS

The great disadvantage of being an aristocrat is that occasionally you're obliged to act like one. You have pledged the senate to go --- go you must.

GLABRUS

But if Gracchus should move against you ---

CRASSUS

He won't. He doesn't need to. He has, with your assistance, immobilized me altogether.

GLABRUS

Your legions are still in camp outside the city walls.

CRASSUS

(softly)

The legions? Do you truly believe I'd order my legions to enter Rome?

GLABRUS

I only point out that you can if you have to.

CRASSUS

No man has to do a thing if he wills differently! Are you not aware of Rome's most ancient law that no general may enter the city at the head of his armed legions?

GLABRUS

(sullen defense)

Sulla did.

CONTINUED

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CRASSUS

To the infamy of his name. To the utter damnation of his line. No, Glabrus. One day I shall cleanse this Rome which my fathers bequeathed me. I shall restore all the traditions that made her great. It follows that I cannot come to power --- or even defend myself --- by an act which betrays the most sacred tradition of them all. I will not bring my legions within these walls. I will not violate Rome at the moment of possessing her.

GLABRUS

But if Gracchus ---

CRASSUS

Go! Prepare your troops at once. March out of the city tonight. Leave by unfrequented streets and without fanfare. Without even a drum. Sneak out.

GLABRUS

(humbly)
As you wish.

CRASSUS

And remember there's nothing more horrible than a slave war. It's as if the world of beasts first began to think and then went mad. Please go.

He turns and EXITS. Glabrus, utterly bewildered, moves toward the exit that gives onto the forecourt.

DISSOLVE TO

206 OMITTED

206

207 INT. DINING SALON - HOUSE OF GRACCHUS - GRACCHUS AND BATIATUS AT TABLE

207

The room, although in a slum area, is richly decorated and luxuriously furnished: Gracchus' entire house is staffed by slave women: peasant girls and women from a dozen conquered provinces and kingdoms. They are plainly dressed, and wear no make-up. One or two are on the plump side. They are extremely competent servants, amiable and more content with

CONTINUED

207 CONTINUED

207

their lot than most Roman household slaves. As they go about their work of serving the food, the occasional glances they cast toward their master give one a feeling that they are interested in him, that they like to serve him: and the glances he gives them, never leering nor lascivious, tell us that he keeps an eye on their work, and that he is fond of them all. The feeling is that of a well-run and contented harem.

Batiatus, unshaven and clad in a tunic that is both soiled and worn, sits across from Gracchus, the very image of misery, self-pity, and dignity brought low. He is extremely hungry, and Gracchus, who eats more moderately, continually thrusts more food upon him. Batiatus, a ruined man, is desperately eager to agree with everything his host says, for in this crisis of his life he sees the friendship and patronage of Gracchus to be his only hope for salvation.

BATIATUS

How good you are to me, if I may say so.

GRACCHUS

You may.

BATIATUS

Thank you.

GRACCHUS

Don't just eye the birds. Eat them. There is no need for you to be on your best behavior here.

Batiatus takes a bird. Their eyes meet for a moment.

GRACCHUS

In case it puts you at your ease, I may as well remind you that you have been very good to me in the past.

BATIATUS

I good to you? How, pray.

GRACCHUS

You sold me slaves at extremely reasonable prices, you arranged private gladiatorial jousts at cost, or practically...you were both ethical in business matters and far sighted socially.

BATIATUS

I have always regarded you as my patron.

CONTINUED

GRACCHUS

We both have a tendency towards corpulence. Corpulence makes a man reasonable, pleasant, phlegmatic. Have you noticed that the nastiest of tyrants were invariably thin... depressingly thin?

BATIATUS

No, I hand't noticed that, but now that you mention it, how profound.
(takes a great deal of food)

GRACCHUS

Now...let us mix business with pleasure. How may I help you?

BATIATUS

(his mouth full)
Believe me, I find it hard to hate, but there is one man I cannot think of without fuming.

GRACCHUS

And who is that?

BATIATUS

Crassus.

GRACCHUS

(genuinely surprised)
You have grown very ambitious in your hatred.

BATIATUS

Haven't I every reason, great Gracchus? There I was, better than a millionaire in the morning -- by nightfall a penniless refugee, with only my poor flesh and a few rags to call my own, and all because Crassus decides to break his journey at Capua with a couple of capricious, overpainted nymphs, the widow of Lucius Caius Marius, whose execution delighted us all, and the daughter of that superanimated oaf Septimus Optimus Glabrus whose son made such a royal mess of the Eastern Wars. These two spoiled daughters of Venus insisted on taunting the gladiators, then had them fight to the death --

CONTINUED

BATIATUS (Cont'd)

next thing I knew, I had a revolution on my hands.

GRACCHUS

(staring at him)

Have you ever thought of entering politics? You wouldn't last long, but it would be a colorful career for a week or two...what revenge have you in mind?

BATIATUS

I sold him a woman, Varinia, may the gods give her wens. I didn't even get a deposit on her, but she was clearly his slave from the instant our deal was made. Now she's off with Spartacus, murdering people in their beds, and he has made no mention of the money.

GRACCHUS

You never offered me this woman. Why not?

BATIATUS

She isn't remotely your type. Thin.

GRACCHUS

Look around you. You will see women of all sizes.

(slaps money on table)

Five hundred sesterces deposit on Varinia. Since he hasn't paid for her this gives me first call over Crassus when she's caught and auctioned.

BATIATUS

May the gods adore you! But why do you buy a woman you've never seen?

GRACCHUS

To annoy Crassus, of course. And to help you.

BATIATUS

In spite of your vices, you are the most generous Roman of our time!

CONTINUED

GRACCHUS
Vices?

BATIATUS
The ladies.

GRACCHUS
(grunting)
The ladies. Since when are they a
vice?

BATIATUS
Not a vice. I used the wrong word.
An eccentricity, a foible -- I
trust I pronounce that properly --
why, even your butler and your groom
are women.

GRACCHUS
Amazons. I am the most virtuous man
in Rome.

BATIATUS
How extraordinary, yes.

GRACCHUS
I keep these women because of my
respect for Roman morality.

BATIATUS
(dark daylight)
Ah -- !

GRACCHUS
That morality which has made Rome
strong enough to steal two-thirds
of the world from its rightful own-
ers. Founded on the sanctity of
Roman marriage. The Roman family.
Try the sauce.

BATIATUS
The sauce. Thank you.

GRACCHUS
(ruminative)
The sauce. I'm a sensual man. I
happen to like women. I have a
promiscuous nature. And unlike
these aristocrats, I refuse to take
a marriage vow which my nature will
prevent me from keeping.

CONTINUED

BATIATUS

You've too great a respect for the
purity of womankind.

GRACCHUS

Exactly.

BATIATUS

(after a moment's
reflection - looking
around)

It must be tantalizing to be sur-
rounded by so much purity.

GRACCHUS

(sighing)

It is. Mind you, I don't include
slaves under the heading of woman-
kind. That would be revolutionary
thinking. I am not like this mur-
derous Spartacus who demands an
impossible future with no slavery
at all but nor am I like Crassus,
who lives in the past and who can't
imagine a world without slavery.
I live in that most difficult of
all times -- the present. I have
no ambitions to tame the elements.
Like a great ship, I am conscious
of wind and tide, and I obey them
only in order to stay afloat. The
future is for dreams, the past for
regrets. The present for living.

BATIATUS

(humbly)

Like a small ship, I settle in your
wake, and seek protection.

(indicating one
of the girls)

May I?

GRACCHUS

I believe in total hospitality.
Enjoy the purity of your surround-
ings.

SOUND of HORSES' HOOVES against the pavement outside; the
TRAMP of MARCHING FEET.

GRACCHUS

Listen --- I

CONTINUED

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207 CONTINUED - 6 207

He rises like a cat, makes for the front door of his house. Batiatus following.

208 and 209 OMITTED 208 and 209

210 MED. CLOSE SHOT - GRACCHUS AND BATIATUS 210

A knowing smile comes to Gracchus' face. He smiles at the discomfiture of his enemies, and the pains he has put them to in order to disengage themselves, at least partially, from the trap he has set.

GRACCHUS

The garrison. What a pity. I had such a splendid farewell planned for them.

(shrugs, smiles)

Crassus has returned to his nest, and found my gift. A cuckoo's egg.

BATIATUS

Noble bird.

DISSOLVE TO

211 INT. CRASSUS' PALACE-MARBLE BATHROOM - CRASSUS AND SLAVES 211
NIGHT

A sunken tub in its center dominates this magnificent apartment. Crassus lolls at his ease in the tub. Two slaves stand at his head, alert to his every want. A third slave, on hands and knees, shampoos his master's hair. Some distance

CONTINUED

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211 CONTINUED

211

away stands Antoninus, silent and watchful and withdrawn, holding a folded robe over one arm. Crassus, as we COME IN on the SCENE, is in the course of a gentle, ironic inquisition of his new, young slave.

CRASSUS
Do you steal, Antoninus?

ANTONINUS
No.

CRASSUS
No, Master.

ANTONINUS
No, Master.

CRASSUS
Do you lie?

ANTONINUS
No, Master.

CRASSUS
Have you ever dishonored the gods?

ANTONINUS
No, Master.

CRASSUS
Do you refrain from these vices
out of respect for the moral virtues?

CONTINUED

ANTONINUS

Yes, Master.

CRASSUS

Do you eat oysters?

ANTONINUS

When I have them.

CRASSUS

Do you eat snails?

ANTONINUS

No, Master.

Crassus laughs softly.

CRASSUS

Do you consider the eating of oysters to be moral, and the eating of snails to be immoral?

ANTONINUS

I - - - I don't think so.

CRASSUS

Of course not. It's a matter of appetite, isn't it?

ANTONINUS

Yes, Master.

CRASSUS

An appetite has nothing to do with morals, has it?

ANTONINUS

No, Master.

CRASSUS

(to servant)

I'm finished.

One servant assists him from the tub, while another swathes him completely in a deep-pile towel. Crassus, paying them no heed, continues to keep his eyes on Antoninus, and addresses him throughout the above action.

CRASSUS

Therefore no appetite is immoral, is it? It's merely different.

ANTONINUS

Yes, Master.

CONTINUED

211 CONTINUED - 2

211

While the two servants are patting Crassus dry through the swathing towel, a third powders his feet.

CRASSUS

My robe, Antoninus.

Antoninus slowly approaches his master, unfolds the robe, and holds it forth for him. As the towel is removed, the robe replaces it.

CRASSUS

My appetite includes both snails and oysters.

A servant has now placed soft white kid sandals on his feet. Without a word to anyone, Crassus turns and EXITS into his bedchamber.

212 INT. CRASSUS' BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT - CRASSUS

212

as he ENTERS this spacious apartment; he HEARS the SOUND of marching men. He crosses swiftly, throws open the French doors that lead onto the narrow balcony beyond, looks down into the street. He turns, calls out:

CRASSUS

Antoninus!

ANTONINUS' VOICE

(from within)

Yes, Master?

CRASSUS

Come here. Onto the balcony. There's something you must see.

213 EXT. BALCONY - CRASSUS AND ANTONINUS - NIGHT

213

Antoninus, his face pale and wary, reluctantly COMES ONTO the balcony.

CRASSUS

Down there.

214 REVERSE ANGLE - FROM BALCONY TO DARKENED NIGHT STREET

214

The City Garrison is defiling through the street, silently, every foot in the dull, brute rhythm of Rome. This SOUND continues throughout our SCENE.

CRASSUS' VOICE

There, you see Rome. The night, the majesty, the terror of Rome.

(X)

215 MED. CLOSE SHOT - CRASSUS AND ANTONINUS ON BALCONY LOOKING 215
DOWN - NIGHT

Crassus' eyes are still on the marching cohorts below. Here, he is speaking not only of the power of Rome, but of Crassus also.

CRASSUS

There is the power that bestrides
the known world, like a colossus.
No nation can withstand Rome. No
man can withstand her. And how much
less - a boy.

He clasps both of his hands tightly against the balcony railing, continues.

CRASSUS

(boy edges toward
end of balcony)

There's only one way to deal with
Rome, Antoninus. You must serve
her. You must abase yourself before
her. You must grovel at her feet.

Silently Antoninus, with a frantic backward look, scrambles onto the balcony ledge, jumps, DISAPPEARS below into the night. SOUND of marching feet covers all SOUNDS of his landing, or any outcry.

CRASSUS

You must love her.
(smiles to himself)
Isn't that true, Antoninus?

When he receives no answer, he turns. His face goes white as he confronts the empty balcony. He turns, rushes into his bed chamber.

CRASSUS

Antoninus! Antoninus!

DISSOLVE TO

216 OMITTED

216

217 FULL WIDE ANGLE - CAMP OF SPARTACUS AT VESUVIUS - DAY 217

The lofty, tree-ringed redoubt teems with activity. Carpenters repair wagons, setting up rude structures; butchers slaughter animals and fowl, prepare them for cooking; there is a central food depot, and ovens with women baking bread, spits with halves of beeves roasting above them. The variety of trades is infinite. Most importantly, we see the community of male slaves receiving training exactly like that which was received by the gladiators at Capua, yet more severe. The Capua machines are in use; trainees carry the log beams, they chin with the weight of rocks, they work with the swords---yet everything has a quicker tempo than at Capua, everything has a greater air of determination because, of course, it is voluntary. In far f.g. teams of men scale the rocky sides of the escarpment, crawling up like flies, then leaping down incredible distances.

218 MED. SHOT OF ENCAMPMENT - SPARTACUS - DAY 218

He is riding through the camp, observing all the activity. He approaches Crixus who is supervising the training of the men.

SPARTACUS

How are they doing?

CRIXUS

Give me a thousand more like them and we can march on Rome!

Spartacus LAUGHS, rides on.

219 DIFFERENT CAMP AREA - NEW RUNAWAYS - GUARD, DAVID THE JEW - DAY 219

The newly arrived escapees are ragged, dirty, hopeful---and much impressed with the varied activity they see on all sides. At all times SOUNDS of training, of calls and orders, should pervade these scenes. Among the newcomers is Antoninus. The latter is still clad in the rich garments in which we last saw him, but dirty and ragged from travel. They are all listening attentively to David the Jew, to whom they have been conducted.

DAVID

Here on Vesuvius we're safe from attack while we organize ourselves into an army. It may take six months, it may take a year, we don't know. Once we're strong enough, we're going to fight our way south to the sea. We're going to arrange for ships with Cilicians. Then the sea will be a road home for us all. If you agree, you may join us. If you don't agree ---go back before your escape is discovered.

CONTINUED

219 CONTINUED

219

There is a MURMUR among the escapees. A middle-aged Man who appears to be their leader finally speaks for them.

FIRST SLAVE

We want to stay.

OLD CRONE

And we want to see Spartacus.

Spartacus has just ENTERED, and has watched them briefly, thoughtfully.

SPARTACUS

(advancing)

I'm Spartacus.

They stare at him with something close to awe---a slave who has rebelled against his master and still lives.

SPARTACUS

(frowning)

You people bring too many women.

The Old Crone, ragged and almost toothless, leaps forward, faces him at a foot's distance, her eyes blazing.

OLD CRONE

What's wrong with women? Where would Spartacus be now if some woman hadn't gone through all the pains of hell to bring him into this accursed world? I can handle a knife in the dark as well as anyone. I can lie and cast spells and brew poisons, and I've made death shrouds for seven Roman masters in my time. Have you?

Spartacus, frowning with amusement at her ferocity, reaches out swiftly, places the flat of his hands against her body beneath her arms, as one does with a child, and lifts her clear off the ground, until she is staring down at him while his laughing face looks directly into hers.

SPARTACUS

All right, grandmother---stay with us. We'll need a million Roman shrouds before we're through!

He swings her to the ground, turns to the general group.

CONTINUED

SPARTACUS

Our rules are simple: hard work, no stealing, and the women belong to themselves. Now where are you people from?

FIRST SLAVE

Most of us come from the estate of Quintus Laelius.

SPARTACUS

(nodding)

What work did you do there?

FIRST SLAVE

Sixteen years a carpenter and mason.

SPARTACUS

We need carpenters.

(to next man)

What do you do?

SECOND SLAVE

I was chief steward in the household of Quintus Laelius.

SPARTACUS

Then you can take charge of our food supplies. Report to the woman Varinia.

(passes to Antoninus,
notices his clothes,
feels his garments)

Well. What kind of work did you do?

ANTONINUS

I'm a singer of songs.

SPARTACUS

Umm. A pet slave.

Antoninus does not reply. His eyes flashing, he merely looks at Spartacus.

SPARTACUS

(amusing the crowd
and himself)

Do you do anything else?

ANTONINUS

(resentfully)

I juggle. I perform tricks of magic.

CONTINUED

219 CONTINUED - 3

219

SPARTACUS

Ah! Magic. We need all the magic we can find up here.

(to crowd)

Maybe he can make the Romans disappear.

(back to Antoninus)

If you're going to stay here you'll have to learn something useful. Patulus will teach you to be a butcher. Crixus will teach you to kill with the short sword. We want men here --- not poets!

He turns away from them, EXITS. Antoninus is still flushed from embarrassment and anger.

DISSOLVE TO

220 CLOSE SHOT - ANTONINUS - BY FIRELIGHT - NIGHT

220

He is juggling three eggs. As he completes a very brief routine with them, CAMERA DRAWS BACK with his action, to reveal:

221 GROUP AROUND CAMPFIRE - SPARTACUS, VARINIA, DIONYSIUS, DAVID, CRIXUS, SUCH OTHERS AS ARE NEEDED - NIGHT

221

ANTONINUS

Each of you take an egg and hold it.

He hands an egg to David, to Varinia, and to Spartacus.

