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# Amazons and Gladiators

By Zachary Weintraub

The nature of things  
will always create and destroy.  
The nature of Rome is  
that it will destroy itself.  
60 years after the birth of Christ,  
the Roman Empire had expanded  
into every corner of the known world.  
Africa,  
Europe,  
and as far east as Babylon.  
All roads led to Rome.  
One of Caesar's greatest generals,  
Marcus Crassius,  
was a hero of the Punic Wars  
and the man who captured Spartacus.  
Crassius' fame spread  
throughout the Empire.  
His popularity soon rivalled Caesar's.  
The people love  
this Marcus Crassius, Sire.  
Caesar decided to banish Crassius,  
appointing him governor  
of a province far from Rome.  
Governor of some lost province  
in the middle of nowhere.  
Caesar honours you, General.  
Caesar exiles me!  
- Gallo!  
- Good news, General?  
- We've been promoted.  
- Yes, General.  
Frustrated by his new surroundings,  
Crassius poured his wrath  
upon the people.  
He ruled them with an iron fist,  
but rewarded them  
with gladiator games.  
His thirst for violence was insatiable.  
But in a small village  
in the province of Panne,  
an unlikely hero was still a child.  
In the name of Zenobia, I slay thee.  
Serena!  
Serena!

Yes, Mother, I'm here.

- Find your sister. Supper's almost ready.

- All right.

You feel nice.

- Don't you think we should slow down?

- No.

Don't you think I'm beautiful?

Yes.

Get off! Get off of her!

- Run, Gwyned, run!

- What are you doing?

- Protecting you.

- Will you get out of here?

But Samuel was attacking you again.

He wasn't attacking me.

Who's Samuel?

Serena, this is Matthew!

Matthew, this is

my younger sister, Serena.

- The girl!

- No!

No, no, no, no!

Mother.

General. A gift for you.

Please!

No! No!

Connal!

Father!

- Connal! No!

- Father!

Kill the woman!

Lay your hands on my mother,

and I'll kill you!

Will you, little one?

Careful, soldier,

you may lose the use of your knees.

No!

Perhaps the spitfire and her mother

will provide us with entertainment.

No, no, please. Don't hurt them. I beg you!

Hurt them?

I wouldn't dream of it.

So, my pretty little girl.

This is your chance

to save your poor mother.

You might say that your mother's death  
will be on your shoulders.

Mother.

Serena, save yourself.

- I can save us both!

- Gallo!

This could play well in the Coliseum  
in Rome, don't you think?

- Possibly.

- Possibly.

Now.

Now.

If you hold on till this glass is empty,  
we may let you and your mother live.

- Serena, you must live.

- No, mother, no.

- The Goddess will protect me.

- No, it's not your time.

I will always be with you.

Mother!

I'm sorry, Mother, I'm sorry!

I'm sorry, Mom!

Well, there it is.

I'm sorry, Mom, I'm sorry!

You didn't have to die, Mother.

Mom, I'm sorry!

No!

Move back.

Gwyned!

You could have saved her!

Mother.

What do we have here?

You.

She looks healthy.

Good, I'll take her.

- That's all you have left?

- Yes.

This one has burns,

I can't use her as a dancer.

She looks good, but not her.

- I'll take her. How much?

- Eight dinari.

- I won't leave without her.

- Quiet!  
- How much for both of them?  
- 14.  
- I'll give you twelve.  
- Done.

I'm going to regret this.  
I knew the minute I bought her,  
she was going to be my best dancer.  
I want her.

Senator Angelo...  
...the girl has not yet been plucked.  
She is worth a great deal of money to me.  
20 dinari.

Senator, she's my best dancer.  
Very good, Senator.  
Be careful with the master's jewellery.

More than one dancer  
has been punished for losing a stone.  
Kiss the air.

They say a woman's  
always nervous the first time.  
Don't worry. I know the Senator.  
It'll be over quickly, take my word for that.  
I won't do it. We're dancers, not whores.  
Grow up!

