

SAMSON

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Adapted from the novel "Samson" by Ze'ev Jabotinsky

FADE IN:

EXT. ROCKY HILL - NIGHT

A WOMAN from the TRIBE OF DAN scurries up a dark rocky hill after a fleeing LAMB. Her face is scratched from the thickets covering the hillside. She makes a desperate grab for the lamb and catches it by its hind leg. The LAMB bleats in protest but the WOMAN holds him tight, panting hard from her run.

She looks up at the star-sprinkled SKY. Her eyes WIDEN in awe at the sight of:

A HUGE FLAMING METEORITE plunging towards the earth.

BOOM!

The meteorite EXPLODES. Flaming fragments splinter like an intergalactic bomb, scattering for miles. A mixture of dust, fire and blinding light.

Superimpose: **LAND OF CANAAN, 1065 B.C.**

The WOMAN stands shell shocked, clutching the little lamb. Her face and the sky is bathed in the RED GLOW of the meteorite, burning bright like volcano lava.

The lamb cowers, trying to flee. The Woman tightens her grip, seeing:

A MAN. Tall with muscles bulging under a military tunic of bronze plates. He is a towering figure beyond time and space, mythic yet human, blond hair glowing under the moonlight.

The Woman gasps as the sight of this warrior angel sent down from the heavens. The Lamb suddenly flies out of her arms, running away as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BORDERLANDS OF ZORAH - NIGHT

Smoke and charred earth. The meteorite has carved a massive crater into the earth. Several SHADOWS run toward the site. They are...

NAZARITES, an ancient ascetic sect, dressed like prehistoric monks in robes. They circle the black fire, in awe.

Suddenly, the giant shadows of HORSES surround them. The Nazarites turn, seeing:

Several Philistine SOLDIERS on horseback attacking them.

SAMSON (V.O.)
I was born on the night of the
Black Fire.

The Nazarite monks are trampled under the Philistine horses.
Blood, fire and mayhem everywhere.

As the ELDER NAZARITES battle the Philistines tooth and nail,
the YOUNGEST manages to escape, slipping into darkness. His
name is MASTER.

SAMSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The gods sent the fire to show our
people that he heard our prayers.
The Philistines stole the black
fire from us, using it to make
swords.

Dirt flying. Blood, mud and horses everywhere.

SAMSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
From that day on, my people would
remain in bondage. The elders knew
a child would be born on that day
chosen to liberate my people.

The Elder Nazarites fall under the swords of the Philistines.

SAMSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I was this child. They called me
Samson.

EXT. THE DANITE VILLAGE OF ZORAH - NIGHT

A BURNING TORCH slices through the dark night, passing huts
and modest homes of the Danite villagers. Pulling back we
reveal a YOUNG BOY, flame in hand, sprinting toward a hut at
the top of the dirt road. He turns the corner, running
straight into...

A TOWERING FIGURE. He steps into the light, revealing the
Biblical and mysterious face of Master. He seizes the torch
from the boy.

INT. HUT - THE DANITE VILLAGE OF ZORAH - MOMENTS LATER

The WOMAN, her belly swollen to bursting, SCREAMS as the
MIDWIFE steadies her legs. The woman gives one last effort.
The BABY's first CRY is heard.

MIDWIFE
You have a son.

The dark room is suddenly illuminated by a FLAMING TORCH.
The Woman sees Master, bleeding profusely.

WOMAN
Who are you?!

Master takes the baby from her. The Woman screams.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
MY BABY!

She dies. Master flees with the baby.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Several FLAMES light the dim cave. Three muscled NAZARITES train SAMSON, now 21 years old.

SAMSON (V.O.)
The ancient Nazarites trained me in
the ways of war.

To the side stands MASTER, older and wiser. The 21 years have aged him.

MASTER
Again.

The Nazarites pin Samson to the ground.

NAZARITE
Are you prepared to surrender,
Samson?

Samson suddenly leaps to his feet, flipping one of them like a pancake.

BOOM!

The Nazarite's body pounds the earth.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING TIMNATH - DAY

Master escorts Samson toward a Philistine camp and foundry.

SAMSON (V.O.)
I learned early on that those who
controlled the black fire owned the
kingdom.

EXT. PHILISTINE FOUNDRY - DAY

A hammer POUNDS the FLAMING tip of a sword.

A Philistine SMITHY forges a SWORD. Master watches the
Smithy, careful not to be seen. Samson gazes at the glowing
fire.

SAMSON (V.O.)
Our people were forbidden to have
swords.

MASTER
Your time has come. You must bring
back what was taken from us.

SAMSON
(calmly)
I'm not ready, master.

A pause. Master locks eyes with Samson.

MASTER
Do you doubt yourself?

SAMSON
(shakes his head)
I need time.

MASTER
Time is not on our side. Every man
has a destiny, Samson. Do not
betray your gift.

Samson turns to leave.

MASTER (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

SAMSON
To find out who I am.

MASTER
Don't get lost. There will be blood
very soon. Our people need
protection.

SAMSON
I will defend them.

Samson looks toward the plain below, alarmed at what he sees.

SAMSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I chose my own road...to walk alone
in lands no man crossed.

He walks toward the plains of Timnath and Zorah as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. TIMNATH AND ZORAH PLAINS - DAY

Part of the PHILISTINE ARMY is on the move. They cross the plain in strict military formation.

SAMSON (V.O.)
The road ahead was bloody. I would
fall and rise and live in two
worlds...among my people and my
enemies.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

YOUNG BOYS from the tribe of Dan hurl STONES across the river at the LINE OF PHILISTINE SOLDIERS armed with SWORDS and SHIELDS.

The PHILISTINE SOLDIERS wear helmets, padded leather and metal vests. High boots protect their feet. They are poised to strike, eyes cold and ready for war.

The DANITE BOYS are barefoot, protected only by thin woolen tunics and armed with only goat-skin bags stuffed with stones. They stand in the middle of the river hurling stones at the amused SOLDIERS.

The DANITE FIGHTERS stand on the river bank. Each holds either a reaping SCYTHE or a crude WOODEN CLUB. Each clad in a rough woolen tunic and crude sandals.

An old DERVISH with a craggy face, intense eyes and a mad grin dances in the water, spitting at the SOLDIERS.

DERVISH
Cowards! Bastards! Fools! Why don't
you fight!

The DANITE FIGHTERS eye each other, seeing who will go first. A fighter suddenly hurls himself forward, club raised. He wades through the water, lunging at the Philistine Army.

A Philistine Soldier calmly thrusts his sword into the Danite's gut.

As the sword leaves the Danite fighter's gut, Ahish the captain, signals to the soldiers to cross the river toward the Danites.

AHISH

Advance!

The Philistine Soldiers cut through the water toward the Danites. The Danites scamper out of the water, taking cover.

The mad Dervish stays in the tide, yelling at the Philistines.

DERVISH

Cowards! Bastards!

Suddenly, from the trees by the riverbank, out comes...

SAMSON

The Danites freeze, all eyes on Samson.

A Danite FIGHTER runs up, pointing to a HUGE BOULDER by the water.

DANITE

Can you dam the river?!

Samson runs toward the boulder, throwing his massive arms around it. He struggles with every bit of might to lift it but the boulder is too big and his strength has not yet fully matured.

The Danites retreat, panic-stricken.

SAMSON

Fight! Don't run!

The Danites take off, leaving Samson to defend the river. Enraged, Samson beats the boulder, trying to break it.

Two soldiers try to attack Samson. He throws them against the boulder, breaking every bone in their bodies.

The SHADOW of a MAN on horseback falls on Samson.

It is AHTUR, a young Philistine noble in charge of the Army. He spots Samson's long braided hair, the mark of a Nazarite.

AHTUR
What is your name, Nazarite?

SAMSON
Samson. I am not a Nazarite.

Ahtur grins, impressed by Samson's strength.

AHTUR
If you get bored in your village,
come feast with us in Timnath.

Ahtur gallops away. The Soldiers follow him. Ahish tosses Samson a dirty look, following the Soldiers. Samson watches them go, standing his ground. From the long line of Philistine Soldiers we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TIMNATH PALACE - KINGDOM OF PHILISTIA - NIGHT

Samson, now 22, drunk and muscled, throws his head back, roaring with laughter. He drinks from a wine cup, toasting with the Philistine NOBLES and ARISTOCRATS seated at a long banquet table. Samson is the only outsider feasting with the Philistines.

To his left sits AHTUR, the noble host of the dinner. Ahtur's left hand hugs Samson, right hand raises a wine cup.

AHTUR
To my brother, Samson!

The NOBLES raise their wine cups.

NOBLES
Samson!

AHTUR
(to Samson)
Philistines are your real tribe.
This is your home.

Samson raises his cup, returning the toast silently as ELINOAR, a teenage servant with green eyes and long black hair, walks up, carrying a wine jug. She immediately refills Samson's cup, smiling coyly at him. She is smitten. He ignores her overtly. She "accidentally" tips the jug, spilling wine all over his lap and on the table.

Ahtur shoves her away rudely.

SAMSON
It's alright.

AHTUR
Izola!!

Immediately Elinoar's mother, IZOLA,

IZOLA
I'm sorry, master. Please don't be
angry at my daughter.

She bows to Samson and starts wiping away the wine. She is an Affite, one of Canaan's ancient tribes enslaved by the Philistines.

Samson exchanges glances with Elinoar. She sticks her tongue out rudely and walks away. BERGAM the mayor claps.

BERGAM
It's time you entertained us,
Samson!

Samson points to AHISH, the Commander of the Philistine Army, then contorts his face. Out comes the sound of a BULLFROG. Ahish senses the sly insult but laughs anyway. The Nobles applaud.

AHTUR
(raises his cup, drunkenly
splashing wine)
It's time to make you an honorary
Philistine, Samson.

Ahish doesn't like this idea.

SAMSON
(laughs)
You've had too much to drink,
Ahtur.

Ahtur throws his arm around Samson.

AHTUR
MUSIC!!

Immediately, several MUSICIANS file in, instruments in hand.

AHTUR (CONT'D)
Play for my brother.

The MUSICIANS begin a traditional song. The Guests crane their necks, seeing:

An ARISTOCRATIC WOMAN enter the palace. She is stunningly beautiful with bewitching green eyes and long red hair. She enters the dance floor, beckoning Samson to come forward. He obeys. She pulls him dangerously close, feeling his body through her silk garment. Her name is SEMADAR.

She floats toward Ahtur, dancing with him as the whole party looks on. Ahish places a SWORD in her hand. She handles it with masterly skill, stabbing the air three times under Ahtur's arms.

The guests gasp, amazed and amused by her swordsmanship. She hands the SWORD back to Ahish. The music slows. Semadar and Ahtur are locked in embrace. He takes the lead, moving her across the floor. She presses against his body, looking deeply into his eyes, then turns to Samson.

Samson watches her body pressed against Ahtur.

Semadar suddenly pulls away from Ahtur, beckoning Elinoar who comes forward. They look identical. Elinoar is still the awkward and impulsive teenager with raven BLACK hair. Semadar is the sophisticated young woman with flowing RED hair.

Semadar takes off one of her veils and casually tosses it to Elinoar who makes no move to catch it. She steps back, letting the veil fall to the floor.

SEMADAR

Pick it up.

Elinoar walks away. Ahtur leans towards Samson.

AHTUR

I'm crazy about the redhead. You will be the guest of honor at my wedding.

Samson locks eyes with Semadar as Ahtur refills his wine cup.

EXT. TIMNATH PALACE - ARMORY - LATER

The guests are gone. Ahtur leads Samson past his sword collection.

SAMSON

Why do I love the Philistines more than my own people?

AHTUR
Because we know how to laugh and
treat our guests. Your people are
always sad.

He stands drunkenly, looking down at Samson.

AHTUR (CONT'D)
Name anything brother and it's
yours.

SAMSON
Give me your sword.

Ahtur laughs, patting his sword.

AHTUR
You know your people are forbidden
to have swords. I can give you
anything but this.

SAMSON
I thought you made me a Philistine.

Ahtur looks at Samson. His grin fades.

AHTUR
I can't. It's a crime.

Samson looks away, disappointed.

SAMSON
You're scared.

Ahtur suddenly extends the sword to Samson.

AHTUR
Take it!

Samson grips the sword, hands it back and leaves.

AHTUR (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

Samson walks out silently. Ahtur puts the sword away.

AHTUR (CONT'D)
Who's the lucky girl?

EXT. GARDEN - SEMADAR'S VILLA - NIGHT

Semadar stands at the edge of a pond dreamily contemplating the reflection of the moon. Her long RED HAIR shimmers in the moonlight. A noise startles her. She glances anxiously into the dark garden.

SEMADAR

Samson?

Samson comes towards her out of the darkness, lit by the moon. The night breeze lifts his long hair. Upon seeing Samson, Semadar gasps and playfully runs, darting through the olive trees. Samson rushes after her, catching up quickly. He grabs her arm. She struggles to break free. He grabs her hair and kisses her passionately. She stops resisting, returning his kiss. She looks at him provocatively, reeling him in with her eyes.

SEMADAR (CONT'D)

Did you like my dance?

SAMSON

Ahtur says he will marry you. Is it true?

SEMADAR

You know that I love you.
(kisses him passionately)
Take me.

She is completely uninhibited.

