

THE OLYMPIAN

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"Freedom, like courage and honor and power, is an illusion...
a pleasant conversation... until you lose it."

...unknown; Ancient Greece.

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN - LAST LIGHT OF DAY

Sheer granite cliffs rise up and disappear into cold mists. Still and foreboding-- deafening silence.

Suddenly, the silence is shattered-- SHOUTS ricochet through canyons and the CRIES OF THE DYING echo throughout.

A flicker of fire blossoms in "The God's Cradle." It races up the flanks of:

WRITTEN WORDS

658 BC -- Mount Olympus, Greece

EXT. AN ANCIENT ALTAR - NIGHT

A crude stone altar honoring Zeus burns with a solitary flame held within a clay lantern.

It is hidden high on a ledge-- THE ETERNAL FLAME OF OLYMPUS.

TWO BOYS; dirty and feral, huddle at its base.

These are THE ALTAR GUARDIANS; LYSANDROS and MAKOS. They listen to the AGONIZING SOUNDS OF BATTLE as:

PAPI rushes onto the ledge-- a beast of a man-- removes the lantern and signals to follow.

EXT. THE TAKING OF SETTLEMENT DION - NIGHT

Fire, destruction and death:

HUNDREDS OF ATHENIAN SOLDIERS methodically decimate a remote settlement.

SETTLERS fight savagely. But their unusual hand to hand is no match for Athenian weaponry.

MEN are slain-- WOMEN are slain--

And through it all:

The YOUNG and VIABLE are herded into wagons.

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Shadowy FIGURES of Papi and the boys sprint down a treacherous

PATH TO THE RIVER

their speed and agility uncanny. The lantern of fire goes with them.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Papi's hands shake as he lights a separate lantern from his own-- passing his to Lysandros-- the other to Makos.

PAPI

I want you to swim across and light the signal fires. Don't look back. Do you hear me? Don't look back!

LYSANDROS

Yes, Papi.

PAPI

Makos?

MAKOS

Yes, I won't.

Papi touches each lantern; reverently.

PAPI

I'll see you on the other side.

MAKOS

Of the river?

LYSANDROS

What if it goes out? Papi?

PAPI

You're Olympians. Never let that happen. Now go! Signal the others!

Makos and Lysandros wade in-- lanterns held high. Papi, an unbreakable man breaking, turns to face:

EXT. THE TAKING OF SETTLEMENT DION - NIGHT

A nightmarish vision.

TWO ARMED SOLDIERS, flushed with battle, spy the boys.

Papi strides towards them-- breaking the limb from a tree-- plunging it into burning debris as:

The Soldiers brace for the attack. One darts towards the boys, the other waits a moment as a moment is all he has before:

THE BURNING LIMB SMASHES INTO HIS CRANIUM splintering it into fine red bits.

Papi rages like a berserker. He brings down another SOLDIER-- and ANOTHER-- protecting:

PAPI
Swim Lysandros! Swim hard, Makos!
Light the signal fires!

He watches them splashing in, swimming mid river-- the remaining Armed Guard, closer now, wading deeper towards:

PAPI
Swim. Just swim.

Papi holds back SOLDIER after SOLDIER-- his tired eyes locked with hope-- a prayer for the boys:

Until a spear plunges through his midsection. Stunned, he's decapitated by the upward arc of a bloody sword.

IN THE RIVER

Lysandros sees Papi's fate, turns back and swims towards him, stumbling in the shallows-- dropping his lantern on the shoreline.

Still in the river, Makos almost goes under-- his lantern hovering over the water's surface.

He struggles to keep it dry.

MAKOS
Lysandros! Help! I can't--

An arrow HUMS through the air and embeds itself into Makos' shoulder. His lantern submerges.

EXT. THE TAKING OF VILLAGE DION - NIGHT

Lysandros cradles Papi's body-- the headless trunk; soft bleeding ligaments tangling in his hands.

The battle rages around him. His eyes fill with firelight and impotent tears as:

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Makos' body floats face down in the river.

The ARMED SOLDIER rips Lysandros from Papi's body-- mashing his face into the blood soaked dirt-- planting a sandaled foot hard onto his neck.

Lysandros launches into a kicking frenzy.

ARMED SOLDIER
Re-skata (shit!) they're strong!

Grappling for his dagger the Armed Soldier misses the mark and leaves Lysandros GASPING; his skinny waist sliced open.

ELDER DEMETRI (O.S.)
Hold!

The Armed Soldier raises his eyes to behold:

TWO SWEATING HORSES

Slipping down the muddy bank.

An imperious middle-aged man, DEMETRI THE ELDER, sits on his horse like a king. His armor is rich and untarnished.

ELDER DEMETRI
How dare you destroy my property?

ARMED SOLDIER
My Lord.

Next to him, sitting tall on his mount is YOUNG DEMETRI, mid teens, focused on Lysandros.

ELDER DEMETRI
What do you see in his eyes,
Demetri? Tell me.

Young Demetri cocks his head.

YOUNG DEMETRI
I see nothing.

ELDER DEMETRI
Look again.

YOUNG DEMETRI
The gold he'll bring on the block?

ELDER DEMETRI
You see a masterpiece. Forged in
the god's fires.

Young Demetri spits on Lysandros.

YOUNG DEMETRI
I see nothing but the weak.

Elder Demetri's horse slams into Young Demetri's mount. He
SLAPS him from across the withers.

ELDER DEMETRI
You've much to learn of the world.

Like lightening, Lysandros slips from the Armed Soldier's
grasp, pulling Young Demetri off.

SOLDIER
Hoah!

ELDER DEMETRI
Leave it.

Young Demetri is taken off guard. Lysandros, though less in
stature, grapples him into submission-- wrestling moves well
beyond his years.

ELDER DEMETRI
You see? That's right!

Armed Soldier drags Lysandros off a muddled Young Demetri.

ELDER DEMETRI
This will teach you there's always
something stronger, something more
cunning than you are.

A hopeful beat-- as Lysandros notices his lantern still burns
shoreline.

Ashamed, Young Demetri remounts:

YOUNG DEMETRI
You would risk my life like that?

ELDER DEMETRI
I would risk anything, for just one
of them. Learn to see the fire in a
man, Demetri. And harness it.
(a beat)
For these are the ones who win the
real battles... that are the games.

Elder Demetri rides away as Young Demetri locks on Lysandros' abandoned lantern; it flickers. He dismounts-- picks it up; a simpleton's lantern. So, he throws it.

Lysandros struggles against the Armed Guard as the lantern arcs high-- then slaps into the water-- gone.

Young Demetri mounts and rides away.

Leaving Lysandros devastated-- staring at:

Makos' body is gone from the river.

EXT. STEEP MOUNTAIN ROAD - FIRST LIGHT OF DAY

Contained in a wagon filled with bleeding and chained captives-- the dead mixed with the live-- is Lysandros.

The wagon passes frenzied war hounds surrounding a staggering MAN, too injured to survive.

The Armed Soldier disposes of him.

ARMED SOLDIER
Take the bait!

The GRUESOME SOUNDS of the attack are immediate.

WE FOLLOW the wagon and a dozen others as the caravan cuts a path through staggering wilderness.

EXT. A RAGING SEA - NIGHT

A Greek trading ship follows the coastline in a violent storm.

Incongruously, a YOUNG EAGLE fights to survive the lashing winds and rain. It clings to the mast, SCREECHING.

INT. GREEK TRADER'S SHIP - NIGHT

Lysandros is caged deep in the ship's belly with food and water. He watches HUNDREDS of OTHERS just a breath away; chained and suffering-- dying.

He listens to the Eagle's SCREECHING.

A DYING MAN reaches out to him.

DYING MAN
Aetos Dios... the bird of God.
Zeus watches over us.

Shivering and frightened, Lysandros offers a morsel of food,
but: The Man is dead.

EXT. ROAD TO OLYMPIC TEMENOS - DAY

A DRIVER navigates an ornate wagon down a dirt road past a
towering statue of Zeus at least forty feet high.

An Eagle flies before it and leads us to:

WRITTEN WORDS
Fifteen years later

EXT. OLYMPIC TEMENOS - DAY

OLYMPIC RUNNERS IN TRAINING race past, ringing a track.

MEN train with Discus and Long Jump. OTHERS wrestle in a
sandy make-shift Palestra, roadside.

The wagon slows as sleek chariots clog the road, pulled by
high strung steeds. They swerve onto an enormous circular
raceway flanked by hills.

Camps dot the landscape as TENTS are pitched. VENDORS set up
to hock wares and foods.

And in the center of it is sacred Olympia; temples, statues
and causeways.

The wagon slows for a herd of sacred bulls as the Eagle
continues towards:

EXT. HIGH ON THE HILLS - DAY

In the heat distorted distance are private villas overlooking
the blue green Ionian Sea.

At each-- PANKRATISTS train in sandy arenas; a violent
combination of kick boxing and wrestling-- no holds barred.

The wagon navigates the dirt road towards them.

INT. WAGON - DAY

Swathed in furs is a shivering sickly man. He rivets a kindly stare on SPIROS, his groom, who's sweating in the stifling heat.

This is MATH OF SPARTA (80), ex helot (slave) of a Greek King and now a respectable DASKOLOS; a trainer of Pankratists.

MATH

There's a look in their eyes. A burning spirit like you've never seen before.

(a beat)

But, maybe they're all gone now.

SPIROS

The signs are plain.

MATH

Only the dying turn to signs and omens.

SPIROS

The gods leave you here for a reason, Math.

MATH

To torment you?

SPIROS

To show us all what we can become. Like the gods themselves, you give us hope we can all win the fight... which is life.

MATH

You make me sound like a hero. And I'm no god. I'm a creaking old hide of bones.

SPIROS

You survived the king of Sparta for fifty years. Even won your freedom. That's as close to a god as one can get.

(A beat)

You'll find your blessed Olympian. Kairos will tell us the moment. The Eagle will show us the way.

MATH

Your signs and omens again. Ah, but just to train one. My final glory.

Spiros looks to the sky:

SPIROS
He-- says there's hope.

Math doubts Spiros' sanity.

Suddenly, the wagon halts-- Spiros pulls the curtain back from a window.

MATH
What is it?

SPIROS
Kairos. The moment is upon us.

The Eagle SCREECHES and lands on enormous gates leading to a majestic villa. TIME SLOWS unnaturally as its wings settle and fold.

The open gates read: VILLA DEMETRI

The wagon moves through.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - CISTERNs - DAY

Dank underground caverns under the Villa; water-works containing vast water reservoirs and the fires which heat them.

We HEAR DISTANT CRIES, WHIPS CRACKING and GUARDS SHOUTING from so far away, we almost think it's imagined.

And we find HIM-- on the edge of the cesspits (sewers):

Filthy legs and raw, deeply gashed ankles stretch out across a muddy floor-- shackled.

Calloused hands reach out with wrists encircled in deep, wet wounds.

A bleeding finger traces the likeness of a (woman holding a lantern with a flame) across a discarded URN-- blood for paint.

WE PAN up and across an unwashed prime of life body; chiseled, one of a Pankratist. Yet its fate-- that of a bait slave.

LYSANDROS, now mid twenties, tenses. His long, dirty braided hair spills down soiled shoulders.

THE ARMED GUARD we recognize as The Armed Soldier from years ago. He angles his sword against Lysandros' throat and nudges the urn:

ARMED GUARD
You're supposed to be tending the
skata (shit).

Lysandros pierces his finger on the tip of the sword and brushes the urn with it, detailing the flame.

LYSANDROS
Sheathe the blade. You can't kill a
man that's already dead.

The Armed Guard SHATTERS the urn against the wall.

ARMED GUARD
Mind the skata. I'm going to watch
you drown in it.

LYSANDROS
Give me five counts in that
palestra and it'll be him that
dies.

ARMED GUARD
You'll never see that palestra
again. And if you do I hope I find
your balls in the sand at my
feet... when I come to collect your
carcass.

The Armed Guard heaves Lysandros to his feet, plants a wooden shovel in hands.

ARMED GUARD
Mind the skata.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: A mountain of human excrement.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - TRAINING PALESTRA - DAY

An arena of blood splotted sand. An IMPERIOUS VOICE commands from a distance:

IMPERIOUS VOICE (O.S.)
Take the bait!

SOMEONE PLEADS for their life, then a GRUNT. A meaty fist embeds itself into a man's jaw, shattering the mandible.

A bloodied BAIT SLAVE is dragged across the sand.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: A line up of BAIT SLAVES flanked by GUARDSMEN. They await their turn as:

An oiled up, naked Pankratist, MILO OF ARGOS, approaches them. He peruses a SMALLISH SLAVE who pees himself. Milo hurls him across the arena-- an after thought-- too small.

Calls out ANOTHER.

MILO

You!

This slave engages bravely. Milo captures him in a rear hold choke-- the slave slaps the ground three times.

SLAVE

Paradinese! (I surrender!)

Milo raises his arms in victory. And raises his eyes to:

EXT. VIEWING BOX - DAY

In a viewing box, shaded by Palm leaves and filled with rich accoutrements and ARISTOCRATS is DEMETRI (Young Demetri from opening scene, now a man grown; age 25.)

Demetri is no longer living in his father's shadow, he's:

A powerful noble of Altis; masculine in pleated over-tunic, rich and elegant in the shade. It is a cunning, silkily toned, lofty man who stands:

DEMETRI

En! (Begin)

MILO (O.S.)

Eh la! (Ready)

Demetri sits quietly, somehow at peace with it as:

IN THE ARENA

Milo kick-boxes with a BAIT SLAVE-- rapid punching-- beating the shit out of him-- his hands bare and unwrapped.

He angles into an elbow lock nearly snapping the man's bone. He's strong-- too strong-- it SNAPS.

TRAINER TIPOLI pulls Milo away and glances to the viewing box. He raises Milo's bleeding hands.

TRAINER TIPOLI
No more today.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Demetri drains his cup of wine.

DEMETRI
He's no babe at the teat, Tipoli!
PATRON ARIS, Demetri's contemporary, LAUGHS.

DEMETRI
En! (Begin!)

IN THE ARENA

Milo chooses another PLEADING SLAVE.

MILO
Eh la!

IN THE VIEWING BOX

PATRON ARIS
Have you seen Pisistratus' new
fighter, Son of Zeus?
Demetri drinks straight from the urn.

DEMETRI
I'm not an idiot, Aris.

IN THE ARENA

Milo grapples his prey and bends the man's leg back-- agony.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Patron Aris YAWNS.

PATRON ARIS
The only thing worth wagering on
are the chariot races. All that
running and leaping about grows
tiresome.

DEMETRI
Pankratists, my friend. Nothing
like them.

IN THE ARENA

A LARGE SLAVE throws straight punches and knee strikes. Milo takes him down.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

PATRON ARIS

Your Milo's good. But is he good enough to beat Son of Zeus?

DEMETRI

You're a bore.

PATRON ARIS

I'm just wondering how he'd do in a real fight. I'll be wagering at the games too, you know. We all will.

The Aristocrats lean in-- curious. Patron Aris, suspicious, goads Demetri:

PATRON ARIS

We could all bet on the enemy and off set the odds. Maybe that's your angle. You'd win a fortune.

