
TRIPOLI

by
William Monahan

2/8/02

Contact:
Judi Farkas
Artists Management Group
9465 Wilshire Blvd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90212

BLACK SCREEN

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

FADE 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. BERBERS - BARBARY 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.

EXT. OFF TRIPOLI HARBOR

A BERBER WARSHIP, flying the flag of the Bashaw of Tripoli, painted with verses from the Koran, is making desperately for the harbor, and the protection of the fort's guns. The warship is a hermaphrodite galley, rigged also with sails, and a ram, designed to close with and board other vessels - in any weather. Her oars are working powerfully. 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 UNITED STATES FRIGATE THE PHILADELPHIA, under maximum sail. Her rigging is swarming with sailors, and green-jacketed marines in the trees as sharpshooters. The United States battle flag is huge, and streams forward. Every eye is trained on the chase.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA ALOFT. CONTINUOUS

Leather buckets of water are dumped down the sails; SAILORS strain to trim the sails. The crew is trying to make all speed. Sailors, barefoot, barechested, strain further against the tops. MARINES climb into the tops, and lash themselves in, aiming muskets.

OFFICER'S VOICE (OFF)

FIRE!

EXT. PHILADELPHIA'S BOW. CONTINUOUS

A FLINTLOCK snaps as Philadelphia's BOWCHASER returns fire, recoiling against tarred rope.

EXT. OFF TRIPOLI HARBOR. CONTINUOUS

The BALL screams along the hull of the BERBER WARSHIP, smashing oars sequentially, and crashing into the sea in front of the ship.

INT. THE GALLEY BELOW-DECKS. CONTINUOUS

Splinters from the oars fly everywhere. GALLEY-SLAVES fall wounded in their chains.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA SPAR DECK. CONTINUOUS

Marine LIEUTENANT O'BANNON is checking his men's muskets-but paying attention to the chase. O'BANNON is a very capable officer, about 26. With him, PARKER. PARKER is about twenty - highly intelligent - highly Romantic -and dying of consumption.

PARKER

(staring towards the galley)

She has oars like the Hydra has heads. Watch.

INT. THE GALLEY BELOWDECKS. CONTINUOUS

The injured slaves are dragged bloody from their benches. The DRUM continues to beat.

EXT. OFF TRIPOLI HARBOR. CONTINUOUS

Another BALL from Philadelphia's second bow-chaser misses, skipping along the waves, serial explosions of white water. The galley continues, new OARS sprouting from the ports. She is drawing past the FORT, into the protection of the harbor.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA AMIDSHIPS. CONTINUOUS

The FORT, swarming with BERBERS, is drawing closer. O'BANNON gestures, and MARINES go to the starboard rail.

DEVEREAUX (OFF)

Mr. Parker!

PARKER goes astern.

EXT. THE PHILADELPHIA'S QUARTERDECK. CONTINUOUS

PARKER's arrival on the quarterdeck reveals the PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN, an officious man not really up to his job. With him DEVEREAUX, a competent first lieutenant.

At the wheel, the SAILING-MASTER, a sour Yankee in plain brown clothes.

CAPTAIN
(to sailing master)
Catch me that vessel.

SAILING-MASTER
Not before she makes the harbor.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN
Try.

SAILING-MASTER
We tried at noon.

The PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN looks desperate. PARKER joins DEVEREAUX at the rail. DEVEREAUX looks through his TELESCOPE.

DEVEREAUX'S POV:

The GALLEY has pulled well past the fort into the harbor. More BERBERS are swarming across the breakwater. The BERBERS touch off the GUNS. Large puffs of dirty white smoke from the fort's parapets.

DEVEREAUX
(calling out)
Here it comes!

EXT. PHILADELPHIA ALOFT. CONTINUOUS

A BALL punches through the thick canvas sail. Another misses.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA QUARTERDECK. CONTINUOUS

DEVEREAUX inspects damage aloft.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN
We'll give the fort something as we pass.

DEVEREAUX
You don't mean to enter the harbor, sir.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN
I mean to have that galley. Under the Bashaw's nose will do.
(as DEVEREAUX stares, turns to PARKER)
Mr. Parker, starboard gun sections will open fire on the fortress as it bears.

(MORE)

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN (cont'd)
 Convey the order, and then go
 forward and hit me that vessel.

PARKER

Sir.

PARKER goes. DEVEREAUX stares: the captain is making a mistake.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN
 Mr. Devereaux?

DEVEREAUX stares at his captain; but says nothing.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
 You've missed an opportunity for
 insubordination, sir.

INT. PHILADELPHIA'S GUN DECK. CONTINUOUS

PARKER drops down the companionway. The gun sections are already at action-stations, the guns run out, the men waiting.

PARKER
 (moving forward along the
 starboard guns)
 Starboard batteries will prepare to
 engage the fortress bearing now at
 two of the o'clock!

GUNS are elevated. PARKER looks through a gunport, hurries forward along the line of guns.

EXT. OFF TRIPOLI HARBOR. CONTINUOUS

GUNS are fired again from the FORT. The STERN-CHASERS of the BERBER WARSHIP (now wallowing past the FORT) fire.

EXT. THE PHILADELPHIA'S FOREDECK. CONTINUOUS

A BALL strikes the rail, exploding it into oak splinters that knock down two men.

EXT. THE PHILADELPHIA'S QUARTERDECK. CONTINUOUS

A MIDSHIPMAN is decapitated by a screaming ball. PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN is spattered with blood and brains. Instantly the headless man is pitched overboard, and the blood is sluiced from the deck by BOYS. The officers, as a matter of policy, do not notice the dead.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN
 (dabbing himself with
 handkerchief, to sailing-
 master)
 Run me in close to the fort. Close!

DEVEREAUX
 Rake the fort and haul off.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN
 We are here to make a
 demonstration: we shall
 demonstrate.

MUSKETFIRE from looming FORT spatters the deck and cuts rigging.

EXT. THE PHILADELPHIA, ALOFT. CONTINUOUS

MARINES who have lashed themselves into the tops return fire, firing down into the fort.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA SPAR DECK. CONTINUOUS

O'BANNON, standing with a ready-party, is keeping an eye on the quarterdeck. PARKER pops through a hatch.

O'BANNON
 What's he doing?

PARKER
 (crouching under small-
 arms fire, going forward)
 Entering Tripoli Harbor. Wouldn't
 you?

O'BANNON
 If I were me, or if I were him?

The FORT is now 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. PARKER runs forward to the bowchasers.

EXT. OFF TRIPOLI HARBOR. CONTINUOUS

THE BERBER GALLEY has gone past the FORT and entered Tripoli Harbor. We see sails blossoming all over the harbor.

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.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA QUARTERDECK. CONTINUOUS

As a large section of the FORT collapses not thirty yards behind him, and the Philadelphias cheer:

DEVEREAUX

May I suggest that we take this as a sufficient demonstration and haul off from the harbor.

The captain ignores Devereaux

EXT. OFF TRIPOLI HARBOR. MOMENTS LATER

As PHILADELPHIA, passing us, picks up speed, a SAILOR swings out the weighted lead on its line, to test the depth of the water.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA'S BOW. CONTINUOUS

PARKER now is at bow-chaser guns. He is eyeing: THE GALLEY. He tears at the flintlock. BOOM! And in the distance the sterncastle of the galley disappears, in a bright flutter of woodsplinters.

PARKER

Reload!

LEAD MAN

(hauling back on lead-line)

Three fathom!

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

PARKER, alarmed, gets up on the bow rail, holding onto the rigging.

PARKER stares down:

GREEN WATER TURNS BROWN.

PARKER

(staring, holding the ratlines)

A reef.

The PHILADELPHIA goes hard aground. The concussion knocks men off their feet. MARINES spill out of the rigging and smash onto the deck, or splash into the sea. PARKER falls forward into the netting under the bowsprit. The BOW GUN breaks its cables and falls over on a sailor. OFFICERS fall on the quarterdeck. PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN falls into a gun and smashes his head, DEVEREAUX trying immediately to get him onto his feet.

EXT. TRIPOLI HARBOR. CONTINUOUS

Philadelphia drives further on the reef under full sail. The ship lists and the starboard gunports drive under water.

INT. THE GUNDECK. CONTINUOUS

Water pours through the open gunports on starboard side. The Portside guns break free, and roll through men to smash into the opposite hull, pinning sailors.

EXT. THE SPARDECK. CONTINUOUS

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN, bloody and dazed is helped to his feet by Devereaux.

DEVEREAUX

(shouting)

We're fast aground. The larboard guns are aiming at the sky and the starboard are under water.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN

(dazed)

Defend the ship.

EXT. TRIPOLI HARBOR. CONTINUOUS

TRIPOLITAN gunboats approach -- shoals of them, from every inlet in the harbor. Swarming with cheering men. The GALLEY which the frigate was chasing turns on a dime, one set of oars backing and the other driving forward. As soon as the bowgun bears it fires.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA SPAR-DECK. CONTINUOUS

OAK SPLINTERS fly and men go down.

EXT. TRIPOLI HARBOR. CONTINUOUS

GUNS open up from various forts around the harbor.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA QUARTERDECK. CONTINUOUS

As the PHILADELPHIA is struck by cannon-fire, SAILING MASTER screams at DEVEREAUX.

SAILING-MASTER
Take command!

DEVEREAUX
(abandoning PHILADELPHIA'S
CAPTAIN)
Prepare to receive boarders!

INT. PHILADELPHIA GUN-DECK. CONTINUOUS

Helpless gun crews abandon their useless guns. SMALL ARMS are handed out at the bottom of the companionway: PISTOLS, MUSKET, PIKES.

EXT. TRIPOLI HARBOR. CONTINUOUS

BERBERS are pounding on the hulls of their vessels. Screaming. Thousands of them, on hundreds of boats: captured French luggers, xebecs, feluccas, galleys. They are after the richest prize ever: a frigate.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA SPAR DECK. CONTINUOUS

O'BANNON and MARINES stand at the rail with weapons leveled. Except for the chanting of the approaching Berbers, no sound. Tripolitan guns have ceased firing. The wreck is armed; ready, helpless on the reef. PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN wanders towards the rail. Blood is trickling down his face.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN'S POV:

HUNDREDS OF BERBER CRAFT, converging.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN
No firing!

DEVEREAUX
We should sell the ship dearer than
that.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN
No gun bears.

DEVEREAUX
Then blow up the ship!

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN looks confused: he simply doesn't understand.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN
One day you will command.

DEVEREAUX
Not if you do this.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN
The ship is indefensible. Strike.

DEVEREAUX
(to officers, including
PARKER)
Witness that I have been ordered to
strike.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN
Did you call for witnesses? Did you
call for witnesses?

DEVEREAUX
I called for witnesses!

BERBERS are beating the hulls of their boats. The frigate is
surrounded.

DEVEREAUX
Signal-quartermaster will strike
United States colors.

EXT. TRIPOLI HARBOR. DAY

The AMERICAN FLAG comes down. BERBERS scream.

EXT. THE PHILADELPHIA SPARDECK. LATER

BERBERS swarm aboard. It is not a civil surrender. The
Americans are disarmed, stripped, robbed. The officers are
moved to the quarterdeck, PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN manhandled
with the rest. He attempts to formally hand over his sword
and it is torn from his hand and he is clubbed down.

GO TO BLACK

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, and a bundle which when unwrapped turns out to be-

A BRACE OF HAWKINS PISTOLS.

EATON takes up one pistol, a gorgeous weapon, inspects it, and puts the pistol down. He 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 window, and looking down, sees:

THE CLOAKED WOMAN hurrying away down the dawn street.

EATON turns regretfully from the window, 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.

EXT. STREETS IN TUNIS. MORNING. LATER

The burning sun has risen above the mud town. Burnoosed TUNISIANS are heading to work like men in any town in any age. SLOP BUCKETS are being emptied into the guttered street by veiled women. GOATS run loose everywhere. The streets are full of EUROPEAN SAILORS and REMITTANCE MEN in various stages of disintegration.

EXT. THE HOTEL'S CAFE. CONTINUOUS

Dissolute, red faced EUROPEAN MEN (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 hats. A YOUNG SWEDE is doing a watercolor sketch of a crumbled facade. Also playing cards, a GREEK. A red-faced BRITISH CONSUL, wiggled, is preparing to deal a hand of cards and is telling a droll story to a FRENCH TRAVELER.

BRITISH CONSUL
 (dealing PLAYING-CARDS)
 You mistake me, M'sieur. It wasn't just a *ship*, sir.
 (raises eyebrow at cardplayers)
 The Americans, in an attempt to chastise the Berber despot have lost a warship, sir. A frigate.

SECOND ENGLISHMAN
 (boredly, looking at CARDS)
 "Millions for defense, not one cent for tribute".
 (looks up at Frenchman)
 That's what the Americans say.

INT. EATON'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS

The DISPATCH CASE is tossed on to the bed...a blue uniform coat of the United States Army, and...a SABER. EATON grabs PAPERS and stuffs them into a chest.

EXT. THE HOTEL'S CAFE. CONTINUOUS

The FRENCH TRAVELER, and the YOUNG SWEDE do not look as pleased as the rest of the men at the table. A HOTEL SERVANT comes running up from the harbor and enters the hotel.

BRITISH CONSUL
 (noticing the SERVANT and wondering about him)
 He struck the United States colors before the Bashaw's batteries had fired a gun. Or so it is said, which is better than the truth.
 (raises glass)
 I give you the American enterprise, and Jefferson hanged.

The FRENCH TRAVELER looks down at his glass and does not drink.

INT. EATON'S ROOMS. CONTINUOUS

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
I am not a brigand.

EATON
(still aiming pistol)
That is a question of opportunity.

SERVANT
There is a boat.

EATON
Secure it.

EATON takes up a piece of money, which he tosses to the servant. The SERVANT starts to go, but then turns, and says something he is possibly not supposed to say.

SERVANT
They are not to be trusted.

EATON
(after a moment)
That's all right. Take my trunk.

The SERVANT goes, carrying the trunk. EATON places and puts the POCKET PISTOL into the writing-case, after

DETAIL:

replacing the hammer-fitting.

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, and whirls and smashes the glass against the wall.

EXT. THE CAFE. CONTINUOUS

A BOY is selling dates.

BRITISH CONSUL

She should have been in smithereens
or defented; yet she was neither,
and now she is Tripolitan.

(to cardplayers)

Bid.

(as if indifferently,
looking at cards)

Where's Eaton?

THIRD ENGLISHMAN

(looking at cards)

He has been in his rooms.

BRITISH CONSUL

We refer to the United States
consul of this place, Captain
William Eaton. He has limited
consular duties, to say the least -
American shipping is not
considerable - and he has offended
the Bashaw of Tunis continually
since his arrival. He is persistent
in a delusion that he represents a
bona fide nation.

SECOND ENGLISHMAN

(still staring at cards)

He is a significantly dangerous
person. In his person.

