

*(NERO: EMPEROR OF ROME, PILOT, PAGE 11-15)*

INT. COLOSSEUM - DAY

THE OLYMPICS BEGIN

The crowds are full and excited as a fanfare of brass plays a melody into the wind.

A wrestling ring has been placed in the center of the Colosseum, and Nero, dressed in a robe (similar to a boxer) makes his entrance.

He is accompanied by Publius and Marcus, and he waves to the crowd as he ducks beneath the ropes, entering the ring.

NERO

Grappling. My favorite pass-time.  
This will surely be where I receive  
my gold medal.

MARCUS

You know, it's not too late to back  
out. You already have the greatest  
gold medal there is: The royal  
crown.

NERO

Yes, but I didn't earn that in  
front of the watching world. The  
people need to bear witness to the  
glory that is Nero.

Just then, the brass players change the song to something far more ominous.

The crowd goes wild, cheering as a familiar face makes their way into the Colosseum. It is none other than the man from the mural: Samson.

Carrying a cross on his back, the large Christian athlete makes his way to the ring

Showing off his strength, he presses the cross over his head a few times before throwing it aside.

NERO

That's a bit dramatic.

Samson climbs into the ring, towering over Nero, who looks up at him, equally afraid and aroused.

An announcer speaks into a blow horn.

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ANNOUNCER

Let's get ready to rumble!

The crowd goes even crazier.

ANNOUNCER

In the red corner, representing the  
christian world, we have the lean,  
mean, Samson!

The crowd erupts into cheers for Samson.

People in the audience hold up signs with crosses on them  
for the christian athlete.

ANNOUNCER

And, in the blue corner,  
representing Rome and her subjects,  
the one, the only, Emperor Nero!!

There is a few claps here and there, but not nearly as  
audible as those for Samson.

Nero approaches Samson, slightly bashful, reaching his hand  
out to shake his opponent's.

NERO

Good luck.

Samson slaps Nero's hand and walks to his corner.

Nero's jaw hits the floor. He turns to face his crew.

NERO

(blushing)

He touched me.

ANNOUNCER

Grapplers! Disrobe!

The crowd cheers again, and Samson takes off his clothes,  
revealing a great deal of muscles.

NERO

Disrobe?

MARCUS

It's Olympic tradition.

Nero shrugs.

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NERO  
I'm not complaining.

Nero drops his robe and takes a step forward.

His flabby body compared to the chiseled physique of Samson is comical as the Christian Athlete looks down upon him.

NERO  
(to Samson)  
I warn you. I don't plan to take it  
easy on you.

*Ding*

The bell rings and the round begins.

Nero and his opponent approach each other, looking for a moment to attack.

NERO  
Come here!

Nero lunges for his opponent, but Samson quickly dodges.

Bouncing off the ropes like WWE, Samson clotheslines Nero, knocking him to the floor.

Samson jumps, attempting to land a pile driver, but Nero rolls out of the way just in the nick of time.

With Samson now on the ground, Nero jumps on top of him.

NERO  
I've got you now!

Nero laughs for a second, but then grows concerned.

NERO  
No, wait...

Samson impressively bench presses the chubby emperor off of him, throwing him to the floor.

Nero, knocking his head on the ground, is slow to get up.

Samson slowly walks over to his opponent.

Nero reaches up with one of his hands, with one final attempt at combat.

Samson grabs his arm and, using grappling techniques, flips the situation into a submission hold.

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With his bare ass millimeters from Nero's face, Samson bends Nero's arm backwards.

NERO  
AAAAHHHHH...

SAMSON  
Tap!

Nero grins slightly.

NERO  
Fine!

With his free hand, Nero slaps Samson's butt.

The bell dings, and the two go back to their respective corners.

MARCUS  
That was dreadful.

NERO  
What? Oh, yes. I hated every minute  
of that.

Nero throws his robe back on as he speaks.

Publius chuckles.

Marcus shakes his head, covering his eyes.

NERO  
Is that how you are, Publius?  
Laughing at your friend and  
superior when he's down?

MARCUS  
(ashamed)  
I believe he is laughing because  
you're...up.

Nero looks down to reveal his erection poking against his robe.

Nero blushes, covering himself with his hands.

NERO  
(guilty)  
Sometimes a warrior's body does  
mysterious things in the heat of  
battle.