DEMETRI

You stand by Villa Demetri.

PATRON ARIS

You haven't seen Son of Zeus fight, have you?!

DEMETRI

I don't need to.

PATRON ARIS

Well, we haven't seen Milo do anything but kick the shit out of your slaves.

DEMETRI

Alright Aris, I'll give you a fair demonstration. I have-- one. But he's been excluded.

PATRON ARIS

You have a bait slave that can beat Milo of Argos?

DEMETRI
Just promise me, the first thing
you do is give Pisistratus the news
Milo can't be beaten.

Aris raises his glass in a toast.

PATRON ARIS
Okay, I'll lie.

DEMETRI
I hope this slave is still as good
as he used to be. He's been
chained in the cisterns for weeks.

PATRON ARIS
Why on earth?

DEMETRI
He tried to kill me. I'm breaking
his spirit.

Demetri SHOUTS from the box over CHATTERING Aristocrats.

DEMETRI
Tipoli! Bring Lysandros!

IN THE ARENA

Tipoli leaves Milo stretching; a slow, serious ordeal.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - CISTERNs - DAY

At an overturned cart Lysandros shovels excrement into an enormous barred hatch.

A RUMBLING, then the sound of ROARING WATERS.

Lysandros peers into it: Rushing torrents wash in against its walls, cleansing the pit.

Tipoli watches a moment, just entered. Lysandros struggles to approach-- his shackles a burden.

TRAINER TIPOLI
You are to lose.

Tipoli tosses a key-- waits for Lysandros to unlock his shackles.

TRAINER TIPOLI
You are to lose. Understand? Milo
will go to the games. You will
not, do you know why?

Lysandros tenses.

TRAINER TIPOLI
Because you've defied your Patron
so many times he'll never free you.
And that's your fault. You'll
drown in this filth because of it.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - TRAINING PALESTRA - DAY

Spiros lifts Math from the wagon. They regard Milo.

MATH
Your signs and omens have failed.

A slow smile plays on Spiros' lips-- Math follows his gaze
and THE WORLD GOES QUIET.

Math GASPS; the Eagle SCREECHES.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO CISTERNS - DAY

Lysandros emerges from the mist filled cistern entrance like
a specter-- as if rising from solid ground-- squinting into
the sunlight.

He listens to the distant OCEAN and inhales; an illusion of
freedom. Tipoli pushes him forward.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - TRAINING PALESTRA - DAY

Math and Spiros move closer to the edge of the arena;
stunned.

Tipoli leads Lysandros past the slave line-up. Hope ripples
through it. MEN reach out to him.

MAN
Zeus be with you, Lysandros.

Then, Tipoli grips Lysandros' hands at the wrists-- AND SNAPS
THE THUMBS BACK. We HEAR them DISLOCATE.

TIPOLI
You are to lose.

Lysandros goes to his knees in agony.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Patron Aris stands up, gripping the balustrades.

PATRON ARIS
Look at his eyes.

Demetri snaps back on Aris.

DEMETRI
What about them?

PATRON ARIS
He looks as if he'd cut off his own
testicles just to win a round.

IN THE ARENA

Lysandros glares at Demetri-- burning to kill him.

Tipoli signals Milo.

TRAINER TIPOLI
En!

MILO
Eh la!

It's stunning as Lysandros' body moves with liquid grace-- he kicks and lands punches that stun even Milo. But his broken hands hold him back. Milo reads him quickly; takes control.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Patron Aris is pacing. Demetri's locked on the fight.

PATRON ARIS
What are you thinking, man? You
have to fight him!

DEMETRI
He's a bait slave, how many times
must I say it?

PATRON ARIS
You could free him.

Demetri won't meet Aris' eyes.

DEMETRI

I don't reward disobedient slaves.

Then it hits Patron Aris:

PATRON ARIS

He's the one you caught with her
all those years ago isn't he? When
he was fighting on your father's
string! You despise him? Over a
woman?

DEMETRI

A noblewoman.

Patron Aris LAUGHS so hard it brings tears to his eyes.

PATRON ARIS

I don't think even Aristotle
himself-- could think of a better
tragedy.

IN THE ARENA

Lysandros takes multiple blows to the body, staggering with
the impact-- pain his worst enemy. Milo throws him to the
sand-- a painful arm-neck lock.

Lysandros takes it, holding on-- and on. Then slowly,
impossibly, he rises-- Milo hanging over his shoulders.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Aris can't believe it. He clings to Demetri.

PATRON ARIS

This is the one, Demetri! This is
the one that could beat Son of
Zeus!

Demetri doesn't like it-- but to think of it:

IN THE ARENA

Milo and Lysandros slam to the ground and Milo's got him; no
escape:

MILO

Paradinese? (Surrender?)

LYSANDROS

No.

He tightens an elbow lock on Lysandros' Adam's apple crushing the trachea. Lysandros' impotent hands; useless.

MILO

Paradinese?

LYSANDROS

No.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Patron Aris and Demetri SHOUT at the same time.

PATRON ARIS AND DEMETRI

No!

PATRON ARIS

I'll buy him from you! Sell him to me, anything you want!

DEMETRI

Call him off, Tipoli!

TRAINER TIPOLI (O.S.)

Halt!

IN THE ARENA

Milo steps back graciously but Lysandros sucker kicks from the ground-- rolls Milo and angles to dislocate a shoulder.

TIPOLI

Lysandros! No!

Lysandros doesn't listen. Tipoli panics-- goes for a sword.

TRAINER TIPOLI

I said, no!

Milo GROANS in pain; Lysandros strains for the break.

TRAINER TIPOLI

No more!

Tipoli slashes-- lacerating Lysandros' thigh. The pain stuns him-- then, a kick to the lungs sends him GASPING:

As a massive blow from Milo snaps Lysandros' head back-- sending the world into a spin.

The Eagle flies overhead SCREECHING as if suspended in time.

Milo snatches the sword from Tipoli and angles on the unconscious Lysandros-- a killing on his mind:

Suddenly, another wickedly hewn short sword is thrust in. Its point touches Milo's collar bone.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: Math holds the sword firmly to Milo. A fire burns in his eyes.

Milo hesitates. Tipoli struggles to rise from the sand.

TRAINER TIPOLI
Take it easy, traveler.

MATH
Drop it.

Milo drops Tipoli's sword. Spiros snaps Lysandros' dislocated thumbs back into place with a quick POPPING gesture.

SPIROS
Do not rise, Olympian.

Math meets Lysandros' eyes-- it is a look of respect-- sword still angled on Milo.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Everyone's on their feet. Demetri CALLS down:

DEMETRI
I could have you executed for this breach!

IN THE ARENA

GUARDS surround Math and Spiros. Math surrenders.

MATH
I'm Math of Sparta! I would like to purchase your Helot!

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Everyone SPEAKS at once.

PATRON ARIS
Did you hear that? Incredible.

DEMETRI
Guards! Get them out of here!

EXT. THE ARENA ROAD - CONTINUOUS

It is an ungraceful man that drags one leg and leans on Spiros. Years of injury have taken their toll on Math. But something in his eyes-- keeps the Guards back.

Math and Spiros labor towards the wagon as:

IN THE ARENA

Tipoli CRACKS a whip sending Milo casually swaggering away.

Lysandros staggers to his feet, bleeding from his lacerated thigh-- his nose, his mouth. He watches Math and Spiros-- a thread of hope dying.

EXT. ARENA ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Spiros looks closely at Math:

MATH
I'm not dead yet.

Math stands straighter somehow-- his eyes brighter.

MATH
Sometimes, if I dream a moment, I
still feel her there. My beautiful
Olympian wife.

SPIROS
I remember the day she battled with
you like a lion and then took pity.

MATH
Held me to her round breasts and
fed me like a babe for weeks. No,
Spiros, I remember the fire.

SPIROS
Just remember fires are not so
pleasant when they rage. And this
man is capable of a maelstrom. He
could kill someone.

MATH
All men are capable of killing.

SPIROS
Not me. Not even if I was... the
god himself.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Demetri turns to Aris.

DEMETRI
See what I mean? There's no
controlling him. Foul tempered.

PATRON ARIS
Even a slave has a weakness. Find
it and you have the key to the
laurel.

But Demetri doesn't like this idea.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - CISTERNs - DAY

Lysandros' face is a morass of sticky red sand and ooze. His
leg-- bleeding. Tipoli slaps him on the butt with the back
of his sword.

TIPOLI
Well done. When will you learn?
You want to die in here?

LYSANDROS
If I'm to die, I'll die in the
glorious fires of Olympus.

TIPOLI
A pleasant myth.

Tipoli shackles Lysandros.

TIPOLI
You could have been one of the
greats.

As Tipoli exits, YIYA, so old she can barely see, enters and
tends Lysandros' wounds. She WHISPERS:

YIYA
Tonight. You meet in the grove.

The Armed Guard steps in-- pans the room and leaves.

EXT. TEMPLE OF ZEUS - DAY

AGAPITA steps out; a stunning vision.

More girl than woman, she's dressed like royalty. Revered for her surreal beauty, she holds a high position within the temple-- an attendant of Zeus.

Demetri kneels as does Aris-- protocol. He offers a thatch of oak leaves tied with gold thread.

DEMETRI

I have a certain Pankratist. I want to know if the god favors him for the games.

Dignified beyond her years, she's cold as ice to Demetri:

AGAPITA

I wouldn't know.

DEMETRI

You have a sacred duty to bring my request to the Oracle.

AGAPITA

You lost all power over me the day you put me here.

DEMETRI

I had honorable intentions.

AGAPITA

I wasn't even a woman yet. He never touched me and you know it.

Demetri holds in the anger.

DEMETRI

You were the responsibility of my family at the last bequest of yours. We took you in and you dishonored our name.

She turns rudely away-- casually striding back inside. But as we look closer we find-- eyes filling with tears.

PATRON ARIS

Astounding.

DEMETRI

She's lost her mind.

Patron Aris almost laughs:

PATRON ARIS

You despise your slave for doing
what anything with a heart beat
would do? But you still desire her?
Why?

DEMETRI

I don't know. I'll never know why
my father spared him.

PATRON ARIS

Because he was valuable.

DEMETRI

Well, my father's dead. And we
shall see if he's so valuable.

Demetri strides into the temple.

INT. TEMPLE OF ZEUS - DAY

An ORACLE-- a woman in trance is surrounded by FEMALE
ATTENDANTS. Agapita's glares at Demetri.

He approaches and kneels-- WHISPERS his request as the Oracle
searches-- the air-- the nothing-- reaching-- eyes closed.

ORACLE

There are two?

DEMETRI

(stunned)

Two?

ORACLE

One, will be honored not for
strength but for a burning spirit.
The other will die by the will of
Zeus.

DEMETRI

But, who is honored and who is to
die? Milo of Argos or Lysandros of
Dion?

Agapita GASPS.

ORACLE

If you knew the outcome of your
precious games would you play as
hard, Nobleman?

DEMETRI
Ridiculous. I demand an answer.

Demetri throws a handful of coins towards the Oracle.
Suddenly, the Oracle is reduced to writhing on the floor.

PATRON ARIS
Incredible. Bad luck.

AGAPITA
You see? Your gold means nothing
here. You mean nothing.

DEMETRI
Ah, for the love of Zeus, Agapita.

Demetri strides out. Patron Aris smiles at the Attendants.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - CISTERNs - LATER - NIGHT

Lysandros reclines in a steaming stone pool. Delicate
stitches have closed his wounds and his hands are wrapped in
Himantes (bandages).

A fire burns at water's edge. He uses a flat iron to
cauterize a tear on his shoulder; it HISSES.

LYSANDROS
Thank you, Yiya.

Yiya tosses a tiny curio-key into the pool and leaves.
Lysandros unlocks his shackles.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - NIGHT

Lysandros steals through the darkness of Villa Demetri's
grounds.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Demetri dines with Aris and his Aristocrats on reclining
couches. He's staggeringly drunk. SERVANTS come and go; it's
a drunken feast.

DEMETRI
Oracles are liars.

Aris LAUGHS.

The Armed Guard enters and WHISPERS to Demetri. Demetri heads straight to the door. Aris is curious-- but comfort first; he settles back.

EXT. FORBIDDEN GROVE - NIGHT

Lysandros enters a dark grove shrouded in mist. The FIGURE of a cloaked woman steps out.

Instantly, he's on her-- pushing up her wrap-- pinning her against an ancient oak. It's passionate-- brutal.

Lysandros has found FORBIDDEN LOVE IN THE ARMS OF AGAPITA.

LYSANDROS
Gods, I've missed you.

He regards the blood smeared on her face-- from his bleeding cheekbone. He cups her face in his hands and teases:

LYSANDROS
You look like me, now.

But his humor doesn't bring a smile, instead:

AGAPITA
I pray each day some invader will
come and you'll escape.

LYSANDROS
Don't ever say that. I'm free when
I'm with you. Even if just for a
moment.

AGAPITA
You can be free forever. Now.

She nods to two horses, tied in the trees.

AGAPITA
If you love me, you'll take me with
you.

Lysandros reels with the reality of it; a glimmer of hope.

LYSANDROS
I've loved you since I was ten
years old. Where I go, you go.

She hugs him, then pulls him towards the horses. Lysandros hastily throws her cloak across her shoulders, attempting to cover her exposed breasts as:

Six SNORTING horses converge on them. Demetri and The Guard have arrived.

DEMETRI
Agapita... Agapita... what to do
now?

The cloak slips from her shoulders; he stares at her bare breasts.

DEMETRI
Even the temple will shun you.

LYSANDROS
She's a noblewoman! You have no
rights with her!

They throw Lysandros to the dirt-- holding him prone.

Demetri dismounts-- darker somehow-- slow and still. He touches the bloody handprints on her face, her lips, her breasts--

DEMETRI
I have coveted you all my life.

--and back hands her.

DEMETRI
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT ANOTHER WHORE TO
ME NOW!

Demetri signals the Guards:

DEMETRI
Bring him back but don't break him.
(to Agapita)
You, come with me.

Demetri heaves Agapita up with him-- over the withers of his mount and rides away. Lysandros fights hard but it's not enough-- he's bound and tied.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - CISTERNs - NIGHT

A shackled Lysandros watches Demetri lead Agapita into a back entrance of the Villa. The Armed Guard pushes him forward.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Demetri escorts Agapita by the hand and throws her against the wall; face to face.

AGAPITA
I gave myself to him. Did you hear
me? I gave myself freely!

Demetri burns to kill this woman.

DEMETRI
You were violated.

He heaves her into a chamber and SLAMS the door; locks it.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

Demetri strides through Aristocrats, Servants and newly
arrived WHORES. Takes a seat with a drunken Patron Aris.

PATRON ARIS
Where have you been?

Demetri downs his wine-- pours another-- drinks-- pours
another.

PATRON ARIS
Really? That bad?

DEMETRI
Security was breached. I found Pita
with my slave, flagrante delicto.

PATRON ARIS
Which slave? The slave?

A beat.

PATRON ARIS
Don't execute him.

DEMETRI
Don't tell me what to do.

PATRON ARIS
Sleep on it.

Patron Aris notices a WELL ROUNDED WHORE.

PATRON ARIS
I won't be able to enjoy myself if
you're out killing something.

