

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

by
ROBERT BOLT

PART ONE

1 As a background to the SCREEN CREDITS the following:

CLOSE SHOT of the MOTOR BICYCLE. It is large, powerful and in beautiful condition. We can see that it is standing in some kind of country shed with a background of work-bench, petrol cans and so on. A few wild flowers, dandelions and such, are stuffed rather roughly in a jam jar on the work-bench. The shed is open-fronted and the motor bicycle and its background are dappled with sunlight falling through nearby leaves. A MAN comes and stands between us and the machine with his back towards us. We can only see him from the buttocks down. He is wearing heavy motorcycling boots and slaps onto the petrol tank a pair of gauntlet gloves. CAMERA stays on this while he prepares the machine—filling the tank, adjusting choke and mixture controls, ad lib as needed. He mounts and kicks the starter and moves off frame, with a roar.

2 PANNING SHOT. The motor-cycle leaves the farmyard into the lane. As background to FINAL CREDITS, the peaceful farmyard; noise of motor-bike receding to silence. Then sharp cut to:

3 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. The MOTOR-CYCLIST. Head and shoulders. On SOUND TRACK engine roaring. He is so heavily begoggled and muffled as to be anonymous but he wears no helmet and his bright hair is ruffled in the slipstream.

4 MOVING SHOT of the road ahead. At a distance, the road is up. It is too early in the morning for the workers to be there; a NIGHT WATCHMAN yawns over his brazier. A notice says “WARNING. Drain laying. Roadworks ahead”. We throttle down and pass the roadworks, still too fast and bank for a corner. Round the corner a similar roadworks and a similar notice which we see nearer than before, the word “WARNING” looming larger. Again we throttle down and pass the roadworks, again too fast, and are accelerating immediately towards a second corner.

Coming out of the corner a third roadworks ahead. The same notice repeated, this time the word “WARNING” almost filling the screen.

5 CLOSE SHOT of the MOTOR-CYCLIST. The scarf has slipped a little and we can see his mouth. It is neither smiling nor particularly determined but it sets into a sort of still calm as the CYCLIST accelerates:

Through the roadworks far too fast. We swerve to the left, to the right, tilt, approach a blind bridge, are out of control, spin, crash.

6 CLOSE SHOT. A piece of the road. The goggles slither along it up to CAMERA.

CUT TO

CLOSE SHOT. The blind stone eyes of LAWRENCE’s bust in a chapel of St. Paul’s Cathedral. On SOUND TRACK, the organ. A MAN in very correct civilian clothes, holding his bowler hat, adjusts the central wreath which has fallen askew. He does this not reverently but neatly, severely, and then without a backward glance leaves the chapel (past two SOLDIERS in blues who keep vigil there) and makes his way up the aisle after the rest of the discreetly murmuring, shuffling congregation where an elderly friend, a CLERIC, awaits him.

CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. BRIGHTON and his FRIEND pace slowly along the aisle, past memorials to other honoured heroes, which glimmer faintly from the walls. At these the CLERIC glances; then away.

CLERIC: Well *nil nisi bonum*. But I find something... disproportionate in all this.

BRIGHTON: (*must defend Lawrence, though he can't disagree*) He was a remarkable chap. By any counts, remarkable.

CLERIC: (*interested*) Did you know him well?

BRIGHTON: I knew him.

9 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. The steps of St. Pauls. The fashionable CONGREGATION is leaving, watched by a crowd of more ordinary FOLK who are kept aside by a few POLICEMEN. ALLENBY is standing alone, and quite still. He is in civvies and his bearing is modest, but one or two who pass him raise their hats, as though saluting. A REPORTER approaches.

REPORTER: Lord Allenby, Could you give me a few words about Colonel Lawrence?

ALLENBY: (*smiles a little*) What, more words... ? (*he makes a deliberately formal "statement"*) "The Revolt in the Desert played a decisive part in the Middle Eastern campaign".

The REPORTER is disappointed.

REPORTER: Yes sir, but about Colonel Lawrence himself.

ALLENBY: No. (*politely regretful*) I didn't know him well you know.

ALLENBY moves away. The REPORTER sees somebody else off screen and darts towards BENTLEY and a LADY.

REPORTER: Mr. Bentley, you must know as much about Colonel Lawrence as anybody does.

BENTLEY: (*a public "statement" which REPORTER takes down*) "It was my privilege to know him and to make him known to the world: he was a scholar, a poet, and a mighty warrior".

REPORTER tips his hat to the LADY and moves away.

BENTLEY: He was also the most shameless exhibitionist since Barnum and Bailey.

A MILITARY GENTLEMAN (The M.O. of the final sequence) darts up from behind, looming on the step above.

MILITARY GENTLEMAN: You sir! Who *are* you?

BENTLEY: (*not a bit put out*) My name's Jackson Bentley.

MILITARY GENTLEMAN: (*momentarily thrown*) Oh. (*recovers instantly*) You whoever you are sir, I heard your last remark and I take the strongest possible exception! (*challenging*) He was a very great man!

BENTLEY: (*mildly*) Did you know him?

MILITARY GENTLEMAN: No sir, I can't claim I knew him. (*truculent*) I had the honour once to shake his hand in Damascus!

BENTLEY turns away with politely raised eyebrows. MURRAY passes with a FRIEND. He growls:

MURRAY: Knew him? No I never *knew* him. He had some minor function on my Staff in Cairo.

DISSOLVE TO

10 INT. MAPPING ROOM. BRITISH H.Q. CAIRO

CLOSE SHOT: LAWRENCE is neatly tinting a map with watercolour. He sits back to look at it, patiently, but without enthusiasm. A shadow falls across him and he looks up, interested.

11 CLOSE SHOT: LAWRENCE's point of view of a basement window. Outside, the lower half of a camel walks by.

12 MED. SHOT. We now see that LAWRENCE is seated in a long narrow room, hardly more than a glorified passage. At each end a hole has been knocked high up in the wall and a massive bundle of electric cables proceeds in from one to the other and out again, dimming the already inadequate light which comes through a series of semi-circular windows high up in the wall of the basement.

There are six drawing boards with pots of paint, brushes, T squares, protractors, compasses, pens and ink, pencils, piles of rolled maps and whatever else cartographers need. Above the boards hang lamps with metal shades, and before each board is a stool. At one of these sits the only other OCCUPANT of the room, a SERGEANT.

LAWRENCE: (*gloomily*) Michael George Hartley, this is a nasty, dark little room.

SERGEANT: 'T's right.

LAWRENCE: We are not happy in it.

SERGEANT: (*thinking of the trenches*) I am.

LAWRENCE: Then you are an ignoble fellow.

SERGEANT: 'T's right.

He lights a cigarette, throwing down the packet and box, while LAWRENCE watches him, and goes on with his work. It is a relationship not uncommon in the Forces; the gulf of class and rank has been bridged by means of a ritualised parody. There is the sound of boots on stone floor. LAWRENCE looks up.

13 CLOSE SHOT. The door opens and a chirpy CORPORAL enters with a folded newspaper. Beyond him we catch a glimpse of a telephone exchange and a flight of stairs leading upwards from the basement.

14 MED. SHOT. The CORPORAL walks over towards LAWRENCE. The phlegmatic SERGEANT takes no notice at all.

LAWRENCE: Here is William Potter with my newspaper.

CORPORAL: Here y'are tosh.

LAWRENCE takes the paper, paying for it with a coin from his pocket.

LAWRENCE: (*quite simply*) Thanks. (*back to the act*) Would you care for one of Sergeant Hartley's cigarettes?

CORPORAL: Ta.

It is part of the game that no-one shall smile. The CORPORAL takes one of the SERGEANT'S cigarettes as LAWRENCE unfolds his paper.

SERGEANT: Is it there?

15 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE holds up the paper at the front page. It is in Arabic. He is instantly absorbed. The SERGEANT and CORPORAL regard him with the respect which everyone feels for the man with a passion, even uncomprehended.

LAWRENCE: Of course it is. Headlines. (*grimly*) But I'll bet it isn't mentioned in The Times. (*he indicates*) "Bedouin Tribes Attack Turkish Stronghold". And I'll bet there's no-one in the whole of this Headquarters who even knows it's happened. (*he throws down the paper*) Or would care if he did.

16 MED. SHOT. LAWRENCE finds their sympathetic, bovine gaze upon him and laughs.

LAWRENCE: Allow me to ignite your cigarette.

He strikes one of the SERGEANT'S matches and lights the CORPORAL'S cigarette. Then, he extinguishes the match by very slowly closing his finger and thumb upon the flame, his face very attentive the while. It is a trick the other two have evidently seen before but which evidently still fascinates.

SERGEANT: (*dispassionately*) You'll do that once too often. It's only flesh and blood.

LAWRENCE returns to his work, murmuring:

LAWRENCE: Why, Michael George Hartley, you're a philosopher.

CORPORAL: (*amiably*) You're barmy.

17 CLOSE SHOT. The door opens and an M.P. SERGEANT enters.

M. P. : Mr. Lawrence?

LAWRENCE: (*off; courteously*) Yes?

M.P.: Flimsy, sir.

He goes towards LAWRENCE.

18 CLOSE SHOT. The CORPORAL sits down on his own stool, as the M.P. enters picture, hands the flimsy to LAWRENCE, and exits. LAWRENCE unfolds the flimsy and his expression changes. The SERGEANT takes no notice, assuming it to be a routine order of some kind. LAWRENCE puts down the flimsy and takes his hat from a nail driven into the wall within reach, and gets down from his stool, his face very still, his eyes excited. The CORPORAL is preoccupied with a burning match which he proceeds to extinguish between his fingers.

CORPORAL: Ow! (*indignantly*) It damn well 'urts!

LAWRENCE: Certainly it hurts.

CORPORAL: (*cajoling*) Well what's the trick then?

LAWRENCE: The trick, William Potter, is not minding if it hurts.

THE CAMERA IS PANNING with him on the way to the door. He opens it and turns.

LAWRENCE: Oh, if Captain Gibbon (*he articulates the name with special politeness*) should enquire for me, tell him I've gone for a chat with the General.

He turns to go.

19 CLOSE SHOT. The SERGEANT and CORPORAL.

SERGEANT: (*not looking up*) Right you are, tosh.

CORPORAL: (*with just a shade of resentment*) He's barmy.

SERGEANT: He's all right. (*he slips from his stool and glances at the flimsy*) Good Lord, he has too.

CORPORAL: What?

SERGEANT: Gone to see the General.

20 INT. JUNIOR OFFICERS' CLUB

LONG SHOT. The Junior Officers' Club is a spacious room, long, high, and airy, once ornate, now stripped, but immaculately clean and orderly. One side is of glass and gives onto a courtyard. Its floor is covered in bleached matting: on the walls are steel engravings of old victories, dead Generals and living Royalty. It is furnished with a great many basket chairs of uniform pattern arranged in symmetrical fours round small tables with cloths of unbleached linen.

There is a bar and a billiard table in the foreground of picture. Fans turn. At the bar are two or three OFFICERS. One or two OTHERS sit at tables. TWO are preparing for snooker. Otherwise the place is empty. Their voices are pleasant and well-modulated. LAWRENCE appears in the background walking through the Club alongside the glass screen.

The SECRETARY (GIBBON) is chalking his cue at the billiard table. He is a CAPTAIN and wears a fierce moustache like a circus ring-master. The other OFFICER is also a CAPTAIN and is raising the triangular frame from the reds when the SECRETARY sees LAWRENCE, frowns, surprised, and after a fractional hesitation, calls:

SECRETARY: Lawrence.

LAWRENCE veers over towards them; the SECRETARY continues with his cue until LAWRENCE is within a few paces of the table.

SECRETARY: You're supposed to be... do you usually wear your cap in the Club?

The SECRETARY's tone is not hectoring, but on the contrary, quite low-pitched, to avoid needless embarrassment, and his words accompanied by a serious little smile. LAWRENCE's tone with the OFFICERS will be nervously aggressive, whereas his tone with the B.O.R. 's was comfortable, courteous, and even affectionate.

LAWRENCE: Always.

LAWRENCE had in fact forgotten the cap and wishes very much that he had not. His eyes slide to take in the other OFFICERS who stop talking. He relaxes deliberately.

SECRETARY: (*still mild, but not smiling*) You're supposed to be on duty, aren't you? Where are you going?

LAWRENCE: (*reproving*) Mustn't talk shop, Freddy. Not in the Club.

The OFFICERS regard him not with animosity, but with decent disapproval.

LAWRENCE: Matter of fact, I'm just going for a pow-wow with the General.

SECRETARY: (*reasonably*) I'm not asking as your superior, Lawrence, I'm asking as Secretary of this Club. (*reasonably again*) We don't want chaps in here when they should be on duty. (*firmly*) Where are you going, please?

By way of answer, LAWRENCE, smiling knowingly, takes the black and flicks it across the table.

21 CLOSE UP. The black hits the triangle sending the balls in all directions.

22 MED. SHOT. The CAPTAIN who all this time has been chalking his cue with considerate indifference, looks up and says with frank exasperation:

CAPTAIN: I must *say*, Lawrence!

LAWRENCE looks at the littered table where the balls still roll in confusion, and the glitter leaves his face.

LAWRENCE: Sorry!

And he turns and goes, watched by EVERYONE. SECRETARY says after him, not jeering but firmly:

SECRETARY: You're a clown, Lawrence.

At this LAWRENCE turns and says, backing:

LAWRENCE: Oh well, we can't all be lion-tamers.

And backs into a table at which a young LIEUTENANT of Yeomanry with a handsome face and buttered hair is drinking.

23 CLOSE UP. A half-empty bottle of lager falls over on the table and spills onto the perfect breeches.

24 CLOSE SHOT. The LIEUTENANT, with cruel restraint, merely puts down his glass and looks at LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE: Sorry.

25 CLOSE SHOT. An awkward pause. LAWRENCE hesitates. But there is nothing to be done. He goes. They all look after him in silence, the LIEUTENANT of Yeomanry steadily wiping his breeches with a handkerchief, the CAPTAIN starting to rearrange the triangle.

The SECRETARY turns back to the table saying clearly:

SECRETARY: Pretentious oaf.

26 INT. GENERAL MURRAY'S OFFICE CAIRO

CLOSE SHOT. GENERAL MURRAY is one of those regulation officers whose pride is to appear more regulation than anyone can be. His face is hard and shrewd, his expression exasperated. He is seated at his desk. On the wall behind him is an "Illustrated London News" type pen and ink sketch of heavy artillery on the Western front. On a ledge under the picture is a collection of empty shell cases of varying sizes. GENERAL MURRAY is addressing DRYDEN, a donnish man with a pale, lined, lively face, wearing civilian clothes, who at this moment has his back to us as he stands looking out of a window overlooking the gardens of the Headquarters.

MURRAY: I smell an intrigue! An intrigue between the Arab Bureau and a junior officer of my staff! A *very* junior officer, an *insubordinate* junior officer, an officer who, so far as I can gather, has proved markedly incompetent in a very junior post!

