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Hercules

By Ryan J. Condal

You think you know the truth
about him? You know nothing.
His father was Zeus. The Zeus.
King of the gods.
His mother, Alcmene, a mortal woman.
Together, they had a boy.
Half human, half god.
But Zeus' queen, Hera, saw this
bastard child as an insult,
a living reminder of her
husband's infidelity.
Alcmene named the boy Hercules,
which means "glory of Hera,"
but this failed to
appease the goddess.
She wanted him dead.
Luckily, he took after his father.
Once he reached manhood, the gods
commanded him to perform Twelve Labors,
twelve dangerous missions. If he
completed them all and survived,
Hera agreed to finally
let him live in peace.
He fought the Lernean Hydra!
He battled the Erymanthean Boar!
But his greatest Labor
was the Nemean Lion.
This was no ordinary beast.
It had a hide so tough,
no weapon could penetrate it.
But even this monster was no
match for the son of Zeus.
- What a load of crap!
- Every word is true.
You know what I think? This friend
of yours doesn't even exist.
Laugh all you want. He's coming. And
be warned, Gryza, he despises pirates.
Macedonia has been good to us.
Plenty of villages
ripe for pillaging.
We are here to stay. Finish him.
The more you struggle,
the faster you drop.

Indeed, your fleet is strong. I...
Yet, as I was about to explain
before I was so rudely interrupted,
the Nemean Lion was strong, too.
Yet, he still destroyed it.
And not with a sword or
a spear or arrows. No!
I did it with my bare hands!
Or so they say.
- Hercules.
- Is this all the men you have?
There's 40 of us. One of you.
The king of this land has offered
me gold to dispose of you.
So leave, or die.
I get paid either way.
Make him bleed.
Five men with a single blow.
Still think you can
destroy the son of Zeus?
Bring me his head!
Seems they need more
convincing, Autolycus.
That's why we're here.
Atalanta.
Amphiaraus.
May Zeus forgive you.
Tydeus?
Die, Hercules!
Ah, good man.
Hurry! Hurry! Uncle!
Uncle, hurry! Hurry! Hurry!
Any longer, Uncle...
And the girls would finally
be safe from your attentions.
The rest of you may go.
But not you.
Thirteen,
14, 15, 16,
- 17, 18, 19, 20.
- That was fun.
Twenty pirates at two
gold pieces a head,
minus the headless ones. Let's see.

Not a bad night.

You see how the pirates ran?

My story softened their resolve.

Their resolve must be broken, Iolaus.

When you spread the legend of
Hercules, make it bigger, scarier.

The more they believe Hercules
is truly the son of Zeus,
the less likely they are to fight.

Oh!

Aye.

- Amphiaraus?

- Mmm?

Care to join us here on Earth?

A lion and a crow in strange alliance,
fighting across a sea of corpses.

If you're going to use those herbs,
Amphiaraus, at least share.

Huh?

Hold it! Hold it! Hold it! Hold it!

Fight it!

Keep practicing, boys!

So who's next? You? You?

Ah!

That's a pretty sight.

One more payday, Autolycus,
that's all we need.

Then we get to live like
the kings we've served.

Or live simply.

You still dreaming
of barbarian lands?

Beyond the Aegean.

At the shores of the Black Sea.

That is where I will live out the
rest of my days in solitude.

- Boring, if you ask me.

- Maybe so, Autolycus.

But I'll never find peace unless
I move as far away as possible.

What of Tydeus? Without you to temper
his rage, I fear what he may become.

Tydeus will go with me. Civilization
has become too civilized for us.

Uncle!

Join us. The girls are
eager to welcome you.

See? I told you I knew Hercules.

- Are you his servant?

- I'm his nephew.

- Are you, really?

- I tell of Hercules' Twelve Labors,
like the Nemean Lion,
the Apples of the Hesperides,
the Belt of Hippolyta with its buxom
naked Amazons and exciting bondage.

- I immortalize him...

- He talks, while the rest of us fight.

It is a wonder you share the
same blood as Hercules.