BRITISH CONSUL

(pouring drink)

Regardless of opinions of their
consul the Americans have lost a
modern frigate, and 300 officers
and men. And to that:

All drink. The FRENCHMAN, smiling apologetically, does not.
The BRITISH CONSUL looks ready to argue with him on the
point, but:

THIRD ENGLISHMAN (OFF)

Careful.

EATON, seen through lattice, is in an interior part of the
courtyard, talking, with a fezzed GREEK HOTELIER.

SECOND ENGLISHMAN

(not appearing to have
looked at Eaton)

He is armed, and dressed for
travelling.

BRITISH CONSUL

Find out who he's sailing with.

The THIRD ENGLISHMAN lays down his cards and slips away.

INT./EXT. HOTEL. CONTINUOUS

EATON with the Hotelier, is nervously writing a note.

EATON

(writing)

"The United States of America will pay the bearer one hundred and fifty Spanish dollars. By my hand at Tunis, William Eaton." That settles my bill.

GREEK HOTELIER

When it is paid it will settle your bill.

(as EATON looks at him)

I am not saying it will not be.

EATON starts towards the door. The SERVANT, laden with Eaton's baggage, and the HOTELIER follow.

EATON

If I fail to return and do not write within the month you may sell what I have left - that's agreeable?

HOTELIER

(going outside with Eaton)

Most agreeable.

EATON

(emerging into the light)

-and above all, give my letters to a responsible officer of the next United States ship. Who will also honor that note.

(to cardplayers)

Good morning.

BRITISH CONSUL

No American ships will get past Tripoli this year. Did any get past last year? I can't remember.

SECOND ENGLISHMAN
 (looking at cards)
 "Millions for defense, not one cent
 for tribute."

EATON
 An Englishman might purchase my
 books, Mr. Mavrocordopolous. Some
 of them can read, though not these.

The FRENCHMAN stands, interestedly.

BRITISH CONSUL
 (not looking up from his
 cards)
 I admire your nerve, Eaton. But if
 you are for Tripoli, you will not
 return.

EATON starts for the harbor. The FRENCHMAN 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.

EATON looks at him gratefully; and after a moment nods.

FRENCH TRAVELER
 Bonne chance.

EATON
 (emotionally)
 Sir.

EATON heads down towards the harbor and we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE MEDITERRANEAN. DAY

A lateen-rigged BERBER TRADING VESSEL, in cargo, with a
 Berber Master and Helmsman, manned with five AFRICAN SLAVES,
 bows 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 TRADING VESSEL. 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, lashing 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 TRADING VESSEL. CONTINUOUS

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

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

MASTER

(breaking an ORANGE with
his thumbs)

You are careful with your weapons.

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

EATON

I am a soldier.

MASTER

I thought you were a diplomat.

EATON

It depends by God on the occasion.

MASTER

Indeed by God it does.

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

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

EATON'S POV

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

MASTER

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

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

EATON

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

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

MASTER

You have not so many ships as the English.

EATON

No. No one does.

MASTER

(aggressively)

Your country has one warship only.

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

EATON

There are more warships. Because you do not see them in these waters does not mean they do not exist.

MASTER

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

SLAVES laugh sycophantically. 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.

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.

EATON

(smiling)

That is because you are savages.

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

MASTER

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 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

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. And we are seven to
one.

EATON continues to aim the pistol.

EATON

You would say that death comes when
God wills and that you do not fear
it. Are you so pious now?

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

If I pull the trigger, the odds are
no longer your concern.

MASTER

You are outnumbered, my friend. Not
being reasonable when there is
nothing to be done is an offense to
God.

EATON glances aside at his SABER, which leans against his
saddle. SLAVES reach for their KNIVES and CUTLASSES.

MASTER (CONT'D)

(softly)

You have not slept in two days.

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

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

MASTER (CONT'D)

He is armed!

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

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

EXT. AT SEA. CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. THE DECK OF THE TRADING VESSEL. DAY

CARGO and MEN tumble away from the weather-side as the deck
nearly goes vertical. 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, rolls, 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

God has done this!

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

The MASTER reaches for a SWORD...

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

EATON topples backwards over some cargo, shot in the arm, but stays on his feet, and, attacked by a SLAVE with a DAGGER, stabs the man and wrests the DAGGER from his hand, and backs away.

MASTER

(advancing with sword)

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.

EATON 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

Unlike you, I am reasonable.

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

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

The TRADING VESSEL has fallen off the wind. 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 TRADING VESSEL. DAY

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

EXT. THE AFTERDECK OF THE TRADING VESSEL. 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

(rationally)

We are at sea. You cannot sail.

EATON

That's not the point.

He shoves the master overboard.

EXT. A BEACH ON THE BARBARY COAST. NIGHT

The TRADING VESSEL 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 has risen over the barren dunes. EATON takes up a MUSKET, inspects and cocks it, and then lies down to sleep. But his eyes stay open, and he stares at the fire.

EXT. THE BEACH EARLY MORNING

OPEN CLOSE on EATON, asleep. We hear, before he does, the sound of footsteps on the sand, and then -- the grumble of camels. EATON's eyes flash open. HE 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 an intelligent-looking man of nearly sixty. 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. Neither do I dance, or
draw.

JOUBERT

My men have seen no women for four months and they have ceased to be particular.

(a beat, controls horse)

You are English.

EATON slowly shakes his head "no".

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

(complicatedly)

Shit.

EATON notices that the LANCERS holding him back off as 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. United States consul to Tunis, en route to the court of the Tripolitan Bashaw.

JOUBERT

(indicating TRADING VESSEL)

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)

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. That was when
 my father was a Duke, with, on his
 shoulders, a head -- though
 confessedly it was good for nothing
 but adultery and cards.

(washes face)
 These days, there is a Corsican at
 Paris. You have heard of this?

EATON
 With admiration.

JOUBERT
 You do not court my favor.

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

JOUBERT
 A Jacobin.

EATON
 An American.

JOUBERT
 The Bashaw has declared war against
 the United States. Are you aware of
 this?

EATON had not known. It is considerable information.

EATON
 Has my Congress declared?

JOUBERT
 That I do not know.
 (gives cloth to orderly)
 I served with the Marquise de
 Lafayette. I was on his staff. I
 was at Yorktown when the British
 surrendered. It was a thing to be
 seen.

(MORE)

JOUBERT (cont'd)

(a beat)

But I serve the Bashaw now.

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

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

You may keep your weapons. I will not take them. But do not use them.

(turning, he shouts to soldiers:)

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

EXT. BEACH. LATER

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

JOUBERT

Among all this, there is coffee perhaps?

EATON

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

JOUBERT

(drily)

I know.

EATON looks nervously amused. He likes Joubert.

EATON

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

JOUBERT

Not far; but infested with brigands.

EATON

I have a tolerable hard throat to cut.

JOUBERT

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

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

JOUBERT

Who is now the president of the United States?

EATON

Mr. Jefferson, of Virginia.

JOUBERT

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

(as EATON smiles)

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

EATON

You do not need to. Can you give me news of the Philadelphia frigate?

(JOUBERT raises an eyebrow)

It was laughed about at Tunis.

JOUBERT

I should not laugh at the American heavy frigates if they come. But Berbers do not know this. Nor astronomy, nor sanitation nor anything else. There is a story about a Berber who wished to learn to read. This Prometheus came to a bad end. It is a most affecting parable. A tragedy, complete with hubris, and hamartia. You should look it up.

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 at anchor, surrounded by BERBER craft.

EXT. THE WATERFRONT. CONTINUOUS

A new FORT is under construction. AMERICAN PRISONERS, under the eyes of BERBER OVERSEERS, are pulling a sledge piled with stone. They are in chains. There are seamen, boys, and enlisted marines - but no officers. The officers of the Philadelphia are obviously elsewhere

EXT. THE PRISON ROOF. CONTINUOUS

Some AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICERS (still armed with swords, as they are on parole of honor, extended in those days to officers) sit and drowse under wind-snapped awnings. Some walk up and down: some look at the sea. O'BANNON stands at a parapet, looking through a telescope.

TELESCOPE POV (O'BANNON)

AMERICANS are breaking and fitting rock, building walls.

O'BANNON closes the TELESCOPE, furiously. A YOUNG NAVAL LIEUTENANT has come up beside him.

YOUNG NAVAL LIEUTENANT

May I use your glass, sir?

O'BANNON

(turning formally)

You take this glass every morning, sir; and every morning without fail, sir, you say "Arab bastards", sir. Then you eat figs, sir, and play cards.

Holds out the TELESCOPE. The YOUNG NAVAL LIEUTENANT is offended; yet has no great desire to fight O'Bannon.

DEVEREAUX
 (quickly intervening)
 Officers fetch a higher price, Mr.
 O'Bannon. The Berbers don't want
 to bruise us.

O'BANNON
 Neither did our Captain wish to
 bruise the Berbers.

We see the fat CAPTAIN, sitting under an awning, and writing
 in a ledger. Another OFFICER is smoking from a hookah.
 MIDSHIPMEN - merely boys - are gambling.

DEVEREAUX
 (to YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER)
 I apologize on behalf of Mr.
 O'Bannon. He is, more than most of
 us, agitated by confinement.

The YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER looking sullen, shoves off. DEVEREAUX
 takes the glass, and looks at the harbor.

DEVEREAUX
 (quietly)
 You were out again last night. You
 and Mr. Parker.

O'BANNON
 (unconcerned, opening
 TELESCOPE)
 Someone has to count the Bashaw's
 guns.

DEVEREAUX
 Or spike them?
 (as O'BANNON looks at him
 expressionlessly)
 Don't get caught.

O'BANNON
 I am nearly bored enough to let
 them catch me.

DEVEREAUX
 What was the ship brought in
 yesterday?

O'BANNON
 The brig Louisa, Salem, bound for
 Constantinople with a cargo of
 nails. She was taken off Sicily and
 half her crew killed.

(MORE)

O'BANNON (cont'd)
 The men were taken to build a fort
 at Benghazi. Her master is at the
 palace.

DEVEREAUX
 You should tell the Captain.

O'BANNON
 Why?

DEVEREAUX leaves O'BANNON. He comes along to...

PARKER, who is amusing himself by carving PARKER in the stone
 of the parapet. He has got as far as P-A-R.

DEVEREAUX
 Mr. Parker.

PARKER
 It was always my intention to leave
 my mark.

DEVEREAUX
 Has O'Bannon been counting guns, or
 spiking them?

PARKER
 What has he said?

DEVEREAUX
 We are on parole of honor.

PARKER
 It is amazing what things get
 called.

DEVEREAUX
 O'Bannon is a hothead. He will go
 nowhere. Men like him never do.
 They think they will: their
 observers think they will: but they
 do not, in the end. You have your
 future to watch for. Audacity is
 over-rated, sir.

PARKER is very pale. The idea of a future seems to amuse him
 faintly. He leans against the parapet and coughs.

PARKER
 I think audacity can do me no harm.

DEVEREAUX knows as well as anyone else that PARKER is dying.

DEVEREAUX

(ashamed)

Very well.

EXT. THE DESERT APPROACH TO TRIPOLI: DAY

As the COLUMN OF TRIPOLITAN LANCERS moves slowly along, with its train of manacled bedouin PRISONERS. TRIPOLI, dun-colored, complex, minaretted, is visible in the distance.

EXT. THE ROAD TO TRIPOLI. CONTINUOUS

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

EATON

When will the Bashaw see me?

JOUBERT

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

EATON

(cautiously)

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

If he is feared, he is not entirely feared. One of your prisoners told me they burnt a barracks. To whom are these men loyal?

JOUBERT

(dismissively)

God.

(after a long pause)

The Bashaw has a brother.

EATON

A younger brother...

JOUBERT

(uncomfortably)

An elder brother.

EATON registers this: it is huge information.

EATON
Yusuf Bashaw is a pretender?

JOUBERT
He pretends very well.

EATON
An elder brother would be the right
Bashaw of Tripoli.

JOUBERT
I am not a court of heraldry.

EATON
Was he driven off, this rightful
Bashaw? Does he work against his
brother?

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

EATON
Yet the people would prefer him on
it?

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

EATON
I am a United States envoy on a
diplomatic mission. I cannot be
taken prisoner even in this case of
war.

JOUBERT
(reining in horse)
You were not sent, my friend: you
simply came. The Bashaw castrated
the Dutch minister and kept him in
a cage. Only the English escape
insult.

EATON

The point of the Royal Navy cannot fail to be plain to the chief of the Barbary pirates.

(rides)

We do not pay Yusuf Bashaw for passage in the Mediterranean.

JOUBERT

There is more in the matter than that. Why do you think the Bashaw has lately singled out American ships?

EATON

Because what navy we have is in Boston, and not here. Mr. Jefferson does not believe in "foreign adventures".

JOUBERT

And you do, I think. There is another reason American ships are taken. The English do not need to pay tribute to the Bashaw. He is afraid of the British navy. And who is not. But -- each year -- the English pay him for something.

EATON looks at JOUBERT - and then nods, gratefully. JOUBERT has given him vast diplomatic information.

JOUBERT (CONT'D)

I will not deliver you to the palace. You may surrender yourself from the French consulate.

EATON

That would be the Emperor's consulate. I thought you were a royalist.

JOUBERT

So is Citizen Bertrand, if you scratch his paint.

THE COLUMN moves on through the dust towards the desert gates of Tripoli.

EXT. A TRIPOLITAN BAZAAR. DAY

A party of manacled PHILADELPHIAS is being whipped through the crowded streets.

The crowd pelts them with garbage and stones, and A UNITED STATES FLAG is torn to pieces -- popular in the Arab world then as now. THE PRISONERS are driven towards the iron gates of the lower floors of the PRISON.

EXT. A BALCONY AT THE FRENCH CONSULATE. CONTINUOUS

BERTRAND, the French consul at Tripoli, watches as the American SAILORS are flogged through the streets. The tumult is incredible. BERTRAND is a nervous, civilized man driven to the brink by the disorder and barbarity.

BERTRAND

According to the terms of the frigate's surrender the officers may walk about the town. They visit the public women. The ordinary men, as you see, are in...a different condition. It is customary here.

(BERTRAND takes snuff off the back of his hand)

There is nothing to be done. Even if you had authority there would be nothing to be done. And you do not, as we know, have authority.

EATON, who has shaved and dressed in his best suit of clothes, stares down at the crowd, gripping the balcony rail.

EATON

Have you met the Bashaw's brother, Citizen Bertrand?

BERTRAND

(aware of a listening SERVANT)

I would prefer that we had a sane conversation.

But EATON stares at him.

BERTRAND

(after SERVANT leaves)

There is a cult of Hamet in the provinces. They pray for his return. Yet their hero, or so I hear, petitions for a passport to France. He is watched, of course. By the Turks.

EATON

By the British?

BERTRAND

By anyone interested in the status quo here.

EATON

Are you interested in the "status quo"?