DRYDEN turns from the window, smiling a little at the reference to LAWRENCE's incompetence, and offers a smiling explanation of it.

DRYDEN: He wants to go to Arabia, sir.

He strolls away from the window towards a chair in front of MURRAY's desk, the CAMERA TRACKING BACKWARDS with him into a medium shot of the two of them. We now see that DRYDEN is carrying a copy of the Arabic newspaper.

MURRAY: I'm aware of that. He's made application for a posting to Arabia once a month ever since he got here. Very well then, the Arab Bureau comes along and says, "We want an Intelligence man in Arabia. We want you

to second us a man in Arabia. We think it should be Mr. Lawrence.” It’s an intrigue, Dryden, and I don’t propose to let an over-weening, finicking, crass Lieutenant thumb his nose at his General Officer Commanding, and get away with it!

He loosens the collar of his shirt as DRYDEN smiles again, and sits in the chair.

DRYDEN: (*calmly quizzical*) It doesn’t sound as though he’d be any great loss, sir.

MURRAY: Now don’t try that, Dryden. There’s a principle involved.

27 CLOSE UP DRYDEN

DRYDEN: (*suddenly quite sharp—but still calm*) There is indeed. He’s no use here in Cairo and he might be in Arabia. He knows his stuff, sir.

28 CLOSE UP. MURRAY. He is a little put out by the moral tone of this, which though a shade spinsterish is not less authentic for that. He grumbles:

MURRAY: Knows the books you mean. (*“books” is very contemptuous*) I’ve already sent out Colonel Brighton—who is a soldier—and if Brighton thinks we should send them some small arms then we will. What more d’you want?

29 MED. SHOT

DRYDEN: There would be no question of Lieutenant Lawrence giving military advice, sir—

MURRAY: —My God I should *hope* not!

DRYDEN: It’s just that the Arab Bureau wants its own man on the spot sir, to ...

MURRAY: (*suspicious*) To what?

DRYDEN: To make our own appraisal of the situation.

DRYDEN spreads his hands deprecatingly as he says this, as one who makes an almost childishly small request. But his eyes are ready for conflict—he speaks for the Bureau—and MURRAY is uneasy. This is a conflict which has been brewing for some time.

30 CLOSE UP. MURRAY. He looks away, fiddles with a ruler. Blurts out:

MURRAY: I may as well tell you. It’s my considered opinion and that of my staff that any time spent on the Bedouin will be time wasted. They’re a nation of sheep stealers!

31 CLOSE UP. DRYDEN. He raises and lets fall the newspaper.

DRYDEN: They did attack Medina.

MURRAY: (*off*) And the Turks made mincemeat of them.

DRYDEN: We don’t know that, sir.

32 CLOSE UP. MURRAY.

MURRAY: We know they didn’t take it. A storm in a tea-cup, Dryden, a side-show—(*he broods*) If you want my own opinion, this whole theatre of operations is a side-show. The *real* war’s being fought against the Germans not the Turks. Not here, but on the Western Front ... in the trenches! (*his eyes glow and we see for a moment how he longs to be*

there, organising mass attacks through mud) And your “Bedouin Army” or whatever it calls itself—would be a side-show of a sideshow!

33 CLOSE UP. DRYDEN. He is smiling again.

DRYDEN: Big things have small beginnings, sir.

34 CLOSE SHOT. MURRAY darts a quick look at him and rises.

MURRAY: And does the Arab Bureau want a big thing in Arabia? If they rise against the Turks, does the Bureau think they’re going to sit down quietly under us when this war’s over?

DRYDEN: The Bureau thinks the job of the moment is to *win* the war.

MURRAY: (*flushing, walks back to his desk*) Don’t tell me my duty, Mr. Dryden.

35 CLOSE SHOT. The door is opened by a STAFF MAJOR. Behind him we see LAWRENCE standing in the outer office. He moves forward as soon as he is announced.

MAJOR: Lawrence, sir.

MURRAY: (*off*) Send him in.

LAWRENCE brushes past the MAJOR and walks into the room.

LAWRENCE: (*cheerfully*) Good morning, sir.

36 CLOSE SHOT. MURRAY

MURRAY: Salute!

37 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE comes to a halt near DRYDEN and salutes, very badly, his legs not quite together, and throws a side-long glance at DRYDEN expecting approbation, but DRYDEN shakes his head quickly, somewhat to LAWRENCE’s surprise.

38 MED. SHOT. THE GROUP. MURRAY has been looking at LAWRENCE, ready to be enraged, but with something not unlike caution, but he intercepts the look at DRYDEN and explodes.

MURRAY: If you’re insubordinate with me, Lawrence, I’ll put you under arrest!

LAWRENCE: (*apparently crestfallen*) It’s my manner, sir.

MURRAY: (*barks, suspicious*) What?

LAWRENCE: My manner, sir. It looks insubordinate, but it isn’t really.

MURRAY is again baffled by his own lack of imagination and LAWRENCE’s apparent innocence. He moves uneasily.

MURRAY: I can’t make out whether you’re bloody bad-mannered or just half-witted.

LAWRENCE: (*confidentially*) I have the same trouble, sir.

MURRAY: (*thumping the table*) Shut up!

LAWRENCE: Yes sir.

MURRAY: The Arab Bureau seems to think you could be some use to them in Arabia. Why, I can’t imagine. You don’t seem able to perform your present duties properly.

LAWRENCE: (*smiling, he quotes—not mockingly, but as dons do quote, en passant*) “I cannot fiddle but I can make a great state from a little city.”

MURRAY: (*suspicious, barks*) What?

LAWRENCE: (*delicately helpful*) Themistocles, sir. A Greek philosopher.

MURRAY: I know you've been well educated, Lawrence; it says so in your dossier.

He pushes back his chair, rises, and walks to a window.

39 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE and DRYDEN. LAWRENCE raises his eyebrows and smiles enquiringly at DRYDEN, but DRYDEN frowns and gestures with his hand that he is to simmer down.

40 CLOSE SHOT. MURRAY standing looking out of the window. A swirl of dust blows by outside. MURRAY's face is dark with all the extrovert's loathing of the sensitive and introspective. He says, slowly and with great sincerity:

MURRAY: You're the kind of creature I can't stand, Lawrence ... but I suppose I could be wrong. All right, Dryden.

41 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE

MURRAY: (*off*) You can have him for six weeks.

LAWRENCE's face lights up, but almost immediately he composes himself.

42 CLOSE SHOT. MURRAY has turned around eyeing LAWRENCE heavily.

MURRAY: Who knows! It might even make a man of him. (in answer to a knock at the door) Come in!

43 LONG SHOT. The door opens and the STAFF MAJOR enters excitedly with a sheaf of bills.

MURRAY: What is it, Hawthorn?

MAJOR: Navy signal, sir. The convoy's coming in tomorrow night.

MURRAY: (*real joy*) Is that certain?

MAJOR: Yes sir ... there doesn't seem to be any artillery.

MURRAY's joy changes to anxiety. He snatches the paper.

MURRAY: There *must* be artillery!

DRYDEN and LAWRENCE have been forgotten.

DRYDEN: (*firmly*) It's something of an expedition, sir. He has got to get to Yenbo, find transport, find the Arabs, and then get back. He can't do that in six weeks.

MURRAY: Two months then.

DRYDEN: Three.

MURRAY: All right, three! Now let me do some work, Dryden.

And immediately his attention is back on the papers.

DRYDEN: Thank you, sir.

DRYDEN leaves, beckoning to LAWRENCE to follow, but LAWRENCE remains. He addresses MURRAY's bent head. He is sincere and correspondingly awkward.

LAWRENCE: I'd like to say, sir, that I *am* grateful for

MURRAY: Shut up and get out.

44 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE. His expression is hurt, then viciously resentful; then is replaced by his habitual protective mockery. THE CAMERA PANS with him as he goes to the door and turns:

LAWRENCE: Sir!

45 CLOSE SHOT. MURRAY and the MAJOR. They both look up.

46 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE. He performs a slow-motion parody of the regulation army salute and goes.

47 CLOSE SHOT. MURRAY and the MAJOR. Even before the door has closed MURRAY is searching rapidly through the Bills of Lading. He comes to the end and starts again, more and more frantically. Suddenly he cries out in real distress.

MURRAY: Oh, how can I fight a bloody war without bloody artillery?

INT. CORRIDOR

48 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. DRYDEN and LAWRENCE. THE CAMERA IS TRACKING on a CLOSE SHOT of DRYDEN. LAWRENCE runs up behind him.

LAWRENCE: Oh, Shabash, Dryden!

DRYDEN avoids him and continues walking.

DRYDEN: (*reproving*) He's not a bad chap, Lawrence.

LAWRENCE: No he's not a bad chap, he's a fool. (*grins in anticipation*) How did you do it?

DRYDEN again avoids him and goes on walking.

DRYDEN: You might better ask me why I bothered to.

At this LAWRENCE falls into step beside him, and although his words are still flippant his face begins to assume its expression of stiff and bitter withdrawal.

LAWRENCE: Because I'm the man for the job.

DRYDEN: (*looking straight ahead*) I just wonder about that.

LAWRENCE: Of course I'm the man for the job. What is the job, by the way?

DRYDEN: (*pausing beside a door*) Find Prince Feisal.

DRYDEN opens the door and they enter.

INT. DRYDEN'S OFFICE

49 MED. SHOT. This is a room at once similar to but utterly different from GENERAL MURRAY'S. It is elegantly furnished and carpeted, the room of a cultivated xenophile. There are pictures of ancient desert monuments and fragments of carving.

LAWRENCE: Good. And when I've found him?

DRYDEN: Find out what kind of man he is. Find out— (*his gaze wanders somewhat*)—what his intentions are. I don't mean his immediate intentions—that's Colonel Brighton's business, not yours. I mean his intentions in Arabia altogether.

LAWRENCE appreciates the significance of this. He walks away a little and comes to rest with his hand on a fragment of stone.

LAWRENCE: Oh *that's* nice ...

DRYDEN agrees. LAWRENCE puts down the piece of stone.

LAWRENCE: Where are they now?

DRYDEN: Anywhere within 300 miles of Medina. They're Hashemite Bedouins, they can cross 60 miles of desert in a day.

LAWRENCE throws back his head in silent rapture.

LAWRENCE: Oh, thanks Dryden. This is going to be fun:

DRYDEN: Lawrence, only two kinds of creature get 'fun' in the desert, Bedouins ... and— (*his gaze wanders round the photographs of silent sun-scorched figures and the fragments of stone*) —gods. And you're neither. Take it from me, for ordinary men it's a burning fiery furnace.

DRYDEN is irritably tapping a black Russian cigarette for himself. LAWRENCE steps forward, takes a box of matches and lights it for him.

LAWRENCE: (*very quietly*) No, Dryden, it's going to be fun.

The set intensity of his expression is in utter contradiction to his words.

50 CLOSE UP. DRYDEN. He looks from the burning match in LAWRENCE's fingers to LAWRENCE's face.

DRYDEN: (*rather sourly*) It is recognized that you have a funny sense of fun.

51 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE. He smiles and raises the flame to his lips. He bows it out in the normal manner.

DISSOLVE TO

52 SUNRISE IN THE DESERT

A series of shots taken with an under-cranked camera so that the change from grey dawn to brilliant sunlight is speeded. The audience should be unaware of the trick process, but from the first appearance of the sun over the horizon and the casting of the first shadow there should be a constant sense of movement as the sun rises higher and higher and the shadows grow shorter and shorter. Prominent in the composition of almost every shot should be the footprints of two camels. We do not see the actual camels until the series of under-cranked shots are finished and we

CUT TO

53 CLOSE SHOT. THE SUN, now a searing white.

54 LONG SHOT. A brilliantly lit desert vista of sand and rock. The tiny figures of two MEN on camels appear over a distant ridge.

55 CLOSE SHOT. The camels come to a halt. They are ridden by LAWRENCE, who is dressed in regulation British uniform, and TAFAS, his Arab guide, who wears the robes of a Hazimi of the Beni Salem. The two MEN scan the horizon.

56 LONG SHOT. A vast romantic landscape of sand, rock and blue sky.

57 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE AND TAFAS. Almost involuntarily LAWRENCE takes in a deep breath of air.

TAFAS: Here you may drink, one cup.

LAWRENCE unstraps a tin army mug and fills it from his water bottle. He is about to drink and then stops.

LAWRENCE: You do not drink?

TAFAS: No.

LAWRENCE: I will drink when you. do.

LAWRENCE begins to return the water to the bottle.

TAFAS: (*grunts and shrugs*) I am Bedu.

DISSOLVE TO

58 LONG SHOT. A MUD FLAT UNDER FLOATING DUST. (But the mud flat should be broken by rocks and not comparable to the Nefud mud flat later, and the dust not comparable to either the opaque wall of the dust-storm nor the weird effect of Sinai. This is, as it were, a mere introduction to and explanation of the phenomenon.)

59 MED. TRACKING SHOT. LAWRENCE and TAFAS emerge well powdered from one small cloud into clarity. TAFAS ties his headcloth round his mouth. LAWRENCE spits out dust while TAFAS is doing this and TAFAS looks at him. They are obscured again.

60 MED. TRACKING SHOT. They emerge. TAFAS offers to LAWRENCE a bit of rag, intimating in mime that he should tie it over his mouth. LAWRENCE hesitates. They are obscured again.

61 MED. TRACKING SHOT. They emerge, LAWRENCE with the rag tied over his mouth. Camera pans with them.

62 LONG SHOT. They ride away from us towards the next cloud which distantly drifts down towards them.

DISSOLVE TO

63 MED. SHOT. It is evening and the two camels are approaching the long shadows of a circle of juniper bushes and high sheltering rocks which frame a secluded hollow of soft multi-coloured sands. The camels are brought to a halt.

64 CLOSE SHOT. TAFAS AND LAWRENCE

TAFAS: We will sleep here.

The camels are made to kneel and TAFAS dismounts. For a moment LAWRENCE remains in the saddle easing his aching back, then, anxious to hide his discomfiture, he climbs stiffly out of the saddle only to find that standing is even more painful. TAFAS has untied his water skin and brings it to LAWRENCE.

TAFAS: (*smiling*) And now we will *both* drink.

LAWRENCE undoes his cup and holds it out.

TAFAS: (*pouring the water*) You do well ... Aurens.

LAWRENCE: Lawrence.

TAFAS: Aurens.

LAWRENCE raises his cup to him. They both drink.

65 CLOSE SHOT. A red sun low on the horizon.

DISSOLVE TO

66 LONG SHOT. A huge cliff of dazzling white sand leading up to a ridge backed by deep blue sky. After a few moments the small figures of the two MOUNTED MEN appear over the crest.

