

THE WIND AND THE LION

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July 9, 1974

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

TANGIER

July 1904

THE BEACH

1

A gull screamed. Snarling horses crashed through the surf sending up sprays. Hoofs thundered and splashed. Dark riders hurtled by with flowing capes and turbaned heads and cowed faces. The glint of sun on jeweled sword hilts and the polished gleam of rifle stocks inlaid with silver. A fearful sound of wailing accompanied the horsemen. To their backs, the desert, timeless, changeless, another ocean -- a sea of heat.

CUT TO:

THE CITY

2-8

The city is bleached and white. A Muezzin circled a minaret calling to the faithful, announcing the hour of prayer. Below in the pit of the city, darkly clad Moors in shadowy stalls hawked their beads and rotten fish. Old men crouched in doorways with flies on their faces. The faithful knelt on prayer mats. Above this, a woman stared from a high window, her eyes dark and beautiful above a heavy veil. Above her the buildings gave way to gentle flowered hills where the Europeans lived.

THE SAND HILLS

9

The outskirts of the city were separated by a low series of dunes. Here 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, the only sound 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 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, drowning the screams of terror of those unfortunate enough to be in their way. A flash of sunlight on an upraised saber and all were gone.

CUT TO:

THE PLACE OF THE NIGHTINGALES

10

Mrs. Eden Pedecaris was a woman of thirty-five and possess-

ing a stately beauty only found in classical sculpture. She had long golden hair and a litheness of limb that conveyed both an eloquent sensuality and firmness of character.

2.

10
CTD
(2)

Mrs. Pedecaris sat in the garden preparing for lunch with Major Sir Joseph Kenyon-Smith, the new British Vice-Consul. 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. The children laughed as 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.

11

EDEN

Don't you think the most important part of a meal is the wine? Everything must follow the wine and, in this case, I could favor a Red Bordeaux.

JOSEPH

A Red Bordeaux at lunch? Your late husband would never have approved.

EDEN

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

JOSEPH

Very well, then, Eden. You are a woman of strong opinions.

CUT TO:

THE CITY

12

A steep cobblestone road led through the center of the city and up towards the European quarters. The light barely came in here and was further muted by the awnings and rows of brightly colored fabric that were hung between the houses. The people, their goods and animals were tightly packed into this dark street, so that they could barely move. Suddenly with an explosive roar, the horsemen appeared at the end in full gallop. They crashed through the stalls and into the crowds who could not escape them. Swords flashed and dust rose. Horses snorted and kicked, went mad in the close melee. A turbaned and veiled brigand raised his sword as the onslaught hurled itself into a darker tunnel made by the thick awnings. His sword cut the fabric and light spilled through. As the

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.

3.
12
CTD
(2)

CUT TO:

THE PLACE OF THE NIGHTINGALES

13

Eden scented the air.

EDEN

It is so fragrant.

JOSEPH

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

He paused and looked about.

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

(to waiter)

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

PHILLIPE

Of course, Madam.

CUT TO:

14
OUT

PLACE OF THE NIGHTINGALES

15

William tired of teasing the crane and went to the edge of a steep precipice that ended in jagged rocks several hundred feet below. Beyond were steep hillocks with houses and then the bright glare of the bleached city against the cool Mediterranean. He heard what seemed to be rifle shots off in the distance against the hills.

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

15
CTD
(2)

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. 16

JENNIFER

What is it, William?

WILLIAM

I don't know.

EDEN

It's 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. 17

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. 18

JOSEPH

(screams)

Brigands!

Miss 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.

19

20

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

21

JOSEPH

Get down, Eden.

The first rider pulled his horse around a fountain. Joseph fired. 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 sank to his knees, holding his head, while the Arab, mortally wounded, could not control his horse which charged 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.

22-24

Now, more horsemen vaulted the terrace, while others rode through the very house itself. Eden looked about in horror to see Joseph pitch forward. Miss Hitchcock was screaming, 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. Miss Hitchcock stood immediately erect and let go of Jennifer.

25

MISS HITCHCOCK

Oh my Lord!

Block trickled from her ear and drops fell onto Jennifer's hand. Then she turned slightly and fell into a fountain. The Arab reined his horse around and leaned out and grabbed Jennifer, pulling her up onto his saddle. 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, grabbed the bottle of Margaux and hit him full across the face. He stumbled and she hit him

26

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 rider 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.

26
CTD
(2)

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.

27

INT. VILLA - HALL

28

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.

29

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.

INT. KITCHEN

30

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.

30
CTD
(2)

EXT. STABLES - PLACE OF THE NIGHTINGALES

31-34

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. 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, 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.

35

CUT TO:

TITLES OVER MONTAGE

36-39

Raisuli's band rode through the city at a gallop and out onto the beach which they followed for several miles. By

CHANGES (Received 8-26-74) in
Script Dated July 9, 1974

THE WIND AND THE LION

8

dusk they had reached the foothills of the Riff
mountains which glowed a soft amber and scarlet
in the setting sun,

36-39
CTD
(2)

DISSOLVE TO:

THE WHITE HOUSE - WASHINGTON, D.C.