Have fun.

- Ladies.

- Oh...

- What do you want with Hercules?

- My words are for him, not you.

Atalanta, it's all right.

- You certainly are a hard man to find.

- Maybe I don't want anyone to find me.

I'm not just anyone. My name is
Ergenia, daughter to Lord Cotys.

Your father is most fortunate
to have such a beautiful heir.

My father is most unfortunate.

He battles a warlord, Rhesus.

Our land is torn by civil war. Every day,
villages are destroyed, crops ruined,

- innocents slaughtered.

- We all have problems.

Well, perhaps I can convince you
to make our problems your own.

Unfortunately, My Lady, Hercules is fully
committed till the Feast of Dionysus.

We could, however, advance you to
the front of the line, for the right price.

Hmm. I thought heroes
fight for glory.

But mercenaries fight for gold.

- Lord Cotys is a rich man.

- I like him already.
If you agree to aid him,
he will pay your weight in gold.
Eat up.
"A lion and crow in
strange alliance."
Told you.
Where are we going?
It is good to see you safe, My Lady.
This war claims more victims every day.
We were concerned, My Lady.
Thank you, General Sitacles.
I was well protected.
Ah.
The mighty Hercules. An honor.
Though not quite as big
an honor as I expected.
General, go tell my
father Hercules is here.
Uncle? Hera. Impressive.
It's meant to be. It took five years and
a thousand men to build her temple.
Hera is the patron goddess of Thrace.
Everyone knows the legend,
how Hera seeks to destroy Hercules.
Perhaps the right cause
might finally reconcile you.
Mother!
Arius.
- You're Hercules.
- That's right.
My name is Arius. I know
all your Labors by heart.
You killed the giant
Geryon with a single blow,
- cleaned the Augean stables in one night.
- Hercules is probably tired.
And the Labor of the Hide,
and the Labor of the Mares.
That's enough, Arius. Come along.
Stay away from him. Men who
deal in violence attract violence.
But he's Hercules. He's no
mere mortal. He's the greatest!

Lord Cotys will see you now.
Have you ever met royalty, Hercules?
Once or twice.
Father!
Megara.
Welcome home, my love.
Hercules!
Whenever I'm here, I imagine this
is what Elysium must look like.
Well, men like us have the means to
create our own paradise on Earth.
Look. Magnificent, aren't they?
Well, do not keep us in suspense.
Are we safe from the monster Hydra?
The Hydra's heads, Your Majesty.
The masks of serpents.
No wonder men thought
they were monsters.
You've done your sovereign
a great service. Come.
Let the people have their hero.
All hail King Eurystheus.
And the mighty protector
of Athens, Hercules!
Hercules! Hercules! Hercules!
A man faced with such adoration might
be tempted to think himself a god.
I only want to be a
husband and a father.
Lord Cotys awaits.
Hercules.
Welcome.
An honor to host such a legend.
Lord Cotys.
But in legend, you fight alone.
My reputation would not
exist without my comrades.
Autolycus of Sparta.
Tydeus of Thebes.
Atalanta of Scythia.
Iolaus of Athens.
- And Amphiaraus of Argos.
- Amphiaraus?
The famed seer of Argos.

It is said you have
glimpsed your own death,
so you fight each battle knowing
that it is not yet your time to die.
What else can you tell of the future?
Only what the gods see fit to reveal.
A shame. It would have been a great
gift to know the outcome of this war.
The gods can be frustrating
sometimes, Lord Cotys.
With respect, I fear that the task ahead
might not be suitable for a woman,
even if she is an Amazon warrior.
I stand corrected.
When the kings of yesteryear
built this citadel,
it was intended as the
high seat of all Thrace.
- But now Thrace is divided.
- This war has depleted our forces.
We're left with nothing but farmers
and merchants to replenish our army.
It takes every one of
us to resist Rhesus.
People think that he cannot be
killed by an ordinary mortal.
Only by a god.
Rhesus is a sorcerer.
His magic words confuse men,
bend them to his will.
He leads an army of monsters,
half horse, half human.
Centaurs?
- You've actually seen them?
- They have been seen.
Come, Hercules. Let me show you
what misery Rhesus has brought us.
Every week, more refugees
arrive seeking my protection,
most of them covered in blood,
crippled or burnt by Rhesus' men.
I feared nothing could ever be
good again, till you arrived.
I'm just a mercenary