SPARTACUS

(smiling)

Thanks. I haven't had an egg in days.

ANTONINUS

You may not have one yet. Sometimes there are chicks inside.

(to Varinia)

Crack yours open. Carefully.

She cracks her egg; opens it; a tiny yellow canary cheeps, jumps out onto her finger, takes wing. General astonishment. Varinia laughs.

ANTONINUS

(to David)

You crack yours.

CONTINUED

221 CONTINUED

221

All eyes on David; he cracks his egg; another canary flies out, flickers directly to a tree, perches. Increased awe.

ANTONINUS

(to Spartacus;
faint sarcasm)

Crack yours -- General.

Spartacus, lips pursed, begins to crack his egg. He is cupping his hands about it awkwardly.

SPARTACUS

(as he cracks)

This is one bird that isn't going
to get away.

He separates the shell---and his hands are covered with running egg. Moment of shocked silence while he stares at the mess. David bursts into hearty laughter. Escapes titter nervously.

222 CLOSE ON SPARTACUS

222

Slowly he lifts his face and eyes from the mess in his hands to the face of Antoninus. He is compelled to smile.

222-A GROUP SHOT

222-A

DAVID

Maybe we'd better go on to the
songs.

223 ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING ANTONINUS

223

He swallows the laughter that fills his face, picks up his stringed instrument, STRUMS an opening chord or two. The CHORDS serve to quiet the merriment of the preceding entertainment. CAMERA MOVES from Antoninus to the faces of other principals, registering their reactions as Antoninus' voice takes command of their emotions:

ANTONINUS

(quietly, and with
deep feeling and
dignity)

When the blazing sun hangs low in the western skies,
When the wind dies away on the mountain,
When the song of the meadowlark turns still,
When the field-locust clicks no more in the field,
When the sea-foam sleeps like a maiden at rest,
And twilight touches the shape of the wondering world,

CONTINUED

ANTONINUS (Cont'd)

I turn home.

Through blue shadows
And purple woods
I turn home.
I turn to the place I was born,
To the mother who bore me,
The father who taught me,
And the god who watched over that place
Long Ago; long and long; long ago.

Alone am I now, a-lost and alone,
In a far, wide-wandering world;
Yet still when the blazing sun hangs low,
When the wind dies away,
When the sea-foam sleeps,
And twilight touches the wondering earth,

I turn home.

Through blue and purple-shadowed woods I go,
Bewitched by the distant bellowing of cows,
And the smell of pine-smoke,
And a faraway light,
And the voices of kinfold
Together at night...

The last chord quivers from the strings of Antoninus' instrument,
and his voice dies into silence which continues for a long moment.
Varinia breaks it:

VARINIA

(a whisper)

Oh Antoninus, I love it, I do love
it... !

Antoninus nods gravely; he does too. Spartacus stirs, rises on
one elbow, stares intently across at the youth.

SPARTACUS

Where did you learn songs like that?

ANTONINUS

My father taught me.

SPARTACUS

Who did you sing them for?

ANTONINUS

My masters.

CONTINUED

SPARTACUS

I was wrong, poet...you will not learn to kill. You will teach us songs.

ANTONINUS

I joined to fight.

SPARTACUS

(simply)

No. Anyone can learn to fight.

ANTONINUS

I want to fight.

SPARTACUS

(pauses)

There's a time for fighting...and there's a time for singing. Now you will teach us to sing. Sing, Antoninus.

He turns away, the matter settled. He and Varinia EXIT. As they do so, Antoninus strikes perhaps two more CHORDS, sharp, loud, angry.

Moving through the darkened encampment together, SOUNDS of a new MUSICAL THEME coming O.S. in diminishing volume from Antoninus and his group.

VARINIA

You like him, don't you?

SPARTACUS

Anyone can learn to fight. But to sing beautiful things and make you believe them. Varinia, when does it begin?

VARINIA

What troubles you, Spartacus?

SPARTACUS

I'm free and what do I know? I don't even know how to read, Varinia!

VARINIA

You know things that can't be taught.

CONTINUED

SPARTACUS

I know nothing. Nothing. I want to know - and I want - I want to know -

At some point in the scene, CAMERA has halted with our characters, delivering them to the place and position in which their love scene is to be played.

She draws his head back to her lap, crosses him. He stares up at the warm summer sky.

YARINIA

Know what?

SPARTACUS

(dreamily, yearningly)

Everything. Why a star falls and a bird doesn't. Where the sun goes at night. Why the moon changes shape.

(soft breeze flutters her hair; he touches the lock)

I want to know where the wind comes from.

YARINIA

(responding to his touch)

The wind begins in a cave,

(as if remembering)

Far to the north a young god sleeps in that cave. He dreams of a girl. And he sighs. And the night wind stirs with his breath.

SPARTACUS

I want to know why I mad-odd love so much and hate at the same time. And I want to know about you. I want to know every part of you. Every curve and line. Every thought. Every beat of your heart.

YARINIA

(kissing his cheeks, his eyes, his throat)

Learn me. Memorize me...

She kisses his lips, and he hears: on this night, they conceive their child.

DISSOLVE TO

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98-A

225 CLOSEUP - GLADIATOR - NIGHT

225

Actually he is mounted on a horse, riding full tilt. His face is pale, shocked. He SHOUTS as he goes:

MOUNTED GLADIATOR

Romans! Romans!

226 FULL TRUCKING SHOT - WITH THE HORSEMAN - NIGHT

226

He has just whipped his horse over the periphery of the redoubt, is now riding wildly through the encampment.

MOUNTED GLADIATOR

The Garrison of Rome! They're in the Valley!

227 FLASH SHOTS - GROUPS OF SLAVES AND INDIVIDUALS

227

They start up, panicked, grab children or possessions, and start running aimlessly in various directions.

CRIES

Romans! The Romans are here!
Etc.

228 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SPARTACUS AND VARINIA

228

Startled, they rise, as cries of "Romans!" come from the throats of a dozen other sentries on the periphery of the encampment. They start OFF at once.

229 CENTRAL AREA ENCAMPMENT - FULL SHOT - AROUND FIRE - NIGHT

229

O.s. CRIES redouble. All are leaping to their feet, talking excitedly, some rushing off, others from other areas running up.

230 FLASH SHOT - MAN RUNNING WILDLY THROUGH SLAVE COMMUNITY - NIGHT

230

His face is stark with terror.

MAN

(top of voice)

Romans! Run for your lives! Run!

231 CENTRAL AREA - FILLED WITH SLAVES AND GLADIATORS - NIGHT 231

Man of our previous shot rushes INTO SCENE, amidst growing signs of panic. He is still SHOUTING, and others begin to join. Crixus steps up swiftly, fells the man with one blow. Dionysius, Old Crone and many others are in scene.

CRIXUS

(raining kicks on
moaning figure)

You coward of a house slave!

Spartacus arrives IN SCENE, touches Crixus' arm.

SPARTACUS

(quietly)

Leave him alone.

By now the area is crowded, with new arrivals. They all watch Spartacus and Crixus. Spartacus reaches down, takes the man by the arm, helps him (not too gently) to rise.

SPARTACUS

Where do you think you'd run to?

232 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT - A YOUNG GIRL CHILD 233

She has been terrified by the shouting, and now rushes through the group, running as hard as she can, and CRYING loudly, tears streaming down her frightened little face.

LITTLE GIRL

I want to go home! I want to go home!

233 FULL SHOT - GROUP - FAVORING SPARTACUS AND CHILD 233

Something about the urgent terror in the infant's voice produces a lull in the excited conversation. As the child crosses Spartacus' path, he bends down, sweeps her into his arms.

LITTLE GIRL

(sobbing)

I want to go home!

Spartacus lifts the child, holds it in front of his face, smiles into her wide, frightened, lonely eyes.

CONTINUED

SPARTACUS

(gently)
Shhh! Shhhhh!
(child quiets,
looks at him
curiously)
Now what is it?

LITTLE GIRL

(more coherently,
although dry sobs
still come)
I want to g-g-go h-home!

Spartacus draws her close to his shoulder, cuddles her there.

SPARTACUS

(tenderly)
We have no home. We're free.

The crowd is not completely silent. Still holding the child to his breast, Spartacus turns, faces Crixus, smiles.

SPARTACUS

Well, Crixus---you've been wanting
to march on Rome. We don't have to
now. Rome's come to us.

He hands the child to Varinia, who takes it lovingly.

SPARTACUS

(to all of them)
Now let's see what we can do about
this army of theirs.

He starts off, others following quietly, confidently.

DISSOLVE TO

The entire camp is in flames; CLAMOR of diminishing battle; hundreds of slave figures carrying torches, passing at a run through the destroyed Roman encampment.

Cheat?

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98-D

235 SHOTS OF BATTLEFIELD - BY FIRE AND TORCHLIGHT

235

Men, women and children are passing through a sea of dead Romans, searching the bodies, stacking arms, organizing looted supplies, hitching horses and mules to carts.

236 INT. GLABRUS HEADQUARTERS TENT - NIGHT

236

Present are Spartacus, David, Crixus, others. They are systematically going through chests, papers, etc.

SPARTACUS

(sniffing deep)

Place smells like a rose-garden.

(picks up

legate's wand)

What's this?

DAVID

The Commander's baton.

Spartacus makes a little face, thrusts it inside his belt. Antoninus, bearing the stains and bruises of battle, ENTERS.

ANTONINUS

They're bringing in a prisoner.

The only one they could find alive.

CONTINUED

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236 CONTINUED

SPARTACUS
I've been looking for you.

ANTONINUS
(defensively)
What did you expect me to do?

SPARTACUS
(grin)
What you did. You fought well, too.

Rising SHOUT from outside; all start for tent exit.

237 EXT. GLABRUS HEADQUARTERS TENT - FULL SHOT - TORCHLIGHT - 237
NIGHT

A gladiator is just dragging Glabrus up the steps onto the platform. Glabrus is panting, and so many have kicked or struck out at him as the gladiator bore him through the crowd that he is understandably dazed. The gladiator delivers him onto the platform and Spartacus, David, Dionysius and the others EMERGE from the headquarters tent. Crowd in UPROAR of enthusiasm. Spartacus moves up to the captive, peers at him.

SPARTACUS
Put a light on him!

A torch is thrust full into Glabrus' face, in such a way that the audience will reasonably feel that he cannot clearly recognize the features around him because of the glare in his eyes. He stands in the glare, exhausted, panting, his head sunk.

SPARTACUS
Look at me, Roman! Should you hang
your head in the presence of slaves?

Glabrus raises his head, looks at Spartacus.

SPARTACUS
That's better. And stop shaking.
What's your name?

GLABRUS
(hideously ashamed)
Marcus Glabrus, Commander of the
Garrison of Rome.

HUBBUB from crowd that presses in on all sides, as far as CAMERA extends.

GLADIATOR
(short laugh)
He was commanding it on his belly
when we found him. Playing dead.

CONTINUED

237 CONTINUED

237

Spartacus goes over to Glabrus, fingers the tunic he wears, looks at the golden bracelet on his wrist. Glabrus, out of fear and shame, wilts again.

SPARTACUS

Stand up! That's better. That's the way a noble Roman should stand before his master. Do you think we're going to kill you? Are you afraid of dying? You shouldn't be. Haven't you seen enough gladiators in the arena to learn how easy it is to die? Of course you have. Speak to me, Roman.

Crixus EMERGES, clad in plumed helmet, cloak and breastplate.

GLABRUS

What are you going to do to me?

CRIXUS

Let's have a matched pair---him and me!

CRIES of approval from the crowd.

SPARTACUS

(nodding)

That's a good idea.

(to Glabrus)

Shall we strip you down to your loincloth and give you a knife and find out for ourselves the color of Roman blood?

GLABRUS

(sullen pride)

I'll not fight like a gladiator.

YELLS of resentment from crowd.

SPARTACUS

Maybe you should have. And your men too. You might have won.

(pause)

You did fight tonight, didn't you?

LAUGHTER from the crowd.

Crixus draws his sword from the scabbard and advances toward Glabrus.

CONTINUED

CRIXUS

(fiercely)

There's only one thing to do with
a Roman -- kill him!

SPARTACUS

No, Crixus. Put your sword back.

Crixus reluctantly lowers his sword. The crowd, torn between disappointment and curiosity, quiets to see what will happen. Spartacus reaches into his belt, withdraws the ivory baton which he picked up while inside the tent.

SPARTACUS

(holding it close
to Glabrus' face)

Do you recognize this baton? You
should. The man who carries it
carries all the power of the senate,
all the power of Rome.

(breaks it, thrusts
it into Glabrus' belt)

Take it back to your senate. Tell
them you and that broken stick are
all that's left of the Garrison of
Rome. Tell them we don't want any-
thing except our freedom. Tell them
all we want is to get out of this
cursed country! Tell them we're
marching south to the sea, and we'll
smash every army they send against
us!

(to others)

Put him on a horse!

While the crowd HOWLS its delight, Glabrus is rushed OFF the platform and onto the back of a horse.

CROWD

Backward!

Tie him on backward!

To ROARS of LAUGHTER he is reversed. A sword smacks the horse's rump... The horse bolts forward, runs OUT of the scene pursued by HOWLS of LAUGHTER.

SPARTACUS

Now we can start for brundisium!

OL
ERST

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98-H
thru
98-M
238

238 WIDER ANGLE - PORTION OF SLAVE COMMUNITY
waving their torches, SHOUTING, ad libbed ROARS:

AD LIBS

To the sea!
To the sea!

239 CLOSE ON SPARTACUS

239

His face is now filled with joy and exultation.

DISSOLVE TO

240
thru
247

OMITTED

240
thru
247

248 INT. ROMAN SENATE - DAY - FULL SHOT

248

The benches are full. Symmachus is at the podium. Standing beside the podium, erect, immaculately uniformed, and filled with shame, Glabrus is concluding his report of the catastrophe that befell his six cohorts of the Garrison.

GLAERUS

He said their hatred of Rome was such that all they wished was to escape from her rule. If unopposed, he promised a peaceful march to the sea. If opposed, he threatens to ravage the countryside and destroy every legion sent against him.

SYMMACHUS

And once they get to the sea?

GLABRUS

They plan to take ship with the Silician pirates and return to their homes.

SYMMACHUS

From which port do they propose to embark?

GLABRUS

Brundisium. City garrisons can't stand up to them. If they're to be intercepted, it's work for the legions.

LAELIUS

(interrupting)

Intercepted! This Spartacus has already cost us a thousand million sesterces! If now he wants to relieve us of his filthy presence, in the name of all the gods let him go!

248-A ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING CAESAR, GRACCHUS

248-A

Caesar rises angrily. Gracchus, slumped well back in his seat, is apparently sleeping peacefully.

CAESAR

(responding hotly)

Impossible! Already they've infected half of Italy. If we permit them to escape their infection will spread through the whole world.

CONTINUED

248-A CONTINUED

248-A

SYMMACHUS

Before we discuss policy, let us continue with the report of Marcus Glabrus. Are there further questions to be put to him?

There is a STIR as Crassus rises. Gracchus' sleeping features twitch fretfully. Crassus' face is stern, his figure straight as a lance.

CRASSUS

What sort of man is this slave who calls himself Spartacus?

(X)

GLABRUS

(embarrassed)

I was blindfolded. I saw none of them.

(X)

CRASSUS

After he finished talking to you -- what then happened?

(X)

GLABRUS

(livid with shame)

I -- I was tied to a horse and lashed out of camp.

CRASSUS

How many of your command escaped?

GLABRUS

Fourteen have reported thus far. I myself was taken prisoner in my own command tent. The camp was thoroughly infiltrated before an alarm could be sounded.

CRASSUS

Did you surround your camp with moat and stockade?

GLABRUS

(after a long pause)

No. We arrived after sunset. Sentries were posted every ten paces. We had no reason to expect an attack by night. And then again, they ---

Glabrus breaks off, his eyes haunted, as if trying to grasp some incomprehensible idea.

CRASSUS

Continue.

GLABRUS

(softly)

They were slaves.

CONTINUED

248-A CONTINUED - 2

248-A

For a long moment Crassus stares at his protege, his eyes icy with anger.

CRASSUS

(softly)

Ah. Slaves. Did they fight well?

GLABRUS

(note of horror)

They fought -- like no Bithynian or Silician you ever saw. The women beside them.

CRASSUS

(turns to senate as a whole)

I submit that Publius Marcus Glabrus has disgraced the arms of Rome. Let the punishment of the senate be pronounced.

Glabrus squares his shoulders and manfully waits for the blow to fall. Crassus resumes his seat. Gracchus stirs, wakens, casts a sharp look at Glabrus, and then at Crassus. The eyes of the whole senate are now covertly watching Crassus, like the eyes of those at a funeral who peer incessantly at the chief mourner for signs of grief. Crassus' face reveals nothing. He might be sitting in the privacy of his own salon. Gracchus COUGHS, rises.

GRACCHUS

If we punished every commander who made a fool of himself we wouldn't have anyone left above the rank of centurion.

LAEIUS

But this is a case of criminal carelessness! Six cohorts have been slaughtered!

GRACCHUS

Crassus sponsored this young man. Let him pronounce sentence.

He sits down abruptly. All eyes go back to Crassus. Only a slight flicker of the eyebrows indicates his momentary surprise. He rises swiftly to the challenge, not casting so much as a glance at Gracchus.

CONTINUED

248-B CONTINUED

248-B

CRASSUS' ADHERENTS
(while Crassus re-
mains immobile)
Shame! Sit down! For shame!

GRACCHUS
This sort of heroic public behaviour
is nothing new. I've seen it before,
as we all have, and I know the mean-
ing of it.