40

FINAL CREDIT OVER

Theodore Roosevelt stood staring straight ahead, his 41
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.

HAY (V.O)

Secretary of State to the President:
"I regret to inform you that I have
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 42
deeply, relaxed, straightened himself and assumed
another pose -- this time with both hands upon the
globe.

HAY (V.O)

Both the British Minister, Sir Arthur
Nicholson and myself have concurred that
there now exist alarming prospects of
danger for all foreigners in Morocco.
These people have no respect for human
life. 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 gentleman of extreme sharpness and cultivated wit, now at late middle age. He walked along the grass with Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Roosevelt's best friend, and Elihu Root, Secretary of War.

HAY

As you know, gentlemen, the presidency has never been won by a vice president filling out his fallen predecessor's term of office. I know that you'll all say it doesn't apply here but -

LODGE

The only thing people will remember about McKinley is that he had the good sense to get himself shot.

HAY

But getting back to my point, gentlemen - Public opinion has never been entirely favorable to Theodore.

LODGE

It's ridiculous, John. Teddy is the most popular president 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 AT A PARK LAKE

44

Roosevelt sat in a rowing scull - the oars in his powerful hands. He drifted. Carriages and ladies with parasols floated by on the shore.

ROOSEVELT

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

He seemed to savor the words.

ROOSEVELT

Russia - The great powers.

He began to row vigorously. As he pulled away, John Hay followed with a megaphone, being in a much larger boat propelled by three secret service men. They glided out onto the lake.

ROOSEVELT

There is a 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. 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?

A GLADE IN THE PARK

Roosevelt had his shirt off and boxing gloves on. He was given a drink of water. A burly opponent, obviously professional, waited for the president. Gentlemen held their coats and hats. Others sat on the grass. Hay waited impatiently.

ROOSEVELT

You know as well as I, Berber desperadoes cannot go around kidnapping American citizens. 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...

Roosevelt went forth and began to pummel his opponent.

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?

45
(CJD)
2

HAY
Parts of them.

ROOSEVELT
It's clear, he has no respect
for human life.

A PATHWAY

46

Roosevelt attended by resplendant ladies and aides was practicing the art of archery. He also had an American Indian advisor. He pulled back a bow testing its draw while the ladies shot arrows at a distant target.

ROOSEVELT
Threatening the lives and property
of American citizens --

The Indian handed him another bow,

ROOSEVELT
This is, of course, an insult in the
eyes of the world community. An
Arab thief holding me up like a
common desperado,

Hay was handed a bow and refused it.

HAY
Now Theodore - You're getting to
something and I'm not sure I -
Just what is it you want,,Theodore?

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

HAY
But that's illegal.

Roosevelt had selected an arrow and slowly lined on the target. He drew back the string.

ROOSEVELT

Why spoil the beauty of the thing with
legality? The fleet sails tomorrow!
This country wants Pedecaris alive or
Raisuli dead!

46
CTD
(2)

He let go - the arrow flew straight and true - a bull's-eye. The ladies clapped, the Indian clapped. Hay wrote frantically on a pad.

ROOSEVELT (contd; enjoying

it)

Pedecaris alive or Raisuli dead.

THE FOOTHILLS OF THE RIFF - DAWN

47

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, 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 --

He poked her again.

EDEN

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

He laughed.

At that point, two Berbers brought up a Victorian trunk and dropped it by her side. They opened it and kicked it over so that its contents spilled before her. It was filled with her clothes -- most of which were useless - frilly gowns, etc.

ARAB

For you - for your comfort and pleasure.

He leered when he said pleasure. She looked through the clothes and grabbed up a pair of riding breeches - jodhpurs. The Arab waited around for her to change. She covered herself with a blanket.

EDEN

What are you staring at - I will not
have you standing there like that -
now get out of here!

47
CTD
(2)

He remained. She swung the breeches at him - catching him across the head - he rolled backwards with many of the others laughing. He got up laughing himself and walked over to some others and exchanged some Spanish money and trinkets, pointing constantly at Eden who changed as quickly as she could under the rug. Obviously he had lost some kind of bet. At that point, Raisuli rode up on the great black horse silhouetted against the dawn. Two Berbers rushed over with ropes to bind her hands.

EDEN

No!

William and Jennifer rushed to her side. Raisuli raised his hand and the men scurried away. He smiled.

With that, Eden stood up and the rug fell away, revealing a very attractive woman in pants - something Raisuli had never seen. Nor had the Riffian brigands seen such a sight and there was much stirring and comment. She fumbled with her boots, then looked up at Raisuli contemptuously. An Arab stood by, holding the horses, and Eden grabbed the reins of one away from him and mounted expertly. The horse pranced about and she quickly brought it under control and rode up to Raisuli.

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!

