

TRIPOLI

by

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Contact:

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BWCS**

Property:

The Mark Gordon Company

"What are the United States of America?"

-A Turkish Servant, 1804

FADE UP ON

CHAOS at sea. A BARBARY CORSAIR cuts through the sea around a wallowing merchantman, while two other vessels painted with Koranic verses have already closed and boarded. BARBARY PIRATES flood across the deck of an American merchantman, overwhelming the crew by sheer numbers. White-faced BOYS are being handed down to the decks of a felucca, where they are stripped, beaten. SAILORS are being robbed & held face-down on the deck...the wounded (of no use as slaves) have their throats cut and are thrown overboard. CRATES and trunks of personal belongings are smashed open the decks....THE FLAG AT THE JACKSTAFF floats down and the TRIPOLITAN FLAG run up. Through the sternlights above the ship's name, "CONSTANCE MARY, BOSTON, MASS." We see Arabs ransacking the captain's cabin. Books and papers are thrown out into the sea.

ON DECK. THE PIRATE CHIEF strides towards. The Elderly CAPTAIN. His spectacles are broken. He holds his ship's papers.

CAPTAIN

I have papers allowing me to pass.
Both a licence from Ravenna and a
carnet from the Sultan himself...

The PIRATE CHIEF clubs him to the deck with a pistol. PIRATES are ransacking the hold, axing open KEGGED NAILS and looking for better treasure. (A long CRATE, marked "Springfield, Mass." is heaved up on deck: 1803 Rifles spill out). The SECOND OFFICER is placed in front of a GUN. The GUN is fired through the SECOND OFFICER'S body. The BERBERS end up holding his arms...The PIRATE CHIEF, never part of the general riot, indifferent to it (this carnival is for his men: the profits are for him), stares to the west even as a MAN at the masthead cries in Arabic, "A warship".

The PIRATE CHIEF'S POV

A WARSHIP in the distance, coming out of the haze of burning light. OS (in Arabic) Go.

BARBARY PIRATES go up the rigging like monkeys. The PRIZE CREW separates from the mass of Pirates. The Pirates disperse to their feluccas with their AMERICAN PRISONERS. As the FELUCCAS veer off the square rigger gets under weigh.

EXT. OFF TRIPOLI HARBOR. LATER

ON SOUND: ALARM BELLS and GONGS, cries in Arabic. As ALARM BELLS continue ringing in the town we come up on:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A FORT at the mouth of Tripoli Harbor. Set at the end of a breakwater, the fort swarms with men and bristles with guns. TRIPOLITANS are wheeling the guns to face the sea. More TRIPOLITANS are running along the breakwater towards the fort, armed with muskets. Something is happening, and happening fast. They cheer as:

The PIRATE CRAFT pass through the gap under the FORT.

The captured CONSTANCE MARY is making for the harbor. Her deck is swarming with armed men, and two GUNS are being fired from her stern-castle at:(as spray explodes from the sea)

A STILL-UNIDENTIFIED FRIGATE. Her rigging is swarming with sailors. Marines sway in the trees. Men silhouetted in the haze.

EXT. THE CONSTANCE MARY. CONTINUOUS

The PIRATE CHIEF is encouraging his gunners, and still staring confusedly towards the FRIGATE.

EXT. THE BOWS OF THE WARSHIP.

A FIGUREHEAD OF HERCULES riding over the sea.

OFFICER (O.S)

Fire!

EXT. PHILADELPHIA'S BOW. CONTINUOUS

A FLINTLOCK snaps as Philadelphia's BOWCHASER (one of two) returns fire, recoiling against tarred rope.

EXT. OFF TRIPOLI HARBOR. CONTINUOUS

The BALL holes the CONSTANCE MARY, as she makes her turn towards the harbor opening: but she gets through, dragging part of her rig, and falls to port inside the portside breakwater.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA SPAR DECK. CONTINUOUS

The FORT, swarming with BERBERS, is drawing closer. MARINES go to the starboard rail. The captain, BAINBRIDGE, amidst his officers, is in a cool rage.

SAILING-MASTER

We've lost her.

BAINBRIDGE

Not today. Signal-quartermaster...

EXT. OFF TRIPOLI HARBOR. MOMENTS LATER

The UNITED STATES BATTLE FLAG is run out.

EXT. THE FORT. CONTINUOUS

TRIPOLITAN GUNNERS scream: AMERICANI, AMERICANI. The frigate is bearing down on the fort. The TRIPOLITANS touch off the GUNS.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA ALOFT/ON DECK. CONTINUOUS

BALLS punch through the sails. A BALL strikes the rail, exploding it into oak splinters that knock down two men. A MIDSHIPMAN is decapitated by a screaming ball.

BAINBRIDGE

(to SAILING-MASTER)

Take me through the cut!

The WHEEL is spun. PHILADELPHIA heads for the harbor mouth.

EXT. THE FORT. DAY

TRIPOLITANS stare: some run. What the Philadelphia is doing is unthinkable.

EXT. TRIPOLI HARBOR. CONTINUOUS

THE action is general as the PHILADELPHIA (bracing up her spars at the critical moment),

(in a huge battle-shot)

passes expertly through the cut.

EXT. THE PHILADELPHIA. CONTINUOUS

MARINES aloft fire down into the fort. PHILADELPHIA fires gun after gun and demolishes the FORT at the breakwater's end. Masonry flies everywhere. The FORT is *completely destroyed*. As a large section of the FORT (along with an Aga waving a Koranic banner) collapses not thirty feet beyond BAINBRIDGE, the PHILADELPHIA clears the harbor mouth, and the PHILADELPHIA'S PORT GUNS fire serially as they bear and destroy the crippled CONSTANCE MARY, essentially killing everyone on board...including the BARBARY CAPTAIN...EXPLODING THE MAGAZINE. The CONSTANCE MARY detonates inside the left-hand breakwater.

BAINBRIDGE (as burning wreckage falls on deck and Philadelphia's cheer) has taken his gamble: now he's out of there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAINBRIDGE

Hard over and out the other
channel. Starboard sections fire on
the town!

The WHEEL is turned to port. Burning wreckage is cleared
away...as the starboard guns are run out again and fire on
the town a SAILOR swings out the weighted lead on its line.

LEADSMAN

(hauling back on lead-
line)

Six fathom!

The cry "Six fathom" is passed astern from man to man.
STARBOARD GUNS fire as they bear on the town as
Philadelphia continues her desperate turn to port.

LEADSMAN (CONT'D)

Four and a half!

THE FIRST LIEUTENANT, alarmed, gets up on the bow rail,
holding onto the rigging. He stares down as:

GREEN WATER TURNS BROWN.

EXT. UNDERWATER. CONTINUOUS

The keel of the Philadelphia runs into a wickedly
configured reef.

GO TO BLACK

ON SOUND: Cries of "Allah" and the sound of continuous
battery fire.

FADE UP ON

INT. JEFFERSON'S CONSERVATORY. DAY

FLOWERPOTS ranged against the light. Exotic herbs and
plants.

A FLOWER. Slender hands trim dead matter from the stem. The
gardener is experimenting.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

The Mediterranean dispatches; and
Colonel Lear.

JEFFERSON (unseen except for coat and hands and possibly
carpet-slippers) is table-gardening, pruning dead matter
from potted flowers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLISHED BOOTS enter the room, and stop on the carpet.

LEAR, a watchful, would-be Talleyrand, is standing hat under his hand and watching Jefferson as if he is starving, and food might fall from the president's pockets. Yet he would betray his employer at a shot.

MAIL is dumped on a round table in the president's office, and two SECRETARIES begin to sort it. It is an everyday task.

LEAR

(with an agenda and
anxious to get to
it)

Do you not wish to open the
dispatches, sir?

JEFFERSON (O.S.)

(pruning at his table-
garden, not looking
at Lear)

What will they say, Colonel Lear?

LEAR

(lying)

I cannot guess.

JEFFERSON puts down clippers and breaks the seal of a letter. Reads. LEAR waits impatiently, bothered by a FLY, waiting for his opportunity to enact a plan.

JEFFERSON

The Bashaw of Tripoli has increased
his demands, not abated them.

(laying down a
letter)

Is it war or ransom, Colonel Lear,
that should be our policy?

LEAR

(ingratiatingly)

The most effective of the two.

(As we understand
that Jefferson has
turned on him
coldly, he panics
and says:)

I am... circuitous, sir.

JEFFERSON (O.S)

That is your function. But in
foreign places, Colonel Lear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEAR, desperate, gestures, with his hat, towards an ELDERLY SECRETARY.

LEAR

Peace. War. Which is less expensive?

ELDERLY SECRETARY

(doesn't like Lear
one bit)

It depends on the war. Or the peace.

LEAR

(gesturing with hat,
relieved)

Exactly.

JEFFERSON (O.S.)

We cannot afford ransom. Without alliances we cannot afford war against the Barbary powers. I cannot war against the Bashaw and without making the United States contemptible in the eye of the world I cannot capitulate to him. That is my situation. How it may be resolved I do not know, Colonel Lear.

LEAR

Time, sir, is not our friend. Three hundred men are enslaved. And that does not count merchant sailors...

(As JEFFERSON turns
unhappily away, Lear
sees his chance:)

I repeat that a resolution will present itself if I carry out my mission to the Tripolitan Bashaw.

(he has tried this
before: a lot)

If we cannot pay Yusuf Bashaw two million in gold, there are yet ways to pay it if the Bashaw will consider goods, or the gift of ships already belonging to this government...

JEFFERSON

You propose that we give him more of our Navy than he has already captured?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LEAR, warily, says nothing.

JEFFERSON (O.S) (CONT'D)

The consul at Tunis, Captain William Eaton, proposes that bombardment of Tripoli will lead directly to the Bashaw's capitulation.

Something awful works in Lear's face.

LEAR

Mister Eaton...

(with real distaste
and fear)

was appointed by your predecessor.

(failing to gauge the
effect of this: the
odds are, from his
expression, that
there wasn't any)

He is the merest Indian fighter,
and fraud.

JEFFERSON

He speaks Arabic, Colonel Lear.

LEAR

He claims. His is an Adams
appointment, sir. I have drafted
the letter recalling him from
Tunis.

JEFFERSON looks up at Lear.

JEFFERSON (O.S.)

I have not signed it.

LEAR

(desperate)

Eaton, sir, is a twopenny
Bonaparte. The only benefit to this
country is his obscurity. He wishes
to amaze the world...or at least
the Massachusetts electorate.

(eyeing the letter)

His visionary "advice", I should
like you to notice, all involves
himself as some class of military
leader. Let me go to the Bashaw,
your excellency, and essay the
reasonable solution.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JEFFERSON

I am inclined to war.

LEAR

(twisting the knife)

War is not affordable.

Jefferson, melancholy and frustrated, knows this.

JEFFERSON

Thank you, Colonel Lear.

LEAR, beyond thwarted, bows.

LEAR

Sir.

(LEAR starts,
bitterly, to go.)

JEFFERSON (O.S.)

Colonel Lear.

(holding letter)

Who is Hamet Karamanli?

LEAR is terrified. He turns.

LEAR

Sir?

JEFFERSON

Send me all of Eaton's letters from
Tunis, since he became consul
there. All of them. Not just the
ones I have seen.

LEAR

(bowing again;
condemned)

Sir.

LEAR turns. More than setting the tone for the pending transition, TURBANED AFRICAN SLAVES open the double doors. Lear hesitates, and goes out. JEFFERSON, passing by a table of newspapers, attends, spectacles on, to a flower.

In the anteroom Lear glances left and sees:

BUCKLED SHOES, silk stockings, a cocked hat. Two NAVAL OFFICERS are waiting to see Jefferson. Lear looks back into the president's room, and then grimly, vindictively, walks on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DISSOLVE, AND
IN THE
DISSOLVE:LEAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
To William Eaton, United States
Consul at Tunis in North Africa...

EXT. TUNIS. DAWN

The red sun is rising beyond the headland that encloses the harbor. We see the muezzin climbing to his tower, silhouetted against the red East.

TITLE: TUNIS, NORTH AFRICA, 1804

LEAR (V.O.)
It is the direction and desire of the Secretary of State that you shall desist in your advises on the matter of the United States frigate Philadelphia now captured at Tripoli and her men enslaved by Joseph Bashaw. You will desist in your suggestions concerning Hamet Karamanli.

The town, waterfront and streets, are coming awake. As SLOPS are thrown into the guttered streets, where goats scramble, the call to prayer. We see the MUEZZIN, his cry under:

LEAR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You will confine yourself to Tunis, and to your function as consul there. You will have no communication with the naval squadron of observation; your communication to both Washington and officers now in the Mediterranean are by this letter forbidden.

In the courtyard of a MOSQUE, TUNISIAN MEN commence praying. Meanwhile, while all the Muslim world is at prayer...

INT. A ROOM IN A GREEK HOTEL IN TUNIS. DAWN

A EUROPEAN MAN raises his face from a washbasin and looks at himself in a cracked, cloudy mirror. He is in his thirties. His hair is cut short.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He wears a dirty French shirt. WILLIAM EATON is a soldier, a scholar, a diplomat, and an American, at a time when that is a very new thing to be. If America had a heroic age -- and it did, and we are in it -- it was because of men like Eaton. He looks aside at:

EATON'S POV:

An ARAB WOMAN at the end of the room, slowly dressing. He has perhaps said something unforgivable.

A SABER is put on a baize table, covered with pointless letters, a half-empty bottle of wine, and TOO LITTLE MONEY. EATON goes along to the end of the room. He leans in the door. The WOMAN, now veiling herself, will not look at him.

EATON

(in Arabic)

There is fate, and there is fortune. Your people believe in one. I am obligated to believe in the other.

EATON stares at her; regret that he is leaving, and determination to go. He holds her head between his hands and gently makes her look at him. He kisses her.

WOMAN

(a statement not a question; and Arabic never sounded so sweet)

It is not enough to be remembered by me.

Tearfully, she breaks away from him, and leaves the long room (at the end of the room she takes up her bundle of things). EATON stares after her. He leans against the wall, looking out at the dawn. Regretful, but determined.

MOMENTS later, using a tinder-box to strike flame (there were ones like pistols without barrels, lint in the broad pan: we see the flintlock action CLOSE), he transfers flame to a candle, and BURNS LEAR'S LETTER. As he does so:

LEAR (V.O.)

You will do no thing beyond the scope of your regular consular duties howsoever you perceive it to be in the interest of the United States.

EATON stares at the burning letter.

I am sir, yours, Tobias Lear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Exchange the burning letter for:

EXT. THE CAFE IN TUNIS. MOMENTS LATER

At the end of the street in what we might call the "European section" we see masts. A cafe, the main resort of Europeans in Tunis. Dissolute, red faced EUROPEAN MEN (some attended by Berber boys, as North Africa was the same sort of European resort as it is now) are drinking raki and wine and playing cards. Unlike Eaton, they mainly have powdered hair in the old, pre-Revolutionary style. (It is important always that we see Eaton, trousers to hair, as the new, republican, man). The SECOND AND THIRD ENGLISHMEN (assistants to the BRITISH CONSUL) are wearing ruinous cocked hats. A red-faced BRITISH CONSUL, wiggid, is preparing to deal a hand of cards and is telling a droll story to a dusty FRENCH TRAVELLER (by his clothes just come out of the desert), who is eating soup.

BRITISH CONSUL
(dealing PLAYING-
CARDS)

You mistake me, sir. It wasn't just
a *ship*.

He raises eyebrows at cardplayers.

BRITISH CONSUL (CONT'D)
It was a frigate. The Americans, to
chastise the Berber despot, ran
into Tripoli Harbor, sir, and went
bang aground on Kaliusa, sir,
which, as someone should have
informed them, is a rather famous
reef

(laughter, pours
drink for the
Frenchman)

And struck United States colors
before the Bashaw's batteries had
fired a gun. The rebels, for such
they still are, have lost a modern
frigate and three hundred men.

(He raises glass,
deadly serious:)

I give you the American experiment,
sir, and Jefferson hanged.

He drinks (not noticing that the Frenchman does not) and
upends his glass on the table violently.

SECOND ENGLISHMAN
(drinks)
Hanged.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON'S WOMAN, veiled, modest, crosses the cafe, and passes on into whatever awaits her. The BRITISH CONSUL has noticed.

BRITISH CONSUL

Have you seen Eaton?

THIRD ENGLISHMAN

(thoughtfully; his
job being espionage
of just this
variety)

He sends his woman to home and his man to the docks.

BRITISH CONSUL

(to FRENCH TRAVELLER,
greasily)

We refer to Captain William Eaton, the United States Consul of this place. I don't know what he is a captain of. Wild Indians, possibly.

The THIRD ENGLISHMAN, beyond wasted, his hat bent and the cockade dangling, hypocritically mimes drinking.

INT. EATON'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS

EATON grabs CONSULAR PAPERS and stuffs them into a DISPATCH CASE. He sorts through his COINS of various denominations. He stares down at the money: there's not enough of it.

PISTOLS. EATON snaps the frizzen of one: checks it. Puts it down. A BRACE OF HAWKINS LONDON PISTOLS. EATON takes up one pistol, a gorgeous weapon, inspects it, opens the FRIZZEN, reprimed, snaps it shut, grabs up the other pistol.

EATON flips an Italian STILETTO in his hand and places it in the top of his right boot. (The knife is invisible but a lanyard hangs outside the boot-top.)

A knock at the door, and EATON, from his back waistband, produces another pistol, a small, wicked, POCKET PISTOL (which has a small brass fitting which allows it to be carried cocked: the hinged piece falls away when the hammer is backed), and aims it at the door. The door opens carefully. The SERVANT sees the pistol.

SERVANT

(in Arabic, not
subtitled)

There is a boat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON puts the POCKET PISTOL into the DISPATCH CASE. He takes up a piece of money he can ill afford and tosses it to the SERVANT, who says something he is possibly not supposed to say.

SERVANT (CONT'D)
(in English now
understood to be
Arabic)
They are not good men.

EATON stares at him.

EATON
That's all right.

EXT. THE CAFE IN TUNIS. MOMENTS LATER

The BRITISH CONSUL is pouring drink and watching as EATON descends the staircase followed by his (laden) servant. EATON goes into:

ANOTHER PART OF THE CAFE

The CAFE OWNER, a world-weary Greek, is a combination landlord, postmaster, banker, moneychanger, harbormaster. Sitting at a rough table, he takes out Eaton's account. EATON looks at him; then, with a con-man's flourish, writes a "note-of-hand". In other words, a check.

GREEK CAFE OWNER
(looking at paper,
not wanting to be
disrespectful)
When it is paid it will settle your
accounts...

ALTERATION OF SHOT reveals how close the table of cardplayers is, through lattice.

SECOND ENGLISHMAN (O.S.)
"Millions for defense and not one
cent for tribute." Nor for hotel
bills, apparently.
(a beat)
Nor for a Navy.

EATON stands above the table.

BRITISH CONSUL
(not a coward; but
reasonable)
Our words may seem excessive, sir.
But we are in drink.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITISH CONSUL (CONT'D)

(shuffling his cards)

Drink is no excuse, nor is it so offered, but it stands as explanation.

(a beat)

If America will do without the King, sir, she will do without his Navy. Treason and conceit against the world's order have their consequences, sir.

As he looks at his cards, a plate of OLIVES is upended in his lap. He continues to stare down at the table. THE SECOND ENGLISHMAN draws. EATON looks at him. The FRENCHMAN stands, interestedly: a duel.

BRITISH CONSUL (CONT'D)

I admire your nerve, Captain Eaton. But if you are for Tripoli, sir, you will not return.

EATON stares for a moment, realizing that it is probably true; then starts for the harbor.

BRITISH CONSUL (CONT'D)

You to the Bashaw, America to the devil, and Jefferson hanged. Sir.

Drinks. The FRENCH TRAVELLER steps in front of Eaton. EATON, who doesn't know this man, looks ready for a fight.

FRENCH TRAVELER

(after a moment
raises glass)

To the republic.

(a long beat: finally
drinks)

Bonne chance.

EATON nods, emotionally.

EATON

Sir.

He towards the forest of masts that indicate the harbor and we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE MEDITERRANEAN. DAY

A lateen-rigged BERBER FELUCCA, in cargo, with a Berber Master and Helmsman, manned with five AFRICAN SLAVES, bowls east along the lion-colored coast of North Africa. A plume of SMOKE rises from a brazier on board the vessel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TITLE: "THE BARBARY COAST OF AFRICA"

EXT. THE DECK OF THE FELUCCA. CONTINUOUS

FLIES buzz around the staring head of a BUTCHERED GOAT. The BUTCHER BOARD is tilted and offal tumbles and BLOOD streams into the wake of the vessel. Other GOATS jostle in a pen amidships. AFRICAN SLAVES are jibing the vessel, leaping over cargo, hauling on lines. The other cargo is jars of oil, sacks of meal and oranges crudely piled. GOAT MEAT is put on the brazier.

EXT. THE AFTERDECK OF THE FELUCCA. CONTINUOUS

In the shade of a fluttering awning, EATON wakes from a brief sleep, and looks up in alarm. He has not shaved in two days, and by the look of him has not slept in that time, either. Immediately nearby we see his TRUNK, against which leans his SABER.

The vessel's MASTER sits on cushions beneath the fluttering awning that also shades EATON. The Master is most certainly a Barbary pirate. He smiles with carious teeth. EATON takes up a pistol and checks its priming.

MASTER
(breaking an ORANGE
with his thumbs)
You are careful with your weapons.

The BERBER HELMSMAN (leaning his thigh against the TILLER) also smiles. Near him, in lashings is a rusted BLUNDERBUSS, a wicked bell-mouthed antique.

EATON
I am a soldier.

MASTER
I thought you were a diplomat.

EATON
It depends by God on the occasion.

MASTER
Indeed by God it does.

MORE BLOOD drips into the sea from the butcher-table.

