

Nimrod

an original screenplay  
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## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SAVANNAH -- DAY

The landscape has features resembling a Siberian tundra as well as a meadowland in Ireland. Although sunbeams can be seen filtering through the clouds here and there in the background, the imperceptibly rolling grassland is largely overcast.

Trekking across this countryside, a hunting party of EIGHT SUMERIAN WARRIORS approaches from the west.

NIMROD, a veritable Hercules, with a spotted mantle of fawn's skin stretched over his shoulder, leads the squadron in loose triangular formation.

His pugnacious features seem to have been brusquely modelled in the Impressionistic style of *The Man with a Broken Nose* by nineteenth-century sculptor Auguste Rodin.

EXT. SAVANNAH -- CONTINUOUS

Upon the eastern horizon, the Bronze Age pugilist and his hunting party espy a village.

EXT. VILLAGE -- DAY

The village has been destroyed. Earthen huts have been smashed. Their mud-brick walls and the thatched grasses of their rooftops have been crushed as if by some tremendous force.

Incredulously, Nimrod and his hunting party step over the smoking debris. Bucketfuls of blood have been sloshed here and there across the ground.

An ELDERLY MAN sits weeping near some of this spillage, having collapsed beside his demolished hut. An ORPHANED TODDLER stands comatose with shock, tears streaming down his cheeks.

Hysterically, a BEDRAGGLED MAN latches onto Nimrod, clutching the fawn-skin mantle. Stammering, with sooty features, he recounts the events that led to the destruction; and then points toward the southeast.

EXT. SAVANNAH -- DAY

With the village receding behind them, Nimrod and his hunting party cautiously stalk forward.

Clearing one of the imperceptibly rolling hills, they spy a TYRANNOSAURUS REX in the distance (or some fanciful variation thereof). It is snapping at a scurrying creature, doubtless desiring another meal.

Down the imperceptible gradient, the monster is chasing a LEOPARD.

The Tyrannosaur seizes the unfortunate leopard in its formidable jaws. Suddenly, the frenetic chase is over, the leopard flopping lifelessly.

Everything is peaceful. The Tyrannosaur settles into leisurely masticating and licking its chops.

SABTECHAH

What the hell is that?

NAPHTUH

My God. Noah never brought anything like that.

NIMROD

I don't think so . . .

PATHRUS

How are we going to tackle a monster like that?

NAPHTUH

We'd have to build one of those contraptions you've been drawing, Nimrod.

PATHRUS

You'd need more than a siege engine to attack that thing.

NIMROD

Maybe not.

PATHRUS

What then? Look at it's skin. It's like the hide of a crocodile.

NIMROD

How about we see?

PATHRUS

You saw what it did to that leopard!

NIMROD

You don't win a war by having a tea-party. But don't worry, Pathrus. Surely, it's had enough to eat.

PATHRUS

Oh, well -- wonderful. That sets my mind at ease. I suppose it won't defend itself at all.

NAPHTUH

What's the matter? -- losing your nerve?

RIPHATH

What nerve . . . ?

NIMROD

Sabtechah, you and Naphtuh circle south of it. Gether, go with them. Pathrus and you two go opposite them, northward. Riphath and I will try to come up behind it. If you guys can keep it occupied . . .

PATHRUS

Oh, I'm sure it will be occupied.

NIMROD

We'll try to mount it. When it rears back, maybe one of you can spear it's underside.

PATHRUS

Are you kidding?

NIMROD

Any questions?

NAPHTUH

How's Nimrod going to rule Shinar if we can't take care of a problem like this?

RIPHATH

Just go on.

NIMROD

Let's go.

SABTECHAH, NAPHTUH, and GETHER trot southeast.

SABTECHAH

There's no running once we rile that thing up.

NAPHTUH

Don't remind me.

The flanking parties each circle one hundred yards around the Tyrannosaur, three hunters toward the south, the other group of three northward.

The Tyrannosaur cautiously notices Sabtechah's group first, but doesn't seem to be alarmed.

GETHER

Oh shit . . . !

Taking advantage of the predator's distraction, PATHRUS kneels, removes an arrow from the quiver hanging upon his back, draws his bow, and -- Bull's eye! -- strikes the Tyrannosaur in it's left eye.

Throwing spears and shooting arrows, both crews attack while Nimrod and RIPHATH sneak up behind the screaming beast.

CHOREOGRAPHED BATTLE SEQUENCE

during which Naphtuh is wounded by the Tyrannosaurus Rex and ONE OF THE UNNAMED HUNTERS who had accompanied Pathrus is killed.

When the Tyrannosaur lunges snapping at Pathrus, Nimrod jumps onto it's neck, riding like a bronco-buster, clutching onto its ear cavities. Repeatedly he stabs the creature's right eyes and temple.

Meanwhile, its serpentine tail swats Pathrus. He tumbles weightlessly through the air.

Pathetically, the carnivore stumbles around, blinded. It vertiginously topples, plowing headfirst into the ground. Ferociously, it trashes about.

Simultaneously, Gether, Sabtechah, and Riphath plunge their spears into the tyrannosaur's eyes, driving them into it's brain. Nimrod assists them, delivering the deathblow.

AFTERWARD

Struggling to arise from the ground, Pathrus pitifully moans. Miraculously, he is uninjured.

SABTECHAH

Nimrod.

Sabtechah has discovered something nearby.

Upon joining him, Nimrod and company look upon TWO LEOPARD CUBS snuggled within an earthen nest.

Nimrod scoops one of them into his arms and cuddles it with maternal joy.

EXT. ANCIENT SUMERIAN CITY OF KISH -- DAY

SUPER: "Sumerian City of Kish, 2188 BC"

The double-doors of the Eastern Gate swing open.

Mounted upon horses now, Riphath and Pathrus come prancing through that triumphal arch side-by-side.

Behind this ceremonial vanguard appears the conquering hero, Nimrod mounted upon a white stallion.

The hunting party is displaying their spoils in this triumphal procession, bearing a great trophy in a buckboard wagon. Their juggernaut is the severed head of the Tyrannosaurus Rex. A cheering PARADE OF PEASANTRY is gathering behind them, funneling through the gate.

Into the sun-drenched courtyard, the crowd floods, commingling with the cheering THRONG OF METROPOLITANS who are greeting the triumph, five hundred souls all totaled.

CELEBRANT 1

. . . killed a dragon? You've got to be kidding?

CELEBRANT 2

No, he did! Come see. Nimrod's the mightiest of all!

Within a basket, which is situated in the buckboard beside Sabtechah, the leopard cubs are sleeping.

Nimrod postures upon the Lippizaner. How intoxicating this adulation. Napoleonically, he indulges it.

From a columned belvedere opposite the gate, which overlooks the courtyard, a gray-haired man clothed in purple watches the spectacle. This is CUSH, Nimrod's father.

Having approached the stepped podium to the portico of Cush's palace complex, which dominates the city, Nimrod dismounts. Walking through the thronging crowd, he returns to the wagon from which Sabtechah is disembarking.

VOLUPTUOUS WOMEN embrace Nimrod and start rubbing their breasts upon him, cooing.

WOMAN 1

This is Adam's garment.

WOMAN 2

I know. Doesn't it feel magical?

WOMAN 1

Like a million bucks.

THREE MINISTERS OF KISH in luxurious robes arrive and force their way through the common men who are investigating the severed head of the Tyrannosaur in the wagon.

MINISTER OF KISH 1

Move aside. Get out of the way.

Meanwhile, Nimrod is whispering to Sabtechah.

NIMROD

Do you believe this reception?

SABTECHAH

What do you expect . . . with a dragon?

NIMROD

Look, I want you to outfit a company to make a circuit through all Shinar and show this thing off. We can get some real mileage out of this.

SABTECHAH

My thoughts exactly.

Nimrod takes the basket containing the leopard cubs, presses through the crowd, and begins walking up the steps to Cush's palace complex.

MINISTER OF KISH 2

This is astonishing, Nimrod. Where did you kill this thing?

Partially turning to respond as he continues up the steps.

NIMROD

Practically in your backyard, Shulgar. Do you think the Antediluvian monsters are back? But don't worry. If another one shows up, I'll protect you.

Five hundred burst into laughter. Three Ministers of Kish grind their teeth.

MINISTER OF KISH 2

He could have a little respect.

MINISTER OF KISH 3

With many more triumphs like this, he won't need to show any deference at all.

MINISTER OF KISH 1

And probably won't.

CUSH'S SOLDIERS trot out from the right-hand side of the palace and begin disbanding the people.

INT. ATRIUM OF CUSH'S PALACE -- DAY

Though enormous doors of cedar with bronze fastenings and hinges, Nimrod enters. Cush is descending the lengthy staircase from the balconied second floor.

CUSH

What have you got, son?

NIMROD

Believe it or not, I think it's a dragon.

CUSH

A dragon? You've got to be kidding. Well, what about there? -- in your arms?

NIMROD

Leopard cubs. The dragon killed their mother.

CUSH

Hum . . . . Let's take a look at this dragon.

Sentinels strenuously draw the magnificent doors wider as Cush and Nimrod approach them, hinges CREAKING.

Squinting at the threshold, father and son gaze across the shaded portico into the bright courtyard. The severed head of the Tyrannosaur, which is cradled in the wagon at the bottom of the steps, swarms with flies.

CUSH (CONT'D)

I've never seen anything like this. That thing must have been bigger than an elephant.

NIMROD

It was. Do you have any idea where it could have come from? Noah didn't bring creatures like this, did he?

CUSH

Not that I'm aware of. It wasn't a giant crocodile . . . ?

NIMROD

No. It walked on its hind legs, like a bird.

CUSH

Maybe there's another explan . . .

GENERAL RASCHUR approaches up the steps from inspecting the Tyrannosaur's severed head.

GENERAL RASCHUR

I suggest we move it out of here . . . to the stables, maybe. At least until we determine what to do with it.

A priestly figure with a mitre on his head, YONUK-SHAN by name, approaches behind Cush and Nimrod, emerging from a corridor on the right-hand side of the staircase, which accesses the interior of the palace.

CUSH

You don't have any objections, do you, son? I don't want disease --

NIMROD

We need to try to preserve it, though. I want to tour with it through all the villages.

CUSH

That's not a bad idea . . .

NIMROD

My self-righteous cousins won't be able to ignore this.

YONUK-SHAN

It's a wonderful, idea, sir.

NIMROD

Do you know anything about this creature?

Like candlelight, the sunshine from the courtyard flickers upon Yonuk-Shan's features as he solemnly considers the severed head of the Tyrannosaur below.

CUSH

What about it, Yonuk-Shan?

YONUK-SHAN

Maybe.

NIMROD

Well . . . Noah's son should know something about animals?

YONUK-SHAN

We can find out tonight.

NIMROD

Tonight? -- what . . . ?

CUSH

Get some rest, son.

(addressing General Raschur)

Get the tanners on the job of preserving this thing.

GENERAL RASCHUR

Yes sir.

CUSH  
 (addressing Nimrod)  
 We'll talk again after supper.

INT. TEMPLE OF THE PALACE COMPLEX -- NIGHT

Within a darkened basilica, MUMBLING can be heard. It is echoing.

Yonuk-Shan is worshipping the enormous brazen idol of a dragon, which is illumined from below by two flaming urns, one on either side of the altar.

Cush and Nimrod enter on his left-hand side.

NIMROD  
 Why does Yonuk-Shan need me for his divination?

CUSH  
 Divination doesn't interest you?

NIMROD  
 Well, yes, of course . . . you know [that it does] --

CUSH  
 He wanted you present.

NIMROD  
 Incredible . . . ! What is this idol? It wasn't here before.

CUSH  
 There are things you need to know, son . . .

NIMROD  
 It looks like the dragon I killed.

CUSH  
 . . . things I've learned since you've been gone.

NIMROD  
 Like what?

CUSH  
 Excavations of the Antediluvian cities have revealed some amazing things. Documents for one . . .

YONU-K-SHAN  
 Sir. Master Nimrod.

CUSH

Perhaps you need to explain what we're doing, Yonuk-Shan.

YONUUK-SHAN

Of course.

CUSH

Some background. Nimrod needs to get up to speed.

YONUUK-SHAN

Yes. Okay. [Do] You know about the discoveries? Well, the texts we unearthed told us a great deal about the Antediluvian world. We were making headway in studying them . . . that is, until Shem sent marauders to destroy them . . .

NIMROD

Shem?

CUSH

Yes. You know how he objected when my father informed me about The World-Before.

YONUUK-SHAN

My brother has quite a temper.

CUSH

Well, that was nothing compared to his outrage when he found out that we had discovered the tablets.

YONUUK-SHAN

Fortunately, I had already hidden certain texts. Particularly, those dealing with the Watchers.

CUSH

. . . and contacting them.

NIMROD

You've contacted Watchers?

CUSH

Yonuk-Shan has also been with some of Japheth's people at the Caucus Mountains while you were gone . . . in the court of Magog. Some very interesting things have been taking place up there.

YONUК-SHAN

Sir, perhaps we should begin with the ceremony. I'm confident Master Nimrod will understand everything by and by.

CUSH

Whatever you think best.

As Yonuk-Shan returns to the altar, he gestures on his left-hand side, summoning someone. Cush and Nimrod follow him.

SCUFFLING and SCREAMING resounds from the tenebrous corner.

TWO EUNUCHS drag a struggling girl by her arms. SHAMURA is hysterical, panicking.

NIMROD

Shamura!

SHAMURA

Nimrod! Nimrod, help me! What are they doing?

NIMROD

What's he doing with my concubine?

SHAMURA

Nimrod! Things have changed since you've been gone. I've heard horrible stories! Your father . . . ! Stop it! Help! Help me!

NIMROD

This is very disturbing. What's the --

CUSH

Be quiet!

SHAMURA

You're hurting me! Please! Nimrod, Please! In the name of God, help me!

Hands upraised to the brazen idol.

YONUК-SHAN

Master, we offer you this delicacy in the earnest supplication that you would meet with us and reveal your will to your servants.

Panic-stricken, Shamura is shrieking continually now, thrashing helplessly.

The eunuchs rip off the girl's white tunic and immediately stretch her across the altar.

## SHAMURA

Nimrod! In the name of God, help  
me! Help me!

Yonuk-Shan raises a copper creese, a ceremonial dagger. He immediately stabs it into her chest.

Presumably, he failed to strike her heart, however. Shamura struggles to arise, the astonished eunuchs having released their grip.

Gurgling blood, she stumbles across the floor, attempting to reach Nimrod who is horror-stricken. She stumbles into his impassive father instead, clutching onto Cush's robe.

Grimly, Cush withdraws a dagger of his own from his cincture and slices Shamura's throat, releasing a copious flow of blood. Her eyes widen.

Simultaneously, both eunuchs rush to catch the mortally wounded girl before she falls to the floor. Yonuk-Shan presses a bronze bowl to her chest, catching the blood gushing from her throat.

In this position, he accompanies the eunuchs as they drag her back to the altar.

## NIMROD

What in the hell are you doing?  
Have you lost your mind!

## CUSH

It's necessary, son. Now be quiet.

## NIMROD

Well, why did you have to kill my  
concubine?

## CUSH

Yonuk-Shan was instructed to.

Meanwhile, Yonuk-Shan is pouring blood in a bronze goblet inlaid with decorative bands of lapis-lazuli.

He raises it and drinks. He passes the chalice to Cush who also imbibes.

Afterward, Cush hands it to Nimrod.

## NIMROD

Killing my concubine is bad enough .  
. .

## CUSH

Is she worth the rulership?

Impatiently, Cush shoves the goblet.

NIMROD

Well . . . I guess this is not much  
different that drinking animal blood.

As Nimrod is drinking, Yonuk-Shan has climbed around and is pouring the blood at the feet of the dragon-idol.

He steps back. Suddenly, a fountain of flames spews from the blood.

Within the towering flames, a FIERY DRAGON appears.

Speaking with a THUNDEROUS VOICE.

FIERY DRAGON

(intoxicated)

Huumm . . . the blood feels so good.

It reminds me of . . .

(more coherently)

Who killed my pet?

EXT. COURTYARD OF ASSEMBLY -- DAY

The quadrangle is crowded with people grouped according to tribes, distinctive banners fluttering above each respective clan. Aisles separate the bleachers upon which the chief families are seated, the patriarchs and their sons commanding the front rows.

The courtyard is serving the same purpose that the agora did in ancient Greece, that assembly place where Athenians debated matters of public interest.

From a platform situated against the northern colonnade, Nimrod is ORATING; the embalmed head of the Tyrannosaur displayed on the right-hand side of the stage.

Sabtechah, Pathrus, Riphath, and Gether stand on either side, solemn bodyguards.

Speaking with the THUNDEROUS VOICE of the Fiery Dragon.

NIMROD

Already we are being dispersed. But if our expansion is contiguous as our population grows, we will not be prey to the wild beasts, like this monstrous dragon. Furthermore, we will have immediate access to those technologies which our people will inevitably create, such as running water. We will be beneficiaries of the things our civilization has to offer, its conveniences and luxuries.

On the sidelines, a VOLUPTUOUS GROUPIE listens rapturously.