BERTRAND

I am interested in good dinners, and survival.

(irritated by EATON's continuing curiosity)

He does not want to be king but he is a stray and exiled one and such are dangerous at all times when not dead. I should not mention him to the Bashaw. He is the true king of this place. He does not want it and I do not blame him.

EATON

Will you take me to the palace?

BERTRAND

I must surrender you, or I will be compromised. But I assure you that now is not the time.

(takes SNUFF again)

Joubert imposes on me. He should have taken you himself, and in chains.

(moves to a TABLE and pours BRANDY: EATON shakes his head "no")

No one's position here is secure. If the Bashaw gets a defective set of playing cards from a Marseillaise ship, he is liable to execute my secretary. If he needed money he would imprison me. He does not fear Napoleon. Do you understand what it signifies, not to fear Napoleon Bonaparte?

EATON

(staring down at the mob in the street)

If you will not take me to the Bashaw at once, I must go myself.

BERTRAND

You would be torn to pieces.

EATON

Then escort me, under French colors.

BERTRAND

What do you think you can do? The situation is hopeless.

EATON, staring down into the turmoil of the street, develops a look similar to the one he had before the fight on the vessel. He is terrified: yet still.

EATON

Be that as it may, I must go to the palace.

BERTRAND is wary of Eaton -- "loose cannon" does not begin to describe Eaton -- and loose cannons give Bertrand the vapors.

BERTRAND

I will not escort you through this.

EATON for a moment nearly gives up; and then icily turns.

EATON

Monsieur Consul Bertrand.

BERTRAND turns.

EATON (CONT'D)

You are a royalist, yet you are in Bonaparte's service.

An ORNATE clock strikes on a mantle. BERTRAND stares.

BERTRAND

(conceding a palpable hit)
I will take you after we dine.

EATON

I am not hungry.

EXT. A TRIPOLITAN STREET. MOMENTS LATER

THE FRENCH FLAG flutters in the air, as a company of FRENCH TROOPS force their way through the press of shouting BERBERS. EATON and BERTRAND walk, warily, side by side, accompanied by Bertrand's SECRETARY, who keeps his hand on his PISTOL. The French troops clear a way through the crowd, towards the gates of... the Bashaw's palace.

INT. BASHAW'S THRONE ROOM. CONTINUOUS

It is a pillared Moorish room. It has nothing of "oriental splendor". It is a dark, grim, place, torchlit. 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 which are customarily never out of the Bashaw's sight. The BASHAW'S MINISTER stands nearby.

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

An AMERICAN MERCHANT CAPTAIN, quite an elderly man, bleeding from the head. He is forced to his knees in front of the throne. 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 slave. He takes no pleasure in his job.

BASHAW'S TRANSLATOR

The minister says you fired on the Bashaw's ships.

The MERCHANT CAPTAIN is incapable of speech. He has been beaten so savagely, previously, that he barely knows where he is.

BASHAW'S TRANSLATOR (CONT'D)

(as MINISTER stalks,
shouts)

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)
Have you seen all that you wish to see?

AMERICAN CAPTAIN
(weeping)
Yes.

YUSUF BASHAW
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. BERTRAND stands biting a knuckle. There is a tremendous screaming from elsewhere in the palace. EATON looks around wildly, yet as he does:

EATON'S POV

JOUBERT enters the room, and says something quietly to BERTRAND.

BERTRAND comes forward to EATON.

BERTRAND
You are to be disarmed. Give your weapons to Joubert so they will not be taken.

EATON takes his PISTOLS from his belt, and unexpectedly hands them to BERTRAND.

EATON
If I do not return to ask for them, they are yours. I would not have betrayed you.

BERTRAND, after a moment, nods. EATON unbuckles his SABER hands it to JOUBERT. EATON now carries only his DISPATCH CASE, which, as we know, contains the pocket pistol.

JOUBERT

(looking at SABER)

I think I would have paid money to have seen you use it on the felucca.

EATON

(quietly)

What of that?

JOUBERT

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

JOUBERT bows, smiling, and leaves the room, carrying Eaton's SABER.

BERTRAND

The chief eunuch is coming for you. Do not insult Islam, or the Bashaw.

(EATON says nothing)

You jeopardize us all. What fool gave you a consulate?

EATON

(dazed, buttoning coat:)

John Adams.

THE EUNUCH appears in the doorway as the two broad doors (this is important) are opened by SLAVES. The EUNUCH is effete, puffy, corrupt: he moves in a stylized way, as if he floats. (Yet even he is not the man he seems).

EUNUCH

It is the Bashaw's pleasure that the American minister be received.

BERTRAND

(sotto voce)

He is receiving you as a minister even though you have no proper papers. Do not mistake how unusual that is. And I will give you this: An American squadron is at Gibraltar. Joubert said, just now.

EATON

(quietly)

A squadron. In strength?

BERTRAND

A heavy frigate. Another small frigate and three sloops of war. The Bashaw knows. The heavy frigate is called The Constitution.

EATON

(emotional)

The Constitution.

BERTRAND

Do you speak the Arabic of this place?

(EATON nods)

Speak very little of it. Do not insult the Bashaw. Do not threaten him. When they tell you to kneel, kneel. Do not look him in the eye. If you look him in the eye you will quite possibly be tortured and killed. Do not, above all, mention his brother. Do you understand this?

EATON

(looking intensely at Bertrand)

Do you kneel to him? A Minister of France?

BERTRAND

It is merely form. It means nothing.

EATON, who is very frightened, still seems to differ. He looks at the EUNUCH.

EATON

Take me to the Bashaw.

BERTRAND stands staring after EATON and the EUNUCH: then follows.

INT. THE PALACE

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. 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.

EATON is terrified. They walk on.

INT. THE BASHAW'S THRONE ROOM. CONTINUOUS

EATON and the EUNUCH appear in the door. Then, as a BELL tinkles, they walk forward. EATON is looking around. Suddenly he stops, and (as a murmur arises in the court) 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.

YUSUF BASHAW

It is customary to kneel.

Blood runs down Eaton's face and splashes on his coat.

EATON

I represent a republic, sir. As representative of that republic I may not kneel to any foreign monarch. As myself, to prevent a further question, I will not.

YUSUF BASHAW

Would you die for it?

EATON

Yes.

A long interval. We hear the Spaniard sobbing. EATON manages to keep looking at the bashaw. BERTRAND is staring. Beside him is a SWEDISH MINISTER, and a DUTCH one.

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, sir, that you
have enough American things.

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

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. 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, since you have declared war, you hold prisoners of war. Therefore, according to the civilized usages of war, I demand their good treatment until their regular exchange. All of the prisoners, sir. Not just the officers.

FOREIGN MINISTERS murmur to each other: the COURT is riveted.

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

We do not fear war. It is what we do.

(SOLDIERS pound musket-butts on the floor)

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

(to sychophantic laughter from the COURT)

They are improving our fortifications.

EATON

I saw.

YUSUF BASHAW

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

THE COURT roars with laughter.

EATON

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

YUSUF BASHAW

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.

YUSUF BASHAW

I admire it, I admire it.

The COURT laughs when the Bashaw does.

YUSUF BASHAW

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. BERTRAND stares.

THE FLAYED MAN, shot in the head, is quiet. The cage sways. Blood spills onto the filthy floor of the throne room. COURTIERS, MINISTERS, AND BERTRAND stare from the torchlit dark of the arcades.

EATON

It is Swiss. It works.

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

(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 who told me it is not.

(THE BASHAW stares at him.)

The room is full of foreign ministers. Kill me after that and I will be seen across the world as what I am, and you as what you are. You will lose your British annuities and every government which has ever been in your favor. Will you play politics, Yusuf Bashaw? I am no consul: yet you are no king. I demand the unconditional release of the American prisoners.

YUSUF BASHAW

Be glad, Mr. Eaton, that God protects the mad, and that you are worth a lot of money.

EXT. PRISON ROOF. LATE AFTERNOON

AMERICAN OFFICERS line the roof, staring, as EATON, under guard is marched to the prison under guard. Eaton has been beaten horribly, and is staggering. TRIPOLITAN CHILDREN hurl stones and dung. EATON, blood trickling down his face, looks up at the blackened fortress. Among the officers, O'BANNON and PARKER stare down.

INT. PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS IN THE PRISON. SUNSET

EATON sits woodenly in a chair, staring. PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN sits at a table. OFFICERS, including the uncomfortable DEVEREAUX, sit with him.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN

(looking at Eaton's papers, and then putting them into a stack)

I cannot say that you exceeded your authority. You have no authority to exceed. None!

(to OFFICER)

I believe, somewhere in his mumble-jumble, he has confessed it.

(to Eaton)

You have quite a reputation among the Europeans of this place. You will behave yourself, sir. I am the senior representative of the United States in Tripoli and I command in this prison.

EATON

Congratulations.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN

I have made terms with the Bashaw on behalf of the United States. I am attempting to resolve this situation.

EATON

The loss of your ship, sir?

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN

The war itself. I will have order. I will not have rebellion.

(to officers)

He needs quarters until the Bashaw kills him.

(to Eaton)

Which I will try to prevent.

(MORE)

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN (cont'd)

You are under house arrest, Mr. Eaton, confined to this floor of the prison, and to exercise in the courtyard once a day.

(to OFFICERS)

Take him to the appropriate quarters.

OFFICERS stand. They help Eaton to his feet.

INT. O'BANNON AND PARKER'S ROOM IN THE PRISON. MOMENTS LATER

O'BANNON is lying on a basket-worked Arab bed, sweating, and batting idly at flies. The door opens, and EATON is helped through the door, supported by midshipmen. DEVEREAUX with them, holding a candle.

DEVEREAUX

Mr. O'Bannon, Captain William Eaton. Late the consul at Tunis. He's to share your quarters.

O'BANNON

(looking at Eaton's injuries)

What did you do to deserve that.

DEVEREAUX

He pulled a pistol on the Bashaw of Tripoli, called him a fraud, and threatened him with invasion.

O'BANNON looks interested. EATON can hardly stand. MIDSHIPMEN carry in his CHEST. DEVEREAUX nods at them, and they depart.

DEVEREAUX

Where's Parker?

O'BANNON

He was with the surgeon earlier.

DEVEREAUX

Good night, gentlemen.

DEVEREAUX closes the door. Now, relatively alone, EATON feels his head -- and looks at the crumbs of dried blood on his fingers. EATON sits shakily down, and then he opens his trunk, and pulls out belongings.

INSERT--

THE TRUNK'S INTERIOR. A false bottom is lifted, revealing A BRACE OF PISTOLS, SHOT, POWDER, some GOLD.

EATON takes up a PISTOL. O'BANNON sits up, very interestedly.
EATON checks the priming.

EATON
Your captain is settled in.

O'BANNON
He was born to be settled in.

EATON
(handing O'BANNON a
pistol)
You?

O'BANNON
(taking it)
Less so.

PARKER comes in, holding EATON'S SABER. O'BANNON suddenly
seems to like Eaton less.

PARKER
A French colonel of Tripolitan
lancers brought it, with
compliments.

EATON takes the saber.

O'BANNON
If the Berbers left you your sword,
you gave your word not to use it.

PARKER, looking from man to man, as on SOUND the evening
prayer is called, looks thinner, more ill.

EATON
I am under sentence of death. I
Just know a particular Frenchman,
who knows precisely what he is
doing.

PARKER and O'BANNON look at each other.

EATON
I am leaving this place. Do you
want to come?

O'BANNON
Neither Parker or I signed the
parole. We have always intended to
escape with information.

PARKER

I've watched the Berber craft sailing in and out for a month. I know where the channels are, and have estimated depth at all tides. I've made charts. I know their naval strength, down to a gun. Mr. O'Bannon's taken account of land forces.

EATON

What about breaking out the seamen and marines?

O'BANNON

We'd need every officer here to break in to the fortress where they are kept: and then we'd never break out. It can't be thought of. We have to get away with what we know. That's all we'll get away with. The quarterdeck officers will not be persuaded.

Eaton goes to the window.

EATON's POV:

SUNSET bathes the old city in red light. The evening prayer is being called.

EATON

Why are you different, Mr. Parker?

PARKER

I have my reasons.

O'BANNON joins EATON at the window. PARKER, coughing quietly, sits on his bed.

EATON

There's a squadron coming. When it's offshore would be the time to leave.

O'BANNON

An American squadron? Jefferson sent a squadron?

EATON

(turning from window)
The Constitution is at Gibraltar.

EXT. TRIPOLI HARBOR. NIGHT

It is a foggy, black, night. There are few lights in the town. It is only with difficulty that one might discern a winking of lights, as if from ship, to ship, not far to sea.

INT. THE CELL. NIGHT

EATON is asleep. PARKER and O'BANNON are asleep as well. Somewhere dogs begin to bark violently. EATON opens his eyes.

EXT. THE OFFICER'S PRISON. NIGHT

THE PALACE is quiet, dark. We hear strange high-pitched whistling sounds -- several of them -- and then artillery fire slams into the palace.

EXT. TRIPOLI. CONTINUOUS

RED HOT SHOT and shells from deck-mortars are smashing into the town. The top blows off a lighted MINARET. Masonry flies everywhere, and the minaret collapses. The BASHAW'S PALACE takes several hits: a balcony collapses.

INT. BASHAW'S PALACE. CONTINUOUS

A BALL destroys the dinner table at which the BASHAW is sitting. The BASHAW is dragged to safety.

EXT. A TRIPOLITAN STREET

A view seaward. A red flashing glare indicates that several ships are standing off and bombarding the town. There is a mist, and the ships are not visible.

INT. THE OFFICER'S PRISON COURTYARD

EATON, O'BANNON, and PARKER dart out of their room. Rubble is strewn everywhere in the courtyard and we can hear the American officers shouting. Figures run through the smoke. PARKER, coughing, has a PISTOL. EATON runs along the colonnade --past the HOSPITAL WARD --- and then stops.

EATON'S POV:

GUARDS -- about a dozen of them -- have taken cover under the archway of the main gate.

EATON slips back around a pillar.

EATON
We'll go over the roof.

O'BANNON and PARKER nod. A GUARD comes around a corner. PARKER aims the pistol, and O'BANNON takes the man's musket and smashes the man in the head with the head in it. At that moment -- a wall simply collapses behind them. The three men scramble out over the rubble, and disappear through the smoke.

DEVEREAUX watches them go. He stands with OFFICERS who have not seen.

PHILADELPHIA'S CAPTAIN
(in night-shirt)
Remain calm...Keep order...

DEVEREAUX
Get the sick into cover.

OFFICERS drag sick and wounded out of their beds. TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS surge into the courtyard, bayonets leveled, and savagely club down the officers. A MIDSHIPMAN is seized and his throat is cut.

DEVEREAUX draws his sword to defend the sick and is shot down. His spectacles shattered. More OFFICERS are shot down.

