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The Making of 'The Scorpion King 2: Rise of a Warrior'

By Unknown

In ancient times,
there arose in the lands between
the Tigris and Euphrates rivers,
a powerful kingdom
called Akkad.
And for generations, her elite
warriors, called the Black Scorpions,
held sway over
all the neighboring tribes.
Bound by their code of honor
to fight and die to the last man
rather than abandon
their master,
they became prized as the personal
bodyguards of princes and emperors.
Most renowned among
the Black Scorpions was Ashur.
But as for
his own son, Mathayus,
Ashur refused to allow
the boy to compete
for the honor of joining
the Black Scorpions.
I must follow my faith and I forbid
you to go to the games tomorrow.
You think it's
all honor and glory.
Well, it's not.
I've done some things
that were not noble.
I promise you
that, my son.
But like
many boys his age,
Mathayus paid no heed
to his father's warnings.
You 24 boys are here to show your skills
in the art of fighting.
Only 12 of you will
be chosen to move ahead
and train for six long years to
become the pinnacle of a warrior.
A Black Scorpion!
Ready!

Advance to combat!
Show some mettle if you
want to be Scorpions.
Mercy is weakness!
Layla?
Mathayus?
I thought your father...
I snuck out.
You're crazy.
I'm crazy?
I can fight
as well as any boy.
Oh, really?
Prove it!
Hold!
Girls are forbidden
from the games.
Leave her alone!
Little vermin!
Get him!
Get him back here! Where
do you think you're going?
You dare dishonor
the games by interfering?
Lay a hand on him and you
won't live to regret it.
Arm yourself.
I'm not in the mood
for killing today.
Father!
Arrest them both!
And the girl.

HAMMURABI:

King Hammurabi!
They make a mockery of the
ancient games and insult me,
the commander
of your armies.
That may be, Sargon.
But Ashur has earned
himself some forbearance.
I am in your debt,
My Lord. As always.

And you may repay it
by sending your boy to
the Scorpions for training.
If he makes half the
mercenary his father was,
he'll serve the nation well.
You will pay for this.
I promise.
The king's general, Sargon, had
always resented Ashur's fame.
And now, his hatred knew no bounds.
Father!
Though he had no proof,
Mathayus knew in his heart
who had done
this to his father.
He vowed to master
the ways of the warrior.
You fight
like a woman.
Six years had passed.
Mathayus had left Nippur a
boy, and he returned a man.
And as he would shortly learn,
much had changed while he was gone.
For these six years past, you have
seen neither kinsman nor any friend,
but blade,
shield and shaft.
You have trained hard.
Some have fallen
by the wayside.
Those who
yet stand before me
represent the pinnacle of generations
of Akkadian fighting prowess,
the Order of
the Black Scorpions.
Go forth proudly to wherever
your king may send you.
Fight nobly!
Bring gold to
our nation's coffers
and honor to

your family names!
Oh, Mom!
Look at you.
You're a man now!
I barely recognized you.
Mathayus! Mathayus!
Mathayus!
Noah!
What do they
feed you, rock stew?
I see you've grown, too.
He eats Enki's portions
as well as his own.
Where is Enki?
Why didn't he come?
He ran away
from home last year.
He's left to
find his fortune.
He'll be back.
Well, well, look at the
proud new Black Scorpion.
I see you've come
to pay your respects, Layla.
I can take you on
and don't you forget it.
Does that sting?
Only if you
dare touch it.
All turn and hail
Sargon, your king!
Present King Sargon!
I heard rumors.
You heard the truth.
Hammurabi's death was no
accident. Sargon killed him.
Such talk is dangerous.
Careful with your words.
Our top graduate, Sire.
You look familiar.
Do I know you?
I think not, Sire.
Ashur was his father.
Ah.

Your father was a skillful
warrior and a patriot.
I trust you will
honor his memory.
Send him to
the palace later.
I may have a special
assignment for him.
You call
yourself a fighter?
Get up!
You better show me
some skills.
Is that all you've got?
You're nothing.
Don't just stand there.
Come to me.
There's no place for timidity now that
the scorpion rides on your shoulder.
You're wondering
about their tattoos.
One for each man
they've slain.
You'd like a few of
your own, wouldn't you?
If they deserve
to die, yes.
We all deserve to die.
The only question is in
what manner and how soon.
As a member of
my personal bodyguard,
it'll be your job to insure
that you die long before I do.
Your personal bodyguard?
It's a great honor,
Mathayus.
Beyond the skill and
strength I'm told you possess,
the first requirement is an absolute
and unwavering loyalty to me,
your king.
Show him what I mean.
Hail Sargon!