Nimrod's eyes are enchanting, as if illumined by candlelight, as he smiles perversely at her. The enthusiast is hypnotized.

SERIES OF SHOTS - GROUPIE'S FANTASY

-- Nimrod is slapping his bewitched captive, her eyes rolling around drunkenly.

-- She smiles perversely.

-- He rips her clothing off.

-- Enervated, she collapses upon a luxurious bed, writhing ecstatically.

-- How pleased she is to welcome her conqueror, spreading her legs invitingly.

BACK TO COURTYARD

SPECTATOR 1 -- OBLIVIOUS HUSBAND OF  
THE BEWITCHED WOMAN

Our lives have been hard enough.

Heavy-lidded, the bewitched woman doddles drunk with pleasure.

SPECTATOR 2 -- MAN

The hardships have been outrageous.

The VOICE of the Fiery Dragon MODULATES occasionally in and out with Nimrod's voice. Specifically, it does so when the subject matter is more universal, when principles are being enunciated. Nimrod's voice gains ascendancy when practical concepts are mentioned.

NIMROD

Everyone will be entitled to these advances, to the advantages of our combined resources. However, if we migrate to the continents mandated to us by such a spurious method as the drawing of lots, some of us will inevitably be left behind, suffering all sorts of deprivations. I suggest that we begin the construction of a series of cities along the trade routes bordering the Eurphrates down to the Erythrasian Sea . . . oh, all over the Land of Sumer, along the Tigris, too. The best locations have already been determined by the Sumerians of the Antediluvian world. We will be networked in commerce so that we can ensure that everyone, every last one of us, and not just those agriculturally productive lands,

(MORE)

NIMROD (CONT'D)  
 can partake of the bounty which is  
 entitled to us all.

SPECTATOR 2 -- MAN  
 Finally, equality for everyone.

SPECTATOR 3 -- WOMAN  
 The voice of a god and not a man!

SERIES OF SHOTS - SYMBOLISM OF CROWD'S SYCOPHANCY

-- FIVE NAKED WOMEN are alternately squirming and begging on  
 their knees before Nimrod who is towering over them.

-- Manically, they smile, their delighted faces bathed under  
 the stream of his urination.

BACK TO COURTYARD

Cush stands and walks before the podium. He begins addressing  
 the assembled Sumerians.

CUSH  
 Well . . . should we consider this  
 proposal for a vote?

MAGOG of the Japhethites stands.

MAGOG  
 I'm convinced of the efficacy of  
 this plan. Besides that, I can think  
 of no one more qualified to undertake  
 the construction of these trade cities  
 than Nimrod. Therefore, if there is  
 no objection, I nominate Nimrod to  
 head up the enterprise of building  
 the cities.

CUSH  
 Do we have a second nomination for  
 Nimrod as administrator of the  
 construction?

MIZRAIM, Ham's second son and Cush's younger brother, stands.

MIZRAIM  
 Most of you know that my nephew Nimrod  
 and I just returned from a long  
 journey. We were surveying the land  
 allotted to my father Ham in Africa.  
 If my family were to migrate down  
 there now, we would be absolutely  
 cut off from everyone. Besides that,  
 it's a desert!

(MORE)

MIZRAIM (CONT'D)

Granted the delta of the great river there is fertile enough, but it would be very difficult to develop any time soon. Therefore, I agree with what Nimrod has had to say. I second the nomination that he should be captain of the construction projects.

CUSH

Is there any dissent among the Shemites?

ELAM, Shem's firstborn, stands.

ELAM

I can't speak for my brothers, but no one has proven themselves to be more valorous than Nimrod. He's also invented many things already which have become very useful for us, like the recurve bow. If we're willing to submit to his authority in the building of these cities, there's no telling what wonderful things we can do.

CUSH

Any dissenting voice needs to speak now or forever hold his piece.

Silence.

CUSH (CONT'D)

Let everyone in agreement signify by saying, "Aye."

UPROARIOUS ACCLAMATION AND APPLAUSE.

CUSH (CONT'D)

Once again, any opposed?

Silence.

CUSH (CONT'D)

Nimrod, you are hereby authorized to begin construction in the land of Shinar.

NIMROD

Thank you. I have no doubt that we will create a civilization to rival the Antediluvian world.

## CUSH

Second and third generation father's will meet after the assembly to decide on work details.

## NIMROD

Most of you have probably already heard the report of my uncle Mizraim regarding the Great Pyramid and the colossal sculpture of the Sphinx we found in Egypt. Well, your most fantastic imagination would pale in comparison. They are so awe-inspiring, they take your breath away, reaching into the clouds. These monuments were obviously the handwork of the Antediluvian gods that my grandfather has spoken of. He is still in awe of the grandeur of the Pre-Flood culture and the awesome technology, which was imparted to it by the gods. If he is to be believed, and I find no reason why he shouldn't, having been an eye-witness of those things, they even had flying machines. If we are to succeed in our desire to lift ourselves out of the barbarism inflicted upon us by the Flood, we will need the knowledge of these predecessors. And they acquired their knowledge from the gods. During the excavations of the Sumerian ruins, we recently found documents, which were instructions on how to contact these gods. Naturally, for the good of mankind, we thought it advisable to contact them. We are proud to say that we have been successful in doing this. These awesome beings have graciously promised to assist us in all our endeavors. They only ask in return that we show our gratitude by reverencing them with shrines and temples. In appreciation for their benevolence, my own father Cush has shown great leadership by agreeing to host the spirit of one of the greatest of the Antediluvian gods who is called Bel. The first thing we need to do is construct a temple to Bel. Being indwelt by the spirit of this awesome deity, my father will sit upon the throne, receiving obeisance from us, communicating to us the counsel of

(MORE)

## NIMROD (CONT'D)

the gods. If we perform this thing, I am convinced of our good success. There are other Anediluvian gods as well, which desire a relationship with us, to bless us, female spirits chief among them, who likewise desire to share the bodies of our maidens. This will lift them from the rough-hewn drudgery of pioneer women to positions of authority, as priestesses and queens who, for our benefit, men, will be gifted with glamour and enchantments, with sensuality and beauty . . . a pleasure to behold.

Everyone chuckles knowingly.

## SERIES OF SHOTS - FANTASY OF TWO MEN

-- The lecherous face of Spectator 1.

-- He is vigorously humping a woman (not his wife) in some plush oriental setting.

-- The salacious face of Spectator 2.

-- Likewise engaged in licentious activity.

## BACK TO COURTYARD

Nimrod looks into the sycophantic faces of the Groupie-women.

## SERIES OF SHOTS - WOMAN'S FANTASY

-- Rising from a throne in an Sumerian temple, this goddess of love, with her breasts proudly exposed though otherwise luxuriously dressed in gold and lapis lazuli, approaches her supplicants who are all, in varying degrees of nakedness, squirming on the floor.

-- She sneers down her nose.

-- Within this delusion, Nimrod marches into the temple and stands akimbo at the threshold, silhouetted.

-- Nimrod's eyes stare bewitchingly at the princess.

-- Unexpectedly, she begins to convulse in an epileptic seizure, falling to the floor where she commences to flopping about helplessly.

-- Approaching her crawling, the suppliant start voraciously ripping her clothing off, her face contorted by unbearable pleasure.

## BACK TO COURTYARD

Interrupting the assembly, a horseman comes galloping through the gate behind the bleachers. He charges down one of the aisles and circles into the arena of the quadrangle, dismounting.

SABTECHAH

Uh-oh.

PATHRUS

Gonna rain on our parade.

This elegant gray-bearded figure who is wearing a shimmering blue-green robe with gold tracery is SHEM; the middle son of Noah, the third highest ranking partriach upon Earth, and the King of the Shemites.

SHEM

My own sons didn't even tell me about this. Where are my brothers? Where is Japheth? I don't even see Ham, although I don't suppose he would object to this uprising.

CUSH

My father is on the western finges of civilization . . . Japheth too. He's In Armenia.

SHEM

Could they not travel? They don't have Alzheimer's yet, do they? Magog's here! Canaan's here!

CUSH

You're sons are here, too!

MAGOG

Noah's sick, Your Highness. My father stayed with him.

SHEM

I'm sure he is sick. Even the slightest intimation of what's going on here is enough to make any rational person sick.

NIMROD

That's enough, uncle. You don't know what you're talking about.

SHEM

A person would have to be blind to not know what's going on. Let's get something straight. The LORD directed the lots. Not us! The LORD himself.

(MORE)

SHEM (CONT'D)

And He wants us to disperse; Ham to the south, Japeth northwest, and me and my family here in Sumeria and to the east.

NIMROD

Very convenient for you. The Fertile Crescent is the most desirable of all the countries. Not to mention the remains of the Sumerian civilization here, with which you can get a head start on --

SHEM

There's nothing worth knowing from that civilization . . .

NIMROD

The technology, the gods . . . !

SHEM

It's all an abomination, Nimrod! Have you forgotten? I lived through it, saw it with my own eyes. But trying to talk sense into you is a waste of time. You other men, though. You should know better; Mizraim, Gomer . . . . Phut. Phut, You were always reasonable. I know that the blessing of God was upon you despite . . . . Madai . . . Javan, how ridiculous it is to say that Yah wanted to deny men any good thing. It's blasphemous, I tell you! Meshech, Tubal, even mine own sons, Asshur, Aram . . . and you too, Lud? Even Arphaxad? Have you all lost your minds? To even suggest that God could be jealous of man's accomplishments is crazy! . . . or whatever puerile complaint you've inventing to disguise your covetousness. You know better. You know that --

TUBAL

We're tired of being threatened!

SHEM

Threatened . . . ?

ASSHUR

We're tired of the hardships, too, dad.

ARAM

We're tired of living in the shadow of your sour-pussed religion, daddy dear. We ought to build a monument like the one Nimrod and Mizraim saw in Egypt, and if your merciless God get's it in His crooked head to try to kill us in another Flood, we'll have a place to retreat.

VOICE OF THE FIERY DRAGON.

NIMROD

I'm going to protect everyone from your unreasonable God.

SHEM

There would be no cause for wrath if you did what was right!

NATURAL VOICE.

NIMROD

Perhaps you should beware the wrath of my gods.

SHEM

Everyone, listen to me. I've seen this before. You must give up this insurrection and depart to your allotted lands as God has instructed us.

ASSHUR

Who said anything about insurrection?

SHEM

This is the only way we will find prosperity and peace for our souls. All this rebelliousness is --

NIMROD

Everyone here will see the wonders of our celestial patrons when I construct the headquarters of our new world order.

SHEM

Celestial . . . ? You're contacting demons, too?

MESHECH

That's what the fearful and small-minded always say! Besides having a reasonable religion for once, we'll also have a headquarters for commerce.

NIMROD

Everyone, hear me! It is the very expression of womanish timidity to roll over for the vengeful God of Noah! To do so is sheer cowardice. I don't know any other way to put it. Any way you look at it, such submission does not express the intrepid spirit of a real man, one who faces the challenges of life with heroic fortitude. But it's effeminate! -- sickening!

SHEM

Meshech. The ravages of sin, and not God, will be your undoing. You will be bombed back into the stone age if you don't -- !

NIMROD

My temple of commerce and religion will be a porthole for the gods!

ARPHAXAD

. . . gods that actually care for our souls!

SHEM

Son, you don't know what you're saying. You've been bewitched by the Devil . . . and his operatives.

NIMROD

We're returning to the glories of the Antediluvian Age whether you like it or not, you old windbag! We'll have our golden utopia -- it's our birthright -- the victory that your sour-pussed God has denied us; which He has denied all the children of Noah! Let it be written this day, I solemnly dedicate my life for the sacred task of improving the lot of humanity. With great tenacity, I will wrest civilization from the barbarism He has inflicted upon us. And I will secure it by the fierceness of my might.

Everyone cheers. Except Shem, who is crest-fallen.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. BALCONY OF NIMROD'S PALACE IN BABYLON -- SUNSET

SUPER: "Babylon 2168 BC, Twenty Years Later"

Over the marble balustrade, Nimrod gazes into the pink diffusion of the evening, which is settling upon the southern horizon. From the elevated terrace of his palace, which faces the southeast, he has turned slightly toward his right-hand side, looking due-south upon the building project of the Tower of Babel. It is incomplete. Only two of the proposed seven revolutions of its helical steps have been completed. Around him CLIENT-KINGS are gathered.

Among these are his second cousins, the sons of Shem, ASSHUR and ARAM; his first cousins, the sons of Canaan, SIDON and HETH; and his second cousins MAGOG, TUBAL, MESHECH, and TIRAS, sons of Japheth. Also present are companions from his youth, SABTECHAH, PATHRUS, NAPHTUH, RIPHATH, and GETHER, whom he has made governors.

TWO LEOPARDS pace behind them on long leashes, chained to the northern-most corner, against the architrave of the colonnade entering the throne room. One of them, having wearied himself pacing, sprawls upon a pallet of blue-green velvet cloth, which partially drapes over purple Cushions.

NIMROD

Twenty years, and this is as far as we've come . . .

TUBAL

We've done good to come this far. For five years, I've heard nothing but grumbling. Everywhere, it's the same.

MAGOG

Revolution's rife.

SIDON

They resent the food distribution system, for one thing.

NIMROD

Naturally.

SIDON

They're complaining that all your communal crap is nothing but a deception to keep them dependent, for enslaving them.

NIMROD

Very perceptive!

SIDON

The point is, they're not supposed to know this, Nimrod! Your vaunted leadership into liberty has turned into nothing but feudalism, as far as they're concerned. Not to mention how tiresome it has become for us to continually bate these miserable serfs along with some pabulum without being able to offer any realistic incentives. Your brotherly pie-in-the-sky bullshit doesn't go very far. It hardly offsets their sufferings. Not to mention the burden of building this tower, which appears to be nothing more than a monument to your colossal ego. We need a more convincing rewards system.

NIMROD

You sons of Canaan were always cream-puffs. [You]. . . get your feathers ruffled at the slightest disturbance. Look at the positives. We've given them license to indulge every fantasy, providing them with a multitude of temple whores . . .

MESHECH

Only the wealthy have these privileges . . .

NIMROD

Besides that, we let them drowned their conscience. We give them blood sacrifice . . . and plenty of opium, don't we? What the hell else do they want?

MAGOG

Oh, yeah, they're drugged out of their minds.

TUBAL

We don't exactly give that away either. Nevertheless, we have successfully enslaved them through addiction . . . and debt; but look how dispirited they have become.

NIMROD

Do you want them to have spirit? Better zombies than --

TUBAL

But they're threatening to stop building the tower.

MAGOG

Even when they make pretense to work, they're out of their minds. Drugged-out zombie are lazy and inefficient. This religion of yours needs to be more substantial than a sensualist's fantasy. It only makes a superficial stab at addressing real spiritual needs.

NIMROD

From time to time the gods do appear and . . .

MESHECH

Strange voices and wobbling lights hardly cut it after a while. Why that's hardly better than Yah's --

TIRAS

It's not enough. We've even had to resort to parlor tricks --

NIMROD

Am I to consider this a mutiny, gentlemen?

MAGOG

We're brainstorming, Nimrod.

NIMROD

. . . a treasonous affront?

MAGOG

Look, we're in this together. But the whole enterprise is foundering. Can't you see that?

TIRAS

Nimrod mentions the signs and wonders of the gods as a viable incentive. Of course, it would be; if they were reliable. It would be a powerful tool, if they were dependable. But they're not. They're capricious. They show up whenever they want to. Not when we want; however much we have been assured that they would assist --

NIMROD

To achieve that degree of certainty, we've got to complete the stargate.

TIRAS

Well, it's time to get more coercive, then. We'll never get this thing built under these circumstances.

ARAM

It's time to unleash the slave-drivers!

NIMROD

Brothers, I'm prepared to do that. I envision a grand global tyranny. But not yet, Tiras. These things take time. We must continue to pander to their egos for a while, telling them how great humanity is . . . getting all sentimental about it -- they love maudlin fables about heroism -- how the tower will be a triumph for mankind, a victory against the catastrophic forces of nature, and, for the initiated, a victory against the oppressive hand of Noah's God. We must also continue stroking their desire for belonging; that is, their religious and social impulses. How compliant they become when their consciences are cleansed of guilt by the sacrificial system we provide; guilt, I might add, which has been exacerbated by us; providing the cure to them, for an exorbitant price, of course. The sensual experience of squirming in the collective satisfies all the other requirements of religion -- I'm convinced of that -- those which merge with the social impulses. Yes, gentlemen, although you're burning my brain out with your complaining -- not that you don't have legitimate concerns -- this religion is still the answer, a religion through which we can control them. We just need to milk it some more.

ARAM

We've just about milked this cow to death.

NIMROD

What do you expect us to do, Aram? The populations have grown too great for us to enslave them all at this present time. We haven't yet consolidated our progress enough.

(MORE)

NIMROD (CONT'D)

We must move gingerly. This is a crucial time. If we push too hard or get impetuous, they will run back into the arms of the God of Noah . . . and then we'll really have our hands full.

MAGOG

Yes, Shem will promptly form an army of them. We're not strong enough in ourselves.

MESHECH

It's almost like the Dragon of the Sun has forced our hand. Surely, there is some reason for his refusal to act. He's as unapproachable as the God of Noah. Is it really necessary for us to become more abominable than we already are, to satisfy him?