248-C INT. SENATE VESTIBULE - MED. SHOT - CRASSUS

248-C

His supporters in b.g. Crassus has frozen to attention as he
listens to the insulting words of an enemy he cannot and will
not answer in kind; but the look of cold anger in his eyes
is a threat of death itself.

A SENATOR'S VOICE
(o.s., from the
chamber)
Crassus acted on a point of honor!

248-D FULL SHOT - THE SENATE

248-D

GRACCHUS
Patrician honor. No matter how
noble it appears from the outside --
I don't like the color of it.

LAELIUS
Crassus is the only man in Rome
who hasn't yielded to Republican
corruption, and never will!

GRACCHUS
I'll take a little Republican
corruption along with a little
Republican freedom. But I won't
take the dictatorship of Crassus
and no freedom at all!

He is interrupted by a burst of CHEERS and APPLAUSE. He glow-
ers about the chamber till it subsides.

GRACCHUS
That's what he's out for, and that's
why he'll be back. And when he does
return, you'll cheer just as loudly
for him. In the meanwhile, if we

CONTINUED

248-D CONTINUED

248-D

GRACCHUS (Cont'd)
can clean up this mess without running to him for help, he may regret this noble scene today. There are two things we must do immediately: confirm Caesar as permanent commander of the Garrison, and assign two legions to intercept and destroy Spartacus at the city of Luceria.

A rising ROAR of approval. Repetition of the word "Luceria" if practical.

DISSOLVE TO

248-E OMITTED

248-E

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249 MARCHING SHOTS

through town at the climax of which we SUPERIMPOSE the word:

LUCERIA

*How about the legion
to meet them
at Luceria*

DISSOLVE TO

250 FULL SHOT - SLAVE LEADERS

250

mounted, riding INTO CAMERA, triumphant.

DISSOLVE TO

251 EXT. SLAVE CAMP - DAY

251

Spartacus, Crixus, David, Dionysius and Antoninus are sprawled on the ground studying a group of maps. Behind them we see the general activity of the encampment.

DIONYSIUS

I can't read these maps and I don't believe they tell the truth. After three months, is this all the farther we've got?

DAVID

Don't forget our numbers have doubled.

CRIXUS

We have got to stop taking everybody that comes along.

SPARTACUS

We can't stop. How can we decide who to take and who to leave behind?

CRIXUS

But they'll hold us back.

DIONYSIUS

At this rate we could take a year getting to Brundisium.

CRIXUS

You can't train an army and fight Romans at the same time.

CONTINUED

251 CONTINUED

SPARTACUS

That's what we've been doing -
isn't it? The real problem is
when we do get to Brundisium there
won't be enough ships.

CRIXUS

When we made the deal with the
pirates we didn't have all those
women and old men.

DAVID

What can we do, Spartacus?

SPARTACUS

We'll get more ships!

CRIXUS

Who'll get more ships?

Spartacus looks at Antoninus.

SPARTACUS

(quietly)
Antoninus. You're familiar with
Brundisium, aren't you?

ANTONINUS

I used to work in fairs all around
there.

SPARTACUS

Do you still remember enough about
the country to find your way there?

ANTONINUS

Easily.

SPARTACUS

Good. Nobody ever suspects a
travelling juggler and magician.
Tell them we'll need twice as many
ships as we thought. And when we
get there we'll bring another
hundred thousand gold sesterces.

ANTONINUS

(realizing the
responsibility
he's being given)
I'll do my best.

Back here

CONTINUED

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251	CONTINUED	251
	SPARTACUS	
	If you can make canaries come out of chicken eggs - you'll find two ships where there was only one.	
	DISSOLVE TO	
252 thru 253	OMITTED	252 and 253
254	COUNTRYSIDE - OUTSKIRTS OF ENCAMPMENT - FROM LEDGE DOWNWARD TO RIVER - BRIGHT SUNSHINE	254
	In the river below children are bathing naked, women are washing their arms and legs, and some are washing clothes.	
254-A	ON LEDGE - ABOVE RIVER - SPARTACUS - DAY	254-A
	He surveys the crowd below, as if looking for someone in particular. Then he continues along the ledge upstream.	
	DISSOLVE TO	
255	ANOTHER PORTION OF RIVER AND LEDGE - SPARTACUS - DAY	255
	He stops short as he discovers what he's been looking for:	
256	REVERSE ANGLE - TOWARD RIVER - VARINIA - DAY	256
	In a quiet backwater, protected by trees, she has taken off her clothes, and is bathing, neck-deep in the cool waters. She has no idea he is near. She starts to come out onto the bank.	
257	CLOSE ON SPARTACUS - WATCHING VARINIA BELOW	257
257-A thru 259	OMITTED	257-A thru 259
260	REVERSE ANGLE - VARINIA BESIDE RIVER - FROM SPARTACUS' POINT OF VIEW - DAY	260

When we last saw her she was emerging from the water. Now she is seated on a log, back to camera, lazily allowing the current to wash against her legs. A rock strikes nearby. She turns her head quickly, scans the area. She sees nothing. Perhaps the sound of the rock was imagination. Everything is motionless. She turns back to the water again.

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261 CLOSE ON SPARTACUS 261

Silently laughing, he tosses another stone.

262 LONG SHOT - REVERSE ON VARINIA - FROM SPARTACUS' POINT 262
VIEW - DAY

This time the rock hits within inches of her, spatters sand onto her body, and slices off into the water before her. Without even a backward glance Varinia instantly throws herself behind the protection of overhanging foliage, from which her head and shoulders cautiously emerge as she peers about for the aggressor.

262-A MED. CLOSE - SPARTACUS 262-A

He laughs out loud, moves from his concealed position, starts scrambling down the hill, producing a miniature avalanche in his haste.

262-B MED. CLOSE VARINIA - HEAD AND SHOULDERS - ABOVE FOLIAGE

262-B

Her eyes widen with outrage.

VARINIA
(indignantly)
Spartacus!

Instantly she disappears behind the foliage, reappears with large towel or sheet thrown over them.

262-C WIDE ANGLE - SPARTACUS AND VARINIA - DAY

262-C

As Spartacus completes his tumultuous descent, crosses a small interval of level ground, halts perhaps ten feet from where she still hides in the bushes.

VARINIA
You scared me!

SPARTACUS
That's what happens when people
run around without any clothes on.

VARINIA
(sputtering)
I wasn't running around. I was
bathing.

SPARTACUS
Same thing. Come here.

VARINIA
No, I won't. I want to get dressed.

SPARTACUS
(shrug)
Then get dressed.

VARINIA
(on her dignity)
Not till you go away.

SPARTACUS
(starting toward her)
I'll come and get you.

VARINIA
Don't you dare!

He continues steadily. She edges to one side. She slinks around the other side of the foliage. Now it is revealed she

CONTINUED

262-C CONTINUED

262-C

is completely swathed in the towel which she holds tightly clutched at the throat with one hand, below with the other. She is trying to evade his advance (which is teasingly deliberate) and at the same time to cut across to where she has laid her clothes.

VARINIA
(as she manoeuvres)
Spartacus! I'll hit you! You
stay away from me!

With a laugh and a rush he is on her. She shrieks as he swings her into his arms, struggles as he lifts her clear off her feet.

VARINIA
Stop it now! You just stop it!
I hate being picked up! Spartacus!

262-D CLOSE ON SPARTACUS - VARINIA - DAY

262-D

She is struggling furiously in his arms, and he is laughing.

VARINIA
I really will hurt you!

She begins furiously to beat a tattoo against his chest with her doubled fists. He gathers her closer and kisses her. She is still off the ground. She tries to avoid the kiss, but can't. When it is finished she is a little breathless.

VARINIA
You should be more careful of me!
You shouldn't be so rough!

SPARTACUS
(burrowing in for
another kiss)
Why?

VARINIA
(evading this second
kiss)
Because I'm pregnant, that's why!
I'm going to have a baby! Now let
me down!

262-E ANOTHER ANGLE - SPARTACUS

262-E

For a moment he simply stares at her, unable to speak, unable even to think. Then, very slowly, as if she were unbelievably

CONTINUED

262-E CONTINUED

262-E

fragile, he sets her onto the ground.

SPARTACUS

(awed, apologetic voice)

Oh, I'm sorry, Varinia. You should
---you should tell people. A thing
like that. Did I hurt you?

Varinia is pleased with the cowed look she has produced in place
of his insolent, confident laughter. She decides to forgive
him. But slowly.

VARINIA

Well---a little bit. You probably
bruised me. But I don't think
it was enough to hurt the baby.

SPARTACUS

(shaken)

Well I---I sure hope not.

VARINIA

(still teasing him)

Why don't you---kiss me, or some-
thing? This is the first time
I---I was ever going to have a baby.

SPARTACUS

(huskily, nodding
placatingly)

Sure.

He approaches her as carefully as if she would crumble at touch.
Delicately one hand touches each of her shoulders. Gently he
brushes his lips against her's. Then he releases her. She still
stands, clutching her sheet about her. This kiss was simply
disgusting. She is alarmed lest its sort characterize her
entire pregnancy. She glances at his poncho---her glance
directing his attention to it.

VARINIA

Let me in.

He looks down at his poncho, then at her. He smiles, lifts the
poncho high, drapes it over her so that its throatline encircles
both their throats, and they are both protected by the common
garment.

VARINIA

(looking up into
his face soberly)

You don't kiss hard enough, Spartacus.

CONTINUED

262-E CONTINUED

262-E

VARINIA (Cont'd)
 (almost with fear)
 I won't break. I'm the same as I
 always was.
 (her lips at his)
 Kiss me like this---

He gladly surrenders to her wishes.

DISSOLVE TO

263 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - FULL SHOT - VANGUARD OF THE SLAVE ARMY - 263
 DAY

Spartacus and his leaders, mounted, ride from the MONTAGE toward the camera, pennons flying, vanguard of a victorious army.

263-A ANOTHER ANGLE - BAGGAGE WAGONS 263-A

Pass by camera, loaded with supplies, arms; loaded also with women, and particularly with children. CAMERA TRUCKS with:

263-B WAGON - FAVORING VARINIA 263-B

She is among the women and children riding atop the cargo. She is visibly pregnant.

263-C SPARTACUS AND LEADERS 263-C

Faint o.s. SHOUTS, CRIES. They slacken their pace, shade their eyes against the sunlight, look OFF to:

264 REVERSE ANGLE - THE HIGHWAY BEFORE THEM - A RABBLE OF ESCAPED 264
 SLAVES - FROM SPARTACUS' POINT OF VIEW

A thin, scraggly line of men and women of all ages, and of children. They have caught sight of the advancing slave army, and are running toward it, almost dancing toward it, waving their arms, calling out their delight.

THEIR VOICES
 (from a considerable
 distance)

Spartacus!
 Spartacus!
 Spartacus!

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106-B
thru
106-L

264 CONTINUED

264

Nothing but that one magic word, rising and dying away as the wind shifts, and the slaves sweep forward. SUPERIMPOSED OVER SCENE:

M E T A P O N T U M

DISSOLVE TO

264-A LONG SHOT - DAY - A COVE BY THE HARBOR OF BRUNDISIUM

264-A

The sea is filled with pirate ships anchored a few hundred yards from the shore. There are approximately four hundred ships in sight. (MATTE SHOT)

On the beach, a group of Cilician pirates may be seen in various activities, which include the launching of two or three long-boats. Into the shot RIDES Antoninus. He stops for a moment, taking in the sight of the ships; then gallops down toward the group of pirates.

DISSOLVE TO

265 INT. FOYER - PUBLIC BATHS - DAY - JULIUS CAESAR

He wears a uniform we have seen only once before -- when a similar one was worn by Varinius Glabrus. It is the uniform of the Commander of the Garrison of Rome, prominently displaying the insignia of that high office. The foyer is a handsome marble enclosure, leading to the main area of the baths beyond. There is a bustle of arrival and departure. Caesar, nodding left and right to occasional greetings, passes through the colonnade beyond, into:

266 INT. THE APODYTERIA - (DRESSING ROOMS) - DAY - FULL SHOT 266

The room is filled with patrons and slaves. Caesar passes to the nearest bench, sits down. Instantly a slave appears, begins to relieve him of his boots. Others in the scene are in various stages of being undressed, or being dressed again. Their nudity is swathed in fine white towels. There is a BUZZ of conversation, for the baths are like a men's club, where politics, business and gossip dominate. A dignified man in his middle years instantly approaches Caesar. Two or three others join in, eager to hear what the commander of the Roman Garrison may have to report. During the course of this scene, slaves disrobe Caesar, and drape him with sheet or towel. In SCENE: Laelius Symmachus, Metallius.

METALLIUS

(with a certain urgency)

Are there any reports on Metapontum?

CAESAR

(nodding gravely)

Heralds are crying the news now. We lost 19,000 dead. Including Commodius and all his officers.

Audible MURMURS from the group; Polybius stares at Caesar with stunned, hopeless eyes.

METALLIUS

(toneless)

Dead . . . !

Polybius starts blindly to turn away.

METALLIUS

(somewhat choked)

With your permission.

First Roman notes for the first time the other man's obvious distress.

SYMMACHUS

(gravely)

My dear Metallius -- you have estates in Metapontum?

CONTINUED

266 CONTINUED

Metallius turns slowly, draws to his full height, shakes his head slowly.

METALLIUS

Only a son with Commodius.
(short bow)

Good day.

He turns once more away from them, passes FROM SCENE. The others regard his departure gravely, sympathetically.

LAELIUS

(indignantly)

We take five years to train a legion.
How can this slave train an army in
seven months? There's something wrong.
Something very wrong. There should be
an investigation.

CAESAR

(wryly)

Ah, yes. By all means an investigation.

SYMMACHUS

Where is Spartacus now?

CAESAR

He's reached the Calabrian seaport of
Brundisium.

CRASSUS

Good day.

They all turn to face Crassus, who regards them with cool amiability. His slim, muscular torso is bare. A towel secured around his waist extends down somewhat below his knees. He passes into their midst like the aristocrat he is -- cool, courteous, aloof. While they mutter their respectful greetings, Crassus gives a slight bow, turns and takes Caesar's arm.

CRASSUS

(a continuance of
his previous speech)

I need a moment of the commander's
time. Will you excuse us?

He assumes the affirmations they instantly give. He and Caesar move OFF together, Crassus' arm still on the younger man's.

267 MED. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - WITH CAESAR AND CRASSUS

267

They cross the width of the apodyteria, through an archway, and into the tepidarium beyond.

CONTINUED

267 CONTINUED

267

CRASSUS

(casually)

Let's have a stroll in the tepidarium. Private conversations should always be conducted in the most public fashion.

268 INT. THE TEPIDARIUM - DAY - FULL SHOT

268

This is broad, richly decorated marble gallery, decorated with mosaics and statuary, fully equipped with upholstered marble benches, floor mats, small serving tables, etc. Through exits in all four directions one may go to the cold plunge, the warm plunge, the hot baths, or the steam and massage rooms. Clustered in groups all through the expansive apartment are Roman dignitaries in various stages of undress, attended by wine-bearers, masseurs, etc. Crassus and Caesar ENTER the tepidarium together, move side by side into the central promenade.

59 MED. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - CRASSUS AND CAESAR

269

Crassus, who has great reserves of personal charm, who can be as warm in his relations with others as he can be chill and aloof, chooses at this moment to turn his better side to the younger man.

CRASSUS

I'm told you've taken a house in the fourth ward.

CAESAR

(wryly)

Not too pleasant a house, either.

CRASSUS

And feasted 11,000 plebians in the Field of Mars.

CAESAR

It was scarcely a feast.

CRASSUS

For two hundred years your family and mine have been of the equestrian order and the patrician party -- servants and rulers of Rome. Why have you left us for Gracchus and the mob?

CAESAR

I've left no one. And least of all Rome. This much I've learned from Gracchus: Rome is the mob.

CONTINUED

CRASSUS

(quietly)

No. Rome is an eternal thought in the mind of God.

CAESAR

(startled glance)

I didn't know you'd grown religious.

CRASSUS

It doesn't matter. If there were no gods at all I'd revere them. If there were no Rome, I'd dream of her. As I want you to do.

(simply)

I want you to come back to your own kind. I beg you to.

CAESAR

Is it me you want, or the Garrison?

CRASSUS

Both.

CAESAR

Gracchus is my friend. I'll not betray him.

CRASSUS

Which is worse -- to betray a friend, or to betray Rome?

CAESAR

I face no such choice.

CRASSUS

You will. Sooner than you think.

(impatiently)

Tell me frankly --- if you were I, would you take the field against Spartacus?

CAESAR

Of course.

CRASSUS

But why?

CAESAR

To save Rome.

CRASSUS

Ah, Caesar --- but which Rome?

CONTINUED

269 CONTINUED - 2

269

CRASSUS (Cont'd)

Theirs --- or mine?
(here lies his
heart)

In our fathers' time the values of
Rome blazed like comet-fire through
the darkness of a barbarian world.
The poorest Roman citizen stood
equal in dignity to any king. Now,
we cherish drunkenness above philos-
ophy -- gluttony above perception
-- riches above honor.

GRACCHUS' VOICE

(o.s., heartily)
Good afternoon, Crassus! I've been
looking for you all day.

CRASSUS

(under breath)
Your new master.

They turn, move toward:

270

ANOTHER ANGLE - GRACCHUS AND GROUP - CAESAR AND CRASSUS
ENTERING

270

Gracchus lies on his back on a low bench, his head propped by
pillows, his middle-parts covered with a snowy white sheet.

CONTINUED

270 CONTINUED

270

Beside him is a tray with wine and grapes. He has a glass in his hand. He looks rosy and cheerful. Crassus and Cassar arrive before him.