THE MOUNTAINS

Raisuli took them up across a steep rocky draw and out across a plateau of granite from which one could see the desert and sea stretching as far as could be imagined.

She rose next to him. He pointed to the mountains and the sea beyond.

RAISULI

This is the Riff -- I am Mulay Ahmed
Muhammed el Raisuli -- the Magnificent.
Sherif of the Riffian Berbers. 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.

She did not appear to listen.

RAISULI

You have nothing to say.

EDEN

It has never been 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.

RAISULI

You are a great deal of trouble.

Young William sat on a huge horse alone. 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. 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.

49

BERBER

Horse.

WILLIAM

Horse.

BERBER
Big horse -- good horse -- fleet.

49
CTD
(2)

WILLIAM
Fleet.

BERBER
Rifle.

He held up the rifle.

BERBER
Mauser rifle -- 7 millimeters --
Mauser rifle.

WILLIAM
My name is William.

BERBER
I am Gayaan...the Terrible.

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

CUT TO:

OASIS

50

The riders emerged upon the great dunes that bordered the sea. They rode down these and out across the endless beach. In the far distance was a clump of palms and huts. Several strange-looking boats were beached there. Pirate craft! As they neared these, a rider dressed in white galloped out. He brandished a rifle and stopped on a dune, guarding the boats. Raisuli halted when he saw this. There was much uneasy whispering. A few rifles were drawn up and bolts clicked shut.

EDEN
What 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.

He was uneasy and looked at the man on the dune - at least two hundred yards away. Suddenly another rode out and joined him.

EDEN

You're worried - you've not got the better of this thing, have you? Am I in immediate danger?

50
CTD
(2)

RAISULI

Be quiet, woman.

EDEN

Who are they? What's -

RAISULI (harsh)

He is a dog that is bought and his master is a thief...and they are drinking from my well.

He muttered some quick Arabic and a rifle was brought to him.

EDEN

I want no part of any more shooting.

Before she could get it out, Raisuli raised his rifle smoothly and shot the man from the saddle - he quickly worked the bolt and shot the other man as smoothly - both at more than two hundred yards. Their horses galloped away and the Berbers commented on the masterful shooting and exchanged money. Raisuli turned to her.

RAISULI

A rifle is the soul of an Arab.

She was horrified at the wanton bloodshed.

EDEN

Why - why did you kill them?

RAISULI

It is customary - Impudence does not have its way with me - and now we shall drink at my well.

They rode forward.

UNDER THE DATE PALMS

Eden and the children sat leaned against a camel saddle - eating dates and figs while before them, all of the Arabs, including Raisuli, himself, were on their knees praying to Mecca. The only people who were not involved in this religious activity were Eden, the children, and four Arab men who were tied to stakes outside the huts. However, these four closed their eyes and prayed, too. They had good reason.

REVISED 13 August 74

William stared at Raisuli.

18
51
CTD
(2)

WILLIAM

Mama - who do you think he really
is - is he a pirate?

EDEN

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

WILLIAM

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

The praying stopped, When the chieftian rose, everyone
rose. They untied the four Arabs who, when released,
threw themselves at Raisuli's feet and kissed the dirt
from them. He calmly endured it. These men were
dressed rather ornately, though quite dirty, and were
clearly not of the common caste. Raisuli finally bade
them stand but they remained on their knees. They
pleaded with him in Arabic while he ate candied dates.
Finally he stepped away and they were seized and their
hands bound. He strode up to Eden,

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, These four have dis-
honored me, They have drunk 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.

A great curved sword in a magnificent scabbard was
brought to him, He looked at the sword and then as
if remembering something turned back to Eden.

RAISULI

Do you see that map at the well. how
he draws the water?

REVISED 13 August 74

Indeed a man did draw the water from the well.

RAISULI

When one bucket empties the other
fills. It is so with the world.
At present you are full of power
but you are spilling it wastefully
and Islam is lapping up the drops
as they spill from your bucket.

This seemed to satisfy him and he returned to the
business of the sword and those that had offended him.

He drew the sword from its scabbard in a graceful
dramatic motion. Its curved heavy blade glinted in
the sun. He turned toward them, their heads bowed.

With a long stride he passed two of the men and with a
backward motion, chopped down brutally through the third
man's head. The fourth raised his head suddenly scream-
ing. 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

18a
51
CTD
(3)

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.

52
CTD
(2)

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.

EDEN

Do you pray often?

RAISULI

I pray to Mecca five times a day.

EDEN

Is that so - I don't know how you find
the time - you're so busy cutting men's
heads off and kidnapping women and
children.

RAISULI

If I miss the morning prayer, I pray
twice in the afternoon.

He rode away from her.

RAISULI

Allah is very understanding.

He rode up on a dune and watched his men burning the
boats and huts. The column rode into the dunes.

CUT TO:

THE PALACE OF THE BASHAW - TANGIER

53

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 protégé, 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 effrontery.

