

Boudica

by
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Based on a true story

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: Roman occupied Britain: the year AD:61.

FADE IN:

EXT. MENAI STRAIT - DAY - AERIAL SHOT

We hear only the soft, lilting riff of an ancient Celtic carnyx.

The first wave of Roman boats are halfway across the narrow strait that divides the small island of Anglesey from the Welsh coast.

 GLEENDA (V.O.)

The Roman empire was devouring our beautiful island; burning our villages, taking our land, and taxing us to starvation. Some tried to defy them but were crushed.

EXT. MENAI STRAIT - CONTINUOUS

Roman ballista and scorpions fire hundreds of projectiles in a massive volley over the boats and into the ragged Druid army on the opposite bank.

 GLEENDA (V.O.) CONTINUED

The only chance the many divided tribes of Britain have is for someone to come and unite us. We refer to this savior as 'The one who is to come'.

EXT. MENAI STRAIT - CONTINUOUS

Thousands of flaming arrows plunge into the Druids. Ceramic pots of Greek fire explode into flames, engulfing dozens of warriors at a time.

It's clear the Druids don't stand a chance.

 GLEENDA (V.O.) CONTINUED

One day a fierce warrior, wild and strong, accepted the challenge, and for a moment we were united and victorious against our enemy. They called her Queen Boudica of the Iceni... I called her Mother.

The lilting riff of the ancient Celtic carnyx grows mournful.

EXT. SACRED POND - DAY

A series of ripples disturb the surface of a peaceful pond.

The carnyx riff slowly becomes silent, replaced with the clacking sounds of wooden weapons hitting each other.

EXT. SACRED POND - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The sacred pond is nestled in a beautiful, sunlit glade that's bursting with wildflowers and birdsong.

BOUDICA, (30), mischievous grin and long, auburn hair a wild mess, savagely swings her wooden practice sword and sends it crashing into PRASUTAGUS', (45), shield. She wears a simple tunic and pants, he is dressed similarly.

BOUDICA
(mockingly)
Come on... fight me. You afraid of
a little girl?

PRASUTAGUS
Easy my love, I'm old and decrepit.

His cocky grin entices her to attack again.

Boudica laughs in agreement then launches another wild attack. Prasutagus expertly blocks and parries before hip checking her roughly to the ground.

PRASUTAGUS (CONT'D)
Not bad... for a spoiled little
bitch.

BOUDICA
(angry and frustrated)
Little...? Like that thing between
your legs?

Boudica rakes her hair out of her face, jumps up and launches another undisciplined attack.

Prasutagus easily fends off Boudica's wild swings and again knocks her to the ground.

PRASUTAGUS
(laughing)
Why do you always do that?
(MORE)

PRASUTAGUS (CONT'D)
 You lose your temper and forget
 everything I've ever taught you.

BOUDICA
 I can't help it. I'm a spoiled
 little bitch, remember?

PRASUTAGUS
 (giving her a hand up)
 Come on... I'll take it easy on you
 this time.

Prasutagus, caught off guard by the speed of Boudica's next attack, retreats. Grinning ear to ear, she drives him back until he trips and falls. He lands on his back, wind knocked out of his lungs, a surprised look on his face.

She quickly straddles him, her wooden sword to his throat.

BOUDICA
 Do you yield?

PRASUTAGUS
 (coughing, smiling)
 Aye my love.... And what does my
 queen desire of her vanquished
 enemy?

BOUDICA
 (mischievously)
 I desire my vanquished enemy's
 cock.

PRASUTAGUS
 Do ya now? Sure it's not too
 "little" for her majesty?

BOUDICA
 Hm. I'll let you know after.

Boudica flings her sword and it skids and bounces away.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
 (smiling seductively)
 Don't worry... I'll take it easy on
 you... this time.

She leans down to kiss him and soon they're making love.

LATER

Boudica nestles into Prasutagus. She looks happy and in love under the cloudless, clear summer sky.

She runs her hand through his thick dark hair, glancing at the gray at his temples.

BOUDICA
(wryly)
How was that sword play?

Prasutagus chuckles and squeezes her close.

PRASUTAGUS
Remarkably skilled... And me?

BOUDICA
Not bad... for a decrepit old man.

PRASUTAGUS
Aye love, I am that.

Boudica props herself up to look him in the eye.

BOUDICA
I was only kidding. Besides, they
were your words, not mine.

Prasutagus pats her hand and changes the subject to avoid Boudica pursuing it.

PRASUTAGUS
The new procurator will be here
soon... for the grain tax.

Boudica pouts, lays back down, and stares up at the sky.

BOUDICA
Now why did you have to go and fuck
up a beautiful afternoon?

Prasutagus props himself up on his elbow, looks down at Boudica, and takes her hand.

PRASUTAGUS
Boudica, please promise me, for the
sake of our daughters, don't
provoke him. This new procurator is
a real bastard.

BOUDICA
What can he do? We're still an
Independent Client Kingdom.

PRASUTAGUS
Plenty.

BOUDICA
I wish they were all dead.

PRASUTAGUS
(exasperated)
And I wish you would be the queen
you were meant to be.

BOUDICA
Plenty of time for that.

Prasutagus gives her a pensive look.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
(scowling)
I hate them so much.

PRASUTAGUS
You have every reason to, but
Boudica, please, promise me.

BOUDICA
Alright, alright, I promise... for
the sake of our daughters.

EXT. STREAM - OUTSIDE BOUDICA'S VILLAGE - DAY

MYRION the Druid, (40), holds his daily lessons with Boudica's twin daughters GLENDA, (14) dressed in light colors, and AERYN, (14) dressed in dark.

Glenda is paying close attention. Aeryn is playing tug of war with a dog.

Glenda studies her reflection in the water.

GLENDA
(to Myrion)
Can our ancestors in the Otherworld
see us?

MYRION
It depends.

GLENDA
On what?

The Druid pauses a moment, looks around his feet and picks up a small rock. He turns his attention back to Glenda.

MYRION
It depends on how much of a
difference we make in this world.

Myrion sees Aeryn playing with the dog, not interested.

MYRION (CONT'D)
Aeryn, it is not the dog's turn to
teach!

Aeryn looks up, annoyed, but starts to pay attention.

Myrion tosses the small rock into the quiet stream.

MYRION (CONT'D)
Not much of a splash was it? Hardly
any ripples. I bet the fish didn't
even notice.

Glenda and Aeryn look at each other, confused.

They again watch the Druid search near his feet. He selects a
larger, fist-sized rock.

He hands it to Aeryn and gestures for her to throw it.

Aeryn grins, performs a silly bow, and throws the rock high
into the air. This time there's a much bigger splash. They
watch as the ripples radiate toward them and become lost in
the slow current.

MYRION (CONT'D)
Do you think the fish noticed that
time?

GLEENDA
So the fish are like our ancestors?

MYRION
That's right. And what do you
suppose the ripples represent?

GLEENDA
I don't know.

MYRION
(to Aeryn)
Aeryn...? Not even a guess?

Aeryn rolls her eyes and shrugs.

MYRION (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
The ripples, Aeryn, represent the
passage of time. The bigger splash
we make in this world now...

GLEENDA

The greater difference we make to
the future!

Glenda's face lights up in understanding. Myrion drives his
point home.

MYRION

That's right. The things we do now
can effect events far into the
future.

Myrion pauses to make sure they're both paying attention.

MYRION (CONT'D)

It is the people who do great
things and make a difference who
are remembered... and who are
noticed by our ancestors.

Boudica approaches from behind and overhears the last part of
the lesson. She hugs her girls and pets the dog.

BOUDICA

And I expect nothing less than a
huge splash from the daughters of
Prasutagus.

MYRION

And the daughters of Boudica.

Boudica smiles at her old friend and mentor.

BOUDICA

(suddenly serious)

The new procurator will be here
tonight.

MYRION

I heard... don't worry, they won't
get any conscripts or slaves this
time. Anyone the Romans might want
has fled. Except these two, but
even the procurator wouldn't risk
harming the king's own daughters.

Boudica tucks a lock of hair behind Glenda's ear, kneels down
and takes them each by the hand.

BOUDICA

Glenda... Aeryn... your father
wants you both on your best
behavior tonight... promise?

They both nod and she gives them a hug.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
And don't go anywhere near the
soldiers... And stay out of the
wine.

Glenda and Aeryn nod again and race back to the village,
giggling and chatting lively, the dog in hot pursuit.

Myrion stands, slinging his leather satchel over his
shoulder.

MYRION
And what about you? Will you be on
your best behavior?

Boudica smiles mischievously.

BOUDICA
Absolutely.

MYRION
How is Prasutagus.

BOUDICA
Better, since you made him that
tea.

Seeking to change the subject, Boudica takes Myrion's arm and
they begin to walk back to the village.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
(grinning)
So, my old teacher. How long has it
been since I've teased and
tormented you?

Myrion draws in a deep breath before mumbling to himself.

MYRION
It's going to be a long night.

Boudica's smile widens.

INT. NERO'S PALACE - ROME - NIGHT

SUPER: "Emperor Nero's Palace, Rome"

NERO, (22), the Emperor of Rome, is playing his lyre while
badly singing a song of his own creation.

He is surrounded by dozens of ass-kissing sycophants who act like it's the finest performance ever written.

Sitting in the back, whispering together in the shadows are SENECA, (60s), Nero's teacher and BURRUS, (60s), Commander of the Praetorian Guard. Both are Nero's trusted advisors.

BURRUS

He's getting crazier by the day.
With his mother dead he's lost all
restraint.

SENECA

(trying to make light)
No great genius ever existed
without a touch of madness.

BURRUS

The petulant little pervert
murdered his own mother. That's
clearly more than a touch.

SENECA

Perhaps. But if Agrippina was your
mother, wouldn't you?

Burrus considers this for a moment and then reluctantly nods in agreement.

Burrus cringes from a badly played note.

BURRUS

Was I so evil in a previous life to
deserve this? This would be fitting
punishment for the condemned...
Sometimes I envy your stoicism.

SENECA

Trivial distractions keep him
occupied. The more we can endure in
here, the less Rome has to endure
out there.

To the relief of everyone, Nero finishes his performance.

His sycophants jump up in exaggerated applause. No one wants to be the first to stop so it continues for an unnaturally long time.

Nero soaks in the false adoration and takes a flourishing bow.

NERO

(to audience)

Thank you my dear friends, patrons
of the arts and great citizens of
Rome. You must be famished from
being so long entertained. Come,
let us dine.

He ushers everyone into the banquet room.

Nero spots Seneca and Burrus trying to sneak out.

NERO (CONT'D)

Seneca! Burrus! Did you see them?
They were in ecstasy!

BURRUS

(dryly)

Another riveting performance,
Highness.

NERO

Seneca, I've changed my mind! I'm
going to build the new theater! And
the gymnasium!

SENECA

Highness, we discussed this. To pay
for them we would have to raise
taxes. The burden on the people of
Rome would be too great.

NERO

I don't care! You saw them! They
loved me!

Nero stamps his feet and pouts.

NERO (CONT'D)

Find the gold... Rome must have its
muse!

Nero spins around and saunters into the banquet room to be
with his sycophants.

BURRUS

(to Seneca)

Genius indeed.

INT. SENECA'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

SENECA'S SCRIBE, (60), a freed slave and trusted friend, enters Seneca's quarters, scrubbing his hands across his sleepy, unshaven face and into his disheveled hair.

Seneca, deep in thought, doesn't notice the scribe standing in front of him.

SCRIBE
(clears his throat)
You sent for me?

Seneca looks up.

SENECA
Ah, my friend, despair, for the
gods have forsaken us!

SCRIBE
(rolling his eyes)
Again...? And why have they
forsaken us this time?

SENECA
Because yet again they have
inflicted upon us another insane
emperor.

The scribe sits, yawns, and rubs his face again to wake up.

SCRIBE
Alright. What did he do now?

SENECA
Nero, the great poet, scholar and
master of the lyre, once again
insists that his theater be built
so that all of Rome may bask in the
light of his musical genius.

SCRIBE
I thought you talked him out of
that?

SENECA
I did... but he now thinks the
divine muse, Aoides herself sings
through his voice... and Rome must
have its muse!

SCRIBE
I see.

SENECA

And now we must find the gold to pay for it.

Seneca leans forward in his chair, thinking hard.

SENECA (CONT'D)

We can't raise taxes here, they're already too high. If we do, the Senate will have him assassinated and I'll be out of a job... and I do love my job.

SCRIBE

Of course you do. You're the richest man in Rome because of it.

Seneca gives his friend a look, pretending to be insulted.

SENECA

No, the revenue must come from the provinces.

SCRIBE

Which ones? None of them can pay the debt they owe you and pay more taxes.

SENECA

There may be one. Britannia. We'll call in the loans Claudius gave them.

SCRIBE

All at once? And if they revolt?

SENECA

Then Governor Suetonius Paulinus will crush them. But they won't. There's not a single leader on that shitty little island that could unite them.... But just in case, make sure Procurator Catus gets my loans repaid first.

EXT. WREN'S FARM - DAY

WREN,(30), his wife CARA,(30), and SON,(10), watch nervously from the entrance of their roundhouse. A Roman column of two hundred officers, soldiers, officials, and slaves march toward them.

The column is being led by DECIANUS CATUS, (30), Procurator of Britannia, and his COMMANDER OF THE GUARD, (45). He and his senior officials are all on horseback. An ornate dagger hangs prominently on Catus' hip.

Catus motions the column to halt at the roundhouse.

DECIANUS CATUS
(to official)
You sure this is the one?

OFFICIAL
Yes, Procurator.

Catus motions to his soldiers.

DECIANUS CATUS
Seize them.

The soldiers grab Wren and his family and shove them toward the procurator. TULLIO, (45), a retired Roman Centurion, accompanied by his slave, rides up to Catus.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
(to Wren)
For failure to pay your annual grain tax, I, Decianus Catus, Procurator of Britannia, hereby confiscate this property in the name of Nero, Emperor of Rome.

Catus motions to the slaves in his company and they begin their work of pillaging inside the roundhouse.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
(to Tulio)
Welcome to your new home Centurion. You're lucky, not many pensioners are granted such fine property.

Tulio gets down from his horse.

TULLIO
I am grateful, Procurator.

A steady stream of slaves exit the roundhouse carrying the belongings of Wren and his family.

Wren's son cries out when he sees Tulio's slave walk out of the house carrying his favorite toy.

The boy breaks free from the soldier holding him and yanks the toy free from the slave's hands.

The slave grabs the boy by his shirt and punches him hard in the face. The kid falls to the ground, blood gushing from his nose.

Cara screams, unable to break free from the soldier holding her. Wren, enraged, elbows his guard in the face and pulls out the dagger hanging on the stunned guard's belt.

Wren kicks the guard away and slashes Tulio in the face, who happens to be blocking his way.

Wren charges at the slave who struck his son and plunges the dagger through his mouth and out the back of his head.

Recovering from the surprise of Wren's attack, the soldiers, spears at the ready, surround Wren.

Wren locks eyes with Catus' Commander of the Guard, who holds a knife to Cara's throat.

With a look of horror and despair, Wren drops the dagger.

Tulio, his face red with both blood and rage, snatches the spear from a nearby soldier and rushes toward Wren.

DECIANUS CATUS

Stop! I decide who lives and dies here.

Tulio stops and whirls around to face Catus, the slash to his face dripping blood.

TULIO

(pointing to his face)
Look at what this son of a whore has done!

DECIANUS CATUS

(amused)
Yes.... You're even uglier than before. Didn't think that was possible.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)

(to his Commander of the Guard)
And I thought this was going to be a dull day.

TULIO

That fucking barbarian killed my slave. I should at least get the boy as recompense!

DECIANUS CATUS
 (mildly)
 No, you will get nothing.

Catus turns to his Commander of the Guard.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
 Chain the wife and child with the
 others and march them to the slave
 market.

COMMANDER OF THE GUARD
 (pointing to Wren)
 And him?

Catus takes a moment to consider the question. Wren,
 helpless, watches his wife and child get chained up with
 another family. Wren briefly makes eye contact with the
 father DYLAN,(27), also enslaved for not paying taxes.

DECIANUS CATUS
 Send him to the arena.

COMMANDER OF THE GUARD
 (confused)
 Procurator, we don't have an arena.

DECIANUS CATUS
 (annoyed)
 So fucking build one!

Catus turns to Tulio.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
 Centurion Tulio, on behalf of a
 grateful empire, this property is
 now yours. Enjoy your
 retirement.... Oh, and do remember
 to pay your taxes. Hail Caesar.

Catus gives Tulio a casual salute and turns his horse away to
 resume their march.

The boy's toy becomes trampled underfoot.

INT. BOUDICA'S ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

Catus surveys the dimly lit room. Iceni nobles sit elbow to
 elbow, drinking, eating, and laughing loudly. Prasutagus sits
 next to Catus. They exchange a polite nod.

