

THE WIND AND THE LION

To: Theodore Roosevelt
President of the United States of America
November 1904

"You are like the wind,
and I, like the lion
You form the Tempest
The sand stings my eyes
and the ground is parched
I roar in defiance
but you do not hear
But between us
there is a difference
I, like the lion
must remain in my place
While you, like the wind
will never know yours."

From Mulay Hamid El Raisuli
Lord of the Riff
Sultan to the Berbers
Last of the Barbary Pirates

John Milius

THE WIND AND THE LION

TANGIERS

July 1904

THE BEACH

A gull screamed. Snarling horses crashed through the surf sending up sprays that turned to mist. Hoofs thundered and splashed. Dark riders hurtled by with flowing capes and turbanned heads and cowed faces. There was the glint of sun on jeweled sword hilts and the polished gleam of rifle stocks inlaid with silver. The sea birds scattered as the onslaught seemed to tear and rend the very air itself. A fearful sound of wailing accompanied the horsemen as it had for centuries before. They charged through the waves kicking up sand and stones, the sea birds screaming above their heads. They were oblivious to all, challenging even the sea to stand in their way. To their backs, the desert, timeless, changeless, another ocean -- a sea of heat.

CUT TO:

THE CITY

The city is bleached and white like a pile of rocks or more appropriately, bones. A Muezzin circled a minaret calling to the faithful, announcing the hour of morning prayer. His wail carried out across the dark corridors and stark rooftops by the hot morning wind. Below in the pit of the city where the wind did not go, crowded darkly clad Moors in shadowy stalls where they hawked their beads and rotten fish. Old men crouched in doorways with flies on their faces and disease on their breath. The faithful knelt on prayer mats and the air was thick and heavy. Above this, all was different. A woman stared from a high window, her eyes were dark and beautiful, her gaze resigned above a heavy veil. A jewel sparkled on her hand as she turned her head and disappeared. Still, above her the buildings gave way to gentle flowered hills where the Europeans lived. Here, overlooking the bay, stood cool Victorian villas, opulent and complacent behind gardens of orange blossoms and oleander trees.

THE SAND HILLS

The outskirts of the city were separated on the east by a low series of dunes. Here the beggars and traders stopped for rest. There are camels and pairs of gaunt horses loaded with brightly colored burdens. They swayed

from side to side in the heat and the only sound was that of the flies. Dust-covered men slept in the shadows as if they were dead. Suddenly dust and sand exploded from the dunes as the ferocious horsemen vaulted out into the settlement. For a brief moment each horse was suspended magnificently against the sky, the riders' robes flowing back like great white wings. A fearsome cry issued forth as the twenty riders descended upon the settlement, hoofs thundering through the dust, drowning the screams of terror of those who were unfortunate enough to be in their way. A flash of sunlight on an upraised saber and all were gone. Dogs barked and a head rolled in the dust.

CUT TO:

THE PLACE OF THE NIGHTINGALES

The Place of the Nightingales had once belonged to a French marquis who built it as a wintering spot with some intention of dabbling in the trade of precious stones. It was sold following the Franco-Prussian War in which the marquis incurred great loss of property as well as that of his life. The buyer was a Mr. Ian Pedecaris, an American, who had expatriated himself with his family's fortune in disgust at the Civil War. He raised dates, played polo and concerned himself with the betterment of the Arab's lot. He also married a spirited young woman at the age of fifty-seven and died shortly thereafter, leaving the Place of the Nightingales to her charge.

It was in that charge on this particular day in 1904. Mrs. Eden Pedecaris was now a woman of thirty-five and possessing a stately beauty only found in classical sculpture. She had long golden hair and a liveness of limb that conveyed both an eloquent sensuality and firmness of character.

Mrs. Pedecaris sat in the garden preparing for lunch with Major Sir Joseph Kenyon-Smith, the new British vice-consul, recently returned from service in the Sudan. Her two children, William, twelve, and Jennifer, nine, sat at another table with their governess, Miss Hitchcock. They observed a demoiselle crane pecking at two white monkeys who clambered about a golden stand eating orange blossoms. Highly scented flowers dripped over two large glass windows shielding the dining garden from the sea breeze. The children laughed as the demoiselle stepped about awkwardly observing the chattering monkeys. They tried to gain the crane's attention by offering candied figs but it was to no avail.

Eden motioned and a French Zoave servant in scarlet knee pants and gold embroidered jacket glided to the table and bowed.

EDEN

Joseph, the most important part of a meal is the wine. Everything must follow the wine and, in this case, I favor the Red Bordeaux.

JOSEPH

A red bordeaux at lunch?

EDEN

I have never been one to concern myself with when I drink my wine.

JOSEPH

Very well, then.

CUT TO:

THE CITY

A water carrier led a donkey peacefully. Dogs and children splashed in the waste-filled gutters. Merchants called from their doors offering fruits and honey cakes and ancient women knelt silently on their prayer mats. Suddenly, at the end of the dark street, hoofs exploded onto stone as the barbarous horsemen rushed into the dazzling light. The crowds whirled about in confusion, screaming in panic, shoving blindly and trampling one another to avoid the brigands. Like avenging angels, a dark apocalyptic specter, the horsemen careened about the stalls. A magnificent pair of greys with black-robed riders vaulted a cart, trampling the children beyond. The faithful looked up plaintively from their positions only to be ridden into the ground. A child was struck full by the chest of a snorting beast and dashed against a wall. As the last riders coursed past, the thunder of hoofs was drowned by the maniacal screaming of the onlookers.

The street was littered with broken fruit, carts and bodies. An old man lay on a prayer mat, his ribs crushed and blood running from his mouth which strangely was twisted into a grin.

CUT TO:

THE PLACE OF THE NIGHTINGALES

Eden scented the air and noticed the richness of smells,

the musky dry scent of the city and the full presence of the fruit blossoms and bougainvillea.

EDEN

It is so fragrant.

JOSEPH

It is spring -- it's always fragrant in near the equator in spring.

He paused and looked about. Everything, the sun, the wind, the moment seemed to be perfect. It would be frozen into his memory for the rest of his short life.

EDEN

Getting back to the Bordeaux -- I feel, and you can say I'm opinionated on the subject, but whatever -- I feel that the 1900 Margaux will be the growth of the century.

JOSEPH

It is awfully early to make that assumption.

EDEN

We have made a decision, Phillipe. We'd like to look in on the 1900 Margaux.

PHILLIPE

Of course, Madam.

CUT TO:

THE GATES OF EUROPEAN QUARTER

A steep cobblestone road led up to the European section. A guardhouse with native police in outrageous red balloon pants and turbans was set at the bottom to dissuade beggars and petty thieves from entering. The guards stood about lazily. Three of them knelt in the dust rolling coins and gambling. Suddenly, they looked up. Eyes flashed to one another. There was a distinct rumble -- a quivering in the earth. A tall Moor stood up, his mouth open, as he reached for the bolt of his obsolete French Lebel rifle.

Around the buildings and trees thundered twenty horsemen abreast, leaping and crashing over all in their path. The Moor stood frozen as did the others. A shot rang out from the still far away riders and one of the Moor's shoulders buckled, his turban fell over his face and his

hands forward. His rifle clattered on the stone and he then collapsed limply like a pile of rocks. A thin mist of blood hung in the air where he had been. The others screamed and dove for their weapons, but shots ripped out and then the riders were upon them, thundering over, sparing not the sword nor the hoofs of their snorting mounts.

CUT TO:

PLACE OF THE NIGHTINGALES

William tired of teasing the crane and went to the edge of a steep precipice that ended in jagged rocks several hundred feet below. The entirety of the cliff and the rocks was covered in brightly colored sweet scented bougainvillea. Beyond is where steep hillocks with houses and almond orchards and then the bright glare of the bleached city against the cool Mediterranean, where strange colored boats and black sea birds drifted indolently. How lucky was he to be here instead of school in that dreary foggy England. He could not understand his mother's need for him at home following his father's recent death and looked at it only as extreme good fortune that might be soon whisked away.

He was thinking of how little he had to do with the good things or bad that happened to him, when he heard what seemed to be rifle shots off in the distance against the hills. He leaned out to see around the house. Could it be the English boys with their father again, throwing tangerines into the air for him to shoot with his shotgun. How he wished that someday he might have a shotgun with its dark polished wood and intricately engraved birds and flowers around the breech. He would be a gentleman like the English boys' father and hunt grouse in Scotland and ride to the hounds in France. He would also serve in the military and have many medals, as well as Arab retainers to shine his shoes and carry his luggage.

He leaned out again when he heard another shot. Eden looked over scornfully.

EDEN

(calling)

William, William, stay away from the edge. The ground is moist there and could give away.

WILLIAM

It is safe here.

EDEN

I do not care to bandy words with you, William.

WILLIAM

Yes, ma'am.

William walked away dejected when he heard what seemed to be a muffled scream from inside the house. He stopped and turned. Sure enough another scream, this one distinct and horrible, and then a terrible crashing about. Jennifer ran over several steps, now even Eden and Joseph looked around.

JENNIFER

What is it, William?

WILLIAM

I don't know.

EDEN

Perhaps it is Phillipe and the Arab stable boy. I will not have this sort of thing in my house.

JOSEPH

Good help is so difficult to obtain --

His words were cut short by the door kicking open and Phillipe tottering out toward the table with a tray and the bottle of wine.

His eyes were glazed and seemed to be seeing nothing and the wine bottle shook on the tray and almost toppled over. His feet shuffled spastically beneath him as he neared the table. Eden looked in amazement from his face to the wobbling bottle. She could see the label which read: Grand Vin du Chateau Margaux 1900. Phillipe crashed into the table and fell face forward into the hearts of palm salad revealing a curved dagger stuck into his back. The wine toppled and spilled across Eden's dress like blood.

JOSEPH

(screams)

Brigands!

Mrs. Hitchcock screamed, and at the same instant, in a terrifying and most wonderful moment, William looked up to see a magnificent black stallion and rider crash through the great glass partition and hang suspended like some giant majestic bird before thundering down upon the tile splintered glass. With equal grace and ferocity,

two more riders, one on a white horse, the other on a mottled grey, smashed through the opposite partition carrying the flower covered vines with them and waving rifles above their heads amidst a shower of glass.

Joseph stood and drew a five shot thirty-two caliber bulldog pistol from his waistband.

JOSEPH

Get down, Eden.

The first rider pulled his horse around a fountain of a nymph and satyrs. Joseph fired and one of the nymph's arms fell off. The horseman drew his rifle and whipped his mount into a gallop, clattering across the tile. Joseph held steady and fired, the rider lurched. Joseph fired again and he fell from the saddle. His foot caught in the stirrup and he was dashed against the fountain as the horse kicked about crazily. The second horseman was already charging, his sword raised over his head. Joseph turned and thrust the gun at him and fired twice, but to no seeming effect. The Arab's sword came down with a flash and blood spattered across the tile. Joseph sunk to his knees, holding his head, but no longer living, while the Arab, mortally wounded, could not control his horse which charged in frenzy off the tile and past William who watched in wide-eyed wonder as both horse and rider pitched out lazily over the city and smashed on the bougainvillea covered rocks below.

Now, more horsemen vaulted the terrace, while others rode through the very house itself. Eden looked about in horror to see Joseph pitch forward and his head split open on the tile like a ripe melon. Miss Hitchcock was screaming maniacally, guarding little Jennifer who looked out wondrously as a ferocious bearded Arab made a wide swing with his ivory stocked rifle and caught Miss Hitchcock in the side of the head with a loud cracking sound. Miss Hitchcock stood immediately erect and let go of Jennifer.

MISS HITCHCOCK

Oh my Lord!

Blood trickled from her ear and drops fell onto Jennifer's hand. Then she turned slightly and fell into a fountain so that only her feet stuck up into the air. The Arab reined his horse around and leaned out and grabbed Jennifer under the arms pulling her up onto his saddle inlaid with silver and pearl. She looked into his dark eyes and beard and he smiled and laughed superbly.

Eden saw her child being carried away by the barbarous horseman and rushed to intervene, but two other riders

materialized between them. One dismounted and rushed at her. She leaned back and grabbed the bottle of Margaux and hit him full across the face. He stumbled and she hit him again. He went to his knees, she raised the bottle over her head but it shattered to nothing in her hand as the mounted Arab blasted it with his rifle. The concussion of the close range discharge sent her back and when she regained her footing the first was up and swinging his rifle. It caught her squarely through the stomach, doubling her over and landing her on top of the table with Phillipe's corpse. She gasped for breath and the world spun around her, but soon the two Arabs had her on her feet with her hands twisted behind her. She coughed and gagged, but they shoved her up against the horse and bound her hands with the linens. Then she was hoisted onto a horse in a rough manner, tearing her dress indecently.

William ran out of the way of the mad horse that was kicking about and dragging the dead man. He backed into the house then turned and ran.

He took the stairs at a leap, staring wildly at a full mounted Berber who was firing his bolt actioned Mauser rifle repeatedly into a picture of the late Mr. Pedecaris. He ducked into a side hallway and there encountered the French chef who was screaming into the telephone.

CHEF

Alors! Alors! Les brigandes!
Les barbars!

Suddenly, a huge Arab came from behind William and smashed him into the wall with the back of the sword hand and in a swift but graceful motion severed the Chef's hand at the forearm. The Chef screamed and fell to the floor. The Arab towered over him and raised his sword.

CHEF

(screaming)

Mon Dieu -- Regardez qu'est ce
que vous faite -- Mon Dieu!

The sword flashed several times but William's eyes were riveted to the hand still clutching the telephone.

TELEPHONE

Allo -- Allo.

The Arab bent over and pulled William to his feet and dragged him into the kitchen where other Berbers were filling bags up with food, silver utensils and wine. The Berber with the Mauser rode his horse in as William was thrust up astride the saddle. He looked back at the

cruel eyes and dark beard. With one hand the Arab held William and his rifle, with the other he fed himself grapes.

EXT. STABLES - PLACE OF THE NIGHTINGALES

William was brought down to the stables where Eden and Jennifer were already held. Various Arabs were perched on the high points of the house and hills with European rifles and bandoliers of ammunition. The remainder gathered at the road and loaded their loot upon extra horses taken from the stables. Eden looked about, her hands tied behind her. Not a chance of escape even though she was an extraordinary rider, these beasts would shoot her to see which way she'd fall. Besides, she would never leave her children. A time would come, she would just have to wait. All comes to those who wait. Suddenly, the door of the stable was thrown open and two Arabs came out with Sir Joseph's fine grey stallion. Behind them strode a magnificent looking Berber, obviously the chieftain. A great leonine head and hooked nose, fair skin and piercing dark eyes and beard. He appeared to be about fifty years of age and his walk and total physical presence could only be called imperial.

He looked about with a haughty disdain as his men secured a magnificent saddle to the late British Vice-Consul's mount. The saddle was of the finest Moroccan polished leather with insets of precious metals, ivory and rubies. He looked at Eden for a moment, their eyes locked and then his men signaled the horse was ready. He put his foot into the stirrup but the animal was spirited and began prancing about in a circle and he was forced to hop awkwardly on one foot to keep up with it. Finally, his men grabbed the reins and he stumbled free. Eden laughed arrogantly and, because of all that had happened, she laughed more fully and longer. It was a release. When she stopped, all was quiet and the brigand chief looked slowly up at her. Then he motioned quickly with his hand and his men knelt at his feet. He stepped up on their backs and swung easily into the saddle. They scurried away and he rode the horse up directly abreast of Eden's. He glared into her eyes and then slapped her hard across the mouth with the back of his hand. She gasped and tasted the blood.

CHIEFTAIN

I am the Raisuli. Do not laugh at me again.

He turned his head and they all yelled and fired their rifles in the air and thundered down the stone road.

CUT TO:

TITLES OVER MONTAGE

Raisuli's band rode through the city at a gallop and out onto the beach which they followed for several miles. When the brigand chief was satisfied that no one dared follow him, he turned inland, crossed a great row of dunes and emerged onto the desert devoid of anything alive. The desert was smooth and bright and radiated heat like a piece of red steel. By dusk they had reached the foothills of the Riff mountains which glowed a soft amber and scarlet in the setting sun.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE WHITE HOUSE - WASHINGTON D.C.

FINAL CREDIT OVER

Theodore Roosevelt stood staring straight ahead, his foot on a polar bear's head, his left hand on his hip, his right hand on a world globe. Behind him was an enormous bull moose's head and a portrait of Andrew Jackson.

NARRATOR

The Secretary of State regrets to inform you that he has today received the following dispatch from Samuel Gummere, U.S. consul general, Tangier Morocco.

"On July 12, a Mr. Ian Pedecaris and his family were kidnapped from their residence in Tangier and their servants and retainers brutally murdered. This act of barbarous criminality appears perpetrated by Mulay El Raisuli, Sherif of the Riffian Berbers and last of the barbary pirates."

A flash illuminated the room. Roosevelt breathed deeply, relaxed, straightened himself and assumed another pose -- this time with both hands upon the globe.

NARRATOR

(continuing)

Both the British Minister, Sir Arthur Nicholson and myself have concurred that there now exist alarming prospects of danger for all foreigners in Morocco as a result of this latest outrage. Request warships.

Another flash. Roosevelt relaxed again and turned his back and walked out of the room.