GUMMERE

Do not tell me of effronteries. American men, women and children are at stake. Mr. Roosevelt will show you real effrontery if you want to see one.

BASHAW

I do not like this Roosevelt. He does not understand us.

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, but my nephew is the Sultan of Morocco and it is, as it shall be.

GUMMERE

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 our people back.

BASHAW

Better to serve the leopard than the fox and 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:

KANSAS CITY STATION - KANSAS CITY

The President of the United States was finishing a speech from the back of his private railroad car at the end of a brilliant barnstorming campaign tour. As always, a contingent of Rough Riders were present along with various Indian celebrities such as Geronimo and Quanah Parker. These as well as John Hay and various secret service men stood with him on the back of the car. Crowds were pressed around carrying banners and placards proclaiming allegiance to the "Big Stick" etc. or demanding another Panama Canal. It was a festive occasion. Roosevelt leaned over the railing.

ROOSEVELT

My Secretary of State, John Hay, you already know....

Applause.

ROOSEVELT (Cont'd)

Over here is Quanah Parker, War Chief of the Comanches. And this familiar gentleman is Geronimo, Chief of the Mescalero Apaches.

There was tremendous applause and wild hooting and cheering.

MAN

You gonna dig the canal in Panama, Teddy?

ROOSEVELT

With my own hands - if I have to.

OTHER MAN

Remember the Naire!

ROOSEVELT

I remembered it - Did you?

OTHER MAN

Hell yes!

He gave a rebel yell - many others joined in.

WOMAN

You ain't gonna let 'em push us around in Morocco?

ROOSEVELT

I have something to say about Morocco and this is as good a time as any to say it.

The crowd quieted down.

54
CTL
(2)

ROOSEVELT (cont'd)

I have today received news concerning the Pedecaris kidnapping that is of the gravest concern. This morning the Secretary of State, John Hay, was informed by Samuel Gummere, Ambassador to Morocco that the kidnapped victim was not a Mr. Pedecaris but was indeed his widowed wife and her children!

There is much consternation and comment.

ROOSEVELT (cont'd)

We have no further word on their condition or whereabouts. For that matter we have no contact with the kidnappers themselves or the government responsible to such acts. But let it be said that it is my policy to protect American citizens and American interests, whenever and wherever they are threatened and that further, I am not a man to stand by and condone barbaric acts perpetrated against innocent women and children. Let all those who are in any way responsible and those who are viewing our actions see that Americans do not stand for these cowardly crimes and will mete out justice that is swift and retribution that is final. This country wants Pedecaris alive or Raisuli dead!

They cheered wildly, perhaps as never before. Roosevelt turned to Hay.

ROOSEVELT

I was good, wasn't I, John.

HAY

You were marvelous, Theodore -- I'd even vote for you.

The train lurched and began to move.

ROOSEVELT

Tell them to go slowly -- I want to hear them a while longer.

55-57
OUT

CUT TO:

EXT THE DESERT - DUSK

A.58

Raisuli's band was encamped upon a small rise surrounded by barren mountains. One of the Berbers called out the evening prayer. A large tent was being set up and fires being lit,

A Lamb was butchered. William and Jennifer watched. The lamb is roasted,

Gayaan sat with the children eating the evening lamb. They looked up at him.

GAYAAN

At one moment a man has slaves, horses and rifles. Fortune changes and he has nothing. He keeps the goats of one that was once his servant. But he is happy for he knows it is only fortune that has changed.

EXT THE DESERT NIGHT -

58

Now the fire glowed around the large tent they had set up.

Eden watched as two of the brigands unrolled a large mat.. and then a magnificent Persian rug for her to sleep on. (Inside the tent there was another rug with the children on it) Eden sat down and looked at the intricate pattern.

BERBER

You will be more pleased here and sleep better. it is the wish of the Raisuli.

EDEN

Be sure and thank him for me.

At that moment she looked up to see that Raisuli had walked up and was wearing a great sword across his back.

RAISULI

You will sleep here

EDEN

Yes, I was told.

RAISULI

Good !

With that, another magnificent Persian rug was brought up and unrolled - - right next to hers, Eden looked aghast and, if this wasn't enough. Raisuli's rifle and saddle were placed at the head of the "beds".

Raisuli looked at her, He was very tired-looking and thought awhile, Then smoothly he reached over his shoulder and drew out the great sword, The one he had severed the men's head with, She drew back, and holding onto the children. He hefted the heavy blade and looked down at her. Then he knelt and placed the great sword between the two "beds" and laid down on his and promptly went to sleep.

58
CTD
(2)

DISSOLVE TO:

The sun rose over the barren mountains.

59

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 the Raisuli's tent as the sun rose behind them. Raisuli made a move.

60

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

Hmmm.

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. The wind passes but the sea remains.

EDEN

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

Little Jennifer was sitting atop a saddle watching the 61
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 friend'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 62
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 63
it placed her bishop in jeopardy and she had not seen
the possibility of this.