Stepping through the colonnade twenty meters behind them.

YONU-K-SHAN

Perhaps he has upped the ante, Meshech.

ASSHUR

What else could we possibly do?  
What other conditions are there?

After acknowledging Yonuk-Shan's entrance, Nimrod returns to the conversation with his counselors.

NIMROD

Gentlemen, we are well on our way to ruling the world, forever; creating dynasties of unassailable wealth and privilege through which we will dominate the rabble of humanity for all time. I can't believe that we have come this far only to be stymied by the ridiculous qualms of lazy-ass, dim-witted people . . .

YONU-K-SHAN

Your Highness. Perhaps I have the answer. The Dragon of the Sun wanted to bring us to certain realizations about what would be necessary to usher in our new world order. You see, gentlemen, Your Highness and I have considered this problem for a long time.

(MORE)

YONUUK-SHAN (CONT'D)

We do need to take it up a notch. Unbeknownst to us, we had the correct conclusion at our fingertips all along.

TIRAS

What are you talking about, Yonuk-Shan?

YONUUK-SHAN

Nimrod's grandfather, as you know, related how the Antediluvian world was ruled by giants. This has been confirmed by King Japheth, and, in a roundabout way, by King Shem as well. Sumerian texts also alluded to it. Our gods, in fact, are the spirits of those giants who ruled The World-Before. They are the children of our great god, the Dragon of the Sun. Nefarious Yah intended, by The Flood which He caused, among other things, to eradicate the children of our deliverer. And He was successful; ending their natural lives, that is. Fortunately, our Shining One would still liberate us from the oppressive God of Noah who works through the contentions of that working-class rabble in the streets, fomenting them for the purpose of frustrating our desires. This is the answer, gentlemen; giants. Giants can not only contribute immensely to the construction the stargate-tower, which will open the doorway for more allied spirits to come to our aid in overcoming Noah's miserable God, but they will also inspire terror in humanity, softening up resistance. They will become shining examples of leadership in the arduous task of constructing the tower. Furthermore, they will be convincing evidence of the presence of the miraculous. There will be no more uncertainty about the reality of our gods. There will be no reason for you to call them unreliable any more. The capriciousness of which even you have so seditiously accused them will vanish because this new race of giants will also be, in a manner speaking, the children of our great Dragon-god, just as the Antediluvian

(MORE)

YONU-K-SHAN (CONT'D)

ones were. They will exist in the natural world, and yet they will be connected, as it were . . . [they will be] spiritual beings themselves. Succinctly, gentlemen, the miraculous presence of the gods will have become manifested in the natural world, a source of unending authority for us, providing the power by which we will rule the world.

NIMROD

But who will control the giants?

YONU-K-SHAN

This would be impossible . . .

TUBAL

All right then --

ASSHUR

Well, what good -- ?

YONU-K-SHAN

We will become the giants.

INT. NIMROD'S THRONE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Nimrod and his fourteen companions are wearing black robes and standing in a circular arrangement within the Throne Room, which is illumined by the torchlight of sconces and cressets.

Crepuscular sky can be seen through the colonnade outside where they had been only minutes before. Above the terrace, the first stars of twilight are appearing; the leopards, on the right-hand side of the architrave, curiously watching events within the Throne Room.

Outside the circumference of a white pentagram, which is inscribed upon the obsidian floor, the warlocks stand. Within the fifteen-meter diameter of it, the blood-soaked bodies of FIVE TEN-YEAR-OLD BOYS wearing nothing but white loincloths are piled.

Breathing their last gasps of life, blood is still leaking onto the floor. Some of their limbs have been hacked off.

Yonuk-Shan picks up an amphora nearby and pours liquid onto the glimmering heap of corpses. He then throws a wrought-iron cresset onto the oozing limbs. Dramatically, the combustible pile bursts into flames.

Simultaneously, the black-robed priests of Nimrod raise their upturned hands, mumbling as they watch the climbing flames lick the ceiling.

The Fiery Dragon bows his flowing mane like an enormous cobra within the column of flames. Eventually, his equine lips begin moving. He is speaking.

Manifesting behind the black-robed priests in glimmering blue light are the infamous GRAYS, extraterrestrials with locust-like eyes, astronauts of Flying Saucers and UFOs.

By this time, all fourteen conspirators are hypnotized. The nefarious Grays creep forward, medical devices, instruments of glass and chrome floating beside them.

Conspicuous among this armamentarium are instruments with hypodermic needles.

FADE OUT:

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY ON SOUTHWESTERN SIDE OF BABYLON -- AFTERNOON

SUPER: "Babylon, 2148 BC, Twenty Years Later"

For all practical purposes, the Tower of Babel is complete. Like a gigantic wedding cake, it rises in the distance, on the left-hand side of the highway which separates the golden stair-stepped city from the plain of Shinar. The gleaming ribbon of the Euphrates circles north to south behind the truncated cone of Nimrod's Tower. Beyond the opposite bank of this Great River, Shinar disappears into yellowish smog.

PRINCE ARPHAXAD is wearing a cloak, the voluminous cowl of which is obviously drawn over his head for the purpose of concealing his identity. Shoulder-length tresses of golden ringlets twinkle within the efflated grotto of the hood. He definitely has characteristics, which are reminiscent of Anglo-Saxons, unusual for Shemites; but he has coppery skin.

Drawing the harness of a mule, which is pulling a wagon, his glimmering bicep is stretched across his viridian tunic as he treads northwest through the noisy oriental bizarre. His right-hand fingers clutch the hilt of his bronze sword under his lengthy brown cloak.

HAWKERS of all sorts of crafts and wares border the road. They are selling textiles such as clothing and carpets as well as exotic animals, ceramics, opium, incense, slaves, and prostitutes. The CACOPHONY is almost deafening.

Two cloaked figures are riding in the buckboard; Shem, on the left-hand side holding the reins of the mule, and his father, the aged patriarch NOAH on the side where most of the peddler's kiosks are. The single-file booths of this marketplace are nestled against a pinkish retaining wall, behind which Babylon rises.

Hawkers are accosting the travelers. Noah ignores one.

HAWKER 1

Welcome to the dedication! You look like strangers in town. Well, join the crowd. People have come from far and wide for the celebration. This is the largest assembly of all time! -- well, since the Flood, anyway. The whole world is turning out! But I hate to tell you this, old timer. You might have a little difficulty.

(MORE)

## HAWKER 1 (CONT'D)

An imperial decree has gone forth that there should be no carts or animals on the grounds surrounding the tower where everyone will be gathering. You will have to walk. Consequently, you will probably need a cane. Well, lucky for you, I just happen to have a new shipment of canes, brought in specifically for this occasion from the Zagros Mountains. What about it, old timer? -- only three pieces of silver . . . or your best trade . . . ?

Meanwhile, another vendor is importuning Arphaxad. He is walking backward, prattling.

## HAWKER 2

Hello, pilgrim. My, you are a handsome fellow, aren't you? Well, there is no better way for a strapping man like yourself to honor the gods than with a fertility ritual . . . contributes to blessing the produce of the fields. You want to do your duty, don't you? Unfortunately, some people can't afford to go to the Temple of Inanna . . . although money doesn't seem to be your problem. Nevertheless . . . the temples are over-crowded right now, even for people with money; what with these multitudes and all. The next best way to bless the gods is with those girls who are next in line to become priestesses. Take my daughters, for example. They are acclaimed for their beauty far and wide. Wouldn't you agree?

## EXT. WESTERN GATE OF BABYLON -- CONTINUOUS

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE giddy with excitement have gathered on either side of the street, which emerges from the arched gate, as if they are awaiting a triumphal parade.

TWO EQUERRIES emerge from the cavernous gate, each drawing along the stammering horses of a quadriga, a four-horsed chariot. Each diverges, leading their respective teams to opposite sides of the road outside the wall of Babylon.

Jostling to make room for them, the crowds recede.

Within the lunette-like frame of the Western Gate, onlookers are astonished to behold the silhouettes of two musclemen

who are twice the height of the COMPANY OF SOLDIERS marching in ranks behind them.

The FOOTSTEPS of the gargantuan men frighten the spectators. Apprehensive faces gasp at the formidable warriors as they emerge into the sunshine.

Wearing sleeveless tunics with windswept paldrons, bronze arm bands, skirts with herringbone motifs, greaves, and sandals, they are terrible. Displaced by the concussion of their fear, the multitude recoils.

These are Nimrod's companions, Pathrus and Riphath, who have been transformed into Nephilim-giants. Nimrod calls this order of giants whom he has made generals and client-kings THE CYCLOPS.

Countenances sharpened, eyebrows arched, eyes golden and leopard-like but imperceptibly glowing with greenish mist, they resemble giant vampires; fangs glimpsed between their voluptuous lips, which are sneering.

Separating from one another, they step beside their respective quadrigas, the throngs melting away for fear. TWO COLUMNS OF TRUMPETERS trot forth behind the company of soldiers which continue marching undeterred down the thoroughfare.

Turning toward one another on opposite sides of the road, the trumpeters raise their Medieval buisines and issue a FESTIVE BLAST of proclamation.

The company of marching soldiers also divides, each contingent lining the road and facing inward. Colorful guidons attached to their pikes flutter in the breeze. What pageantry.

THUNDEROUS HOOFBEATS are heard.

Five magnificent steeds charge through the Western Gate, drawing the golden chariot of Nimrod transmorgrified.

Vampiric traits have also warped his features. With gold-plated cuirass gleaming, he energetically drives the chariot, his flattened nose lifted pompously in the air. He is determined to convey imperial dignity.

Meteorically, he thunders through the corridor and into the thoroughfare outside the Western Gate, dreadlocks and vermilion cape streaming. Just as swiftly, the chariots of Naphtuh, Sabtechah, and Gether come trampling behind him.

Each of these generals has been similarly transformed, monstrous, demonic.

Dust clouds rise as they race down the highway, which circles through EIGHTY THOUSAND CELEBRANTS, toward the immense helical structure of the Tower of Babel.

Pathrus and Riphath mount their chariots and follow, forcing those cheering people who have already closed ranks behind the galloping cavalcade to scramble out of the way to keep from being trampled.

EXT. HIGHWAY ON SOUTHWESTERN SIDE OF BABYLON -- CONTINUOUS

THUNDEROUS CHEERING from the multitude in the distance causes Arphaxad to stop on the dusty highway. Shem and Noah also watch the contrails rising as the chariots race through the throngs and begin their ascent up the helical ramp of the Tower of Babel.

ENTHUSIASTIC PEOPLE are streaking past them, sprinting toward the spectacle. It's a stampede.

Within a minute or so, the three travelers are practically alone, the hawkers themselves having hurriedly closed shop and debouched off the slight elevation of the highway, onto the Plain of Shinar and become enveloped in the multitude.

CELEBRANT 3 -- ELDERLY MAN

You can see better from up here!

Noah and Shem turn toward their right-hand side and see, upon a platform of higher elevation behind the kiosks and the three-meter high wall running along the road, TWELVE INFIRM PEOPLE gathered.

CELEBRANT 3 -- ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)

We can't fight that crowd, either.  
You're welcome to come up here with us, if you care to . . . around that corner right there, up that little street.

By this time, Arphaxad has hearkened to the ELDERLY MAN who is inviting them. He leads the mule forward and cranes his neck, looking up the ascending corridor of a Damascene street.

EXT. RAMP ON THE SIDE OF THE TOWER OF BABEL -- CONTINUOUS

Charging up the thirty-degree incline of the twenty-meter wide highway circumnavigating the Tower, Nimrod's Lipizzaner team vigorously strains. The powerful steeds of his generals also dig into the dusty gradient to maintain traction.

Their galloping brings them past platforms here and there where CEREMONIAL COHORTS are stationed. These ledges are partially excavated into the side of the conical structure and partially project.

EXT. MULTITUDE ON THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE erupts from the multitude upon seeing Nimrod's chariot reach the fourth revolution.

EXT. TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS

CELEBRANT 3 -- ELDERLY MAN  
 Who would have believed that mankind  
 could have attained such glories?

Shem and Noah are seated upon rough-hewn benches, which are presumably the product of a Parks and Recreation Project.

Beyond Noah's glassy eyes and leathery crow's feet, Prince Arphaxad stands with his hand resting upon the hilt of his bronze sword, his blue-green cape blowing majestically. He has removed his russet-colored cloak.

EXT. TEMPLE PLATFORM ATOP THE TOWER OF BABEL -- CONTINUOUS

The saturnine visages of Asshur, Aram, Sidon, Heth, Tubal, Meshech, Tiras, and Yonuk-Shan are peering over the precipitous edge of the circular terrace.

UPROARIOUS ADULATION when the multitude sees them above.

Silhouetted against the lemon-colored sky, the monstrous forms of those Nephilim-Giants in black robes dwarf the humans standing nearby upon the plateau. Languorously, they turn to welcome Nimrod who is thundering up behind them.

Dust billows around the Mesopotamian chariot as his horses skid.

Nimrod's leopards step from the car first, followed by their master. Compared with the HUMANS present, namely the THREE PRIESTS and the GAGGLE OF SACRIFICIAL VICTIMS who were already upon the terrace, it is clear that they have been genetically altered too, monstrously enlarged, twice the size of normal leopards.

Even Nimrod's Palmyrenian beard has become sinister. Two fang-like barbels extend from his chin.

WHIMPERING AND WEEPING, EIGHT SIXTEEN-YEARS-OLD VICTIMS cringe, tethered together with a rope.

Five chariots mount the summit behind Nimrod, but they remain near the little corridor between adobe storehouses, which serves as an entrance upon the terrace.

NIMROD  
 I would like to have finished the  
 temple first, Yonuk-Shan.

YONU-K-SHAN  
 Believe me, Your Highness, we wouldn't  
 want to miss this conjunction of  
 Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars in the  
 southern sky.

(MORE)

YONUK-SHAN (CONT'D)

It's absolutely perfect for an inauguration. It's a once in a lifetime event.

NIMROD

Dismiss everyone but the Cyclops.

Yonuk-Shan dismisses the three priests. Compliantly, they begin walking toward the corridor of adobe storehouses and the mountainside road. In doing so, they pass, on the right-hand side of Nimrod's five Generals.

Addressing the seven patriarchs of the Cyclops.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

Each of you gag your sacrifice. We don't want to alarm the spectators.

FOUR GIRLS wearing skimpy white tunics and FOUR BOYS in white loincloths begin screaming.

Nimrod's Generals, the five companions of his youth, have arrayed themselves in a semi-circle before the storehouses and the ramp entrance on the southeastern quarter of the terrace.

Asshur unties the rope, which is looped through the ligatures binding the wrists of the captives. Each patriarchal Cyclops selects his sacrificial victim.

Facing Nimrod who is standing in the center of the terrace, arrayed along the northwestern quarter with their hands resting upon the shoulders of the weeping children, the giants are ominously solemn.

Supplicating with his left-hand, Nimrod steadies the shoulder of the BARE-CHESTED BOY with his right.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

Unto thee, O magnificent Dragon of the Sun . . .

Steadying the shoulder of his victim with his left hand now, he draws a ceremonial creese with his right and raises it in the sky.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

We sacrifice the best and brightest  
. . .

EXT. TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS

Tears are bubbling in Noah's ancient eyes.

Telescopically, he surveys the plateau of the Tower's summit, seeing Nimrod's creese upraised.

He lowers his eyes to behold the CHEERING multitude. Each and everyone of them are literally his children.

In the distance, Nimrod makes a slicing gesture and contemptuously shoves his victim down.

EXT. TEMPLE PLATFORM ATOP THE TOWER OF BABEL -- CONTINUOUS

One after the other, the troll-like teeth of the patriarchal warlocks grimly clench, their arms making slicing gestures.

A splendid TEENAGER drops to his knees.

ANOTHER ADOLESCENT topples forward only to be brutally shoved before she completely collapses.

EXT. TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS

Shem and Noah's fossilized face can see the giants in the distance piling the corpses. Someone (Yonuk-Shan) is pouring liquid upon the heaped-up bodies.

Behind Arphaxad's weightless green cape, a funeral pyre grows into the sky.

EXT. MULTITUDE ON THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS

Although the ceremony, which is taking place upon the plateau above, cannot be seen by most of the people on the ground, flickering tongues of flame can.

UPROARIOUS APPLAUSE.

EXT. TEMPLE PLATFORM ATOP THE TOWER OF BABEL -- CONTINUOUS

Standing in a completed circle now, all the Cyclopes, that is, Nimrod's Generals on the southeastern quarter as well as the patriarchal Client-Kings on the northwestern, gaze solemnly into the mounting flames.

EXT. TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS

CLOSE-UP - NOAH'S LIQUID EYES

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK

EXT. ANTEDILUVIAN HILLTOP -- MORNING

A LIVING SPHINX stretches before an oriental yet futuristic city gleaming in the distance. Above that metropolis, curious lights are flitting through the purple sky, recognizable as proverbial UFOS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANTEDILUVIAN VILLAGE -- DAY

DAMASCENE STREET

A NEPHILIM-GIANT treads belligerently upon the cobblestone, PEOPLE scurrying. They do so for good reason.

