

## APPENDICES

### Appendix 1. The Transcription of 300 Movie Script

Narrator (Dillios)

: *When the boy was born... like all Spartans he was inspected. If he had been born or puny or sickly or misshapen he would've been discarded. From the time he could stand, he was baptized in the fire of combat. Taught never to retreat, never to surrender. Taught that death on the battlefield in service to Sparta is the greatest glory he could achieve in his life. At age seven, as is customary in Sparta... The boy was taken from his mother and plunged in a world of violence.*

*Manufactured by 300 years of Spartan warrior society to create the finest soldiers the world has ever known. The agoge, as it's called forces the boy to fight. Starves them. Forces them to steal. And, if necessary, to kill. By rod and lash, the boy was punished. Taught to show no pain, no mercy. Constantly tested, tossed into the wild. Left to pit his wits and will against nature's fury. It was his initiation, his time in the wild.*

*For he would return to his people a Spartan or not at all. The wolf begins to circle the boy. Claws of black steel, fur as dark night. Eyes glowing red. Jewels from the pit of hell itself. The giant wolf sniffing... savoring the scent of the meal to come. It's not fear that grips him. Only a heightened sense of things. The cold air in his lungs. Windswept pines moving against the coming night. His hands are steady. His form... perfect.*

*And so the boy, given up for dead, returns to his people. To sacred Sparta, a king !*

Dillios

: *Our king, Leonidas ! It's been more than thirty years since the wolf and the winter cold. Now, as then, a beast approaches. Patient and confident. Savoring the meal to come. But this beast is made of men and horses, swords and spears. An army of slaves, vast beyond imagining. Ready to devour tiny Greece. Ready to snuff out the world's one hope for reason and justice. A beast approaches. And it was King Leonidas himself who provoked it.*

King Leonidas (D1)

*Now the more you sweat here, the less you bleed in battle. My father taught me that fear is always a constant. By accepting it... It makes you stronger.*

- Captain Artemis : My queen. A Persian emissary awaits Leonidas.
- King Leonidas (D2) : In the end, the Spartan's true strength is the warrior next to him. So give respect and honor to him. And it will be returned to you. First, you fight with your head.
- Queen Gorgo : Then you fight with your heart.
- King Leonidas (D3) : What is it ?
- Queen Gorgo : A Persian messenger awaits you.
- King Leonidas (D4) : Do not forget today's lesson.
- King's son : Respect and honour.
- King Leonidas (D5) : Respect and honour.
- Queen Gorgo : Councilman Theron, you found yourself needed for once.
- Theron : My king and queen, I was just entertaining your guests.
- King Leonidas (D6) : I'm sure. Before you speak, Persian, know that in Sparta... everyone, even a King's messenger, is held accountable for the words of his voice. Now, what message do you bring ?
- Persian messenger : Earth and water.
- King Leonidas (D7) : You rode all the way from Persia for earth and water ?
- Queen Gorgo : Do not be coy or stupid, Persian. You can afford neither in Sparta.
- Persian messenger : What makes this woman think she can speak among men ?
- King Leonidas (D8) : Because only Spartan women give birth to real men. Let us walk to cool our tongues.
- Persian messenger : If you value your lives over your complete annihilation, listen carefully, Leonidas. Xerxes conquers and controls everything he rests his eyes upon. He leads an army so massive, it shakes the ground with its march. So vast it drinks the rivers dry. All the god-king Xerxes requires is this. A simple offering of earth and water. A token of Sparta's submission to the will of Xerxes.
- King Leonidas (D9) : Submission. Well, that's a bit of a problem. See, rumor has it the Athenians have already turned you down. And if those philosophers and boy-lovers have found that kind of nerve then—

Theron : We must be diplomatic.

King Leonidas (D10) : And of course, Spartans have their reputation to consider.

Persian messenger : Choose your next words carefully, Leonidas. They may be your last as king.

Narrator : *Earth and water.*

Persian messenger : Madman. You're a madman!

King Leonidas (D11) : Earth and water. You'll find plenty of both down there.

Persian messenger : No man, Persian or Greek, no man threatens a messenger!

King Leonidas (D12) : You bring your crowns and heads of conquered kings to my city steps. You insult my queen. You threaten my people with slavery and death. Oh, I've chosen my words carefully, Persian. Perhaps you should have done the same.

Persian messenger : This is blasphemy! This is madness!

King Leonidas (D13) : Madness? This is Sparta!

Ephor : Welcome, Leonidas. We have been expecting you.