Demetri downs another cup. Drinks from the urn. The party
rages around them-- disconcerting.

PATRON ARIS
Where is she now? The temple?

DEMETRI
Locked in a chamber. Until I can
speak rationally to her.

PATRON ARIS
Good. They'll both be there with
the sunrise. You're in no shape--

Demetri tosses his cup to the floor and stumbles towards the hall.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Demetri hesitates outside of Agapita's door-- enters his own chamber, alone. Patron Aris leads the Whore into another.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Yiya sneaks down hall and unlocks Agapita's door; opens it.

YIYA
Pita?

Agapita embraces her.

AGAPITA
Oh, dear gods! I love you so much,
Yiya. Bless you.

Agapita and Yiya sneak to the back entrance; it's locked.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

The banquet has gone bacchanalian-- whores, food and wine. Agapita carefully makes her way through the fracas, towards the door.

Almost there-- she's close-- a few more steps as:

A sweating, aged DRUNKEN ARISTOCRAT, a pig of a man, embraces her from behind-- groping her.

DRUNKEN ARISTOCRAT
Milo! Look what I found!

AGAPITA
Filthy pig!

DRUNKEN ARISTOCRAT
Milo! Here's one for you! Take
your reward, my boy!

Milo pushes the Drunken Aristocrat aside and throws Agapita
to the floor; lifts up her wrap and exposes her to the world.

AGAPITA
Ah, gods, no!

WHISTLES and HECKLING fill the room.

DRUNKEN ARISTOCRAT
Round two!

OTHER ARISTOCRAT
Demetri! Where's Demetri?
(raises his glass)
To the host for his generous
spirit!

DRUNKEN ARISTOCRAT
And his taste in women!

Everyone CHEERS as:

Milo plays with Agapita a moment-- his hands snake over her
breasts-- she swallows the fear with the dreaded words:

DRUNKEN ARISTOCRAT
En!

Everyone in the room answers with:

ARISTOCRATS
EH LA!!!

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

Patron Aris leaves the whore in a mussed up bed-- half
dressed, he exits the room.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - MASTER'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

A staggeringly drunk Demetri weaves on his feet-- the room
spinning out from under him.

SCREAMING from outside and the JEERING of Aristocrats:

DEMETRI
Will someone please stop that
interminable noise?

A POUNDING on the door:

PATRON ARIS (O.S.)
Demetri! Get out here, now!
Demetri!

Too late: Demetri slumps to the floor, out cold.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

Yiya limps into a corner with a terrified MIRI, a young female house slave. Crazy Aristocrats crowd the spectacle in center room.

YIYA
I won't make it across the
courtyard.

MIRI
I'll go.

Miri crawls towards the hall as:

The Aristocrats have formed a large circle-- BAYING.

Milo flips Agapita into a rear choke hold-- just like in the arena-- wrestling with her-- the Aristocrats TAUNT him on.

Agapita fights fiercely-- a kicking frenzy. But Milo soon tires of the game and everyone goes silent as:

He grips her from behind, lifts her wrap and plunges deep.

Agapita chokes with pain-- to ROARING APPLAUSE.

Patron Aris enters just in time. Stunned, he rushes back down the hall:

PATRON ARIS
Demetri!

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Miri sprints across the courtyard:

MIRI
Guards! Help! Come quickly!

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - CISTERN - NIGHT

Lysandros watches the Armed Guard sleeping in the corner.

Then, from a distance:

MIRI (O.S.)
Milo is taking the ward of Zeus for
bed-sport! Help us!

Lysandros pulls viciously against his chains levied to the wall-- a monstrous rage-- insanity:

LYSANDROS
GUARDS!

The Armed Guard stirs in the corner; intoxicated.

MIRI (O.S.)
They're violating the ward of Zeus!
Help us, please!

LYSANDROS
GUARDS!

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - CISTERNs - GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sleepy GUARDS awaken in quarters near Lysandros'. BAIT SLAVES awaken further down and SHOUT. Lysandros' voice BOOMS over all:

LYSANDROS (O.S.)
Miri! Come here!

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - CISTERNs - CONTINUOUS

Miri rushes in as the Armed Guard, still dazed, staggers to stand. Lysandros-- ripping his chains-- dislodging them from the ancient wall.

And it's quick:

The Armed Guard panics going for Lysandros-- sword raised-- Miri SMASHING one of Lysandros' urns over his head.

MIRI
Ah, gods!

Like lightening Lysandros grips the Armed Guard's short sword, sending him reeling, straddling him and:

Plunges the blade into his heart; twisting it.

Miri slides into the corner as:

A shackled Lysandros shuffles out, chains dragging behind him; the sword gripped in hand.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

Agapita crawls into the corner of a dark bedchamber. Her eyes swelling shut as Yiya sees her.

AGAPITA
Don't... tell... him.

Broken-- bleeding.

YIYA
Zeus forgive me.

We study Yiya's face as Agapita pulls away from her-- a face of agony wet with tears.

AGAPITA
Have... faith... old one... for you
see? I have lost mine.

YIYA
No, my girl, no!

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - PORTE COUCHE - NIGHT

Lysandros stalks straight towards the departing, Drunken Aristocrat's wagon-- the ring leader-- a pig of a man.

He throws open its doors-- ripping the man from inside-- plunging the short sword into his gut and tearing upward.

The DRIVER runs for it.

Lysandros climbs the steps to:

The imposing entry of Villa Demetri. He throws himself against it.

LYSANDROS
Kyrios! (Master!)

An intense struggle as GUARDS converge-- they're everywhere.

LYSANDROS
Kyrios!

Lysandros fights like a beast. He's held, thrown to the ground-- swords leveled on him from all angles:

LYSANDROS

Kyrios!

Demetri staggers out with Patron Aris.

PATRON ARIS

This isn't happening. Is it?

Sputum sprays from Lysandros's mouth; frenzied agony.

LYSANDROS

Fight me!

DEMETRI

You're insane!

LYSANDROS

She was innocent.

DEMETRI

Sleeping with a slave is a crime
punishable by death!

LYSANDROS

SHE WAS TO BE MY WIFE! WITH YOUR
FATHER, I WOULD'VE WON MY FREEDOM!

An intense beat-- nothing makes sense:

DEMETRI

Imbecile, you're my slave! A slave
cannot marry a noblewoman! He
cannot marry anyone!

Lysandros can barely speak-- torture-- a man's hell:

LYSANDROS

Why have you done this?

DEMETRI

She was still wet with your seed
and Milo took her again and again
and again! She'd still be at the
temple if not for you!

Lysandros erupts with such force, the Guards can barely hold him.

LYSANDROS

NOOO!!!

Milo of Argos steps out and smiles at Lysandros-- pinned down under a morass of bodies.

Lysandros' eyes lock on Milo.

And Demetri knows; he knows:

DEMETRI
GET MILO OUT OF HERE!

Milo LAUGHS.

DEMETRI
GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

Catapulting Lysandros into such a rage even the Guards are brought low.

Demetri pushes Milo back-- through the door.

PATRON ARIS
Demetri! Take Agapita as your own!

DEMETRI
It's too late for that! I'm the
talk of Athens by now!

PATRON ARIS
Take-her. Do it.

Curious Aristocrats are spilling out from the villa.

DRUNKEN ARISTOCRAT
Your slave was to marry one of your
whores? How novel!

Demetri lunges at Drunken Aristocrat; Patron Aris stops him.

DEMETRI
She's not a whore!

PATRON ARIS
Pay every one of them for their
silence. Do it now. Do it in
gold.

Demetri regards the curious faces; he's horrified.

PATRON ARIS
She-- is his weakness. Think!

Milo steps back out; amused. Suddenly, Lysandros is free and slamming Milo's head, repeatedly, onto the marble steps.

Milo's cranium SHATTERS-- splintering-- as facial tissue unzips.

Blood spray splatters Demetri.

DEMETRI
AH-GODS!!!

Instantly, Guards and Demetri roll Lysandros-- pinning him to the ground.

Milo's body writhes, flips over and stills.

DEMETRI
Ah, gods. Ah, dear gods.

Demetri reels-- the sight of Milo's tissues jarring him.

DEMETRI
Give me a dagger!

A Guard offers a sword. Demetri stands over Lysandros:

DEMETRI
I WILL GUT YOU COCK TO STERNUM!

We HEAR her before we see her:

AGAPITA (O.S.)
(Soft)
Demetri.

Lysandros freezes. His eyes pan everywhere, searching.

Demetri watches Agapita make her way towards them. Everyone watches as she squats down and kisses Lysandros; a brush.

DEMETRI
Step back, Pita.

Demetri levels the sword on the small of Lysandros' neck.

DEMETRI
I said step away.

Slowly, so slowly, she stands and pushes the sword from its target-- a careful, dangerous gesture.

Something about this simple act moves Demetri-- she touches his chest-- moves him gently away.

AGAPITA
His life for mine.

An intense moment between them.

LYSANDROS
NO! S'AGAPO!!! (I love you!)

Demetri glares at Lysandros.

DEMETRI
There is no love for the dead. They
cannot love.

Demetri moves in for the kill.

DEMETRI
And you, are dead.

Instantly, Agapita is reduced to insanity-- fighting him.

AGAPITA
Please! Oh, gods! You can't! I
gave myself to him!

Demetri nods to the Guards-- Agapita locked in his arms:

DEMETRI
Take him to the cisterns.

He carries Agapita abruptly into the house.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - CISTERNS - NIGHT

Yiya goes to her knees in the dirt as Guards push Lysandros to the ground. They strain to open the excrement hatch.

YIYA
Please? Let me pray with him?

GUARD
Your prayers aren't necessary
anymore, old woman.

Lysandros reaches for a fragment of his shattered urn-- one cracked half of it; The Woman without the lantern.

The Guards push him into the pit.

Yiya squints blind eyes and reaches for the other half; The woman's lantern of fire.

The hatch SLAMS closed.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: Patron Aris watches it all.

DEMETRI

He's a murderer now. His crimes
are my crimes. Everyone witnessed
it.

PATRON ARIS

They were not there. Gold has
turned this night into nothing but
fiction. I've taken care of it.

Demetri lays a hand on Yiya's head.

DEMETRI

There is no pain with drowning. It
is a quiet thing. Like dreaming.
(a beat)
Go back, Yiya.

She simply pleads with her eyes.

DEMETRI

Escort her back.

The Guards urge Yiya away as Demetri peers down at Lysandros;
now menacing.

DEMETRI

It is an agonizing death.

PATRON ARIS

Demetri, just listen--

DEMETRI

--get him out of here, too.

PATRON ARIS

You're not thinking rationally!

Guards urge Patron Aris out. Demetri regards Lysandros from
his superior position:

DEMETRI

I should have insisted that my
father feed you to the hounds that
night I caught you with Pita.
Perhaps you'd never have grown into
the creature you've become.

LYSANDROS

You were weak then and you're weak
now.

DEMETRI
The morning flooding comes at
sunrise. You die with it.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - LIBRARY - SUNRISE

A sleepy eyed Tipoli's not impressed with the large desk filled with waxed manuscripts.

He's not impressed with Demetri-- a man who's been there all night. A man who's been brought low by a woman.

DEMETRI
I have wagers laid from one end of
the city to the next. All forfeit.
Bring me another.

Tipoli's razor sharp sarcasm comes without warning:

TRAINER TIPOLI
Shall I steal one from your
contemporaries and disguise him?
Or would you rather send an
assassin and kill a noble? Then you
buy his prize Pankratist from his
grieving family.

Demetri throws his hands up.

DEMETRI
How many do we have at our summer
camp?

TRAINER TIPOLI
They're too young. The games are
upon us. Stop the execution.

Demetri looks into the eyes of the BUST of a stern politician; Demetri the Elder.

DEMETRI
My father treated him better than
me.

TRAINER TIPOLI
Your father's dead. Stop digging
him up. Lysandros is alive and you
hold the greatest of all titles in
your hands. If you could just see
it.

Demetri moves near a mantle of golden urns-- touches one.

DEMETRI
His athletes were legendary.
Lysandros was to be the greatest.
His... greatest.

TRAINER TIPOLI
And this is your chance.

DEMETRI
But then, the world would know my
first title was taken with my
father's finest. Even in death his
shadow still suffocates me.

Demetri studies a copper vase with chariots.

DEMETRI
Chariot racing. All his.

TRAINER TIPOLI
You're wasting precious time.

Demetri studies rows and rows of alabaster bowls.

DEMETRI
The Pentathalon. They'll remember
his name forever.

Nudges an enormous Urn with two boxers.

DEMETRI
Mohlos (Boxing).

TRAINER TIPOLI
Get him out of that cistern!

DEMETRI
The Pugilis. What is left for me?

TRAINER TIPOLI
You're mad.

DEMETRI
Am I? What is a man without
respect. Without wealth and title.
Without the power of life and death
over others?

TRAINER TIPOLI
He is a man.

DEMETRI
He is a slave.

Tipoli retrieves a satchel.

DEMETRI
Where are you going?

TRAINER TIPOLI
I'll not work for a man who's lost
his faculties.

He leaves. A moment of shock-- Demetri SMASHES the bust of his father.

DEMETRI
BRING HIM TO ME!

A MAN SERVANT hiding in the corner steps out:

MAN SERVANT
Kyrios?

DEMETRI
Stop the flooding. Bring
Lysandros.

The Man Servant darts out the door.

Demetri stares at the shattered pieces of the bust.

DEMETRI
If I am a madman. I've learned
from the best. I've learned from
you.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - CISTERN - DAY

Lysandros clings to the barred hatch-- drowning with the flooding.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - KITCHENS - DAY

Yiya prays at a kitchen altar. Miri watches the cistern entrance-- Agapita held in her arms.

YIYA
I have seen great beasts in cages.
They open the doors and they do not
even step out.

Yiya blesses herself.

YIYA
 They will never leave their own. He
 will never leave... you.

Agapita darts from Miri's embrace-- from the kitchen.

MIRI
 No!

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - CISTERNs - DAY

The Man Servant struggles to open the flooding hatch.

MAN SERVANT
 Help! Guards!

Lysandros' bleeding hands reach up from the depths--
 clenching the bars-- clenching the piece of fractured urn.

The Man Servant's eyes fill with tears as he holds Lysandros'
 hand; it stills-- goes limp.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - CISTERNs - DAY

Guards rush to the entrance as TIME SLOWS.

The Eagle circles overhead and SCREECHES-- Agapita sprinting
 across the courtyard-- Miri behind.

AGAPITA
 Nooo!!!

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - KITCHENS - DAY

Yiya lights a funeral candle.

YIYA
 If the gods require someone's
 blood, sweet Zeus, next time think
 on me. I gladly offer this wretched
 old body in their place.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - CISTERNs - DAY

Lysandros' body is pulled from the waters. GUARDS crowd
 around him, rolling his body over-- pounding on his chest.

GUARD
 He's dead?

Stillness. Then a COUGH as Lysandros vomits water. A CHEER erupts from everyone.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - DAY

The Guards march a pale Lysandros into the courtyard, shackled.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: Agapita running towards them-- closer and closer-- Guards hesitating to draw weapons-- SHOUTING.

Agapita slams into them-- into Lysandros-- pulling him close:

AGAPITA
S'agapo (I love you), Lysandros!