67 CLOSE SHOT. TAFAS signals a halt and both MEN stare down at the landscape below.

68 LONG SHOT. A wide and empty plateau with mountains in the distance.

69 CLOSE SHOT. TAFAS points out ahead, but seeing nothing, LAWRENCE unslings an old pair of binoculars and raises them to his eyes.

70 LONG SHOT (BINOCULAR EFFECT) A caravan of four camels moving across the plateau towards the mountains.

71 CLOSE SHOT. TAFAS is looking at them intently, but finding LAWRENCE's regard upon him he gives a quick explanatory grin and says, with the off-handedness of one belittling his own anxiety, for his own comfort.

TAFAS: From here to Lord Feisal's camp is Harith country.

LAWRENCE: I know.

TAFAS: (*his attention going back to the distant RIDERS*) I am not Harith

LAWRENCE: (*indicating some detail of his dress*) No, Hazimi, of the Beni Salem.

TAFAS: (*astonished and pleased, looks at LAWRENCE*) Aye!

But immediately his pleasure fades, and as he urges his beast forward, he is again gazing thoughtfully towards the caravan ...

DISSOLVE TO

72 CLOSE SHOT. Little gusts of wind are blowing sand across the embers of last night's fire. CAMERA, drawing back, reveals TAFAS and LAWRENCE, both squatted, Durham-miner fashion, by the fire in identical postures, absorbed, eating; then their kneeling camels. Saddles and saddle bags piled before LAWRENCE and TAFAS on the other side of the fire. CUT BACK from this again to:

73 CLOSE SHOT. TAFAS is eating a fist full of rancid mutton fat. LAWRENCE is eating thin arrow-root biscuits which he extracts from their packet and eats as neatly as if he were in a vicarage. Between them on the sand are LAWRENCE's shining tin mug, and whatever nasty receptacle such a person as TAFAS might use. Silence prevails. TAFAS' eyes flick intently from time to time to LAWRENCE's revolver on the pile of LAWRENCE's equipment. (CLOSE SHOT on this) LAWRENCE from time to time, watches the brisk progression of fat from TAFAS' hand to mouth. His expression is in no way disgusted. He is wondering if he could do it. Absently he takes up his mug. It is empty. TAFAS quickly offers his own which is half full. It is rimmed with mutton fat. LAWRENCE gently rejects it. TAFAS looks at it for a moment and replaces it on the ground. LAWRENCE disapproves of himself. TAFAS addresses his jaws to the mutton and his eyes to the revolver.

LAWRENCE: Take it.

TAFAS: (*stops eating and looks at LAWRENCE. As one who explains the nature of a commercial contract*) I take you to Lord Feisal. Then you give it to me.

LAWRENCE: (*nods to show his comprehension*) Take it now.

He gives the pistol to TAFAS, who, eyes shining, wipes his fingers on his clothes and takes it reverently as though it were ceramic and he a connoisseur. Wordlessly he thrusts it into his belt. He looks at LAWRENCE with a complex of emotions struggling beneath his rudimentary features. He takes up his fat and has a brilliant idea. He holds it out eagerly, but his smile vanishes as he remembers the incident of the mug. He

laughs deprecatingly at the mutton ...

TAFAS: Bedu food. (*... and rather sadly draws it back again*)

LAWRENCE thrusts out his hand and takes a piece and puts it in his mouth, watched anxiously by TAFAS. There is no comedy, and from the steely concentration of his face we see that the flesh is indeed mortified.

LAWRENCE: Good.

TAFAS: (*very pleased, thrusts out the fat*) More?

LAWRENCE gravely takes some more.

DISSOLVE TO

74 EXTREME LONG SHOT. (HELICOPTER) The desert is now a firm and level plain. At first we see nothing but the sweep of the empty desert, then we perceive two tiny moving objects far below—moving towards the CAMERA. The CAMERA begins to descend towards them, and as they increase in size, we see two shadows, two camels, two RIDERS. The CAMERA keeps boring in, and we identify LAWRENCE and TAFAS cantering along at a good clip.

75 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LAWRENCE is still awkward on his mount and TAFAS is giving him riding tips as they move along. LAWRENCE'S confidence grows, and the CAMERA pans and tracks with him as he urges the camel into a gallop. The camel describes an erratic circle which brings LAWRENCE back alongside TAFAS. LAWRENCE knows he has done well, and raises his eyebrows, amused by his own greed for praise.

TAFAS: (*genuinely approving*) I think we reach Masturah Well—tomorrow!

LAWRENCE: Yes?

TAFAS: And from Masturah Well to Lord Feisal's camp, one day more. (*as a teacher who desires his pupil to repeat an exercise, he looks at LAWRENCE, his posture and grip of his reins, and*) Now!

LAWRENCE obediently puts his beast into a canter, TAFAS following.

76 MED. SHOT. (HELICOPTER) The CAMERA pulls back and up as the canter becomes a gallop—higher and higher—until the tiny FIGURES, now moving away from CAMERA, are lost to view.

77 CLOSE SHOT. The white hot sun of noon.

78 CLOSE SHOT The parched surface of a mud flat baked by the sun into a flattened honeycomb.

79 TRACKING CLOSE UP. The CAMERA is close on the faces of LAWRENCE and TAFAS which are outlined against the pattern of the mud flat which slips by below them. LAWRENCE's skin is the fiery red of the sunburnt European, and the folds of his headcloth and the creases of his skin are powdered with fine dust. They ride in silence.

80 LONG SHOT. We see now that the two RIDERS are crossing a long and narrow mud flat enclosed by tall black cliffs of rock.

81 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. TAFAS is again scanning the horizon before them with narrowed eyes. He grunts and points.

TAFAS: The Well. (*but he is less interested in this than in whatever else he is again scanning for*)

82 CLOSE SHOT. A brilliant circle of blue sky framed in black. The faces of LAWRENCE and TAFAS appear on the edge of the circle. A bucket hurtles down towards CAMERA, and with a loud splash, breaks the reflection in the still water at the bottom of a well

83 MED. SHOT. The top of the well is situated on the edge of the mud flat. As TAFAS begins to haul up the bucket he glances carefully all round the horizon. LAWRENCE, noticing this, does the same—but they see nothing. TAFAS regains the bucket, pours some water into LAWRENCE's tin cup, then raises the bucket to his own lips. They both drink.

TAFAS: Good?

LAWRENCE: (*with a half-smile*) It's all right.

TAFAS: *(the idea is new to him, but he looks into his bucket, catches on, and with the patronizing indulgence proper between two civilized gentlemen for the weakness of the primitive)* This is a Harith Well. *(with hypocritical regret)* The Harith are a dirty people. *(he drinks greedily)*

With another look round the horizon he goes over to a small trough and pours out the remainder of the water for the camels. As the camels drink, LAWRENCE strolls over to a little patch of sand and lazily sits watching TAFAS as he returns to the well and drops the bucket into it. A splash echoes up from below.

84 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE begins to whistle to himself. (“The Man Who Broke the Bank”) as he drifts off into a little daydream. The sound of the bucket is heard bumping up the side of the well—then it stops. There is a moment’s silence followed by a heavy splash. LAWRENCE looks up.

85 CLOSE UP. TAFAS is standing stock still looking out over the mud flat.

86 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE turns to see what he is looking at.

87 LONG SHOT. A little dust cloud is approaching at a distance of about half a mile, floating above the mirage.

88 MED. SHOT. LAWRENCE rises, and slowly goes over to TAFAS.

They stand together staring out over the flat.

89 LONG SHOT. A black blob wavers out of the centre of the dust cloud. It could be a MAN running, a MAN on horse, a MAN on a camel, almost anything.

90 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE AND TAFAS.

LAWRENCE: Turks?

TAFAS does not answer.

91 LONG SHOT. The blob is now recognisable as a horse or a camel, but elongated, as if on stilts by the mirage.

92 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE AND TAFAS. A moment’s pause.

TAFAS: Bedu.

Without looking at LAWRENCE, he hurries off.

93 MED. SHOT. As TAFAS leaves LAWRENCE and goes over to his camel the approaching FIGURE out on the mud flat is now clearly seen as an ARAB mounted on a *camel*.

94 CLOSE UP. TAFAS unhitches his gun from the side of the camel, and keeping close into animal, stands still, waiting ...

95 LONG SHOT. The approaching STRANGER is now quite near ... He wears a black hooded cloak with a black cloth drawn across his face.

96 CLOSE SHOT. TAFAS is standing in the foreground of picture, while LAWRENCE waits, puzzled and apprehensive by the well. TAFAS masks his face with his headcloth.

LAWRENCE: Who is he?

TAFAS cocks his pistol.

LAWRENCE: *(sharply)* Tafas!

97 QUICK CLOSE SHOT. TAFAS, masked. His eyes frightened. Deaf to LAWRENCE.

98 QUICK MED. SHOT. At a distance of some 125 yards the STRANGER is tapping his camel into a kneeling position. As he reaches the ground he draws his rifle from the saddle holster.

LAWRENCE: Tafas, let me—

99 CLOSE SHOT. With a sudden movement TAFAS steps out from the side of his camel, raises his pistol and fires.

100 MED. SHOT. The STRANGER drops to the ground behind his camel. There is another shot. TAFAS remains as still as a statue in the foreground of picture.

101 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE, frozen in place, numbed by the unexpected eruption of violence.

102 LONG SHOT. The three MEN remain completely still. Then, TAFAS' gun falls to the ground with a clatter, and very slowly he sags at the knees and crumples into a heap beside it. LAWRENCE runs over to the body.

103 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE stands looking down at the dead man, and then raises his eyes to the mud flat.

104 LONG SHOT. The STRANGER rises to his feet, reloads his rifle, and mounts his camel.

105 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE goes down on his haunches by TAFAS, keeping his eyes on ALI.

106 MED. SHOT. LAWRENCE stands with his back to CAMERA in the foreground of picture. In the background the STRANGER rides slowly towards him and finally comes to a halt on the other side of the dead man. After a glance to make sure that TAFAS is dead, he thrusts his rifle into the saddle holster, unwinds his headcloth, and leaps gracefully to the ground. He is a handsome young man of about LAWRENCE's age; an impressive figure in both bearing and costume. He picks up the pistol. He examines it.

ALI: Is this pistol yours, English?

LAWRENCE: No, his.

So ALI stuffs it complacently into his own waistband and approaches the well followed by his camel. He picks up the tin mug which is lying on the wall of the trough.

ALI: His?

LAWRENCE: Mine.

ALI: *(as one who confers a compliment)* Then I will use it.

He scoops a little water from the trough and does so, LAWRENCE turns TAFAS onto his back.

ALI: He is dead.

LAWRENCE leaves TAFAS and approaches ALI.

LAWRENCE: Yes. Why?

ALI: This is my well.

LAWRENCE: I have drunk from it.

ALI: *(politely)* You are welcome.

They look at one another. Neither of them frightened but in mutual incomprehension.

ALI: *(comforting)* He was nothing, English.

LAWRENCE: Then why kill him?

ALI: He was nothing. The well is everything. And it is mine. I am Sherif All Ibn El Kharish.

LAWRENCE: *(this is real news evidently, and makes LAWRENCE's mood more thoughtful)* I have heard of you.

ALI: (*pleased*) So?

LAWRENCE: (*indignation rising spontaneously*) I had not heard you were a murderer.

ALI: (*after a little pause. Quietly*) You are angry, English.

LAWRENCE: He was my friend.

ALI: (*looks at TAFAS*) That? (*looks at LAWRENCE*)

LAWRENCE: Yes, that.

ALI raises his fine eyebrows, but politely refrains from comment. LAWRENCE finds himself defending his humanitarian position, which makes him the more angry.

LAWRENCE: He was taking me to help Prince Feisal!

ALI: (*mounts and calls back*) He was a Hazimi of the Beni Salem. The Beni Salem are blood enemies to the Harith. They may not drink at our wells. (*shrugs*) He knew that.

ALI raises his head in salute and turns his camel back on to the mud flat.

LAWRENCE: (*calling after him*) Sherif Ali! So long as the Arabs fight tribe against tribe, so long will they be a little people.

107 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE, emphasizing every word.

LAWRENCE: A silly people! Greedy, barbarous, and cruel—as you are!

ALI rides out of picture, leaving the screen filled with blue sky. Music begins. The CAMERA pans downwards revealing a different location—a barren desert landscape, across which LAWRENCE is riding, leading TAFAS' empty camel behind him.

DISSOLVE TO

108 EXTREME LONG SHOT. LAWRENCE and his two camels have now entered an area of spectacular and magnificent scenery. High red cliffs tower above sparkling white sand and give the landscape an atmosphere of incredible grandeur and beauty.

109 MED. SHOT. The CAMERA pans down a great face of rock, following the echo, and comes to rest on a CLOSE SHOT of a MAN dressed in the uniform of a British Colonel. He is sitting on a boulder, watching. His camel grazes a few yards behind.

110 LONG SHOT. The distant figures of LAWRENCE and his two camels from the COLONEL's viewpoint.

111 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE hears a parade-ground voice shouting his name. He halts his camel and looks around. From the shadow of the rocks in the far back ground, the figure of the COLONEL, now mounted on a camel, comes out into the sunlight.

DISSOLVE TO

112 MED. SHOT. The CAMERA pans with the COLONEL as he trots his camel over to join LAWRENCE. He is very military, but intelligent and hard-bitten. When he speaks it is rapidly, as a man who knows his own mind and has something on it. His name is BRIGHTON. He rides up alongside LAWRENCE into a TWO SHOT.

BRIGHTON: (*hostile*) I've been waiting for you.

LAWRENCE: (*surprised*) Did you know I was coming?

BRIGHTON: I knew *someone* was coming. Feisal told me.

LAWRENCE: (*interested*) How did *he* know?

BRIGHTON: Not much happens within fifty miles of Feisal that Feisal doesn't know. I'll give him that. No escort?

LAWRENCE: My guide was killed at the Maturah Well.

BRIGHTON: (*alert*) Turks?

LAWRENCE: No, an Arab.

BRIGHTON: (*with real distaste, gloomy*) Bloody savages ...

LAWRENCE: (*cool*) This is Wadi Safra isn't it?

BRIGHTON: Yes, they're over there. (*indicating with a jerk of the head an evident declivity into which we cannot see. Then, as LAWRENCE is eagerly about to move forward, he checks him flatly*) Just one moment, Lawrence. (*irritably curious; his sense of professional etiquette is outraged*) Now—who sent you?

LAWRENCE: I've been seconded to the Arab Bureau.

BRIGHTON: (*his face clears. This has explained all*) O-o-oh. (*the exclamation demonstrates his relief that LAWRENCE is in such a weak position as that*) And what are you to do for the Arab Bureau? (*a thousand Mess Room jokes are his authority for this attitude of patronizing amusement*)

LAWRENCE: (*explicitly earnest and polite in ratio to BRIGHTON's implicit rudeness*) It's rather vague actually, sir, I'm to "appreciate the situation".

