

TRIPOLI

by

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Contact:

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Property:

The Mark Gordon Company

FADE UP ON

EXT. THE MEDITERRANEAN. DAY

CHAOS at sea. BARBARY CORSAIRS, their sails reminiscent of shark fins, cut through the sea around a wallowing merchantman, while other vessels (including a large, ARMED XEBEC, painted with verses from the Koran) have already closed with and boarded the square-rigged

(ANGLE ON THE STERN)

"Henry Robinson, Salem, Massachusetts". Through the sternlights we see Arabs ransacking the captain's cabin. Books and papers are thrown out into the sea.

THE FLAG AT THE JACKSTAFF floats down and is torn away in the crowd and the TRIPOLITAN FLAG run up.

EXT. THE "HENRY ROBINSON" DECKS. CONTINUOUS

Hundreds of Barbary pirates armed to the teeth, are swarming over the vessel, overwhelming the crew by sheer numbers. White-faced BOYS are being handed down to the decks of a felucca. SAILORS are being robbed & held face-down on the deck... CRATES and trunks of personal belongings are smashed upon on the decks....

INT. THE HOLD. CONTINUOUS

PIRATES are ransacking the hold, axing open KEGS of NAILS and looking for better treasure.

EXT. THE HENRY ROBINSON. CONTINUOUS

An ELDERLY CAPTAIN, trying to maintain dignity, loses his watch, his spectacles, his shoes. A CLERK holds fistfuls of SHIP'S PAPERS. SHIP'S MONEY is being scooped up greedily. A long CRATE, marked "Springfield, Mass." is heaved up on deck. Then another. Pirates tear at the crates)

WOUNDED MEN (of no use as slaves) have their throats cut and are thrown overboard.

Through it all strides the Barbary CAPTAIN, looking with satisfaction at his prize, eating an apple. The more problematic SAILORS are tied hand and foot on the deck - efficiently. A crate of MUSKETS is broken open--the guns are passed around.

A PIRATE at the MASTHEAD is staring towards the west.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASTHEAD

(in Arabic)

A warship!

The BARBARY CAPTAIN goes idly to the rail.

His POV

A WARSHIP in the distance, coming out of the haze of burning light.

The BARBARY CAPTAIN studies what he sees: then (no fool) cries in Arabic (untranslated): Make sail!.

PIRATES go up the rigging like monkeys. FELUCCAS veer off; PIRATES brace the sails of the captured ship, canvas billowing.

EXT. TRIPOLI HARBOR. DAY

ON SOUND: ALARM BELLS and GONGS, cries in Arabic. It is the sound of a whole North African town at arms. As ALARM BELLS continue ringing in the town we come up on:

A dun-colored FORT at the mouth of Tripoli Harbor. Set at the end of a breakwater, the fort swarms with men and bristles with guns. Ordinary PIRATES mixed with TRIPOLITAN REGULARS - are loading, ramming, aiming GUNS, wheeling the guns to face the sea.

EXT. THE FORT AND BREAKWATER. CONTINUOUS

More BERBERS, their clothes fluttering in the wind, are running along the breakwater towards the fort, armed with muskets. Something is happening, and happening fast. They cheer as:

EXT. THE HARBOR ENTRANCE. CONTINUOUS

The captured HENRY ROBINSON, with the US Flag upside down below the THREE MOONS, passes through the gap under the FORT. TRIPOLITANS wave the prize into the harbor, cheering.

EXT. TRIPOLI HARBOR AND ENVIRONS (VARIOUS). CONTINUOUS

Other BATTERIES are preparing for action. CIVILIANS are running towards the port. SHOT is being heated in furnaces. A DONKEY turns a gun.

EXT. OFF TRIPOLI HARBOR. CONTINUOUS

The XEBEC (which has been covering the escape of the prize, hanging back and exchanging fire) is making for the harbor, and the protection of the fort's guns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her deck is swarming with armed men, and two GUNS are being fired from her stern-castle at:

(as spray explodes from the sea)

THE UNIDENTIFIED FRIGATE. Her rigging is swarming with sailors. Marines sway in the trees. An impression of threat and mystery. Men silhouetted in the haze, all staring towards the chase.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Don't lose her...

EXT. THE XEBEC. CONTINUOUS

The BARBARY CAPTAIN 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.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA ALOFT. CONTINUOUS

Leather buckets of water are dumped down the sails; SAILORS strain to trim the sails.

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 ARMED XEBEC, as she makes her turn towards the harbor opening. A SECOND BALL screams through the mass of men in her waist, and takes down a mast.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA SPAR DECK. CONTINUOUS

The FORT, swarming with BERBERS, is drawing closer. MARINES go to the starboard rail.

EXT. THE PHILADELPHIA'S QUARTERDECK. CONTINUOUS

The PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN, amidst his officers, is a man in a cool rage. At the wheel, the SAILING-MASTER, a sour Yankee in plain brown clothes.

SAILING-MASTER

We've lost her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN knows it; but a plan is forming in his mind.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN
Surgeons orderlies on deck, please.

OFFICERS look at each other, knowing precisely what this means. A MIDSHIPMAN runs.

SAILING-MASTER
We've lost her!

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN
(turning towards
Signal-
quartermaster)
United States colors.

EXT. OFF TRIPOLI HARBOR. CONTINUOUS

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.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA GUNDECK. CONTINUOUS

A LIEUTENANT runs along the starboard gun sections.

LIEUTENANT
You will engage the fortress!

GUNS are elevated with blocks and run out. (The operation is clockwork)

EXT. THE FORT. CONTINUOUS

The damaged XEBEC has gone past the FORT and entered Tripoli Harbor. We see sails blossoming all over the harbor.

The BERBERS touch off the GUNS. Large puffs of dirty white smoke from the fort's parapets.

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. PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN is splattered with blood and brains. NO OFFICERS FLINCH. Instantly the headless man is pitched overboard, and the blood is sluiced from the deck by BOYS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The officers, as a matter of policy, do not notice the dead.

SHARPSHOOTERS and HOWITZERS aloft open fire. TRIPOLITANS fall everywhere, wounded, dead.

EXT. OFF TRIPOLI HARBOR. CONTINUOUS

The TRIPOLITAN BATTERIES have opened massive continuous fire.

EXT. THE PHILADELPHIA SPAR-DECK. CONTINUOUS

GUNS are fired again from the FORT. MUSKETFIRE from looming FORT spatters the deck and cuts rigging.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN
(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. The rigging looms above them. GUNS. Musketfire.

EXT. TRIPOLI HARBOR. CONTINUOUS

The XEBEC is hit again, twice, by the bowchasers. Her rigging comes down and she veers uselessly to port, afire, just inside the harbor entrance as the PHILADELPHIA (bracing up her spars at the critical moment), *passes expertly through the cut.*

EXT. THE PHILADELPHIA, ALOFT. CONTINUOUS

MARINES fire down into the fort. HOWITZERS (firing grape) are fired from the tops, down into the scrambling mass of TRIPOLITANS in the fort.

EXT. THE PHILADELPHIA SPAR-DECK. CONTINUOUS

The FORT is now parallel and looming above the deck of Philadelphia. The Fort's guns fire point-blank, aiming DOWN at the deck of the frigate. A MARINE disintegrates. Splinters fly everywhere and SAILORS go down hideously wounded.

EXT. TRIPOLI HARBOR. DAY

Coming past the breakwater, PHILADELPHIA fires gun after gun and demolishes the FORT at the breakwater's end. Masonry flies everywhere. The FORT is *completely destroyed.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Meanwhile HOWITZERS and musketfire are killing hundreds. MARINES fire from the deck.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA QUARTERDECK. CONTINUOUS

As a large section of the FORT (along with an Aga waving a Koranic banner) collapses not thirty yards beyond the PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN (screaming orders) him, and the Philadelphias cheer:

EXT. TRIPOLI HARBOR/PHILADELPHIA/ XEBEC VARIOUS. CONTINUOUS

The PHILADELPHIA, passing us, picks up speed, clearing the harbor mouth, and the PORT GUNS fire serially as they bear and destroy the crippled ARMED XEBEC, essentially killing everyone on board...including the BARBARY CAPTAIN...before...

EXPLODING THE MAGAZINE.

The PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN has taken his gamble: now he's out of there.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN

Hard over.

The WHEEL is turned to port.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA SPAR DECK CONTINUOUS

Burning wreckage from the detonated Xebec falls on the Philadelphia's decks and is cleared away...a SAILOR swings out the weighted lead on its line.

LEAD MAN

(hauling back on lead-
line)

Six fathom!

The cry "Six fathom" is passed astern from man to man.

ARTILLERY opens up from all over the town.

LEADSMAN

Four and a half!

The PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN looks around alarmed.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN

Fire on the town.

STARBOARD GUNS fire as they bear on the town as Philadelphia continues her desperate turn to port...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A 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 and immediately the ship pitches to starboard.

GO TO BLACK

OPEN CLOSE ON: A FLOWER. Dead bits being clipped away by shears in a slender hand.

INT. JEFFERSON'S CONSERVATORY. DAY

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

SECRETARY (MISTER ARCHIBALD)

The Mediterranean dispatches; and
Mister Lear.

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

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

TOBIAS LEAR, a snaky diplomat, a wannabe 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.

LEAR

Do you not wish to open the
dispatches?

JEFFERSON (O.S.)

(pruning in his table-
garden)

What will they say, Colonel Lear?

LEAR

(lying)

I cannot guess.

(with false concern)

I should hazard, however, that the
men of the Philadelphia remain the
prisoners of the Tripolitan Bashaw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFERSON's hands: he puts down clippers and breaks the seal of a letter. Reads. LEAR waits impatiently, bothered by a FLY.

LEAR (CONT'D)

Is that dispatch--

JEFFERSON (O.S.)

Is it war, or negotiation, Mister Lear, that should be our policy?

The LETTER (signed Yr Obt & Humble Sert, WILLIAM EATON) is put down on a table.

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, Mr. Lear.

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. Sir.

LEAR

(gesturing with hat, relieved)

Exactly.

JEFFERSON (O.S.)

We cannot afford general tribute, we cannot afford to ransom, and we cannot afford war. That is our situation. How it may be resolved I do not know, Mister Lear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEAR

A resolution may present itself if
I carry out my mission to the
Bashaw.

JEFFERSON, not answering, passes through the shot, still
absorbed in his potting.

JEFFERSON (O.S)

The consul at Tunis proposes again
that bombardment 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,
Mister Adams.
(failing to gauge the
effect of this: the
odds are, from his
expression, that
there wasn't any)
I have drafted the letter recalling
him from Tunis.

JEFFERSON (O.S.)

I have not signed it.

LEAR waits. A clock is heard ticking.

LEAR

Eaton, sir, is a twopenny
Bonaparte. 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. "You are a consul," I have
told him. "You will stay in your
place." And now he goes above my
head, sir?.

JEFFERSON

(slowly)

Who is Hamet Karamanli?

LEAR looks at the floor. He smiles bitterly: EATON has
stolen a march on him.

(CONTINUED)

LEAR

He...exists. Nothing suggests that he would be different from his brother.

(a beat: he suspects
he has been
effective)

Let me go to the Bashaw, your excellency, and essay...the reasonable solution. I have written it all down. After we have made arrangements to pay, in goods, cash lacking, the Bashaw will be receptive to proposals concerning the disposition of the frigate...and I feel, sir...

JEFFERSON

Mister Eaton will go from Tunis to see the Tripolitan Bashaw.

(LEAR swallows,
stares)

The letters are written and sent.
Thank you, Colonel Lear.

LEAR, beyond thwarted, horror in his face, bows.

LEAR

Sir.

(LEAR starts to go.)

JEFFERSON

Colonel Lear.

(LEAR turns)

Send me all of Eaton's letters from Tunis, since he became consul there, and also every document pertaining to Hamet Karamanli.

LEAR

(bowing again;
condemned)

Sir.

EXT. TUNIS, NORTH AFRICA. DAWN

It is sunrise, and the faithful - those of them that there are in this cosmopolitan trading port - are being called to prayer. We see the muezzin in his tower, silhouetted against the red East... 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. 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. He looks at himself as if he is his own mystery. He uncorks a BOTTLE and as the call to prayer continues pours wine into a glass.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE ROOM

EATON, drinking wine, sits at his WRITING TABLE. It is covered with beribboned DOCUMENTS, MAPS, some MONEY (not enough, it seems) in gold, a STILETTO on a CORD, a WRITING CASE. He takes a letter out of it, scans it for perhaps the hundredth time, and then looks up and sees:

A BERBER woman sitting up in his bed, staring at him. She is beautiful, watchful. EATON stares at her. He finally nods: she should go.

She stands and gathers her things, quietly begins to dress. EATON, at his table, begins to write. When the woman leaves the room he looks up as if he might have said something.