CRASSUS

You should take better care of yourself. You're growing stout.

GRACCHUS

You're blind if this is the first time you've noticed it. Sit down. Have some wine.

Crassus and Cassar seat themselves. Cassar, sitting in on a battle between Titans, contented himself with listening. His dark, intelligent eyes follow every faint and counter-thrust of the exchange.

GRACCHUS

The senate's been in session all day over this business of Spectatus. We've got eight legions ready to march against him, and no one to lead them.

CRASSUS

Deplorable.

GRACCHUS

Who'd have thought eight or nine defeats in a row would spoil the health of so many generals? The minute you offer them command they start wheezing like winded mules.

CRASSUS

I've seen such epidemics before.

GRACCHUS

How's your health?

CRASSUS

Excellent. Which means, I presume, that the senate now offers command of the legions to me.

GRACCHUS

You've been expecting it.

CRASSUS

[thoughtfully]

Naturally. But have you thought what my services may cost.

GRACCHUS

We buy everything else these days. There's no reason we shouldn't be charged for patriotism. What's your fee?

CONTINUED

270 CONTINUED - 2

270

Crassus is utterly untouched by the insult, gives no reaction to it.

CRASSUS

My election as consul, command of all Italian legions, and abolition of senatorial authority over the courts.

Gracchus casts a keen glance at Caesar, almost a triumphant one; then peers across to Crassus. He chuckles.

GRACCHUS

Dictatorship.

CRASSUS

Order.

(he rises)

Let me know if the terms are acceptable.

GRACCHUS

I can tell you now. They're un-acceptable.

CRASSUS

For the present. Times change, generally for the worse. And so does the Senate. On that day I shall be ready. (X)

(bows to Caesar)

Convey my respects to your wife. (X)

CAESAR

She'll receive them with pleasure.

Crassus EXITS. Both men stare after him, Gracchus with a certain shrewd amusement, Caesar frowning heavily.

CAESAR

(thoughtfully)

He's right, you know. Unless something's done about Spartacus, the Senate will change. And so will the people.

GRACCHUS

Then Crassus will move in and save Rome from the slave army by assuming dictatorship. But that, like everything else, depends on which way Spartacus jumps. Right now he's trying to get out of Italy. If he succeeds, the crisis is over, and Crassus may stay in retirement indefinitely. But if he doesn't

CONTINUED

GRACCHUS (Cont'd)
succeed, the situation leaves him only one further choice. He has to take the terrible gamble of marching on Rome herself.

CAESAR
Giving Crassus his chance.

GRACCHUS
Well -- to deny him that chance, I've arranged for Spartacus to escape.

CAESAR
(startled)
How?

GRACCHUS
I made a little deal with the Silician pirates. I've assured them privately that we'll not interfere if they transport Spartacus and his slaves out of Italy.

For a long moment Caesar stares at him in shocked silence. Gracchus watches the reaction with wry amusement.

CAESAR
(involuntary revulsion)
So now we begin to deal with pirates. We bargain with criminals.

GRACCHUS
No need to get stiff-necked about it. Politics is a practical profession. If a criminal's got what you want, you do business with him.

DISSOLVE TO

271 BRIEF MARCHING MONTAGE

271

Merely to establish the continued movement of the slave army.

DISSOLVE TO

271-A VANGUARD - SPARTACUS, CRIXUS, DAVID, DIONYSIUS, OTHERS -
DAY - RIDING INTO CAMERA

271-A

They halt, look off and down, their faces full of triumph and excitement. Crixus turns in his saddle, SHOUTS to those behind.

CONTINUED

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271-A CONTINUED

271-A

CRIXUS

The sea! The sea!

The cry is taken up instantly, welling louder and louder. The advance guards flow past their leaders and camera.

271-B REVERSE ANGLE - FROM ATOP OF HILL DOWN TO SEA - DAY - LEADERS' POV

271-B

The sea, sparkling white and blue in brilliant sunshine, lapping a narrow beach at the base of the hill.

O.S. SHOUTS

The sea! The sea! The SEA!

271-C FROM BEACH TO TOP OF HILL - DAY - FULL WIDE ANGLE

271-C

Spartacus and his leaders, mounted, are silhouetted against the top of the hill. The advance group, laughing and shouting, pour down the soft breast of the hill, spilling across the narrow beach, rushing waist-deep into the sea which is the road to freedom, the road to home for them all. Spartacus and his leaders remain at the top of the hill, observing and sharing the wild emotions of the moment. Everything is in tumult, everything in action; men embrace each other in their joy.

271-D MED. FULL SHOT - LEADERS AT TOP OF HILL

271-D

They are gazing at the scene and at the surrounding countryside with the thoughtfulness of men whose responsibilities don't permit a moment of relaxation.

DIONYSIUS

(pointing)

Brundisium's in that direction?

SPARTACUS

(looking off,
nodding)

About twelve miles. The garrison has run away, and we control all the back country.

CRIXUS

In two weeks we'll all be aboard ship!

CONTINUED

(X)

271-D CONTINUED

271-D

DIONYSIUS

I'd like to see Crassus' face when
he gets the news we're here!

DAVID

He hasn't even reached Luceria yet.
We're a full month ahead of him!

Spartacus nods with satisfaction, turns to a subordinate.

SPARTACUS

Take word to the rear. Tell all
units we camp by the sea tonight.

CONTINUED

271-D CONTINUED

271-D

The messenger rides OUT of scene.

DISSOLVE TO

272 CENTRAL AREA - SLAVE ENCAMPMENT - ON THE BEACH - EVENING - 272
WIDE ANGLE

Amidst the tents and campfires, the slaves, for the first time since their great adventure began, are in a state of complete security, exhilaration and relaxation. They've reached the sea, accomplished the impossible, and soon they will take ship for homelands and freedom. There is no sense of organization to the general rejoicing; everything is spontaneous, everything is different. Here and there men and women, or boys and girls, may be seen strolling, arm in arm, or lying before campfires in each other's arms. Younger children scamper about at their games, their SHOUTS and LAUGHTER indulged by their elders. Here a father lies on his back, holding a year-old infant high in his arms, laughing at the child's antics. Some are feasting, some are drinking. In b.g. a figure riding on horseback can be seen approaching. CAMERA FOLLOWS figure as it rides toward command tent.

272-A INT. SPARTACUS' TENT - NIGHT

272-A

Twenty leaders are present along with Varinia and certain of the women. Wine is being passed, and the atmosphere is one of joviality and relaxation. From outside come the jubilant SOUNDS of the slave community rejoicing. CAMERA PANS AROUND tent and PICKS UP the following group ad libs.

AD LIBS

My village is in Thessaly. I'll open up a blacksmith's forge, and get rich.

You can get to Bythinia from the sea, can't you?

You can get anywhere by sea!

I had a wife. She was young and round as a peach. Now I may see her again.

And she'll be old and shriveled as a fig.

A farm. That's all I want. Just a piece of land and a few goats. I don't care how big it is, just so it's mine.

CONTINUED

272-A CONTINUED

272-A

ONE MAN

(scoffingly)

You killed sixteen Romans! How?

SECOND MAN

He talked them to death!

A LEADER

(he has a
bowl of stew)

Why is it that every time I eat
stew I think of Marcellus?

SECOND LEADER

(in chuckling
agreement)

We fixed him up with everything
but salt and pepper.

THIRD

If we could only have got Eatiatus
in the other pot!

ANOTHER

(pensively)

You know who I wish could have
been here today?

RESPONDENT

Who?

FIRST ONE

(quietly)

Draba.

CRIXUS

Wait till you see Cypress standing
up out of the sea all covered with
vineyards. Best wine in the world!

DAVID

For wine you have to go to
Acquitania. Sweetest grapes on
earth.

ANOTHER LEADER

Sweet grapes make the worst wine.
Come to Lybia if you want wine!

CONTINUED

DIONYSIUS

The best wine comes from Greece, and
always has. Everybody knows that.
Even the Romans.

AD LIBS

No, no, the best wine comes from
Dalmatia.

Gaul!
Numidia!
Mauretania!
Pannonia!
Syria!

SPARTACUS

(laughing, shouts
over the mob)

You're all wrong! The best wine
comes from home, wherever it is!

Antoninus ENTERS. There is a general UPROAR of greeting.

AD LIBS

Antoninus!
Sit down! Have a drink!
He looks like he'd come from a funeral.
Come over here, Antoninus, see if you
can play that trick with my eggs.

SPARTACUS

Well, Antoninus -- how many ships
have we got?

ANTONINUS

We have no ships.

There is a moment of near silence while they gaze at him per-
plexedly, incredulously. Then one or two burst into uneasy
laughs. But Crixus isn't laughing; he goes up to Antoninus,
grasps his shoulder -- hard.

CRIXUS

All right, let's get the jokes
over with. How many ships are
waiting for us at Brundisium?

ANTONINUS

Pompey is landing at Brundisium in
a few days with the army of Spain.
The pirates took their ships back
to Cilicia.

CONTINUED

*Went
to Be with
Mark with
man*

272-A CONTINUED - 2

There is a long moment of thunderstruck silence.

CRIXUS
Then we've marched half the length
of Italy for nothing!

DIONYSIUS
(to Crixus)
What would you have had us do?
Stand still at Vesuvius?

ANOTHER LEADER
Let's build our own ships!

DIONYSIUS
Do you think the Romans will sit
back and wait? We can beat Pompey.
Let's take his ships.

Handwritten: thing
never x

273 FULL SHOT - THE GROUP

273

DAVID
We couldn't sail the ships if we
took them. For that we'd need
sailors.

ANTONINUS
And we might not beat Pompey.
There's no point in fighting a battle
we can't gain anything from.

ANOTHER LEADER
What else can we do?

SPARTACUS
(with decision)
Since they won't let us escape from
Italy - there's only one thing we
can do.

CRIXUS
March on Rome!

SPARTACUS
(faint smile)
Yes, Crixus - Rome.

DIONYSIUS
Where's Crassus and his army?

SPARTACUS
(indicating on map)
Marching south. As soon as he
lands Pompey will march north.

Handwritten: Continuity

CONTINUED

DAVID

We'll be caught between them.

SPARTACUS

If we turn north and smash Crassus before Pompey catches up to us from the rear, Rome is ours. And we'll end this war the only way it ever could have ended -- by freeing every slave in Italy.

CRIXUS

When do we march?

SPARTACUS

Tonight.

There is a moment of silence.

DAVID

(gestures toward
the outside SOUNDS
of jubilation)

Listen to them out there. What will we tell them?

SPARTACUS

Tell them we've smashed nine Roman armies in a row, there's no reason why we can't smash the tenth. Just tell them the truth. Explain to them we haven't any other choice.

One by one they all file OUT. Spartacus and Varinia are left alone. SOUNDS of jubilation continue from o.s. For a moment they gaze across at each other in silence.

SPARTACUS

It'll be hard on you -- travelling and the baby so near.

VARINIA

This child of ours is used to travelling.

SPARTACUS

No pains yet?

VARINIA

No. He's a bad child, though. He doubles up his fist and hits me. I can feel him do it.

CONTINUED

SPARTACUS

He wants to see his mother. Can you blame him?

VARINIA

(firmly)

He can wait. I'll not let him out till we get to Rome.

The SOUNDS of jubilation outside are fainting away, as news about the ships spreads among the community. Varinia comes to a sitting position.

VARINIA

They've never beaten us yet.

SPARTACUS

No, but something's happening to us, Varinia. No matter how many times we beat them -- still they'll have another army to send against us. And another. They're too many, and we're too few. And so... next month or next year...it ends.

VARINIA

If it ends tomorrow it was worth it.

SPARTACUS

If they all die? I gave the orders, Varinia! I'm the one who brought them here! How can I be sure I was right?

VARINIA

You have to go to the very end. All of us have to. We want to.

SPARTACUS

I feel so lonely.

Her eyes widen. A look of infinite pity comes to her face. With both arms she draws his head downward to her breast, as if he were a child, and she his comforter. After his brief instant of surrender to the warmth of her sympathy and love, he jerks his head away from her embrace.

CONTINUED

273 CONTINUED - 3

273

SPARTACUS

Don't make me weak!

VARINIA

You're strong enough to be weak.

SPARTACUS

Varinia -- I love you more than my life -- but, if anything should happen to me -- and if you and the baby stay alive -- tell him the truth about what we did. There'll be plenty of others to tell him lies.

VARINIA

I'll tell him the truth. Always and always I'll tell it to him. But Spartacus -- I don't want to stay alive without you. If I have to -- part of me will be dead.

SPARTACUS

And part of me will be alive. Stay alive for me, Varinia!

DISSOLVE TO

273-A
thru B OMITTED

273-A
thru E

274 EXT. SENATE BUILDING - DAY - FULL SHOT

274

The steps are crowded with pale, silent, fearful citizens, all staring upward toward the ominously locked doors of the senate.

275 FULL SHOT - THE DCORS AND THEIR FACING PLATFORM

275

Soldiers are lined to keep the pack of citizens off the platform. Four guards at attention stand in front of the doors. There is a sudden stir as, very slowly, each in its own turn, the doors swing inward, revealing darkness beyond in contrast to the dazzle of the outside sunshine reflected against white marble. A MURMUR arises from the crowd. Then a Herald of the Senate APPEARS. Trumpets on his either side call for silence -- and receive it instantly.

276 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ON SENATE HERALD
TRUMPETS cease.

276

HERALD

(calling it out)

By order of the Senate: be it known
that we have this day elected Marcus
Licinius Crassus First Consul of the
Republic and Commander-in-Chief of
the armies of Rome!

Tremendous ROAR goes up as Herald bows, vanishes into the
dark oblong of the doorway.

277 FULL SHOT - SENATE DOORS AND TOP PLATFORM

277

Trumpeters line up splendidly on both sides of the doors and across the platform. As they deliver their first BLAST, Crassus APPEARS in the doorway, surrounded by an honor guard of senators, amongst whom may be seen Gracchus and Caesar. PANDEMONIUM from the o.s. crowd. Crassus pauses, looks calmly over the crowd, lifts his hand.

278 ANOTHER ANGLE - CRASSUS AND CROWD

278

The instant his hand is lifted, the crowd stands silent. He speaks calmly amidst the profound stillness.

CRASSUS

I promise you a new Rome, a new Italy, a new empire. I promise the destruction of the slave army and the restoration of order throughout our territories. I promise the living body of Spartacus for such punishment as you deem fit. That --- or his head. This I vow by the bones of all my forefathers. This I have sworn in the temple of my fathers.

He inclines his head slightly, indicating termination of his address. A TREMENDOUS OVATION ensues. Crassus crosses the platform, and, behind a wedge of guards, starts to penetrate the dense mass of citizenry that crowds the steps.

279 ANOTHER ANGLE - TOWARD CRASSUS - IN CROWD

279

Despite the sturdy efforts of his soldier-wedge, he is jostled by the pressing throng which celebrates his ascension to power.

THE CROWD

Hail, Crassus!
Great Crassus!
Favorite of the gods!
Long live Crassus!
All power to Crassus!
Hail! Hail! Hail!

DISSOLVE TO

280
thru
283

OMITTED

(X) 280
thru
283

284 INT. GRACCHUS' HOUSE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - CAESAR AND
GRACCHUS

284
(X)

CAESAR

We've given Crassus everything he
asked for.

(X)

GRACCHUS

Except victory over the slaves.
That he must arrange for himself.
This Spartacus has a certain talent
when it comes to handling an army.

CAESAR

(the true patrician)

He's a slave and he thinks like a
slave. He's won with numbers, not
talent.

Gracchus casts at him a glance of veiled contempt.

GRACCHUS

Call it luck. He's developed such
a bad habit of winning that Crassus
may not be able to cure him of it.

CAESAR

(grimly)

Then we'll be fighting slaves in
the streets of Rome.

GRACCHUS

Not at all. If Spartacus wins
I'll ask the senate to emancipate
his entire army.

CAESAR

(instantly)

The senate will never treat with
slaves!

GRACCHUS

If the slaves win, the senate may
have to. Once emancipated they
won't be slaves anyhow. They'll
be free men.

CAESAR

And finally -- citizens, I presume?

CONTINUED

284 CONTINUED

284

GRACCHUS

Yes. One can presume that.
Spartacus has the best army on
earth. I'd much rather it fought
for the Republic than against her.

CAESAR

(quietly)

You want these slave to win.

GRACCHUS

I want the Republic to survive.
In my opinion it can't survive if
Crassus comes to power. You're still
young. Later on you'll learn to
accept the truth even when it's
ugly -- and it generally is.

DISSOLVE TO

285 OMITTED

285

286 INT. CRASSUS' TENT

286
(X)

CRASSUS

Having, as I hope, struck a note
of caution in your hearts, I ask
you now to return to your commands.

OFFICER

Allow us to pledge you the most
glorious triumph of your career.

CRASSUS

I'm not after glory, I'm after
Spartacus. And gentlemen --- I
mean to have him. However, the
object of this campaign is not
alone to kill Spartacus ---it is
to kill the legend of Spartacus
as well. New battle orders will
reach you within the hour. Only
now and only if we make no mistakes
-- do I look forward to this battle
with a certain confidence.

(bow)

You may go, gentlemen.

287 OMITTED

287

288 MED. CLOSE SHOT ON CRASSUS

288

He observes their departure for an instant. Then he resumes his seat, and begins at once to run through his maps and orders.

ORDERLY'S VOICE

The lanista, your excellency?

CRASSUS

Admit him.

289 ANOTHER ANGLE - CRASSUS AT TABLE - ORDERLY AT ENTRANCE -
BATIATUS ENTERS

289
(X)

A swift spasm of disgust passes across Crassus' face.

