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300

By Zack Snyder

When the boy was born...
...like all Spartans, he was inspected.
If he'd been small or puny
or sickly or misshapen...
...he would have 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...
...was the greatest glory
he could achieve in his life.
as is customary in Sparta...
...the boy was taken from his mother
and plunged into a world of violence.
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!
Our king, Leonidas!
since the wolf and the winter cold.
And 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.
That's it.
Now, the more you sweat here,
the less you'll bleed in battle.
My father taught me...
...that fear is always a constant.
But accepting it...
...makes you stronger.
My queen.
A Persian emissary awaits Leonidas.
In the end...
...a 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.
- Then you fight with your heart.

What is it?

A Persian messenger awaits you.

Do not forget today's lesson.

- Respect and honor.
- Respect and honor.

Councilman Theron.

You found yourself needed, for once.

My king and queen,

I was just entertaining your guests.

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?

Earth and water.

You rode all the way from Persia
for earth and water?

Do not be coy or stupid, Persian.

You can afford neither in Sparta.

What makes this woman

think she can speak among men?

Because only Spartan women
give birth to real men.

Let us walk to cool our tongues.

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.

Submission.

Now, 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--
- We must be diplomatic.
- And, of course, Spartans...
...have their reputation to consider.
Choose your next words carefully,
Leonidas.
They may be your last as king.
"Earth and water."
Madman. You're a madman.
Earth and water.
You'll find plenty of both down there.
No man, Persian or Greek,
no man threatens a messenger.
You bring the 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.
This is blasphemy. This is madness!
Madness?
This is Sparta!
Welcome, Leonidas.
We have been expecting you.
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.
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.
Before your plan is heard...
...what do you offer?

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--
It is August, Leonidas.
The full moon approaches.
The sacred and ancient festival.
Sparta wages no war
at the time of the Carneia.
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.
And wave after wave of Persian attack...
...will smash against Spartan shields.
Xerxes' losses will be so great,
his men so demoralized...
...he will have no choice
but to abandon his campaign.
We must consult the oracle.
Trust the gods, Leonidas.
I'd prefer you trusted your reason.
Your blasphemies...
...have cost us quite enough already.
Don't compound them.
We will consult the oracle.
Diseased old mystics.
Worthless remnants of a time
before Sparta's ascent from darkness.
Remnants of a senseless tradition.
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.
"Pray to the winds...
...Sparta will fall.
All Greece will fall.
Trust not in men...
...honor the gods.
Honor the Carneia."
The king's climb down is harder.
Pompous, inbred swine.
Worthless, diseased, rotten...
...corrupt.
Truly, you're in the god-king's
favor now...
...O wise and holy men.
Yes.
And when Sparta burns,
you shall bathe in gold.
Fresh oracles shall be
delivered to you...
...daily...
...from every corner of the empire.
Your lips can finish
what your fingers have started.
Or has the oracle robbed you
of your desire as well?
It would take more than the words
of a drunken adolescent girl...
...to rob me of my desire for you.
Then why so distant?
Because it seems...
...though a slave and captive
of lecherous old men...
...the oracle's words
could set fire to all that I love.
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.
Then what must a king do
to save his world...
...when the very laws he is sworn
to protect force him to do nothing?
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?
- Is this all of them?
- As you ordered. Three hundred.
All with born sons
to carry on their name.
We are with you, sire.
For Sparta. For freedom.
To the death.
He is your son.
He is too young
to have felt a woman's warmth.
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.
You are a good friend...
...but a better captain, there is none.
My good king.
My good king, the oracle has spoken.
The ephors have spoken.
There must be no march.
It is the law, my lord.
- The Spartan army must not go to war.
- Nor shall it.
I've issued no such orders.
I'm here just taking a stroll,
stretching my legs.
are my personal bodyguard.
Our army will stay in Sparta.
Where will you go?
I hadn't really thought about it...
...but now that you ask...

...I suppose I'll head north.
The Hot Gates?
Move out!
Move out!
What shall we do?
What can we do?
What can you do?
Sparta will need sons.
Spartan!
Yes, milady?
Come back with your shield...
...or on it.
Yes, milady.
"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.
Daxos.
- What a pleasant surprise.
- This morning's full of surprises, Leonidas.
- We've been tricked.
- Can't be more than a hundred.
- This is a surprise.
- Silence.
This isn't their army.
We heard Sparta was on the warpath
and we were eager to join forces.
If it is blood you seek,
you are welcome to join us.
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.
Doesn't it?
You, there.
What is your profession?