SAMSON

You're a Philistine. I'm a Danite.
We're enemies.

SEMADAR

You sneak away from your people to
be with us. I am not your enemy.
You love me.

Samson laughs.

SAMSON

Love? I don't know what it means.

She starts to kiss him.

SEMADAR

Yes, you do--

FOOTSTEPS are heard down the garden path. She quickly pulls him into the shadows, holding him tightly. He lifts her silk garment. She closes her eyes. They make love. Another NOISE startles her. He continues making love to her.

From the darkness, a FIGURE suddenly springs onto Semadar, trying to gouge her eyes. She SCREAMS. It is Elinoar.

ELINOAR
Whore! Whore!

Samson tears Elinoar away from Semadar.

ELINOAR (CONT'D)
You sleep with Samson but promise
to marry Ahtur!
(bites Samson's arm)
Let me go!

Semadar laughs, pulling off one of her gold armlets. She tosses it to Elinoar.

SEMADAR
Keep your mouth shut.

Elinoar takes the armlet, running back into the dark.

SEMADAR (CONT'D)
Don't pay attention. My half-sister
is crazy but harmless.

SAMSON
What if she tells Ahtur?

SEMADAR
I will kill her and you will take
me to your beautiful village and
make me your wife.

VOICES of the Guards are heard nearby.

SAMSON
I must go.

SEMADAR
Stay.

He takes off into the grove of trees, disappearing like a phantom.

EXT. RIVER ROAD OUTSIDE TOWN - DAWN

Samson walks along the road leading out of town.

VOICE (O.S.)

Samson...

Startled, he turns toward the voice near the riverbank. As he cuts through the bushes, he sees:

SAMSON'S P.O.V: Elinoar bathing naked in the river. She stands up, the water reaching only to her knees. She stares at him, provocatively.

Despite her slender beauty, Samson fakes a look of boredom. She calls out to someone.

ELINOAR

Come!

NEHUSHTAN, an Affite servant boy of 12, runs toward her, carrying a robe. He is small and wiry with shrewd eyes. She slips into the robe.

ELINOAR (CONT'D)

Go.

Nehushtan slinks off, eyeing Samson.

ELINOAR (CONT'D)

Go I said, you rat!

Nehushtan takes off, fast as a rabbit. Suddenly, he COLLAPSES, not moving. Samson kneels next to Nehushtan, shaking him.

SAMSON

Wake up.

Nehushtan is immobile. Samson puts his heavy palm over Nehushtan's chest.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

He's not breathing.

Suddenly, Nehushtan springs to his feet.

NEHUSHTAN

Boo!

Samson flinches, laughing as Nehushtan takes off.

NEHUSHTAN (CONT'D)
Don't believe what you see.

SAMSON
But believe this.

He grabs a massive stone. With one squeeze, he crumbles it into several pebbles.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Prepare to dance.

He flings a pebble toward Nehushtan's feet. The pebbles speed like little bullets, striking his toes.

NEHUSHTAN
Ah!

He jumps in place. Samson keeps tossing pebbles at his feet playfully. Nehushtan slips and falls flat on his face. Samson howls with laughter as he runs away.

Elinoar redirects her gaze to Samson, wrapping the robe provocatively around her waist.

ELINOAR
I'm sorry, Samson. I've been bad.

She comes up close to him. Samson smiles, seeing how desperately she wants him.

SAMSON
Very bad.

She leans closer, kissing him softly on the cheek.

ELINOAR
(whispering in his ear)
Even if I am bad I will love you
more and better than Semadar.
(pecks his cheek again)
I swear it.

She tries to kiss him on the lips but he pulls away.

ELINOAR (CONT'D)
(crestfallen)
Why do you always pull away from
me? Give me a chance.

SAMSON
Go home. There are a lot of
creatures out here that will make
you their dinner.

ELINOAR
I can take care of myself.

SAMSON
Then you don't need me.

He heads back to the main road. She calls after him.

ELINOAR
One day, YOU will need me, Samson.

He lets out a laugh, not even looking back.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - LATER

As Samson walks down the well-worn road, a TROOP OF
PHILISTINE SOLDIERS on horseback gallop past him. The horses
hooves kick up dirt, enveloping Samson in a cloud of dust.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING ZORAH - DUSK

Samson gazes down at his native village.

EXT. VILLAGE OF ZORAH - NIGHT

Samson enters the village, hung-over and disheveled.

The DANITES are going about their morning chores. One by one
they cast furtive, uneasy glances at Samson. He takes in
their dour, humorless faces.

SHELAH, the village Elder, approaches, disapproving of
Samson's demeanor.

SHELAH
You sleep with the whores of our
enemies and forget your duty to
your people. Look at yourself!

SAMSON
Don't judge me, elder. I brought
the peace to you and the everyone
here. Why do you think they are not
attacking us?

Shelah is at a loss for an answer. Samson keeps walking toward the sheep corral.

EXT. SHEEP CORRAL - SHORT WHILE LATER

KARNI herds the sheep into the corral. She is strong and beautiful with muscles of a tough village girl. Samson approaches. She tosses him a disapproving glance, pulling in a stray sheep.

SAMSON
Still mad at me?

She ignores him.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
What's happened?

KARNI
The neighbors stole our sheep.

SAMSON
Again?

KARNI
(annoyed)
Yes, again, Samson. Why wouldn't they? Nobody's here to protect us. You're too busy carousing with your drunken friends in Timnath.

He comes close. She pushes him away. The sheep flock around him. He does a perfect imitation of a lamb.

SAMSON
Baa-aa.

The sheep look up. Even Karni can't help but grin.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
You're too fierce, Karni. When we marry, I don't want a tiger in my bed.
(trying to change the subject)
I'm hungry.

KARNI
Is it true that Philistine girls are beautiful and paint their lips?

SAMSON
Many colors. Can you feed me now?

KARNI
If I marry you, where will your
allegiance be? To me or your
painted women across the river?

He admires her, impressed by her dignity.

SAMSON
If you marry me, I will not go back
to Timnath.

He tries to hold her. She looks at him solemnly.

KARNI
Will you laugh, dance and sing in
our house?

He doesn't answer.

SAMSON
If I am happy I can dance anywhere.

KARNI
Are you happy?

SAMSON
Not in my own village. But I can
be...with you.

KARNI
Is it not too high a price to pay
for just a village girl like me?

SAMSON
For you, there is no price too
high.

KARNI
How long can we last?

SAMSON
Why all these questions, if you
love me? Can't you just be my wife
without asking where I go?

KARNI
NEVER. It's up to you now.

The last sheep scuttles in. She closes the corral door, leaving without saying goodbye. Samson continues down the road.

EXT. HILLSIDE - LATER

Samson stands on the hillside above the Hereshite village. He looks down on fifty huts and grazing sheep. Something rattles in the bushes. Samson quickly reaches into the bushes, lifting out Nehushtan, Elinoar's servant boy.

SAMSON

You are sly and slick.

Nehushtan breaks free from Samson's powerful grip, somersaulting to the ground.

NEHUSHTAN

(grins defiantly)

"Nehushtan" means snake. I'm fast and slippery.

SAMSON

Then crawl back into your hole in Timnath. What are you doing here?

NEHUSHTAN

I ran away. I can help you.

SAMSON

I have no need of snakes. Be gone.

NEHUSHTAN

I am not a snake. You will need me and my people.

SAMSON

(amused)

Really? What can slaves do for me?

NEHUSHTAN

Affites hate the Philistines like the Danites. One day we will all rise up. Aren't you the chosen one to lead us?

SAMSON

Who told you this?

NEHUSHTAN

Everybody knows who you are.

SAMSON
Follow me.

He heads down the road. Nehushtan trails him.

EXT. HERESHITE VILLAGE - LATER

Samson walks calmly into the village. In a blink of an eye, several TRIBESMEN surround him.

At the top of the road stands the old HERESHITE CHIEF, flanked by two WARRIORS.

Samson approaches him, waving a friendly greeting.

SAMSON
Good day, chief.

He rushes forward, seizing the muscled WARRIORS, one in each hand. He flings them like a football several yards down the street. The tribesmen freeze.

CHIEF
(afraid but stoic)
We Hereshites are honorable men,
Samson. We did not steal your
sheep.

SAMSON
How did you know I came for our
sheep?

Samson grabs him in a head lock. The tribesmen gasp. The two warriors are still tumbling down the street.

CHIEF
We...are friends...let us work out
our problems.

Samson releases him, straightening his shirt.

SAMSON
(grins)
I come in peace, chief.

CHIEF
(catching his breath)
We are brothers and--

Suddenly Nehushtan appears.

NEHUSHTAN
Samson, look!

He points to one of the Warriors running away.

NEHUSHTAN (CONT'D)
He will go for help.

Samson picks up a stone and hurls it at breakneck SPEED. The stone flies through the village road, POUNDING the Warrior like a shotgun blast.

THUMP!

The Warrior falls down dead. The Hereshites look at SAMSON with fear and awe.

SAMSON
Does anyone have anything else they wish to get off their chest?

The Hereshites stand shell-shocked.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Good day to you neighbors.
(to Nehushtan)
Gather our sheep.

Nehushtan grins puckishly as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. ZORAH - DAY

The stolen sheep run back into the village, followed by Samson and Nehushtan.

Samson herds the sheep toward Karni's house.

EXT. KARNI'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Samson KNOCKS. The door opens. It is JAHIR, Karni's brother.

SAMSON
Where is Karni? I have her sheep.

Jahir closes the door. Moments later, the door swings open again, this time revealing Karni, reserved.

KARNI
Thank you for returning the sheep.

SAMSON
Can I come in now?

She looks away, shakes her head, locks eyes with him one more time and gently closes the door.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TIMNATH - NIGHT

Samson walks into town, lit by the moon.

INT. SEMADAR'S BEDROOM - LATER

Semadar sleeps. Suddenly, a hand covers her mouth. Her eyes flutter open in fright, spotting...

Samson.

SAMSON
Quiet.

SEMADAR
What are you doing here?

SAMSON
Gather your things.

SEMADAR
Why?

SAMSON
You know why.

A faint grin spreads on her face. She throws her arms around him.

EXT. SEMADAR'S VILLA - TIME CUT

Samson cautiously leads Semadar away, bags packed. They turn the corner, flinching at the sight of Elinoar.

ELINOAR
(spots her bags; eyes
widening)
Take me with you.

SEMADAR
Go away you fool and say NOTHING to
no one.

ELINOAR
Samson, please. Take me with you
too. I will be your servant. I will
do anything for you.

SEMADAR
SHH!

She pushes her aside and hurries away with Samson.

ELINOAR
Please!!

Samson cranes his neck, shaking his head. Tears burst out of
Elinoar's eyes.

EXT. VILLAGE OF ZORAH - MORNING

Samson leads Semadar into the village. The villagers silently
stare at her with contempt. Shelah steps forward.

SHELAH
She is a Philistine. Take her back
to her people!

SAMSON
She will be my wife.

SHELAH
It is against the law to marry
among them.

SAMSON
I live by my own laws.

He walks off with Semadar towards his house. The Villagers
watch them go.

INT. SAMSON'S HUT - TIME CUT

Samson opens the door, ushering Semadar in. She stands by the
threshold.

SAMSON
You are my wife. This is my home.
It's not the palace you were born
into.

She walks in.

SEMADAR
I don't need a palace. I only need
you.

Neighbors pass by, ogling.

SEMADAR (CONT'D)
I will do my best to be the wife
you deserve.

They kiss passionately as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SAMSON'S HUT - MORNING

Samson dresses. Semadar is asleep, half-naked. He kisses her neck.

SEMADAR
Where are you going?

SAMSON
I will return by tomorrow.

SEMADAR
You will leave me alone? What will
I do?

SAMSON
Make yourself at home.

He leaves.

EXT. VILLAGE OF AJALON - DAY

Two HOSTILE GROUPS OF MEN stand on either side of the square
eying each other.

On the right are the FARMERS, growers of wheat and barley.
They wear light colored linen tunics.

On the left are the HERDERS, breeders of sheep and cattle.
Less numerous than the FARMERS, they are dressed in heavy
rough woolen garments.

Samson stands in the middle of the rivals. Next to him is
ELIJAH, one of the Farmers. The farmers and herders start
inching closer to one another in full battle mode. Any given
moment, violence can erupt.

Elijah's WIFE comes toward Samson.

ELIJAH'S WIFE
Samson, please stop them.

Samson raises his hand.

SAMSON
Why do you fight?

A HERDER
(points at Elijah)
He killed one of us! The
Philistines have taken half of our
land. Our sheep have nowhere to
graze.

ELIJAH
Do not graze them in my field! I
have mouths to feed.

A HERDER
So do we! We are the same tribe.

SAMSON
(to the herders)
Bring your first witness.

ELIJAH
Damn the witness. I killed that
devil herder. And I'll kill the
next one if I catch his goat again
in my field. It's no sin to kill
one of them!

One of the HERDSMEN fronts Samson.

HERDSMAN
We demand justice for our brother!
Look at his family!

He points to the WIDOW and her two small CHILDREN.

SAMSON
(to the Widow)
I will give you a choice. You can
stone the murderer of your husband
or--

HERDSMEN
STONE HIM! STONE HIM!

SAMSON

Or...
(raises his hand)
...take the blood money.