Are you capable
of such loyalty, Mathayus?
I...
Yes,
Sire.
Good. Then riches and
glory will be yours.
But, Mathayus,
betray me even once
and you will pray to the
gods for a quick death.
We'll talk again
in the morning.
Pick one for the night. Or two or three.
Don't wear yourself out.
Or three.
I hear you're
quite the swordsman.
I'm not quite polished yet, Sire,
but I'm a quick learner, I hope.
I like you, Mathayus.
Bring in the prisoner.
He was overheard
slandering my name.
And the punishment is death.
Wait. But this is my...
I know.
You do the deed yourself,
you prove your loyalty to me
beyond a shadow of a doubt.
I'll permit you
to make it quick.
Mathayus! I'm sorry.
Is this true?
Did you slander the king?
Mathayus! Please!
Answer me!
Are the charges true?
Yes.
Then you deserve
what's coming to you.
You've not only betrayed your
king, but your family as well.
And you've disgraced

our father's name.
Whatever you do,
don't flinch.
Run, Noah!
I said run!
No!
Go.
We stand
and fight together.
Mathayus, behind you!
You killed my father.
This is for him.
Your father was a traitor.
As are his sons.
Turnabout's fair play.
Let's go!
Out the window.
Kill them!
Noah, come on!
Come back! Stop!
Go! Go!
Hold on!
Noah, what's wrong?
Just hold on.
We're almost safe.
Noah.
What's wrong?
What's wrong?
Noah!
Noah!
Hang on! Hang on!
Noah!
Noah!
Noah.
Now with his brother's
blood on his hands,
vengeance had branded
itself in Mathayus' heart.
Shall we kill him now
or bring him back alive?
Neither. I have special
plans for this one.
You idiot! Now I'm gonna stink
of fish for the next week.

What are you doing here?
And I hate mackerel.
Next time
I'll use tuna.
Layla, why are you
following me around?
First of all,
I am not following you around.
I'm escaping, too.
My parents pledged my hand to
that fat sheep merchant, Muktil.
We're due to be
married in a week.
Congratulations.
You think it's funny.
Well, I don't know who smells
worse, him or his sheep.
Mathayus, I just want
a life of adventure.
And battle.
Like a man.
There's one small problem.
You're not a man.
Thanks for noticing.
Hey!
I heard you tried
to kill Sargon.
Hey, listen. I will kill
that bastard some day.
Everyone knows he makes
sacrifices to the dark gods,
and they've given him
black magical powers.
You're gonna need
all the help you can get.
Layla, that's nice, but a
girl would only get in the way.
I'm not just a girl.
Look, we're not kids
anymore playing games.
I see your Black Scorpion
training also included lessons
on how to become
an arrogant jerk.

Congratulations on passing
with flying colors.
Go home, Layla. Make the sheep
merchant's life miserable.
Fine! If that's how you
want it. You're on your own.
Fine.
Fine.
Ticket to Egypt, please.
Ten pieces.
Ticket to Egypt for one.
Ten pieces.
Ten? That's pretty steep.
Plus one for insurance.
And I highly recommend it,
because there are pirates,
hostile natives
and hurricanes.
Just the ticket.
Piracy has already
started if you ask me.
Egypt. For one.
Ten pieces.
Pardon me.
Excuse me.
Don't push in!
What are you
talking about?
I left the line for 10
seconds to relieve my bladder.
Liar. Greek.
Madam, I would caution you never
to mix those two words together.
Cretin.
To the land of the
pharaohs, my good man.
Ten pieces.
Ticket.
You are following me.
Admit it.
You know, this may come
as a shock to you,
but not everything in the
world happens because of you.