Crassus leans back in his chair, touches the fingertips of his two hands, and stares thoughtfully ahead as Batiatus ENTERS. The lanista is travel-worn and shabby, but filled, as always with the urgent joy of self-abasement. He moves swiftly toward Crassus, bobbing and bowing like a cork on troubled waters.

BATIATUS

Most blessed Excellency! The moment the message arrived I cast aside the most urgent personal matters and hastened into your distinguished presence.

CRASSUS

(studying him coldly)

I am glad you could find the time.
Sit down.

Crassus smiles, nods his head ruefully.

BATIATUS

(seating himself)

How gracious!

CRASSUS

I wish you to give me a physical description of Spartacus.

BATIATUS

(startled)

Spartacus? You saw him in the ring the day you visited my school with those charming ladies. I trust they are in good health. They selected him to fight against Draba the Negro.

CONTINUED

CRASSUS

I remember the Negro.

BATIATUS

Who had cause to, if I may say so,
your holiness. A brilliant dagger
stroke from a most difficult angle.

CRASSUS

And yet, I cannot visualize Spartacus.
How many, many times that must have
happened before in history. The man
and the moment -- both at hand --
and no one with the wits to see it.
What does Spartacus look like?

BATIATUS

Is that a matter of some importance
to your blessedness?

CRASSUS

It is a matter of importance to
every man who loves Rome and wishes
to see her strong.

BATIATUS

We are both patriots, your honor,
even if you are a great one and I,
most modest in size. We both believe
in Roman fair play. Since you wish
something from me, I would be untrue
to my convictions if I did not admit
that I want something from you.

CRASSUS

(dryly)

Name it.

BATIATUS

If -- when -- you win the battle to-
morrow such slaves as survive will
no doubt be auctioned off to pay for
the expenses of this heroic expedition.
Could not the agent for their sale, be
he who shares this tiny moment of
history with your holiness?

CRASSUS

I appoint you agent for the sale of
all survivors. In return you will
remain here until after the battle,
and aid me in identifying Spartacus.

CONTINUED

289 CONTINUED - 2

289
(X)

BATIATUS

(with quick alarm)

After the battle?

(as Crassus nods)

What if the unexpected occurs?

CRASSUS

Have no fear on that account.

BATIATUS

(hastily)

None, none. None at all, in fact. Still I feel bound to remind your honor that I am a civilian. More a civilian than most civilians. I could take a room in a neighboring village --

CRASSUS

(sternly)

Sit down! You remain with us until we have Spartacus.

BATIATUS

It's inhuman, your excellency. You are asking me to have no faith in my own training methods. I am a theorist, sir, not a practical man of war. I like to see history unravel from afar -- you get a far more objective viewpoint.

CRASSUS

Tomorrow you will pass through the battlefield and identify Spartacus for me.

BATIATUS

I see. But my dear, all-conquering Marcus Licinius Crassus -- what if it be Spartacus who passes through the battlefield searching for you?

CRASSUS

(a smile)

In such circumstances, I have no doubt you will be helping him.

(calls out)

Guard APPEARS instantly.

CONTINUED

CRASSUS

This fellow stays with us till the battle is over. Take him away.

GUARD

Yes, sir.

The Guard puts his hand on Batiatus' arm. Batiatus' lips tremble, he sets up a soft blubbering. Batiatus is lifted from his chair, and with the guards fierce grip on his biceps, is started out of the room.

BATIATUS

(as he goes)

Pray for us, your worship! Put not your faith in strategy but in prayer -- not just to Mars, but Venus, Jupiter, Vulcan, the lot. Risk offending none of them.

He is thrust by his guard through the doorway, abruptly terminating his lamentations.

DISSOLVE TO

Note - 7/28/59

132
thru
141

NOTE

290
thru
318

OMITTED

THESE PAGES AND SCENES WILL BE REPLACED
WITH THE BATTLE SEQUENCE WHICH IS FORTH-
COMING.

319 FULL WIDE ANGLE SHOT - THE BATTLEFIELD

319

Utter silence. A nightmare landscape of dead animals, dead men, dead women, thousands upon thousands of them, extending as far as the eye can see in this dim light -- the field of death, silent, lost, breathless. Although historians differ on the number of slave and Roman dead at the Battle of the Silarus River, it seems clear that between fifty and a hundred thousand lay on the battlefield. It is a field of death, extending as far as the CAMERAS eye can penetrate.

Amidst the awesome litter of war we observe smashed baggage-wagons, tattered remnants of tents, shattered arms and shields. The arms and legs of dead horses, mules, men, women, children, convulsively up-thrust like columns of cacti against the low horizon, impart a grotesque sense of unreality. It seems that no breathing thing can possibly exist in this land of death, nor hear amidst this silence. Abandoned by the world, lost and forever forgotten, frozen in the positions at which death found them, the vanquished have at last achieved their dream of freedom and of peace.

In the immediate foreground a slave soldier sits erect, his head bowed forward as if in prayer. The shifting balance inside his congealing body causes him abruptly to topple over sidewise with a shocking THUMP. At this moment our CAMERA begins to TRUCK FORWARD. We see the body of David the Jew, transfixed by a spear through his chest. CAMERA MOVES FASTER -- then more and more swiftly, giving us the impression of passing upstream through a swift-flowing river of corpses.

SOUND of a GROUP walking o.s. CAMERA PAUSES, seems almost to listen, then swiftly SWIVELS TO:

320 CRASSUS AND STAFF OFFICERS - INSPECTING THE BATTLEFIELD - 320
LONG SHOT

They move through the dead, talking softly amongst themselves.

321 MED. TRUCKING SHOT - FAVORING CRASSUS 321

His face is expressionless, utterly contemptuous, as he regards the endless panorama of death. This is, after all, a professional matter, a clinical matter. He is scientifically interested. While he inspects, he attends to other details of his profession.

CRASSUS

Has an estimate been made of the dead?

CONTINUED

321 CONTINUED

321

OFFICER

Over sixty thousand. It may reach seventy. The greatest victory of your career.

CRASSUS

Ummmm.

They have now entered an area which contains many bodies of women. Crassus looks at them.

CRASSUS

Women.....animals.

CAMERA CONTINUES TRUCKING BRIEFLY with him. We may, at this point, observe in b.g. (but not identify) Batiatus, back to camera and under guard, bending over corpses in his task of identification. Crassus suddenly comes up short as his shocked eyes behold:

322 MED. CLOSE SHOT - BODIES OF SLAVE BOY AND SLAVE GIRL

322

This is the couple whose first night of love we saw in the slave encampment after the break-out; whom we saw married last night. They are now in the same position against the earth in which we saw them in the slave encampment. They have both been skewered by the same pilum. Their position against the earth's bed in not one to suggest an embrace consciously achieved. The posture of their bodies does suggest, however, the desire of each to shield the other from harm. The boy's face is eternally frozen in a grimace of exertion and hatred. The girl's white face, glowing in the morning sun, suggests a different emotion. Her forehead is knotted in a frown, as if the sharp pain of death has surprised her; yet upon her lips there still lingers the memory of a smile, as if she had known happiness in life and still remembers it.

323 CLOSE ON CRASSUS

323

staring down at the dead lovers. In b.g. we see officers exchanging puzzled glances. They perceive nothing extraordinary in the sight that compels their general's most painful attention. Crassus, however, senses in this dead couple a menace, a power, a threat, that suddenly makes his victory taste like ashes.

CRASSUS

(quietly)

Horrible.

CONTINUED

CRASSUS (cont'd)

(to officers)

I've never seen a sight like this on a battlefield.

(glances at bodies again)

It's rather -- remarkable.

(to officers)

Observe them well and remember them.

If this can be called love, and if it is permitted to thrive among slaves, I can think of nothing more dangerous to the state.

(pauses -- then, impatiently)

Nothing about this battle pleases me!

(starts out again, pauses, turns to them)

How many prisoners were taken?

OFFICER

(X)

Between two and three thousand thus far. We are still bringing them in. They're in quite bad condition.

CRASSUS

(X)

Their condition doesn't matter. I am going to crucify them anyhow.

OFFICER

All of them, sir?

CRASSUS

All of them. I'm going to make certain nothing like this --

(indicates whole battlefield)

-- ever again mars the history of Rome.

OFFICER

(X)

Yes, sir.

CONTINUED

323 CONTINUED - 2

323
(X)

Batiatus, who has heard in b.g. the sentence of crucifixion, now rushes up to Crassus, followed by his guard.

BATIATUS

(agitatedly)

Your excellency! Forgive me for being one of the last to congratulate you. Did I hear you say you were going to crucify your prisoners?

CRASSUS

(to guard; ignoring him)

Where was this hero last night?

GUARD

Hiding in a wine barrel, wearing the skirts of a camp-follower.

BATIATUS

(teeth chattering)

A most unfortunate lapse, your serenity, brought on by a nervous affliction that's made my life miserable since childhood!

CRASSUS

What affliction?

BATIATUS

Why---c-c-cowardice, your grace!
A --- a certain tendency to----
to avoid skin punctures!
(urgently)

Did I hear you say you were going to crucify your prisoners?

CRASSUS

You did.

BATIATUS

But last night you assured me I could be your agent in auctioning them off! I have your word for it.

CRASSUS

You promised me Spartacus and have not delivered him. I promised you the survivors and there will be no survivors. Last night I did not know what I should encounter on this battlefield today. Now that I have seen it, all private agreements must yield before the stern necessities of the Roman State and people.

CONTINUED

323 CONTINUED - 3

323

BATIATUS

Who am I to say this but the Roman State rests not only on the stern necessities of war, but on a fabric of sound business ethics.

Suddenly the WAIL of an infant disturbs the morning air. The entire company freezes, looks off, while a subaltern darts OUT amongst the corpses toward the SOUND.

324 ANOTHER ANGLE - BATTLEFIELD

324
(X)

Subaltern ENTERS, preceding Crassus and others; he looks among the silent corpses. There is no evidence of life anywhere. Then, just as Crassus, Batiatus, etc. ENTER, CRY comes again. Subaltern whirls toward it, peers suspiciously at the body of a woman lying face down upon the earth, bends toward her.

SUBALTERN

(to Crassus)

Over here, sir. Playing dead.

Crassus and his group come up, stare down at:

325 MED. CLOSE SHOT - AMONG THE CORPSES - VARINIA AND HER BABY

325
(X)

Her position above the child, sheltering him from all view with her body, indicates that in the course of trying to escape, the approach of Romans has caused her to feign death.

CRASSUS' VOICE

(O.S., to subaltern)

Turn her over.

Subaltern does so. Now she is REVEALED to us as Varinia. Resigned, she begins to adjust her infant, preparatory to rising.

BATIATUS' VOICE

(as her face is revealed)

It's Varinia! The woman who ran away with Spartacus!

326 CLOSE ON CRASSUS - STARING DOWN

326
(X)

He, too, recognizes her; he gazes at her with the most profound interest.

CONTINUED

326 CONTINUED

326
(X)

CRASSUS

Yes, I remember.

Varinia has now risen; she faces him, holding her infant tight against her. Her eyes dart from face to face, as if ready to defend herself against one or all of them.

CRASSUS

Don't be afraid of me.

VARINIA

I'm not.

CRASSUS

You are the woman of Spartacus?

VARINIA

I am his wife. This is his son.

CRASSUS

And where is Spartacus?

A cold mask settles over her face.

VARINIA

Dead.

CRASSUS

(calmly, quietly)
You're lying. It shows in your eyes. Tell me the truth. Where is Spartacus?

VARINIA

Dead.

CRASSUS

Did you see him killed?

VARINIA

(pause)
Yes.

CRASSUS

Where?

There is a moment of silence. Varinia tugs the child closer to her breast.

VARINIA

Look where the Roman dead are piled highest.

CONTINUED

326 CONTINUED - 2

326

Crassus turns from her instantly.

(X)

CRASSUS

(to officer)

Convey this woman and her child to my house in Rome.

OFFICER

Yes, sir.

(takes her arm)

Come along.

Crassus' eyes remain on her retreating figure for a long moment after she has left the scene. Then he turns to an officer.

(X)

CRASSUS

How many females have we taken?

OFFICER

Under forty. Most of those that weren't killed ran away to the hills with the children.

BATIATUS

May I recall our bargain to your enormity? I'm commissioned to sell all survivors---and the woman and child have clearly survived. I have a market for them.

CRASSUS

You may sell the other women, but not this one.

BATIATUS

It's clear your beatitude hasn't inquired into the quality of his female prisoners. I have, unfortunately. Those that don't buckle with age are so ugly you can't look at them without blinking. No man could sell that collection of harpies!

CRASSUS

Do with them what you will. The woman and her child remain with me.

He strides off, Batiatus stumbling piteously after him.

DISSOLVE TO

327
and
328(X) 327
and
328

328-A ASSEMBLY POINT OF PRISONERS - DAY - FULL SHOT

328-A

The ragged survivors of the slave army, disarmed, many of them wounded, still dazed by the fury of battle and the trauma of defeat, stand, or sit, or lie on the ground. They are chained to each other. Guards pass among them. In b.g. other small gangs of exhausted prisoners are being rounded up, added to the main body. The attitude of all is one of despair, defeat, anguish, numbness.

328-B ANOTHER ANGLE - LOW HILL IN B.G. - CRASSUS AND MOUNTED OFFICERS

328-B

They are at the crest of the hill, gazing down at the huddled remnants of the slave army. Crassus turns to one of his officers, speaks. The officer salutes, turns his horse, centers down the hill toward the prisoners.

328-C ANOTHER ANGLE - PRISONERS - SPARTACUS AMONG THEM

328-C

He is sitting, staring at the ground between his knees. Those around him are slave-soldiers we have never seen before, the anonymous rank and file who have, by accident, found themselves among the prisoners. BUGLE sounds. Spartacus lifts his grim face toward:

328-D ANOTHER ANGLE - IN MIDST OF PRISONERS - THE MOUNTED OFFICER 328-D

A legionary has SOUNDED the bugle for silence. The surrounding prisoners look up dully at the splendidly uniformed symbol of Roman power.

OFFICER

I bring you a message from your master, Marcus Licinius Crassus, commander of Italy. The first man among you who identifies the gladiator called Spartacus, whether dead or alive, will be granted unconditional freedom.

328-E FLASH SHOT - ANTONINUS AMONG PRISONERS 328-E

He looks quickly from the mounted officer to:

328-F FLASH SHOT - SPARTACUS AMONG PRISONERS 328-F

A certain distance apart from Antoninus. Spartacus looks at Antoninus.

328-G MED. SHOT - THE MOUNTED OFFICER 328-G

He gazes slowly around among the prisoners. His face hardens as nothing but silence greets his offer.

OFFICER

Well --- speak up! Freedom's what you fought for, isn't it? Show me Spartacus and win it!

328-H SLOW PAN SHOT - AMONGST PRISONERS 328-H

These are the G.I. Joes of the slave army, the Mauldin run-of-the-mill average. They stare at the officer with eyes full of hatred. Suddenly one of them, meaty-faced and powerful, lacking an ear, blood covering one arm which dangles at his side, jumps up, shouts as if hurling a threat:

PRISONER

I'm Spartacus! Turn me loose!

Rising MURMUR among slave army.

328-I FLASH SHOT - A YOUTH AMONG THE PRISONERS 328-I

He leaps to his feet, points to his own chest.

CONTINUED

328-I CONTINUED

328-I

#2 PRISONER
He lies! I'm Spartacus! Let me
go free!

#3 PRISONER
(middle-aged man)
This one's a baby! I'm Spartacus!

328-J FULL SHOT - THE SLAVE PRISONERS

328-J

The infection of self-identification spreads through the slave ranks like a prairie fire. They rise by twos and threes and then by the score, each SHOUTING his own identification:

SLAVE PRISONERS
No, over here --- I'm Spartacus!
Me --- I'm Spartacus!
Here's Spartacus right here!
Look at the real Spartacus!
I'm Spartacus, set me free!

328-K FLASH SHOT - ANTONINUS

328-K

ANTONINUS
Here I am! Spartacus!

328-L FLASH SHOT - SPARTACUS

328-L

Looking at Antoninus, others, his eyes moving almost wildly from face to face, unable for the moment, to comprehend the full significance of what they are doing.

328-M MED. SHOT - THE OFFICER

328-M

Frozen in his saddle, his face suddenly drawn and pale with rage, he kicks his horse, wheels, starts at a gallop back toward the crest of the hill and the intent, watchful figure of Crassus who awaits him there.

328-N FULL SHOT - PRISONERS

328-N

Now wildly yelling, laughing, identifying themselves or others, slapping each other on the back, roaring their medley of identification.

PRISONERS
What makes you think you're Spartacus?
I'm Spartacus.

CONTINUED

328-N CONTINUED

328-N

PRISONERS (Cont'd)

No --- there's Spartacus over there!
No, no, I saw him killed! He's just
over the hill!
You saw somebody else -- I'm Spartacus!
So you are, so you are --- hail,
Spartacus!

328-O GROUP AROUND SPARTACUS

328-O

They have all joined in, each pointing to himself, or to somebody else. Spartacus remains sitting, understanding it now, dazed by it, tears in his eyes, tears of joy and an agony of joy on his face. Prisoner beside him thumps him lustily on the back.

PRISONER

Get up, Spartacus! You are Spartacus,
aren't you?

Spartacus looks up at him, chokes back the sob in his voice, nods as if aware of it for the first time.

SPARTACUS

Yes!

(he rises)

Me --- I'm Spartacus too! I'm
Spartacus!

(beginning to laugh
with those around him)

I am Spartacus!

328-P CREST OF HILL - CRASSUS

328-P

He looks down at the prisoners whose SHOUTS now fill the air.