Dancers are just slaves in pretty clothes.  
Everything will be different  
when we're free.

Will it?  
We'll still just be women.  
Men.

You are a beautiful woman.  
You deserve beautiful things.  
You know, I think freedom  
would look good on you.  
Are you offering?

Maybe.  
Sit.

I can't.  
You will.

Enter.  
What have we here?

An Amazon, Senator.  
She was caught prowling the grounds.

An assassin, no doubt.  
Sent by that bitch, Zenobia.  
Where is your princess hiding?  
Caesar will pay handsomely  
for her capture.  
Not very talkative, I see.  
We can change that.  
I'd rather die a free woman  
than live as a slave and a whore.  
I have no doubt you would.  
But you will live as a slave and a whore.  
Watch and learn.  
Get off! Get off!  
Get off!  
Senator!  
You better come with me.  
Well, you want to be free, don't you?  
- Briana. Come on, we're leaving.  
- Where's the Senator?  
- The jackal's dead.  
- Come on, we're free.  
Are you mad? They'll hunt and kill us.  
- Better hunted than in chains.  
- Go.  
Come on, we must hurry!  
Come with us, you'll be free.  
Go!  
We'll practise later. Let's go.  
I'm lone. What do they call you?  
I'm Briana and this is Serena.  
Is Princess Zenobia here?  
Will we meet her?  
Refresh yourselves. Questions later.  
Get them food and clothing.  
- Mama!  
- I told you I'd be back soon, sweet one.  
- Where have you been?  
- On a grand adventure.

**Rule number one:**

No man may enter our camp uninvited.

**Rule number two:**

No man may enter our camp uninvited.

Rule number three:

If a man enters our camp uninvited,  
he may be killed.

Is that before or after?

All your life you've been a slave,  
and you don't even know it.

Out there, women are the lowest of slaves.

But here we are free. And we won't let  
anyone take that away from us.

Understand?

Yes, I understand.

Here we are slaves under you.

No, you may leave here at any time.

You're free.

But if you wish to stay here,

you must obey our laws  
and complete our training.

And if that is too much to expect from you,  
you can leave now.

We'll stay.

You better get some sleep.

Your training begins tomorrow.

What kind of training?

Amazon training.

- What do you think?

- I don't trust her. We'll see.

I like her.

She did save us.

Watch my movement.

Attack me when you see my weakness.

Keep your eyes soft.

Don't focus on the details. See everything.

You don't have the skill to beat me,  
you're just a little girl.

Maybe you should go back  
to being a dancing whore.

You have the passion,

but don't let anger dictate when to strike.

It'll kill you one day.

What are you looking at?

Tight formation.

Remember the pattern of the butterfly.

Soft.

Strike your enemy. Like a cobra.

Make every thrust count.  
Slow down.  
You're going to lose your precision.  
No, I'm not.  
Yes, you are.  
We start again, thanks to Serena.  
She's good, this one.  
What do you suppose fires her passion?  
Vengeance.  
The Governor's approaching.  
Warm the bath.  
Yes, throw the petals.  
Daria, don't forget, pour slowly.  
Ariel, thank you.  
You're early.  
- My bath?  
- Hot and waiting. How was your day?  
The usual. One cheats the other.  
They ask me to arbitrate.  
- And did you make a fair decision?  
- A profitable one.  
You always do.  
Get in here.  
Hey.  
Serena.  
Why don't you get up and get out of here?  
You're making it harder on all of us,  
and we don't want you here.  
- You're out of control.  
- No, wait. See what happens.  
You're not ready to be an Amazon.  
I won't fight by your side.  
And neither will the rest of us.  
You'll get us all killed.  
Do you think you can hurt me  
with that little thing?  
Darius.  
- Have you brought them?  
- As you commanded.  
Gladiators?  
- He says they're a promising lot.  
- Any Amazons?  
No.  
They're difficult to catch.