Narrator : *The Ephors. Priests to the old gods. Inbred swine, more creature than man. Creatures whom even Leonidas must bribe and beg. For no Spartan king has gone to war without the ephors' blessing.*

King Leonidas (D14) : The Persians claim their forces number in the millions. I hope for our sake, they exaggerate. But there's no question we face the most massive army ever assembled.

Ephor : Before your plan is heard, what do you offer?

King Leonidas (D15) : We will use our superior fighting skills and the terrain of Greece herself to destroy them. We will march north, to the coast. Where I will make sure.

Ephor : It is August, Leonidas. The full moon approaches. The sacred and ancient festival. Sparta wages no war at the time of the Carneia.

King Leonidas (D16) : Sparta will burn! Her men will die at arms and her women and children will be slaves or worse! Now, we will block the Persian coastal assault by rebuilding the great Phocian wall. And from there, we will funnel them into the mountain pass we call The Hot Gates. Now, in that narrow corridor, their numbers

will count for nothing. Wave after wave of Persian attack would smash against Spartan shields. Xerxes' losses will be so great, his men so demoralized, he will have no choice but to abandon his campaign.

Ephor : We must consult the Oracle. Trust the gods, Leonidas.

King Leonidas (D17) : I'd prefer you trusted your reason.

Ephor : Your blasphemies have cost us quite enough already. Don't compound them. We will consult the Oracle.

Narrator : *Diseased old mystics. Worthless remnants of a time before Sparta's ascent from darkness. Remnants of a senseless tradition. A tradition even Leonidas cannot defy. For he must respect the word of the Ephors. That is the law. And no Spartan, subject or citizen, man or woman, slave or king is above the law. The Ephors choose only the most beautiful Spartan girls to live among them as oracles. Their beauty is their curse. For the old wretches have the needs of men and souls as black as hell.*

Ephor : Pray to the winds. Sparta will fall. All Greece will fall. Trust not in men. Honor the gods. Honor the Carneia.

Narrator : *The king's climb down is harder. Pompous, inbred swine. Worthless, diseased, rotten. Corrupt.*

Theron : Truly you're in the god king's favor now. Oh, wise and holy men.

Persian : Yes. And when Sparta burns, you shall bathe in gold. Fresh oracles shall be delivered to you daily from every corner of the empire.

Queen Gorgo : Your lips can finish what your fingers have started. Has the oracle robbed you of your desire as well ?

King Leonidas (D18) : It would take more than the words of a drunken adolescent girl to rob me of my desire for you.

Queen Gorgo : Then why so distant ?

King Leonidas (D19) : Because it seems no mere slave and captive of lecherous old men. The oracle's words can set fire to all that I love.

Queen Gorgo : So that is why my king loses sleep and is forced from the warmth of his bed ? There's only one woman's words that should affect the mood of my husband. Those are mine.

King Leonidas (D20) : Then what must a king do to save his world when the very laws he has sworn to protect force him to do nothing.

Queen Gorgo : It is not a question of what a Spartan citizen should do. Nor a husband, nor a king. Instead ask yourself, my dearest love. What should a free man do ?

King Leonidas (D21) : Is this is all of them ?

Captain Artemis : As you ordered. Three hundred. All with born sons to carry on their name.

Spartan soldier : We are with you, sire ! For Sparta, for freedom. To the death !

King Leonidas (D22) : He is your son. He is too young to have felt a woman's warmth.

Captain Artemis : I have others to replace him. Astinos is as brave and ready as any. No younger than we were the first time you stood next to me in battle.

King Leonidas (D23) : You are a good friend. But a better captain, there is none.

Theron : My good king.

Councilman : My good king, the oracle has spoken. The Ephors have spoken. There must be no march.

Theron : It is the law, my lord. The Spartan army must not go to war.

King Leonidas (D24) : Nor shall it. I've issued no such orders. I'm here just taking a stroll, stretching my legs. These three hundred men are my personal bodyguard. Our army will stay in Sparta.

Theron : Where will you go ?

King Leonidas (D25) : I hadn't really thought about it, but uh... now that you ask, I suppose I'll head north.

Theron : The Hot Gates.

Captain Artemis : Move out ! Move out !

Councilman : What shall we do ?

Theron : What can we do ?

King Leonidas (D26) : What can you do ? Sparta will need sons.

Queen Gorgo : Spartan !

King Leonidas (D27) : **Yes, my lady ?**

Queen Gorgo : Come back with your shield or on it.