The Widow weighs her options.

WOMAN

More blood will not feed my family.
I will take the money.

ELIJAH

I won't pay. I swear it!

SAMSON

It's your choice.

Samson grabs Elijah, twisting his neck. Elijah screams.
Samson is on the verge of snapping his neck.

ELIJAH

I will pay!

Samson eases his grip. Elijah turns to the HERDSMEN, ever defiant.

ELIJAH (CONT'D)

I curse you.
(to Samson)
And you, judge!

Samson grins, raises Elijah off the ground with one hand and FLINGS him into the sky like a ball. He falls face down into a pile of horse dung. The herders LAUGH.

SAMSON

Pay what you owe and remember this lesson.
(to the crowd)
The next time innocent blood is shed, you will pay dearly.

Elijah passes out from the shock.

HERDERS

God protect you, judge. What should we do?

SAMSON

It is not up to God to protect us.
What should you do? Go north. There is free land but it will not come to you. Just pick up and go.

SAMSON(CONT'D)

Stop killing each other and don't
be afraid to start over again.

He walks off, voice still echoing in the village. The herders
soak in his advice, facing north.

INT. SAMSON'S HUT - DAY

There is a KNOCK at the door. Semadar opens it, cautiously.
Her eyes widen at the sight of Karni. In her hand is a jug of
milk and a loaf of bread.

KARNI

Welcome.

Semadar's cautious look softens.

SEMADAR

Thank you.

Karni sees tear tracks in her eyes.

KARNI

You have been crying.

Semadar turns away.

KARNI (CONT'D)

May I come in?

Semadar nods.

KARNI (CONT'D)

What is the matter?

SEMADAR

I don't feel welcome here.

KARNI

Samson will be back. He is a good
man. I'm next door. You are always
welcome in my home.

She places the milk jug and loaf on the table.

SEMADAR

You are very kind. I feel better
now, thank you.

Karni heads out. Semadar escorts her to the door. Night falls
outside as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ZORAH - LATE NIGHT

Flaming torches on horseback enter the village, headed by Ahish. They move silently as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SHEEP PEN - NIGHT

Several SHADOWS pass through the barn. The sleeping SHEEP lift their heads, sensing something awkward.

INT. SAMSON'S HUT - NIGHT

Semadar sleeps soundly.

Suddenly, a MAN'S HAND covers her mouth. She struggles to scream as another SET OF HANDS throws a rug over her.

AHISH
Burn the village.

EXT. ZORAH - NIGHT

Torches fly into the huts. MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN scream, running out. Half of Zorah BURNS. Shelah and the villagers fight the flames.

Ahish gallops through the center of the village, carrying Semadar in a rug.

AHISH
(grabs Shelah)
Where is Samson?!

SHELAH
In hell I hope! He did this to us!

A Woman SCREAMS, running out of a hut engulfed in flames. Ahish grins, galloping away with Semadar.

EXT. RIVER - MORNING

Semadar is wrapped inside a rug draped across the horse's back, swaying back and forth.

Ahish leads 7 Philistine SOLDIERS into the river.

Suddenly, the rug FALLS from the horse, sinking into the fast moving tide.

AHISH

Grab her!

The rug unravels in the water, allowing Semadar to break free. She gasps for air, quickly swimming down the river away from Ahish.

EXT. RIVER BANK - PHILISTINE SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Semadar staggers onto the beach, drenched and exhausted. She collapses onto the rocks, heaving. A SHADOW streaks across her face. She looks up, seeing:

The smiling face of AHTUR. In his hand is a RED CLOTH.

Semadar panics, struggling to scamper away. Ahtur grabs her by the hair, covering her nose and mouth with the cloth. Semadar struggles briefly before her body goes limp into drugged oblivion.

EXT. ZORAH - LATER

Smoke rises from the charred huts. The sight is devastating. The Danites watch contemptuously as Samson heads towards his hut.

SAMSON

Who did this?

Shelah steps forth, blackened from fighting fire.

SHELAH

Your damned brother Ahtur and the Philistines. Because of you, a mother and child burned.

(screaming)

You cursed us, Samson!

Samson looks at his hut, now burned to the ground.

SEMADAR

Where is Semadar?

Karni comes out, clothes in tatters.

KARNI

They took her.

Jahir steps out with a bucket of water in his hands.

JAHIR
They were looking for you.

Samson looks toward the direction of Timnath as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Samson crosses the raging tide, seeing Ahtur's palace on the horizon. He climbs up the riverbank, spotting Elinoar.

SAMSON
What are you doing here?

ELINOAR
Waiting for you.

SAMSON
Where is Semadar?

ELINOAR
With Ahtur. She decided to marry him. They are in the temple.

Samson sees red, running into Timnath. She tries to stop him.

ELINOAR (CONT'D)
They will kill you! Don't go!

He flings her off.

ELINOAR (CONT'D)
Listen to me!

He ignores her, running faster. She takes off after him, crying.

EXT. TEMPLE - DAY

Opulent chariots and horses embellished in gold stand outside the temple. SERVANTS wait in the hot sun.

INT. TEMPLE - DAY

The WEDDING GUESTS are gathered in their richest finery. At the altar, Ahtur stands facing the Philistine PRIEST. To the side is a veiled palaver.

The Priest speaks to Ahtur who nods. The Priest gestures towards the palaver. Two Servants part the silk curtains.

A VEILED BRIDE steps from the palaver, SERVANT on each side guiding her towards AHTUR.

She stops, uncertain of where she is or what is happening as if in a drugged stupor.

The Servants tighten their grip around her arms, inching her forward.

Bergam tries to aid her but his bejeweled WIFE holds him back.

A towering SHADOW appears in the threshold of the entrance. It is Samson.

The GUESTS spot him, gossiping quietly amongst themselves.

Samson watches as Ahtur removes the BRIDE'S veil. It is Semadar.

Seeing her, Samson shoves the GUESTS aside as he bulldozes toward the altar.

SAMSON

Semadar!

Semadar and Ahtur face Samson as the wedding party falls silent. Two GUARDS confront Samson.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Get out of my way.

They lunge at Samson. He nonchalantly picks each guard up by the neck, squeezing their throats. They drop their swords, faces turning beet red.

AHTUR

(raising his hand)

Welcome, brother.

Samson drops the guards. They gasp for breath, reeling on the floor. Samson only looks at Semadar.

SAMSON

What are you doing?

Semadar is frozen and bleary-eyed, unable to open her mouth. She looks around, suddenly realizing where she is.

SEMADAR

I...I don't know...what's going on?

Ahtur looks at her.

AHTUR
She is about to marry me.

SAMSON
She's my wife.

AHTUR
She divorced you.

SEMADAR
I didn't want to--

AHTUR
You made a mistake with this
barbarian but I have forgiven you.

She looks at Ahtur as if seeing him for the first time.

SEMADAR
You forgave me?

Ahtur laughs.

AHTUR
Yes! You turned your back on the
palace to lie in sheep dung with
this animal?
(points to Samson)
Get off my land!

Semadar shakes off the Servants, raging at Ahtur.

SEMADAR
He is more a man than you'll ever
be!

She looks to Samson, having made her decision.

SEMADAR (CONT'D)
I want Samson!

Samson reaches out to her. She reaches out to him. As their
FINGERTIPS TOUCH...

Ahtur unsheathes his SWORD in slow-motion...

Samson's eyes dart to the SHINING tip of the sword as Ahtur
mercilessly swings, plunging the sword directly into
Semadar's heart.

The CROWD SCREAMS. Samson grabs the fallen Guard's sword, SLASHING the left side of Ahtur's face. As Ahtur's EYEBALL pops out of its socket, Samson plunges the sword into Ahtur's gut. Blood SPRAYS as Ahtur collapses, clutching his guts and screaming in agony.

Bergam kneels by Semadar, devastated as he cradles her.

BERGAM
My daughter!!
(to Ahtur)
Murderer!

GUARDS attack SAMSON. He kills them with the sword, carrying Semadar's lifeless body out of the temple.

The GUESTS flee in a panic. Only one remains, relishing the scene from the altar. It is Elinoar.

EXT. TEMPLE - NIGHT

Samson runs like hell cradling Semadar straight into Nehushtan, his FATHER and several AFFITE SLAVES.

NEHUSHTAN'S FATHER
We are ready Samson! What should we do?

SAMSON
(eyes red with rage)
Burn Timnath. All of it!

The Philistine Soldiers on horseback spot Samson.

PHILISTINE SOLDIER
Kill him!

The Affites suddenly attack the soldiers. Samson flees with Semadar's body.

EXT. BERGAM'S HOUSE - LATER

Philistines plunder the house. Bergam is tied up, face beaten to a pulp; barely alive.

Ahtur stands over him, glowering at him with his one good eye. The left side of his face is raw flesh.

BERGAM
You are evil...God will punish you.

He spits in Ahtur's face. Ahtur grins.

EXT. HILLSIDE - SHORT WHILE LATER

Samson gently places Semadar's body on top of the wood PYRE. He takes a flaming torch and sets fire to the pyre.

INT. BERGAM'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

In the hall, Ahtur sees Elinoar and her mother cowering in a corner. He signals to his GUARDS. They grab her.

ELINOAR

Let me go!

Ahtur WHIPS her. She lets out bloodcurdling screams. Ahtur whips harder.

Bergam hears Elinoar's cries, tears bursting out of his eyes.

BERGAM

Leave her alone you beast!!

Ahtur slashes Bergam's throat.

EXT. HILLSIDE - SAME TIME

The funeral pyre BURNS. Samson stands by Semadar's body. The RED FLAMES reflect off of his eyes, casting a demonic glow.

EXT. TIMNATH - NIGHT

Timnath BURNS. On horseback, Ahtur screams at his Soldiers.

AHTUR

Put out the fire!!

He gallops faster, running over men, women and children.

Blood trills down his face as he charges toward his incinerated villa surrounded by SERVANTS and SLAVES.

AHTUR (CONT'D)

Find Samson or I will hang you all!

He whips his horse into a crowd of panicked AFFITE SLAVES, trampling them under foot.

The Affites suddenly surround Ahtur, stoning him and the Soldiers. Rocks fly. Swords slash flesh. Ahtur gets riddled with stones as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BERGAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elinoar is raped by Ahtur's SOLDIERS.

EXT. TIMNATH - NIGHT

CHARIOTS race through town, dousing water on the burning homes.

EXT. NAZARITE CAMP - MORNING

Samson stands before the MASTER, face and body blackened by the fires. A rage unlike before glows in his eyes. He is capable of anything now.

SAMSON
Help me find my destiny.

MASTER
You know the way. You must commit.
Are you ready now?

SAMSON
(soaks this in)
Now, I am.

The Master nods.

MASTER
Let's go.

INT. SECRET CLIFF OF THE NAZARITES - NIGHT

The elite Nazarites surround the edge of a deadly cliff, chanting. A FLAMING TORCH appears. Pulling back we reveal Samson, naked, holding only a flaming torch. Master puts sacred ash on his forehead and points to the edge of the cliff. Samson walks to the edge, torch in hand and jumps. The Nazarites chant as he falls hundreds of feet into the rocky cliffs. The torch burns out.

EXT. HILLSIDE NEAR THE CLIFFS - DAWN

The Nazarites wrap Samson's dead body in linen cloth as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. CAVE - TIME CUT

The Nazarites carry Samson's massive body into the cave, chanting. Master appears as they lay his body to rest, saying a prayer for the dead as we...

FADE TO:

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

A year has passed. The entrance to the cave is covered with huge boulders. The Nazarites gather outside, chanting. Master approaches the boulders, chanting a prayer. The clouds darken. Thunder cracks.

Jahir and his Danite FRIENDS from Zorah stand by the cave.

JAHIR

He is coming.

A ROCK slowly trembles, rolling down the cave. Then a STONE rattles, plummeting down the same path. The earth trembles as if an earthquake is about to strike.

Suddenly, the boulders covering the cave CRACK, slowly breaking apart.

The boulder SHATTERS into a thousand stones rolling down the hill. The boys take cover, staring in awe at the sight of...

SAMSON, resurrected.

He stands where the boulder was, taking in a deep breath. His body pulsates with a supernatural energy. The Master steps forward.

MASTER

Now, you must bring back what was taken from us. This is your last chance.

Samson slowly walks down the hill, eyes blinded by the sun.

Awestruck, Jahir and the young Danites follow him, ready for war.

EXT. HILL ABOVE TIMNATH - DAWN

Samson and the Danites gaze down at the SMITHY forging a steel SWORD.

JAHIR
When will we fight the Philistines?

SAMSON
Soon.

JAHIR
We are ready to fight now.

SAMSON
You must know the right time to strike. Strike too soon, you will be the hunted. Strike too late and the prey gets away. The right moment is everything.

The boys listen, galvanized by his words.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
From now, we will be fast. We will think of ourselves as one small army of jackals taking on lions. Understood?

JAHIR AND THE BOYS
Yes!

EXT. ROAD NEAR DEAD SEA - DAY

Guarded by Philistine SOLDIERS, a MERCHANT CARAVAN of camels loaded with goods makes its way down the road. Rich PHILISTINE MERCHANTS ride elephants. AFFITE SLAVES carry goods.