The marauder is incontestable. He stomps into an

ADJACENT FARMYARD

backhanding a PEASANT, sending him plummeting through the exterior wall of a barn.

The barbarian proceeds to rape the PEASANT'S WIFE. He rips her arm off, and begin gnawing it as if it were a delicious fried chicken leg.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANTEDILUVIAN THRONEROOM -- DAY

ANOTHER NEPHILIM-GIANT is seated insouciantly upon a throne, gluttonously gnawing a thigh bone and spilling wine from his goblet.

NAKED SYCOPHANTS stroke his shoulder as he laughs at the abuse of LITTLE CAPTIVES groveling on the floor.

GIANT COURTIERS unleash a ravenous CHIMERA to disembowel the terrified victims, for further entertainment.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANTEDILUVIAN EGYPT -- DAY

Stepping before a FETTERED COLUMN OF TEN-THOUSAND SLAVES, which is meandering around the pristine Great Pyramid in the background, FALCON-HEADED HORUS stands triumphantly, akimbo.

ONE OF THE NATIVE EGYPTIANS attempts to escape. With one hammer blow, the giant Horus smashes the escapee into the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANTEDILUVIAN CITY -- DAY

TWO NEPHILIM BARBARIANS begin quarreling.

After shoving one another, they come to blows.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANTEDILUVIAN COUNTRYSIDE -- AFTERNOON

Tremendous warfare. Clash of bristling arms.

Tumultuous battlefield extensive as Armageddon overshadowed by thunderstorms.

NEPHILIM CONQUERORS are also compelling their innumerable hosts of reluctant HUMAN CHATTEL into the conflict, which continues through a series of engagements.

END FLASHBACK

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS  
CLOSE-UP - NOAH'S LIQUID EYES

EXT. TEMPLE PLATFORM ATOP THE TOWER OF BABEL -- CONTINUOUS  
Lambency from the burnt offering illumines the satyr-like faces of the witches.

Pointing into the sky.

YONUUK-SHAN

There!

Everyone looks into the gray-streaked sky and witnesses a tremendous flash and subsequent moving lens flares.

EXT. TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS  
Noah and Shem see the lights descending from the sky.

Behind Arphaxad's flapping cape, the largest luminary swoops slowly, followed by three smaller glowing orbs.

EXT. MULTITUDE ON THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS  
The multitude is astonished, OOING AND AHING.

EXT. TEMPLE PLATFORM ATOP THE TOWER OF BABEL -- CONTINUOUS  
The luminous cloud lowers beside the northwestern quarter.

Vapors disperse. A chrome flying saucer is revealed within, almost the diameter of the Tower's summit.

Nimrod and the Cyclops begin backing away as enormous doors open in its cambered side.

EXT. MULTITUDE ON THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS  
Underbelly of the flying saucer hovering overhead; three smaller flying saucers stationary in the sky above it.

EXT. TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS

From their oblique perspective, Shem and Noah glimpse flames emerging from the flying saucer.

EXT. TEMPLE PLATFORM ATOP THE TOWER OF BABEL -- CONTINUOUS

The Fiery Dragon slinks on multiple legs onto the terrace, dwarfing the Nephilim-giants.

EXT. TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS

Shem, Noah, and Arphaxad see the undulating loops of the flaming serpent creep onto the plateau.

They hear DISTANT THUNDER.

CELEBRANT 3 -- ELDERLY MAN

Hey, what's -- ?

He turns around.

CELEBRANT 3 -- ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)

What's that?

Shem and Noah turn around.

In the northeastern sky, a roiling contrail, a horizontal column of smoke, is billowing behind a thunderhead, which is circling toward them from the north. Within the thunderhead, lightning flashes.

REACTION OF SHEM AND NOAH.

Arphaxad turns around to witness the approaching cloud formation, which is burning like a flaming chariot in the sky.

EXT. TEMPLE PLATFORM ATOP THE TOWER OF BABEL -- CONTINUOUS

REACTION OF THE FIERY DRAGON. Blenching at the doom approaching in the eastern sky.

EXT. MULTITUDE ON THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS

Overshadowed by the thundering cloud, the spectators turn gasping as well.

EXT. TEMPLE PLATFORM ATOP THE TOWER OF BABEL -- CONTINUOUS

With loping serpentine motion, up and down, his little legs scuttling, the Fiery Dragon wheels around and dives back into the Flying Saucer.

Immediately, the Flying Saucer begins to depart, westward.

EXT. MULTITUDE ON THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS

The underbellies of the UFOs move westward, gradually at first, overtaken by the thunderclouds, which are swiftly covering the sky.

EXT. TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS

Instantaneously, the four UFOs jettison toward the west and dart upward into the clear distance just before the leading edge of the dark clouds has covered the entire sky.

EXT. TEMPLE PLATFORM ATOP THE TOWER OF BABEL -- CONTINUOUS

SUBTITLES

MAGOG

(Russian)

What's that cloud . . . ?

ASSHUR

(Kurdish)

What's going on?

HETH

(Turkish)

What did you say?

NIMROD

What did you say?

Terror-stricken, Nimrod addresses Yonuk-Shan.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

Yonuk-Shan! . . . What's going on?

Nimrod seizes Yonuk-Shan's shoulders.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

What's going on?

YONU-K-SHAN

(Armenian)

What? I'm sorry, Your Highness, I can't understand you. What are you saying? Oh, my . . . this is dangerously strange . . .

NIMROD

Yonuk-Shan! Yonuk-Shan, what did you say? What the hell is wrong with you? Have you lost your mind?

Nimrod shakes Yonuk-Shan who is bewildered, punch-drunk. He slaps the magician.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

I said, have you lost your mind?

Sidon speaks with Aram.

SIDON

(Phoenician)

Something very strange has happened here. I fear that the God of Noah is at the bottom of this.

ARAM

(Aramaic)

What did you say? Speak plain word, man. How can I understand that gobble-de-goop?

SIDON

(Phoenician)

Aram, do you understand me?

Incredulously, with growing fear, the Shemite shakes his head.

SIDON (CONT'D)

(Phoenician)

Something very terrible has happened. What do we do now?

EXT. MULTITUDE ON THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS

TUMULTUOUS UPROAR.

EXT. TEMPLE PLATFORM ATOP THE TOWER OF BABEL -- CONTINUOUS

Meshech who is gazing over the circular edge of the precipice is joined by Nimrod who is panting.

Below, the agitation of the multitude is becoming the tumult of war and confusion. THOUSANDS SCREAMING can be heard.

Nimrod's eyes protrude.

MESHECH

(Georgian)

What's going on?

NIMROD

What did you say?

MESHECH

(Georgian)

What did you say?

Hysterical with fear and frustration, Nimrod seizes Meshech's shoulders and shakes him violently.

NIMROD

I don't have time for your games,  
Meshech!

Meshech brusquely shakes himself free of Nimrod's clutches,  
glaring.

MESHECH

(Georgian)

I don't know what the hell's wrong  
with you . . . but I know this. I'm  
tired of being pushed around.

Exasperated, Nimrod wheels, running back toward his Generals,  
the companions of his youth, who are equally confused.

Desperately, his older brother, Sabtechah, greets him,  
squeezing his shoulders. Behind them, chariot-horses are  
stammering and neighing in tempestuous wind.

SABTECHAH

(Ethiopian)

What's going on, Nimrod? Riphath is  
speaking strangely . . . and Pathrus  
is babbling like a fool!

NIMROD

Oh, no! Not you too!

EXT. TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS

ARPHAXAD

What's going on? It looks like war  
has broken out . . . !

Several elderly people nearby are squabbling. CELEBRANT 3  
(ELDERLY MAN) scrambles toward Noah and desperately implores  
him.

CELEBRANT 3 -- ELDERLY MAN

(French)

Please, sir, you seem like a wise  
man. I can tell by your composure  
that you may know what has happened  
here. Please help me. Enlighten  
me. What is going on?

CELEBRANT 4 -- ELDERLY WOMAN

(German)

Help me! Help me! What's going on?  
Has everyone gone crazy?

SHEM

They're speaking different languages.

NOAH

Yes. Yah has intervened.

Meanwhile, the multitude is panicking. They are routing, stampeding.

EXT. TEMPLE PLATFORM ATOP THE TOWER OF BABEL -- CONTINUOUS

The Cyclops are looking at one another skeptically. They are wandering away from one another dejected, indecisive, with expressions of humiliation and deep confusion.

Meshech is running between the adobe storhouses and down the ramp. Magog is attempting to confiscate Gether's chariot; a scuffle ensues. Several others are boarding their chariots and embarking. Asshur is sitting hunched over, having collapsed, cross-legged.

Nimrod is watching the explosive rout of the spectators below, dismayed. He doesn't flinch as lightning bolts blast enormous chunks from the side of the synthetic mountain.

Earthquake.

EXT. TERRACE OVERLOOKING THE PLAIN OF SHINAR -- CONTINUOUS

Earthquake continued.

Thousands are running toward the southeastern side of Babylon where Noah, his son, and grandson are located. (Since their departure is efferent, that is to say, radiating from the epicenter of the Tower of Babel, thousands are also fleeing toward the northwest.) Even now, the HARBINGERS of this stampede are scrambling up the berm, clabbering onto the highway of the roadside bazaar.

ARPHAXAD

Brace yourselves.

PANIC-STRICKEN PEOPLE are darting by. Noah speaks to Shem within a sublime sphere of peacefulness, shielded from the frantic chaos outside where Arphaxad has drawn his bronze sword like a bodyguard.

Once, he uses it, slicing a HYSTERICAL MAN stem to stern.

Unfortunately, the misguided fellow had been attempting, apparently with good intentions, to foist his will upon Arphaxad by dragging him away. The bodyguard wasn't interested in abandoning his post, however, and the resulting tussle was causing a traffic jam in which Arphaxad was being buffeted senseless.

The bloodshed compounds the terror, and those elbowing their way nearby SHRIEK bloody-murder.

NOAH

Our language has not been changed.

SHEM

That's right.

NOAH

He's probably done this according to families. You retained my language as a concession. This tells me something else too. Notice that Arphaxad's language has not been changed.

SHEM

Yes.

NOAH

Shem . . . I hope you live to see it. You must keep your eyes peeled in the years to come. Nimrod has unleashed horrible evil here. If people prove true to their natures, this idolatry will envelope the earth despite this setback. Nevertheless, God will prepare a man to communicate His way. He will be found among the descendents of Arphaxad.

They both look behind Shem's right shoulder. Courageously, Arphaxad is standing amidst the swiftly flowing current of humanity, which is moving left-to-right; his bronze sword drawn, blue-green cape billowing before the ziggurats of Babylon.

EXT. CASPIAN GATES IN THE ELBURZ MOUNTAINS -- DAY

SUPER: "Caspian Gates, 2146 BC, Two Years Later"

Emerging from a pavilion wearing his cuirass, Nimrod dwarfs his GENERALS AND LIEUTENANTS who are standing nearby. He looks eastward.

The Elburz Mountains stretch into the eastern distance on his left-hand side. Before him and southward, the grassy plain is littered with corpses.

NIMROD

Gather the bodies and burn them . .  
. away from the camp . . . there, in  
the southeast.

LIEUTENANT 1

Yes sir.

NIMROD

Shamshi. Begin preparations for the journey south; provisioning, vehicle-and-weapons repair . . . .

(MORE)

NIMROD (CONT'D)

I will also want to look over your strategy for the assault on Elam.

GENERAL SHAMSHI

We'll be ready when you return.

NIMROD

It's not enough to relieve the Chaldeans. We must crush them. We may not get a second chance. If they get a foothold in Ur, supplied from the Erythrasian Sea, they will be in a position to conquer Sumer.

GENERAL SHAMSHI

We'll do it.

Addressing LIEUTENANT 2.

NIMROD

Are my sons ready?

LIEUTENANT 2

Yes sir.

NIMROD

Well, bring them out.

LIEUTENANT 2

Yes sir.

GENERAL SHAMSHI

Your Highness . . . ?

NIMROD

Yes. What is it, Shamshi?

GENERAL SHAMSHI

Sir, I mentioned to you . . . I asked you yesterday . . . concerning my . . . my wife. She requested to see Noah's Ark . . .

NIMROD

I'm not running a touring service, Shamshi. I never have liked the idea of lugging women along on military campaigns, anyway. Slows the convoy down . . .

GENERAL SHAMSHI

Yes sir. But her grandfather is Asshur. She is the high priestess of Inanna in Nippur.

NIMROD

Oh, very well. She can take care of my boys.

HUNOR

Daddy! Daddy!

MAGOR

Daddy!

NIMROD

There are my little monsters. What do we say?

Simultaneously, they speak.

HUNOR

Kill grandpa! Kill grandpa!

MAGOR

Kill grandpa! Kill grandpa!

NIMROD

That's my boys. From Nineveh you will dislodge the Gutians and Kassites from the Zagros Mountains, route the Hurrians, subject the Subartians in the north, and dominate the Caucus Mountains in the northwest.

HUNOR

Kill grandpa! Kill grandpa!

MAGOR

Kill grandpa! Kill grandpa!

NIMROD

But that's not all, my little monsters. We're going to bring all these damned Shemites to heel, as well.

SAMMU-RAMAT

I'm a Shemite, Your Highness.

NIMROD

So you are.

SAMMU-RAMAT

And it seems like you've got your hands full trying to bring people to heel.

NIMROD

You can say that again. Asshur's granddaughter, huh?

SAMMU-RAMAT

Yes. My mother was born after he became Cyclops.

NIMROD

But you're not . . . ?

SAMMU-RAMAT

Giant? No. My mother was, however. You knew her as Barsaumo, high priestess in Lagash. Evidently, the seed of the giants becomes less potent with each generation. At least, with regards to size. I would not consider myself less in sorcery to any of them, however.

NIMROD

No. I don't suppose so.  
 (addressing his sons)  
 You boys go to the back of the entourage.  
 (addressing their pedagogue)  
 Shimmokeen, take them, will you?

HUNOR

How far is it, Daddy?

NIMROD

You see those mountains there? It's just beyond them . . . somewhere . . .

LIEUTENANT 3

We must cross both catenations.

MAGOR

But how long . . . ?

LIEUTENANT 3

It will probably be this evening before we get there.

NIMROD

You boys better settle in for a long drive. Now get along. We're burning daylight.

(addressing Lieutenant 3)

You've made all the provisions?

LIEUTENANT 3

Yes sir. We're ready.

NIMROD

All right, then. Let's shove off.  
 (addressing Sammu-  
 Ramat)  
 Sammu-Ramat, you ride in my chariot.

SAMMU-RAMAT

Hunor and Magor are not giants.

NIMROD

No. I married their mother before  
 Magog became Cyclops. I have other  
 sons that are, though. [I] Lost two  
 wives in childbearing already.

SAMMU-RAMAT

Perhaps that is because the mothers  
 didn't have the seed of the Cyclops  
 within them.

NIMROD

[Perhaps.]

SAMMU-RAMAT

Congratulations on consolidating  
 control of Sumer and Akkad. Your  
 ferocity in warfare has become world  
 renowned. You are a terror in  
 Mesopotamia. I hear that you also  
 rule Egypt . . . ?

NIMROD

Vicariously.

SAMMU-RAMAT

Vicariously? How can such a vast  
 area be ruled, at all?

NIMROD

It is proving to be an inconvenience.

SAMMU-RAMAT

I suppose so, with rebellions among  
 the Arameans, among my own people,  
 not to mention the Elamites . . .

NIMROD

You're not trying to make me insecure,  
 are you? I will destroy them all if  
 they don't comply.

SAMMU-RAMAT

And Egypt . . . ?

NIMROD

That won't be necessary.  
 (MORE)

NIMROD (CONT'D)

Egypt has remained obedient. My brethren, there, call me Osiris, after the spirit of an Antediluvian god by that name. It is a small thing to rule them -- even from afar, as a client kingdom -- when they see me arriving in the sky-chariot of my god.

SAMMU-RAMAT

You mean, you are carried there . . . ?

NIMROD

I couldn't possibly maintain control any other way. Logistically, it would be impossible. Furthermore, the pharaoh is Cyclops; a servant of my god. He has been commanded to reverence me.

SAMMU-RAMAT

. . . traveling in the chariot of the gods . . . how exciting. My, it certainly is warm out here.

Sammu-Ramat unbuttons her corset and blouse. She flagrantly exposes her large breasts, which are jostling dramatically with the shaking of the chariot.

NIMROD

You're my kind of woman.

EXT. EASTERN SIDE ZIGGURAT IN UR OF THE CHALDEES -- MORNING

SUPER: "Ur of the Chaldees, 1946 BC, 200 Years Later"

From the three-meter high terraced step of a small ziggurat, the Chaldean High Priest of the Sumerian City-State of Ur, is addressing THREE GENERALS; two hundred soldiers in ranks behind them.

Although TERAH is dressed casually, his off-white dalmatic with cincture of gold lamé and matching turban decorated with a sapphire brooch in a gold setting speaks of his sacerdotal duties.

TERAH

Gentlemen, each of you know what you need to do. Cross the Euphrates and assist your brothers who are fortifying against the threat of another Elamite invasion.