King Leonidas (D28) : **Yes, my lady.**

Narrator : *Goodbye, my love. He doesn't say it. There's no room for softness, not in Sparta. No place for weakness. Only the hard and strong may call themselves Spartans. Only the hard, only the strong. We march. For our lands, for our families, for our freedoms. We march.*

King Leonidas (D29) : **Daxos, what a pleasant surprise.**

Daxos : This morning is full of surprises, Leonidas.

Arcadian soldier 1 : We've been tricked.

Arcadian soldier 2 : Can't be more than a few hundred.

Arcadian Soldier 3 : This is a surprise.

Daxos : Silence ! We heard Sparta was on the warpath. We were eager to join forces.

King Leonidas (D30) : **If it is blood you seek, you're welcome to join us.**

Daxos : But you bring only this handful of soldiers against Xerxes ? I see I was wrong to expect Sparta's commitment to at least match our own.

King Leonidas (D31) : **Doesn't it ? You there. What is your profession ?**

Arcadian soldier 4 : I'm a potter, sir.

King Leonidas (D32) : **And you, Arcadian, what is your profession ?**

Arcadian soldier 5 : Sculptor, sir.

King Leonidas (D33) : **Sculptor. And you ?**

Arcadian soldier 1 : Blacksmith.

King Leonidas (D34) : **Spartans ! What is your profession ? You see, old friend ? I brought more soldiers than you did.**

Narrator (Dillios) : *No sleep tonight. Not for the king. All his forty years have been a straight road to this one gleaming moment in destiny. This one radiant clash of shield and spear, sword and bone and flesh and blood. His only regret is that he has so few to sacrifice.*

- Astinos : We're being followed.
- King Leonidas (D35) : **It has followed us since Sparta.**
- Spartan soldier : My king, look !
- Captain Artemis : What happened here ?
- Stelios : Where are all the people ?
- King Leonidas (D36) : **Persians.**
- Captain Artemis : I put their number around twenty.
- King Leonidas (D37) : **Scouting party. But these footprints...**
- Spartan soldier : *Behind us !*
- Stelios : Child.
- Child : It's quiet now. They came with mist from the blackness. With their claws and fangs they grabbed us. Everyone...but me.
- Dillios : *The villagers. I found them.*
- Stelios : Have the gods no mercy?
- Daxos : We are doomed.
- Captain Artemis : Quiet yourself.
- Daxos : The child speaks of the Persian ghosts. Known from the ancient times. They are the hunters of men souls. They cannot be killed or defeated. Not this darkness. Not these Immortals.
- King Leonidas (D38) : **Immortals. We'll put their name to the test.**
- Narrator (Dillios) : *Into the Hot Gates we march. Into that narrow corridor we march. Where Xerxes' numbers count for nothing. Spartans, citizen soldiers, freed slaves. Brave Greeks all. Brothers, fathers, sons. We march. For honor's sake, for duty's sake, for glory's sake, we march.*
- Astinos : Look ! Persians.
- Narrator (Dillios) : *Into hell's mouth, we march.*
- Dillios : Let's watch these motherless dogs as they're embraced by the loving arms of Greece herself. Come.
- King Leonidas (D39) : **True. It does look like rain.**

Narrator (Dillios) : Zeus stabs the skies with thunderbolts. And batters the Persian ships with hurricane wind. Glorious. Only one among us keeps his Spartan reserve. Only he. Only our king.

Councilman : My queen. My queen, the courtyard is a more fitting place for a married woman.

Queen Gorgo : I'm afraid gossip and protocol are the least of my worries now, councilman.

Councilman : Is such secrecy needed ?

Queen Gorgo : How am I to trust beyond the walls of my own home? Even here, Theron has eyes and ears which fuel Sparta with doubt and fear.

Councilman : You speak as if all Sparta conspires against you.

Queen Gorgo : I wish it were only against me.

Councilman : Many on our council would vote to give all we have and follow Leonidas. But you must show them favor.

Queen Gorgo : Then you can arrange me to speak to the council. If it is reason they want, I will let them know.

Councilman : Know what, my queen?

Queen Gorgo : Freedom isn't free at all. That it comes with the highest of costs. The cost of blood.

Councilman : I will do my best to gather our council and its chambers shall be filled with your voice.

Queen Gorgo : I'm in your debt.

Councilman : No. Leonidas is my king as well as yours.

Daxos : I saw those ships smash on the rocks. How can this be ?