EATON makes the decision to lay the pistol down on the wrap. He is aware that the men are watching him. He stands, hair and shirt fluttering. He sees:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON'S POV

SHARKS are rising in the bloody and glittering wake of the vessel. The sea is otherwise empty.

MASTER (CONT'D)

You will tell me the difference between you, and an Englishman. I cannot tell.

EATON sits warily on the deck, looking at the Master.

EATON

You look much like a man from Tunis; but you are from Tripoli. It is a different thing.

SLAVES, HELMSMAN, and MASTER laugh. EATON smiles, himself.

MASTER

You have not so many ships as the English.

EATON

(bitterly amused)
No one does.

MASTER

(aggressively)
Your country... has one warship only.

The FOUR SLAVES, finishing the tack, gather around, as if to hear the Master's wisdom. One of the SLAVES wears LEG CHAINS. (With the COOKSLAVE (a huge man), and the Master and the Helmsman, there are seven crew in all). Flames leap from the brazier. The COOKSLAVE, behind Eaton, takes up a length of ROPE.

EATON

There are more warships. We are a seafaring people.

MASTER

Your country has one warship only, and this singular warship has been surrendered to my Bashaw.

SLAVES laugh. EATON, aware of the movement of men, and the way things are going on the vessel, is developing an expression we will see again. He is never not afraid - he is too intelligent not to be afraid - but he decides to act as if he is not afraid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MASTER (CONT'D)

I have seen European ministers, as you say you are --

EATON

I am no European minister, Hadj Mohammed, nor have I said it.

EATON realizes that things are going badly.

MASTER

These travel with gold, soldiers, and letters from my Bashaw. It is easy on Barbary to be taken and kept until your friends will pay.

After a long pause, the MASTER laughs, and then SLAVES laugh; so does the HELMSMAN. Tension increases on the vessel.

MASTER (CONT'D)

You will pay me now I think. That is what I think you will do.

A SLAVE starts towards Eaton's TRUNK -- then stops.

EATON

I will pay you when we get to Tripoli. As agreed.

MASTER

We are not going to Tripoli. We are going to Benghazi.

SLAVES move, armed. EATON picks up a PISTOL, cocks it, and aims it at the Master. The bore of the PISTOL is huge. The HELMSMAN watches in alarm and glances towards his BLUNDERBUSS. SLAVES watch tensely, now armed.

MASTER (CONT'D)

You have not slept. Will you aim that pistol at me all the way to Tripoli? Will you say "Put me ashore? That

(gestures at the
desert abeam)

is Barbary.

EATON continues to aim the pistol. He glances aside at his SABER, which leans against his saddle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MASTER (CONT'D)

(seems to begin to
realize that EATON
is very, very,
dangerous)

We are seven to one.

EATON

If I pull the trigger, Hadj
Mohammed, the odds cease to exist
in the realm of your concerns.

MASTER

Not being reasonable when there is
nothing to be done is an offense to
God. Recognize your fate.

EATON

I stand on my fortune.

MASTER

(softly)

You have not slept in two days.

A PIKE slashes down and knocks down Eaton's PISTOL, which discharges with a huge bang into the deck as the COOKSLAVE whips the ROPE around EATON'S neck, and drags him to his feet...

EATON whips the STILETTO from his boot and punches the knife backwards into the COOKSLAVE'S EYE. The COOKSLAVE falls, and Eaton falls, too, losing the STILETTO, grabbing his SABER and drawing it.

MASTER (CONT'D)

He is armed!

EATON whirls, disemboweling a SLAVE armed with a knife, who smashes into oil jars. He smashes a CUTLASS out of another man's hand and hacks him down with a second blow, the SECOND SLAVE falling against-

the HELMSMAN, who lets go of the TILLER WITH A CRY.

EXT. AT SEA. CONTINUOUS

THE FELUCCA rounds, spray cannoning over the rail, all the men aboard falling down.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE FELUCCA. DAY

CARGO and MEN tumble away from the weather-side as the deck nearly goes vertical. A SWIVEL-GUN spins. Everyone falls, and some of the CARGO (oranges, sacks) spills into the sea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COALS spill from the BRAZIER on the weatherside of the vessel, and ignite SACKS. EATON, glancing up, sees:

EATON'S POV:

THE UNFIRED PISTOL skidding down the deck.

EATON lunges and as the vessel rights, presents the PISTOL at a THIRD SLAVE raising an AXE. Other SLAVES are getting to their feet. All are armed. The HELMSMAN, sweating, turban unwound, aims his BLUNDERBUSS. EATON pulls the trigger. The wet PISTOL snaps and does not fire.

MASTER

(a scream of triumph)

God has made it useless!

EATON puts the PISTOL lock down onto the BRAZIER and it discharges and blows a hole through the THIRD SLAVE.

The MASTER reaches for a SWORD...

The HELMSMAN pulls the trigger on the BLUNDERBUSS and the weapon explodes: eyeless and fingerless, smoking, he drops shrieking to the deck.

EATON topples backwards over some cargo, shot in the arm, but stays on his feet, and, attacked by a SLAVE with a DAGGER, stabs the man and wrests the DAGGER from his hand, and backs away. A SLAVE wheels a SWIVEL-GUN. EATON hacks him down, the flintlock snaps, and the BALL (taking off a leg of a slave) discharges through the side of the boat, holing it just at the waterline.

MASTER (CONT'D)

(advancing with
sword, staring at
his holed boat)

Kill him!

EATON presents the two weapons, surrounded. He is a 19th century man, and very, very, good at what he is doing...which at the moment is fighting rapier-and-dagger style, using the dagger as main gauche. He disarms the first man and daggers him, knocks a CUTLASS into the sea, hacks the second man down (dropping his dagger), and whirling...

BEHEADS a third and presents, holding the saber two-handed.

The last SLAVE hesitates, holding a CUTLASS. EATON waits, saber poised. The SLAVE strikes and EATON trips him and hacks down as he falls through the air.

The MASTER, in the act of raising the SCIMITAR...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

...finds his weapon knocked aside, spiraled out of his grip, and Eaton's SWORDPOINT at his THROAT.

The fight has taken seconds. GROANS are audible here and there on the vessel. EATON, bloody-mouthed, twice-wounded, looks transported.

EATON

That was a fight.

The MASTER, staring around at his vessel, is inclined to agree.

MASTER

I am reasonable.

EATON punches the hilt of the saber into the Master's forehead. The MASTER thuds unconscious to the deck.

EATON bleeding from the nose, the head, the gunshot wound, stands breathing heavily. It has been only seconds.

The FELUCCA has fallen off the wind. SEAWATER is washing through the hole at the waterline and pouring into the low hold. EATON ducks the boom, inexpertly slacks the sheets, kicks out a small FIRE started by the coals from the brazier. EATON stares around at the bodies, wondering what to do next. He obviously does not know anything about boats. He looks around at the sea: and sees something interesting.

EATON'S POV:

SHARKS. There are more of them now, having been attracted by the butchering of the goat.

EATON turns, and looks speculatively at the insensible Master

EXT. THE FELUCCA. DAY

SLAVES BODIES' float astern of the vessel, drawers ballooned, and turbans unwinding. SHARKS are hitting the BODIES.

EXT. THE AFTERDECK OF THE FELUCCA. DAY

EATON sits the dazed and expostulating MASTER on the taffrail. The MASTER clutches at him, attempting to struggle. He is making odd gargling noises. His eyes roll.

MASTER

We are at sea. You cannot sail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON
That's not the point.

He shoves the master overboard directly into the SHARKS.

EXT. A BEACH ON THE BARBARY COAST. DAY

EATON surfs the leaking boat ashore.

EXT. A BEACH ON THE BARBARY COAST. NIGHT

The FELUCCA is grounded on the wet sand. Further up the beach there is a tiny fire.

EXT. EATON'S CAMP. CONTINUOUS

EATON sits, and stares at the fire, then looks at the stars, and at the vast blackness, inland. It is obviously very cold -- the night-cold of the desert. EATON's breath is visible. He mops at the superficial WOUND on his side. We see (with Eaton) that a CRESCENT MOON [later repeated on HAMET'S FLAG] has risen over the barren dunes. EATON takes up a MUSKET, inspects and cocks it, and then lies down to sleep. But his eyes stay open, and he stares at the fire.

EXT. THE BEACH EARLY MORNING

OPEN CLOSE on EATON, asleep. We hear, before he does, the sound of footsteps on the sand, and then -- the grumble of camels. EATON's eyes flash open. He looks up sharply, grabbing the MUSKET, blinded by the rising sun. He freezes - - and lowers the MUSKET.

EATON'S POV:

TWENTY-ODD MUSKETS - aiming at him.

EATON, dropping the MUSKET, stares around at --

TRIPOLITAN LANCERS. An entire patrol has surrounded his camp. The dead fire smokes. LANCERS are looting the vessel, which is half afloat on the rising tide. More TRIPOLITAN LANCERS ride down the slope to the beach. EATON, disarmed, is roughly dragged to his feet. He looks off and sees -- A TRIPOLITAN OFFICER, on horseback. He is not a Berber -- but a European - a French mercenary - in orientalized uniform.

FRENCH OFFICER (JOUBERT)
Ce serait bien, si vous parliez
Francais.

[It would be good if you spoke French].

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON

(understanding)

It would be good. But I don't,
really.

(a beat)

Neither do I dance, or sing.

JOUBERT

(amused by this game
of insult-the-
Frenchman)

My men have not seen a woman in
four months; and they have never
been particular.

(a beat)

You are English?

EATON slowly, meaningfully, shakes his head "no". JOUBERT dismounts. JOUBERT removes gloves and slaps dust from himself, continuing to stare hawklike at his prisoner. He holds up a hand to prevent a soldier from rifling through Eaton's gear. The soldier, and other soldiers, stare. Not resentfully: they obey Joubert. Eaton notices: this man gets French discipline from Berber troops.

EATON

(a diplomat when he
wants to be)

My name is Eaton, sir. Captain
William Eaton. United States consul
to Tunis, en route to the court of
the Tripolitan Bashaw.

JOUBERT

(indicating felucca)

That is a Tripolitan vessel. Where
are its men?

EATON

(after a moment,
baldly)

Its master was taken by a shark.
The slaves were inconsolable, sir,
and jumped in after.

JOUBERT

(after a moment,
appreciatively)

They will do that.

EATON

(politely, uneasily)

You are French, sir. Your men are
Tripolitan regulars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOUBERT
(taking WATER from
ORDERLY)
I serve the Bashaw.

EATON
(apprehensively)
For France?

JOUBERT
My France had a king. That was when
my father was a Duke, with, on his
shoulders, a head -- though
confessedly it was good for nothing
but adultery and cards.
(washes face)
These days, there is a Corsican at
Paris. You have heard of this?

EATON
With admiration.

JOUBERT
You do not court my favor.

EATON
My own father was a carpenter who
could not write his name and I am a
foreign minister. Men must rise or
fall in our times. We do not stay
in our places as before. Neither
Bonaparte, nor me.

JOUBERT
A revolutionary.

EATON
An American.

JOUBERT
The Bashaw has declared war against
the United States.

EATON had not known. It is considerable information.

EATON
When?

JOUBERT
A month ago.

EATON
Has the American Congress declared?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOUBERT

That I do not know.
 (gives cloth to
 orderly)

I served with the Marquise de
 Lafayette. I was on his staff. I
 was at Yorktown when the British
 surrendered. It was a thing to be
 seen.

(a beat)

But I serve the Bashaw now.

EATON, standing in the sea wind, inclines his head,
 understanding perfectly.

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

You may keep your weapons. I will
 not take them. But do not use them.
 (turning, he shouts
 to soldiers:)

This man is a foreign minister, and
 my particular guest.

EXT. BEACH. LATER

EATON, who has put together his gear, stands looking
 around. He sees something interesting. Five BERBER
 VILLAGERS, prisoners of the patrol, sit manacled and bloody
 on the sand. EATON registers this: it is important. LANCERS
 are still busy looting the vessel, as we can see as JOUBERT
 comes walking up from the horse-pickets.

JOUBERT

Among all this, there is coffee
 perhaps?

EATON

There is a barrel of coffee on
 board the felucca, and all manner
 of provisions. You are welcome to
 the boat and its cargo.

JOUBERT

(drily)

I know.

EATON looks nervously amused. He likes Joubert.

EATON

When I beached the vessel I thought
 to go overland to Tripoli. It
 cannot be far.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOUBERT

Not far; but infested with brigands. Your throat would be cut.

EATON

I have a tolerable hard throat to cut.

JOUBERT

So did Louis of France. He was a king and had an army.

JOUBERT holds up EATON's writing-case -- considers opening it -- and then graciously hands it over. We know it contains the pocket-pistol. JOUBERT sits down, exhausted. He washes his face with a wet cloth which is handed him by a very obsequious orderly -- who stares at EATON, and then scurries away.

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

Who is now the president of the United States?

EATON

(eating)

Mr. Jefferson, of Virginia.

JOUBERT

I am not surprised. I knew him. He was ambitious. A Jacobin, of course, but something admirable with a pen. He created a country with a pen. Imagine that. It is something to admire, though the end of all order.

(a beat)

I will take you to Tripoli. I will treat you as you see; but I cannot answer for what will happen to you at the Bashaw's court.

EATON

Do you know the condition of the Philadelphia's men?

JOUBERT looks at him for a moment.

JOUBERT

They are at Tripoli. Therefore they are slaves.

EXT. THE TRIPOLI WATERFRONT. DAY

In the streets AMERICAN SLAVES are working on the walls of the city, flogged by Arab overseers. Some well-dressed EUROPEANS are walking by.

EXT. THE ENTRANCE TO TRIPOLI. CONTINUOUS

EATON looks again at Joubert. The Column passes through a shantytown against the walls of the city.

EATON riding, stares at: SEVERED HEADS above the gates. He looks at JOUBERT, who is pretending to be unembarrassed, unconcerned, unashamed. A MAN hangs on a hook, still twitching.

They pass through the gates. Disorder and poverty. SLAVES wearing leg chains are everywhere. A party of manacled PHILADELPHIAS seeing Eaton, start to clamor; and are beaten.

EATON rides at the head of the column of LANCERS, with JOUBERT.

EATON

When will the Bashaw see me?

JOUBERT

You are worth five hundred English pounds. He will see you soon enough.

EATON

The Bashaw is not much loved by his foreign officers.

JOUBERT

The Bashaw is not much loved by anyone.

(looks at EATON
drily)

I do not believe it is his ambition.

Disorder, poverty. CRIPPLES and BEGGARS surround the men. The AMERICANS are still being flogged, stoned, dragged through the streets. A SAILOR stares up at EATON. EATON stares ahead.

EATON

If he is feared, he is not entirely feared. One of your prisoners told me they burnt a barracks at Benghazi.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON (CONT'D)
 (sly, knowing the
 answer)
 To whom are these men loyal?

JOUBERT
 (dismissively)
 God.
 (after a long pause)
 The Bashaw has a brother.

EATON knows this.

EATON
 An elder brother.
 (testing the water)
 Yusuf Bashaw is a pretender.

JOUBERT
 (drily)
 He pretends very well.

EATON
 Yet his elder brother, Hamet, is
 the right Bashaw of Tripoli.

JOUBERT
 (impatient with this)
 Hamet Karamanli is in Egypt, hiding
 from assassins. He is paid a
 pension by the Turks. I think he is
 also paid something by the English.
 He is a scholar. Effete. He has
 lived in Paris. He will not return.
 He does not want the throne.

EATON
 (gesturing at
 PRISONERS)
 Yet the people would prefer him on
 it?

JOUBERT does not answer: he can't.

EATON (CONT'D)
 I must see Yusuf immediately.

JOUBERT
 After we dine.

EATON
 I am not hungry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOUBERT
 (spurring horse to
 force through crowd)
 Then prepare yourself.

EXT. TRIPOLITAN STREET/BASHAW'S CASTLE. LATER

JOUBERT and EATON dismount and with a small guard formed of Joubert's lancers force their way through a press of shouting BERBERS, heading towards the gates of...

THE BASHAW'S CASTLE.

Men hang from the battlements. A PILE OF HEADS foams with flies.

TRIPOLITANS charge at Eaton, shouting.

INT. BASHAW'S THRONE ROOM. LATER

It is a pillared Moorish room. It has nothing of "oriental splendor". RETAINERS of the Bashaw stand about the walls, as do the FOREIGN MINISTERS of every seafaring nation. SOLDIERS stand guard nearby over the BOXES OF TREASURE. The BASHAW'S MINISTER stands nearby.

THE BASHAW, Yusuf Karamanli, fat, young, silky, and corrupt, is seated on a dais, in a jeweled throne, which he murdered one brother, and exiled another, to possess. He is the absolute ruler of Tripoli. He is staring, kohl-eyed, at

An AMERICAN MERCHANT CAPTAIN, forced to his knees in front of the throne. He looks terrible for his imprisonment: his eyes are infected. It is silent. (Throughout, we hear a Spanish prisoner sobbing). But we do not see him, at least in this scene. The AMERICAN MERCHANT CAPTAIN, slowly, raises his eyes. He is instantly cut across the face with a camel-stick.

The BASHAW'S MINISTER, an evil toady. He holds a camel-stick and looks like he wants to use it again. He shouts in Arabic.

BASHAW'S TRANSLATOR (OFF)
 Do not look at the Bashaw.

UNSEEN PRISONER
 (whispering)
 ...Dio...Dio...

The BASHAW'S TRANSLATOR, a EUROPEAN SLAVE. He takes no pleasure in his job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BASHAW'S TRANSLATOR

Your agent on Cyprus has not sent
the money.

The MERCHANT CAPTAIN is incapable of speech. He barely
knows where he is.

BASHAW'S TRANSLATOR (CONT'D)

(as MINISTER stalks,
shouts)

Your agent has not sent money so
you are brought for trial. You saw
the Bashaw's flag, yet you fired on
the Bashaw's ships.

(more Arabic)

They wish to know if you see the
Bashaw's Spaniard.

Slowly, his chin lifted by the CAMEL STICK, the MERCHANT
CAPTAIN looks off, at something we cannot see. He looks-
and then closes his eyes.

CLOSE ON YUSUF BASHAW, as interestedly he raises his
kohled, and belladonnaed eyes.

YUSUF BASHAW

(softly: in English)

Answer.

The MERCHANT CAPTAIN nods, yes.

YUSUF BASHAW (cont'd) (CONT'D)

(in Arabic)

Have you seen all that you wish to
see?

(this is translated)

AMERICAN CAPTAIN

(weeping)

Yes.

YUSUF BASHAW

(in English)

Then put out his eyes.

A smoking RED-HOT IRON is instantly pulled from a basket of
coals.

INT. AN ANTEROOM IN THE BASHAW'S PALACE. CONTINUOUS

EATON, furiously unsure of his position -- stands staring
fiercely out of a window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a tremendous screaming from elsewhere in the palace. EATON looks around wildly, yet as he does:

EATON'S POV

JOUBERT enters the room, with his ORDERLY.

JOUBERT

He is receiving you as a minister.
Do not mistake how unusual that is.
But you are to be disarmed.

EATON takes his PISTOLS from his belt, and hands them to Joubert's ORDERLY. The SABER, he gives directly to JOUBERT. JOUBERT, accepting the contract, nods.

EATON nods, gratefully.

THE EUNUCH appears in the doorway as the two broad doors (this is important, echoed in last scene) are opened by TURBANED SLAVES. The EUNUCH is effete, puffy, corrupt: he moves in a stylized way, as if he floats.

EUNUCH

Come. Come.

INT. THE PALACE. MOMENTS LATER

EATON, having come under guard, is escorted quickly along a passage. This is not a grand passage: the mosaics are stained, the troops sitting along the hall are filthy. A Man smokes a pipe beside a PILE OF HEADS. EATON is terrified and resolute. The EUNUCH is reciting protocol.

EUNUCH

When the bell is rung, you will
kneel, and then prostrate yourself.
You will rise at the Bashaw's
pleasure only. You will not look at
the Bashaw.

INT. THE BASHAW'S THRONE ROOM. CONTINUOUS

EATON and the EUNUCH appear in the door. Then, as a BELL tinkles, they walk forward. EATON is looking around. Suddenly he stops, and (as a murmur arises in the court: "the American", etc., in several languages) stares, his eyes widening.

EATON'S POV:

A FLAYED MAN, hanging in an iron cage. He is weeping. Flies are audibly buzzing. He is a Giacommetti figure in a foetal position -- his head turns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bits of flesh and hair remain but his lips and skin are gone. He looks like a puppet. His eyes are burned holes.

EUNUCH

It is nothing to do with you. It is a Spaniard.

EATON looks ahead, terrified, walks forward towards the throne. THE BASHAW'S MINISTER, holding his stick, is waiting before the dais. ARMED SOLDIERS are everywhere. JOUBERT has entered the throne room and is talking to a FRENCH OFFICER. Other EUROPEAN DIPLOMATS are watching.

BRITISH MINISTER

That's Eaton, from Tunis. This ought to be brief.

The EUNUCH steps aside, and EATON is left before the throne. The BELL is tinkled again. EATON does not kneel. The BASHAW stares back at him. The court begins to murmur. The BELL is rung more loudly. EATON bows, courteously, in the republican way: barely a nod. He raises his head and, terrified, looks the Bashaw in the eye.

The Court explodes. MINISTER & GUARDS start towards EATON and Eaton is struck with a MUSKET BUTT. He falls to his knees, dropping his DISPATCH CASE. Then, blood trickling from his hair, he gets shakily to his feet. He picks up his case. THE BASHAW holds up a hand and stops his men from killing Eaton. Blood runs down Eaton's face and splashes on his coat.

YUSUF BASHAW

It is customary to kneel.

JOUBERT watches from the back of the room.

EATON

As a representative of a republic, sir, I may not kneel to any monarch. As myself, I will not.

YUSUF BASHAW

Would you die for it?

EATON

Yes.