EDEN

What will you do with us?

RAISULI

It is my intention to embarrass
Mulay Abdul Azziz, the Sultan
to Morocco. The tribesmen will
see that he is the bought dog
of the European armies. They
will see that the Sultan to
Morocco is a slave to French
and German masters. The
tribesmen will join me in a Jihad
to abolish this foreign pestilence.

EDEN

And this is your way? I mean
abducting women and children --
killing unarmed servants?

63
CTD
(2)

RAISULI

I prefer to fight the European armies 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. The Europeans have guns that fire many times promiscuously and rend the earth. There is no honor in this. Nothing is decided from this. 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 in a basket of melons 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 64 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 tongue of a man on it. William and Jennifer rushed up and looked at it in wide-eyed horror and amazement. A great Arab in magnificent robes stepped forward and knelt at Raisuli's feet.

ARAB
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. Still
staring at the tongue.

RAISULI (to Eden)
The Sherif has honored me by carrying
my entreaties to the Europeans.

EDEN (pointing to the tongue)
What is that?

RAISULI
It is a tongue.

EDEN
Why would anyone cut out a man's tongue!

RAISULI
Perhaps he had nothing pleasant to say.

EDEN
I believe I'm about to be sick.

RAISULI
It must be the heat.

She glared at him -- he smiled. The Sherif held out a
scroll.

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 she became quiet.

64
CTD
(3)

RAISULI

You will not laugh at the kaisuli!

He turned to Wazan.

RAISULI

Go to Zinat. 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

65

A man in a Rough Riders hat on horseback was silhouetted against the sky and Rocky Mountains. Behind him moved a column of riders and pack horses bringing the latest trophies to the Presidential hunting camp. Roosevelt rode along with his guides, old mountain men and secret service agents. He was chatting amiably with some old trappers.

DISSOLVE TO:

CAMP ON THE YELLOWSTONE - DUSK

66

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, injured one of the Indians severely, as well as killing several horses.

REPORTER I

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

66
CTD
(2)

ROOSEVELT

I regret to say, yes.

REPORTER

Why do you regret, Mr. President?

ROOSEVELT

The bear was a fine creature. 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 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 -- 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 alone -- 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

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

REPORTER

Are you perhaps referring to the Panama Canal and your policy concerning the situation in Morrocco?

ROOSEVELT

If you must say so---yes.

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

67 DAY

A deserted city unchanged since the Moorish invasions, Fez sparkled in the bright sunlight with its white minarets. 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.

Richard Dreighton entered the outer courtyard.

THE PASSAGES AND THE GRAND HALL OF THE POETS;

68

Richard Dreighton was led into a passage and there encountered a guard.

DREIGHTON

Do you speak English?

GUARD

Yes, sire.

They walked through the passages.

DREIGHTON

Why doesn't the Sultan build a road to Eez? I had to bring these lions by camel.

GUARD--does not react

DREIGHTON

Do you know what that's like?

GUARD

No sire.

DREIGHTON

It wasn't easy.

GUARD

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

I see.

He paused to glance into a beautiful courtyard.

DREIGHTON (moves on)

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

GUARD

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.

GUARD

Fly?

DREIGHTON

Fly.

The guard pondered this. Dreighton walked across the junction of a passage and saw a locomotive at the far end.

CUT TO:

REVISED 5th August 74

31 (b)

EXT; GARDENS OF THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

69

The Sultan, eighteen years old, was playing bicycle polo with the three French astromomers, a Swiss foreigh attache and two English military advisors who had been sent to demonstræte heavy Maxim gun that was set up in an empty fountain. Therewere nenerous holes in the walls adjacent the muzzle. The turbaned 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 in a unicycle.

Continue with page 32 as issued.

ENGLISHMAN

There -- there, Abdal -- steady.

69
CTD
(2)

The Sultan, Abdal Ayiz, the true Defender of the Faithful, hit the ball awkwardly, it struck one of the French astronomers' bicycles 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 Mulay Abdul Aziz, 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

(Cont'd)

DREIGHTON (cont'd)

country directly. It is his words that I carry to you. The gravity of this situation must not be underestimated.

69
CTD
(3)

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 effrontery. Then his expression dropped and he appeared tired.

DREIGHTON

I request a private audience, Your Majesty.

The Sultan noted that he did not refer to him as "sir" but "Your Majesty;" 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

70

Abdal and his retainers led the group through a gateway and out onto a small tiled terrace. Before them was a grand formal garden. Animals of all varieties ambled about lazily in the sun. All the animals looked ragged and badly fed. They lifted their heads when the entourage came out as if expecting to be fed. 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 II 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 Circassian walnut.

70
CTD
(2)

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. 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.

71

The Sultan reclined in a great couch of gray broad-
cloth 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.

72

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.

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 right quick or we are prepared to do something about it.

ABDAL (rising)

I will not endure this treatment.