- Double the reward.  
- You're very good at spending my money.  
Care to wager on tomorrow's games?  
Let's see the merchandise first.  
Send them in.  
- Whom do you choose, darling?  
- I don't know.  
The big one on the end  
looks like he could handle his sword.  
Very muscular.  
And I choose this one.  
He looks like he could handle his spear.  
25 dinari says that my man wins.  
Make it 50.  
I shall have great pleasure  
winning my own money.  
Kill him!  
Oh, damn it!  
- Afraid you'll lose, darling?  
- No, it's my wife.  
I'm surprised, my dear.  
I thought you hated these games.  
Whatever do you mean?  
I always enjoy a good competition.  
Size isn't always preferable, my lord.  
What was that?  
Did the whore utter something?  
Nothing, my love.  
Kill him! Kill him!  
The crowd is awaiting  
your decision, my love.  
It would be a pity  
to put such a large slave to death.  
He would be useful around my house.  
Come, my dear,  
I grow tired of this lacklustre exhibition.  
Damn this infernal wasteland.  
All the best gladiators are in Rome.  
Keep moving! There's hot food  
waiting for us at Red Tooth.  
- Are you all right?  
- My ankle. I'll never make it.  
All right. We won't leave you.  
I'll be right back.

Ione!  
Lone!  
There you are.  
Stop!  
Gretchen fell down.  
I think her ankle's broken.  
Brita, take the others to Red Tooth.  
We'll join you.  
Follow Brita. Go!  
Where is she?  
I'm not sure. We have to look and find her.  
The wolves come out at night. We have to  
move on before it gets too cold.  
- I promised her.  
- It's too dangerous here. We have to go.  
- I won't.  
- Her destiny was chosen.  
I choose my own destiny.  
- It's them.  
- Oh my God, they're alive!  
Help her down.  
Thanks. Thank you.  
No one's destiny is chosen.  
Serena.  
Briana.  
Have we done something wrong?  
No.  
These bracelets link you forever  
to the sisterhood of Amazons.  
They signify your allegiance  
to your sisters,  
putting them first,  
before your own desires.  
You will always come to their defence,  
and they to yours.  
If you choose to accept the bracelet,  
you will wear it until you die.  
Do you accept, Briana?  
Yes.  
Serena.  
Do you accept?  
If I accept, am I free to leave?  
An Amazon is always free.  
Then I accept.

Now rise, Amazons,  
and greet your sisters.  
My Lord, on Thursday you've been  
invited to the home of Cornelius Gero.  
Friday, you have an invitation  
from the widow Harmonia Madden.  
That tedious old hag.  
I'd rather open a vein.  
She wants to thank you  
for killing her husband.  
A plague on Caesar for sending me here.  
Your Lordship?  
Darius.  
A message from Rome.  
It's from Brutus.  
Well?  
Gallo. Kill Darius.  
Just joking.  
Actually, it's good news.  
Caesar has grown weary  
of the Amazon nuisance  
and wants the Empire rid of Zenobia  
and her bosomed army once and for all.  
Gallo.  
Are you in the mood for a hunt?  
Yes, my Lord.  
Good.  
I will deliver Caesar the princess' head,  
and Caesar will invite us back to Rome.  
A glorious day.  
Darling?  
Yes, my lord.  
Have her cleaned up and sent to my room.  
Stand up!  
Welcome, lone.  
You've been missed.  
It's good to see you, Lucius.  
Come, let's meet the new warriors.  
- Lucius, this is Briana.  
- Briana.  
Oh, my.  
And Serena.  
- It's a pleasure.  
- Lucius is captain of Zenobia's guard.

- But you're a man.
- Princess Zenobia?
- Is she here? Is this where she lives?
- Indeed it is.

Princess! I swear by the Goddess,  
you get younger every time I see you.  
You're getting older.