A long interval after this impossible answer. We hear the Spaniard sobbing. EATON manages to keep looking at the bashaw. JOUBERT is staring, aghast, but also admiring. Beside him is a SWEDISH MINISTER, and a DUTCH one. The DANISH MINISTER joins them, watching anxiously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YUSUF BASHAW

(aware that the
presence of the
FOREIGN MINISTERS is
a mistake)

It is customary also to bring
presents.

EATON

It is my feeling, Yusuf Bashaw,
that you have enough American
things.

MINISTERS stare. The COURT is outraged. YUSUF is irritated,
intrigued, bored.

YUSUF BASHAW

You are the consul to Tunis. You
have no letters. You have no
authority. You have no gold. What
is there for me to discuss? What do
you want? War has been declared.

SOLDIERS cheer, and pound musket butts on the floor.

EATON

(shouting over)

A condition of war changes things
very remarkably, Yusuf Bashaw.

YUSUF BASHAW

How so?

EATON

You held American hostages. Now, in
this condition of war, they are
prisoners of war. Therefore,
according to the civilized usages
of war, I demand their good
treatment until their regular
exchange.

FOREIGN MINISTERS murmur to each other: the COURT is
riveted. No one has EVER said anything like this to the
Bashaw of Tripoli--who gets to his feet.

YUSUF BASHAW

You "demand"? Who are you to
"demand"?!

EATON

In myself, I am no one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

YUSUF BASHAW

Do you think that I fear your squadron?

EATON

Were I you, I should fear it. But you may do as you like.

YUSUF BASHAW

We do not fear war. It is our occupation.

(SOLDIERS pound
musket-butts on the
floor)

We have made our terms plain. We require tribute, as we are paid by all the world. As for what you call prisoners, they are slaves, and must be bought. Your countrymen are the most useful of slaves. They know many trades. All of them, I think.

(to sychophantic
laughter from the
COURT)

They are improving our fortifications.

EATON

I saw.

YUSUF BASHAW

Do you know anything about the art of fortification, Tunis consul?

THE COURT roars with laughter.

EATON

I know modern war, sir, in all its parts. On the whole, I rather think that you do not.

YUSUF BASHAW

(enraged)

I do not fear America, which is a country merely at French pleasure and because the British are distracted with other wars. I do not talk terms with its Tunis consul. I will not converse longer. With you -- or with any American who does not come with gold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EATON

Then you will converse with the
bayonet, sir, and come bloody off
your throne.

EUROPEAN MINISTERS buzz among themselves. YUSUF stares at
EATON.

YUSUF BASHAW

Were you told to say that?

EATON

Not specifically, Bashaw.

YUSUF BASHAW

I admire it.

The COURT laughs when the Bashaw does.

YUSUF BASHAW (cont'd) (CONT'D)

I admire it!

EATON

(as the court roars
with laughter,
smiling)

I do have a gift for the Bashaw. It
is a pistol, silver-chased, and it
once belonged to the King of
Naples. It has a fitting which
allows it to be carried cocked.
Have I your leave to produce it?

Yusuf gestures: get on with it. EATON takes out the POCKET-
PISTOL, holding it by the barrel. SOLDIERS clench muskets.

EATON thumbs out the brace, turns, presents, and--

-fires.

The DUTCH MINISTER chokes on a date. JOUBERT stares.

THE FLAYED MAN, shot in the head, is quiet. The cage sways.
Blood spills onto the filthy floor of the throne room.
COURTIERS, MINISTERS, and JOUBERT stare from the torchlit
dark of the arcades. All the COURT stares. Sweating
SOLDIERS stare over their muskets.

YUSUF BASHAW

Come.

EATON, to the amazement of the MINISTER, closely approaches
the throne. EATON lays the SMOKING PISTOL (now useless) on
the dais. The EUNUCH (this is important) stares.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

YUSUF BASHAW (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 (to EATON alone)
 You are unusual.

EATON
 Why bother with the other thing.

YUSUF BASHAW
 Do you think life is theater?

EATON
 (the coup de gras)
 It would not be a man in your
 position, sir, who told me it is
 not.

The BASHAW, cornered, stares palely. EATON walks away, and turns

EATON (CONT'D)
 (very loud)
 I demand of Yusuf Karamanli, Bashaw
 of Tripoli, the unconditional
 release of the United States
 frigate Philadelphia and her men
 now enslaved.

No one can believe this.

YUSUF BASHAW
 Be glad you are worth a lot of
 money.

EXT. TRIPOLI PRISON. TWILIGHT

EATON, beaten into a mess, is dragged around a corner.
 TRIPOLITAN CHILDREN are jeering, throwing stones.

US NAVAL OFFICERS look down from the PRISON ROOF, talking
 among themselves.

INT. A DARK, BARRED COURTYARD. MOMENTS LATER

EATON, is flung onto the stone floor. His PAPERS are flung
 after him. A SLAVE lights a lamp (a rag in a bowl of fat).

BASHAW'S MINISTER
 In case you wish to study what you
 will say the next time. You are a
 minister. We give you courtesies.

The DOOR is slammed and bolted behind him. EATON manages to
 sit up, with his back against the wall. The evening prayer
 is called.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON slowly realizes that he is not alone in the room. A man coughs. Another--O'BANNON--comes forward into the light. He is a Lieutenant of Marines, who has been in the prison two months.

O'BANNON

O'Bannon, late the Philadelphia frigate. This is Mister Parker--of the same.

O'BANNON shifts the light. PARKER is a naval lieutenant, about 20, very ill. PARKER sits up, and looks at Eaton.

PARKER

Will there be a squadron?

EATON

I don't know.

PARKER, dying at 20 in a prison, turns away. EATON, looking at him, realizes that Parker is dying.

O'BANNON

Jefferson will do nothing. He has a genius for it.

(a beat)

There's some food, if you want it.

EATON nods, and takes a bowl. The men sit and eat together.

EXT. TRIPOLI. PRE-DAWN

The city is dark. An elderly MUEZZIN begins his long climb to the minaret.

EXT. AT SEA. PREDAWN

A black hull cuts through the waves.

INT. A PASSAGE IN THE BASHAW'S CASTLE. CONTINUOUS

The BASHAW's MINISTER pads down the corridor. The door to the Bashaw's chamber is opened. The MINISTER drops and crawls into the chamber.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BREAKWATER. CONTINUOUS

We see ONE MAST, with men in the fighting tops, and sailors on the yards (all staring inland), then ANOTHER, then ANOTHER.

EXT. THE FORT AT THE BREAKWATER. PREDAWN

TRIPOLITANS, clutching muskets, stare at the looming ship(s). An OFFICER goes for a hanging bell...

INT. THE BASHAW'S CHAMBER. CONTINUOUS

As in the distance we hear the bell begin to clang the MINISTER crawls forward across the flags. A SOLDIER sits, Rembrandt-lit, by a burning lamp.

The BASHAW'S BEDMATES, sex indistinguishable, sit up in the bed and slip away in the gloom.

The BASHAW sits up.

MINISTER

(in Arabic)

A frigate. American.

YUSUF BASHAW

(in Arabic)

What frigate.

The MINISTER shakes his head & spreads his arms as far as they will go.

The BASHAW is impassive. SLAVES appear to dress him.

YUSUF BASHAW (CONT'D)

(in Arabic)

The Americans have brought my money.

EXT. CONSTITUTION, ALOFT. CONTINUOUS

SAILORS stare towards Tripoli. The US flag floats in the breeze.

INT. THE BASHAW'S CHAMBER. PREDAWN

BASHAW

(in Arabic,
subtitled)

They have brought my money.

EXT. CONSTITUTION. CONTINUOUS

ON THE STERN we see "USS CONSTITUTION". Come up to reveal:

PREBLE, the Constitution's Captain, lit by a battle-lantern. He sips chocolate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PREBLE
(casually, to
officers)

Fire.

EXT. OFF TRIPOLI. CONTINUOUS

The Constitution fires every starboard gun.

INT. THE BASHAW'S CHAMBER. CONTINUOUS

A screaming of 36 pound balls. The BASHAW'S eyes widen. Sounds of two, three, four, artillery strikes nearby, and then--

A BALL BLOWS through the wall of his room and, before blowing out the other side of the room, decapitates the COURTIER. RUBBLE falls and the BASHAW, covering his head with his arms, crawls through it and the courtier's blood.

ANOTHER FRIGATE fires. And then another frigate after that. Three ships are standing off, kicking the living shit out of Tripoli.

EXT. TRIPOLI PRISON. NIGHT

EATON watches, the flashing red glare lighting his face. Here is the new world: one he's been waiting for.

EATON
Jefferson's done something.

O'BANNON
Now the question is, will the
Bashaw kill us.

EATON
He can't. He'd have nothing left to
bargain with.

EXT. TRIPOLITAN STREETS. MORNING. VARIOUS

SMOKING RUINS. A DESTROYED BATTERY. PEOPLE run through the streets, yelling in Arabic, making a familiar-looking protest. (Here we have our immemorial friend the "Arab street"). The US SQUADRON stands off the harbor. The harborfront has burned. People line the waterfront chanting and jeering at the ships, waving banners painted with Koranic text. The TRIPOLITAN batteries are formidable and largely intact: it's a stand-off between the US Squadron and the fortified town.

INT. EATON'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS

The DOOR crashes open. EATON is unable to sit up from his pallet. The BASHAW'S MINISTER, looking pale, apprehensive, gestures to SLAVES. The SLAVES begin to wash EATON, shave him.

BASHAW'S MINISTER

They demand the American minister.
That is you. It pleases the Bashaw
to give you to them.

(EATON stares at the
Minister)

You must tell them that if they
fire on the town the Bashaw will
kill the slaves and retire into the
country. We will kill every man.

EATON

I am taking these men with me. That
man needs a doctor.

PARKER, pale, blood on his lips, most certainly does.

MINISTER

These are the prisoners of the
Bashaw.

EATON

If they don't come, I will not go,
and that warship will open fire on
the town.

A long beat.

MINISTER

We will regard them as your...
secretaries.

EATON

(to Parker and
O'Bannon, though
staring at the
Minister)

Get your things.

EXT. TRIPOLI WATERFRONT. DAY

TRIPOLITANS are out en masse, jeering at the frigates. EATON, PARKER, and O'BANNON (PARKER finding strength to walk erect) are brought down through the streets, under heavy guard. TRIPOLITANS rush at him and are shoved away violently by TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS.

EXT. AT SEA OFF TRIPOLI. DAY

THE CONSTITUTION, laid to, in a light breeze, on a brilliant sea.

INT. PREBLE'S CABIN. DAY

PREBLE is a Maine sailor, and consummate naval officer, in his 50s. He does not respect rules. He is sorting through papers, and does not look up. EATON does not know the first thing about PREBLE. He stands at attention -- civil attention, not military attention.

PREBLE

You are the United States consul at Tunis. What are you doing at Tripoli, sir?

EATON

It is my purpose to further United States interests in the Barbary States. I thought that I might present an argument for the release of the prisoners. I do not have to justify my actions, sir. We are far from Washington City.

PREBLE

You pulled a pistol on the Bashaw of Tripoli.

(appraising Eaton;
smiles)

You did not know I was in the Mediterranean?

EATON

No. Neither was I aware that you had authority to bombard.

PREBLE

I don't. There was an accident.

(Eaton smiles)

I am to use my discretion, sir. I am using it.

EATON

Thank God.

PREBLE

Your opinion, Captain Eaton, as a gentleman of the diplomatic service?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON

I should make a gunboat assault, sack the city, expose the Bashaw's head on a pike, and leave not one stone of Tripoli standing on another.

PREBLE

Have you been happy as a diplomat, sir?

(EATON shakes his head "no")

Heavy gunboats are being built in Sicily. I may make no assault on the harbor until they arrive, and orders to do so arrive. Until then I am constrained to blockade. I dislike stalemates, sir. I dislike them exceedingly.

EATON realizes that PREBLE is a man who may be amenable to ideas. He steps forward.

EATON

How far is "exceedingly"?

PREBLE

Speak your mind. I don't have a position. I have a job.

This is the best thing that EATON has ever heard.

EATON

The Bashaw, as I have been writing, has a brother.

PREBLE

So do I, sir. The significance of his?

EATON

An elder brother. He is in Egypt, but he is the right king of Tripoli. With gold and guns he could be restored to the throne, as a friend to the United States, which put him there.

PREBLE

With sufficient gold and guns, Eaton, I could make my dead grandmother the Dowager Empress of the fucking Moon. Be specific, sir.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PREBLE (CONT'D)

Bear in mind, sir: I had no orders to bombard the town. I merely had the discretion.

EATON

Yusuf Bashaw rules by two things: tyranny, to make his people fear him; and expenditures of money, so that he will not fear his people.

PREBLE

(lighting cheroot)

It sounds like ordinary government. The difference, sir?

EATON

The Bashaw is a pirate. His income is from the sea. By this blockade in force, you cut his income. He must then expend more blood than gold; and the more blood he expends, the more precarious is his always precarious position. I know for a fact that the provinces want his brother. You are before Tripoli. Imagine the rightful king of Tripoli behind it, with an army, and the country openly in revolt.

PREBLE

Would they revolt?

EATON

Yusuf is a tyrant.

PREBLE

So am I. My men adore me.

EATON

It would cost you nothing to put a force ashore. Even the rumor of a land assault being assembled in Egypt, with Hamet, would improve your position.

(PREBLE understands this)

Every European country pays tribute to that butcher at Tripoli and say we - us - knock Yusuf off his throne. The thing to do is to astonish the world...to make them notice us, if only for audacity. We don't have anything else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PREBLE is staring at EATON. EATON steps forward. He has perceived a man who gets it; and the opportunity of his lifetime.

PREBLE

What are you proposing?

EATON

I am proposing that if you give me men, guns, money, I will go to Egypt, collect Hamet Bashaw, hire mercenaries in sufficient number, and attack Tripoli from the land. If this is done while you blockade from the sea, he will capitulate. Or we'll take Tripoli and be bothered by him no more.

PREBLE sits, and stares at him for a long time. Then, abruptly:

PREBLE

Try it.

EATON's entire life is justified at this point. He nearly faints.

EATON

You're serious.

PREBLE

Are you?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALEXANDRIA. DAY

The full tumult of a marketplace. GUNS are lifted from NAVAL CARRIAGES and put into light field carriages.

O'BANNON, in green Marine uniform, is staring towards:

MAMELUKE SOLDIERS and various MERCENARIES, who are watching the Americans with interest.

We see the ten ragged but capable INFANTRY, with fezzes and packs and modern muskets, that O'BANNON (now looking at them shrewdly) later is shown to have hired.

PARKER is negotiating with a fezzed BUSINESSMAN for mules.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER
(struggling)
Pas des *chameaux*. Mules. Mules.
Anes.

BUSINESSMAN
Pas des anes. *Chameaux*.

PARKER looks bleak.

O'BANNON
(to SERGEANT)
Will you look at that.

EATON comes riding into the melee, dressed completely as a BEDOUIN, accompanied by a disreputable MERCENARY with one eye. EATON stares at PARKER as he passes. PARKER, realizing that it's Eaton, looks after him curiously. EATON slides out of the saddle next to O'BANNON, and leads his horse towards his baggage.

EATON
(looking at PARKER
coming through the
crowd)
That man will slow us down.

O'BANNON
He's a fine officer.

EATON
He's dying.

O'BANNON knows it.

O'BANNON
Then why not let him do something
before he does?

EATON looks down. Then, dismissing the subject (everywhere but at his heart, because O'Bannon has accidentally expressed Eaton's own philosophy) takes out a MAP and spreads it on a barrel-head. EATON looks up at the affable Parker.

EATON
(to Parker)
If you stay in the city you'll be robbed blind. Leave a man in the city with the consul to wait for the rest of the supplies and men, and you get out. Twenty miles out there's a place they call the Arab's Tower.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EATON (CONT'D)

That's where I'll meet you. It's used by drovers. There's water, most times of the year. Camp there. This man will take you. He speaks French.

The ONE-EYED GUIDE stares at PARKER

O'BANNON

Not the most reliable looking gentleman.

EATON

(to PARKER,
privately)

I'll leave you if on the march you slow us down or cannot do your duty. Do you understand me?

PARKER swallows, and nods. MCCARNEY, the U.S. Alexandria Consul, arriving late, fights his way through the crowd. He is a man in exile growing old: he wants peace, his sinecure, his mint tea with the Turkish governor, his Egyptological collections--not a US ship landing artillery. MCCARNEY realizes that the "Arab" who has stepped in front of him is:

EATON.

MCCARNEY

Eaton. What are you doing? Why aren't you at Tunis. You're landing guns! Guns!

EATON

(deadpan, handing him
written orders)

Attacking Tripoli, sir, to depose its king.

MCCARNEY

Attacking what!? To do what?!

EATON

It's all in that letter. As are your most specific orders.

MCCARNEY

(opening letter,
reads all of it)

Hamet. Someone has listened to your nonsense about Hamet?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MCCARNEY (CONT'D)

(reads again,
unbelievably, looks
up)

Does Lear know about this?

EATON

(lying, adjusting
saddle-girth)

The president does.

MCCARNEY

What is the "Naval Agent to the
Barbary States"? Can you tell me
that?

EATON

Me. You are to render me every
assistance, especially in the
article of cavalry, is the burden
of that letter, and give us what
naval cash you hold here at
Alexandria. All of it.

MCCARNEY reads, and then folds the letter away. He has seen
his orders; and doesn't like them; but he is a survivalist.

MCCARNEY

If everything is in order, then you
will have your money. Obviously.

(smiles
ingratiatingly)

Obviously. If everything is in
order. But you can't leave a force
here with guns.

EATON

I'm sending them to the Arab's
Tower.

MCCARNEY

(looks up: brightens)

Yes, I should. I certainly should.

EATON

You have too much dinner, and too
much of it with Turks. I need
horsemen, sir. Irregular cavalry.

MCCARNEY

I know just the men. Mercenaries.
They've been hanging around Alex
since the French decamped.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EATON

I don't want rabble that your friends want out of the city. I want reliable men well mounted.

MCCARNEY

They were good enough for Napoleon. I suppose they will be good enough for you.

EATON

I'm going for Hamet. You have your orders from the Commodore, and from me as Naval Agent. Make sure the cavalry's there. Make sure they're reliable, and make sure they are paid.

(mounts, and turns to
O'BANNON and PARKER)

I'll see you in two weeks, with the right Bashaw of Tripoli.

O'BANNON

It would be fine to see.

EATON

You'll see it.

EATON rides out through the crowd. An uproar. MARINES have caught a BEGGAR stealing a SEXTANT. His fingers are prized off it. More MARINES force through the crowd.

O'BANNON turns, raising an eyebrow. He is swarmed by MERCENARIES soliciting jobs, favors, powder.

O'BANNON

(picking up PARKER)
Did you get mules?

PARKER

There's a man who claims to have an elephant.

O'BANNON

Make him an offer.

MERCENARIES and BEGGARS swarm the Americans.

EXT. A DESERT. DAY

A VAST IMPOSSIBLE WASTELAND. And we have enough time to register it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON (V.O.)

"By me, William Eaton, Naval Agent
to the Barbary States, to Hamet
Karamanli, right Bashaw of Tripoli:
God is infinite.

A DOT (perhaps upon the beat of "God") appears in the distance. Throughout the following it resolves as a solitary rider.

EATON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"By my hand and by my promise,
understood to be that of my
government, there shall be a firm
and perpetual peace between the
Government of the United States of
America and His Highness Hamet
Karamanli Bashaw of Tripoli...

EATON is going overland, inland from the Nile. He is unshaven and has been travelling for a few days. He knows -- roughly, perhaps -- where he is.

EXT. THE DESERT. DUST STORM

EATON, CLOSE now, on foot, leads his horse through the dust.

EATON (V.O.)

...legitimate sovereign of the
kingdom of Tripoli, and between the
citizens of the one and the
subjects of the other."

EATON is walking his horse through a ferocious dust storm, fighting into the wind. He has bound the horse's eyes. The horse finally will go no further, and Eaton hobbles the horse Indian fashion and pushes it over. Exhausted, it stays put. EATON, bent against the wind, unrolls a blanket...

INT. EATON'S "TENT". LATER

Beneath his makeshift tent of a blanket fixed to the saddle, EATON, leaning back against the flank of his horse, carefully ignites a candle (perhaps using a pistol-lock to ignite lint); and continues to draft his treaty. He needs sand to dry the ink: and takes it (in a huge handful) from the ground. EATON rests against the heaving chest of the horse and sleeps.

EXT. THE DESERT. MORNING

Eaton's HORSE stands up, apparently of its own accord. EATON awakes in spilled sand. He claws free, spitting sand and brushing at his hair. EATON looks around and sees:

EMPTY desert.

He looks in the other direction and sees, with shock, *towering* above him:

THE SPHINX (PRE-EXCAVATION)

EATON stumbles through the sand, looking very much as if he comes from Massachusetts. It is very much as if while Eaton stares at the Sphinx, the Sphinx (and all it means), stares at him. Eaton smiles: he's equal to it.

EXT. THE WADI. DAY

It is a caravanserai and watering hole below a fort. CAMELMEN and CARAVANERS are waiting out the hottest hours of the day. Those who cannot find shade are resting in the shadow of their cloaks. A party of MAMELUKES ride through, inspecting men sharply. EATON, just arrived, watches them; the threat they represent.

He opens his collapsible cup. An OLD MAN shakes his head at Eaton.

EATON (fortune over fate) drinks anyway. A TURKISH OFFICIAL with a party of MAMELUKE SOLDIERS sees Eaton and rides over. EATON tries to go about his business, fixing gear.

TURKISH OFFICIAL

(in Turkish)

Who are you. Where are you going.

(EATON turns and looks at him, squinting)

Where are you going.

EATON

(in perfect Turkish, playing the humble Oriental)

Like all men, where God directs.
But also on my business.

