



Scripts.com

Pompeii

By Janet Scott Batchler

The Governor wants
these trade routes re-opened.
These rebel Celts need to be dealt with
once and for all.
This entire territory requires
a clear and well-defined message.
Yes, Tribune Corvus.
No!
Kill them.
Kill them all.
Useless!
You've dragged me from a perfectly
adequate brothel for this?
What Caesar saw in this hell hole,
I'll never know.
These Thracians are far too costly to feed.
They're always maiming the guards.
I'm looking for something new, Bellator,
something fresh.
They call him The Celt.
They say his people were horsemen
and that he is the last of them.
Celt! Celt! Celt!
Wasted out here in the provinces,
wouldn't you say, Master?
Make way! Make way!
Off! Off the road! Off!
Off the road!
Make way for your betters!
Move it, scum!
Clear the way there!
Move!
The horse.
Back in line, slave!
The horse is in pain, you ignorant pig!
Stop!
Let him help the horse.
Yes, My Lady.
Easy. Easy, boy.
Put pressure on the top of the leg here, so
he doesn't feel the pain when I move him.
I'm sorry, My Lady. He's a savage.
Get up!
Harness another horse.

Why would the brute do that?
Because it was the kindest thing to do.
Come.
Thank you.
Go on!
A whole year in Rome
and I never saw you look at any man
the way you looked at that slave.
I can't believe he had
the strength to do that.
Didn't you see his muscles?
- That's not what I meant.
- Really?
Please...
Look. There it is.
We're home.
Driver, what is it?
The Vinalia, My Lady.
The streets are blocked.
Drunkards everywhere.
- What?
- Come on.
My Lady?
My Lady!
- We'll meet you back at the villa.
- My Lady!
I remember every statue,
every street corner.
Does it make you miss Rome?
It makes me forget it.
Cassia, it's so good to see you.
But how are you here? We weren't
expecting you until after Vinalia.
I couldn't bear to spend
another day in Rome.
Too many arrogant men
who flatter you with their presence.
It sounds like my baby
is no longer a child.
Father, are you crying?
Tell no one.
Or I'll never haggle a decent price again.
We missed you.
Juno's tit! Is this all your luggage?

What have you done,
purchase the entire city of Rome?
Did you meet anyone there?
- Nobody worth talking about in Pompeii.
- Well, not to worry.
I think your father has informed every
unmarried man in the city of your return.
Oh, no. Really?
Now, come on.
I want to hear everything about Rome.
I've missed you.
Welcome to your new home, savages.
Keep walking!
Stop!
Unlock them.
Feed these animals.
Vi res!
I missed you.
I missed you. Hello.
He's pleased to see you, My Lady.
And I can see he's been in good hands.
Thank you, Felix.
And I'll have Vires ready for you
first thing tomorrow.
- I'll exercise him myself tonight.
- Thank you.
I'll see you tomorrow.
Atticus...
I think that's The Celt.
Which Celt?
The Celt.
They say that Celt is faster even than you.
They always say that.
He wants to know your name, Celt.
He wants the name of the man
who killed his brother.
He wants to know my name?
Two wine rations on the big Thracian.
Two wine rations. Done.
Explain.
He did not start it. He was trying to eat.
Bellator!
Your purpose is to care
for these men, is it not?

Having them bite pieces from one another is
of no value if no one is paying to see it.
I'm sorry, Master Graecus.
That one is done.
This one...
Can be repaired.
And the next time, Bellator,
it will be at your cost.
I'll remember you, Celt.
Open the gate!
Close it!
You owe me two wine rations, Celt.
Thirsty? Okay.
What's wrong?
Vi res!
Vi res!
Wake up, scum.
On your feet.
Relax.
If I was going to kill you, Celt...
I would have done it already.
What is your name?
We will have to speak at some point.
No, we don't.
What we have to do
is kill each other at some point.
So my name's my own,
I have no interest in learning yours.
Everyone out!
Move!
You're getting old, Atticus.
Plenty of young flesh out here
just aching to take apart a champion.
When I win in the arena tomorrow,
I'm a free man.
It's Roman law.
And there's nothing you can do about it.
Atticus, my champion,
tomorrow you have the honor
of closing the games.
First,
let us see if I have found an opponent
worthy of you.
Now...