fighting for gold.
How we view ourselves
is of little consequence.
How others perceive us is important.
And your name, like it or
not, is a rallying cry.
I have seen too much reality to trust
in legends, and I am not alone.
Nobody has any faith anymore.
The people need a hero.
They need someone to look up to.
My son believes in you.
Bring us peace, and...
I will believe in you, too.
I'm convinced these are good people.
I see. And who's more convincing,
Cotys or his daughter?
All the gold on Earth is not as
convincing as a pair of breasts.
Maybe, but gold never ages.
Which is why I got them
to double our price.
Double your weight in gold?
Well done.
- Amphiaraus?
- If it be the will of Zeus.
Which title sounds more terrifying to
our enemies? "Hercules: Savior of Thrace"

- or "Hercules:

- Both sound terrifyingly boring.
What are we supposed to
do with an army of farmers?
Train them.
Oh, shit.
In war, there is one thing
more important than killing.
Surviving. My companions and I
will show you how to stay alive,
so that you may return home
to your farms someday.
Autolycus.
Shield wall! Form!
Corpses! Every last one of you!

Because your shield wall was weak.
Dead. Dead.
Very dead.
Soldier, many lives depend on you.
When attacked, lock your
feet in the ground.
- You understand?
- Yes, sir.
When a shield wall is strong,
nothing can ever defeat it!
You must learn to work together,
react together.
When you do, each individual
will become a link in a chain
that will be stronger than iron.
I hope the enemy has
a sense of humor.
Right. Today's lesson,
how not to stab yourselves!
It is imperative that we strike now,
My Lord, given this opportunity.
Ah! There you are!
Hercules, my scouts have
brought news. Rhesus is on the move.
Archers who shoot lightning
from their bows.
And infantry 4,000-strong,
their minds bewitched.
- Demons march with them.
- So now we're fighting demons.
No stranger than the monsters
I hear you faced, Hercules.
My Lord, Rhesus is preparing
to attack Bessi lands.
He will be on them within six days.
If the Bessi fall, we're next.
Unless we intercept him.
Your men need weeks, if not months,
of training before they're ready.
The Bessi are a fierce
but primitive tribe.
If we do not protect them,
then there will be a bloodbath.
Face Rhesus with an untrained army and you

risk losing far more than a single battle.

My Lord, Rhesus is coming.

I vouch my life on it.

The longer Rhesus lives,
the more villages will be burnt and
the more innocents will be killed.

Assemble your men. We march tomorrow.

Hercules, the gods have
offered us a gift.

We must not squander it.

Are your gods going
to be fighting with us?

No. The son of Zeus will.

I've seen how you
watch over Hercules.

Tell me,

how did a woman,
beautiful woman,

fall in with these hardened men?

Killers?

Son of Zeus need a
woman's protection?

I don't protect him.

I protect you from him.

Hmm.

General, from now on, maybe you
should favor the company of your men.

- He pulled a knife?

- It was only a small prick.

Your mother told you to
stay away. You should listen.

What's wrong with him?

Tydeus is my most loyal warrior.

He was born in war. When I found
him, he was more animal than human.

He never speaks of what he saw.

He never speaks at all.

But he relives it every night.

Come. Let's find your mother.

When I grow up, I want to
be a great hero like you.

- Like me?

- No hero is greater than Hercules.

I know all your Labors. Like the Cretan

Bull, you wrestled it for seven days
- and seven nights.
- Uh, that's a bit exaggerated.
- And struck it 49 times with your club.
- Maybe not quite that many.

Until it fell dead and Crete was saved.
It's my favorite Labor.