A CARAVANER raises his head, which he has concealed with a cloth, pretending to sleep. It is the man we will later know as RAIS MOHAMMED. Other Caravaners look up at Eaton. They haven't missed a trick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TURKISH OFFICIAL

On what business?

EATON

My own.

The TURKISH OFFICIAL evaluates Eaton. He reaches out with his stick and parting Eaton's clothes reveals: a white chest. EATON, though still playing humble, eyes: His SADDLE-PISTOLS.

TURKISH OFFICIAL

(in English)

The payment to pass, which is to say, to be a foreigner, and not arrested, is twenty dhiram.

EATON

(gesturing at CAMEL-
MEN, CARAVANERS)

You don't expect me to take out money here.

TURKISH OFFICIAL

Thirty. I expect you to pay, or be arrested.

EATON

I have a letter from Alexandria.
Allow me to get it.

SOLDIERS aim muskets. BEDOUIN come close. There is no way for Eaton to do anything but...

Watch a SOLDIER rifle his saddlebags. MONEY is taken, chinking, in a bag. The TURKISH OFFICIAL catches it.

TURKISH OFFICIAL

This is how you travel. With proper permission.

A SOLDIER starts to reach for one of Eaton's saddle-pistols.

EATON

Don't.

The soldier, clever enough to see something in Eaton's eye, backs away.

EATON, restraining himself, catches some blowing PAPERS dislodged by the search.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EATON (CONT'D)

Since I have permission, perhaps you could tell me where I may find the great house which once belonged to Said al-Kadr.

TURKISH OFFICIAL

Are you an assassin?

EATON shakes his head.

TURKISH OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

Pity.

(a beat)

You have paid to pass. Not for information. Information costs more.

EATON

Then I will do without it.

The OFFICIAL ('suit yourself", his morning pure profit already) spurs off. His grinning SOLDIERS follow.

EATON, now watched by BEDOUIN (and exposed as a foreigner), rigs his gear, and mounts. He looks out at the track; and rides out.

RAIS MOHAMMED, who has watched the proceedings carefully, finally stands, and, around the watercourse, FIFTY MEN stand with him.

EXT. THE DESERT. DAY

EATON is riding. The landscape is greener. TWO BERBERS canter elegantly past him. They are mounted on splendid horses, robes streaming in the wind: true desert men. They turn and stand their horses, staring at Eaton, blocking his way.

The BERBER gestures: come. EATON looks around and sees:

RAIS MOHAMMED, and another twenty riders. (In the distance the RAIS' supply-caravan is coming along). RAIS MOHAMMED comes forward.

RAIS MOHAMMED

What do you want with my Bashaw?

EATON

(uncomfortably aware
of BERBERS)

That is between the Bashaw and myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAIS MOHAMMED stares at him, fiercely, with race-hatred, religious hatred, and every kind of suspicion, not ceasing to stare at him as his horse curvets. He gestures to a BERBER--who gallops off down the road.

EXT. HAMET'S VILLA. DAY

HAMET'S home is in the ruins of a castle, surrounded by the tents of his men and their families. It's a beautiful setting: well watered and green. A paradise. EATON rides along with RAIS MOHAMMED, staring. HAMET'S MEN start to emerge from the tents to inspect him. They are soldiers too long in camp (even such a beautiful one) -- unshaven, malevolent, overfed. They follow after EATON

EXT. THE FRONT OF HAMET'S TENT. MOMENTS LATER

VEILED WOMEN and some CHILDREN stand in the palm-garden to the side, watching. EATON dismounts: noticing that Hamet's exile is not uncomfortable. RAIS MOHAMMED comes up to Eaton, and takes his belt pistol. Eaton looks at him. RAIS MOHAMMED nods towards the house. Two BERBERS sit in the shade- guards. EATON charges up the steps.

A TURKISH SERVANT stands shocked in the doorway. He is a small, unreliable-looking man with spectacles.

TURKISH SERVANT

What is it? What do you want?

EATON

I am here to see Hamet Karamanli, the right Bashaw of Tripoli, on the urgent business of the United States of America.

TURKISH SERVANT

What are the "United States of America"?

EATON looks at him: an interesting historical question, nowhere near being answered.

EATON shoves past into the house.

INT. COURTYARD OF HAMET'S VILLA. MOMENTS LATER

The tent is magnificent, carpeted, partitioned into rooms. WOMEN run off through a doorway. SLAVES batting fans look up boredly. EATON stares, his eyes adjusting to the dark. He sees:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON'S POV:

A GROSSLY FAT MAN is sleeping on a couch, snoring. He is dressed in Turkish finery, and snoring. EATON stands in the archway, silhouetted against the glare. He looks disappointed -- aesthetically, as much as anything else.

EATON

Hamet Bashaw?

THE FAT MAN wakes, and stares wildly: first at EATON...but then past him. EATON realizes slowly that there is someone behind him. He slowly turns, and we see...

HAMET. He stands silhouetted in a doorway, a PISTOL in his hand. He is no Arab dandy. He is an intelligent man in plain -- almost jesuitical -- black European clothing (Hamet never dresses as a Berber). He is unlike his brother. He is an educated, philosophical, man. EATON steps forward and stands staring at him.

HAMET inspects EATON. He puts the PISTOL aside.

HAMET

I am Hamet. That is the man who brings me my pension for not being Bashaw.

EATON

I think, in that case especially, Bashaw, that we should talk alone.

HAMET stares at Eaton. The FAT MAN, already having struggled to his feet, hurries out of the room, salaaming, and staring at EATON. HAMET closes a drapery.

HAMET

(apprehensive)
What do you want?

EATON

Do you know what the United States of America are?

HAMET

Did you come here specifically to insult me?

EATON looks around at: SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT, MASSES OF BOOKS. The books are old, battered, much read. Pages of writing (in both Arabic and French) on the table.

EATON

Your servant...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAMET

My servant is an idiot, which is much to my advantage because he is a Turkish spy. What do you want?

EATON

The United States wants what you want, Bashaw. Yourself at Tripoli.

HAMET, most kinglike in the way he conceals his emotions when he feels like it, takes a very long time to speak.

HAMET

And that is what I want?

EATON

(nervously)

Isn't it?

(HAMET says nothing.

He walks across the room. EATON, watching him:)

The United States government is disaffected with your brother, and supports you for the throne at Tripoli. Gold, guns, and soldiers from the United States squadron now in the Mediterranean are being landed at Alexandria.

HAMET turns and looks at EATON fiercely.

EATON (CONT'D)

(continuing)

I have a treaty here that secures you American support if you will make an attempt on Tripoli and I am empowered to sign it as Naval Agent to the Barbary States.

EATON, nervously, takes the treaty out of his coat. HAMET does not move to take it. The sound of falling water; distant cries. HAMET turns, exhales, and looks out across his gardens. He glances aside at his table of SCIENTIFIC instruments. He looks broken in some way; and panicked; but not when he turns to face EATON: he is composed.

HAMET

What is your name?

EATON

William Eaton, Bashaw.

HAMET stares again across his gardens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HAMET'S POV:

two of his wives chase children around.

HAMET

I have a serious question. We cannot proceed until you answer.

EATON

(seriously)

I will try to answer, Bashaw.

HAMET

Do you like fish?

INT. HAMET'S TENT. NIGHT

Dinner is finished. COFFEE has been served. This part of the tent is open to the air. EATON, by candle-light, is reading the TREATY. An ODALISQUE, a servant, is serving the men.

EATON

The treaty begins, sir, "God is infinite..."

HAMET

(smiling)

Was that put in for me?

RAIS MOHAMMED

(quite seriously)

"God is infinite": that is good.

EATON

(stolidly reading on)

"The Government of the United States shall use its utmost exertions to re-establish Hamet Bashaw in the possession of his sovereignty of Tripoli, against the pretensions of Yusuf Bashaw, who obtained said sovereignty by treason, and who now holds it by usurpation, and who is engaged in actual war against the United States."

(RAIS MOHAMMED belches.

EATON stiffens and continues:)

In article three, as you will remember,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EATON (CONT'D)

(EATON, rushing on,
has no time for
coffee, and
recapitulation)

you are pledged cash, ammunition,
provisions, and troops, in your
operations against the usurper
Yusuf Bashaw.

HAMET

(noting Eaton's
impatience)

Read the part that refers to you. I
find it especially fascinating.

EATON

(uncomfortably)

"William Eaton, a citizen of the
United States, now in Egypt, shall
be recognized as commander of the
land forces called into service
against the common enemy; and His
said Highness Hamet Bashaw engages
that his own subjects shall respect
and obey him as such."

RAIS MOHAMMED glares at Eaton.

RAIS MOHAMMED

Why?

EATON

(having had enough)

I'll fight you any time you like.

RAIS MOHAMMED spits. EATON starts to stand.

HAMET

(interrupting)

Enough.

HAMET, for a flash, is formidable.

EATON

(sitting down again:
so does Rais
Mohammed)

"This convention shall be submitted
to the President of the United
States for his ratification.

HAMET

"Submitted." Your president is not
aware of this plan.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HAMET (CONT'D)
 (EATON, tempted to
 lie, does not)
 So I should begin with no
 assurances.

EATON
 You have every assurance...

RAIS MOHAMMED
 (cleverer than he has
 seemed)
 There are no absolute assurances.
 (drinks coffee)
 Would you fight me on that?

EATON
 (after a moment,
 honestly:)
 No.

RAIS MOHAMMED
 (leaning close to
 EATON)
 I like you better.

HAMET
 Think of him as my solicitor.

EATON
 You could probably do worse. But I
 am the Naval Agent to the Barbary
 States, and this treaty is valid,
 sir. The commodore of the
 Mediterranean squadron has leave to
 create policy And he is a man of
 action, sir. His word is bond.

HAMET
 He bombarded Tripoli. I give him
 marks for that.
 (standing)
 Walk with me.

RAIS MOHAMMED, excluded, looks hurt.

EXT. PALM GARDENS. NIGHT

The gardens are beautiful; falling water. The sky of stars.
 EATON walks beside HAMET.

HAMET
 Do you know the practice of
 taqyiah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON

I know the word. Dissimulation,
Bashaw. Concealment.

HAMET

(pleased)

One is allowed to dissemble...to
lie...when it is the only way to
protect the greater interest. When
a people is weak and outnumbered,
it is allowed. I believe that
America will be formidable; it is
inevitable; but that time has not
come. You are in the days of
taqqyah. Survival by any means.
That is the position of the United
States, and your president. I think
you would lie to me, if it served
you for the moment.

EATON

I am not lying to you.

HAMET

Jefferson does not know that this
treaty has been presented to me. He
knows that it might have been. In
his position, that is the amount of
knowledge I would want. I have no
assurances.

EATON says nothing.

HAMET (CONT'D)

Why would I want to be king, Mr.
Eaton? Assuming that I believed in
kings, which, I warn you...

(HAMET smiles and
changes his
direction)

Well. More of that later. I would
live no better than I do here;
perhaps worse; I would have more
cares. I would be in danger; I
would endanger my family.

EATON

Your brother is not fit. I think
you are.

HAMET walks away. The wind is rising.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAMET

(truly interested)

How would you know?

(comes close to
Eaton)The trouble is not being a king,
Mister Eaton. The trouble is
wanting to be.

(turns on EATON)

You can't understand not wanting to
be a king. Can you.

EATON

(uncomfortably)

Many would not.

HAMET

I meant you in particular.

EATON, seen through, says nothing.

HAMET (CONT'D)

I was not driven away. I gave a
throne away. It has been done
before by better men. The Buddha
did it. The prophet Jesus gave away
the throne of David, some say. And
then someone came to him, in a
garden, in the character of a
friend, and it was the end of him.
Are you that man?

EATON

(deadpan)

Are you maintaining that you are
Jesus?

HAMET laughs genuinely.

HAMET

(still amused)

My brother killed my father and
still tries to kill me for the
throne of a province for which I
would not pay the life of an enemy.
And you ask me to go there? Why
should I?

EATON

(after a beat, turns
the screw, and ends
the pleasantries)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EATON (CONT'D)

I have been at Tripoli, sir, and seen your brother on the throne you allow him to keep. I have seen what he does with it.

It is a powerful thing to say, said powerfully.

HAMET

I believe that he inconveniences Americans.

EATON

He's a butcher. What kind of man would leave a throne to Yusuf, who could take it away?

HAMET, slowly (we should think, erroneously, that he has been persuaded) turns to Eaton.

HAMET

(quietly)

If I have feelings on this matter, they are my own.

(he turns to Eaton)

Neither the people, nor the country, nor even your country, Mister Eaton, are the reason you ask me to come. You are asking for yourself.

EATON stares at Hamet as if into a mirror.

HAMET (CONT'D)

I have a question. I do not think it has occurred to you.

(EATON stares, stiffly)

Why would a republic want to make a man a king?

EATON is the absolute first man, but not the last, to confront a paradox of US foreign policy. He decides, undiplomatically, to tell the truth.

EATON

What you see in me is the truth. I am an ambitious man.

(passionate, persuasive, honest)

But I represent my country. Both its interests, and its honor. If my country may not trade, sir, it will die, and die soon, in another war with Britain. And when it dies what it means will die.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EATON (CONT'D)

What it means is *new in the world*.
It is the future of the world. If
America dies, so does the future.
Already Britain itself is more free
because of *irresistible* example.
One may now speak the words "the
rights of man" and be not jeered
down, sir.

(a beat)

It is true that we need a friend at
Tripoli. But so do your people.

HAMET

I have always thought that I would
never change my life except to
change the world.

EATON

Then change it. With me.

HAMET stares unblinking at Eaton for a moment, and then he
walks away in silence.

He gives some instructions and goes into the house. EATON
stands staring after him. A TORCHBEARER comes forward
across the gardens, and waits. EATON, having done his best,
goes with him.

INT. A BROKEN STONE HOUSE (THE ARAB'S TOWER). EARLY MORNING

Light splinters through holes and broken shutters. Two
horses heard. O'BANNON is sitting at his work-table in his
shirtsleeves, figuring provisions.

MARINE SERGEANT

Mister O'Bannon, sir.

O'BANNON looks up from his work-table.

O'BANNON

Enter.

No one enters. The door stands open to the burning light.
PARKER finally appears.

PARKER

A visitor. He won't come in. Claims
its unclean.

O'BANNON goes out into the sunlight, pulling up his
suspenders and putting on his jacket.

The CAID ABDEL stands, wearing a Napoleon-hat, his back to
O'BANNON. Nearby his horse with his tasselled trappings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BANNON looks mystified, at PARKER. MARINES are staring at the strange figure.

The CAID turns. His scarred and tattooed face. He holds, of all things, a LETTER.

O'BANNON

Get it.

PARKER, politely, does. He hands it to O'BANNON, who opens it, reads. Then folds the letter away. CAID ABDEL mounts, staring at O'BANNON.

PARKER

What is it?

500 Tuareg horsemen appear on the hill above the Arab's tower. MARINES stare up at them, as do O'BANNON and PARKER.

O'BANNON

Our cavalry.

TUAREGS. Nothing fiercer could be imagined. They stare down at the tiny American camp.

PARKER

How much did McCarney pay?

O'BANNON

He hasn't.

PARKER raises an eyebrow.

O'BANNON (CONT'D)

Preble's been replaced and the new Commodore won't guarantee the money. So he's not sending it.

PARKER

Do these men know?

TUAREGS stare down at the AMERICANS from the hill. Others ride around the tiny encampment. PARKER and O'BANNON stare.

INT. EATON'S TENT. MORNING

EATON is woken, roughly, by

EATON'S POV

TWO BERBERS enter, armed. RAIS MOHAMMED stands in the tent.

RAIS MOHAMMED

You must go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON

Tripoli...

RAIS MOHAMMED shakes his head.

EATON (CONT'D)

I want to see Hamet.

RAIS MOHAMMED

No. He does not wish it.

RAIS MOHAMMED hands EATON the TREATY. EATON stares RAIS MOHAMMED in the eye.

RAIS MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

(unhappily)

No.

RAIS MOHAMMED goes. EATON remains to dress, bitterly.

EXT. HAMET'S VILLA. DAY

EATON comes out. His horse is saddled. After a murderous pause, he mounts: hopes dashed. RAIS MOHAMMED and armed men watch them.

EATON

You tell Hamet that neither did Saladin wish to be vizier of Egypt nor Jesus crucified, nor does any "great" man wish to get out of his bed to do it, but it has to be done. *It has to be done.*

RAIS MOHAMMED

(clumsily, to be kind)

The great are not like you and me.

This is the last thing that Eaton wants to hear.

EATON

(rides up to RAIS MOHAMMED)

If he will not kill his brother and take Tripoli then I will. One way or another, I will.

RAIS MOHAMMED

(as Eaton rides off)

God be with you.

INT. HAMET'S STUDY. MOMENTS LATER

HAMET (who has heard it all), sits among his books, staring into space. He looks up and sees RAIS MOHAMMED, looking up at him.

HAMET

The treaty was worthless.

RAIS MOHAMMED

Is the cause?

HAMET

(staring off:
reluctant to hear
the answer)

What did he say?

RAIS MOHAMMED

That those who are great must
accept the responsibility.

HAMET turns and sits among his books: his life. His children are audible in the garden.

RAIS MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

I agree with him. Bashaw.

Hamet looks at Rais Mohammed.

HAMET

Get out.

RAIS MOHAMMED goes out.

INT. THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE. DAY

LEAR stands looking at the president, who holds a letter.

JEFFERSON

William Eaton has conceived a land
operation against the Tripolitan
Bashaw.

LEAR

(stricken)

Sir?

JEFFERSON (O.S.)

Mr. Archibald is deaf. You are not.
(hands Lear the
LETTER: Lear reads)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFERSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

William Eaton, the Tunis consul, presuming that he has made terms with Hamet Karamanli, may by now be marching on Tripoli.

LEAR

(after scanning
letter)

He was supported in this by Preble.
(a hysterical beat)

Allow me to say, sir, that... too great powers... were given to the Commodore...

(bitterly, almost
shouting)

You must ask yourself if Eaton gets Hamet to Tripoli, which of them will be king, sir. Preble has unleashed a djinn from a bottle. And from what I know of Eaton, "bottle" is pertinent phrase.

(grasping at straws)

It says here that he "intends to" find Hamet Karamanli. We cannot know that he has. We cannot know that Hamet will come with him.

JEFFERSON

We can hope that he has. Eaton's plan is brilliant and Preble was correct to approve it.

(LEAR looks savage)

You knew of Hamet Karamanli, sir, a fact, a person, to the advantage of the United States, and you did not inform me that this advantage, this possibility, existed.

LEAR

I know enough of Hamet to know that he is no king. Were he a reliable man I should have thought of this myself.

JEFFERSON

As should I, perhaps, had I been provided with intelligence of not only Hamet, sir, but Eaton's letters concerning him.

LEAR sees the end of his career before him. But he is a resourceful bureaucrat: a genius in his own way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEAR

(thinking, surviving)

If Eaton indeed comes to menace Tripoli from the land, peace may be less expensive, for his little act of war. With Eaton making for Tripoli and the blockade in place, the Bashaw has never, I think, been more amenable to reason. So I ask you, sir: allow me to proceed to Barbary as planned and simultaneously attempt the diplomatic solution.

(sensing a victory,
goes on)

My ship is at Baltimore. Sir. To take two courses is the practical thing.

LEAR watches Jefferson.

JEFFERSON

(wearily)

Your pragmatism is very largely in your own interest, Colonel Lear. But your point is sound.

(his back to Lear)

You will go to Tripoli.

(LEAR smiles
victoriously)

But if Eaton is going to take Tripoli, you will do nothing to prevent him.

Because if he succeeds he will shake the world. And we need such a thing, sir. We need it.

LEAR

Certainly not, sir. Certainly not.

EXT. THE DESERT. NOON (WIND)

EATON, riding, reels in the saddle, exhausted. He is sunburnt, covered with dust, moving across a huge stony landscape, staring ahead. The "mirage" resolves as a GRAVEYARD, almost beyond antiquity. The graveyard gives way to a RUINED VILLAGE. It is a dead town, partially thatched over, blowing rags. In the middle of the town, near the dead wells, under an awning, the TURKISH OFFICIAL from the previous scene, accompanied by TWENTY SOLDIERS, is eating a lunch of chicken. Picketed horses. The TURKISH OFFICIAL, seeing Eaton, stands, wiping his mouth, and smiles. TURKS grin, and mount their horses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TURKISH OFFICIAL

Fortune is with me. It is because I
have remembered to pray to God.

(soldiers laugh)

You pay to pass one way, you pay to
pass the other.

EATON (having had enough bullshit) cocks his saddle pistols
still in the holsters, and staring at the five men draws
his saber. The TURKS draw swords.

The TURKISH OFFICIAL stops smiling.

The SOLDIERS run for their horses.

EATON charges.

EATON's horse smashes through the picketed horses and he
hacks down an OTTOMAN SOLDIER attempting to untie his
musket. He turns his horse, draws one saddle pistol, fires
directly into the face of a SECOND OTTOMAN who has managed
to mount, blowing him backwards off of his passing horse.
Fired at, EATON'S HORSE crashes to the ground, and EATON
rolls on the ground. EATON hacks upwards through the FOURTH
OTTOMAN soldier, splitting him from crotch to breastbone,
and then hacking down again, beheading him, as he topples.
But it is an unequal fight: more TURKS (INFANTRY, which is
why there were only five horses) appear from the ruined
buildings. EATON, surprised, slashes. He is fired at five
times and missed. Jabbering TURKS appear from every scrap
of shade. FOUR OR FIVE MEN aiming hastily reloaded muskets
at him, coming over the rubble, jabbering in Turkish.

EATON (for a moment) stares as MUSKETS are aimed at him;
and then realizing that his time is NOW, charges...his
horse is killed under him...

At that point:

A GUNSHOT rings out.

A TURK spins into the dust, dead.