Then why are you
going to Egypt?
Because...
Everyone should go and see the
pyramids once in their lives.
Why are you going to Egypt?
Personal matters
which don't concern you.
Don't play coy with me. You know
I'll get it out of you anyway.
All right.
My father once fought for the pharaoh's
private guard and saved his life.
So, I'm going to ask if in
return he'll let me borrow
the Spear of Osiris
to help me defeat Sargon.
The Pharaoh of Egypt
is going to lend one of the
most fabled weapons in history
to a 19-year-old kid
he's never even heard of?
I don't remember
asking your opinion.
Actually,
I'm afraid she's right.
It wouldn't work.
But mainly for the simple
reason that the Spear of Osiris
is only effective
against Egyptian monsters.
Such as the winged scarab,
sphinxes and cursed mummies.
And you know this how?
Let's just say
I'm well connected.
Really? And who
are you exactly?
Aristophanes of Naxos.
Not to be confused with the
Aristophanes from Corinth. That hack.
I speak 20 languages fluently
and another 20 passably.
So if you need

any translation services...
Yes, yes. How did you learn
about the Spear of Osiris?
I am a poet and playwright by
trade and sometimes a musician.
And was most recently court
poet to the king of Elam.
Petty despot. May he rot in the
underworld for his lack of esthetic taste.
And learned of it from
one of his high priests.
But you are thinking
along the right path.
To defeat a man like Sargon,
well-versed in the black arts,
one would require
a potent weapon indeed.
Like?
Let's see.
There's the Hammer of Zeus.
No, too unwieldy.
The Shield of Cronos.
That's completely discredited.
The Cloak of...
I've got it!
The Sword of Damocles!
The what?
Damocles. You know.
The one condemned to die
a thousand deaths
by the very hand of the sword
that he used to kill King Philpman.
What do they teach you in
Akkadian schools these days?
Not to touch
other men's swords.
Well, in any case,
according to Book Five
of Herodotus' Histories,
Damocles' infamous sword was
transformed by a lightning bolt from Zeus
into a wondrous weapon whose
blade could cut through anything.
Mortal or immortal.

And presented as a gift to
the Queen of the Underworld.
You're saying this sword
can cut through anything?
Oh, please.
Anything.
And you know
where this sword is?
This has to be the most harebrained
scheme I've heard yet today,
and that is saying plenty.
Oh, and you
have a better idea.
Okay. I've decided.
We're gonna continue
on our journey to Knossos.
And you're gonna lead me
to the Sword of Damocles.
My friend, such a journey
would be fraught with perils.
The Underworld is a grim and
dangerous place of condemned souls
suffering unspeakable...
How much do you want?
Exclusive rights to compose
an epic ode of your quest
and one hundred silver
staters, for expenses.
Wait. A hundred?
For risking my life,
it's a pittance.
A lady doesn't part
with her dowry that easily.
Here we go.
First of all,
I'm coming along.
Wait. Forget it.
Second, you will treat me
with respect and as your equal.
If not, your superior.
Thirty-fifth, you will launder my
undergarments daily in fresh rosewater.
Forty-seventh, you will bathe and
rub my feet with olive oil once a day.

Don't push it.
Hey, Greek.
Call me Ari, my sweet.
In case you get any funny
ideas about losing us
or making off with my
money, just remember this.
Akkadian women are just as handy
with a dagger as Akkadian men.
I'm sure that's not the only
thing you're handy at, fair maiden,
whose beauty makes even
goddesses blush with envy.
Hey, save your flowery words
for your scribblings.
Focus on the task at hand,
which is getting
us into that.
Alive.
Of course.
Perhaps, Layla here might
use her feminine wiles
to distract the guards
whilst we slip past them.
This I have to see.
Hi, boys. Nice night, isn't it?
Concubines around back.
Nice. She is quite the charmer,
isn't she?
You should see her
in a bad mood.
Hmm.
Guys!
Come on, let's go.
These keys should get
us into the palace.
But then we need
to find the labyrinth.
The portal to the Underworld
lies within the labyrinth.
Get down!
Let's go.
Intruders
in the palace!