(MORE)

TERAH (CONT'D)

I have some duties to attend to here, but I will rendezvous with you no later than day after tomorrow. All right. You know what you need to do. Off with you.

GENERAL 1

You heard him, men.

TERAH

The goddess Sin watch over you and protect our city-state.

GENERAL 1

Left face. March!

Speaking to an ATTENDANT PRIEST as he turns and walks into the temple tower.

TERAH

Hopefully, that will dissuade the Elamites until Nimrod can mount another campaign. Goodness, they are tenacious.

ATTENDANT PRIEST

Sir, there is something you need to know.

TERAH

Yes?

ATTENDANT PRIEST

Something unexpected has happened.

TERAH

Well, what is it?

ATTENDANT PRIEST

Perhaps you should see for yourself.

INT. TEMPLE OF SIN -- MOMENTS LATER

Within the basilica, the decorative columns of which have been glazed alternately maroon, violet, and burgundy, with grayish marbling, Terah is astonished to see the five meter tall statue of the female nude, which represents the goddess Sin, laying face-down, and broken into three pieces.

Numerous smaller idols, which have been likewise toppled out of their niches, lay broken upon the floor, as well.

ATTENDANT PRIEST

Nemra has found something, sir, which may be a clue to the identity of the culprit.

TERAH

Yes. Where is it?

NEMRA

We found this, Holy Father . . . attached to the idol of Sin. It had evidently been ripped off when she fell, snagged upon the sculpted ivy circling her legs.

ATTENDANT PRIEST

Obviously, this was ripped from the clothing of the perpetrator. He was probably too scared to worry about retrieving it and covering his tracks. You notice the sequined silk, the sapphire color. Someone of royalty possessed this garment. I need to tell you, master, that Amirto and Sinharib have gone to the Chaldeans that attend the king. They're going to report that Abram did this.

TERAH

Not Abram. He wouldn't do this.

ATTENDANT PRIEST

Be that as it may, they have departed already; and the king is here.

TERAH

In the city?

ATTENDANT PRIEST

Yes sir. At his palace.

TERAH

Why was I not informed about this?

ATTENDANT PRIEST

He wanted it to be a surprise --

NEMRA

For your birthday. The queen has accompanied him. They wanted to honor you.

INT. ATRIUM OF TERAH'S VILLA -- CONTINUOUS

A voluptuous young woman wearing a sleeveless tunic of off-white cambric is sauntering down a dark cloister. Sunlight from the courtyard, which houses small trees, shrubbery, benches, and an impluvium (a pool for catching rainwater), reveals the robustness of her arms in chiaroscuro.

She is balancing a decanter upon a silver tray.

Unexpectedly, lunging from the shadows, a bearded man seizes her, dragging her into the recesses of the hallway. Dextrously, SARAI keeps from spilling the decanter.

She struggles as he smooches her, forcing her to kiss.

ABRAM  
Kiss me, my sister.

ABRAM passionately kisses Sarai.

SARAI  
If I had spilled this wine, you would really be in for it. Mother wanted me to have it ready for father's libation offering tonight . . .

ABRAM  
A lot of good it will do.

SARAI  
You mustn't speak that way. It's dangerous --

ABRAM  
Shut up, girl, and kiss me. Your mother can wait.

Kissing.

SARAI  
You're rebellious is what you are.

ABRAM  
You know it.

Kissing.

SARAI  
You haven't talked with father yet, have you?

ABRAM  
I'm looking for the right moment . . .  
.

SARAI  
Right moment? As busy as he is?

ABRAM  
We're supposed to get together --

SARAI  
What are you waiting for? Don't you know that he's beating off suitors as it is!

ABRAM

You're not very humble, are you?

SARAI

Humble? You've got some nerve. Oh, angel, he won't withhold me from you. He's as astonished at the degradation of these fools as we are. He doesn't want to give me to them. But if you don't act soon, he may have no choice.

ABRAM

Because you're so beautiful, of course?

SARAI

Yes, because I'm so beautiful, you blithering . . . . What? Do you not think I'm . . . ?

ABRAM

You're the most excellent . . . . My soul burns for you.

SARAI

What if the king demanded me? Could you live with that; seeing me in old Nimrod's arms? Or forced into temple prostitution?

ABRAM

Father would never --

SARAI

He's the high priest[, you silly . . . .]! Abram, what can he do; if they pressure him? What? There's no alternative. You must make me your wife, now! -- and not later.

ABRAM

You're right, baby. Tonight. I can't do it right now because . . .

SARAI

What? What is it, Abram? Why can't you?

ABRAM

Well, I need to see how something is going to play out . . .

YELLING from the other end of the house.

TERAH

Abram!

SARAI

[What the . . . ?]

ABRAM

Huh-Oh. Here we go.

INT. NIMROD'S PALACE IN UR -- CONTINUOUS

Nimrod is pacing to and fro across the spacious atrium. A leopard skin mantle is draped over his left shoulder.

Couchant, Sammu-Ramat relishes some grapes. From time to time, she tosses one upon the floor, a MONKEY-LIKE CREATURE with a man's head scrambling after the viands.

NIMROD

Those miserable Asshurians! . . .  
[they] think they are entitled to  
Nineveh; the city I built by the  
power of my might!

Sammu-Ramat's CACHINNATION echoes.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

What the hell is so funny?

SAMMU-RAMAT

Big man . . . can't even keep some  
little Asshurians in line.

NIMROD

Everybody's greedy these days.

SAMMU-RAMAT

I'm an Asshurian, you pompous ass!  
Those are my kindred you're plotting  
against!

NIMROD

They're the one plotting against me,  
you disgusting whore! Who's side  
are you on anyway?

SAMMU-RAMAT

Why, yours, of course, hubby dear;  
but have you ever thought of anything  
other than heavy-handed tactics?  
You're like a blundering ox!

NIMROD

Well . . . ! Smoozing doesn't work  
anymore . . .

SAMMU-RAMAT

Not for blundering oxes --

NIMROD

Watch your mouth, witch! -- Or I'll  
feed you to the Chimera!

SAMMU-RAMAT

You wouldn't dare. If it wasn't for  
me, my lumbering oaf of a husband;  
even me, the great goddess of the  
world, you would lose what feeble  
grasp on power you yet maintain.

NIMROD

I'm going to crush your neck like a  
chicken bone, witch!

SAMMU-RAMAT

That would be unadvisable, hubby-  
scrubby . . . . Like I said.

NIMROD

Well, how's this? I'll have sex  
with my other wives, right in your  
face . . . !

SAMMU-RAMAT

Been there, done that.

NIMROD

Oh yeah, I forgot. That's your  
favorite thing. Maybe I'll just  
wallow in a thousand concubines.

SAMMU-RAMAT

They might be disappointed. You've  
got to get it up first!

NIMROD

Why you -- !

Nimrod notices Sammu-Ramat looking toward the entrance of  
the chamber. SEVERAL CHALDEANS are huddling there, obviously  
apprehensive about disturbing the king.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

What is it, Shufino?

SHUFINO

Sir, two priests have just come from  
the Temple of Sin with some disturbing  
news.

NIMROD

Well, out with it! What is it?

SHUFINO

Can they tell you themselves, sir?

Nimrod motions approval. AMIRTO and SINHARIB timorously step forward.

SINHARIB

Your Highness, O great Marduk  
incarnate, O wondrous Shining One .  
. . .

NIMROD

You can do better than that, you  
sycophantic priest. Grovel on your  
knees when you address me!

SAMMU-RAMAT

Grovel, you worms!

NIMROD

Better yet, just spit it out!

SINHARIB

Yes, sir. Someone has toppled the  
idols in the Temple of Sin.

AMIRTO

We believe we know who is responsible  
for this treason, Your Highness.

SAMMU-RAMAT

Sin is one of my attending spirits.

NIMROD

Well, the perpetrator must die. We  
can't having people threatening my  
control-system. Why have you not  
apprehended him, you sniveling  
priests?

SHUFINO

Sir. There was good reason.

NIMROD

What could possibly justify the  
dereliction of these snivelers?

SHUFINO

The prime suspect, Your Highness, is  
. . .

NIMROD

Well . . . ? Shufino, I'm losing  
patience with you, too.

SHUFINO

It's someone associated with Terah's  
household, sir.

SAMMU-RAMAT

Terah? That doesn't make sense.

SHUFINO

He had no knowledge of this, I'm sure, Your Highness. If the priests of Sin could leave, I would speak with you privately . . .

Nimrod dismisses Amirto and Sinharib with a contemptuous scowl and flick of his wrist.

SHUFINO (CONT'D)

Sir, fifty years ago the Chaldeans prophesied a threat to your idolatrous system, and indeed to your kingdom. If you recall, he was to be found among the infants of Ur. As a result, Your Highness had all the boy children killed. It was rumored at that time that Terah had substituted a slave's child for his own.

NIMROD

You knew about this?

SHUFINO

No, sir. I was too young for the priesthood then. However, this suspicion was related to me by our venerable high priest, Turabdin. He had preferred not to pursue an investigation then because of the high regard in which you held Terah. Besides, it would have simply assisted his enemies in vilifying him, casting aspersion upon him without the likelihood of revealing compelling proof anyway. Recently, however, it has been confirmed that a fifty-year-old man is living in Terah's household, claiming to be his cousin. This could be true, I suppose. Our spies report that he has come from the household of Shem where he has been living for some undisclosed period of time.

NIMROD

A member of Shem's household is now living with Terah?

SHUFINO

Yes, sir.

NIMROD

. . . [Shem] my enemy? What is his name?

SHUFINO

Abram.

NIMROD

Dispatch a company immediately to arrest Abram and bring him here.

SHUFINO

Yes, sir.

NIMROD

Nobody knocks down my idols! Zahrin, light the furnace! Stoke it seven times hotter than normal! Nobody threatens my utopian system.

SAMMU-RAMAT

You mean your tyrannical control.

NIMROD

That's what I said, bitch! If not me, then you, you old harridan. Nobody threatens my smoothly functioning machine! Particularly, no acolyte of a disease-spreader like Shem!

INT. TERAH'S VILLA -- MOMENTS LATER

TERAH

We're dead men, now!

ABRAM

Don't get hysterical?

TERAH

You and your idealism! You haven't only killed yourself, you've killed us too.

NAOMRA

Why, son? Why did you do it?

TERAH

Thoughtless . . . thoughtless . . .

NAOMRA

We've always understood your desire to do what is right. We've admired you for it . . .

TERAH

People hate men of integrity, you ingrate!

NAOMRA

But we're not living in that sort of world.

TERAH

It reminds them of their own compromises. So even if by some miracle you survive this, you will be maligned against from now on!

NAOMRA

You just can't just go around expressing your true feelings! God can take care of Himself, Abram, for goodness sake! We've got to take care of ourselves!

TERAH

(lamenting)

I didn't know what else to do when you were born.

NAOMRA

Nobody else is [going to do it]!

TERAH

I didn't know where else to send you. I wouldn't have sent you to Shem at all if his compound with the Gutians had not been thoroughly fortified against Nimrod. Of course, it was seditious, but we loved you. Perhaps I should have fled myself all those years ago, when he was entangling me in his scheme of oppression. But now, because you've been indoctrinated by Shem, your conscience is suddenly pricked to betray your own parents.

ABRAM

Oh, for goodness sakes!

TERAH

Shem's teachings wouldn't be so bad in themselves if you were able to adapt to the world within which you live --

NAOMRA

Just a little compromise! That's all it would take.

TERAH

. . . as the rest of us have had to do.

NAOMRA

. . . to dishonor your own father this way; even the Chief Priest of Sin! Gods help us, could it be any worse?

TERAH

I don't suppose we can particularly blame him, though. After all, he provided the best education known to man, the best manners and . . . but what good are the positives now? It's a waste! You were always a dreamer, but that's no excuse. No man is an island! Impracticality is one thing, but -- I've told you a thousand times -- everything you do reflects on all of us. Sheesh! What's the use? You're hard-headed.

SARAI

Daddy, it will work out somehow. It's got to! We must believe!

NAOMRA

Believe? Don't you have some work to do, Sarai? Where's your mother, anyway? You'd think everyone would have been apprised . . .

SARAI

Abram can't die! This is ridiculous talk. I refuse to accept any of this. We must pray together!

NAOMRA

If we're caught praying to Yah when Nimrod's soldiers come, we certainly will perish!

SARAI

No! It can't be! It can't. I love you, Abram. We must run! We must run away, right now.

ABRAM

We can't outrun Nimrod's police.

NAOMRA

Why is she hanging on you like that?

ABRAM

Sarai . . .

Gently, Abram pushes her away.

ABRAM (CONT'D)  
Look, dad, I have a plan.

TERAH  
Great! Now he has a plan.

ABRAM  
It will keep you and mother off the hook while I'm working out my destiny with the king.

NAOMRA  
Are you absolutely blind? You may not have a destiny!

ABRAM  
Mother, please. Let's stop wringing our hands, okay? As bad as you might hate to admit it, the proverb is true: "Everything that is hidden will be brought to light." Sometimes this happens sooner rather than later. It just so happens that your secret has been revealed, and that secret is me.

NAOMRA  
Now he accuses us of having committed this sacrilege . . . !

ABRAM  
It isn't just my selfishness that has brought this on.

NAOMRA  
How could you implicate us?

ABRAM  
It's also your love, don't you see that? -- your love for me. The truth of the matter is that your love shows integrity. Don't let this despot poison your conscience because you did what was right.

NAOMRA  
Now you're judging us?

ABRAM  
We mustn't cooperate with evil, Mother! But don't worry. I will testify to your innocence.

TERAH

Okay, son. There is nowhere to go now. You have brought destruction right to our doorstep, and there is nothing I can do. I'm listening. What is your plan?

ABRAM

Doubtless, Nimrod's spies have discovered that I have been living here for some time. But they don't know who I am. They probably also know that I had sojourned at Shem's estate before returning here. You will tell them that I am your cousin, or your nephew . . . that you have married your daughter to me; based perhaps upon a promise made years ago to a relative, or something like that.

NAOMRA

Married? [Do] You want to marry my son, Sarai?

SARAI

Yes! I do! Father, consent. Consent, that I should marry Abram before it's too late.

TERAH

Too late for what, Sarai? Would you marry a dead man?

SARAI

No, that can't be. Anyway . . . whatever the case, I don't care!

TERAH

[Yes,] this would protect us from the charge of having lied about your birth.

SARAI

. . . if I must go to the grave, too  
. . .

TERAH

But it does little to protect us from . . .

ABRAM

(addressing Sarai)  
No, no, angel.

TERAH  
 . . . complicity in this outrageous  
 public display of --

ABRAM  
 Of what? Blasphemy?

TERAH  
 Yes, blasphemy.

ABRAM  
 We've been through that!

TERAH  
 And threatening the social order.  
 The entire economy revolves around  
 the temple --

ABRAM  
 There's only one blasphemy here;  
 worshiping false gods!

TERAH  
 Yes, Abram . . .

ABRAM  
 Besides, Nimrod's control of food  
 distribution is the most abominable  
 oppression of all! And you're the  
 bureaucrat administering it!

TERAH  
 It's put food on the table!

ABRAM  
 So it has. How well I know that,  
 for a scrap of bread, a man will  
 sell his soul.

TERAH  
 Okay, son. We're too broken-hearted  
 . . . . We mustn't attack one another  
 anymore. We know that we love each  
 other. We're just in serious trouble  
 and . . .

ABRAM  
 Yes. I know that we really do love  
 one another. And I am sincerely  
 sorry. If there were any other way  
 . . .

TERAH  
 But there wasn't . . .

ABRAM

Concerning the breaking of the idols;  
I will testify to your ignorance of  
the matter, okay? Don't worry.

TERAH

I don't know . . . . Now you make  
me feel bad [about this].

ABRAM

Well, you were ignorant of it. Look,  
just stick to the story. I'm sure  
that the rest of you will be fine.

SARAI

Us? What about you?

ABRAM

No one lives forever, angel . . . in  
this world, anyway. It's best we  
don't.

NAOMRA

You're sick!

SARAI

It won't happen, I tell you. It  
won't. You must leave here! -- Now!  
You will be absolved of everything  
in time; and I will join you. No!  
We will leave together, now! Let's  
go! Let's go, you silly man. What  
are you waiting on?

NAOMRA

Sarai . . .

SARAI

You must do what I say! I'm the  
only one thinking clearly here!

NAOMRA

Sarai, get hold of yourself! We all  
love him, darling . . . even if he  
is crazy.

SLAMMING of a door is heard in the back of the house.

TERAH

That's your brother.

HARAN

Where is everyone?

TERAH

We're up here.

Haran enters.

HARAN  
(addressing Abram)  
My God man, what have you done?  
Word is starting to circulate.

TERAH  
Word is out?

HARAN  
Just among the priests, dad. They  
wouldn't spread rumors among the  
people. It certainly isn't in their  
best interest to say that the gods  
can be toppled and broken helplessly  
like pottery.

ABRAM  
It's good to see you, Haran.

HARAN  
[It is good to] See your brother one  
time before you die, huh? Is that  
it?

TERAH  
Thank God, Nahor's gone.