Your eyesight's failing you.

- Hail to thee, Princess Zenobia.

- Hail, Princess.

No, come. Up on your feet.

I won't have this. We're all equals here.

At heart, I'm really  
a teacher and an architect.

Architect?

The Goddess in her wisdom  
has blessed me with an ability  
to create, design a society  
like the one you see here.

- With slaves?

- There are no slaves here.

This place is based on nurturing, respect,  
and complete understanding  
of one another.

There's no room  
in any society for enslavement.

- But there are men here.

- Yes.

And you're an Amazon. We're Amazons.

- We don't need men.

- Dear child.

Where do you think  
little Amazons come from?

You handle the sword well.

How are you in battle?

I've yet to see battle with a sword.

Only exercises.

Against women.

Against Amazon women.

It's different, you know.

I mean fighting men.

They're bigger, they're stronger.

I can handle myself against any man.

She won't last five minutes.

Do you want to put money on that?  
Two dinari.  
I'll also put two dinari on Lucius.  
Actually, the odds have changed now.  
It's two-to-one against Serena.  
Not a problem.  
Briana?  
Oh, Princess.  
We were joking.  
We'll give the money back.  
By Hades you will. I'll stake five.  
Is that the best you've got?  
You'd better win, Serena, or we'll be  
killing wolves for our clothes tonight.  
I told you it would be different.  
- We're just playing!  
- Briana?  
All right, easy does it.  
Everyone will get paid. Somehow.  
Briana.  
This should take care of it.  
Your mother loved you very much.  
You knew my mother?  
Yes, Serena.  
- She was the daughter of an Amazon.  
- My grandmother was an Amazon?  
We called her the Lioness.  
She was our greatest warrior for our time.  
Your mother came to me years later,  
cradling you in her arms.  
You had the fever,  
and she begged me to save you.  
So I did.  
I warned her of the prophecy,  
but she didn't care.  
What prophecy?  
Her life for yours.  
Drink this.  
It will soothe your pains.  
She knew you were special, Serena.  
As do I.  
She knew you would possess  
your grandmother's  
extraordinary skills as a warrior.

I don't understand.  
Your destiny awaits you,  
but you must learn to open  
your heart and mind  
to harness the power within you.  
Beautiful, isn't it?  
Sorry, I didn't know anybody was here.  
- I'll go.  
- Why?  
There's enough view for everyone.  
So, today's mission?  
We accompany Zenobia  
to the village of Greyhaven.  
A man murdered his daughter  
for refusing to marry.  
What was that for?  
I've never been up this high before.  
This is paltry compared  
to the views in Rome.  
- You've been to Rome?  
- Yeah, several times. Beautiful city.  
Sure, if you like corruption.  
There's more slaves in that city than...  
I just said the city was beautiful.  
- Copied from the Greeks.  
- Everything in Rome is.  
- Even their Gods.  
- Exactly. Jupiter is Zeus reincarnated.  
- Juno was once Hera, Mars is the new...  
...Ares. Mercury was...  
- Hermes. Neptune...  
...Poseidon. Bacchus?  
...Dionysus. Venus...  
Aphrodite.  
Cupid?  
Eros.  
I can't do this.  
Whoa!  
Keep your eyes open.  
Let's move this.  
Guard the Princess!  
You.  
Murderer!  
Serena!

No, wait.

Serena?

I know this man.

How did you get them?

Those scars on your feet.

They were a gift from a stranger.

- I never got his name.

- The man you killed today?

No, the man he served.

Let me.

It's all right. You fought well today.

I've never seen anything like it.

- You deserve some pampering.

- Thank you.

Where did you get yours?

Also a gift.

From a man named Marcus Crassius.

- Governor Crassius?

- General, at the time.

He killed half my village.

My family included.

And then he took the rest for slaves.

What about your family?

I'm sorry.

Serena, the man that you killed,

I also recognised him.