Stop them!
Intruders!
Hurry up.
Come on.
Come on.
I'm in!
Come on!
Come on!
Ow! Watch your sword.
I think
I've found something.
I think it's a lever.
Hey,
don't touch that.
Are you all right?
Yeah.
I'm fine, too. Thank you.
Who are you people?
Why are you imprisoned here?
He says they are
captives from many lands.
All brought here
to be fed to the Minotaur.
The what?
What do I expect from people
who write on clay tablets?
The Minotaur.
A creature
half man, half bull.
A crazed monster whose appetite must
be satisfied daily with human flesh.
King Minos believes that the
Minotaur protects the city,
and as long as it lives,
his reign will be secure
and the people will prosper.
And you were
going to tell us when?
At the appropriate moment.
Speak up sooner next time. We
don't even know who this guy is.
Who will join me
in battling this monster?
You'd rather

sit here in terror
and squeeze out a few
more wretched days of life
than die fighting honorably
for a chance at freedom?
My friend, you are wasting your breath.
Most men are slaves to their fears.
Then it's the three of us.
I would just
get in the way.
No doubt.
At least
she came strapped.
Nice.
This way.
Stay behind me.
As you wish.
I've never heard those
words from your mouth before.
You're not scared,
are you?
Don't be ridiculous.
You?
Please.
Did you hear that?
Yeah.
Which way is it?
Let's go this way.
Okay.
That Akkadian
looked familiar to me.
Who was his father?
A famous mercenary
named Ashur.
I was afraid of that.
Men.
Illyrian honor calls.
Yeah, I was afraid of that.
I feel like we're going in
circles. Weren't we just here?
What
the hell is this?
It smells like death.
What?

What?
Stay back.
Here.
Where are you going?
Now I'm scared.
Let's go.
Now!
Shouldn't we
be following him?
He's out of his mind.
Or not.
You've gotta be kidding me.
Layla!
Ugly old slab of beef!
Your mother was a cow!
Don't worry.
It didn't go too deep.
A little higher up and you
would have been in trouble.
A little higher up and
you might be in trouble.
You'll be okay.
Wait here.
Your silence is praise enough.
That was you?
Music has charms
to soothe the savage beast.
Say, that's good.
I'm sorry for your loss,
but most grateful
for your help.
It was a debt
I owed your father.
We fought together in the
war against the Hittites.
And he saved my life.
Your debt is repaid then.
Damn right it is.
Let's go, men.
Where we're going we could
use some brave fighters.
There's strength in numbers
and great riches to be had.
Where?

Tell him.
You tell him.
I'll tell him.
The Underworld.
Oh, the Underworld.
There's a portal inside the
center of this labyrinth.
Well, good luck to you.
No one has ever returned
alive from that place.
Gilgamesh did it.
Never heard of him.
So did Herodotus.
So he claims.
Do you know
what else he claims?
When he visited the Underworld
he saw with his own eyes
enough gold, diamonds and
rubies to fill a thousand arenas.
He was literally crunching
on a fortune with every step.
But you, veteran warriors, wouldn't be
interested in such a hazardous journey
as that taken
by an old Greek historian.
And soon by a poet, a young
Akkadian lad and a girl.
Greeks. Greeks.
Okay.
Wait. Why is he coming?
Well, I thought
we could use the extra body.
I told him the Underworld
was a shortcut back to China.
Now what?
The portal is
in here somewhere.
Where's the door?
What?
The door we just
came through!
These must mean something.
Look.

The entrance must
be here somewhere.
I don't understand it.
Here we go.
Yes! Yes! Yes!
What is it?
What's happening?
Somebody tell me
what's going on?
Ari,
what's going on?
Herodotus was right.
What's happening?
Don't
say it again. Greek!
Step out into your faith.
Mathayus, my son,
always follow in your faith.
Faith, my son.
That is your guide.
Amazing what faith can do.
Nice one, Akkadian!
How did you know?
I didn't.
Seems like nothing is
what it appears to be.
What's that?
Oh, yes.
Herodotus says a living person
can only remain in the Underworld
for one hour before his or
her life force drains away,
and he or she
turns to stone.
Well, let's get moving.
You okay?
Mmm-hmm.
Yeah.
Nice place to visit, but...
We're all gonna die here.
Impressive, young one.
Now let's see
if he can get back alive.
Wait.

What's
happening, Ari?
Bad omen.
Let's go.
This keeps getting
better and better.
What fresh hell is this?
We should get moving.
What in the name
of the gods was that?
Did you hear it?
You can't go back now.
I can
go guard the obelisk.
Ah...
One thing.
Herodotus disguised himself
as a dead person like this.
As the Underworld
is forbidden to the living,
I suggest
you do the same.
And if we're discovered?
Then we will be
dead people.
What are we doing?
Dusty Greeks.
He must be stupid.
How do I look?
I think death becomes you.
Tell me
if you see any jewels.
Gold. Some silver.
Anything.
So it's vengeance for your
father you're after, eh?
Good. Blood
should repay blood.
You knew him well?
We fought many a battle,
shield by shield.
Burned and sacked cities.
Left the streets running red.
Aye. That was a swordsman.