Who's the poor bastard
who has to die for my freedom?
Unlucky, Celt.
Very unlucky.
But I'm going to take it easy on you.
Give you a fighting chance for tomorrow.
You may have earned your reputation, but
not fighting against a gladiator like me.
You made that a little too obvious.
Did I make that too obvious?
Bellator!
Get away!
Get out of the way! Get up, scum!
Back to work!
Why did you save my life?
No gladiator should die
from a blade to the back.
When you die,
the blow will come from the front.
I promise it will be tomorrow.
And it will come from my hand.
Well, I can make you a better promise.
When the time comes,
your death will be quick.
And it will come from my hand.
Don't worry.
Your plan is nothing short of brilliance.
Only a mad man would advise
the Emperor against investing.
Well, let us hope that
the Emperor has not sent us one.
Senator, do forgive us for not being able
to receive you at the harbor.
Severus, you're a busy man.
I understand entirely.
Besides, if I had a wife
as beautiful as yours,
I'd be in no hurry to forsake her company.
I am Senator Quintas Attius Corvus.
May the gods grace me
to bless your kind hospitality.
You're most welcome, Senator.
So, Senator, tell us the news from Rome.
How does the new emperor, Titus, fare?

The "new" emperor?

The new emperor, Titus, fares well.

His father, Vespasian,
was loved by his people,
and they continue that love for his son.

- As the gods demand?

Indeed.

Severus, I have a question for you.

On my journey from the harbor,
I noticed some of your townsfolk
turned their backs towards me.
There wouldn't be some kind of problem,
would there?

Some local resentment against Rome?

No. Nothing of the sort.

A tiny... A miniscule minority
of opposition to our plans.

But our new construction will provide
the people with a new aqueduct,
better sanitation, bigger bath houses,
a new arena.

A whole new Pompeii.

What was all that about the new emperor?

He's a politician.

Be careful what you say to him.

Do you think we can do business with him?

He wouldn't be here
if the Emperor wasn't interested.

Why would father invite
a Roman senator into our home?

How could you allow such a thing?

If we want Rome's rich
to spend their money here,
we must keep up with what they demand.

What they demand?

Does father have any idea
what's going on in Rome right now?

Since Titus took power,
everything has changed.

Every crooked man now
has the ear of the Emperor.

And they assume that
they can take whatever they want.

Cassia, why did you come home early?

What happened in Rome?
I'd simply had my fill of it.
Mother, is that Vires?
Easy! Easy!
Vires, what are you doing out here?
Where's Felix?
I heard tomorrow is your last fight.
That's right.
After I kill you, they
will give me my freedom.
They won't do it.
Not while your arm's still strong.
Freedom is Rome's promise.
You trust them to keep that promise?
I trust their law.
There's only one freedom for a gladiator.
When you die in that arena,
you die unconquered.
And you spit in the eye of Rome.
Then this is your future.
And you die a slave.
But not me.
Tomorrow, Rome will make good
on its promise.
You, unfortunately,
will not be alive to see that I am right.
So sure?
Today you showed me your weaknesses.
Your left arm is weaker than your right.
So you protect your ribs
at the expense of your neck.
And you should learn how to thrust
when you're shifting your weight
and stop favoring a high guard.
It would make you less predictable.
This one.
That one.
These two.
On your feet, slaves.
All right.
You, here.
You, barbarian, here!
Both excellent fighters.
One, a champion,

and the other,
tried and proven in the provinces.
I want to see him from behind.
Why so serious?
Not so bad for a night's work.
Firm.
But what of his weaponry?
That is an inspection
you'll have to pay for.
And this will be the new arena,
specifically designed for chariot races.
Yes.
Very detailed, Severus.
But I don't believe that this project is
really suitable for an Imperial investment.
These dalliances in the countryside
hold very little interest for the Emperor.
I was led to understand...
No. No. Unfortunately, the Emperor's vision
for the future is firmly fixed on Rome.
I, however, am interested in investing.
Good.
Have the pledges drawn up.
You'll have my mark on them tomorrow.
After your games.
I do believe a drink is in order.
Of course. Shall we join our guests?
Perhaps your daughter can bring it.
My daughter?
Look over there.
The slave who can talk to horses.
He is a fine specimen.
Well, you can't deny it.
Turn around.
Cassia.
May I impose upon you for a moment?
Your presence has been requested.
Yes, of course, Father.
You will need this. It is not for you.
- Cassia, may I introduce...
- Senator Corvus.
Lady Cassia.
My, how I have missed you.
You are exquisite.