A WOMAN'S HENNAED AND JEWELLED HAND pulls aside the silk curtain of a richly carved palaver. Her face is hidden by a red veil. The RUBY NECKLACE sparkles on her neck. Her jaw suddenly drops in horror, screaming at the sight of...

Samson and the "JACKALS" attacking the caravan from all sides. They overpower the lead TWO SOLDIERS, taking their swords.

The MERCHANTS surrender.

At the last moment, Samson reaches into the palaver and pulls the RUBY NECKLACE from the VEILED WOMAN'S neck. The JACKALS take off with the camels loaded with goods.

EXT. DEAD SEA CAMP - NIGHT

Samson and the Jackals sit around a campfire. Nehushtan roasts a boar on a spit. A Jackal's loud HOWL is HEARD in the distance.

Samson and the boys grip their newly stolen weapons, bracing for a fight. From the darkness, the footsteps of a DONKEY approach.

JAHIR
Who's there?!

The Jackals prepare to strike, diffusing at the sight of:
Karni sitting atop a donkey. Jahir runs to her.

JAHIR (CONT'D)
Sister!

Exhausted, Karni falls into his arms. She turns her eyes to Samson, touching him.

SAMSON
What has happened?

KARNI
Our people are hiding in the hills.
The Philistines are hunting us. We
beg you to come back.

SAMSON
Not yet.

KARNI
Who will help us?

SAMSON
I will.

KARNI
When? We have been waiting for so
long.

SAMSON
Come.

He leads her toward a nearby cave. Jahir and the boys stay behind, standing guard. The jackal keeps howling in the dark.

INT. CAVE - LATER

GUSH, a Danite fighter, stands over a hot bed of coals.

He dips a RED HOT SPEAR into a vat of cold water. Steam hisses and rises. A CRUDE SWORD lies nearby. Samson picks it up, showing it to Karni.

KARNI

They are asking about you. What should I tell the villagers?

SAMSON

I will return when I have a thousand swords.

Gush POUNDS another sword into shape. SPARKS fly. The fire burns, lighting the cave. Karni stares at the sword in Samson's hand, seeing a changed man.

INT. PALACE - SOUTHERN PROVINCE - DAY

The SARAN of the Southern Province reclines on cushions as SERVANTS lay out a lavish spread of food.

SARAN

Where is my favorite concubine?

The door opens. The veiled woman from the caravan appears. The Saran smiles.

SARAN (CONT'D)

Delilah...

DELILAH comes forward, sporting gorgeous black hair. She is the most celebrated concubine in the kingdom of Philistia. She approaches the table. The SERVANT quickly removes the dishes, making way for her. The SARAN canvasses her, bewitched by her eyes and seductive aura. She sits beside him, caressing his cheek as she speaks sweetly into his ear.

DELILAH

Are you ready for me?

He smiles. She starts undressing him. A scrawny NEWSHOUND flies in, parting the veiled curtains.

COURT NEWSHOUND

Samson and his gang have raided another caravan, Saran. They took five camels and the goods on their back.

DELILAH

He smells like camel dung.

SARAN

How do you know this?

DELILAH

He stole my ruby necklace. I was on the caravan.

SARAN

Rubies are disposable but not you, my Delilah.

COURT NEWSHOUND

Samson is making weapons, my Saran.

The Saran's face darkens.

SARAN

He has crossed the line. We will crush them.

The newshound scuttles away as Delilah's eyes gleam, thoughts turning inward.

EXT. HEBRON - TOWN SQUARE - NEXT DAY

Several LEVITE YOUTHS throw rocks, practicing their aim. They are unarmed.

Samson sits with ZIDKIAH ben PARAHIAH, an old viper, chief money lender and recipient of stolen goods.

Zidkiah hands Samson a small bag of coins. Samson shakes the bag, hearing the JINGLING.

SAMSON

Are you trying to cheat me, Zidkiah?

ZIDKIAH

(smiles)

Yes. I'm a merchant. I must make a profit.

SAMSON
Profiting from our people's blood
is treason.

Samson places his hand on Zidkiah's back, causing him to slump forward.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
How will you redeem yourself?

Zidkiah realizes that it's no use to resist.

ZIDKIAH
Information. A ship with a cargo of
bronze and iron will arrive in
Jaffa in three days.

SAMSON
Get a caravan ready and meet me
south of Beer-Sheba. Never cheat me
again old viper.

He lets go. Zidkiah breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. JAFFA - NIGHT

A SENTRY patrols along the harbor. Nehushtan, fast and slippery as a lizard, slips out of the shadows, slitting the Sentry's throat. He dumps the body in the water and signals to Samson and the Jackals. They rush to the harbor and board a small boat. Without a peep, they pull up anchor and float out to sea.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT

Samson's eyes scan the water. A large BIREME (a galley of the classical period) moves towards Jaffa. Two rows of GALLEY SLAVES pull oars as the FOREMAN slashes his whip across their backs.

INT. SHIP'S HOLD - NIGHT

The CAPTAIN sleeps. Suddenly, he hears his STEERSMAN shout.

STEERSMAN
ALARM!

The CAPTAIN hurries out, followed by his CREW. They climb the ladder to the deck one by one.

EXT. DECK - MOMENTS LATER

As each CREW MEMBER emerges from the hold, the JACKALS toss them overboard one by one. Nehushtan steers the bireme. Samson stands before the GALLEY SLAVES, pulling oars.

SAMSON
If you obey me I will free you when
we reach land. Eat your fill, then
sleep. In the morning you will row
again.

EXT. DESERT SHORE - MORNING

The BIREME is seen in the distance bobbing in the water.

Samson and the JACKALS carry loads of BRONZE AND IRON. Behind them, the GALLEY SLAVES carry the rest of the cargo over the sweltering sands.

EXT. BEER-SHEBA - DAY

Zidkiah and his LEVITES take charge of transferring the IRON onto the backs of their camels.

Samson stands among the GALLEY SLAVES handing out SILVER COINS.

SAMSON
You are free. Go.

The JACKALS approach Samson, awaiting orders.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Take the metal to Gush.

ZIDKIAH
Where will you go now?

SAMSON
South.

ZIDKIAH
There are soldiers on every road.
The Affites staged a rebellion.

SAMSON
(to the Jackals)
Move immediately.

SAMSON(CONT'D)

This metal and iron is our only
hope. Guard this with your lives.

EXT. ROAD TO GAZA - NIGHT

Twelve REBEL AFFITES are tied to poles, dying a very slow death. Blood oozes from wounds where they were lashed. Among them is Nehushtan and his father Ankor. Twenty Philistine GUARDS gamble around a camp fire.

O.S. Wolves HOWL nearby, hungrily waiting for flesh.

The GUARDS stop and listen, heads darting around as the HOWLS multiply from every direction. The Guards quietly stare into the dark, trying to trace the howls as their hands grip sword handles.

From behind the campfire, a MASSIVE SHADOW charges toward the guards.

It is Samson: huge, wrathful and in total warrior mode. He grabs the guards, SMASHING their heads together. Their craniums crack, plummeting one-by-one. He quickly ties up the conscious ones with lightning speed and agility.

Nehushtan's father Ankor, the crucified leader of the Affites, sees this, barely alive. He cuts Ankor down.

ANKOR

We must hurry. They are on the
brink of death.

Samson extends a machete-size BLADE to Ankor.

ANKOR (CONT'D)

(eyes widening)
Where did you get this?

SAMSON

Don't ask.

They quickly start cutting the Affites loose. Behind them, a badly wounded Guard manages to crawl away unnoticed. Samson keeps SLASHING away at the ropes binding the Affites to the poles. A voice whispers...

VOICE

(raspy)
Sam...son.

Samson reaches the last pole, eyes widening at the sight of Nehushtan.

NEHUSHTAN
Help! Samson!

Samson SLASHES the ropes choking Nehushtan. He falls to the ground, gasping for breath.

SAMSON
Are you faking your death again?

NEHUSHTAN
(coughing)
This time it didn't work.

SAMSON
Go home and take cover. They will
come for you.

ANKOR
God be with you.

Ankor and the freed Affites scatter into the night.

EXT. GAZA - LATE NIGHT

Samson cautiously makes his way through the dark streets, staying in the shadows. He spots the dim flickering glow of torches nearby.

As he rounds a corner, three torch-toting Philistine PATROLMEN spot him.

PATROLMAN
STOP!

Samson flies toward them. Before they can react, Samson POUNDS Patrolman 1 sky high. As his body hits the ground, Patrolman 2 and 3 are already reeling on the floor, greeting Samson's iron fists beating them to a pulp.

He grabs the torches, singeing their faces. They scream, hair and eyebrows catching on fire.

SAMSON
That's for my village, you pigs.

The Patrolman run into the night, HAIR BURNING. Samson takes off, seeing encroaching GUARDS, torches in hand. Twenty ARROWS whiz past him, missing him by inches.

Samson darts into a dark doorway. A strange and familiar VOICE calls to him from the other side of an open grille.

FAMILIAR VOICE

Samson?

The door opens. A pale and slender bejeweled hand pulls him inside.

INT. DELILAH'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Struggling to catch his breath, Samson grips Delilah's hand, following her up the narrow stairway to the second floor. A lamp shines softly behind a transparent blue curtain of delicate fabric.

Delilah parts the curtain, motioning Samson inside. The floor is covered with fine rugs and cushions. A large bed stands in the middle of the room. A copper mirror is attached to the ceiling over the bed. Delilah quickly goes to the window.

DELILAH

Be quiet!

She stands with her back to the lamp, face silhouetted. She is good at hiding herself.

SHOUTS and FOOTSTEPS thunder down the street. The light from the torches flicker across the room. Delilah takes his hand again, pushing him towards the bed. Samson surrenders to her touch. Her voice is a soft whisper.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Lie down.

Samson looks at Delilah as she begins undressing him. He doesn't resist. She quickly strips off his dirty clothes. Her breaths quicken. She leans back, staring at him lying fully naked on her bed. Just as she reaches to kiss him passionately, two loud KNOCKS are heard.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

(flinches)

It's only the slaves.

Delilah quickly loosens her gown, strips naked and lies next to Samson, heart racing a million beats. She takes him in her arms. He feels her heart THROB against his chest. She covers his head and shoulders with her long black hair just as...

The blue curtain parts, revealing her ETHIOPIAN SERVANT.

ETHIOPIAN SERVANT

The guards are looking for Samson.

DELILAH
Go away you fool!

The Servant quickly retreats apologetically, admiring her naked body and her half-hidden companion.

Downstairs, the Patrolmen make NOISE.

EXT. DELILAH'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The Ethiopian Servant descends the steps, looking imperiously at the Patrolmen.

ETHIOPIAN SERVANT
My mistress has a visitor. They
sleep. Why do you make such noise?

The CAPTAIN ignores his question.

CAPTAIN
Delilah!!

INT. DELILAH'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Delilah rises from the bed, stretching her arms above her beautiful slender body. Samson watches her go to the window, answering the captain's call.

The FLAMES from the torches on the street below light her body.

CAPTAIN
Sorry to wake you.

DELILAH
What brings you out so late?

CAPTAIN
Samson. He's here.

DELILAH
(yawns)
Tell me when you catch him. I will
slice off his balls for stealing my
ruby necklace.

The Patrolmen laugh, whistling at her flirtatiously.

CAPTAIN
We thought he might have killed you
and hidden in your house.

Her slim body sways in the torch light.

DELILAH
As you see, I'm still alive and
Samson is not that smart to kill
me.

CAPTAIN
Can I come up?

DELILAH
I have a visitor. Perhaps tomorrow
night.

She turns towards the bed, pretending to answer her
"customer."

DELILAH (CONT'D)
I'm coming, my master.

She turns away from the window, waving good night to the
Patrolmen. They head down the road, torches fading into the
night. She lies back down next to Samson, throwing her arms
around him.

SAMSON
Why did you save me?

She shuts her eyes, soaking in the touch of his body.

DELILAH
I have my reasons.

She presses her lips against his.

SAMSON
How do you know my name?

DELILAH
Everybody knows your name. You were
the favorite clown of the
Philistines. Now, you rob our
caravans. I know all about you.

She looks deep into his eyes.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
I saved you...now you must pay me.

He feels the warmth of her body, relishing her touch.

SAMSON
Delilah. Is that your real name?

DELILAH
You ask too many questions.

She presses herself against him. Samson takes her in his arms.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF GAZA - PREDAWN

The Captain of the Patrolmen gallops toward the twelve crosses, rage in his eyes. Instead of the natives, twelve of his soldiers have been crucified.

EXT. DELILAH'S HOUSE - PREDAWN

Samson cautiously steps out of the house, makes his way down the dark empty street.

He spots the patrolling SENTRIES armed with bows.

Samson carefully heads down a side street. As he turns the corner, he spots...

EXT. ENTRANCE TO GAZA - SAME TIME

SAMSON'S P.O.V: The massive IRON GATE securing the town's entry point. Sharp spear heads line the top of the entrance.

GUARDS stand armed with swords, spears and burning torches.

Outnumbered and back against the wall, Samson still manages to evoke a smile to himself as an idea takes hold. He faces the streets facing the opposite side of the gate and bellows at the top of his lungs.

SAMSON
HELP! GUARDS!! HOLD HIM!

The GUARDS rush toward the direction of Samson's voice. All but one GUARD remains at the gate.