EATON turns to look in the direction in which the men
(beginning to run) are staring.

RAIS MOHAMMED raises a smoking RIFLE (not a musket); and
then

200 BERBERS, mounted and armed, carrying HAMET'S BANNER,
sweep over the hill, and down into the ruined village.
HAMET, mounted on a magnificent horse, rides along the
ridge-line, apart from his men, staring down at Eaton.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EATON watches HAMET ride along the ridgeline. HAMET, cloaked, veiled across, stares down at Eaton.

EXT. THE VILLAGE. MOMENTS LATER

The BERBERS herd the surrendered Turks into the area around the wells. Robbing them. The TURKISH OFFICIAL stands with his hands in the air, surrounded by mounted Berbers.

EATON walks among the men and horses. The Berbers have PACK HORSES. They are ready for travel..and war. Eaton looks up at:

HAMET and RAIS MOHAMMED, riding towards him. RAIS MOHAMMED looks around at the dead men, distinctly impressed. HAMET rides down to Eaton, staring at Eaton with extreme fascination. He rides past him and looks at the TURKISH OFFICIAL, who salaams greasily. HAMET, ignoring this insect, surveys the dead, and turns on Eaton.

HAMET

I have decided to look at your army.

EATON nods, swallowing.

EATON

Bashaw.

HAMET

(gestures at the dead)

If they are all like you, we can forget Tripoli, and take Paris.

EATON

I was merely defending myself.

EATON, remembering something, produces his belt pistol and cocking it and leveling it walks rapidly towards the (backpedaling) TURKISH OFFICIAL.

EATON (CONT'D)

Where's my money?

MONEY is spilled into the dust from a dropped SLIPPER-PURSE as the TURKISH OFFICIAL runs. The fantastically dressed little man vanishes into the desert. Eaton lets the hammer down on the pistol, and puts the purse into his coat. Hamet joins Eaton, and Eaton, wasting no time:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON (CONT'D)

(walking)

At the Arab's Tower, we join with a hundred United States marines who will have by now been landed, and a naval detachment with six eighteen pounder guns. My officers will have secured cavalry. At Derna, which is our port of resupply once we have got across the desert, there will be two United States heavy frigates. More money. More men.

HAMET

I will make my decision when I see your army.

HAMET, more doubtful than Eaton, has a penetrating stare: EATON is uncomfortable. What if it is not as he has set out, and has every reason to believe? What then? Having brought this man from his home.

EATON

(retiring into
diplomacy)

I thank you for coming, sir.

RAIS MOHAMMED rides up to EATON, who (inherent evasiveness or not) is not off the hook.

RAIS MOHAMMED

I hope we go to war, because it is enjoyable. But if you have misled the Bashaw, I will kill you.

EATON nods gravely, accepting the contract. Not passively: Rais Mohammed would have his hands full. But Eaton understands why the Rais would try--and in his honorable heart, understands why.

EXT. "THE ARAB'S TOWER". DAY

THE UNITED STATES FLAG flies in the desert air. Two brass FIELD GUNS lie under tarpaulins, which snap in the breeze. O'BANNON stares towards the desert, with obvious unease. MARINES stand around a rocky yard of the ruined house.

O'BANNON'S POV:

The hillside above the village is covered with picketed horses and camels, black nomad tents, and about five hundred robed warriors sitting stonily on the ground and staring down at the American camp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The MUD EXTERIOR WALL of a house. A BAYONET breaks through the dried mud, and begins to enlarge a loophole.

O'BANNON is joined by PARKER.

PARKER
(staring towards
Tuaregs)
Any sign of the consul?

O'BANNON
None.

TWO RIDERS pelt down the hill, cloaks flying. CAID ABDEL, a very fierce and ignorant Tuareg nomad, storms down from the hill, mounted, accompanied by his BROTHER, an equally fierce young man with dyed eyelids. They rein in, and the CAID starts yelling: he has a grievance.

PARKER, parade-ground, turns towards the Tuaregs.

PARKER
(all French here and
below subtitled in
English)
Votre argent est à Alexandrie,
monsieur. Vous devez aller là si
vous voudriez être payés.

[Your money is at Alexandria. You must go there if you wish to be paid].

CAID ABDEL
Nous avons été envoyés *ici* pour
être payés.

[We were sent here to be paid].

PARKER looks up at: The Tuaregs crouching with their weapons.

PARKER
(boldly, politely,
with brass-balled
finality)
L'argent vient avec le commandant
de cette expédition et le Bashaw de
Tripoli. Eux et l'argent ne sont
pas arrivés.

[The money comes with the commander of this expedition and the Bashaw of Tripoli, etc. They and the money have not arrived.]

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The CAID looks unmollified and still very dangerous. He shouts in Arabic, dangerously, turning his horse one way and the other. Tuaregs on the hill get to their feet, clutching muskets.

O'BANNON

What is it?

PARKER

More of the same. He wants his money and we don't fucking have it.

O'BANNON

(the only thing he
can do)

Slaughter the sheep and feed them.

PARKER

(to Marine Sergeant)

Do it, please.

(The MARINE runs off.

To O'Bannon)

And what do we eat?

As the two sheep are caught and dragged out...

O'BANNON

Promises.

(a beat)

They'll hit us tonight or tomorrow. Get more water inside the building and open cartridge kegs. Double charge the guns with grape. After nightfall, brick up the windows, cut loopholes, three to a side of the building. Reloaders to be appointed and all extra firelocks charged.

PARKER

(moving towards the
camp)

Right.

AS SHEEP are slaughtered the Tuaregs ululate, slapping the ground with their riding sticks. CAID ABDEL, roughly satisfied with this development (food, at least), mounts and rides rapidly up the hill, cloak flying. The CAID'S BROTHER spits into the sand and then tears off after his protector & general raison d'être.

PARKER, having managed the first situation, comes into the shadow of a building.

EXT. THE ARAB'S TOWER. TWILIGHT

The SUN is going down. The Tuaregs in silhouette, watching the American camp, where....

Loopholes are being cut. A gun stands just inside the doorway. O'BANNON stands looking at the Tuaregs.

PARKER stands on the roof of the building, staring towards the Tuaregs. He draws a pistol and reprimed it. We see that his hands are shaking. He totters into the building, ghastly white, and, unobserved, starts to cough. His lips flecked with blood.

EXT. HAMET AND EATON'S CAMP IN A FIELD OF RUINS. THE NEXT DAY

A RUINED STRONGHOLD, ANCIENT, FORGOTTEN.

EATON stands staring at it. Wind, dust. He looks around at:

HAMET'S TENT. As the flaps blow, HAMET is visible inside, sitting and writing in his European clothes.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP. MOMENTS LATER

HAMET'S MEN are getting ready to ride. EATON is hastily eating rice.

HAMET

(playing the stage-arab, as a man tightens his saddle-girth)

One man, one vote. I have always seen a fault in this. Some men are sensible, yet most men are stupid. Regardless of his condition, not one man in a thousand has honor, or can even understand it in others.

EATON

(uncomfortably)

If there is a lack of equality in Nature, that is why it must be contrived.

HAMET

By voting, one can decide that what is obviously not true, is true.

EATON

Have it your way. Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET

I still wonder: Why does a republic
want to make a king?

EATON

(mildly exasperated)
Perhaps so you can ask questions
about it.

HAMET

(points with his
stick)

A king came here once, and built a
great city. There were armories.
Great canals. Temples to the gods.

(points at RUINED
CASTLE)

That is the entirety of what there
is to say about kings.

EATON

Perhaps he did nothing memorable.

HAMET

If it's who I think it was, he
unified Egypt.

EATON is amused.

EATON

It is. The end for us all is the
same. What we do before that is
everything.

HAMET stands, looking over the ruins. THE HEAD OF A KING OR
GOD sits half buried in sand. BLACK VILLAGERS (their
village of hovels visible beyond the scattered relics) go
up to it, one by one, and lay their ears to the sandstone
lips.

EATON (CONT'D)

What do they hear?

HAMET

Their futures.

EATON

Then they are unfortunate men.

(HAMET smiles.)

I love the journey, not its end.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAMET

You are a man of this Romantic age.
I greatly fear you may be its
spirit. You believe you have a
star. You really do.

HAMET walks away before Eaton can respond. PRAYER is called: the BERBERS wash, hurriedly. EATON rolls his eyes (more prayer!), and continues to slam gear together.

EXT. "THE ARAB'S TOWER". DAY

PARKER, in naval uniform, stands by a gun on a rooftop, watching the Tuaregs. MARINES have by now openly "stood to", on the roof, at their loopholes.

TUAREGS sit and watch the American camp. They have begun to chant. Not an Arab or Arabic chant: they are Hamitic, African, tribal. It is an African sound. They are calling out to perhaps the Gods; or perhaps to the men below whom they are going to slaughter.

O'BANNON stares at them squarely.

One of the Tuaregs on the ridge-line looks south and sees:
A CLOUD OF DUST IN THE DISTANCE.

The CAID ABDEL scrambles up to look.

CAID'S POV:

Horsemen.

The Caid looks down at the American camp with regret.

O'BANNON, watching the Tuaregs scramble up the escarpment to see what is coming, opens his telescope.

EXT. BEFORE THE ARAB'S TOWER. LATER

The BERBER column, flying the Bashaw's banner, rides in between the Tuaregs and the MARINES. EATON stares apprehensively towards the hillside. So does HAMET.

TUAREG warriors stand on rock outcrops. Some of them are armed with crossbows. They are primitive: terrifying.

HAMET

(drily)
The Blue People. An excellent
decision.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON

I'd better see what's going on.
Dismount your men, Bashaw.

HAMET

(amused)
Between the Tuareg, and your camp,
I think.

EATON

(nervously)
Wherever you like, Bashaw.

HAMET

I think between the Tuareg and your
camp.

EATON rides up to the camp. MARINES roll aside a CART which has blocked a gap in the wall.

TAUREGS talk excitedly among themselves, watching the development of events. CAID ABDEL, petting his brother, spits. The TUAREGS look wary of the BERBERS and murmur (also speculating about money) as Hamet's riders position themselves in front of the Americans' position.

EATON reins in, and dismounts, surveying the defensive situation -- the Tuaregs on the hill. He goes to Parker and O'Bannon.

EATON

Where are the marines?

O'BANNON

Not landed. Preble's been replaced.
We have no money. We have no
reinforcements.

EATON is distracted by the murmuring Tuaregs.

EATON

(staring at the hill)
Who are these men?

O'BANNON

McCarney sent them and won't pay
them. One more day, and we would
have fought them. There's your
mercenaries. We have no support
till we are outside Tripoli. Cut
and dried.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

There is the jingle of harness, and the sound of horse-hooves. EATON looks around. HAMET sits his horse in the gateway.

HAMET

(looks at small party
of Americans)

I admire your army.

(EATON stares at him
stolidly)

These Tuareg have not been paid. It
is making them unpleasant.

EATON

(boldly, holding
Hamet's bridle)

There has been a change. All that
we were to have here we will have
before Tripoli instead.

HAMET sits his horse, considering things. There is a
prolonged silence.

HAMET

Uncertainty is the spice of life.

EATON

Indeed it is, sir.

HAMET'S POV: the seven marines and handful of gunners, the
three US officers, two guns aimed at: the hillside of
completely unreliable Tuaregs.

HAMET

And the money?

EATON swallows: he has nothing to say. THE TUAREGS on their
hill begin to murmur. EATON looks in the direction that
they are looking in, walking a little forward.

EATON'S POV:

A cart is resolving from the mirage. It is Turkish,
fantastical, equipped with curtains and a tasselled awning.
It looks utterly out of place in the harsh desert. Four
guards (fanciful "Zouave" Lancers) ride with it.

PARKER

The Alexandria consul.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

O'BANNON

(murderous)

He must have heard that you were coming. He made a point not to come before.

HAMET looks bemused. RAIS MOHAMMED does not. EATON bows slightly to them, and walks out (shot showing whole scene) to intercept McCarney as his cart and guards come into the yard.

HAMET and RAIS MOHAMMED turn their horses together.

RAIS MOHAMMED

They have two guns, seven men, and no money. What do we do?

HAMET

(mildly)

Make camp.

RAIS MOHAMMED doesn't quite get this. But the great are not like us, and he accepts it.

INT. THE RUINED BUILDING AT THE ARAB'S TOWER. LATER

MCCARNEY, nattily dressed, half Orientalized (one suspects that he wears a caftan at home), follows an irate Eaton into the building, and looks around at the loopholed walls. O'BANNON joins them. O'Bannon has no time for anyone who has disobeyed orders, which is precisely what McCarney has done.

MCCARNEY

You have got your "right bashaw". My commendations. I can assure you that it was not thought possible. Has he signed the treaty?

EATON stares at him. The answer is "no".

EATON

Where is my money. You had written orders. This is war.

MCCARNEY

Your idea is nonsensical in the first place. Preble was an impetuous officer -- not sound.

EATON

He had a job, not a position.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCARNEY

(stung)

He has been replaced by Commodore Barron. The new Commodore has no time for this juggling of indistinguishable despots.

EATON

The despots are far from indistinguishable and I need money.

EATON (CONT'D)

Why was Preble replaced?

MCCARNEY

(taking snuff)

He was relieved. What he ordered cannot be countermanded, but it is not so...favorably viewed.

EATON, having had enough of this bullshit for his entire life, grabs MCCARNEY and drags him to the window. The TUAREGS outside would alarm anybody.

EATON

I will drag you out there by the hair and say "This is the man who has your money. You must discuss it with him."

(McCarney looks suitably terrified)

Are you in possession of orders telling me not to march on Tripoli?

MCCARNEY

No. But the Commodore's antipathy is plain. And if you are a sensible man, that's enough.

EATON

(tightening his grip on McCarney)

What's plain to me is his desire to take Tripoli himself.

MCCARNEY

And what are your ambitions based on, sir? An abiding love for North Africans?

EATON

(avoiding this question)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EATON (CONT'D)

The United States is pledged to support Hamet. He has come here on my word.

MCCARNEY

Both pledge and word shall be honored. But at Tripoli, if you make it there, not here. We agreed to support him. It was not specified *where*.

EATON

Money. Now. As much as you've got or can get -- right now, sir -- for the Tuaregs you hired. Or I'll throw you to them. Money.

MCCARNEY

(hysterical)

There isn't any!

EATON starts to drag MCCARNEY to the door.

MCCARNEY (CONT'D)

(blabbering)

I can write you a draft for five thousand dollars.

EATON

(hurls paper at him,
a pen)

Ten. But who pays it?

MCCARNEY

You have to get it in Malta.

EATON kicks the door open. The TUAREGS are having a war of words with Hamet's BERBERS. PARKER enters.

PARKER

He's got gold in the cart. A lot of it.

MCCARNEY

One doesn't leave one's house without one's personal money. This is Egypt.

EATON

(smiling)

It's not your "personal" money.

MCCARNEY

It's naval money. In my safeguard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EATON

Until I see otherwise in writing, I am the Naval Agent to the Barbary States.

McCARNEY knows he's had it.

EATON (CONT'D)

I'll also need your cart. You can have the tassels, and a receipt.

(to O'BANNON)

He stays here until we march. Get the money inside and count it.

As McCarney in the background rearranges his clothes, trying to restore his dignity. EATON strides out of the broken house.

EXT. THE "ARAB'S TOWER". CONTINUOUS

Eaton, smiling like a salesman--everything perfectly all right-- comes across to HAMET.

HAMET

(as usual,
penetrating)

Trouble?

EATON

None, sir.

HAMET

Gold?

EATON

I have it. Perhaps, sir, you could address those Tuaregs and tell them they will be paid this afternoon.

HAMET is observing Eaton very carefully.

EXT. THE ARAB'S TOWER. MOMENTS LATER

McCARNEY'S CART, stripped of its caparisons, is being loaded with AMMUNITION, supervised by PARKER.

INT. THE RUINED HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

The SERGEANT and PARKER are counting GOLD (Spanish dollars), recording it, and putting it back into bags which hold, say, 1000 coins each.

EATON, in the doorway watches: CHAOS. HAMET is negotiating with the CAID. RAIS MOHAMMED involved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAIS and a TUAREG are shouting at each other happily (your mother, etc). O'BANNON stands watching.

EATON stares at this dismal situation. He has an idea.

EXT. THE ARAB'S TOWER. MOMENTS LATER

EATON comes through the crowd holding TWO BAGS, elbowing Tuaregs out of the way. HAMET intercepts him.

HAMET

You do not want these men.

The worst-looking Tuareg of them all confronts him: EATON, without giving him the slightest chance to get out of the way, kicks him in the crotch, and brains him with a bag of gold. The Tuareg goes down. Shock, horror, amazement. Eaton glares at a few others: they fall back.

HAMET (CONT'D)

You do not want these men.

EATON by way of an answer dumps one bag of GOLD COINS onto a rug. The CAID, feverish with greed, separates the coins into piles of ten. TUAREGS crowd closer. (Everything now is spoken in Arabic: O'BANNON is present, uncomprehending).

CAID ABDEL

(in Arabic)

It is insufficient.

EATON ("I'll show you fucking insufficient") takes the unopened bag of gold and chucks it into the well. We hear the heavy splash. TUAREGS run to the well and stare down, jabbering. CAID ABDEL looks stricken. HAMET looks amused.

EATON

(in Arabic)

It is sufficient. Had you not threatened my men in my absence, you would have had *that* and more. It is me you are dealing with now, Caid, and I do not want with me a man who squabbles like an old whore over money. Are you a shopkeeper or a woman, or are you going to war.

(CAID'S eyes widen)

There will have more gold at Tripoli than you can imagine, but what more you get depends on your behavior.

HAMET tries to speak, but Eaton is on fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON (CONT'D)

You will ask no more than this, and five cartridges per man. There will be no thieving, either. No raiding. Anyone who steals or molests the people along the march will die. I will hold you responsible for your men. If you do not agree, do not take the money.

CAID ABDEL stares at him. EATON looks around, at the sea of fierce blue-veiled men. The CAID looks from EATON to the money; then nods, and scrapes up the money. The brained Tuareg badass is on his feet, looking solemn. He gets out of Eaton's way.

EATON goes. HAMET, watching EATON, is impressed. So is RAIS MOHAMMED. O'BANNON picks up Eaton.

O'BANNON

Have we enough money that you can afford to throw it down a well?

EATON

(confidentially)
Musket balls.

He walks on. O'BANNON stares after him.

INT. THE HOUSE AT THE ARAB'S TOWER. NIGHT

EATON, sitting at the camp table with papers and maps, and the pipe-smoking RAIS MOHAMMED, looks up as HAMET comes in.

EATON

So we go to Tripoli?

HAMET

To see if your ships will be there. How could I rest until I knew?

(a beat)

When I was in Paris, I attended the opera and saw many strange and marvelous things. I was never so entertained at the opera as I have been since making your acquaintance.

EATON

(avoiding small talk)
You have not signed the treaty, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET

(lightly)

No.

HAMET walks off. EATON, knowing that Hamet has got his measure, smiles. He looks down at MAPS and papers.

EATON

(to RAIS MOHAMMED)

Will the people rise for him?

RAIS MOHAMMED

(nods)

They wait for him. I do not think he knows how much they wait for him.

EATON

(quietly)

Why did the Bashaw come with me, Rais Mohammed?

RAIS MOHAMMED

(knows full well, but shrugs)

It is not my place to answer. I would not judge either of you.

EATON catches the echo of what the Rais said earlier about Hamet's greatness; registers it; then returns (confusedly) to work.

EATON

(good enough: shoves out MAP)

Show me where the water is.

RAIS MOHAMMED

(seriously)

Here is none. There, there is little, except when there is none.

EATON

You'll have to ride ahead. Send a man back each day.

RAIS MOHAMMED nods.

EXT. THE ARAB'S TOWER. DAWN

The MUSLIMS, including the Tuaregs, are at prayer. (Hamet as usual is in his tent, and not joining in).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER, near his disassembled guns, stands watching. He has spent a night dying but is on his feet again.

SAILOR GUNNER

All of them together... They look like they mean it.

PARKER

I think they do.

EXT. THE ARAB'S TOWER. LATER

FIRES are kicked out. The WATER CART is being topped off at the wells...guns loaded on camels, men checking the straps...and, beyond all that American activity.... THE MUSLIMS ARE PRAYING. EATON, coming along with gear (saddlebags), encounters Hamet.

EATON

(to Hamet)

I must ask that you endeavor to prevent your men from praying. They drop five times a day. You must decide whether we are trying to make a rendezvous, or paradise.

HAMET

Are you sure which?

EATON, ignoring this, mounts impatiently. Turns towards Hamet, now also mounted.

EATON

You do not pray.

HAMET

No.

He spurs off, not explaining further. EATON looks after him; then spurs off.

O'BANNON is inspecting his MARINES. They are in full uniform, with packs (they are not at "attention": O'Bannon is not that kind of officer). With them: the ten MERCENARIES from Alexandria. There is already a camaraderie between the marines and the fezzed men, who are very real soldiers. EATON rides along their front, inspecting them.

The BERBERS and the TUAREGS are now mounting. RAIS MOHAMMED and his party of ten Berbers, talking with HAMET at a distance.

PARKER, with his SAILORS, and handful of ragged EGYPTIAN PORTERS are backing MULES into the cassion-traces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER is ill -- very pale, with a tubercular sweat. Parker busies himself with work: but he is very ill: and for a moment appears not sure that he is doing the right thing with the last days of his life. He sees Eaton coming...and prevents himself from coughing. EATON stares at him. Parker, facing the situation, confronts him.

PARKER
(after a moment,
stiffening)
If I cannot go on, sir, two of my
men are master gunners. With or
without me you will have your
artillery.

EATON nods curtly and rides on among the TUAREGS. They stare at him. He stares back. The BLUE MEN stare. EATON comes up to RAIS MOHAMMED, preparing to ride out with the scouts.

EATON
With God.