Stellios : We saw but a fraction of the monster that is Xerxes' army.

Daxos : There can be no victory here. Why do you smile?

Stellios : Arcadian, I've fought countless times, yet I've never met an adversary who could offer me what we Spartans call a beautiful death. I can only hope...with all the world's warriors gathered against us... there might be one down there who's up to the task.



Persian Emissary : Move! Keep going, you dogs! Move! Forward, I say!  
 Stop here! Who commands here? I am the emissary to the ruler  
 of all the world. The god of gods. King of kings. And by that  
 authority, I demand that someone show me your commander.  
 Listen. Do you think the paltry dozen you slew scares us? These  
 hills swarm with our scouts.  
 And do you think your pathetic wall will do anything except  
 fall like a heap of dry leaves in the face of...

Stellios : Our ancestors built this wall. Using ancient stones from the  
 bosom of Greece herself. And with a little Spartan help... your  
 Persian scouts supplied the mortar.

Persian Emissary : You will pay for your barbarism!.... My arm !

Stellios : It's not yours anymore. Go now. Run along and tell your Xerxes  
 he faces free men here.... not slaves. Do it quickly. Before we  
 decide to make our wall just a little bit bigger.

Persian Emissary : No, not slaves. Your women will be slaves. Your sons, your  
 daughters, your elders will be slaves, but not you. By noon this  
 day, you will be dead men. A thousand nations of the Persian  
 Empire descend upon you. Our arrows will blot out the sun.

Stellios : Then we will fight in the shade.

Captain Artemis : The wall is solid. It'll do the job of funneling the Persians into  
 the Hot Gates.

King Leonidas (D40) : Captain, have the men found any route through the hills to our  
 back ?

Captain Artemis : None, sire.

Ephialties : There is such a route, good king. Just past that western ridge.  
 It's an old goat path. The Persians could use it to outflank us.

Captain Artemis : Not one step closer. Monster !

Ephialties : Wise king, I humbly request an audience.

Captain Artemis : I'll skewer you where you stand.

King Leonidas (D41) : I gave no such order. Forgive the captain. He's a good soldier.  
 But a bit short on manners.

Ephialties : There is nothing to forgive, brave king. I know what I look like.

King Leonidas (D42) : You wear the crimson of a Spartan.

Ephialtes : I am Ephialtes, born of Sparta. My mother's love led my parents to flee Sparta lest I be discarded.

King Leonidas (D43) : **But your shield and armor ?**

Ephialtes : My father's, sir. I beg you, bold king, to permit me to redeem my father's name by serving you in combat. My father trained me to feel no fear. To make spear and shield and sword as much a part of me as my own beating heart. I will earn my father's armor, noble king by serving you in the battle.

King Leonidas (D44) : **A fine thrust.**

Ephialtes : I will kill many Persians.

King Leonidas (D45) : **Raise your shield.**

Ephialtes : Sire ?

King Leonidas (D46) : **Raise your shield as high as you can. Your father should have told how our phalanx works. We fight as a single, impenetrable unit. That is the source of our strength. Each Spartan protects the man to his left from thigh to neck, with his shield. A single weak spot and the phalanx shatters. From thigh to neck, Ephialtes, I am sorry, my friend. But not all of us were meant to be soldiers.**

Ephialtes : But I...

King Leonidas (D47) : **If you wanna help in a Spartan victory**

Ephialtes : Yes ?

King Leonidas (D48) : **Clear the battlefield of the dead. Tend the wounded, bring them water.**

Ephialtes : Why ?

King Leonidas (D49) : **But as for the fight itself, I cannot use you.**

Ephialtes : Mother, father! You were wrong! You are wrong, Leonidas. You are wrong.

King Leonidas (D50) : **Dispatch the Phocians to the goat path. Pray to the gods, nobody tells the Persians about it.**

Captain Artemis : Earthquake.

King Leonidas (D51) : No, Captain. Battle formations! This is where we hold them.  
This is where we fight! This is where they die!

Captain Artemis : Earn these shields, boys!

King Leonidas (D52) : Remember this day, men. For it will be yours for all time.

Persian soldier : Spartans, lay down your weapons!

King Leonidas (D53) : Persians! Come and get them!

Captain : Hold!

King Leonidas (D54) : Give them nothing! But take from them everything!

Captain Artemis : Steady!

Spartan Soldier 1 : Is that the best you can do?!

Spartan soldier 2 : Push!

Spartan soldier 1 : Now!