CUT TO:

WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS

Secretary of State, John Hay, was a shrewd man, sometimes melancholy over his duties (he wished to be a poet) but a gentleman of extreme sharpness and cultivated wit. He had been Lincoln's private secretary and now at late middle age, was in his hour as the instrument of "that damned cowboy's" spirited and brilliant foreign policy. He walked along the grass with Henry Cabot Lodge, Roosevelt's best friend and trusted member of his cabinet and Elihu Root, Secretary of War.

HAY

Gentlemen, as you know, neither the nomination nor the Presidency has ever been won by a Vice-President filling out his fallen predecessor's term of office. As you also know, sentiment within the party has never been favorable to Theodore.

LODGE

It is ridiculous, John, to consider these matters. Teddy is the most popular leader this country has had since Washington.

ROOT

Why drag in Washington?

They laughed heartily.

HAY

You know it and I know it, but that damned cowboy doesn't know it. He wants something to hang it on, to arouse the populace so to speak.

LODGE

A cavalry charge.

ROOT

Morocco?

HAY

Morocco.

CUT TO:

ROOSEVELT

He stood on a rock looking at the Potomac below him.
His gaze was wistful and far away.

ROOSEVELT

Morocco. The great powers are
in Morocco -- France, England,
Germany.

He seemed to savor the words.

ROOSEVELT

Russia -- The great powers.

John Hay stood behind him looking embarrassed, not quite knowing what to do. They were alone save two secret service men who waited by a walking path closer to the river. They were in biking clothes and Hay was obviously winded. Roosevelt turned.

ROOSEVELT

There is a particular moment, a time and place in the universe when you realized that you have been called upon to perform an action -- an action so grand, so much larger than yourself that it wipes clean your life of everything that has come before or will follow. The Presidency represents that time and that moment for me, John. You understand that, don't you? You understand that I must win it again in my own right or I shall have failed in that time and that place.

HAY

It is an overblown assumption all of it but you do not listen to me, Theodore. I sometimes wonder what you have me around at all for.

ROOSEVELT

John, you always appear to be listening to my bull manure even if you've got better sense than to swallow it. That's what I have you around for.

HAY

I am grossly underpaid and history will never acknowledge the debt.
What of Morocco?

ROOSEVELT

You know as well as I, Berber desperadoes cannot go around kidnapping American millionaires or, for that matter, Americans, period. If I had my way I'd pick out a brace of white stallions, a couple of matched Winchesters and a battalion or so of Marines and ... I can't do that, can I?

HAY

No.

ROOSEVELT

Has this -- this Raspouli...

HAY

Raisuli.

ROOSEVELT

Has this brigand set forth any terms yet?

HAY

No.

ROOSEVELT

Good -- that gives us an excuse.

HAY

But he will.

ROOSEVELT

What makes you so sure?

HAY

He's done it before. He kidnapped a British consul once but returned him because he was his friend and spat upon the ransom.

ROOSEVELT

Spat upon the ransom?

HAY

There were others, too. Spanish and French emissaries.

ROOSEVELT

He returned them?

HAY

Parts of them.

Roosevelt considered this and walked off stepping from boulder to boulder -- Hay trying to keep up.

ROOSEVELT

(to himself)

Threatening the lives and property of American citizens -- this, of course, is an insult in the eyes of the world community. An Arab thief holding me up like a common highwayman.

Hay was having trouble on the rocks some distance behind Roosevelt.

HAY

(yelling)

Theodore! I do not intend to lose my life or break legs here. Now, what is it you want?

ROOSEVELT

(yells back)

Want? I want a little respect, that's what I want. I want respect for human life and American property. I'll send the entire Atlantic Squadron to Tangier to get that respect.

HAY

That's illegal.

ROOSEVELT

Why spoil the beauty of the thing with legality. Dewey sails tomorrow. This country wants Pedecaris alive or Raisuli dead!

Hay, though precariously balanced, knew a great moment when he saw it. He whipped out a pencil and a pad.

HAY

What -- What was that last part?

Roosevelt stood up to his full height, his chest out, his whiskers bristling, the river and the trees behind him.

ROOSEVELT

Pedecaris alive or Raisuli dead!

THE FOOTHILLS OF THE RIFF

It was dawn. The Berbers were encamped in around a small wadi. A few tents had been pitched, camels looked up as the first rays of light drifted across the red hills. Men moved about in the shadows. Horses were saddled.

William awoke from a sleep filled with strange dreams of flying carpets and great fire-breathing horses. He looked about him, not quite sure of where he was. Next to him were his mother and little Jennifer. A particularly ugly looking short man with bandoliers of ammunition came forward and smiled at him. Then he crouched next to Eden and began poking her with his rifle. She sighed and tossed about. He poked her in the behind and she came suddenly awake, looked about and gasped. She drew the blanket up around her even though she was dressed.

ARAB

Madame, we go now -- Horses --

She looked at him strangely.

ARAB

Horses -- we go --

He poked her again.

EDEN

Don't touch me with that thing again. I am capable of understanding your gibberish.

He laughed. Horses were brought up and two rough Berbers pulled Eden to her feet. She started to protest when she saw Raisuli on the great black horse silhouetted against the dawn. They turned her towards him and started to bind her hands.

EDEN

No!

She pulled her hands free and gathered William and Jennifer to her. The men started for her again when Raisuli raised his hand. He smiled at Eden.

EDEN

I have no idea who you are or what you want with me. But I will tell you that I am no coward and if you or these men should try to lay a hand on me I shall try with all the strength in me to kill you and with my last breath I shall curse you to God.

She looked for a response. He reached down and took a water skin from one of the men, tipped it and drank deeply.

EDEN

God will listen!

RAISULI

Do you play -- checkers?

EDEN

No, I play chess.

RAISULI

Better!

He motioned and horses were brought up and they mounted. Raisuli looked at her and smiled.

THE MOUNTAINS

Raisuli took them up across a steep rocky draw and out across a plateau of granite from which one could see a great desert stretching as far as could be imagined. Dust devils and wind storms swirled about like small creatures on its endless expanse.

RAISULI (V.O.)

This is the Riff. I am Lord of the Riff. I am Raisuli the Magnificent Sherif of Riffian Berbers. I am last of the Barbary Pirates. I am the true defender of the faithful. The blood of the Prophet runs in me and I am but a servant of His will.

Eden rode next to Raisuli, her hands free. She had a cloth wrapped around her head like a turban so that even now she no longer looked quite European -- but not Berber either. Raisuli pointed to the mountains which were ragged and colored a light magenta. Their beauty did not conceal their cruel uninhabitability.

RAISULI

These are in my care -- the mountains, the desert, the wind. But all these are nothing -- only the wells and places of trees to shade from the sun, the rest means nothing. But all this I serve as is the will of Allah. You have nothing to say?

EDEN

It is not my intention to
encourage braggarts.

RAISULI

Your shell is strong like a
turtle's but it is brittle.

EDEN

Your tongue is clever and fast
-- careful that you do not trip
over it.

She smiled graciously at him and he scratched his head.

RAISULI

You are a great deal of trouble.

Young William sat on a huge horse alone. He had never been on so big a horse by himself before and now it was all his to command where he pleased. He could ride with the wind like the other horses were it not for these brigands holding the reins. The huge Berber who had kidnapped him the day before rode up alongside. He was wearing black robes with bandoliers and his shiny rifle. He glared down at William looking fierce and very much a Berber brigand. William just gazed back at him in wonder and the big Arab smiled. He smiled deep and wide, a great grin that came from his ears. He pointed to William's horse.

BERBER

Horse.

WILLIAM

Horse.

BERBER

Big horse -- good horse -- fleet.

WILLIAM

Fleet.

BERBER

Rifle.

He held up the rifle.

BERBER

Mauser rifle -- 7 millimeters --
Mauser rifle.

WILLIAM

Rifle.

BERBER

Good.

He laughed to himself and rode ahead. William turned quickly to Jennifer who was riding behind with a Berber. She giggled.

CUT TO:

OASIS

A man galloped towards the riders as they neared a small clump of date palms against the jagged rocks. He wore a black hood over his head and stopped about two hundred yards away brandishing a rifle. His horse pranced about. Raisuli's men stopped their horses, uneasy and rifles to the ready. Raisuli looked the situation over carefully, he seemed calloused and of little concern. Eden rode up alongside.

EDEN

Who is this -- what is going on?

RAISULI

Need you know everything, woman?
It is enough that your hands are free.

EDEN

That sort of impudence will not have its way with me.

RAISULI

(resigned)

He is a -- retainer -- a dog that is bought.

EDEN

You know him.

RAISULI

Only by his robes. His master is Harin er Ka-reem, a pretender who calls himself a sheik. He has dishonored me.

EDEN

What is this fellow doing? I want no part of more shooting.

RAISULI

I am waiting for him to invite me to drink at his well, or I shall kill his master and drink there anyway.

The Arab threw his arm back in the direction of the well and turned his horse while yelling some vague Berber chant into the wind. Raisuli smiled and raised his rifle smoothly.

EDEN

My God!

His shot exploded and was quickly off by the wind. The Arab in black toppled from his saddle and his horse galloped away raising dust. Raisuli worked the bolt quickly and chambered a new round. His men all nodded in agreement that it was some shot. They all rode in.

RAISULI

He asked us to drink at his well.

EDEN

Why did you shoot him -- why did you kill him?

RAISULI

It is customary -- his master has dishonored me.

CUT TO:

UNDER THE DATE PALMS

Raisuli sat, leaned against a camel saddle, eating dates and figs and drinking the sweet water from the well that was cool. Eden and her children sat nearly surrounded by Berbers. William stared at Raisuli.

WILLIAM

(whispering)

Mama, mama, who is he -- the leader?

EDEN

He is some kind of brigand and lout -- pay him no mention. We shall see the better side of this -- God willing.

WILLIAM

He has the way about him, doesn't he -- he has the way.

Four Arabs were brought to Raisuli, they wore ornate robes and though they were dirty, they clearly were not ordinary men. When they were released they rushed to Raisuli and kissed his feet. He endured this and then bade them

stand, but they remained on their knees. Harin er Ka-reem was the rightful owner of the well and he spoke for all.

KAREEM

Great Raisuli -- Great Sherif --
Sultan to the Faithful, I have
dishonored you. It is my wish to
pass through the gates of Paradise
at your sword or to ride beside
you.

Then they bowed their heads and waited. Raisuli arose.

RAISULI

English woman.

EDEN

I am American.

RAISULI

Whatever --

He came over close to her.

RAISULI

Woman, I want you to understand
this. I am not a barbarous man,
I am a scholar and a leader to
my people, I am not a barbarous
man.

A sword was brought to him that had a handle of solid
amber.

RAISULI

These four have dishonored me.
They have slept with a woman that
was once one of my wives. They
have drank water from my wells and
have eaten from my trees. They
have done all of these things to
me and have not even evoked my
name to God in thankfulness. I am
treated in this way because I make
war upon the Europeans.

Raisuli drew the sword from its scabbard in a graceful
dramatic motion. Its curved heavy blade glinted in the
sun.

EDEN

What are you going to do?

RAISULI

I have three choices, as you say.
They have asked to die by my sword
or ride with me. There is a third
choice -- I can let them go and tell
them they are not worthy of a sultan's
sword and they will forever be denied
entrance to Heaven. It is very bad
to do this.

He turns towards them, their heads bowed.

RAISULI

(to himself)

I did not value the woman highly
anyway.

With a long stride he passed Ka-reem and one other and
with a backward motion chopped down brutally through the
third man's head. The fourth raised his head suddenly
screaming. Raisuli stepped into a great sweeping slash
and the scream stopped short, abruptly, and the head
toppled from the body. Raisuli sheathed the sword and
handed it to one of his men. The surviving offenders
rushed to Raisuli's feet and kissed them generously.
Horses were brought, Eden looked back in horror as she
mounted. William and Jennifer could not take their eyes
from the dead men. Raisuli stepped on the backs of his
new allies and mounted his own horse. They rode out.

Eden rode up to Raisuli's side.

EDEN

You are not a barbarous man.

She looked at him contemptuously.

RAISULI

They had broken God's will.

EDEN

You mean they had broken your will.

RAISULI

I have no will but that of God.
I had to kill the two or I could
not trust the others. A barbarous
man would have killed them all.
Be not so quick to judge our ways.
Ignorance is a steep hill with
perilous rocks at the bottom.

CUT TO:

THE PALACE OF THE BASHAW - TANGIER

The Bashaw of Morocco was a treacherous old man named Abal Ben Silam. He was the most powerful man in Morocco and the true power behind the Sultan, his corrupt nephew. He sat in his indoor garden surrounded by great tiled walls of mosaics, boasting ponds with European fountains and brightly colored African flamingoes. He very carefully ate his honey cakes and tried to ignore the American consul general who sat across from him.

Samuel Gummere was losing his patience with the Bashaw. He looked quickly to his protege, Vice Consul Richard Dreighton, a short aggressive looking New Yorker. Gummere himself had represented America in Morocco for nearly nine years, had been in the diplomatic corps for twenty-two. He had seen all sides of diplomatic intrigue but had never, to his recollection, disliked or distrusted a man as much as the Bashaw.

GUMMERE

See here, Abal, I don't intend to waste any more time watching you eat.

BASHAW

This is an affrontery.

GUMMERE

Do not tell me of affronteries. American men, women and children are at stake. Mr. Roosevelt has personally conveyed his opinion on the subject.

BASHAW

I do not like this Roosevelt. He does not understand us. What are his opinions?

GUMMERE

Have you ever heard of the big stick?

Bashaw laughs.

BASHAW

Do not threaten me, Mr. Gummere. I have been threatened by French, English and Germans. I have been threatened by experts, Mr. Gummere, greater men than this Mr. Roosevelt and Morocco has still the only sovereign Moslem throne west of Constantinople.

GUMMERE

But it is shaky.

BASHAW

We have French infantry and German cavalry. Our currency is Spanish, yet we still have a Moroccan Sultan and it is as it shall always be.

GUMMERE

I do not say this lightly, but if you wish it to stay that way then I implore you to send your French infantry and German cavalry into the Riff and bring back our people.

BASHAW

I am only a servant of the Sultan, the chosen one, the defender of the faithful. I can make no such decision.

Gummere stood up.

GUMMERE

Very well, then, we shall seek an audience with the Sultan himself.

BASHAW

He will not see you unless it pleases him.

DREIGHTON

Listen here, we represent a modern power. We're talking about battleships and Marines, we're not fooling about.

GUMMERE

Richard, we don't want to make threats, merely entreaties. What would please the Sultan, Bashaw, gold -- more bicycles -- another carriage?

BASHAW

Lions -- lions would please the Sultan. Lions are noble. You must travel to Fez and give him lions.

GUMMERE

Mr. Dreighton will leave for Fez this afternoon with a pair of lions.

DREIGHTON

Lions!

CUT TO:

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

CHICAGO, JULY 21, 1904

THE GRAND HALL OF THE HOTEL DRAKE

The Hall was stuffed with florid-faced politicians and parasitic lackeys. There was the thick air of corruption complicated with cigar smoke. Indeed, however, the convention was, if anything, dull. All the deals had already been made. The money, the positions had changed hands again and again. Everything that mattered was in Roosevelt's camp. It was at this listless, but opportune moment that a message was received by the party chairman from none other than the Secretary of State. The chairman, Speaker of the House, "Uncle Joe" Cannon rapped his gavel. When all was sufficiently quiet he stood.

UNCLE JOE

Gentlemen, fellow Republicans, I have in my hand a telegram from Secretary of State, John Hay, regarding the situation in Morocco, where at this moment American citizens' very lives are in danger. "As of this time we have had no contact with either the kidnappers of the American victims or the government responsible to such acts. We have no statement of policy from the Moroccan government whatsoever. It is, therefore, this country's policy to protect its citizens and its interests whenever and wherever they are threatened. The Monroe Doctrine shall be extended to Americans in need wherever they be on the entire face of the globe. This country wants Pedecaris alive or Raisuli dead!"

The entire convention burst in spontaneous cheering and thunderous applause. Signs of the delegations were thrown into the air along with hundreds of straw hats.

Theodore Roosevelt sat in a special box surrounded by his staff and secret service men. All eyes turned to him.

ROOSEVELT

Bully!

CUT TO:

DELEGATE

The chairman of the delegation from Kansas stood up. He was a wrinkled gnarled man with a starkly white forehead which a hat normally covered.

DELEGATE FROM KANSAS

It is with great honor that the noble state of Kansas, the beef baron of the world, breadbasket of the continent and the noble state of Kansas nominates to the high office of President of these glorious United States, that rip roarin', rootin' tootin' Rough Rider -- Theodore Roosevelt!

CUT TO:

DELEGATE FROM MISSOURI

MISSOURI DELEGATE

The Great and Honorable state of Missouri -- The Show Me State, with great and honorable pride, seconds the nomination and casts its twenty votes for Big Stick Teddy Roosevelt, the greatest American of our time!

CUT TO:

DELEGATE FROM MICHIGAN

MICHIGAN DELEGATE

The State of Michigan -- the Land of the Lakes, would like to state that our people like courage. We'll stand behind you, Teddy -- lead the charge! Thirty-two votes for that Damned Cowboy, Theodore Roosevelt!