EATON goes to the balcony, and looking down, sees:

THE CLOAKED WOMAN hurrying away down the dawn street.

EATON turns regretfully from the balcony, and looks around his room. He is leaving this, too: his books, the good room. He drinks wine; and then places the cork in the bottle. He leaves the shot.

INT. EATON'S ROOM. LATER

The sun is high. ON SOUND, gulls, Arabic from the streets. EATON is packing.

A BRACE OF HAWKINS PISTOLS.

EATON takes up one pistol, a gorgeous weapon, inspects it, opens the FRIZZEN, reprimed, snaps it shut. He lays it down, revealing:

A LOCKET. It is a miniature portrait of a woman in Empire dress.

EATON takes it up, turns it in his fingers, and puts it (it is on a ribbon) around his neck.

MOMENTS LATER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The DISPATCH CASE is tossed on to the bed...a coat...a SABER. EATON grabs PAPERS and stuffs them into a chest. He sorts through his COINS of various denominations. He stares down at the money: there's not enough of it.

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

SERVANT

There is a boat.

EATON takes up a piece of money. The SERVANT says something he is possibly not supposed to say.

SERVANT (CONT'D)

They are not good men.

EATON stares at him; then tosses him the money anyway. The SERVANT catches the MONEY, and then leaves the room. EATON puts the POCKET PISTOL into the DISPATCH CASE.

EATON flips the 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.

EATON pours more wine into the wine-glass, drinks it down.

EXT. THE CAFE IN TUNIS. LATER

The sun is high. GULLS scream and swoop. 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. The SECOND AND THIRD ENGLISHMEN (assistants to the BRITISH CONSUL) are wearing ruinous cocked hats. A red-faced BRITISH CONSUL, wigged, is preparing to deal a hand of cards and is telling a droll story to a dusty FRENCH TRAVELLER, who is eating soup.

BRITISH CONSUL

(dealing PLAYING-
CARDS)

It wasn't just a *ship*, sir. The
story is something remarkable...

(as if indifferently,
looking at cards)

Where's Eaton?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIRD ENGLISHMAN

(looking at cards)

His servant was on the docks this morning. Looking for a boat.

BRITISH CONSUL

To where?

THIRD ENGLISHMAN

(looking at cards,
moving one)

Where one might expect.

BRITISH CONSUL

(to FRENCH TRAVELLER,
greasily)

We refer to the United States consul of this place, Captain William Eaton. 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.

SECOND ENGLISHMAN

(still staring at
cards)

He is a significantly dangerous person. In his person.

BRITISH CONSUL

(irritated; pouring
drink)

Regardless of opinions of their consul the Americans have lost a modern frigate, and 300 officers and men. I give you the American enterprise, and Jefferson hanged.

All drink. The FRENCH TRAVELLER, smiling apologetically, does not.

BRITISH CONSUL (CONT'D)

(a masterpiece of
misinterpretation)

Oh, you don't have a drink.
(pours)

THIRD ENGLISHMAN (OFF)

Careful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EATON is standing with his servant in the cafe and looking for the owner. He has, by his face, overheard the loud conversation.

THIRD ENGLISHMAN (CONT'D)

(not appearing to
have looked at
Eaton)

He is armed, and dressed for
travelling.

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 writes a note.

GREEK CAFE OWNER

(looking at paper,
not wanting to be
disrespectful)

When it is paid it will settle your
bill...

ALL BRITS (O.S.)

"Millions for defense and not one
cent for tribute."

GREEK CAFE OWNER

(uneasily, as EATON,
who has also heard
the Englishmen,
looks at him)

I am not saying it won't be.

THE CARD TABLE

SECOND ENGLISHMAN

(taking cards)

If they *had* the millions for
defense, the notion might have some
merit.

EATON stands above the table..

BRITISH CONSUL

Can we take your letters for you,
sir? No American ships will get
past Algiers this year. Did any get
past last year? I can't remember.

As he looks at his cards, a plate of OLIVES is upended in his lap. He continues to stare down at the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON replaces the plate. He then pours a drink on the table. THE SECOND ENGLISHMAN draws. EATON looks at him.

The FRENCHMAN stands, interestedly: a duel.

BRITISH CONSUL (CONT'D)

(to SECOND
ENGLISHMAN)

No need, Harry; no need. And I
doubt your chances.

(to EATON)

I admire your nerve, Mister Eaton.
It is superior to my own. But if
you are for Tripoli, you will not
return.

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

(drinks)

Bonne chance.

EATON nods. He heads down towards 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.

TITLE: "THE BARBARY COAST OF AFRICA, 1804"

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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:

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MASTER

You have not so many ships as the English.

EATON

No one does. It is a fact of the world.

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.

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.

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 bad.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.

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.

(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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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...

...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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 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.

EATON

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

(a beat)

Neither do I dance, or sing.

JOUBERT

My men have not seen a woman in
four months; and they have ceased
to be 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

My name is Eaton, sir. Captain
William Eaton.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON (CONT'D)

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)

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.

JOUBERT

(taking WATER from
ORDERLY)

I serve the Bashaw.

EATON

(apprehensively)

For France?

JOUBERT

My France had a king. These days, there is a Corsican at Paris. You have heard of this?

EATON

With admiration, sir.

JOUBERT

You do not court my favor.

EATON

My own father was a miller who could not write his name and I am a foreign minister. Men do not stay in our places as before. Neither Bonaparte, the French people, nor me.

JOUBERT

A revolutionary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EATON
(sounding more
"English" than at
any other point)
An American.

JOUBERT
And what is that, when you are at
war with the English again. The
next time you will lose. I know
something about it. I was there.

EATON
As a mercenary.

JOUBERT
Serving my king.

EATON
And you serve the Bashaw now? Even
from Lewis of France, sir,
(the "Lewis" is
intentional)
that is a downfall.

JOUBERT stares at Eaton.

JOUBERT
(a beat)
If you give your word of honor not
to escape, you may keep your
weapons. I will not take them. But
do not use them.

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

JOUBERT (CONT'D)
(to soldiers)
This man is a foreign minister, and
my particular guest.

LANCERS back away, still staring. Other LANCERS are looting
the felucca. EATON puts together his gear.

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. TRIPOLI HARBOR. MORNING.

The captured PHILADELPHIA is laid along a quay, surrounded by rafted galleys and trading vessels, barbarously secured. The UNITED STATES FLAG, with fourteen stars, hangs upside down beneath the STRIPED FLAG of the Bashaw of Tripoli.

EXT. THE WATERFRONT. CONTINUOUS

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.

JOUBERT

Those are the common sailors. The officers are in a different condition. They have ices and fruit. They play cards.

(a beat, and
significantly)

They are worth more money.

EATON

How can you serve him?

JOUBERT doesn't answer. He continues to ride.

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.

EXT. JOUBERT'S COURTYARD. MORNING

As the party rides in EATON looks up at Joubert's house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOUBERT

I must surrender you; but not yet.
This is my house.

(he exchanges words
with his lieutenant,
who, staring
dubiously at Eaton,
rides off)

EATON

When will the Bashaw see me?

JOUBERT

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

SERVANTS come out of Joubert's house.

EATON

(dismounting)

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.

EATON

Yusuf Bashaw, sir, is a pretender.

JOUBERT freezes for a moment; then continues towards his
house.

JOUBERT

He pretends very well.

They pass inside the house. It is very comfortable house. A
little French, gone North African.

EATON

And his elder brother is the right
bashaw of Tripoli.

JOUBERT

Yes. So?

(handing SABER to
servant)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

The question which should obsess you is whether or not you will be ransomed.

EATON

I am not surrendering, sir. I am presenting credentials.

JOUBERT

(chuckles)

You will meet the Bashaw.

INT/EXT. JOUBERT'S HOUSE AND BALCONY. LATER

JOUBERT, drinking brandy, unbuttoned, but still in his dusty clothes, watches as AMERICAN SLAVES are flogged through the streets. A GIRL-SLAVE is preparing a pipe of OPIUM. (doesn't have to be hit hard that Joubert is killing himself: just enough).

JOUBERT

It is after the end of the world.
What I do, what anyone does, does not matter. What do you propose to do here? To "serve your country"?

JOUBERT smiles: there's one born every minute, and he used to be one of them. He wishes he still was.

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

(flatly)

There is nothing to be done.

EATON

I must go to the Bashaw's castle.

JOUBERT

I like your audacity; but I think it is fatal.

(finishes brandy,
holds out glass for
more)

After we dine.

EATON

I am not hungry.

JOUBERT

You won't eat with me because I serve him?

EATON, staring, says nothing: but this is the answer.

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

Then prepare yourself.

EXT. TRIPOLITAN STREET/BASHAW'S CASTLE. LATER

JOUBERT and EATON, with a small guard, 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.

BERBERS charge at Eaton, shouting. A spontaneous DEMONSTRATION begins to take place in the street.

JOUBERT forces on, angrily.

INT. BASHAW'S THRONE ROOM. CONTINUOUS

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

The 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.

BASHAW'S TRANSLATOR

Your agent on Cyprus has not sent the money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON'S POV

JOUBERT enters the room, with his ORDERLY.

JOUBERT

He is receiving you as a minister.
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.

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

One more thing. An American
squadron was at Malta a week ago. A
heavy frigate. Two sloops of war.
The heavy frigate is called
Constitution.

EATON nods, gratefully, though he wonders why Joubert has told him.

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

Do not threaten the Bashaw. Do not
look him in the eye.

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 explaining 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly he stops, and (as a murmur arises in the court) 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. 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. BERTRAND 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

I represent a republic. The entirety of the point of that republic is that it does not recognize kings.

YUSUF BASHAW

Would you die for it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EATON

Yes.

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

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. When
the cheering subsides, EATON, who has paced, turns on the
throne and says:

EATON

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

YUSUF BASHAW

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

EATON

In myself, I am no one.

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

(standing)

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.

(CONTINUED)

YUSUF BASHAW

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.

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, I admire it.

The COURT laughs when the Bashaw does.

YUSUF BASHAW (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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

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 on the dais. The EUNUCH (this is important) stares.

YUSUF BASHAW (cont'd)

(to EATON alone)

You are unusual.

EATON

Why bother with the other thing?

YUSUF BASHAW

Do you think life is theater?

EATON

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)

I demand the unconditional release of the United States prisoners.

YUSUF BASHAW

Be glad you are worth a lot of money.

FOREIGN MINISTERs stare, palely. EATON paces. We see that his hand is shaking. He stops it from doing so.

EATON stares at him, blood still trickling from his hair; and, realizing that he's won, nods curtly at the Bashaw.

INT. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE PALACE. LATER (TWILIGHT)

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. EATON stares into space.

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.

INT. THE BASHAW'S CHAMBER. CONTINUOUS

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 spreads his arms as far as they will go.

The BASHAW is impassive. SLAVES appear to dress him.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BREAKWATER. PREDAWN

With Tripoli in the background we see ONE MAST, with men in the fighting tops, then ANOTHER, then ANOTHER.

EXT. THE FORT AT THE BREAKWATER. PREDAWN

TRIPOLITANS, clutching muskets, stare at the looming ship(s).

EXT. CONSTITUTION, ALOFT.

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

INT. THE BASHAW'S CHAMBER. PREDAWN

The BASHAW is being robed, staring out towards the Constitution. We now see that there are three warships standing off Tripoli Harbor.

BASHAW
(in Arabic,
untranslated)
They have brought my money.

EXT. TRIPOLITAN STREETS. MORNING. VARIOUS

PEOPLE run through the streets. GONGS are clanging.

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.

BASHAW'S MINISTER
You.

EATON goes to the window. His POV:

THE US SQUADRON standing off the harbor.

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 stares back.

EXT. TRIPOLI WATERFRONT. DAY

TRIPOLITANS are out en masse, jeering at the frigates. EATON is 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. EATON is rowed out by BERBERS in the equivalent of a ROYAL BARGE. The BOAT passes under the GUNS of the frigate. Among other officers, O'BANNON, a Lieutenant of Marines, stands staring down.

INT. SURGEON'S COCKPIT. DAY

In the gloom, EATON is having his head sewn up by a SURGEON'S ORDERLY. PARKER, a young lieutenant, very ill, is breathing mentholated steam. He looks up at Eaton haggardly.

EATON

(to Surgeon)

What did the squadron come to do?
Pay him?

SURGEON

Couldn't know, sir.

PARKER

Are you the Tunis consul?

EATON wonders what Parker could mean.

MIDSHIPMAN (OS)

Captain Eaton, sir? Captain Eaton,
sir.

EATON looks up sharply.

Captain Preble will see you at
once, sir.

PARKER, ill, sweating, watches EATON go. He gets up and puts his coat on.

SURGEON

I must tell the Captain about
your...situation. This cannot go
on.