As the Guard platoon THUNDER down the road, Samson reaches into his pouch, pulling out a hand-size STONE.

He aims and FLINGS it toward the lone-standing guard.

The stone BULLETS through the air, straight into...

The Guard's forehead.

BAM!

The GUARD drops as if a bullet just pounded him straight between the eyes.

EXT. GAZA SQUARE - SAME TIME

The GUARDS stand with SLEEPY TOWNSPEOPLE, alarmed by Samson's cries. Suddenly, a SHATTERING SOUND thunders from the direction of the gate. The GUARDS run back.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO GAZA - MOMENTS LATER

The GUARDS gape at the empty space where the IRON GATE once stood. The DEAD GUARD lies on ground with his head bashed in. Samson's bloody stone lies next to him. The angry Philistines crowd around, yelling insults at the LEADER of the Guards.

PHILISTINES

You let him escape. The Saran will hang you!

TRUMPETS sound off as a fresh troop of PHILISTINE SOLDIERS mounted on horses gallop through the empty gate, in hot pursuit of Samson.

EXT. ROAD FROM GAZA - DUSK

The Soldiers halt by a pond. The thirsty horses drink.

In the distance, NATIVES lead their oxen over fields. The Soldiers gaze out at the NATIVES not noticing...

The iron gate lying beneath the surface of the water at the bottom of the pond.

The Soldiers rein their horses away from the pond and ride away.

DUSK falls over the hillside. The MOON reflects on the surface of the POND.

Samson emerges from the water, iron gate resting on his shoulders.

EXT. CAVE OUTSIDE HEBRON - NIGHT

A strange RED LIGHT, resembling hellfire, flickers from inside the dark cave, piercing the darkness.

INT. CAVE OUTSIDE HEBRON - NIGHT

Samson watches as Gush and two JACKALS forge SWORD BLADES from IRON. They work feverishly, happy to finally to have the precious metal to make weapons.

GUSH
In a week, perhaps two, we will
have a thousand swords.

SAMSON
Time is not on our side. Work
faster.

GUSH
We will try.

SAMSON
Just do it. Every hour, our people
are being slaughtered like lambs.

Jackals POUND harder on the sword tips. SPARKS fly as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

Samson sits alone outside. A SHADOW moves nearby. He grips his sword, pointing it at:

The throat of Delilah's Ethiopian Servant.

ETHIOPIAN SERVANT
Please! No, sir!

Samson diffuses. She bows.

ETHIOPIAN SERVANT (CONT'D)
My mistress, Delilah, greets you.
Her tent is pitched in the Sorek
Valley.

SAMSON
What makes her think I will come?

ETHIOPIAN SERVANT
She must see you.

Jahir's footsteps emerge. The Servant quickly retreats.

JAHIR
Who was that?

SAMSON
An invitation.

JAHIR
To what?

SAMSON
That's for me to know.

He takes off.

EXT. VALLEY OF SOREK - CRACK OF DAWN

Samson gallops into the valley towards Delilah's tent. A cry is heard from the river.

DELILAH (O.S.)
Samson!

He quickly dismounts, running down the steep bank.

Delilah stands in the river, hands stretching out to him. Samson wades into the water, taking her in his massive arms. She leads him out of the water, toward the tent.

INT. DELILAH'S TENT - LATER

Samson and Delilah make love as we...

CUT TO:

INT. DELILAH'S TENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Samson lies in Delilah's arms. She looks into his eyes. He is faraway.

SAMSON
I knew someone like you...once.

She sits on his lap, snuggling against his hairy chest.

DELILAH
Tell me...what did she look like?

He slowly pushes her away.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Samson.

(strokes his face)

Let me love you. Take me. I will do anything for you.

She showers him with kisses. He hears something.

SAMSON

Sh!

Faraway, the Jackals SHRILL CRIES can be heard. He jumps to his feet, heading out.

EXT. TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Nehushtan stands before Samson, breathless from his run.

NEHUSHTAN

A Philistine messenger came to your village. He demanded they turn you over. The Elders...

He is unable to continue, devastated by what he is about to say.

SAMSON

Tell them I'll come.

Delilah rushes to him.

DELILAH

Why? They will kill you!

Samson looks at her. For the first time, there is a hint of feeling for her in his eyes.

SAMSON

I will come back...if I can.

She kisses him, unable to control herself. She suddenly bites his lip. He winces, pulling back.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

What was that for?

DELILAH

Don't forget me.

EXT. ZORAH SETTLEMENT - DAY

MOTHERS pull their CHILDREN inside as Samson enters the settlement.

Shelah and the Elders wait inside the gate, stepping aside as Samson and the Jackals enter clandestinely. They head directly to the center of the square, warrior-like. Shelah steps up to Samson.

SHELAH
Let's speak in private.

SAMSON
This concerns everybody.
(looks to the crowd)
We will speak now.

Elijah and the Elders from the neighboring village come forward.

ELIJAH
The Philistine army has camped in
the valley. Their commander is
Ahish.

SAMSON
I know Ahish.

ELIJAH
He has no mercy.

SAMSON
He does not scare me.

ELIJAH
Either we surrender you or they
will burn and pillage all of our
villages.

SHELAH
We cannot go to war against the
Philistines.

SAMSON
Why?

SHELAH
Where are the weapons?

SAMSON
Are you prepared to fight?

ELIJAH

We are not cowards but how can we
defeat the Philistines? They will
devastate us for generations.

Samson signals to the Jackals. They clear the path for...

Ten DONKEYS laden with sacks. The Jackals untie the sacks. A
hundred SWORDS CLATTER to the ground. Shelah, Elijah and the
elders flinch in disbelief.

JAHIR

This is how we will fight!

The YOUNG MEN in the crowd cheer.

SAMSON

The time is now.

Several YOUNG MEN grab SWORDS, raising them high.

YOUNG MAN

We are ready! Speak, Samson!

SAMSON

What better glory than to fight for
our people?

The CROWD roars.

EXT. VALLEY PLAIN - DAWN

Samson and the Jackals, joined by the YOUNG MEN armed with
swords, stand at the head of a motley throng of Danites and
Judites. Some hold swords, other carry scythes and wooden
clubs.

Samson looks across the plain, seeing...

SAMSON'S P.O.V: The CHARIOTS and FOOT SOLDIERS of the
Philistine army. At the front of the massive army is Ahtur
and Ahish on horseback.

Samson LOCKS EYES with Ahish. Both exchange an old grin as
their hands rise in unison, signaling to their respective
armies to charge.

As their hands come down, the Danite and Philistine armies
surge towards each other.

The Philistine army is far superior. The CHARIOTEERS plunge into the horde, trampling the front line of Danites. Freshly pressed swords SLASH Danites mercilessly.

The Danite fighters look desperately to Samson who swings his sword like a battle axe, chopping arms and legs as he bulldozes through the Philistine army like a hurricane. Several dozen lie dead in his wake. But his superhuman strength is not enough.

Samson's eyes frantically search the landscape, spotting a RIVER nearby. In the middle of the river is the old boulder he was unable to lift as a youth. He rushes toward the river, slashing and burning the oncoming Philistine soldiers.

Three CHARIOTEERS spot Samson trampling soldiers as he rushes toward the river's edge.

CHARIOTEER

Take him!!

Two other CHARIOTEERS gallop after Samson, gaining speed very fast as he reaches...

EXT. RIVER'S EDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Samson SPLASHES into the river. The blood from the soldiers he killed washes off in the tide as he hurries toward the boulder.

Behind him, the three charioteers rush forward, swords drawn as...

Samson bear-hugs the massive boulder he was unable to conquer as a teen. His neck veins FLARE as he lifts the boulder over his head like Hercules, letting out an ear-shattering cry of victory.

SAMSON

AHHH!!!

He heaves the boulder over his head, plunging it into the forking tributary. The boulder CRASHES into the tide, creating an ungodly SOUND. The entire vicinity RUMBLES. Even the horses carrying the chariots suddenly stop, screaming in panic. The charioteers whip the scared horses, not noticing that...

The boulder has dammed the river. The plain suddenly begins to flood like a mini-tsunami. The horses hoofs rapidly sink into the rapidly rising tide.

This is Samson's moment.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
ATTACK!!

Samson and the Danites swing swords and spears mercilessly, slashing anything in sight. The Philistines surround them as the water rises, fighting to their last drop. The Danites are badly outnumbered but fight bravely, using the rising tide to their advantage.

Samson flies back into the plain, joining his young fighters.

In the middle of the carnage, Ahtur GALLOPS through the soggy plain, his lance poised and aimed at Samson. He hurls it forward, striking a rock flung from behind Samson. The rock pounds the lance, stopping it inches from Samson's head.

Samson turns, seeing...

The Nazarites, led by his Master, storming the battlefield with an insane ferocity that betrays their quiet, monkish way of life.

In the middle of the chaos, Ahtur seizes his moment, charging after the Nazarites. He plunges his sword into the back of...

MASTER.

Time seems to STOP. Samson sees the sword leave the master's back as Ahtur gallops away.

Master pitches forward, eyes gazing into the horizon as Samson rushes up to him.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Master...

He cradles Master in his arms, eyes brimming with blood and tears.

MASTER
(looks into Samson's eyes)
My...son.

His eyes turn over. Samson holds him tight, weeping with all his heart. Suddenly, he lets out a SCREAM so loud, the Philistines and Danites freeze in their tracks. His cry has the torque of a sonic boom.

Everything STOPS for a split second as Samson FLIES to his feet in slow-motion, killing everything in sight.

The Philistines quickly retreat, abandoning hundreds of slain Soldiers floating in the flooded plain.

DARKNESS FALLS as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PLAIN - HILLTOP - TWILIGHT

Samson and the Nazarites bury Master. The surviving warriors gather around.

All heads bow in prayer as we...

FADE TO:

EXT. ZORAH SETTLEMENT - DAWN

Samson, battle-scarred and hungry for payback, leads his fighters into the settlement. His eyes widen at the sight of:

SAMSON'S P.O.V: AHTUR and the rest of his ARMY surrounding the settlement. The right side of Ahtur's face is scarred and disfigured. His left eye is covered with a patch.

AHTUR
Good morning...brother.

Samson draws his sword, ready to decimate Ahtur.

SAMSON
Go to hell.

He charges toward Ahtur, stopping in his tracks at the sight of...

Two Philistine SOLDIERS dragging Karni forward. Her hands are bound behind her, SPEAR pricking her throat.

KARNI
Do it, Samson! Kill him!!

The soldier STICKS the TIP of the SPEAR into her neck, millimeters from her jugular.

SAMSON
Let her go!!

They tighten their grip.

KARNI
Death before surrender!!

PHILISTINE SOLDIER
SHUT UP!!

She spits in his face.

AHTUR
Surely, you must be the only woman
in Zorah with...balls.

He turns, facing a crowd of huddled Danite WOMEN and CHILDREN, held hostage by SOLDIERS brandishing bloody swords. Shelah and Elijah step toward Samson.

SHELAH
They will kill us all if you do not
surrender.

Jahir raises his sword. The JACKALS surround Samson, ready to die for him. Samson puts down his sword, surrendering.

The Jackals do not move. Samson walks out of their protective circle, locking eyes with Ahtur. The JACKALS still stand defiant, clutching their swords.

Ahtur sits on horseback, watching the scene with his one good eye and a grin on his face. Ahish leads Samson forward. Four SOLDIERS emerge with heavy CHAINS, shackling his ANKLES and WRISTS. Ahtur gallops toward Samson.

AHTUR
Bring him to Gaza. This will be
your last journey.

He gallops away, followed by his soldiers.

EXT. ROAD TO GAZA - DAWN

Dark clouds line the sky. THUNDER CRACKLES faraway. LIGHTING CRASHES above the far hills.

Samson, bound with leather straps, sits atop a big war horse. The Philistine FOOT SOLDIERS march in front and behind him.

The whole village runs out to see Samson. WOMEN weep. OLD MEN watch sullenly, helplessness in their eyes.

The SOLDIERS drive them back with spears. Down the street, little KIDS throw rocks at the SOLDIERS, mimicking the young men.

LITTLE KID

Let him go! Death before surrender!

A hailstorm of little pebbles tossed by the street kids
riddle the helmets of the Soldiers.

A DESERT ESSENE, filthy and full of spite, flings a stone at
Samson, shaking his fist

DESERT ESSENE

Drunk! Lecher!

The SOLDIERS laugh and drive the Essene away but he follows
them, muttering to himself.

Samson's arms and legs have turned PURPLE, aching from the
tightly bound shackles. Every muscle and vein in his body
contorts, tempted to break free.

EXT. ROCKY GORGE - NIGHT

The Philistine Army has set up camp for the night. Samson
sits among the Soldiers, still tied up. The Desert Essene
crouches by the side of the road, laughing, spitting and
muttering to himself. Ahish comes up to Samson and the
soldiers, whip in hand.

AHISH

Feed him.

A Soldier brings a bowl of lentils to Samson, raising a spoon
to his mouth. The Essene suddenly runs up and knocks the bowl
away.

DESERT ESSENE

Let him starve!

An OFFICER ghetto-stomps the Essene, cracking him a few times
with his whip.

OFFICER

That's enough out of you!

The Essene writhes and whimpers away, spitting at Samson.