DREIGHTON

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 turbaned figure of the elder Wazan, Sherif of the Desert. He picked something from his desk. It was a human finger -- a small one.

WAZAN

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 of Spanish silver 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 trivesmen 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!

73
CTD
(2)

They all rushed to the window.

FULL SHOT - THE HARBOR

74

On the horizon barely discernible, but unmistakable, were the smoke stacks of the Atlantic squadron.

Gummere smiled broadly and turned to Mohammed Torres.

75

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 no longer making entreaties we are now making threats!

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

GUMMERE

As for you -- you scoundrel, this finger no sooner belongs to an American gentlewoman than yours does.

(picks finger up)

It's as black and calloused as your soul.

The Sherif smiled.

CUT TO:

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

76-79

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. 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 riches. 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 promiscuously?

EDEN

Machine guns?

RAISULI

Yes, who needs such guns?

80
CTD
(2)

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

81

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 carefully 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.

40

81
CTD
(2)

EDEN

82

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

You are guests in the Raisuli's house.
I do not need guards. My eyes are
with you wherever you go for Allah
is with me and one cannot escape from
God?

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.

82
CTD
(2)

RAISULI

Why do you do this?

EDEN (sniffling)

Because I am bluffing, too.

RAISULI

You trouble me, Mrs. Pedecaris.

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

THE GRAND DINING ROOM - WHITE HOUSE

83

Roosevelt, Hay and other cabinet officials as well as the Roosevelt family stood around a giant birthday cake. On the cake was a map of Central America with the new state of Panama. Roosevelt blew out the candles. He was holding a Winchester rifle with a ribbon on it.

ROOSEVELT

I suppose I should make the first cut.

He cut right through the isthmus of Panama.

ROOSEVELT

See, nothing to it. You all go ahead and finish it.

HAY

Aren't you going to eat any, Theodore?

ROOSEVELT

No - I must remain trim and fit - birthday or not - One must remain vigorous and active. After all this Raisuli fellow is reputed to be over fifty and still a formidable brigand.

Roosevelt turned and walked out with his friends following. Hay stopped him.

HAY

You too may well make a formidable brigand by the time you're fifty. Congratulations on your 46th birthday, Theodore. You've made a good start in life and we all have great hopes for you when you grow up.

They shook hands and embraced with genuine emotion.

HAY

Now I'm going to have some cake. Let them eat cake, right, kid?

ROOSEVELT

It's not good for you, John, neither are those cigars.

HAY

I'm getting to the age where I can afford them.

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 I 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.

ROOSEVELT

-- This position makes that fine speci-
men look like a hairy cow -- 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.

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.

84
CTD
(3)

ROOSEVELT

Aughhhhh.

AIDE

Take a picture -- somebody take a photograph.

A photographer came forth with his camera. 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 it 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 it to an aide who almost dropped it.

ROOSEVELT

Careful there, son -- 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 cable -- find out what kind of rifle the old bastard uses.

84
CTD
(4)

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

85-
87

Eden walked slowly through the gardens, looking up at the starry sky. In the distance, faint singing could be heard. 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. 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. 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. 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.

Eden put her foot into the water with great trepidation. She looked around again to see if anyone was watching. 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. 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. And a part of her soul slipped easily away on the wind. And she knew it was gone. She sat up.

85-
87
CTD
(2)

CUT TO:

THE CHILDREN'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

88

William slept soundly. 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 escape.

WILLIAM

(delighted)

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

89

They moved in their dark robes quickly through the shadows.

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

90

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. 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?

90
CTD
(2)

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

91

As the dawn started to show in the east, Eden and her children found themselves crossing a trackless waste of dunes and washes. The shadows were long.

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.

92

Eden sensed something was terribly wrong now as she entered their camp. 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. 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 the Arab kept his hand on his sword and the occupants of the camp carried knives and swords which they kept in reach. 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!

92
CTD
(2)

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. 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.

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

93

as 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.

93
CTD
(2)

Dust arose and there was much whispering among the blue men. A man pointed and chattered in fear as suddenly a figure clad entirely in black, riding a magnificent black stallion, came into view on the crest of the dune. It was Raisuli, alone.

94=
104

On the hill Raisuli saw what was done and lowered his rifle. Then he slowly withdrew a long sword from its scabbard on his back.

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 a second 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 black robes of the Lord of the Riff flowing behind him.

Eden wanted to cover her eyes but couldn't. What she saw was at one and 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 let the reins fall free and rode through the center of them, slashing hand over hand, side to side, like a grim 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. 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 blood-stained robes flowing. Eden was 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. The sword was between them and hot blood ran down its blade over his hand and onto her breast.

94-
104
CTD
(2)

CUT TO:

THE AMERICAN CONSULATE - TANGIER

105

Admiral French Ensor 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.

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

106

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!

CHADWICK

We are, at this moment anyway, the strongest naval power in Tangier Harbor.

GUMMERE

I don't see what good that is.

JEROME

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?

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. It's absolutely mad!