He served under General Crassius.

Crassius?

Be careful, Serena.

Vengeance can be blinding.

Zenobia teaches that it's better

to free a single slave

than to kill a hundred tyrants.

Thank you.

I just wanted to say that...

I know it's not

the Amazon way, Serena, but...

others have left the tribe, had families.

You'll need some food.

You're not going to try and make me stay?

Killing Crassius won't bring you peace.

Your heart is heavy, my dear.

May the Goddess be with you always.

How are you going to beat Crassius?

I know you choose your own destiny.  
No one knows that better than I.  
But you can't take on Crassius.  
He has an entire army on his side.  
- Who do you think you are?  
- We'll see.  
OK. We'll see.  
You're not ready for this.  
The Amazons are betting against you.  
How are the odds?  
Not very good.  
I've been beating odds my whole life.  
I know.  
- This is not your fight.  
- How do you think I'd feel,  
staying with the Amazons,  
knowing you are going to Crassius?  
- Would you stay if it were me?  
- No.  
I'm sorry.  
What about your boyfriend?  
He'll have to wait.  
Poor Gallo.  
I thought he was made of stronger stuff.  
You called, my lord?  
Yes, get rid of her, will you?  
She annoys me.  
With pleasure.  
Darius?  
Bad news.  
Get the guard. We leave in the morning.  
If you want something done, do it yourself.  
Bring back any survivors.  
He's here. I can smell him.  
I don't think they're just going to let  
a couple of Amazons walk into his house.  
Do you hear that?  
Well, I'll be damned.  
Come on.  
You worthless lumps of flesh!  
Move your arses!  
That's what they're paying to see.  
Remember us?  
Identify yourself. State your business.



You know me.  
The Governor has summoned us  
to help him celebrate his recent victory.  
- Let them through.  
- What victory?  
Haven't you heard?  
Crassius defeated  
Zenobia in the Battle of Greyhaven.  
- You're lying.  
- What a foolish lie it would be,  
with a dagger pressed on my back.  
Crassius, you battled Zenobia yourself?  
- I wouldn't have it any other way.  
- Is it true she's seven foot tall?  
She's a head shorter now.  
Dear Harmonia, how shall I ever suffer  
Rome without your scintillating parties?  
Dancing girls.  
You're new.  
No, you're not mistaken.  
I am Marcus Crassius.  
Capturer of Spartacus  
and conqueror of the Amazons.  
Marcus, I understand  
you divorced your wife.  
Yes, this morning.  
- Why aren't you dancing?  
- I'm sorry.  
Well, dance.  
Do I know you?  
Gwyned?  
Serena?  
- Is it you?  
- Is everything all right?  
We're here to free you.  
What?  
It's OK, we're Amazons.  
Amazons?  
Guards! Amazons!  
- Who is this bitch?  
- My sister.  
Amazons?  
You're like vermin. The more I kill,  
the more seem to appear.

- Do I know you?  
- Oh, yes. We're old friends.  
Were we close?  
Close enough that I'll be  
by your side when you die.  
As we're such good friends,  
maybe you'll be kind enough to attend  
some games I'm hosting tomorrow.  
Guards.  
Show them to their accommodations.  
What is this?  
A last meal for the condemned men?  
Knock it off in there! Save it for the arena.  
Serena.  
I thought I'd never see you again.  
What happened?  
Is Zenobia really...  
Greyhaven was a trap.  
Many were killed.  
Some escaped, many captured.  
Ione?  
I don't know.  
I should have been there.  
We were outnumbered.  
The outcome would have been the same.  
Get some sleep.  
Tomorrow you wake up gladiators.  
Thank Zeus I will soon be  
back at the Coliseum,  
away from this pathetic arena  
and these idiots.  
Citizens of Panne!  
After many years of having the honour  
to serve as your Governor...  
...the Emperor Caesar  
has summoned me back to Rome.  
To celebrate this great occasion...  
...I present you with the finest gladiator  
games ever to grace this region.  
Today's event is a meal to the death.  
A re-enactment of the Battle of Greyhaven,  
in which your humble governor  
defended the Empire  
against the Amazonian horde.