Also Queen Hippolyta's Belt, with its
buxom Amazons and exciting bondage.

- Do you even know what that means?
- No.
- Mother.
- Arius.

You're supposed to be in bed.

- Why are you in the hospice?
- My mother saves people's lives.

Many of our physicians
were killed during battle.

So, out of necessity, I taught
myself the art of healing.

If I could be like you, I would protect all
of Thrace and no one would ever get hurt.

Here.

I was going to give
this to someone else,
but I never got the chance.

Only a hero may wear this.

But to become a hero,
you must grow strong.

Is this the Nemean Lion's tooth?

- It is.
- Thank you.
- Thank you.
- Good night.

Good night, Hercules.

Have no fear.

If you fall in the service of a just
cause, your souls will go to Elysium,
where they will dwell forever
among the shades of heroes,

- like Theseus.
- Odysseus!

And the great Achilles.

Or if you're lucky, you'll go to Hades,

where all the fun people are.
Iolaus. Your place is beside
Lord Cotys, where it's safe.
I've been giving it a lot of thought,
and I really feel I'm ready to fight.
You're a storyteller, not a warrior.
- We share the same blood.
- And I will not see it shed. Chariot.
Now.
Thracians, the shield wall
is your home. Your shelter.
When you sleep,
the wall is your blanket.
When you fight,
the wall is your armor.
The shield wall will never break formation
as long as there is breath in your body.
Remember these words,
and you will taste victory.
- Move the army out!
- Move out!
Halt!
Halt!
- Halt!
- Halt!
We are too late. Rhesus
has already been here.
Leave the chariots.
We'll go down on foot.
The lion and crow cross
a field of corpses.
I hate being right all the time.
Halt.
- Halt!
- Halt!
This head is rotting.
A week old, at least.
Yet some of these bodies are fresh.
Uncle!
And we've walked into a trap.
Shield wall! Form a single square!
Protect Lord Cotys! Iolaus, go!
Shield wall!
We're here to help them.

Why are they attacking?
This is Rhesus' doing. They say his
spells have the power to cloud minds.
Turn comrades against each other.
King's guards, around Lord Cotys!
Amphiaraus, do we die in this battle?
My time's not come yet.
Not sure about yours.
That's comforting.
I think he wants a challenge.
Hercules' fists have been dipped
in the blood of the Hydra!
Lethal to anyone but him!
Watch!
- Did you see that?
- The gods fight on our side!
Hercules! Hercules! Hercules!
Hercules! Hercules! Hercules!
Hercules! Hercules!
Hercules! Hercules! Hercules!
Battle position!
Lady Artemis, if I am to fall,
let me be judged...
Stand fast!
Hold your position!
Do not yield!
No retreat! Stay in the wall!
Hold the lines! Do not yield!
Defend Lord Cotys!
The wall has been breached!
Seal up the shield wall!
Defend Lord Cotys!
Whip!
Hercules!
Bring the chariots!
Defend your Lord!
No!
Advance!
Advance!
Make way!
Where is Rhesus?
Lord Cotys.
We came here to save this village,
but, no, they killed half my army.

Rhesus. This is all his doing.
And yours. I warned you.
Your men are brave,
but untrained, unprepared for battle.
Give me time to make warriors.
Very well.
Cover up, before your loyal army
sees you bleed like a mortal.
Phineas. You plead your life.
And I gladly offer it.
I failed to see this trap.
The fault is mine!
- Spare the other scouts.
- General Sitacles.
I think we've lost enough
men for the day, don't you?
But just to avoid future
misunderstandings,
I'll be taking charge of
your scouts from now on.
Is that clear?
Thank you.
Another mistake, I'll end you myself.
I'm applying a salve of mint,
chamomile and clay to seal the wound.
This is extract of lithops for
the pain, a powerful sedative.
It should rest you after consuming it.
It may have certain side effects.
I don't need it.
Ah, forgive me, I forgot.
No mortal can harm Hercules.
And, uh, your lion's
hide is indestructible?
Drink, son of Zeus.
Arius' father was the same,
he distrusted medicines.
Where is he now?
Taken by the gods
before my son was born.
I'm sorry. I never knew my father.
Well, he must have been
very, very strong.
- Tell me about Arius.