CUT TO:

DELEGATE FROM ILLINOIS

ILLINOIS DELEGATE

The State of Illinois wants an administration that will stand by its citizens, even if it takes the fleet to do it. "Pedecaris alive or Raisuli dead!" Twenty-six votes for Teddy Roosevelt!

There were shouts of "Remember the Maine" and "San Juan Hill!" But these had nothing to do with the present and were only zealous outpourings of drunken sentiment.

CUT TO:

INTERVIEW WITH CHARLES FOSTER KANE

Charles Foster Kane, newspaper magnate, silver baron, controversial politician and art collector was stopped in the crowd at the New York delegation and gave this short interview.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Mr. Kane, what is your reaction to these proceedings?

KANE

This isn't a Republican convention, it's no kind of convention at all -- it's a Roosevelt!

He laughed as did his friends.

KANE

That's not to say that I'm not pleased -- I am pleased, very pleased indeed. You can print that -- the "Inquirer" will.

INTERVIEWER

Are you in favor of sending warships to Tangier?

KANE

Certainly.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

And troops as in Cuba?

KANE

If necessary -- whatever Teddy needs -- the people are behind him. My papers are behind him.

INTERVIEWER

Will your papers wage war as you did with Spain?

KANE

Did you say war? We never waged war -- just retribution.

INTERVIEWER

It was called your war, Mr. Kane.

KANE

Nonsense, that war was Mr. Roosevelt's war, not mine. I didn't charge up San Juan Hill.

He turned away for a second.

KANE

Wish I had.

He laughed heartily as did his friends.

CUT TO:

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

For T.R. this was one of the great moments he had hoped for. He had already defied historical precedent by being nominated for a second term and the timing of his Moroccan announcement was a political master stroke. The cheers and accolades that were resounding through the hall, he knew, were right now, boundless and vibrated through the very nation itself. Through the Rocky Mountains and onto the Pacific Coast, through the marrow of the continent. He was caught in such a reverie when John Hay leaned over looking stricken and desperate.

ROOSEVELT

Are you well?

HAY

Read this, Theodore.

He took the telegram in his hand but looked out onto the crowd.

ROOSEVELT

Let me listen to them a moment.

HAY

I suggest you read that now. It's from Gummere!

Roosevelt put on his glasses and opened the telegram.
His expression stiffened.

HAY

It seems Mr. Pedecaris has been
dead for months. It is his widow
that was abducted.

ROOSEVELT

Pedecaris is a woman? Outrageous!

HAY

Women and children, Theodore.
Pedecaris alive or Raisuli dead.

ROOSEVELT

A woman? Well, I'll be damned.

HAY

Yes you will if this gets out.

CUT TO:

THE DESERT - A CARAVAN TO FEZ

Richard Dreighton had never ridden a camel before and would have found the experience uncomfortable and dangerous under normal circumstances. But here he was suddenly thrust upon a great endless expanse of cracked earth without the limit of any form of life. The camel and its tendency to run and pitch violently, not to mention the distance to the ground, seemed but a small joke played upon him by the great prankster. A trifling indeed, surrounded here by brutal savages under a sun that would boil water. Some joke.

The caravan was spread out behind him. Five more camels bearing goods and a giant gilded cage drawn by mules which contained two shabby-looking lions. Behind the cage a small procession of lambs were tethered. Dreighton's only human company were two Berber guards with ancient flintlock rifles. Little use they would be but it didn't seem to matter much anyway, Dreighton had given up the thought of seeing anyone human ever again -- even brigands. He pulled up his water bag and took a long drink which was harshly interrupted by a swat on the hand by one of his guards.

GUARD

It is not good -- you will become
sleepy and the water must be saved
for the lions.

DREIGHTON
(disgusted)
Let them drink blood.

He took another drink.

GUARD
It is not good.

He raised his stick. Dreighton drew back.

DREIGHTON
See here, man, have you no respect
for human life?

The Berber smiled. A lion roared and Dreighton's camels jumped sideways and ran violently ahead. The Berbers laughed a great deal.

DREIGHTON
My Lord! Oh, My Lord! Oh my!

He fell heavily on the hard parched ground. The Berbers laughed even more. His camel tried to bite him and he kicked at it.

DREIGHTON
Damnable stupid thing.

He pulled himself to his feet in anger. The Berbers rode up and laughed heartily.

GUARD
You are most amusing.

Dreighton glared.

DREIGHTON
(yelled)
Have you no respect for human life!

He put his pith helmet back on and remounted the beast.

CUT TO:

THE DESERT NIGHT

Dreighton leaned against his saddle and looked out at the vast moonlit desert and the millions of stars overhead. All was quiet, the guards ate before a small fire, the camels slept and the lions were eating the lambs. Dreighton looked over at the Berber near him. The Berber smiled and offered him food.

DREIGHTON

No, thank you.

They nodded at each other.

DREIGHTON

Tell me, why does the Sultan not build a road to Fez?

BERBER

Why should he need such a thing?

DREIGHTON

So that people might reach him more easily.

BERBER

The ease of others is not the concern of the Sultan. He is the defender of the faithful, the descendant of the Prophet. It is for those who wish to be in his presence to make it so.

DREIGHTON

He cannot keep us out, you know. We'll build a road some day.

BERBER

A road here.

(he laughs)

Silly. The desert is like a sea, and Fez is an island in that sea. You cannot build a road on the sea.

DREIGHTON

We will. We can do anything.

He looked up in the sky.

DREIGHTON

We have men that fly.

BERBER

Fly?

DREIGHTON

Fly.

The Berber pondered this.

CUT TO:

THE MOUNTAINS - DAWN

Eden and Raisuli sat at a table on hassocks. On the table was a magnificent chessboard and carved ivory chessmen. They sat in the shade of Raisuli's tent as the sun rose behind them. Raisuli made a move.

RAISULI

You do not want to eat?

EDEN

This is not a good move. I can take your knight.

RAISULI

You can?

EDEN

Yes.

She made her move.

RAISULI

The loss of my knight does not mean you will win. The lion takes long strides but the path is worn smooth by pygmy armies.

EDEN

Yes, and a fool and his money are easily parted.

RAISULI

Hmmmm.

EDEN

You are in a lot of trouble. You should have never kidnapped me or moved that bishop -- both will see you undone.

RAISULI

It is not I who decides the outcome of these events, it is the will of Allah. I am but an instrument of that will. Every ocean climbs mountains to the shore.

EDEN

A stitch in time saves nine -- make your move.

Little Jennifer was sitting atop a saddle watching the fierce Berber, who was William's friend, show him how to fasten a saddle to a horse. William tugged at the leather straps. The Berber laughed and pulled it down with one hand so that William could secure it.

BERBER

See -- See.

Jennifer looked around the horse and caught the brigand's fierce eye. He grimaced at her and she quickly held a piece of material up over her face like a veil and giggled.

Suddenly, all was thrown in turmoil as a group of riders thundered into camp waving rifles and screaming. As they dismounted, William saw that one of them carried a human head.

Raisuli made his move with a knight and startled Eden as it placed her bishop in jeopardy and she had not seen the possibility of this.

EDEN

What will you do with us?

RAISULI

Ransom you.

EDEN

For gold?

RAISULI

For more than gold -- for land --
for honor -- for religion.

EDEN

This is the way of the Sultan?
I mean abducting women and children
-- killing unarmed servants.

RAISULI

It is something the Europeans understand, but it does not taste well in my mouth. I prefer to fight the Europeans but they do not fight as men. They fight as dogs and the sons of dogs. Men prefer to fight with swords so that they can see each other's eyes. When that is not possible sometimes, men will fight with rifles. But, men do not hide behind rocks and seek to avoid their fate. Dogs do this.

(MORE)

RAISULI (CONT'D)

The Europeans have guns that fire many times indiscriminately and large guns that shoot from beyond the horizon and rend the earth. This cannot be called war. There is no honor in this. Nothing is realized from this. Lives are wasted and nothing decided. Therefore, I will take women and children when it pleases me.

EDEN

What have you demanded for our return?

RAISULI

Gold -- rifles -- the head of the Bashaw and the sovereignty of my people. The English have paid well in the past.

EDEN

Well, you'll not have your way with Americans. President Roosevelt will have your head for this.

RAISULI

(smiling)

This -- Roosevelt -- would try and take it -- himself?

EDEN

He would. He is a man of grit and strong moral fiber. He does not kidnap women and children.

RAISULI

What kind of rifle does he use?

EDEN

A Winchester.

RAISULI

I have no knowledge of this rifle.

EDEN

You will.

At that moment the contingent who had ridden into camp came forward to the tent. They placed before the feet of Raisuli a small but magnificent Persian rug and upon this a silver tray with the head of a man on it. The

head was smiling. William and Jennifer rushed up and looked at it in wide-eyed horror and amazement. A huge black Nubian in magnificent robes stepped forward and knelt at Raisuli's feet.

NUBIAN

Great Raisuli -- Lord of the Riff.

Then he stood up to an immense height.

RAISULI

The Sherif of Wazan, the Elder,
Lord of the Desert.

He motioned to Eden.

RAISULI

Mrs. Pedecaris.

She nodded to the Sherif of Wazan, the Elder.

RAISULI

(to Eden)

The Sherif has honored me by
carrying my entreaties to the
Europeans.

Eden stared at the head. She was momentarily sickened.

RAISULI

(to Wazan)

It must be the heat.

EDEN

Who was he?

RAISULI

Most likely an emissary from
Tangier -- replying to my wishes.

WAZAN

I do not think his reply will
please the Raisuli.

EDEN

(to Wazan)

Why did you cut off his head?

RAISULI

It is customary.

WAZAN

The reply is from the American
Bashaw -- himself speaking for
the lord of the Americans.

EDEN

Roosevelt?

Raisuli stood up and took the message.

RAISULI

"Pedecaris alive or Raisuli dead!"

A smile broke across Eden's face and she laughed.

RAISULI

You are not in a position to laugh.

She laughed anyway. Raisuli glared and drew his sword,
she became quiet.

RAISULI

You will not laugh at the Raisuli!

He turned to Wazan.

RAISULI

Go to Wadi Ab-Arihk. Cut the
small finger from a woman and
take it to these Americans.
Tell them it is the finger of
the woman, Mrs. Pedecaris, and
that the Raisuli is a man of
patience but not unending.

Sherif Wazan smiled and turned away with his men.

WAZAN

As the Raisuli wishes.

Raisuli turned to Eden.

RAISULI

Does this President -- this
Roosevelt have no respect for
human life?

CUT TO:

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELK HUNT

ON THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER

A man in a Rough Riders hat mounted on his horse and silhouetted against the sky waved frantically but made no sound. Below him riders approached through a draw covered with pines. All around were mountains. Mountains of such size and sheer magnificence that they seemed too large for the sky. But the sky -- any other sky would have been dwarfed -- but this was no ordinary sky. This was a great vault of blue with layered thunderheads towering to the sun. This country, like the desert, showed an immensity of surface and texture that seemed to make man a triviality. It seemed to defy his presence or more appropriately, humble him. It is always in the face of such immensity that great character is bred and nourished. So it was with Theodore Roosevelt and Raisuli.

Roosevelt's party consisting of a dozen ex-Rough Riders and a few ardent secret service men and one or two wild red Indians rode up the crest of the hill to the rider on top. Before them stretched a great meadowed valley with streams and splashes of green that were trees a hundred feet high. The Rough Rider smiled to the president and pointed.

ROUGH RIDER

Buffler', Col. Roosevelt. Hundreds of them. Ain't they somethin'.

Roosevelt looked down on one of the last herds of buffalo -- hundreds of them stretching below.

ROOSEVELT

Magnificent. Magnificent. When I first came here, the herds stretched as far as the eye could see. A great carpet of brown meandering about aimlessly like a great river. I remember the sound of them in stampede. Damnedest thing you've ever heard -- like a distant rolling thunder and the clouds of dust. Why you've never seen such a thing.

ROUGH RIDER

They must be some a' the last. They say there's herds in Canada a white man's never seen.

ROOSEVELT

No. I doubt it sincerely. There is very little left a white man has never seen.

A Rough Rider captain rode up and pulled a Winchester 45-70.

ROOSEVELT

No, Reynolds, I don't need one.
But what do you say we go amongst
them, burn some of that winter fat
from their hides. Have a bully
good ride.

SECRET SERVICE MAN

Stampede them, Mr. President!
That would be extremely dangerous
and...

ROOSEVELT

Dangerous -- Bully right it would
be extremely dangerous. Why, man,
danger is an old and dear friend --
just like the buffalo -- old friends
that I thought I'd never see again.

He turned to the others.

ROOSEVELT

Let's have a bully good ride!

They charged down into the valley. Of course, the secret
service men falling behind.

The buffalo were grazing indolently, some of them sleeping. They didn't seem to notice the riders who thundered down the steep hill and into their midst until they were almost upon them and firing their revolvers and howling like wild Indians. The buffalo came to their feet in a dead run instantly and a great roar rose through the valley. Roosevelt yelled and waved his fur hat in the air. He jumped his horse across a stream, cut two cows away from a bull and rode next to the shaggy monster. He pulled up even with it and looked it straight in the eye. The herd thundered around them but Roosevelt and the buffalo bull leaped together over logs -- pitched down ravines and up the other sides -- matched unable for one to outdistance the other. Roosevelt's face was tense and drawn but the light in his eyes danced like in a child's.

DISSOLVE TO:

CAMP ON THE YELLOWSTONE

DUSK

Roosevelt stood next to an enormous grizzly bear skin and head. Around him were various reporters for magazines such as "Colliers" and "The Nation" as well as those representing the Kane newspapers. He held the grizzly's head up.

ROOSEVELT

This is the bear that attacked the horse camp at dawn. It knew that men would be asleep or at their worst at dawn. It, of course, as you've heard, injured one of the Indians severely, as well as killing several horses.

REPORTER I

Did you, yourself, participate in stopping the bear, Mr. Roosevelt?

ROOSEVELT

I regret to say, yes.

REPORTER

Why do you regret, Mr. President?

ROOSEVELT

The bear was a fine creature. It had hunted this valley, bordered by those ridges over there all of its life. This valley belonged to this bear. We were the intruders here. We're used to animals taking flight at the sight of a man with a gun, but a grizzly bear fears nothing. Not man, not guns, not even death.

REPORTER

Do you intend to have that bear as a rug in the White House, Mr. President?

ROOSEVELT

No, I intend to have him stuffed and placed on exhibit in the Smithsonian Institute. He is a magnificent specimen. The grizzly bear, you know, is the true symbol of American character. Strength, intelligence, ferocity, courage --

(MORE)

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

-- a little blind and reckless, perhaps, but courageous beyond doubt. One other trait that goes with all the previous.

REPORTER

Mr. President?

ROOSEVELT

Loneliness. The grizzly bear must live out his life a loner -- indomitable, unconquered, but alone. He has no real allies, only enemies and none of them as great as he.

REPORTER

You feel this is an American trait?

ROOSEVELT

Certainly, the world will never love us. They'll respect us, they'll come to fear us, but they'll never love us. We have too much audacity and we are a little blind and reckless at times.

He looked back at the bear.

ROOSEVELT

Yes, the grizzly bear embodies the spirit of America. It should be our symbol, not that ridiculous eagle which is no more than a dandified vulture.

CUT TO:

FEZ - THE SEAT OF THE SULTAN

A desert city unchanged since the Moorish invasions, Fez sparkled in the bright sunlight with its white minarets adorned with blue mosaic. Date palms swayed in a gentle breeze and below them the streets were crowded and dark. The palace of the Sultan of Morocco was here. It had tiled roads around it and great turrets spilling over with foliage from rooftop gardens. The gates of the palace were guarded by French Zoave Grenadiers with Lebel bolt actioned repeating rifles and a Gatling gun. French seventy-five field pieces were mounted on the walls and mercenary Prussian heavy cavalry clattered in and out on daily exercises.

CUT TO:

THE GRAND HALL OF THE POETS

A great door was opened by Zoaves and Richard Dreighton, none the worse for wear, was led into an enormous tiled chamber. Fountains and beautiful mosaic depictions of animals were set into the walls. Great pennants of silk hung from the ceiling. Dreighton's footsteps echoed off the polished tile. He was led along what appeared to be railway track by two turbanned Berbers in splendid robes. At the end of the hall where the tracks led was what appeared to be half of a locomotive emerging from a wall. The plaster and tile and beams around it were broken and it appeared as if the locomotive had actually driven through the wall into the next chamber, which indeed it had. It was dormant now, covered with dust, and sections of it appeared to be painted with gold leaf. Dreighton was led through another enormous door at the side of the locomotive and out into a beautiful garden where the Sultan took his lunch. Dreighton noticed the locomotive half protruding into the sun and the tracks extending about twenty-five yards further to the end of the garden.

The Sultan, eighteen years old, was playing bicycle polo with three French astronomers, a Swiss foreign attache and two English military advisors who had been sent to demonstrate a heavy Maxim gun that was set up in an empty fountain. There were numerous holes in the walls adjacent the muzzle. The turbanned escorts knelt and bowed. The Sultan balanced precariously on his bicycle and tried to strike a large rubber ball with a long mallet. One of the Englishmen circled him on a unicycle.