She clings-- his heart breaking-- Guards pulling her back. He watches impotently as she's led away.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - LIBRARY - DAY

The SOUND of shackles on marble; Demetri leans back at his desk-- his eyes narrow.

DEMETRI
Did you not hear me?

Lysandros is flanked by Guards. He regards Demetri with a hatred so hot Demetri stands up-- the chair falls back.

LYSANDROS
You free us.

DEMETRI
Freedom is an illusion. A myth
conjured to enrage the less
fortunate. No one is ever really
free. They're either strong or
weak. Rich or poor. Lord or
slave. You-- or me.

Demetri toys with an abacus on his desk.

DEMETRI
You cannot win here.

LYSANDROS
You cannot win without me!

Demetri hurries to Lysandros, abacus in hand and slaps him across the face with it.

DEMETRI
You're to fight for the first
Olympic title of the Panacea.
(a beat)
Together, we will win.

Demetri dismisses them with a wave. The Guards lead Lysandros towards the door.

DEMETRI
Hold, Lysandros. A moment alone.

And when the room clears of Guards:

DEMETRI
There was a time when we might have
been like brothers.

Lysandros never turns to him.

DEMETRI
LOOK AT ME!

Demetri forces it-- gripping Lysandros' face:

DEMETRI
You win, she'll have a new
beginning. But don't expect me to
emancipate you. Ever. For some
reason the god granted you life.
What he fails to understand is that
I own you.
(a beat)
Guards! Get him out of here.

The Guards enter to lead Lysandros out and as they do:

DEMETRI
The one to beat... his name... is
Son of Zeus.

EXT. VILLA PISISTRATUS - TRAINING PALESTRA - DAY

A NAKED PANKRATIST trains in a private arena-- his body covered in tattooed FLAMES.

One look at this Villa tells us nobility resides here and has for centuries.

This is SON OF ZEUS, every fighter's worst fear. A face so severely deformed by an odd scarring, he barely resembles anything human.

He stalks his BAIT SLAVE as an UMPIRE presides.

They're observed by PISISTRATUS, the ruling tyrant of Altis and patron of Son of Zeus.

PISISTRATUS

En!

SON OF ZEUS

Eh la!

The Bait Slave runs. Son of Zeus lets him-- a noble act.

UMPIRE

Take the bait you ugly son of a
whore!

Son of Zeus turns on the Umpire, takes an ear in his teeth and rips. The umpire SCREAMS as Son of Zeus, angry as hell-- angles for a body break.

Pisistratus runs the sidelines-- GUARDS race to aid:

PISISTRATUS

Daskolos! Subdue your Pankratist!

Surprisingly, we find Tipoli is now trainer here. He rushes to rescue the Umpire-- whip CRACKING.

TIPOLI

PARAKA LO!

Son of Zeus backs off but his anger is so hot-- he paces.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - PORT COUCHE - DAY

Demetri surveys his holdings-- SERVANTS attend a summer table of mid-day fare. Circles line his eyes-- exhausted.

He inspects his MASTER'S KEY CHAIN. It's missing keys-- disturbing.

Math is lifted from the wagon and assisted up the steps by Spiros.

SPIROS

Math of Sparta. Freed by
Anashandridas himself.

DEMETRI

You're a hard man to pin down.

MATH
How much for your Helot?

DEMETRI
He's not up for purchase.

MATH
He's worth nothing to you.

DEMETRI
On one level, I'd have to agree. I want you to harness him and make him into a champion.

MATH
No one can yoke them. Truth be told, he will never even harness himself. Sell him and be done with it.

DEMETRI
Don't tell me you're another fool chasing Olympians. They fall like any other.

MATH
If you learn to temper their spirit, you'll have a champion like no other. But that's no easy feat.

Demetri LAUGHS.

DEMETRI
Well, it appears I have that taken care of already.

Math and Spiros exchange a look.

DEMETRI
Come. Tell me all your lies from your life in the arena, Spartan.

Demetri motions them inside.

SPIROS
Math of Sparta never lies.

DEMETRI
What is your name?

SPIROS
Spiros of Ithaca.

DEMETRI
Well Spiros, all men lie.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - BATH HOUSE - NIGHT

Lysandros can barely keep his eyes open. He regards the sumptuous chamber.

Math watches Spiros pour warm water over Lysandros' body in the bath. Oil and salts are sprinkled into the water.

Spiros quietly wraps Lysandros' hands in linen Himantes.

SPIROS
Kairos has come and gone. The god
has decided in your favor.

Math gives Lysandros a cup of foul liquid to drink from.

MATH
You will address me as your
Daskolos (trainer.)

Lysandros drinks and cringes.

MATH
Herbs. For strength.

Math holds a pomegranate out to Lysandros.

MATH
Take it.

Lysandros cannot ungrip Math's fingers. Even though Math clutches the pomegranate tightly, it never breaks, his control is so precise.

LYSANDROS
I can't.

Math allows Lysandros liberty-- roles reversed, Math attempts to take the pomegranate from Lysandros's grip.

It breaks. They exchange a look:

MATH
But you will.
(motions to the cup)
Drink.

Lysandros drinks, then sinks into the water.

MATH
You face experienced Pankratists
tomorrow.

LYSANDROS
I'm not afraid.

MATH
I know, I know. I am. You're not
ready.

Lysandros closes his eyes; exhausted.

MATH
I must extract a promise.
(a beat)
You fight only your opponents. Not
Villa Demetri, not me nor Spiros,
nor the world.
(a beat)
I know about your woman.

A muscle in Lysandros' jaw ticks.

MATH
I'll see to it, she's well. But you
will not think on her. Not yet.
(a beat)
Lysandros?

Lysandros stares forward.

MATH
We Spartans have an old saying. To
win a life, you must take one. The
gods require someone's blood. So,
don't fight for her. At least, not
yet. Or you'll be the one who pays.

Math motions to Spiros-- he rubs Lysandros' shoulders out.

EXT. COUNTRY ARENA - DAY

A sparsely filled second rate public arena.

In center box is Pisistratus and a well dressed Son of Zeus.
Son of Zeus is intensely focused on the arena.

Demetri sits in a box overlooking them.

Lysandros fights an EXPERIENCED PANKRATIST. He fights well,
but he's stiff from injury and lacks concentration.

A round house sends him reeling.

The UMPIRES separate them with long rods.

Lysandros returns to the corner where Spiros pours water down his throat and onto his head.

MATH

Enough of your fumbling around like
the village idiot.

Math towels him down.

LYSANDROS

I follow your instructions. Then, I
find my balls in my throat.

MATH

Men die here everyday of ignorance.
And if you don't, you'll soon die
of pain. The only way to win is to
methodically incapacitate. Think
in advance. Otherwise, you're
late.

Math presses raw meat to Lysandros' swollen eyes.

LYSANDROS

I need to hit harder.

MATH

What is anger?

Lysandros ignores him.

MATH

A response. A reaction. Which
means you're late.

Math SLAPS him on the butt and sends him out.

MATH

Take them to the ground, they're
all skata on the sand.

Dust flies and the match is on. The Pankratist
systematically boxes and kicks.

Lysandros allows the Pankratist to take him to the sand.

MATH

First move!

Lysandros rolls and pins him down-- a painful position, arm over head.

MATH
Excellent!

The Pankratist taps out-- beating the ground three times in surrender. Lysandros chooses not to notice.

MATH
What is he doing?

The crowd leaps to its feet as the Umpires beat Lysandros with their rods. Spiros rushes towards him.

SPIROS
Enough!

MATH
No more!

The ROAR of the crowd reaches a frenzy-- attracting attention as CITIZENS gather on the sidelines.

MATH
Lysandros! Let him go!

Instead, Lysandros maneuvers and executes a perfect shoulder-hip throw. He tosses the man into the air and onto his head.

The crowd has gone wild. Lysandros steps back-- the umpires raise his arm in victory.

Nothing he could ever have imagined could have prepared him for this moment.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: The once sparsely filled seating is filled to CAPACITY with commoners, farmers, travelers passing by-- all flocking to the spectacle.

It is a hillside of CHEERING faces.

Math is exasperated:

MATH
WHAT WAS THAT? WHAT WAS THAT?

Lysandros runs to Math, embracing him-- lifting him-- then runs back to center arena. Drops to his knees in thanks.

In a daze he WHISPERS:

LYSANDROS
I fight for you.

Math approaches:

MATH
You shame me.

Lysandros is stunned.

MATH
You fight like the rabble in the
streets.

LYSANDROS
I won.

MATH
Dogs fight. They win. So what?

IN THE CENTER VIEWING BOX

Pisistratus leans close to Son of Zeus.

PISISTRATUS
Not bad.

Son of Zeus ignores him-- he's focused on Lysandros. He
massages his tattooed shoulder in thought; covered in
intricate flames.

ON THE HILLSIDE

The crowd is animated-- CHEERING Lysandros.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

A NOBLEMAN addresses Demetri.

NOBLEMAN
Yours?

DEMETRI
Yes.

NOBLEMAN
Well done. Where did you find him?
Sparta?

DEMETRI
Olympus. The mountainous regions.

NOBLEMAN

His name? I'd like to wager on him
in the next event.

DEMETRI

We call him The Olympian.

Demetri CLAPS as Lysandros exits the arena to THUNDERING
APPLAUSE.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - NIGHT

Agapita dines alone at an enormous banquet table.

Demetri enters and leaps onto it; he walks down the center
towards her:

DEMETRI

You should have seen him! He's far
better than I imagined! Now I
understand what my father saw!

(a beat)

And he's all mine. My creation!

AGAPITA

He was born Olympian in the village
of Dion. You did not create
anything.

Agapita picks at a plate of food-- thin and pale in her rich
gown.

DEMETRI

You live better than the gods
themselves. Can't you love me?
Just a little?

AGAPITA

My heart is his, Kyrios (master.)

DEMETRI

Don't call me that.

AGAPITA

You and I both know I'll never
leave this place. And you promised
him I would!

DEMETRI

Why would you want to?

A long stare.

DEMETRI
I can be kind, Pita.

Demetri waves a SERVANT over. He presents a golden amorphae, delicately painted.

DEMETRI
I bought this for you today. Do you like it?

Agapita clinches something tightly: The fractured piece of Lysandros' clay urn-- the lantern of fire.

DEMETRI
What do you have?

He rips the shard from her fist; looking at it. Pushes her off the chair and to the floor-- straddles her.

Face to face:

AGAPITA
Remember what happened to the last man that touched me? His brains were spilled into your lap.

Demetri rolls off her-- throws the shard against the wall.

DEMETRI
Remember the last time you betrayed? Your reputation was spread across Greece as wide as you spread your legs for him. Be careful, Pita. You go to the ground with me, I'll defeat you. Mark it.

And he's out the door.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - OUT BUILDINGS - NIGHT

A somber Math opens the door to a vision of wealth. Half gymnasium, half gentlemen's chamber.

MATH
You won because he defeated himself. You lost your mind and he was just as stupid. A more experienced fighter would've put a fist through your skull.

Lysandros steps in and executes some quick punches. Performs bag work with a hanging, taxidermed body of a ram.

LYSANDROS
I won by far or you wouldn't be
here right now.

Lysandros moves through the room.

LYSANDROS
Why are you here, Daskolos? Gold?
Fame? Pity?

MATH
I'm here because I am.

LYSANDROS
That's like speaking without
speaking, isn't it?

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: The moonlight on the Ionian Sea in the
distance-- flickering lights from the city of Altis.

Lysandros looks out on the free world.

LYSANDROS
It's a just trick of the sirens.

MATH
Freedom is no trick. Men and gods
wage great battles to have it.

LYSANDROS
But someone will always lose.

Lysandros clinches something. The fractured piece of the urn;
the woman without her lantern.

MATH
He couldn't kill me so he freed me.

Math touches the shard.

MATH
The king of Sparta. I felt the
fire once. I was so close to it,
it consumed me.
(a beat)
Then... I lost her. And I realized
I had been fighting for all the
right reasons but with the wrong
weapons.

Lysandros hangs his head.

LYSANDROS
(hoarse)
I fight hard, Daskolos.

MATH
Then fight harder and fight with
your wits.

When Lysandros looks up again his eyes are red, watery.

MATH
You carry the eternal flame of
Olympus in your spirit. But temper
its heat Lysandros for it will
consume your mind.

Math touches Lysandros' forehead.

MATH
Let go of your angry passions.
Then one day and I promise you,
I'll ask you to call on it.

Lysandros places the urn's shard on the balustrade carefully
and walks away from it.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - TRAINING PALESTRA - DAY

A YOUNG PANKRATIST is led out of the fighter's compound by
Spiros. Math takes Lysandros to the side.

MATH
Close your eyes.

Lysandros does.

MATH
Quiet the fire. Send all of it to
a place that you can draw from
later. Separate it off.
(a beat)
You'll not use it, understand?

Lysandros opens his eyes.

MATH
Remember the techniques, Ano, Kato,
you've used them your entire life.
But, no emotion. None.

Lysandros approaches the Young Pankratist.

MATH

En!

LYSANDROS AND THE YOUNG PANKRATIST

Eh la!

They engage in a tight body lock. Lysandros fights with an insane natural talent. The Young Pankratist gets lucky-- he SLAMS one into Lysandros' jaw.

MATH

Ah! No!

But that's it-- the sand flies. Lysandros fights more with blind rage than clarity.

A Gastrizen sends him down.

Lysandros spits sand from his mouth. The Young Pankratist offers a hand up:

YOUNG PANKRATIST

It was my honor--

LYSANDROS

--you fought well. The honor was mine.

MATH

Honor, honor, honor. My hind end. You've learned nothing. Heard nothing!

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: BAIT SLAVES and MANY YOUNG PANKRATISTS watch from the sidelines-- riveted.

EXT. IONIAN SEA - DAY

A beach of crashing waves.

Math rides in a contraption that's part wheelchair, part chariot-- it is pulled by Lysandros. Spiros rides a small pony.

They move at full speed, until an angry Lysandros simply stops.

LYSANDROS

I should be in the palestra with the others!

MATH
Nothing like the sea to tire a man.
Are you tired?

LYSANDROS
Tired of pulling this child's toy.

MATH
The ocean. Feel its power?

LYSANDROS
I'm soaking wet.

MATH
Sand?

He's covered in it.

MATH
Hear the waves? They make a nice
sound.

A beat.

MATH
Unharness and sit down. Close your
eyes.

Lysandros sits down as Spiros hooks the pony to Math's
contraption. They leave him there.

Math YELLS back:

MATH
And stay there! Until I come for
you!

Time literally passes before our eyes:

--Lysandros, restless and bored, watches the sea.

--Lysandros, eyes closed, sits very still-- connecting to it.

--Lysandros, asleep in the sand as Math returns:

MATH
Well? What did you feel?

LYSANDROS
Nothing.

MATH
 It is called... peace. No anger.
 No fire. A clear mind is a
 Pankratist's muse.

EXT. PUBLIC ARENA - DAY

Lysandros wrestles a formidable PANKRATIST-- the fighting is fast. Lysandros is intoxicated with it-- clear headed-- methodical.

MATH
 The muse! She calms the fire!