- Oh. He's a good boy.
And someday, he will
make a fine king.
Do you have any children?
- Do they live in Athens?
- Thank you for your care.
The sedative will help you rest.
How could you do such a terrible thing?
By law, I should execute you,
but I believe a more fitting
punishment would be to let you live.
So you can walk the earth in
torment, haunted by the knowledge
that you alone are responsible for
the death of your loved ones.
The great Hercules.
Hands forever stained
with innocent blood.
Get out, you monster.
Get out!
No!
It happened again, didn't it, hmm?
Another vision of Cerberus,
the three-headed beast of Hades?
The gods show you things they
don't share with others.
There's a word for that. Madness.
When we were driven from Athens,
I consulted the Oracle of Delphi...
on your behalf. Do you
remember her prophecy?
"Hercules must finish the Labor
that remains unfinished."
And what is that, Hercules?
Confront the beast that haunts you.
Only then will you find peace.
I speak from experience. No matter how
far you run, no matter how fast you go,
the beast will follow.
Man cannot escape his fate.
Room for one more in your company?
It'd be a pleasure having female
companionship for a change.
Atalanta doesn't quite count.

No offense.

If only your manhood was
as long as your tongue.

Both can satisfy in different ways.

You're a famed storyteller, Iolaus.

Grace me with a story.

Any particular subject, My Lady?

Murder, of a woman

and her three children.

Is it true? Did Hercules
slaughter his own family?

- Who said so?

- Oh, soldiers talk.

They say if Hercules

ever returns to Athens,

King Eurystheus will

have him executed.

Hercules had completed his Labors

and returned home. But Hera...

No myths. I want the truth.

No one knows the truth.

Not for sure.

We found Hercules alone. His wife,

Megara and the children, dead.

- He remembers nothing.

- Do you believe he is innocent?

We grew up together, both orphans,

trying to survive in the streets of Athens.

We found a home in the army.

Looked out for each other.

Hercules' strength set him apart.

Kings of Athens started to send him

on all the most dangerous missions.

- The Twelve Labors.

- And he took me with him.

To fight by his side. And with

each mission, our numbers grew.

Scythia, the Amazon kingdom where

the royal family had been assassinated.

My family was gone.

Everyone was gone.

Hercules helped me

avenge their murder.

He became my brother-in-arms.

Thebes, the city of corpses,
where we found a single child,
still alive.
Hercules took Tydeus in when everyone
else saw nothing but a wild animal.
You know how a rumor spreads.
How a legend grows.
Hercules' deeds were so incredible,
they could not possibly have
been performed by a mere mortal.
So we played along.
We encourage people to think Hercules
was the son of Zeus. It's good.
Scares the enemy. Iolaus helps.
He talks nice.
You're very loyal friends.
You're avoiding my question.
Hercules is a warrior. And there
is something that haunts warriors.
It can cloud their minds.
We call it the Blood Rage.
This rage afflicted Hercules.
He made me vow to keep
the world away from him.
To make sure that he would
never harm innocents again.
And that, My Lady, is the truth.
The truth,
whatever the truth,
the death of his loved
ones haunts Hercules.
Only the gods can help him,
if he listens.
Come! Gather around,
soldiers of Thrace, and behold,
when Hercules gives an order,
even the gods listen.
Zeus' master ironsmith,
using the forges of your own citadel,
has crafted these divine weapons
that will make you invincible.
As steel is hewn into shields,
so, too, will you be
hewn into warriors.