PARKER

It would be the last thing you do.

INT. CONSTITUTION GUN-DECK. MOMENTS LATER

EATON, escorted by midshipmen, comes to the door of Preble's cabin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BANNON, the officer glimpsed earlier, smiles at him as he passes. EATON, nonplussed, hesitates, and goes on.

INT. PREBLE'S CABIN. MOMENTS LATER

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.

MIDSHIPMAN

The Tunis consul, Mister Eaton.

EATON does not know the first thing about PREBLE. He stands at attention -- civil attention, not military attention.

PREBLE

This afternoon I received emissaries from the Bashaw. The Bashaw says that you threatened him with a pistol.

EATON

(not yet sure what
kind of man Preble
is)

The Bashaw entertains himself with terminology.

PREBLE

The Bashaw is a son of a bitch.

EATON

(nodding)

Sir.

PREBLE

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

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 doesn't
answer, but the
answer is obviously
"no")

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PREBLE (CONT'D)

Gunboats that are being built and armed in Sicily. I may make no assault on the harbor until they arrive. It wouldn't do any good. When the gunboats arrive, I shall assault Tripoli, make no mistake of that. But until they arrive, 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, sir. I have a job.

This is the best thing that EATON has ever heard.

EATON

The Bashaw has a brother.

PREBLE

(looking at papers -
then, cagily)

So do I. The significance of his?

EATON

The Bashaw's brother is 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, Captain Eaton, I could make my grandmother the Empress of the fucking Moon. Be specific in your proposition, sir.

Downy

EATON

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

(CONTINUED)

PREBLE

It sounds like ordinary government.

(EATON smiles)

The difference, sir?

EATON

Yusuf Bashaw is a pirate. His income is from the sea. By this blockade 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.

(definitely not smiling)

The people want his brother. You are before Tripoli. Imagine the right king of Tripoli behind it, with an army, and the country in revolt.

(passionately)

It would cost you nothing to put a force ashore. Even a rumor of a land assault being assembled in Egypt, with Hamet, would move Yusuf towards capitulation.

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

EATON (CONT'D)

A hundred Marines. Ten thousand in gold for horses and mercenaries, half a dozen guns. I will go to Egypt, collect Hamet Bashaw, cross Libya raising revolt, and attack Tripoli from the land. I have said this again and again.

PREBLE

Would the people revolt?

EATON

Yusuf is a tyrant.

PREBLE

So am I. My men adore me.

EATON

There is a cult of Hamet in the provinces. The people want him.

(bitterly)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EATON (CONT'D)

I have written letter after
letter...

PREBLE

(spilling a case of
copied LETTERS)

These?

EATON looks, astonished, at the table. He looks up at
Preble.

PREBLE (CONT'D)

(to SECRETARY)

Send in Mister Eaton's officers. It
has been interesting to hear your
case, sir. But I have already heard
it. My orders were to look at you
and make my decision independent of
Washington City. I have done so.

EATON steps forward, not daring to hope.

PREBLE (CONT'D)

I'll land you at Alexandria with an
advance party -- what marines I can
spare. Enough to protect the money
and guns I'll land you with
initially.

PARKER and O'BANNON enter the room. EATON looks around at
them.

PREBLE (CONT'D)

Your officers.

(EATON looks at them)

When my reinforcements arrive from
the United States, by which time
you will have collected your
bashaw, I can give you a hundred
marines and twenty-five thousand in
gold.

PREBLE holds out a letter, long signed and sealed.

PREBLE (CONT'D)

You are appointed Naval Agent to
the Barbary States. You have
authority to execute a treaty with
Hamet Karamanli, the Right Bashaw
of Tripoli, and to commence
military action against Yusuf
Karamanli.

EATON's whole life is justified at this point. He opens the
LETTER, and reads it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EATON

You're serious.

PREBLE

Are you? I'm making you a hero,
sir. Don't disappoint me.

EXT. THE DOCKS AT ALEXANDRIA. DAY

GUNS are being swayed off the HORNET. The full tumult of a marketplace. HULL (the captain from the final scene) is on deck, supervising.

O'BANNON is staring towards:

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

PARKER is negotiating with a fezzed BUSINESSMAN for mules.

PARKER

(struggling)

Pas des chameaux. Mules. Mules.
Anes.

BUSINESSMAN

Pas des anes. Chameaux.

EATON, riding, comes into the melee, accompanied by a disreputable MERCENARY with one eye. EATON stares at PARKER as he passes. PARKER, knowing Eaton dislikes him, stares back evenly. EATON slides out of the saddle, leads his horse towards his baggage.

EATON

(picking up O'BANNON)

That man's consumptive. I don't
want him.

O'BANNON

He's the best gunner in the
service.

EATON

He's dying.

O'BANNON knows it.

O'BANNON

Then why not let him do something
before he does?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON stares. 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

You can't stay in the city. The Turks won't have it. You leave a man here to wait for the return of the Argus, but you have to get out.

(indicates MAP)

Twenty miles out there's a place they call the Arab's tower. It's used by drovers. There's water. Camp there. This man will take you.

The ONE-EYED GUIDE stares at O'BANNON.

He'll bring cavalry, but don't pay them anything until I get back.

O'BANNON

Not the most reliable looking gentleman.

EATON

Don't pay him, either.

EATON and O'BANNON stare at each other.

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

EATON (CONT'D)

I'll be back in two weeks with Hamet.

(rides up to PARKER
and stares at him)

I'll leave you if you get in the way. Do you understand me?

PARKER swallows, and nods. EATON spurs off.

O'BANNON stares at the MAP. HORNET'S CAPTAIN (HULL) joins O'BANNON.

O'BANNON

(knowing it's
useless, folding MAP
into coat)

Six more sailors. Armed. Just six,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HULL

Not possible.

O'BANNON flips the returned SEXTANT in his hand, and moves through the crowd.

O'BANNON

(picking up PARKER)

Did you get mules?

PARKER

(by way of answering

"no")

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

O'BANNON

Make him an offer.

O'BANNON, moving on, is swarmed by MERCENARIES soliciting jobs, favors, powder. PARKER looks around at ALEXANDRIA...and The world he is leaving.

EXT. A DESERT TRACK. DAY

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. He takes out:

His LOCKET.

DETAIL:

A WOMAN IN EMPIRE DRESS.

EATON closes the miniature, puts it into his watch-pocket.

EXT. A POOR VILLAGE HOSTELRY. NIGHT

COFFEE-DRINKERS watch Eaton suspiciously.

EATON is writing his draft treaty.

EATON (V.O.)

"There shall be a firm and perpetual peace between the Government of the United States of America and His Highness Hamet Karamanli Bashaw, legitimate sovereign of the kingdom of Tripoli, and between the citizens of the one and the subjects of the other."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sands the paper. He looks up at the Coffee-drinkers. The WIND is rising.

WIND carries over to:

EXT. THE DESERT. DUST STORM

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 makes the horse lie down. The sand lashes.

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:

THE SPHINX.

EATON, looking very much as if he comes from Massachusetts, stumbles through the sand, staring at the Sphinx. He stumbles back towards his horse, and sees:

A SOLITARY RIDER, watching him. EATON takes out his musket. The RIDER turns his horse and disappears over the hill. EATON replaces the leather wrap around the lock.

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 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.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TURKISH OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
(EATON turns and
looks at him,
squinting: and then
in what is presumed
to be Arabic:)

Where are you going.

EATON
I am on my way to see Hamet
Karamanli.

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.

TURKISH OFFICIAL
On what business?

EATON
My own.

The TURKISH OFFICIAL evaluates Eaton. EATON, adjusting the girth, eyes:

His SADDLE-PISTOLS.

TURKISH OFFICIAL
The payment to pass 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

EATON (CONT'D)

Since I have permission, perhaps
you could tell me where to find
Hamet Karamanli.

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.

He spurs off. His grinning SOLDIERS follow. EATON, now crowded by BEDOUIN, rigs his gear, and mounts. He looks out at the track; and rides out.

RAIS MOHAMMED stands, and, around the watercourse, FIFTY MEN stand with him.

EXT. THE DESERT. DAY

EATON is riding. The landscape is greener. TWO BERBERS gallop furiously 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON
 (uncomfortably aware
 of BERBERS)
 That is between the Bashaw and
 myself.

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

Before the villa there is a permanent BERBER CAMP, complete with women and children. EATON rides along with RAIS MOHAMMED. The MEN start to emerge from the tents to inspect him. They are soldiers too long in camp -- unshaven, malevolent, overfed. They follow after EATON as he continues towards the villa.

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE VILLA. MOMENTS LATER

The villa is a gorgeous place, at the edge of the great desert. It looks like some parts of it could originally have been Roman. Date-palms sway in the breeze. SERVANTS come out onto the colonnade, as EATON comes up. VEILED WOMEN and some CHILDREN stand in the palm-garden, 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 door. Two BERBERS sit in the shade- guards. EATON walks towards the door and through it.

INT. A HALL IN THE VILLA. CONTINUOUS

A TURKISH SERVANT stands shocked in an arched 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 is the "United States of
 America"?

EATON looks at him: an interesting historical question, nowhere near being answered. The TURKISH SERVANT is useless. Eaton follows the sound of falling water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TURKISH SERVANT (CONT'D) (O.S.)
(CONT'D)

You must wait...

INT. COURTYARD OF HAMET'S VILLA. CONTINUOUS

EATON steps into the courtyard. WOMEN run off through a doorway. Eaton walks into the shade of a latticed area. SLAVES batting fans look up boredly. EATON stares, his eyes adjusting to the dark. He looks somewhat disappointed.

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 the 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?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET

Did you come here specifically to insult me?

EATON looks around at: SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT, MASSES OF BOOKS.

EATON

Your servant...

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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 DINING ROOM. NIGHT

Dinner is finished. COFFEE has been served. The room is open to the air. Muslin blows in the windows. RAIS MOHAMMED is sitting on cushions staring at EATON suspiciously. EATON, by candle-light, is reading the TREATY.

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.

(CONTINUED)

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

HAMET

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.

(CONTINUED)

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." So I should begin with
no assurances.

EATON
You have every assurance...

RAIS MOHAMMED
(cleverer than he has
seemed)
There are no 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.

HAMET
(standing)
Walk with me in the garden.

EATON and HAMET leave the room through blowing curtains.
TORCHBEARERS light torches and go with them. RAIS MOHAMMED
stares dubiously after the men; and then shrugs and drinks
coffee.

EXT. GARDEN OF HAMET'S VILLA. NIGHT

The gardens are beautiful; falling water. The sky of stars.

HAMET
Jefferson knows nothing of this
treaty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON

With a fast ship, Bashaw, he might.

HAMET

I would be a puppet. The creature of the United States. Like a prince of India, set against his own people by foreign interests.

EATON

The government of the United States does not do that sort of thing.

HAMET

They will get to it eventually; and I think "eventually" is now. The United States will be a great power the moment it decides to be. Only the United States is unaware of this. For a navy all that is needed are men and trees. I believe you have both in abundance.

EATON

Mr. Jefferson's thoughts have never been in that direction.

HAMET

Do you know the concept of *taqqyiah*?

EATON

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, for example, as now you are, it is allowed. I believe that America will be formidable; it is inevitable; but that time has not come.

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. In case I needed to do...something else. I have no assurances.

EATON says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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)

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.

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.

EATON says nothing, staring at Hamet.

HAMET (cont'd)

Leave me to read.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EATON

With respect, sir, I must have an answer.

HAMET

I washed my hands of a throne. I do not want it. I want none of it.

(trying to explain)

My brother killed my father and still tries to kill me for the disgraced throne of a Turkish province for which I would not pay the life of an enemy.

EATON

I have been at Tripoli, sir.

It is a powerful thing to say, said powerfully. Hamet stops and listens.

EATON (CONT'D)

What 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)

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

EATON stares at Hamet as if into a mirror. EATON is beginning to be ill. Sweat trickles from his hair.

HAMET (CONT'D)

Know yourself. I know you. I once was you. I know myself. I am not a king.

EATON

I agree with you.

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, ill, sits down. TORCHBEARERS come forward across the gardens.

INT. EATON'S ROOM AT THE VILLA. NIGHT

A SLAVE lights candles. EATON, after the door closes, vomits into a bowl.

INT. EATON'S ROOM AT THE VILLA. MORNING

EATON is woken, roughly, by

EATON'S POV

TWO BERBERS. One (HAMET'S PHYSICIAN) shakes him. The other stands by, armed. RAIS MOHAMMED stands in the room.

RAIS MOHAMMED

You must go.

EATON sits up, feverish.

EATON

Tripoli...

RAIS MOHAMMED shakes his head.

HAMET'S PHYSICIAN attempts to look into Eaton's eye. EATON shoves him aside.