The parody of the Public School subaltern does not go unnoticed. BRIGHTON looks at him cautiously, but LAWRENCE's face is studiously innocent.

BRIGHTON: (*grunts*) That won't be difficult, the situation's bloody awful. (*he digs irritably in the sand with a bit of stick*) Their morale—if they ever had any morale, which I doubt—the Turks knocked it out of them in front of Medina, (*the irritation is replaced by a brooding sadness*) with howitzers. They're fading away by dozens every night. And what I want to say to you is this: (*he recites with considerable dignity his simple creed*) Wherever you are, and whoever you are "with" you are a British Serving Officer. And here's an order. When we get into that camp, you'll keep your mouth—shut. D'you understand what I'm saying?

LAWRENCE: (*cheerfully*) Yes sir, I understand what you're saying. (*it is impudently equivocal, and has no trace of obedience*)

BRIGHTON: (*crisply, throwing away his stick and preparing to rise*) You'll make your appreciation and get back to—

And then, crouched springily on his heels, he freezes and breaks off and the vitality drains from his face. The organ note of low flying aircraft approaches and his eyes are haunted as he utters the trench-soldier's prayer.

BRIGHTON: Oh my God, not again ...

The noise gathers, two explosions set the cliffs thundering. BRIGHTON and LAWRENCE rush to control their panic-stricken animals and look up as:

113 LONG SHOT. A Turkish bi-plane shoots upwards from behind a cliff, climbing steeply. The CAMERA pans with it as it roars overhead and banks into a sharp turn.

114 CLOSE UP. BRIGHTON and LAWRENCE turn around as they hear the sound of a second engine.

115 LONG SHOT. Another plane roars over the cliff-top.

116 CLOSE SHOT. The camels buck and rear. BRIGHTON gets his under control, then LAWRENCE, who is looking up at:

117 LONG SHOT. The first plane completes its turn and goes into a shallow dive. The CAMERA pans with it until it disappears behind the cliff.

118 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LAWRENCE and BRIGHTON riding for the camp. BRIGHTON is talking vehemently—to himself rather than LAWRENCE—and glaring straight ahead.

BRIGHTON: I've *told* him! God knows I've told him! "Move South" I've said, "You're still *in range!*" They simply will not realize what modern weapons do!

119 LONG SHOT. The screen is obscured by a cloud of drifting smoke and dust. As it clears, a large Bedouin camp of some one hundred black tents is disclosed—now a scene of absolute pandemonium and chaos. Amid the casualties, MEN struggle to recapture loose animals and WOMEN search for their children, while chickens, goats and donkeys stampede among the tents. There is the sound of the second plane screaming down in a dive. The HUMANS freeze where they stand, and look up.

120 LONG SHOT. The diving plane.

121 MED. SHOT. BEDOUINS scatter to left and right—out of the way of the bombing run.

122 MED. SHOT. The plane swoops overhead. A bomb plummets downwards.

123 MED. SHOT. A tent disappears in the flash of an explosion.

124 MED. SHOT. The plane sweeps away over a dune. Its shadow races up to meet it on the crest and it vanishes over the top.

125 MED. SHOT. Frightened BEDOUINS stagger against a curtain of drifting black smoke. As it begins to clear, a prophet-like FIGURE mounted on a white horse comes riding out from the darkness. This is FEISAL. He rides towards CAMERA against the stream of MEN and animals, wheeling his horse in an effort to calm the panic. He shouts as he rides.

FEISAL: Stand and fight!

The CAMERA tracks with him as he shakes his rifle at the sky.

FEISAL: Fire back at them!

126 MED. SHOT. The first plane, now very low, comes diving in over the dune.

127 CLOSE SHOT. FEISAL raises his rifle.

128 MED. SHOT. A flash of the plane as its machine-gun opens fire.

129 CLOSE SHOT. FEISAL shoots vainly at the sky as the noise of the engine deafens him, a line of bullets lash the sand behind him, and the black shadow of the plane sweeps over and leaves him before he can turn to shoot again.

130 LONG SHOT. The plane sweeps away over the dust-laden camp, its machine gun firing among the panicked BEDOUINS, who run in every direction.

131 CLOSE SHOT. FEISAL, his pale face contorted with rage, shakes his rifle at the retreating plane in an impotent gesture of defiance. The approaching drone of the second plane makes him turn. The machine gun opens fire. His horse rears.

132 MED. SHOT. A flash of the plane, its gun blazing.

133 MED.SHOT. The shadow of the plane sweeps across the sand. FEISAL beats his mare into a gallop and, flat out, his white robes streaming behind him, he chases the dark shadow in a mad and hopeless race. As the plane rapidly draws away he pulls up his horse.

134 CLOSE SHOT. Surrounded by swirling dust, FEISAL is a noble and tragic figure as he sits bolt upright on his trembling foam-flecked mare staring after the plane.

135 LONG SHOT. The two planes fly away into the distance.

136 CLOSE SHOT. As the drone of the planes dies away, so FEISAL droops in the saddle. In the background the shattered camp stirs to life. MEN and WOMEN run to and fro, swiftly loading their belongings onto pack-camels. FEISAL is absorbed in his own despair, gazing down at the ground. After a few moments he braces himself as one who prepares to shoulder once again an intolerable burden. He throws back his head and assumes a public face, but at once his gaze is arrested.

137 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE looks down at him from a blank blue frame, with compassion certainly but more, with devouring interest.

138 CLOSE SHOT. FEISAL looks up at him; his head slightly tilts, enquiringly.

FEISAL: *(straight-forwardly interrogative—no “significance” please)* Who are you?

139 CLOSE SHOT. BRIGHTON in a blue frame.

BRIGHTON: Lieutenant Lawrence, sir, seconded to the Arab Bureau. This is a bloody mess, sir. We'll have to move south—

140 CLOSE SHOT. FEISAL looking up at BRIGHTON. He interrupts with the savagery of his self-reproach.

FEISAL: Yes, yes, Colonel—fifty miles south—you were right and I was wrong. *(his gaze shifts; he is looking at LAWRENCE and as though to him he says)* We must take some thought for the wounded ...

141 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE as before. On SOUND TRACK BRIGHTON says:

BRIGHTON: *(Over)* We can take care of them at Yenbo sir.

FEISAL: *(Over)* If they can get to Yenbo.

BRIGHTON: *(Over; impatient)* They can hardly come with us sir!

142 CLOSE SHOT. FEISAL looking up as before.

FEISAL: No. They must try to reach Yenbo. ... Lieutenant—?

143 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE as before.

LAWRENCE: Lawrence ...

144 MED. SHOT. THE THREE

FEISAL: You understand Lieutenant Lawrence, my people are ... unused to explosives and ... machines ... *(he gazes about)* First the guns ... now this ...

He is suddenly choked with emotion, turns on his heels and goes towards the scattered tents, walking. An ARAB takes his horse which he has forgotten, and leads it after him.

145 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE and BRIGHTON. LAWRENCE looking after FEISAL: BRIGHTON looks at LAWRENCE, uneasily, and frowns.

DISSOLVE TO

146 EXTREME LONG SHOT. NIGHT. A great Bedouin caravan, with their flocks and herds, winds out from the high cliffs and rocks into the open desert.

DISSOLVE TO

147 LONG SHOT. DAY. The caravan is now sprawled out over a bleak and featureless terrain.

148 MED. TRACKING SHOT. BRIGHTON AND CORPORAL JENKINS, his orderly, are riding several yards in front of LAWRENCE, who, with a map case on his knee, is noting the course of the caravan. Surrounding the three EUROPEANS is a moving mass of goats, sheep, camels, WOMEN on foot and in howdahs, CHILDREN, WARRIORS, and baggage camels—a Biblical scene of Exodus.

149 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE raises the compass to his eyes and looks through it.

150 MED. SHOT. As seen through the markings of the compass, the CAMERA tracks behind the upright figure of FEISAL mounted on his white mare and flanked by his two negro SLAVES and a STANDARD BEARER.

151 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE lowers the compass and marks a position on the map. Hearing a sudden burst of shouting and laughter he looks up.

152 MED. TRACKING SHOT. From behind a forest of marching camel legs an infuriated GOATHERD is shouting at two BOYS in the foreground of picture. One of the BOYS is trying to ride a bucking and protesting ram, while the other, roaring with laughter, is trying to keep him on. The ram eventually throws the RIDER on to the ground just as the GOATHERD springs out and proceeds to lay about them both with his stick. The BOYS escape among the camels only to be met by another series of blows from the RIDERS. The CAMERA tracks with them down the line until they finally reach a peaceful haven beside LAWRENCE. For a few paces they march in silence rubbing their tender backs, then, with a winning smile, DAUD, the tougher of the two, looks up at LAWRENCE.

DAUD: *(miming)* Cigarette?

LAWRENCE: *(smiles)* Sorry. *(he spreads his hands. Then returns to his map)*

DAUD looks up, interested, but the other imp, FARRAJ, nudges him and points to the two RIDERS ahead. They run forward out of the picture.

153 MED. TRACKING SHOT. BRIGHTON and JENKINS. The two BOYS appear on either side of JENKINS' camel.

DAUD: Cigarette your. excellency?

JENKINS: 'Umph off.

FARRAJ looks up at the CORPORAL with his soft swimming eyes, and raises his hands in a gesture of prayer.

FARRAJ: Please, your excellency. Just one for two.

The CORPORAL relents and throws down a cigarette packet. The BOYS leap on it, only to find that it is empty. The CORPORAL laughs. There is an exchange of looks between the two BOYS, and the CAMERA drops back with them as they take up a position immediately behind the CORPORAL's camel. With the deftness of long practice, FARRAJ daintily lifts the camel's tail and DAUD rams his stick home. The camel roars and takes off.

154 CLOSE SHOT. BRIGHTON, shouting after the CORPORAL.

BRIGHTON \: Hold it, Jenkins!

155 CLOSE SHOT. JENKINS falls to the ground with a thud.

156 CLOSE SHOT. DAUD and FARRAJ walking along with studied innocence. They hear someone laughing and turn.

157 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE sees the two imps looking at him, and checks his laughter.

158 MED. SHOT. Taking advantage of his appreciation, the two BOYS fall in beside LAWRENCE's camel.

DAUD: Aurens?

LAWRENCE: Aurens.

DAUD: *You* have no orderly.

LAWRENCE: I don't need an orderly.

FARRAJ: (*considers this*) No? We can do everything—light fires—cook food—wash clothes—

DAUD: —yes everything.

FARRAJ: It will be very nice for you.

LAWRENCE: I can't afford it.

This is unanswerable. The BOYS grimace sympathetically and LAWRENCE urges his camel forward out of picture. We stay on the two BOYS looking about for fresh worlds to conquer.

DISSOLVE TO:

159 LONG SHOT. SUNSET. The new camp has been set up beneath a protecting ring of smooth rocks and high banks of sand at the edge of a remote plateau. The smoke of the fires rises straight into the air and one by one, lights appear in the largest and most central of the Bedouin tents. On the heights above the camp, the tiny figures of SENTRIES are silhouetted against the soft glow of the sunset. It is a scene of great tranquility after the noise and bustle of the previous sequences.

160 LONG SHOT. From their angle, the camp.

161 MED. SHOT. INT. FEISAL's tent. Though large, it is a plain black tent like the others, very sparsely "furnished", though a carpet is essential. Present are FEISAL, BRIGHTON, LAWRENCE and the RECITER, to whom they are listening, BRIGHTON with a gentlemanly self-control which shrieks impatience, FEISAL head back, eyes closed, LAWRENCE head down, face hidden.

RECITER: *Recite then as much of the Koran as may be easy to you. God knoweth that there be some among you sick while others travel through the earth and others do battle in His cause. Recite therefore as much as may be easy. And seek ye forgiveness of God. Verily God is forgiving, merciful.*

During this recital (which can of course be lengthened or shortened as necessary) ALI enters back to CAMERA seen by FEISAL whose eyes flick open, unseen by LAWRENCE or BRIGHTON, who face FEISAL. When the recital is finished.

FEISAL: Greetings, Ali.

LAWRENCE and BRIGHTON turn surprised, LAWRENCE's expression changes. With him, we recognize ALI.

ALI: *(salaaming to FEISAL)* My lord.

BRIGHTON: *(a curt greeting)* Sherif.

ALI salaams silently to BRIGHTON. His hostile eyes return to LAWRENCE. FEISAL claps his hands. ALI sits, not taking his eyes from LAWRENCE.

FEISAL: Lieutenant Lawrence, you have met Sherif Ali, I think.

LAWRENCE: *(very dry)* Yes my lord.

In answer to FEISAL's clap a SERVANT appears and serves ALI with coffee, while:

FEISAL: And now Selim, "The Brightness".

RECITER: *By the noon day brightness and by the night when it darkeneth, thy Lord hath not forsaken thee neither hath He been displeased.*

BRIGHTON exhibits impatience when the RECITER recommences. FEISAL, seeing this, smiles gently, lays a hand on the RECITER's wrist and finishes for him:

FEISAL: *And surely the future shall be better for thee than the past—*

LAWRENCE: *—And in the end shall your Lord be bounteous to thee and thou be satisfied.*

162 REACTION SHOT. BRIGHTON surprised, FEISAL surprised and pleased.

FEISAL: *(looking at LAWRENCE)* So?

163 REACTION SHOT. ALI's eyes flick suspiciously from FEISAL to LAWRENCE, they smiling at one another. FEISAL takes in ALI, rampant Bedouin, BRIGHTON, European couchant. He sighs.

FEISAL: Yes, Colonel.

BRIGHTON: I want a decision, sir.

FEISAL: You want me to fall back on Yenbo, Colonel.

BRIGHTON: Well you're not doing much good here sir! ... Sorry to rub it in sir, but— *(bursting out; he has been over this ground a dozen times)* We can't *supply* you here sir!

FEISAL: You could supply us through Akaba.

BRIGHTON: *(astonished)* Akaba! *(angry)* Oh well if you can get hold of Akaba sir of course we can supply you. But you can't!

FEISAL: You could.

BRIGHTON: *(incredulous)* You mean the Navy? The Turks have twelve inch guns at Akaba sir—can you imagine what that means?

FEISAL: *(heavily; dejected)* Twelve inches. Yes, I can imagine.

BRIGHTON: *(more gently)* Put that out of your mind sir; the Navy's got other things to do.

FEISAL: Ah yes. Protecting the Suez Canal.

BRIGHTON: *(as one who states the obvious)* The one essential sector of this Front is and must be the Canal. You see that sir, surely?

FEISAL: I see that the Canal is an essential British interest. It is of little consequence to us.

BRIGHTON: I must ask you not to talk like that sir. The British and Arab interests are one and the same.

FEISAL: Possibly.

ALI laughs sharply. BRIGHTON is disgusted.

BRIGHTON: Upon my word sir you're ungrateful. Fall back on Yenbo and we will *give* you equipment! We will *give* you arms, advice, training, everything!