I'm a potter, sir.
And you, Arcadian.
What is your profession?
- Sculptor, sir.
- Sculptor.
- And you?
- Blacksmith.
Spartans! What is your profession?
You see, old friend?
I brought more soldiers than you did.
No sleep tonight...
...not for the king.
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.
We're being followed.
It has followed us since Sparta.
My king! Look!
What happened here?
Where are all the people?
Persians.
A scouting party.
But these footprints....
Behind us!
Child!
It's quiet now.
They....
They came with beasts
from the blackness.
With their claws and fangs...
...they grabbed them.
Everyone...
...but me.
The villagers.
I found them.
Have the gods no mercy?
We are doomed.

Quiet yourself.
The child speaks of the Persian ghosts,
known from the ancient times.
They are the hunters of men's souls.
They cannot be killed or defeated.
Not this darkness. Not these Immortals.
Immortals?
We'll put their name to the test.
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.
Look! Persians.
Into hell's mouth we march.
Let's watch these motherless dogs...
...as they're embraced by the loving arms
of Greece herself. Come.
True.
It does look like rain.
Zeus stabs the sky
with thunderbolts...
...and batters the Persian ships
with hurricane wind.
Glorious.
Only one among us
keeps his Spartan reserve.
Only he.
Only our king.
My queen?
My queen...
...the courtyard is a more fitting place
for a married woman.
I'm afraid gossip and protocol...
...are the least of my worries now,
councilman.
Is such secrecy needed?

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.
You speak as if all Sparta
conspires against you.
I wish it were only against me.
Many on our council
would vote to give all we have...
...and follow Leonidas...
...but you must show them favor.
And you can arrange for me
to speak to the council?
If it is reason they want,
I will let them know.
Know what, my queen?
Freedom isn't free at all.
That it comes with the highest of costs,
the cost of blood.
I will do my best to gather our council.
And its chamber
shall be filled with your voice.
- I'm in your debt.
- No.
Leonidas is my king as well as yours.
I saw those ships smash on the rocks.
How can this be?
We saw but a fraction of the monster
that is Xerxes' army.
There can be no victory here.
Why do you smile?
Arcadian...
...I have 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.
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...?
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.
You will pay for your barbarism!
My arm!
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.
No.
Not slaves.
Your women will be slaves.
Your sons, your daughters...
...your elders will be slaves!
But not you, no.
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.
Then we will fight in the shade.
The wall is solid.

It'll do the job of funneling the Persians
into the Hot Gates.
Have the men found any route
through the hills to our back?
None, sire.
There is such a route, good king.
Just pass that western ridge.
It's an old goat path.
The Persians could use it to outflank us.
Not one step closer, monster!
Wise king, I humbly request an audience.
- I'll skewer you where you stand.
- I gave no such order.
Forgive the captain.
He is a good soldier...
...but a bit short on manners.
There is nothing to forgive, brave king.
I know what I look like.
You wear the crimson of a Spartan.
I am Ephialtes, born of Sparta.
My mother's love
led my parents to flee Sparta...
...lest I be discarded.
Your shield and armor?
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.
A fine thrust.
I will kill many Persians.
Raise your shield.
- Sire?
- Raise your shield as high as you can.
Your father should have taught you
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 made to be soldiers.
- But I--
- If you want to help in a Spartan victory...
- Yes.
...clear the battlefield of the dead,
tend the wounded, bring them water...
...but as for the fight itself...
...I cannot use you.
You....
Mother! Father! You were wrong!
You are wrong!
Leonidas! You are wrong!
Dispatch the Phocians to the goat path...
...and pray to the gods
nobody tells the Persians about it.
Earthquake.
No, captain.
Battle formations.
This is where we hold them.
This is where we fight!
This is where they die!
Earn these shields, boys!
Remember this day, men...
...for it will be yours for all time.
Spartans!
Lay down your weapons!
Persians!
Come and get them!
Hold!
Give them nothing...
...but take from them everything!
Steady!
Push!
Is that the best you can do?
Push! Push!