What was that?
I heard something.
I think I just
stepped in someone.
Buggers must have journeyed
here and run out of time.
Arm yourselves.
With all due respect, I don't think we
should be stealing from the dead yet.
Maybe it wasn't such
a bad idea after all, eh?
Nice.
Father?
Don't look!
Keep moving.
Do not make eye contact.
Don't look them
in the eyes.
What's he going on about?
He seems dissatisfied
with the shortcut.
I'll take care
of the loudmouth.
No, you won't!
Save your blade
for chopping onions.
Hey! Save your tongue
for licking my boots, Pollux.
Calm down! Calm down!
Can't you see the effect this
place is having on us all?
Later, Akkadian.
Has anybody seen a single
wretched, miserable ruby, yet?
"Gold and diamonds and rubies so
your feet can crunch on them. "
The only thing my feet have
been crunching on are corpses.
Patience, my friend.
Ari, are you sure
we're going the right way?
How close are we
to the sword?
Hard to say.

Say it anyway.
Well, unfortunately, Herodotus
wasn't exactly explicit.
So you don't know.
Well, not exactly, but...
So you lied to us.
Oh, no, no, no, no.
Appearances are deceiving.
For example, there's this
game that we play in Greece.
You play by yourself.
The game keeps changing,
getting harder as you continue.
And the longer you survive
and keep playing,
the closer
you get to winning.
How are we doing
in the game?
I never played it.
Right.
It's a bit like Mahjong.
Mahjong.
Double-talking Greeks.
Shifty-eyed Chinese.
Insane Akkadians. Dead
people! Damn Illyrian honor!
This better be
worth my while.
I can't believe
I find my fortune in hell.
Things are
looking up the Underworld.
PeARIs.
Where is everyone?
Wait.
We have to go back.
There's no time.
You go then.
I'll wait here.
Okay, let's move.
Like I was saying,
the game gets easier.
Yeah, I got it.

What was that?
Who are you?
And by what devious means have
you violated my inner sanctum?
Her inner what?
Let me handle this.
My lady, we are...
Actually, I'm not sure how
we got here or where we are.
Because you see, we...
are humble traders
journeying to China.
Yes! This curious-looking
fellow's homeland
on a silk-seeking
expedition and...
And we must have
taken a wrong turn.
Silence!
On your knees.
My friends will have
their fun with you.
I prefer to stand.
But thanks anyway.
I am Astarte,
goddess of both love and war.
You will not only kneel,
you will grovel before me
like a wretched worm.
There's no reason
to get agitated.
We can handle this
like mature adults.
Listen.
And listen well.
I rule this land
at my pleasure.
And I could destroy you
with a wave of my hand.
Or, if it pleased me,
seduce you
with a single glance
into obeying
my every depraved

whim.

No, please! Any woman can do as much by cinching her bust and pouting her lips.

Are you a man or a woman?

I daresay you could not seduce a beggar if you heaped gold coins between your thighs.

Go up there and look for the sword. I'll check down here.

If you didn't have a goddess's powers to deceive men's eyes, they'd no doubt run from you screaming.

Who wants a 5,000-year-old bag of bones?

You insolent little cur.

I don't need a goddess's powers to tear you apart.

You will regret that!

We'll see who regrets what, you old cradle snatcher.

I'll tear your face off.

Good, then I won't have to look at you.

Best you can do?

Where are you?

Come on, you old cow!

That's it!

The Sword of Damocles.

Slag!

Slut!

So you like to play.

What are you doing?

It's not fair.

You said no magic!

I lied.

Get ready for a long fall.

Wait, My Lady.

It's not her fault

we're here. It's mine.

My arrogance,
not hers.

I humbly beg your forgiveness
for intruding in your domain.