DESERT ESSENE

Whore! Murderer! Dog!

He crouches by the roadside, licking the blood off of his arm
like a canine.

Samson's face is lit by a burning torch. The look on his face is dark and brooding. Despite his shackles, he notices that the soldiers have distanced themselves from him several feet, intimidated by the sheer size of his frame and muscles.

A TIP-TAPPING sound begins. Raindrops drizzle on Samson's face. He shuts his eyes momentarily, relishing the feeling. Thunder ROLLS as sheets of rain pour down, putting out the torches.

The camp plunges into darkness. Samson looks out at the road but the Essene is gone. All he can see are the cowering Soldiers battered by the storm. The SILHOUETTED Desert Essene moves among the Soldiers, slowly nearing Samson in a menacing manner.

Samson tries to retreat but he is helpless. The Black Figure comes face-to-face with him, leaning close to reveal...

The Desert Essene's contorted face.

A grin suddenly lights up Samson's face, recognizing the bright shrewd eyes of Nehushtan disguised as the Essene. Under the storm's cover, Nehushtan quickly whips out a blade, cutting the straps around Samson's hands and feet.

The shower of rain stops abruptly. As the dark clouds part, the full moon FLOODS light onto the camp.

The drenched OFFICER spots Nehushtan cutting Samson free. Before he can signal, two Soldiers pounce on Nehushtan.

Using all his strength, Samson tries to free himself but the straps are unbreakable. Nehushtan tosses the blade to Samson. The Officer runs up to Samson, about to give him a coup de grace.

In the nick of time, Samson slits the straps, springing up like a wildcat as he CRUSHES the Officer's SKULL with one merciless blow.

A SECOND OFFICER lashes at SAMSON with his sword. Samson grabs the Officer's SWORD and flings it like a frisbee straight into the Soldier's chest.

NEHUSHTAN
(stabs an officer; eyes
widening)
Look out!!

Samson cranes his neck, spotting several SOLDIERS surrounding them in a tightening circle, spears pointed.

The torches flame up again. Samson and Nehushtan smile at each other, forced to give up the fight as the spears reach their necks.

NEHUSHTAN (CONT'D)

Too bad.

A horse gallops toward them. It is Ahish, chewing a mouthful of food. The surviving Officer is pale-faced, trying to give an account of what happened.

OFFICER

The rain--I couldn't see...

AHISH

Shut up! Grip your sword and show me your battle position.

OFFICER

Yes, sir!

He grips his sword, extending it in fencing position. Ahish whips out his bronze sword and with one swing, takes off the Officer's forearm.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

AAAH!!!

His arm plummets to the ground, blood spraying. The other Soldiers retreat in disgust.

AHISH

Next time, I will have your head.
We'll settle this in Gaza.

He swallows the food, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and glares at Nehushtan.

AHISH (CONT'D)

(to the soldiers)

Stomp his guts out for the vultures.

5 SOLDIERS stomp Nehushtan. Nehushtan hits the dirt, swinging back.

AHISH (CONT'D)

Save him, Samson. Give me a reason to rip your heart out.

The Soldiers keep stomping Nehushtan. Nehushtan raises his eyes to Ahish.

NEHUSHTAN
Samson will avenge me--

Suddenly, Nehushtan gives out, drawing his last breath.

SAMSON
NO!!!

His voice BOOMS again as he throws himself toward the SPEARS. Several Spear TIPS penetrate his flesh but Samson is too numb to feel anything.

A SOLDIER turns Nehushtan over.

SOLDIER
(hand on Nehushtan's
heart)
He's dead.

AHISH
Throw him to the vultures.

Suddenly, Samson realizes Nehushtan's bluff. Ahish quickly points his bronze sword over Samson's heart.

AHISH (CONT'D)
I will have your head today or
tomorrow. I SWEAR IT.

Almost a dozen SOLDIERS jump SAMSON, grabbing him by the hair. They SMASH his face into the dirt, holding him down as several more TIE his feet, arms and legs even tighter. His fingertips, toes and hands quickly turn PURPLE.

AHISH (CONT'D)
Not his feet, you fool! He has to
ride the horse unless you want to
carry him.

The Soldiers turn Samson over. Ahish takes a torch, lighting Samson's face.

AHISH (CONT'D)
I would kill you right now if it
wasn't for Ahtur, your...brother.

Samson suddenly spits in his face like a spitting cobra. Ahish flinches, leaping back several feet.

SAMSON
Touch my people and I will kill
you. I swear it!

Ahish laughs, wiping the spit from his face. The soldiers hoist Samson onto a horse that buckles from his weight.

EXT. ROAD TO GAZA - MORNING

Samson rocks back and forth on the horse, eyes half closed.

Thunder and lightning CRACKLE, startling the horse. Samson's eyes pop open. Another loud THUNDERCLAP frightens the horse. It rears up, SCREAMING as it races away. With arms tied to his side, Samson throws his body forward across the horse's neck, catching a hunk of mane in his teeth.

The horse gallops at full speed, passing snakes, scorpions and massive stones. If Samson falls, his brains will splatter into a pulp.

A WHISTLE sounds off. Samson slightly cranes his neck, seeing:

Ahish, on his horse, chasing him alone. Samson's HORSE slows down as Ahish rides up, grinning viciously.

AHISH
Pity. You didn't fall. I bet that
your head would crush like an
eggplant on the rocks.

He points to the Spiky stones guaranteed to kill upon contact. Ahish suddenly draws his sword again.

Samson doesn't flinch, ready for anything. Ahish keeps his sword a millimeter from Samson's EYEBALL.

Ahish suddenly swipes his SWORD, cutting the strap on Samson's right arm.

AHISH (CONT'D)
Move.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Zidkiah and a Stranger wait outside the village. Next to them is an African MAN holding the reins of 3 ASSES carrying heavy sacks.

Ahish leads Samson's horse forward. Samson is slumped on top, riddled with whip lashes. Ahish stops in front of the three men.

AHISH
Here's the merchandise.

Zidkiah winks, points to the SACKS.

ZIDKIAH
The silver is inside.

AHISH
I will count it first.

ZIDKIAH
I didn't cheat you...this time.

As Ahish opens the first sack, the African Man helps SAMSON dismount, cutting Samson's leather straps. Samson falls, unable to stand. Ahish glances at the African Man.

AHISH
Who is he?

ZIDKIAH
My servant. He will guide you as far as Egypt with the asses and silver.

STRANGER
I will get you there safely, master.

AHISH
(impressed by the silver in the sacks)
Good.

Samson looks at Ahish, starting to understand.

SAMSON
(locks eyes with Zidkiah)
What is this?

ZIDKIAH
How the game is played.

SAMSON
(anger rising)
What game?

ZIDKIAH
Silver and gold decide the fate of all. Ahish will find life more pleasant in Egypt than in Philistia.

Samson stares at them with disgust.

SAMSON
I never asked for this.

He picks up a dry white ASS'S JAWBONE from the ground. The teeth are still set in the jaw.

AHISH
(sees this)
Put it down!

Samson disobeys. Silver in hand, Ahish FLICKS his whip against Samson's leg.

AHISH (CONT'D)
This will be your last warning.

SAMSON
Mine too.

Samson hurls the JAW BONE straight at Ahish's face.

JAWBONE P.O.V: Flying through the air at lightning speed like a boomerang, it SMASHES right into Ahish's SKULL, killing him on contact.

Samson falters to his knees, VISION BLURRING.

ZIDKIAH
(panicking)
What have you done?!

The jawbone sticks out of Ahish's skull, blood draining. Samson turns to Zidkiah, wrath in his eyes.

SAMSON
Who paid for me?

Before Zidkiah can answer, Delilah steps forward.

DELILAH
I did.

Samson finally collapses from exhaustion as we...

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. DELILAH'S TENT - SUNSET

A bowl of BLOOD RED water. Samson lies in deep sleep. Delilah and her Servant wash his wounds, gently rubbing healing salves on his robust muscles, slashed open by Ahish's whip. Delilah lovingly caresses his hair, softly speaking to him.

DELILAH
(fingers running through
his hair)
If we were to be blessed with a
son, he would have your hair and my
eyes...

She grins to herself girlishly at the thought of bearing his child.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
I could be a good wife and mother.
You bring the best in me.
(gently kisses his lips)
We are together now. My love will
heal your wounds. You will be happy
now. I promise.

Samson's eyes CRACK open, locking eyes with her.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Rest my darling--

She cradles his head in her lap.

SAMSON
I have to go.

DELILAH
No, my love.

She reaches for a glass vial filled with amber liquid, pouring a few drops in his mouth.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Shh...sleep, my Samson.

His head goes limp as he falls into drug-induced sleep.

EXT. ROAD TO TOWN - SAME NIGHT

A TROOP OF SOLDIERS gallop down the road. Ahtur rides in front. The right side of his face is scarred and disfigured. His eye socket is now stitched shut.

INT. DELILAH'S TENT - SAME TIME

Delilah's Servant stirs HENNA DYE in a ceramic bowl.

With hands dipped in the blood-red dye, the Servant combs the dye into Delilah's hair. She shuts her eyes, relishing the feeling. Samson lies before her, soundly asleep like a child.

INT. SARAN'S PALACE - LATER

The Saran sits on his throne. Footsteps enter. He looks up, seeing Ahtur bowing before him.

SARAN
Did you find Samson?

Ahtur looks ashamed, hesitant to answer.

AHTUR
He escaped.

SARAN
(pauses)
When you have him in shackles, then
set foot in my palace. Get out.

Ahtur retreats, emasculated.

AHTUR
Yes, my Saran.

He storms out, blood rushing to his head.

AHTUR (CONT'D)
(mutters to himself and
Samson)
Wherever you are "brother," prepare
to die.

INT. DELILAH'S TENT - SAME TIME

A lute strums softly. Delilah begins to sing. Samson's eyes slowly open, seeing...

Delilah, her hair now RED like Semadar's. His eyes widen, arms stretching out to her. She melts into his arms, whispering the song to him. They are entwined, breast to breast, gripping each other.

DELILAH
Do you love me?

SAMSON
Yes.

DELILAH
My whole life I wanted you. Long
before our first night in Gaza.

SAMSON
I thought you were dead. I burnt
all of Timnath for you. Why didn't
you tell me who you were? My
sweet...

He clutches her, in a trance. Delilah tries to cover his lips
with her hand to stop him from saying the name she loathes.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
...beautiful--

She tries to free herself from his arms. His massive hands
grip her slender body, squeezing tight.

DELILAH
You're hurting me--

He leans into her ear, whispering the name that slices her
heart like a knife.

SAMSON
...Semadar.

DELILAH
NO!!

Her voice ECHOES through the tent.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
I'm Elinoar.

SAMSON
(shakes his head)
No...you're my wife.

DELILAH
Your wife is DEAD. I'm Elinoar who
loved you more than Semadar!
Elinoar who you kicked in the dirt!
I carried your name through the
fires that destroyed Timnath.

DELILAH(CONT'D)

I spit in Ahtur's face when he
raped me. I cried out your name
when the slave trader beat and sold
me as a whore in Egypt. I survived
the filth because I had to find you
again!

Samson looks at her, bleary-eyed from the opium.

SAMSON

You fooled me.

DELILAH

I love you!

He falls onto his side, no longer able to stay awake.

SAMSON

(slurring)

A whore...doesn't know how to love.

Her face turns to stone. She suddenly pries open his jaws and
dumps the opiate into his mouth.

DELILAH

You are wrong, Samson. A whore can
love...

(eyes brimming with tears)

...but she can also hate even more.

A pack of Jackals HOWL faraway. Delilah cranes her neck
toward the Servant's quarters outside.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

(yells)

Bring soap and water!

SERVANT (O.S.)

Yes, my lady.

Delilah turns back to Samson. He is drugged and unconscious.
She grabs a tuft of his hair, wrapping it around her finger.
She leans close to him, heartbroken.

DELILAH

You will remember me...

(whispers into his ear)

I swear it.

There is no emotion left in her eyes. The Servant enters with
a bowl of oily water and sponge-like rags. Delilah takes the
bowl, dipping the sponge in oil. Her movements are precise
and silent. She lathers the oil into his hair, gingerly
working her soft fingers through his mane.

Her shark-like eyes soften as she begins to unconsciously HUM a child's lullaby. Samson hears nothing. She finishes lathering his hair, holding out her hands. The Servant splashes them with water. Delilah dries off and reaches for a LEATHER pouch. She unties the straps, revealing:

A RAZOR.

She touches the sharp edge, pricking her finger. A DOT of blood appears on her fingertip.

SERVANT

Do you need anything else,
mistress?

DELILAH

I have a message for the Saran.

EXT. DELILAH'S TENT - DAWN

The cold pearl-grey crack of dawn envelopes the tent.

Off-screen, the SOUND of a cavalry approaching AMPLIFIES.

Delilah peeks out of the tent, spotting...

DELILAH'S P.O.V: Ahtur and his soldiers galloping towards the tent. Ahtur gestures to his spear-toting soldiers to surround the tent.

Behind the tent, a second small cavalry of Soldiers gallop closer as Ahtur arrives, jumping off his horse.

He locks eyes with Delilah, silently pointing to the tent as if to ask, "Is he there?" She nods.