You shall carry the
shield of Hercules!
It's lighter.
Infused with the souls of Stymphalian
birds from Hercules' sixth Labor!
Spirits of birds?
How does that work, exactly?
Well, much as birds take flight, so,
too, are these shields lighter than air.
It's in the fibers. Here.
Try on the helmet of Hercules.
It covers my whole face.
Forged after Hercules' very own helmet,
when he defeated the demon Geryon.
You sure it wasn't your horseshit
that frightened Geryon to death?
Mmm?
General Sitacles, perhaps you would
care to inspect the armor of Hercules?
Leather armor? Mmm?
We will be skewered like pigs.
Linothorax.
Hewn from the skin of
the Erymanthean Boar.
It's indestructible.
Wait. If it's indestructible,
how did Hercules cut it off the boar?
He used an indestructible blade.
One, two.
Get up.
Next!
Again!
Both eyes open.
Keep practicing.
Firmer grip.
Elbow up.
Good.
Shield wall! Form!
Stand tall.
Excellent.
Careful you don't cut yourself, boy.
Again!
Rhesus is here. Close enough to
stick a blade between his ribs.

- What did you see?
- Centaurs.
Half man, half horse.
Hundreds of them.
He saw shadows in the night.
My Lord, I will go ahead into the Rhesus
camp. I will bring word of his plans.
If we let them get past Mount Asticus,
Thrace will fall. You want to stop Rhesus?
We'll go through the forest
and they'll never see us coming.
It'll slow down
our chariots. A gamble.
I have a plan.
The scouts have returned. Rhesus
has made his camp in Mount Asticus,
72 leagues away. Once these
men are ready, we march.
So, have you seen if we win or lose?
The gods have been annoyingly
silent on that matter.
What they have told me is
that I'm soon to discover...
there truly is a heaven or a hell.
When will you die?
Within a week in a place that
looks an awful lot like hell.
As always, the gods are
generous with hints,
but cheap on specifics.
Oh, cheer up, Hercules.
I've lived, not always well,
but long enough.
I'm ready for what's next.
Thracians, halt!
Shield wall! Form!
Battle positions!
Tydeus?
There is no enemy camp.
This is the right place.
Centaurs! They're real.
It seems that we're expected.
Centaurs?
Rhesus!

You have come looking for a fight,
and we are happy to oblige.
Hercules. The son of Zeus.
Your legend ends here.
Look at me.
Do I look afraid?
Phineas.
Traitor! Hades will have you!
After it has you, My Lord.
It is over, Cotys.
Mount Asticus on your front.
The woods at your back. And my
troops outman you three to one.
Surrender now, and we shall
consider being merciful.
Men die who speak to my
lord in such a manner.
You've made your choice.
Go!
In this moment, on this day,
become the man you were born to be!
You have it within yourselves
to write your own legends!
Let it be to death or victory!
Charge!
Shield wall!
Flanks out!
Maybe today.
Now!
Watch as the Amazon uses
the arrows of Artemis...
Silence, boy!
Spears forward!
Archers, ready!
Loose!
Advance!
Set them aflame!
Take cover!
Defend Lord Cotys!
Maybe not.
Shield wall! Attack!
Push forward!
To kill a snake, cut off its head.
Victory is yours, Lord Cotys!

It is not over yet!
Fucking centaurs.
Hail, Lord Cotys! Hail, Lord Cotys!
Hail, Lord Cotys! Hail, Lord Cotys!
Hail, Lord Cotys!
Halt!
Get up.
Get up.
- Up.
- Enough!
You helped a tyrant enslave a nation.
All I did was stop you from
burning more villages.
- I burned no villages.
- Then who did?
Ask yourself,
if Cotys is beloved, why did he need to
hire mercenaries to do his dirty work?
Keep moving, dog.
You've been fighting
on the wrong side.
Where are you going?
I'm taking some water
to the prisoner.
Sit down.
It's time.
Thrace is finally united.
One land,
one King,
one Thrace.
One land! One King! One Thrace!
Thrace is not a man, a king,
or a god! Thrace is her people!
Who cares what Rhesus claims?
Our work is done.
Let's collect our fee and be gone.
Don't do anything foolish.
Where are you going?
I saw pity in your eyes
for Rhesus. Why?
Look at me. Cotys is responsible
for this war, isn't he?
You lie very well. Clearly,
your father's daughter.