SARAI  
Haran, you must help me! We must  
ready a mule cart . . . with plenty  
of hay . . .

HARAN  
Oh, Sarai . . . where to? Look how  
you've broken her heart.

SARAI  
Won't you even try?

NAOMRA  
She isn't the only one. There, there,  
Sarai . . .

HARAN  
Man, you're audacious. I've never  
even heard of anything like this.  
Don't take offense, brother, but if  
you're the only one who dies here,  
we'll count ourselves lucky.

SARAI  
No!

ABRAM  
No offense taken.

HARAN  
 (exasperated)  
 Mother [get Sarai off him] . . .

ABRAM  
 Haran, I want you to do something  
 for me.

HARAN  
 Anything . . . but die.

ABRAM  
 It won't be that difficult.

HARAN  
 Good. What is it?

ABRAM  
 Help find Sarai a good man.

Sarai screams, weeping.

EXT. TERAH'S VILLA -- CONTINUOUS

A COMPANY OF SOLDIERS are marching through the courtyard,  
 approaching Terah's villa.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FIERY FURNACE -- LATER

TWO SOLDIERS are escorting Abram whose hands are tethered  
 behind his back up the adobe staircase that circles the  
 exterior of the cylindrical furnace.

Nimrod is gazing maniacally through a slit in the exterior  
 of the fiery furnace, on ground-level. Tempestuous flames  
 swirl within.

Flanked by the two Guards, Abram stands atop the furnace.  
 SMELTERS on the opposite side of its circular rim begin  
 pulling back the bronze plates that seal in the flames.

Volcanically, flames gush from the orifice of that caldera,  
 serpentine flames leaping and writhing.

Everyone recoils.

Nimrod curses, waving his soldiers onward. "THROW HIM IN!"

Covering their faces with one arm, they shove Abram into the  
 manmade volcano with the other. Abram leaps in, feet-first.

Suddenly, flames belch from the furnace, engulfing both  
 Guards. As if doused in flammable material, they both become  
 living torches.

Nimrod reaction: dismay.

Nimrod again looks through the observation port of the furnace. Through the conflagration within, he sees Abram walking about unharmed, no longer tethered.

Nimrod reaction: dismay.

Abram approaches the observation slit and looks out at Nimrod for a considerable period of time. He then turns and begins pacing again within the firestorm, hands behind his back.

Nimrod reaction: tantrum.

INT. NIMROD'S PAVILION IN EASTERN SYRIA -- DAY

Nimrod's visage is chancrous, covered with pustulous sores. (Incidentally), a white worm is glimpsed poking its head out of Nimrod's nostril.

Sprawled insouciantly upon a throne, which is situated upon an low-lying dais, within the spacious pavilion, Nimrod surveys TWELVE YOUNG WOMEN who are arrayed before him in a semicircle.

SUPER: "Twenty-Five Years Later"

SHUFINO

These are the brides who have been married within the last week from the western provinces of Akkad and Sumer.

NIMROD

Not from the whole kingdom?

SHUFINO

Sir, it took an enormous amount of effort to locate and transport even these girls here --

NIMROD

Your excuses are tiresome. How wearisome your incompetence has become. Must I have you beheaded to achieve respite from the annoying avalanche of technicalities, which you continually rain on my parade? Can you not handle something like this? Must I do everything for you? Send a decree throughout the kingdom that all betrothals are to be suspended pending my return.

SHUFINO

Yes, sir.

NIMROD

We can't have young men thinking  
that they have a right to deflower  
their own brides, now can we?

SHUFINO

No, sir.

Nimrod stands and approaches the girls.

NIMROD

You see, Shufino, I am the liberator  
of these girls; state-sanctioned  
promiscuity is what I am.

He lifts the dejected chin of one of them with his finger.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

Why, I free them from the yoke of  
slavery, can't you see that? -- if  
only through the pornographic  
imagination, which I initiate them  
into through this process of my  
seigniorage. And such freedom as  
facilitated by the state; why, this  
has been the dream of humanity from  
the beginning. And why you do not  
rather rejoice at the prospect, I do  
not know, Shufino; rather than  
constantly wearing that depressing  
scowl. Isn't that right girls?

TWELVE BRIDES

Yes, Your Highness.

NIMROD

If you are truly thankful to your  
sovereign, darlings, you will, of  
course, show your appreciation.

Waits. Becomes exasperated.

Clapping hands.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

Well, get to it! Hup-hup!

Girls disrobe.

EUNUCHS Come trotting in with a couch, which they place before  
the twelve virgins, in the center of the circular chamber.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

Yes. That's right . . .

Nimrod sits insouciantly upon it. Supine, he opens his robe.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

. . . good girls. Now come to daddy.

He welcomes them with open arms. They all grimace queasily, however, revolted. He is repulsive, disgusting.

Nevertheless, they comply.

Leering GUARDS stationed before the exterior curtains chortle.

Sneering with contempt and grimacing with revulsion, the brides tentatively assume their sycophantic positions.

ONE GIRL in particular is greatly disgusted when she sees another white worm curiously poke its head from Nimrod's cauliflower ear.

Nimrod notices her disgust.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

What is it, my child? You behave as though I am not your fantasy come true.

DISGUSTED BRIDE

No, Master; that's not it.

NIMROD

Well, what then? Perhaps you should show your devotion by . . .

Her disgust becomes pronounced upon seeing another worm poke its head from one of the scabs upon Nimrod's shoulder.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

Now that's it! I will certainly not tolerate any party-poopers!

He motions to a hulking NEGROID EUNUCH nearby who promptly approaches with halberd extended.

DISGUSTED BRIDE

No, Master. Please! Please, no, Master!

NIMROD

[You say] No -- to me?

The black genie lops her head off. Fountainous blood spurts all over the screaming brides.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

That's better. Now girls, I insist that you brighten your countenance immediately. You do want to me to be happy, don't you?

(MORE)

NIMROD (CONT'D)

After all, it's my birthday. No sad faces during the festivities of the king.

Covered with blood and weeping, they begin kissing Nimrod all over.

During the following soliloquy, the THUNDROUS VOICE of the Fiery Dragon MODULATES over Nimrod's NATURAL VOICE.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

I'm the one! That's right, me! I'm the one. I'm the one who has instituted the universal religion of self-love. Me! No one else. I have this honor, Shufino. Why, I am the one who gave all this license by dethroning the God of Noah with my idolatrous system. I'm the one who, under the pretext of democracy, instituted the first totalitarian control system among weak-minded peasants. I initiated even my enemies into it, and I will recoup it from them and establish once again world domination. Yes, I created all these forms of government; monarchies and feudalism, democracy, socialism, and communism and capitalism, and . . .

GUARD

What's he talking about?

SHUFINO

I don't know. I've never heard those words before.

GUARD

You don't suppose the languages are changing again, do you?

NIMROD

I created the World Monetary Fund. I created the World Bank. I created credit and the miracle of compound interest. I created this coalition, I created this United Nations, I created the first fully functional mind-control system, I created the media superstructure, I created --

Opposite the throne and the licentious couch before it, a GENERAL charges into the pavilion.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

How dare you intrude upon the  
frivolity of my love-making, you  
sniveling -- !

INTRUDING GENERAL

Kudur-Lagamar is threatening to  
overwhelm this pavilion, if you don't  
present yourself to him right now!  
The armies are ready to embark.  
They've been waiting for an hour.

NIMROD

That Elamite bastard . . . stole my  
kingdom.

(muttering)

Why should I . . . ?

INTRUDING SOLDIER

There will be time enough for  
reclaiming kingdoms later. Right  
now, you must survive, and to do  
that you must --

Getting up from his blood-soaked orgy.

NIMROD

I know. Present myself . . .

INTRUDING SOLDIER

If this campaign is successful, we  
will see with our own eyes the wealth  
necessary to mount a successful coup.  
You know how wealthy the southern  
kingdoms have become.

NIMROD

Yes. You are absolutely right.  
Shufino was distracting me with  
sensual indulgence at a time when I  
need to be disciplined; as I used to  
be, back in the days when I was a  
world-renowned hunter. It's Shufino's  
fault! Yes, disciplined . . . to  
conquer the southlands and then to  
return . . . and plan my conquest of  
that miserable Elamite overlord . . .  
. . . and the henchmen he uses to suppress  
me, too; the Asshurians and those  
stinking Hittites. Fortuitous that  
the Canaanites rebelled against the  
big dolt when they did.

EXT. NIMROD'S PAVILION IN EASTERN SYRIA -- MOMENTS LATER

Nimrod exits the pavilion strutting, wearing his leopard  
skin mantle.

The Parthian helmets of the SOLDIERS arrayed on either side of the entryway only reach to his leather girdle.

The grass-covered Syrian landscape is crowded with bivouaced armies divided into four distinctly square encampments, which are separated by aisles. One encampment is in the north; one in the west. Nimrod's army, which surrounds his pavilion, is more or less in the center. And the other one is in the foreground, on the eastern side.

SUPER: "Eastern Syria, 1912 BC, One Hundred Years before Sargon of Akkad Conquers Nineveh and Starts the Assyrian Empire"

KUDUR-LAGAMAR, the Elamite king, comes swaggering up; Nimrod's own vampiric head reaching only to his chest.

Looking down at Nimrod.

KUDUR-LAGAMAR

You're not king any more Nimrod.  
You're my vassal. Act like it, if  
you want to live.

NIMROD

Yes, of course, Your Majesty. But  
even Your Majesty defers to my  
priestly function . . . that the  
gods respond to me. So perhaps I  
should offer sacrifice before the  
kings?

KUDUR-LAGAMAR

Yes. You're absolutely right, Nimrod.  
You must offer sacrifice before the  
kings.

Speaking to ONE OF HIS GENERALS.

KUDUR-LAGAMAR (CONT'D)

Call King Ari-Ukki and Tud-Khula.  
They're waiting over there.

NIMROD

(whispering to Shufino)  
Finally, I will be honored among  
these miserable usurpers . . . even  
if it is through the vicarious and  
camouflaged method of my religion.  
(bombastically, so he  
can be heard)  
Bring my purple and scarlet robe,  
the mitre, and crosier.

Together ARI-UKKI and TUD-KHULA approach. They too are monstrous giants.

Ari-Ukki's hair is like a lion's mane, and his features appear to be a synthesis of human and leonine traits.

Tud-Khula, the Hittite king, is accoutered in a harness resembling that of ancient Trojans. Streaming over his shoulders, his hair is plaited with long braids decorated with beads and feathers.

KUDUR-LAGAMAR

Okay, Nimrod.

He slaps Nimrod's face. Naturally, Nimrod is stunned.

NIMROD

Why you . . . ! How dare you!

KUDUR-LAGAMAR

How dare you keep me waiting, you pompous ass!

Slapping Nimrod again.

KUDUR-LAGAMAR (CONT'D)

Now offer sacrifice!

He punches Nimrod in the stomach, knocking his breath out. Kudur-Lagamar then spins the doubled-over suzerain and forces his head down.

Nimrod struggles, Kudur-Lagamar controlling him by wrenching his arm behind his back.

Nimrod sees a head-sized hole in the ground before him.

Kudur-Lagamar crams Nimrod's head into the hole.

Within the hole, Nimrod's chancrous face looks astonished, then infuriated.

Secondly, Kudur-Lagamar rips Nimrod's skirt down revealing his scabrous buttocks, which are hoisted in the air.

Nimrod's eyes widen, looking now left, now right.

KUDUR-LAGAMAR (CONT'D)

I said, offer sacrifice!

Kudur-Lagamar picks up something like a telephone pole and crams it in Nimrod's ass.

Nimrod reaction: screaming.

Having just returned from fetching the sacerdotal costume as he had been commanded, cradling the purple and scarlet robe, the mitre, and the crosier in his arms; Shufino is astonished to see, Nimrod with his head stuck in the ground like an ostrich and a telephone pole sticking out of his ass.

## KUDUR-LAGAMAR (CONT'D)

Now that's a sacrifice with which  
the gods will doubtless be pleased.

The three kings laugh uproariously, but the little soldiers  
roundabout are cowering, horrified.

EXT. EASTERN SYRIA -- MOMENTS LATER

The four armies pull out, moving right to left, southward.

INSERT - SATELLITE IMAGE OF THE LAND OF CANAAN.

SUPER: Animation of broad red arrowhead moving south from  
eastern Syria. Pictograph of explosion at Ashteroth-Karnaim,  
which is located southeast of Mount Hermon.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD AT ASHTEROTH-KARNAIM -- DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS - BATTLE AT ASHTEROTH-KARNAIM

-- Armies clash. Conspicuous among the defending armies are  
numerous giants called Rephaim.

-- Tud-khula is distinguishing himself by valorous action,  
fighting a Rephaim general-king and dispatching him. In the  
background, Nimrod courageously hacks away.

-- NORMAL-SIZED SOLDIERS are scurrying around their legs  
like children.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INSERT - SATELLITE IMAGE OF THE LAND OF CANAAN.

SUPER: Animation of broad red arrowhead moving south from  
Ashteroth-Karnaim, continuing on the eastern side of  
Chinneroth (which is the Sea of Galilee) into Transjordan.  
Pictograph of explosion at Ham.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD AT HAM -- DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS - BATTLE AT HAM

-- Armies clash. Conspicuous among the defending armies are  
giants called Zuzims.

-- Kudur-lagamar towers over the turbulence of the  
battlefield, but converging upon him are THREE ZUZIM almost  
as tall as he.

-- Kicking LITTLE SOLDIERS, bludgeoning their way through  
the knee-high morass, they approach the Elamite king and  
engage him in swordplay.

-- Ari-ukki comes to his aid, and together they dispatch the  
colossal giants.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INSERT - SATELLITE IMAGE OF THE LAND OF CANAAN.

SUPER: Animation of broad red arrowhead moving south from Ham to Shaveh-Kiriathaim on the eastern side of the Dead Sea.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD AT SHAVEH-KIRIATHAIM -- DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS - BATTLE AT SHAVEH-KIRIATHAIM

-- Armies clash. Conspicuous among the defending armies are giants called Emims.

-- Air-ukki is ripping little soldiers limb from limb when he looks up and sees FIVE EMIM-GIANTS standing challengingly before the Mountains of Edom.

-- Suddenly, the CHIEFTAIN is struck by an oversized arrow.

-- Tud-khula had SHOT the arrow.

-- Kudur-lagamar leads a renewed offensive, and Nimrod is embroiled in the tumultuous combat.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INSERT - SATELLITE IMAGE OF THE LAND OF CANAAN.

SUPER: Animation of broad red arrowhead circles around the southern end of the Dead Sea where two other pictographic explosions are depicted in quick succession.

EXT. SOUTHERN SIDE OF SODOM AND GOMORRRAH -- DAY

Chariots wheeling, thundering upstage, right to left, across the arid plain.

INSERT - SATELLITE IMAGE OF THE LAND OF CANAAN.

SUPER: Animation of broad red arrowhead moving northward, pictographic explosion striking north of the cities on the southwestern coast of the Dead Sea.

EXT. PLANTATION OF MAMRE THE AMORITE IN CANAAN-LAND -- DAY

SUPER: "Plantation of Mamre the Amorite in the Land of Canaan"

MAMRE's ranch house sits within a sprawling verdant valley. On the right-hand side of the house, on the northern side of the estate, various types of livestock, including horses, can be seen within corrals. Further down the valley, on the left-hand side, agriculture is taking place.

Abram and Mamre are sauntering toward the centermost part of the log cabin, toward a broad entryway, which leads into the

darkened interior and effectively divided the house into two parts. Conspicuous behind them are mercenary Amorites wearing leather cuirasses, skirts of leather strips (such as Roman Legionnaires wore), and sandals laced up the foreleg, with a strip of leather running up the shin, which serves as a greave.

CAPTAIN SHAMROD and the FREEBOOTERS are instructing FARMHANDS and SHEPHERDS in the art of archery. But the ambiance isn't high-stress.

It is not one of martial discipline but rather entertainment, a leisurely scene of gregarious comradery. From time to time, LAUGHTER is heard among them.

They are shooting arrows at a target, which is set up within the northern corral; shooting away from Abram and Mamre. The good-natured men are practicing their skills for amusement.

MAMRE

Continuing in Ur after the furnace incident must have been very uncomfortable.

ABRAM

It was. My father was a broken man after that. He continued as the Chief Priest of Sin, but his heart wasn't in it.

MAMRE

I'm surprised Nimrod allowed him to continue. Why didn't he kill him outright?

ABRAM

Well, you must understand that my father was very competent. Evidently, no one could be found who was as competent as he in conducting administrative duties, none the least of which happened to be regulating the food supply. He was a proven general, too; at a time when Nimrod needed his best man there on the coast of the Erythrasian Sea to beat back the Elamites.

MAMRE

The ascendancy of Kudur-Lagamar happened about the time he left. Coincidence?

ABRAM

No coincidence.

MAMRE

Well, I don't understand why Nimrod didn't continue to try to murder you?

ABRAM

He did. One other time. Fortunately, a monstrous hive of hornets attacked the squadron of soldiers he had sent to apprehend me. They all turned tail and ran.

MAMRE

You've got to be the dandy of the Almighty, Abram! And he didn't try any more?