EXT. A WATERFRONT STREET. CONTINUOUS

TOWNSPEOPLE look fearfully out through their shutters as the American artillery falls upon the town. Women are keening and wailing. Over everything is the distant thunder of the cannonade. EATON, O'BANNON, and PARKER come quickly down the street, hurrying past a firing TRIPOLITAN BATTERY on a terrace above the harbor.

EXT. A NARROWER PASSAGE. CONTINUOUS

TWO TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS stand staring towards the harbor. Their faces are lit with the red glare of the bombardment.

EATON sees the soldiers, and holds up his hand for PARKER and O'BANNON to slow down. PARKER is running full tilt -- he trips and falls.

PARKER
Damn...

At the sound of English, the SOLDIERS look around, and one fires. O'BANNON falls, grazed on the head. EATON flies at the SOLDIERS. EATON knocks down the first, with a tremendous clash of steel. PARKER, on his feet again, coolly pistols the second. EATON finishes off the SOLDIER. PARKER assists O'BANNON, who is blinded by blood.

O'BANNON
 (holding eye)
 I can see. It's just blood. Keep
 on.

RED-HOT SHOT streaks overhead, and in the town beyond, fires are breaking out everywhere.

EATON takes a PISTOL from a dead SOLDIER. PARKER helps O'BANNON down the narrow street, as EATON leads the way.

EXT. TRIPOLITAN WATERFRONT. CONTINUOUS

RED-HOT SHOT smashes into tied-up trading vessels and gunboats all along the waterfront, igniting them, striking their magazines, blowing them into the air.

EXT. PLAZA ABOVE THE QUAY. CONTINUOUS

EATON, O'BANNON, and PARKER walk against the flow of running BERBERS. They are dependent on the confusion. A red hot shot strikes pavement, throwing sparks, and skips inland to smash through a doorway. The interior of the house catches fire.

EXT. TRIPOLITAN WATERFRONT. CONTINUOUS

EATON drops down behind a cart, checking his PISTOL.

EATON
 There's no one on the quay. We just
 walk out, and go. This wind, Mr.
 Parker?

PARKER
 We can sail off the dock.

EXT. THE QUAY.

The Americans, in the red glare of burning ships and boats, head towards the end of the quay. EATON heads on, PARKER behind, helping O'BANNON. A DHOW lies at the quay.

EXT. DHOW

O'BANNON is helped aboard. PARKER inspects the rig, and casts off.

PARKER
 Use the sweep.

A TRIPOLITAN SOLDIER, the light of a burning warehouse behind him, comes forward suspiciously -- and throws his MUSKET to his shoulder.

EATON raises the PISTOL -- and fires simultaneously. The BERBER falls, an eye shot out. PARKER, grazed along the ribs, falls while grappling with the lateen rig. PARKER tries to stand, and falls. He gives a lunge, and pulls up the lateen sail, which fills with wind. He slumps against the gunwale, and watches EATON struggle with the sheet -- and the concept of sailing.

PARKER (CONT'D)
Keep the palace to the left.

EATON
You're not badly hit.

PARKER
I am better than I was.

EXT. TRIPOLI HARBOR. CONTINUOUS

The dhow sails away from the quay, and into the darkness.

EFFECT. AT SEA OFF TRIPOLI. DAY

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

EXT. CONSTITUTION SPAR-DECK. DAY

O'BANNON, his right eye bandaged, is sitting under an awning. He has eaten from a tin plate, which lies nearby. EATON is sitting on the deck between two guns, alone, with his coat over him. He has managed to clean up slightly. He picks in a desultory way at salt beef, and ship's biscuit. PARKER is reading "The Sorrows of Young Werther".

MIDSHIPMAN (OS)
Captain Eaton, sir? Captain Eaton,
sir.

EATON and PARKER look up sharply. A midshipman comes along the spar-deck.

MIDSHIPMAN (CONT'D)
Captain Preble will see you at
once, sir.

EATON wipes his mouth, and gathers up his things. O'BANNON, speculatively, watches him go.

O'BANNON
Tell him I want something to do.

PARKER watches EATON go.

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. 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, who prays that I cease bombardment of his city. The Bashaw says, also, that you, representing yourself falsely as a United States envoy, threatened him with a pistol... That you caused two Philadelphias to break their parole... That you murdered several of his subjects, and in bloody and violent fashion, escaped not imprisonment, but consummate Berber hospitality.

EATON

The Bashaw entertains himself with terminology.

PREBLE

The Bashaw is a son of a bitch.

EATON

Yes, sir.

PREBLE

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

EATON

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

PREBLE

(appraising Eaton)

You did not know I was in the Mediterranean?

EATON

Not until I was at Tripoli, sir,
no.

PREBLE

You speak their gibberish.

EATON

Yes.

PREBLE

I sent a sloop to Tunis to collect you, only to find you here. I might have been able to use you in these negotiations, sir, but now the Bashaw has a price on your head, and I must think of another use for you. I was told to look you up in the case of land operations.

(EATON nods, becoming very interested)

I have full authority to either make war or negotiate as I see fit. Your opinion, 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 smiles)

Heavy gunboats are being built in Sicily. I may make no assault on the harbor until they arrive. When they arrive, I shall assault Tripoli, and either cut out the Philadelphia or burn her. But until the gunboats 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. I have a job.

This is the best thing that EATON has ever heard.

EATON

The Bashaw has a brother.

PREBLE

So do I, sir. 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, Eaton, I could make my late grandmother the Dowager Empress of the fucking Moon...and if it would destroy Yusuf Bashaw I Have the authority of the United States Government to effect her coronation. Be specific, sir.

EATON

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

PREBLE

It sounds like ordinary government. The difference, sir?

EATON

The Bashaw is a pirate. His income is from the sea. By this blockade in force, you cut his income. He must then expend more blood than gold; and the more blood he expends, the more precarious is his always precarious position.

(MORE)

EATON (cont'd)

I know for a fact that the provinces want his brother. You are before Tripoli. Imagine the rightful king of Tripoli behind it, with an army, and the country openly in revolt.

PREBLE

Would they revolt?

EATON

Yusuf is a tyrant.

PREBLE

So am I. My men do not revolt, and they thank Christ for plum duff on Sunday.

EATON

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

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

EATON (CONT'D)

Two 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.

PREBLE pours out a glass of madeira. Then another.

EATON

There's more at stake than Barbary. We're not done with England. They'll come for us again. The thing to do is to amaze the world. 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.

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

PREBLE

Try it.

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

PREBLE

I haven't the ships to carry you back down the coast with this king you may or may not get. I can land you at Alexandria with an advance party -- what marines I can spare and the two officers you escaped with, if you find them suitable.

EATON

I do.

PREBLE

You'll have nothing else until I'm reinforced. After Constellation arrives I'll give you two hundred marines, eight pieces of artillery, and twenty thousand dollars in gold. For now, I'll give you what money I have. Enough to start the rumor, and for you to get your king down to Alexandria, if he will come.

EATON

(looking at MAP)

We'll need to be reinforced by ships... at Derna. Here. You need it anyway. It is the key to supplying any action against Tripoli. It's garrisoned. I'll have to take it, supported by naval gunfire. Can you rendezvous with me here on the 20th of the next month? I can get there by the 20th. If Hamet will not come I will be there with an army myself.

(paces, and look around at Preble)

It can't be a rumor in the end. If I get Hamet, he has to be supported. The treaty must say this.

PREBLE

It will. You are appointed Naval Agent to the Barbary States, with full power to sign and negotiate a treaty with this Hamet Bashaw.

EATON

You're serious.

PREBLE

Are you?

LONG DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. THE NILE ABOVE CAIRO. DAY

A DHOW , laden with cargo and horses, is sailing up the flooded river. FELLAH WOMEN wash clothing on the banks of the Nile.

EXT. THE DECK OF THE DHOW. CONTINUOUS

EATON, wearing a broad hat, is sitting on a bulkhead, staring ahead. He is traveling alone: no guide. He is writing his draft treaty. He sands the paper; blows on it.

EXT. RIVERBANK BELOW THE NILE RIVER TOWN. LATER

EATON leads a saddled horse down the ramp from the dhow. Children run up to see the European.

EXT. NILE RIVER TOWN BAZAAR. DAY

EATON, armed, looking around for threats (and evidence, for he has no very clear idea where he might find Hamet) is leading his horse through the chaos of the bazaar. He sees:

EATON'S POV:

A SHABBY COLONNADED HOTEL. TURKISH OFFICIALS stare at him.

EATON, aware that they are spies, forges ahead through the crowd of BEGGARS, TOWNSPEOPLE, and SOLDIERS.

A TURKISH OFFICIAL, anxiously trotting to keep EATON in sight, follows EATON through the town.

EATON mounts, and heads out of the town.

EXT. THE NILE FLOODPLAIN. DAY

EATON riding. As he does, TWO BERBERS gallop furiously past him. They are mounted on splendid horses, robes streaming in the wind: true desert men. One stares back at EATON, riding. They disappear in the distance.

EATON knows he is on the right track. He spurs after them.

EXT. A DESERT VILLA NEAR WHEATFIELDS. DAY

Before the villa there is a permanent BERBER CAMP, complete with women and children. EATON reins in. The MEN start to emerge from the tents to inspect him. EATON rides forward slowly.

RAIS MOHAMED - a Berber brigand, and Hamet's number one. He is a slave. He comes forcefully out of a tent to glare at EATON. Another man joins him, but they do nothing, say nothing. They verify that EATON is alone; and then lower their weapons.

More BERBERS appear, to stare. They are soldiers too long in camp -- unshaven, malevolent, overfed. They follow after EATON as he continues towards the villa. EATON rides faster.

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.

BERBERS inspect Eaton's horse and SADDLEBAGS. EATON takes off the SADDLEBAGS. There is a heavy chink of gold. EATON is among very, very dangerous men. EATON decides to do what he does: he goes on.

EXT. COLONNADE. CONTINUOUS

EATON charges up the steps, looking around imperiously, and then bangs straight through the entrance.

INT. HALL OF HAMET'S 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? You cannot come in here.

EATON

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

THE TURKISH SERVANT is mystified. EATON becomes slightly nervous.

TURKISH SERVANT

What is the "United States of
America"?

EATON, ignoring the faint protest of the Turkish Servant strides through into the courtyard of the house.

INT. COURTYARD OF HAMET'S VILLA. CONTINUOUS

EATON steps into the courtyard. WOMEN run off through a doorway. We hear falling water. 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
king.

EATON

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

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

HAMET

(apprehensive)
What do you want?

EATON

Do you know what the United States
of America are?

HAMET

Did you come here specifically to
insult me?

EATON

Your servant...

HAMET

My servant is an idiot. His
advanced idiocy is much to my
advantage because he is a Turkish
spy. You are American. I presume
that you represent your government.
What do you want?

EATON

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

HAMET looks as if he is in sudden, private, pain. He takes a very long time to speak.

HAMET

And that is what I want?

EATON

(nervously)
Isn't it?

(HAMET says nothing)

The United States government is
disaffected with your brother and
supports you for the throne at
Tripoli, sir. Gold, guns, and
marine soldiers are being landed at
Alexandria.

HAMET turns and looks at EATON fiercely.

EATON
(continuing)

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

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

HAMET
What is your name?

EATON
William Eaton, Bashaw.

HAMET, abandoning the attempt to be polite, stares again across his gardens.

HAMET'S POV:

HIS WIVES AND CHILDREN are chasing around the garden.

HAMET
I have a serious question.

EATON
(seriously)
I will try to answer, Bashaw.

HAMET
Do you like fish?

INT. HAMET'S DINING ROOM. NIGHT

Dinner is finished. The room is open to the air. Muslin blows in the windows. RAIS MOHAMED 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 MOHAMED
 (quite seriously)
 "God is infinite": that is good.

EATON
 "There shall be a firm and
 perpetual peace--"

RAIS MOHAMED
 God is infinite. Or do you not
 think so.

EATON
 (irritated by Rais
 Mohammed)
 "--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."

HAMET
 Citizens, subjects. The difference
 is semantical in the end, I think.

EATON
 (glancing up at HAMET, and
 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
 You refer to my brother as usurper
 most consistently.

RAIS MOHAMED

And so he is one.

HAMET

Every king is a usurper. I believe that Jefferson would say this.

EATON

Republican sentiments will serve us very little in an attempt to make you king, sir.

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 MOHAMED glares at Eaton.

RAIS MOHAMED

Why?

EATON

I'll fight you any time you like.

RAIS MOHAMED spits. EATON starts to stand.

HAMET

(interrupting)

The part about Jefferson. Mohamed, keep your tongue.

EATON

(sitting down again: so does Rais Mohamed)

"This convention shall be submitted to the President of the United States for his ratification. In the mean time there shall be no suspense in its operations."

HAMET

So I should begin with no assurances.

EATON

You have every assurance...

RAIS MOHAMED

There are no assurances. Would you fight me on that?

EATON

(after a moment)

No.

RAIS MOHAMED

(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 MOHAMED stares dubiously after the men; and then shrugs and eats.

EXT. GARDEN OF HAMET'S VILLA. NIGHT

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

HAMET

Jefferson knows nothing of this treaty.

EATON

With a fast ship, Bashaw, he might.

HAMET

I would be a puppet. The creature of the United States.

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

Why would I want to be king, Mr. Eaton? 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

The trouble is not being a king. The trouble is wanting to be.

(turns on EATON)

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

EATON

Many would not.

HAMET

I meant you.

EATON says nothing.

HAMET

I was not driven away. I gave the throne away. The Buddha did it. The prophet Jesus. And then someone came to him, in a garden, in the character of a friend.

EATON says nothing, staring at Hamet. HAMET finally smiles gently.

HAMET

Or perhaps you are the devil.
Showing me the riches of the world.
It's best that you know that I have
no use for them. Give me your
treaty.

EATON takes it from inside his coat, and hands it over. HAMET
sits on a bench, and puts his SPECTACLES on. He reads the
treaty.

HAMET

(getting to business)

Other nations pay my brother. His
piracy is no more than what in what
you would call the civilized world
would be a tax on commerce. From
what I understand, it is in most
cases less.

EATON

The United States are different.
(corrects himself)
We are determined to be different.

HAMET

If you have commerce you must deal
with the world; and you will deal
with it finally as a military
power. Your republic will become an
empire. Are you the beginning of
that, I wonder?

EATON wonders, himself.

HAMET

(smiling)

You are an inevitability in more
ways than one. Rehearse me the plan
again.

EATON

At Alexandria, Bashaw, we join with
two hundred United States marines
and a naval detachment with six
eighteen-pounder guns. We buy
mercenaries. Half the French Army
was abandoned in Egypt: there are
soldiers to be had.

HAMET

Have you contracted with the
French?

EATON

I came here too rapidly for that. You have a hundred men; I have two hundred, and artillery. We buy men in Alexandria. We march across Libya, raising revolt where money can, or where you can, with or without money. We will be supplied and reinforced at Derna.