For your beauty
and grace are unequalled.
Go on.
If you'll accept my
apologies and let us leave,
I swear on my word as an Akkadian,
and we always keep our vows,
that I will build you
a magnificent temple
in your honor
when I return home.
I have a thousand temples
already. They bore me.
But I must say,
you do possess a rare
degree of physical appeal.
Don't listen to her!
Perhaps if you were
to stay by my side
as my consort,
then I might be persuaded
to let the others go.
Except for that vermin.
Let me down!
It's so hot up here!
Mathayus! Mathayus!
You would stay young as long
as I decided to keep you.
With no duties save
to service my varied
and copious needs.
He'll never
agree to that!
He loves me!
Anyway, what man would willingly
want to lay down with you?
Lady Astarte,
I would be a fool
to turn down your offer.
However, I made a vow to Shamash
to avenge my father's murder.
And I'd rather be known
as a fool than a liar.
You don't have

the guts to face me!
I knew your father.
And he means
nothing compared to me.
My father was a hero.
Scratch any hero, Mathayus,
and you will find
a monster lurking inside.
One kiss
and you're mine.
Forever.
For the love of Zeus!
Forget it.
You're not my type.
Mathayus!
Mathayus!
Careful, it's sharp.
Here, you can keep this one.
Mathayus,
we're almost out of time!
Run all you like, Mathayus.
I'll have you soon enough.
Just as I took your father.
Hurry,
run the same way we came.
We don't have
much time. Run!
Aren't you
forgetting something?
Where's that treasure
you promised?
But it's not my fault
that Herodotus took a few...
You sacrificed my men,
you slippery-tongued worm.
I'll skin you alive.
Look!
Quick! Run!
We haven't much time! Run!
Come on!
Come on!
Come on! Let's go!
Come on!
Hurry, come on!

Hurry up!
Come on!
Yeah! Yeah!
Oh, my God. Pollux!
We made it.
Get off me!
You disgust me!
Lady Astarte,
you honor me
with your presence.
It is not to honor you
that I'm here, Sargon.
A young friend of yours paid a
surprise visit to me recently.
Apparently,
he's thirsting for revenge
against you.
And he took something of mine
with great sentimental value.
A sword
which could wreak great havoc if
it's not returned to the Underworld
where it belongs.
I want it back.
And you shall have it,
I assure you.
Especially,
if you can increase my powers.
You're greedy, Sargon.
I like that in a man.
You shall have
all the powers you need.
But first,
you must make me
the ultimate sacrifice.
Never were any mortals more
grateful to see the sun again
than the Akkadian
and his companions.
Even Fong, content to take
the long way home to China,
ceased his endless carping.
And Mathayus, with the
invincible sword in his grasp,

looked eagerly
to his reunion with Sargon.
Mathayus?
What I said back there to that
old battle ax of a goddess...
You know,
about you being
in love with me.
Well, I only said that
to try and distract her.
Cloud her judgment.
Stall for time.
That's what I thought.
Clever.
Yeah, it was clever,
wasn't it?
It was.
Do you think what the
goddess said was true?
Inside every hero lurks
the potential for a monster.
From this night forward, the
goddess's protection will insure
that Akkad will be
great forever.
Tonight's celebration to Astarte
will be like none she has ever known.
My kingdom and powers
will know no boundaries.
Hail, Sargon.
Hail, Sargon.
Fong says he's enjoyed our company
but he'll be heading back to China now,
to return to the simple life of
being an acrobat for the emperor.
That's too bad.
We could use
another good man.
Psst. Come here!
Come here!
Where's everyone going?
The king has told us
to go to the arena.
Everybody. Keep moving, you little rats!

Something's not right.
You better go to the arena
while I go after Sargon.
I'll come with you.
I've never been a big fan
of command performances
and I suspect you'll
need the moral support.
Don't get yourself killed.
Not even a good death.
Nor you.
Come on.
Shouldn't we discreetly
climb a wall or dig a tunnel.
No time.
Halt!
State your business!
I'm here for
Sargon's black blood.
Stand aside and I won't
have to spill yours.
Trust me, you really
don't want to do this.
Impossible!
What sorcery is this?
My quarrel is not with you
but with that demon Sargon.
Let them pass.
Step aside.
Gods be with you.
I'm with him.
I've never seen
such a weapon.
Sit down now.
Goddess Astarte.
Hurry up!
Come on!
Anywhere. Just go.
Wait here.
This is personal.
Where are you two going?
There's no seats this way.
Who's the shifty-eyed stranger?
He's the entertainment,