RAIS MOHAMMED

If you are not well you may stay.

EATON gets to his feet, unsteadily.

EATON

I want to see Hamet.

RAIS MOHAMMED

No.

HAMET'S PHYSICIAN tries to make Eaton sit down. EATON hurls him aside. A TABLE goes over. The BERBER aims a PISTOL.

HAMET'S PHYSICIAN

He may not travel.

RAIS MOHAMMED

You stay.

EATON puts on his coat. RAIS MOHAMMED looks at him. EATON buttons his coat. RAIS MOHAMMED shrugs, and hands EATON the treaty. EATON tears it apart.

EXT. THE VILLA. DAY

EATON comes out. He barely makes it down the steps, and wobbles across the dusty ground. His HORSE is saddled. HE manages, after three tries, to mount, and reels in the saddle.

RAIS MOHAMMED

The great are not like you and me.

This is the last thing that Eaton wants to hear.

EATON

(as philosophically
as bitterly)

I suppose you're right.

He turns his horse. Then is capable of a parting shot.

EATON (CONT'D)

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.*

(rides back up to

RAIS MOHAMMED)

If he will not kill his brother then by God I will.

RAIS MOHAMMED

God protect you.

EXT. A HIGH ROOM IN THE VILLA. MOMENTS LATER

Through LATTICE (HAMET'S POV) we see EATON riding away.

HAMET (who has heard it all), walks away.

INT. A STAIRCASE IN THE VILLA. MOMENTS LATER

HAMET, starting down the steps, sees RAIS MOHAMMED, looking up at him.

HAMET

The treaty is worthless.

RAIS MOHAMMED

Is the cause?

HAMET hurries away through his house.

INT. THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE. DAY

LEAR stands looking at the president.

JEFFERSON

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

LEAR

(stricken)

Sir?

JEFFERSON (O.S.)

Mr. Archibald is deaf. You are not.

(hands Lear a LETTER)

William Eaton, the Tunis consul, presuming a success in Egypt, is marching on Tripoli.

LEAR

(after scanning letter)

Allow me to say, sir, that... too great powers... have been given...

(bitterly, almost shouting)

You must ask yourself if Eaton gets Hamet to Tripoli, which of them will be king. You have let loose a djinn from a bottle.

JEFFERSON

You knew of Hamet, and did not enlighten me.

LEAR

(thinking, surviving)

I will tell you what I know. I know that one neither rules a state...nor gets into a position to rule one...

(Jefferson stiffens at this dig)

Without a capacity for...compromise.

(life:)

I am not a man of such parts as the President. I am no idealist. No Romantic.

JEFFERSON

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEAR

(desperate)

A man, in making himself, can yet
serve the general good, and I do
not think that the President could
argue with that, having done it
himself, as does every public man.

LEAR has laid it all on the table, and, perhaps, won.

LEAR (CONT'D)

If Eaton indeed menaces 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
the Barbary as planned and
simultaneously attempt the
diplomatic solution.

(sensing a victory,
goes on)

My ship is at Baltimore. Sir.

LEAR watches Jefferson.

JEFFERSON

(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.

LEAR

Certainly not, sir. Certainly not.

EXT. THE DESERT. NOON (WIND)

EATON, riding, reels in the saddle. He is sunburnt, covered
with dust, alone in a huge stony landscape, staring ahead.
He takes out his LOCKET and looks at it, swaying. He
fumbles it shut and trying to replace it in his watch-
pocket --drops it.

DETAIL:

It falls open, and begins almost immediately to be covered
with sand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The "mirage" resolves as a GRAVEYARD, almost beyond antiquity.

EATON continues to ride. The graveyard gives way to a RUINED VILLAGE (necropolis). It is a dead town, partially thatched over, blowing rags. Dust blows down the street. A BRIGAND appears in a doorway and then vanishes.

A figure in a doorway, wearing a French COCKED HAT is briefly visible. EATON looks around. Men slip through the ruins. Armed, though not with firearms. The only thing keeping them away is the sight of the pistols in Eaton's belt.

EATON falls bodily out of the saddle, and thumps into the dust. He tries to get to his feet. The figure in the cocked hat appears above EATON. A Napoleonic figure.

As EATON struggles to his feet, a ragged man grabs for his pistols. EATON pulls one and cocks it. The ragged men disappear. EATON walks a few paces and falls on his face. A hand snatches away his PISTOL.

HANDS open and dump EATON's saddlebags. PAPERS blow away in the dust.

EATON fires at thin air and is instantly smashed to the ground. He gets up, shoving away a BRIGAND, and draws his sword. People of the dead village are now all out, and laughing. EATON swings his saber, misses. He is hit with a rock. He (barely) parries the thrust of a spear, and falls to his knees. He drops his saber. His belt is taken. His boots. Senseless, he is stripped out of his coat. He is left lying in the dust.

BRIGANDS go through his belongings. A man rides his horse in short curtailed gallops yallahing (hoofbeats should be over all this to make what happens next on sound seem a possible audio hallucination).

EATON seems to realize his position, gets up, and stumbles away through the broken walls, into a labyrinth. Emerging from the dead town he stumbles down into a rocky gully beneath a HILL.

A ragged SWORDSMAN, and then all the men of the village, comes out from the buildings. They close on EATON. (WE are in Eaton's POV, blackout, smears of sunlight). Hoofbeats louder. Maybe more, or maybe it's just hallucination. Shouts. EATON opens his eyes and sees:

EATON'S POV:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAIS MOHAMMED leans out of the saddle, swinging a sword directly at camera.

EATON falls as if hit, but really:

A BRIGAND is hacked down.

RAIS MOHAMMED turns in the saddle and pistols another man, shooting him in the face. HAMET's BERBERS are riding among the broken walls, killing the brigands. There is a savage melee--firing.

EATON sits against a wall, and looks up through the sunlight. What he sees (as if it is a mirage) is this:

HAMET riding along a ridgeline, cloaked, and staring down at him. Hamet's face and intentions are unreadable. His cloak is blowing in the wind. He looks more like a prophet than a warrior. He raises a hand.

EXT. A CAMP AMONG THE WALLS. TWILIGHT

A FIRE is lighted. A goat is being singed on the coals. A TENT is being pitched, against the wind, by the dark figures of the BERBERS.

EATON is lying insensible by the fire.

RAIS MOHAMMED (O.S.)
(making an inventory)
He has no money. None.

HAMET looks royally indifferent.

RAIS MOHAMMED, disappointed with his boss, opens EATON's writing case and finds:

MSS POETRY. GOOD DRAWINGS.

RAIS MOHAMMED looks interestedly at Eaton.

HAMET
Some men are men of action. Others
have to become men of action. An
artist who decides that the world
is the real canvas is the man to be
watched.

RAIS MOHAMMED has very little idea what HAMET is talking about; but he assumes that Hamet knows; and that's all that matters. Eaton stirs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAIS MOHAMMED

You are the Bashaw.

(He puts the papers
back in the case.)I will agree with whatever you
wish.

HAMET

That's not what I want.

RAIS MOHAMMED

What else could you want?

HAMET looks amused. Wind rises.

HAMET

Wash him.

EATON is unconscious as a SLAVE begins to wash him.

EXT. THE CAMP. LATER

EATON is ill, unable to speak, but his eyes are open.
BERBERS stand guard, looking out at the night. HAMET,
carrying a LANTERN, looks at EATON'S face, and sees that he
is awake.

HAMET

(looking into EATON's
eyes: he seems to
have medical
knowledge)

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.
My father claimed that tea was a
specific against fever.

(feels EATON's pulse)

But I think it was the water boiled
for tea. I have looked through a
microscope. It was instructive.
There are... animals in the water.

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

But between us we shall call them
microbes.

EATON

(bitterly)

Did you only come because I am ill?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET, dealing with an interesting question, looks at the stars.

HAMET

(covering EATON with
his CLOAK)

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. 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, shaking, is
able to nod)

Rais Mohammed also sees one star: me. I am expected to see one star: the throne. But I have always seen others. And brighter. And I became confused among them.

EATON choking, nods.

HAMET (CONT'D)

But when the brightest resolves, meaning destiny, I suppose, it is unmistakable.

(a beat)

I knew that a door would open; and that when it opened, I would go through it.

EATON, with enormous difficulty, nods, not really conscious or understanding.

EXT. THE VOLCANO ("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. He stares towards the desert, with (for O'BANNON) obvious unease. MARINES stand around a rocky yard of a 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.

O'BANNON
(staring towards
Tuaregs)
Any sign of our one-eyed friend?

PARKER
None.

CAID ABDEL -- a very fierce and ignorant Tuareg nomad, comes across the yard. (TUAREGS start yelling: the CAID is their leader & champion). O'BANNON watches him come, and steps forward. MARINES -- there are only twenty of them -- stand watchfully around the compound. CAID ABDEL starts shouting in fierce Arabic. (Whenever EATON is not present, Arabic is Arabic.) The CAID walks in circles, shouting, slapping the ground with his stick -- obviously making (and not for the first time) some sort of bitter case. Hovering near the CAID is his BROTHER, a young man with dyed eyelids.

O'BANNON
Give them the rest of the sheep.

PARKER
Why don't we give them the
barrelled beef?

O'BANNON
(lighting a cigar)
Because it's pork.

The CAID stands staring at them both, uncomprehending.

EXT. THE AMERICAN CAMP. MOMENTS LATER

SHEEP are driven out of the enclosure. The TUAREGS converge on them.

CAID ABDEL, satisfied with his development, mounts and rides rapidly up the hill, cloak flying. O'BANNON turns, looking intensely worried - but not without humor. The CAID'S BROTHER spits into the sand and then tears off after his protector & general raison d'être.

The SERGEANT who has loosed the sheep comes over to O'BANNON.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BANNON

(looking at Tuaregs)

Get more water inside the buildings
and open cartridge kegs.

(to Parker)

You might unlimber your guns, and
double-charge with grape.

PARKER

(coolly, staring
towards the Tuaregs)

Right.

EXT. THE VOLCANO. TWILIGHT

The SUN is going down. The Tuaregs in silhouette.

EXT. HAMET AND EATON'S CAMP. MORNING

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

RAIS MOHAMMED

He is well!

BERBERS (a hundred of them) fire into the air.

EATON with a "fuck it" expression turns on his heel and
starts to go back into the tent. HAMET intercepts him with
a cup of tea, or coffee, which Eaton (recognizing the honor
of being handed it personally) takes.

HAMET

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

EATON

He is a great waster of fucking
ammunition.

RAIS

(not disturbed,
joyful)

Islam took Christian Spain.

EATON

(over cup)

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

RAIS looks briefly dangerous. Then decides that he doesn't
care, and wanders away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET

Can you travel?

EATON

(decisively)

Yes.

(in motion, getting
his gear together)

At the Arab's Tower, we join with a hundred United States marines who will have landed by now, and a naval detachment with six eighteen-pounder guns. Probably O'Bannon has secured cavalry. There's twenty-five thousand dollars in gold waiting for us. We march for Libya, raising revolt where money can, or where you can, with or without money. At Derna, by which time we will need to be resupplied, there will be two United States heavy frigates. More money. More men. They will support any assault necessary, should the town be defended, and then the entire expedition will be supplied through that port. It is simple. We go to Derna, take it, and then gather your people there for the assault on Tripoli.

HAMET

I will make my decision when I see your army.

As the men stare at each other, prayer is called.

BERBERS (including RAIS MOHAMMED) drop for the mid-morning prayer.

As if by reaction, though not over-reacting. HAMET goes into the tent and closes the flaps. EATON notices this. Hamet either does not pray, or prays alone. EATON looks at the tent; then at the PRAYING BERBERS.

EXT. THE CAMP. LATER

EATON is finishing shaving. RAIS MOHAMMED rides up to him, blotting out the sky. He is leading EATON'S HORSE.

RAIS MOHAMMED

I am pleased that we go to war. If we go to war, which I hope we do, because it is enjoyable.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAIS MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

But if you have misled the Bashaw, I
will kill you. It is best you
should know that.

EATON nods gravely, accepting the contract. And then he
accepts:

HIS LOCKET.

RAIS MOHAMMED glares at him significantly.

EATON nods.

EATON

Thank you.

He puts the locket in his watch-pocket.

RAIS MOHAMMED

She is pretty.

EATON

(fixing saddlebags)

She is dead.

RAIS MOHAMMED watches Eaton for a moment.

RAIS MOHAMMED

You will write her name on a piece
of cloth, and I will carry it in
battle.

Then he rides off.

EATON, face set, struggles to get into the saddle. He
manages on the third attempt.

EXT. THE DESERT. DAY

HAMET and EATON ride at the front of the column of BERBERS.

HAMET

(playing the stage-
arab)

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON

(uncomfortably)

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

HAMET

Then why do you propose to make me a king?