ENGLISHMAN

There -- there, Abdal -- steady.

The Sultan, Abdal Ayiz, the true Defender of the Faithful, hit the ball awkwardly, it struck one of the French astronomer's bicycle in the enormous front wheel, toppling him.

ENGLISHMAN

Good show. Bloody good show.

Abdal circled and dismounted awkwardly. He laughed in a high-pitched laugh, then walked over to Dreighton. One of the bowed retainers made a sweep with his arm.

RETAINER

The Ambassador of America, your
Exultancy.

ABDAL

I am Abdal Ayiz El Karif, Sultan to Morocco. It has been said that you have brought me lions.

DREIGHTON

Yes, sir, two of them.

ABDAL

It pleases me that you have brought me lions.

DREIGHTON

I am pleased that it pleases the Sultan.

ABDAL

Good.

There was an uneasy pause, neither knew what to say.

ABDAL

Where are the lions?

DREIGHTON

They are being put in your zoo or whatever, but I believe there are other things to discuss.

ABDAL

I do not wish to discuss these other things until I have seen my lions.

DREIGHTON

Sir, I represent the President of my country directly. It is his words that I carry to you. The gravity of this situation and the urgency of a response must not be underestimated.

The Sultan's expression changed first to rage. He looked about but saw only Europeans and lackeys. No one who understood or sympathized with this affrontery. Then his expression dropped and he appeared tired.

DREIGHTON

In the name of my country and its leaders I request a private audience, your highness.

The Sultan noted that he did not refer to him as "sir" but "your highness"; perhaps he could be dealt with after all.

ABDAL

It would please me to take the pleasure of this meeting in my carriage of state. You will come.

He turned and walked towards a door, Dreighton and the others following.

THE ROYAL MENAGERIE

Abdal and his retainers led the group through a gateway and out onto a small tiled terrace. Before them was what appeared to be a vast sandy swamp. A wall with guardposts had been established around the area. Animals of all varieties ambled about lazily in the sun. There were zebras, giraffes, wildebeasts, buffalo and kudu, as well as American antelope, deer and elk. All the animals looked ragged and badly fed. They lifted their heads when the entourage came out as if expecting to be fed. A zebra lay on its side dead and vultures were upon it. Directly in front of the terrace was an enormous iron carriage of the most baroque design. Its wheels were at least ten feet high and it was festooned with rare bird feathers in golden holders. Great red pennants hung from the roof and the doors were inlaid mosaics of pearl. It was at least thirty feet long. The Sultan strode up to it proudly.

ABDAL

It is a gift from Kaiser Wilhelm III to me. He wished it to be a symbol of Moroccan sovereignty. The wheels are made of the tempered steel fit for the barrels of rifles.

The door was opened for him and two slaves knelt at his feet as steps.

ABDAL

English broadcloth, Viennese brocade, the finest Circarsian walnut.

He got in, Dreighton followed, looking around strangely as there were no horses to pull the gigantic coach.

ABDAL

Are you not appreciative of such artistry?

DREIGHTON

It is quite extraordinary.

ABDAL

Yes.

At that moment a great number of slaves and soldiers ran from the palace and took up the yokes. As no horses had been trained for this, it was deemed that men were well suited to pull the carriage and certainly more honorable than beasts. They strained at the rigging and the great wheels began to turn. Drivers in great maroon turbans cracked whips over the heads of the slaves while armed men sat on the back. As they moved, the animals began to follow and these men threw food from bronze buckets. The strange procession followed the wall around the enclosure, the animals stretching out in a long line behind.

The Sultan reclined in a great couch of gray broadcloth and dipped his hands in scented water. Then he began to eat dates. He did not offer any to Dreighton who sat up stiffly across from him.

ABDAL

You wish to discuss the Raisuli?

DREIGHTON

Yes. Have you made any contact with his people?

ABDAL

He wishes for the return of the woman Pedecaris that he be granted the lands of the Riff by formal decree and that the Bashaw of Tangier's head be presented in a golden jar. It would further please him that no Europeans should ever venture into the Riff. These demands of course insult me and my guests.

DREIGHTON

He did not ask for money?

ABDAL

Yes, but that is honorable.

DREIGHTON

You have offered to pay it, I presume?

ABDAL

Do not disgrace me by such a question.

DREIGHTON

Now see here, we will have our people back and will have them back right quick or we are prepared to do something about it.

ABDAL

(rising)

I will not endure this treatment.

DREIGHTON

You'll endure it. You'll endure a lot more. Have you ever heard of the "Big Stick" Sultan? Right now there are squadrons of warships in your coastal waters. In days there will be Marines, cavalry and artillery to enforce my demands. My country wants the woman Pedecaris alive or Raisuli dead!

ABDAL

You cannot talk to the defender of the faithful in this manner. You do not understand it.

He looked down.

ABDAL

It is so difficult being Sultan. You do not understand.

DREIGHTON

What do you know of this Raisuli?

ABDAL

He is a wonderful man, a servant of God but he is a brigand and a criminal as well. He taught me to shoot a rifle when I was five years old.

DREIGHTON

You know him? Personally?

ABDAL

He is my uncle.

DREIGHTON

But the Bashaw in Tangier is
your uncle!

ABDAL

They are brothers. It is difficult
to be Sultan. You foreigners do
not understand.

CUT TO:

THE AMERICAN EMBASSY

TANGIER

Samuel Gummere paced in front of his desk, beside him sat the Bashaw's foreign minister, Mohammed Torres and his retainers. He looked up at the great robed and turbanned figure of the elder Wazan, Sherif of the Desert. He picked something from his desk. It was a human finger -- a small one.

GUMMERE

Sherif Wazan, sir, would you
repeat the Raisuli's terms.

WAZAN

It would please the Raisuli to
return the American woman if the
head of the Bashaw were to be
given him as a tribute. It would
further please the Raisuli that
all foreign soldiers be removed
from the Riff. There are certain
officials who have harmed the
Raisuli in the past. These would
be placed in his care. As well, it
would come to pass that all of the
Raisuli's followers who are now in
prison at Mogador be released and
that a tribute of 70,000 gold
pieces be granted by the Sultan of
Morocco, whose property be sold
to raise this amount.

TORRES

Impossible! He has asked for
everything. We can do nothing.
My ears will not be assailed with
further insults!

WAZAN

(continuing)

And finally the Raisuli asks safe conduct for his tribesmen to come and go freely in the towns and markets.

Gummere held up the finger.

GUMMERE

And tell him what this is, Sherif.

WAZAN

It is the small finger of the woman Pedecaris. The Raisuli awaits your reply and is said to be a man of great patience, though not endless.

TORRES

The woman is dead, why do you bother dealing with these barbarians any longer. God has not sided with you on this matter.

At that moment there was a general cheering from the outer offices. An aide rushed in, pointing to the window.

AIDE

Mr. Gummere, sir, they're here!
They're here, sir, the fleet!

They all rushed to the window.

FULL SHOT - THE HARBOR

On the horizon barely discernible, but unmistakable, were the smokestacks of the Atlantic squadron. Gummere smiled broadly and turned to Mohammed Torres.

GUMMERE

Now, sir, don't tell me who God has sided with. I believe it was Napoleon that once said "God is on the side of those with the most cannon." And most of the cannon around here reside on the decks of those ships! Now go to the Bashaw and tell him we are now making open threats!

Torres turned in disgrace and left with his entourage.
Gummere turned to Wazan.

GUMMERE

As for you -- you scoundrel, this finger is as black as you are and as calloused as your soul! Tell Raisuli that I am no fool and not reputed to have any patience. Endless or otherwise!

The Sherif smiled.

CUT TO:

WADI ABA-TEY - THE PLACE OF LORD OF THE RIFF

Women lined the rocks and wailed. A deep unearthly ringing sound that echoed off the enormous canyon walls. There were hundreds of them dressed in black with their faces veiled, looking like demons from the dark recesses of the earth. Below them rode Raisuli and his procession, Eden at his side and the children nearby. William was wearing bandoliers of ammunition and a turban. Both Jennifer and Eden had shawls over their heads and no longer appeared quite European. Raisuli raised his hand and riflemen stood up on the cliffs, a thousand feet above. Tents were spread out around a great walled fortress set high into the cliffs. Hundreds of riders on camels and horses waited in a line near them. Raisuli leaned over to Eden.

RAISULI

My household cavalry.

As he spoke more riders appeared from over a crest and charged down, wailing and firing their rifles in the air.

RAISULI

These are my true riders. A man's worth is counted in the number of his rifles.

He pointed to the men on the high cliffs.

RAISULI

Those men there -- they are my immortals -- they have been assured a place in Paradise already, death in my service will only take them there. I have but to wave my finger and they would hurl themselves to your feet.

He looked at her. She stared up at them. He started to raise his hand.

EDEN

No -- no, I believe you, Raisuli,
you needn't do that right now.

RAISULI

One or two at least.

EDEN

It's quite all right. I won't
feel that I've missed a thing.

Raisuli shrugged.

RAISULI

Does this Roosevelt have such
men?

EDEN

Probably not.

RAISULI

With loyalty such as this, who
needs guns that fire many times
indiscriminately?

EDEN

Machine guns?

RAISULI

Yes, who needs such guns?

She looked at him. He shrugged again.

RAISULI

All right, I do not believe it
either.

They rode on.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE GARDENS OF THE PALACE

William walked along through the gardens looking quickly
over his shoulder, Jennifer followed. Behind them a
group of Berbers sat on the ground and talked. When
William had ducked behind a fountain, he pulled Jennifer
to him. He then put his finger to his mouth and care-
fully withdrew a dirk in a richly ornamented scabbard.
Jennifer's eyes widened.

JENNIFER

Where did you get that, William,
did you steal it?

WILLIAM

No, the big man who let me ride his horse gave it to me. His name is Gayaan and he is a brigand who has killed over thirty men.

JENNIFER

Did he kill any with that?

WILLIAM

Probably so.

He opened it and held it up. The blade glinted. He put it back quickly and looked around.

JENNIFER

What will they do with us, William?

WILLIAM

Probably keep us and teach us to ride horses and shoot and be brigands, too.

JENNIFER

Even girls?

WILLIAM

Yes, but you'll have to wear a veil.

Jennifer put the cloth across her face as a veil and looked about mysteriously like a brigand.

Eden looked out from the garden wall at the tents and huts beyond. Raisuli stood next to her. Before them, men were busying themselves with the racing of horses and bartering for lambs and fowl.

RAISULI

There is all that you need here. There are clothes of the finest silks, spiced meats and figs for you when you wish to eat. Scented water to bathe in.

EDEN

Where are your guards? Is it your intention to let us roam about freely?

RAISULI

There is nowhere to go. You are the guests of the Raisuli in the Raisuli's house. I do not need guards.

EDEN

What will you do if they do not accept your terms?

RAISULI

What do you mean?

EDEN

What will become of us? My children and myself?

RAISULI

I would play chess with you one more time and return you to your home.

EDEN

Alive?

RAISULI

Yes.

EDEN

Then you are just bluffing them. You've never had the intention of killing us.

RAISULI

The Raisuli does not kill women and children. This is a silly question.

She looked in his eyes, then leaned against a wall and tears streamed down her cheeks. She shook quietly. Raisuli looked at her, perplexed.

RAISULI

Why do you do this?

EDEN

(sniffling)

Because I am bluffing, too.

RAISULI

You trouble me, Madam Pedecaris.

He put his hand to her shoulder and she cried softly, looking away from him, not daring to let him see her face.

MONTAGE

Simulated documentary footage of the period. Roosevelt is seen attempting to scale a rock face in Rock Springs Park. Numerous dignitaries and foreign ambassadors attempt to follow. Roosevelt slips and rolls into the others, knocking them down into secret service men at the bottom. They all get off and dust themselves off.

ROOSEVELT (V.O.)

President to Secretary of State concerning Morocco. Who is this Raisuli? What does he really want? Am pleased that issue of Mrs. Pedecaris has been avoided. Must act soon lest this should be regarded like the Panama Canal. Regarding Panama Canal -- What was your opinion of my defense of charges to Congress?

Roosevelt taking a swim in an icy stream. He gets in quickly and out again, shaking off. A politician follower jumps in, splashing Roosevelt, and has to be aided by secret service men who also fall in. Roosevelt walks off, talking and gesturing wildly. Reporters attempt to take pictures.

HAY (V.O.)

Secretary of State to President regarding your Panama Canal speech -- and this might apply to Morocco as well: You have shown that you were accused of seduction and you have conclusively proven that you were guilty of rape.

Roosevelt with a group of Rough Riders.

Roosevelt in an automobile (1904 vintage) and the Rough Riders around him. Secret service men stand around. Next to Roosevelt in the car are several Indians in full war bonnets. Roosevelt makes a speech and then sits down in the car. It jolts and backfires and then goes bucking off wildly, Roosevelt waving his hat. The Rough Riders ride off with it and the secret service men follow, running. The entire contingent appears to be out of control.

ROOSEVELT

President to Secretary of State regarding Canal Zone and Morocco:
(MORE)

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

If I had followed conservative methods in Panama the debate would be going on yet. But I took the Canal Zone and let Congress debate, and while the debate goes on the Canal does also.

Roosevelt in a boxing outfit in a ring in the White House. He is sparring in the turn of the century style with another boxer. Various politicians surround the ring. Roosevelt boxes awhile, then takes a drink of water. Boxes some more, gets knocked down, gets up and takes a drink of water and resumes boxing.

ROOSEVELT

President to Henry Cabot Lodge regarding your concern over my boxing. I thought it better to acknowledge that I had become an elderly man and had best give up boxing. I shall forthwith take up jiu-jitsu. One must remain active. After all, this Raisuli fellow is reputed to be over 50 and still a formidable brigand.

Roosevelt and cabinet officials as well as Edith Roosevelt and the family around a giant birthday cake. Roosevelt tries to blow out all the candles and his children help. Young Kermitt Roosevelt (10) puts his hand in the cake in his excitement.

LODGE

Henry Cabot Lodge to President. You, too, may well yet make a formidable brigand at 50. Congratulations on your birthday.

HAY

Secretary of State to President. I congratulate you on your 46th birthday. You have made a good start in life and your friends have great hopes for you when you grow up.

CUT TO:

THE OVAL OFFICE

Roosevelt walked about the room with a Winchester rifle,

heavily engraved. On a desk were several bolt action Springfield sporting rifles. Various officials stood waiting and a male secretary took notes. A man at another desk was sorting out some drawings. Roosevelt shouldered the rifle quickly and snapped an empty shot into a portrait of Grant, then he worked the action briskly and snapped at Thomas Jefferson.

ROOSEVELT

Take a note to Winchester Repeating Arms Co. -- New Haven, Connecticut. -- Dear Sirs -- Have just received my improved model of 1895 in caliber 405 Winchester. It is a fine rifle as you and I already know and am pleased with the 405 loading. It should dispatch lions as handily as my previous model 95 dispatched Spaniards. However, once again you have blundered in regard to the stock dimensions and the recoil pad. Must these mistakes be repeated? I am the President, you know, and see no reason why an American President cannot get proper fitting of a rifle from an American gun maker! Must I go to England for satisfaction? I should hope not.

The man with the drawings by now stood next to him, clearing his throat, looking nervous.

ROOSEVELT

What are you standing there like that for, young man?

MAN

In regard to your -- uh -- uh --

ROOSEVELT

Speak up -- Speak up, boy. This isn't a rest home -- this is a government --

MAN

Your bear, sir --

ROOSEVELT

Bear?

MAN

Your grizzly bear.

AIDE

He is from the Smithsonian, Mr. President.

ROOSEVELT

What have you got there, boy?

He took the drawings which showed various proposed positions for the stuffed bear as well as backgrounds for the exhibit.

ROOSEVELT

Yes -- this is terrible -- this one.

He looked at the next.

MAN

This is our favorite, sir -- with the bighorn sheep and pine ridges -- a blue grouse.

ROOSEVELT

I'm not concerned about grouse -- I didn't shoot a grouse for exhibit. -- This position makes that fine specimen look like a hairy cow --

MAN

Well -- Mr. President, the position can be changed -- uh -- uh -- the background.

ROOSEVELT

You wouldn't want to be remembered as a hairy cow if you were a grizzly bear, would you, young man?

Roosevelt laughs -- Everyone laughs.

MAN

Perhaps the President had a position in mind?

ROOSEVELT

A fighting stance -- a grizzly bear should be seen in a fighting stance -- on two feet.

The man handed him another drawing.

MAN

Something such as this, Mr. President?

ROOSEVELT

No -- no -- no, that looks like
a gorilla -- We don't grow
gorillas in our Rocky Mountains,
boy -- Hold this.

He thrust the rifle into the man's hands, causing him
to fumble and drop several drawings.

ROOSEVELT

Like this.

He assumed the stance of a fighting grizzly bear -- mouth
open, claws drawn back, feet dramatically spread.

ROOSEVELT

Aughhhhh.

AIDE

Take a picture -- somebody take
a photograph.

An artist who came with the man drew rapidly. Roosevelt
growled again.

ROOSEVELT

You got it?

He didn't wait for an answer but took the rifle back from
the terrified man and threw down on a portrait of Grover
Cleveland.