FEISAL: *(quickly)* Guns?

BRIGHTON: A modern rifle for every man.

FEISAL: *(passionately)* No! *Guns!!* Artillery! Guns like the Turkish guns at Medina!

ALI: *(lounging, sneering)* Yes; give us guns; and *keep* the training.

BRIGHTON: Your men need training far more than guns sir.

ALI: *(laughs)* The British will teach the Bedouin how to fight?

BRIGHTON: We will teach them Sherif Ali, to fight a modern mechanized army!

LAWRENCE makes an involuntary movement, suppresses it, but:

FEISAL: Lieutenant? What do *you* think of Yenbo?

LAWRENCE: I think it is far from Damascus.

FEISAL and ALI react to this. So does BRIGHTON, alarmed.

BRIGHTON: We'll have you in Damascus sir, never fear—

FEISAL: *(scanning LAWRENCE with interest)* Have you been in Damascus, Mr. Lawrence?

LAWRENCE: Yes my lord.

FEISAL: It is beautiful, is it not?

LAWRENCE: Very.

Neither ALI nor BRIGHTON likes this rapport. ALI sits up, against a pole; this STRANGER must be watched. BRIGHTON says, quietly but compellingly:

BRIGHTON: That'll do, Lawrence. *(sternly, to FEISAL)* Dreaming won't get you to Damascus, sir. *(kindly, persuasively)* But discipline will.

While BRIGHTON goes on, cut to ALI and LAWRENCE in silent confrontation, cutting back to BRIGHTON only for the last two beats:

BRIGHTON: Now look sir, Great Britain is a small country—much smaller than yours. Small population compared with some. It's small but it's great. And why—?

ALI: Because it has guns!

BRIGHTON: Because it has discipline!

FEISAL: Because it has a Navy. Because of this the English go where they please and strike where they please, and this makes them great.

LAWRENCE: (*quietly*) Right.

FEISAL looks to him again. At once the storm breaks.

BRIGHTON: Lawrence that'll *do!* (*quick, before FEISAL can speak*) Lieutenant Lawrence is *not* your Military Advisor sir!

FEISAL: But I should like to hear his opinion.

LAWRENCE opens his mouth. BRIGHTON jumps down it.

BRIGHTON: Goddammit Lawrence, from whom do you take your orders?

RECITER: From Lord Feisal, in Feisal's tent.

ALI: Old fool! Why turn from *him* (*Brighton*) to *him?* (*Lawrence*) They are master and man!

FEISAL remains absolutely unmoved, maintaining towards LAWRENCE an attitude of polite attention, LAWRENCE knows he is crossing the Rubicon.

LAWRENCE: My lord... I think... I think your Book is right. (*he points to the Koran. FEISAL cocks his head enquiringly*) "The desert is an ocean in which no oar is dipped". And on this ocean the Bedu go where they please and strike where they please ... This is the way the Bedu has always fought ... You are famed throughout the world for fighting in this way. And this is the way you should fight now.

ALI agrees with every word of this and is rendered trebly suspicious. BRIGHTON can barely comprehend such atrocious insubordination.

BRIGHTON: (*disgusted, as one who gives up*) Well I don't know ...

LAWRENCE: (*distressed*) I'm sorry sir—but you're *wrong.* (*he turns to FEISAL*) Fall back on Yenbo sir and the Arab Rising becomes one poor unit in the British Army.

ALI: (wild with jealousy and suspicion) What is this to you?

BRIGHTON: Lawrence, do you know that you're a traitor?

FEISAL: No no—he is a young man, Colonel, and young men are passionate. They must say their say; but wiser people must decide. I know you are right.

BRIGHTON: (*curtly*) Very well, sir, when shall we move? The sooner the better sir, you'll lose another fifty men tonight.

FEISAL: (*stung*) You tread heavily ... But you speak the truth. I will give you my answer tomorrow. And now (*he rises*) it is late.

It is the dismissal. All rise. BRIGHTON salutes. ALI salaams. BRIGHTON politely ushers ALI out before himself, but himself precedes LAWRENCE. Just as LAWRENCE is following, FEISAL makes him a discreet signal to remain. Outside in the dark, BRIGHTON and ALI regard the tent flap, expecting LAWRENCE. It dawns on them that he has been detained for a private audience. They stare at one another. They turn, and make their separate ways between the tents.

Inside the tent FEISAL and LAWRENCE both stand.

FEISAL: Colonel Brighton means to put my men under European Officers does he not?

LAWRENCE: In effect my lord, yes.

FEISAL: And I must do it, for the Turks have European guns. But I fear to do it upon my soul I do. The English have a great hunger for desolate places, Lieutenant I fear they hunger for Arabia.

LAWRENCE Then you must deny it to them.

FEISAL: You are an Englishman. Are you not loyal to England?

LAWRENCE: *(hesitates, smiles a smile of intellectual, not emotive humour)* To England and to other things.

But FEISAL will not play the intellectual game, though amply intellectual—for him the question is practical, and his expression is serious as he draws up to LAWRENCE and says thoughtfully:

FEISAL: To England and Arabia both? And is that possible... ? *(he approaches LAWRENCE closely and considers him. He nods)* I think you are another of these desert-loving Englishmen—*(he walks away)* Doughty, Stanhope, Gordon of Khartoum. *(he turns)* No Arab loves the desert. We love water and green trees. There is nothing *in* the desert. And no man needs nothing. *(His tone changes from the philosophic to the emotional)* ... or is it that you think we are something you can play with because we are a little people, a silly people; greedy, barbarous and cruel? *(LAWRENCE looks surprised)* But you know, Lieutenant, in the Arab city of Cordova were two miles of public lighting in the streets—when London was a village!

LAWRENCE: Yes, you were great.

FEISAL: *(dryly)* Nine centuries ago.

LAWRENCE: *(mildly)* Time to be great *again* my Lord.

FEISAL: *(stiffly)* Which is why my father made this war upon the Turks—my father, Mr. Lawrence, not the English! *(he is suddenly overcome by melancholy)* But my father is old and I—I long for the vanished Gardens of Cordova ... *(sighs)* However, before the gardens must come the fighting.

He indicates graciously the tent flap. They move over to it, and FEISAL courteously holds it apart.

FEISAL: *(with formal politeness, smiling)* To be great again, it seems we need the English or... *(he shrugs)*

LAWRENCE: *(gently)* Or...?

FEISAL: *(looking out over the silence encampment)* What no man can provide, Lieutenant. We need a miracle.

FEISAL nods a polite goodnight, and LAWRENCE leaves.

164 CLOSE SHOT, Outside, LAWRENCE comes to a slow halt a few yards from the tent. As he stands looking down at the ground in deep thought, a slow dynamo-like theme begins on the SOUND TRACK. An irritation crosses his mind, the music stops, and he looks up.

165 MED. SHOT. BRIGHTON's brightly lit army tent glowing out among its neighbours.

166 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE's eyes return to the ground and the music begins again, then, very slowly, he walks off in the opposite direction.

167 MED. SHOT. FEISAL is sitting alone inside his tent. He looks up towards the tent flap trying to collect his curiously conflicting thoughts about the young man outside.

168 CLOSE SHOT. A set of moonlit footprints in clean sand. The dynamo theme takes on an overtone of mysticism as the CAMERA pans upwards following the footprints, and we see the dark outline of LAWRENCE's back as he strolls slowly in deep thought towards the open desert.

169 LONG SHOT. Two small FIGURES scamper along a sandy ridge. On reaching the end of a promontory, they stop.

170 CLOSE UP. FARRAJ and DAUD squat into picture, looking downwards with curiosity.

171 LONG SHOT. The small figure of LAWRENCE walking in the desert below. He comes to a stop with his hands in his pockets.

172 CLOSE UP. The two IMPS look down, puzzled.

173 LONG SHOT. The dark figure of LAWRENCE, standing in deep concentration, outlined against the brilliant white of the moonlit desert. The dynamic theme increases in intensity, and LAWRENCE begins to wander off in another direction.

DISSOLVE TO

174 MEDIUM SHOT: A dawn sky. LAWRENCE is standing quite still, oblivious of the two BOYS who squat down only a few yards above him.

175 CLOSE UP: The IMPS sit patiently watching LAWRENCE like two dogs watching their master. Then DAUD picks up a jagged stone of some bright colour and suggests in pantomime that he throw it down towards LAWRENCE. FARRAJ shakes his head, but unable to restrain himself, DAUD gently lobs it out of picture.

176 MEDIUM SHOT: The stone lands at LAWRENCE'S feet. At first he seems not to notice it, but then, without interrupting his concentration, he aimlessly picks up the stone, bounces it up and down in the palm of his hand, and walks slowly away. The IMPS get up and run out of picture.

DISSOLVE

177 LONG SHOT: DAY. LAWRENCE is sitting under a stunted desert tree. One of the BOYS sits before him, the OTHER is busy behind him. Apart from this tiny group, the frame is completely empty, above, below, and to either side.

178 MEDIUM SHOT: The SAME. FARRAJ is hanging an odd piece of cloth in the branches so that LAWRENCE's head is shaded. Three or four yards in front of LAWRENCE, with his back to camera, sits DAUD—also cross-legged—watching him as he continues playing with the stone. FARRAJ comes and sits down near to DAUD, so that LAWRENCE is framed between the backs of the two BOYS. The CAMERA starts to creep in towards LAWRENCE. The music, which has never stopped, builds up and up. LAWRENCE begins to hold the stone so tightly that his fist vibrates with the unconscious effort. He looks directly up at the two BOYS, but his eyes are focussed on the distance and he is not really seeing them.

179 CLOSE UP: The IMPS stare back. They don't know why, but they are rather frightened.

180 CLOSE UP: LAWRENCE. The music stops. There is a pause.

LAWRENCE: *(quietly)* Akaba.

181 CLOSE UP: The two BOYS don't understand.

182-MEDIUM SHOT: LAWRENCE and the BOYS.

183

LAWRENCE: Akaba—from the land!

He comes to and chucks the stone at the BOYS. DAUD catches it, then looks up in surprise and points to LAWRENCE's hand. It is bleeding. LAWRENCE licks his palm mechanically, and above his hand we see his gaze is no longer inwards but outwards and actively excited. He gets to his feet. Exciting, whirling music begins. The CAMERA PANS and TRACKS with LAWRENCE as he walks away from the three. The two BOYS follow close behind. LAWRENCE walks faster and faster until he is running—as a man runs who has a specific destination. The music builds. The camp appears in the background and the run becomes a race. LAWRENCE disappears among the tents, and the BOYS put on a spurt but DAUD trips over a root and goes sprawling, and MUSIC stops when:

CUT TO

184 CLOSE SHOT ALI

ALI: You are mad. To come to Akaba by land we should have to cross the Nefud.

LAWRENCE: That's right.

ALI: The Nefud *cannot* be crossed.

LAWRENCE: I'll cross it if you will.

ALI: (*surprised*) You? It takes more than a compass, Englishman. (*LAWRENCE does not flicker*) The Nefud is the worst place God created!

LAWRENCE: Oh I can't answer for the place. Only for myself.

ALI begins to be fascinated. LAWRENCE drives on:

LAWRENCE: Fifty men?

ALI: Fifty, against Akaba?

LAWRENCE: If fifty men came out of the Nefud, they would be fifty men that other men might join. (*lightly*) The Howeitat are there I hear.

ALI: (*promptly*) The Howeitat are brigands; they will sell themselves to anyone.

LAWRENCE: Good fighters though.

ALI: Good, yes ... (*bursts out*) There are guns at Akaba!

LAWRENCE: They face the sea Ali. And they cannot be turned round. From the landward side there are *no* guns at Akaba.

ALI: With good reason: It *cannot be approached* from the landward side!

LAWRENCE: Certainly the Turks do not dream of it.

He turns and points to the horizon.

185 LONG SHOT of this while he says on SOUND TRACK.

LAWRENCE: Akaba's over there Ali. It's only a matter of going.

186 CLOSE SHOT ALI

ALI: (*with horror and unwilling respect*) You are mad!

DISSOLVE TO

187 A ROCKY OUTCROP. Grey dawn. LAWRENCE burdened with pistol, bandolier and saddlebags is striding round the edge of it. In the background, at a distance, is the camp with smoke ascending from one or two early fires, but no other sign of life. Except, that is, when LAWRENCE looks over his shoulder to make sure he has been seen, and:

188 LONG SHOT. DAUD and FARRAJ are following.

189 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE does not look at all pleased or charmed, but he accepts the phenomenon as a sensible man accepts flies, that is without pleasure but also without flap; and skirting the curve of the outcrop he sees:

190 LONG SHOT. The RAIDING PARTY making its last minute preparations. Some of the camels are being loaded, some are already rearing to go; the atmosphere is as tense and technical as in a Grand Prix racing pit, except that there is no shouting—on the contrary all is done very quietly. LAWRENCE pauses to take

in the scene and FEISAL steps out of the shelter of the rock.

FEISAL: (*smiles, but rather faintly and searchingly*) And where are you going, Lieutenant—with fifty of my men?

LAWRENCE: (*smiling*) To work your miracle.

FEISAL: Blasphemy (*he walks LAWRENCE into and through the RAIDING PARTY, knowing where LAWRENCE's camel is, CAMERA tracking*) is a bad beginning to such a journey.

LAWRENCE: Who told you?

FEISAL: Ali did. Why not you?

LAWRENCE: (*it is a bit awkward. He shifts his bags from one hand to the other*) You are falling *back*, on Yenbo, sir.

FEISAL: (*glances at him side-long, muttering*) Yes, yes, I must But I will spare these to you.

They have arrived at LAWRENCE's camel; ALI is by it, busy with his own. He looks at LAWRENCE but makes no greeting, defensive-aggressive.

FEISAL: Did Ali break confidence, to tell me?

Before LAWRENCE can answer, FEISAL holds up a hand and listens. Quietness falls all about. The distant Muezzin is heard from the camp and with a single wave-like rustling, all but LAWRENCE are kneeling towards Mecca. He looks about; we see what he sees; then he busies himself quietly with his bags. When the prayer is ended ALI is the first to rise, and again he and LAWRENCE exchange their defensive-aggressive stare. FEISAL rises last.

LAWRENCE: Sherif Ali owes you his allegiance, my lord.

FEISAL: (*searchingly*) Yet you did *not* tell Colonel Brighton.

LAWRENCE: (*inexpressively*) No. (*he gets into the saddle*)

191 LONG SHOT. DAUD and FARRAJ hang off the RAIDING PARTY, wistfully.

192 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE looks down into the CAMERA from his camel, which has risen, and behind we see ALI and OTHERS similarly risen.

LAWRENCE: (*smiling*) Since you *do* know; we can claim to ride in the name of Feisal of Mecca.

193 CLOSE SHOT. FEISAL

FEISAL: (*looking upwards, from LAWRENCE's angle*) Yes, Lieutenant Lawrence, you may claim it. But in whose name do *you* ride?