Ahtur turns to the Philistine soldiers and motions a hand signal. They surround the tent with sharp spears and arrows, bows raised. Two SOLDIERS shlep over wooden SLABS with holes carved to confine hands and feet.

At the sight of all the weapons, a look of regret overwhelms Delilah. She hurries inside the tent.

INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

Samson sleeps, a hand-woven skullcap covering his head. Delilah quickly shakes Samson by the shoulders with all her strength, regretting what she's done.

DELILAH

Wake up!!

He lies immobile. She beats her fists against his chest. Finally Samson mutterd something in sleep. She leans into his ear.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

SAMSON!

He shakes his head briefly, still adrift in sleep. Ahtur appears at the entrance, grinning salaciously.

DELILAH (CONT'D)

Samson! They are killing me!

Samson flies to his feet, grabbing a heavy FOOTREST and SMASHING it over Ahtur's head. Before he can scream for help, Samson has Ahtur in a headlock like a wrestler, covering his mouth. Ahtur tries to yell to his soldiers but nothing comes out.

SAMSON

(to Delilah)

How did he find me?

Ahtur says nothing. Delilah lies on the rug, still dazed by Samson's well-intentioned blow to save her. She lifts her face to Samson.

DELILAH

I betrayed you. I'm sorry.

Samson lifts Ahtur off the ground and carries him to the entrance, holding him like a shield.

EXT. DELILAH'S TENT - MOMENTS LATER

The SOLDIERS stand in a tight semi-circle, spears aimed, bows drawn. Samson holds Ahtur in front of him, fingers wrapped around his jugular. Ahtur's face turns deep purple.

SAMSON

One move and he dies.

Ahtur GAGS from his closing windpipe. The Soldiers see his purple face, withdrawing slowly. Samson eases his grip on Ahtur's jugular.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Drop your weapons.

Ahtur mumbles helplessly. The Soldiers glare at Samson, studying him with vengeance in their eyes.

Samson squints as the low morning sun pierces into his eyes.

A DROP of sweat rolls down the side of his cheek. He wipes it, feeling the skullcap on his head. He suddenly flings it off of his head in disgust, revealing...

His SHAVEN HEAD.

The Soldiers LAUGH at the sight of the razor cuts zigzagging across his skull. He looks like he has been dragged through barbed wire.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
What are you laughing at?!

Samson rubs his hand over his bald skull. Feeling the razed skin on his head, he turns to Delilah, humiliated.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
What have I done to you?

The SOLDIERS raise their spears. The sun BLINDS Samson momentarily. Sweat pours down his face. He is breathless suddenly.

DELILAH
(softly)
You killed me.

Her words riddle him. Now he understands. A long pause.

SAMSON
(head spinning)
I...don't...remember what I've
done.

His grip loosens from the drug's side effects. Ahtur seizes the moment, breaking free. The Soldiers draw their bows, aimed at Samson's bald head.

Samson covers his eyes and head like a child expecting a blow. The laughter suddenly dies out as a ROPE whistles through the air, lasso'ing around his knees.

Two SOLDIERS drag SAMSON forward but are unable to knock him down. Samson staggers, keeping his hands over his eyes, head bowed.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE OUTSIDE GAZA - DAY

Samson stumbles along the dusty road, arms and legs bound in WOODEN STOCKS.

His body is covered in the mud kicked up by the HORSE SOLDIERS in front of him. His back is cruelly prodded by the SPEAR of the FOOT SOLDIERS behind, the first in a long line of 100.

EXT. GAZA - NEXT DAY

GAZANS line the street, jeering and laughing at the sight of bald Samson.

Ahtur and the Soldiers forcibly bow Samson's head in front of the military procession going through the town entrance where Samson took off the gate. A long line of Affite SLAVES solemnly stare at Samson.

A few brave AFFITE CHILDREN run up to touch Samson, then scatter as the Soldiers chase them away.

Delilah stands in the crowd, watching Samson. Her face is hidden behind a veil. There is hate and rage in her eyes but also a faint glint of regret for what she's done.

EXT. PIT - DUSK

Ahtur kicks Samson into a DEEP stone pit in the ground. Many a prisoner has died here from torture and starvation. Ahtur motions to the Soldiers. They pull the iron grill over the top of the pit and lock it.

INT. PIT - NIGHT

Pitch black. Samson gazes up to the top of the damp stone walls, seeing:

Two SOLDIERS standing guard, armed with spears.

Summoning up what is left of his strength, Samson smashes the WOODEN STOCKS against the rocks until they crack open. Gasping for breath, he heaves himself up the rocks but they are smooth and slippery. He falls back onto the dirt floor.

An OFFICER appears, looking down at SAMSON.

OFFICER

The Saran wants to talk to you.
(throws the rope down)
He's waiting.

Samson sits on the cold stone, ignoring the rope.

SAMSON

If the Saran wants to talk, he can
come here.

SOLDIER

How does he know you won't kill
him?

SAMSON

He knows.

The Soldier thinks, nodding to himself. He walks away again.

INT. PIT - TIME CUT

Night has fallen. Samson sits in the same position. The
Soldiers again pull the iron grille away.

The Saran, the rope tied around his waist, is lowered into
the pit.

Samson sits on the dirt floor, silently admiring the Saran
for visiting him, knowing full well he can kill him with one
blow.

He respectfully motions for the Saran to take the stone
ledge. The pit is dimly lit by the torches above. The
Soldiers watch them, spears and arrows aimed at Samson.

The Saran stares at Samson for several pensive seconds.
Samson calmly looks into his eyes. Neither man bristles.

SARAN

You are one of us, Samson.

Samson says nothing.

SARAN (CONT'D)

Did you never wonder why you always
went to Philistia? Why you were
happy there and not with your own
kind?

SAMSON

What do you want, Saran?

SARAN

I hear that your people call you
the Chosen One. Is that not so?

SAMSON

It is. Say what you have to say,
Saran and leave me.

SARAN

That was no angel that appeared to
your mother. Your father was a
Philistine. Your roots are from
Crete and Troy. I see their noble
blood in you.

Samson shakes his head back and forth as if shaking off
spider webs.

SARAN (CONT'D)

Join us, Samson. I will make you
the supreme commander of my army.
You will create the new empire.

The Saran can see the anger and contempt in Samson's numb
eyes.

SAMSON

You want me to help you destroy my
people?

SARAN

I want you to unite them under one
leader. Someday, you will be king
of this land...King Samson.

Samson looks away, meditative.

SAMSON

It is true that I love the
Philistines more than my own
people. Your people know how to
live. My people know how to die.

Samson looks at the cold, dank walls of the pit, envisioning
the future only he can see.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

You and I will not live to see this
but Philistines will soon be gone
from this land. I am not one of
you.

The Saran rises and places his hand on Samson's shoulder, a
wise look in his eyes.

SARAN

I cannot protect you anymore.

He motions to the soldiers as they prepare to hoist him back up.

SARAN (CONT'D)
The council will decide your fate.

SAMSON
My fate is not in your hands.

The Soldiers hoist up the Saran.

INT. SARAN'S COURT - DAY

The JUDGES have gathered. The Saran stands before them.

AHTUR
What have you decided?

SARAN
He will remain in prison.

AHTUR
I speak as the Saran of the
Northern Province. Samson destroyed
my city. I demand justice.

SARAN
Samson will not die.

AHTUR
He shed rivers of Philistine blood.
Are you mad?!

SARAN
There are very few in this world
you cannot kill or imprison. You
must let them...perish.

Ahtur stares at the Saran in disbelief, temper flaring.

AHTUR
So be it. He will perish indeed.

He storms out of the court, slamming the door shut as we...

CUT TO:

INT. PIT - NIGHT

Soldiers pull the iron grille away. Ahtur glares at Samson in the pit.

AHTUR
(viciously)
Brother...

Samson opens his eyes, gazing up at his towering figure.

SAMSON
Go to hell.

AHTUR
I'm just the messenger. Come. The
Saran has pardoned you.

A rope drops in front of him. Samson hesitates for a moment, then grabs the rope. He pulls himself out of the pit rapidly.

At the top of the pit, Ahtur and a Soldier plunge two RED HOT IRON BARS into Samson's eyes, poking them out. Bloody SPRAYS. Even the Soldiers cringe. Samson lets out a SCREAM that echoes past the stone walls of the pit and into the streets as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GAZA ROAD - DAY

A SHADOW approaches. It is a raggedy blind man, hooded like a mendicant. From afar, he is just a man. Up close, we realize it is Samson.

Samson's blind eyes stare out at the unseen world. His hair is now fully grown, still luminous, betraying his miserable appearance.

Nehushtan holds his hand, guiding him. He is covered with battle scars and a slight limp. Several STREET CHILDREN run around Samson in circles.

Suddenly, Samson turns around, sensing something. Nehushtan follows his gaze toward two distant HOODED FIGURES watching them.

SAMSON
Who are they?

NEHUSHTAN
I don't know. They have been
following us all morning. Shall I
confront them?

SAMSON
No. Let the snakes come out of
their nest. Take me home.

NEHUSHTAN
You don't want to swim?

SAMSON
Not anymore.

Nehushtan guides him toward a back alley.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - LATER

Nehushtan appears with Samson.

SAMSON
I will be alright from here.

NEHUSHTAN
When do you want to swim?

SAMSON
Another day.

Nehushtan disappears. Samson shuffles toward his meager hut.
Suddenly, a ROCK flies through the air, clonking him on the
head.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Ahh!

Blood spurts from his forehead as a group of Philistine
CHILDREN GIGGLE down the street.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
(waving his stick
defiantly)
Who goes there?

AMTARMAGAI, 8, the leader of the pack, steps up, giggling.

AMTARMAGAI
Blind man, blind man. Open your
eyes and you still can't see us!

SAMSON
Be gone before I catch you!

He lets out a very scary rendition of a tiger. The children
scatter, screaming and laughing. Blood trickles down Samson's
forehead as he arrives at his hut.

He hears something down the alley again. He cranes his neck, not seeing the two hooded figures from earlier in the day.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Who are you?!

The NEIGHBORS come out. The hooded figures quickly disappear.

NEIGHBOR
Is everything alright, Samson?

A pause.

SAMSON
It should be.

He enters his hut and shuts the door.

EXT. SEASHORE - DAY

The air is lively and mellow. Samson swims in the deep tide. Nehushtan wades in the shallow water, suddenly getting SPLASHED by Amtarmagai's Mom.

AMTARMAGAI'S MOM
Come back here! You are not
supposed to go into the tide.

The Servant SCREAMS at Amtarmagai. She pretends not to hear.

AMTARMAGAI
I'm not afraid. Leave me alone.

She spots a curling wave and leaps under it. SPLASH! She giggles, enjoying the sensation. Samson swims far into the bay as the wind picks up, creating a small sand storm. Nehushtan shouts to Samson from the shore.

NEHUSHTAN
Samson! Come back! A storm is
coming!

A stray lightning bolt CRASHES as the sand storm quickly erupts into a sea storm.

The NATIVE CHILDREN shout from the shore. Samson can't hear them. He floats on his back savoring a moment of peace just as...

The tide RISES. Dark clouds cover the sun. Thunder ROLLS.

Panicked CRIES. A CHILD's SCREAM echoes from the tide.

Samson plows through the water trying to reach the CHILD'S CRY. A massive RIP CURL nearly drowns him, throwing him several feet into the tide. The child's CRY amplifies.

CHILD
Help!! Help!!

Samson quickly swims toward the voice, reaching the drowning girl. It is Amtarmagai.

SAMSON
Hold on!

She latches onto his back. He swims toward the shore, taking advantage of the rolling tide.

EXT. SHORE - MINUTES LATER

Philistine WOMEN scream with relief as Samson swims closer with Amtarmagai on his back. The VILLAGE MEN pull them out of the tide. Amtarmagai weeps, falling into her MOTHER'S arms. The Philistines pull Samson out of the tide, guiding him to safety.

Amtarmagai's Mother weeps, approaching Samson.

AMTARMAGAI'S MOTHER
You saved my daughter!

Samson feels her delicate fingers take his hand and kiss it.

AMTARMAGAI'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
(whispers)
...after all we did to you!

Samson's face hardens. He pulls his hand away and turns his back.

SAMSON
Leave me alone.

Nehushtan immediately guides him away. The Villagers clear the path, stunned by his act of heroism. Amtarmagai watches Samson shuffle away, his back covered in scars. She lets go of her mother's hand and runs after Samson.

AMTARMAGAI
Blind man, I'm sorry!

Nehushtan tosses her an angry look.

NEHUSHTAN
Just because he's blind doesn't
mean he can't see!

AMTARMAGAI
It was me who threw rocks at you.
Please forgive me.

Samson stops and turns, a faint grin on his face.

SAMSON
I forgive you.

He keeps.

EXT. GAZA - DAY

Samson sits alone near his hut. Two pairs of feet patter closer.

SAMSON
(looks up)
Who are you?

The two figures walk up to him. A man and a veiled woman.

JAHIR
Samson, it's me. Jahir.

Samson's eyes soften.

SAMSON
How is your sister?

Jahir locks eyes with the veiled woman.

JAHIR
She lives in the north. Her husband
died. She raises her two children
alone.

She lowers her veil, revealing the face of KARNI, still beautiful.

JAHIR (CONT'D)
Come with me. I will take you to
the north. Her house will be your
house.