EATON has nothing to say.

HAMET (CONT'D)

(points with his stick)

A king lived there once.

Eaton looks at:

A RUINED STRONGHOLD. ANCIENT, FORGOTTEN.

HAMET (CONT'D)

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

EATON

Perhaps he did nothing memorable.

HAMET

Nothing is remembered.

EATON

If we are dust, then we are dust with an opportunity.

(HAMET is amused by Eaton)

Sir, 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

What class of fool sent you to deal with Muslims in Muslim places?

EATON

(riding)

John Adams.

(a beat)

You?

HAMET laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EATON (CONT'D)

Why do you keep mentioning
democracy, sir? It appears to
obsess you.

HAMET

It is very hot today, don't you
think?

EATON looks at him, riding, face in the shadow of his hat.

EXT. "THE ARAB'S TOWER". DAWN

O'BANNON stares at the Tuareg. He has been up all night. He
walks along a line of men. PARKER, in naval uniform, stands
by a gun on a rooftop, watching the Tuaregs.

TUAREGS, silhouetted against the lightening east, sit and
watch the American camp. Some Tuareg riders are galloping
up to the lines to count coup, like Cheyenne...the
Americans are almost being dared to fire.

EXT. THE ARAB'S TOWER. NOON

O'BANNON, arms folded, leans against the parapet of a roof.
A MARINE is drowsing -- not asleep, but in a trance state,
staring towards the Tuaregs. Suddenly we hear a murmuring
among the Tuaregs. The marine looks up. O'BANNON looks up.

O'BANNON'S POV:

A CLOUD OF DUST IN THE DISTANCE.

O'BANNON snaps open his telescope, and looks through it.

PARKER

Is it Eaton? How many men?

O'BANNON

Men or money, he had better have a
lot of one or the other.

EXT. BEFORE THE ARAB'S TOWER. MORNING

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.

THEIR POV:

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET

(drily)
The Blue People. An excellent
decision.

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 (as excited as
Tuaregs get, which isn't very), 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.

O'BANNON comes forward across the dusty yard. EATON reins
in, and dismounts, surveying the defensive situation -- the
Tuaregs on the hill.

EATON

Where are the marines?

O'BANNON

Not landed.

(hands Eaton a
LETTER)

Preble's been replaced.

(EATON looks up)

The money came on board the ships
from the United States, but so did
his replacement. He's gone. The new
commodore will not withdraw us but
he will not land troops or money
here. It is inconvenient, he says.
He recognizes that he has a treaty;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

O'BANNON (CONT'D)
but he has modified the Navy's
part. We must make it to Derna to
be reinforced.

EATON

Why?

O'BANNON

Because the man who takes
Tripoli...will be the man who takes
Tripoli. Won't he. And the man who
doesn't will be who he is, too.
Preble had a job, as you pointed
out. The new man has a position.

EATON

Who are these Tuaregs?

O'BANNON

Your cavalry. One more day and we
would have been massacred.

EATON, having read the letter, lowers it.

EATON

Derna...

O'BANNON

Derna.

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

HAMET

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

(looks at small party
of Americans)

I admire your army.

EATON

(boldly)

There has been a change. All that
we were to have here we will have
at Derna instead. It is in this
letter.

HAMET

Derna is held by my brother.

EATON

Yet at Derna, there will be two
United States heavy frigates.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EATON (CONT'D)

They will support our assault on the town. When we take it, the expedition will be supplied through that port.

HAMET sits his horse, considering things. There is a prolonged silence. EATON swallows hard, and watches him.

HAMET

I will pay the Tuareg.

EATON

(humiliated)

That is not what is laid down in the treaty.

HAMET

I haven't signed the treaty. I cannot pay them everything; but I will give them something, so that they will not kill us.

HAMET turns his horse and rides off.

O'BANNON

Is that him?

EATON nods.

O'BANNON (CONT'D)

Is he going for Tripoli?

EATON

(bitterly)

At the moment, that's up to him. Will these men fight if they are paid?

O'BANNON

Your man said they would. They'd take cartridges instead of money but I wouldn't give them cartridges.

EATON

If we have to make Derna in twenty days, there is no choice. Where's the money?

EXT. THE ARAB'S TOWER. MOMENTS LATER

CHAOS. HAMET is negotiating with the CAID. RAIS MOHAMMED involved. RAIS and CAID are shouting at each other happily. EATON comes through the crowd with the rest of the GOLD. HAMET intercepts him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET

You do not want these men.

EATON dumps GOLD COINS onto a rug. The CAID'S BROTHER, 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

It is insufficient.

EATON

It is sufficient. Had you not threatened my men you would have had more. What more you get depends on your behavior.

HAMET tries to speak, but Eaton is on fire.

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. Silence for a moment: then an explosion of argument.

HAMET

Leave this part to Rais Mohammed.

EATON looks surprised; but nods. RAIS MOHAMMED has weighed in, spitting, arguing.

EATON

Bashaw.

HAMET leads Eaton downhill. O'BANNON is with them.

HAMET

They are useful if they are bound by more than money. Rais Mohammed will give them more money if they give us a hostage. The hostage will ride ahead with Rais Mohammed. Beyond that, we must rely on them understanding that installing a king is a lucrative endeavor. Who hired these men?

(CONTINUED)

EATON
(bitterly)
I did.

HAMET
(angrily)
You are right about one thing. Do
not give them cartridges.
(looks at Eaton)
Do you understand that if I left
now they would kill you?

EATON
Is that why you stay?

HAMET
Of course! We must make you the
most famous man in the world. That
is why we are here. Isn't it? That
is why the world spins!

HAMET glares at him; and walks back up to the Tuaregs. As a
roar of "negotiation" erupts again EATON comes down from
the firelit Tuareg camp, and joins PARKER, and O'BANNON.
They fall in together, walking towards the camp. EATON is
very aware that he has just dodged a bullet.

EATON
Derna...

O'BANNON
Derna. Ships, guns, men. All there.
The wouldn't break an agreement the
President had approved; but nothing
says he couldn't modify it on
grounds of exigency, so far from
Washington City.

BERBERS stare at EATON angrily, knowing that something has
gone wrong. EATON gets through them.

EATON
What about food.

O'BANNON
There isn't any.

EATON looks at O'BANNON; and then up at the 300 Muslim
horsemen. He looks at

THE GUNS

EATON
Parker?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

O'BANNON

It comes and goes.

EATON is furious at this.

EATON

I want every man to produce his
personal money. Every penny.

O'BANNON stares at him, resentfully.

O'BANNON

Derna is five hundred miles.

EATON

We leave tomorrow.

EXT. THE ARAB'S TOWER. NIGHT

The MARINES and SAILORS (a way of introducing them
visually) are handing over their "personal money". O'BANNON
is collecting it.

EATON, sitting at a camp table with papers and maps, looks
up as HAMET appears, weary from negotiations.

EATON

Do you trust them?

HAMET

No. But I made them trust you.

EATON

For what?

HAMET

They like adventure and killing and
something to do. Beyond that, they
have no sense whatsoever. They will
like you.

EATON

So we go to Derna?

HAMET

We go. Will your ships be there?
How could I rest until I knew?

HAMET walks off to his tent.

EATON looks down at MAPS and papers.

EATON

Show me where the water is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAIS MOHAMMED

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

EATON

(quietly)

Why is your Bashaw coming, Rais
Mohammed?

RAIS MOHAMMED

He often says things I do not
understand.

(a beat)

The great are not like us.

EATON smiles.

EXT. THE ARAB'S TOWER. DAWN

A small CARAVAN of camels comes in, loaded with sacks of
rice, mismanaged by SAILORS. EATON crosses to it.

SAILOR

Rice. Nothing else. Rice.

EATON nods.

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

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

SECOND SAILOR

They look like they mean it.

PARKER

I think they do.

EXT. THE ARAB'S TOWER. LATER

Just after prayer. FIRES are kicked out. WATER CARTS are
being topped off at the wells. The BERBERS and the TUAREGS
are mounting.

RAIS MOHAMMED and his party of ten Berbers ride out. With
them is the hostage, the CAID'S BROTHER, staring back at
the CAID.. The CAID stares, distraught, after his brother;
but it is the bargain he has made.

EATON

Will they raise the people?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET says nothing. He takes his...SWORD. He looks at it. He belts it on. EATON mounts, and rides through the struck camp.

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).

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

PARKER

I went to sea when I was nine. I am terrified of horses. And I had no idea, sir, that mules were so objectionable. I shall be interested to ride a camel.

EATON merely stares at him.

PARKER (CONT'D)

(after a moment,
stiffening)

Two of my men are master gunners, sir. If that answers your concern.

EATON nods curtly and rides on among the TUAREGS. They stare at him. He stares back. The BLUE MEN bow. A more disreputable set of men could not be imagined.

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).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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

HAMET
Do you mean me, or you.

EATON looks at him.

HAMET (CONT'D)
"The standards of the king
advance"?

EATON
You're unusual.

HAMET
"Why bother with the other thing."

EATON stares.

EATON
Tripoli is not so much dust, then.
You have spies at court.

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

EATON (CONT'D)
You have spies at court.

THE COLUMN starts off -- BANNERS, MARINES, GUNS, CAISSONS,
CARTS, BERBERS, TUAREG HORSEMEN behind. EATON

EXT. TRIPOLI PALACE AND HARBOR. MORNING

The palace and the city beyond it are bathed in morning
light. A FOURTH SHIP now stands 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, even though we don't yet know the cause for
his alarm) is set as in a scene identical to Eaton's
arrival at the castle ANOTHER MAN (only his boots visible
at first) arrives and is escorted down the hall into the
Bashaw's throne room. The BELL tinkles.

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

YUSUF BASHAW.

EXT. THE DESERT. DAY

A scene from the march, location-dependent. In as many scenes as possible there should be ruins, wreckage of dead civilizations. This is the edge of Egypt, where Egyptian power faltered. Rome built here, and Saladin.

CLOSER ON THE COLUMN

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.

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 heads. 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.

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.

Rais Mohammed hasn't sent back. He was supposed to report every day.

(Hamet says nothing)

"Rais" means sea-commander. Why don't you call him "Aga"?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET

(shrewdly and sadly)
What he is, and what he is called,
are always different things.

EATON twigs it. He stares at Hamet.

HAMET (CONT'D)

You conceive? So did his mother.
She was a slave.

(turns on Eaton)
Have you ever committed rape?

EATON shakes his head "no".

HAMET (CONT'D)

It is commoner than you think to
commit it without knowing you have.
One consults one's conscience
later, but seldom the women at the
time. Does a criminal always know
that he has committed a crime? Very
seldom, I think. My brother thinks
he is a king. When will it occur to
him that he is not?

EATON

When we kill him.

HAMET

When one kills the part of a man
who did a terrible thing, one also
kills the part of him which didn't.

EATON

With respect, sir, that sort of
thinking is why you have sat in
Egypt for ten years.

(a beat, then the
clumsy admission)
I am not foreign to it.

HAMET

I know.

(as EATON, nailed,
looks at him)
Is it better to see the world in
black and white?

EATON

(moving off)
If one wants to get something done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAMET

Eaton.

EATON stops, turns. A long beat.

HAMET (CONT'D)

(not looking at
Eaton)

I intend to make a republic at
Tripoli.

EATON is dumbfounded: he has nothing to say. He stands in
the wind.

HAMET (CONT'D)

You should not be confused about
why I came. That is why I came.

HAMET wanders off, thoughtfully, slapping the ground with
his stick.

DRUMS and cries from the TUAREG CAMP as EATON stares after
Hamet.

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.
GRACCUS DECIMUS..."SEVENTH LEGION"...whatever...and "P-A-R"
PARKER notices a SAILOR staring at him.

PARKER

(embarrassed)

It was always my intention to leave
my mark.

SAILOR

Whatever you say sir is all right
with me.

ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP

EATON is writing.

From THE TUAREG CAMP,.Drums, cries, agitation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON uncorks a bottle and drinks from it. O'BANNON sits down and EATON shoves the bottle over. O'BANNON takes a drink himself.

O'BANNON

A republic.

EATON

Well. He prefers the parliamentary system. He finds it sounder.

EATON'S POV:

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

EATON (CONT'D)

He's more than I expected.

O'BANNON

Where are you from?

EATON

(out of reverie)
Massachusetts.

The word sounds odd, in a roman ruin in North Africa. Both men smile.

O'BANNON

I am from Virginia, sir.

EATON isn't particularly interested. (And there's a note of wariness). He drags his lamp closer to his writing.

O'BANNON (CONT'D)

Do you think the country will last?

EATON

If New England can't trade at sea because a Southern president will not give it a Navy it will separate from the Union. If the south is requested to give up the slaves, it will separate from the union. Lay money on both. One or the other will happen. And then it will be war.