194 CUT SHARPLY, with MUSIC quite loud, to the head and shoulders of LAWRENCE, riding; broad day. His expression is that of an excited young man who nevertheless controls himself. As he rides he slightly turns his head from left to right, trying to see what is behind him without overtly turning round. The MUSIC gathers yet more force. Finally he is unable to overcome the temptation and twists right round in the saddle.

195 MED. SHOT. What he sees: (And with a crash the theme fills to full pitch) The RAIDING PARTY strung out four abreast behind him.

196 CLOSE UP TRACKING. ALI and LAWRENCE. LAWRENCE turns to the front again, his eyes blazing. He straightens himself in the saddle and erects his head. His face is stiffened with disciplined ecstasy. ALI has been watching him: he smiles sardonically.

197 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The CAMERA now starts to move down the line of RIDERS, introducing each in turn as they pass through the shot trotting a little faster than the CAMERA. First come ALI's two NEGRO SLAVES, magnificent in their red-tipped costumes. Then banners, followed by exotic faces, fiercely and seriously concentrated ahead. Last of all come the baggage camels, laden with food and rolled-up tents. We see, individually, GASIM, a shifty, cheerful, undersized and impoverished Bedouin, the ELDER HARITH, a middle-aged and well-equipped warrior with a calm strong face, and MAJID a willowy young Ageyli with splendid clothes, made-up eyes and an elegant manner, but a dashing rider and most seriously armed.

198 LONG SHOT TRACKING. For the first time we see the RAIDING PARTY as a whole. The CAMERA follows it for quite some time as it weaves its way through the multi-coloured sands and rocks. ALI raises his camel stick pointing out a change of direction away from CAMERA. The MUSIC grows fainter and fainter as the RAIDERS draw away leaving a cloud of dust behind them.

199 MED. SHOT. Round the corner of a hillock we have just passed, a single and rather mangy camel appears with two RIDERS. As the animal is brought to a halt we recognise FARRAJ and DAUD. DAUD is in front with FARRAJ mounted pillion-fashion behind him, his hands clasped around DAUD's waist. The two IMPS furtively watch the desert ahead.

200 LONG SHOT. From their viewpoint we see the receding column of dust sent up by the RAIDING PARTY.

201 CLOSE SHOT. DAUD and FARRAJ. They wait for a few seconds, then DAUD gives their camel a smart whack and CAMERA pans with them as they trot off across the desert plain.

DISSOLVE

202 CLOSE SHOT. DAUD and FARRAJ, hidden behind a fold in the ground. Late afternoon. On their bellies, they munch some unappetizing and crumbly food. By their sides we see their water can—not a proper one, but improvised from an old tin—empty. They are looking off screen, yearningly. On SOUND TRACK we hear distant cheerful voices and the roar of a camel. DAUD essays another mouthful of the dry stuff; chewing mechanically and half-heartedly, crumbs falling heedless from his lips, he gazes off fascinated, at:

203 MEDIUM SHOT. The glittering water of a palm-fringed oasis. The Raiders (their voices now suddenly loud on SOUND TRACK) are preparing for the night in high good humour, the sadness of parting over and the hard part of the journey not yet begun. The water occupies most of the screen, the men merely a human fringe at its periphery. They drink, call to one another, drink, pour water on their heads, splash, dabble their hands, or merely smile at their own reflections. A fire is kindled food is in the offing. But above all there is water.

204 CLOSE SHOT. DAUD and FARRAJ as before, looking off (the voices distant again). They look at one another hesitantly. Look off again. With determination DAUD seizes the can. They slither down the reverse slope.

205 CLOSE SHOT. In the oasis LAWRENCE is wringing out a spare army singlet, crouching, watched by ALI who lounges at a little distance from him. LAWRENCE is aware of ALI's regard. On SOUND TRACK, raised voices. LAWRENCE looks up, merely curious, ALI alert.

206 CLOSE MOVING SHOT. GASIM is coming through the palm trees with DAUD and FARRAJ. He has DAUD by a handful of his thick hair and FARRAJ by the ear. GASIM is delighted to be the centre of attention and gives DAUD a rough shake now and then, and DAUD plays up with clowning and affected fear. But FARRAJ is in pain and his dignity offended and has set his face disobligingly. The Raiders laugh and applaud. These are known characters evidently.

207 LAWRENCE and ALI. LAWRENCE as before but ALI is standing. GASIM comes on frame and throws down his captives. One or two of the others have followed.

GASIM: I caught them Sherif. They have tracked us. They were here. (*with an ingratiating nod to LAWRENCE*) I caught them.

ALI picks up his camel whip.

ALI: Why are you here? Boy.

He pushes FARRAJ with his foot.

FARRAJ: To serve Lord Aurens, Sherif.

DAUD, having improved the moment by surreptitiously snatching a handful of water, nods cheerfully at LAWRENCE. ALI looks at LAWRENCE sardonically. LAWRENCE is attracted to the boys but senses that the situation holds trouble for WE.. He will have no part of them, and looks away as one bored or one who will have no concern in something no concern of his..

GASIM: (*anxious to be indispensable*) That is true, Aurens. They do wish it.

He turns for confirmation to the others, but LAWRENCE again looks away, unconcerned, and doesn't even seem to hear what follows.

ALI: You have been tracking us. (*he looks uneasily over the horizon. He twitches his whip*) You were told to stay!

FARRAJ: No Sherif, our camel strayed. We followed her.

DAUD: (*solemnly*) She led us here to be Lord Auren's servants. (*looking at LAWRENCE*) It is the will of Allah.

ALI: (*technically, not angrily*) Blasphemy.

He brings the whip down hard on DAUD's shoulders. At once LAWRENCE looks up.

LAWRENCE: Don't do that.

Immediate silence. He rises. He is hesitating. GASIM steps in to save him from a social blunder.

GASIM: Oh these are not servants Aurens—these are... outcasts, parentless...
(he shrugs, not expressing pity but on the contrary apologising for such creatures)

ALI: *(shortly)* Be warned. They are not suitable.

LAWRENCE: They sound very suitable... You can ride with the baggage.

They are at his feet, touching head and heart. ALI stalks away disgustedly, turning only to say:

ALI: These are not servants, these are worshippers.

208 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE trades look for look. On SOUND TRACK:

DAUD: Aurens.

209 CLOSE SHOT. The boys are still kneeling. The other Raiders have drifted away, but GASIM stands over them quite proprietorial, as though this were what he had intended all along. We only see his bottom half as we are looking down on the boys POV LAWRENCE. DAUD is holding up one finger.

DAUD: One shilling every week?

GASIM: *(judicial)* That is fair.

DAUD: *(a quick glance at FARRAJ)* Each?

GASIM: *(scandalised)* No that is too much!

LAWRENCE: All right.

With a nod and rather awkward smile, he moves away. GASIM looks after him and calls (if possible from an empty uncluttered screen, so that he has “significance”).

GASIM: They will be lucky for you! *(with the dreadful piety of a thoroughgoing sinner)* Allah favours the compassionate.

CUT

210–215 The singing wires of the telegraph above the railway.

DISSOLVE TO

216 MED. LONG SHOT. A CRESTED DUNE. LAWRENCE and ALI appear, halt and look towards us. The MAIN PARTY appears and does the samf

217 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE and ALI

ALI: There is the railway and *that*—is the desert.

218 LONG SHOT. Beyond the railway a limitless vista of shining white.

ALI: *(on SOUND TRACK)* From here until the other side, no water but what we carry. For the camels, no water at all. If the camels die, we die. And in twenty days they will start to die.

219 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE and ALI.

ALI: *(sardonically polite as he triumphs over LAWRENCE who stares ahead of him)* You see?

LAWRENCE: *(equally polite)* Yes. There’s no time to *waste* then, is there? *(and he moves forward)*

220 MED. SHOT. From among the RAIDERS we follow LAWRENCE down the slope; he crosses the line ahead of us and rides into the

221 LOW GROUND SHOT. Along the line. The camels of the RAIDERS cross, some close, others more distant seen between their moving legs.

DISSOLVE TO

222 FIRST AERIAL SHOT. THE RAIDERS, not in precise formation, but still quite well gathered, in a disjointed column, move over the plain. Shot starts at the rear, moving forward and continues on into the plain.

DISSOLVE TO

223 LONG SHOT. A FEATURELESS DESERT WASTELAND. The RAIDERS are spread out in no particular order, plodding on under a high sun.

224 MED. SHOT. MEN and beasts are exhausted. The RIDERS jerk up and down like sacks.

225 MED. SHOT. Another angle.

226 MED. SHOT. Still another angle—building a sense of monotony.

227 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. ALI, followed by his TWO SERVANTS. The SERVANTS tired, ALI alert. He looks over at:

228 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LAWRENCE followed by FARRAJ and DAUD. LAWRENCE's eyes are fixed dreamily on:

229 MED. SHOT TRACKING. A DUST DEVIL twisting and turning across the desert floor.

230 CLOSE UP TRACKING: LAWRENCE bobbing monotonously up and down. His half-closed eyes follow the dust devil downwards.

231 CLOSE SHOT. The foot of the dust devil sucking the ground in a giddy spiral.

232 CLOSE UP TRACKING: LAWRENCE. He pulls himself together and looks away from the dust devil to his own shadow.

233 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. His shadow jerking and flitting, expanding and contracting on the desert floor.

234 CLOSE UP TRACKING. LAWRENCE. His head jerks sleepily. He is about to fall off. He jerks himself upright, but again his head nods forward. ALI comes up alongside,, smiles with satisfaction, and pokes LAWRENCE with his stick. LAWRENCE immediately opens his eyes, straightens.

LAWRENCE: *(defensive)* I was thinking.

ALI: *(mockery)* You were drifting.

LAWRENCE: Yes. *(his face is steely, his voice rustling and dry)* It will not happen again.

ALI: *(as before)* Be warned, you were drifting.

LAWRENCE: It will not happen again!

DISSOLVE TO

235 A DIFFERENT TYPE OF "FEATURELESS" LANDSCAPE. (But absence of feature, absence of colour must be common to all these Trek sequences.) Another HELICOPTER shot, but not aerial: we are speeding over the flat ground towards the RAIDERS who are now in much more open order, each MAN absorbed. in his own suffering.

236 MED. TRACKING SHOTS. The ELDER HARITH unmoved, MAJID ennobled, GASIM actively sorry for himself and hating his camel.

237 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT LAWRENCE. He is looking away towards his right, his sun-scorched face set in an artificial mask of indifference.

238 LONG SHOT. A MIRAGE OF SPARKLING WATER. It wavers and comes nearer.

239 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LAWRENCE. He turns his head slowly away to the left.

240 LONG SHOT. A DIFFERENT BUT SIMILAR MIRAGE.

241 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LAWRENCE. He turns his head and looks ahead.

242 LONG SHOT. A THIRD MIRAGE; this time the corrupting illusion is just a short run away.

243 MED. TRACKING SHOT LAWRENCE and ALI. ALI looks at LAWRENCE, sarcastically amused. LAWRENCE turns away his head with a rather weary frown, as one who is bothered by an impertinently curious child. ALI's face darkens.

DISSOLVE TO

244 MED. SHOT. A BIVOUAC. SUNSET. ALI "in bed". In background all the OTHERS the same, except for LAWRENCE, who is shaving out a spoonful of water in a tin lid.

ALI: From now on we must *travel* by night. And rest while it is too hot to travel. A few hours each day. (*he watches the effect of this*)

LAWRENCE: (*concentrating on his shaving*) Mmm. Why don't we start now?

ALI: No, no. (*sweetly*) We still rest now; three hours.

LAWRENCE: (*goes on shaving*) Fine. I'll wake you.

DISSOLVE TO

245 MED. LONG SHOT. NOON. At a distance from us the RAIDING PARTY. We cannot see the MEN, merely the kneeling camels which are scattered, in threes and fours and individually. We begin to approach,

then

CUT TO

246 MED. SHOT THE SAME. In the tiny shadow afforded by each camel cowers a motionless and shrouded MAN.

247 CLOSE SHOTS. THE CAMELS' HEADS AND FACES. Some of them have gummy foam about their lips.

248 CLOSE SHOT. ALI uncovers his head. He looks up at the sun. He rises. He rouses ELDER HARITEL, who rouses LAWRENCE, who looks round for ALI who is looking back at him. In the background the OTHERS begin to stir.

DISSOLVE TO

249 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. A camel's feet, slipping on a surface of broken stones. CAMERA lifts to ALL He rides looking down. His camel stumbles, stumbles again.

250 MED. LONG SHOT Others of the RAIDERS, looking down anxiously at their stumbling camel's feet.

DISSOLVE TO

251 MED. AERIAL SHOT. The RAIDERS pick their way across a wilderness of broken stones.

SHARP CUT TO

252 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. In brilliant clarity a camel goes over sideways in a tumbling rush as though pole-axed, its. RIDER only glimpsed as he is flung from his saddle.

CUT TO

253 MED. SHOT LAWRENCE, ELDER HARITH, GASIM, stunned into immobility stand and look at the fallen beast, one leg of which is kicking mechanically, but apart from that inert, and the bundle of rag which is a MIDDLE-AGED ARAB. MAJID hobbles over to this, straightens up, looks off at ALI, raising his hands a little.

254 MED. SHOT ALI turns and leads his beast on. MAJID follows suit. As he does so she groans, and slobbers, distressfully jerking her lead. ALI looks round at this, and he and MAJID exchange a serious glance.

255 MED. SHOT DAUD and FARRAJ, in the rear, look back.

256 LONG SHOT THE CORPSES OF THE CAMEL AND THE MAN.

DISSOLVE TO

257 LONG SHOT Late afternoon on the edge of a mud flat, its shore fringed by black boulders and rocks. The RAIDERS are dismounted anyhow. One or two of the camels now on their sides instead of kneeling. We see three BEDOUINS rubbing water on the tongue of a camel which is at its last gasp. The last of them, two on a beast, are coming in. Their camel flounders to her knees. ELDER HARITH and ALI, watching this, are joined by LAWRENCE, who swills in the bottom of a mug a few spoonful of water.

LAWRENCE: Do we rest here?

ALI: (*shortly*) I told you; when the camels die, we die. (*he goes*)

MAJID: There is no rest now, short of water, Aurens. On the other side of *that*. (*nodding over the mud flat*)

258 LONG SHOT The mud flat in the setting sun.

LAWRENCE: (*on sound track*) How much of that is there?

259 CLOSE SHOT: MAJID

MAJID: I am not sure. But however much, it must be crossed before tomorrow's sun gets up. (*he smiles wryly*) This is the sun's anvil.

260 AERIAL SHOT. We see the tremendous scale of the flat as the RAIDERS strike out across it from the encircling rocks. This should be the biggest and bleakest eyeful to date.