328-Q REVERSE ANGLE - SLAVE PRISONERS

328-Q

SHOUTING, laughing, gesticulating. Officer of previous scene just reaching crest of hill.

328-R CLOSE ON CRASSUS

328-R

A shocked look in his face. Stiffly he turns away from the scene, rides out of CAMERA as officer follows.

DISSOLVE TO

329 EXT. CRASSUS' HEADQUARTERS - DAY

329

Present are Crassus and his staff; guards and other officers; Batiatus. A line of prisoners is in the scene, they are chained and manacled, bearded, their faces covered with filth and blood. Among them, Spartacus and Antoninus. Batiatus starts violently as he recognizes Spartacus. Spartacus, aware of the recognition, gives him a terrible glare of warning and hatred. Batiatus rushes to Crassus.

BATIATUS

(rushing up)

Perhaps we could make a bargain,
Your Holiness.

(drops voice so
Spartacus can't
overhear)

If I identify Spartacus, will you
give me the woman and her child?

CONTINUED

CRASSUS

I am no longer interested in Spartacus.
I want him dead and forgotten. I
want his name and his rebellion and
his defeat and his death erased from
the minds of men forever.

BATIATUS

(insinuatingly)

Are you that afraid of him great
Crassus?

CRASSUS

Flog this scoundrel out of camp!

Batiatus is seized, carried off shrieking. Crassus mounts his
horse.

BATIATUS

Curse you, Crassus! May your belly
be covered with boils!

CRASSUS

(to centurion)

Are your prisoners assembled and
ready to march?

CENTURION

Yes, sir!

CRASSUS

You will crucify them as you go,
one man each five hundred feet, the
full distance from here to the gates
of Rome.

CENTURION

Yes sir!

Crassus spots Antoninus.

CRASSUS

(to officer)

One moment.

Crassus crosses to Antoninus, stares at him with cold astonish-
ment.

CONTINUED

JG. #1888 - Changes 5/4/59

150
thru
150-C
329
(X)

329 CONTINUED

CRASSUS

I have a special punishment for
runaway slaves.

(to officer)

Save this one for last.

As Crassus starts to return to his Staff Officers, Spartacus,
beside Antoninus, gives an ugly laugh.

CRASSUS

(without glancing back)

...along with his friend.

CENTURION

Yes sir!

(to prisoners)

March! Get along, there! Step
out!

The prisoners start to shuffle off under command of the centurion
and soldiers. Crassus glances at them briefly, casually, then
wheels his horse and rides OFF.

330
thru
354

OMITTED

330
thru
354

355 OMITTED

355

356 DINING TERRACE - NIGHT - FULL SHOT - CRASSUS

356

A low marble table has been set with crystal silver and gold, pale linen, and serving plates heaped with delicacies. Candles float in a reflecting pool, and from somewhere in the blue twilight of the garden beyond, a lute TINKLES languorously.

Varinia ENTERS.

She stands tall as a princess, her face utterly composed, submitting herself to his inspection. She wears an exquisitely flowing embroidered cotton stola, caught up at the waist with a belt which is tied in front with an ornamental bow. The only decor on the stola is the gold braid that emphasizes its perpendicular lines. Over her shoulders she wears a pale yellow shawl, which she now pulls somewhat closely about her body, as if to spare it the glance of Crassus. Her face has been made up according to Roman fashion of the time: base powder, cheek and lip rouge, black carbon shading beneath her eyes, beaded lashes, arched brows. She wears a golden tiara in her hair, glistening with rubies. Sapphire earrings set off her lobes. Her wrists and ankles are circled by bracelets matching the collar in design and stones. On the little finger of each hand a ring of clustered diamonds has been placed. Her sandals are of gold.

Crassus, after a long inspection of her beauty, inclines his head.

CRASSUS

Come here.

She does. He touches the shawl.

CRASSUS

Why do you hide your dress?

(X)

Varinia removes shawl, tosses it aside.

CRASSUS

That's better. The embroidery alone took two years of a woman's life. You should respect the work of slaves and wear it proudly.

He takes from the table a massive and magnificent necklace, places it around her throat, stands back to admire the effect.

CONTINUED

CRASSUS

It once belonged to a queen of Persia.

VARINIA

It's heavy.

CRASSUS

In time it'll turn light as a feather.

(indicating table)

Please sit down.

Obediently she sits. Crassus takes a plate, begins to poke amongst the delicacies.

CRASSUS

Have some squab in honey?

(putting it on a plate)

You'll enjoy it. And a bit of pineapple.

(places it before her)

And wine, of course.

She remains perfectly passive while he serves the wine.

CRASSUS

(gently)

Eat.

Obediently she takes a bit of squab, pops it whole into her mouth, begins to masticate. Crassus, serving himself, watches her with amusement and a certain frustration.

CRASSUS

I didn't command you to eat, I invited you.

Varinia continues eating.

CRASSUS

Do you find that the richness of your surroundings makes conversation difficult?

VARINIA

Why am I here?

CRASSUS

A good question. I wish the answer could be as good, as honest. The infant? It thrives?

VARINIA

(nodding)

He thrives.

CONTINUED

CRASSUS

I purchased a wet-nurse for him today. Does her milk agree with him?

VARINIA

I sent her away. I suckle the child myself.

CRASSUS

I'm not sure I approve. It ties you to your old life, when you should be looking forward to the new.

VARINIA

I don't care about my new life here.

CRASSUS

But you would care if it came to that baby of yours! You would care if it meant the life of that child!

VARINIA

Why do you threaten me with my baby? I belong to you. My child belongs to you. Do you think that by threatening to kill my child, you make me love you?

CRASSUS

I didn't threaten to kill your child. I'm sorry, Varinia..

(pause)

One can't grieve forever.

VARINIA

I'm not grieving. I'm remembering.

CRASSUS

Do I interfere with your memories?

VARINIA

Oh no.

CRASSUS

(wryly amused)

You tread the ridge between truth and insult with the skill of a mountain goat. What do you remember about Spartacus?

Varinia thinks a moment.

CRASSUS

You don't mind discussing him?

CONTINUED

VARINIA

No.

CRASSUS

(quietly)

What sort of man was he really?

VARINIA

(thinking)

He was a man who---who began all alone like an animal. Yet on the day he died thousands and thousands would gladly have died in his place.

CRASSUS

What was he? Was he a god?

VARINIA

He wasn't a god. He was a simple man, a slave. I loved him.

(X)

CRASSUS

(violently)

He was an outlaw! A murderer! An enemy of everything fine and decent and good that Rome built. Damn you, tell me why did you love him?

VARINIA

I can't tell you - I can't tell you things you can never understand.

CRASSUS

Don't you see I want to understand
---I must understand.

Varinia, watching him, is puzzled for a moment. Then she begins to discern the heart of the matter. A smile that is almost mockery comes to her face.

VARINIA

(surprise in her voice)

Why you're afraid of him, aren't you? That's why you want his wife! Do sothe your fear by having something he had.

(shakes her head)

But when you're that afraid, nothing can help. Nothing. . .

He stiffens, turns, and EXITS swiftly from the room. Varinia watches him, her eyes wide with the surprise of her discovery, with the realization of her and Spartacus' victory.

DISSOLVE TO

356-A
thru-
356-B

OMITTED

356-A
thru
356-B

356-C

INT. GRACCHUS' HOUSE - DAY - GRACCHUS AND BATIATUS

356-C

A cold, suckling pig and wine and fruit have been brought for Batiatus, who, weather-stained and famished, as usual, addresses himself assiduously to his victuals, responding to his patron's conversation between bites.

BATIATUS

My back has more stripes than a zebra. Every time I touch my wounds, they sing like larks, but I don't complain. I found what had always evaded me before, with all my wealth.

GRACCHUS

And what is that?

BATIATUS

Don't laugh at me, but I believe it to be dignity.

CONTINUED

356-C CONTINUED

356-C

GRACCHUS

In Rome, dignity shortens life even more surely than disease. The Gods must be saving you for some great enterprise.

BATIATUS

You think so? Anybody who thinks I'll turn informer for nothing is a fool. I bore the whip without protest -- in silence.

GRACCHUS

(sighing)

Yes indeed, it sounds like a bad attack of dignity! I hope, however, that this will not deflect you from the revenge you were going to take on Crassus.

BATIATUS

Not for a minute. It only strengthens my resolve.

GRACCHUS

I'm glad to learn it. This woman Varinia is in his house. All Rome knows about it. Malicious tongues even say that he is in love, for the first time in his life.

BATIATUS

I noticed a strange light in his eye the first time he saw her.

GRACCHUS

It would take a great woman to make Crassus fall out of love with himself.

BATIATUS

She's an impossible woman.

GRACCHUS

Beautiful...

BATIATUS

Beautiful, yes. The more chains you put on her, the less like a slave she looks.

GRACCHUS

Proud...

CONTINUED

356-C CONTINUED - 2

356-C

BATIATUS

Proud, and yet every inch a woman.
You feel she'd yield only to the
right man.

GRACCHUS

(smiling conspiratorially)

I understand it all. Crassus had to
make war on a slave as though that
slave were his equal. That was the
first humiliation. Then, when he
won his battle, he failed to find
Spartacus, thanks to you. All he
found was his wife, but she is still
fighting her husband's war, and she
is winning it because she lies out-
side Crassus' experience and her he
must win away from Spartacus, or
face total defeat. He offers her
all he has...and she refuses.

BATIATUS

(eyes wide open)

Yes....

GRACCHUS

I like Crassus. Let's save him from
his agony. Let's steal the woman.

BATIATUS

Steal her? Why?

GRACCHUS

I have no more power to hurt Crassus
in the Senate...but I can hurt him
where he will feel it most, in his
pride...attack our enemy from within.

BATIATUS

The scheme is excellent, but I hope
you don't suggest that I carry it out.

GRACCHUS

You bore the whip in silence. The
whip is but a training for the sword.
However, it may never come to that
if you are clever. Buy some horses and
a wagon with a canopy. Take the woman
to Aquitania. The governor is one of
my innumerable cousins. He will help
you and settle the girl in one of the
free villages. I have written you a
senatorial pass which is valid in all
the known world.

CONTINUED

356-C CONTINUED - 3

356-C

BATIATUS

Is it valid even in Crassus' court-yard?

GRACCHUS

Add courage to your other new-found virtues. Would half a million sesterces make you brave?

BATIATUS

Half a million! Already Crassus seems to dwindle in my mind.

GRACCHUS

Let us reduce him even further. A round million.

BATIATUS

With such a sum I could bribe Jupiter himself.

GRACCHUS

For a lesser sum, I have.

356-D REVERSE ANGLE - DOWN CORRIDOR - AN OFFICER OF THE GARRISON WITH FIVE MEN

356-D

The officer bows.

GRACCHUS' VOICE

Well, gentlemen?

356-E ANOTHER ANGLE - GRACCHUS AND SOLDIERS

356-E

OFFICER

You are under the protection of the Garrison of Rome.

Gracchus, not at all surprised, looks at him quizzically.

GRACCHUS

Ah! So soon?

DISSOLVE TO

356 FIRST SLAVE MARCH SCENE - NIGHT

356

E-1

Wagons preceding the line of chained slave-prisoners, loaded with freshly-hewn crosses. At point we pick wagons up, WE SEE a freshly-dug hole. Legionaries pitch a cross onto the ground beside the hole, wagons pass on.

E-1

(X)

356 CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - NIGHT - LINE OF MARCH - ANTONINUS 356
E-2 AND SPARTACUS E-2
(X)

They are merely in the scene with others, some of whom have to be helped by their comrades. They hear SOUND of HAMMERING: look off to:

356 A CROSS - PRISONER ON IT - NIGHT 356
E-3 E-3
(X)

Legionary on scaffolding just hammering nails in. Merely a FLASH of this, and from a distance.

356 CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT - ANOTHER AREA OF MARCHING PRISONERS - 356
E-4 INCLUDING THE LARGE MAN WHO FIRST IDENTIFIED SPARTACUS - E-4
NIGHT (X)

Plodding along, they hear a slave's SCREAM. SOUND of HAMMERING continues.

DISSOLVE TO

356-F INT. SENATE VESTIBULE - NIGHT - LIGHTED BY TWO BLAZING 356-F
BRAZIER

Half dozen senators consulting each other in whispers. Gracchus ENTERS. They fall silent, turn away. Gracchus smiles benevolently at them. Caesar ENTERS from the Senate. He moves at once to Gracchus, indicating with a movement of his head to the officer in charge of his guards to remain in the Vestibule.

CAESAR

(indicating door
to Senate; politely)

After you.

GRACCHUS

(shoots him a keen
glance)

Thank you, Caesar.

He ENTERS the Senate, followed by Caesar.

356-G INT. SENATE - NIGHT - FULL SHOT 356-G

The chamber is a cavern of darkness, illuminated by two braziers on either side of the table. Crassus, standing beside the table, is being consulted in hushed tones by Laelius, Metallius, Symmachus. Crassus hands a paper to a Courier, who salutes, moves briskly toward the exit. Two senators are huddled on the front bench, leaning together, whispering. Gracchus stands just inside the entrance from the vestibule, Caesar directly behind him.

GRACCHUS

Shall I assume -- my regular place?

CONTINUED

356-G CONTINUED

356-C

All look up at the sound of his voice.

CAESAR

Of course.

The three senators beside Crassus take their papers, and quietly move toward the vestibule exit, as do the two who were whispering on the front bench. Gracchus slowly moves toward his customary position among the benches. Crassus continues scanning a paper. Caesar remains perhaps six feet inside the chamber, before the open doors to the vestibule. The flames from the braziers leap fitfully, sending long shadows in movement against the walls. Laying his paper aside, Crassus looks up at Gracchus, who has remained standing.

CRASSUS

You may sit if you wish.

GRACCHUS

Occasions were invented to be risen to. Allow me to rise to this one.

Crassus, as he begins to speak, actually is not addressing Gracchus at all. He speaks to history and to Rome.

CRASSUS

I have returned as you foretold.
To this holy place. To this temple
of Rome.

(glance around)

Where even the stones bleed with
history. How many kingdoms have
died on the spot where now I stand?
How many princes and potentates have
entered this chamber, bent the knee,
and left it slaves?

(he pauses)

And the shouts that went up!

(softly)

Do you hear their voices in this
quiet air --- the echoes of Rome?
You do. And a thousand years ---
five thousand years from now, some
other Roman standing in this Roman
place will hear them still.

(the mood breaks;
cold ferocity)

Did you truly think five centuries
of Rome could so easily be delivered
into the clutches of a mob? Already
six thousand slaves decorate the
Appian way. Tomorrow the last of
their fellows fight to the death

CONTINUED

CRASSUS (Cont'd)

in the temple of my fathers. As the slaves died, so will your rabble if they falter one instant in loyalty to the new order of affairs. The enemies of the state are known. Arrests are in progress; the prisons begin to fill. In every city and province lists of the disloyal have been compiled. Tomorrow they will learn the cost of their terrible folly, their treason.

GRACCHUS

And where does my name stand on the list of disloyal enemies of the state?

CRASSUS

First. Yet upon you I have no desire for vengeance. Your properties will not be touched. You will retain the rank and title of Roman senator. A farmhouse in Picenum has been provided for your exile. You may take your women with you.

GRACCHUS

Why am I to be left so conspicuously alive?

CRASSUS

Your followers are a surly lot, but they trust you. I intend for you to speak to them tomorrow. And from time to time thereafter I may find it profitable to bring you back to Rome. You will calm their envious spirit. You will persuade them to accept destiny and trust the gods. You may go.

He turns to Symmachus and Laelius who have entered carrying papers and stylus. Paying no more attention to Gracchus, Crassus places the papers on the table, begins to sign decrees. Gracchus moves slowly, ponderously toward the exit into the vestibule, before which Caesar awaits him.

Caesar's face shows a decent concern for his former relationship with his patron.

CONTINUED

356-H CONTINUED

356-H

CAESAR

(quietly)

Crassus saved us from defeat by the slaves. He saved Rome. What I have done is not for myself, but for Rome.

GRACCHUS

(with weary disgust)

Please leave Rome out of it. You'll only start making one of my speeches less well than I do it myself. When do I have to get out of the city?

CAESAR

Within twenty-four hours. You're not under arrest. You may conclude your affairs without interference. Crassus will call for you in the morning. You are to make a speech with him on the Field of Mars.

GRACCHUS

If I had a tail, I'd wag it.

(starts into vestibule, pauses, turns back to Caesar)

An apt student is a jewel in the crown of his teacher. I should have been learning from you.

CAMERA TRUCKS with him as he passes through the:

356-I VESTIBULE - OTHER SENATORS

356-I

No one speaks to him; all self-consciously appear not even to see him. With a smile of contemptuous amusement, Gracchus passes through the great doors of the senate for the last time.

DISSOLVE TO

356-J INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE GRACCHUS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

356-J

All the assorted women of his household are assembled around the bathroom door, which stands slightly ajar. Their faces are pale, sad. Several of them are red-eyed from weeping. Those nearest the bathroom door listen to what is said inside. Sylvana ENTERS corridor from bathroom.

SYLVANA

(whispering)

He wants wine.

CONTINUED

356-H CONTINUED

356-H

CAESAR

(quietly)

Crassus saved us from defeat by the slaves. He saved Rome. What I have done is not for myself, but for Rome.

GRACCHUS

(with weary disgust)

Please leave Rome out of it. You'll only start making one of my speeches less well than I do it myself. When do I have to get out of the city?

CAESAR

Within twenty-four hours. You're not under arrest. You may conclude your affairs without interference. Crassus will call for you in the morning. You are to make a speech with him on the Field of Mars.