At Prasutagus' other side is Boudica. Myrion sits quietly
 next to her, keeping an eye on everything.

Boudica's already drunk. She and the nobles cheer for Glenda and Aeryn sparing in the middle of the hut. Glenda is armed with a shield and untipped spear. Aeryn has a wooden sword.

Glenda, tired from holding up the heavy shield, lowers it. Before Aeryn can take advantage, Boudica slams down her mug, wine flying everywhere.

BOUDICA

Glenda, in the name of Andraste,
lift up your damn shield!

Boudica elbows Prasutagus in the ribs to get his attention. Slurring her words.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

How many times do I have to tell
'er? I'll show 'er how it's done.

Prasutagus cringes. Boudica gets up and crawls across the table, creating a path of destruction through mugs of wine and platters of food.

She staggers to Glenda, shoving aside nobles unlucky enough to be in her way.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

(to Glenda)

Gimme those.

Glenda hands over her spear and shield. The nobles begin to cheer and shout instructions to Aeryn. They laugh and encourage her to kick her mother's ass.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

Shut up, you dogs! Do you want the
procurator to think we're
barbarians?

The nobles roar with laughter.

Boudica gives Prasutagus a mischievous look. Prasutagus returns it with a look of warning.

She snatches a mug of wine from Myrion who is now standing next to her. She chugs the whole thing down and tosses the empty mug over her shoulder.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

(to Aeryn)

Alright now Glenda, fight me!

AERYN

Mother! It's me, Aeryn.

Boudica squints her bleary eyes, trying to focus.

BOUDICA

What's the difference? Come on,
fight me.

Prasutagus gives Catus an apologetic look but Catus doesn't notice. He watches Boudica with mild curiosity.

Boudica clumsily thrusts her spear toward Aeryn who easily grabs it, pulls it out of Boudica's hands and uses it to sweep Boudica off her feet.

Boudica crashes to the ground and the nobles cheer.

Aeryn thrusts her arms up in victory and she's lifted onto the shoulders of the cheering nobles.

Boudica staggers to her feet, rubbing her shoulder.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

So, Glenda, to defeat your enemy
you must...

ONE OF THE NOBLES

Get them drunk!

The roundhouse erupts in laughter.

Boudica staggers her way back to the table directly across from Prasutagus.

BOUDICA

(acting indignant)

Your daughter made a fool of me...
she killed her own mother.

Boudica sees Catus staring at her, as if evaluating her. She returns the stare, and in mock innocence asks.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

Tell me Procurator, is it true that
Emperor Nero killed his own mother?

Catus returns her gaze and with an evil smile.

DECIANUS CATUS

The Emperor's mother was killed for
plotting against Rome.

Catus' smile widens.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)

Just as your mother was.

Prasutagus shoots Boudica a warning look.

Myrion sees Boudica's face turn red with anger. He tries to distract her with a fresh cup of wine pressed into her hand.

MYRION

Come, my queen, let's go sit and
have some more wine.

Boudica glares at Catus, but allows Myrion to guide her back to her seat next to Prasutagus.

Myrion spots Glenda and Aeryn at the back of the room, sneaking wine from the cauldron. He glares at them. They giggle and run off with their prize.

Boudica swats away Prasutagus' hand and quickly gulps down the mug of wine before he can stop her.

Catus nods to Prasutagus; he's ready to make his announcement.

Prasutagus pounds the table and the roundhouse becomes quiet.

PRASUTAGUS

Friends, may I present our honored
guest.

Boudica snorts in derision.

PRASUTAGUS (CONT'D)

Procurator of Britannia, Decianus
Catus, who has come here all the
way from Camulodunum to make an
announcement.

DECIANUS CATUS

Commander you may read the scroll.

Catus studies the nobles like a cat would a mouse while the Commander reads the scroll.

COMMANDER OF THE GUARD

To Decianus Catus, Procurator of
the Roman province of Britannia.
From his Highness, Nero Claudius
Caesar Augustus Germanicus, Emperor
of Rome, Ruler of Rulers, Pharaoh
of Egypt and beloved of Isis and
Ptah.

(MORE)

COMMANDER OF THE GUARD (CONT'D)

Do so order, under penalty, the immediate repayment, with interest, any and all monies loaned to the rulers, nobles and people of the Province of Britannia by the deified Claudius Caesar, former Emperor of Rome.

Gasps of disbelief and hushed mumbling echo through the roundhouse. Catus cracks a smug smile.

COMMANDER OF THE GUARD (CONT'D)

And to ensure the continued economic prosperity and protection of the Province of Britannia, it is ordered that the current grain tax be increased to one half ton per acre... to become due at the next harvest.

The entire roundhouse erupts in shouts of protest.

Angry nobles yell and curse as they approach Catus, but skid to a stop when his guards draw their swords.

Catus sits back in his chair, his satisfied smile continuing to play on his mouth at their reaction.

Prasutagus pounds the table and the roundhouse quiets down.

PRASUTAGUS

Procurator Catus, as King of the Iceni I must...

BOUDICA

(interrupting)

Emperor Claudius gave us that money as a gift!

The nobles shout in agreement, pounding fists and cups on their tables in unison.

DECIANUS CATUS

Emperor Nero disagrees.

Prasutagus places a hand on Boudica's arm. She shrugs it off.

BOUDICA

We can't pay a half ton per acre!
Our people will starve!

Ignoring her outburst, Catus toys with her instead by humiliating Prasutagus.

DECIANUS CATUS

Tell me Prasutagus, who is Chief of
the Iceni? You or your wife?

Myrion intercedes, and prevents her from taking the bait.

MYRION

Procurator Catus, some of the
nobles already bear a great burden
paying back the loans forced upon
them by Seneca.

DECIANUS CATUS

Oh, did I not mention? How
forgetful of me. Seneca is also
calling in all loans. Loans that he
has so generously given.

Catus hardens his look and turns back to Boudica.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)

Also to be collected at the next
harvest.

Catus watches with amusement as Boudica, fuming, pulls
another large draught from her mug.

Catus' amusement is short lived when Boudica jumps onto the
table. She slaps away Prasutagus' attempts at stopping her,
and staggers to her feet.

Mug in the air, and with all the sarcasm she can muster.

BOUDICA

(slurring her speech)

A toast... To the honor and glory
of Rome...! Hail fucking Caesar!

Myrion tries to get her down and Boudica's feet come out from
under her. She crashes onto the table, flat on her back, then
rolls off and passes out.

Catus gives Prasutagus an icy look.

MYRION

She's all right, Highness, we'll
put her to bed.

Myrion motions for a couple of nobles to give him a hand.

PRASUTAGUS

No. If she wants to act like an
animal, she'll be treated like one.

(MORE)

PRASUTAGUS (CONT'D)
 Throw her in the goat pen. I will
 not have her foul my bed tonight.

Catus watches two nobles carry the passed-out Boudica outside
 and notices Prasutagus grimace and idly rub his arm.

PRASUTAGUS (CONT'D)
 (to Catus)
 My apologies, Procurator, please
 forgive her.

DECIANUS CATUS
 Of course. Do not worry, I'm not a
 vindictive man.

His eyes tell a different story.

EXT. BOUDICA'S ROUNDHOUSE - DAY

The next morning Prasutagus and Myrion attend Catus and his
 entourage as they prepare to leave.

Catus mounts his horse and turns to Prasutagus.

DECIANUS CATUS
 You look worried, Prasutagus. Do
 not despair. I'm sure your gods
 will provide everything you need.
 You still slaughter your own people
 as sacrifice, do you not? You'll
 simply have to lop off a few extra
 heads.

MYRION
 The Iceni only lop off the heads of
 our enemies.

DECIANUS CATUS
 (in a mocking tone)
 That's right, you're different,
 aren't you. Well, soon there will
 be no more human sacrifices or
 lopping off of any heads.

Catus enjoys the puzzled look from Myrion.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
 You'll be pleased to learn that our
 glorious Governor and Commander of
 the Legions, Suetonius Paulinus, is
 at this very moment crushing the
 last Druid stronghold on the island
 of Mona.

Prasutagus and Myrion exchange looks of shock.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
 (sneering)
 Your way of life, Druid, is coming
 to an end.

Catus holds his hand up in salute and with a wicked smile.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
 Hail Caesar.

Prasutagus and Myrion silently watch him wheel his horse around and trot off, followed by his guards.

EXT. GOAT PEN - DAY

POV: Boudica blinks her eyes open to find herself eye to eye with an ornery goat.

The goat lets out a loud bleat, stomps, and lowers its head.

Boudica sits up and staggers from the full force of her hangover. She scrunches her eyes closed and holds her hands up against the brilliant light of the day.

She doesn't notice Prasutagus watching her from outside the goat pen.

The goat rears up, charges and head butts Boudica in the shoulder, rocking her. She holds her head and groans, wincing again.

PRASUTAGUS
 (harshly)
 All hail Boudica... queen of the
 goat pen!

Prasutagus coughs, glares down at Boudica.

Boudica puts a shaky hand on the goat's back and uses it for support as she struggles to her feet. The goat bleats in protest, slips out from under her, and hops away.

Boudica squats leaning against the fencepost, hikes up her dress and takes a piss, not in the least concerned with who might see her.

BOUDICA
 Is he gone?

PRASUTAGUS

(ignoring the question)

You promised me you'd behave! What the hell were you thinking! I cannot understand why you think it would be a good idea to piss off the second most powerful man in all Britannia!

BOUDICA

Oh, fuck him. You're King of the Iceni. Why do you kiss his ass?

Prasutagus furrows his eyebrows and clenches his fists.

PRASUTAGUS

You still don't get it. You are your mother's daughter.

BOUDICA

(rubbing her temples)

What don't I get?

PRASUTAGUS

That we're a conquered people! Do our daughters have to be led off in chains for you to understand that?

Prasutagus takes a calming breath, unclenches his fists.

PRASUTAGUS (CONT'D)

This entire island, whether you like it or not, lives or dies at the whim of that madman in Rome. If our daughters are to survive we must be smart.

Prasutagus coughs again.

PRASUTAGUS (CONT'D)

Why do you think Catus came here himself when he could've just sent his soldiers?

Boudica shrugs and rubs her eyes again.

PRASUTAGUS (CONT'D)

Because he's trying to provoke a fight so he can make an example of a tribe stupid enough defy him...! And you almost made that happen!

Prasutagus starts to cough again. This time much more violently.

Boudica looks up. Concerned, she grasps his hand.

BOUDICA
Husband, are you alright?

Prasutagus recovers a bit.

PRASUTAGUS
I'll be fine.

BOUDICA
What will Catus do now?

PRASUTAGUS
(afraid)
I don't know.

Worried for her beloved husband, Boudica looks at him with concern as a heavy rain begins to fall.

EXT. SACRED POND - DAY

On a beautiful, sunlit afternoon Myrion and Glenda smile and watch Boudica and Aeryn spar with wooden practice swords. Their dog is curled up at Glenda's feet.

Boudica retreats, blocking and parrying Aeryn's skillful attack.

BOUDICA
See that, Myrion? The girl's got talent.

MYRION
Yes. Better than you at that age.

GLEENDA
(to Myrion)
What was Mother like at our age?

Boudica answers for him while fending off another attack.

BOUDICA
(with a smirk)
I was the very paragon of virtue and obedience.

Myrion bursts out laughing.

MYRION
Oh, yes, your virtue and obedience are legendary.

Myrion turns to Glenda.

MYRION (CONT'D)

Actually she spent most of her youth picking fights with the older boys or wandering off into the hills she loves so much, alone on some dangerous adventure.

GLEENDA

Did she ever lose a fight?

AERYN

She's losing one now.

Boudica laughs.

BOUDICA

I lost all the time. I have the scars to prove it.

MYRION

You never were good at picking your opponents.

BOUDICA

I was wise enough to choose you when I desired someone to tease and torment.

MYRION

Oh, yes, and you're so good at it.

Their banter is interrupted when a breathless VILLAGER, (20s), runs up to them.

VILLAGER

Queen Boudica, come quick! The king is ill!

INT. BOUDICA'S ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

Prasutagus is lying on his death bed with Myrion at his side. They're alone.

Prasutagus is weak and looks close to death. Myrion helps him stamp the wax seal on the scroll that he is holding for him.

PRASUTAGUS

Will they honor it?

MYRION

Probably not, but what other choice do you have? You have no male heir and Rome will never allow Boudica to become Queen of the Iceni. You know this... she's too much like her mother.

PRASUTAGUS

If Catus comes for her and the girls, flee west. To the Silures.... Promise me you'll keep them safe.

MYRION

You know I will.

PRASUTAGUS

And the sword I commissioned for her? When will it be ready?

MYRION

Soon... I'm afraid long before she's ready for it.

PRASUTAGUS

You, my friend, must make her ready.

Prasutagus coughs and can't catch his breath for some time. When the coughing fit subsides Myrion gives him some water.

PRASUTAGUS (CONT'D)

Alright, let me see my girls one last time.

Myrion brings in Boudica and the girls, who rush to his bedside.

Glenda is upset. Aeryn is more in control.

GLEENDA

(crying)

Mother says it's time to say goodbye... please Father, don't go.

PRASUTAGUS

My dear daughter... the gods say I must... soon.

AERYN

The gods are unfair!

A tear rolls down Boudica's cheek.

Prasutagus weakly grasps Glenda's and Aeryn's hands and with an earnest plea.

PRASUTAGUS

Now you both must listen one last time. If you have struggles, if things ever seem too dark, look to your mother, as I have always done.... Know always that I love you both and will watch over you from the Otherworld.

Both Aeryn and Glenda cry, hugging their father until they are led away by Myrion, leaving Prasutagus and Boudica alone.

Prasutagus grasps Boudica's hand in both of his.

PRASUTAGUS (CONT'D)

I've loved your wild ways and free spirit... but your temper... you're playing into Catus' hands. Don't underestimate him.

Prasutagus wipes a tear from Boudica's cheek.

PRASUTAGUS (CONT'D)

If Catus will listen to negotiations, let Myrion guide you. If there is to be war, lead our people well.

BOUDICA

Don't think of that now...just rest, my love. I'll lead our people as you have, in peace or war.

She doesn't let him see the fear and doubt in her eyes.

PRASUTAGUS

(looking guilty)

Was I a good husband? King? I've always done what I thought was right for our people... and for you.

BOUDICA

Shhhh.... My beloved, you have taken such care of us all, as king, as a husband. I have never doubted your love or your loyalty.

Boudica crawls into bed with her husband and rests her head on his shoulder.

She listens to the rhythm of his wheezing for awhile. He struggles for each breath. She feels a slight shudder and then there's complete silence.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
Goodbye, my love.

She sits up, closes his eyes, lies down next to him again and begins to cry.

EXT. SACRED POND - DAY

Boudica grips Prasutagus' sword and stares out across the sacred pond. Beside her are Glenda, Aeryn, Myrion and the dog. They listen to the last mournful notes from the carnyx players performing their farewell salute to their dead king.

As the last note falls, Boudica closes her dry eyes for a moment to silently pray. Then in a loud voice.

BOUDICA
For the one who is to come!

Boudica throws the sword high into the air and watches it hit the surface and make a large splash.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Don't worry my love. You won't be forgotten.

Boudica sadly watches the ripples fan out across the pond.

GLEENDA
(to Myrion)
Will the sacrifice be enough to get Father into the Otherworld?

MYRION
Sacrifice is not about payment.

GLEENDA
Then why do we do it?

Myrion ponders the question for a moment before answering.

MYRION
Sacrifice is giving up something we love for a higher ideal.

Glenda still looks confused.

AERYN

Seems like a waste of a perfectly good sword.

MYRION

(sadly)

Aeryn, you remind me so much of your mother.

Aeryn and Glenda look puzzled, trying to figure out what Myrion meant.

Boudica strides past them, fighting to keep her composure.

GLEENDA

Myrion, do you believe that someone will one day unite all the tribes?

MYRION

(looking at Boudica as she walks away)

Maybe... someday.

INT. BOUDICA'S ROUNDHOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Boudica slams the door and cries out in anguish. Finally alone, she collapses to the floor and sobs uncontrollably.

INT. NERO'S PALACE - DAY

Seneca, holding a scroll, walks into the room to find Nero dressed in women's clothes. He's applying makeup to his skinny, young, and miserable looking EUNUCH SLAVE, (16).

Seneca, momentarily stunned, gives a questioning look to Burrus who's standing near the entrance to the room.

BURRUS

(with disgust)

He's playing dress up.

They both take a moment, contemplating the scene before them.

BURRUS (CONT'D)

Forty years of faithful service comes to this, protecting an effeminate, spoiled, lunatic. I don't know which is more pathetic (looking at the eunuch), me or that poor wretch.

SENECA

By the gods, even a slave shouldn't
have to suffer such humiliation.
Bad enough he cut off the poor
boy's cock.

BURRUS

So, what's so important that you
would endure witnessing this?