I didn't do it for my father.
I did it for my son.
If I disobeyed Cotys or resisted in
any way, Arius would be executed.
I did what any mother would.
I protected my child.
My husband was king. And Cotys
poisoned him to take his place.
Rhesus fought back.
Civil war broke out.
Arius is the legitimate king.
My father is old. He will not
live forever, and once he is gone,
my son will be a good king.
- And he will heal this land.
- That's a dream.
And you can help. Please,
when you leave Thrace,
take Arius with you.
Please keep him safe.
Find another savior.
Hercules?
The King commands your presence.
My Lady.
Ah, champion of Thrace!
Something tells me we're
not gonna get paid.
- You could be right.
- Oh, shit.
You wanted conquerors, not heroes.
- You betrayed me, Cotys.
- Betrayed?
A mercenary who has long since
sold his conscience for gold
can hardly presume to
judge his employers.
Let's not quibble about details.
We all know your legend, Hercules.
But here is mine.
When I was a general in the army of Thrace,
I had dreams of ruling this kingdom.
But thanks to you, my dreams
have grown. I now crave an empire.
My thousands will train more

thousands, and they even more.
The lessons of Hercules will spread.
What you began here
can never be stopped.
And if you fear what
such an army may do,
then lead it.
You want me to serve you?
Spare me the moral outrage.
Child killer.
Getting us all killed, bad idea.
Well, I must take this as a "no".
In that case,
your services are no longer required.
You will be paid in full.
Bring them the gold.
If we hurry, we can be spending
our fortunes in Macedonia.
Take mine, too.
What do you think
you're doing? Let's go.
There will be no more
innocent blood on my hands.
I can't leave without
setting this right.
Oh, I see. And who's gonna be paying
us for this suicidal endeavor?
- Thrace needs our help.
- To hell with Thrace. We have gold.
You remember the Black Sea.
That beach you spoke of is within reach.
Leave now, be free.
I would never be free.
In this fight, you're alone.
Never saw that one coming.
- How can you just walk away?
- You can't just leave.
- Why not?
- It's all right.
You've sacrificed your lives for me.
Now you can finally be free.
Whatever debt you feel
you owe me is paid.
Debt?

You think we follow you
because we owe you?
Look around, Hercules.
We're family.
All we have is each other.
We will fight for you. And if it's
our time, we will die for you.
Because you would die for us.
Take that, too. I have no need of it.
- This is madness.
- You want madness?
Tonight, a spear of flame
will pierce my heart.
Is that not the most insane
death you've ever heard of?
Crazy. The lot of you.
Autolycus.
Iolaus. Go with Autolycus.
- I think I'll stay.
- Nephew.
Uncle, all I've ever done is tell stories
of great deeds performed by others.
It's time I stopped telling their stories.
Started living my own.
Well, you may have all completely
lost your minds, but not me.
Not me.
Autolycus?
Live like a king, my friend.
What about Cotys?
He paid us to save Thrace.
Let's not disappoint him.
Lay down your arms.
Lay down your arms!
Or your nephew dies first.
I invite you to join me. You refuse.
I order you to leave. You return.
Get your hands off me.
I overheard her
conspiring with Hercules.
They were planning to remove the
young Prince from your protection.
No.
Let go of him! Don't touch him!

Arius! No!

- No! You're hurting him! No!

- Hercules, no! Help me! Stop!

- Help! No!

- Arius. No.

Arius! No!

Magnificent, aren't they?

An extraordinary species.

Incredibly loyal.

As long as they're fed.

- Remember them?

- Eurystheus.

They remember you.

Confused, Hercules?

Kingdoms are won with armies,
but empires are made by alliances.

King Eurystheus and I will
now rule all of Greece.

Cerberus only exists in my mind.

Speak a little louder, Hercules.

I didn't quite catch that.

The wolves.

They were there that night.

The wolves were there.

You drugged me.

The wolves were there the
night my family was murdered.