Captain Artemis : Push!.... No prisoners!

King Leonidas (D55) : No mercy!

Captain Artemis : They look thirsty.

King Leonidas (D56) : Well, let's give them something to drink. To the cliffs! Hold! A hell of a good start.

Captain Artemis : Tuck tail!

Stellios : Persian cowards. What the hell are you laughing at?

Astinos : Well, you had to say it.

Stellios : What?

Astinos : Fight in the shade.

King Leonidas (D57) : Recover. Today, no Spartan dies.

Captain Artemis : Easy, son.

Narrator (Dilios) : We do what we were trained to do. What we were bred to do. What we were born to do. No prisoners, no mercy. A good start.

Councilman : I was afraid you might not come.

Queen Gorgo : I'm sorry, my son is...

Councilman : Is doing what children do best. Please don't apologize. Your son starts the agoge next year. That is always a difficult time for a Spartan mother.

Queen Gorgo : Yes, it will be hard but also necessary.

Councilman : You will speak before the council in two days time.

Queen Gorgo : My husband does not have two days.

Councilman : Think of the two days as a gift.

Councilman : It's no secret. Theron wants what you control. It's his voice you must silence. Make him your ally and you will have your victory.

Queen Gorgo : Thank you. You are wise as you are kind.

Theron : Ah, there's your mother. You should keep a better eye on him if he is to be king one day. It would be unfortunate if anything were to happen to him. Or to his beautiful mother.

Captain Artemis : Our Greek comrades are begging for a crack at the Persians, sire.

King Leonidas (D58) : Good. I have something I think they can handle. Tell Daxos I want him and twenty of his best. Eager, sober, ready for the next job.

Stelios : King Leonidas !

King Leonidas (D59) : Stelios, catch your breath, boy.

Stelios : Yes, my lord. The Persians are approaching. A small contingent. Too small for an attack.

King Leonidas (D60) : Captain, I'll leave you in charge.

Captain Artemis : But, sire...

King Leonidas (D61) : Relax, old friend. If they assassinate me, all of Sparta goes to war. Pray they're that stupid. Pray... we're that lucky. Besides, there's no reason we can't be civil. Is there ?

Captain Artemis : None, sire.

King Leonidas (D62) : Let me guess. You must be Xerxes.

Xerxes : Come, Leonidas. Let us reason together. It would be a regrettable waste. It would be nothing short of madness were you, brave king, and your valiant troops to perish. All because of a simple misunderstanding. There is much our cultures could share.

King Leonidas (D63) : Haven't you noticed? We've been sharing our culture with you all morning.

Xerxes : Yours is a fascinating tribe. Even now you are defiant, in the face of annihilation. In the presence of a god. It isn't wise to stand against me, Leonidas. Imagine what the horrible fate awaits my enemies when I would gladly kill any one my own men for victory.

King Leonidas (D64) : And I would die for any one of mine.

Xerxes : You Greeks take pride in your logic. I suggest you employ it. Consider the beautiful lands you so vigorously defend. Picture it reduced to ash at my whim. Consider the fate of your women.

King Leonidas (D65) : Clearly, you don't know our women. I might as well have marched them up here judging by what I've seen. You have many slaves, Xerxes. But few warriors. It won't be long before they fear my spears more than your whips.

Xerxes : It's not the lash they fear. It is my divine power. But I'm a generous god. I can make you rich beyond all measure. I will make you warlord of all Greece. You will carry my battle standard to the heart of Europa. Your Athenian rivals will kneel at your feet. If you will but kneel at mine.

King Leonidas (D66) : You are generous. As you are divine. A king of kings. Such an offer only a madman would refuse. But the idea of kneeling is, you see, slaughtering of all those men of yours has left a nasty cramp in my legs. So kneeling will be hard for me.

Xerxes : There will be no glory in your sacrifice. I will erase even the memory of Sparta from the histories. Every piece of Greek parchment shall be burned! Every Greek historian and every scribe shall have their eyes put out and their tongues cut from their mouths while honoring the very name of Sparta or Leonidas will be punishable by death! The world will never know you existed at all.

King Leonidas (D67) : The world will know that free men stood against a tyrant. That few stood against many. And before this battle was over, that even a God King can bleed.

Stellios : You fought well today. For a woman.

Astinos : As did you. Maybe If I'm injured, you'd able to keep up with me.

Stellios : Perhaps I was so far ahead, you couldn't see me.

Astinos : Or are they offering your backside to the Thespians ?