HAMET

Derna is garrisoned.

EATON

Yet at Derna, there will be two United States heavy frigates. We can take it.

CHILDREN'S voices are audible from the hareem.

EATON (CONT'D)

Do we go?

Wind rises in the garden.

HAMET

I do not want the throne. But I must not let my brother have it. So yes, Captain Eaton, we will go.

EATON

Will you sign that document?

HAMET

Later. Tomorrow, perhaps. There are certain things I would change. But we leave for Alexandria tomorrow.

EATON bows, and crosses the garden, one TORCHBEARER going with him. HAMET remains staring out over the gardens, towards the Nile.

EXT. THE PLAIN OUTSIDE THE BERBER CAMP. MORNING

We hear a fusillade of Musket-fire as the Bashaw's standard (a gorgeous green banner) is lifted in the wind. The BERBERS are mounted, and excited. EATON and HAMET are riding side by side. HAMET is inspecting his men. BERBERS fire MUSKETS into the air -- a very middle eastern feu de joie. EATON, a soldier, winces visibly at the waste of ammunition. HAMET looks around wryly. Wild musketry and wild shouts and wilder horsemen are all around.

HAMET

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

EATON

He is a great waster of ammunition.

HAMET

(not disturbed)
Islam took Christian Spain.

EATON

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

HAMET

(smiles)
True.

EATON wheels his horse, and gallops off towards the villa.

EXT. THE VILLA. CONTINUOUS

BERBER camp followers -- women and ragged boys, are striking the camp and packing HAMET's belongings. Everything proceeds like lightning. EATON canters up, and dismounts.

EATON nods.

EATON brings his horse to water, and splashes some in his own face. He coughs; then he sits on the edge of the cistern, holding his bridle. He takes a cupped hand full of water, and immediately gags and spits it out. It is foul. He worries about it for a moment; then forgets.

RAIS MOHAMED comes riding up.

RAIS MOHAMED

I am pleased that we go to war. If you have misled my master, and he is my master, I will kill you.

EATON nods.

EXT. NILE FLOODPLAIN. DAY

HAMET'S BERBERS are heading north beside the river. EATON and HAMET ride at the front of the column. RAIS MOHAMED with them misses no opportunity to glare at EATON.

HAMET

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

EATON

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

HAMET

Then why do you try make me a king?

EATON says nothing, uncomfortably.

RAIS MOHAMED

(glaring at EATON)

For his own purposes.

HAMET

This, Rais Mohammed, is a man of the age. I have a notion that he may be its spirit. Yet he is not the only one.

EATON wonders what this means. HAMET smiles at him:

EXT. THE EGYPTIAN DESERT. DAY

THE COLUMN moves slowly, through dust and blinding sunlight. EATON, swaying in the saddle, examining a map, does not look well. He attempts to drink water from a skin -- and retches. HAMET rides alongside.

HAMET

Are you ill?

EATON

I am well enough.

HAMET does not look convinced. He stares uneasily after EATON.

EXT. THE DESERT CAMP. NIGHT. LATER

EATON sits by a fire, exhausted. He has a full growth of beard. He looks ill -- exhausted. The BERBERS are praying, each man facing east, and thudding their heads against the earth. EATON stands, and totters weakly away.

EXT. NEAR THE CAMP

EATON retches. He drops exhausted to the face of a dune. A figure appears on the top of the dune; hesitates -- then descends. It is HAMET, carrying a LANTERN. EATON is evidently asleep. But he wakes at a scuffling noise.

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.

EATON

One cannot boil a continent.

HAMET

My father claimed that tea was a specific against the cholera. He would drink nothing but tea.

(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. You are in a cold sweat.

EATON begins to shiver. He looks at the stars.

HAMET (CONT'D)

(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. I am expected to see one star: the throne. But I see others. And brighter. And I think I had become become confused among them, until now. So you may not die.

EATON

I want your brother dead.

HAMET

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

EATON

The throne -

HAMET

(spits)

- is dust. Don't you understand? What man, who thinks, could look at himself in the mirror if he defrauded humanity, and God, if there is one, by posing as a king?

EATON

Then why this, now?

HAMET

(raises his palms in the hieratic Arab manner.)

In ch'allah.

EATON

Not likely.

HAMET

If all one has is dust, then one perhaps must be...however briefly, its quintessence.

(as EATON laughs)

If you think you are more than other men, there is a thing you should know. One has to be more than other men even to think it. Unless one is crazy, which is always a possibility. Drink.

EATON

(drinks, and then:)

My father thought I was mad when I went to the Dartmouth College. I was not then, and I am not now. Will the people rise when you come?

HAMET

Yes. They will.

(a beat)

I would prefer Paris. I have dreamed of it my whole life. There is no civilization here.

EATON

Then make one. Isn't that your job?

EATON shivers, violently. Attempting to stand, he collapses, and passes out. HAMET goes to him, and feels his temperature, and looks into his face.

HAMET

Why do you think I came?

EXT. THE DESERT. MOMENTS LATER

BERBERS, carrying torches, come running over the dunes, followed by HAMET, and more BERBERS carrying EATON, hanging limp in their arms. HAMET walks after them, staring after EATON.

EXT. THE DESERT. DAY

EATON, very ill, is riding in a creaking fellaheen cart. HAMET watches him, concernedly, riding. It is a very bad part of the desert -- they are inland from the floodplain. HAMET is covered in dust. RAIS MOHAMED is riding beside HAMET.

RAIS MOHAMED

He is dying.

HAMET

That would be unfortunate. But it is time for us to go home.

RAIS MOHAMED

He has no gold. His bags are full of Spanish silver.

HAMET stares at him with princely disinterest

RAIS MOHAMED (CONT'D)

He has no gold.

RAIS MOHAMED whirls his horse, and rides back along the line. HAMET looks at EATON. EATON, somnolent, and covered with sweat as the cart jolts over the stony ground, is obviously very ill.

EXT. A FELLAHEEN VILLAGE. LATE TWILIGHT

CAMEL-MEAT is boiling in milk. The BERBERS are encamped by millet-fields - exhausted, looking around at the strange place, and the beautiful night, talking quietly, beside the river.

INT. A POOR EGYPTIAN HOUSE. NIGHT

A TINY FIRE flickers on a flat stone which is the hearth of the house, and tallow candles gutter in the darkness. A woman serves HAMET coffee. He raises it in salute not to her - but to his HOST, a toothless, and somewhat terrified villager, who gestures, "my house is yours", and retreats. His wife follows him outside, clutching her veil across her face. RAIS MOHAMED drinks noisily. HAMET sips coffee, and looks at EATON. EATON, very pale, and covered with sweat, is sleeping peacefully in the firelight. He has been given the host's bed -- an Egyptian sleeping platform of reeds. EATON, covered with sweat, tosses in the bed. HAMET watches, carefully, in the light of lamps of reeds and tallow. RAIS MOHAMED opens EATON's writing case and finds:

MSS POETRY. GOOD DRAWINGS.

RAIS MOHAMED looks interestedly at Eaton.

HAMET

Put them back.

(RAIS MOHAMED does so)

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 MOHAMED

You are the Bashaw. I will agree with whatever you wish.

HAMET

That's not my objective, Rais Mohamed.

Wind blows around the house. Hamet drinks his coffee, thinking.

INT. EGYPTIAN HOUSE. DAWN

HAMET is asleep on the floor. We hear a clatter of objects - a clink of steel. HAMET stirs. EATON is up on an elbow in bed, his hair disordered, bleeding himself, with a belt strapped around his left biceps.

He pierces a vein and unstraps the belt. BLOOD squirts into a pannikin. EATON stops the bleeding, expertly. He is haggard: but he is alive, and better. He looks up. HAMET is awake, and looking at him curiously. Rais Mohammed is heard outside, bellowing.

EATON

Where are we, Bashaw?

HAMET

A village. An indifferent village.

EATON

How long have I been ill?

HAMET

We are two days from Alexandria. It has been five days that you could not ride.

(EATON is confused.)

You had cholera.

EATON

Cholera.

HAMET

With cholera, you must drink water, with salt. No one who does this dies. We forced you to drink.

EATON

We must send a man to Alexandria. With a letter for the consul there. We must tell him that we are coming ...that I was ill.

HAMET

I have done so.

EATON

What did you write?

HAMET

That you were ill - that I prayed you would recover - and that I (of course, with you) was two days from Alexandria. I am not an idiot. I am a king, should I choose to be.

(EATON, chastened, looks at HAMET, who dresses)

You will not get well if you stick knives in yourself.

(MORE)

HAMET (cont'd)
 Bleeding is only good for fat red
 men with too much blood, whose
 hearts would burst otherwise.

EATON stares -- realizing that this makes excellent sense.

HAMET (CONT'D)
 I thought that you would die. And I
 was sorry.

EATON
 (reaching for his coat)
 I had the most disordered dreams.

HAMET
 Did you dream of glory?

EATON
 What else is there?

HAMET
 Wives, and children, and peace. You
 know these things exist. Do not
 forget them.

HAMET goes out. EATON, chastened, buttons his coat, and arms himself.

EXT. ARAB HOUSE. DAY

EATON, looking very weak, steps out into the blinding sunlight. He is immediately disconcerted by smiling BERBERS. Hamet's men look genuinely pleased that he is well. RAIS MOHAMED rides up with EATON'S HORSE.

RAIS MOHAMED
 (still not absolutely sure
 about Eaton)
 I am pleased that you did not die.

EATON gratefully takes the bridle. HAMET rides up. He pulls out a purse -- and tosses it to the HOST, in the doorway of his hovel.

HOST
 God will reward you.

HAMET
 La.

EATON
 You don't believe in God?

HAMET looks at him.

HAMET
Dubiety occurs even in Islam. If
the wind is northerly originality
is possible. I want to tell you
something. You must not laugh.

EATON
What is it?

HAMET
I do not want the throne; but I am
for Tripoli. I am either a paradox,
or I have something on my mind. I
do have something, and it is best
that you know.

EATON
(standing looking up at
HAMET)
What is it?

HAMET
We are forming a republic at
Tripoli and I am going to free the
slaves.

EATON stares at him in disbelief.

HAMET
That is why I came.

HAMET spurs off. EATON mounts, precariously, but he manages.
He is joyous.

RAIS MOHAMED
(leaning over in saddle,
suspiciously)
What is a republic?

EATON
Your king, Rais Mohamed, most
unexpectedly, intends to make you
free. What do you make of that?

RAIS MOHAMED
What will he do?

EATON
Go down in history.

EATON rides up beside HAMET.

HAMET

So we begin?

EATON

We begin.

EXT. A RUINED VILLAGE OUTSIDE ALEXANDRIA. 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 TUAREG WARRIORS, tattooed savages in blue robes, sitting stonily on the ground and staring down at the American camp.

O'BANNON is joined by his SERGEANT.

O'BANNON

(staring towards Tuaregs)

Give them the rest of the sheep.

SERGEANT

Why don't we give them the
barrelled beef, sir?

O'BANNON

Because it's pork.

SERGEANT

It is?

O'BANNON

It was.

A SOLITARY RIDER comes down the hill. He is CAID ABDEL -- a very fierce and ignorant Tuareg nomad. O'BANNON watches him come, and steps forward. MARINES -- there are only twenty of them -- stand watchfully around the compound. CAID ABDEL reins in, in a cloud of dust, and starts shouting in fierce Arabic. (Whenever EATON is not present, Arabic is Arabic.) He rides in circles, shouting -- obviously making some sort of bitter case.

O'BANNON

'I agree, sir! Pleasant weather!

CAID ABDEL rides rapidly up the hill, cloak flying. O'BANNON turns, looking intensely worried - but not without humor. The sergeant looks at him, and falls in beside him.

O'BANNON (CONT'D)
Cartridge kegs to be opened inside the house. Reloaders to be appointed, every fifth man.

SERGEANT
Then what?

O'BANNON
Rum. The Tuareg don't want the rum, at least. Imagine them drunk.

PARKER, looking very ill, stands in his shirt-sleeves in a ruined doorway, staring towards the Tuaregs. He has obviously just got up from a bed, and a bad spell.

O'BANNON (CONT'D)
Get yourself to bed, Mr. Parker, we don't need a dead officer of artillery.

PARKER
(buttoning his uniform coat)
I'm all right.

O'BANNON
Then you might unlimber your guns, and double-charge with canister.

PARKER
(staring towards the Tuaregs.)
Right.

EXT. THE DESERT. DAY

The BERBER column is riding, and making good time.

A GALLOPER approaches from the opposite direction. EATON raises his telescope.

THE GALLOPER is a European in civilian clothes.

EATON has a premonition that something is wrong. He glances towards HAMET, beside him. HAMET may have something of a premonition as well.

EATON spins forward

EXT. THE DESERT. MOMENTS LATER

As the European rider reins in. He is an American, very young. His name is Baxter.

BAXTER

William Eaton? The naval agent?

EATON nods. BAXTER wheels his horse in beside EATON's. They ride together.

BAXTER

(looks towards BERBERS)

You've got the Bashaw.

EATON

One of us has got the other.

BAXTER

I am secretary to Captain MacCarney, the Alexandria consul. There's trouble, sir.

EATON

Explain.

BAXTER

There has been in Alexandria for some time a tribe of Libyan Tuareg, who were mercenaries in Napoleon's campaign. They've been there since the French, the officers anyway, decamped. Consul McCarney thought that it would be in your interest to employ them.

EATON

Why is the Alexandria consul hiring my mercenaries?

BAXTER

I don't know.

EATON

He wanted to be "helpful", I imagine.

BAXTER

Helpful, yes, sir. Anyway, sir, he sent them -- they number about five hundred -- to the marine camp outside Alexandria. This was two weeks ago.

(MORE)

BAXTER (cont'd)
The trouble is, they haven't been paid, and they are more or less laying siege to the camp.

EATON
Has there been fighting?

BAXTER
It's on the verge of it.

EATON
The Tuareg shouldn't have been hired, but since they were, why haven't they been paid?

BAXTER
Well, your guns were landed from a sloop of war last week, with sailors and an officer named Parker -- who I think is ill --

EATON
What about the gold?

BAXTER
No gold...that is, so far as I know. I know very little. I'm a secretary, sir.

EATON
Secretaries are the only men who know anything.
(BAXTER looks unhappy)
When is it coming?

BAXTER
(a long and painful pause)
Commodore Preble's been replaced, sir.

EATON has no idea what to think or say. He stares at Baxter.

BAXTER
Commodore Barron does not so much approve of your plan. Between you and me, just what I hear, it's not that your plan is not good: it's because it's too good. The man who takes Tripoli is - well. Obviously. He will be the man who takes Tripoli.

EATON
They don't know the half of it.

BAXTER

The Consul wishes me to extend his apologies for going off at half cock, and hiring the Tuareg.

EATON

(furious)

He didn't hire the Tuareg! He promised gold to five hundred brigands, and he doesn't have it! I don't have it! How many marines has O'Bannon got ashore now?