for the crowd.
To keep them
from becoming unruly.
King Sargon salutes you,
citizens of Nippur.
Your great gift
insures the glory
and prosperity of Akkad...
Great gift?
...and the blessing
of the goddess Astarte.
I've got a bad
feeling about this.
And rejoice
in your new spirit.
Now.
What's going on?
Hmm?
Get away
from the walls.
Move! Open the gate.
Move out!
Mathayus.
Mathayus.
Father?
How can this be?
What magic is this?
No, my son, it is not
the magic that you think.
It is the wondrous power
and the miracle of the sword
that you hold that has
allowed us to meet again.
But I saw you.
I saw you in the Underworld.
A place you do not belong.
Prove to me
this is really you.
Remember
when you were
a very young boy
and sometimes
when you were frightened
I would put my arms around you

and whisper something in your ear
that only you and I
would ever know?
Remember?
Father?
You were a hero.
Why were you there?
We cannot escape our fate.
Scratch any hero
and a monster lurks beneath.
Feeling smaller
without your special sword?
You're not the one to talk,
hiding behind your trickery.
Father always said
you were a coward.
Shoot that one!
They're gonna
set us on fire!
What?
Okay! Let's split up!
Okay.
We can't let
the arrows hit the oil.
You come to avenge your
father, the great hero?
I fight for more
than vengeance now, Sargon.
I fight for what
my father once believed in.
And I fight for what
you've corrupted.
Mark that down, scribe.
Sounds like a good epitaph.
Ari, throw me the sword.
The sword, Greek.
Ari.
Jewels first.
Careful. It's sharp.
That's right,
you fool.
I planned every detail of your little
heroic journey into the Underworld.
This sword makes

my power supreme.
You can never
trust a Greek, eh?
Nothing personal, Mathayus.
But a fortune in jewels
and a good tale to tell...
What writer could resist that?
Write well of my exploits,
scribe. Or I'll come for your head.
The king who became a god.
What?
Mathayus!
Never trust a Greek!
And I'm a poet not a
scribe, you jackass.
Now, Mathayus, as a Black Scorpion
you owe your allegiance to your king.
You took a sacred oath.
And the darkness grows.
Fong! Stop the arrow!
Get them off the wall!
Release those arrows!
Fire!
Fong! We have to stop the
flames from reaching the walls.
Fong, come on!
Stop the flames!
Put out the flames!
Use the sand!
Stop the flames
from reaching the walls!
Hurry, Fong!
Don't let the flames
reach the walls!
Fong, hurry, get the wall!
We got to put it out!
What?
This is for my father.
Layla, you saved us!
And so, Mathayus, why
should I show you any mercy?
You dared spurn me.
Not to mention
you stole my sword.

Because, My Lady,
you know you'll have me soon enough.
Yes.
I will.
Oh, Shamash,
hear my plea.
For three days and nights, my son has
slept the sleep of the living dead.
Bring him back to us
or take him please,
I beg you.
What's that stench?
I would think I've earned a thank you.
Of course, I never planned
on serving that wretch.
My words will tell your
story well, my friend.
In time, your exploits will be renowned.
If you'll just
let go.
Hey.
Welcome back.
Citizens of Akkad,
I give you your new king.
Son of Hammurabi,
Shalmaneser.
People of Akkad, we have
passed through a very hard time.
But the sun is rising again.
Where is the Greek?
He said something about
Olympia and Neptune's Trident.
But he wanted you
to have this.
He said you'd understand.
What?
I think he'll do quite well.
Our land, the people's
land, will prosper again!
People of Akkad...
Should have been you.
No thanks.
Not my cup of tea.
And us?

We'll be fine.
It would have been nice to
live in a beautiful palace
with lots of servants
and fine linens.
I thought you wanted to be a warrior,
roam the world
like a man.
Well, I decided I didn't like battles
and killing as much as I thought I would.
That every man may
know right from wrong.
Do you?
But the truth
of the matter was
Mathayus did have a fondness
for battles and killing.
And though he loved Layla,
the blood of a warrior
and the scorpion's dark venom
still coursed through his veins.
It would drive him out into the
wide world for further adventures
and further battles
until one day perhaps
he would return
to become the Scorpion King.
That is the subject
for another tale.