Stellios : Jealousy... is not becoming my friend.

King Leonidas (D68) : Move it, men ! Pile those Persians high. For unless I miss my guess we're in for one wild night.

Narrator (Dillios) : *They have served the dark will of Persian kings for 500 years. Eyes as dark as night. Teeth filed to fangs. Soulless. The personal guard to king Xerxes himself. The Persian warrior elite. The deadliest fighting force in all of Asia. The Immortals. The God King has betrayed a fatal flaw. Hybris. Easy to taunt, easy to trick. Before wounds and weariness have taken their toll. the mad king throws the best he has at us. Xerxes has taken the bait.*

King Leonidas (D69) : Spartans, push !

Narrator (Dillios) : *Immortals. They put their name to the test.*

Astinos : Father!

Dilios : My king !

King Leonidas (D70) : Arcadians, now !

Daxos : Go! Let's show the Spartans what we can do. Go !

Narrator (Dillios) : *They shout and curse, stabbing wildly. More brawlers than warriors. They make a wondrous mess of things. Brave amateurs. They do their part. Immortals. They failed our king's test. And a man who fancies himself a god feels a very human chill crawl up his spine.*

Captain Artemis : For our king! And our honored dead!

Stellios : Whom will Xerxes dare to send next!? Whom?! There's nothing that can stop us now !

Narrator (Dillios) : *Even the king allows himself to hope for more than glory. Such mad hope. But there it is. Against Asia's endless hordes, against all odds. We can do it, we can hold the Hof Gates. We can win. Dawn. Whips crack. Barbarians howl. Those behind cry "Forward !". Those in front*

*cry "Back !". Our eyes bear witness to the grotesque spectacle called forth from the darkest corners of Xerxes' Empire.*

*When muscle failed, they turned to their magic. One hundred nations descend upon us. The armies of all Asia. Funneled into this narrow corridor. Their numbers count for nothing. They fall by the hundreds.*

*We send the severed bodies and the fragile hearts back to Xerxes' feet. King Xerxes is displeased with his generals. He disciplines them.*

*Xerxes dispatches his monsters from half a world away. They're clumsy beasts. And the pile of Persian dead is slippery.*

Astinos

: You're still here ?

Stellios

: Somebody's got to watch your back.

Astinos

: Not now, I'm a little busy!

King Leonidas

: Regroup !

Captain Artemis

: Astinos, my son!... Astinos!! No !

Narrator (Dillios)

*: The day wears on. We lose few but each felled is a friend or dearest blood. And upon seeing the headless body of his own young son. The captain breaks rank. He goes wild, blood drunk. Captain's cries of pain at the loss of his son are more frightening to the enemy than the deepest battle drums. It takes three men to restrain him and bring him back to our own. The day is ours. No songs are sung.*

Xerxes

: Your gods were cruel to shape you so, friend Ephialtes. The Spartans, too, were cruel to reject you. But I am kind. Everything you could ever desire. Every happiness you can imagine. Every pleasure your fellow Greeks and your false gods have denied you. I will grant you. For I am kind. Embrace me as your king and as your god.

Ephialtes

: Yes !

Xerxes

: Lead my soldiers to the hidden path that empties behind the cursed Spartans and your joys will be endless.

Ephialtes

: Yes, I want it all! Wealth, women. And one more thing. I want a uniform.

Xerxes

: Done. You will find that I am kind. Unlike the cruel Leonidas who demanded that you stand, I require only that you kneel.

Theron

: Beautiful night.

Queen Gorgo : Yes, but I did not ask you here for small talk, Theron.

Theron : I'm sure of that. You've never spared words with me.

Queen Gorgo : Can I offer you something ? A drink perhaps ?

Theron : Is it poison ?

Queen Gorgo : Sorry to disappoint you, it's only water.

Theron : I'm told it's been arranged for you to go before the council.

Queen Gorgo : Yes. I need your help in winning votes to send the army north to our king.

Theron : Yes. I can see the two of us standing together. Me, politician. You, warrior. Our voices as one. But why would I want to do that ?

Queen Gorgo : It proves you care for a king who, right now, fights for the very water we drink.

Theron : True. But this is politics, not war. Leonidas is an idealist.

Queen Gorgo : I know your kind too well. You send men to slaughter for your own gain.

Theron : Your husband, our king, has taken 300 of our finest to slaughter. He's broken our laws and left without the council's consent. I'm simply a realist.

Queen Gorgo : You're an opportunist.