RAIS MOHAMMED
(fondly)
Blasphemer.

He rides out, at the gallop, with the scouting party.

EATON canters up to the MARINES.

EATON
Form column, I suppose, Mr.
O'Bannon, and we are for Tripoli.

O'BANNON
Assembly?

EATON
Couldn't hurt.

The DRUMMER beats assembly. VARIOUS SHOTS as the column forms. Two BERBER riders hoist the BASHAW'S STANDARDS, and then THE AMERICAN FLAG, at the head of the column. EATON rides up beside HAMET. (HAMET, importantly, is still wearing European clothes: he does not dress as a Berber).

EATON (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Vexilla regis prodeunt.

HAMET
"The standards of the king
advance"?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EATON looks at him.

HAMET (CONT'D)

Do you mean me, or you.

EATON, laughing for the first time, shrugs.

HAMET (CONT'D)

Yes. "Why bother with the other thing."

EATON, startled, hears the echo of his own speech in the Bashaw's court. Hamet raises an eyebrow.

EATON

The throne is not so much dust, then. You have spies at court.

HAMET stares ahead. But the answer is obviously "yes".

EATON (CONT'D)

You knew I was coming.

HAMET

(kinglike, riding)
Of course.

THE COLUMN starts off -- BANNERS, MARINES & MERCENARIES (henceforth understood in script as "Marines": they function as a unit), GUNS, CAISSONS, CARTS, BERBERS, TUAREG HORSEMEN behind.

EXT. TRIPOLI PALACE AND HARBOR. MORNING

The palace and the city beyond it are bathed in morning light. FOUR US SHIPS now stand off the breakwater. A BOAT is coming in.

INT. THE BASHAW'S THRONE ROOM AND VICINITY. LATER

The EUNUCH's face (and by his face we know that he is Hamet's spy) is set with intense formality (as in a scene identical to Eaton's arrival at the castle) but he stares down with irresistible envy at a pair of BEAUTIFULLY POLISHED BOOTS. The BOOTS cross the floor towards the throne. Their possessor kneels (as the bell tinkles), and we discover:

TOBIAS LEAR.

TOBIAS LEAR, not looking at the bashaw, drops punctiliously to his knees. When the BELL tinkles again, he bows forward, completely prostrating himself before...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YUSUF BASHAW.

EXT. THE DESERT. DAY

MARINES and SAILORS are riding camels.

The BERBERS ride with the main column. The TUAREGS take a different course, off to the south, not a part of the column but a satellite of it.

EXT. A ROMAN CISTERN. TWILIGHT

The halted COLUMN is watering. EATON is looking at his MAP, anxious about the progress made. HAMET sits nearby.

The TUAREGS are still separate from the party, making their own camp about an eighth of a mile away, staring towards:

THE POWDER AND GOLD, guarded by MARINES with bayonets fixed. The TUAREGS stare at what by their standards are incomparable riches.

EATON

The Tuaregs won't camp with us?

HAMET shakes his head. He is scratching in the dust with a stick.

HAMET

This is what they balance in their minds. If they kill you they shall go to heaven. Or so they have been told, by barbarous mullahs. If you live they shall be paid. Or so they have been told. By you. They favor the mullahs. They will attack us before we are done. When you are in the desert with powder, gold, weapons, horses, it is surprising how much God would like you dead. They will become very religious.

TUAREGS, lighting fires, are dissatisfied with their ration of RICE.

EATON

We'll camp inside the walls. Up there.

Eaton looks at O'Bannon, and nods. O'BANNON goes, and gets his Marines moving. Eaton drinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET

You should boil the water. With respect.

EATON

(ignoring this,
drinks)

I have drunk water from an alligator hole and my own piss through a sock, sir. Boiling takes time, sir, which is a thing I do not have.

(a beat)

Rais Mohammed was supposed to report. He has not. Where is he?

HAMET

(staring into the
desert)

God knows.

EATON

It's *important*.

HAMET

We shall see.

EATON

With respect, sir, "we shall see" is why you have sat in Egypt for ten years.

(a beat, then the
clumsy, tactful
admission)

I am perhaps not foreign to it. I have sat on my ass myself waiting for others to see things as I do. Waiting for the "weather to be clear". Waiting for "yes". I am having no more of it. I am the one who says "yes".

He snaps his cup shut. HAMET wanders off, thoughtfully, (a bit hurt) slapping the ground with his stick. EATON, wondering about "other people" needing him--could that be true? DRUMS and cries from the TUAREG CAMP as EATON stares after Hamet.

TUAREGS

(chanting)

Cartouches, cartouches, cartouches.

O'BANNON joins EATON.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EATON

How is Parker?

O'BANNON

I think he is dead but will not lie down.

EATON looks thoughtfully at Parker. He might be tempted to say something positive, or sympathetic; but does not.

EXT. A CAMP INSIDE A RUINED CASTLE. NIGHT

STARS, BROKEN WALLS.

THE FIRES OF THE CAMP flicker in the darkness. A MARINE SENTRY stands alone on a broken parapet, staring out at the desert. Another SENTRY stares toward--

THE TAUREG FIRES.

SAILORS are sleeping. PARKER, with a knife, is cutting his name into a stone wall which also bears ROMAN GRAFFITI. "P-A-R..." PARKER notices EATON staring at him.

PARKER

(embarrassed)

It was always my intention to leave my mark.

EATON smiles at him, for the first time. A cry from the Tuareg camp, which, if translated, would say "We will not go". But it's better untranslated, a wild cry in the night. Then, in French: "Cartouche, cartouche, cartouche" but more like an African chant than French. PARKER is staring towards the Tuaregs.

EATON

I want the guns fit to fire, Mister Parker.

EATON looks past Parker and sees: the GUNS, fit to fire.

PARKER

(seriously)

I've double-charged them and loaded with grapeshot and chain, to take down horsemen.

EATON smiles at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON

In the case of trouble, I will walk up to the Tuaregs and engage them while you prepare yourself. Do you understand?

PARKER nods, and watches EATON go.

ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP

EATON is writing. From THE TUAREG CAMP, Drums, cries, agitation. EATON uncorks a bottle and drinks from it. O'BANNON sits down and EATON shoves the bottle over. O'BANNON takes a drink himself.

EATON'S POV:

THE BASHAW'S TENT is lighted from within. It looks magical in the dark.

O'BANNON

We're in his country. Do you think his people will come?

EATON continues to stare down at his papers. The wind is rising, and dust is starting to blow about in the air.

EATON

It will be all right.

O'BANNON

Do you understand them? The Arabs? They are to me like men from the stars.

EATON

They're men like any other. You find the one who knows his business, and ignore the ones who don't. Indians, congressmen, kings.

O'BANNON

The Bashaw is more than you thought.

EATON

(a long beat)
Yes. But he could be less and I would make him more.

O'BANNON

Perhaps then since he is more, you are in danger of making him less.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EATON looks up. But O'BANNON does not back down. He goes out.

EATON watches him go, and murmurs to himself:

EATON
(and it's the
absolute truth)
I've made you immortal already.

EXT/INT. THE CAMP/HAMET'S TENT. LATER

The TUAREGS continue to thump the ground with musket butts and make unnerving sounds. HAMET comes up from their encampment. EATON meets him, and as Hamet gives him a look that says "trouble", they both enter Hamet's tent.

EATON
What says the Caid.

HAMET
That we are slow; that he would prefer to ride ahead, and meet us at the next water, or before Tripoli.

EATON
So he can sell us to your brother, take payment from both sides, and fight for none. They will ambush us.

HAMET
His mind is not a noble device, but this last idea has appeared in it.

EATON
They are fifty riders less. His brother is gone. With fifty men sniping at us from elevated ground the rest of them could take us apart. What if the fifty have ridden off for powder?

HAMET
At the next water he will ask again for cartridges. Do not give him cartridges.

EATON
Not likely.
(a beat)
He's right on one count, though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET

What?

EATON

(brutally)

We are slow, and since Rais Mohammed does not return, we have no intelligence about the road ahead. I'm taking twenty of your men and going ahead. Now.

HAMET

And if he decides to attack while you are gone?

EATON

Kill him at once. His men will scatter.

HAMET nods. EATON pushes out through the tent flap.

EXT. THE TENT. NIGHT

EATON strides down a little hill, and drops into a wadi where we see: his party of twenty BERBERS already mounted.

EXT. A DESERTED VILLAGE. DAY

A HILL. EATON and his party appear, riding along the track into a deserted village. It shows signs of recent evacuation. A BROKEN RICE JAR, its contents spilled. SHUTTERS bang in the wind. A SMEAR OF BLOOD on a wall...but no bodies.

FIRST BERBER

(staring at ground)

Horses. Many horses.

EATON rides through the ruined houses.

TUAREGS, with their own agenda, are looking for something to steal.

SECOND BERBER

Ayayayah.

He is pointing with his stick at:

A CHALK MARK ON A HOUSE. Not a word or character, but a symbol. The BERBERS all know what it means.

FIRST BERBER

Rais Mohammed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The SECOND BERBER dismounts and digs in the earth beneath the mark, unearthing...

A JAR. He opens it, and draws out a paper, and (illiterate) brings it to Eaton. EATON reads the Arabic.

EATON

Three days ago he was here.

FIRST BERBER

What does it say?

EATON

That here there are fifty men who will join Hamet.

Putting the paper in his coat, he looks around at the deserted village. There are no fifty men...nor anyone else.

EATON sees:

A BROKEN LANCE. MORE BLOOD smeared on stones.

A SOLITARY WOMAN wandering on a hill, wailing, dragging a dead child by the arm.

An injured horse in the middle distance, limping, its trappings TUAREG.

EATON (CONT'D)

(putting it together)

The water. Find the wells!

EXT. THE WELLS. MOMENTS LATER

BERBERS stand staring down. EATON forces through them, and crouches, looking down at: AN UNSTONED WELL crammed with corpses. There are more corpses than water. TUAREGS crowd in close, looking down as well, murmuring. EATON stands.

EATON

Ten men stay and wait for Hamet.
Clear the well, and find what food there is.

He walks towards his horse.

FIRST BERBER

You must wait here for Hamet.

EATON

I am going to the next village.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIRST BERBER

Yusuf's lancers did this. They have
come out. Lancers. We should wait
for Hamet.

EATON

I am pushing on. Clear the well.

EXT. THE DESERT. NIGHT

EATON has stopped on a hill, the FIRST BERBER with him.

Their POV:

FIRES, big ones, burn along the coast.

EATON

Yusuf.

EXT. THE DESERT. DAY

The MARINES are in terrible shape. THE MULES are lathered
and stumbling. SAILORS and EGYPTIAN PORTERS shove the guns
through loose sand. PARKER, not well, is staggering through
the dust -- but forcing himself on. A WATER-CART topples,
and the barrel-reservoir breaks open. A wild attempt to
save the water in anything....jars, hats.

EXT. THE BURNED VILLAGE. DAY

EATON, swaying in the saddle, stares forward through the
brilliant sunlight. He is incredibly dusty, and what is
visible of his face is sunburnt.

EATON'S POV (RIDING):

the road leads ahead into A POOR VILLAGE, which at first
looks deserted. It is, or was, half mud houses and half
douar -- a tented village. It burned in the night. SMOKE is
still pouring into the sky. At its center is a large
mudbrick FORT.

The BODIES OF VILLAGERS lie flyblown and swollen in a grain-
pit. IMPALED TUAREGS, blue rags fluttering, decorate the
village. Maimed and bloody children wander through the
smoke and blowing dust. Raped WOMEN stagger around. MEN
killed in the fighting lie everywhere

FIRST BERBER

Lancers.

EXT. INSIDE THE SECOND VILLAGE. BLUE TWILIGHT

BERBERS, sorting through the village, find:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CAID'S BROTHER, impaled, set on a leaning pole, blue rags blowing.

The FIRST BERBER, no fool, gestures: The body (lolling, bloody) is concealed in a house.

OTHER BERBERS have occupied THE FORT. The SECOND BERBER is trying to make sense of what stunned survivors are saying. He is handing out pieces of MONEY.

EATON stands by the wells in the still-drifting smoke, staring at something we do not yet see.

OUT OF THE SMOKE BEHIND HIM COMES:

HAMET. HAMET stares at what Eaton was staring at. He dismounts. Some BERBERS, and O'BANNON also come forward. PARKER turns to his sailors.

PARKER

(to sailors, quietly)

Put the guns before the fort.

HAMET comes up to EATON.

Their POV:

RAIS MOHAMMED hangs crucified, with ARABIC CHARACTERS cut in his chest.

EATON

Have I done this?

HAMET

Not alone.

EATON is now watching the arriving Tauregs to his left, with great anxiety. Caid Abdel will soon find his brother.

O'BANNON comes up. He peers:

O'BANNON'S POV:

An Arabic word is carved into RAIS MOHAMMED'S CHEST

O'BANNON

That's a word. What does that say?

EATON

"Tripoli"

RAIS MOHAMMED is taken down gently by BERBERS, and laid on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TUAREGS on horseback are beginning to ransack the houses, staring at the dead, looking for the CAID'S BROTHER. They loot whatever they can: poor pickings.

FIRST BERBER
(running up, in
Arabic)
The Caid's brother is dead.

EATON gets to his feet, realizing that a fight is imminent.

O'BANNON
What did he say?

EATON
The Caid's brother is dead.

O'BANNON
It's the Tripolitan army that
killed him!

TUAREGS are going wild.

EATON
It doesn't matter to the Caid! Form
up your men.
(to Hamet)
Keep your Berbers mounted if you
please, Bashaw.

ANOTHER PART OF THE VILLAGE

The CAID, riding up, sees:

HIS BROTHER, stuck on a pole. The CAID goes berserk, screaming. He leaps out of the saddle, grabs his brother's corpse. He sits and throws dust on himself. TUAREGS begin to stare towards the FORT.

BEFORE THE FORT

EATON (CONT'D)
(to all, walking
towards PARKER and
guns)
Marines will form before the gates!

PARKER crew swerves the mounted GUNS.

SURVIVORS are streaming into the fort, getting behind the GUNS, and the line of MARINES. The Marine SHARPSHOOTER (the only man with a rifle, as opposed to a musket) gets up on the walls. EATON stands staring, and checking pistols.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EATON (CONT'D)

Hamet. Two groups, flanking the marines and guns. When the guns are fired, charge to clear the village.

HAMET

Let me talk to them.

EATON

Talk to him or not, he's going to attack us.

HAMET gestures to Berbers: do what he says. His men (who have previously interposed between the Americans and the Tuaregs) divide, revealing...

(As CAID ABDEL rides through his own men, murderously)

THE GUNS. EATON standing before them. MARINES, loaded, stand in

TUAREGS towards the threat. CAID ABDEL is defiant, on a restive horse. His men crowd up behind him.

EATON crosses the dusty ground towards him.

EATON (CONT'D)

My condolences, sir. It is regrettable about your brother. He was killed by Yusuf's army. At Tripoli should you choose to come you will be compensated. I should think that now you will join us without any payment whatsoever.

TUAREG aims a CROSSBOW at Eaton, screaming.

CAID ABDEL

You are responsible! You!

O'BANNON

Fix.

The MARINES fix bayonets. CAID ABDEL, wildly, notices. MORE TUAREGS come riding up, weapons ready. The CAID looks around wildly, examining his chances.

CAID ABDEL

Give us cartridges and we will go.
Give us the gold and will go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EATON

No, sir. We're finished with you.
Take your people away from this
village, please.

CAID ABDEL

We are too many. We will do as we
like. He

(indicates HAMET with
riding stick)

is not a king. He is nothing. Where
are his people? He is nothing.

HAMET looks as if he very much agrees. As Tuaregs mass
behind the Caid...

EATON

Your people will retire or I will
open on them with artillery, Caid.
It is as simple as that.

CAID

No.

EATON looks around at:

PARKER, who nods.

As TUAREGS aim weapons at EATON, EATON suddenly cocks and
levels a pistol, holding it directly on Caid Abdel. The
Caid spits. Perhaps a hundred TUAREGS now aim weapons at
EATON: but EATON keeps the pistol aimed at the CAID.

EATON

If you do anything but ride away
you will die this very instant.

CAID ABDEL

You will give us cartridges!

EATON glances around at PARKER, who nods. Then, turning
back to Caid Abdel, he fires. CAID ABDEL, head-shot,
pitches from his horse, instantly dead.

PARKER

(as EATON throws
himself flat and
TUAREGS in the same
split second fire a
huge crackling
volley and charge
with swords and
lances.)

Fire!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

THE GUNS fire at once over Eaton and the grapeshot and chain lashes into the Tuaregs at point-blank range. Perhaps a hundred horses go down, and as many men. The whole area is suddenly red with blood, and there is instantaneously tremendous firing. EATON gets to his feet and runs through the smoke. It is black powder smoke, tremendously thick. Figures in it are shadows. There is fighting everywhere--but the Tuaregs are broken, and mainly trying to escape, to organize. Horses and men are screaming. CAID ABDEL lies with his brains coming out.

EATON

Hamet! Now!

HAMET'S BERBERS charge into the TUAREG SURVIVORS, who run and ride in every direction. Some BERBERS die; but it is a rout. MARINES advance, bayoneting men. O'BANNON with saber and pistol accounts for a few dismounted Tuaregs. The Tuareg survivors ride pell-mell away from the fight, chased by Berbers.

EXT. THE FORT. LATER

EATON and PARKER and O'BANNON, powder-blackened, stare dumbly off towards the hills. EATON vomits. PARKER looks at him with alarm.

EATON

They won't be back. They'll go to join Yusuf.

WATER is brought into the fort in jars. EATON splashes water in his face, and realizes that water won't do the trick: he's very ill. He staggers, then forces himself erect and goes out to meet: HAMET. Eaton stares at him.

HAMET

I have eight dead.

EATON just looks at him. VILLAGE WOMEN, searching for the bodies of their dead, are wailing.

HAMET (CONT'D)

Had anything you said been true, I would not.

(EATON, barely on his feet, has nothing to say.)

The rumor here -- among all the people - is that we come with a large American army. My brother believes we have ten thousand men. Who would say that we have ten thousand men?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON stares, incapable of answering. He is feverish, shaking.

HAMET (CONT'D)

I am going back to Egypt.

BERBERS, outside, drop for the evening prayer. EATON chases Hamet, and grabs him by the cloak.

EATON

If we are a rumor, Hamet Bashaw, this rumor will be at Tripoli in two days, and the Commodore will keep the Navy's bargain. If we are at the gates of Tripoli they will supply us, whether they like it or no. The commodore has no choice but to supply us.

HAMET

Are you telling me your faith or are you giving me your word.

EATON

You would have to tell me about religion. I have no faith in anyone but myself and none in you.

HAMET knocks Eaton's feet from beneath him and EATON smashes into the dust. EATON finds: HAMET's sword at his throat. BERBERS come running.

HAMET

I could push this through your neck and call it religion. I could let you up and call it religion. Let us not talk about religion.

HAMET tosses his sword down, contemptuously, hurls the TREATY down, and walks away, passing through his BERBERS and PARKER. EATON watches him go. He picks up HAMET'S SCIMITAR, and gets to his feet. All around him, women are wailing for the dead.

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE BURNED VILLAGE. TWILIGHT

EATON walks into the desert, holding Hamet's sword, the wind rising. Weak, and at the end of himself, he falls to his knees. His legs curled under him and head bowed he props his body up with two hands on the hilt of the sword, the point in the ground. It could be a sculpture: the hero finished. EATON's head is bowed, his hair fluttering, as darkness falls. He looks up at the sky. He suddenly vomits, and reels back on the sand, shivering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BANNON comes towards him through the slashing dust. THE TREATY begins to blow away. O'BANNON hesitates, then chases after it.

EXT. THE VILLAGE. LATER

EATON, head hanging down, is carried helplessly back to the village by O'BANNON and PARKER. BERBERS stare, and back away: frightened that Eaton is ill.

INT. THE RUINED FORT. LATER

The dust storm is rising around the crumbled building. Eaton, is very ill, shivering under a blanket. O'BANNON is nearby, toying with the returned TREATY.

O'BANNON

We're two days from Derna Port.

(Eaton knows it.)

I say we destroy the guns, mount the marines, and get out of here.

That is my advice.

(rising)

That is my advice.

O'BANNON goes out. The wind is coming up, and up. EATON, lathered with sweat, stares into the fire. He gets weakly to his feet and forces himself out into..

EXT. THE VILLAGE. DAY

THE DUST-STORM.

MARINES stand guard, staring into the desert from the rooftops. Berbers are pulling cloth over the eyes of their horses. The sound of wind and the slashing of sand is very loud. The sky has gone violet. Marines and sailors are huddled in the lee of a wall of the Fort. The bodies of Tuaregs are being covered in dust.

A MASS GRAVE. Bodies wrapped anyhow in cloth are being laid into the grave.

HAMET looks at his DEAD, including..

RAIS MOHAMMED. His men lift his body.

ON SOUND we hear VILLAGE WOMEN wailing.

HAMET, walking, stops and looks. VILLAGE WOMEN, having emerged from hiding, are looking for their dead. HAMET stares. A BOY with a saber cut across his face, disfigured for life, comes up to Hamet. HAMET crouches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET

How old are you?

The BOY shakes his head. It is not a thing he would know.

HAMET (CONT'D)

Do you know who I am?

EATON is watching. The BOY shakes his head. But if the boy doesn't know who Hamet is, Hamet does. He takes off his WESTERN COAT and puts it around the boy. With the cuff of his French shirt he cleans the wound as best he can. A woman wails in the absolute silence of the destroyed village. HAMET hands the boy over to PARKER, who has arrived with water and a MEDICAL CHEST (filled with mercury, calomel, hopeless things), and looks around to find the source of the sound. HAMET scrambles through ruins and finds: A WOMAN, wandering through the smoke, dragging a dead child. She looks at Hamet, unexpected blue eyes in a smoke-blackened face. HAMET stares at her.