ABRAM

I suppose, the bottom line is this, Mamre. When he realized after three days that the furnace wasn't going to kill me, he was so demoralized at first that he didn't know what to do. But murmurings of dissent among the priests and soldiers frightened him. So he sent me home with a stern warning to keep a low profile. The Queen-Mother, Sammu-Ramat, was wroth over the whole thing, however. It led to a squabble. As I understand it, he explained to her that if three days in the furnace wouldn't kill me, I was one man that could not be killed. Nevertheless, she cuckolded him so fiercely that he eventually sent another squadron to apprehend me again. That's when they were attacked by the hornets. To make a long story short; there was beginning to be such dissent among his people that he decided the best course was to silence everyone who knew anything about the matter and otherwise forget it. You see, if I had survived any more attempts on my life I could have overthrown his kingdom and been acclaimed a god myself, with more credentials than he could lay claim to. Basically, he was trying to save face by ignoring me and not drawing attention to his inability to kill me.

MAMRE

Well, Abram, this places me in a difficult position.

ABRAM

What? What I have said? I know it sounds outlandish . . .

MAMRE

The only question before me is "Are you a charatan or not? Are you a liar?" Everything I know about you from these years of business and friendship tell me that you are not a liar. But what then? Are you a god?

Yelling from the ranch house.

SARAI

Lunch is almost ready, guys.

ABRAM

That's nonsense, Mamre. It's ridiculous. You've seen me bleed. If I were a god, I wouldn't go childless. I can assure you that.

MAMRE

Do not even the gods have weaknesses?

ABRAM

I'm no god. But I do believe that the children of God by faith -- that is, those people who believe in Him -- are like gods in this world. But rest assured, the forces of evil resist every suggestion of honor for the righteous.

MAMRE

You've been good for me, Abram. It's good to have a friend in these desperate times. I haven't had anyone with whom I could discuss spiritual matters. My brothers are good men, but they don't . . .

ABRAM

I am the stranger; the one who is vulnerable. And you have taken me under your wing, given me room within your own territory, introduced me to people within the land with whom I can conduct business . . . even these mercenaries, who, little by little, are training our workers to fend off marauders. No, it is you who have been good for me, Mamre.

MAMRE

Can we agree, then, that we have been good for one another?

ABRAM

I believe that old saying, "A rope of two or three strands is not easily broken." I certainly want to do my part.

MAMRE

I believe that you do. If I didn't, I would not take pleasure in your company at all. I can assure you that. At least you're an honest man. If these outlandish tales you've told prove to be true. So many of my own people, not to mention these indigenous Canaanites, are congenital liars.

ABRAM

Don't even mention family problems.

Abram and Mamre enter the open-sided atrium.

INT. MAMRE'S RANCH HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

ATRIUM

Two children scamper diagonally before the patriarchs. The LITTLE GIRL emerges down-stage left from the kitchen in the back where Sarai and Mamre's wife, HANNUAH, can be seen. Cutting across the men's path, followed by her LITTLE BROTHER, she circles on Mamre's right-hand side and seizes his leg.

PALMRA

Daddy, daddy! Ether won't leave me alone.

Addressing ETHER.

MAMRE

Are you irritating your sister again, boy?

ETHER

She stole my bow, Daddy! She hid it somewhere and won't give it back.

MAMRE

She wouldn't do that. Would you, darling?

ETHER

Daddy, you always do that!

(MORE)

ETHER (CONT'D)

Make her give it back. I want to go outside and target-practice with the soldiers.

MAMRE

Palmra?

PALMRA

He told me he was going to play Hide-And-Go-Seek with me.

MAMRE

I don't care. He ought to be able to go out there without being emasculated. Now give it up. Where is it?

PALMRA

Daddy?

MAMRE

Fess up.

PALMRA

Okay.

(addressing her brother)

You always get what you want.

(addressing her father)

Can I go too?

MAMRE

I don't see why not.

Speaking from kitchen.

HANNUAH

She's supposed to be helping me, Mamre!

MAMRE

But be careful.

Children bolt.

MAMRE (CONT'D)

We'll call them inside to eat in a few minutes.

Yelling after the boy.

MAMRE (CONT'D)

Show her how to stand back and be careful, Ether.

KITCHEN

HANNUAH

Sarai, will you help me get the goat off the grill.

SARAI

Sure.

Women exit downstage left through the sunstruck opening of the patio.

EXT. MAMRE'S RANCH HOUSE, PATIO -- CONTINUOUS

Hannuah leads onto the cobblestone patio, which is open to the sky except for rafters that are sparsely overlaid with a screen of ivy, which provides a welcome respite from the sunshine. The open rafters are supported on the corners by rock-masonry columns.

Arboreal shadows dreamily shift across the patio. Through the dappled shadows of this romantic ambiance, Sarai notices children playing in the backyard, down the treeless slope.

HANNUAH

Surely this thing is done.

Hannuah pokes the roasted goat, which is lying on the stone-framed grill. She tears off a piece of succulent meat with a wooden fork and tastes it, chewing.

HANNUAH (CONT'D)

Not bad. Here. What do you think?

Sarai chews.

SARAI

Delicious.

HANNUAH

We could baste it a little more.  
Hand me that bowl, will you, Sarai?

Sarai hands her the bowl containing marinade and a large-handled brush. Hannuah proceeds to brush marinade over the roasted goat.

SARAI

You have such a beautiful home,  
Hannuah.

HANNUAH

Well, it's been a long time coming, sister. Mamre and his brothers had difficulty with the other Amorites up north . . . so we had to travel here . . . much like you, I suppose.

SARAI

Well, you're not still living in a tent.

HANNUAH

It will work out, Sarai. It didn't happen overnight for us, either.

SARAI

We've been here almost ten years, though.

HANNUAH

Well, Abram knows what he is doing. There are so many people laying claim to the land, Sarai . . . he's playing it easy. He's doing the right thing. Slow and steady wins the race, you know.

SARAI

I suppose.

HANNUAH

I'm so glad you're here, though, Sarai. I like you. You have class. Not like so many of these horrible Canaanites. That's one reason I didn't want to live in the cities. They've turned being a slattern into a virtue! But your being here is even better for Mamre. He was pitiful before he met Abram. I'm so glad he has a friend, finally.

SARAI

It's mutual, Hannuah.

HANNUAH

I knew you came from royalty the first time I saw you. I suppose everyone can.

SARAI

Except for living a tent.

HANNUAH

Count your blessings. It's a good land, and Abram's a good man. You could have a slacker or an alcoholic for a husband, you know.

SARAI

I know.

HANNUAH

Or a liar or a cheater or a womanizer  
or a wife-beater or a . . .

SARAI

Okay-okay. I get the point. You're  
right.

Suddenly, Palmra, Hannuah's daughter, wheels around the right-hand side of the patio, around the grill, running onto the patio. She seizes Hannuah's leg, clutching her pouting face to it.

HANNUAH

My goodness, what's up with you?

PALMRA

Either embarrassed me!

HANNUAH

Poor girl.

SARAI

How did he do that?

PALMRA

He said the archery range was no  
place for a girl. He said it loud  
so the men would hear.

HANNUAH

My-my, poor Palmra.

Hannuah lifts the child into her arms and cuddles her.

HANNUAH (CONT'D)

That mean ole boy. I'll have to  
have talk with him. But see; you  
should have been helping me. Why, I  
needed your help. See how rude it  
is for me to impose on Ms. Sarai to  
help baste this goat. She's our  
guest.

Palmra pouts against her mother's breast.

HANNUAH (CONT'D)

Don't you think an apology is in  
order?

PALMRA

I'm sorry, Ms. Sarai.

Patting Palmra's shoulder.

SARAI

That's quite all right, angel. I  
wanted to shoot the arrows, myself.

Hannuah setting Palmra down and handing her a little tray.

HANNUAH

Now, do you want to be helpful or  
keep imposing on Ms. Sarai.

Palmra nods affirmatively.

HANNUAH (CONT'D)

Okay. Why don't you carry these  
peppers in the house and set them on  
the table. That's a good girl. And  
bring back some plates for your  
brothers and sisters.

Palmra stops short before entering the house.

PALMRA

Ms. Sarai, when you have children,  
I'll be your babysitter.

SARAI

I wouldn't think of anyone else.

Palmra exists.

Sarai lowers her eyelids, looking down.

Noticing Sarai discouragement, Hannuah pats her shoulder.

HANNUAH

Kids say the darnedest things. Well,  
I need to call these kids.

Hannuah steps into the backyard, YELLING. The children beyond  
her are engaged in playing a game of snap-the-whip. The  
whole scene is reminiscent of Winslow Homer's famous painting  
of the same name.

Mottled shadows dreamily shift across Sarai's beautiful face.  
Periodically, sunlight gleams upon her liquid eyes.

INT. MAMRE'S RANCH HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

KITCHEN

Abram and Mamre are seated at an oaken table. Palmra enters,  
depositing the tray of peppers on the table.

She gets wooden plates from the kitchen counter and returns  
outside, exiting.

MAMRE

So, how come your father moved to Haran, anyway?

ABRAM

From the beginning, Nimrod had planned to move some of his Chaldeans to the Mediterranean Coast. Having foreseen that the Phoenicians would become world-class merchants, he had long envisioned intermarrying his Chaldeans with them to create dynasties through which economics and religion would be forever perfectly united; and he, through them, could dominate the world.

MAMRE

Well, the word Canaanite has become synonymous with "merchant".

ABRAM

In fact, it was his master plan for the subjection of the world. Because my father was reaching retirement age anyway Nimrod sent him to escort an entourage of Chaldeans to Tyre and Sidon; but he fell sick at Haran. So we remained while the Chaldeans proceeded westward. One year later, my father was dead; and God again urged me to depart, leading me south. And here I am.

MAMRE

Well, I'm glad He did.

ABRAM

Actually, He had spoken to me in Ur and told me to get out of my father's house, but I was reluctant. I didn't know exactly what to do. Perhaps I was a little afraid.

MAMRE

You afraid? Sheesh. But they couldn't kill you!

The women enter, Hannuah bearing the tray of roasted goat.

KNOCKING.

SARAI

Was that someone knocking?

MAMRE

I think so.

Calling into the house.

CAPTAIN SHAMROD  
Lord Mamre.

MAMRE  
Yes?  
(addressing Abram)  
Who is that?

ABRAM  
Shamrod.

MAMRE  
What is it, Shamrod?

CAPTAIN SHAMROD  
Sir . . .

MAMRE  
Come on in.

HANNUAH  
Go meet him, Mamre?

MAMRE  
Well, he could come in. We're coming  
Shamrod.

Abram and Mamre meet Captain Shamrod in the atrium.

CAPTAIN SHAMROD  
Sir, a Sodomite runner has come. He  
has bad news.

MAMRE  
From Sodom?

CAPTAIN SHAMROD  
But he didn't come from Sodom. He's  
an escaped captive.

The three men begin walking toward the broad entrance.

ABRAM  
Captive?

MAMRE  
What is it? What happened?

CAPTAIN SHAMROD  
He says Kudur-Lagamar and three other  
kings have invaded the land and  
conquered Sodom, Gomorrah, and the  
other cities of the plain.

ABRAM  
When did this happen?

CAPTAIN SHAMROD  
However long it took their convoy to  
get within range of us . . . a day  
or so, at least.

The three men exit Mamre's ranch house, stepping into the  
sunlight. Their hair wafts in the breeze as they look  
eastward.

CAPTAIN SHAMROD (CONT'D)  
Here he is.

MAMRE  
Tell us what happened.

MESSENGER FROM SODOM  
Water . . . ! More water, please.

MAMRE  
Hannuah, bring water. Quickly.

ABRAM  
Are you all right, man?

MESSENGER FROM SODOM  
Just . . . water . . .

Hannuah arrives with a cup of water, which the man guzzles.

MAMRE  
Okay. Now. Tell us --

MESSENGER FROM SODOM  
Birsha and the other kings of the  
plain led us out, but we had no sooner  
engaged good before we got snarled  
up in the tar pits. We were decimated  
by Kudur-Lagamar and the kings of  
his coalition.

ABRAM  
Who were they?

MESSENGER FROM SODOM  
The Hittites, the Hurrians . . . and  
Nimrod of Akkad and Sumer. They had  
already destroyed the Zuzim and the  
Emim before they got to the cities  
of the plain. Completely destroyed!

ABRAM  
What about the people of Sodom? Did  
he destroy -- ?

## MESSENGER FROM SODOM

No sir. Everyone within the cities were taken alive, as captives. After the destruction of the armies, they returned to the cities dragging their few prisoners like me along. They were defenseless; therefore, the elders came out and sued for peace, which, of course, was unconditional slavery. What else could they do? This is the price they paid for our lives. We were all roped together and led northward.

## ABRAM

My nephew . . .

## MAMRE

Yes. I know people there, too . . . as you know.

Sarai embraces Abram.

## MAMRE (CONT'D)

What should we do?

## ABRAM

Mamre, I've got to go after them.

## MAMRE

Man, have you lost your mind? You can't go after them! -- and alone, no less. You don't even know if they're alive.

## CAPTAIN SHAMROD

[There] Might be ten thousand men . . .

## MESSENGER FROM SODOM

. . . tens of thousands, sir . . .

## ABRAM

Fortune favors the bold. God is with me. Besides, I will not know if there is any possibility of rescuing them until I get close enough to assess the situation.

## MAMRE

Well, you won't go alone.

## ABRAM

I'm duty-bound to look the situation over, Mamre. But you don't have a stake in this.

MAMRE

Yes, I do. Do you think that they will leave us unmolested when they have returned with the booty from Sodom and Gomorrah. If they are returning to Mesopotamia, that's the only reason they would have returned at all; to horde their plunder. Otherwise they would have secured the trade routes this side of Jordan. And even if they have essentially done this, they will be back; because Egypt is next. We will have to fight them anyway . . . when they have reinforced themselves. Better now when they are weary from this campaign. What do you think, Shamrod?

CAPTAIN SHAMROD

I agree.

MAMRE

You are under no obligation to me in this matter.

CAPTAIN SHAMROD

I am under obligation to protect you here. If we don't undertake war today, I will be protecting you from these conquering kings tomorrow, just as you have said. And I don't like that idea very much. We must strike as soon as possible, before the pursuit of them become too difficult for us; preferably while they are drunk, gloating over their plunder.

MAMRE

It's settled then. Shamrod, send some men to my brothers to explain the situation. They are under no obligation; but if they would ride with us, they must be here within two hours. We will wait no longer.

CAPTAIN SHAMROD

Yes, sir.

FADE OUT:

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. TERRITORY OF DAN, VALLEY OF MIZPEH -- NIGHT

OUTSIDE BIVOUAC

Abram mounts the East Bank of the Jordan. His graying hair wafts in the moonlight. So do the grasses upon the sandy berm.

He is joined by Mamre, Mamre's brothers ESCHOL and ANER, and Captain Shamrod.

The campfires of the invading armies are stretching out interminably before them, cordoned in the left-hand distance, which is the northeast, by the three snowcapped mountains of the Hermon range.

ABRAM'S THREE HUNDRED EIGHTEEN MEN (one-third of which are mercenaries, the other being farmhands and shepherds) are gathering behind him on the eastern bank after having crossed the Jordan. These are loosely distinguished from Mamre's, Eschol's, and Aner's men by their relative groupings.

The FIGHTING MEN of Mamre and his brothers number four hundred, all totaled; a combined fighting force of seven hundred men who are climbing the sandy escarpment of the East Bank behind the patriarchs.

MAMRE

What do you think?

ABRAM

Can we distinguish where the captives are?

CAPTAIN SHAMROD

Possibly, sir. There will be fewer fires there.

ANER

That would be that canton there, closest to us.

ABRAM

I think you're right.

ESCHOL

But there will be a perimeter of guards . . .

MAMRE

Yes, but, evidently, they have been more concerned with attacks from

(MORE)

MAMRE (CONT'D)

Sheba and Dedan. They're backside  
is protected by the Jordan . . .

ANER

So they think.

ABRAM

Mamre . . . we could divide our forces  
. . . one company sneaking south of  
the encampment and the other moving  
up the East Bank of the Jordan.  
Once the initial assault has been  
made, this company could strike  
westward, from the northeast. . .  
intercepting them on the escape route  
back toward Damascus . . . if, by  
chance, we are able to rout them . . .

MAMRE

This would seem to be the logical  
approach. What do you think, Shamrod?

CAPTAIN SHAMROD

It's the thing to do.

ESCHOL

Well, Abram, it appears to be your  
baby. Order the battle.

ABRAM

I don't suppose it matters. I am  
inclined to strike from the south,  
though. Mamre and Eschol could assist  
me. Aner and Shamrod could affect  
the pincer movement in the north.

MAMRE

(addressing his  
brothers and Captain  
Shamrod)

Do any of you have a problem with  
that?

ANER

Sounds good to me. But you will  
need to give us time to get set first.

ABRAM

It will almost take us as long to  
reach our position as it will you,  
since they are encamped in square  
formation. But we will.

MAMRE

We'll get set ourselves, and wait  
thirty minutes.

CAPTAIN SHAMROD

We will not attack until we see the  
commotion.

ABRAM

Not too precipitously, though. Try  
not to get yourselves surrounded.