Theron : You're as foolish as Leonidas if you think men don't have a price in this world. All men are not created equal. That's the Spartan code, my little queen... I admire your passion. But don't think that you, a woman, even a queen, can walk into the council's chamber and sway the minds of men. I own that chamber. As if it were built with these hands. I could crush the life out of you right now. You will go before the council but your words will fall in deaf ears. Leonidas will receive no reinforcements. And if he returns, without my help, he would go to jail or worse. Do you love your Sparta ?

Queen Gorgo : Yes.

Theron : And your king ?

Queen Gorgo : I do.



Theron : Your husband fights for his land and his love. What do you have to offer ? In return for my word that I'll help you send our army north.

Queen Gorgo : What does a realist want from his queen ?

Theron : I think you know.... This will not be over quickly. You will not enjoy this. I am not your king.

King Leonidas (D71) : **Dilios ! I trust that scratch hasn't made you useless.**

Dilios : Hardly, my lord. It's just an eye. The gods saw fit to grace me with a spare.

King Leonidas (D72) : **And the captain ?**

Dilios : Curses the gods and mourns alone.

Daxos : Leonidas!! We are undone. Undone I tell you! Destroyed!

King Leonidas (D73) : **Daxos, calm yourself !**

Daxos : A hunchback traitor has led Xerxes' Immortals to the hidden goat path behind us. The Phocians you posted there were scattered without a fight. This battle is over, Leonidas !

King Leonidas (D74) : **This battle is over when I say it is over !**

Daxos : By morning, the Immortals will surround us. The Hot Gates will fall.

King Leonidas (D75) : **Spartans ! Prepare for glory !**

Daxos : Glory ? Have you gone mad ? There is no glory to be had now. Only retreat or surrender or death.

King Leonidas (D76) : **Well, that is an easy choice for us, Arcadian. Spartans never retreat. Spartans never surrender. Go. Spread the word. Let every Greek assembled know the truth of this. Let each among them search his own soul. And while you're at it. Search your own.**

Daxos : My men will leave with me. Godspeed, Leonidas.

King Leonidas (D77) : **Children ! Children ! Gather round. No retreat. No surrender. That is Spartan law. And by Spartan law, we will stand and fight. And die. A new age has begun. An age of freedom. And all will know that three hundred Spartans gave their last breath to defend it. My friend.**

Captain Artemis : I have lived my entire life without regret until now. It's not that my son gave up his life for his country. It's just that I never told him I loved him the most. That he stood by me with honor. That he was all that was best in me.

King Leonidas (D78) : My heart is broken for your loss.

Captain Artemis : Heart ? I have filled my heart with hate.

King Leonidas (D79) : Good. Dillios | Let's take a walk.

Dillios : Yes, my lord. But, sire, I'm fit. I'm ready for battle.

King Leonidas (D80) : That you are. One of the finest. But you have another talent unlike any other Spartan. You will deliver my final orders to the council with force and verve. Tell them our story. Make every Greek know what happened here. You have a grand tale to tell. A tale of victory.

Dillios : Victory. Yes, my lord. Sire, any message? For the queen?

King Leonidas (D81) : None that need be spoken.

Narrator (Dillios) : *Hundreds leave. A handful stay. Only one looks back.*

King Leonidas (D82) : Spartans ! Ready your breakfast and eat hearty. For tonight we dine in hell !

Councilman : May I give the floor now to the wife of Leonidas and queen of Sparta.

Queen Gorgo : Councilmen. I stand before you not only as your queen. I come to you as a mother. I come to you as a wife. I come to you as a Spartan woman. I come to you with great humility. I am not here to represent Leonidas. His actions speak louder than my words ever could. I am here for all those voices which cannot be heard. Mothers, daughters, fathers, sons. Three hundred families that bleed for our rights and for the very principles this room is built upon. We're at war, gentlemen. We must send the entire spartan army to aid our king in the preservation of not just ourselves but of our children. Send the army for the preservation of liberty. Send it for justice. Send it for law and order. Send it for reason. But, most importantly, send our army for hope. Hope that the king and his men have not been wasted in the pages of history. That their courage bonds us together. That we are made stronger by their actions. And that your choices today reflect their bravery.

Theron : Moving. Eloquent, passionate. But it doesn't change the fact that your husband has brought war upon us.

Queen Gorgo : You are wrong. Xerxes brought it forth and before that, his father Darius at Marathon. The Persians will not stop until the only shelter we will find is rubble and chaos.