ROOSEVELT

Where was I with Winchester?

SECRETARY

"Must I go to England for
satisfaction?"

ROOSEVELT

Oh, what the devil -- leave it
like that -- Send this thing back.

He threw to an aide who almost dropped it.

ROOSEVELT

Send them my Springfield so they
get the right idea.

He picked it off the desk and threw it to the other aide.

ROOSEVELT

Careful there, son --
(MORE)

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

What must a man do to get a fit rifle -- I'll bet Raisuli has a rifle that fits him. Those people know the value of a good rifle.

He turned to his aides.

ROOSEVELT

A rifle is the soul of an Arab.

AIDE

Raisuli is a Berber, Mr. President.

ROOSEVELT

Well, it applies double to Berbers. What kind of rifle does he use anyway?

AIDE

I'm not sure, sir.

ROOSEVELT

Well, send him a telegram -- find out what kind of rifle the old bastard uses.

Roosevelt put his arm around the aide's shoulder.

ROOSEVELT

You know, if I had my way, son, I'd invite him to settle this thing personally. Just the two of us out there on the desert someplace. Me with a Winchester of course, and him with whatever. I'd shake his hand, drink a little brandy and then step off a hundred yards or so.

Pause.

AIDE

Then what, sir?

ROOSEVELT

Then I'd send him to the Smithsonian to be stuffed. What do you think?

AIDE

I think you're the best shot who's ever occupied the office, sir.

CUT TO:

THE PALACE OF RAISULI - NIGHT

Eden walked slowly through the gardens, looking up at the starry sky. In the distance faint singing could be heard. A strange but intoxicating melody sung by the Berber men around campfires, telling of the days of high adventure. The moon was full and the cliffs and mountains shone brightly against the sky. She passed a low wall into a corridor and out onto an area of palms and fountains. Several Berber women in white veils stood about waiting to attend to whatever Eden's wishes might be. This was the garden of the baths, and it was here that warmed water was scented with flowers and fruit tree blossoms. The women had been trained to respond to any of the bather's earthly wishes. Beyond the walls were twelve strong men who would die before another entered the premises. Eden had no need for the ladies in waiting and issued them away with gestures of her hands and hissing noises. They giggled and mumbled under their veils and finally left slowly. Eden advanced on them, making wild gestures and they scurried away in fright. She laughed to herself at the absurd sight of her captors fleeing and suddenly noticed how alone she was. There was no one about. A strange mood seemed to prevail in this exotic garden. She walked over to the one lamp that bathed the mosaics in red reflections and blew it out. Only the moonlight prevailed and the sound of the water cascading gently into the stone bath. A light wind blew silk curtains and pennants that dropped from the walls. They flickered about like tongues of blue flames.

Eden put her foot into the water with great trepidation. She looked around again to see if anyone was watching and once more took in the extreme aloneness of the place. It was timeless, as if it had been waiting forever for her to be here now. She stepped back out and loosened her silk Berber robes at the belt, let them cascade down her shoulders and fall silently around her feet. She now stood naked, the moonlight reflecting softly on her skin and the breeze gently cooling her. Above her the vast expanse of the moon and stars, around her the cliffs and flower drenched walls. The sound of the Berber men singing carried from distant tents on the sweet smelling dry wind. She slipped smoothly into the warm scented waters and watched the reflection of the moon sparkle on their surface. The world seemed to ripple like the surface of the water starting from deep within her and pulsating out in ever widening circles over everything she had ever known or been. She gave herself up to the desert, the cliffs and the sound of the Berbers singing. And a part of her soul slipped easily away on the wind and brushed over the mountains. And she knew it was gone. She sat up.

EDEN

I can't let this go on. I must
escape, God willing. I must
escape!

CUT TO:

THE CHILDREN'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

William slept soundly, dreaming again of horses, endless herds of great Arabian horses, thundering through the canyons, raising dust in a pillar that reached the sky. He was shaken and his eyes came open to find his mother leaning over him whispering. He looked at her strangely. She wore the dark silken robes of a Berber woman, complete with a veil and bracelets of rare stones and gold on her wrists.

JENNIFER

What is it, mama? I was sleeping.

Eden put her finger to her lips and looked around.

EDEN

Dress quickly in the robes they
gave you.

WILLIAM

Where are we going?

EDEN

We are going to make good an
escape.

WILLIAM

(delighted)

An escape!

JENNIFER

Right now? I was asleep.

EDEN

You cannot wait for these things
to occur at your convenience,
Jennifer. Now, I've bribed a
man with jewels --

CUT TO:

THE EDGE OF THE PALACE

They moved in their dark robes quickly through the shadows.

EDEN

(whispering)

Come along, be quick. He has horses but we shall have to walk out of here lest they hear us.

They stopped suddenly. Eden motioned them back and put her hand over Jennifer's mouth. They went back against the dark wall as a Berber with a rifle walked around the corner. He hesitated. Jennifer gasped for breath and he heard this and decided to investigate. He was almost upon them when William stepped out. The Berber stopped and leaned down towards William who smashed him in the head with a large rock. The man staggered, holding his head, teetered dizzily and then William hit him again and he fell in a heap.

EDEN

My Lord, William!

William grabbed his rifle and motioned to the others.

WILLIAM

Come along, be quick about it.

CUT TO:

THE DESERT - NIGHT

Eden and the children were joined by a pock-faced Arab with few teeth. He was not of the Riff or even of Berber blood but an Arab from the east who traded cheap goods to the Riffian warriors. They rode down the mountain passes and out across the great dunes. The riding was easy because the moon was bright and the horses were excellent, having been stolen from Raisuli's own stables. William rode well, leading the way with the Arab while Eden followed, keeping an eye on Jennifer who was having some trouble with the big horse.

They rode carefully along a narrow ridge where the sides fell away into great chasms. The Arab looked at William who rode behind him with the rifle -- an old Remington rolling block -- across his back.

ARAB

Hey, boy, hey you, boy.

William looked up.

ARAB

Your rifle? Rifle, boy?

WILLIAM

Yes, it is mine.

The Arab laughed a hideous no-teeth laugh. William did not like it.

ARAB

You give me rifle, boy? You give to me?

EDEN

You'll get the rifle when we reach safety and not before. Now, move ahead.

Again the Arab laughed hideously.

CUT TO:

THE SAND WASTES

As the dawn started to show in the east, the moonlight faded and Eden and her children found themselves crossing a trackless waste of dunes and washes. The shadows were long and of a purplish hue that shrouded these deadly miles in an unearthly beauty.

Finally, they reached a high dune that ended in a wash at the bottom. Here a series of skin tents were set up but they were so crude and dirty as to not be readily distinguishable until the party was close. These were definitely a different people from the Riffians who had a certain pride about them. These people, even from a distance, reeked of poverty and disease. The sun was still an hour from rising, yet the distinct sound of buzzing flies could be heard.

Eden sensed something was terribly wrong in the night and even before when she had made the deal with the Arab trader but she could not be picky in times such as this. But now as she entered their camp a distinct chill ran down her back. There were no women to be seen, only ten or fifteen men and these had their faces shrouded so that their eyes could not even be seen. Their manner was cautious and stealthy. One of them moved in a quick scurrying motion like a rat and scared the horses. But what totally unnerved her was the silence. Only the sound of the horses breathing and the jangling of the halters could be heard. No dogs, no chickens, no voices from these strange men. No life whatsoever. The Arab dismounted and walked up to a tent where he conferred briefly with the occupants in the most hushed of voices.

Eden strained to hear what they were saying but could get none of it. She did, however, notice that the Arab kept his hand on his sword and that the occupants of the camp carried knives and swords which they kept in reach also. Jennifer moved her horse up to get a closer look at the strange men. She nudged one with her horse and he skittered around quickly. She gasped when she saw his face. It had a particular grayish blue tinge almost like he had been dead for several days. The eyes were black and cold and they appeared as if no blood passed through the man's veins. Eden saw him, too.

EDEN

The blue people!

The man covered his face quickly with his veil and put his hand to his knife. At this point the Arab bowed to the men in the tent and returned to Eden, who had dismounted.

ARAB

It is done, Missy. You will be taken to others. They have the horses and the food. You will be taken. It is done.

He held out his hand and smiled.

EDEN

How do I know what you have told them?

His smile didn't change.

EDEN

What assurances have I?

Still his grin remained.

ARAB

It is done.

She took the golden bracelets from her wrists and handed them to him. He laughed and pointed to the ring on her fourth finger.

ARAB

That, too.

EDEN

That is my wedding ring.

ARAB

That, too.

EDEN

No.

The Arab still smiled.

ARAB

You will die -- that, too.

She saw that she had no choice and removed the ring. He laughed and went to the children.

ARAB

These are mine, too.

He pulled the children from the horses. William landed heavily in the sand and before he could regain his senses the Arab had taken his rifle. Jennifer cried and William pulled himself to his feet. Eden rushed to their side.

EDEN

You had no call to do that.

The Arab smiled and mounted his horse. He slung the rifle over his back and gave the other horses to the blue people who stroked them and made low guttural sounds. Then he grinned hideously again and started up the long sand dune.

Now the hideous men emerged from the tent and flocked around Eden and the children. They hissed and chattered to themselves, circling and darting in occasionally for a closer look. Their faces were marked with disease and insects seemed to be attracted to their mouths and nostrils. One touched Eden's hand and she drew it back convulsively. Finally, one grabbed William who struggled and he pried open his jaws to look at his teeth. They grabbed his arms and buttocks, too, feeling them like testing meat. Eden was frozen in terror. One of them reached under her robe and tried to claw at her thighs. She whirled about and slapped him hard across the nose. He fell back and all was silent. The offended one looked about at his comrades, one of which held the knife that William had gotten from the Berber, Gayaan. The man with the knife snarled out something, then drew the blade. Jennifer clung to her mother, crying, and William did, too. Eden shivered in terror. Suddenly a shot carried across the crisp morning air. They all turned to see the Arab trader's body topple from his horse which galloped over the dune.

Dust arose and there was much whispering among the blue men. A man pointed and chattered in fear as thirty riders came into view on the crest of the dune. They

sparkled in the early morning light and red and blue pennants flew against the sky. They were Riffians! The man with the knife rushed over and grabbed Eden from behind, holding the knife to her throat and showing her to the Berbers.

On the hill Raisuli saw what was done clearly and motioned for his men to lower their rifles. Then he made another motion and a long sword was handed him in addition to his own.

Eden saw him ride apart from his men, holding his rifle out in one hand and the sword in another. He descended the dune several yards and stopped. The man who held Eden snarled something and several of the others ran to their tethered horses. Raisuli dropped the rifle in the sand. The man with the knife grinned and pushed Eden to the ground and stepped away. The others stepped away, too, as if bound by some strange code imposed upon them by the Sultan of the Riff. They moved apart. The man threw the knife in the sand and William scrambled and picked it up, then ran back to his mother's side.

Raisuli began to descend the dune, slowly sideways. The blue men moved towards him. The horsemen and footmen spread out their hands on the hilts of their weapons.

Finally, Raisuli drew the long sword, it flashed in the first rays of the sun. The others' swords slashed from their scabbards. The horsemen screamed and charged. Raisuli plunged forward, his magnificent plumed steed throwing up the sand and the red and white robes of the Lord of the Riff flowing behind him.

Eden wanted to cover her eyes but couldn't for the life of her. What she saw was at one in the same time the most barbarous and beautiful act she had ever witnessed.

Raisuli rode down into the lines of men, slashing first to the right, cleaving a skull, and then to the left, cutting up through stomach and breastbone. He trampled the third and then turned sharply in the soft sand, avoiding the onslaught of two horsemen and stabbing a footman in the neck. He was laughing and yelling. This moment was what he was born to do. He was Raisuli the Magnificent, Lord of the Riff, Last of the Barbary Pirates. With two more fantastic turns and slashes, two more souls were borne off to Paradise. The horsemen converged again. Raisuli drew his second sword, let the reins fall free and rode through the center of them, slashing hand over hand, side to side, through skull and shoulder, breastbone and horses' heads like a grand reaper. Blood splattered up his arms and onto his robes and the sun glinted off his whirling blades which broke

every sword in their path. These blades were made by the masters of Damascus in times that men cannot even remember. Finally, only one remained and Raisuli blocked his thrust with one sword swinging from the saddle and left the second stuck halfway through the rib cage. But he did not slacken his pace but pulled his horse around and thundered down on Eden and the children, his sword held high and his bloodstained robes flowing. Eden gasped in awe and found her feet frozen, unable to flee a weakness in her legs. At the last minute Raisuli leaned down with his sword hand and swept her off the ground and up onto his saddle. Her face was close to his and she could feel him breathe. The sword was between them and hot blood ran down its blade over his hand and onto her breast.

CUT TO:

THE AMERICAN CONSULATE - TANGIERS

Admiral Francis Chadwick walked up the marble steps of the consulate building, escorted by Captain C.L. Jerome, U.S.M.C. and two Marine Lance Corporals carrying rifles. Chadwick was a huge man, powerfully built and had grown especially impressive with age and the addition of white hair and a chest full of medals.

Captain Jerome commanded the Marine contingent of the Atlantic squadron. He was in the prime of his life, a dashing handsome fellow, shuttled off to foreign sea duty and frustrated at being kept from action. After all, it was only a short while ago that Marines had held the day at Peking and at this very moment Marine contingents stalked Philippine jungles for the dreaded Moros. How was he ever to distinguish himself in the Atlantic surrounded by civilized countries? Morocco had given him new hope. With the mushy smell of the teeming city and the exotic colors and lack of regard for human life common to these people, perhaps things could improve.

They walked to the head of the stairs, there met an immensely appreciative Gummere. He smiled and shook their hands.

CUT TO:

GUMMERE'S OFFICE

Cigars were passed around. Captain Jerome cut his and the Admiral's. An Arab servant boy lit them with a candle in a long golden holder.

GUMMERE

What we have, gentlemen, is a problem of enormous diplomatic complexity. Two months ago, the Anglo-French Intente was implemented. This, in essence, provides for France to do whatever they want to the Moroccans without the intervention of the British if the British can do whatever they want to the Egyptians without the intervention of the French. The Moroccan Sultan, however, favors the German Kaiser, while the Bashaw, who is the real power here, is leaning towards the Czar of Russia. In the middle of this an American woman is kidnapped by some pirate and our President wants to know what kind of rifle he uses. And he probably wants to build a canal for all I know.

CHADWICK

It's been done, you know.

GUMMERE

Come along, Admiral, you and I are old men and have seen these disasters come and go. Our problem is to find a way to let this one go and still look good.

CHADWICK

I must remind you, sir, that I was at Santiago Bay when our President was running up San Juan Hill. I'm afraid we'll have to do more than just look good this time.

GUMMERE

And what have you in mind, exactly?

Captain Jerome leaned forward, smiling.

JEROME

Military Intervention!

GUMMERE

May I remind you that we don't have time to raise an army.

CHADWICK

We don't need an army. We are, after all, at this moment anyway, the strongest naval power in Tangiers Harbor.

GUMMERE

I don't see what good that is.

JEROME

You're missing the beauty of it, sir. Right now, we can act. We are a major power at this moment. We carry the biggest stick.

GUMMERE

How many men have you, Captain?

JEROME

Two reinforced rifle companies, sir.

GUMMERE

The Sultan has three foreign regiments at Fez.

JEROME

That's right, sir, they are at Fez. The Bashaw had only his household cavalry and guard here and the power lies with the Bashaw.

GUMMERE

What is this boy saying? Do you understand this? I think he's been at sea too long.

CHADWICK

He is a young man and young men are prone to ambition. Ambition is sometimes the father of a good battle plan. Let him go on.

JEROME

We would be as useless chasing Raisuli as the Redcoats at Bunker Hill. And the Sultan, if I am correct in my assumption, will not meet his demands.

GUMMERE

Yes -- go on.

JEROME

The Sultan is not the power --
the real government is here.

GUMMERE

Yes.

JEROME

It is quite obvious, I would
think. We must seize the
government and make our own
negotiations.

Gummere stood up flabbergasted.

GUMMERE

Seize the government! The
Bashaw!

JEROME

At bayonet point.

Chadwick chuckled to himself.

GUMMERE

(to himself)

I would like to see that son of
a bitch at bayonet point. But
this is -- it's outrageous. Under
the shadow of Gibraltar! In the
presence of the Kaiser's troops!
Not to mention the French! It's
absolutely mad!

CHADWICK

Isn't it though. I should think
Teddy would love it.

GUMMERE

Can we do it?

CHADWICK

I think so, don't you, captain?

JEROME

Yes, sir.

GUMMERE

What about the French and the
Germans and --

CHADWICK

I shall point my twelve-inch guns
at the embassies and urge them not
to be so brash as to intervene.

JEROME

We can get our woman back and probably coaling rights in this port to boot.

CHADWICK

(to Gummere)

He is ambitious.

Gummere strode about the room thinking it over.

GUMMERE

I am an old man and you are an old man. It is supposed to be the responsibility of old men to keep young rascals like this on an even keel.

CHADWICK

Yes, but young rascals like this we both once were.

He stops.

CHADWICK

I wouldn't mind being one again, would you?

Gummere smiled and rubbed his hands together.