DISSOLVE TO

261 LONG SHOT NIGHT Faint moonlight, and the RAIDERS in a more or less orderly line. The CAMERA begins to pan with them.

262 MED. TRACKING SHOT. LAWRENCE followed by FARRAJ and DAUD.

263 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT: FARRAJ is nodding in the saddle.

264 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. ALI at the head of the column. He is awake and alert and his rifle rests across his saddle.

265 MED. TRACKING SHOT. THE BAGGAGE CAMELS. Some of the RIDERS have wedged themselves among the baggage and are asleep.

266 CLOSE UP TRACKING LAWRENCE. He shifts in the saddle taking up a new position. He looks forward to:

267 CLOSE SHOT TRACKING ALI'S back. Upright and erect.

268 CLOSE UP TRACKING. LAWRENCE., With half an eye on ALI he raises his arm to read his watch. This done he replaces it. A yawn overtakes him.

269 CLOSE SHOT TRACKING ALI's back. He turns looking around the GROUP, and turns back again.

DISSOLVE TO

270 LONG SHOT TRACKING. THE RAIDING PARTY. The moon now casting long shadows.

271 CLOSE SHOT TRACKING The shadows bobbing up and down between the camels' legs. The shot is held for several seconds—then there is a cry, and a BODY falls among the shadows.

272 CLOSE UP. The fallen RIDER is FARRAJ. He sits up, shakes his head, and gets up.

273 MED. SHOT LAWRENCE and DAUD have come to a halt. They wait as FARRAJ runs forward to his camel and brings it to its knees. Other camels pass on through the picture.

274 CLOSE UP ALI. He too has come to a halt. He stares hard and disapprovingly at what has happened, wheels about again and continues.

275 MED. SHOT. LAWRENCE and DAUD wait until FARRAJ remounts. They move off together.

276 LONG SHOT TRACKING. The RAIDERS plod on.

DISSOLVE TO

277 EXTREME LONG SHOT: DAYBREAK. The distant RIDERS are approaching the sandy shore on the far side of the mud flat.

278 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LAWRENCE and ALI, and ELDER HARITH all looking down.

279 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. Their camels' feet leave hard mud for gravel.

280 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LAWRENCE, ALI, ELDER HARITH All are slumped, but look relieved.

LAWRENCE: *(eager)* Have we done it?

ELDER HARITH: *(smiles a little)* No, but we are off the anvil.

LAWRENCE: Thank God for that anyway ---

ELDER HARITH: Yes, *thank* Him, Aurens. I do not think you know how you have tempted him.

LAWRENCE: *(frowning)* I know. *(to ALI)* We've done it.

ALI: *(even he cannot hide entirely his relief. He shrugs.)* God willing.

LAWRENCE: When do we get to the wells?

ALI: God-willing, mid-day.

LAWRENCE: Then we've done it!

DAUD rides up beside them. He is worried and apprehensive.

DAUD: Aurens.

He points with his camel stick.

281 MEDIUM SHOT. A RIDERLESS CAMEL, saddled.

ALI: *(off)* Gasim's.

282 CLOSE SHOT. ALI and LAWRENCE stationary watched anxiously

by DAUD.

LAWRENCE: What's happened to him?

ALI: God knows.

He considers this, then impatiently urges his camel forward. LAWRENCE follows, and the CAMERA TRACKS with them.

283 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT ALI and LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE: We must go back.

ALI: (*scornfully*) What for, to die with Gasim? (*flatly*) In two minutes comes the sun.

LAWRENCE stops his camel. ALI instantly stops too.

ALI: In God's name understand! We-cannot-go-back!

LAWRENCE: I can. (*pointing to the boys*) Take these.

LAWRENCE wheels his mount but ALI blocks his way.

ALI: If you go back you kill yourself is all! Gasim you have killed already.

LAWRENCE: (*quietly*) Get out of my way.

ELDER HARITH: (*gently*) Gasim's time is come Aurens. (*pointing to GASIM's camel*) It is written.

LAWRENCE: (*his voice and manner crammed with occidental impatience and contempt*) Nothing is "written."

He bursts between them. ALI goes alongside, not attempting any longer to detain MfU, but incoherent with venom.

ALI: Go back! English! Blasphemer! What then—what? What did you bring us here for—with your blasphemous conceit? Eh—English blasphemer? Akaba? Was it Akaba? *You* will not be at Akaba, English! Go back, blasphemer, but you will not be at Akaba!

This absolute loss of control yelled into LAWRENCE's face affords him the most exquisite satisfaction—It is victory. To drive the point home, he turns his most amused, most donnish expression upon his hated friend and says pleasantly:

LAWRENCE: I shall be at Akaba. *That* is written. (*points to his own head*) In here. (*he smiles with deliberate mildness*)

ALI stops and looks after him trembling; he casts about for the worst word he can think of.

ALI: (*howling after him*) English! . . . Engli-i-ish!

284 MEDIUM SHOT. ALI's viewpoint of LAWRENCE and his camel going back across the flat.

285 CLOSE UP: FARRAJ and DAUD anxiously looking back at the retreating figure of LAWRENCE

286 MED. SHOT ALI and his camel in foreground of picture with LAWRENCE in the background. ALI turns his animal around and shouts towards FARRAJ and DAUD as he angrily urges the beast forward.

ALI: Get on! Get on!

287 LONG SHOT. The foreground of the picture is composed of GASIM's riderless camel. In the background FARRAJ and DAUD turn their animals round and follow the RAIDERS onwards. ALI trots up to the camel in foreground of picture and gives it a vicious lash with his whip. The animal

bounds forward and the CAMERA remainson a shot of the sky. The sun has still not risen. The sounds of the retreating raiders grow fainter and fainter. Silence.

288 EXTREME LONG SHOT. GASIM, a tiny figure, in the middle of the mud flat. He is walking slowly but upright and steadily.

289 PRE-SUNRISE. The empty mud flat—the red glow of pre-dawn.

FOOTSTEPS. FEET enter and GASIM appears walking away from camera l-r.

290 FULL FIGURE TRACKING SHOT. GASIM looks fearfully to his left—on the second look—cut to:

291 HIS EYELINE of the brightening sky.

292 TRACKING SHOT. KNEE FIGURE OF GASIM, he hastens to a fast walk. Hold for several seconds. CUT TO:

293 THE TIP OF THE RISING SUN appears over the horizon.

294 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT: (waist figure) GASIM. He does not see the sun. After afew seconds the sunlight flicks his face. He sees it and then after a moment's hesitation, walks even faster.

294A TWO SHOT. GASIM and the SUN. (Half way up over the horizon—in r.1?. g.) GASIM hesitates in his walk, then subconsciously alters his direction away from the sun and towards camera.

294B CLOSE SHOT. GASIM'S BACK. He hurries away from camera—turns and looks over his shoulder at the sun. HIS SHADOW is beginning to appear on the mud flat.

294C CLOSE SHOT: THE SUN BREAKING CLEAR of the horizon.

294D HIGH SHOT GASIM, moving away from camera, half breaks into a run. LONG SHADOWS ahead of him now quite definite. As he reaches EXTREME LONG SHOT he slows down.

294E CLOSE SHOT. Sadness overtakes GASIM. He stops and turns to look at the sun humbly.

294F LONG SHOT. THE SUN now well clear of the horizon. GASIM stands looking at it. He turns and continues.

295 LONG SHOT, The distant Raiding party is moving away from CAMERA, spread out over a bleak country away from the mud flat. The baggage camels pass close by CAMERA. Some of the men are still tucked up asleep. Some are doubled up. Behind them comes a single camel mounted by FARRAJ.

296 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. FARRAJ He is frightened. He glances forward to the raiding party, but mostly his looks are directed towards the rear.

297 LONG SHOT. Shooting along the edge of the mud flat. A mounted camel picks its way off the shore on the flat, them comes to a halt.

298 CLOSE SHOT. DAUD. He too is frightened. He looks back towards the Raiding Party, and then forward.

299 LONG SHOT. The mud flat, now shining. No-one to be seen.

300 CLOSE UP DAUD. He settles down to wait. The drums.

301 LONG SHOT. The sun, now almost white.

302 CLOSE UP. GASIM. Weeping and nearly blind, he half raises his hands in supplication. He gives in.

303 CLOSE SHOT. The small figure of GASIM sinks to the ground.

304 CLOSE SHOT. A trough of clear water with camels drinking.

305 MED. SHOT. The trough is beside a well around which some of the RAIDERS are grouped, filling their bottles. In the background the baggage camels are still coming in.

306 CLOSE SHOT ALI, FARRAJ, and one or two other ARABS around the well.

ALI: God be thanked. (*he drinks*)

ARAB: God be thanked. (*he drinks*)

ANOTHER ARAB: God be thanked. (*he drinks*)

FARRAJ takes a short drink and then turns away and the CAMERA PANS with him on to a shot of his back. He comes to a halt looking out over the desert. The drums again.

307 LONG SHOT. The small figure of DAUD mounted on his camel, back to CAMERA. The mud flat shining like an infernal lake.

308 CLOSE UP. DAUD. He looks around him, and then up at the sun. Fear is beginning to mount, but he controls himself.

DISSOLVE

309 MED. SHOT. The BOY and the CAMEL are casting a shadow again. There is a pause of several seconds, then DAUD stiffens in his saddle. Subconsciously he nudges the animal forward a few paces.

310 CLOSE UP. He comes to a halt staring ahead.

311 LONG SHOT. An elongated pinhead of black elevated into the blue above the horizon. The drum falters.

312 CLOSE SHOT. DAUD. Hardly daring, he urges the: camel into a walk. The CAMERA TRACKS with him as he sits bolt upright peering ahead.

313 LONG SHOT. TRACKING. DAUD's viewpoint. The flat slipping by underneath with the distant pinpoint of black above the horizon.

314 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. DAUD. Slowly he brings the camel to a trot.

315 LONG SHOT TRACKING His viewpoint. The ground is slipping by faster. The distant pintpoint is now merging with the flat and becoming distinguishable as an elongated and moving object.

316 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. DAUD A painful grin spreads over his face. He beats the camel into a gallop. Music begins to well upon the SOUND TRACK.

317 LONG SHOT TRACKING The mud flat now racing by. The distant figure now a mounted camel— but ridden by one or two men we cannot see.

318 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. DAUD. His excitement mounts into a shriek of delight as he recognizes...

319 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT LAWRENCE His camel is jolting along at a slow trot. Behind him sits GASIM, hanging on as best he can. LAWRENCE's face is dreadfully blackened and he peers ahead through bloodshot eyes.

320 LONG SHOT TRACKING LAWRENCE's viewpoint. The approaching outline of DAUD's galloping camel.

321 CLOSE UP TRACKING. DAUD utters another shriek.

322 CLOSE UP TRACKING. LAWRENCE. A tortured half smile.

323 EXTREME LONG SHOW. The TWO CAMELS. One trotting and one galloping, converging from either side of the screen. The MUSIC builds. The TWO CAMELS: meet, and DAUD wheels his animal around to fall in beside LAWRENCE. The music stops.

DISSOLVE

324 CLOSE SHOT LATE AFTERNOON FARRAJ is sitting on a crest with a water skin looking over the desert. He blinks back his tears. Behind and below him the RAIDING PARTY have set up a few tents around the well. Fires are burning.

325 CLOSE SHOT. ALI is seated cross-legged on the ground in front of one of the tents. He moodily draws patterns in the ground with his camel stick. After a moment he looks upwards.

326 LONG SHOT. The small figure of FARRAJ on the crest, outlined against the reddening sky, waiting.

327 CLOSE UP. ALI. He looks away and whacks the ground with his stick. There is a sudden cry from FARRAJ.

FARRAJ: *(off)* Aurens! ! Daud ! !

ALI looks up.

328 MED. SHOT. FARRAJ is plunging down the side of a dune, yelling as he goes. The CAMERA PANS with him into a LONG SHOT.

We see LAWRENCE and DAUD's camels below as FARRAJ falls over himself, his water bottle flying.

329 CLOSE SHOT. ALI. In the background the RAIDERS rise to their feet and start walking towards the desert. ALI's face is incredulous, hopeful, and a little apprehensive.

330 MED. SHOT. DAUD and LAWRENCE, with GASIM mounted behind him, coming in off the desert.

331 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. FARRAJ running, yelling across the desert.

332 CLOSE UP. DAUD. Recognising his companion he starts yelling too, and stirs his camel forward.

333 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. ALI. Surrounded by hurrying men he reaches the sand.

334 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE looking out ahead.

335 LONG SHOT. The two GROUPS converge with FARRAJ the first to make contact.

336 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. FARRAJ and DAUD. FARRAJ holds up the water bottle.

FARRAJ: Daud. Daud.

DAUD smiles down wearily.

337 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. ALI. After a few steps he comes to a standstill.

338 MED. SHOT. The two camels, surrounded by the RAIDING PARTY. They come to a halt and the camels kneel to the ground.

339 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE and GASIM. MEN pull the exhausted GASIM from the camel. LAWRENCE remains slumped in the saddle. He looks towards ALI.

340 CLOSE SHOT. ALI. He walks forward with a half smile that admits happy defeat.

341 CLOSE SHOT. FARRAJ and DAUD embracing.

342 CLOSE SHOT. ALI walks into picture beside LAWRENCE and hands him a bottle. LAWRENCE is about to drink, but he takes the water from his lips and raises his head.

LAWRENCE: *(he croaks)* Nothing is written.

As he drinks we hear a shocked, amused, admiring, murmur: *Aurens, Aurens, Aurens*. He slithers from the saddle and places his feet gingerly on the ground. He looks about.

343/6 MED. SHOT. Several of the RAIDERS have spread their saddle-cloths on the ground. Now he is eagerly invited by two or three to confer the honour upon them.

ELDER HARITH: *(smiling)* Aurens!

MAJID: *(smiling)* Aurens!

LAWRENCE smiles and goes over to the nearest. He looks at it. It calls. But he painfully takes off his shirt and calls, without looking, as though for help.

LAWRENCE: Farraj!

FARRAJ comes.

LAWRENCE: *(giving him the shirt)* Wash.

Then he looks down at the brightly patterned saddlecloth and like a light going out he releases the body from the mind's control and almost collapses into sleep. (It must *not* be a faint though.) Instantly, FARRAJ begins to unlace his boots, and a shadow is thrown over LAWRENCE as a cloth shelter is erected over him.

DISSOLVE

347 CLOSE SHOT, LAWRENCE. His eyes have opened and gleam in the light.

ALI: *(calls softly)* Farraj!

FARRAJ comes with a prepared dish of food, which he lays by LAWRENCE. LAWRENCE raises himself on one elbow, considers it and begins to spoon it carefully into his mouth, watched by ALI.

ALI: *(quietly)* El Aurens .. Truly, for some men nothing is written unless they write it. *(it is capitulation)*

LAWRENCE: *(moved, he laughs quietly, goes on eating. Then:)* Not 'El Aurens', Just Lawrence.

ALI: El Aurens is better.

LAWRENCE: True.