(O'Bannon, the southerner, nods: it is a sad fact)

We're not done with England. The thing to do, now, right now, where we are, is to amaze the world.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EATON (CONT'D)

To make them notice us, if only for audacity. Every European country pays tribute to that butcher at Tripoli and say we - us - knock Yusuf off his throne. It would change the world.

O'BANNON

Incidentally making you the most famous man in it.

EATON

If we take Tripoli, you won't do badly yourself.

O'BANNON

We're in Hamet's country. The Rais has gone ahead. Why haven't his people come?

EATON doesn't know, and doesn't answer. The wind is rising, and dust is starting to blow about in the air.

O'BANNON (CONT'D)

(takes a last drink)

This all seems impossible.

EATON

(writing fiercely, a letter about the republic, perhaps)

That's the only thing worth doing.

(a beat)

How is Parker?

O'BANNON

I think he is dead but will not lie down.

EATON

(the first positive thing he has said about Parker)

Good for him.

INT. HAMET'S TENT. CONTINUOUS

HAMET, behind a screen, reading, drinks tea -- and listens.

EXT. THE CAMP. NIGHT

EATON is walking the perimeter.

A cry from the Tuareg camp, which, if translated, would say "We will not go".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 comes up, wary of Eaton.

EATON

I want the guns fit to fire tomorrow. Triple-load them with grape, chain, anything you've got that will take down men and horses. In the case of trouble, I will walk up to the Tuaregs and engage them while you prepare yourself. Do you understand?

PARKER nods.

EATON (CONT'D)

You're a valuable man. I thank you for coming.

PARKER watches EATON go.

EXT. THE DESERT. DAY

THE COLUMN is following a road barely visible, effaced by dunes and wind. More than a week has passed, and it has been arduous. The wheels of the WATER CART grind in the stones.

PARKER, sunburnt, riding a mule, looks much affected by the heat. THE GUNS are rolling roughly, jolting along behind lathered mules.

The MARINES are riding on camels, staring around at the desert.

HAMET rides with CAID ABDEL, talking animatedly in Arabic. They are at a distance. We cannot hear.

EATON has seen the two men talking. HAMET spurs up.

EATON

He's worried about his brother.

HAMET

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON

So he can raid. So he can sell us
to your brother, take payment from
both sides, and fight for none.

HAMET

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

HAMET

What?

EATON

(brutally)

We are slow. I'm taking forty men
and going ahead. Twenty of your men
and twenty of his. I'll go ahead
and make the camps. If we start to
cut it close I'll have to go ahead
to Derna myself, to hold the ships,
while you get the column there.

HAMET can't argue with this.

HAMET

And if he decides to kill the
Christians?

EATON

Kill him.

(a beat)

We have no intelligence coming in
and no idea of what is before us. I
have to go ahead.

EXT. A DESERTED VILLAGE. DAY

A HILL. EATON and his party of forty men, Tuaregs and
Berbers mixed, 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

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.

FIRST BERBER

What does it say?

EATON

That there are fifty men who will join us.

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.

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:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AN UNSTONED WELL crammed with corpses. There are more corpses than water. TUAREGS crowd in close, looking down as well, murmuring.

EATON stands and walks towards his horse.

FIRST BERBER

We must wait here for Hamet.

EATON

We are going to the next village.
Pushing on.

FIRST BERBER

It is nearly night.

EATON

We're pushing on.

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 SECOND 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 looks deserted. It is, or was, half mud houses and half douar -- a tented village. It burned in the night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. Flies.

FIRST BERBER

Lancers.

EATON looks inland and sees:

LANCERS riding along the ridge-line as, in front of them

MORE LANCERS ride away out of the smoke, escaping from Eaton's larger force.

IMPALED MEN 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.

TUAREGS ride fiercely, perhaps already looking for their man, the CAID'S BROTHER. A cry as

A LANCER appears on the hill, a white flag on a lance. With him, suddenly, is JOUBERT. EATON rides towards him.

EATON

What can we say to each other?

JOUBERT

(getting to business)

We know that you are to be resupplied at Derna.

EATON

If it were true, how would you know it?

JOUBERT

We have garrisoned the town. You cannot take it; you cannot be resupplied. There are no people for Hamet. As you see.

(a beat)

The Bashaw offers you terms. You may leave the country unmolested. Your answer?

EATON

Your head or mine.

JOUBERT nods, accepting the answer, but:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOUBERT

This is Africa. You must not expect...

(rides closer)

What do you expect? I know where Hamet is. I know how many men you have, from the day you hired them. The army is coming out. All of it. If you continue you will die.

EATON

I will find you at Derna.

JOUBERT holds out...

EATON'S SWORD, which he took at the Bashaw's palace.

JOUBERT

I have kept it for you.

EATON

I have another one.

JOUBERT drops it aside in the dust.

JOUBERT

So. Then we are finished. Until we meet again.

EATON, eyes on Joubert, nods.

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

You will find something of interest in the town.

(a beat)

I have left you the water. You will need it -- to go back to Egypt. Will you stay in your place now, perhaps? Miller's son? You will stay in your place, and Hamet in his...and the people in theirs. What are the people? They pay taxes. If they do not pay taxes they will be forced to pay taxes. If they cannot be forced to pay taxes they are killed. That is the people. Everywhere.

EATON

That is why you don't have a king, and serve another dead one.

JOUBERT spurs off. We see his whole party of lancers: his entire force is small.

EXT. INSIDE THE SECOND VILLAGE. BLUE TWILIGHT

BERBERS, sorting through bodies, find:

THE CAID'S BROTHER.

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 sits by the wells in the still-drifting smoke, staring at something we do not yet see. He holds his locket vaguely.

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.

EATON

They saw what was happening here,
so he came down to fight. He
shouldn't have done it. There were
too many of them. According to the
people he made great account.

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

EATON (CONT'D)

Have I done this?

HAMET

Not alone.

EATON is watching the Tauregs to his left, with great anxiety. The large group, with CAID ABDEL, has joined with the others. Gesticulating. Making their separate plans.

O'BANNON comes up. He peers:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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"

HAMET and EATON look at each other.

FIRST BERBER

The Caid's brother is dead.

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

TUAREGS are beginning to ransack the houses, looking for the CAID'S BROTHER.

EATON

Get the horses and supplies into the fort.

(to Hamet)

Keep your Berbers mounted if you please, Bashaw.

(to all, walking

towards PARKER and

guns)

Marines to me!

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE VILLAGE. CONTINUOUS

The CAID, riding up, sees:

HIS BROTHER, lying dead and mutilated where he was dragged from concealment by the Tuaregs who found him.

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.

EXT. THE FORT. TWILIGHT

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. He checks priming and snaps the frizzen down. Eaton looks like a man who has decided to die well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET, glaring at EATON, is with his BERBERS. He draws his sword.

BERBERS stream through the village and into the open space before the fort.

PARKER watches critically, standing ready by his guns. TUAREGS louder.

EATON

Hamet. Two groups, flanking the marines. On my signal, charge to clear the village.

HAMET

Let me talk to them.

EATON

No.

HAMET gestures: 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)

Well, sir?

CAID ABDEL

My brother.

EATON

My condolences, sir. It is regrettable. At Tripoli should you choose to come you will be compensated.

O'BANNON

Fix.

The MARINES fix bayonets. CAID ABDEL, wildly, notices.

EATON

I will open on you with the guns, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The CAID looks around wildly, examining his chances.

CAID ABDEL

Give us cartridges and we will go.

EATON

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

CAID ABDEL

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

(indicates HAMET with
riding stick)
is not the Bashaw.

HAMET looks as if he very much agrees.

EATON

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

CAID

No.

As TUAREGS aim weapons at EATON, EATON simultaneously cocks
and levels a pistol, holding it directly on Caid Abdel. The
Caid spits. MORE TUAREGS arm themselves. TUAREGS are
massing in the village square.

O'BANNON

(shouts)

Eaton!

Perhaps a hundred TUAREGS now aim weapons at EATON: but
EATON is in a fury. He keeps the pistol aimed at the CAID,
whose horse is restive.

EATON

You have one chance. If you do
anything but ride away you will die
this very instant.

CAID ABDEL

(a HUNDRED TUAREGS
are aiming at Eaton)

You will give us cartridges!

EATON fires. CAID ABDEL, head-shot, pitches from his horse,
instantly dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PARKER

Now!

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

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. HAMET, who has not drawn his sword, watches through the dust the smoke. MARINES advance, bayoneting horses and 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 as the twilight turns to night.

EXT. THE FORT. NIGHT

EATON and PARKER and O'BANNON, powder-blackened, stare dumbly off towards the hills.

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 looks for a moment as if his nerves will get the better of him. He sees:

HAMET, talking to VILLAGERS.

Then he again washes -- as HAMET approaches across the stony yard. HAMET and EATON look at each other.

HAMET

I have eight dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

HAMET (CONT'D)

Had your men been at the Arab's Tower, I would not. Had anything you said been true, I would not. And you. What are you? I think you are a suicide whom only accident keeps alive.

EATON, the one with the locket, sees some truth in that. BERBERS are staring. HAMET notices.

HAMET (CONT'D)

Let us talk inside.

INT. A RUINED ROOM IN THE FORT. MOMENTS LATER.

Some moonlight, some firelight from outside.

HAMET

There are no villagers to raise. It is not conceivable that my brother would kill them all. He must have taken some away...some. Some.

(he looks around at
the desolation)

The rumor here -- among all the people - is that we come with a large American army. My brother believes we have ten thousand men. He is coming out from Tripoli to fight us. Who would say that we have ten thousand men?

EATON doesn't answer because he is just realizing the answer himself.

HAMET (cont'd)

(very angry)

Think from the beginning. We have not been made an army. We have been made a rumor of one. With a rumor one must ask to whom is it useful. We draw troops away from Tripoli. To whom is that useful? To whom and why?

EATON stares, incapable of answering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET (CONT'D)

(simply)

Your country is negotiating with my brother. Are you a part of this?

EATON, in an agony, shakes his head "no".

HAMET (CONT'D)

I am going back to Egypt.

BERBERS, outside, drop for the evening prayer.

EATON

If we are a rumor, Hamet Bashaw, this rumor will be at Derna in two days, and the Commodore will keep the Navy's bargain. If we are at Derna they will supply us, whether they like it or no.

HAMET

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

EATON

(bitterly, as allahu
akhbar sounds
outside)

You would have to tell me about religion.

HAMET stares. EATON turns to find:

HAMET's sword at his throat. EATON knocks the blade aside and draws his own. The men are, at the moment, too close to fight with swords and they grapple, each trying to get leverage to stab the other. HAMET pulls a pistol and is unable to cock it. It falls to the ground. The men break apart, and then genuinely begin to fight. EATON stabs at HAMET and is amazed to (after Hamet's brilliant parry and evasion) find himself crashing down on the floor. In three moves, HAMET disarms EATON and lays his point to his throat. BERBERS and MARINES stare through the broken walls.

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 and let us talk about ships. Will they be there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EATON

It is my belief that they will be.
I can't give you my word.

(looks at sword)

You're very good, sir.

HAMET

People never expect it.

(to be polite)

I caught you off-guard.

HAMET tosses his sword on the table in the room and goes out into the night, passing through his BERBERS...who stand down. EATON watches him go. O'BANNON wordlessly joins Eaton. He looks at HAMET'S SABER.

O'BANNON

(now trying the
balance)

Damascus.

EATON says nothing, still looking after HAMET.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE VILLAGE. MOMENTS LATER

HAMET looks at his DEAD, including...

RAIS MOHAMMED.

ON SOUND we hear VILLAGE WOMEN wailing.

HAMET stops and looks. VILLAGE WOMEN, having emerged from hiding, are wailing over the BODIES of the men slaughtered in the ditches.

HAMET stares. A BOY comes out. No more than twelve, he has a saber-cut on his head. HAMET crouches by him, and, panicky, pours out water onto a cloth and cleans the wound.

HAMET

We must see how much grain is left,
and how it may be apportioned.

(a beat)

What is your name?

BOY

Salem.

HAMET

Do you know who I am?

BOY

You are the king.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET stares at him.

HAMET

No, I'm not.

BERBERS come up to him.

HAMET (CONT'D)

Pay the women. Have them see to the dead.

PARKER (looking like death itself) has heard it all. HAMET looks around at him.

HAMET (CONT'D)

You were splendid with the guns.

PARKER

Imagine what I might have done had I lived.

HAMET hurries away from the boy, and from whatever it is that PARKER represents.

PARKER stares after HAMET, smoke drifting past him.

INT. THE ROOM WHERE EATON AND HAMET FOUGHT. NIGHT

A dust storm is rising around the crumbled building. Eaton, his back to the wall, is sitting, thinking. O'Bannon is nearby.