At first winning then finding himself resorting to force, he soon finds himself in a choke hold; he taps out.

TRAINERS stop the fight. He returns to Math's corner.

LYSANDROS
 You're ruining me. I'm losing something.

MATH
 Yes, my patience. Still the fire,
 I'm warning you.

Math sends him back out; round two. Lysandros knocks the man out with one punch and glances to Math:

MATH
 What was that?

Lysandros is livid.

LYSANDROS
 I'm not an Oracle or some mystic!

MATH
 Are you telling me you don't understand?

Lysandros looks away. An odd pity crosses Math's face; then:

MATH
 Never be ashamed of your ignorance.
 What you hide is your weakness and
 so, it will remain forever a
 weakness. But, I have the answer.

LYSANDROS
 What?

Math almost smiles and quips:

MATH
Your ignorance is your weakness.
(a beat)
Follow me.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - CISTERNs - DAY

The dark tunnels of the cisterns. Math watches Lysandros move into them-- stealthy like a panther:

MATH
Imagine what comes next. See it in
your mind... before danger strikes.

Rounding a shadowy corner-- A BAIT SLAVE jumps out-- a sword arcing down. Lysandros leaps away.

MATH
Late!
(a beat)
Now stop and contemplate. Is it a
feeling in the bones? A tingling
of the spine?

LYSANDROS
With all due respect. This is no
use.

Lysandros pads further into darkness. A YOUNG PANKRATIST wields a club at Lysandros' knees-- the pain sears.

MATH
Anticipation is as natural as a
rabbit sensing a wolf.

LYSANDROS
I've seen many a wolf devour a
rabbit, Daskolos.

Lysandros stalks the next corner-- nothing.

MATH
But, even that rabbit knew it was
coming. It was too weak. Too slow
even. But it was brave and it knew!
I'm giving you something no other
man possesses. Now, prochei!

Lysandros quiets-- moves slowly-- listening-- feeling. Then, like lightning-- reaches around and takes Spiros to the ground.

MATH

YES!

SPIROS

Well done. How did you know?

LYSANDROS

I have no words. I saw you... but
in truth I don't know.

MATH

Come with me.

Math leads Lysandros to the underground reservoir filled with
fresh water fish.

MATH

What do you see?

Math tosses a pebble. The fish dart and move together.

LYSANDROS

Mid-day meal.

MATH

Think on this. How do they know to
move as one?

Math pushes Lysandros into the water.

MATH

Pneumeo (a breath).

Lysandros takes a breath and Spiros pushes him under the
water; holds him down.

SPIROS

Alpha, beta, gamma--

MATH

--don't let him up.

Lysandros nears the surface-- Spiros holds him down.

MATH

Now start counting. It means
nothing unless he's dying.

Spiros almost laughs; doesn't.

MATH

Well, it doesn't.
(a beat)
Keep holding him.

Lysandros is fighting for his life under Spiros meaty fist. Suddenly he PUNCHES through the water's surface:

LYSANDROS
ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME?

MATH
Son of Zeus will most likely do that.

Math squats down.

MATH
I need you quiet. It's time you realize you'll win nothing in this life unless you understand it.
(a beat)
When we fight and just like in life, there is a moment of change that can only be sensed with your heart. It is called Kairos.

LYSANDROS
Kairos...

MATH
A moment. One of many that appears in our lives for opportunity and change. What you do in that moment is up to you. But if you don't see it coming, it will pass you by, lost forever.
(a beat)
And that is the greatest secret of all. Anticipation. Anticipate everything.

LYSANDROS
How?

MATH
Quiet the fire. And remember the fish, remember the rabbit.

Spiros gives Lysandros a hand up.

SPIROS
Time to go. You're to meet one of those moments... today.

EXT. STREETS OF ALTIS - DAY

Two ornate enclosed wagons make their way through CROWDED streets. They are followed by MOUNTED GUARDS.

INT. MATH'S WAGON - DAY

Lysandros is dressed like a wealthy citizen. Math and Spiros study him.

SPIROS
You look as good as the god
himself.

Lysandros almost smiles; doesn't.

The wagon creaks to a stop. Math looks out the window.

MATH
Respect your Patron.

The door opens and Demetri looks inside.

DEMETRI
I have the best viewing box for
you.

MATH
My thanks.

DEMETRI
Of course, anything for my champion
Pankratist and Daskolos.

POV LYSANDROS: The other Wagon door is open. Agapita sits next to Miri-- both richly dressed. She glimpses Lysandros and is overcome.

DEMETRI
My guests are waiting.

Demetri swaggers back; speaks softly to Agapita and Miri. Lysandros swallows his heart.

MATH
Do not.

EXT. CITY ARENA - VIEWING BOX - DAY

Lysandros is seated with Math and Spiros. His eyes pan the stadium for her.

MATH
Quiet the mind. Still the fire.

LYSANDROS
She's with him! WITH HIM!

Math rests a gentle hand on Lysandros' shoulder.

MATH
You didn't see it coming, but never
the less, here it is. And no
amount of anger will change it.

IN THE ARENA

Son of Zeus towers over OTHER PANKRATISTS in a line-up.

The HELLANODEKAI (judge) presents an urn.

Son of Zeus goes to his knees in SILENT PRAYER, draws a small
stone.

HELLANODEKAI
Alpha!

A STOUT FIGHTER chooses and tenses; afraid.

HELLANODEKAI
Alpha i Alpha!

He's paired with Son of Zeus. They assume the ram stance.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Math leans in mesmerized. Lysandros's staring out into
nothingness.

MATH
Proshei! (attention!)

Math studies Lysandros:

MATH
The fire is everywhere, Lysandros.
It's greater than an Olympian,
greater than any man or woman. It
goes on even if we do not. It is
life itself.

LYSANDROS
You don't know anything. You think
you do but you don't.

A group of BOYS wait at the edge of the box. Math motions them to enter.

MATH
Look closer.

Math motions to the packed stands; hundreds of PEOPLE.

MATH
Look around. Your woman is only a
part of a far greater spirit.
There are many to love you, even if
she cannot.

The Boys rush to Lysandros. All of them hold out white cloth strips.

BOY
Contender! Can you gift us?

Lysandros looks at the slips, coldly.

MATH
Touch the cloth!

Lysandros does. The boys crowd him excited-- tying the strips on their heads-- running away-- CHATTERING.

BOY
He's blessed mine twice!

MATH
New fires will ignite in your
heart. You'll never be without it.
(a beat)
I know what you've suffered. All
alone. But you survived. A tiny
ember.

Lysandros turns to Math, stares him down; simmering anger:

LYSANDROS
That ember's dead. It died with my
brother. But I found another with
her. And no one will ever take that
from me. Not you, not Demetri. Not
even a god.

The crowd surrounding them-- SCREAMS.

IN THE ARENA

Son of Zeus fights like a god. He's quicker, stronger-- stunning and more deadly than anyone.

There's nothing like him-- past or present.

Immediately, he has the Stout Fighter in a punishing joint lock-- it's effortless.

The Umpire raises his arm in victory as Trainer Tipoli runs the sidelines.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Demetri enters.

DEMETRI
Come, we go.

MATH
I take it you've seen The Son of Zeus?

DEMETRI
(exasperated)
Yes.

EXT. SIDELINES - DAY

Demetri escorts Lysandros through the crowds-- they enter the fighters area. Math and Spiros assess the Pankratists.

DEMETRI
You must put our differences aside.
After all, I've made you into a famous Pankratist.

LYSANDROS
A lie.

Demetri almost laughs.

DEMETRI
An illusion. A lie is evil, an illusion is a chance to turn a lie into something of... greatness.
(a beat)
We'll pay our respects. Be civil.

Pisistratus greets them coldly. Son of Zeus is attended by Tipoli-- toweling him off-- massaging his shoulders.

PISISTRATUS
So you come to spy.

He studies Lysandros.

PISISTRATUS
Is it true those from the
mountainous regions are spawned by
Zeus himself?

LYSANDROS
No.

Pisistratus LAUGHS. It is a friendly, hearty laugh.

DEMETRI
He misunderstood.

PISISTRATUS
What is your name?

LYSANDROS
Lysandros of Dion.

DEMETRI
He's a true son of Zeus.

PISISTRATUS
What makes you think my Pankratist
is not?

He talks pleasantly around Demetri-- to Lysandros.

PISISTRATUS
I like to know the names of the
dead in advance, you know. Gives
me time to think of a proper
tribute.

DEMETRI
Are you threatening my fighter?

PISISTRATUS
I was jesting.

DEMETRI
I came to pay my respects in the
name of sportsmanship. I can see I
was mistaken.

PISISTRATUS
You came to taunt me. My original
wager stands. Winner takes all or
nothing.

Pisistratus is fascinated with Lysandros.

PISISTRATUS
What did you think of my Pankratist
today? Tell me.

LYSANDROS
He is a man, Kyrios. Like me.

PISISTRATUS
You address me as a slave to his
superior.

LYSANDROS
I am a slave, Kyrios.

Demetri's SLAP to Lysandros' face is immediate.

DEMETRI
That would be illegal! A slave
cannot compete in the games!
(a beat)
He is not a slave.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: Son of Zeus listens closely.

PISISTRATUS
You shame your family, Demetri. I
won't be revealing your secret as
it pleases me to beat you even as
you scheme.

DEMETRI
I should call you out! Let's
settle this right now! In a private
match with our best!

PISISTRATUS
You see? You would ask even a
slave to fight your battles.
(to Lysandros)
Would you fight his battles?

LYSANDROS
No.

PISISTRATUS
Then why do you fight?

A moment-- Demetri waits-- a look.

LYSANDROS
I have my own battles. And they
are many.

PISISTRATUS

Sadly, you will not win those kind,
Lysandros. None of us do.

(a beat)

Good day to you both.

Pisistratus leaves with his entourage.

DEMETRI

I hate that man.

Lysandros' eyes follow Son of Zeus-- who's tattooed flames on
his shoulder, hide a faded scar.

DEMETRI

Almost as much as I hate you.
You'll be grateful someday. I'll
make you see, she only would have
shattered your heart as she's
shattered mine.

LYSANDROS

Another illusion? Like your lies,
like your power? A man's heart is
beyond you. I'm beyond you. And
she will always be beyond you.

DEMETRI

Much like your freedom isn't it?

Demetri strides away into the crowds. Lysandros watches him
enter his wagon.

Math approaches and has overheard the conversation.

MATH

He'll always seek to fan the fires.
Don't let him. He uses her to
control you.

Strangely, Lysandros quiets. Math enters his wagon without
Spiros help:

SPIROS

The god says you're doing very
well.

LYSANDROS

You speak with him? Directly?

Spiros nods, serious.

LYSANDROS

Is this a one sided conversation?

Spiros shrugs.

LYSANDROS
I don't think he hears any of us.

MATH (O.S.)
He doesn't!

Lysandros and Spiros enter the wagon.

SPIROS (O.S.)
His Greatness is concerned with
more pressing matters.
(fainter)
There are wars, you know. Great
floods. Plagues...

EXT. DEMETRI'S WAGON - DAY

Demetri escorts Agapita to his enclosed wagon-- he kisses her on the mouth.

DEMETRI
Sweetness. Maybe I'll have to free
him when this is over after all.
So we can be alone in truth.

He forces a kiss-- an ugly thing. His hands grope her breasts-- she's humiliated. She SLAPS him.

INT. MATH'S WAGON - DAY

Lysandros, seeing Demetri with Agapita, is furious. He pushes Math brutally out of the way-- opening the door:

MATH
Spiros, take him down! Do it now!

Spiros grasps Lysandros' neck near the carotid. Lysandros slumps to the floor as Spiros (a much smaller man) applies pressure.

INT. DEMETRI'S WAGON - DAY

Demetri glares at Agapita then shifts his focus to Miri.

DEMETRI
You'd appreciate my affections,
hum?

He forcefully pushes Miri back and kisses her. Miri does not fight; she's a servant.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - COURTYARD - DAY

Leaves flutter to the ground-- TIME HAS PASSED.

Miri and Agapita relax at an outdoor table filled with refreshments.

Demetri approaches-- Agapita coldly offers her cheek. He smiles at Miri.

DEMETRI
It's beautiful isn't it?
Everything's perfect.
(a beat)
Would you like to see him fight
today?

AGAPITA
No.

DEMETRI
Why on earth not?

She turns away.

DEMETRI
I'll keep my word, Agapita. He
wins, I'll let you go.

AGAPITA
Where?

DEMETRI
Free.

AGAPITA
I'm not free unless those I love
are free.

DEMETRI
Then I guess, no one will be free.
Will they...

He strides away; not a care in the world.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - TRAINING PALESTRA - DAY

Lysandros trains against YOUNG PANKRATIST'S and BAIT SLAVES. The palestra's (arena) his and he knows it. He's honed and focused.

Demetri and Patron Aris watch from the viewing box.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: Agapita watches stoically from the distant villa balcony.

The Eagle SCREECHES.

Lysandros kick boxes and spars; proving his absolute worth as a Pankratist.

So intense is his concentration it seems to unnerve his OPPONENT.

The Opponent attempts an elaborate round house kick. Lysandros responds with a leg-grab-take down sending the man to the sand.

Instantly Lysandros moves in with uncanny speed-- driving a spiked fist into his opponent's cranium; killing him.

Lysandros returns to the corner. Darker somehow-- as if a light has gone out inside of him.

MATH
What just happened?

LYSANDROS
Nothing. I won.

MATH
This isn't for the laurel. You just executed a man.

LYSANDROS
It was legal.

MATH
It was immoral.

Lysandros squints into the sunlight.

LYSANDROS
I can't go on. I'm lost here, Daskolos.

Lysandros leaves Math and Spiros-- he walks away. Spiros seems to listen to something unseen:

SPIROS

The god thinks he's become a risk.
You could find yourself in a
dangerous position one of these
days.

MATH

Risk is of little importance when
you have nothing to lose.

INT. OUT BUILDINGS - NIGHT

Shell fish, meat and gluttony of the first water. Lysandros
dines with Spiros and Math.

Restless, he moves to a hanging taxidermed bull; spins and
executes a perfect round house against it-- SLAMMING hard.

MATH

I have something for you.

LYSANDROS

No, I can't take anymore of that...
those sea creatures.

Math hobbles to the door and opens it. He guides Yiya
inside. Her milky eyes search:

LYSANDROS

Yiya?

Lysandros rushes to her.

YIYA

My beautiful man.

Lysandros embraces her fragile form-- alarmed.

LYSANDROS

Come. Dine with us.

He pulls out a chair-- serves her an overflowing plate.

YIYA

You are well, praise the god? I
hear the stories.

A long silence.

LYSANDROS

And Agapita?

YIYA
 She's well. She resides with the
 Kyrios.

Yiya picks at the food. They both speak at once:

YIYA
 She asks of you--

LYSANDROS
 --does she ever ask of me?

Yiya gives Lysandros the broken fragments of the urn-- glued
 and intact. He' stunned.

ON FRAGMENTS: No longer separated is the woman and fire; but
 whole again.

Lysandros runs his fingers over it-- steps out:

ON THE BALCONY

SPIROS (O.S.)
 I have seen your kitchen altar, old
 one.