SENECA

News from Britannia. Prasutagus,
Client King of the Iceni is dead...
Their lands now belong to him.

BURRUS

I'm sure he'll be thrilled. How
much do the Iceni owe you?

SENECA

Not as much as the other tribes.

BURRUS

Prasutagus must have been one of
the brighter ones.

Seneca smiles in appreciation of his friend's sarcasm.

Nero sees Seneca standing in the doorway.

NERO

Seneca, doesn't my wife look
pretty?

Seneca gives Burrus a quick, pensive glance.

SENECA

He, er, ah, she... she looks very
fetching Highness.... Highness, if
I could have just a moment of your
time...

Nero continues to apply makeup to the eunuch who looks even
more miserable.

NERO

What is it Seneca? Can't you see
I'm busy?

NERO (CONT'D)

(to eunuch)

You look gorgeous darling. Mother
would have just adored you.

Seneca and Burrus exchange wide eyed looks.

SENECA

Just a decree for you to sign,
Highness.... Won't take but a
moment.

NERO

Decree for what?

SENECA

Informing the Iceni tribe in
Britannia that their Independent
Client Kingdom status is revoked.
Congratulations, Highness, their
lands now belong to you.

Nero continues to work on the eunuch, not in the least bit
interested in what Seneca is saying to him.

Seneca, after waiting for a response from Nero, not sure if
he's listening.

SENECA (CONT'D)

Highness, your signature... please.

Nero continues to ignore Seneca.

BURRUS

(harshly)

Emperor Nero, sign the fucking
scroll!

Nero stiffens in fear, surprised by Burrus' sudden anger.

NERO

Alright.... I'll sign it.

Seneca lays the scroll on Nero's desk to sign, which he does
with an exaggerated flourish.

SENECA

Forgive him, Highness. Age
sometimes makes us a bit grouchy.

Nero is about to reply when he sees that the eunuch slave has
shed a tear, spoiling his makeup.

NERO

Oh no! Burrus, look at what you've
done! You've upset her!

BURRUS

(harshly)

He's a boy, Highness... at least he used to be.

NERO

(to eunuch)

Don't worry darling. I'll fix you up.

NERO (CONT'D)

Everyone out...! We wish to be alone!

At those words, the eunuch's expression turns to dread.

Seneca and Burrus exit the room. Two Praetorian guards close the door behind them. The last thing we see is the look on the poor boy's face.

INT. BOUDICA'S ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

Myrion walks in and finds Boudica alone, sitting on the bed, blankly staring off into space. A plate of untouched food sits beside her.

MYRION

Boudica, you must eat.

Boudica doesn't answer.

MYRION (CONT'D)

(exasperated)

Boudica, get off the bed. You're queen now. Decisions need to be made.

BOUDICA

You make them.

Boudica lays down and pulls the blanket over her head. Myrion yanks it back.

MYRION

Your daughters need you!

Boudica ignores him, again pulls the blanket over her head.

MYRION (CONT'D)

What would your mother think of you now?

Boudica, under the blanket, closes her eyes.

BEGIN BOUDICA'S FLASHBACK

INT. BOUDICA'S ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: Fourteen years earlier.

YOUNG BOUDICA, (16), watches her mother, SCAVO, (33), Queen of the Iceni tribe and PRASUTAGUS, (30), Scavo's most trusted noble discuss plans to attack the approaching Roman legion.

As a Celtic queen, Scavo is dressed the part; Cloak in her family's distinct plaid, fastened by a penannular brooch decorated with a trinity knot. On top of her braided copper hair she wears a silver headband. Around her neck is a thick gold torc.

With them are a dozen other nobles representing all the major villages of the Iceni nation.

Before them, illuminated in dim torch light, is a crude map on a table. Rocks and twigs lying on top to represent the local landscape.

Scavo uses a stick to point with on her makeshift map.

SCAVO

(to Prasutagus)

We'll gather what forces we can and meet here, at Stonea.

Scavo eyes Prasutagus for his reaction.

Prasutagus gives only an impassive nod.

Scavo's eyes flash in irritation.

SCAVO (CONT'D)

Prasutagus, you seem reluctant. What is it about the Romans that make you tremble in fear?

Prasutagus remains infuriatingly tight lipped.

Scavo gives him a slight grin. She waits.

PRASUTAGUS

We don't have enough warriors or weapons. We should wait until spring to give us more time to prepare.

Prasutagus looks to Myrion, silently beseeching him to support his idea to delay this ill conceived revolt.

The other nobles remain silent, shifting their gaze from Scavo to Prasutagus and back again, trying to figure out which way the wind will blow.

MYRION

It would be unwise to engage the
Romans on their terms.
Vercingetorix tried it and he
outnumbered Caesar four to one.

Prasutagus gives a slight nod to Myrion in gratitude.

SCAVO

We're not fighting the legions
Vercingetorix did. Ostorius Scapula
has let Caesar's legions grow soft.

Scavo scans the faces of the other nobles, assessing them. The pause gives her time to gather her thoughts.

SCAVO (CONT'D)

(to everyone)

Why is it, my friends, do you think
the Romans are coming here?

Scavo looks each noble in the eye before continuing in a quiet, reasonable tone. The intense and commanding look in her eyes tells everyone that she's not looking for an answer.

SCAVO (CONT'D)

My dear friends, they're coming
here to confiscate our weapons...
just as they've done to the other
tribes.

Scavo's voice grows louder, more stern, as if disciplining children.

SCAVO (CONT'D)

And why are they confiscating
weapons? Because they are planning
to enslave us! And they fear the
very revolt we are about to unleash
upon them!

Young Boudica smiles with pride as she watches her mother inspire the nobles.

Scavo turns her attention back to Prasutagus. With a kinder, gentler voice.

SCAVO (CONT'D)

My friend, don't fear the false
reputation of the Romans.

(MORE)

SCAVO (CONT'D)

The only thing they're good at is
pitting us against each other.

Scavo grabs Prasutagus by his shoulders and looks into his eyes with a piercing gaze.

SCAVO (CONT'D)

My loyal friend, with you fighting
at my side we cannot lose.

Scavo looks around the room and finds Young Boudica.

SCAVO (CONT'D)

Boudica, Prasutagus' cup is empty.

Young Boudica, getting the chance she's been waiting for, rushes forward. She barges her way through the nobles with a pitcher of wine.

She refills his cup, looks up and gives him her best smile. Scavo smiles in approval, but Prasutagus doesn't notice. He is lost in thought, his face is an expression of dread.

EXT. BOUDICA'S ROUNDHOUSE - DAY

It is early morning. Myrion and Young Boudica watch Scavo and her fellow warriors make their final farewells. Scavo loads her war chariot with weapons and a round shield with a prominent trinity knot, the symbol of her house, emblazoned on it.

YOUNG BOUDICA

Mother, why do you have to go?
Can't you send someone else?

Scavo hugs her daughter.

SCAVO

Oh, my darling daughter. I fight today so, the gods willing, you won't have to fight tomorrow. And as Queen, it must be me. Some day you'll understand.

MYRION

I'll see that she does.

SCAVO

(to Myrion)

Time to go. How do I look?

MYRION

Like a Queen.

SCAVO

Boudica, don't worry, I won't let anything happen to your precious Prasutagus.

Scavo winks at Myrion. Young Boudica blushes.

SCAVO (CONT'D)

Time to make a splash.

Scavo gets on her chariot. She and her army begin their long march.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BOUDICA'S ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

Boudica opens her eyes under the blanket.

EXT. ROMAN CAPITAL OF CAMULODUNUM - ARENA - DAY

SUPER: Camulodunum, Roman Capital of Britannia, (Modern Day, Colchester).

The Roman capital of Camulodunum has the look of a typical, provincial Roman frontier town. It's bustling with commerce and construction, mostly done by Celtic slaves that are chained together and guarded.

In the distance, the temple of Claudius stands almost finished. A large statue of the deified emperor stands in front.

Catus and his Commander of the Guard are sitting in the V.I.P. box of a small, crude, hastily constructed arena near the center of town.

The betting is loud and chaotic as the mob in the stands, mostly retired Roman legionnaires, cheer and boo.

At the center of the makeshift arena, Wren and another condemned prisoner, both armed with swords and small shields, fight each other to the death.

Catus and the Commander watch the fight, talking over the clash and clang of the weapons.

DECIANUS CATUS

A rather boring match. Is this really the best they can do?

COMMANDER OF THE GUARD
 You can't expect much from
 untrained barbarians, sir.

DECIANUS CATUS
 No, I suppose not.

Just then Wren, nearly exhausted after blocking a series of blows, rams his sword into his opponent.

The cacophony is deafening. The ones who've lost money yell, curse and throw rotten vegetables and anything else they can find at Wren.

The retired centurion Tulio sits in the stands. The scar Wren gave him is still a livid red. He grabs a large clay pot and hurls it down at Wren.

The pot strikes Wren hard on the head and shatters. Wren crumples to the ground, unconscious.

Tulio raises his fist in the air.

TULIO
 Yes! Die, you son of a whore!

DECIANUS CATUS
 (amused)
 Maybe not so boring after all.

Four slaves enter and drag both Wren and his dead opponent by the ankles out of the arena, leaving behind trails of blood.

INT. BOUDICA'S ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

Myrion walks into the roundhouse. Boudica sits by the fire, staring into it, fuming. Again there is a plate of untouched food on the table beside her.

MYRION
 Is it your wish to die of
 starvation? If it is, tell me so.
 I'll stop having food brought to
 you.

Boudica glares at him, her eyes reflecting the flames of the fireplace. She swipes the food from the table and sends it crashing into the wall.

Boudica jumps up and faces Myrion.

BOUDICA

If I was dying, would you save me?
Or would you let me die like you
did my husband...! You have the
power to kill and save. Why didn't
you save him?

MYRION

Boudica, it was his time.

BOUDICA

No it wasn't! He needs to be
here... to rule!

MYRION

You are Queen Boudica of the Iceni.
Daughter of Queen Scavo. Now, get
up and behave like it!

Boudica, enraged, swings at Myrion, striking him in the face.

BOUDICA

A real Druid could have saved him!

Myrion slaps Boudica hard and she goes down onto her knees.
Myrion kneels beside her and takes her hands.

MYRION

There are things that only the gods
control. He's gone. Accept it!

BOUDICA

I don't want to!

Boudica embraces Myrion and begins to sob.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

What will I do without him? He was
my husband...my king.

Boudica continues to sob on Myrion's shoulder as he looks off
into space, remembering.

EXT. ROMAN COMMAND TENT - DAY

BEGIN MYRION'S FLASHBACK

SUPER: Fourteen years earlier.

SUPER: Command tent of Roman General, Ostorius Scapula,
Commander of the legions.

Prasutagus passes between two Roman guards as he exits the tent. He stops for a moment to watch the camp being built.

The Roman army is busy erecting tents and building defensive fortifications with an efficiency born of centuries of practice.

Prasutagus looks to the sky and closes his eyes to say a silent prayer. When he opens them they reflect both his guilt and resolve.

Prasutagus walks to his horse and takes the reins from the slave holding it, and mounts it just as the Roman general, OSTORIUS SCAPULA, (50), exits the tent.

OSTORIUS SCAPULA

Prasutagus, don't be so grim....
You're going to be king.

Prasutagus presses his lips together in a grim line, sharply wheels his horse around, and trots off.

Ostorius Scapula smiles in contempt, watching him go.

EXT. ROUNDHOUSE - DAY

Young Boudica and Myrion watch Prasutagus and a dozen others solemnly escort a four wheeled cart containing the body of Scavo.

The procession stops in front of the roundhouse. Prasutagus dismounts, doing his best to avoid eye contact with Young Boudica. She rushes to the rear of the cart.

Young Boudica hesitantly pulls back the blanket to reveal the lifeless eyes of her mother staring back at her. They still show the shock and pain of her violent death.

Young Boudica cries out in anguish. She turns and buries her face in Prasutagus' chest and cries.

Prasutagus holds her. He looks up to see Myrion's piercing, unblinking eyes scrutinizing him.

The Druid's stare unnerves Prasutagus and he hugs Young Boudica even tighter.

END FLASHBACK

MONTAGE - MAKING BOUDICA'S SWORD

-- The interior of the hut is dimly lit by the soft glow of the forge and of molten metal. The SWORDSMITH, (50), adds metal into a cauldron. His SWORDSMITH'S APPRENTICE, (17), pumps a bellows to stoke the fire beneath it.

-- When the metal has melted, the swordsmith nods to his apprentice, who retrieves a small bundle.

-- The swordsmith unwraps the bundle and gazes on the meteorite with reverence. He carefully places it in the cauldron and watches it melt.

-- They carefully tip the cauldron and pour the molten metal into a mold shaped like a sword.

END MONTAGE

EXT. BOUDICA'S VILLAGE - DAY

Boudica and Myrion are walking along, examining a row of carts loaded with clay pots of grain.

BOUDICA

We're still short. They're holding back.

MYRION

Understandable. They're caught between Nero and Seneca.

BOUDICA

What can Seneca do? He's just an advisor.

MYRION

Seneca is the richest man in the world. And the real power in Rome.... Catus will make sure Seneca is paid first.

BOUDICA

I'll add what grain I can to make up the difference?

MYRION

You don't have nearly enough.

BOUDICA

What do I say to that bastard when he sees we're short.

MYRION

Plead with him, be humble. And hope
we're still worth more to him as
farmers than as slaves.

BOUDICA

I've never been too good at
pleading...or being humble...

MYRION

(wryly)
Yes, dear... I know.

Boudica looks at him and grins.

BOUDICA

(jokingly)
Look at me. Being queen. Are you
not impressed?

MYRION

I am.

BOUDICA

(laughing)
I even impress myself.

Boudica's and Myrion's lighthearted banter is interrupted by
the riff of the carnyx announcing Catus' arrival.

EXT. BOUDICA'S VILLAGE - NIGHT

Catus halts the column of soldiers, officials, and slaves in
front of Boudica's roundhouse.

The soldiers and slaves fan out into the village in a
preplanned deployment and start pulling screaming families
out of their homes.

Those men and women who protest are savagely beaten. They're
then herded into a large group near Boudica's roundhouse.

BOUDICA

(to Myrion)
What the fuck is this?

Boudica rushes toward Catus to protest, catching Myrion by
surprise. He tries in vain to catch up to her to prevent her
from doing something stupid.

Catus' guards see her coming and lower their javelins,
forcing her to skid to a stop. Two guards grab her by the
arms.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
 (to Catus)
 What the hell are you doing!

Catus looks down at her from his horse, smiling.

DECIANUS CATUS
 Taking what's ours.

BOUDICA
 You can't... we're still a...

DECIANUS CATUS
 (chuckling as he
 interrupts her)
 ... You are no longer an
 Independent Client Kingdom.... Did
 you not read your husband's will?

MYRION
 Procurator, the king wished that
 both his daughters and the Emperor
 would inherit his lands.

DECIANUS CATUS
 Yes, Prasutagus was always a clever
 man, but did he really think that
 was going to work?

Catus looks around him.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
 (to Boudica)
 By the way, where are your lovely
 daughters? They need to know that
 the Emperor doesn't like to share.

Boudica exchanges a frightened look with Myrion.

BOUDICA
 There must be something we can do.
 A deal we can make?

DECIANUS CATUS
 (amused)
 You know... I heard that's exactly
 what Prasutagus said to us when he
 betrayed your mother.

Boudica is caught off guard by this.

BOUDICA
 That's impossible.

DECIANUS CATUS

Is it? You've never wondered why
the Iceni weren't crushed after
your mother's little rebellion?

Catus watches with amusement when he sees doubt and confusion
begin to take hold in Boudica's eyes.

Boudica turns to Myrion.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)

Yes... your Druid knows the truth.
Go on, ask him.

She doesn't have to. Myrion's face is full of misery.

BOUDICA

(to herself)

No... he couldn't have.

Boudica staggers under the weight of this truth. Catus
snickers.

Boudica forgets her shock when she sees Glenda and Aeryn
struggling against the Roman soldiers that drag them out of
the roundhouse.

The girls' dog, tied to a post, starts to bark, lunging
against its restraint, trying in vain to protect them.

Boudica tries to go to them but is held tight by the
soldiers.

DECIANUS CATUS

Ah, at last... the daughters....
My, how quickly they grow.

Upon seeing Boudica, Glenda struggles hard to break free.
Aeryn turns savage as she kicks and punches at the guard
holding her.

Entertained, Catus watches the girls struggle to break free.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)

Defiance seems to be a family
trait.

Catus turns to Boudica.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)

I think we can fix that.

BOUDICA
 (with menace)
 You leave them alone.

DECIANUS CATUS
 (looking down at Boudica)
 Soldiers, take the girls back
 inside and turn them into women...
 the Roman way. Oh, and shut that
 dog up.

The girl's scream as the two soldiers force them back into
 the roundhouse. Another one kills the dog.