Senator Corvus, I don't know what to say.

For me? How kind.

You two have met?

Severus, you're still here.

I did not know you knew my daughter.

Then you should hear the whole story.

Tomorrow in the arena

when I sign your pledges.

Thank you.

Marcus?

The Senator and Cassia

have already met, in Rome.

Then she requires a chaperone.

She survived a year in Rome without us.

I'm sure she can survive 10 minutes

on our balcony.

In Rome, I thought we had an understanding.

No. You had an understanding.

One for which I gave you no cause.

Your mere presence gives me cause, My Lady.

A beauty such as yours has no place

in a holiday resort like this.

Surely, a creature such as you

can have no home but in the Eternal City.

Senator, I have no intention

of returning to Rome.

And if you were to return as my wife?

Your wife?

You may consider it a compliment.

Senator Corvus,

I believe you have mistaken me

for the kind of woman who drapes herself

across your lap in Rome.

I have no wish to become your wife.

A spirited refusal.

I would have expected nothing less.

Enjoy the remains of the Vinalia, Senator.

Good night.

Is this normal?

It is the mountain.

It grumbles from time to time.

Bring this man. I need him.

- 'My Lady...

- Now!

My Lady, it's Vires!
Please, before he injures himself.
I have to go in alone.
No.
Let him.
My Lady, he's a savage.
Let him.
Easy!
My Lady, he's not safe.
Move.
Wait outside.
How did you do that?
I asked him.
You could ride before you were a gladiator?
I could ride before I could walk.
My people were horsemen.
"Were" horsemen?
My family were butchered by the Romans.
- I'm so sorry.
- "Sorry"?
What would a Roman know of such things?
I am not a Roman. I'm a citizen of Pompeii.
Then why do I see Rome's eagle
everywhere I turn?
I'm no part of that.
After a year in Rome,
I hoped never to see that eagle again.
And yet, here it is,
thrust into the soil outside my home.
My father believes that
he can bargain with those animals.
My father...
He would have killed
every last one of them.
My Lady?
If they catch you up there
they'll punish you.
My Lady?
My Lady, is everything all right?
Wait! Come back!
Come back!
What's wrong?
If they catch you up here with me...
I'll tell them it was my choice.

There they are!
I have to take you back.
No. You go and leave me here.
If you ride you have a chance.
- A chance at what?
- At freedom.
But at what cost to you?
Tell the guards I brought
you here by force.
The blame is mine.
Get him off that horse!
It wasn't his fault. The horse bolted.
It was out of control.
Senator, please. This slave saved my life.
He does not deserve this.
- Lady Cassia, you were unharmed?
- I'm perfectly all right.
If I were to spare the life of this slave,
what would it be worth to you?
Senator?
I believe you understand the question,
my dear.
I would be grateful for your mercy.
Well...
This is your lucky day, slave.
The Lady Cassia has saved your life.
Who owns this slave?
I do, Senator.
Then I suggest you punish it
and then remove it.
Fifteen lashes should suffice.
After all, mercy is a virtue.
Father, you have to stop this.
There's nothing I can do about it.
You saved his life.
Content yourself with that.
Senator Corvus requires a service of you.
Of me?
This gladiator.
What do you have planned
for him tomorrow?
He fights last.
- Single combat against my champion.
- No.

He fights first. And he dies first.
Fifteen lashes and he didn't make a sound.
I could have prevented this.
I don't know what I was thinking.
That he made you feel alive?
He made me feel safe.
A man like that does not deserve
to die in the arena.
This is not your fault, Cassia.
He has caught the Senator's wrath.
I thought that, in leaving Rome,
that man would forget about me
and turn his attentions toward
some other poor victim.
I saw a look
in that man's eye tonight, Ariadne.
The same look I saw in Rome.
But the Senator never laid a hand on you.
Only because I left Rome before he could.
Now Rome has followed us back to Pompeii
to turn the world inside out.
You certainly know
how to prepare for a battle.
I hope she was worth it.
A terrible waste of good wine.
Can you feel that?
It is the gods.
- They have a plan for us all.
- Perhaps.
What do you mean?
Tonight I saw the man
who killed my whole family.
Perhaps the gods spared me for a reason.
The Romans took my family
from me 20 years ago.
At night I try and remember their faces,
but I cannot.
But I know one day,
the gods will bring me to them again.
My name is Milo.
Atticus.
You, that tunnel.
Send The Celt into that tunnel.
I thought he was to fight Atticus.