YIYA (O.S.)
 I offer myself everyday. Yet the
 gods never take me, curse them.

Math approaches Lysandros carefully.

MATH
 I have something else for you. But
 you must tread carefully. You'll
 take only a moment, understand?

Lysandros follows Math out-- the realization dawning on him.

EXT. VILLAS DEMETRI - GROUNDS - NIGHT

A locked gate separates the compound from the villa.

Math nods to it and urges Lysandros on-- then abruptly leaves
 him. Lysandros can barely make out:

A cloaked Agapita, her fists clenching the bars.

Lysandros runs the rest of the way-- embracing her through
 the locked gates.

For a long moment they do not speak.

Lysandros passes the mended fragment to her. She studies it.

AGAPITA
This is me? Holding the lantern of
fire?

LYSANDROS
Holding my spirit.

AGAPITA
I know what you must think. But, I
do carry you in my heart every
moment.

LYSANDROS
He's taken you?

Tears fill her eyes.

AGAPITA
Not yet.

LYSANDROS
Fight, Pita. Be strong.
(a beat)
I'll win. It won't be much longer
and you'll leave here.

Her hands shake.

LYSANDROS
No, shhh. I promise.

SOUNDS in the distance tell us Demetri SPEAKS with GUARDS.

LYSANDROS
S'agapo, Pita.

She turns back-- a nod; nothing more.

Lysandros watches her near the villa-- meeting Demetri and
the Guards.

DEMETRI
Where were you?

AGAPITA
Walking in darkness.

DEMETRI
Don't go out there again. Evil
lives in the darkness.

Demetri sees Lysandros and pushes Agapita roughly inside.

DEMETRI
Guards! Daskolos Math!

Math and Spiros approach.

MATH
What are you doing here,
Pankratist?

LYSANDROS
Just seeking some pleasure from the
servants.

Lysandros notices Agapita stepping onto the trellised
balcony.

DEMETRI
What are any of you doing out here?

MATH
I didn't want to alarm you but
lately I've caught him with a
female servant or two. He must
have stumbled across Agapita by
mistake. Please forgive me.

SPIROS
I too have caught him with Miri,
the house servant! It was
staggering, Daskolos. The man is
like a--

DEMETRI
--then lock him up! I don't need a
spent Pankratist, understand? And
if I catch him anywhere near-- I'm
warning all of you!

Demetri strides inside. Math teases Lysandros:

MATH
What were you thinking?

LYSANDROS
That you didn't give me enough time
with her.

A small smile:

LYSANDROS
You didn't anticipate, Daskolos.

MATH
Obviously, neither did you.

Math slaps Lysandros on the back-- LAUGHING.

MATH
But you feel better? You won't
kill anyone else now?

SPIROS
He's going to kill all the female
servants with his manly skills.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - COMPOUND - NIGHT

Math snores deeply-- Spiros sleeps on his back; mouth open.
Lysandros carefully makes his way to the door-- steps out.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - GARDEN - NIGHT

Lysandros scales the locked gate easily. He watches the
trellised balcony, then climbs it.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - AGAPITA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Agapita sleeps peacefully. Lysandros watches her from across
the moonlit room. She never wakes.

He leaves the way he came-- graceful and silent.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Demetri approaches a GUARD on duty.

DEMETRI
Give me the key to Lysandros' cell.

The Guard fumbles through his keys; presents one.

DEMETRI
I seem to be missing mine.

Demetri moves to Agapita's door-- tries his keys; nothing
fits. Demetri's troubled.

DEMETRI
Give me the one to this chamber.

The Guard does. He tries it-- the door unlocks.

INT. AGAPITA'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Agapita awakens as a LOCK SNICKS; the door opens. Demetri doesn't enter. Instead he closes it quietly; gone.

EXT. HILLS OF ALTIS - FIRST LIGHT

Lysandros runs the craggy hillside-- goats scatter, their bells TINKLING.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - OUT BUILDINGS - FIRST LIGHT

Lysandros arrives exhausted from running. Douses his head into a watering trough.

Spiros throws him a towel. Math pulls around with the pony harnessed to his contraption.

MATH

Today is a special day.

LYSANDROS

What now, you crazed old man? No more toy duties by the sea.

MATH

Watch out. I'm going to surprise you.

LYSANDROS

Not much surprises me. But you Daskolos, always surprise me.

MATH

Because you're not anticipating.

(a beat)

Meet us at the Chariot stables.

Spiros jumps on the back of Math's contraption.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - TURN OUT PASTURES/STABLES - DAY

A stable and a green pasture filled with mares (female horses) grazing. Lysandros feels good.

Math approaches in his contraption pulled by the pony; Spiros riding-- clinging off the side. Spiros leaps off.

LYSANDROS

Am I to become a world famous Chariot driver now?

MATH
Do you want to?

Lysandros shrugs. Spiros laughs:

SPIROS
Part of your training would be
cleaning the horse's skata up.

MATH
Yes! You should become a chariot
driver. Cleaning skata is good for
the soul!

LYSANDROS
Maybe for you.

MATH
Ah, a sense of humor. Finally.
Well, you won't be laughing for
long.

A MASTER OF THE HORSE approaches, a man the size of a child,
leading a smallish stallion. He studies Lysandros.

MASTER OF THE HORSE
He's big.

MATH
I told you, we'd need a large one,
with his parts intact.

MASTER OF THE HORSE
You said a stallion with a herd of
mares. No size.

Master of the Horse WHISTLES:

MASTER OF THE HORSE
Bring Hades!

Grooms emerge from the stables, leading an enormous SCREAMING
Stallion:

MASTER OF THE HORSE
You going to instruct or am I?

MATH
No instruction. Mount up,
Lysandros.

LYSANDROS
Me?

MATH
Who else?

LYSANDROS
I've never--

MATH
--even better. Just do nothing and
let the animals coach you.
Remember the fish? Today we answer
your question.

Math's pony, harnessed to Math's contraption, is restless.
Lysandros pets its muzzle-- runs his hand over her withers.

LYSANDROS
Shhh, just a bigger version of you.
Nothing to fear.

MATH
Forget the pony! Get up on that
stallion!

Lysandros clumsily mounts the stallion. The stallion scents
the herd of mares.

The Master of the Horse struggles to hold him still--
Lysandros clenches a fistful of mane; fearful:

MATH
Let 'em go!

Master of the Horse, releases-- the stallion bolts towards
the herd-- Lysandros hangs on for dear life.

Math launches his pony-contraption after them.

PAN UP: And the Eagle circles high above; SCREECHING.

EAGLE'S POV: Below the herd moves as one; turning as one--
darting as one-- full speed.

Lysandros's stallion runs in the midst of them and as:

TIME SLOWS

Lysandros begins to notice how they move; they anticipate.
He relaxes-- just riding.

He notices-- a slight twitch of an ear-- muscles tensing just
before a turn-- a body leaning subtly before it changes
direction.

Lysandros begins to anticipate the next move of the herd itself and begins to lead the way.

MATH

That's right! That's it!

Math navigates his contraption just outside the herd; close-- dangerous. He's so honed on Lysandros he completely misses:

Lysandros sees it-- a mare's body tenses-- she turns-- the herd is about to follow:

LYSANDROS

Math! Get out of the way!

The entire herd turns as one-- SMASHING into Math.

Pandemonium as mares rear-- trampling each other-- Math's pony and contraption are lost in the mayhem.

Spiros runs flat out into the fray-- dodging mares.

Lysandros leaps from his still galloping stallion:

Mid air-- he sees it:

Math's contraption, rolling. Mares COLLIDING with it in a shattering toss up.

Pieces of Math's contraption fly upwards-- the pony drags itself to the ground.

Math is crushed as the contraption CRASHES into him and drives itself into his belly; his abdomen GUSHES wide open.

Lysandros drags himself past the suffering pony.

Lysandros' hands get lost inside of Math-- as he attempts to hold the entire abdomen closed.

Spiros slides in next to Lysandros. Panicked and angry he SCREAMS at the frenzied herd:

SPIROS

Curse you! Curse you all!

MATH

(spits up bloody sputum)
The god's require blood. Some one
must always die...

LYSANDROS

Daskolos?

SPIROS
Don't speak, Math. Just don't.

MATH
Lysandros...

LYSANDROS
I'm here.

Math grips Lysandros' hand-- crushed from the melee.

MATH
Your hand, no...

Math closes his eyes; gone. Lysandros' heart breaks:

LYSANDROS
I was too late.

Spiros' eyes fill; he doesn't try to hide it. And in the strangest of ways he's proud:

SPIROS
But, you saw it coming. You anticipated.

Lysandros looks at his hands, one shattered, the other bloodied up to the elbow. He rises to his feet and snaps the suffering, writhing pony's neck.

Spiros grapples to lift Math's body, but he's too small:

SPIROS
I cannot carry him so far, alone.
(a beat)
Help me?

Lysandros cradles Math's bleeding body and carries it towards the villa-- his mangled hand an after-thought.

Demetri's coming towards Lysandros and Math-- there's fear in his eyes as he walks faster-- then sprints-- then runs flat out.

He sees his dead trainer-- Lysandros' bleeding and broken hand.

DEMETRI
NOOO!!!

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - OUT BUILDINGS - NIGHT

Lysandros stares out into the city of Altis from the balcony. He cradles his injured and wrapped hand-- in thought.

A sleek wagon arrives. A hulking CLOAKED FIGURE steps out.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - OUT BUILDINGS - NIGHT

Spiros cleans Math's body-- tending to wounds. The room is filled with Lysandros' urns; lanterns of fire painted on each one.

Miri enters:

MIRI

Lysandros? You have a guest.

She backs out as Son of Zeus steps in-- removes the hood of his cloak.

Spiros freezes. Lysandros turns to behold:

Son of Zeus regards Lysandros a long moment-- his eyes move to the urns-- then to Math.

He lights a clay lantern and leaves it next to Math's body.

SON OF ZEUS

You know me?

Lysandros regards the deformed, scarred face-- nothing recognizable-- then something creeps into his senses:

SON OF ZEUS

I'm Makos. Your brother.

Lysandros almost goes to his knees in disbelief. Then, rushes him-- embracing him-- weeping-- a complex torrent of emotions.

LYSANDROS

Makos! Ah, gods! Makos!

Son of Zeus takes Lysandros' broken hand gently into his. But he's somber-- a man who shows no emotion. A man who has harnessed his fire.

But clearly, he's deeply moved:

SON OF ZEUS

I have waited. I have hoped.

INT. VILLA DEMETRI - MASTER'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

Demetri has lost his wits-- anger to sadness-- nothing about him makes sense. Agapita turns her back on him:

DEMETRI
I need you now! What kind of woman
are you? Gods, I've given you
everything!

AGAPITA
I'm your slave.

DEMETRI
You don't look like a slave.

AGAPITA
It is an illusion. Like Freedom.

DEMETRI
Say my name.

AGAPITA
Kyrios.

DEMETRI
SAY IT.

AGAPITA
No.

DEMETRI
A slave would lie beneath me freely
and scream my name.

She ignores him. So, he pushes her to the floor.

DEMETRI
You say you're a slave, so I'll
keep taking you like one.

Then, he stops; rethinks it:

DEMETRI
What will it take to win your love?
What in the world will it take?

AGAPITA
I wish to speak with him,
privately. Nothing more.

DEMETRI
You lie. You'd still make me force
you again.

He stares at her-- reading her-- considering.

DEMETRI
Alright, I can do better.
(a beat)
His freedom will be granted after
the games.

AGAPITA
You would free him? Just to have
me lie willingly with you?

DEMETRI
Give yourself, willingly. Give.

AGAPITA
Swear it.

DEMETRI
MIRI! MIRI! GET IN HERE NOW!

Miri enters quickly:

MIRI
My lord?

DEMETRI
The slave shall be freed after the
games. My oath and you've
witnessed it.
(a beat)
NOW, GET OUT!

She backs out-- fast. Demetri instantly rips the bodice from
Agapita's body and pushes her to the floor.

DEMETRI
Give. Give freely.

Agapita goes limp-- hope fading as he mounts her:

DEMETRI
Come on... give.

She forces herself to kiss him on the mouth; he stills:

DEMETRI
Damn it.

He waits-- something's wrong; an embarrassing situation.

DEMETRI
Don't look at me.

She can't help herself; she's staring at him in shock.

DEMETRI
CLOSE YOUR EYES, YOU EVIL LITTLE
CREATURE!

He violently rolls her over-- and finds success.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - FOUNTAIN - FIRST LIGHT

Demetri's pleased with himself as he passes Yiya, washing her face and hands in the fountain.

She fishes out two keys. He backs up a step, doesn't even turn around-- snatches them from her-- stares at them.

Her blind white eyes struggle to focus:

YIYA
Agapita? Do you need my keys?

Yiya turns and realization dawns.

DEMETRI
It is a quiet thing. Like
dreaming.

Demetri forces her head to the water. She doesn't even struggle.

A long agonizing trial as he submerges her-- she drowns.

A moment as he dries his hands off on her robe. He CALLS up to Agapita's balcony:

DEMETRI
I found them.

The rising sun's rays illuminate Yiya-- who floats peacefully under twenty feet of spraying waters.

Agapita's GASP of horror drifts down.

EXT. IONIAN SEA - DAY

The day turns to gloom-- a storm brews out at sea:

The body of Math, two coins over his eyes, is dressed in Spartan finery. He's laid out on a beached raft.

Son of Zeus' burning lantern of fire lays next to him. He's surrounded by Lysandros' elaborate urns-- painted lanterns and flames.

Spiros smashes the burning lantern. Lysandros and Son of Zeus launch the smoldering raft into the sea.

Spiros wades out after it; tears streaking his cheeks.

Lysandros studies his brother.

LYSANDROS
You have a good life?

SON OF ZEUS
In many ways.

LYSANDROS
You must have a wife, a family?

SON OF ZEUS
What woman would look on a face like this?

LYSANDROS
You won your freedom years ago, yet you stay with Pisistratus?

Son of Zeus' stares boldly at Lysandros.

SON OF ZEUS
My patron is a good man. But soon, I wish to return to Olympus.

LYSANDROS
You can't just go?

SON OF ZEUS
I've stayed, seeking a cure for this mysterious ailment, Syphillus. They say I have only months and it will take my mind.

We notice Son of Zeus' deformity is a morass of growths-- not scars.

SON OF ZEUS
It would be my honor, that my last panacea be against the brother I love.

LYSANDROS
I can't fight you. I'd lose and I fight for my woman.

SON OF ZEUS
We're going to meet. One of us must
lose.

Son of Zeus conceals his grotesque features with his hood.

SON OF ZEUS
I leave you to your mourning.
(a beat)
Carry the fire, brother.

He walks away; Lysandros goes after him:

LYSANDROS
Wait!

WE PULL AWAY to Spiros at water's edge as Lysandros and Son of Zeus speak HEATED UNHEARD WORDS.

Math's raft EXPLODES into a fire ball as the Eagle circles overhead. It darts between burning embers and black smoke, CRYING OUT, agitated.

Then, Son of Zeus leaves a stunned Lysandros.

EXT. IONIAN SEA - FIRST LIGHT OF DAY

Agapita-- a ghost of herself in the windy mourning-- regards Lysandros from high on the hillside.