To add a touch of realism to the games,  
we have amongst the gladiators  
an authentic Amazon woman.  
Gladiators, the rules are simple.  
You will continue fighting until the sand  
in this upper globe has drained.  
Those of you who remain standing  
will live to fight another day.  
Let the killing begin.  
Gladiators! Need I remind you  
that you must continue fighting  
until the upper globe is empty?  
Fight! Or my archers will kill you.  
Trust me.  
There, Crassius! The globe is empty.  
Archers.  
Now will you or will you not fight?  
What are you doing?  
I won't fight you.  
Fight!  
Fight, gladiator.  
Archers.  
Please.  
I will see you tomorrow, Amazon.  
Serena.  
What happened?  
How could you?  
He spared my life.  
He gave me everything I ever dreamed of.  
He took care of me.  
And took so much away.  
That was long ago. Another life.  
- Where would I be without him?  
- Free.  
Like you?  
Yeah.  
Go tonight.  
Go, Serena.  
Quickly.  
Gwyned.  
What is it?  
Today's special entertainment -  
a battle to the death.  
Amazon versus Amazon. The rules:

Two fight, one dies.  
To the victor, freedom.  
Should you refuse to fight,  
need I remind you...  
To the death, Amazons.  
- I can't do this.  
- Yes, you can.  
You must.  
Ah, there you are.  
I thought you were going to miss it.  
Fight!  
Freedom, Briana.  
Hurry, we haven't much time.  
I can't recall a time  
I've been so entertained.  
You take me for a fool.  
Archers!  
Are you harlots or Amazons?  
Do you want a real fight? Then fight me!  
Fight you?  
Serena, no.  
You challenge me?  
Are you not Marcus Crassius,  
conqueror of the Amazons?  
Here's an Amazon. Conquer me!  
- You don't know what you're saying.  
- Let me go!  
You're no warrior.  
Kill her, and I will fight you.  
Crassius, Crassius...  
We're almost there.  
You can't leave her there.  
- The Governor's about to fight an Amazon.  
- What?  
- Hurry up or you'll miss it.  
- Come on, he's fighting an Amazon.  
Right. What are you  
willing to do for freedom?  
Well, Amazon.  
You wish to fight me?  
Here I am.  
No!  
Serena! He'll kill you!  
Please, my lord, not her.

- She's my sister.  
- Gwyned, no.  
Your sister?  
Ah, yes.  
The little one.  
Marcus, if you love me, let her live.  
Love you?  
Gwyned!  
Serena.  
Forgive me.  
It's all right.  
No.  
How touching.  
The arena! Follow me!  
Kill them all!  
Your destiny awaits you,  
but you must learn to open  
your heart and mind  
to harness the power within you.  
You have the passion,  
but don't let anger dictate when to strike.  
Your heart is heavy, my dear.  
May the Goddess be with you always.  
The Amazons trained you well.  
Why don't you take your sister's place?  
- Never.  
- Never?  
Never?  
Very good.  
Kill me.  
Come on, kill me.  
Kill me!  
Did I ever tell you,  
what my soldiers did  
to your mother's body?  
I told you I'd be by your side  
when you died.  
Is this what you wanted?  
Is this what you wanted?  
We're not animals.  
Your blood's as red as ours.  
If you hurt any more slaves or Amazons,  
or if I hear about  
any women being abused,

I promise I will come back here  
and I will kill every one of you.

- We came as fast as we could.

- Thank you.

There are women in Rome requesting  
our assistance. We must move quickly.

And so the legend of Serena,

Queen of the Amazons, was born.

With the advances of the Visigoths,

Huns, Vandals and Amazons,

the Roman Empire would soon fall.