356-I SECOND SLAVE MARCH SCENE - DAY - RAIN

356-I

(So that we can better establish passage of time, by having the next slave march scene shot in dust and sunlight.)

(X)

356 CREST OF HILL - SHOOTING DOWN - DAY - RAIN

356

I-1

I-1

The tag end of the slave prisoners, followed by legionaries, is just passing over the crest. On its decline, stretching out behind the prisoners who move toward CAMERA, WE SEE the row of crosses left as a trail by the victors.

(X)

356 GROUP OF SLAVES MARCHING THROUGH RAIN

356

I-2

I-2

Among them one who has to be supported by the youth who was the second to identify himself as Spartacus. The man is obviously hopelessly cripple. Legionaries ENTER, quickly uncuff him.

(X)

LEGIONARY IN CHARGE

(as they enter,
he indicates the
cripple)

This one can't walk anyhow.

They take the luckless man, carry him out of the line, and the line shuffles on.

356 TRUCKING SHOT WITH SPARTACUS AND ANTONINUS - OTHERS -
I-3 DAY - RAIN

356
I-3
(X)

They are passing the point where the cripple is just being attached to the cross before hoisting. As it is hoisted the cripple emits a despairing cry. Spartacus reacts with impatient fury and pain, slogs ahead bitterly.

DISSOLVE TO

356-J INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE GRACCHUS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

356-J

All the assorted women of his household are assembled around the bathroom door, which stands slightly ajar. Their faces are pale, sad. Several of them are red-eyed from weeping. Those nearest the bathroom door listen to what is said inside. Sylvana ENTERS corridor from bathroom.

SYLVANA

(whispering)

He wants wine.

CONTINUED

356-J CONTINUED

356-J

She hastens down the corridor.

GRACCHUS' VOICE

(o.s., irritably)

Your hand wobbles all over the
place!

(continues in
next scene)

356-K INT. BATHROOM - GRACCHUS' HOUSE - ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

356-K

It is a room of marble, with the sunken bath usual in homes of the rich. Gracchus is in the water-filled tub, a pillow at his head. The arrangement is such that the tub is covered, permitting us to see only his breast, arms, shoulders and head. Julia stands beside him, holding his right wrist. His left wrist is in the water, under the cover. Julia has a small silver knife, the tip of which she holds against his wrist. Her face is contorted with a grimace of revulsion.

GRACCHUS

(irritably)

All you do is incise this vein as
accurately as you did the other.

(as she sobs)

Oh come, come, stop blubbering and
get to it.

A movement of her arm indicates she has done it. Gracchus lowers the arm into the water under the cover, without any blood made visible to the audience.

GRACCHUS

Well! Thank heaven I've only got
two of them.

(wriggles lower
in tub)

Now move the pillow a little lower.

(as she does)

Ah-h-h-h! Splendid.

(indicates with a
jerk of his head)

Go to the stand and take the scroll
and parcels I've laid out.

She goes, picks them up, turns around questioningly to Gracchus. But Gracchus is paying her no heed. He is staring straight up at the ceiling, thinking with bemused detachment of other matters, but compelled by good manners to conclude his business with the slave woman.

CONTINUED

356-K CONTINUED

356-K

GRACCHUS

(impatiently)

Well --- do you have them?

JULIE

(timidly)

Yes, master.

GRACCHUS

(eyes on ceiling)

I own fourteen women in this house.
By those papers I set them free
and divide my estate amongst them.

JULIA

(covers her face;
a great sob)

But master --- why do you do this?

GRACCHUS

(irritably)

So you won't be beggars, why else?
(as she weeps
quietly)
Stop sniffing.

(X)

JULIA

(covering her face)

You've been so good to us, and I
--- I --- I ----

Gracchus' hatred of sentimentality causes him to shut her off
swiftly.

GRACCHUS

(sternly)

I'll have none of that. Leave me.
(as she hesitates)

Now!

CONTINUED

356-K CONTINUED - 2

356-K

She turns, moves to the door. As she opens it and prepares to exit, she turns, makes a last appeal to him.

JULIA

Is there --- nothing more I can do for you?

Gracchus thinks for an instant, has an amusing thought, reacts to it, and says:

GRACCHUS

Yes. The new master of Rome will call for me tomorrow. He wants me to make a speech. Take him to wherever I am, and show me to him.

(pause; a wicked smile)

When I meet you in paradise, describe to me the look on his face when he saw me dead. That's an order. You may go.

JULIA

(turning away)

Yes, master.

356-L MED. CLOSE SHOT - GRACCHUS

356-L

He sighs, and smiles. He looks up at the ceiling, contemplating the thought of Crassus' frustration.

GRACCHUS

(pure delight)

Hah!

Then, like a contented, wicked child, he turns his head to one side against his pillow (facing the door), and closes his eyes. He means to enjoy the luxury of this painless end of life, so similar to sleep. Sylvania APPEARS IN SCENE, very quietly sets a small tray containing an opened bottle of wine and a filled wine-glass on the marble ledge of the tub.

Gracchus' eyes open a tiny slit, watching her movements alertly, but pretending to be asleep so she won't make a scene. She casts him a sorrowful glance, departs. His eyes open wider, watching her retreat. She EXITS, closes the door. Gracchus' eyes pop wide open. He looks at the wine, smiles, and reaches for the glass. As he does so:

DISSOLVE TO

357 THIRD SLAVE MARCH SCENE - DAY - BRILLIANT SUNSHINE 357
 (X)
 The slaves are passing through a dusty countryside of vineyards. They are parched, covered with dust, and their passing leaves a long serpentine trail of dust behind them, almost obscuring the crosses which also tell of their passage.

358 ROADSIDE - FIELD SLAVES AND OVERSEERS - DAY 358
 (X)
 The overseers are quite content to have their slaves look up with horror and awe at:

359 ROADSIDE CROSS - BEARING THE MAN WHO FIRST IDENTIFIED HIMSELF AS SPARTACUS - DAY 359
 (X)
 His head flops from one side to the other: no SOUND.
 Back to:

360 ROADSIDE - FIELD SLAVES AND OVERSEERS - DAY 360
 (X)
 OVERSEER
 (pointing)
 Here go the last of 'em. Look slaves!

They all look off to:

360-A TRUCKING SHOT - THE MARCHING SLAVES - AMONG THEM ANTONINUS AND SPARTACUS - DAY 360-A
 (X)
 Their faces are caked with dust and agony. They can barely shuffle along under their chains.

360-B MED. SHOT - FIELD SLAVES 360-B
 (X)
 One, and suddenly all of them, suddenly begin to wave.

SLAVES
 Goodbye!
 Goodbye, Spartacus!
 Goodbye and may all the gods bless you!

OVERSEERS
 (whips flailing)
 Quiet, there!
 Silence!

CONTINUED

360-B CONTINUED

360-B
(X)

While the slaves endure their lashes sullenly, there arises a broken chorus from the doomed slaves.

SLAVES (O.S.)

Good-by! Good-by! Good-by!

360-C MED. TRUCKING SHOT - THROUGH SUN AND DUST - SLAVES, AMONG THEM ANTONINUS AND SPARTACUS

360-C
(X)

SOUND of the WHIP o.s. Despite their thirst, their exhaustion, despite their legionary guards who suddenly bustle about among them with activity and the whip, they continue, softly, brokenly, and some fiercely:

SLAVES

Good-by! Good-by!

DISSOLVE TO

CRASSUS - VARINIA SCENE - NIGHT

SPARTACUS - ANTONINUS - CRASSUS - CAESAR - CONFRONTATION - NIGHT

MORNING: VARINIA AND HER CHILD to the

FADE OUT

BALANCE OF SCENES BEING REWRITTEN

361 MED. CLOSE SHOT - SPARTACUS AND ANTONINUS - NIGHT -
OUTSIDE WALLS OF ROME

361

They are chained together. Whether they are chained to a cross, or whether a cross is even in SCENE is to be determined. They are filthy, exhausted, hungry; utterly defeated. From somewhere in distance comes the strange SOUND of a nightbird singing. Antoninus opens his eyes, looks into the night sky.

ANTONINUS

A bird.

SPARTACUS

Yes.

Another bird responds thrillingly.

SPARTACUS (Cont'd)

And there's his mate. Antoninus, do you remember that egg trick you used to play?

ANTONINUS

Yes.

SPARTACUS

(with a smile)

I have thought about it often.

ANTONINUS

Don't you ever weep, Spartacus?

SPARTACUS

(nodding slowly)

I think of that row of crosses. I think of Varinia. I think of my son -- dead.

(pause)

Yes, I weep, Antoninus.

ANTONINUS

Could we have won, Spartacus?
Could we ever have won?

SPARTACUS

Just by fighting them we won something. When just one man says "no, I won't" -- Rome begins to fear. We were tens of thousands who said "no".

ANTONINUS

Yet we'll die.

(no answer; after
a silence)

Do you believe in the gods?

CONTINUED

361 CONTINUED

361

Spartacus turns, gazes at him for a moment, his brow wrinkled with speculation, with thought, perhaps with hope.

SPARTACUS

I don't know. Yet sometimes I close my eyes and think to myself, "Tomorrow I'll know."

(pause)

Why do I keep thinking that tomorrow I'll know something?

ANTONINUS

Maybe after it's all over, we will.

SPARTACUS

No! Slaves have no gods! I never believed in gods, I believed in men! And now I can't believe any more. The world is a pig-sty --- a pig sty!

Antoninus looks at Spartacus. The full impact of Spartacus' depression reaches him. Desperately trying to help, he begins to sing.

ANTONINUS

When the blazing sun hangs low in the western skies,
When the wind dies away on the mountain,
When the song of the meadowlark turns still,
When the field-locust clicks no more in the field,
When the sea-foam sleeps like a maiden at rest,
And twilight touches the shape of the wondering world,
I turn home.

O.S. OFFICER'S VOICE

Open the gates!

Both Spartacus and Antoninus look off to:

362 EXT. GATES OF ROME - NIGHT - REVERSE ANGLE

362

The gates swing open. Crassus on a white charger. Caesar on a bay, pass slowly through them. Sentries salute. Here and there gleam the night fires of the legionaries, with small groups of men huddled about them. Crassus in the lead, the two commanders ride up to the nearest campfire. The men instantly spring to attention as Crassus addresses them.

CRASSUS

Where are the gladiators?

CONTINUED

362 CONTINUED

362

The centurion points.

CENTURION

Over there, sir.

Crassus gazes off for a moment, then dismounts. Caesar does likewise.

CRASSUS

(to guard)

Hold my horse.

(guard does so)

A torch, centurion.

A torch is handed Crassus. He holds it high, starts toward the chained pair of gladiators. Caesar starts to follow.

CRASSUS

(quietly)

I wish to be alone with them.

Caesar instantly halts, Crassus continues, CAMERA TRUCKING with him as he moves very deliberately across to:

363 MED. SHOT - ANTONINUS, SPARTACUS, CRASSUS WITH TORCH - NIGHT 363

Crassus peers at Antoninus thoughtfully, paying no heed to Spartacus at all. We must remember that this SCENE is the culmination of Crassus' personal problem and of his defeat, his doubts, his fears. They began on the battlefield when he saw love unto death, and feared it, and ordered the crucifixions; they increased when he endeavored to have the helpless, hopeless prisoners betray Spartacus to him, and they unanimously refused; less than hour ago, in his final scene with Varinia, he has perceived that no power on earth can make her yield to him as a woman --- only as a slave, a mere living body which he happens to own but can never really possess. Now, restless, filled with forebodings and the most searching interest, he has come outside the gates to seek to enlighten the mystery of why slaves behave as the Spartacists have behaved, by confronting a slave who ran away from his own household to join the rebellion. Quiet, restrained, urgently attentive, and somehow saddened by all that has happened, he still seeks his answers.

CRASSUS

(almost regretfully)

Well, Antoninus . . . the night passes slowly, doesn't it?

(X)

CONTINUED

363 CONTINUED

363

Antoninus glares at him. Crassus walks over to Spartacus. (X)

CRASSUS

Who are you, gladiator? What is your name?

Spartacus doesn't answer.

CRASSUS

(to Centurion)

Unchain him.

Centurion comes quickly and unchains Spartacus.

CRASSUS

Look at me slave. I am the Consul, Marcus Licinius Crassus. Speak when I ask you something. Are you Spartacus?

Spartacus looks him straight in the face; doesn't answer. Suddenly, Crassus slaps him viciously across the face.

SPARTACUS

(with a smile)

What troubles you, Crassus? Where is your victory? Has it eluded you? Has Spartacus eluded you? Look at me, Crassus -- could I be Spartacus? Crassus will never know, will he? Why do you want Spartacus so much? Was your victory no victory unless you could look into his eyes and laugh at him -- and spit in his face? Well, I am just a gladiator -- just a slave, *but I am laughing at you, and I spit in your face!

(NOTE: ALTERNATE VERSION)

* but, I am looking at you and I am laughing in your face.

He spits full in Crassus' face. Crassus doesn't react at all. He is still held in the terrible spell that this scene has thrown over him. He takes a handkerchief from his belt and wipes his face, still staring at Spartacus. Then he turns away, calls off.

CONTINUED

363 CONTINUED - 2

363

CRASSUS

Centurion!

(centurion comes
forward)

Unchain them. Let them fight now.

Centurion sets about his task. Caesar moves up to Crassus, concerned by the order.

CAESAR

But the whole city's been told they'll
fight tomorrow in the temple of your
ancestors.

CRASSUS

We'll test this myth of slave brother-
hood. They will fight for me and
now, and to the death, and the
victor will be crucified.

Activity shots. Circle of torchbearers forming; Spartacus
and Antoninus being unchained; circle of spears forming;
Crassus watching coldly. In the course of them; MED. CLOSE
SHOTS - SPARTACUS AND ANTONINUS.

CONTINUED

363 CONTINUED

363

Spartacus has been freed; Antoninus is just being unchained. They stand up unsteadily, the red illumination of the torches suffusing their figures. While they pretend to knead their muscles, they conduct a whispering and surreptitious conversation.

ANTONINUS (X)
Spartacus -- I am afraid.

SPARTACUS (X)
There's nothing to fear. We have lived with death too long. It's like an old friend to us. It will come quickly Antoninus. One swift thrust and it will be over.

ANTONINUS (X)
Then you'll be crucified!

364 WIDER ANGLE - CENTURION

364

He throws two knives at the feet of the liberated slaves.

CENTURION
Your weapons, slaves!

Both men look at the knives on the earth. They slowly bend to pick them up.

CENTURION
Take your positions!

365 FULL SHOT - CIRCLE OF SPEARS - CIRCLE OF TORCHES: CRASSUS - 365
CAESAR - CENTURION - SPARTACUS AND ANTONINUS

Antoninus, knife in hand, keeps his eyes fixed on Spartacus. He says nothing. Spartacus, with tears in his eyes, moves slowly, knife drawn toward Antoninus. Suddenly Antoninus makes a vicious lunge at Spartacus. With a stunned look, Spartacus leaps instantly backward but not before receiving a wound from the attack.

SPARTACUS
Why are you doing this? It takes days to die on the cross.

ANTONINUS
I won't let them crucify you.

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- 366 WIDER ANGLE - THE TWO 366
 thru
 366-B They now begin to fight, cunningly, warily, circling, thru
 waiting for some fatal weakness in the other. REVERSE 366-B
 ANGLE, CRASSUS' POINT OF VIEW. The two gladiators are en- (X)
 gaged in a rushing fury of action.
- 367 REVERSE ANGLE - THE FIGHTERS 367
 The fight that now goes on is clearly to the death. The
 contestants lunge, feint, duck -- crouched low like animals,
 circling warily, their sides heaving for lack of breath, both
 of them covered with wounds.
- 368 CLOSER ANGLE -- SPARTACUS AND ANTONINUS 368
 so we better can view the desperation of their charges and
 evasions. Both men have the look of death. Antoninus lunges.
 Spartacus swivels, throws him over his hip, chops down hard at
 the base of his neck, Antoninus falls, Spartacus is on him
 like a panther.
- 369 CLOSE - SPARTACUS AND ANTONINUS 369
 Antoninus, exhausted, lies on the ground. Spartacus is
 astride him. Antoninus still makes a desperate pretense of
 resistance. The THEME of the gladiators' march now COMES
 OVER THE SCENE, faintly, muted, in a minor note.
- 370 CLOSE SHOT ON SPARTACUS 370
 heaving with exhaustion. He stares down at Antoninus with
 an expression of intolerable agony.
- 371 CLOSE ON ANTONINUS - GAZING UP INTO SPARTACUS' FACE 371
 Now that he knows death is at hand, Antoninus can put aside
 the terrible burden of responsibility that caused him to try
 to kill his commander and take his place on the cross. In-
 stead, his eyes are filled with love, and a wondrous smile
 steals over his young face.
- 372 CLOSE TWO SHOT - SPARTACUS AND ANTONINUS 372
 very close to each other, Antoninus smiling, at peace;
 Spartacus knowing that not for one second of life remaining
 to him will he ever have peace.

CONTINUED

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372 CONTINUED

372

SPARTACUS

I love you Antoninus, like the
son I will never see.

(X)

Spartacus' face twitches; we do not see his hands; but the movement of his body indicates that his right arm has made a short, swift, terrible motion. The light fades instantly from Antoninus' eyes. His head gently turns until his cheek touches the blood and dirt of his last bed.

SPARTACUS

Go to sleep.