ESCHOL

If each of us kill one hundred men,  
we should be successful in shoveling  
them to you.

ABRAM

You're not nursing doubts are you,  
Eschol?

ESCHOL

Me? I was being positive.

ABRAM

We have the advantage.

MAMRE

Yeah. It's night.

ABRAM

God is with us.

EXT. SOUTHERN SIDE OF THE CANTONMENT -- LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS - ENGAGING FROM THE SOUTH

-- Abram, Mamre, and Eschol arise from their hidden positions  
and charge the southern side of the cantonment, followed by  
FOUR HUNDRED FIFTY MEN, swords upraised. BATTLE CRY.

-- Guards on the periphery are struck by arrows.

-- Abram's forces overrun the periphery and invade the camp,  
hacking and slaying.

-- The turbulence in the southern side of the encampment  
resembles the roiling of an agitated anthill; whereas,  
momentarily, at least, the northern sections are relatively  
quiet. But the CHAOS is visibly spreading northward.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. NORTHWESTERN SIDE OF THE CANTONMENT -- CONTINUOUS

ANER

That's our cue.

SERIES OF SHOTS - ENGAGING FROM THE NORTHWEST

-- Aner and Captain Shamrod charge, leading TWO HUNDRED FIFTY MEN. Some are mercenaries who are martially accoutered, others clearly farmhands.

-- Clashing of swords and bloodshed.

-- Frenetic combat and battle fury.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. SOUTHERN SIDE OF THE CANTONMENT -- CONTINUOUS

SERIES OF SHOTS - ENGAGING FROM THE SOUTH (CONTINUED)

-- Abram, Mamre, and Eschol: battle continued.

-- Kudur-lagamar appears, sword drawn.

-- Abram and Mamre tag-team him and eventually wound him.

-- He retreats from the battle.

-- Meanwhile, Eschol engages Ari-Ukki almost single-handedly.

-- TWO MERCENARIES and TWO SHEPHERDS ASSIST HIM. They slay Ari-Ukki (the Asshurian, i.e., Hurrian, Assyrian).

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. NORTHWESTERN SIDE OF THE CANTONMENT -- CONTINUOUS

SERIES OF SHOTS - ENGAGING FROM THE NORTHWEST (CONTINUED)

-- Aner and Captain Shamrod: battle continued.

-- Tud-khula clashes with Aner.

-- Captain Shamrod sinks an arrow into his chest.

-- He flees the battle wounded.

-- Meanwhile, Nimrod is mopping up numerous ambushers. Nevertheless, the battle becomes so fierce, he is forced to retreat.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INSERT - SATELLITE IMAGE OF THE LAND OF CANAAN.

SUPER: Animation of broad red arrowhead moving northeast from the territory of Dan toward Damascus. Pictographic explosion.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD WEST OF DAMASCUS -- MORNING

SERIES OF SHOTS - BATTLE WEST OF DAMASCUS

-- Abram, Mamre, Eschol, Aner, and Captain Shamrod battling the remaining Nephilim-giants, the three kings of the north, Tud-Khula (the Hittite), Nimrod, and the exceptionally large Kudur-Lagamar, the Elamite.

-- King Tud-Khula is killed.

-- Nimrod wounded, fleeing the battlefield eastward.

-- Kudur-Lagamar is seriously wounded yet again, fleeing likewise.

-- Smoke clears. Abram and company are victorious. Rejoicing.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. KIDRON VALLEY ON NORTHERN SIDE MOUNT MORIAH -- EVENING

From the northeast, a COMPANY OF FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE are traveling on foot in a southwesterly direction into the grassy Kidron Valley. A robed figure is walking out to greet them from the southwest, followed by a SMALL RETINUE OF PRIESTS, which remain at a distance.

This is Shem. He is carrying bread and wine.

Shem and Abram approach one another. They embrace.

SHEM

Bless you Abram. You are truly a son of the Most High God. Bless the Most High God who has delivered your enemies into your hand.

Abram guzzles the wine.

ABRAM

It's good to see you, uncle. One-tenth of all these spoils I give to your ministries.

Mamre, Eschol, and Aner approach behind Abram.

The KING OF SODOM approaches behind Shem, dwarfing the patriarchs who have gathered in the grassy valley. Like many of the other kings, he is a Nephilim-Giant.

BERA, KING OF SODOM

Take all the spoils, Abram. Only deliver the people to me.

ABRAM

No sir. I promised God that if He would give us success in defeating the invaders, I would not take one thing for myself. Besides, I don't want anyone saying that I took money for something that I had set my heart to do on principle. But, if you want to express your gratitude, give a portion to Aner, Eschol, and Mamre. They took their lives in their hands to return your city to you.

While Bera is congratulating Mamre, Eschol, and Aner, the five-thousand captives are approaching, having a reunion in the Kidron Valley with OTHER PEOPLE who are going out to welcome them. Shem pulls Abram aside.

SHEM

What about Nimrod?

ABRAM

He escaped. But he was wounded.

SHEM

There has been dissent in Egypt. Pharaoh is resenting any deference to him at all. He wants to be acclaimed a god himself. Many of the elders have their own axe to grind against Nimrod; each for their own reasons, of course. Some of them agree with us. They're against the false religions.

ABRAM

Well, what are you saying . . . ?

SHEM

Now's the time, if ever we are to create a coalition against him; while he is weakened by this defeat. He has so thoroughly entrenched the false religions that even his enemies defer to him. Though he lose political or military power -- I know him -- he will cravenly use this subterfuge to dominate and control people from now on. He must be exposed and humiliated.

ABRAM

What do you propose to do?

SHEM

I will try to create a coalition in Egypt for the purpose of luring him there.

INT. NIMROD'S PALACE IN BABYLON -- NIGHT

Before a golden throne and dais where two large cressets are burning, Nimrod is pacing. His beard is sopping with the blood of cannibalistic gorging.

Sammu-Ramat is reclining upon a divan in the center of the oriental chamber. Her face is likewise chancrous and blood-smearred. She is gnawing a severed forearm, the unfortunate victim lying upon the floor before her in a pool of blood. Her belly is tumescent: she is obviously pregnant.

NIMROD

We almost defeated that trecherous Abram. I should have killed him when I had the chance.

Sammu-Ramat's CACHINNATION echoes.

SAMMU-RAMAT

You tried, remember? You couldn't!

NIMROD

You were no help, you wretched shrew! I will salvage this situation yet. You watch. The Hittites and the Asshurians are in disarray --

Again, her CACKLING resounds.

SAMMU-RAMAT

You wish! Tud-Khula's brother will take up the torch without skipping a beat, and as for the Asshur --

NIMROD

I will reclaim Nineveh yet!

SAMMU-RAMAT

With what? Your army has been destroyed!

NIMROD

You're no help at all . . .

SAMMU-RAMAT

The Subartians and Gutians are flocking to the aid of Nineveh even now, in preparation for an attack from you. You're washed up --

NIMROD

So help me, I'll kill you, if you don't --

SAMMU-RAMAT

If I don't what? And although Kudur-Lagamar is finished too, at least he retains his throne. How long will this be said of you? All the client-states are chaffing to separate.

NIMROD

They wouldn't dare.

SAMMU-RAMAT

Ha!

NIMROD

The kings and priests will quell any dissent . . .

SAMMU-RAMAT

Hell, they're the ones dissenting!

NIMROD

Stop putting me down!

Nimrod seizes the forearm Sammu-Ramat has been gnawing and sinks his teeth into it, ripping off some flesh. With his mouth full, he brandishes the forearm and launches into bombastic elocution.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

I am the king of the world! I am the one to whom everyone owes all this prosperity! I, and no one else. I am the holy one, the savior of the world! I'm the messiah!

Meanwhile, Sammu-Ramat is astonished to see Nimrod's countenance changing. He starts to resemble a proboscis monkey, his nose flopping and wagging like a wattle.

SAMMU-RAMAT

Damn! You look like a moron!

NIMROD

. . . no one can compare to me! What did you say?

SAMMU-RAMAT

Good god, you're a failure. Look at you! You like a moron.

NIMROD

What . . . ? What are you talking about? I'm the king of the world.

SAMMU-RAMAT

You're a stupid idiot! You're the ugliest man that ever lived. How did I ever -- ?

NIMROD

You're wrong! I'm the king . . . . I will recoup my glory. Everyone owes me a debt of gratitude because of all that I have done to free humanity, to establish commerce and religion. Everyone! I will simply call in the favors . . .

SAMMU-RAMAT

Well . . . [that is] if they recognize you?

NIMROD

Wha . . . ? What are you talking about?

SAMMU-RAMAT

Go ahead. But they'll probably run you out of town like a pariah looking like that. Damn! Turn your face away! You look like a damn monkey!

NIMROD

You're a good one to talk. Look at you, with blood smeared all over your face like some ravenous fool. You always were a low-class tramp. How we persuaded all Mesopotamia that you were the goddess of beauty is beyond me!

SAMMU-RAMAT

But I am, you son of a bitch! And not just Mesopotamia. All over the world! Egypt reveres me!

NIMROD

Because of me, slut! You would never have been known there were it not for me.

SAMMU-RAMAT

Don't you dare denigrate by beauty, you hideous ape! I am the goddess of grace and graciousness, of loveliness and beautiful doves, of . . .

NIMROD

You can believe that crap if you want to, but take it from me, baby; the thrill is gone! You're just the dried up husk of a cruddy ole hag!

SAMMU-RAMAT

You son of a bitch!

NIMROD

Nothing more!

SAMMU-RAMAT

Without me, even your religious influence is nothing!

NIMROD

Bullshit! I can control these people's minds. A little mumbo-jumbo and I'll be back in business, bitch! You just watch.

SAMMU-RAMAT

Oh, I'll watch, alright. I'll watch your god-awful hideous mug flop squarely in the excrement of public opinion.

NIMROD

It'll never happen!

SAMMU-RAMAT

Rejection!

NIMROD

Never!

SAMMU-RAMAT

Rejection, rejection, rejection! All the money in the world cannot persuade the lying whores to congratulate you, you vomitous pig!

NIMROD

You ungrateful . . .

KNOCKING.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

What was that?

SAMMU-RAMAT

Someone desires an audience, dumb-ass!

NIMROD

Yes. What is it?

SHUFINO

Sir.

NIMROD

Come in, Shufino. Perhaps you can break the spell of evil which hovers around the Whore Queen.

Shufino enters.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

Well, what is it?

SHUFINO

Sir, the seventy ministers of Egypt and Pharaoh desire an audience with the great Osiris. They ask, "Can we expect you to come soon, or should we expect you later?"

NIMROD

There! You see! I've still got it!

SAMMU-RAMAT

Perhaps they would like to see their Queen Mother, Isis, as well. I need to put on some cosmetics.

NIMROD

No you don't, bitch!

SAMMU-RAMAT

Don't yell at me! You'll upset the baby.

NIMROD

You're not going to ride on my coattails, anymore, you cruddy whore; after the way you've spoken to me.

SAMMU-RAMAT

But they will want to see the Queen of Heaven, too . . .

NIMROD

Maybe next time. Why I must prepare . . . must put on the royal garments. Get my scepter, Shufino.

SAMMU-RAMAT

You bastard.

SHUFINO

How should I respond to the courier?

NIMROD

Tell them that they can expect an audience with their great god, Osiris, in three weeks. I will meet them at the great Temple at Luxor, at sunset on the first night of the harvest moon.

SHUFINO

Yes sir.

NIMROD

How wonderful it will be to be worshipped again; while you remain here to stomach the aspersion which has arisen among the Sumerians because of your ugliness and old age.

SAMMU-RAMAT

Bastard.

NIMROD

Yes, how wonderful to be on top again  
 . . .

EXT. TEMPLE AT LUXOR -- AFTERNOON

Temple of Luxor before the setting sun.

INT. TEMPLE AT LUXOR -- CONTINUOUS

The darkened rotunda of the audience hall apparently contains only two figures, Shem and a bald-headed Nephilim-giant with a Chinese queue (a long, slender braided pony-tail) hanging from the left-hand side of his head. They are silhouetted by sunlight rebounding down a lengthy corridor.

PHARAOH is Nimrod's older brother, Sabtechah.

SUBTITLES

SABTECHAH

(Ethiopian)

Send me word when you and the elders are finished. There is no need for me to see you again. In fact, it would be best for you to return to Canaan, afterward.

SHEM

(Ethiopian)

Yes. I will.

SABTECHAH

(Ethiopian)

Very well then.

(MORE)

## SABTECHAH (CONT'D)

You have no further need of my presence. I'll leave you to your business.

Pharaoh Sabtechah exits, leaving Shem alone.

EXT. TEMPLE AT LUXOR -- CONTINUOUS

Temple at Luxor before the setting sun.

On the northern side, the right-hand side of the temple, a flying saucer slowly descends. It hovers only meters above the ground.

A ramp extends toward the temple. Nimrod exits the Flying Saucer, walking down the declined causeway. He is wearing his leopard skin mantle.

He is greeted by SEVERAL EGYPTIAN PRIESTS who escort him into the temple.

INT. TEMPLE AT LUXOR -- CONTINUOUS

Down the lengthy corridor, they walk.

ONE OF THE PRIESTS speaks cursorily to Nimrod at the end of the tunnel, the entrance into the audience hall. Nimrod nods agreement and continues into the darkness of the spacious rotunda alone, the priests returning the direction from which they came, down the corridor toward the setting sun.

Nimrod steps into the center of the darkened rotunda, looking around, into the darkened bleachers above.

Suddenly, draperies which have been stretched over lanceolate windows above, that is, windows with Gothic arches, are yanked down. Sunlight streams into the capacious chamber, Nimrod bracing apprehensively.

Shem is leaping through the air, diving from an elevated vantage, a huge broad sword extended over his head. He slices the sternomastoid and trapezius muscles on Nimrod's right-hand side.

Shem falls to the ground, Nimrod howling; and rolls to his feet.

Immediately, a volley of arrows pierce Nimrod's torso roundabout.

NIMROD

Treason! Treason!

FIVE ELDERS OF EGYPT simultaneously impale Nimrod's vitals with spears.

Leaving the spears in him, they rotate out of the way for another wave of assassins who likewise bury halberd-axes into him.

Mortally wounded, Nimrod staggers, dismay overcoming him.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

Treason! Treason!

Shem steps before the doddering giant holding an enormous battle-axe.

NIMROD (CONT'D)

My enemy . . . I knew you would attempt something like this. Well, you've failed . . . I will come back . . . stronger . . .

SHEM

I don't think so.

FIVE MORE EGYPTIAN ELDERS stab Nimrod's back with spears. And a flurry of arrows from the bleachers sink into his face and neck.

While Nimrod is attempting to withdraw the spears from his back, Shem swings the enormous battle-axe and sinks it into his sternum.

Nimrod looks at the buried axe, mortified.

He topples in the center of the rotunda of the audience hall, dead.

INT. NIMROD'S PALACE IN NIPPUR -- NIGHT

Sammu-Ramat is seated upon the throne coddling a NEWBORN BABY. Behind her, the stageset, which is framing the dais, is a decorative shell.

The rayonnant pattern of the oyster shell's motif is pronounced because the arrises (that is, the creased ridges) of the shell's fluting reflect the torchlight of the cressets on either side. This has the affect of appearing like a nimbus of sunbeams radiating from the madonna and child.

Shufino tentatively enters.

SAMMU-RAMAT

If only Nimrod had seen his son. Of course, he had hundreds of other children, but . . . I had been barren so long. This pregnancy had been the first good thing to happen to us in twenty years.

SHUFINO

Your Highness, I hate to intrude . . .  
 . but . . .

SAMMU-RAMAT

But what, Shufino?

SHUFINO

Shem's audacious act -- forgive me, madam -- of cutting our master . . . your husband . . . into myriad pieces and sending them to the kings and governors throughout the world has produced the effect he desired. Widespread panic. People everywhere are deathly afraid to worship the pantheon of idolatrous gods that Nimrod promoted. Apostasy is rampant. Kings are even publicly disavowing any relationship whatsoever with Nimrod. Great darkness has settled over the legacy of our king.

SAMMU-RAMAT

I am aware, Shufino. But have no fear. There is hope. My little Tammuz will carry our religion; the religion through which I shall also finally achieve my rightful place at the center of the messianic hope of the world. We will continue to teach the hope of a libertine savior, but we shall have to go underground for a while. Don't be so dispirited, though, my friend. This can work to our benefit. People are so prideful, in fact, that the whole thing has played right into our hands. How they love to think they have more knowledge than their neighbor. We will simply provide them a mystery to unravel, the puzzle-workers. And the reward for unraveling it? Nothing less than salvation, itself. Of course, we don't want them to get too uppity, so we will continue to hold the threat of losing that salvation over their head -- by way of the guillotine of legalism, so to speak -- so that we can control them. Yes, they will flock in droves to our mystery religion, which revolves around mother and child; to have the special honor of being initiated.

(MORE)

SAMMU-RAMAT (CONT'D)

You see, this child is Nimrod  
reincarnated, the lover raised from  
the dead; thus he represents Dragon-  
worship reborn, too. What revenge  
on the meddling God of Shem . . .

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

THE END