O'BANNON

We're two days from Derna. Even if you convince Hamet to go on, which you won't, we can't take a garrisoned town with one hundred and seven men and two artillery pieces. If we took it, we can't hold it.

(Eaton knows it.)

I say we destroy the guns, mount the marines, and get out of here. That is my advice. Rig a cart for Parker. Get him someplace where he can die.

(disliking Eaton for the first time, and rising)

That is my advice.

The wind is coming up, and up.

EXT. THE VILLAGE. NIGHT

THE dust-storm is at full force. 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.

EXT. THE VILLAGE. MORNING

EATON comes out of the house. He notices:

HAMET, stone-faced, is praying. HAMET, for the first time in the film, is not only praying, but dressed in Berber clothing.

EATON stares at him. Then continues saddling his horse.

EXT. THE VILLAGE. LATER

A MASS GRAVE. Bodies wrapped anyhow in cloth are being laid into the grave. Among them Rais Mohammed.

EXT. VILLAGE WELLS. LATER

HAMET comes walking up to Eaton. O'BANNON intercepts him, and hands HAMET his SWORD. HAMET takes it, and hands it to his SERVANT.

EATON

If you go to Egypt I have nothing to say about it. I will return to the United States. I will see that you are compensated for your trouble and that those who betrayed us are punished. I swear it.

HAMET

It is impossible to take Derna.

EATON doesn't answer.

O'BANNON

It is impossible, with what we have to make an assault against any defended place.

HAMET

(pointing at Eaton)
I want to hear him say it.

EATON

It is impossible to take Derna.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMET

Therefore we will take it.

(EATON looks at him)

My brother's army is coming; and we
will die. But we will continue.

EATON

Why?

HAMET

Because this is my country, and
because I am the king.

(a beat)

You are not asking me to come with
you. I am asking you to come with
me.(as if he is afraid
that Eaton will not)

Will you come with me?

EATON nods.

EATON

Bashaw.

HAMET

(shouts at BERBERS)

Will you come to Tripoli?

BERBERS roar. O'BANNON and EATON stare wildly at each
other. PARKER looks up at Hamet.

HAMET (CONT'D)

Will you come.

PARKER nods.

HAMET (CONT'D)

We are going to die. What will we
do before we die?

BERBERS roar "Tripoli".

EXT. ABOVE DERNA DAWN

THE COLUMN has halted, in a stony valley. EATON and HAMET,
clothes fluttering in the wind, climb a rocky hill.

CRANE UP WITH THEM TO REVEAL:

THE TOWN OF DERNA

It is a tiny walled town -- domed and spired -- textbook North Africa, built in an oasis, by a green wadi, above the sea. Separate from the town, are quays, commanded by a ruined fort.

EATON is watching the town though a telescope.

EATON

The walls are a shambles.

(a beat)

There is French infantry. A company. That's not good.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

ON SOUND, clanging, alarms, a horn.

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS are standing to arms along the walls. GUNS face the desert, and portfires are lit. The TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS are frightened. More TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS are pouring into place along the DAMAGED walls to the west, leveling muskets. A GUN is dragged up behind the damaged wall. GATES are shut.

EXT. THE PLAIN SOUTH OF DERNA MORNING

HAMET'S BERBERS are riding into position as if to make a cavalry charge on the front gates. At the head of the BERBERS, EATON and HAMET are riding, staring towards the town.

EXT. THE PLAIN SOUTH OF DERNA MORNING

HAMET, again as if he is touching flame, manages to draw his sword. EATON rides up beside him, also staring. BERBERS mass, as if for a charge. HAMET'S BANNER is unfurled.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS are galvanized by the sight. The BEY OF DERNA steps forward to the wall. He is the military commander of the town.

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIER

Hamet!

A TRIPOLITAN AGA cuts the man with a stick. JOUBERT climbs up to the wall.

THE BEY

Reinforce this wall with my French companies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOUBERT

That mounted force may be making a demonstration. Do not be deceived by it.

BEY

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. A STREET IN DERNA. DAY

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS are chasing CIVILIANS into their houses, clubbing them with muskets. Still, CIVILIANS are climbing to the ROOFTOPS to see HAMET.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

JOUBERT opens a telescope.

JOUBERT's POV:

EATON, floating in the circle of glass, staring towards the town.

SECOND FRENCH OFFICER

Who is it?

JOUBERT says nothing.

The BEY is joined after a moment by..THE BASHAW'S MINISTER, last seen in the palace at Tripoli. The BASHAW'S MINISTER stares towards Hamet's force.

EXT. THE SOUTH PLAIN. DAY

BERBERS flood closer towards the walls of DERNA.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

The BEY is making his decision.

JOUBERT

This is a diversion! They have only a hundred men! Let me take out my lancers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEY

You are here to protect the Bashaw.
Reinforce these walls with my
French companies.

JOUBERT looks mutinous for a moment, but then turns to the
SECOND FRENCH OFFICER

EXT. THE BROKEN WEST WALL OF DERNA. DAY

There is an encampment inside the broken wall. FRENCH
SOLDIERS retire from their positions and trot into the
city. A SERGEANT is blowing a whistle. The ten FRENCHMEN
remaining take up firing positions facing WEST.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

Fearsome-looking FRENCH SOLDIERS reinforce the walls and
present muskets at Hamet's Berbers.

EXT. THE SOUTH PLAIN. DAY

EATON lowers his telescope.

EATON

Now. Retire.

HAMET nods.

EATON (CONT'D)

(to BERBERS)

Retire!

The BERBERS wheel and ride back over the hill,
disappearing.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. CONTINUOUS

JOUBERT stands with the BEY, watching the BERBERS vanish.

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 OF DERNA. MOMENTS LATER

FRENCH TROOPS and TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS leap down from the
wall, and run through the streets, the SECOND FRENCH
OFFICER with them.

EXT. THE BROKEN WEST WALL OF DERNA. DAY

FRENCH TROOPS and TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS, sweating, out of breath, take their places along the EAST WALL and level their muskets at:

THEIR POV:

NOTHING but empty desert, the beach. A hill beyond, covered with strange trees. A Man appears on the hill: PARKER. Then the two GUNS & CREWS.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. CONTINUOUS

The BEY looks at Parker's position.

BEY

Send the French up there.

JOUBERT

(nodding towards the
south)

No.

EXT. THE PLAIN SOUTH OF DERNA . CONTINUOUS

THE BERBERS ride up over the hill again, roaring, by all appearances ready to charge.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. CONTINUOUS

The BEY looks terrified. The BASHAW'S MINISTER seizes him.

THE BASHAW'S MINISTER

(to BEY)

Fire the guns! Fire the guns.

The BASHAW's MINISTER leaps down from the wall and runs pell-mell through the town. The BEY opens his mouth to give the order to fire.

EXT. A RIDGE ABOVE DERNA. CONTINUOUS

PARKER steps forward.

PARKER

(instantly)

Fire!

SAILORS touch off the guns. (AND IMMEDIATELY SWAB AND RELOAD)

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. CONTINUOUS

TWO PERFECTLY AIMED ARTILLERY HITS. One ball destroys a CANNON not far from the BEY, knocking it off the parapet onto screaming SOLDIERS. The other...

BLOWS APART THE MAIN GATE.

EXT. THE RIDGE ABOVE DERNA. CONTINUOUS

PARKER lowers his TELESCOPE.

PARKER

Right.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE EAST WALL OF DERNA. CONTINUOUS

O'BANNON and MARINES emerge from a ravine. O'BANNON runs to the wall and starts to climb when: a hand grasps his wrist. O'BANNON stares. An OLD CIVILIAN MAN helps him up the wall. The MARINES follow.

INT. THE BEY'S PALACE. DAY

As ON SOUND we hear the artillery duel heating up a CHANDELIER tinkles from the concussions. YUSUF BASHAW sets down a cup of coffee. He stands. His EUNUCH (who we know is Hamet's spy) appears in the doorway. The breathless MINISTER is with him. [conversation in Arabic]

YUSUF BASHAW

My army?

BASHAW'S MINISTER

There is no sign of it.

A STONE smashes through a window. YUSUF picks it up.

CROWD (OS)

Hamet! Hamet! Hamet!

YUSUF BASHAW

(to MINISTER)

Get on the roof and keep me informed. If the town begins to fall we will go.

(to OFFICER)

Begin to kill the people.

EXT. BEFORE THE BEY'S PALACE/STREETS. DAY

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS, pelted by stones, present at a crowd of CIVILIANS and fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CIVILIANS fall, and the crowd evaporates into the souk, the alleys, and one particular alley, where the MARINES are coming along at a trot, bayonets leveled. Another MARINE (with a rifle) is running along the roof-line. TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS, killing civilians, surge into an alley, and run straight into the Marines, who volley, and then charge with bayonet, spitting men against the walls in the tight quarters. CIVILIANS watch from windows, doors.

CIVILIANS

Hamet Bashaw. Hamet Bashaw.

CIVILIANS take arms from the dead.

O'BANNON, with bloody saber...

O'BANNON

This way.

EXT. THE PLAIN SOUTH OF DERNÄ. DAY

GUNS on the walls are fired, and shells burst on the plain, well short of the BERBERS. A BALL takes down a BERBER'S HORSE in a spray of blood, and the man lands on his feet and jeers at the town. EATON and HAMET advance the BERBERS at the walk through the smoke. EATON rides a little ahead. We see: the armed walls, the Frenchmen waiting.

BERBER

(to Hamet)

We cannot charge that.

EATON draws his sword and rides forward. He has a mystical expression. He would charge--and alone.

HAMET

Do you want him to do it himself?

EXT. PARKER'S GUN-POSITION. CONTINUOUS

PARKER

(smoke-blackened)

Cannister!

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNÄ. CONTINUOUS

The BEY, watching the BERBERS retire again, as French and Tripolitan soldiers are still flooding to the wall, is nearly out of his mind. The JOUBERT comes up, drolly.

BEY

Prepare to take away the Bashaw.

CANNISTER shot from Parker wipes perhaps twenty men off the wall.

EXT. THE TURRET OF A MINARET. DAY

A MARINE RIFLEMAN (Carrying a KENTUCKY RIFLE as well as his MUSKET) takes position and looks for a target. The IMAM appears and objects in Arabic to his presence. The RIFLEMAN puts his fingers to his lips and points.

IMAM'S POV:

THE PALACE ROOF. The BASHAW'S MINISTER stands looking towards the south.

The IMAM nods yes yes yes. The RIFLEMAN aims the Kentucky Rifle.

EXT. THE PALACE ROOF. CONTINUOUS

The BASHAW'S MINISTER clutches his throat with both hands and smashes backwards into a table of sweetmeats and ices.

EXT. THE MINARET. CONTINUOUS

The RIFLEMAN reloads. The IMAM pats him on the back.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. MOMENTS LATER

The BEY is staring desperately towards the Berbers when he is shot through the shoulder from behind. (A puff of smoke floats away from the Minaret.) The BEY falls, SOLDIERS catching him in their arms.

INT. A POWDERHOUSE. CONTINUOUS

SOLDIERS are emerging carrying canvas bags of powder towards the south. O'BANNON'S MARINES drop down from a low rooftop and capture all at bayonet-point. The FRENCH OFFICER begins to draw; but O'Bannon's point is at his throat.

O'BANNON
 (taking FRENCH
 OFFICER's PISTOL)
 Is this the main magazine, sir?
 (as the FRENCH
 OFFICER nods)
 Run.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. CONTINUOUS

EATON watches the town. EATON is being fired at. Heavy whizzes of musket balls at the extremity of their range.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. MOMENTS LATER

A PILLAR OF SMOKE, MASONRY, and FIRE rises into the sky from the center of the town. The wounded BEY, is slammed to the ground by the explosion.

INT. THE BEY'S PALACE. CONTINUOUS

The WINDOWS blow in and the BASHAW is lacerated with glass. GUARDS and EUNUCHS run to him.

YUSUF BASHAW

The horses.

EXT. BEFORE THE PALACE. CONTINUOUS

JOUBERT is organizing his lancers. The Bashaw's horses are saddled.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

CARTS are pushed into the destroyed gates and SOLDIERS aim at the BERBERS. ARTILLERY smashes the carts and the gate. But the FRENCH are still on-business, staring towards the south. The BEY helped off towards the Palace.

EXT. BEFORE THE SOUTH WALL. CONTINUOUS

EATON and HAMET ride forward.

EATON

The republic?

HAMET

Why not.