BAXTER

The preliminary force he was landed with, sir, to establish your camp.

EATON

That was twenty men, Mr. Baxter.

BAXTER

Twenty men, sir, yes.

EATON

Where are the rest?

BAXTER

Not landed.

EATON

You ride back to Alexandria, and you tell McCarney that I need gold. I don't care where he gets it. He can stuff dirt up his ass and jump around until it turns to gold. But I want gold at O'Bannon's camp by the time I arrive, or I...am not responsible. Am I plain?

BAXTER

(wide-eyed)

Assuredly.

EATON

Is there even a naval vessel at Alexandria?

BAXTER

No.

EATON

Thank you. If you are not over the horizon in five minutes, I will ride you down and cut off your head.

Baxter, terrified, spurs off. EATON rides along, shattered, thinking furiously. HAMET approaches from behind, and falls in at a walk beside EATON. HAMET's glance flicks towards the departing assistant consul. Then he looks at EATON.

EATON (CONT'D)

We must make better time, Bashaw.

HAMET looks at him.

HAMET

Trouble?

RAIS MOHAMED stares at EATON.

EATON

Minor.

EXT. CAMP OUTSIDE ALEXANDRIA. DAWN

The TUAREGS are still encamped on the surrounding hills, staring down at O'Bannon's camp.

EXT. CAMP OUTSIDE ALEXANDRIA. DAWN

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

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 quietly watch the American camp.

EXT. THE CAMP AT ALEXANDRIA. 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

Damn the men. He better have their wages.

EXT. BEFORE THE CAMP AT ALEXANDRIA. 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.

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.

EXT. THE HILL ABOVE THE ALEXANDRIA CAMP. DAY

TAUREGS talk excitedly among themselves (as excited as Tuaregs get, which isn't very), watching the development of events. CAID ABDEL spits.

EXT. THE CAMP AT ALEXANDRIA

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

O'BANNON

Still here, sir. All twenty seven of us. As you see. Parker landed with two guns and six sailors to fire them -- but that's all.

EATON

Parker. Is he well?

O'BANNON

He'd tell you something different than I would. I think he is actually dead, sir, yet will not lie down.

EATON

Good for him. There should be more of it. Did the consul come with gold?

O'BANNON

Had his eminence the fucking consul shown up with fucking gold, sir, my men would not be cutting fucking loopholes, and Mr. Parker would not be triple loaded with fucking canister on the fucking roof. Sir.

(EATON looks uneasily towards the Tuaregs. He has absolutely no idea what to do.)

Commodore Barron wants Tripoli. We're to proceed if you see fit to proceed -- but with only what we have.

EATON

He is pledged to supply us.

O'BANNON

If we are at Derna, on schedule, there will be a frigate there, which will land marines, gold, and more artillery.

(hands Eaton a LETTER)

They say. If we're not at Derna, she'll sail away.

EATON

(explodes)

There is no way to deal with these people without gold!

O'BANNON

Perhaps your friend can call a jihad.

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

HAMET

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

EATON

(placatingly)

The Tuaregs will have to be dealt with. All we were supposed to have here, Bashaw, it seems we will have in Derna instead. I will get gold. I must go to Alexandria.

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

HAMET

I will pay the Tuareg.

EATON

That is not what is laid down in the treaty.

HAMET

I haven't signed it.

HAMET points with his stick. BERBERS unstrap a box from a mile. Gold shifts heavily inside.

HAMET (CONT'D)

We cannot pay them everything; but I will give them something, so that they will not kill us.

EATON

Then by all means.

(HAMET rides off, smiling wryly. Eaton turns to O'BANNON)

Keep order here, and bring the Berbers inside the lines.

(MORE)

EATON (cont'd)

They're good men. They are Hamet's
and they are for the Tripolitan
republic.

O'BANNON

What Tripolitan republic?

EATON

I'm going to Alexandria.

O'BANNON

(as EATON rides away)
Tripolitan republic?!

EXT. A STREET IN ALEXANDRIA. DAY

CONSUL MCCARNEY, a portly former naval officer in his
sixties, wearing an outdated wig, comes along through the
crowd with a throng of servants (they have been shopping) and
his assistant, Baxter. Consul MCCARNEY stops, and stares.

MCCARNEY'S POV: POV:

EATON, sunburnt, and covered with dust, sits on the front
step of the consulate.

BAXTER whispers to MCCARNEY -- who strides forward.

MCCARNEY

Well well. Eaton.

EATON

What's left of him.

MCCARNEY

(As servant takes out door
key)
All going well?

EATON

You nearly had my men massacred.

MCCARNEY

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

EATON

He had a job, not a position.

MCCARNEY

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

EATON

The despots are far from indistinguishable and I need money.

MCCARNEY

Write to Washington, sir, like the rest of us. See the Commodore.

EATON

Unless he has gone to see Vesuvius the Commodore is blockading Tripoli.

MCCARNEY

Well. If you go to Tripoli, perhaps you'll see him there.

EATON

You hired the Tuaregs, sir. They are at my camp, but on your promises. What if I told them that you refused to pay.

MCCARNEY

(alarmed)
Rubbish.

EATON

Rubbish, sir, is what would be left of this consulate. Are you in possession of orders telling me not to march on Tripoli? Has Barron actually countermanded Preble's orders?

MCCARNEY

...No. But his antipathy is plain. And that's enough.

EATON

And based on his own desire to take Tripoli.

MCCARNEY

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

EATON

Men like you crawl into your places and you rejoice when a man goes down. It's the way of the world. But I'm not having it. Not this time. The United States is pledged to support Hamet.

MCCARNEY says nothing. He is angry, but also ashamed.

MCCARNEY

You'll dine with me: we'll talk it out.

EATON

There's nothing to talk about. I am going for Tripoli. I need gold. As much as you've got or can get -- right now, sir -- for the Tuaregs you hired. Or I will tell them where to find you, sir, and god help you in that case.

MCCARNEY

Do you call yourself a gentleman? This is simple extortion. You are threatening me, sir.

EATON

I am. I need money. You may write a draft on the United States. You may seize an American cargo. You may even take a bribe from the Turk, as Alexandria consuls have been known to do --

(MCCARNEY looks up, nervously.)

But I will have gold. You put me in a bad position, sir; but you put yourself in a worse one. Make no mistake: I will dismiss the Tuareg, I will open on them with fucking artillery, and I will give them your address.

MCCARNEY

I can get you five thousand dollars in gold. Perhaps more.

EATON

I thought you could.

MCCARNEY
 (grabbing paper and pen)
 It's naval money.

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

MCCARNEY
 I must report these circumstances.

EATON
 You may do as you like.

EXT. THE TUAREG CAMP OUTSIDE ALEXANDRIA. NIGHT

As GOLD COINS spill in firelight onto a rug. A TUAREG, looking nearly feverish with greed, separates the coins into piles of ten. TUAREGS crowd closer. They are Saharan, Hamitic, men -- far from home. EATON looks around, disguising his anxiety. CAID ABDEL looks contented. He has a psychopathic and stylized Tuareg fierceness, which is the frame of every subordinate expression. His face is scarified: his eyelids are dyed. (The Tuaregs are Hamitic-speaking people -- but Caid Abdel knows Arabic.)

CAID ABDEL
 (fiercely)
 It is sufficient.

TUAREGS crowd closer, murmuring respectfully.

EATON
 You will ask no more than this, and
 five cartridges per man, until
 Tripoli. There will be no thieving,
 either.

CAID ABDEL says nothing.

CAID ABDEL stares at him. EATON looks around, at the sea of fierce blue-veiled men.

EXT. ABOVE THE CAMP. LATER

EATON comes down from the firelit Tuareg camp, and joins PARKER, and O'BANNON. They fall in together, walking towards the camp.

O'BANNON
 A charmer, as I said.

EATON

Installing a king is a lucrative endeavor. They can't mistake that.

O'BANNON

What do we get?

EATON

I thought glory was the end of it, but it isn't.

O'BANNON

What are you saying about a republic...

EATON nods, seriously.

O'BANNON

Christ.

PARKER looks from man to man, and smiles.

EXT. THE CAMP AT ALEXANDRIA. DAWN

The sun is rising. FIRES are kicked out. WATER CARTS are being topped off at the wells. The BERBERS and the TUAREGS are mounting. EATON, standing in the door of the house, sips coffee from a tin mug and watches them go.

EATON

I assume that Rais Mohamed will be discreet as he rides ahead.

HAMET

Mohamed is not a fool. He does not want my brother killing villagers. He will go to Derna, look at it, and come back.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP. MORNING

O'BANNON is inspecting his MARINES. They are in full uniform, at attention, with packs. 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. He sees Eaton coming...and prevents himself from coughing.

EATON

(mounted)

How is your health, Mr. Parker?

PARKER

I can march.

EATON

Ride.

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.

EATON

Ride on one of the carts if you get tired.

(EATON walks on, and then, thinking of something, turns.)

Mr. Parker.

PARKER

(after a moment)

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

EATON

(a beat)

The water carts are in your charge.

EATON goes. 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.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP. CONTINUOUS

EATON, mounted, rides out among the BERBERS. HAMET joins him.

They ride through the TUAREG, looking at them. A more disreputable set of men could not be imagined. They come among the BERBERS.

EATON

Fifty of your men to ride ahead, as a dispersed unit to the south and west.

HAMET

(to RAIS MOHAMED)

Do it.

EATON

(to RAIS MOHAMED)

They camp separately.

(MORE)

EATON (cont'd)
 If we are attacked on the road,
 they are to form and flank whatever
 has hit us.

RAIS MOHAMED
 You are not stupid.

EATON
 Be discreet as you ride ahead.

RAIS MOHAMED waves 50 Berbers off inland to ride along the
 ridgeline; and then RAIS MOHAMED and two BERBERS, RAIS
 MOHAMED waving, ride out of the camp in a cloud of dust.

HAMET
 We are still in Egypt.

EATON
 I want a card up my sleeve if the
 Tuareg hit us.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMP. DAWN

EATON canters up to the MARINES.

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

The DRUMMER beats assembly. EATON rides, uncertainly, through
 the Tuaregs.

EXT. THE CAMP

VARIOUS SHOTS as the column forms. Two BERBERS riders hoist
 the BASHAW'S STANDARDS, and then THE AMERICAN FLAG, at the
 head of the column. EATON rides up beside HAMET. (HAMET is
 wearing European clothes: at no point does he dress as a
 Berber).

EATON
 (to himself)
 Vexilla regis prodeunt.

HAMET, slyly, looks at him.

HAMET
 "The banners of the king advance"?
 Do you mean me, or you.

EATON
 You're an unusual man.

HAMET
 (looking at EATON
 intently)
 Why bother with the other thing.

EATON slowly smiles. This is what he said in the Bashaw's ante-room.

EATON
 I didn't come out of the blue. You
 have spies at Tripoli.

Not answering, HAMET gives him a look, and rides apart, EATON staring after him. THE COLUMN starts off -- BANNERS, MARINES, GUNS, CAISSONS, CARTS, BERBERS, TUAREG HORSEMEN, AND TUAREG CAMELMEN behind.

LONG DISSOLVE
 TO:

EXT. THE DESERT. DAY

THE COLUMN is following a road barely visible, effaced by dunes and wind. THE SEA, as almost always, is visible to the north. This is the sahel. More than a week has passed, and it has been arduous. PARKER, sunburnt, looks much affected by the heat. THE GUNS are rolling roughly, jolting along behind lathered mules. The MARINES are marching stolidly, muskets at sling arms, O'BANNON with them on foot. HAMET Bashaw rides with Caid Abdel, talking animatedly in Arabic. They are at a distance. We cannot hear. HAMET looks nervous. He makes a salaam, and spurs forward, towards the head of the column. EATON has seen the two men talking.

EATON
 What says the Caid this time?

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

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.

(MORE)

HAMET (cont'd)

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

EATON

Not likely. Hold them, Hamet.

EATON wheels his horse.

EXT. A CAMP BY A RUINED CASTLE. NIGHT

THE FIRES OF THE CAMP flicker in the darkness. A MARINE SENTRY stands alone on a broken parapet, staring out at the desert, and a tremendous sky of stars. SAILORS are sleeping. PARKER, shivering, sits wrapped in a blanket against the wheel of a caisson. He stares at the sky -- he is conscious of impending death, an unfinished letter in his hand.

EATON looks around at the camp.

EATON'S POV:

THE BASHAW'S TENT IS LIGHTED FROM WITHIN, AND LOOKS MAGICAL IN THE DARK.

O'BANNON

We're in Hamet's country. Why haven't his people come?

EATON

I don't know.

The wind is rising, and dust is starting to blow about in the air.

INT. HAMET'S TENT. CONTINUOUS

HAMET, behind a screen, reading, drinks tea -- and listens. He takes out the TREATY, looks at it, and then folds it away.

EXT. THE LIBYAN DESERT. DAY

THE MULES are lathered and stumbling. SAILORS and EGYPTIAN PORTERS shove the guns through loose sand. 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 half mud houses and half douar -- a tented village. At its center is a large mudbrick FORT. HAMET is riding back out from the village.

HAMET

There are no men in the village.

EATON

Nor at the last. Why.

HAMET points. The BODIES OF VILLAGERS lie flyblown and swollen in a grain-pit.

HAMET

My brother.

EATON is watching the Tuaregs to his left, with great anxiety.

TUAREGS are to the south, riding along the sky-line of the hills.

EATON rides on and stops as he sees:

A MAN HANGING FROM A TREE BY THE ROAD.

RAIS MOHAMED, black with blood and covered with flies, has been nailed hand and foot to a pole.

EATON and HAMET ride up. The flies are heard buzzing.

HAMET slides from the saddle and stares at his friend.

O'BANNON comes up. He peers:

O'BANNON'S POV:

An arabic word is carved into RAIS MOHAMED'S CHEST

O'BANNON

What does that say?

EATON

"Tripoli"

TUAREGS charge down into the southern outskirts of the village, firing. They dismount and capture SHEEP, and VILLAGERS.

EATON is now staring ahead sharply.

EATON

Form before the fort.

EXT. VILLAGE. CONTINUOUS

TUAREGS drive villagers, and sheep, through a dyeing-yard of billowing cloth. Among them is an Arab girl, the first woman closely seen so far in the film. She is shrieking. A Tuareg has her by the wrist, and is dragging her along as he rides. Other Tuaregs have also captured women. A shepherd boy is being driven by horses, and laughing Tuaregs. He is trying to defend some old women, who are wailing. A Tuareg kills him with a lance.

EXT. VILLAGE WELLS. MOMENTS LATER

EATON and O'BANNON watch, standing by the wells before the fort. Tuaregs are smashing apart the dyeing yards. EATON is exhausted -- perhaps ill, again -- and for a moment he is inclined to let it go. Then he steels himself.

HAMET is standing apprehensively with his men.