GUMMERE

You -- you know, if we fail even in the smallest way, we will all be killed and the world will probably go to war.

JEROME

Sir, if we fail and are killed, I certainly hope the world does go to war.

They lifted their drinks to each other.

CUT TO:

THE WHITE HOUSE

Their footsteps echoed off the marble floor as the Roosevelt party descended the stairs and headed down the hall towards the east lawn. The presidential party consisted of Roosevelt's eldest daughter, Alice, a feisty young girl of nineteen from his first marriage and young Kermit, Roosevelt's second son, about ten.

Kermit carried a long Mauser rifle. They were, of course, also accompanied by the usual secret service personnel and lackeys. John Hay attempted to intercept the President before he got to the lawn.

ROOSEVELT

Who's got the targets?

ALICE

I have them --

She indeed did have several large printed pictures of the Kaiser and his imperial staff.

AIDE

Mr. President, perhaps this should wait, it is Sunday, Mr. President.

ROOSEVELT

Oh, hogwash, Lincoln did it.

HAY

What in God's name are you up to, Theodore?

ROOSEVELT

Come along, John. I suppose you've read Gummere's latest dispatch, eh? A dandy! A bully dandy!

They pushed through the door out to the garden and lawn.

HAY

Where are you going?

ROOSEVELT

Kermit.

Kermit handed him the rifle.

ROOSEVELT

A Mauser rifle 7 millimeter Spanish know it well. They punched neat little holes in American boys climbing up San Juan Hill. Darn fine rifle, but not good enough.

HAY

What're you talking about?

ROOSEVELT

Why, Raisuli, of course.
(MORE)

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

This is the type of rifle he uses.
I've gone up against it before,
but I've never shot one.

HAY

You're going to shoot it? Now!

ROOSEVELT

Why yes --

HAY

You can't! I mean, Theodore,
there are people, innocent people
watching!

Indeed there were. A Sunday crowd had gathered to see
if they could get a glimpse of the popular young
President. Perhaps playing baseball with his children.

ROOSEVELT

I won't hit any of them. I
need their votes.

He laughed heartily. No one else did.

HAY

But even if they see you, Theodore,
they'll say you've gone cowboy
again. The papers'll have a field
day.

ROOSEVELT

They have a field day with me
every day. They've never had
such a good time.

He pointed to the fence and the tourists.

ROOSEVELT

It'll give 'em something to tell
their children and grandchildren
about. It'll be something to
remember me by. Alice, put up
the one of the Czar. Kermit, give
her some aid.

Kermit handed the rifle to the President and ran with
his sister to place the targets against a stout wall
without windows.

ROOSEVELT

Lincoln, you certainly ought to remember, he fired a Spencer carbine against that wall over there.

HAY

That was in time of war.

ROOSEVELT

Well, that's not my fault. God knows I've tried.

Alice and Kermit returned.

ROOSEVELT

What do you think of Gummere's plan?

HAY

It's outrageous -- volatile.

Roosevelt took aim.

ALICE

Hit the geezer between the eyes, father.

The shot exploded and the bullet punctured the target in the left cheek and whined off the White House wall. Many of the tourists dropped.

HAY

It could cause World War.

ROOSEVELT

It could.

He worked the bolt and fed in a new cartridge.

HAY

Think of the lives you'd be risking.

ROOSEVELT

Think of the territory I'd be gaining.

He snapped up the rifle and fired again. The ricochet was especially wild. Secret service men threw up their hands, aides dropped.

HAY

This is -- is mad, simply mad.

ROOSEVELT

You're an older man than I, John.
You've learned to move slow and
sure and we live in a fast and
dangerous time.

KERMIT

I think you nailed him in the
teeth, father.

ROOSEVELT

(continuing)

The great powers are grabbing
whatever they can and if we don't
do our share of grabbing, too --

He slammed the bolt closed.

ROOSEVELT

(continuing)

They'll grab us.

He raised the rifle smoothly and fired.

ALICE

Bravo, father, bravo.

THE MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD OF RAISULI

Another Mauser rifle fired, its report sharp and clear in the high desert air. The recoil of the gun sent young William sprawling backwards to be caught by a laughing Berber. Gayaan the Terrible grabbed the rifle as it flew up and laughed also. Even little Jennifer was amused, especially little Jennifer. Wait until it was her turn. She would not let that big gun knock her down, no matter how much noise it made. She would learn to ride as big a horse and shoot as loud a rifle as any of these brigands. She would be Queen of the Brigands -- the White Queen of the Berbers and the city people would know her by her blue silk robes and veil. She would marry Raisuli, of course, if he didn't grow older and would probably let William shoot the rifle again if it so pleased her.

The only one who didn't appreciate the joke of the gun recoiling was William who had to watch as Gayaan the Terrible, his own special Riffian brigand, handed the

rifle to another small boy, this one of Berber blood. The boy looked down at William, worked the bolt and shouldered the rifle. He shot cleanly into the goat skin target in the distance, then thrust the rifle at William contemptuously. Gayaan laughed, but William pulled himself up and took the rifle again. With a determined ferocity that even startled the Berbers, William fired, the rifle chambered a new round and fired again. Each time he was driven back by the blast and recoil but he would not give ground. His shots were wild and Berbers scattered or ducked as he waved the rifle around. Mercifully, the gun emptied and after an appreciative silence they all laughed.

CUT TO:

RAISULI'S TENT ON THE HIGH CLIFFS - NIGHT

It was a splendid moonlit night and Raisuli and Eden played chess in a small tent at the top of his stronghold. Only a few servants were about and these turned a lamb roasting on a spit and served stolen wines from Eden's own cellars. The fires of the Berber camp stretched below.

RAISULI

I was young and full of the sayings of young men. I did not yet understand the ways of the Prophet or the will of God. I thought that man could oppose such will. I was very foolish.

Eden moved her queen.

RAISULI

Why did you do that?

EDEN

Go on.

Raisuli seemed troubled and looked the board over.

RAISULI

I do not know why I let you trouble me in this way. It is a game of women.

EDEN

Go on.

RAISULI

I did not know then that Allah makes slaves and Allah makes Sultans and it is not of our concern. Do you see those fires out there?

He pointed into the night.

RAISULI

They are men of Wadi-Satt and they have waited for days to speak to me but they are content following the sun until it is time. You do not understand this and I do not suppose it is important to you but I did not understand this either as a youth and so I trusted my brother.

EDEN

The Bashaw?

RAISULI

A man can trust no one but often trusts women. I trusted my brother and openly opposed the old Sultan at Fez. He was letting the Europeans give him money and money is followed by more Europeans. My brother betrayed me and I was sent to Mogador.

EDEN

Mogador?

RAISULI

It is a dungeon on the edge of the sea. I was sent there to die but I was young and strong and my brain as agile as my fingers.

He moved his king. She moved her queen.

EDEN

I believe that I have checked your king.

RAISULI

It does not bother me to lose. A Sultan can lose. Why should it bother a Sultan to lose?

He got up plainly disturbed and looked out over the desert. She looked out, too, and she saw the myriad stars and great shadows of the mountains -- all silent. And before this was Raisuli's lion-like form, sulking.

EDEN

Go on, it doesn't matter. We'll play another later.

Raisuli shrugged his shoulders.

RAISULI

I killed rats with my feet and ate them. The men chained next to me died and the rats ate them and I ate the rats. It was written this way. I only saw the direct light of day through the cracks above me in certain months of winter and so I could count the years.

Four times I was brought up to be placed on a boat to an island from which no one returns. And four times there was a storm and the boat could not sail. That is when I knew that I was a Sultan because the sea is a Sultan and one Sultan cannot trod on another's back. The guards of Mogador knew it, too, and they arranged my escape though I was too weak to stand. I thanked them for the years of wisdom they had given me and then I wandered into the mountains.

He turned suddenly.

RAISULI

Are you asleep?

EDEN

No, did I look like it?

RAISULI

Well, you made no noise.

EDEN

Well, you were doing the talking.

RAISULI

Hmmphh. I wandered in the mountains and the Riffians found me. Their old people cared for me because of my lineage, but the men wanted to sell my head to the Sultan of Fez for a great deal of gold and riches. Finally, I regained my strength and challenged Berghan the Cruel, Lord of the Riff and almost the last of the Barbary Pirates. We fought with swords on horseback and though I was wounded many times I sent his soul to Paradise and gave his head to the Elders of the Riff. Thus, I became the true defender of the Faithful because the blood of the Prophet runs in me and I am but an instrument of his will.

He turned around slowly. She was setting up the chess players again.

RAISULI

It will not matter if I lose this time either. I am Raisuli the Magnificent and this is a game of women!

He sat down with her and pondered the board.

THE DOCKS OF TANGIER - DAY

Two reinforced rifle companies of United States Marines stood at attention in the hot morning sun. Light glinted from the points of their bayonets. They were in dress blue uniforms with white sashes and carried the new 30 caliber government rifles of 1903. Everything about them looked razor sharp, confident, polished. Leathernecks! The Squadron's naval band in full parade dress stood before them. A whistle sounded. Captain Jerome assumed his position before the band and color guard and gave the order. The platoon sergeants relayed it and with a roll of drums, the Marines marched in parade formation off the docks and into the dark and narrow streets of Tangiers. Children rushed from their holes and old men and women looked up. The streets were heavy with insects and disease and rotting life. The

smell of death and decay hung in the dark air. Captain Jerome marched resolutely at the head of his men, the ominous drum roll was stifled by the narrow street and the chatter of the Moors. They turned a corner where great slabs of meat were hung covered with flies. The Moors stopped their bartering and gawked at the parade procession which was now joined by children and beggars. Captain Jerome felt as if the heat and the dark walls were poisoning the air and that he would soon suffocate. But, at last, they emerged onto a sunlit open square. The band took up this opportunity to strike up "Semper Fidelis" and "The Halls of Montezuma".

The strange parade wound through several more dark streets and finally out onto the grand thoroughfare at the end of which was the Palace of the Bashaw -- the government of Morocco. Lining this wide avenue were the embassies of the great powers.

Gummere and Dreighton stood on a stone veranda and watched the Marines pass as in review below them. At the appropriate moment Captain Jerome gave the "eyes right" order and a salute was given and returned by Gummere. Dreighton had his fingers crossed and a pistol in his other hand.

The ambassadors and diplomatic officials of the Great Powers rushed to their own windows as the parade passed below. Corpulent Prussian ministers affixed monocles and stared in disbelief while suave Frenchmen talked quickly to each other on what this meant. An arrogant Russian burst out in his dressing robe complete with medals while the Spanish dignitaries closed their windows. They had already seen enough of the U.S. Marines.

At the end of the avenue the great palace was guarded by Moorish troops in jeweled turbans carrying bayonnetted rifles and swords. They thought the whole thing was a military parade as everyone else did. The Europeans thought it had taste to make so public a show of the flag and saber at so early an hour. Besides proper saber rattling usually required some cavalry, but after all these were Americans and a bit coarse. All in all, it was fine marching observed the British consul as Captain Jerome halted his men in front of the palace. The band retired a few paces. The Marines were given a "right face" order which turned the two columns directly towards the palace. The first row then knelt.

JEROME

Prepare to fire.

The guards looked on in horror.

JEROME

Fire!

A thunderous volley issued forth and the entire Household Guard of the Bashaw were instantly killed.

JEROME

Charge!

Jerome drew pistol and saber and the Marines issued forth a battle cry and stormed up the stairs. The Moroccan Royal Guard fired from the doorways and met the Marines in a valiant defense at the top of the stairs. The fighting was hand to hand -- bayonet and rifle against scimitar and pike. The Moroccans were soon overrun.

CUT TO:

THE BASHAW'S CHAMBER

The Bashaw (Grand Vizier) refused to move from his couch next to a fountain even though his personal guard prepared to die at his feet, which they shortly did. Bullets twanged off the tile -- men screamed, swords flashed and blood spilled into the fountain. The last of the faithful was shot between the eyes by Captain Jerome himself who then stood over the Bashaw Abal Ben Silam.

JEROME

I am Captain Jerome, United States Marine Corps and you are my prisoner, sir.

ABAL

You will die before evening.

JEROME

This territory has been temporarily claimed by the United States Government and will be returned to the government of Morocco when satisfactory negotiations have been completed regarding the return of American nationals and reparations for loss of American property. I thought you should know this, sir.

ABAL

You will still die before evening.

JEROME

May I correct you, sir. If negotiations are not completed to our satisfaction by dawn tomorrow or if any attempt should be made to claim this territory from my government, sir, the capital ships of the Atlantic squadron have orders to fire on this territory, sir, and we shall both die before morning, sir.

ABAL

You are a dangerous man, Captain, and your President Roosevelt is mad.

JEROME

Yes, sir.

THE RIFF

The Sherif of Wazan and his imperial bodyguard reached Raisuli's stronghold the next day. They entered the settlement in the customary fashion, firing rifles and shouting and wailing. Eden saw the dust from a distance. She had lost track of the children who were running around the tents and riding a mule with some of the Berbers. They were drifting farther and farther from Eden's control and though she worried about it, there seemed little that she could do.

When the dust of the horsemen cleared, the great noble Sherif and his two most trusted retainers dismounted and walked up the stairs to be met by Raisuli and the two children, both of which were now armed with swords larger than they were. They stood at Raisuli's side to make sure no harm came to the venerable monarch. The Sherif smiled.

WAZAN

Great Raisuli, Lord of the Riff, I have not seen such fierce retainers.

RAISULI

These are my immortals.

(MORE)

RAISULI (CONT'D)

They are feared in the streets
of hell and their courage is
such that golden thrones await
them in Paradise.

He put his hand on William's head. Jennifer was having
trouble holding her sword. How does a little girl hold
a scimitar? She had never been taught such things.

RAISULI

You are pleased, Sherif?

WAZAN

I am pleased, the Raisuli will
be pleased.

Eden ran up out of breath.

EDEN

Put those things down, Jennifer.

JENNIFER

No.

Raisuli put up his hand.

RAISULI

Let it be. What have we gotten,
noble Sherif?

WAZAN

The Sultan is dead!

There was great consternation. Even Raisuli was taken
aback. Wazan held out his hands for quiet.

WAZAN

The young Sultan was strangled
in his sleep by his wrestler whose
head you will be sent. The
Bashaw offers this -- 20,000 gold
pieces, all foreign soldiers to
be removed from the Riff and the
Raisuli and his followers to be
granted freedom to travel to the
cities and market places. And
last, all those held in the
dungeons of Mogador who swear
fealty to the Raisuli shall be
placed in the Raisuli's care.

There was a hushed silence, this was more than Raisuli had ever expected.

WAZAN

This in return for the American woman and her children and nothing else. The Americans hold the Bashaw and his palace and it is the word of the American Sultan, Roosevelt and his honor.

Raisuli thought about this. It was too good to be true. There must be something wrong. Of course, he expected treachery, but even with treachery, such an offer was impressive.

WAZAN

May I say to the Raisuli that the American Bashaw wished that the Raisuli act in haste, as the other Europeans are not pleased. Even as I left the palace of the Bashaw, great ships of metal were arriving and many horsemen of the Germans and French.

EDEN

Can't you see, you must take their offer. Each day that you keep us, the Europeans use as an excuse to land more troops. Everything that you have fought for is wasted. They are using you, Raisuli -- you are dupe to them.

Raisuli turned harshly.

RAISULI

Do not call the Raisuli a dupe! I do not need the counsel of women!

WAZAN

The American woman is true. Every day more soldiers travel the road to Fez. They have guns that need wheels to carry them.

RAISULI

The Sultan is dead. The European devils swarm at the gates of Fez and the Sultan is dead.

EDEN

What is stopping you? Can't you see. It is no longer our concern. The great powers want this land and they will fight each other to take this land and when they are done there will be nothing, not your mountains, not your palace, not pride nor your honor. It is a wind so strong, no tree can stand in it.

RAISULI

And where there are no trees there is no shade from the sun. And what is land without shade from the sun -- the desert -- and a desert I know well! You speak like a Berber, Mrs. Pedecaris.

She caught herself.

EDEN

It must be the heat.

She turned her nose up, which obviously got the better of him.

RAISULI

Why do you do this? I do not ordinarily ask for counsel from any man, let alone the counsel of a woman. You -- you are not even one of my wives!

Eden gasped.

EDEN

I should certainly say not!

Raisuli was quite hurt by this rebuff and didn't really understand it since he had never been denied a woman as his wife before. Even though now he was not asking, sort of.

EDEN

Come along, children. We have no more business here. Let these brigands decide for themselves what they shall do with us.

She took her children and turned to go. They were dismayed because they had to give up their swords and positions. The whole thing had an exasperating effect on Raisuli who scratched his head furiously.

RAISULI

Mrs. Pedecaris, I have decided that it would please me to return you to President Roosevelt because you are a lot of trouble.

She stiffened up -- hurt, obviously.

RAISULI

Perhaps he will know what to do with you. It is not my fate to find out.

She haughtily walked away but a tear ran down her cheek. Raisuli walked around in circles. The children had given him their swords. He drew one in desperation and didn't quite know who or what to slash.

RAISULI

Take this sword.

He gave them to a retainer. The Sherif of Wazan laughed to himself.

RAISULI

You laugh at the Raisuli?

WAZAN

This woman has taken the Raisuli.