CHADWICK

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

GUMMERE

What about the French and the Germans and --

CHADWICK

Damn the Legations!

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.

Gummere smiled and rubbed his hands together.

GUMMERE

You -- you know, if we fail even in the smallest way, we will all be killed.

CHADWICK

And the whole 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:

REVISED 13 August 74

As Hay's carriage drove up.

a 55
107-
108 Out
108X1

Alice-Reading

Raisuli represents the champion
of Islam against the Christian.
From his youth he foresaw the
intervention of Europe in Morocco.
He conceives himself an instrument
of fate. His ancient race is part
of the soil of mountains. He is
the sherif inseparable from the
land he alternately oppresses and
protects.

ROOSEVELT

I try and go along with them --
the Mauser again, Alice.

108X1
(CTD)

2

She handed him a 7mm. Spanish Mauser.

HAY

I suppose a World at war would be
quite a joke too.

Roosevelt loaded the cartridges into the magazine.

took new cartridges from a bolt.

HAY

Madness -

He left with his aide.

HAY

He's simply gone cowboy again - you have to let him run through these things -

They walked back to their carriage.

QUENTIN

Is Raisuli a real pirate, father?

ROOSEVELT

Yes - he's the last - the last of the Barbary Pirates.

ALICE

Why do you say that, father?

Roosevelt aimed carefully and squeezed one off.

ROOSEVELT

The world is fast outgrowing pirates - of that sort anyway.

QUENTIN

Do you know any other pirates?

ROOSEVELT

Yes, J.P. Morgan - but he's the only other real pirate I know.

ALICE

I hope you have him brought before you in chains.

ROOSEVELT

J. P. Morgan - I should hardly think so -

ALICE

No, Raisuli. Have Raisuli brought before you. I should like to see that.

ROOSEVELT

And I should like to meet him, though not in chains. - Hand me my Winchester.

Quentin did. Alice took the Mauser.

ALICE

You like him, don't you father.
You like J. P. Morgan too - don't you ?

ROOSEVELT

Why, of course I do, Alice.

ALICE

But they are your enemies.

Roosevelt levered open the Winchester and fished through boxes of cartridges.

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 travelled by great men is dark and lonely, lit only at intervals 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. I do not look down on anyone who has the good sense not to take it.

He fires again. Alice doesn't look in the glass.

ALICE

Are you a lonely man, father?

ROOSEVELT

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

ALICE

Is Raisuli?

ROOSEVELT

Yes - I would imagine so.

She smiles at him and he turned and fired again.

RAISULI'S TENT ON THE HIGH CLIFFS - NIGHT

109

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 Beni Aras and they
have waited for days to speak to me
but they are content following the
shade from wall to wall 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
Féz. 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. It was the intention of the Bashaw to send me to the island from which no prisoner ever returns. But the first time there was a great tempest so that no boat could set out and for three times afterwards, the wind raged and it was not possible to launch a felluca. Then they knew it was a sign that the Baraka was with me and they said: 'He will be a Sultan because the sea is a sultan and no king may travel on it, For it isn't suitable that one sultan should put his foot on the back of another.' The guards of Mogador knew it, too, and they arranged my escape. 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, and others have fallen asleep while I speak.

She smiled at him.

RAISULI

Hmmphh. I wandered in the mountains. I wished only to hear the voices of women babbling about common things. You permit me to say that the conversation of women does not interest me much, but in prison one loses a sense of proportion.

EDEN

Of course.

RAISULI

Hmmphh. The Riffians found me. It was the women who cared for me because of my lineage. I learned to speak and to read again. It was the women who aided me in this - but the men wanted to sell my head to the Sultan of Fez for gold and rifles.

She was gazing and he turned and looked back.

RAISULI

There was but one thing to do. I challenged Abd el Malak, the Cruel, Lord of the Riff and almost the Last of the Barbary Pirates. We fought with swords on horseback and the baraka was with me. I cut off his arm though he had wounded me many times. The tribesmen judged him and every voice was against him - so his eyes which had seen much injustice were burned out with heated copper coins. He would have died but the Sherif of Wazan who was inclined to mercy pleaded for him and he wanders the land today as a blind beggar.

They faced each other again.

RAISULI

Thus I became the true defender of the faithful for the blood of the Prophet runs in me and I am but an instrument of His will.

She was setting up the chess players again. He sat down her and pondered the board.

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 Krag rifles. 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 Tangier. Children rushed from their holes and old men and women looked up. 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. The Moors stopped their bartering and gawked at the 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. 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.

110-
119
CTD
(3)

CUT TO:

THE BASHAW'S CHAMBER

120

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

JEROME

Yes, sir.

THE RIFF

121

The Sherif of Wazan and his bodyguard reached Raisuli's stronghold.

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 whom were now armed with swords larger than they were. They stood at Raisuli's side. The Sherif smiled.

122

WAZAN

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

RAISULI

These are my immortals. 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.