A TUAREG dismounts, and drags shrieking BERBER girl towards a hovel.

EATON starts forward, grabs the man, and clubs him senseless with a PISTOL. The girl stares at EATON. A second TUAREG come running towards EATON with a drawn sword.

HAMET

No!

EATON cocks, shoots the TUAREG in the head. The man falls bonelessly.

HAMET (CONT'D)

We will be massacred.

EATON

Mr. Parker! Bring your guns to bear. Mr. O'Bannon! Your people will stand to arms and prepare to hold this ground. If we must withdraw we will retire into the fort.

HAMET runs towards CAID ABDEL.

EXT. THE VILLAGE. CONTINUOUS

TUAREGS are looting. More women have been discovered, hiding, and are being dragged out of a grain-pit. They are shattered. They were raped previously by the Bashaw's troops. Tuaregs are firing muskets and jezzails into the air.

EXT. BEFORE THE FORT. CONTINUOUS

PARKER watches critically, standing ready by his guns. He blows out the flashpan of a pistol, and reprimed.

EATON

Mr. Parker, put a ball over the heads of the Tuaregs, and then double charge with cannister.

(shouting)

Marines will form firing lines flanking the guns.

O'BANNON is amazed: but he does what he is supposed to do.

O'BANNON

(to MARINES)

You will load firelocks, fix bayonets and prepare to defend the guns as we retire into the fort.

TUAREGS are beginning to notice the activity around the guns. HAMET breaks away, and pelts across towards his BERBERS;

EATON

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

HAMET nods, and rides away. He looks dazed, a man where he does not want to be.

EATON (CONT'D)

(to PARKER)

You remember what I said.

(PARKER nods)

Fire!

PARKER pulls a lanyard, the FLINTLOCK strikes, and the gun booms tremendously. HORSES rear, and TUAREGS run everywhere. Instantaneous shouting and panic. CAID ABDEL, astonished, looks around.

THE CAID'S POV:

EATON's battle line: two guns leveled, and the MARINES in a thin line. HAMET's BERBERS massed on either side. It looks organized and formidable, and it is. BERBERS draw swords. EATON walks forward alone, and stands twenty yards before the GUNS, a PISTOL in his hand.

TUAREGS leap upon their horses. CAID ABDEL is defiant, on a restive horse. His men crowd up behind him.

EATON crosses the dusty ground towards him.

EATON

These are the Bashaw's people,
Caid.

PARKER's SAILORS load the fired GUN with GRAPESHOT -- A lot of it, and then CHAIN.

CAID ABDEL

I will do as I like. We are too many.

EATON

I will open on you with the guns.

CAID ABDEL

Give us cartridges and we will go.

EATON

Take your people away from this village.

CAID ABDEL

We are too many. He
(indicates HAMET with
riding stick)
is not the Bashaw. Where are his
people? He is an infidel
(spits)
With others.

EATON

Your people will retire or I will
open on them with guns, Caid.

CAID

No.

As TUAREGS aim weapons at EATON, EATON cocks and levels a pistol, holding it directly on Caid Abdel. He is shaking. The CAID sees that EATON is shaking, and smiles.

EATON

Withdraw your men!

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
 I will not say it again. Withdraw
 your men.

CAID ABDEL
 I like this village. I will not go.
 I have no place to go. You cannot
 shoot me. Look at these.
 (a HUNDRED TUAREGS are
 aiming at Eaton)
 Give us cartridges!

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

O'BANNON
 Eaton! Down!

EATON throws himself flat.

PARKER
 Fire!

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. Horses and men are screaming. EATON gains the GUNS. The Tuaregs are milling, in chaos. The TUAREGS charge. THE GUNS fire again (simultaneous with a Marine volley), and destroy fifty riders. A MARINE falls, shot through the throat, and EATON catches him in his arms.

EATON
 Hamet, your people will charge!

HAMET'S BERBERS charge into the TUAREG SURVIVORS, who run and ride in every direction. Some BERBERS die.

EXT. THE HILLS ABOVE THE VILLAGE. MOMENTS LATER

As the TUAREGS, leaderless, attempt to form, the Fifty DETACHED BERBERS, dismounted, rise from the rocks and open fire on the TUAREG. The TUAREG, without powder, losing more men, gallop away.

EXT. BEFORE THE FORT. CONTINUOUS

EATON and PARKER, powder-blackened, stare dumbly off through the smoke.

EATON

We'll hold the fort in case they come back. Get everyone inside.

EATON walks toward the WELLS

EXT. VILLAGE WELLS

EATON splashes water in his face, from a stone basin apart from the well, and looks as if his nerves will get the better of him. Then he again washes -- as HAMET approaches across the stony yard. He sits down on the edge of the well.

HAMET

I have eight dead.

EATON

I'm sorry.

HAMET

My people have been to the villages inland. There are no villagers to raise, for they have been taken away. My brother knows we are coming. He has killed a tenth and taken the rest to Benghazi as levies.

EATON

I want scouts sent ahead to Tripoli. To return with news of the blockade. They can meet us behind Derna.

HAMET

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

(MORE)

HAMET (cont'd)
Who would say that we have ten
thousand men?

EATON splashes water in his face again, instead of answering:
he is exhausted. WATERING HORSES push him out of the way.

HAMET
(very angry)
With a rumor one must ask to whom
is it useful. We draw troops away
from Tripoli.

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.

EATON drops the bucket into the well.

HAMET
There will be no ships.

EATON stares at him. He knows it, too.

HAMET
I am going back to Egypt.

HAMET walks away. EATON stares after him, and then sits down
on the broken stones by the WELL.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE VILLAGE. MOMENTS LATER

HAMET looks at his DEAD.

ON SOUND we hear VILLAGE WOMEN wailing.

HAMET stops and looks.

HAMET'S POV:

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

HAMET stares.

BERBERS come up to him.

HAMET
Pay the women. Have them see to the
dead.

He goes off.

INT. ARAB VILLAGE GRANARY. NIGHT

A dust storm is rising around the crumbled building.

Eaton, wrapped in a blanket, is staring into firelight, and absently sipping coffee. We hear Parker coughing, not far away. O'Bannon stands looking out through a hole in the mud wall.

Hamet is doctoring Parker with a plaster, on his back. Parker, trying to catch his breath, is breathing steam from a pot. Parker coughs -- and catches a gout of blood on the back of his hand. He stares at it, expressionlessly, as it trickles down his arm. Then at the sound of footsteps, he looks up.

O'Bannon stands above him, watching. Parker says nothing, and does not move to wipe away the blood. O'Bannon after a moment, nods -- and walks away.

Hamet uncorks a bottle of opium.

PARKER

Thank you no. No opium.

HAMET

You are dying.

Parker says nothing, but his eyes fill with tears.

PARKER

Yes.

Hamet, after a moment, corks the bottle.

HAMET

You were splendid with the guns.

PARKER

Imagine what I might have done had I lived.

HAMET, after a moment, corks the bottle.

INT. VILLAGE GRANARY. NIGHT

EATON, his back to the wall, is sitting, thinking. O'Bannon is nearby.

O'BANNON

I say we destroy the guns and mount the marines and get out of here. That is my advice.

Eaton says nothing.

O'BANNON goes out into the storm.

Eaton stares into space. The wind is rising, and dust is starting to blow about in the air. The khamsin winds. A view through the broken granary walls as the khamsin settles in.

EXT. THE VILLAGE. MORNING

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 leas of buildings. The bodies of Tuaregs are being covered in dust.

EXT. THE VILLAGE. MORNING

PARKER is directing the cleaning of the guns. He notices:

HAMET coming out of the house where he has slept.

CHILDREN run up to him and kneel. Some OLD PEOPLE stare from doorways. HAMET does not move. Then, as if he is touching flame, he puts his hand on the head of a BOY.

HAMET

We must see how much food is left,
and how it may be apportioned.
(not wanting to ask)
Do you know who I am?

BOY

You are the king.

HAMET turns, and looks at PARKER. He nods at him.

PARKER nods back, gravely.

EXT. VILLAGE WELLS. LATER

EATON is sitting brokenly on the stones. HAMET comes up to him. HAMET, for the first time in the film, is dressed in Berber clothing and wears a sword. EATON stares at him.

HAMET

My brother's army is coming. We are going to die. Probably like Rais Mohamed. But we will go as far as we can and do as much as we can before we do.

EXT. THE LIBYAN DESERT. DAY

The storm has passed but there are signs of it -- scoured dunes, half-buried shrubs, and drifted outcrops of rock. The column, now reduced to the Berbers, the guns, and the marines, proceeds at the walk, the two guns at the rear.

The MARINES are in terrible shape.

PARKER, not well, is staggering through the dust -- but forcing himself on.

A WATER-CART TOPPLES, AND THE BARREL-RESERVOIR BREAKS OPEN.

EXT. THE LIBYAN DESERT. CONTINUOUS

Eaton rides forward through the wind, far ahead of the column, wearing a Berber headcloth.

LONG SHOT:

Tripolitan lancers are briefly visible, inland. A party of men riding along a ridge-line, and then vanishing.

Eaton stares at them until they are gone. He turns back towards the column, forcing his horse through the terrible wind.

EXT. A ROCKY PART OF THE DESERT. NIGHT

The column is still marching. The wind is high, and dust is blowing.

EATON
(shouting over the wind)
Lancers!

HAMET
Where.

EATON points.

Hamet wheels his horse and gives orders to BERBERS. Five BERBERS thunder off through the storm, chasing the scouts.

HAMET
We go inland, tomorrow. Into the
Jebel Akdar. To come out above
Derna. We will see if your warships
are there.

EATON
They will be there.

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.

EXT. THE RIDGE ABOVE DERNA. CONTINUOUS

EATON, incredibly sunburnt, his lips cracked, and his face covered with dust, opens his telescope.

TELESCOPE POV:

THE TRIPOLITAN FLAG flies above the town. Tilting down, we see that there are sentries at the walls -- bored men, standing about slapping at flies. There are cannon -- and the tents of soldiers before the East wall.

TELESCOPE PANS:

HORSES ARE PICKETED AMONG DATE PALMS. MORE SOLDIERS.

TELESCOPE PANS:

Fishermen are mending nets. Seabirds fly. There is a ruined castle (called a bourdj) by the quay. There are no warships - or any ships, offshore.

EATON lowers the telescope. His emotions are concealed. HAMET stares at him. EATON takes a moment to speak.

EATON

(hands TELESCOPE to Hamet)

The town is heavily garrisoned.

There are no warships.

EATON gets up, and starts off down the hill, towards the army, which is hidden in the valley, near a tumble-down village and a well.

EATON (CONT'D)

(turning)

It is early in the day.

He goes on. HAMET watches: and then puts the TELESCOPE to his eye and looks down at Derna.

TELESCOPE POV: (HAMET)

TWO FLAGS fly above the roof of the palace. One is the standard of Yusuf. The other --

appears, as HAMET lowers the glass, to be significant only to Hamet. He snaps the glass shut.

EXT. THE BIVOUAC ABOVE DERNA

ARTILLERY MULES are watering at a small stream. O'BANNON, his face blistered, stands watching as EATON picks his way towards the camp over the rough ground.

EATON

The walls are a shambles. On the East, they've fallen down completely.

(as O'BANNON stares at him bleakly)

There are about two thousand regulars in the town. Seven heavy guns, some swivels on the walls. No cavalry that I can see. Not that it isn't nearby. It's been shadowing us.

O'BANNON

And the frigates?

EATON

Not here.

PARKER, looking if anything more ill than before, is sitting in the shade of a caisson, and drinking water -- and composing a letter. At the sound of hoofbeats, he looks up.

PARKER'S POV:

BERBER GALLOPERS galloper come down the inland slope of the valley.

EATON has heard as well: he shades his eyes.

EATON (CONT'D)

The scouts!

HAMET leaps down from the hill and strides towards the scouts as they come riding into the camp.

EXT. THE BIVOUAC ABOVE DERNA

The scouts rein in, dismount, and stand talking passionately to HAMET. EATON stands back, watching. HAMET looks towards EATON, and then comes across the stony ground.

HAMET

(to EATON)

Walk apart with me.

EATON does so, worriedly, but maintaining, like HAMET, a deadpan expression, as they pass through the staring BERBERS.

HAMET (CONT'D)

They could not get to Tripoli. They did not get past Benghazi. There was cavalry everywhere. Yusuf's army has come out. It is coming here.

EATON

Tripoli, Bashaw?

HAMET

It has been assaulted by gunboats, but not taken.

EATON

Good.

HAMET

"Good". Your country has made no progress, and you say "good"?

EATON

What I mean- in your interest - should be clear.

HAMET

Do you mean perhaps that you will have nothing if someone else takes Tripoli.

EATON

I mean precisely that your people will have nothing.

HAMET smiles.

HAMET

A force of five thousand men - what you would call regulars - though I doubt they are regular in much at all - is marching here. They will be here by tomorrow. Cavalry and horse-artillery will be here at any time.

EATON

If Tripoli is under assault, why are Yusuf's regulars out?

HAMET

(looks duplicitous for a moment; then shrugs)
My brother is in Derna.

EATON

He's here?

HAMET

He's here.
(changing subject)
There are no frigates and an army is coming.

EATON

Then we have to pick defensible ground, Bashaw, and hold it until the frigates come.

HAMET

And what if these warships do not come?

EATON

We die.

Hamet walks a little apart. He stares at the dust.

EATON

The warships will be here.

HAMET

Stop saying that.

EATON sits down, completely done.

EATON

What do we do, Bashaw?

Hamet turns, and looks at Eaton for a long moment. O' BANNON comes up.

HAMET

It is impossible to take the town.
We agree that it is impossible to
take the town.

O' BANNON

With what we have, yes, Bashaw. It
is impossible to take Derna. We
cannot make an assault on any
defended place.

HAMET

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

EATON

It is impossible to take the town.
The ships will not come. We're
finished.

HAMET

Good. Therefore we will take the
town.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS, in the foreground, 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 broken walls.

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 FOREIGN OFFICER (ENGLISH) cuts the man with a stick.

ENGLISH OFFICER

(as a MUSKET is fired)

No firing! They're not in range.

THE BEY

(to ENGLISH OFFICER)

Reinforce this wall with my French companies.

ENGLISH OFFICER

With respect, Mamet Bey, that mounted force may be making a demonstration. Do not be deceived by it.

BEY

That is not Bonaparte! Hamet is no soldier. He has less than two hundred men. He wants the town to come out to him. They will not and he will go away.

ENGLISH OFFICER

May not, sir. 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

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.

BEY

Reinforce these walls with my French companies.

ENGLISH OFFICER
 (looks mutinous for a
 moment, but then turns to
 his SERGEANT:)

Sergeant, you will give my
 compliments to Captain Lavallo of
 the French contingent and inform
 him that he is to abandon the East
 Wall.