RAISULI

You say these things in front of my men. What has become of respect and honor? Everything is changing and drifting away on the wind. It has been a bad year and the next one will probably be worse. Where do we take them and collect our gold?

WAZAN

I will take them -- you need not risk your life.

RAISULI

What does my life matter, I have nothing else to do.

He turned to a retainer.

RAISULI
Prepare to ride for war!

CUT TO:

SAGAMORE HILL - OYSTER BAY

Roosevelt's home, Sagamore Hill at Oyster Bay, was a large sprawling log and beam structure that exuded a warmth and rough uncommon to the dwelling of a President. It was above all things to Theodore Roosevelt a symbol of what he belonged to. It was a place to return to. Wherever he would be and whatever he did, the center of his world was Sagamore Hill. He had built the great house after returning to politics in his early thirties and marrying his second wife, Edith. He had gone forth to campaigns, both political and military, from this place and had brought home the trophies of war and high office. What was always particularly lasting in the impressions one got from Sagamore Hill was that it was not ever a mansion or monument, never a palace in any way -- just a man's house and it looked like a good place to live.

Roosevelt sat in the den looking out at the fading light of evening through the pine trees. A hearty fire warmed the room and cast an amber glow onto his children who sat around him. Alice was at his side and Kermit, Joseph and the others sat around his feet.

KERMIT
Is this Raisuli a real pirate?

ROOSEVELT
Certainly, he is the descendant of centuries of pirates. He is the last, however. The last of the Barbary pirates.

ALICE
Why do you say that, father?

ROOSEVELT
Well, the world is fast outgrowing pirates -- of that sort, anyway.

JOSEPH
Has he a turban?

ROOSEVELT

I would think so, they all have turbans in that part of the world.

ALICE

Do you think you would ever meet him, father? Perhaps when he is captured you could have him brought before you in chains.

ROOSEVELT

I should like very much to meet him, though not in chains.

KERMIT

Is he as mean as you are?

ROOSEVELT

Mean?

JOSEPH

Is he as big as the grizzly bear and as strong?

ROOSEVELT

No, but he's craftier -- and that makes up for strength and meanness.

ALICE

Who is the smartest and meanest man you ever met, father?

ROOSEVELT

J.P. Morgan. He was the toughest. I remember during the coal strike, we were in a hotel room. Morgan asked that we be alone and everyone left.

The children drew in closer.

ROOSEVELT

Then he talked about nothing for a while, just pleasant amenities and suddenly he fixed his eyes on mine and they sparkled like cracked ice. He said, "Theodore, when we settle this thing, you don't plan to attack any of my other interests, do you?"

(MORE)

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

I should be very displeased with you if you did." Displeased. Can you imagine that -- he was talking to me as if I were no more than a rival business interest -- another monopoly -- me! The government of the United States. Displeased, he said -- as if it were merely a favor that he let us stay in the market so to speak. And mind you, it wasn't the railroads or the steel or just the raw money he held -- it was the man. By God, I've seen few such men. Yes, Jupiter Pierpont Morgan was the meanest thing I ever went up against.

ALICE

Do you like him, father?

Roosevelt seemed puzzled.

ALICE

You seem to like him.

ROOSEVELT

Why of course I do, Alice.

KERMIT

But he was your enemy.

ROOSEVELT

Sometimes your enemies are far more admirable than your friends. When one picks the path to greatness -- and you'll all have that choice -- one soon realizes that the road tread by great men is a dark and lonely road, lit only at rare intervals along the way by other great men. Often these men are your enemies but they are the only true luxuries one has. It is a lonely road and most difficult to travel and I do not look down on anyone who has the good sense not to take it.

KERMIT

Are you a lonely man, father?

ROOSEVELT

Sometimes, yes, sometimes I am
a very lonely man.

KERMIT

Is Raisuli?

ROOSEVELT

Yes, I would imagine so. But
like me, I am sure there are
things in his life that are
worth it.

Edith came into the room. She was a stately but warm
looking woman. She rang a wrangler's triangle and the
kids jumped up and ran into the other room.

EDITH

Supper's hot. Supper's hot.

The shadows in the room had grown long and only the
flickering light of the fire shown on Roosevelt's sil-
houette. He went to the window and watched the last
light in the tops of the pines. Edith moved quietly
by his side. He put his arm around her.

ROOSEVELT

I wish I could stay forever
like this.

EDITH

You're happy, aren't you,
Theodore?

ROOSEVELT

Yes, right now, with you and
the children here at Sagamore
Hill. I don't give a damn
about the election or the world.
I wish that life would never
change.

EDITH

But it must.

ROOSEVELT

Yes, it's a new century. I know
that I am the instrument of a
new time but I fear I belong to
the old.

They turned and walked into the shadows.

EDITH

You sound like an old man sometimes,
Theodore.

ROOSEVELT

Oh, I always thought I was a
"damned cowboy."

CUT TO:

RAISULI'S FORTRESS

The Riffians are assembled, the finest of the warrior blood. Two hundred men mounted on the finest horses, their heads plumed with red and white feathers. The colors of their Sultan, Lord of the Riff flutter in the wind. The column stretched out across the Wadi and through the canyons. Darkly clad women lined the rocks and cliffs and wailed. The shrill high pitched wail that has accompanied Berbers into battle for centuries.

Though Raisuli did not foresee the necessity of battle, he had taken no chances. These were his imperial guards and immortals. Each man had already been promised a place in Paradise and golden goblets to drink ambrosia from. Lithe women would feed them grapes and lamb from a golden sword and then sleep with them in fields of clouds. Such was the reward for the warrior and death merely the gateway. They carried their finest jeweled swords and wore their darkest robes. Fine European rifles were strapped to their backs and bandoliers of ammunition crossed their chests. As was customary, their faces were heavily veiled.

Raisuli looked upon this, the horde of God and he was pleased. He gestured to the women as he passed.

RAISULI

May God be with you.

To the children of the warriors.

RAISULI

May God be with you.

Eden and the children rode behind him on especially picked white horses. They were dressed in the finest of silks and young William was wearing a turban and carrying his dagger. Raisuli tried to catch Eden's eye but she would not look at him. He was also disturbed that she was not wearing the jewels he had sent her but after all her feelings were hurt and she was a woman and

all that goes with that. Raisuli gave up trying to see if she was impressed with this escort and turned to the Sherif of Wazan. He shrugged his shoulders.

RAISULI

I do not understand this woman.
I have spent my life trying to
divine the ways of women. My
entire education has been the
Koran, horses, war and women and
what have I learned? Look what
I have become.

WAZAN

You are Lord of the Riff.

RAISULI

Yes, and you would think that
I would understand this woman.

He shrugged again and looked around him, listening to the distant wailing.

RAISULI

Where is it exactly we are going?

WAZAN

To a small village east of Rabat
at the foot of the mountains.

RAISULI

It is good.

WAZAN

What is good?

RAISULI

It is good to know where we are
going.

MONTAGE - THE MOUNTAINS AND THE DESERT

They rode down through the steep passes and dangerous chasms out onto the great slabs of rock. By midday they had crossed the most difficult part of the mountains which were covered by scrub pines and even a little snow. Finally they emerged onto a high plateau from which the great desert spread out thousands of feet below. The descent was difficult and slow, the trails being steep and narrow. Occasionally rocks would loosen and fall in front of them and on one occasion William's horse was scared by these and slipped halfway

off the trail. But Gayaan the Terrible was there to grab him and the horse regained its footing.

As they neared the bottom the hills flattened out and the riding was easier. The sun was low in the west and the colors of the rocks turned from rusty yellows to deep magentas and purples. Raisuli let the column ride by and waited for Eden. She tried not to notice him as she passed but he rode alongside her.

RAISULI

Have you ever seen rocks of such a color?

Eden seemed relieved that he would speak to her. Despite her stubborn pride she found herself answering.

EDEN

We have rocks like this in America -- mountains that are much the same.

RAISULI

But not colors such as these.

EDEN

In Arizona where I grew up, there was such a place. There was also a canyon that was seven miles wide and over a mile or so deep. They call it the Grand Canyon.

RAISULI

You lived in such a place?

EDEN

No, I only visited it when I was a little girl. I can hardly remember, but...

RAISULI

But what?

EDEN

All of this -- I do remember.

RAISULI

It is hard to think of you as a little girl.

EDEN

Why, even you, the Raisuli --
(MORE)

EDEN (CONT'D)

-- even you were once a child
and believe me that is much
harder to think of.

Raisuli shrugged. As far as he was concerned, he had changed little since he was a child only grown larger and more easily tired. But it was all the same. A child one day, a man the next. It is Allah's will, but from where do such goddesses as Eden arise. He looked at her in the light of the sun and decided that he had never seen so beautiful an object. No horse, no gun, no woman.

RAISULI

What of your husband, the late
Mr. Pedecaris. What was he like?

EDEN

Ian? Oh, he was a kind man. I was fond of him, I suppose I loved him in my own way, but it was a marriage arranged between families and it was a good one at that. If he'd been younger, we would have been closer perhaps, but it was a good marriage and I have no regrets. He was a good man.

He turned quickly to him.

EDEN

What about you?

RAISULI

Me?

EDEN

Your wives and sons.

RAISULI

Oh, the wives went as wives will do. Some of them left, others died, I only had eight -- real ones, I mean. There were others, but you understand.

He seemed somewhat embarrassed.

RAISULI

Don't you?

EDEN

I suppose so. What about your children?

RAISULI

Almost all daughters. One or two sons, but they were clumsy and got themselves killed. I think it was the fault of their mothers, but if that was the will of God, I am no one to complain.

EDEN

Don't you want an heir -- a successor?

RAISULI

Perhaps the line should end with me. I have seen no one better. I am Lord of the Riff and last of the Barbary Pirates. I come from a time of extreme barbarity and cruelty and yet also a time of grace and the deepest of wisdom. I am the last from this time, but I am the first to fight the Europeans and in this, I will not be the last.

CUT TO:

THE VILLAGE OF ER SARAF - DUSK

The Village streets swarmed with Europeans. Prussian cavalry were hidden in the stalls and huts and along the low hills surrounding French infantry with Gatling guns at the edge of the buildings. Rifles protruded from windows and then were hidden again. Above all this a starkly cruel looking Prussian officer looked out across the wastes with his telescope. He was Helmut Von Roerkel, chief cavalry advisor to the Bashaw and in command of the Prussian contingent in Morocco. He had a long dark dueling scar down his left cheek and almost through his eye over which he wore a monocle. The last rays of daylight glinted off his spiked helmet as he overlooked his troops waiting in ambush.

CUT TO:

THE FOOTHILLS

Raisuli's column rode on, oblivious of what waited for them at Er Saraf. But it had certainly occurred to their leader that treachery would probably be involved. Treachery was a way of life in this part of the world and Raisuli had long since accepted deceit and dishonor as one accepts bad weather. He was moreover supremely confident in the will of God and besides his mind was clouded with confusion and sentiment the like of which he had not felt since he was a boy. He rode ahead of Eden and the children and the warriors behind sang in groups occasionally.

EDEN

What are they singing?

RAISULI

They are singing songs to God.

EDEN

Why do you not sing?

RAISULI

I am the Sultan -- They do the singing.

EDEN

That is ridiculous.

RAISULI

It is customary.

EDEN

Come, children -- let's sing for the Sultan -- Let's let him hear an American song.

JENNIFER

Will he sing, too?

EDEN

I don't know -- Let's sing "Shenandoah" -- You all liked that.

WILLIAM

I don't want to if he doesn't.

EDEN

He will -- won't you, Raisuli?

Raisuli was quite embarrassed but before he could reply Eden began to sing "Shenandoah" and her voice floated out pure and rich across the desert air. The warriors fell silent and for a moment Eden was singing alone. Then Jennifer joined in and finally William, and the song sounded especially beautiful to them and reminded them of home. They became quite caught up in it and didn't hear the Berbers at first, but all of a sudden they, too, all two hundred it seemed, were humming a low chorus to "Shenandoah". Eden looked at Raisuli and he, too, hummed and his eyes seemed to smile.

Thus they rode down into the great desert. A column of over two hundred savage warriors, unchanged since the days of Saladin, humming softly to "Shenandoah", silhouetted by the rising moon.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BLUFFS

The Sherif of Wazan stopped his horse on a bluff overlooking the distant village where a few fires flickered. Raisuli and Eden rode up next to him. The warriors fanned out into a great line behind.

WAZAN

There is no need for you to go further. My retainers can bring back the gold.

RAISULI

What good is the word of Roosevelt if it is not met by the word of Raisuli -- The Bashaw knows this. I do not fear treachery or fate, I fear only God.

WAZAN

It is foolish and silly to talk as such. These Europeans are not men and do not respect the laws of men -- let me take the woman.

EDEN

I do not want you to die for nothing. He is right. It is no longer your concern.

RAISULI

No longer my concern!
(MORE)

RAISULI (CONT'D)

It is I who took you! It pleased me to do such. It pleases me now to bring you back. -- No longer my concern!

He rode forward --

RAISULI

Bring your retainers, Sherif.

WAZAN

They are twelve men who will die before you will.

RAISULI

It is all that I need -- If treachery befalls me let every sword run thick with the infidel's blood and we will all eat lambs in Paradise.

They rode forward -- The Sherif, his twelve retainers -- Raisuli and his captives. William lingered a second and looked back at Gayaan The Terrible who smiled at him. But it was quickly done and the small party rode down the hill and the dust obscured them.

THE VILLAGE

Von Roerke! watched the desert lit by the moon and saw the small contingent ride towards him. He stepped back into a dark doorway. Inside was a horse. He drew his saber and raised it.

As Raisuli rode into the quiet village he saw the glint of a rifle and a few horses behind a distant house. When they reached the well in the center of the village, a fire had been lit and standing before it was a huge chest. Raisuli drew up knowing a hundred rifles were trained on him. Suddenly Von Roerke! rode out behind the fire. The streets were suddenly filled with cavalry that blocked every exit. Riflemen on every roof. Wazan's retainers turned and raised their rifles. There was an eerie silence.

EDEN

Where are the American emissaries?
I am Mrs. Ian Pedecaris and I do not intend to have my life further endangered.

VON ROERKEL

It is my duty, Madam, to escort you to the coast. You will come forward, please.

EDEN

Very well.

She rode forward, leading the children who now for the first time looked about in horror. They knew what was happening. Raisuli looked at her in surprise but she averted his glance and did not look back at him. When she passed the fire she found Captain Jerome and a small contingent of Marines. Jerome stepped forward out of the darkness and held her horse.

JEROME

Mrs. Pedecaris -- Captain Jerome,
United States Marine Corps.

EDEN

Help the children.

The Marines helped the children down but they stared back at the dark rider they had left behind locked in a strange confrontation.

JEROME

It's best we take cover inside,
ma'am --

Eden resisted and turned as Von Roerkel spoke.

VON ROERKEL

Throw down your arms!

RAISULI

They obey only my will and I am
the Raisuli. You will not tell
the Raisuli what to do.

Neither Raisuli nor Wazan were armed other than with swords and they stood out in front of the others. Wazan looked at Raisuli, then across the fire.

WAZAN

I am the Sherif of Wazan and
these are my retainers. They
do not ride with this brigand.

He motioned and his men lowered their rifles at Raisuli -- In a second, European Cavalry surged in and surrounded him also. He was taken from his horse without resistance. Von Roerkel rode up to Wazan.

VON ROERKEL

I have never met you.

WAZAN

I expect gold and rifles for his head -- I do not do this for a servant's wages.

William stared in disbelief as Raisuli was led away at bayonet point. He had never suspected such treachery especially on the part of the Sherif of Wazan and thoroughly could not understand his mother's action. Did she not realize what was being done? Was she such a coward as to forget all that had happened now that they were safe again. He felt a disgust that he had never known. As he saw Raisuli dragged away and the Sherif of Wazan and his retainers gather up the gold, he vowed a personal vengeance. He turned to his mother who was following the Marine Captain.

EDEN

What will they do to him?

JEROME

It is not my concern, ma'am -- My job is to return you safe and sound -- and we've pushed our luck but I believe it will hold.

EDEN

Whatever they do to him -- he deserves it.

JEROME

You don't have to talk about it, ma'am. I understand.

He led her away. Jennifer had already forgotten nearly everything and was just hanging onto one of the Marine's hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BLUFFS - DAWN

The Sherif of Wazan and his retainers rode up the steep bluffs to Raisuli's warriors. They threw down the chest of gold. Gayaan the Terrible rode up and they talked quickly in Arabic and then the line of men spread out. Rifles were loaded -- extra swords were secured to saddles.

CUT TO:

THE VILLAGE

Eden and the children stayed in a small hut with the five or so Marines. They seemed nervous and looked about outside. The sun was just beginning to show. One of them at the door had a shotgun. Eden eyed it carefully. William sat in a corner staring at the floor and Jennifer was asleep.

EDEN

Can't we get out of here?

JEROME

Not until it's light -- I wouldn't trust these sorts in the dark. We've released the Bashaw now so they can do anything they want with us but I think he's more concerned with Raisuli.

EDEN

Where is Raisuli?

OTHER MARINE

They took him over there --

He pointed down the narrow street across the market to a larger white mud building.