WOMAN

(beyond pain)

Bashaw?

HAMET closes his eyes; and then opens them to his destiny. He comforts the woman; the screaming stops. VILLAGE MEN appear from the smoke. Most of them are wounded. They are murmuring "Hamet Bashaw". It is clear (clearest to EATON, watching) that Hamet is a legendary person, a savior they have wanted, yet never expected to see; who they are afraid will evaporate.

EATON is watching, fascinated, as the villagers come out for Hamet. MEN along the ridgeline, coming down the hill. The whole countryside has come out for Hamet, everyone murmuring "Hamet Bashaw" and bowing.

HAMET moves through the growing sea of villagers. Each of them need something from him, whether it's money or a word, and none are disappointed. Hamet takes hands; and (a very significant act) prevents people from kneeling.

HAMET

(to his people)

We must see what food is left, and how it may be apportioned.

EATON, haggard, stares after Hamet with new awareness of what he is--or might be..

O'BANNON

Not a man with a musket among them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

...passes out. O'BANNON catches him.

INT. THE RUINED FORT. LATER

EATON, in deep fever, delirious, sees HAMET. Hamet is dressed in BERBER ROBES. He has become a man of the desert, simply. Nothing needs to be said. In the light of candles, a tallow lamp, he seems a specter. Eaton fades into semi-consciousness.

HAMET, staring at Eaton, takes up the THE TREATY. At exactly the point one would expect him to tear it to shreds...He takes a PEN, and signs it.

DETAIL

THE TREATY is laid down beside DRAWINGS which have spilt from Eaton's case. HAMET looks at the (good) drawings. They are not the drawings that any officer could do at the time: they are masterpieces of observation, execution. One (unfinished) is a drawing of Eaton himself -- a tiny figure staring at the half-buried Sphinx.

HAMET

Some men are men of action naturally. But the artist who decides that the world is the real canvas is the man to be watched.

HAMET kneels and looks at EATON, precisely, with medical knowledge. He looks into his eyes.

HAMET (CONT'D)

If water is boiled, one does not become ill. Call it eccentricity -- many do. I always boil my water, when it comes from a dirty place. I have looked through a microscope. There are animals in the water.

(a beat: Hamet stops playing the stage-Arab)

But between us we shall call them microbes.

HAMET with a rag, and water from a bowl, washes Eaton's face, which wakes the sick man slightly.

HAMET (CONT'D)

The animals in the water are revealed by a glass. With a different kind of glass one may see more stars than are seen with the eye.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET (CONT'D)

It is the same thing with the intellect. Some men see more than others do, as if they had held up a glass. And their world... is complicated infinitely.

(EATON, ill, may or may not be understanding this)

It becomes hard to know what to do. The men who see the most often do the least. But such things change.

EATON stares at Hamet, and nods.

HAMET (CONT'D)

You are a great man, possibly. No one has said this to you, I think. But I have watched you. You are a great man.

EATON drops off again.

HAMET (CONT'D)

But there is what we deserve, and what we get.

(staring into his own death: smiles)

Kismet.

(bitterly)

You follow your star and drag us all to our deaths...but I'll come with you...

EATON grabs HAMET by the coat. And slowly (EATON fully conscious and staring at him):

HAMET (CONT'D)

And this is why: I intend to make a republic at Tripoli.

EATON stares. A long pause. HAMET gets up, and before he leaves the room:

HAMET (CONT'D)

Why bother with the other thing.

EATON, coughing, vomiting, tries to rise.

EXT. THE RUINED FORT. MORNING

HAMET'S STANDARD flies in the wind. EATON, seriously groggy, emerges into the light, buttoning his coat.

BERBER

He is well!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERBERS (and some ARMED VILLAGERS) fire into the air. EATON winces. He can move around, but he is far from well.

HAMET

The Berber is a great warrior. They will tell you this themselves, repeatedly.

EATON

He is a great waster of fucking ammunition.

HAMET

Islam took Christian Spain.

EATON

That was a long time ago -- and besides, they were Spaniards.

EATON mounts with difficulty. He looks around at VILLAGERS acclaiming the Bashaw and blessing the expedition. Some VILLAGERS are unarmed, but prepared to come along, with martyrs enthusiasm.

HAMET

(smoothly)

It's impossible to take Tripoli, you know.

EATON

Therefore we will take it.

Hamet, nodding, knowing his man, turns his horse and roars at the Berbers, the villagers:

HAMET

Tripoli!

VILLAGERS

(some of them on rooftops)

TRIPOLI.TRIPOLI. TRIPOLI.

HAMET moves through his people, raising his palm. His banner in the air. EATON follows with the Americans.

HAMET turns his horse. BERBERS and villagers roar "Tripoli".

THE COLUMN starts out, chased out by SHOUTING VILLAGERS.

EXT. SOUTHEAST OF DERNA PORT DAWN

A SHEPHERD BOY, his crook, expression, and profession all as old as time, is sitting dusty-footed on a rock. He is suddenly seized by--

O'BANNON. Blue eyes staring out of a mask of dust.

EATON

(in Arabic)

You won't be hurt.

The SHEPHERD BOY is taken aside by two BERBERS, MARINES and MERCENARIES go up to the ridgeline, where they lie down, some of them in the shade of a PARTIALLY THATCHED RUIN.

EATON and HAMET, clothes fluttering in the wind, climb the slope. SHEEP scatter as they climb.

CRANE UP WITH THEM TO REVEAL:

DERNA PORT

It is a fortified satellite port to Tripoli -- domed and spired -- above the sea. On the seaward side there is a palace, with steps leading down to the beach, where fishermen mend nets. YUSUF'S FLAG flies above the palace. Inside a broken wall, there is a neat, soldierly camp of bell tents. HORSES are corralled. In the nearish distance along the settlement-dotted coast we see the spires and walls of TRIPOLI itself. There is no doubt that Derna is part of Tripoli: its first fortress.

EATON, sunburnt, lips cracked, but recovered from his brief illness, opens a telescope and looks through it.

EATON (CONT'D)

I make it five hundred men. There is a light company of French in bivouac. Four field guns.

TELESCOPE POV

PRISONERS, their hands tied,

JOUBERT is walking across the yard from his troop's horses. (Also establishes the location of the four guns, which with their equipment are in a kind of "artillery park")

EATON, having recognized his friend, lowers the telescope.

EATON, PARKER, HAMET, and O'BANNON all remain staring at Derna.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON, forming an idea, takes paper from his coat and starts sketching Derna, rapidly. He is discovering his ideas as he draws.

HAMET

I don't see warships. We are abandoned.

EATON

(smiles, and
bitterly:)

Does that matter now?

HAMET

(shrugs)

Not really.

O'BANNON

(joining them, with
his own telescope)

The walls are a shambles there,
though. Look.

PARKER coughs into his now infinitely dirty handkerchief, and blood flecks his lips. But he looks towards Derna, identifying and solving his own problems, making his own analyses. EATON looks at him with interest...and regret for the way he has treated him.

EATON

Can you hit them with grape from here? At this distance?

PARKER

(staring towards
town)

I can.

HAMET

Despite what I said, I do not think we can attack this place.

EATON, tackling the problem with real genius, looks inland.

EATON'S POV:

The WADI.

EATON

You're wrong.

(grabs Hamet)

If we have the palace we have the fort. If we have the fort we have the town.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EATON (CONT'D)

If we have the town, we have the country. We'll do your republic. I swear.

EXT. THE WADI. LATER

Leading their horses so as not to raise dust are HAMET and his BERBERS. EATON with the marines and mercenaries hurry along. (We may or may not notice that Parker is not with them: better that we don't).

INT. THE FORT. CONTINUOUS

THE BEY comes out of the palace, chased by an attendant with a PARASOL. In the forecourt are bound PRISONERS (who we can assume are the villagers taken away). They are in terrible shape, tied haphazardly. Some men are back to back, and tied at the elbows. The BEY is very much YUSUF's man: pious, effete, cruel. He watches as: a struggling man (elbows tied behind his back) is dragged out to be executed.

PRISONER

Hamet Bashaw!

The sword flashes. His head rolls on the ground. The BEY continues to eat his orange.

ON SOUND:

A BELL, beaten in a leisurely way.

On the NORTH GATE, a soldier is almost idly ringing a crude, rusted, tubelike iron bell.

A SINGLE BERBER has ridden up from the wadi. He sits his horse, looking at the town, holding HAMET'S STANDARD. He merely waits there to be noticed, the banner snapping in the wind.

SOLDIERS, not too hastily, take their positions on the walls.

JOUBERT joins the not quite hurrying BEY and they climb to the top of the North Gate.

JOUBERT

(almost admiringly,
but with no way to
connect the event to
Eaton)

Hamet.

The BEY steps forward to stare. As he does:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The STANDARD-BEARER gallops wildly at the main gate, and--

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

(in French and in
Arabic)

Do not fire! Ne tirez pas.

Plants HAMET'S BANNER, spear-like, in the ground, and then stares defiantly at the town, riding back and forth. He rides forward then, taking a ROLLED PAPER from his robes. He rides up to the north gate. JOUBERT, walking out, takes the paper from the horseman; who rides wildly off, leaving Hamet's banner snapping in the wind. TRIPOLITAN soldiers stare from the walls, murmuring "Hamet".

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

We have been asked to surrender.

BEY

By whom?

JOUBERT stares into the desert. EATON appears, on horseback.

JOUBERT

(turning back towards
the fort)

To arms.

EXT. SOUTH OF THE FORT. LATER

JOUBERT rides out and meets Eaton.

JOUBERT

So.

EATON

(nodding)

Joubert.

JOUBERT

Your saber.

(taking up an object
wrapped in cloth)

I kept it for you. Excuse that it
is wrapped: my handing over a sword
might be misinterpreted.

EATON nods, both men circling each other on warhorses ready to fight each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

Your expedition is finished. This is the only place you could be supplied, and you will not take it. We have garrisoned the town.

EATON

The people want Hamet and you know it.

JOUBERT

That is not my affair.
(a beat: controls horse)

The Bashaw, my bashaw, offers you terms. You may leave the country unmolested if you leave at once. Otherwise you will all die and will be given no quarter. These are the rules of war: you know them. You cannot win here: you haven't the men.

EATON

You may surrender the town.

JOUBERT

There are two kinds of soldier. I am not that kind.

(holds out wrapped
saber)

Your head, or mine.

EATON takes the sword.

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

Bonne chance.

JOUBERT spurs off.

MOMENTS LATER

As the bell is clanged violently....

HAMET'S BERBERS ride into view all at once, HAMET at their head. (Eaton, Parker, and O'Bannon's force conspicuously, are not with them.)

The 100 TRIPOLITANS CAMPED IN FRONT OF THE WALLS panic, and retire into the fort through the main gate, keeping an eye on Hamet's force. The GATES are closed, bolted.

EXT. THE FORT. VARIOUS

JOUBERT'S LANCERS saddle their horses. The MAGAZINE is opened and CARTRIDGES are handed out to TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS who run back to the walls. A crate of GRENADES is opened on the North Wall. The Palace Forecourt gates are closed. Two of the FRENCH GUNS are run to the North wall and up ramps. The French mercenaries, looking very dangerous indeed, unlimber the other two guns and run them up to the broken wall. The guns are loaded with CANNISTER. The French fix bayonets: no one in their right mind would attack the east wall.

EXT. THE NORTH GATE. CONTINUOUS

JOUBERT, on the wall (satisfied with the French where they are), is calculating the defense, staring towards the Hamet's Berbers who are...

ADVANCING AT A WALK

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS level muskets over the parapets. JOUBERT'S LANCERS (12-20 men) ride up inside the north gate, holding Joubert's saddled horse.

JOUBERT

(to lancers)

Restez la.

He looks again to the North. HAMET's green standard flutters between the fort and the advancing Berbers.

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

(only in French this
time)

Hold your fire!

HAMET and BERBERS still walk forward, massing for a charge at the main gates.

BEY

(panicking)

Reinforce this wall with my French
company.

JOUBERT, checking one pistol, then another, doesn't like the Bey, or this order, at all.

JOUBERT

With respect, Mamet Bey, that
mounted force is making a
demonstration. Do not be deceived
by it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEY

(pompous,
vainglorious)

That is not Bonaparte. Hamet is no soldier! He has less than two hundred men. He wants the town to come out to him. They will not, and he will go away.

JOUBERT

May not, more than will not.

EXT. THE "GRANARY AREA" INSIDE THE EAST WALL. CONTINUOUS

VILLAGERS (perhaps with some menial function in the fort) are trying to climb onto the rooftops to look towards Hamet, muttering his name. A handful of TRIPOLITAN soldiers clear them off the rooftops and then remain there, holding muskets, and staring towards the north.

EXT. THE NORTH WALL. DAY

As the two GUNS are put in position, SOLDIERS on the north wall fire pointlessly at HAMET.

JOUBERT

(striking up a man's
musket)

No!

BEY

Reinforce these walls.

JOUBERT stares at him: then turns to obey.

EXT. INSIDE THE EAST (BROKEN) WALL. MOMENTS LATER

The FRENCH COMPANY abandons its position and (moving through the tents) doubles over to the North wall, joining the defenders there.

EXT. THE NORTH WALL. MOMENTS LATER

Fearsome-looking FRENCH SOLDIERS reinforce the walls and present muskets at Hamet's Berbers.

EXT. THE NORTH PLAIN. DAY

HAMET holds up his hand. A rider scurries forward and grabs the STANDARD, rides away with it, and then HAMET'S force, standard and all, disappears into the Wadi.

EXT. THE NORTH WALL. CONTINUOUS

JOUBERT is staring intently, admiringly.

JOUBERT

They've drawn your Frenchmen like a
tooth; they'll come from the east.

BEY

(panicking)

Then take men from the west

EXT. INSIDE THE WEST WALL. MOMENTS LATER

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS leap down from the WEST WALL (above the rooftops of the village), and run towards the west wall, the SECOND FRENCH OFFICER with them screaming *allez, allez, allez vite*. The WEST WALL is left undefended.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WEST WALL. CONTINUOUS

EATON and MARINES emerge from a ravine. EATON runs to the wall and starts to climb when: a hand grasps his wrist. EATON stares. An OLD CIVILIAN MAN helps him up the wall.

OLD MAN

Hamet.

The MARINES follow.

EXT. INSIDE THE EAST WALL. CONTINUOUS

EATON takes a leg up from the Marines and crawls across a rooftop.

EATON'S POV:

THE MAGAZINE. BAGS OF POWDER and AMMUNITION are being carried out. EATON watches intently, and takes

A BIT OF MIRROR

From his coat.

EXT. THE BROKEN EAST WALL. MOMENTS LATER

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS, sweating, out of breath, take their places along the EAST WALL and level their muskets at:

VIEW FROM THE NORTH WALL (JOUBERT'S)

HAMET'S BANNER, and a LOT of dust, is visible above the Wadi, moving towards the east.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOUBERT

(perhaps beginning to
suspect)

They don't have Bonaparte, but they
have someone.

(in French, to the
Frenchmen)

Allez a l'est.

The BEY is not going to object. THE FRENCH COMPANY drops down from the wall and pelts over to reinforce the fuddled Tripolitans. (We should see both movements, maybe, the dust and banner as well as the men getting into position inside the east wall).

The FRENCH, arriving, present at:

Nothing but empty desert.

EXT. THE NORTH WALL. CONTINUOUS

JOUBERT, watching (realizing in an almost precognitive way that he has been foxed) snaps a look to the north west.

HAMET'S WHOLE FORCE emerges from the WEST of the wadi (only its flag and a few men raising dust have gone decoying East) and moves across the front of DERNA, in position again to attack the North.

EXT. PARKER'S POSITION. CONTINUOUS

As Eaton's mirror (below) flashes Parker

PARKER

Fire!

The TWO GUNS fire simultaneously.

EXT. THE EAST WALL. CONTINUOUS

The massed French and Tripolitans, exposed and bunched up behind the broken walls, are butchered with grapeshot. Hideous carnage.

EXT. THE NORTH PLAIN. CONTINUOUS

HAMET and his Berbers advance again at a walk from the north, drawing fire from the NORTH WALL, basically doing nothing but making the defenders empty their muskets. The two guns are fired at the Berbers. One ball takes down a horse: but the man lands on his feet, jeering at the town.

EXT. THE EAST WALL. CONTINUOUS

The second volley of GRAPESHOT from Parker's guns tears through the FRENCH AND TRIPOLITANS. The TRIPOLITANS run away from the walls, running for cover.

JOUBERT, thinking furiously, suddenly realizes:

JOUBERT

The west.

EXT. INSIDE THE NORTH WALL. DAY

JOUBERT grabs his horse and mounts. His lancers wheel and follow him towards the WEST WALL.

JOUBERT, looks towards the WEST, sees:

JOUBERT'S POV

EATON, standing on a building, flashing Parker's position with a mirror. Once. Twice.

GRAPESHOT lashes the defenders on the North wall, sweeping them off the parapet.

JOUBERT, screaming for his twenty lancers to follow him, rides straight down an alley into (as EATON leaps from roof to roof):

O'BANNON'S FORCE at the end of the alley.

O'BANNON

Fire!

The VOLLEY takes down seven or eight horses and the men riding them. O'BANNON'S FORCE having fired, get out of the way of the horses. JOUBERT, wounded, reels luckily through the parting line of men...and with eight men left out of twenty (riderless horses race with the still mounted lancers) breaks into the sunlight, curving left...

EXT. THE NORTH PLAIN. CONTINUOUS

HAMET's force turns again and retires into the wadi. His banner (and a lot of dust) heads west again.

EXT. THE NORTH WALL. CONTINUOUS

"Undeceived" this time, the BEY keeps his men on the North wall, keeps watching the north. When he turns, uncertainly, he suddenly clutches his throat. TRIPOLITANS grab him as he falls. One looks up at:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLDIER'S POV:

Smoke floats away from the top of the minaret

INT. MINARET. DAY

A marine sharpshooter with a Kentucky rifle (as bullets spatter around him) reloads.

EXT. INSIDE THE EAST WALLS. CONTINUOUS

EATON'S FORCE (their objective, now that they have been discovered, to get up on the rooftops to fire on the North wall from behind) is now fighting TRIPOLITANS (mainly refugees from the East wall now organized by their screaming officers) among the buildings. Marines bayonet men: EATON is using saber and pistols. The MARINES and MERCENARIES (as hundreds of TRIPOLITANS now flood around the buildings) climb up on the rooftops and begin killing Tripolitan soldiers who are climbing up to engage them. The MARINES and EATON fight their way (bloodily) to the roof of the most northern building.

EXT. INSIDE THE EAST WALL. CONTINUOUS

Parker's next shot knocks a gun off the walls (it spins in the air and then lands on TRIPOLITAN soldiers) and then the next (As the MARINE FORCE OPENS FIRE ON THE NORTHERN DEFENDERS FROM BEHIND) shot

(As the wounded BEY is helped away from the wall)

BLOWS OPEN THE GATES.

HAMET feints towards the gate.

INT. THE FORT. CONTINUOUS

JOUBERT, staring around wildly, realizes that the one thing he can do is to take out the guns. He spurs around towards the PALACE, his lancers after him.

EXT. THE ROOFTOPS. CONTINUOUS

EATON sees Joubert's movement; but there is nothing he can do. EATON is running along the rooftops, killing men who get in his way, looking towards the north.

INT. THE PALACE. CONTINUOUS

JOUBERT and his lancers tear through the forecourt and through the palace, horses skidding on marble. They burst out the back gates (hacking down at CIVILIANS)

EXT. THE NORTH WALL. CONTINUOUS

As the defenders of the North wall stare "undeceived" to the North (crouching in expectation of more grapeshot from Parker), HAMET'S FORCE appears from

THE EAST

EXT. THE BEACH. CONTINUOUS

JOUBERT and lancers gallop along the beach.

EXT. THE EAST PLAIN. CONTINUOUS

BERBERS spur forward, HAMET with them.

BERBERS

Hamet Bashaw!

EXT. INSIDE EAST WALL. CONTINUOUS

A BALL SKIPS across the sand. Takes off a man's leg, decapitates another, clips an arm off, and then continues across the yard (dust hits). One FOUR POUNDER is being run up to the WEST WALL.. A direct hit from Parker smashes the men hauling it and flips the cannon over.

EXT. PARKER'S POSITION. CONTINUOUS

PARKER lowers his telescope. Then he looks and sees--though we do not see-- the approaching lancers.

EXT. THE EAST WALL. CONTINUOUS

The BERBERS immediately charge at the broken west wall. The surviving French manage a volley, but then even they run, with the Tripolitans.

EXT. INSIDE THE EAST WALL. CONTINUOUS

BERBERS burst into the town, in a general, very bloody, melee, driving the defenders north and east across the fort. There is not much that men on foot can do against cavalry except run. Some FRENCH and TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS stream away down the main street, and some disappear into alleys. BERBERS ride up onto the parapets and hack down the men on them. HAMET rides through the chaos, not fighting. CIVILIANS pour into the street. TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS are throwing down their weapons and being grabbed by enraged CIVILIANS.

EXT. INSIDE THE WEST WALL. CONTINUOUS

EATON leaps down into the fight, cutting men down with his saber. He catches a horse and mounts. O'BANNON and his force run back along the walls, above him.

EATON
(waving them on)
Take the palace and hold it! Take
the palace!

O'BANNON and his FORCE drop down from the rooftops, and bayonet their way through the Tripolitans, smashing into the forecourt, where they kill a gun crew, and unlimber the gun, turning it to face the Tripolitans now charging after them. The GUN is fired into the faces of the Tripolitans.

INT. PALACE. CONTINUOUS

Two MARINES bayonet their way up the stairs.