Samson hangs his head, hair covering his face. His blind eyes look toward Karni, sensing it's her.

SAMSON

Tell her that a wounded eagle never
flies back to its nest to die.

Tears pop out of Karni's eyes. She is older and sadder but
still loves him.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

(to Jahir)

I want to talk to you alone.

Karni steps away.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Now, tell me what's wrong.

JAHIR

The Philistines demand more
tribute. They are bleeding us dry.
We have nothing left.

Samson clenches his fists, anger rising.

JAHIR (CONT'D)

Please, come back with us...you are
our leader.

A pause.

SAMSON

Go home Jahir and take care of your
sister. Our time will come one
day...now leave me.

JAHIR

Is there anything I should tell our
people?

Samson patters away, smiling.

SAMSON

They must learn to laugh. Tell them
that.

As Samson walks away, Karni turns to Jahir, whispering.

KARNI

He will die if we leave him here.
We have to take him home.

JAHIR
 (looks around; thinking)
 Perhaps tomorrow...when the holiday
 starts.

EXT. GAZA CENTRAL SQUARE - NEXT DAY

Bonfires, Dervishes, Merchants and Street Vendors prepare for the big feast of Dagon. Flowers and music litter the center next to a massive bull, being washed and groomed for the sacrifice. Through the crowd, Samson emerges holding Nehushtan's hand.

NEHUSHTAN
 I'm hungry.

Samson smells a variety of spices coming from the vendors.

EXT. MARKET - TIME CUT

Samson and Nehushtan sit in front of two bowls of soup. Nehushtan slurps hungrily, tearing a loaf of bread. A MAN'S VOICE calls out from behind them.

MAN'S VOICE
 Samson?

Nehushtan quickly turns, seeing Amtarmagai and her GRANDFATHER. Samson stays still.

SAMSON
 Who are you?

AMTARMAGAI
 Don't be mad at me, Samson. My
 grandfather wants to talk to you.

SAMSON
 (pauses)
 Sit.

Her Grandfather takes a seat.

GRANDFATHER
 You saved my granddaughter
 Amtarmagai's life. Custom says we
 must honor you. We are asking you
 to be our guest of honor in the
 feast of Dagon.

SAMSON

I will not go to the temple.

GRANDFATHER

The gods are angry with us.

AMTARMAGAI

Please come, Samson so the gods
won't be angry at me anymore.

She comes close to Samson, stroking his face. Samson soaks in her innocent words, patting her shoulder, almost grandfather-like.

EXT. TEMPLE STREET - EVENING

A narrow street stretches toward the temple on the hill. Thousands of Philistines head toward the temple. It is the spring celebration of Dagon. Amtarmagai walks with a beautiful bouquet of flowers for Samson.

Samson and Nehushtan walk in the center of the crowd. There is hardly any room to move.

Suddenly, a low rumble explodes from the street. Men, women and children SCREAM. The crowd parts, revealing:

The sacrificial bull stampeding into the crowd. The crowd tries to escape. There is no room to flee.

The bull tramples a few people to death. Nehushtan tries to push Samson to safety.

Samson looks toward the direction of the bull, suddenly parting the crowd with his massive hands.

The mad bull locks eyes with Samson, charging. Samson braces himself, suddenly leaping at the bull. Man and beast collide, wrestling to the ground. Dust, mud and blood everywhere as Samson slays the bull with his bare hands, breaking its neck.

The crowd is speechless for several seconds, in complete shock and belief. Suddenly, the crowd bursts into shouts of joy, flanking Samson. Amtarmagai is among them.

Amtarmagai's Grandfather stares at the dead bull, full of foreboding. Loud THUNDER rolls across the horizon as the Philistines rush into the temple.

Karni and Jahir appear in the crowd, following Samson. Near the temple doors, Amtarmagai suddenly looks toward her grandfather.

AMTARMAGAI
I lost the flowers.

She runs against the crowd, back to the floral stalls faraway.

INT. TEMPLE - TIME CUT

CLOSE-UP on the god, DAGON. His statue rests on a gold pedestal atop the sacrificial altar. The CAMERA pulls back to reveal:

The interior of the temple. The slanted roof is supported by four STONE PILLARS covered with reeds, palm branches, figs, cypresses and oak leaves.

The setting sun illuminates the Philistine ELITES, dressed in their richest clothes. All the nobles of Philistia have gathered for the feast.

The Saran sits regally with his RETINUE. Ahtur is among them, eyes cold and calculating as ever.

In back of the temple, Karni and Jahir keep close to the walls, trying to remain clandestine. Nehushtan stays close to Samson, noticing his enemies.

Shouts of WELCOME resound through the temple. Samson turns his face toward the CROWD, returning the welcome. The crowd cheers even louder.

A VEILED WOMAN appears in the back of the temple, walking toward Samson with a BOY, 3, in her hands.

Samson hears her FOOTSTEPS approaching. His blind eyes stare at the veil covering her face. She near Samson.

It is DELILAH. She looks at Samson, eyes ablaze.

DELILAH
Samson...

Samson's blind eyes gape at her, faintly recognizing her voice.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
It's me...Delilah.

Her voice ECHOES inside the temple. He stares blindly.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
Will you ever forgive me, Samson?

SAMSON
(looks toward the boy)
Who is with you?

She slowly grabs Samson's hands, placing his open palms on each side of her Son's face covered by his long hair.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
(to the boy)
What is your name?

BOY
Samson.

DELILAH
I named him after his father.

Samson tightly grips the boy's hand.

DELILAH (CONT'D)
He will be a great warrior like his father. I want you to raise him.

She gives her son to Samson. The boy looks up to his father.

BOY
Can you see me?

SAMSON
Yes, I can...my son.

Samson's giant arms wrap around the boy. The crowd's voices die down, soaking in this tender moment. The quiet is broken by the sounds of soldiers FEET surrounding Samson. He looks up. Something is horribly wrong.

Suddenly Ahtur appears, motioning to his soldiers.

AHTUR
Take the boy!

Two soldiers approach Samson.

SOLDIER 1
Let him go!

Samson elbows the soldier. He flies into the wall. Ahtur nicks Samson's throat with his bronze sword.

SAMSON
(shielding his son; to Nehushtan)
Take him away.

Samson lets go. Nehushtan flees with the boy. The Soldiers chase him, blocking the entrance. The Boy screams. Nehushtan tries to find another way out. Samson looks to Ahtur, blood trilling down his neck.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
(to Ahtur)
Don't do this. I'm warning you.

Ahtur motions to the soldiers. They UNSHEATH their swords in sync. Nehushtan exchanges glances with Karni and Jahir.

The Soldiers attack Samson. He flies back, crashing into one of the PILLARS holding up the roof over Dagon and the sacrificial altar.

From the strength of Samson's back, a CRACK spiderwebs in the center of the pillar. Men and Women notice, mouths dropping as Ahtur's Guards grab Delilah. The other two carry young Samson out.

DELILAH
No!

SAMSON
Let him go!

DELILAH
(looking at her son
fighting the guards)
Run!!

Back against the wall of the pillar, Samson suddenly looks up to the sky and takes in the deepest breath he has ever taken. He throws his massive left arm around the pillar and his right arm on the copper railing tied to the burning altar where the coals burn bright.

SAMSON
GIVE ME MY SON!!!

FEARFUL MURMURS burst from the CROWD. The temple is at capacity. People stand up to evacuate but there is no room to move. All eyes on Samson as his face turns crimson.

The vein in his forehead PULSES...

His neck SWELLS as massive MUSCLES knot up like Hercules all over his arms and shoulders. He is on the verge of exploding.

The crowd SCREAMS. Even Ahtur's eyes POP OPEN at the sight of Samson's morphing body.

Samson's HANDS become muscular CLAWS as they wrap around the pillars, trying to shake them from their foundations.

The ROOF and WALLS RATTLE now. Ahtur whips out his sword and lashes at SAMSON, slicing him brutally across the chest.

Samson lets out an ungodly SCREAM that shakes the roof of the temple as if a sonic boom just hit. Blood SPRAYS from Samson's chest.

The beast inside finally awakens. His muscles EXPAND, dreadlocks GLOWING as if hit by a supernatural force.

Ahtur swings the sword again. Samson grabs the TIP, bending it like a candy cane. In one swipe, he hurls Ahtur into the panicking crowd.

Ahtur CRASHES into the crowd as they beeline toward the entrance, unable to escape. Ahtur's elite Guards surround Samson, about to butcher him.

He flies back into the pillar, bear-hugging it. As the swords SWING down, Samson UPROOTS the pillar from the earth.

Every Man, Woman, Guard and Noble freezes in their tracks, stunned by this impossible sight.

A bloodcurdling ROAR erupts as the floor and walls of the temple RUMBLE and SWAY. The GROUND suddenly SPLITS as if a massive earthquake just hit.

The pillar FALLS.

Near the altar, Samson flings the massive fire pit towards the oncoming Soldiers. RED HOT COALS scatter like grenade fragments, BURNING the faces of the Elite Guards trying to kill him.

Mayhem erupts inside the temple. Panic-stricken Philistines scramble helplessly as a cracking NOISE erupts...

The crowd looks up, seeing...

A MASSIVE CRACK splitting down the middle of the roof as it starts to sink sideways, about to topple Samson.

BOY

Father!

Samson lunges toward his son. Jahir and Karni run against the tide of the crowd, trying desperately to reach Samson as...

The third and fourth PILLARS COLLAPSE.

Ash, stone and fire mix into bedlam. Twigs, foliage, trees and bodies BURN. Some surrender to their fate as they perish. Others panic and run, robes catching fire as flesh curls up in flame.

If hell is on earth, it is right here.

The Saran, charred and covered in ash and dust, sits at his throne, aghast.

Samson hurries toward the sound of his son's CRIES under the sinking roof.

Ahtur and his Guards finally surround Samson as he cradles his son.

Samson's eyes dart around the soldiers, hearing them inching closer. He hears the KNIFE unsheathing from Ahtur's waist. Without wasting a second, Samson tackles Ahtur. The knife goes FLYING into the crowd. Samson shelters his son, blindly heading for the entrance.

Delilah breaks free from the Guard, staggering toward Samson and her son. A bitter look of regret washes over her.

DELILAH

Samson!!

Samson turns at the sound of her voice. For a split-second his blind eyes gape into Delilah's tears, as if seeing her. Despite all she has done, the love still burns inside her.

Everything slows down suddenly as...

A massive column suddenly CRUSHES Delilah.

The blowback of the falling column sends everyone CRASHING to their knees. Samson collapses near the entrance, cradling his son. A familiar voice cries out.

JAHIR

Take my hand brother!

Samson struggles to rise, holding his son up.

SAMSON

Take him!!

Jahir reaches for the boy as...

The roof FALLS in slow-motion...

Jahir flies toward Samson, hoisting the boy from under the falling rubble.

Just as Jahir takes the screaming boy, pushing him out of the temple...

Everything FREEZES as...

Blinding SUN RAYS shoot through the holes in the roof. For a split-second Samson looks up, feeling the warmth of the sun on his face as the massive ROOF falls like a meteor, burying him alive next to Delilah. Everything dips into SILENCE.

Pulling away from the rubble, we see Delilah's lifeless hand reaching out to Samson. A mushroom-cloud of ASH and DUST ascends, fires still burning.

Jahir runs out of the mushroom cloud with Samson's son in hand. Karni takes him in her arms, shielding his eyes from the horror and devastation. As they run to shelter...

Amtarmagai runs back toward the burning temple, grasping the flowers in her hand.

AMTARMAGAI
(broken voice)
Samson...

She sees a wisp of Samson's SHINING hair still glowing from under the massive stones burying him. Everything is covered in ashes and flame. Tears roll down her face. Nehushtan stands next to her, weeping.

SAMSON (V.O.)
Every man has a destiny...this was
mine...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NORTHERN DANITE SETTLEMENT - DAY

Young SAMSON, now 14, helps Jahir and Karni herd sheep into a corral. The Boy's long beautiful hair falls down his back just like his father's. His shoulders are already broad, arms muscled from field work and good genes.

He finishes herding the sheep, hearing the sound of CLANGING METAL. He turns, seeing Gush forging another crude SWORD. The tip is lava red.

KARNI
Samson! The sheep!

Young Samson turns, seeing two stray SHEEP darting away.

JAHIR

Don't just stand there. Catch them!

Samson stoops down and picks up a newly FORGED SWORD in his hand, raising it high above his head. The sword glows from the rays of the setting sun as we...

FADE TO:

EXT. ROCKY HILL - NIGHT

Stars sprinkle the sky. A stray LAMB scrambles up the rocky hillside. Young Samson runs after it, grabbing it's hind leg.

YOUNG SAMSON

Where do you think you're going?

As he cradles the lamb, a loud JET-LIKE SOUND thunders across the horizon. He looks up, eyes popping out at the sight of...

YOUNG SAMSON'S P.O.V: A massive METEORITE rips through the sky, SLAMMING into the earth.

Young Samson watches in awe. As we pull away, Young Samson slowly MORPHS into a fully grown man, the splitting image of his father. He now holds a masterfully crafted SWORD in his hand, warrior-like as the red glow of the meteorite bathes him in a mythical light. He will continue his father's fight, the new hero of his people.

FADE OUT:

THE END