OTHER MARINE

The Bashaw himself went in a few minutes ago. I wouldn't wanta see what they're doing to him.

JEROME

That's enough, Corporal --
We'll get out of here, ma'am.

She wandered over towards the children.

CUT TO:

THE TWO HUNDRED IMMORTALS

The dawn rose on the warriors of the Riff. The gold was spilled on the ground before them -- meaningless. The Sherif of Wazan was handed a rifle by one of his retainers. He carefully inserted the cartridges while another brought out his royal pennants to be carried with those of the Raisuli.

CUT TO:

THE HUT

Eden sat down next to William -- He didn't look up at her.

EDEN
(whispering)
William.

He didn't respond.

EDEN
William -- have you got your
dagger?

His eyes opened.

EDEN
Don't look at me -- just hand
it to me.

He started to look over, perplexed.

EDEN
Do as I say -- be quick about
it.

He reached under his robes -- stopped.

EDEN
Do as I say, William -- I won't
stand for any foolishness.

He handed it to her -- She covered it -- waited a second
or two.

EDEN
Captain -- Captain. Would you
bring us some water?

Captain Jerome turned quickly.

JEROME
Of course, ma'am.

He walked over to her carrying a canteen.

EDEN
For the boy first, Captain --
he's got a fever.

Jerome leaned down.

JEROME

Here, son -- hold your head up.

Suddenly Eden grabbed him around the neck catching him off-balance. He fell heavily on her.

JEROME

Ma'am!

In a flash, the knife was out and its razor edge at his throat.

JEROME

What are you doing!

EDEN

Don't any of you move! I shall cut this man's throat as surely as you stand there if you do not do exactly as I say!

The other Marines couldn't comprehend what was happening. She flicked the knife cutting him slightly -- blood trickled down onto his leather-neck collar.

EDEN

I'm not fooling about! Now drop those weapons. William -- get them!

William couldn't believe it -- He rushed from man to man grabbing the rifles.

EDEN

Get the pistols, too, William. Be thorough -- Jennifer, help him.

She did -- they dragged the arsenal back. Captain Jerome was sweating heavily. She grabbed the pump shotgun, a Winchester 97, and let Jerome go. She held on them.

JEROME

What do you think you're doing, Mrs. Pedecaris -- Put that down -- you could --

EDEN

I have shot grouse in Scotland and quail in North Carolina -- believe me, I know how to use this.

(MORE)

EDEN (CONT'D)

Now Mr. Roosevelt made an agreement with that man being held over there and Mr. Roosevelt keeps his agreements.

JEROME

You must be mad.

EDEN

Get up -- William -- empty those rifles and give them back.

WILLIAM

All but one, Mama?

EDEN

(smiling)

All but one.

William furiously worked the bolts on the rifles, emptying them. Jennifer in turn took the empty rifles back to the Marines. Eden then moved to the door. William could barely hold up the big rifle and the fact that it was loaded made it seem even larger. Eden lowered the shotgun and covered it in her robes.

EDEN

Now, let's go!

JEROME

There's no need to do this -- We're all Americans -- What is it exactly you're trying to do?

EDEN

I'm going to set him free.

JEROME

Well now, ma'am, I wish you'd said that before. If you're going to do it alone you haven't got a chance. I suggest you let us throw in with you.

EDEN

I can't trust you.

Jerome quite casually started loading his rifle again from his belt.

JEROME

You're just going to have to.

CUT TO:

THE BLUFFS

The first rays of the sun broke across the horizon and seemed to move the clouds. The Sherif of Wazan in his royal robes rode down the line of men in review. When he reached the end he turned his horse towards Er Sarif and drew his sword. Light danced across the blades of fifty or sixty more swords and with a signal the pennants were dipped into the wind and the column as one trotted forward down the hill. The Sherif was careful to rein in and keep his mount from quickening the pace. The horses' heads twisted and they snorted and showed their teeth. Their eyes were wide with excitement and their pace barely constrained. They knew what they had been bred and trained for.

CUT TO:

THE STREET

Prussian Guards stood at the entrance to the building where Raisuli was held. Behind them, covering the long, narrow, curving street, were two French 75's with crews. Into the mouths of these guns bravely walked the Pedecaris family. But down the street in the shadows moved a group of Moorish women and men pushing a cart. The guards paid these dark-robed peasants no mention, especially as Mrs. Pedecaris passed with her children making for the door. The Prussian gun crew smiled and laughed to each other about the beautiful light-haired woman and so did not see the Moors with the cart duck down the next street.

Eden was stopped at the door by a stern looking sergeant in an ornate pointed helmet. He did not speak English and jabbered something in German.

EDEN

I have business here -- I am Mrs.
Pedecaris and I am an American
citizen --

Jennifer pulled at his gun and William slipped inside behind. Jennifer giggled and he tried to brush her away.

EDEN

Will you let me pass --

He babbled on in German.

EDEN

I do not intend to bandy words
with you in a foreign tongue I
do not even understand.

Inside the building, Captain Jerome and his men were climbing through the windows and passing in the weapons. They still wore their Berber robes and quickly took positions covering the halls and the windows. William watched all this with a detached innocence as if it were a game. Soon Captain Jerome slipped up next to him with a Marine Sergeant. Eden was still arguing and had backed the German into the doorway. With a swift motion, Jerome and the Sergeant pulled the guard off his feet, choking off his screams and removed his helmet and bashed him solidly on the head with it. During this, the rifle slipped from his hands and would have clattered to the ground were it not to find its way into William's hand. He ducked back and ushered his mother and sister inside. The Sergeant put on the pointed helmet and the soldier's overcoat and stood near the door in the shadows. Eden moved quickly down the dark hallway while Jerome deployed his men behind her.

She came to a door from which she heard talking, checked her shotgun under her robe and pushed Jennifer back.

CUT TO:

THE APPROACH TO THE VILLAGE

A sentry on the roof saw it first -- dust rising from the hills. He yelled in German and an officer rushed up to be followed by Von Roerkel. He was handed a telescope and quickly scanned the horizon. He looked intensely and then turned and yelled out a fast string of orders.

The riders were now in nervous canter, the horses weaving and snorting but holding perfect formation. The finest light cavalry in the world.

With Von Roerkel's orders the Village sprang to life. Men ran to positions on rooftops. Hundreds of bolts were slammed closed. Cartridge tins were opened and left at strategic places. The French 75's were loaded with cannister and grape shot and the crews struggled frantically to turn them around. Horses, clattering with carbines and sabers, appeared everywhere, led by brightly-dressed Prussian cavalymen. Von Roerkel himself mounted a splendid animal and checked his Mauser automatic pistol. He holstered it and was handed a pair of fine leather gloves. He put these on and cracked his fingers.

Eden heard the consternation in the street. Captain Jerome signaled her. It was time to move -- She pushed open the door to find a room in which the Bashaw and his personal guard were sitting around eating honey cakes, watching Raisuli who was hung upside down, bleeding from his left ear which had been cut off. The guards jumped to their feet but did not draw their swords upon seeing a woman. The Bashaw himself turned with a surprised look on his face. He was holding a bloody dagger. There was an eerie stillness and silence for a second -- Everyone poised and then with a sure swift motion Eden raised the shotgun and blasted the Bashaw full in the chest.

All hell broke loose. The guards drew their swords or lunged for their rifles. Captain Jerome and three Marines crashed past Eden and bayoneted several, but others fired back, killing one of the Marines. Captain Jerome was not able to dislodge his bayonet in time and was stabbed severely through the shoulder. The Moor raised his sword to finish him and Eden pumped the shotgun and blasted him in the back. The final guard was shot by the third Marine and crashed out the window and into the street. Captain Jerome fell to the floor and fumbled for his pistol but he was weak. Already footsteps could be heard in the hall and terrific rifle blast, the recoil of which sent William into the room on his back. Bullets whined off the mud walls and there was screaming and confusion outside.

Eden rushed to Raisuli who, of all things, seemed to be laughing. He knew that Allah was still with him, had never doubted it, never would. Eden fumbled about with some of the ropes but seemed to be getting nowhere. The Marines fired out the windows and shots returned, some of them uncomfortably close even for one who has the grace of God.

RAISULI

The sword, woman! Use the sword!

Eden did not like being called merely woman and grabbed the sword from the floor and in anger took a wild upward swing, severing the ropes and landing him on his head.

EDEN

Oh my Lord!

He rolled around grunting and moaning. She dropped the sword and knelt beside him.

EDEN

Oh my Lord -- Are you hurt?

He held his bound hands to his head.

RAISULI

Mrs. Pedecaris, you are a lot of trouble!

Then he held his hands out to be untied.

CUT TO:

THE WARRIORS OF THE RIFF

With the sound of gunfire the noble Sherif of Wazan pointed his sword forward and let the horses thunder into a magnificent charge.

WAZAN

Allah be praised -- For God and Honor!

They bore down upon the Village, wailing and shouting prayers, throwing up a tremendous cloud of dust that billowed behind them like smoke.

The Europeans raised from the roofs and fired. The French 75's bellowed. Two hundred rifles blasted as fast as the bolts could work. The horses of the attackers did not slacken or wince even though a maelstrom of steel descended upon them. Men screamed out their last breath and horses were rendered into meat. But the charge did not falter. Over the wells with robes flowing, scattering chickens and livestock -- screaming and wailing they came. They fired from the saddles as only the Berbers can and when the horses were struck from beneath them they were either dashed to death against the hard earth or continued on foot, firing with deadly accuracy at the hated Europeans.

They thundered around and through the buildings, raising the dust and spoiling the aim of the crack French infantry.

The Sherif of Wazan reined up and shot the crew of a Maxim gun as fast as his bolt would work. Then he discarded the rifle, drew a sword and rode below the rooftops backing the arms and hands of the riflemen that fired from above.

The horses churned into the central market -- crashed through buildings and over walls. Here the French 75's pounded them with grapeshot and cannister and here Von Roerke counter-attacked with his own cavalry. Charging

horse into horse -- saber to scimitar. Von Roerkel rode through the battle, wheeling and turning, shooting Berbers through the head with his Mauser pistol.

When a Riffian was felled, if he still had the strength, he hurled his sword or dagger at the enemy and, failing this, shouted curses until he expired and sunk back into his blood. The withering fire from the rooftops continued and brave men from both sides were torn from the saddles and lost in the dust.

Eden pushed Jennifer to the ground but could not find William. Raisuli had wrapped his turban around covering his ear and was finding a suitable sword. Eden managed to load the shotgun and rushed to him.

He stopped and looked her in the eyes.

EDEN

I have gotten you into this,
Raisuli -- I have dishonored
you -- But I don't intend to
go to Paradise just yet -- So
take this and call it even!

She thrust the gun at him.

RAISULI

What is such a gun?

EDEN

It's a Winchester -- from Mr.
Roosevelt.

He took it, slung it over his back and smiled. Then he grabbed his brother, the Bashaw, by the hair and, with a deft crossing cut, severed his head. Eden gasped.

RAISULI

He is my brother, it is customary.

He ran to the doorway with a sword in one hand and the head in the other. Silhouetted for a second there, it was the last time she would ever see him.

RAISULI

I will see you again, Mrs. Pedecaris
-- where we are both like golden
clouds on the wind!

And with that he was gone -- and suddenly Eden felt terribly afraid and she grabbed Jennifer to her side and huddled in a corner, crying.

Raisuli darted between the buildings, a group of Prussians thundered by -- He put down his brother's head and ducked back as they passed -- When the last came around the corner, Raisuli stepped out and hacked him from the saddle. The horse pranced about wildly but Raisuli somehow mounted and turned as the Prussians fired on him. He rode back and leaned out of the saddle, sweeping up his brother's head and was around a corner.

William was crouched behind a dead horse, crying, the rider who lay in the dust next to him was Gayaan the Terrible, His hand was outstretched and a golden-hilted sword was in it.

Raisuli charged around and saw William -- the fighting swirled around the buildings but strangely it was quiet here. Suddenly, as if cast there by the winds of battle, Von Roerke rode into the square. He saw Raisuli -- Their horses pranced. He smiled and aimed his pistol but Raisuli made no motion to reach his shotgun. Von Roerke hesitated -- threw his pistol aside and drew his saber. Raisuli yelled and they charged. The horses crashed into one another and they hacked at each other furiously. Raisuli blocked and slashed and though the Prussian Count was a fine swordsman, he was no match for the Lord of the Riff. With a powerful slash, Von Roerke's saber clattered to the ground. Raisuli kicked his horse up against his adversary, pinning him to the wall and raised his scimitar. Von Roerke looked deep into Raisuli's eyes and Raisuli laughed and, with a quick flick, slashed him across his right cheek, giving him a fresh dueling scar. Then he reared his horse around and rode off. Von Roerke watched as he and the other Berbers disappeared into the dust.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE WHITE HOUSE

Roosevelt and Hay were surrounded by aides and diplomats -- everyone seemed in a festive mood. They walked down a great stairway into a marble hall with high vaulted ceilings.

ROOSEVELT

You see, John -- there was nothing to worry about. I go to Oyster Bay for the weekend and the government of Morocco falls -- We get out people back and the steel workers threaten to strike.

(MORE)

ROOSEVELT (CONT'D)

The Democrats nominate an unknown Judge for the Presidency and the Russians and the Japanese go to war. You take things too seriously, John -- you ought to go hunting with me sometime. Get away from it all.

HAY

I ought to retire -- but then who would run the country?

AIDE

We're bound to get coaling rights in Tangiers, sir, as soon as the new government is solidified.

ROOSEVELT

Yes -- Yes -- we'll have those rights but so will the Germans and the French and everybody else -- How is Mrs. Pedecaris?

OTHER AIDE

She's in fine health, sir. She's quite a remarkable woman -- according to Captain Jerome, during the fighting at Er Sarif she displayed considerable courage.

ROOSEVELT

So did that Jerome boy -- I want to see him decorated -- Whatever's appropriate -- and decorate Gummere and what's his name -- decorate the whole lot of them.

HAY

I must say, Theodore -- You've been awfully lucky this time.

ROOSEVELT

Luck -- what has luck got to do with it -- I had God on my side.

HAY

Maybe Allah.

Roosevelt laughed and caught a look at something down a huge darkened hall. It was a figure of some kind -- shrouded and ominous.

ROOSEVELT

What's that?

They all looked down the hall.

AIDE

That's your bear, sir -- Your grizzly bear.

Roosevelt started towards it, leaving the others. They quickly followed and soon the whole party was gathered around it in the darkness.

AIDE

The early reports are that we can have whatever we want in Morocco, sir.

OTHER DIPLOMAT

I can't understand the Democrats picking such a colorless and powerless figure.

DIPLOMAT

Their camps were divided. It's as simple as that.

ROOSEVELT

Uncover it.

AIDE

What, sir?

ROOSEVELT

Uncover it, man -- I want to see my bear.

HAY

You can look at it later, Theodore.

ROOSEVELT

I prefer to see it now.

They pulled off the shroud and there in the dim light was a magnificent grizzly. Its paws drawn back in anger, its eyes red with defiance and mouth twisted into a snarl.

AIDE

There has never been a popular feeling for a President like you have now, sir.

OTHER AIDE

A good speech would be appropriate in the next few days. Even the papers are cheering you.

DIPLOMAT

There can be no doubt about the outcome of the election now, Theodore -- No doubt at all.

ROOSEVELT

My friends -- One thing you should all learn is that nothing -- absolutely nothing is certain -- The fate of the election will be decided in November by the people -- and the fate of Morocco will be decided tomorrow by me -- but right now, gentlemen -- I'd like to be alone with my bear.

There was some grumbling and talking but they all filtered away -- all except John Hay -- He gave the President a long but loving look; then he, too, turned and left.

Theodore Roosevelt, 26th President of the United States, the youngest man in history to hold that office and by many accounts the greatest. Theodore Roosevelt sat between the great feet of the grizzly bear in a darkened hall and read the last note that Raisuli had sent him.

RAISULI (V.O.)

To Theodore Roosevelt -- you are like the wind and I like the Lion. You form the Tempest. The sand stings my eyes and the Ground is parched. I roar in defiance but you do not hear. But between us there is a difference. I, like the lion, must remain in my place. While you like the wind will never know yours.

- Mulay Hamid El Raisuli
Lord of the Riff
Sultan to the Berbers
Last of the Barbary Pirates

CUT TO:

Raisuli and the few Immortals he had left rode up the steep hills. They were wounded and bleeding. Raisuli stopped on a rise and the Sherif of Wazan rode up next to him. Between the two of them they had only twelve retainers of the faith left. They looked back at the sun and the distant desert and the wind blew furiously at their robes.

WAZAN

We have lost everything. I go to the desert now -- with less than the son of a dog. We have nothing. You have even lost your ear. We have lost everything.

Raisuli looked back and felt his ear -- then his eyes turned misty and a faint smile crossed his face.

RAISULI

Aw -- Sherif -- Is there not one thing in your life that was worth losing everything for?

The Sherif smiled and the smile broke into a laugh. He turned his horse.

WAZAN

I will see you again. Great Raisuli -- When we hang together from the Great Gates of Fez.

Raisuli drew his sword and held it up.

RAISULI

As soon as God wills it!

Thus they gave each other a final salute and rode off in opposite directions.

THE END