(X)

373 PAN SHOT - GUARDS AND TORCHBEARERS

373

They stare with something between awe and reverence at the sight of the dead man and the live one. They sense what has gone on, and their faces reflect their wonder at a love which can find expression only in the act of killing. CAMERA continues its MOVEMENT to:

374 CLOSE ON CAESAR - WATCHING CRASSUS

374

375 CLOSE ON CRASSUS

375

He, too, knows he has seen something he would never otherwise have believed; he has seen the terrible power and determination of the love which he first recognized on the battlefield as the deadliest, most constant, and most fatal enemy of Rome. Now he moves forward slowly, CAMERA TRUCKING with him to:

376 MED. SHOT - SPARTACUS EMBRACING THE DEAD ANTONINUS

376

Then, dazed and filled with death, he gets onto his knees, lifts the dead body in his arms, as he would a child, and in utter silence (CAMERA TRUCKING WITH HIM) carries his burden to Crassus.

377 MED. SHOT - CRASSUS - CAESAR IN SCENE

377

Spartacus, the image of death, his eyes wide with horror and hate, arrives before the Dictator of Rome, carrying Antoninus. He extends the body, as if offering it to Crassus.

SPARTACUS

(dead voice, filled
with hatred and horror)

He'll come back. And he'll be millions.

Alternate Line: Here's -- your victory.

(X)

378 MED. CLOSE - SPARTACUS, CRASSUS, BODY OF ANTONINUS

378

Crassus glances at the body of Antoninus, looks in Spartacus' face, and turns aside. He starts off, leaving Spartacus (X) staring after him, still holding the murdered body of Antoninus. Suddenly, however, he turns back.

CRASSUS

What do you think Spartacus would
say if he knew that the woman
Varinia and her child now live in
my household -- as my slaves?

The look of pure horror, of utter agony and anguish that suffuses Spartacus' face, tells Crassus that which, until now, he could not be certain of.

SPARTACUS

(a choked gasp)

Varinia --- !

CONTINUED

378 CONTINUED

378

Involuntarily his muscles go slack; the body of Antoninus drops from his nerveless arms, crashes to the earth at Crassus' feet.

CRASSUS

(X)

Yes --- you are Spartacus.

(pause)

Great enemies become almost necessary to one another. And when one of them dies the other's great purpose in life dies with him.

(pause - to
Centurion)

Crucify him.

Guards seize him fiercely from behind, drag him OUT of SCENE. Crassus stares down for a moment at the sprawled and lifeless body of Antoninus; then silently, forever haunted, he turns and moves back toward the campfires and his horse, Caesar following.

379 TRUCKING SHOT - WITH CRASSUS

379

Walking alone, Caesar behind; a look of brooding, of haunted memory forever engraved upon his consciousness. He comes up to his horse, silent takes the reins, mounts it. Caesar does likewise. The two ride off together through the night toward the Appian Gate.

380 TRUCKING SHOT - CRASSUS AND CAESAR - ON HORSES - NIGHT

380

Crassus, stiff in his saddle, his face sombre, stares straight ahead, his horse at a walk. Caesar, riding beside him, has the opportunity to examine his superior's face keenly.

CRASSUS

(staring ahead)

I want no grave for him, no marker.
Have his body burnt and his ashes
scattered in secret.

Long silence, while Caesar regards him.

CAESAR

(quietly, a veiled
probe for weakness)

Were you afraid of him, Crassus?

Crassus thinks for a moment; he replies without deigning to look at the Garrison Commander.

CONTINUED

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173
thru
182-A
380

380 CONTINUED

CRASSUS

(thoughtfully)

When I fought him --- no. I knew
he could be beaten. But now....?

(pause)

Yes. I fear him terribly.

(looks at Caesar
for the first time)

Even more than I fear you.

CAESAR

(startled)

Me?

CRASSUS

(nods; voice soft)

Yes, my dear Caesar --- you.

Both men lapse into silence; both gaze straight ahead as they
pass through the Appian Gate into the Rome for which they will
shortly contend.

DISSOLVE TO:

381
thru
413

OMITTED

381
thru
413

414 FULL SHOT - THE EASTERN HORIZON - THE SUN

414

It is just rising. BUGLE CALL O.S.

415 FULL SHOT - FROM OUTSIDE APPIAN GATE - TOWARD THE GATE

415

We do not see any crosses from this ANGLE. The gate is closed. Just outside the gates, which have, of course, a guard detail, early-comers to Rome have assembled, waiting for the gates to open and the commerce of the new day to begin. The whole mood of the scene, and the attitudes of those who wait, should be one of placidity, of patient, waiting inactivity. A teamster, his wagon loaded high with squashes, arrives before the gates as we come into the SHOT. Already there are half a dozen slaves in charge of their master, a small merchant. They have laid aside their burdens, and are sitting on the ground beside them, resting. A farmer dozes in the seat of his ox-cart, and the ox dozes too. An elderly rich man, seated in his sedan chair which has been lowered to the ground by its slave-bearers, (who squat beside it on their haunches) kills the time by peeling and eating a banana.

BUGLE inside gate RINGS out. Outside guards come to attention. Baggage slaves stir, resume their loads. Slave-bearers lift their master's litter. The gates slowly open, revealing others on the inside similarly waiting for exit from the city. The traffic of people and vehicles begins to move in both directions through the gate. a Centurion with two or three legionaries to assist him, checks, either by direct questioning, or swift visual search, each person and vehicle. Rome is still under the military after Crassus' take-over.

416 MED. SHOT - LEGIONARIES AROUND FIRE

416

They, like everyone else in this scene, have problems, tasks and interests which, to them, are much more important than the fate of Spartacus, who hangs O.S. on his cross.

FIRST LEGIONARY

My arm isn't healed yet, I've captured no loot from these accursed slaves, I'm over two hundred sesterces in debt, I get back to Rome---
and my wife's living with another man!

SECOND LEGIONARY

In his house or yours? That makes all the difference.

CONTINUED

416 CONTINUED

416

FIRST LEGIONARY

In my house.

SECOND LEGIONARY

Then she's unfaithful, no two ways about it. Did you have it out with her?

FIRST LEGIONARY

She began to cry and I forgave her.

THIRD LEGIONARY

What about the man?

FIRST LEGIONARY

Oh, he admitted he was in the wrong.

SECOND LEGIONARY

Well? Is that all?

FIRST LEGIONARY

(sternly)

No, by the gods, it isn't! I had my satisfaction with him. From now on he sleeps in the kitchen. I'm not a man to be trifled with.

(frowns)

At least that's what we agreed on.

(looks resentfully up at Spartacus on O.S. cross)

I could go home and check up on him right now if this dog of a slave would only die!

THIRD LEGIONARY

(looking up judiciously to the cross)

You'll be home in an hour, and probably regret it. You can't expect them to last when they're bled as much as this one was.

SECOND LEGIONARY

(looking up also)

You can't tell. We crucified a Bythinian once who lasted three days.

FIRST LEGIONARY

Look at him! He's staring straight down at us.

All now look up as we go to:

too long

417 REVERSE ANGLE - THE CAMERA AS SPARTACUS

417

It is angled from the top of the unseen cross straight down toward the legionaries around their fire. The legionaries are staring up at the CAMERA.

SECOND LEGIONARY

(soberly)

I don't like that glare. He'd still come for us if he could.

THIRD LEGIONARY

(scoffing)

That's no glare, he's dying. They all look that way.

A ragged woman ENTERS SCENE, carrying a stone jar. She goes among the soldiers with her wares.

WOMAN

Hot chestnuts? Stuffed derma?

Legionaries busy themselves purchasing or rejecting her wares. CAMERA (eyes of Spartacus leaves the group, PANS TO:

418 BAREFOOT SLAVE CHILD

418

Carrying four live trussed chickens, padding along toward the gate beyond. A mangy hound comes up, sniffing, toward the gate. As he passes the cross from which CAMERA is suspended he looks up straight into the lens. He is not horrified at what he sees; only interested. The child carries a stick. A mangy dog trots up, shows carnivorous interest in the chickens. The boy cudgels him fiercely.

BOY

Get away, chicken-thief!

Dog YELPS, starts to run. CAMERA (the eyes of Spartacus) follows dog in:

419 BRIEF PAN SHOT - WITH DOG

419

The animal scuttles between the legs of a donkey loaded with faggots (middle-aged ones). The proprietor of the donkey stares up into CAMERA as he passes toward Applan gate. Dog, moving away from Applan gate, terminates his flight before a charcoal brazier. The woman of the previous scene is returning to her fire for fresh wares. She looks casually up at CAMERA, then addresses herself to her roasting chestnuts and smoking sausages. Dog sniffs the air hungrily.

CONTINUED

ALL CONTINUED

SAME ONE

419 CONTINUED

419

BATIATUS' VOICE
(O.S., from Appian gate)
I object! I most strongly object!

CENTURION'S VOICE
(sternly; O.S.)
I've got my orders. Climb down and identify yourselves.

BATIATUS' VOICE
Lentulus Batiatus, the lanista of Capua. This is the free woman Varinia --

Cared wife
Wife

CAMERA, at the word "Varinia" instantly WHIPS a full 180 degrees to:

420 THE APPIAN GATE - DAY - FROM SPARTACUS' POINT OF VIEW - 420
CENTURION, GUARDS, BATIATUS, VARINIA AND HER CHILD

Batiatus has just indignantly descended. Varinia and her child are now following.

BATIATUS
(continuing speech of previous scene)
-- and her child. Travelling on senatorial pass to Aquitania.

NO comedy here

As he hands CENTURION the papers, he glances casually up toward the O.S. cross, reacts violently. He is afraid Varinia may see and make a scene; he is fearful of this inspection; he sees the sudden possibility of paying for this trip with his life.

CENTURION
(to guards)
Take a look through his baggage.

Batiatus tries awkwardly to turn Varinia aside, to insert his own ample body between her and the sight of her crucified husband.

BATIATUS
(all a-steam from trying to do two things at once)
Never before have I known Roman citizens to be searched in this fashion!

Centurion pays him no heed, begins to finger through his papers. To Batiatus' horror, Varinia suddenly looks up, sees the cross and the person on it, and freezes.

CONTINUED

BATIATUS
(frantically, to Varinia)
Not a word! Not a word!

Centurion looks up at Batiatus curiously.

CENTURION
What did you say?

BATIATUS
Not a word! I mean that's what I
said to you. I made a citizen's
comment on this search you're con-
ducting, and you ignored me. You
said not a word.
(both to him and
Varinia)
Not a word! Not a single word,
you understand?

Varinia now slowly moves toward the cross. Batiatus regards
her departure with agony.

CENTURION
(flatly)
You must be out of your mind.

BATIATUS
Oh, I am! A citizen inquires why
he's being searched and you don't
show any recognition.
(loudly, for Varinia)
Don't show any recognition at all!

CAMERA (eyes of Spartacus) is now following Varinia's move-
ment toward cross. Thus Batiatus and Centurion PASS OUT OF
SCENE as Varinia leaves them behind. She runs three steps for-
ward, walks two, then runs three or more until she's very close
to the base of the cross. Her emotions, one must only hazard;
joy at seeing him alive; horror at the cruelty being inflicted
upon him; sympathy for his pain, love; grief. CAMERA (eyes of
Spartacus), has moved with her advance; now has her in:

421 MED. CLOSE SHOT - VARINIA AND CHILD - SHOOTING DOWN FROM SPARTACUS POINT OF VIEW AT TOP OF CROSS 421

Tears could flow freely down Varinia's cheeks as she gazes up
into Spartacus' face -- but I think the grief should be so pure
that her face has none of the contortions, the grimace of a
person weeping.

VARINIA
(softly)
Oh Spartacus --- Spartacus --- !

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422 CLOSEUP - SPARTACUS 422

The cross, of which very little is visible, should be of the T rather than the Christian conformation. Spartacus stares down at Varinia through eyes that have already scummed over with death. Each line of his face is etched with agony. He is dying of thirst, of exposure, of wounds, of shock. His lips seem to struggle frantically for speech, but nothing comes, not even the discernible shape of a single silent syllable.

423 CLOSE ON VARINIA - FROM SPARTACUS' POINT OF VIEW 423

Tears still flowing from her eyes, she begins hastily to unbundle the child, exposing its head, shoulders and tiny arms. She holds it as high as she can.

VARINIA

He's free, Spartacus! He's not a slave!

424 CLOSE ON SPARTACUS 424

He seems to be looking down at the child.

VARINIA'S VOICE

(softly, O.S.)

He's a free man . . . !

The awful struggle on the dying man's face continues.

CENTURION'S VOICE

Everything's in order here.

Departing now from Spartacus' POV, we go to:

425 MED. SHOT - APPIAN GATE - BATIATUS, CENTURION, OTHERS 425

The centurion hands Batiatus' papers back to him.

BATIATUS

(snatching them)

I should hope so!

He clambers into his vehicle, reins the horses. Vehicle starts forward, CAMERA TRUCKING with it until it halts before Varinia and the cross.

426 MED. SHOT - BATIATUS IN CARRIAGE, VARINIA BEFORE CROSS 426

Vehicle comes to a stop.

427 CLOSE ON VARINIA AND CHILD - BENEATH CROSS - FROM SPARTACUS' POINT OF VIEW 427

She is just lowering the child. It CRIES out in protest, as if desiring to be closer to his father rather than farther from him.

428 CLOSE ON SPARTACUS 428

SOUND of his son's WAILS over SCENE. The struggle still ravages his face --- whether to comprehend or to acknowledge we do not know.

429 VARINIA AND CHILD - FROM SPARTACUS' POINT OF VIEW 429

She clutches the child to her breast, shaking her head, as if unable to tear herself away from Spartacus.

430 ANOTHER ANGLE - LEGIONARIES OF PREVIOUS SCENE AROUND FIRE IN F.G. - BATIATUS, VEHICLE, SPARTACUS, VARINIA AND CHILD IN B.G. 430

431 ANOTHER ANGLE - BATIATUS, VARINIA 431

BATIATUS
(urgently)
We've got to get out of here!

432 CLOSE ON VARINIA AND CHILD - FROM SPARTACUS' POINT OF VIEW 432

Varinia clings helplessly to the child, almost reeling from her agony.

VARINIA
(who must abandon
one of her men for
the other)
I want to die with you, Spartacus,
I don't want you to die all alone!
But I have to go with the baby.
He can't live without me. He's
too little to be left alone --- !

*015
hard
just
this
enough*

433 CLOSE ON SPARTACUS 433

The struggle continues.

434 ANOTHER ANGLE - BATIATUS, VARINIA, CHILD 434

Excluding Spartacus from SCENE.

CONTINUED

434 CONTINUED

434

THIRD LEGIONARY'S VOICE

Hey you! He's about dead anyhow!
Leave him alone! Stop teasing him!

BATIATUS

(desperately)

Do you want us all to be up there
with him?

VARINIA

(in agony)

Don't you understand, Spartacus?
Can't you hear me at all? I'm
leaving you here because of the
baby. He's free, Spartacus ---
he's free.

THIRD LEGIONARY'S VOICE

Did you people hear what I said?

Batiatus brings the whip down hard on horse's rumps. They
leap forward. CAMERA TRUCKS with vehicle.

BATIATUS

(from the safety of
increasing distance)

You don't know what trouble is, you
pig-snouted garbage-fed son of a
camp-follower's cuckold!

VARINIA

(looking rearward;
despairingly)

He's free, Spartacus --- !

The horses are now racing down the highway.

435 CLOSEUP - SPARTACUS

435

His eyes follow the departing vehicle that carries Varinia and
the child away from him forever.

VARINIA'S VOICE

(fainter, O.S.)

Your son --- he's free --- !

His face, 'in the throes of a final spasm to tell her he does
indeed understand, he's simply too filled with death to tell
her so --- his face for the first time organizes itself into
a pattern of response. Despite the suffering, despite the
touch of death so near to it, his eyes follow the retreating

CONTINUED

435 CONTINUED

435

vehicle with intelligence, even with triumph; his lips are able to form a smile, all the more wonderful in its sense of relief and gratitude, for the agony that lies behind it; and his lips at last come under his control sufficiently to form a single word:

SPARTACUS
(hoarse whisper)

Free!

436 REVERSE ANGLE - FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE VEHICLE

436

Fleeing down the Appian Way, Varinia still looking back, still waving in the hope that an instant's understanding may make her farewell comprehensible to him.

437 CLOSE UP - SPARTACUS

437

He utters the word again.

SPARTACUS
(hoarse, but a voice
now, and not a whisper;
a voice that thrills
with victory)

Free ---

He dies. He dies instantly. The effort to utter, above a whisper and in recognizable human voice, the one word that symbolizes his life and his victory, has killed him. But his son goes free.

438 MED. TRUCKING SHOT - THE VEHICLE - VARINIA AND CHILD

438

Varinia is still looking toward Rome, toward the cross, toward the eyes of Spartacus which she hopes will see and understand --- and she is waving --- and the child is held in such a position that if the slightest flicker of consciousness, however mute, remains in Spartacus, he will see and know. But he does not see. He has seen everything. Varinia has shared with him the last unhappiness: she does not know that he heard everything; and he, who wanted her so to know, couldn't tell her. But the audience, which has shared Varinia's frustration, knows. And it is the audience's triumph that it knows. For if our previous efforts have been successful and, in some degree, true, the audience very much wanted communication between the two principals at that moment. And it got what the principals could not get (but did), and could never know. The audience will feel the victory too, for we shall have made it theirs.

40	#1988 - Changes 6/4/58	40:
439	CUTS OF ROOM FADING INTO THE DISTANCE FROM VANINIA'S POV	439
44	end	44
445	CUTS OF VANINIA AND HER CHILD	445

They look back on vanishing Rome without seeing it; they see the husband and father who made them free. He doesn't see them, but the audience will feel he does, for in the moment of uttering the last word of his life--"Free!"--he, too, becomes free. And to be free is to see and to know.

FADE OUT

T H E E N D