Lysandros sleeps sprawled on the beach.

Demetri holds her from behind-- amused-- and SHOUTS down:

DEMETRI
Take the bait!

He chuckles-- pushes her towards Lysandros and strides away.

TWO GUARDS follow the stricken Agapita. Lysandros rushes her; embracing her hard.

He smiles; she doesn't.

AGAPITA
Listen to me. I'm begging you,
don't fight. You'll die.

LYSANDROS
Gods, it's good to see you.

AGAPITA

When they take you to the games,
just run! Or you'll risk your life
for nothing!

His smile freezes.

LYSANDROS

What are you saying? I'm going to
win.

AGAPITA

Everything's changed, just listen
to me--

LYSANDROS

--I'm going to win. You'll be free
to go. And I'll be out of here
before he even knows I'm gone.

AGAPITA

Oh, gods. You don't understand. He
will never free me. Just listen--

A sword pressing into Lysandros' scapula forces them apart.

LYSANDROS

--you listen! It matters nothing to
me, who sired that child you carry!

Stunned pain flickers across her face. Lysandros follows as
the Guards escort her away. So early is her pregnancy,
nothing shows on her thin frame.

LYSANDROS

I know you carry a child! I can
feel it!

AGAPITA

Lysandros, just go! Don't fight for
me! Please!

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - NIGHT

Demetri stares into a great hearth-- a fire warms him.
Agapita reads in an alcove nearby.

DEMETRI

You didn't enjoy your little
goodbye today?

AGAPITA

You sent guards with me.

DEMETRI

Yes, they told me what was said. I know him better than you do and that's why he has no shackles. The idiot's free and he doesn't even see it.

AGAPITA

I pity you, Demetri. You have no idea what love even is, do you?

DEMETRI

How could I? I've never been loved.

She goes to him and gently kneels at his feet. He's suspicious.

AGAPITA

Someday you'll meet a woman who will love you. But I'm not that woman, understand?

DEMETRI

Why would I care? I have you and you're the one I want. Besides, you carry my child... I think.

He teases:

DEMETRI

Oh, no! You don't think it's Milo's do you?

She ignores that.

AGAPITA

Does it not matter how I feel?

DEMETRI

Honestly? No. There will be no more seeing him except from a viewing box.

AGAPITA

He honors your agreement with him. He fights for me and yet you deceive him.

Demetri leaps to his feet.

DEMETRI

For gods sakes, Pita. It is a dog eat dog world!

(MORE)

DEMETRI (CONT'D)
Don't you understand a man must win
any way he can?

He strides out.

DEMETRI (O.S.)
Now, just leave me in peace.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF OLYMPIA - FIRST LIGHT

The enormous statue of Zeus-- at least forty feet high towers above everything.

It's quiet. A place that should have thousands attending it, yet it doesn't.

The Stadium with its running track is groomed as a cart and oxen pull thatched branches behind it-- the driver the only HUMAN in sight.

The Eagle SCREECHES and flies towards:

EXT. HIGH ON A PLATFORM - DAY

Son of Zeus carries a burning lantern; old and chipped. He runs up a flight of stone steps towards a pinnacle and lights:

THE FIRST OLYMPIC FLAME.

He kneels in prayer as Pisistratus watches him proudly. It is an extremely personal moment between them.

EXT. OLYMPIA - DAY

The Olympic Temonos-- the causeway is now filled with FORTY THOUSAND-- rich and poor, merchants hocking wares, priests giving alms, athletes and entourages.

It is a male vortex of testosterone driven energy. Eating, wagering, speculating.

Racing Chariots drawn by high strung horses drive past us heading towards:

An enormous circular track flanked with hillsides filled with SPECTATORS.

Chariots race full out in a deadly racing event. Thousands CHEER as one overturns and explodes into fragments. The driver catapults upwards landing in the crowd.

A loose HORSE bolts away and takes us to:

Music is everywhere-- flute players walk the streets. They dodge the galloping snorting horse. We follow the flute players to:

The track and field-- men jump, throw discus, javelin; all naked. The flutes play quick even tones as the athletes compete.

The music drifts towards:

The stadium grounds. Runners ring a track at top speed with greaves and a shield. Wrestlers and boxers go head to head.

100 sacrificial bulls are slaughtered-- some roasting over fire pits. Competitors and entourages mingle and eat.

Our Eagle terrifies a flock of birds picking at the bloodied carcasses.

The birds escape towards:

Spiros stares straight up, fifty feet to the pinnacle of the statue of Zeus. He smiles.

And leaves a linen strip-- yellowed with age and the dried crumpled olive wreath of a dead champion-- Math's.

EXT. OLYMPIA - PANACEA ARENA - DAY

An enormous empty arena-- quiet, only the sound of FLAPPING wings. The sand is fresh and unmarked.

Lysandros stands in the middle of it.

He looks small as he drops to his knees, fists clenched.

Spiros walks the long distance across the sand. He kneels next to him-- holds out a pomegranate.

SPIROS

Take it.

Lysandros struggles as he did with Math.

SPIROS

Let go, don't think. Just take it.

Lysandros closes his eyes.

SPIROS

Now let go of it. And take it.

Lysandros takes the pomegranate from Spiros' grip of steel.

SPIROS
Grip your opponent just like this.
(touches the carotid of
the neck)
Here.

Lysandros, a stunned pause.

SPIROS
Kairos is coming. It's time.

Spiros walks away and CALLS back:

SPIROS
Use it well, Olympian.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Stunning luxury. Pisistratus is surrounded by an ENTOURAGE.

Demetri is with Patron Aris and various NOBLES.

Two camps opposed.

Agapita sits close to Demetri. His hand rests possessively on hers-- control. Miri stands behind her and strokes her hair with a comforting gesture.

ONLOOKERS DICKER with GUARDS to enter the box. They're turned away.

Demetri throws a handful of coins to ORPHANS who scatter to pick them up. An USHER chases them away.

PISISTRATUS
Giving it away before you lose it?

Demetri ignores him. He's preoccupied with Agapita.

DEMETRI
I look forward to the day when I
marry you and Lysandros dies from
the grief of it.

AGAPITA
Maybe he no longer cares for me.

DEMETRI
Then, I've won.

AGAPITA
What have you won?

Demetri scoffs.

INT. ATHLETE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Hot pools, stone sauna's, a maze of steam and bodies.

Tipoli oils Son of Zeus-- massages his fingers. He watches Lysandros closely as if analyzing his body.

Spiros wraps Lysandros' hands in himantes as everyone stares.

SPIROS
Pay them no mind. Old women.

Spiros grins.

SPIROS
They called him The Aftermath, you
know. For after him, came chaos.

Spiros SLAPS Lysandros on the back.

SPIROS
Make him proud.

Lysandros moves out with the others.

IN THE TUNNEL

BOYS rush to the fighters with white strips of linen. The fighters ignore them.

The Boys converge on Lysandros, CHATTERING. He touches every single strip.

EXT. OLYMPIA - PANACEA ARENA - DAY

At last we see the crowd in its all its electrifying frenzy:

THOUSANDS of WILD FANS RISE UP AT ONCE as the Pankratists step onto the sand. Basking in fanfare they parade around in a line.

Classic Greek robes drape elegantly over their bodies. Some wear crowns of olive leaves, dried and old; title holders.

Son of Zeus follows Lysandros in the line-up.

SON OF ZEUS
Carry the fire, Lysandros.

Lysandros turns-- the grotesque Son of Zeus is waving at the crowd.

UMPIRES GATHER, long-rods in hand-- TRAINERS set up at the corners with SLAVES filling oversized urns with water, towels are laid out, sea sponges, strigils, extra gear.

The Crowd goes quiet as:

Agapita and Demetri are escorted to center pit with Pisistratus. Lysandros can't believe his eyes.

They pass so close Lysandros reaches out-- his hand brushing hers. Her steps falter.

An urn is presented to Agapita by Pisistratus; the acting Hellanodekai. She draws the first stone.

PISISTRATUS
Beta!

A FIGHTER steps forward. She draws another.

PISISTRATUS
Theta!

ANOTHER FIGHTER steps forward. She draws again.

PISISTRATUS
Beta!

This third FIGHTER is paired with the first. She draws-- her hand trembling-- as she stands in front of Lysandros.

PISISTRATUS
Epsilon!

Lysandros steps forward-- their eyes meet. She draws:

PISISTRATUS
Gamma!

Son of Zeus steps forward. Agapita's relieved.

EXT. PANACEA ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Spiros waves Lysandros into the fighter's corner.

SPIROS

Well, there's no more to say, is there?

LYSANDROS

You could say something along the lines such as... die well.

SPIROS

Don't die. Simple and to the point. And don't kill anyone.

(a beat)

I have one more thing to say.

LYSANDROS

Now's the time.

SPIROS

I know, okay.

Lysandros waits.

SPIROS

Listen for the eagle.

LYSANDROS

Another riddle? Now?

A beat.

LYSANDROS

An Eagle?

SPIROS

You know exactly which Eagle I speak of.

Lysandros shrugs and strides away to meet a TOWERING GIANT.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Pisistratus stands up and SHOUTS:

PISISTRATUS

ENNN!

IN THE ARENA

SCREAMS of EH LA! rock the arena as eight fighters engage one on one.

Lysandros lunges at the Giant who GRUNTS and hammers a fist into his rib cage.

And just like that-- Lysandros pitches a flurry of shots to the face. Giant's head jars with each rapid fire punch.

The fight escalates with kicks and parries-- Giant can't make contact.

Gradually Giant figures Lysandros out and lands punches.

THEN SOMETHING HAPPENS. TIME SLOWS FOR Lysandros AS MOVES ARE ANTICIPATED.

We see them before they happen as:

Lysandros visualizes dropping to wrestling moves; they do.

Lysandros visualizes Giant wrangling a choke hold; Lysandros executes a claw to the throat-- slowing Giant down.

But Giant maneuvers out of it-- mirroring-- a claw to the throat. He squeezes, cutting off Lysandros' windpipe.

Keeps squeezing.

Longer. Longer, sucking the breath out of him.

The CROWD notices, a low MURMUR.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Demetri grips Agapita's hand. Agapita looks away.

IN THE ARENA

Lysandros is holding his breath. It's unbelievable.

Spiros is counting to himself on the sidelines-- like in the cisterns-- he's smiling.

SPIROS
Grip of the pomegranate!

Lysandros reaches up to Giant's neck and clutches the carotid. Giant blinks.

And collapses on top of Lysandros-- out cold.

The umpires rush in-- the CRACK of rods stop the fight.

And it's over.

Lysandros is released from under Giant. He raises his arms in victory. And releases an angry, raging-- WAR CRY:

LYSANDROS
S'AGAPO!!!

The crowd launches into:

CROWD
S'AGAPO! S'AGAPO! S'AGAPO!

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Pisistratus looks to Demetri. Demetri stands up. Agapita almost smiles, her eyes wide.

Lysandros YELLS OUT:

LYSANDROS
I fight for you! You!

Everyone catches on. They follow Lysandros' line of vision-- they APPLAUD Agapita.

One MAN SHOUTS and LAUGHS:

MAN
I'd fight for her too!

A WOMAN CRIES OUT:

WOMAN
AGAPE! Fight for me!

Demetri is livid and Pisistratus is LAUGHING.

IN THE ARENA

Lysandros stands there a moment locked in her beauty. Spiros rushes to Lysandros and leaps into his arms.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Demetri shoves Agapita into her chair. SLAPS her so hard her head whips back.

Pisistratus stands up, disturbed. Demetri's Guard blocks him.

Everyone turns to watch Demetri and Agapita.

DEMETRI
 You belong to me. You serve me.
 You are to love me.

IN THE ARENA

Lysandros drinks in the crowd's admiration.

CROWD
 S'AGAPO! S'AGAPO!

IN THE VIEWING BOX

AGAPITA
 You see? We all have our
 illusions. And in the end, we are
 left knowing one thing. When we
 are loved, we are free. And when
 we are loved in return, we burn.
 We burn bright.

CROWD (O.S.)
 S'AGAPO! S'AGAPO!

AGAPITA
 He is loved, Kyrios. Not you.

IN THE ARENA

Spiros sponges Lysandros down, scrapes the oil and sand off him.

A paralyzed fighter is carried away on a stretcher--
 Lysandros notices.

But Spiros is focused on the Eagle, circling over the enormous statue of Zeus.

SPIROS
 How do you feel?

LYSANDROS
 Eh-la.

SPIROS
 Good. Be ready for anything.

Son of Zeus masterfully grapples with his OPPONENT then wins, ending his match.

Spiros pours water down Lysandros' throat-- over his head.
He rips off the himantes and spiked hand guards.

SPIROS

Brother or no, he has a patron
who's wagered everything on this.
And that patron is the ruling
tyrant of this city.

LYSANDROS

I know.

SPIROS

No, Lysandros, you don't know.
Kairos is upon you both,
understand? He'll fight to win, no
matter what he's told you. And
whether he wants to or not.

He shoves a cup to Lysandros' lips.

SPIROS

Drink. You're in the god's hands
now.

Lysandros drinks the foul liquid. He watches The Son of Zeus
move on to his next.

LYSANDROS

Is the god even here?

The Eagle SCREECHES over-head.

SPIROS

Of course he's here!

Lysandros strides out to center arena and meets:

An enormous man, missing both ears; THE GRYPHON. They wait
patiently for Pisistratus to signal.

The crowd jumps to it's feet as:

Son of Zeus snaps the neck of his SECOND OPPONENT, killing
him instantly. He's out to win.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Demetri moves to seat himself next to Pisistratus.

DEMETRI

It's close.

PISISTRATUS

I'm going to free every man, woman and child from Villa Demetri. I hope the loan you took out to stay in the game is enormous. You've already bet everything you have including your woman, I hear.

DEMETRI

Who told you that?

Pisistratus LAUGHS.

PISISTRATUS

Who didn't tell me?

Demetri gathers courage-- a moment:

DEMETRI

Did my father sell you the Son of Zeus?

PISISTRATUS

Maybe he left him to me with a dying wish.

Pisistratus stands and shouts:

PISISTRATUS

ENNN!

IN THE ARENA

Lysandros and The Gryphon are face to face, the Umpires lift their separating rods.

LYSANDROS

EH LA!

THE GRYPHON

EH LA!

Lysandros' strategies are quick and smart. He parries and spins, delivers a hook kick and lunges.

TIME SPEEDS UP AND SLOWS AS:

They collide in an explosion of muscle and sand. Lysandros takes Gryphon to the ground and wrestles into a choke.

Then, the crowd goes quiet.

In a hip lock, Lysandros and Gryphon roll.

Gryphon slams Lysandros' face into the sand, elbow strikes then launches Lysandros over his shoulder and throws him.

The crowd is on its feet as Gryphon holds a foot on Lysandros' windpipe-- crushing it slowly.

Lysandros's broken hand fails him-- blood seeps from the linen Himantes.

The last thing Lysandros sees is Son of Zeus watching from the sidelines-- meeting his eyes-- hopeful.

SON OF ZEUS
The fire, Lysandros!

Lysandros relaxes and loses consciousness-- he defies Son of Zeus. Lysandros is trying to lose.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Agapita is horrified. Demetri's stunned.