- You're being given new instructions.

- Yes, Master.

And Atticus?

He'll fight single combat as billed.

Put him with the big Spartan.

He'll give the audience a good show.

And Atticus will beat him

and win his freedom.

Is that really what the audience

will want to see?

What are you saying?

Don't you think they'd rather see

a gladiator meeting death rather than life?

Especially a death as glorious as his?

Stop.

You.

That way.

You too, barbarian.

Senator Corvus.

Lady Cassia.

Come sit beside me.

Give me the benefit of your wisdom.

Do YOU enjoy the sports?

Men killing each other

for our amusement is not a sport.

Everywhere. All new.

I don't have time for this, Graecus.

What are you suggesting?

That we cancel the games?

Of course not. Merely postpone them.

This amphitheater

has stood for a hundred years.

It withstood the great earthquake.

It may not be safe. Use your eyes.

I'm just saying I cannot be held

responsible for what may happen.

Then don't be. I take full responsibility.

How can we expect Rome

to trust us to rebuild an entire city

if we can't stage a

simple bloody spectacle?

Fetch my litter.

I'm leaving town for a few days.

Move.

Stop. Shackle them!
What is this?
This is your greatest moment, Atticus.
Your final day in the arena.
I'm supposed to fight single combat.
Bring them their weapons!
Good fortune, Atticus.
To those about to die, we salute you!
By the patronage of Marcus Cassius Severus
and for the glory of Emperor Titus,
remember, all here, the mighty victory
of Senator Quintas Attius Corvus
and his annihilation of
the Celtic Rebellion.
The Celtic Rebellion?
Your great and noble victory
for the Empire, Senator,
re-opening the northern trade routes.
The history books record it
as your finest hour.
I thought perhaps you might like the honor
of opening these games in a similar manner.
Severus, you flatter me.
We'll make a Roman out of you yet.
People of Pompeii!
May Jupiter and Venus bless the Vinalia
and honor these games!
Let the games begin!
- This isn't a battle.
- What?
This is a massacre.
How do you know?
Because I was there.
The rebel Celts are in retreat,
leaving rape and slaughter in their wake,
returning to their unholy lair to feast
on the flesh of their innocent victims.
This is what you've trained for, scum.
Now get out there.
Quintas Attius Corvus gave them
every chance to surrender.
But mercy was an alien concept
to these savages,
and with heavy heart, Quintas Attius Corvus

ordered his mighty legions,
in the name of the Emperor, to attack.

Shields up!

Push!

Is this what you call sport?

No, Lady Cassia, this is not sport.

This is politics.

We can't hold them!

Back!

Severus, this is not exactly
how I remember it.

What exactly is that slave to you?

Everything that you are not, Senator.

Then you should be pleased to learn
your father has granted me
your hand in marriage.

- What?

- I made no such arrangement.

Because he knows that if he does not,
I will inform Titus that your father
has called into question
our "new" emperor's ability to rule.
Titus will have your entire family
hung from the city walls.

Milo!

If I were to marry you...

- Cassia...

- If I marry you,
is my family spared?

Your family will become my family,
under the protection of the Emperor.
With all of the benefits that implies.

Pompeii! Pompeii! Pompeii!

Senator!

I do not yield to the power of Rome!

I spit on it!

He would not dare.

Pompeii! Pompeii! Pompeii!

Get a detachment in the arena now.

Now!

You were right, brother.

Everything they promised, nothing but lies.

Live! Live! Live!

What do you think you're doing?