Boudica kicks, flails and bites, but can't break free.

BOUDICA
 You fucking monster!

DECIANUS CATUS
 (dismounting his horse)
 Shame they didn't take after their
 father. He was always so practical.

MYRION
 Procurator! They're children!

A soldier strikes him hard in the face and he goes down.

O.S. We hear the girls screaming as they are raped.

Boudica struggles even harder to break free, desperate to
 reach her daughters, but it's no use.

When Catus approaches her, she spits in his face and a
 soldier strikes her in the abdomen, knocking the wind out of
 her.

Catus wipes the spit off his face.

DECIANUS CATUS
 You truly are the daughter of
 Scavo.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
 (to the soldiers)
 Tie her to the post. Prepare to
 flog her.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
 (to the crowd)
 Let this be an example to all who
 would defy Rome!

The two soldiers drag the now exhausted Boudica to a post and tie her to it.

A soldier rips open her tunic, exposing her back. Another stands ready with a whip.

Catus approaches from behind and takes off Boudica's gold torc necklace.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
 Since you're no longer queen, you
 won't be needing this.

With an evil smile, Catus whispers in her ear.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
 For the honor and glory of Rome....
 Hail fucking Caesar.

Boudica's cries of pain mingle with her daughters' as the soldier begins to whip her.

Catus cheerfully turns to the crowd and sits at a table his slaves have set up for him. He puts Boudica's torc around his neck.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
 Now, who's ready to pay their
 taxes?

The crowd looks at him, terrified.

INT. BOUDICA'S ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

In the dimly lit roundhouse, Boudica's daughters are sleeping near the fire, arms protectively wrapped around each other.

Boudica lies in a fitful sleep. Myrion applies a salve to the dozens of bloody stripes and ugly welts on Boudica's mutilated back.

BOUDICA'S DREAM SEQUENCE

-- Boudica looks down to see her reflection in the water. It becomes distorted by ripples. She looks up and beholds the beautiful Goddess Andraste rise up from the water, point to the sky, and smile at her.

-- A brown hare looks her in the eye and then runs toward the setting sun.

-- A beautiful sword tumbles through the water and slowly sinks to the dark depths.

-- A bluebird sitting on the limb of an ancient, sprawling oak tree startles and takes flight.

END DREAM SEQUENCE:

Boudica's eyes snap open. She struggles to get up, looking around, panicked.

BOUDICA
Glenda? Aeryn?

MYRION
(gently holding her down)
Easy. Don't worry, they're sleeping.

BOUDICA
(again trying to get up)
I need to see them.

MYRION
(again pressing her down)
They'll be alright, in time. They just need to rest. As do you.

Boudica, too weak to resist, stops struggling. Myrion goes back to applying the salve. Boudica winces at his touch.

BOUDICA
It's true, isn't it? He betrayed my mother and he betrayed me.

MYRION
He believed sacrificing your mother was the only way to save the tribe. To save you... and he was right. The Iceni alone were never strong enough to defeat the legions.

BOUDICA
(hesitant)
Were you a part of it?

Myrion stops, leans over to look Boudica in the eye.

MYRION
No. Of course not. I found out after.

BOUDICA
How could I have been so foolish.

MYRION

You weren't foolish. You were young
and in love.

Soon after Myrion goes back to treating her wounds, Boudica's eyes begin to slowly transform from a look of sadness and despair to one of cold, hard fury.

LATER:

Boudica wakes from a fitful sleep and finds Aeryn and Glenda treating her wounds.

BOUDICA

Aeryn, Glenda, please forgive me.

AERYN

Forgive you... for what?

BOUDICA

(tears welling up)

I couldn't stop them. I couldn't
save you.

GLEENDA

Mother, no one could have stopped
them.

BOUDICA

(eyes cold and hard)

I swear to Andraste I will avenge
you. For what they did to you. To
us.

GLEENDA

Mother, I don't want vengeance.

Aeryn's eyes harden like her mother's, and with a savage
sneer.

AERYN

I do.

EXT. SACRED GROVE - MONA - DAY

Governor General SÜETONIUS PAULINUS, (50), his second in
command JULIUS AGRICOLA, (30), and their personal guards are
inspecting a sacred grove of oaks abandoned by fleeing
survivors of the Druid army.

Flies and maggots cover the heads and entrails of the victims that the Druids sacrificed to their gods in their final, desperate attempt to stave off the Roman legions.

Roman soldiers wretch and vomit from what they see and smell.

AGRICOLA

(with disgust)

How barbaric... is this truly their religion?

SUETONIUS PAULINUS

It's really no different from any other religion.

Suetonius is amused when he sees the astonishment on Agricola's face. He further explains.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS (CONT'D)

Religion is simply another form of governance. Men of lesser ability often find it useful.

Suetonius pauses to survey the human carnage.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS (CONT'D)

I've found that there are much more practical ways to take advantage of peoples' fear of death.

He casts another glance around, unfazed by the gruesome scene.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS (CONT'D)

(to Agricola)

I want every tree on Mona cut down and every settlement burned to the ground.

Suetonius, not appreciating the irony.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS (CONT'D)

It's time we civilized these savages.

Suetonius calmly continues his tour.

INT. BOUDICA'S ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

Boudica doesn't notice Myrion enter the roundhouse. She is completely focused and intent on sharpening a spear tip.

Glenda and Aeryn are nearby also sharpening weapons, quietly talking between themselves.

MYRION

Boudica, you should be resting.

Boudica doesn't seem to hear him. She continues her work.

MYRION (CONT'D)

Boudica, can you hear me? Should I be worried? Because I am.

Boudica finally looks at him, her gaze intense.

BOUDICA

The Lady Andraste has shown me a vision.

MYRION

(skeptical)

What has she shown you?

BOUDICA

That I must unite the tribes and destroy the Romans... before they destroy us.

MYRION

(kindly)

Be careful Boudica. Prophecies and metaphors are difficult to interpret.... And usually a dream is just a dream.

BOUDICA

You doubt me? You, who has known me since I was born? You, who has taught me all I know of our religion...? You may have lost faith in the gods but I have not.

Myrion reels from the sting of her insult, but still looks skeptical.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

Send messengers to all the surrounding tribes. The Iceni are going to war.

MYRION

Your warriors will not go to war for your outrage.

BOUDICA

They will. I'll make them see.

Boudica refocuses on sharpening her spear.

MONTAGE - MAKING BOUDICA'S SWORD

-- The swordsmith hammers on the rough, red hot blade on an anvil. His apprentice holds the sword with tongs and flips it over occasionally so he can pound the other side.

-- The swordsmith quenches the red hot blade in a tub of water and is lost in a cloud of steam.

-- The swordsmith engraves Celtic patterns into the blade.

EXT. BOUDICA'S ROUNDHOUSE - DAY

A hundred warriors wait outside. They're mostly Iceni but many are from more distant tribes. They are armed and ready for battle, their bodies made up in blue war paint.

Still weak, Boudica supports herself with her spear as she exits the roundhouse. In her other hand she holds a small rabbit.

She wears her queen's regalia; cloak in her family's plaid, pinned together with a trinity knot brooch. Her tawny hair is braided neatly, and she wears her mother's ornate silver headband.

BOUDICA

(to Myrion)

So, how do I look?

MYRION

Like shit.

BOUDICA

(ignoring his comment)

Time to make a splash.

Myrion, Glenda and Aeryn follow behind Boudica and help ease her onto a chariot to give her extra height.

Boudica takes a moment to scan the large crowd, evaluating them before she begins her speech.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

Once... not long ago... each tribe
had but one king and we lived free.

(MORE)

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

But now these foreign invaders have clamped upon us two great yokes! A cruel and capricious governor who wreaks his unjust fury upon our lives! And a procurator who robs us of our property, and taxes us to starvation!

Some shouts and nods of agreement from the crowd.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

(a little louder)

These cowards who rob us of our homes, kidnap our children, and conscript our men believe in nothing but greed and self indulgence...! But what a mere handful they are!

Response from the crowd now a little more rowdy.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

Long ago, the tribes of Germania dispelled the great myth of the mighty Roman Empire when their leader, Arminius, united their great tribes and slaughtered the legions who came to enslave them. Can we not do as the Germans have done? They had only a river to shield them! We have an ocean!

The crowd cheers ever louder.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

I fight so my daughters will know a future of freedom! I fight for this island that I love! I fight for you and your families! Join me....
Fight with me!

She scans the yelling crowd, and is pleased with all the angry faces.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

The Romans fight only for their emperor. An emperor who has promised them our land!

The crowd becomes even louder.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

Tell me friends. Would you fight
for an emperor who killed his own
mother!

CROWD

No!

BOUDICA

Would you make slaves fight to the
death for amusement!

CROWD

No!

BOUDICA

Do we castrate young boys to fuck
them like women!

CROWD

No!

BOUDICA

And yet they call us barbarians!

The crowd goes wild with cheers and whistles.

Boudica smiles broadly, her eyes meeting those in the crowd.

She waits for the crowd to quiet before continuing.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

The Goddess Andraste is at last
showing mercy to us Britons by
keeping the Roman general away. We
must accept this gift! Not to do so
will insult the goddess and she
will never give us this chance
again.

After a short pause for effect.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

My fellow countrymen, either you
submit yourselves and your families
to Rome and to slavery! Or fight
for your freedom and drive these
heathens back across the sea! I
chose to fight! My fellow
Britons... will you join me?

Again, wild cheering from the crowd.

Boudica holds up her arms, still holding the spear and the rabbit, and waits for the noise to die down.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
Mighty Andraste, as I set free this
hare, symbol of your divinity, I
call upon you as one woman to
another.... Grant us victory!

When she sets the rabbit down it quickly runs off.

Boudica acts as though this proves the will of Andraste.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
Andraste blesses us!

Swords, clubs and spears are thrust in the air to the cadence of the crowd's chanting.

CROWD
Boudica... Boudica... Boudica...
Boudica... Boudica... Boudica...

EXT. WREN'S FARM - DAY

Tulio, the retired centurion, leans against a post and absent mindedly flicks his leather whip. He supervises his slaves working in Wren's and his family's former fields.

The scar on his face from Wren's attack makes him look even uglier than Catus said it would.

His boredom is interrupted when he hears the distant, thundering sound of galloping horses.

The sound gets louder and louder. He looks around, unable to pinpoint the source as it bounces off the nearby hills.

His eyes widen in surprise when he sees Boudica and her daughters crest the hill in their war chariot. Their faces are painted in blue war paint.

With savage delight, Aeryn pulls the reins and charges straight at him.

Tulio's surprise turns to fear and he starts to run. In the background we see Boudica cock her arm back and aim a spear. The chariot bears down on Tulio at full speed.

Boudica launches her spear. With deadly accuracy it punches through his back and out the center of his chest.

The chariot roars by as Tulio falls dead. The rest of Boudica's army comes into view.

MONTAGE - BOUDICA RAMPAGES HER WAY TO CAMULODUNUM

-- Boudica and her daughters run down the road in their war chariot. Tulio's severed head hangs from the neck of one of the horses. Her army follows close behind.

-- Large numbers of Britons from the countryside join her army.

-- Roman families being dragged from their homes and slaughtered.

-- A woman frantically buries her valuables in the dirt floor of her hut.

-- Boudica's army loot farms.

-- Whole settlements burn.

-- More Britons join her now vast army.

-- People flee to Camulodunum.

END MONTAGE

INT/EXT. JAIL CELL - CAMULODUNUM - DAY

Wren hears commotion outside his jail cell. He squints through a crack between the boards and sees people hurrying about the street in panic. Many struggle to carry their belongings in their arms, others have loaded carts.

In the distance, giant black pillars of smoke rise high into the sky.

Wren yells and pounds on the wall until getting the attention of a WEALTHY CELTIC MERCHANT.

WREN

Hey, what's happening!

WEALTHY CELTIC MERCHANT

They're rebelling against Rome!

WREN

Who is?

WEALTHY CELTIC MERCHANT
 That bitch, Boudica of the Iceni!
 She's gonna fuck everything up...
 for everybody!

The wealthy merchant runs off.

Wren leans back against the wall and smiles.

EXT. TEMPLE OF CLAUDIUS - CAMULODUNUM - NIGHT

In front of the temple, a company sized contingent of Roman soldiers in close formation anxiously wait.

Their faces show both fear and discipline as they listen to the far off screams of people being massacred by Boudica's army.

Men and women, both Roman and Briton, run past the soldiers fleeing to the safety of the temple.

The sounds of violence get closer, the soldiers look nervously at one another.

The CENTURION IN CHARGE blows his whistle, startling the soldiers.

CENTURION IN CHARGE
 Prepare to defend!

TROOPS
 (As one)
 Ready!

Boudica's warriors, both men and women, burst into view and charge the outnumbered Romans.

Many Britons are naked except for tattoos, war paint and weapons.

The warriors run at full speed, screaming war cries as they crash into the Romans. Many dive over the shields of the soldiers in the front ranks where they're cut down by the soldiers behind them.

Despite being outnumbered, the Romans hold their own. Celtic hatred and ferocity is countered by Roman training and discipline.

Boudica and her daughters watch the battle from their chariot.

INT. JAIL CELL - CAMULODUNUM - CONTINUOUS

Wren pounds on the wall, screaming to be set free. He hears the door behind him open and turns to see Myrion at the doorway.

Myrion studies Wren for a moment, considering him.

MYRION

And who might you be?

EXT. TEMPLE OF CLAUDIUS - CAMULODUNUM - CONTINUOUS

Boudica grows annoyed at the stubborn defense of the Romans. She turns to a large group of warriors waiting behind her holding lit torches.

BOUDICA

(waving them forward)

Now! Throw the torches!

Dozens of warriors rush forward and throw their torches up and into the middle of the Roman formation.

The Romans scream in pain as the torches hit their faces and arms before falling to the ground to burn their legs and feet.

Getting burned, they can no longer lend their strength to the front ranks. The entire Roman contingent crumples, collapsing in upon itself.

Boudica's warriors create an ever growing pile of slaughtered Roman corpses.

EXT. CAMULODUNUM - STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Wren walks through the town with a skin of wine he found somewhere, past hacked up bodies of men and women, both Roman and Briton.

Boudica's warriors plunder the buildings, carrying their loot through the streets. They vandalize anything Roman.

Wren finds himself in the town square, near the Temple Of Claudius. The large equestrian statue in front is being pulled down by Boudica's warriors.

Nearby are Boudica, her daughters, Myrion, and a dozen warriors. Boudica is in front of a line of chained Roman and British prisoners.

Curious, Wren finds a comfortable place to sit and watch.

BOUDICA
(to the first prisoner)
Where's Catus!

The wounded soldier, bloody and in shock, is barely able to stand. He says nothing.

Boudica doesn't wait long before she runs her spear through him. She wrenches the spear out of him while kicking him away. She turns immediately to the next prisoner in line.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
Where's Catus!

The prisoner stares at the ground, bloody from several wounds. The blade of a sword has gone through his mouth and left a ragged hole in his cheek.

Glenda's eyes widen in shock and fear.

GLEENDA
Mother... that's him... he...

Boudica looks back. Glenda nods, hand covering her mouth.

Boudica spins and hooks her finger into the prisoner's mouth and through the hole in his cheek like a freshly caught trout. She wrenches his head up to look at him.

He moans in pain.

She again looks at Glenda while holding the soldier's head up so Glenda can see him better.

BOUDICA
That raped you? You're sure?

Glenda can only nod.

Wren watches the scene with interest.

Boudica hands Glenda her dagger.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
Then he is yours. Cut off the part
of him that has violated you.

Glenda timidly takes the dagger, approaches the rapist and hesitates. Boudica comes up behind her.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
 (angrily)
 He must pay for what he's done. Go
 on... cut it off.

Still, Glenda cannot do it. Boudica, disappointed, takes back the dagger.

Boudica turns her attention to the rapist. Aeryn looks on with great interest.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
 (to her warriors)
 Hold him!

The rapist becomes terrified and struggles as she approaches him. She cuts off his lower garments.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
 Let's see you rape little girls
 now.

Mere inches from his ragged face, she glares into his terrified eyes, grabs his cock and begins to slowly slice.

Wren smiles in amusement as he watches Boudica sawing back and forth. The rapist's screams escalate in pitch.

Boudica cuts his cock free and jams it into his screaming mouth. One of her warriors quickly ties a rag around the rapist's head to keep it there.

Boudica turns to Aeryn and hands her the dagger.

Aeryn plunges the dagger into the rapist's throat. His blood sprays her face and she smiles. The warriors holding him let him drop to the ground, dead.

Boudica moves to the next prisoner, this time the wealthy merchant.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
 Where's Catus?

WEALTHY CELTIC MERCHANT
 (falling to his knees)
 He's in Londinium! He's moved his
 offices to Londinium...! Please, I
 beg you...! Have mercy!

BOUDICA
 Mercy? For a traitor?

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
 (to her warriors)
 We're done. Kill the rest.