Theron : This chamber needs no history lesson, my queen.

Queen Gorgo : Then what is the lesson you would like to leave? Shall I begin to enumerate all of them? Honor, duty, glory.

Theron : You speak of honor? Duty? Glory? But what of adultery ?

Councilman 1 : How dare you!

Theron : How dare I? Watch her, carefully. She is a trickster in true form. Do not play with the members of this sacred chambers, my queen. Just hours ago, you offered yourself to me. Were I a weaker man, I would have her scent on me still.

Councilman : This is an outrage !

Theron : Ah, the hypocrite speaks! Did you not receive a similar payment? Which you took in exchange for her having an audience with these noble men. That is a lie.

Queen Gorgo : Is it ?

Theron : Was he not, by your invitation, asked to come the king's bedchamber ? The very bed where you attempted to negotiate with me so vigorously... You look shocked. A bribe of the flesh, gentlemen, while her husband promotes anarchy and war. Words escape even the most cunning tongues.. my little whore queen.  
What queen-like behaviour ! Remove her from this chamber before she infects us further with her inglorious and chappy self.

Queen Gorgo : This will not be over quickly. You will not enjoy this. I am not your queen.

Councilman 1 : Traitor.

Councilmen :Traitor! Traitor! Traitor! Traitor !

Persian counselor : Leonidas, my compliments and congratulations. You surely have turned calamity to victory. Despite your insufferable arrogance...

the God King has come to admire Spartan valor and fighting skills. You will make a mighty ally. Yield, Leonidas. Use your reason. Think of your men. I beg you! Listen to your fellow Greek. He can attest to the divine one's generosity. Despite your several insults.

Despite your horrid blasphemies... the lord of hosts is prepared to forgive all. And more: to reward your service. You fight for your lands. Keep them. You fight for Sparta. She will be wealthier and more powerful than ever before. You fight for your kingship. You will be proclaimed warlord of all Greece. Answerable only to the one true master of the world. Leonidas, your victory will be complete. If you but lay down your arms and kneel to holy Xerxes.

Narrator (Dillios) : *It's been more than thirty years since the wolf and the winter cold. And now, as then, it's not fear that grips him. Only restlessness. A heightened sense of things. The seaborne breeze coolly kissing the sweat on his chest and neck. Gulls cawing. Complaining even as they feast on thousands of floating dead.*

*The steady breathing of the 300 at his back. Ready to die for him, without a moment's pause. Every one of them ready to die. His helmet is stifling. His shield is heavy.*

Persian counselor : Your spear.

King Leonidas (D83) : **You there. Ephialtes. May you live forever.**

Persian counselor : Leonidas, your spear !

King Leonidas (D84) : **Stelios.**

Xerxes : Slaughter them !

Narrator (Dillios) : *His helmet was stifling. It narrowed his vision. And he must see far. His shield was heavy. It threw him off balance. And his target is far away. The old ones say we Spartans have descended from Hercules himself. Bold Leonidas gives testament to our bloodline. His roar is long and loud.*

Stelios : My king. It's an honor to die at your side.

King Leonidas (D85) : **It's an honor to have lived at yours. My queen ! My wife. My love.**

Narrator (Dillios)

: *Remember us. As simple an order as a king can give. Remember why we died.*

Dillios

: For he did not wish tribute or song. No monuments, no poems of war and valor. His wish was simple. Remember us. He said to me.

Narrator (Dillios)

: *That was his hope. Should any free soul come across that place in all the countless centuries yet to be. May all our voices whisper to you from the ageless stones. Go tell the Spartans, passerby that here, by Spartan law, we lie. And so my king died. And my brothers died.*

Dillios

: Barely a year ago. Long I pondered my king's cryptic talk of victory and time has proven him wise. For from Greek to free Greek the word was spread that bold Leonidas and his three hundred so far from home. Laid down their lives not just for Sparta. But for all Greece and the promise this country holds. And now, here on this ragged patch of earth called Platea...

Xerxes' hordes face obliteration ! Just there, the barbarians huddle. Sheer terror gripping tight. Their hearts with icy fingers. Knowing full well what merciless horrors they suffered at the swords and spears of three hundred. Yet they stare now, across the plain... at 10,000 Spartans, commanding ...30,000 free Greeks. The enemy outnumber us a paltry three to one ! Good odds for any Greek.

This day we rescue a world from mysticism and tyranny and usher in a future brighter than anything we can imagine. Give thanks, men ! To Leonidas and the brave three hundred. To victory !