Madame, take your seat!
If you want to live you will sit down!
Now!
If you kill him now,
on the tip of 100 Roman arrows,
you make him a martyr to the mob.
Is that what you want?
To take home to your Emperor a revolution?
And if you reverse this decision,
how will it be spoken of in Rome?
They will whisper it behind your back,
that you have a wife
who does not obey your will.
Can your reputation bear such a weakness?
I might become your wife,
but you will never break me.
But I will break you,
and you will stay broken to stand,
sit or crawl as I decree.
Do you understand me?
Proculus, have your guard
take her back to the villa.
Keep her there.
I think the wedding shall be in Rome.
People of Pompeii!
People of Pompeii!
Vulcan speaks!
Vulcan decrees that man
to be the champion of Pompeii!
Decrees that he is worthy to stand
face-to-face against the might of Rome!
Great Vulcan,
we hear you speak and will obey!
Proculus...
Show these cowards what really happens
when you dare to challenge
the might of Rome.
With pleasure.
Come on! Come on!
Faster! Move it!
What's going on? My Lady?
Don't touch her! Let her go!
Cassia!
By the patronage

of Senator Quintas Attius Corvus,
the champion of Rome, Marcus Proculus,
hero of the Celtic Rebellion,
will now face the new champion
of Pompeii, The Celt,
in single combat!

All hail to Emperor Titus!

I know you.

Really?

Well, whatever revenge
you think you're going to have,
I'm afraid you'll be disappointed.

Bring this slave a better sword.

- This blade's dull.

- Is it?

Let's give them a good show, huh?

Kill him!

Kill him now!

No!

You're brave. I'll give you that.

But no savage could ever be the match
for a Roman.

How about 20 of us?

No!

Wait! Wait!

No!

Mercy!

No!

Good to see you, brother.

And you.

Aurelia.

Kill him.

Kill him.

On further consideration, I have decided
not to invest in your little city.

Get me to the harbor.

I'm sorry.

Move. Move it!

You! Come here!

For my passage.

Let him aboard.

You must leave now!

Cast off! Prepare to set sail!

Help me! Please!

You...
You have to help us.
You have to save Cassia.
Where is she?
The villa.
- Where are you going?
- I have to find her.
Milo, this is madness!
We have to get to the
harbor and find a boat.
The mountain is going to kill us all!
She risked her life for me, Atticus.
Risked everything for me!
Without her, they would have killed us
in that arena!
Then we will go together.
No.
You have your freedom, my friend.
Now she is mine.
Then we meet at the harbor.
At the harbor.
Please, give me the keys!
Cassia, they've taken the keys!
No!
Where is she?
Water!
You came back for me.
Drink. Drink.
Thank you, sister.
No!
No!
Look at me.
We have to get to the harbor.
This is suicide. Turn around! Back!
Out of the way!
Get out of the way!
Enough!
Kill them! Kill them all!
Row, you idiots! Row!
Turn around! You have to turn back!
Come on. Get up! Get up!
No! No, my daughter!
Get up!
No!

My daughter!

Mommy! Help!

Is this the end of the world?

Why would the gods let this happen?

- Milo!

- Atticus!

I knew the gods would never catch you.

There's none faster. And now I see why.

- It's time to go, my friend...

- No.

The harbor's gone.

We have to find another way.

Then we have to go south into the hills.

It's too far. We'll never make it on foot.

Then we go there.

The arena? Why?

Horses.

My parents.

I'll get the horses.

Don't.

Go help your friend.

Atticus?

Romans everywhere.

Let's go.

You better get comfortable, my dear.

It's a long way to Rome.

Why are you doing this?

Because the property

of Quintas Attius Corvus

will not be taken by some slave.

Proculus, there's not enough room for you.

Then I shall see you in Rome, Senator.

Corvus!

1,000 dinari to the man

who brings me the head of that slave!

- This is mine now. Go.

- Atticus...

Every second takes her

further away from you.

I'll see you again, brother.

Go on!

A barbarian does not die

the equal of a Roman.

Equal.

Let's see if a Roman
can die the equal of a gladiator.
No!
Please. Please.
Gladiators do not beg.
Bitch! You bitch!
Wait! Wait! Wait!
Who are you to do this to me?
I am Senator Quintas Attius Corvus!
And what is that worth,
Senator Quintas Attius Corvus?
You killed my family,
you slaughtered my people,
and make no mistake,
my gods are coming for you.
Wait!
You can't leave me here!
For those of us about to die...
We salute you!
I die a free man!
You have to ride him out of here.
- No!
- He's not fast enough.
He can't carry us both! Go!
No, I won't leave you!
We don't have a choice.
Run! Go!
I don't want to spend
our last moments running.
Don't look.
Look at me.
Just me.