EXT. THE BROKEN EAST WALL OF DERNA. DAY

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

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

Fearsome-looking FRENCH SOLDIERS take 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. DAY

The ENGLISH OFFICER stands with the BEY, watching the BERBERS
 vanish. The ENGLISH OFFICER nods.

ENGLISH OFFICER
 They may not have Bonaparte, but
 they got someone. They've drawn
 your Frenchmen like a tooth;
 they'll come from the East.

BEY
 (panicking)
 Then reinforce the East! Quickly.

EXT. INSIDE THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

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

EXT. THE BROKEN EAST 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.

ENGLISH OFFICER
(to LAVALLE)
Hold here with the French.

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

The two NAVAL GUNS stand on the skyline: they are aimed. PARKER steps forward.

PARKER
(instantly)
Fire!

SAILORS touch off the guns.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. CONTINUOUS

TWO PERFECTLY AIMED ARTILLERY HITS. One blows down a corner watchtower with a gun position, and one ball destroys a CANNON not far from the BEY, knocking it off the parapet onto screaming SOLDIERS.

EXT. THE RIDGE ABOVE DERNA. CONTINUOUS

PARKER lowers his TELESCOPE.

PARKER

Right.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

GUNS on the walls are fired, and shells burst on the plain, well short of the BERBERS.

EXT. BEFORE THE SOUTH WALL

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.

THEIR POV:

SOLDIERS, desperate to repel the apparent attack, are pouring back onto the SOUTH WALLS, which are, as we watch, pounded twice by Parker's guns. The GATES blast in. One half hangs askew; the other is entirely down.

HAMET

Now?

EATON

Now.

The BERBERS wheel and retire again over the hill.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

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 ENGLISH OFFICER comes up, drolly.

ENGLISH OFFICER

They'll exhaust us. We're better off retiring to the palace.

BEY

Take the soldiers from the West wall and put them on the East!

EXT. THE WEST WALL OF DERNA. DAY

As a TRUMPET sounds, the TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS retire from the parapets as...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WEST WALL OF DERNA. DAY

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.

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.

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. DAY

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS, pelted by stones, present at a crowd of CIVILIANS and fire. CIVILIANS fall, and the crowd evaporates into the souk, the alleys.

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. DAY

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

EXT. THE MINARET. DAY

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

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

BODIES are flung over the wall and stop short at the end of ropes tied around the battlements. HANGED MEN and WOMEN jerk at the end of ropes.

EXT. THE PLAIN SOUTH OF DERNA. CONTINUOUS

HAMET rides forward from the BERBERS, staring at the hanged people.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. CONTINUOUS

HANGED BODIES jerk and twitch and hang inertly. TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS -- massively outnumbering the 200 cavalry -- crowd the walls and level MUSKETS.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

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, the ENGLISH OFFICER catching him in his 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?
 (MORE)

O'BANNON (cont'd)
 (as the FRENCH OFFICER
 nods)

Run.

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 ENGLISH OFFICER, still holding 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. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

The ENGLISH OFFICER is in the middle of giving an order.

ENGLISH OFFICER

'Ware cavalry and hold these walls!

CARTS are pushed into the destroyed gates and SOLDIERS aim at the BERBERS. ARTILLERY smashes the carts and the gate.

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

O'BANNON

Retire!

The MARINES disappear in the instant before the VOLLEY tears apart nothing but masonry.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

The ENGLISH OFFICER sees where the fire is coming from, but there is nothing he can do about it. Some TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS run.

EXT. ROOFTOPS. DAY

O'BANNON and MARINES, under cover, reload.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

The ENGLISH OFFICER watches the BEY helped off towards the Palace.

ENGLISH OFFICER
Send me the French!

EXT. BEFORE THE SOUTH WALL. CONTINUOUS

EATON and HAMET ride forward.

EATON
Bashaw?

HAMET
When we have the palace we have the town.

EATON
(draws saber)
Hamet Bashaw!

The BERBERS charge at a gallop down on the broken gates, and though a volley from the walls takes down thirty men, flood through them.

EXT. INSIDE THE SOUTH GATE OF DERNA. CONTINUOUS

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS fire a volley and fall back in disorder. The BERBERS are among them, hacking them down. There is not much that men on foot can do against cavalry except run: the manoeuvring has made the south indefensible. 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.

HAMET
(to TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS)
Pick up your weapons and come with me. I am the Bashaw.

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

ENGLISH OFFICER
My compliments. American, sir?

EATON
I am with the right Bashaw of Tripoli.

ENGLISH OFFICER
(bows)
You'll find the wrong one in the palace.

THE FRENCH RÉGULARS fire a devastating volley. EATON's HORSE is shot from under him, and he gets to his feet. The ENGLISH 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.

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.

EXT. A STREET IN DERNA. CONTINUOUS

More CIVILIANS take the street and chase and beat SOLDIERS.

EXT. ROOFTOPS FLANKING THE STREET. CONTINUOUS

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

EXT. INSIDE THE GATE. CONTINUOUS

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!

EXT. NEAR THE PALACE. CONTINUOUS

YUSUF BASHAW'S GUARD are firing volleys at CIVILIANS as the pursued FRENCH flood into the SQUARE. YUSUF mounts.

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.

YUSUF rides away, in a cloud of courtiers, 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 BEY comes down the steps and kneels.

HAMET

Get on your feet, please.

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.

EATON

This is what the world is when you don't listen to anybody.

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

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

Parker...

EXT. A RIDGE ABOVE DERNA. CONTINUOUS

DEAD TRIPOLITAN LANCERS and horses, just knocked down, are scattered all over the stony ground. More TRIPOLITAN LANCERS are charging up the ridge through the smoke.

PARKER

FIRE!

Half the TRIPOLITAN LANCERS are blown off their horses. An animation effect would increase the look of the impact of grapeshot.

More TRIPOLITAN LANCERS ride out of a date grove, and ride towards them, up from the sea.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Stand where you are!

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.

PARKER falls back and levels a PISTOL. He fires and a man goes down. The surviving TRIPOLITAN LANCERS spur among the guns. Some are shot, or knocked, off their horses by SAILORS. PARKER draws, cocks, and fires the other. Then he draws his sword. A LANCER rides at him through the smoke. PARKER parries the lance with two-handed blow, as the horse passes. The LANCER wheels, the sun behind him: spurs forward. PARKER attempts to parry again, but the LANCE goes through his shoulder, breaking off, and the horse rides him down.

PARKER slams down into the dust. The confusion is abstract around him. He begins to get up, trying to support himself on a gun wheel, and is shot through the body. An unhorsed LANCER comes at him with a scimitar raised.

PARKER sees him, struggles upright, and lunges. He stabs the LANCER through the neck, and falls across the man he has killed. SAILORS, attempting to spike the guns, are cut down by TRIPOLITAN LANCERS. Clouds of dust blow across the scene on the ridge. PARKER drags himself to his feet, but falls, and sits in the dust, his back against a gun-wheel. He sees -
- more TRIPOLITAN LANCERS riding towards the artillery position. 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.

JOUBERT'S POV:

THE UNITED STATES FLAG and HAMET's standard rise above the town. BERBERS, and townspeople, are pouring out of the gates, and BERBERS are riding towards him.

JOUBERT, appraising the whole scene, then notices something else. He squints, seaward -- and then opens a telescope.

JOUBERT'S TELESCOPE POV:

A UNITED STATES FRIGATE is standing in towards the harbor. As we watch, her gigantic battle flag is run up the jackstaff.

JOUBERT lowers the telescope. He snaps it shut.

JOUBERT
A le bourdj!

EXT. THE RUINED FORT. MOMENTS LATER

TRIPOLITAN LANCERS ride through the gate and dismount, taking defensive positions, as people pour towards them from the town, firing. JOUBERT, dismounting, doesn't like his chances - but they are his chances. He stares through the ruined wall.

TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS, and HAMET'S BERBERS, are among the attackers pouring out of the town and firing at the lancers.

JOUBERT begins to direct fire. A LANCER begins to protest. He puts down his musket.

LANCER

Hamet Bashaw...

JOUBERT, off-handedly, shoots the man. Then turns. The other TRIPOLITAN LANCERS begin to fire at the approaching mob. Then- JOUBERT raises a hand -- the firing stops.

JOUBERT'S POV:

EATON is riding forward with a white cloth bunched in his hand.

EXT. BEFORE THE RUINED FORT. DAY

EATON rides forward. Behind him are the mounted BERBERS -- fanning out in a crescent -- and then hundreds of civilians and TRIPOLITAN soldiers.

JOUBERT appears, coolly, in the gate. The two men meet each other, in the blowing dust.

EATON

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

JOUBERT

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

EATON

In this case you are wrong. Hamet Karamanli is Bashaw of Tripoli.

JOUBERT

That is as it should be.

EATON

We must discuss your situation.

JOUBERT

There are two kinds of soldiers,
Eaton. I am not that kind.

EATON

I will allow you to withdraw your
men.

But Joubert's TRIPOLITAN LANCERS have begun to desert their
positions.

JOUBERT

Withdrawing my men is not an
option. It is a pity. I would not
have thought it of them.

EATON

In the circumstances it must be
considered consonant with honor...

JOUBERT raises a hand, to stop EATON speaking.

JOUBERT

I did not do what you saw at the
village. But I did not prevent it.

(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.

EATON hurls one man to the ground, and draws his sword,
defending the corpse. The BERBERS stop where they are. EATON
falls to his knees, and looks seaward at:

The FRIGATE.

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
seaward.

EXT. OFF DERNA QUAY. DAY

THE FRIGATE CONSTELLATION is standing in to the harbor.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. NIGHT

MUSKETFIRE flashes along the walls as Yusuf's skirmishers probe Hamet's defenses.

O'BANNON is directing fire. MARINES are firing into the night. EATON comes along the walls.

O'BANNON
Why the hell haven't they landed?

EATON
Hold here! Hold!

O'BANNON
We're going to have to withdraw to the palace.

EATON
(reluctantly realizing
that it is true)
Do it by stages.

EATON jumps down from the wall. TRIPOLITAN SOLDIERS rush the breach in the south wall. EATON shoots a man who breaks through, and draws his saber. A burst of fighting at the gate.

O'BANNON
Riders! Hold your fire!

BERBERS leap their horses into the city, over rubble.

EATON
Well?

The BERBER stares at him. EATON understands. He climbs back on the wall with O'Bannon.

INT. THE PALACE. NIGHT.

HAMET stares out at the harbor.

the CONSTELLATION frigate lays offshore, showing lights in the dust-storm.

EXT. DERNA. DAWN

EATON, powder-blackened, is asleep on the wall. There is no firing. A MARINE wakes him.

MARINE
Sir.

EATON gets to his feet: O'BANNON is standing there. Silently, he points. EATON Looks.

EXT. THE HILLS ABOVE DERNA. CONTINUOUS

A MASSIVE TRIPOLITAN ARMY spreads across the hills. Thousands upon thousands of infantry, cavalry. TENTS are pitched in the hundreds. ARTILLERY ranges along the skyline.

EXT. THE SOUTH WALL OF DERNA. DAY

EATON stares.

O'BANNON

They haven't moved. They're just sitting there, as if on parade. I can't think why.

SENTRY (OFF)

Boats coming in from Constellation!

EATON

Come with me. Bring the wounded Marines.

EATON leaps down from the wall.

EXT. DERNA QUAY. DAY.

MARINES disembark from the boat, as does an officer -- a Captain. The CAPTAIN, adjusting his cocked hat, is an officer of about 40. 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.

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

You see our...situation.

CAPTAIN

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

EATON stares.

EATON

What?

CAPTAIN

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

EATON

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

CAPTAIN

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

EATON

Hamet has a treaty.

CAPTAIN

My orders --

EATON

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

CAPTAIN

I am here to take you off Barbary, Captain Eaton.

EATON

This is why they don't attack.

CAPTAIN

My orders are these. You,
Lieutenants O'Bannon and Parker --

EATON

Mr. Parker is dead. He did not wait
for you to kill him.

CAPTAIN

He was my sister's son.

EATON cries.

CAPTAIN

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.

O'BANNON

(coming forward)

Sir.

CAPTAIN

Embark your men for Constellation.

(turns to EATON)

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.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

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 jetty, carrying their wounded, and climb aboard the boat. EATON stands, trembling, watching the MARINES go. O'BANNON starts to go.

HAMET

Wait.

O'BANNON turns. HAMET hands him his SWORD. O'BANNON looks at Hamet. Finally, speechless, he bows--and hurries away.

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 he come.

HAMET

No.

CAPTAIN

Your position is untenable, sir. 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.

CAPTAIN

Mr. Eaton, regardless of the disposition of Hamet Karamanli, you will come aboard Constellation at once.

EATON

(turning to go)

No.

CAPTAIN

(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

I am a United States officer, sir.
What are you?

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 are inconvenient.

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.

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

HAMET

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 WALLS OF DERNA. DAY

The boat containing EATON is rowed out to the frigate. HAMET,
on the walls, watches him go and then turns to look at:

YUSUF'S ARMY.

HAMET takes a breath, philosophically, bravely, and stares
towards the army on the hills.

EXT. TRIPOLI HARBOR. DAY

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

EXT. A STREET IN DERNA. DAY

HAMET walks down the steps from the walls. The townspeople
stare at him. HAMET takes a step...and is struck on the head
by a stone. He walks on. He is struck by another stone. HAMET
looks towards

His BERBERS. Two men look back at him.

HAMET

(nods)
Go.

He stands where he is, and drops his pistols. The CROWD
converges, and seizes him violently.

DISSOLVE TO:

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.

JEFFERSON

Is it not now? I have read it in the newspapers. Including the Federalist newspapers. That constitutes reality, sir: a plurality.

EATON

Preble had full authority to make war. Yet his successor had authority from you only to make peace at any price.

JEFFERSON

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

EATON

Yusuf Bashaw made peace when Barron promised to no longer support his brother. 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, it would not be the senate.

JEFFERSON smiles.

JEFFERSON

I think I know what you mean. Will you take wine?

EATON

No, sir. Thank you.

JEFFERSON

We are of different parties, but a man of your abilities cannot be ignored. Safely, anyway. What can I give you? A commission. A consulate?

EATON

Nothing.

JEFFERSON

That can always be arranged.

EATON

Hamet Karamanli was executed.

JEFFERSON says nothing. He looks into the fire. Then he looks up at Eaton. He is not unaffected by the information; but he is at the point at which a good lawyer would advise him to say nothing. His hand trembles.

JEFFERSON

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.

JEFFERSON

The United States cannot act like an empire.

EATON

This is the world. You may not stick to philosophical principle.

JEFFERSON

If your friend was like me, he would put his country and people above his own interests. You would have us an international power and at odds with Britain. We are not ready to challenge Britain or France, Mr. Eaton. You understand that. Yet had I known... Communications are...slow. Had I known...

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.

JEFFERSON

Have you money.

EATON, walking, does not respond.

JEFFERSON

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