Now!
Push!
No prisoners!
No mercy!
They look thirsty.
Well, let's give them something to drink.
To the cliffs.
Halt.
Hell of a good start.
Tuck tail!
Persian cowards.
- What the hell are you laughing at?
- Well, you had to say it.
- What?
- "Fight in the shade."
Recover.
Today no Spartan dies.
Easy, son.
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.
- I was afraid you might not come.
- I'm sorry, my son is--
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.
Yes, it will be hard. But also necessary.
You will speak before the council
in two days' time.
My husband does not have two days.
Think of the two days as a gift.
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.
Thank you.
You are wise as you are kind.
There's your mother.
You should keep a better eye on him

if he's to be king one day.
Be unfortunate if anything
were to happen to him.
Or to his beautiful mother.
No!
Our Greek comrades are begging
for a crack at the Persians, sire.
Good.
I've got something
I think they can handle.
Tell Daxos that I want him...
and ready for the next charge.
King Leonidas.
- Stelios, catch your breath, boy.
- Yes, milord.
The Persians are approaching.
A small contingent.
Too small for an attack.
- Captain, I leave you in charge.
- But sire--
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?
None, sire.
Let me guess.
You must be 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's much our cultures could share.
- Haven't you noticed?
We've been sharing our culture
with you all morning.

Yours is a fascinating tribe.
Even now you are defiant...
...in the face of annihilation
and the presence of a god.
It isn't wise to stand against me,
Leonidas.
Imagine what a horrible fate
awaits my enemies...
...when I would gladly kill
any of my own men for victory.
And I would die for any one of mine.
You Greeks take pride in your logic.
I suggest you employ it.
Consider the beautiful land
you so vigorously defend.
Picture it reduced to ash at my whim.
Consider the fate of your women.
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.
It's not the lash they fear...
...it is my divine power.
But I am 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.
You are generous...
...as you are divine...
...O king of kings.
Such an offer
only a madman would refuse.
But the....
The idea of kneeling, it's....
You see, slaughtering
all those men of yours has....

Well, it's left a nasty cramp in my leg...
...so kneeling will be hard for me.
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.
Why, uttering the very name of Sparta
or Leonidas will be punishable by death.
The world will never know
you existed at all.
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.
You fought well today...
...for a woman.
As did you.
Maybe if I'm injured,
you'll be able to keep up with me.
Perhaps I was so far ahead
you couldn't see me.
More likely offering your backside
to the Thespians.
Jealousy...
...does not become you, my friend.
Move it, men!
Pile those Persians high.
For unless I miss my guess...
...we're in for one wild night.
They have served the dark will
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:
Hubris.
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.
Spartans, push!
Immortals.
We put their name to the test.
Father!
My king!
Arcadians, now!
Go! Show the Spartans what we can do.
Go!
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 fail our king's test.
And a man
who fancies himself a god...
...feels a very human chill
crawl up his spine.
To our king!
And our honored dead.
Whom will Xerxes dare to send next?
Whom?!
There's nothing that can stop us now!
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 Hot 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...
...coughed forth from the darkest
corner 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 the world away.
They're clumsy beasts...
...and the piled Persian dead
are slippery.
- You still here?
- Somebody's gotta watch your back.
Not now, I'm a little busy.
Regroup!
Astinos!
My son!
Astinos!
No!
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.
The 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.
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.
Yes.
Lead my soldiers to the hidden path
that enters behind the cursed Spartans...
...and your joys will be endless.
Yes! I want it all.
Wealth. Women.
And one more thing...
...I want a uniform.
Done.
You will find...
...I am kind.
Unlike the cruel Leonidas,
who demanded that you stand...
...I require only...
...that you kneel.
Beautiful night.
Yes, but I did not ask you here
for small talk, Theron.
You can be sure of that.
You never spared words with me.
Can I offer you something?
A drink, perhaps?
Is it poison?
I'm sorry to disappoint you,
it's only water.
I'm told it's been arranged for you
to go before the council.
Yes.