MYRION
 And the ones trapped in the temple?

BOUDICA
 Spare the children, then burn it
 down. Burn everything down.

Boudica doesn't notice when Aeryn joins the warriors to kill the remaining prisoners.

EXT. BOUDICA'S CAMP - OUTSIDE CAMULODUNUM - NIGHT

The whole town is on fire. As the camera pulls back and widens we see it as an image reflected in Boudica's eyes, making it appear as if her eyes are on fire, reflecting the rage still burning within her.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Wren walks through Boudica's camp searching for a place to sleep.

He comes upon Boudica's chariot. The head of Tulio still hangs from the horse's neck. He instantly recognizes it from the livid scar on its face.

He lifts up the head to look into its lifeless eyes. He freezes when he feels the edge of a knife against his throat.

BOUDICA
 (behind, whispering)
 What're you doing with my head?

WREN
 Catus took my family and gave this
 bastard my house.

He turns to face Boudica. She holds a goatskin of wine and is bleary eyed and unsteady on her feet.

WREN (CONT'D)
 The power of this head is owed to
 me.

Boudica considers him a moment before lowering her knife.

BOUDICA
 Fine... take it. It's yours.

Boudica turns to Myrion, who's standing behind her.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
Myrion, could you please find him a
tent.

Myrion nods and Boudica starts to walk away.

WREN
Thank you.

BOUDICA
It's the least I could do... after
burning your house down.

Boudica staggers away, swigging from the goatskin of wine.

EXT. BOUDICA'S CAMP - OUTSIDE CAMULODUNUM - DAY

The next morning Boudica, her daughters, Myrion, Wren, and a half dozen warriors are having breakfast together around a campfire. At Wren's feet is Tulio's head.

Boudica sips a drink and watches Wren, sizing him up and liking what she sees.

BOUDICA
(to Wren)
What's your name, Trinovante?

WREN
Wren, son of Caratacus.

MYRION
You mean King Caratacus of the
Trinovante?

WREN
King no longer. Thanks to the
Romans.

BOUDICA
Why did Catus take your family and
give away your land?

WREN
We couldn't pay his taxes.

BOUDICA
Myrion tells me he found you in a
jail cell. What did you do?

Wren, chewing, picks up the head and points to the scar on its face.

Boudica smiles.

EXT. ROMAN ROAD - DAY

SUPER: The ninth legion Hispana, rushing to relieve Camulodunum.

The Roman legion hastily marches in column through a carpet of thick, dense ground fog.

At the head of the column a soldier holds a standard topped with a gilded statue of an eagle and the flowing banners of the 9th Legion Hispana.

Despite the forced march carrying heavy packs, the legionnaires march in perfect step. The road curves around the base of a steep, wooded hill on their left.

High on that hill, Boudica and Aeryn watch their prey with wide eyed anticipation. Boudica's blood lust grows with each passing second. The steady cadence of the march gets louder. Glenda stands behind them and looks nervous. She draws her hands over her belly, protecting herself unconsciously.

With them, concealed behind trees, hundreds of warriors armed with spears and slings anxiously await the attack signal.

On the Romans' right, Wren lies in wait, hidden in the dense fog with a herald and hundreds of other warriors.

The column reaches Wren's position. The herald raises his carnyx through the fog like a periscope.

He sounds a long blast and it's echoed by other carnyxes down the line.

Wren leads his group of warriors to spring up from the fog and from behind trees and charge the Roman column along its entire length.

Boudica watches and waits from the hill above. When the Roman column faces Wren's charge, she signals her warriors.

Hundreds of spears and rocks rain down on the Romans. Many of the legionnaires are not able to raise their shields in time. Those that do, expose themselves to Wren's attack.

Boudica throws her last spear. Her eyes are wide with excitement, thrilled by the adrenaline of combat. She draws her sword.

BOUDICA
Girls, stay here!

Boudica raises her sword high.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
Attack!

Aeryn looks dejected and disappointed at being left out of the fun.

TIME SLOWS:

With a fierce battle cry and bloodlust in her eyes, Boudica charges down the hill.

The Romans beneath her raise their shields.

Boudica dives headlong into the Romans as she would a pool of water, crashing into them before disappearing beneath their shields.

The warriors behind her, many of them nude and covered in tattoos, also dive into the Romans' raised shields, crushing them violently to the ground.

Glenda and Aeryn, watching from above, gasp when they see Boudica disappear from view.

Aeryn tries to go to her mother's rescue but is held by a warrior standing behind her.

From above we can see that there is intense combat beneath the cover of the shields by how they move.

From underneath, Boudica explodes upwards, breaching through the shields.

Aeryn screams in exhilaration when she sees her mother emerge through the shields. Glenda sighs in relief.

Boudica, covered in blood and grime, slashes and hacks her way through the Romans like a woman possessed, gleefully chopping her way through Romans unlucky enough to be in her way.

TIME BACK TO NORMAL:

Myrion leads a column of war chariots from behind the hill and smashes into the front of the tattered Roman column.

Boudica thrusts, dodges and parries, struggling to defend against the coordinated attack of two soldiers.

She raises her sword high to block a downward blow and Wren crashes into the other soldier before he can take advantage.

Wren stabs the soldier he crashed into. He and Boudica stab the other soldier to death. They then go back to back, breathing hard, and defend each other.

The battle hardened 9th Legion puts up a heroic fight. They cut down dozens of Boudica's warriors in vicious hand to hand fighting, but are soon pushed back by Boudica's overwhelming numbers.

The Roman column becomes compressed and they soon lose their ability to fight back.

When it's over, it's as if the road is paved with the dead for miles.

LATER

Boudica, exhausted and covered in blood and grime, slumps down next to a tree. Her burning rage is temporarily quenched.

Wren soon joins her and hands her a goatskin of wine. She smiles her thanks and takes a pull.

BOUDICA

They almost had me back there...
thanks.

WREN

My pleasure. We fight well
together.

BOUDICA

(smiling at him)
Yes... yes we do.

Myrion, seeing she is covered in blood, rushes to her.

MYRION

(to Boudica)
Are you hurt?

BOUDICA

(smiling)
No, I'm alright.

MYRION

(concerned)
Where're Aeryn and Glenda?

Boudica and Myrion survey the battlefield. They see Glenda tending to Boudica's wounded warriors.

Not far from her, Aeryn wanders the vast field of fallen Romans, calmly, methodically, killing the wounded with her spear. Myrion and Boudica exchange concerned looks.

BOUDICA

Tell me my old friend. Will my daughters ever feel joy again or have the Romans taken that from them forever?

MYRION

Only the ripples of time will tell.

INT. OFFICE OF THE PROCURATOR - LONDINIUM - DAY

Catus is directing his staff. They rush around gathering scrolls and carrying away furniture and valuables.

He keeps his eyes on two large chests of coins as the staff prepare to evacuate the town ahead of Boudica's imminent attack.

DECIANUS CATUS

(to his accountant)

How much are we able to save from the barbarians?

ACCOUNTANT

About thirty million sesterces, sir.

DECIANUS CATUS

How much?

The accountant is momentarily confused by Catus' piercing gaze.

ACCOUNTANT

(hesitant)

Twenty million sesterces?

Catus raises an eyebrow while holding his gaze on the accountant.

ACCOUNTANT (CONT'D)

Fifteen million sesterces?

DECIANUS CATUS

Good man.

The commander of the guard walks in leading a Briton in chains.

COMMANDER OF THE GUARD
The SLAVE you wanted, Procurator.

DECIANUS CATUS
Ah, yes. Thank you, Commander.

Catus looks through the mess on his desk before finding what he's looking for.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
(to the slave DYLAN, (30))
Lets see, your name is Dylan, a former mercenary, and your land was confiscated for...(looking at the scroll) delinquency of taxes...? Is that right?

Dylan doesn't answer. Catus again reads from the scroll.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
And it seems your family... a wife and three children...? Are now the property of the procurator.

Still Dylan says nothing.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
(to the Commander)
Commander remind me again. Who is the procurator of this province?

COMMANDER OF THE GUARD
You, sir, Decianus Catus.

DECIANUS CATUS
(enjoying himself)
That's right. Thank you Commander.

Catus regards Dylan as he would a bug about to be squashed.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
I own you. I own your family. I own your land. Mine, to do as I please. I can have you fight to the death in the arena, such as it is. I can have your wife sold to a brothel and have your children working for the rest of their short little lives in a salt mine... or...

Catus steps closer to the slave and places his hand on his shoulder and, with his customary, evil smile.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
I can set them free... in exchange
for a small favor.

Dylan looks up, a small glimmer of hope in his eyes.

DYLAN
What must I do?

DECIANUS CATUS
Simply use those skills you learned
as a mercenary and kill the Iceni
rebel, Boudica... and you must do
it before she and her mob of
miscreants gets here. Do this one
simple task and I'll set your
family free. And since you'll
almost certainly die on this
mission, I will even give your
family their land back.

Dylan studies Catus, trying to figure out if he can trust him to keep his word. After a moment he nods in agreement.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
Excellent! Until then, I'll take
your family on a nice little
holiday in Gaul. And when it is
done, and you are most likely dead,
I'll return and set your family
free.

Catus turns to the commander.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
Commander, you can take off those
chains.

Catus walks to his desk and returns with an ornate, expensive looking dagger (the same dagger that Wren saw Catus wearing when he and his family were taken).

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
Here... use this and make sure she
knows it was me who killed her.

Dylan slowly takes the dagger, his eyes never leaving the smug, smiling face of Catus.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
There's a horse waiting for you
outside.

Catus' cheerful demeanor turns menacing.

DECIANUS CATUS (CONT'D)
For the sake of your family,
barbarian, do not disappoint me.

MONTAGE - MAKING BOUDICA'S SWORD

-- The swordsmith carefully slides the cross-guard over the tang.

-- The swordsmith wraps the handle with leather.

-- The swordsmith adds the pommel. It's engraved with an ornate trinity knot.

-- With his apprentice intently watching, the swordsmith carefully examines the finished sword.

-- They look at each other and smile proudly, knowing they have created the greatest sword ever made.

-- The swordsmith reverently slides the sword into its scabbard.

END MONTAGE:

EXT. BOUDICA'S CAMP - NIGHT

A wide eyed Glenda watches midwives rush in and out of a makeshift tent as they attend a screaming woman going through a difficult labor.

Boudica exits the tent and smiles at Glenda.

BOUDICA
Poor thing's having a tough time of
it. But don't worry. She'll be
alright.

Glenda flinches when she hears another loud scream.

GLEND
She sounds like she's dying!

BOUDICA

She does, doesn't she. The
screaming, the blood and pain...
reminds me of being in battle.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

(smiling)

A battle no man could ever endure.

A frightened Glenda hugs herself. Boudica pats her on the shoulder and walks away.

EXT. HILLTOP - ISLAND OF MONA - DAY

Suetonius, accompanied by most of his command staff, watches with satisfaction the final mop up operations against the last remaining Druids.

Soldiers are busy chopping down trees. Columns of thick, black smoke rise high into the air as settlements are looted and burned.

Ragged, dazed prisoners of men, women and children are chained together. They march numbly along the road. Soldiers whip them to keep them moving.

Agricola approaches on horseback carrying a message and hurries up the steep hill to meet Suetonius.

Before Agricola can speak, Suetonius gestures toward the view before them.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS

Agricola, come look. Have you ever wondered how such a brave people can be so easily subjugated? It's quite simple really. Courage, passion, and a cause will never triumph over skill, discipline, and strategy.

Suetonius' smile vanishes when he sees Agricola's ashen face.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS (CONT'D)

Agricola, what is it?

AGRICOLA

Sir, the Iceni and the Trinovantes are in open rebellion. Camulodunum has been sacked.

Suetonius is stunned.

AGRICOLA (CONT'D)
 The 9th did try to relieve the city
 but they were ambushed. Sir, they
 were routed.

Suetonius says nothing, struggling to process the news.

AGRICOLA (CONT'D)
 (after a moment)
 There's more, sir. The revolt is
 being led by a woman.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS
 (incredulous)
 A woman!

AGRICOLA
 Yes sir, Queen Boudica of the
 Iceni.

His staff wait for orders while Suetonius, deep in thought,
 decides what to do.

After a moment, his decision made, he addresses his staff.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS
 Londinium is sure to be her next
 target. Two cohorts will stay here.
 Agricola, you and I will ride ahead
 with the cavalry. The rest of the
 legions will follow at best
 possible speed.

Suetonius turns to one of his staff.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS (CONT'D)
 Send a message to the 2nd Augusta.
 They're to meet the infantry
 enroute.

Suetonius' demeanor becomes angry and intense.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS (CONT'D)
 Soldiers of Rome. We will not let
 this woman become the next
 Spartacus! We will destroy them so
 utterly that never again will these
 barbarians ever think of revolt. We
will bring order to this province!

Suetonius gives them the Roman salute.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS (CONT'D)
 Now, carry out your orders. For the
 honor and glory of Rome. Hail
 Caesar!

His staff return the salute.

STAFF
 (all together)
 Hail Caesar!

EXT. ROMAN DOCKS - LONDINIUM - DAY

Decianus Catus stands waiting at the stern of his ship; a typical Roman Trireme. His Commander of the guard supervises slaves loading the ship with supplies.

DECIANUS CATUS
 Move them along, Commander. I will
 not spend one more minute on this
 shit-hole of an island than I have
 to.

COMMANDER OF THE GUARD
 (to the soldiers on the
 docks)
 Faster!

Roman soldiers whip the slaves to quicken their pace. Catus' cargo of treasure, crates of goods, and a long line of newly acquired slaves in chains are brought aboard.

Among this ragged band of slaves are both Wren's wife and Dylan's wife.

EXT. HILL ABOVE BOUDICA'S CAMP - NIGHT

Dylan sits on his horse, looking both fearful and determined. He crests a hill and looks down onto Boudica's camp. His dagger glimmers in the moonlight.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - ROMAN FORT - DAY

SUPER: Town of Isca, (Present day Exeter). Home of the Roman Legion 2nd Augusta, commanded by Prefect Poenius Postumus.

POENIUS POSTUMUS, (60s), followed by his ADJUTANT, (30s), enter the courtyard in front of the headquarters building to address the ten TRIBUNES that command his cohorts, (battalions).

POENIUS POSTUMUS
The 2nd Augusta will not be
marching against the rebels.

They look at one another in surprise. Some get angry.

TRIBUNE #1
Prefect, we have orders!

POENIUS POSTUMUS
I'm well aware of our orders,
Tribune.

TRIBUNE #1
Sir, the 9th must be avenged!

POENIUS POSTUMUS
They will be, but not right now.
Instead you will have your men
improve our fortifications here.

TRIBUNE #2
(incredulous)
We must attack! If we don't, all of
Rome will think us cowards!

POENIUS POSTUMUS
Tribunes, enough! You have your
orders! Now, carry out the plan of
the day. Hail Caesar!

Postumus gives the Roman salute. It's returned by the
tribunes without enthusiasm.

TRIBUNES
(all together)
Hail Caesar.

Postumus, a bit flustered, and his adjutant turn and walk
back into the building.

INT. HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - ROMAN FORT - CONTINUOUS

Postumus, followed by the adjutant, walk into his office.

POENIUS POSTUMUS
The tribunes don't seem to
understand the tactical situation.

ADJUTANT
Sir, some of them had friends in
the 9th.

POENIUS POSTUMUS

Suetonius Paulinus is asking me to abandon the entire southeast region of Britannia. If we join his forces and lose, then what? There won't be a single legion left to defend the entire province! The entire island will be hers!

ADJUTANT

You're right, of course, sir.

POENIUS POSTUMUS

And when we're all dead, it would take months to march more legions to Gaul. And once there, hundreds of ships to sail them here.... Britannia would be lost.

Postumus, seeming to be unsure of his decision.

POENIUS POSTUMUS (CONT'D)

We must preserve the beachhead to this island. Suetonius Paulinus will just have to look out for himself.... It's what I'm sure Emperor Nero would want.

INT. NERO'S PALACE - ROME - DAY

Seneca and Burrus walk in to find Nero and his architect going over a scale model of Nero's planned theater.

NERO

Ah, Seneca, come in, I need your advice on an urgent matter.

SENECA

Of course, Highness, I'm here to serve.

NERO

What's your opinion, should the statue out front be the Muse Aoide?
 (Nero moves a model of the statue into place)
 Or would Apollo be a better choice?
 (replaces model of Aoide with one of Apollo)
 The architects just can't agree.

Seneca, never missing an opportunity to flatter.

SENECA

Uh, neither your Highness. The solution is obvious.... The statue should be of you.

Nero's eyes light up.

SENECA (CONT'D)

After all, it's through your wisdom and generosity that the people of Rome find inspiration. Should not the statue show future generations that they owe their appreciation of the arts to you?

NERO

You're right, Seneca. The solution was obvious.

Burrus rolls his eyes.