122
CTD
(2)

RAISULI

You are pleased, Sheriff?

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,

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. The Bashaw offers this -- 70,000 pieces of Spanish silver, 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 McGador 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.

122
CTD
(3)

RAISULI

Even with treachery such an offer
is impressive.

WAZAN

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
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.

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.

122
CTD
(4)

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 dis-
mayed 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. 122
 Raisuli walked around in circles. The children had CTD
 given him their swords. He drew one in desperation and (5)
 didn't quite know who or what to slash.

RAISULI

Take this sword.

He gave it 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.

CUT TO:

123-124
 OUT

RAISULI'S FORTRESS

125-128

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
 column stretched out across the Wadi. 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 immortals.

Each man had already been promised a place in Paradise. 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.

125-128
CTD
(2)

Raisuli looked at 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. 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. My entire education has been horses and the Koran 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.

125-
128
CTD
(3)

WAZAN

What is good?

RAISULI

It is good to know where we are going.

MONTAGE - THE MOUNTAINS AND THE DESERT

129

They rode down through the steep passes and dangerous chasms out onto the great slabs of rock. Finally they emerged onto a high plateau from which the great desert spread out thousands of feet below.

CUT TO:

THE VILLAGE OF ER SARAF - DUSK

130

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 Roerke, 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

131

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 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?

131
CTD
(2)

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 --

JENNIFER
Will he sing, too?

EDEN
I don't know --

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

EDEN
He will -- won't you, Raisuli?

They began to hum along to the Berber songs which were quite melodious and Raisuli pretended to have no concern. Finally he looked over at Eden and she was looking at him and he found himself singing the old battle songs he had not sung since he was a young warrior of God.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BLUFFS - NIGHT

132

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.

AS IS to:

Last speech of Raisuli.

RAISULI

The woman, Pedecaris, must not be endangered. She must return to President Roosevelt. If there is to be treachery Allah will not leave my side but you must. Ride back and lead The Mehalla----Let there be Jihad! let the swords run with the infidels blood-we will all eat lambs in Paradise.

Continue page as is.

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 Roerkel 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.

134-
140
CTD
(2)

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.

134-
140
CTD
(3)

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 lackey's wages.

William stared in disbelief as Raisuli was led away at bayonet point. He had never suspected such treachery of the Sherif of Wazan and thoroughly could not understand his mother's action. 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.

He led her away. Jennifer was hanging onto one of the Marine's hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE BLUFFS - DAWN

141

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 - INT. HUT

142

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

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

143

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.

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! 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. 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 quail in North Carolina -- believe me, I know how to use this.

(MORE)

144
CTD
(2)

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

145

The first rays of the sun broke across the horizon. The Sheriff 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 Sheriff was careful to rein in and keep his mount from quickening the pace. The horses' heads twisted and they snorted and showed their teeth.

CUT TO:

THE STREET

146

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

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.

INT. BUILDING

147

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. 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, 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

148

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.

149

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 grapeshot 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.

150

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,

151-
152

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 a silence for a second -- Everyone poised and then with a sure swift motion Eden raised the shot gun and blasted the Bashaw full in the chest.

151-
152
CTD
(2)

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 shot-gun 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. 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.

153-
156

Eden rushed to Raisuli who, of all things, seemed to be laughing. 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, 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

157

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.

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. 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.

158

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

159

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 hacking the arms and hands of the riflemen that fired from above.

160

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 Roerkol counter-attacked with his own cavalry. Charging horse into horse == saber to scimitar.

161

Von Roerkel rode through the battle, wheeling and turning, shooting Berbers with his Mauser pistol.

162

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 sank 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.

163-

164

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.

165

He stopped and looked her in the eyes.

She thrust the gun at him.

He took it, slung it over his back and smiled.

He ran to the doorway with a sword in one hand. 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. 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. 166

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. 167

Raisuli charged around and saw William -- the fighting swirled around the buildings but strangely it was quiet here. Suddenly, Von Roerkel 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 Roerkel 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 Roerkel's saber clattered to the ground. Raisuli kicked his horse up against his adversary, pinning him to the wall and raised his scimitar. Von Roerkel 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 Roerkel watched as he and the other Berbers disappeared into the dust. 168

DISSOLVE TO:

THE WHITE HOUSE

169

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 our people back and the steel workers threaten to strike. 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?

ROOSEVELT

How is Mrs. Pedecaris?

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.

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.

HAY

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

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.

169
CTD
(3)

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 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.

170

WAZAN

We have lost everything.

RAISULI

Once more we have been denied
Paradise. We will have to wait.

170
CTD
(2)

WAZAN

The tribesmen are scattered on
the the wind. We have lost.
We have lost everything.

Raisuli looked back down the beach.

RAISULI

Sherif. Is there not one thing
in your life that is worth losing
everything for?

They laughed.

WAZAN

I will see you again when we
both hang from the great gates
of Fez.

RAISULI

Whenever God wills it.

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