My men told me how
your children screamed
as my wolves gnawed on their bones.

As their fangs despoiled your
daughter's... pure flesh.

When the people called out
your name louder than mine,
you see, when they saw
you as a god, how long...

- before they saw you as their king?

- I wanted nothing!

Precisely! Your sin, Hercules,
was that you had no ambition!

I can deal with an ambitious man!

He can be bought!

But a man who wants
nothing has no price!

Killing you would have
turned Athens against me.
I had to ruin your name.
My wife!
My children!
Well, you have our permission
to join them in death.
All of you! Starting with
my faithless daughter!
No! Get off me!
No! No! No! Unhand me! No!
She's your own flesh and blood!
I will raise Arius to be
my worthy successor!
You stay away from my boy!
You monster, you bastard!
You are a monster!
- You are a monster!
- No!
You are not a man! You're a demon!
Who are you?
Are you a murderer?
Damn you! I curse you!
Are you a mercenary who
turns his back on the innocent?
Stay away from my son!
Are you only the legend? Or are
you the truth behind the legend?
No! Father, please, please, please.
We believe in you.
We have faith in you.
Have faith in yourself.
Save me!
Remember the man that you are.
Father, the gods will punish you!
You cannot escape this time!
Remember the deeds
you have performed,
the Labors you have accomplished!
No! No!
- Stop it!
- Leave her alone!
Now, tell me!
- Please!

- Who are you?

I am Hercules!

Unleash the wolves!

Get away!

Ahh!

Three wolves should be more
than enough for one lion.

Hurry!

- Hurry!

- Hurry!

No!

Ahh!

The gods have revealed
your innocence.

The final Labor is complete.

But I'm just getting started.

Doesn't take a vision to know
what's waiting for us up there.

My time.

Excuse me. That was
my moment, my fate.

You're welcome.

I'm going after Eurystheus!

Hercules, listen to me.

None of this is my fault.

You see, Cotys poisoned my mind.

Turned me against you.

I like you. No, stop.

I command you to stop! I'm your King!

You took an oath to obey me!

You swore to Zeus! Wait, wait, wait.

You fight for gold. I have plenty
of gold. Name your price.

Find it in your heart to forgive.

You want forgiveness?

Ask my family for forgiveness.

I've never killed a god before.

I really think I'm
ready to fight now.

Well done, warrior.

- Eurystheus?

- Dead.

- We need to find Arius.

- Follow me.

Soldiers of Thrace!
You followed me in battle.
Follow me now.
Don't be fools!
Hercules is mortal! Not a god!
Anyone who sides with him will die!
And I will show you. Bring him.
- Arius!
- Mama!
No! He's your grandson!
You failed to save your
children, Hercules.
But you may yet save him.
Please, Father! No!
Admit defeat! Bow to me!
You have until the count of three!
One!
Two!
Don't just stand there! Kill someone!
Protect Lord Cotys!
- Arius, run!
- Mother!
Get the boy!
Tydeus!
Attack!
Hold them back!
Spears!
Go through the fire!
Here! Here! Help! Come on!
Easy, Tydeus.
Hercules.
Lock shields!
March!
Find peace, my brother.
As you said, Hercules, there is
no way to defeat a shield wall!
There is no way out!
Come out and face me!
You're no hero! You're no god!
You're nothing but a mercenary!
Your wife and children
deserved to die!
What're you doing? Get back up there!
Hercules must die!

Come on!
Kill that filthy bastard!
Hercules! Hercules!
Hercules! Hercules!
Hercules! Hercules! Hercules!
Hercules! Hercules!
Hercules! Hercules! Hercules!
Hercules! Hercules! Hercules!
You want to know the
truth about Hercules?
There it is.
To be honest, I prefer
it to the legend.
The world needs a hero
they can believe in.
Is he actually the son of Zeus?
I don't think it really matters.
You don't need to be a
demigod to be a hero.
You just need to
believe you're a hero.
It's what worked for him.
But then again,
what the hell do I know?
I'm supposed to be dead by now.