SENECA

I'm glad I could help, your Highness. Unfortunately that's not why we're here.

Nero looks at Seneca and Burrus and sees something is wrong.

NERO

What's happened?

SENECA

A revolt, Highness. In Britannia, led by Queen Boudica.

BURRUS

She's sacked the capital and destroyed an entire legion.

NERO

(shocked)

Why would they do such a thing? Do we not provide them with the light of civilization?

SENECA

They're savages, Highness. Not quite ready for civilization.

NERO

And they probably never will be. We should just leave.

BURRUS

(angrily)

Emperor Nero, will you really have us be driven out of an entire province...? By a woman!

Nero stiffens from Burrus' rebuke.

SENECA

And besides, Highness, without the tax revenues from Britannia, how will you pay for your new statue?

EXT. ROAD TO LONDINIUM - DUSK

SUPER: Road to Londinium.

It's early evening and Boudica's army has halted its march to set up camp for the night.

Boudica, Myrion and Wren walk through camp, arguing strategy.

MYRION

Suetonius' legions are marching to Londinium. He's smart and he's ruthless. He won't allow himself to get ambushed like the 9th. Perhaps we should wait.

WREN

Wait for what? We outnumber them ten to one, and more and more warriors join us every day.

Wren turns to Boudica.

WREN (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

There will never be a better opportunity. If you don't want to lead the attack, allow me.

Boudica's eyes harden as she faces Wren.

BOUDICA

The Lady Andraste has given us a gift. We will not squander it... and I will lead the attack.

Just then Dylan, carrying the dagger wrapped in a piece of cloth, bumps into Boudica and accidently drops it to the ground.

DYLAN
(surprised)
Queen Boudica, please forgive me.

BOUDICA
Of course. Think nothing of it.

Boudica picks up the dagger before Dylan can get to it.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
Where did you get such a beautiful
dagger?

DYLAN
(nervously)
It was a gift.

BOUDICA
It's lovely.

Wren glances at the dagger as Boudica hands it back to Dylan. She slaps Dylan on the shoulder in a friendly way and turns to walk away.

Dylan hesitates, gripping the dagger. His eyes dart between the blade and Boudica. Wren steps between them.

Boudica turns back and sees Wren studying Dylan.

WREN
Do I know you?

DYLAN
Doubtful, I'm Dylan... of the
Catuvellauni.

Wren nods slowly, thinking he might be mistaken but still senses something is wrong.

BOUDICA
Well, we're glad to have you with
us.

When Boudica, Myrion and Wren walk away, Dylan takes a deep, steadying breath.

EXT. WATERING HOLE - DAY

Early the next morning Glenda is lost in thought, looking down at her reflection in the water. She doesn't break her reverie when Boudica come up behind her.

Looking at each other through their reflections Boudica can see that Glenda is troubled.

BOUDICA
Dear heart, what worries you so?

Glenda turns to her mother, terrified.

GLEENDA
(in anguish)
Mother, I'm pregnant!

Boudica steps back, stunned by the news.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)
I'm so scared! What do I do? I
can't have a baby! Not this baby!

BOUDICA
(understanding)
The soldier who raped you?

GLEENDA
Yes! Oh, Mother, he's evil! What
will this child be?

BOUDICA
Oh darling, don't worry. Your child
will be good and smart, just like
you.

GLEENDA
(sobbing)
It will be a Roman baby!

Boudica embraces Glenda.

BOUDICA
Your child will be what you raise
it to be.

Boudica smiles.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
You will be a wonderful mother.

Boudica and Glenda are interrupted by Dylan. He approaches with desperation in his eyes and Catus' dagger in his hand.

EXT. ROAD TO LONDINIUM - SAME TIME

Boudica's army is breaking camp.

Wren is saddling his horse when a great wave of fear rolls through him. He realizes where he has seen Dylan.

QUICK FLASHES

- Catus wearing the ornate dagger.
- Dylan and his family in chains behind him.
- Dylan the day before with the dagger.

Realizing the awful truth that Dylan is an assassin, Wren spins around, searching for Boudica.

WREN
(yelling)
Boudica! Has anyone seen Boudica?

A WARRIOR walking by carrying a spear.

WARRIOR
Yeah, just a short while ago.

WREN
Where?

WARRIOR
I think she was headed for the watering hole.

Wren snatches the spear and takes off for the watering hole.

EXT. WATERING HOLE - CONTINUOUS

BOUDICA
Why?

DYLAN
Catus has my family. I'm sorry.

Dylan takes a step forward. Boudica steps in front of Glenda and draws a dagger of her own from beneath her cloak.

BOUDICA
You don't have to do this. When we get to Londinium we'll kill Catus and free your family.

DYLAN
He's not in Londinium! He's fled to Gaul and taken my family with him!

Boudica's eyes flash in fury.

BOUDICA
What? He's in Gaul?

DYLAN
I'm sorry.

Dylan takes a step toward Boudica and swings his blade, putting a small cut on her face.

Before he can follow up on his attack, his expression turns to pain and confusion. He looks down to find Wren's bloody spear jutting out of his chest.

Dylan staggers around and sees Wren. He gives him a look of shock and disbelief and collapses to the ground, dead.

Wren rushes to Boudica and Glenda.

WREN
Are you both alright?

BOUDICA
I didn't need your help!

Boudica yanks the spear out of Dylan and in a fit of white hot fury, repeatedly stabs the body while screaming in rage.

She flings the bloody spear into the pond.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
(to Wren)
Catus has fled to Gaul! He's beyond my reach!

Boudica sits down near the water's edge, her whole body clenched in frustration. Wren and Glenda both watch silently, not knowing what to say.

EXT. LONDINIUM - DAY

Londinium residents, mostly Roman and Celtic merchants, cheer in relief as Suetonius confidently trots down the street on horseback leading his cavalry into town, looking every bit the savior of the city.

He halts the cavalry in front of the office of the procurator and is met by a nervous looking MAGISTRATE, (30s).

MAGISTRATE
Governor, thank the gods, we had almost lost hope!

Suetonius and Agricola ignore the Magistrate as they dismount and walk into the building. The Magistrate hurries after them like a puppy afraid to be alone.

INT. OFFICE OF THE PROCURATOR - CONTINUOUS

Suetonius walks into the office and sits behind Catus' desk like he owns the place.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS

(to Magistrate)

Where's the procurator? Why isn't he here to greet us?

MAGISTRATE

Sir, I'm afraid he's fled to Gaul. Along with the treasury.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS

And the auxiliary troops, where are they?

MAGISTRATE

Sir, the procurator sent them to Camulodunum, to defend the city. They're all dead, sir, burned alive, I'm told.

AGRICOLA

Why didn't you flee with the procurator?

MAGISTRATE

He ordered me to stay and take charge.

AGRICOLA

Really? What did you do to piss him off?

SUETONIUS PAULINUS

(interrupting)

Doesn't matter. Now, Magistrate, tell me everything you know of this, Queen Boudica, and her rebel army.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF LONDINIUM - CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Glenda and Myrion are carving sticks, relaxing around a campfire. Aeryn is nearby twirling a spear around her like a baton. Boudica is a short distance away, talking with Wren.

GLEENDA
Myrion, is Wren a good man?

MYRION
Yes, I think so. He's certainly
brave.

Glenda examines her carved stick closely, brushes some wood shavings off of it, and smooths it with her fingertips.

GLEENDA
Do you think they'll fall in love?

MYRION
(chuckling)
Perhaps... or maybe they'll just
kill each other. We'll have to wait
and see.

GLEENDA
They do seem to argue a lot.

MYRION
They're not really fighting...
that's just the way two people who
like to fight get to know each
other.

GLEENDA
I hope they fall in love.

MYRION
It might happen. If she can
overcome her fear.

GLEENDA
Fear? I've never known Mother to
fear anything.

MYRION
She fears getting betrayed. She
thinks it's what killed her mother.

Glenda throws her stick into the fire, thinking.

GLEENDA
Isn't it?

Both look at Boudica. Boudica notices them and smiles.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF LONDINIUM - CAMPFIRE - SAME TIME

BOUDICA

(to Wren)

What will you do when all this is over? Will you try to find your family?

WREN

Of course. But I fear they are beyond my reach.

BOUDICA

You have a son?

WREN

(sadly remembering)

Yes, he would be eleven now... if he's still alive.

BOUDICA

You'll get him back. You are a good father.

Wren looks at Boudica, shakes his head in regret.

WREN

I am not. I failed to keep him safe.

BOUDICA

(Unable to meet his gaze)

We both share that guilt.

EXT. OFFICE OF THE PROCURATOR - DAY

It's early morning and the Roman cavalry are mounted and in formation in front of the building.

Suetonius and Agricola are about to mount their horses. The Magistrate runs toward them, out of breath, and in a panic.

MAGISTRATE

Governor, where are you going?

Suetonius and Agricola mount up. Suetonius looks down at the Magistrate with icy, emotionless eyes.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS

We're leaving. I suggest you do the same.

MAGISTRATE
 (shocked)
 What about the city?

SUETONIUS PAULINUS
 What about it?

MAGISTRATE
 Sir, if you leave, she'll burn it
 to the ground!

SUETONIUS PAULINUS
 Boudica's army will get here before
 my infantry. We cannot defeat
 Boudica with cavalry alone. The
 city cannot be saved.

Suetonius wheels his horse around and again looks down at the
 magistrate.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS (CONT'D)
 You have two choices. Stay and hope
 for mercy, or run.... Hail Caesar.

Suetonius and Agricola kick their horses into motion and the
 rest of the cavalry follows.

Panicking citizens gathered in the street call out after
 them. "Where are you going?", "Don't go!", "What will we
 do?", "We have children!", "Help us!", Etc...

EXT. LONDINIUM - NIGHT

Screams are heard from all over the city as it's sacked by
 Boudica's warriors.

Almost every building is on fire.

Boudica's warriors run rampant through the streets looking
 for people to kill and property to loot.

The bodies of men and women of all ages litter the streets,
 most of them Roman merchants and Celtic traders.

A handful of warriors are in front of the burning procurator
 building. They laugh as people on fire run out, placing bets
 on how far the burning people will get before they collapse.

Boudica, Glenda and Wren walk down the street. Boudica looks
 frustrated.

WREN
 (looking around)
 Where are the soldiers?

BOUDICA
 They've fled. How brave they are!

Moments later, Myrion, Aeryn, and a group of warriors approach along with a group of prisoners that are all tied together.

Aeryn prods them along with a spear. Among the prisoners is the Magistrate, his CELTIC WIFE, and their two children.

MYRION
 Caught them outside the city. This one (pointing to the Magistrate) says that the governor himself was here and has fled.

Boudica walks over to the Magistrate and looks him over.

BOUDICA
 Hmm... equestrian class. What shall we do with you?

WREN
 We have no use for prisoners.

Boudica ponders what to do with them for a moment.

WREN (CONT'D)
 We'll sacrifice them. In thanks to the Lady Andraste.

BOUDICA
 (to Wren)
 The Iceni don't believe in sacrificing people. Especially not a lowly Magistrate. Myrion, is that not what you taught me?

MYRION
 (glaring a warning at Wren)
 It is.

Wren returns Myrion's glare while addressing Boudica.

WREN
 The gods must be honored! The other tribes will demand it!

MYRION

Are not the corpses piled in the
streets honor enough!

Boudica takes a few moments to consider the argument. She
turns to Myrion and puts a hand on his shoulder.

BOUDICA

(to Myrion)

Wren is right. You told me yourself
that we cannot defeat the Romans
alone.... We need the other tribes.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

(to Wren, reluctantly)

Have the Vates build a wickerman.

The magistrate's CELTIC WIFE overhears this and starts
screaming.

CELTIC WIFE

No! Please! Spare my children!
They're innocent! Please don't burn
my children!

Aeryn and Glenda stand on either side of Boudica, acting like
the angels of her nature.

AERYN

(coldly)

Half Roman children.

GLEENDA

How can you say that! Mother,
they're just children!

WREN

The gods make no such distinction.

BOUDICA

(to Wren)

Any god who demands the sacrifice
of children is a god not worth
serving. Untie them.

Myrion smiles in relief at Boudica.

The children cry as Wren and his warriors untie them, then
drag the parents and other adults away.

Boudica and Myrion watch sadly until Wren and his warriors
are out of earshot.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

He has more rage in him than even me.

MYRION

He's becoming difficult to control.

BOUDICA

Don't worry, my old friend. I know how to manage him.

Myrion gives her a puzzled look as he tries to understand what she means.

EXT. BOUDICA'S CAMP - OUTSIDE LONDINIUM - NIGHT

The burning buildings of Londinium give Boudica's camp an eerie light. A group of Vates, dressed in white robes, begin to chant to the sound of drums and carnyxes.

They surround the wickerman, a crude cage twenty feet high made of tree branches woven into the rough shape of a man.

Inside the wickerman are the Roman and Celtic prisoners, including the Magistrate and his wife. At its base is a large pile of firewood.

Nearby are the grotesque bodies of Roman noblewomen who have been skewered through their bodies and stood up on long poles.

All around are scenes of wanton sex, drunkenness, feasting and fighting.

Naked men and women, their bodies adorned in swirling patterns of blue and green paint, dance in erotically suggestive ways.

Boudica wanders through the chaos holding a small bundle of mistletoe. She finds Wren in a makeshift lean-to. He looks at her, puzzled.

Boudica holds the mistletoe out to Wren. Her eyes are filled with lust.

Wren smiles in understanding.

AT THE WICKERMAN - CONTINUOUS

The vates light the fire at the base of the wickerman. The prisoners inside scream in panic.

They climb up the rungs of tree branches within the cage, desperately trying to escape the flames.

The Magistrate and his wife, their arms poking through the gaps. They scream in pain until finally they're engulfed in flames.

BACK TO WREN'S LEAN TO - CONTINUOUS

Boudica, her back lit by the burning wickerman, drops her tunic, exposing the brutal scars on her mutilated back.

Boudica sits down on top of Wren, straddling him.

She leans down and kisses him to the sound of the screaming of the wickerman.

EXT. AT THE WICKERMAN - DAY

The next morning Glenda is standing next to the still smoldering remains of the wickerman. What's left is nothing more than ash and bones.

She looks down at the pile, a single tear running down her cheek.

Boudica approaches and, seeing the tear, tries to put a comforting arm around her. Glenda angrily pulls away.

GLEENDA

Mother, how could you do this? How is this right!

Boudica is startled by Glenda's uncharacteristic anger.

BOUDICA

I had to. There was no other way. The Druids from the other tribes are not like Myrion. They still believe in the old ways... and we need their support. Without them we lose.... It's politics.

GLEENDA

It's murder!

Glenda kneels down in anguish, covering her ears.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

I can still hear them screaming!

Boudica kneels down in front of her and takes her wrists.

BOUDICA

Remember what they did to you! To us?

Glenda shrugs off Boudica's grip. She stands and points to the pile of ash and bone.

GLEENDA

Those people did nothing to us. I can't do this anymore.... I'm not like you, Mother.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

(under her breath,
storming away)

The Romans are right. We are barbarians.

Stung by her words, Boudica watches her walk away.

EXT/INT. SUETONIUS' HEADQUARTERS - VERULAMIUM - DAY

SUPER: Suetonius' headquarters, Verulamium, (Present day, St. Albans).

Agricola rides past six carts filled with barrels of wine parked in the front of the headquarters building.

He dismounts and strides past an artist working on a wall mural.

INT - SUETONIUS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Agricola walks in to find Suetonius at his desk. He comes to attention and gives him a Roman military salute.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS

Agricola my friend, what did you find out?

AGRICOLA

Sir, she sacked Londinium. Just as you said she would.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS

You're upset?

AGRICOLA

It's humiliating, sir. To be forced to flee... by a woman!

SUETONIUS PAULINUS
My friend, I understand your frustration. But to save the province, the town had to be sacrificed.

AGRICOLA
I understand, Sir.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS
Good. Because now we have to sacrifice Verulamium as well.

AGRICOLA
Sir?

SUETONIUS PAULINUS
Here, come take a look.

Suetonius motions Agricola to a map.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS (CONT'D)
To beat this mob, we're going to have to be clever and choose our ground carefully. Here is where we'll crush her (pointing at the map). At Manduessedum.

AGRICOLA
Looks like excellent ground, Sir. How will you draw her in?

SUETONIUS PAULINUS
It won't be difficult. They say she's hot tempered, impulsive and easy to provoke. And thanks to the procurator, utterly despises us.

AGRICOLA
They outnumber us ten to one, and still more warriors join their mob.

Suetonius gives Agricola a wicked smile.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS
Did you not see the barrels of wine outside? There's nothing more effective than wine to turn a barbarian army into an undisciplined mob... and we know how the locals do enjoy their wine.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - VERULAMIUM - CONTINUOUS

The artist continues to work on the wall mural.