I need your help in winning votes
to send the army north to our king.
Yes.
I can see it,
the two of us standing together.
Me, politician. You, warrior.
Our voices as one.
But why would I want to do that?
It proves you care for a king who right now
fights for the very water we drink.
True.
But this is politics, not war.
Leonidas is an idealist.
I know your kind too well. You send men
to slaughter for your own gain.
Your husband, our king,
He's broken our laws
and left without the council's consent.
- I'm simply a realist.
- You're an opportunist.
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 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 on deaf ears.
Leonidas will receive no reinforcements,
and if he returns, without my help...
...he will go to jail or worse.
Do you love your Sparta?
Yes.
- And your king?
- I do.
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?
What does a realist want with his queen?
I think you know.
This will not be over quickly.
You will not enjoy this.
I'm not your king.
Dilios.
I trust that scratch
hasn't made you useless?
Hardly, my lord. It's just an eye.
The gods saw fit to grace me
with a spare.
My captain?
Curses the gods and mourns alone.
Leonidas!
We are undone.
Undone, I tell you. Destroyed.
Daxos, calm yourself.
Our hunchback traitor 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.
- This battle is over when I say it is over.
By morning, the Immortals will surround us.
The Hot Gates will fall.
Spartans! Prepare for glory!
Glory? Have you gone mad?
There is no glory to be had now.
Only retreat or surrender. Or death.
Well, that's 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.
My men will leave with me.
Godspeed, Leonidas.

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.
...gave their last breath to defend it.
My friend.
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
that I loved him the most.
That he stood by me with honor.
That he was all that was best in me.
My heart is broken for your loss.
Heart?
I have filled my heart...
...with hate.
Good.
Dilios...
...let's take a walk.
Yes, my lord.
But, sire, I am fit and ready for battle.
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'll have a grand tale to tell.
A tale of victory.
Victory.
Yes, my lord.
Sire, any message...?
For the queen?

None that need be spoken.
Hundreds leave.
A handful stay.
Only one looks back.
Spartans!
Ready your breakfast and eat hearty...
...for tonight we dine in hell!
May I give the floor now...
...to the wife of Leonidas
and queen of Sparta.
- What's this?
- This is nothing.
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 was built upon.
We are 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 a king and his men have not
been wasted to 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.
Three hundred.
We must send them.
Moving...
...eloquent, passionate.
But it doesn't change the fact
that your husband has brought war upon us.
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.
This chamber needs no
history lesson, my queen.
Then what is the lesson
you would like to leave?
Shall I begin to enumerate all of them?
Honor. Duty. Glory.
You speak of honor, duty and glory?
But what of adultery?
- How dare you.
- How dare I?
Watch her carefully.
She is a trickster in true form.
Do not play with the members
of this sacred chamber, my queen.
Just hours ago,
you offered yourself to me.
Were I a weaker man,
I would have her scent on me still.
- This is outrage.
- Oh, 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.
- Is it?
Was he not, by your invitation,

asked to come to 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.
He speaks truth.
Words escape
even the most cunning tongue...
...my little whore queen.
What queen-like behavior.
Remove her from this chamber
before she infects us further...
...with her inglorious and shabby self.
This will not be over quickly.
You will not enjoy this.
I am not your queen.
Traitor.
Traitor! Traitor! Traitor!
Traitor!
Leonidas, my compliments
and congratulations.
You surely have turned calamity
into victory.
Despite your insufferable arrogance...
...the god-king has come to admire
Spartan valor and fighting skill.
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.
since the wolf in 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 at his chest and neck.
Gulls cawing...
...complaining even as they feast
on the thousands of floating dead.
The steady breathing
...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.
Your spear.
You there...
...Ephialtes.
May you live forever.
Leonidas, your spear.
Stelios!
Slaughter them!
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 are
descended from Hercules himself.
Bold Leonidas gives testament
to our bloodline.
His roar is long and loud.

My king.
It's an honor to die at your side.
It's an honor to have lived at yours.
My queen!
My wife.
My love.
"Remember us."
As simple an order
as a king can give.
"Remember why we died."
For he did not wish tribute or song...
...nor monuments,
nor poems of war and valor.
His wish was simple.
"Remember us"...
...he said to me.
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...
...barely a year ago.
Long I pondered my king's
cryptic talk of victory.
Time has proven him wise.
For from free Greek to free Greek...
...the word was spread
...so far from home...
...laid down their lives
not just for Sparta...
...but for all Greece
and the promise this country holds.
Now, here on this rugged patch of earth
called Plataea...
...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...
Yet they stare now across the plain
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 Victory!
[ENGLISH]