DEMETRI
No!

IN THE ARENA

The ROAR of the crowd rouses Lysandros. He's lost. Sand and blood cloud his vision.

Gryphon has his fists raised in victory; the crowd CHEERS and the Eagle SCREECHES-- a long-drawn-out-CRY:

Suddenly, Gryphon clutches his chest, staggers a minute...

...and drops dead of a *heart attack*.

Lysandros focuses on dead eyes-- an inch from his face.

The umpires rush in and check for a pulse. They drag Lysandros to his feet-- raise his fist up-- the winner.

But Lysandros is somber. He looks to the Eagle and then to Spiros. The Eagle is SILENT.

THE CROWD SCREAMS with shock and awe.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Demetri stands up.

DEMETRI

YES!

Patron Aris blanches.

DEMETRI

Sweet Zeus did you see that?

PATRON ARIS

I see only loss, Demetri.

DEMETRI

Don't tell me you wagered on Son of Zeus after all your haggling over my slave.

PATRON ARIS

You've lost two trainers. What's a Pankratist without a trainer?

DEMETRI

Ah, Aris. Bad luck. But in case you didn't notice? A pankratist without a trainer is an Olympian fighting for the title this day!

IN THE ARENA

Son of Zeus is striding towards Lysandros-- strangely he carries a torch.

Son of Zeus plunges his hand into the flames-- it does not burn. The Crowd goes WILD with EXCITEMENT.

LYSANDROS

I won't fight you.

SON OF ZEUS

One of us must lose.

Son of Zeus tosses the torch into the crowd and swaggers off the field.

Spiros runs to Lysandros.

LYSANDROS

Stay out of it.

SPIROS

I know NOT what goes here but something's not right.

LYSANDROS
He knows what he does... as do I.

Lysandros stalks away. Spiros is angry:

SPIROS
You defy the god! You've never seen
blood until you've seen the wrath
of Zeus! He'll make it shoot from
your eyes!

SERVANTS hock wares and food, PEOPLE take their leave and
return-- some just urinate over the side rails.

Lysandros strides towards the great arches leading off the
field.

Never facing the crowd he passes:

THROUGH THE GATES

Lysandros keeps walking. Then he sees it.

An awesome sight. The eternal flame (of Makos/Son of Zeus)
burns bright, high at the temple pinnacle.

Lysandros drops to his knees.

As if from a long way off the crowds CHANTS grow LOUDER:

CROWD
AGAPE! AGAPE!

Lysandros studies the eternal flame.

LYSANDROS
Alright, Makos.

He stands strong and jogs back to the

ARENA

The crowd jumps to its feet CALLING HIS NAME.

CROWD
OLYMPIAN! OLYMPIAN!

Others CRY OUT:

CROWD
SON OF ZEUS! SON OF ZEUS!

The entire stadium is at war. WOMEN swoon and weep.
Son of Zeus sits quietly regarding the crowd's antics.
Fights break out in the stands. GANGS of men attack each
other over preference of fighters.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Pisistratus smiles at Demetri.

PISISTRATUS
I can see your slaves running free
in the hillsides already. Irony
isn't it? My Pankratist fights to
free yours.

DEMETRI
You don't know my Pankratist.
He'll win.

PISISTRATUS
But, I know mine.

Pisistratus leans close.

PISISTRATUS
Your father didn't care if you won
a title. He had many. He only
hoped you would live and die with
honor.

DEMETRI
You bitter, jealous old man. How
dare you--

PISISTRATUS
--he hated you. And at this very
moment he reaches out from the
grave.

DEMETRI
That is a lie.

PISISTRATUS
It is the god's truth.

Pisistratus smiles at Agapita and stands up.

PISISTRATUS
ENNN!!!

IN THE ARENA

Lysandros stands face to face with Son of Zeus.

A moment-- something flickers in Lysandros' eyes:

SON OF ZEUS
EH LAAA!!!

And it's on with a flurry of dust and sweat.

The crowd hangs on the edge of their seats. Quiet now they watch mesmerized. The only SOUND; the striking of flesh.

Son of Zeus and Lysandros circle each other-- boxing. Son of Zeus engages first-- he launches a round house and kicks Lysandros across the flanks.

Lysandros arcs low and takes out Son of Zeus' footing.

They go to the ground-- grappling. Stunning Pankration is performed-- unusual moves we've never seen before. And it's fast.

Son of Zeus fights with super human strength. Lysandros is his equal in many ways. But:

Lysandros soon tires, his hand a weakness, eyes swelling shut and suddenly Son of Zeus has him in a punishing death-lock.

He reaches out-- leveling the tips of his fingers into Lysandros' eye sockets.

SON OF ZEUS
Don't fail them.

THE CROWD GASPS as Lysandros is fading.

SON OF ZEUS
THE FIRE, SLAVE! RELEASE! IT'S
YOUR KAIROS!

Lysandros strains to hold the fingers now gauging-- blinding him, back. They inch deeper, painfully so-- almost penetrating.

Son of Zeus cocks his head and WHISPERS:

SON OF ZEUS
Your whore depends on you.

Lysandros' losing the battle of strength.

SON OF ZEUS
That patron will take her over your
dead body. And she will like it.

A tense beat.

SON OF ZEUS
Dammit! Unleash on me!

Suddenly in the hushed arena we hear a small VOICE:

AGAPITA
Fight for me!

Agapita grips the rails, she struggles against Demetri.

AGAPITA
Fight, Lysandros! S'apapo!

The crowd slowly joins in, then ROARS:

CROWD
S'AGAPO! S'AGAPO! S'AGAPO!

Everyone's on their feet as Lysandros, little by little
pushes Son of Zeus' wrist back, further and further.

In an incredible show of stealth and cunning, Lysandros locks
Son of Zeus into a hip throw and tosses him.

Lysandros launches into a brutal offense-- kicking, parrying,
dodging, he rallies-- blind rage-- THE FIRE.

TIME SLOWS-- THE EAGLE CIRCLES IN SILENCE:

His movements HUM through the air as he spins, coming down
hard-- fist arcing around:

LYSANDROS
AHHH!!!

And slams his fist into Son of Zeus' cranium with the force
of a god.

He plunges deep through soft facial tissue and pulls back
bringing Son of Zeus forward with him, his hand literally
embedded into bone.

Then horror bleeds into reality.

A stunned pause:

LYSANDROS
What have you done?

SON OF ZEUS
 (the hush of the dying)
 Bless you, Lysandros.

Son of Zeus smiles. It is a gentle, sad smile.

SON OF ZEUS
 Do you see it? I can see the
 glorious fires...

Lysandros is so close he can feel Son of Zeus' dying breath.
 He watches his eyes dim.

Son of Zeus drops face first into Lysandros' embrace.

Lysandros drops to his knees and holds him. Son of Zeus' lifeless eyes stare back at him.

Lysandros rocks him like a child-- tears coming, SOBS.

The crowd hurtles into HIGH PITCHED VERBAL CHAOS. Never have they seen anything like this.

Lysandros picks up Son of Zeus and carries him off the field.
 Tipoli follows.

TIPOLI
 Olympian!

Lysandros stops; Son of Zeus held firmly in his arms.

TIPOLI
 Follow me.

Tipoli leads Lysandros off the field. He gently lays Son of Zeus out on the sidelines.

Tipoli takes Lysandros hand-- a show of respect.

TIPOLI
 I'll attend to his body.

LYSANDROS
 His name was Makos.

TIPOLI
 Yes, I know.

Tipoli bows slightly, then summons ATTENDANTS. They attend Son of Zeus' body-- covering the face and placing it on a stretcher.

Spiros arrives and points to the circling eagle, high above them:

SPIROS
It's not over until the Eagle
cries.

IN THE VIEWING BOX

Demetri throws coins into the air. Patron Aris is quiet.

DEMETRI
You should have bet on my fighter!

Demetri is ecstatic-- PEOPLE crowd into the box.

DEMETRI
I win everything!

He brutally kisses Agapita-- carried away in the moment.

Pisistratus sits quietly, observing him. He takes Demetri by the arm firmly with a grip of steel.

PISISTRATUS
To the winners circle.

Pisistratus and an arrogant Demetri make their way down to center arena.

IN THE ARENA

Pisistratus holds up a hand to silence the crowd as trainers and attendant's gather in the glory.

Young BOYS dressed as cherubs deliver olive and laurel wreath crowns with linen strips.

The body of Son of Zeus is carried out on the stretcher draped in garlands.

Demetri is curious. Pisistratus smiles at Lysandros and nods. He hands Lysandros the clay lantern (original from opening scene)-- old and chipped.

PISISTRATUS
This belongs to you.

Lysandros rolls the lantern in his bloodied hands.

PISISTRATUS
The fire of a forgotten people will
live on in your heart now.

Pisistratus turns to the FRENZIED crowds as Lysandros almost goes to his knees in grief-- if he could weep any more, he would.

Pisistratus CALLS OUT to the crowds:

PISISTRATUS
We crown the first winner of the
Panacea event in history today!

THE CHEERING IS DEAFENING as a boy delivers an Olive crown to Pisistratus.

He silences the crowd with a raised hand-- turns to Lysandros.

PISISTRATUS
Announce your name for all.
(shouts loudly for crowd)
Your name Pankratist?!

They exchange a look. Lysandros clinches the lantern.

PISISTRATUS
For Makos. For your people. For
the slaves of Villa Demetri who
will have their first taste of
freedom.

The Olive crown is now poised at Lysandros' brow. The crowd is hushed. Pisistratus kneels at Lysandros' feet.

ANGLE ON DEMETRI: Hammer-shocked. He can't quite hear what's happening-- he's nervous-- sensing impending catastrophe.

DEMETRI
Take it, Lysandros!

SOMEONE cries out:

SOMEONE
Olympian! Take your reward!

Lysandros shouts at the top of his lungs:

LYSANDROS
I AM LYSANDROS OF DION! SLAVE OF
DEMETRI!

Pisistratus spins back to Demetri quickly:

PISISTRATUS
Your bets are forfeit. You've
lost. A slave cannot compete.

A HORRIFIC WAIL erupts from the crowd. Demetri panics.

DEMETRI
I demand to speak with the
authorities!

Pandemonium breaks out as Pisistratus turns and hands the laurel wreath to Lysandros, who crowns the dead Son of Zeus.

PISISTRATUS
THIS MAN, SON OF ZEUS, HAS WON POST
MORTUAM BY DEFAULT! A SLAVE CANNOT
COMPLETE IN THE GAMES! COLLECT
YOUR WAGERS!

Fights break out. People attack each other. All out carnage reins.

Patron Aris literally leaps from the box and SLAMS into the sand-- barely able to stand back up. He's over-joyed.

PATRON ARIS
I won! I won? I won!

Pisistratus grips a fleeing Demetri's sleeve:

PISISTRATUS
Your father asked me tell you
something.

DEMETRI
Take your hands off me!

PEOPLE mob them-- pushing-- running.

PISISTRATUS
He said to say... there's always
something stronger than you are,
something more cunning... and
that... this will teach you.

Demetri cold cocks Pisistratus.

DEMETRI
DAMN YOU! DAMN HIM!

Lysandros watches Agapita and Miri run from the box in the confusion. Wounded and spent, he staggers towards them.

Demetri leaves at a dead run, intercepts Agapita-- kicking Miri to the dirt-- and drags Agapita out the exit.

EXT. OLYMPIA - FOUNTAIN - DAY

Demetri leads Agapita by the hand through the angry mobs.

A VICIOUS MAN clutches him, ripping Agapita away.

VICIOUS MAN
It's your fault! I lost
everything! I'll sell your whore
for bed sport!

Demetri knees the man in the balls-- they go to the ground.

PEOPLE SCREAM and scatter as:

Lysandros, a bloody nightmare stalks towards them. He
literally throws Demetri into the air like a rag doll.
Demetri lands; stunned, in a daze.

LYSANDROS
Fight me.

Spiros slides in-- protects Agapita as the Vicious Man runs
away.

DEMETRI
Fight you? I own you!

Demetri draws a long dagger from his decorative belt.

AGAPITA
(a breath of weakness)
No more killing, Lysandros. He
is... a pathetic man.

Lysandros advances as Spiros steps in between them. He
levels a hand on Lysandros' chest:

SPIROS
The god says, listen to your woman.
Leave him. Leave him with me.
They'll be no more life taking for
you.

Understanding passes between them.

SPIROS
We'll see each other again... on
the other side.

Spiros steps back from a wide eyed, adrenaline filled
Demetri. Demetri charges Lysandros:

DEMETRI
Come on! I'll fight you, slave!
Right here! Now! Let's go!

Spiros holds Demetri back easily.

SPIROS
Go, Lysandros.

Lysandros takes Agapita into his arms, never looking back and carries her away.

DEMETRI
No one has won until one of us is
dead, Skata!

Lysandros slowly turns. Agapita in his arms.

LYSANDROS
I won against you the first time I
met you. And I've been winning
ever since.

Lysandros disappears into the crowds. Demetri turns back to Spiros but he's not there.

Slowly he becomes aware of Spiros, seated calmly on the edge of a nearby fountain.

SPIROS
And one will die by the hand of
Zeus himself.

In a flash he has Demetri in his "grip of the pomegranate."
His fingers firmly grasp Demetri's carotid.

He nonchalantly drags an unconscious Demetri to the fountain and holds him under as people pass by.

SPIROS
It is a quiet thing, Skata. Like
dreaming.

Bumper to bumper wagons, rickshaws, sedan chairs, throngs trying to get out of the massive mobs converge-- no one notices a thing.

Demetri goes quietly under a hundred foot spray in the setting sunlight.

And the Eagle CRIES OUT-- SCREECHING. It circles and flies away. It fades into nothing.

And we glance back to Spiros; mysteriously, he's no where.

EXT. THE MOUNTAINOUS REGIONS - DAY

A simple man's enclosed wagon travels at a good clip over the rugged expanse-- towards the shadow of Mount Olympus.

ANGLE ON DRIVER: Lysandros holds the reins to a set of sweating, galloping horses.

EXT. VILLA DEMETRI - DAY

Pisistratus arrives with a regiment. Every SERVANT, GUARD, BAIT SLAVE and YOUNG PANKRATIST is lined up.

Pisistratus speaks UNHEARD WORDS.

A CRY OF JOY GOES UP TO THE SKY as everyone runs free into the hillsides.

Miri drops to her knees-- reverent.

MIRI
Bless you, Lysandros.

EXT. MOUNT OLYMPUS - NIGHT

An enormous funeral pyre erupts in the "God's Cradle."

EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE OF DION - NIGHT

FIRELIGHT flickers-- illuminating nothing but a clearing where Lysandros' familial village once thrived.

EXT. A SACRED ALTAR - NIGHT

Lysandros lights a solitary flame in a clay lantern and leaves.

EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE OF DION - NIGHT

A hulking linen and resin wrapped body burns bright on the funeral pyre; a pedestal of branches.

Lysandros joins Agapita as they wait to witness the final moment together.

The pyre explodes into a fire ball-- a flurry of burning embers shooting up into the starry heavens, hanging there:

LYSANDROS (O.S.)
Carry the fire, Makos. Carry it
home.

FADE OUT