EXT. NEOLITHIC RUINS - OUTSIDE VERALAMIUM - DAWN

Boudica is standing atop a small hill, its ancient, Neolithic standing stones arranged in a circle. She leans against one, slowly chewing a blade of straw, and watching the sunrise.

Myrion soon joins her. It's still somewhat dark and she doesn't notice the bundle he's placed on a nearby stone.

BOUDICA

(gesturing to the stones)

Tell me, my old teacher. Do you think we'll be forgotten like these people?

MYRION

(smiling)

I'm sure I'll be. You're a hard one to forget.

BOUDICA

Will I be remembered as a murderer or as a liberator?

Myrion pauses a moment, surprised by the question.

MYRION

You showed mercy to those children, Boudica. You don't enjoy killing for killing's sake.

BOUDICA

Glenda would disagree.

MYRION

Ah, so that's what is troubling you. Glenda doesn't yet understand the true meaning of sacrifice. You did what was necessary. She'll understand someday.

BOUDICA

I pray to Andraste that you're right.

MYRION

It was a hard decision... a decision only a true queen could make.

BOUDICA

Decision? My decisions are what got us here. My poor Aeryn, I look into her eyes and there's no one there anymore! And Glenda, sweet Glenda! Myrion, what have I done!

Boudica struggles to fight back her tears. Myrion wraps his arms around her.

MYRION

Living with the consequences is the very meaning of nobility.

After a time, Boudica notices the bundle Myrion has brought.

BOUDICA

(drying her eyes)
What's that?

Myrion lets her go and starts to unwrap the bundle.

MYRION

Something very special. Prasutagus commissioned this for you just before he died.

Myrion hands her the sheathed sword. Her eyes widen as she pulls it free. The sword catches the morning sun, revealing its stunning beauty.

MYRION (CONT'D)

It was made by the greatest sword-maker in Gaul. Some say the world. I'm told its blade contains a metal that fell from the sky.

BOUDICA

(awe-struck)
It's beautiful.

MYRION

A sword meant for a queen.

BOUDICA

Does it have a name?

MYRION

In our language it translates to Hard Cleave.

BOUDICA

I like that.... What is it called in Gaul?

MYRION
Excalibur.

EXT. VERULAMIUM - DAY

Boudica, with her daughters in their war chariot, leads her army into Verulamium looking for a fight, but finds the town abandoned.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

She stops the chariot and gets out to look around. Wren and Myrion soon join her.

Her warriors fan out and start looting the town. They swarm over the carts when they discover the casks of wine.

BOUDICA
Yet again, they refuse to fight!

WREN
Perhaps they're weaker than we think.

BOUDICA
Or more cowardly.

WREN
I'll send out scouts. We'll find out where they went.

When Wren walks away, Boudica spots the freshly painted wall mural. Curious, she gets a better look.

The mural's style resembles a modern day political cartoon. It shows Boudica and Prasutagus as puppets attached to strings being controlled by a laughing Emperor Nero.

Myrion sees Boudica looking at the mural, her eyes furious, her jaw clenched.

MYRION
They're hoping to provoke you, draw you into a fight.

Boudica snaps at Myrion.

BOUDICA
I can see that!

She fumes at the mural again.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
 They'll find I'm not so easily
 manipulated.

Boudica storms into the building.

MYRION
 (to himself)
 I hope not.

INT. SUETONIUS' OFFICE - VERULAMIUM - NIGHT

Wren walks in to find Boudica, Myrion, Aeryn and a very pregnant Glenda in Suetonius' former office.

WREN
 Suetonius and his cavalry have
 rejoined his legions.

BOUDICA
 Where?

WREN
 They've occupied the old fort at
 Manduessedum.

MYRION
 He won't stay in the fort. Tomorrow
 he'll be waiting for us.

WREN
 (laughing)
 Excellent! Chasing them is getting
 tiresome.

MYRION
 (annoyed)
 You think it's going to be easy?

Myrion turns to Boudica.

MYRION (CONT'D)
 Please Boudica, remember what
 happened to your mother. Don't fall
 into their trap.

BOUDICA
 She was betrayed. By my husband.
 Besides, what would you have me do?

MYRION

Fight a guerilla war. Make them chase us, then we can hit them on the move... like you did with the 9th, on ground of your choosing.

WREN

(incredulous)

You want us to run? Now?

Wren turns to Boudica.

WREN (CONT'D)

Are you really going to tell a hundred thousand warriors to go home? On the very eve of victory?

Wren turns to Myrion.

WREN (CONT'D)

To do so would be cowardly.

Myrion glares at Wren, stung, but refusing to be goaded.

MYRION

(to Boudica)

We cannot defeat a Roman army when they're in battle formation, No one can, not even with our numbers...! Look what happened to Spartacus!

BOUDICA

(wryly)

I am not Spartacus.

Aeryn rolls her eyes at that.

MYRION

Boudica, please. Fight a guerrilla war. Send most of the warriors home, it's not too late to plant this year's crops.

WREN

We've taken enough grain from the Romans.

MYRION

And what of the Britons who choose not to fight? Do we let them starve!

WREN

Let them eat grass.... With the
rest of the sheep!

Boudica, not wanting the argument to escalate, turns to Myrion and places a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

BOUDICA

Myrion, my old teacher, I do hear you. But the army is here and we'll never again be able to gather so many warriors. And we have the momentum. Wren is right. There is no other choice.

Myrion looks out the window and sees Boudica's warriors laughing and drinking from the open wine barrels.

EXT. VERULAMIUM - NIGHT

Myrion and Boudica watch a large group of drunk warriors start fights with each other.

BOUDICA

For the first time in my life I'm
frightened.

Myrion turns to Boudica, surprised.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

You were right before, when you
said we couldn't win.

MYRION

Then why fight? Let's leave this
place. Before it's too late.

BOUDICA

It's already too late. I never told
you of my dream, did I?

MYRION

You said Andraste showed you that
we must fight.

BOUDICA

I'm no longer sure. Perhaps she
showed me a vision of a future that
I cannot avoid. Either way, my path
is clear.

Myrion is alarmed by Boudica's tone.

MYRION

(pleading)

No! No Boudica! You don't have to sacrifice yourself! Have Wren take command! You, your daughters and I, we can just leave!

BOUDICA

The Romans will never stop chasing me. I'm the one who humiliated them, not Wren.

MYRION

If it comes to that, we'll go to the Otherworld together.

BOUDICA

No Myrion, you promised Prasutagus to keep the girls safe. I hold you to that promise.

MYRION

I can't stand by and watch you go off to die like I did with your mother!

BOUDICA

She sacrificed herself because of her hope for freedom...that her people would live... that I would live, free... I didn't understand the cost then, but I do now. And I choose my people.

Boudica smiles at her old friend.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

Who knows, maybe we'll win.

Myrion's eyes become watery and he cannot speak. After a moment, he reluctantly nods.

MONTAGE - BOUDICA'S WARRIORS MARCH TO BATTLE

-- Boudica rolls past, driving her war chariot with Aeryn and Glenda on either side. Behind her is Myrion in his chariot, followed by Wren in his.

-- A dozen war chariots roll past followed by warriors on foot.

-- Boudica turns her chariot off the road and into a large field to her right.

-- The other chariots form a line on either side of her and begin to drive up a slight incline.

-- The warriors on foot, follow the chariots up the hill and form a dense, disorganized mob. In the distance we see the Roman Army waiting near the top of the hill.

END MONTAGE:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - ROMAN FRONTLINE - DAY

The Roman formations are silent, motionless and lined up and organized with perfect precision, waiting at attention.

A battle scarred centurion intensely watches Boudica's undisciplined mob approach. A house fly lands on his face. He doesn't even twitch.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - BOUDICA'S FRONTLINE - DAY

SUPER: Manduessedum, (Modern day, Mancetter).

Boudica slows to a halt in her war chariot. Her face is painted in blue war paint. The vast Celtic army stretches off into the distance behind her.

Boudica smiles in anticipation of the coming battle. Her eyes turn to her enemy and her expression hardens.

In front of her, the Romans are organized with three infantry divisions making up the middle, two cavalry divisions on the wings and Roman archers and auxiliary troops in the rear. The total Roman force equals about ten thousand.

EXT - OPEN FIELD - ROMAN FRONTLINE - AERIAL - CONTINUOUS

Suetonius has cleverly deployed his army in a narrow defile with dense woods behind him and to the sides which protects him from getting surrounded. He is near the top of a gentle slope, forcing Boudica to fight an uphill battle.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - BOUDICA'S FRONTLINE - DAY

BOUDICA
(to her daughters)
Look at how patiently they wait to
die.

Boudica turns her chariot to face her army.

She looks down the slope to the plain beyond, it is filled with over one hundred thousand warriors.

She is awestruck at the sheer size of it.

Her warriors have painted themselves in blue and green war paint with swirling Celtic spirals and triskelion patterns.

In the front ranks, many warriors, both male and female, recite their lineage to themselves in the Celtic custom of preparing for battle.

MALE WARRIOR

Son of Cai.... Son of Arthur....
Son of Bryn.

FEMALE WARRIOR

Daughter of Eurion.... Son of
Gwyn.... Son of Llewelyn.

Behind Boudica's army, her supply chain of dozens of wagons rolls to a stop. With them are thousands of cheering spectators, mostly family members of the warriors that have come to see the Romans get slaughtered.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - BOUDICA'S FRONTLINE - AERIAL - CONTINUOUS

We see Boudica's wagon train come to a stop and form a shallow semi-circle behind Boudica's army, inadvertently enclosing the defile, clearly cutting off any escape.

EXT. BOUDICA'S FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Realizing the danger from the closed ranks of the wagons, Myrion rides his chariot up to Boudica.

MYRION

If you want us to leave, we must do
so now.

Boudica dismounts her chariot and gives both of her daughters a long embrace. Aeryn is furious at being left behind. Glenda looks like she's ready to give birth at any moment.

BOUDICA

Now girls, do as Myrion says and
I'll see you in a few days, at the
sacred pond. And don't worry,
Andraste will protect you.

Boudica looks to Myrion and gives him a final embrace.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
So, how do I look?

MYRION
Like the queen you were always
meant to be.

BOUDICA
Do you think I'll make a splash?

MYRION
(teary-eyed)
You already have.

Boudica watches Myrion and the girls mount their chariot and drive away.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - BOUDICA'S FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Boudica looks regal standing in her chariot, holding a spear, Hard Cleave on her hip. Her army waits in silence for what she has to say.

BOUDICA
I am a queen! But I did not come here to fight for my kingdom or my wealth! I came here to avenge my violated and outraged daughters, and my battered body! But now I realize that vengeance is no longer enough! For now there is a greater purpose! That purpose is to unite all the tribes of Briton into one great tribe for the freedom of us all!

The warriors are in rapt attention.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
So, today we fight not just for ourselves, we fight for our island! We fight for an island free from Roman savagery, where old people are killed and virgins raped!

The warriors cheer.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
Today we fight for an island free from Roman greed where our land is taxed or taken...! Today we fight to take back our land!

Boudica draws Hard Cleave and raises it high.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
 For we are the Island Of The
 Mighty!

The army cheers and the carnyx' sound their riff. The sound thunders across the plain.

EXT. BOUDICA'S LINE - SUPPLY WAGONS - CONTINUOUS

In their chariot, Glenda, Aeryn, and a desperate Myrion make their way through the dense crowd, struggling to find a gap in the wagon train.

Glenda suddenly moans and doubles over in pain.

GLEENDA
 Myrion. The baby. I think it's
 happening!

MYRION
 Aeryn! Help your sister while I
 find a way out of here!

Not hearing a response, Myrion looks back for Aeryn.

AERYN
 I'm sorry Myrion, I have to go.

She reaches out, puts a hand on Glenda's swollen belly and smiles.

AERYN (CONT'D)
 (to Glenda)
 Good luck.

GLEENDA
 (worried, nodding)
 Good luck.

In a flash, Aeryn jumps off the chariot and disappears into the crowd.

Myrion screams to the sky in frustration, then forces himself to regain his composure.

MYRION
 (to Glenda)
 Don't worry. I'll find a way out of
 here. Hold on.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - ROMAN FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Suetonius turns to Agricola.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS
Infantry... forward march.

Roman trumpeters blast their horns and the troops march as one toward the Britons.

Suetonius and his command staff stay behind as the infantry marches past.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - BOUDICA'S FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Boudica moves to lead the attack and meet the Roman advance. Aeryn startles her by jumping onto the chariot.

BOUDICA
Aeryn, what are you doing here?
Where's Glenda? Did she make it
out?

AERYN
I don't know... I think so.

Boudica, near panic, looks toward the wagons into a sea of people for any sign of Glenda and Myrion.

Wren and his driver ride up in their chariot.

WREN
Boudica! What are you waiting for?
We must attack!

Boudica looks toward the Roman line and then back toward the wagons with dread and indecision. She steels herself with grim determination.

BOUDICA
(to Aeryn)
Don't you dare leave my side!

Boudica raises Hard Cleave high and swings it down to signal the carnyx' to sound the charge.

EXT. BOUDICA'S LINE - SUPPLY WAGONS - CONTINUOUS

Myrion and Glenda approach a small gap between two wagons and just manage to squeeze through before racing away from the battle.

EXT. CRUDE SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Myrion and Glenda find the remains of a burnt out farm far off the road.

Myrion stops the chariot and Glenda cries out in pain, panting as her labor continues.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - BOUDICA'S FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Following Boudica's lead, warriors in a dozen war chariots charge forward ahead of the main body. They throw their spears at the Roman infantry as they peel away.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - ROMAN FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

The Roman infantry easily block the spears with their shields and continue to march relentlessly on.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - BOUDICA'S FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Warriors armed with slings rush out in front and whip their stones at the Romans in a massive volley.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - ROMAN FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Like a hailstorm, the stones pelt the Roman front ranks, bouncing off their helmets, shields and armor.

ROMAN CENTURION

Keep moving men, they're just
rocks!

A large rock hits him square in the mouth and he goes down, but still the Romans march on.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - BOUDICA'S FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Boudica and the other chariot drivers begin to launch another attack but this time Suetonius is waiting for it.

EXT. SUETONIUS' POSITION - BEHIND ROMAN FRONTLINE -
CONTINUOUS

SUETONIUS PAULINUS

(to Agricola)

Archers, target the chariots...
fire at will.

ROMAN ARCHER POV:

From their slightly elevated position, the archers can easily target the chariots. We see hundreds of arrows sail over the Roman infantry toward the chariots in the distance.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - BOUDICA'S FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Boudica and Aeryn barely avoid being hit when they're forced to duck down under their shields.

Dozens of arrows rain down, plunging into the horses driving the chariots. The two horses driving Boudica's chariot, rear up, whinnying in pain and fear. They toss Boudica and Aeryn out of the back as they bolt.

Boudica, trying to right herself, sees a chariot with two dead riders. The panicked horses, studded with arrows, are blinded by fear and pain. They plow through her army's front ranks, mowing down dozens of warriors.

EXT. CRUDE SHELTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Glenda is drenched in sweat. She pants and screams as she struggles to push out her baby. Myrion holds her hand, strokes her hair and guides her through delivery.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - BOUDICA'S FRONTLINE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The two armies have now marched to within fifty yards of each other.

The Roman archers shift their fire deeper into Boudica's army to avoid hitting their own troops.

Boudica, with Aeryn's help, picks herself up. They both join the front ranks and continue the march toward the Romans.

EXT. SÜETONIUS' POSITION - BEHIND ROMAN FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Suetonius and his command staff calmly watch the progress of the two armies closing on one another.

SÜETONIUS PAULINUS
(to Agricola)
It's time. Infantry, wedge
formation.

AGRICOLA
 (to trumpeters)
 Infantry... wedge formation!

The Centurions, hearing the trumpets, reform their rectangular formation to the shape of a wedge.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS
 Now... infantry, attack!

The Roman infantry rush forward to hurl their javelins.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - BOUDICA'S FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Dozens of javelins arc straight toward Boudica's front line. The javelins penetrate the warriors' shields and impale their faces, arms and chests.

Warriors struggle to free their shields from the cleverly designed javelins but the bent shafts and barbed tips make it almost impossible.

One unlucky warrior, screaming in pain, tries to free his arm from a javelin that has pinned it to his shield.

Boudica ducks a javelin and it impales the warrior behind her.

Boudica's line is now in disarray. The Romans, still in wedge formation, slam into Boudica's frontline.

Boudica with Hard Cleave, and Aeryn with her spear, poke and jab at the Romans. They struggle to keep out of range of the Roman infantry's short swords and are slowly driven back.

The fighting is savage and personal. Boudica's warriors and Roman infantry hack, stab and slash at one another, face to face.

Warriors launch themselves at the Romans but can't penetrate the tight infantry formation's shield wall. The ones that do, are cut down by Roman short swords.

EXT. SUETONIUS' POSITION - BEHIND ROMAN FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Suetonius again turns to Agricola.