EATON rides alone at the gates. The BERBERS, crazed, follow. One section of Berbers (with Eaton) goes straight through the gates. The other (with Hamet) leaps the damaged walls to the west and gets among the tents. (There is no sense that Derna has been softened up: the fighting is vicious: A FRENCH VOLLEY takes down thirty men)

EXT. INSIDE THE GATES. CONTINUOUS

Just inside the gate, EATON's horse is shot from beneath him and he lands on his feet, and hacks his way (EATON-style) past three defenders, using saber and pistols. The FRENCH throw grenades (fuzed glass bottles) from the walls. One goes off accidentally, killing the man holding it. A BERBER is shot from the saddle. EATON catches the horse.

EXT. A ROOFTOP BEHIND THE SOUTH WALL. CONTINUOUS

O'BANNON's TWENTY MARINES stand up from concealment (behind the soldiers) and fire a volley down at the defenders. TWENTY SOLDIERS fall

EXT. INSIDE THE SOUTH GATE OF DERNA. CONTINUOUS

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS and FRENCH (attacked front and rear) fire a volley and fall back in disorder.

EATON, HAMET, and the BERBERS are among them, hacking them down. 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.

EATON confronts the SECOND FRENCH OFFICER, leveling a pistol. The SECOND FRENCH OFFICER raises his hands.

SECOND FRENCH OFFICER

My compliments. American, sir?

EATON

I am with the right Bashaw of Tripoli.

SECOND FRENCH OFFICER

(bows)

You'll find the wrong one in the palace.

INT/EXT. THE PALACE. CONTINUOUS

YUSUF and his party rush down some steps and burst into the sunlight among the horses. Chaos as they mount. JOUBERT is staring around, shouting orders.

EXT. A STREET. CONTINUOUS

THE FRENCH REGULARS fire a devastating volley. EATON's HORSE is shot from under him, and he gets to his feet. The SECOND FRENCH OFFICER escapes into an alley. The FRENCH advance like clockwork down the street -- a formidable force of bayonets.

EATON

(catching a riderless horse)

On! On! Ride them down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERBERS obey, attacking the retiring FRENCH REGULARS. But the first line of FRENCH retire, and the second line presents and fires a volley. FIFTY BERBERS fall. That line falls back and the original first line presents muskets and fire. More BERBERS die. Beyond the French we see: YUSUF, mounted.

EATON (CONT'D)

On! On!

O'BANNON's MARINES stand up from concealment and fire down into the French.

EATON rides alone into the disoriented FRENCH, hacking down. The BERBERS swarm after him and as MARINES fire again the FRENCH break and run.

EXT. ABOVE THE STREET. CONTINUOUS

O'BANNON runs along the roof, followed by his men.

O'BANNON

(to EATON)

Thrash them with the cavalry! Don't
let them form and volley!

BERBERS smash into the slower French, riding them down.

EXT. NEAR THE PALACE. CONTINUOUS

YUSUF BASHAW'S GUARD are firing volleys at CIVILIANS as the pursued FRENCH flood into the SQUARE. YUSUF mounted, veers around in a panic.

EXT. THE MINARET. DAY

The RIFLEMAN reloads, draws another bead on YUSUF -- and is bayoneted by TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS and pitched from the tower.

EXT. NEAR THE PALACE. CONTINUOUS

EATON, as the BERBERS and TOWNSPEOPLE pour past, attacking the FRENCH, sees YUSUF and cocks a PISTOL. YUSUF stares. EATON's pistol misfires. He draws his saber, but a crowd of civilians surging into the street (EATON reins in his horse, and the horse falls) prevents him from chasing Yusuf. A GRENADE is thrown. Eaton rides his horse over it. The grenade explodes, killing the horse...Eaton lands on his feet unharmed.

JOUBERT sees Eaton and raises a palm: then spurs off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YUSUF rides away, in a cloud of courtiers, with lancers, desperate to escape the city.

EATON gets to his feet, savagely disappointed.

The FRENCH, backing up the palace steps, fire their last volley, and knock down BERBERS. They wait, powder-blackened, to die.

HAMET, though looking after YUSUF, makes his decision: he rides between the FRENCH and the BERBERS and TOWNSPEOPLE, silently quelling the square.

The FRENCH lower their weapons.

HAMET rides up alone towards the palace. The bronze doors of the palace swing open, and a GUN is revealed.

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS stare at Hamet. The wounded BEY appears, half in the shadow. HAMET stares at him, and dismounts. The wounded BEY comes down the steps and kneels.

HAMET

Get on your feet, please.

EXT. THE BEACH. CONTINUOUS

YUSUF and lancers break out of the town, and gallop along the beach.

EXT. THE HILL. CONTINUOUS

PARKER sees them coming.

EXT. BEFORE THE PALACE. CONTINUOUS

O'BANNON and MARINES come up. O'BANNON is staring around at CIVILIANS, pouring into the streets, and acclaiming the bashaw. O'BANNON sees EATON.

O'BANNON bows.

DERNESE 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.

EATON goes to the fountain. A dead man lies in it but the water runs clear. He drinks.

EATON

Yusuf got out. He'll be back with his army. We have to organize a defense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BANNON

With what?

ON SOUND, quieting the CHEERING, there is a double thump of distant artillery, and a crackle of musketry.

EATON looks wildly around.

EATON

The guns.

EXT. THE BEACH. CONTINUOUS

PARKER has taken a shot at the Bashaw. A dozen lancers and horses are smashed by grapeshot on the sand. YUSUF, wounded and reeling in the saddle, gallops away, a lancer holding his bridge.

EXT. A RIDGE ABOVE DERNA. CONTINUOUS

More TRIPOLITAN LANCERS are charging up the ridge through the smoke.

PARKER

FIRE!

Half the TRIPOLITAN LANCERS are blown off their horses. More TRIPOLITAN LANCERS peel away from the Bashaw (now in safety) and ride towards them, up from the sea.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Spike the guns!

EGYPTIAN PORTERS throw down their weapons and run into the broken ground. PARKER notes this: there is nothing to be done -- the TRIPOLITAN LANCERS are on them. ACHILLES, holding a gun-swab, starts to run...and then grabs a musket, fires, and is ridden down and killed.

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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. SAILORS run away, leaving PARKER alone.

PARKER (CONT'D)

(weakly)

...Right.

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 a lancer officer. It is JOUBERT. Covering him with a pistol.

JOUBERT

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: then charges it.

EXT. THE WEST WALL OF DERNA. CONTINUOUS

MARINES take position along the broken wall. They fire a volley...and then withdraw. JOUBERT's LANCERS leap into the town. The re-formed Marines fire another volley. JOUBERT goes down, shot through the body. His lancers throw down their weapons.

EATON

The town is taken, sir. It has risen against Yusuf.

JOUBERT

These towns do not "rise" very far, my friend.

EATON

Hamet Karamanli is Bashaw of Tripoli.

JOUBERT

That is as it should be. And I am shot in the spine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOUBERT (CONT'D)
(EATON stares at him)
Do not let the Berbers cut me up.

JOUBERT draws a pistol and places the barrel in his mouth. EATON flinches as the pistol shot bangs. BERBERS scream and converge.

EXT. A RIDGE ABOVE DERNA. DAY

O'BANNON and the MARINES sort through the wreckage of the fight. PARKER lies dead against the wheel of a gun. O'BANNON crouches and looks at him. He takes PARKER's watch, and, from inside his bloody coat, LETTERS.

O'BANNON looks at the smoke rising from Derna, and then looks inland at:

THE TRIPOLITAN ARMY.

EXT. THE HILLS ABOVE DERNA. CONTINUOUS

A MASSIVE TRIPOLITAN ARMY is moving into position on the hills. Thousands upon thousands of infantry, cavalry. ARTILLERY comes up along the skyline.

O'BANNON
Get the guns inside the walls!
Move.

INT. THE MAGAZINE. DAY

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. LATER

EATON is running along the walls. CIVILIANS, armed, are taking their places.

The scream of a 36-lb ball. The ball clips the edge of a tower and then explodes in the desert. EATON, HAMET, and O'BANNON turn and see:

THE CONSTELLATION and TWO FRIGATES, moving into position off Derna. US flags huge.

MORE SHELLS explode in the desert before the army: a warning.

EATON leaps down from the wall. (Music should be at its apex here). EATON Moves through the streets, grabbed at by civilians rioting with joy. HAMET joins him.

EATON
They came.

EXT. THE BEACH. LATER

MARINES disembark from the boat, as does an officer --
CAPTAIN HULL. He steps forward. EATON comes charging down
from the town.

EATON

I would say it is about time!

CAPTAIN

My name is Hull. Commanding
Constellation frigate. We've met.

EATON

Why haven't you opened fire?

HAMET and BERBERS come forward.

CAPTAIN

May we walk apart from the Berbers,
Mr. Eaton?

EATON

Hamet is the head of this
expedition, and the king of this
country. Why should we walk apart
from him, to discuss his business?

The CAPTAIN, not comfortably, takes off his hat, and bows
gruffly to HAMET. HAMET looks calm.

EATON (cont'd)

You see our...situation.

CAPTAIN

A treaty has been struck between
the United States and Yusuf
Karamanli, Bashaw of Tripoli.

EATON stares. LEAR steps out, and looks fearfully at Eaton.

EATON

What?

CAPTAIN

A treaty has been struck with
Yusuf, Bashaw of Tripoli.

EATON

Jefferson has paid tribute. That is
what you are saying.

(to Lear)

That's what you've done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN

Whatever the terminology, we are at peace with the Tripolitan Bashaw.

EATON

The only reason Yusuf would strike a deal is because we were coming.

LEAR

We are here to take you off Barbary, Captain Eaton. You are done here. The situation has been resolved.

EATON

They don't attack because you've surrendered.

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. My orders extend to taking Hamet Karamanli and his immediate party away from Derna. 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.

(CONTINUED)

O'BANNON
(coming forward)
Sir.

CAPTAIN
Embark your men for Constellation.

LEAR
(sinuously)
The Naval Agent may wish to say
that we are merely replacing these
Marines.

EATON looks at Hamet.

CAPTAIN
You are coming off Barbary. All of
you. 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.

O'BANNON
(to MARINES)
Embark for the frigate.

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.

HAMET (CONT'D)
Thank you.

O'BANNON looks at Hamet. Finally, speechless, he bows--and
hurries away.

(CONTINUED)

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. Will Hamet come.

HAMET

No.

CAPTAIN

Your position is untenable, sir. You are in a bad circumstance. What fault may be laid is not mine to say but I implore you to come away from Derna.

HAMET shakes his head.

BERBERS, seeing the 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.

CAPTAIN

He is a United States official, sir. What are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EATON, shaking, discharges the pistol into the ground. Hamet's BERBERS flood forward to defend EATON. MARINES present, ready to volley.

HAMET

They will kill you. You must go.

EATON

(bursts into tears)

I am sorry. I am sorry. I am sorry.

The CAPTAIN gestures. MARINES step forward. SAILORS with manacles.

HAMET

If you hold me in any esteem--

EATON

That is not the word.

HAMET embraces EATON.

HAMET

-you will go, and if you have time for it, you will not let me be forgotten. But I will be. We both will be. It's a pity.

EATON - as HAMET suddenly grips him like iron- is seized by SAILORS. HAMET fastens the manacles on EATON'S wrists.

HAMET (cont'd)

In'sh'allah.

(kisses him on the
cheek)

Goodbye.

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.

EXT. THE BEACH. DAY

The boat containing EATON is rowed out to the frigate. HAMET, on the steps, watches him go and then turns and slowly climbs the steps into the town. Above the town we see the TRIPOLITAN ARMY.

EXT. OFF DERNA. DAY

A SIGNAL is run up the mast of Constellation. YUSUF'S ARMY begins to scream.

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. LIVERIED 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.

THOMAS JEFFERSON rises from a chair.

JEFFERSON

Eaton.

EATON

Sir.

JEFFERSON

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 Lear had authority from you only to make peace at any price.

JEFFERSON

He possibly did not have authority from me.

(Eaton stares at him)

Peace was obtained, was it not. And with honor.

EATON

(watching Jefferson walk)

Yusuf Bashaw made peace when Barron promised to no longer support his brother.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EATON (CONT'D)

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

We are of different parties...

EATON

I am of no party.

JEFFERSON

What can I give you? A commission. A consulate? I am sending an expedition to the Pacific...

EATON

Nothing.

JEFFERSON

In political life, "nothing" can always be arranged.

JEFFERSON says nothing. He looks into the fire.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

What was he like?

EATON

(after a long,
thoughtful, pause)

You. You know what he intended to do. You have my letters. You know what you've done.

The men stare at each other. Finally EATON smiles lightly. They understand each other. EATON bows-turns-and then he quickly walks towards the double doors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEFFERSON

Have you money.

EATON, walking, does not respond.

JEFFERSON (cont'd)

Where will you go?

EATON

West.

The DOORS are opened by LIVERIED 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.

JEFFERSON

Bonne chance.

The doors close on EATON's disappearing back with a thump.

FLASH TO BLACK