EXT. INSIDE THE NORTH WALL. CONTINUOUS

EATON and HAMET drive the TRIPOLITANS as far as the NORTH GATE...but the TRIPOLITANS (and there are still about 350 alive) are now bracing themselves to the fight and firing down from the walls. A gun is turned on the BERBERS and fired. GRAPE takes down twenty. EATON, turning, sees:

THE AMERICAN COLORS floating from the dome.

EATON
To the palace.

As the BERBERS retreat, flooding into the forecourt (where they dismount and begin to fight with muskets), the MARINES form a line, and (taploading) volley again and again into the advancing Tripolitans, joined soon enough by a crackling fire from Berbers.

EXT. PARKER'S POSITION. CONTINUOUS

PARKER watches Joubert's lancers come at him.

PARKER
FIRE!

Half the TRIPOLITAN LANCERS are blown off their horses.

PARKER (CONT'D)
Spike the guns!

EGYPTIAN PORTERS throw down their weapons and run into the broken ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PARKER notes this: there is nothing to be done -- the TRIPOLITAN LANCERS are on them. PARKER falls back and levels a PISTOL. He fires and a man goes down. The surviving TRIPOLITAN LANCERS spur among the guns. Some are shot, or knocked, off their horses by SAILORS. PARKER draws, cocks, and fires the other. Then he draws his sword. A LANCER rides at him through the smoke. PARKER parries the lance with two-handed blow, as the horse passes. The LANCER wheels, the sun behind him: spurs forward. PARKER attempts to parry again, but the LANCE goes through his shoulder, breaking off, and the horse rides him down.

PARKER slams down into the dust. The confusion is abstract around him. He begins to get up, trying to support himself on a gun wheel, and is shot through the body. An unhorsed LANCER comes at him with a scimitar raised. PARKER sees him, struggles upright, and lunges. He stabs the LANCER through the neck, and falls across the man he has killed. SAILORS, attempting to spike the guns, are cut down by TRIPOLITAN LANCERS. Clouds of dust blow across the scene on the ridge. PARKER drags himself to his feet, but falls, and sits in the dust, his back against a gun-wheel. He sees -- more TRIPOLITAN LANCERS riding towards the artillery position.

PARKER gets himself upright, and haggardly looks up. He is coughing blood. He realizes that there are TRIPOLITAN LANCERS surrounding him. He turns, slowly. PARKER sees:

JOUBERT. Covering him with a pistol.

JOUBERT
(against orders
offering quarter)
Je vous ferai quartier, si vous le
souhaitez!

PARKER, squinting in sunlight, weeping with pain, figures out the French.

PARKER
Ce ne sera pas necessaire.

PARKER, after an interval, is torn apart by a volley of shots. He pitches into the blowing dust. JOUBERT, after a beat, looks towards the town:

JOUBERT'S POV

THE AMERICAN FLAG floats from the dome of the palace. MARINES are now volleying.

JOUBERT spurs down.

EXT. THE NORTH GATE. MOMENTS LATER

JOUBERT, striking at men with the flat of his sword, shapes up the TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS, forming them into a column, and one that the defenders of the palace will not be able to resist. A FRENCH OFFICER spins down, shot. JOUBERT looks up at the Minaret.

INT. MINARET STAIRCASE. CONTINUOUS

But already two of the MERCENARIES are defending the staircase, with bayonet, against TRIPOLITANS trying to get to the rifleman. It is a bloody fight in tight quarters.

EXT. THE MINARET TOWER. CONTINUOUS

The RIFLEMAN draws a bead and fires.

EXT. INSIDE THE NORTH WALL. CONTINUOUS

A FRENCH OFFICER rallying the Tripolitans goes down, shot in the head.

INT. PALACE FORECOURT. CONTINUOUS

EATON and HAMET stare towards JOUBERT'S FORCE, which has begun to come forward. It will volley, effectively, and win. A few riders skirmish across the front.

HAMET

We can't stop that.

EATON moves instantly, and mounts. He drives forward and snatches a wicker caisson charge out of the hand of a man preparing to hurl it, and hanging it on his saddle rides out, fighting with saber. He cuts through the TRIPOLITANS attacking the front, and gallops towards the magazine.

JOUBERT realizes what Eaton is doing.

JOUBERT

Prevent him!

LANCERS spur towards EATON.

EATON's horse is shot from under him. He grabs the CHARGE, ignites the fuse with a pistol-lock, and runs under the cover of the thatching, as RIDERS race at him.

RIDERS hack and slash down at him, thwarted by the rafters and palm. EATON leaps the ruined walls, charging for the MAGAZINE. He breaks into the open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A LANCER SPURS AFTER HIM, STANDING UP IN THE SADDLE SCREAMING ALLAHU AKHBAR.

EXT. THE MINARET TOWER. CONTINUOUS

The RIFLEMAN draws a bead as TRIPOLITAN soldiers appear behind him.

EXT. BEFORE THE MAGAZINE. CONTINUOUS

As EATON runs for the Magazine, in the final stretch, the lancer bears down on him, sword raised. At the instant Eaton is certain to be killed...

THE RIFLEMAN FIRES.

The rider spins out of the saddle, his turban unwinding like a flag. His horse (as he topples) does collide with Eaton, who falls.

EATON scrambles and hurls the caisson into the Magazine.

He turns and dives.

As EATON tumbles through the air, landing behind the low broken wall...and as the RIFLEMAN is bayoneted...

THE MAGAZINE explodes like a nuclear bomb.

JOUBERT's FORCE goes down, clothes blown off their backs, men shattered by STONES, spinning, disintegrating MUSKETS, etc., all the fabric of the magazine plus everything it contained. JOUBERT, his horse rearing, is hit by a wall of debris, and he and his horse slam over.

A giant column of light spikes into the air like lightning reversed.

HAMET charges out of the palace forecourt with his riders men, and lays waste to the stumbling survivors of the blast. It is a rout, a clear cut victory.

EXT. THE RUINS OF THE MAGAZINE. CONTINUOUS

EATON, stunned, almost helpless should anyone wish to attack him, stumbles through the dust, the escaping survivors, the VILLAGERS now rioting with joy. He is looking for, and finds:

JOUBERT.

Joubert lies with his back broken, one of his legs completely bent behind him. His pelvis is broken as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOUBERT holds out his hand. EATON takes a PISTOL, loads it, and hands it to him.

JOUBERT aims it at EATON.

EATON stares back at him.

BERBER

(on palace roof)

Hamet Bashaw! Hamet Bashaw. Hamet
Bashaw.

JOUBERT, wearily, lowers the pistol.

JOUBERT

Do not let the Berbers cut me up.

EATON shakes his head "no". JOUBERT sticks the pistol in his mouth and pulls the trigger.

EATON looks around.

HELICOPTER SHOT FROM THE SOUTH OVER THE SEA

A reverse "Akaba" shot. The exultant VILLAGERS streaming up from their houses, and through the three seaward gates.

EXT. THE SQUARE. LATER

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS are dropping their arms and tearing off their uniforms, deserting. O'BANNON is staring around at the CIVILIANS pouring into the streets, and acclaiming HAMET. O'BANNON sees EATON.

O'BANNON bows. EATON, staggering with exhaustion, shakes his hand.

EATON

Now we have to hold it.

CIVILIANS are rioting with joy. HAMET has climbed the steps of the palace. He raises his hand. The crowd begins to shout: Hamet. Hamet. Hamet.

O'BANNON sits down beside Eaton. The two men are blackened with smoke and covered with blood.

EATON stares at O'BANNON; and then with a flash of shame looks around at:

CIVILIANS swarming around HAMET, who is moving among them like (the fairest description) Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON pushes through the crowd and comes face to face with HAMET. The two men look at each other. EATON does now what he did not do for YUSUF: he bows.

EATON (CONT'D)

We can be supplied now. They will.
They daren't do otherwise.

HAMET

We shall see.

MARINES upon the palace roof, silhoutetted against the sea, matter-of-factly (a job, nothing done in the rush of battle) raise the UNITED STATES FLAG. And then, after it, HAMET'S BANNER.

EXT. PARKER'S POSITION. AFTERNOON

O'BANNON sorts through the wreckage of the fight. PARKER lies dead. O'BANNON crouches and looks at him. He takes PARKER'S watch, and, from inside his bloody coat, LETTERS. O'BANNON closes Parker's eyes, and shifts him from the gun-wheel.

SERGEANT

The ships are coming, sir. Aren't they?

O'BANNON hesitates; then says nothing. Could be yes, could be no. He looks out over the empty, sinister, landscape.

O'BANNON

Get the guns into the town.

SERGEANT

Mister Parker ain't buried.

O'BANNON

I know it. Get the guns into the town.

INT. THE FORT. DAY

Some women of the village, caught in cutting up a wounded man, run away at Hamet's approach. He looks around at the carnage, like a man holding a lamp up in hell.

HAMET

Some may be saved.

BERBERS, knowing different, cut throats. MUSKETS and other weapons are being collected.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A MARINE is trying to make sure that the muskets go to the likelier-looking men...but there's not much hope of that.

EATON

(moving fast)

We can't think of holding the outer walls.

(grabs marine)

Here's our perimeter. Gates. Forecourt. The building itself. We'll want the guns in the palace. Though who's to serve them, I don't know. Get water in.

EATON goes into the palace. HAMET looks after him: then follows.

INT. THE PALACE. CONTINUOUS

HAMET

You must get your people out, I think. I have thought on it.

EATON

We'll kill Yusuf's army before the walls. I swear it.

(a beat, curious)

"My people" out? Why mine, and not yours.

HAMET

The only man meant to die here is me.

EATON is unnerved.

EATON

Nonsense.

(walks on)

Nonsense.

HAMET

There are no ships, and will not be.

EXT. THE FORT. LATER

HAMET'S MUEZZIN is in the Minaret, calling the afternoon prayer.

EXT. THE YARD. CONTINUOUS

HAMET'S MEN are praying.

EXT. THE PALACE ROOF. CONTINUOUS

HAMET, not praying, is staring towards the north. EATON is resting nearby.

HAMET'S POV

A DOT ON THE RISING GROUND.

CLOSER:

A SOLITARY RIDER has appeared on the north plain.

EXT. THE NORTH GATES. CONTINUOUS

O'BANNON, who has been with a party of Marines, collecting weapons in a cart, is staring towards the north as well, not moving.

EXT. THE PALACE ROOF. CONTINUOUS

EATON

What is it?

He opens a telescope. Hamet, however, does not have to look through it: he knows who it is.

EXT. THE NORTH PLAIN. CONTINUOUS

The solitary rider is...

YUSUF. He wears white robes. His face is veiled across. As he stares....

WE CRANE UP TO REVEAL:

His ARMY, a massive force concealed in the wadi. They are, like Hamet's Berbers, praying.

EXT. THE WADI. CONTINUOUS

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS are praying, ten thousand men bowing in unison. The "Allah akhbar" sounds like the murmuring of bees.

EXT. THE NORTH GATE. CONTINUOUS

O'BANNON stands looking towards the north.

O'BANNON

Get to the palace.

EXT. NORTH PLAIN. CONTINUOUS

THE TRIPOLITAN ARMY moves, majestically, section by section, into view. LANCERS, FOOTSOLDIERS, ARTILLERY.

EXT. THE PALACE ROOF. CONTINUOUS

HAMET and EATON stand watching the enemy assemble.

HAMET

Well.

EATON

(as much as if to
Death, as to Hamet)

Not yet.

HAMET

The end for us all is the same.
What we do before the end is
everything.

A solitary Tripolitan soldier cries, eerily, Allah Akhbar. And then a thousand men shout it at once. This repeats: the one man crying and then the thousand shouting in unison.

EXT. THE PALACE FORECOURT. CONTINUOUS

MARINES, CIVILIANS, take the walls. The salvaged GUNS are in position. The MARINES, holding muskets with bayonets fixed, stand listening to the Tripolitan army.

INT. THE PALACE. CONTINUOUS

O'BANNON is relentlessly organizing for another attack on the palace. LOADERS are preparing muskets. EATON and O'BANNON look at each other. EATON nods. (Over all the Allahu Akhbar as:)

THE TRIPOLITAN ARMY ADVANCES at a walk. Then...

ON SOUND:

THE SCREAM OF A 36-LB BALL.

The ball clips the edge of a tower and then explodes in the desert before the TRIPOLITAN ARMY.

THREE FURTHER ARTILLERY HITS kick up sand in front of the Tripolitans, drawing a line across their entire front. TRIPOLITAN horses rear.

REVEAL (YUSUF'S POV):

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE USS CONSTELLATION, moving into view off Derna Port.

YUSUF stares, implacably, veiled. No alarm whatsoever.

EXT. THE PALACE. CONTINUOUS

MARINES and BERBERS stand together staring at the United States warship as she shows the US colors. HAMET and EATON fight their way through the mob.

EATON

They came.

EXT. THE BEACH. LATER

MARINES disembark from the boat, as does an officer -- CONSTELLATION'S CAPTAIN. He steps forward. EATON comes charging down from the town, exhausted, reeling down the steps, HAMET following with some of his BERBERS. TOWNSPEOPLE throng around.

CAPTAIN

My name is Hull. Commanding Constellation frigate.

EATON

We've taken the town. You see our situation.

HULL looks up at the fluttering United States flag.

CAPTAIN

May we walk apart from the Berbers, Mr. Eaton?

EATON

Hamet is the head of this expedition, and the king of this country.

The CAPTAIN, not comfortably, takes off his hat, and bows gruffly to HAMET. HAMET looks calm.

EATON (CONT'D)

You see... our situation.

(almost stupidly)

We've come across from Egypt. We've taken the town.

CAPTAIN

A treaty has been struck between the United States and Yusuf, Bashaw of Tripoli.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON stares. LEAR steps out, and looks fearfully at Eaton.

EATON

Tribute has been paid. That is what you are saying.

(to Lear)

That's what you've done.

LEAR

Whatever the terminology, we are at peace with the Tripolitan Bashaw.

EATON

Only because we were coming. With "ten thousand men".

LEAR stares, seen though, smiles.

LEAR

It was efficacious, sir, to inflate the size of your force.

EATON

My force were it half what it is would have pitched Yusuf from his throne. Do you understand what you've done.

LEAR

(almost lasciviously,
and truly:)

Yes.

CAPTAIN

My orders are these. You, Lieutenants O'Bannon and Parker --

EATON

Mr. Parker is dead.

CAPTAIN

He was my sister's son.

EATON stares at the ground.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

My orders are these. All survivors are to come aboard Constellation. I have a message, from Yusuf Bashaw, to all those involved in this insurrection. He grants amnesty to all but his brother.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

My orders extend to taking Hamet Karamanli and his immediate party away from Tripoli. I will take him if he will come, and deposit him where he wishes. At Venice, or Sicily. But he may not stay on North Africa. I will stay long enough to allow him to properly surrender the town.

HAMET stands, expressionlessly. He may understand: or he may not. BERBERS crowd closer.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

We are at peace with Yusuf Bashaw. Mr. O'Bannon.

O'BANNON

(coming forward)

Sir.

CAPTAIN

Strike United States colors and embark your men for Constellation.

LEAR

(sinuously, to
CAPTAIN)

The Naval Agent may wish to say that we are merely replacing these Marines.

EATON

No.

CAPTAIN

You are coming off Barbary, Mister Eaton. You are now under my command and subject to the Articles of War. I will execute any man who disobeys orders here.

EATON

What do you think of your orders?

CAPTAIN

If they are disgraceful that is not the point.

O'BANNON

(to EATON)

I am a soldier.

EATON

I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

O'BANNON
 (to MARINES)
 Embark for the frigate.

CAPTAIN
 (nods at palace, the
 flag)
 The colors, Mister O'Bannon.

O'BANNON
 (nodding at Lear)
 Send him.

The MARINES move off down the beach, carrying their wounded, and climb aboard the boat. EATON stands, trembling, watching the MARINES go. O'BANNON starts to go.

HAMET
 Wait.

O'BANNON turns. HAMET hands him his SWORD. O'BANNON looks at Hamet. Finally, speechless, he bows--and hurries away.

SERGEANT
 His sword!

O'BANNON
 He won't be needing it.

O'BANNON walks on towards the boats.

CAPTAIN
 What does the Bashaw propose to do?

EATON
 Yusuf Bashaw will cut the throats of every man, woman, and child in this place. It must be defended. Land me provisions. Powder. Medicines.

CAPTAIN
 It is against the terms of the treaty to supply Hamet Karamanli, pretender to the Tripolitan throne, and you may not stay. Will Hamet come.

HAMET
 No.

CAPTAIN
 Your position is untenable, sir. I implore you to come away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HAMET shakes his head. BERBERS, seeing O'BANNON and MARINES pull away in a boat, surge forward. HAMET raises his hand, and the BERBERS stop. EATON looks around at HAMET.

LEAR

Mr. Eaton, regardless of the disposition of Hamet Karamanli, you will come aboard Constellation at once.

EATON

(turning to go)

No.

LEAR

(aims PISTOL at
EATON)

The Naval Agent will be taken into custody.

EATON turns and aims his own pistol. He is trembling, within an inch of firing. MARINES present muskets.

CAPTAIN

He is a United States official, sir. What are you?

EATON, shaking, discharges the pistol into the ground. Hamet's BERBERS flood forward to defend EATON. MARINES are ready to volley.

HAMET

They will kill you. You must go.

The CAPTAIN gestures. MARINES step forward. SAILORS with manacles.

HAMET (CONT'D)

If you hold me in any esteem--

EATON

That is not the word.

EATON - as HAMET suddenly grips him like iron- is seized by SAILORS. HAMET fastens the manacles on EATON'S wrists.

HAMET

You must go. Goodbye. There is fortune, and there is fate.

EATON stares at him.

HAMET (CONT'D)

We will be remembered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HAMET turns to LEAR.

HAMET (CONT'D)

I think you have set your country a
very bad example.

Lear staring after him (mystified), Hamet turns abruptly
and heads towards the town, taking the BERBERS with him.
EATON is relieved of his SWORD, his pistols, and dragged
towards the boat.

TOWNSPEOPLE come up to HAMET, kneeling.

HAMET (CONT'D)

Stand on your feet. Stand on your
feet.

(helps someone up)

Stand.

HAMET looks towards: THE TRIPOLITAN ARMY; then he steels
himself and walks up the steps into the town.

EXT. THE NORTH WALL. CONTINUOUS

BERBERS and TOWNSPEOPLE take the walls, preparing to fight.

EXT. THE PALACE DOME. CONTINUOUS

MARINES take down the US FLAG, leaving Hamet's flying.

EXT. THE BOATS. DAY

The boat containing EATON is rowed out to the frigate.
EATON, in chains, stands up and looks back at the fort: the
Army above.

ON THE BEACH, the two other boats shove off.

LEAR

(affably)

When men take things into their own
hands, there is always a bad
result, sir. And you, strange to
think, are yet the hero of Barbary.

EATON kicks him in the mouth. LEAR reels back, his wig
flying off. Then (as Eaton is wrestled down by sailors and
Marines) takes out a handkerchief, holds it to his mouth,
and looks at the blood.

EXT. OFFSHORE. DAY

A SIGNAL is run up the mast of Constellation.

EXT. THE HILLS ABOVE THE FORT. CONTINUOUS

YUSUF'S ARMY begins to scream.

EXT. THE NORTH WALL. CONTINUOUS

HAMET, at the walls, as his BERBERS prepare to fight, stares towards his brother's army.

EXT. WASHINGTON CITY. TWILIGHT

HALF-COMPLETED PUBLIC BUILDINGS line muddy streets. THE OLD WHITE HOUSE (later burned by the British) shows lights. A CARRIAGE splashes through the mud.

EXT. THE HALLWAY- TWILIGHT

EATON is coming along the hallway lead by a secretary carrying a lamp. EATON, far from beaten, is at his best: equal to anything. His clothes are not good; but he is William Eaton. SLAVES open the door into Jefferson's office. EATON pauses and then steps through the door.

INT. THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE. TWILIGHT. CANDLE-LIT

EATON, hat under his arm, stands staring at the president of the United States.

JEFFERSON'S "COPYING MACHINE" Two pens copy out the signature "Thos. Jefferson".

EATON

It would be the perfect device,
sir, if while you wrote one thing,
this pen would write the opposite.

JEFFERSON looks up at him: mildly.

JEFFERSON

(walking)

In approving your enterprize at the first, Commodore Preble exceeded his authority. That much is clear. Our talk proceeds from there.

EATON

But it is not true. Preble had full authority to make war. Yet his successor had authority from you only to make peace at any price.

JEFFERSON

He possibly did not have authority from me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

(as Eaton stares at
him)

Peace was obtained, was it not,
Captain Eaton. And with honor.

EATON

Yusuf Bashaw made peace when Lear
promised in your name to no longer
support his brother. Hamet
Karamanli was betrayed. That no one
knows it was disgraceful does not
mean that it was not.

JEFFERSON

One can only pull so many pistols
in a so many throne rooms, Captain
Eaton.

(EATON watches
Jefferson as he
walks)

I hear a rumor that you intend to
present yourself for the senate, is
that true?

EATON

If I sought an office, sir, it
would not be the senate.

JEFFERSON smiles.

JEFFERSON

What can I give you? A commission.
A consulate?

EATON

Nothing.

JEFFERSON

In political life, Captain Eaton,
"nothing" can always be arranged.

Eaton has to smile at that. JEFFERSON looks into the fire.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

What was he like?

EATON

You.

(after a long,
thoughtful, pause)

Before you became a politician. You
know what you've done. Or what

(glances at the
machine)

Half of you did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The men stare at each other. Finally EATON bows-turns-and then he quickly walks towards the double doors.

JEFFERSON

Have you money.

EATON, walking, does not respond.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

Where will you go?

EATON

(still walking)

West.

The DOORS are opened by TURBANED AFRICAN SLAVES. There is an echo here of the Bashaw's palace: EATON notices it. What is before him terrifies him: oblivion. Death. Regret. He hesitates: then, as always, walks on.

The doors close on EATON's disappearing back with a thump.

FLASH TO BLACK