SUETONIUS PAULINUS
 The cavalry may now commence their attack.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - BOUDICA'S FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Wren is hurling rocks from his sling as fast as he can while his driver steers the chariot, one of only a few to survive the Roman archery barrage.

He and his driver hear a thunderous roar over the loud din of battle. They turn toward a wall of soldiers on horseback bearing down on them. A wall of lances and swords.

Thinking quickly, Wren has his driver aim the chariot straight at the Roman charge.

Wren pokes the horses' hindquarters with his spear, grabs the driver and jumps off the back.

The horses and now empty chariot roar off at full speed straight toward the rapidly closing cavalry.

Wren does a roll and is instantly up and slinging rocks at the Roman charge. One rock hits a horse in the head. The horse veers and collides with the horse next to it. Both riders and horses go down, tumbling across the battlefield.

Wren looks around and sees Boudica's army being driven back.

EXT. SÜETONIUS' POSITION - BEHIND ROMAN FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

AGRICOLA

Sir, the battle seems to be going even better than you predicted.

SÜETONIUS PAULINUS

Yes, it won't be long now. They were even kind enough to block their own escape.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - BOUDICA'S FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Boudica and Aeryn, now covered in mud and blood, fight side by side, desperately trying to fend off, and retreat from, the relentless Roman infantry advance.

Aeryn gets smashed in the face by a Roman shield boss and is knocked to the ground.

She tries to crawl away and reaches out to Boudica.

AERYN

Mother!

Aeryn disappears under the advancing Roman shield wall. A second later Boudica hears her daughter's death as Aeryn cries out in agony from behind the shields.

BOUDICA

No...! Aeryn... Aeryn!

Boudica launches herself with savage ferocity at the Roman infantry, trying to ram her way through the Roman shields.

A Roman soldier expertly jabs his short sword through a gap between the shields and stabs Boudica in the side.

Gasping in pain and surprise, she stumbles backward to the ground.

She frantically crawls backwards away from the advancing infantry. Wren, now on horseback appears, barging his way through the crowd.

He leans down low and expertly scoops up the badly wounded Boudica. He throws her into the saddle behind him and they charge off toward the rear.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - BOUDICA'S FRONTLINE - CONTINUOUS

Wren steers them to a relatively safer part of the battle. Boudica cries out in pain and falls to the ground. Wren jumps down and gently props her up into his arms.

Worried, Wren examines Boudica's wound.

BOUDICA

(in pain and despair)

She's gone! Aeryn is gone.

WREN

I know. I saw.

Wren gently caresses her cheek.

WREN (CONT'D)

It's over, Boudica. There's nothing more you can do here.... Go find Glenda.

Wren lifts her and puts her on his horse.

BOUDICA

What about you?

WREN

I still have a debt to collect from
the Romans for my wife and son.

Boudica hesitates as their eyes meet.

BOUDICA

For freedom.

WREN

(nodding slightly)
For freedom.

Wren slaps the horse on the ass and it trots away. Boudica looks back and sees Wren draw his sword, let out a battle cry, and charge at the Romans.

EXT. BOUDICA'S LINE - SUPPLY WAGONS - CONTINUOUS

Boudica clutches her side, weaving her way between the narrow gap of two supply wagons. Dozens of spectators also begin to flee.

She reins her horse and looks back. What she sees is carnage and mayhem.

Roman arrows rain down on warriors, spectators, and the pack animals in the wagon train. Their corpses block the few remaining escape routes.

Panicked Britons try to squeeze their way through the now closed bottlenecks between the wagons and are crushed.

Distraught and in pain, Boudica kicks her horse into a trot to go find her daughter.

EXT. CRUDE SHELTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Glenda is exhausted but weakly smiling. Myrion wraps the baby in Glenda's cloak and gently hands it to her.

MYRION

It's dangerous here. Are you well
enough to move?

GLENDIA

Yes, I think so. Thank you,
Myrion... for everything.

In the distant background, Boudica rides down the road, starting on her long journey to the sacred pond and to Glenda, unaware how close she actually is.

INT. HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - ROMAN FORT - DAY

The adjutant walks into the office of Poenius Postumus and finds him at his desk. Face ashen, he stares off into space. In his hand he holds a scroll.

The adjutant notices an unsheathed sword on the prefect's desk.

ADJUTANT

Prefect, you wanted to see me?

Poenius continues to stare off into space for a moment before finally turning to the adjutant.

POENIUS POSTUMUS

Governor General Suetonius Paulinus has written to inform me that, against all odds, he has crushed the revolt and has won a stunning victory for Rome.

ADJUTANT

That truly is good news, sir.

POENIUS POSTUMUS

He also says how unfortunate it is that the 2nd Augusta wasn't there to share in this glorious victory.

ADJUTANT

(looking uncomfortable)
Yes, sir... most unfortunate.

POENIUS POSTUMUS

Go... tell the tribunes the good news.

The adjutant again looks at the sword, understanding now its significance. When he again looks at Postumus, their eyes lock for a moment in understanding.

ADJUTANT

Yes, sir. I will.

The Adjutant gives the prefect an extra crisp salute and walks out.

MOMENTS LATER

We see the Prefect's shadow on the wall from just outside his office. He holds the tip of the sword to his chest, places the hilt on the floor and falls forward, impaling himself.

EXT. ROMAN VILLA - GAUL - DAY

SUPER: Gaul (Modern day Calais, France).

Catus stands on the veranda of a luxurious villa overlooking the sea. He gazes at the white cliffs of Dover in the distance.

A slave, Dylan's wife LYNET, (30s), refills Catus' wine goblet. Her cheek is bruised and her lip has a grotesque scab on it from a beating Catus ordered.

Catus pays no attention to her, lost in thought, smug.

Lynet puts down the pitcher of wine and nods to a skulking figure hiding in the shadows. When she steps out we see that it is Wren's wife, Cara.

They both draw their knives and sneak up to Catus.

Catus squeals in a high pitch as they plunge their knives again and again into his body.

With terror in his eyes, he falls and struggles to crawl away, leaving a wide trail of blood.

The two wives casually stroll after him.

Near death, Catus rolls over and sees the two women staring down at him, grim satisfaction on their faces.

Cara takes the gold torc from Catus' neck that he stole from Boudica.

CARA

You'll no longer be needing this.

LYNET

Hail fucking Caesar.

Covered in blood, they look at each other, nod, and plunge their knives into him one last time.

INT. NERO'S PALACE - BANQUET HALL - ROME - NIGHT

Nero and his ass-kissing sycophants recline on couches and feast in typical Roman fashion. They relax, and recover from yet another of Nero's grueling lyre performances.

Seneca and Burrus enter the hall.

NERO

Where have you two been? You missed another performance. I'm starting to think you two don't appreciate fine music.

SENECA

Not at all, Sire. Your lyre playing is... inspirational. But we had...

BURRUS

(interrupting)
... Boudica's rebellion in Britannia has been crushed.

NERO

Oh, that's wonderful!

Nero turns to his sycophants.

NERO (CONT'D)

Everyone, we have won a great victory in Britannia!

The sycophants erupt in exaggerated applause.

SENECA

The victory is yours, Sire. However... there is one thing.

Nero sobers up a bit, bracing for bad news.

SENECA (CONT'D)

Before being murdered, Procurator Decianus Catus was only able to save five million Sesterces from the treasury.

Seneca and Burrus exchange sly glances.

SENECA (CONT'D)

But don't worry, Highness. Soon the tax revenues will begin to flow again.

NERO

When will I get my new theater?

SENECA

Soon, Sire... soon.

BURRUS

(to Seneca)

We'll need to transfer forces from Germania to restore the 9th to full strength.

SENECA

(to Burrus)

Good idea. Perhaps we should also replace the governor as well. It may be time for a less heavy-handed approach.

BURRUS

I agree.

Nero, feeling annoyed at being left out of the decision making process.

NERO

(interjecting himself)

Yes! See to all of that.

SENECA

Very well, Sire. We'll see to it immediately. As always, you are most wise.

Seneca and Burrus turn to leave when Nero asks.

NERO

And what of this Boudica? What has become of her?

EXT. SACRED POND - DUSK

It's late afternoon and both Boudica and her horse are near exhaustion as they slowly approach the pond.

The horse puts its head down for a desperately needed drink. Boudica, clutching the wound on her side, unsteadily dismounts. She is weak from the loss of blood, which has dried all down her side.

She calls out.

BOUDICA

Glenda! Myrion!

She spins around, frantically searching and again calls out,

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

Glenda! Myrion!

Boudica, weak and out of breath, falls to her knees in despair.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

Glenda...

Her despair turns to anger. She begins to breathe heavy. Her face turns red and her eyes begin to burn with rage.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

Andraste, you trickster! You have betrayed me!

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

You vile, wretched being. Was my devotion not pure enough? Was my faith not strong enough?

Boudica draws Hard Cleave from its scabbard and holds it with its point toward the ground.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

For my family. I pierce your cruel, fickle heart!

With the last of her strength she plunges Hard Cleave deep into the ground next to a large rock, halfway to its hilt.

The sun begins to set across the sacred pond. Boudica holds herself up on either side with the rock and sword. Her eyes shine with unshed tears.

She collapses backwards. The evening sun casts a warm glow on her worn, dirt and blood smudged face.

A small hare that was watching runs off toward the sunset.

The sun sets across the pommel of Hard Cleave and passes over the engraved trinity knot.

The sun disappears over the horizon.

EXT. SACRED POND - DAWN

The next morning Glenda and Myrion make it to the sacred pond in their chariot.

Glenda, carrying her baby, hops off the chariot when she sees her mother lying on the ground.

GLENDIA

Mother!

Glenda runs and kneels next to her.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)
Oh no! Mother!

Myrion stops the chariot and also runs to Boudica. He gently lifts her, propping her against the rock. He touches her cheek.

MYRION
She's still alive... barely.

GLEENDA
Please Myrion, save her.

Myrion sees Boudica's wound.

MYRION
I'll get my satchel.

Myrion rushes back to the chariot.

Glenda gently places her baby on Boudica's lap and takes her hand. Boudica opens her eyes, sees Glenda, and smiles in relief.

BOUDICA
Thank the gods I have one daughter
who lives!

GLEENDA
(sobbing)
No! Oh, Aeryn!

BOUDICA
(trying to smile)
Who is this little bundle?

GLEENDA
(smiling through tears)
Mother, meet your granddaughter.
Her name is Aisling.

Boudica looks down at her granddaughter. She smiles and a tear rolls down her cheek in recognition of the baby's name.

BOUDICA
(weakly)
Ah, 'beautiful dream'. Perfect.

GLEENDA
Yes. For you. For your dream of
freedom.

Glenda rests one hand on her mother's arm and the other on the baby.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)
 (CONT'D)
 Aisling, daughter of Glenda....
 Daughter of Queen Boudica....
 Daughter of Queen Scavo....

The rage in Boudica's eyes has finally burnt itself out. She looks down at her granddaughter, and we see in her eyes only love.

After a moment Boudica hands the baby back to Glenda.

Boudica reaches for Myrion. He takes her hand, sits, and examines the wound on her side.

Boudica uses the sleeve of her tunic to wipe the tears and dirt from her face.

BOUDICA
 (smiling weakly)
 Hello, old friend.

Myrion returns a sad smile.

MYRION
 Time for me to start saying that to you. You're a grandmother after all.

Boudica turns more serious.

BOUDICA
 Make me a poison, Myrion... I'm dying anyway.

GLEENDA
 Mother, no...

Boudica reaches up to Glenda and tucks a lock of hair behind Glenda's ear.

BOUDICA
 Dear heart, the Romans require a sacrifice....

MYRION
 ...I can save you!

BOUDICA
 You can save Glenda and Aisling.

Myrion shakes his head in denial, tears welling.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
 If you save me, Glenda and Aisling
 will never be safe. You know this.
 Send me to Andraste knowing they
 live!

Myrion is grappling with his emotions. He continues shaking his head, but more slowly now.

She puts a hand on Hard Cleave, caressing its intricate details.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
 We don't have much time before the
 Romans come searching. Please...

Myrion, in sad resignation, takes her hand.

MYRION
 From the moment you drew breath in
 this world you have made an impact.
 Your wild spirit, your untamed
 heart...

Myrion's tears course freely down his face.

MYRION (CONT'D)
 How so very proud I am to call you
 my queen.

Myrion prepares the poisoned tea using herbs, mortar and pestle from his satchel, and water from the sacred pond. He says a silent prayer and hands the mortar to Boudica.

MYRION (CONT'D)
 You will not have long.

BOUDICA
 Thank you, my truest friend.

Glenda, the baby in her arms, watches Boudica raise the mortar to her lips and drink deeply. Tears course down Glenda's cheeks. She takes her mother's hand.

Boudica looks lovingly at Aisling.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)
 Teach her our ways, keep her spirit
 wild and free.

The poison starts to work. Boudica's speech slows. Her gaze turns to Hard Cleave, stuck in the ground next to her.

BOUDICA (CONT'D)

Throw it into the pond.... For the
one who is to come.

Boudica gives Glenda one last smile, closes her eyes and then slumps forward, dead, finally at peace.

GLEENDA

The world will remember you. I
promise.

Myrion takes Aisling and says nothing as Glenda cries. He lets her mourn for a moment, then gently helps her to her feet.

MYRION

Glenda, we must go. They'll be here
any moment.

Glenda grabs Hard Cleave, and with great effort, pulls it free from the ground (camera angle makes it appear that she's pulling it from the stone), and walks to the edge of the pond.

GLEENDA

(softly spoken)

For the one who is to come.

With all her strength she hurls Hard Cleave high into the air and watches as it knifes into the perfect calm of the water.

She and Myrion watch the ripples for a moment as they fan out across the pond.

Myrion hands Glenda her baby.

She looks down at her mother for the final time, then at Aisling, and then to Myrion.

GLEENDA (CONT'D)

I understand sacrifice now.

MYRION

We must go now or that sacrifice
will be for nothing.

Glenda and Myrion mount their chariot.

EXT. SACRED POND - DAY - MOS - CONTINUOUS

GLEENDA (V.O.)

The hope of freedom burned so
fiercely in my mother's heart.

(MORE)

GLENDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 The heart of a warrior, the heart
 of a queen. I have much to teach
 you, my Aisling, my dear heart.

Myrion whips the horses into a run across the hilly meadow. The wind blows Glenda's hair back, revealing serenity and determination.

EXT. SACRED POND - HIGHSPEED TIME LAPSE TO PRESENT DAY

MONTAGE: THROUGH THE AGES

-- Romans pursuing Boudica find her body. Transitions to...

-- A small settlement gets built on site and grows.
 Transitions to...

-- Anglo Saxons sack the settlement. They rebuild it and it grows. Transition to...

-- Viking raiders sack the settlement and burn it to the ground. Town is rebuilt and grows fast. Transitions to...

-- Medieval knight in a thriving town. Transitions to...

-- Town is bigger. A large cathedral is built in background.
 Transitions to...

-- The industrial revolution. A mill is built. Many chimneys belching black smoke. Transition to...

-- Village is looking modern. The pond is part of a park. There is a walkway lined with park benches along the shore.
 Transitions to...

-- In the distant background, high over the pond, a German HE 111 Bomber bursts into flames as it is shot down by a British Spitfire. The Bomber explodes in the distance.

END HIGHSPEED TIME-LAPSE MONTAGE

SUPER: Present Day.

The pond looks peaceful and serene. A modern but quaint English village is in the background.

A woman wearing sunglasses sits on a park bench sipping on a cup of coffee. She reads a newspaper printed in the Welsh language.

When she takes off the sunglasses we see she's obviously BOUDICA'S DESCENDANT from the remarkable resemblance to her (played by same actress). She is dressed in a plaid shirt with the same pattern Boudica wore.

She is soon joined by a YOUNG MAN who gives her a quick kiss.

At his approach, a bluebird sitting on the limb of an ancient, sprawling oak startles and flies away across the pond (from dream sequence).

He smiles, then reaches into his pocket. He hands her a slender, black jewelry box.

She smiles in surprise at the gift. When she opens it we see that it's a silver necklace with a trinity knot pendant.

He helps her fasten it around her neck. She gives him a kiss and a hug, clearly liking the gift.

They get up and begin their walk along the pond's edge. She suddenly stops and pulls a coin from her pocket.

BOUDICA'S DESCENDANT

For luck?

He smiles and nods yes. She tosses the coin into the water.

They each pause a moment to watch the ripples fan out across the still pond.

UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The coin weaves and wobbles as it sinks to the bottom. It finally lands next to Hard Cleave, Boudica's ancient and corroded sword. The trinity knot is still visible on the pommel.

The sword has impaled itself into the bottom. Around it are many other coins, ancient and modern, representing the many ages of Britain.

BACK TO POND

The ripples swell toward the pond's edge and fade away as Boudica's Descendant, arm in arm with her boyfriend, walks off into the distance.

FADE TO BLACK