ALI: Your father too: Just Mr. Lawrence?

LAWRENCE: *(considers this. Pushes away the food. Turns on his back and closes his eyes as though asleep, and says with an effort)* My father is Sir Thomas Chapman.

ALI: *(pleased)* Is that a Lord?

LAWRENCE: A kind of a Lord.

ALI: Then when he dies you too will be a Lord.

LAWRENCE: No.

ALI: *(sympathetic)* Ah. You have an elder brother. *(a common complaint among aristocrats like himself)*

LAWRENCE: No.

ALI: But then ... *(another point strikes him)* I do not understand this—Your father's name is Chapman—

LAWRENCE: Ali. My father isn't really my father. He didn't marry my mother. *(the words 'father' and 'mother' come out on a barely perceptible effort of breath)*

ALI: *(gravely)* I see. *(he is disturbed. He must think this out. Silence.)*

LAWRENCE: I'm sorry. *(and this is not bitter but a humble though dignified apology for a fault.)*

ALI: *(after further thought; quietly)* It seems to me that you are free to choose your own name then.

LAWRENCE: *(he keeps his eyes tightly shut)* Yes, I suppose I am.

ALI: *(with a quick smile—and this is an act of real moral generosity)* “El Aurens” is best.

LAWRENCE: *(after a pause in which he controls the surge of gratitude—dangerously similar to love—which rises in him)* All right, I’ll settle for “El Aurens.”

He feigns sleep. ALI covers him and goes over to the fire. DAUD and FARRAJ are there, now asleep. By FARRAJ are neatly piled LAWRENCE’s shirt, shorts, socks, with the webbing belt on top. ALI takes them up. FARRAJ wakes. ALI throws the clothes one by one on the fire. FARRAJ looks from them to him with his mouth open in horrified enquiry.

348 CLOSE SHOT. BROAD DAY. LAWRENCE, hand on dagger in Arab robes.

349 MED. SHOT. ALI ELDER HARITH, MAJID, and others regard him.

ALI: They are the robes of a Sherif of the Beni Wejh.

LAWRENCE: *(stroking the silk)* Very fine. *(he turns a circle, smiles, awkward with pleasure and emotion)* Great honour.

MAJID: *(courteous)* The honour is to us. Salaams Sherif.

FARRAJ AND DAUD: *(delighted)* Salaams Sherif.

LAWRENCE: *(to ALI)* It is permitted?

ALI: Surely.

ELDER HARITH: He for whom nothing is written may write himself a clan. Salaam.

LAWRENCE: Salaams.

He strides a hesitant pace or two and smiles bashfully. For once it is he who is waiting for a lead.

ELDER HARITH: *(tactfully boisterous)* They are good for riding. Try!

LAWRENCE: *(eagerly)* Yes. *(he turns and picks up his camel saddle, turns back to them. Strongly.)* Great honour!

As he goes we hear the murmur rise to a shout: “Aurens:”

CUT TO

350 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LAWRENCE (head and shoulders) riding.

MUSIC.

351 REVERSE LONG SHOT. LAWRENCE galloping towards CAMERA. The RAIDERS, distant, are watching. When he approaches CAMERA, LAWRENCE reins in and turns to look at the RAIDERS.

352 MED. SHOT. The RAIDERS raise their hands.

353 MED. SHOT. LAWRENCE raises his hand to them and urges his camel off at a right angle. CAMERA (situated as in REVERSE LONG SHOT above) PANS with this and the RAIDERS are cut off from view by the bank of the Wadi, which LAWRENCE is entering. When the RAIDERS are quite cut off from view:

354 CLOSE SHOT. He dismounts. He stands erect; his face is stern but his eyes are smiling, like a man listening to music.

355 MED. TRACKING SHOT. He walks a swinging pace or two. He draws his dagger and with an expression of extreme nobility threatens with it -- who? Himself perhaps. His eyes fall upon the

dagger as though it were someone else who held it and his face relaxes in self-mockery, though he does not exactly smile. In any case he is for the moment happy enough to tolerate himself. He slams the dagger into its sheath and sets off briskly. He turns suddenly, causing the robes to fly. And so on, the music rising. Though the actions are histrionic his expression is manly and attentive, almost cautious, and we can see that this is more than play acting. As he goes, striding, stopping and turning, with slow graceful movements of the arms, CAMERA FOLLOWS closely.

356 LONG SHOT. Angling down. He sets off with a swinging stride in no particular direction, CAMERA PANNING slightly, but he is progressing diagonally across the screen. A MAN on a STATIONARY HORSE thus enters the opposite corner of the screen, unseen by LAWRENCE until they are almost nose to nose.

357 MED. SHOT. THEY regard one another.

358 CLOSE SHOT. The man is AUDA. The complete desert Bedouin. His face is haggard, fierce, dignified and childish. His eyebrows are raised in amused enquiry. MUSIC stops.

AUDA: What are you doing—Englishman?

LAWRENCE: (*with equal insouciance—hands on hips*) As you see. (*glances round the rim of the basin, carelessly*) Are you alone?

AUDA: Almost. Are you with that party of dogs who are drinking at my well?

LAWRENCE: (*stiffens with immediate interest*) Yours?

AUDA takes out his pistol and fires a single shot in the air, before thrusting it back into his belt.

AUDA: I am Auda Ibu Tayi. (*he expects this to have an effect*)

LAWRENCE: (*as one who notes a mild coincidence*) Ah. I have heard of another man of that name.

AUDA: Other? (*roaring*) What other?

LAWRENCE: The Auda I heard of would not need to summon help—(*indicating the pistol*) to look after his wells.

AUDA: Ah. He must be a great hero.

LAWRENCE: He is. He would not refuse water to men coming out of the Great Nefudh desert.

AUDA: Would he not? Truly that *must* be some other man. (*he jerks his head*) Here is my “help”.

An impressive and dignified BOY of about ten years, on a miniature Arab pony tears down the side of the dune and joins them. He and LAWRENCE exchange glances.

AUDA: (*leans down from his horse and flicks LAWRENCE’s garments with his whip*) Son, what fashion is this?

BOY: Harith, father.

AUDA: And what manner of Harith?

BOY: A Beni Wejh Sherif, father.

AUDA: And *is* he Harith?

BOY: No father. English.

AUDA nods sardonically and wheels his horse to go.

AUDA: Son, they are stealing our water. Tell them we are coming.

The BOY drags out an enormous pistol and holds it upwards. Looks at AUDA inquiringly, his eyes sparkling.

AUDA: Yes! Tell them!

359 CLOSE SHOT. The BOY fires. The two bound out of frame.

360 MED. SHOT. From LAWRENCE's point of view, they tear away to the end of the Wadi and wheel, in a spurt of sand, towards the well, so disappearing from view. As they go, their passage brings LAWRENCE's camel uneasily to its feet, where it stands hesitant.

361 MED. SHOT. LAWRENCE races through the sand towards it.

362 LONG SHOT ... AUDA and SON arrive ... snatch water bottle from GASIM.

362A MED. SHOT ... AUDA with water bottle moving forward from GASIM.

OR

362B AUDA still—holding the bottle up.

362C REACTION SHOT ... RAIDING PARTY.

362D CLOSE SHOT ... AUDA empties bottle and throws it left.

363 MEDIUM SHOT. AUDA throws bottle at GASIM's feet and circles well intercut maybe with

363A AUDA's SON watching.

364 LAWRENCE gallops up to beside AUDA's SON.

364A AUDA's SON pulls gun.

365 DAUD and FARRAJ reacting.

366 LAWRENCE hand raised—he smiles.

367 AUDA'S SON ... smiles—cocks gun and loses smile

368 AUDA as well—dialogue 'You empty that'

ALI steps in f.g. 'do not'

369 (not yet shot) AUDA.. 'It is Auda of the Howeitat who speaks ...

369A ALI 'It is Ali of the Harith who answers' ... moves forward ...

370 AUDA sizes up ALI (to be shot) and moves forward.

371 AUDA and ALI meet in TWO SHOT and continue as script

AUDA: *(as one who makes an effort of memory, politely to recollect an obscure name, thoughtfully)* Harith ... Ali. *(his face clears; with exaggerated delicacy)* Does your father still steal?

LAWRENCE: *(sharply)* Auda!

AUDA turns.

372 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE from AUDA's viewpoint.

LAWRENCE: We are fifty; you are two. How if we shot you down?

373 MED. SHOT. LAWRENCE AND AUDA

AUDA: Why then you have a blood feud with the Howeitat. Do you desire it?

LAWRENCE: *(smiles and bows his head)* Not the Generals in Cairo nor the Sultan himself desire that. *(he smiles, indicating the BOY)* Call off your men.

374 WIDER ANGLE MED. SHOT LAWRENCE, AVDA, the BOY, ALL

AUDA: *(testily, and as one who repeats a lesson to a backward pupil)* No, no, boy—this honours the unworthy. *(the BOY holsters the gun, and as LAWRENCE rides up to him he continues, mock-apologetic)* I have only just begun to teach him.

LAWRENCE: *(serious and with a trace of disesteem)* And what is it you're teaching him today? *(he indicates the scattered men and vessels)* Howeit at hospitality?

AUDA: *(he is caught; his face darkens and he growls)* Be not clever with me, English... *(he says to ALI shortly and as though LAWRENCE were not present)* Who is he?

LAWRENCE: *(quickly)* A friend of Prince Feisal's.

AUDA: *(looks at him and ALI with some interest, cautiously)* So. *(to ALI)* And you desire my hospitality?

LAWRENCE: *(quickly and looking warningly and compellingly at ALI)* Yes.

AUDA: *(to ALI)* Is he your tongue?

ALI: *(shortly)* We do desire it.

AUDA: Then it is given. *(deprecating)* If you will take it—I am at my summer camp, a poor place. *(as one wising to be even pedantically correct)* To me it seems a poor place, some men find it marvellous. Tomorrow maybe I will allow the Turks to buy you, friends of Feisal. But dine with me. *(as soon as he has said this magic phrase his pride becomes straightforward)* Yes. Dine with Auda, English. Dine with the Howeit at, Harith. It is my pleasure that you dine with me—in Wadi Rhumm!

CUT TO

375 LONG SHOT. Angling down. WADRI RHUMM . This scene is in scale, Biblical in form. The floor of the Wadi is beneath us, yet its walls tower above us. AUDA's camp comprises some hundreds of black tents, one of particular magnificence having a clear space axoun, it. There are pools of water with small trees giving shade, flocks of black sheep, a herd of horses. Smoke ascends from scores of cooking fires at which the women work, though here and there a woman makes her way between the tents on an ass, followed by her children. One or two groups of men are mounted on trotting horses, but most of the horses are tethered and the general effect is of leisure, or the very mildest sort of activity. The CAMERA PANS over this scene.

376 LONG SHOT. THE CAMP. The echo of a shot bounds back and forth between the cliffs. There is one second of inactivity, and then women and children appear from almost all of the tents, looking up and about them. Men appear similarly and run to their horses.

377 MED. SHOT. AUDA, ALI, LAWRENCE. AUDA looks down as before, he is no longer concerned to show off even slightly. He is deeply proud of what he sees and also alert to see that it is done correctly. He fires another shot, and leads the way forward and down.

378 LONG SHOT. THE CAMP, from the floor of the Wadi. The echo of AUDA's second shot still flying; more and more mounted men all making in one direction; women snatching children away from the horses into the shelter of the tents.

379: MED. SHOT. By the big tent AUDA's standard. A flying horseman plucks it from the ground. On SOUND TRACK a gathering noise of welcome.

380 MED. TRACKING SHOT. THE RAIDERS, MAJID with the banner prominent in the background. AUDA smiles.

381 LONG SHOT. What he sees. We are approaching the tents, from between which AUDA's HORSEMEN are speeding to meet us, joy-shooting.

382 MED. SHOT. CAMERA PANS along the RAIDERS. They look defiant. Backs are straightened. Their dusty, crumpled, sometimes torn garments rearranged. They pack more closely together as the first of the horsemen arrive.

383 LONG SHOT. THE RAIDERS, surrounded by the HORSEMEN who circle about them, shouting AUDA's name and firing into the air.

384 MED. TRACKING SHOT. AUDA, LAWRENCE, and ALI.

385 MED. SHOT. From their viewpoint; CAMERA PANS swiftly with a group of encircling HOWEITAT.

386 MED. TRACKING SHOT. ELDER HARITH, MAJID, and other RAIDERS face ahead but look covertly sideways.

387 MED. SHOT. AUDA spurs a little ahead.

388 MED. SHOT. From his viewpoint. The whirling wall of horsemen breaks before him, wheeling away (not too neatly; it is not a circus) to disclose the tents. Shooting stops.

389 MED. TRACKING SHOT. The RAIDERS ride between the tents. There is now no noise and the HOWEITAT have formed themselves into a huge and threatening escort, riding alongside. Their clothes are good, in some cases splendid; their weapons are clean, their mounts fresh and well-groomed.

390 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. MAJID. He turns his head and looks balefully at:

391 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. HOWEITAT STANDARD BEARER. He returns the look.

392 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. GASIM. The HOWEITAT are now crowding the RAIDERS; he is nervous but does his best.

393 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. A splendid HOWEITAT eyes him up and down.

394 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. ELDER HARITH, being crowded. Without looking, he crowds back.

395 MED. TRACKING SHOT. From the RAIDERS' viewpoint, the moving sea of HOWEITAT look towards us, poker-faced among the tents.

396 MED. TRACKING SHOT. From behind, we PAN over the heads of the HOWEITAT along the camel-borne RAIDERS, ending on the leaders. The whole cavalcade comes to a stop, except for AUDA, ALI and LAWRENCE who ride on, watched by the others, into a clear space.

397 MED. TRACKING SHOT. These THREE ride towards us, others in the background. AUDA dismounts. He salutes his guests, and gestures.

AUDA: Auda's tent.

398 CLOSE SHOT. AUDA'S TENT. It is a woven palace.

399 MED. SHOT. At a signal from the ELDER HARITH, the camels of the RAIDERS sink down to their knees among the horsemen, so seeming to be swallowed up.

DISSOLVE

400 INSIDE AUDA'S TENT. NIGHT. It is brilliantly lit within. The black night without is ringed with fires. The remains of a splendid meal is before them. Slaves attend with coffee. AUDA reclines

backwards and belches politely. He is satiated but his little eyes are wickedly alive. He has much on his mind.

AUDA: (*reflectively*) This thing you work against Akaba. What profit do you hope from it?

ALI: We work it for Feisal of Mecca. The *Harith* do not work for profit. (*unlike some he could mention*)

AUDA: (*unruffled*) Well, if it is in a man to be a servant, Sherif Ali, he could find worse masters than Feisal. But I—I cannot serve.

LAWRENCE: (*quietly*) You permit the Turks to stay in Akaba.

AUDA: (*short*) Yes. It is my pleasure.

LAWRENCE leans forward and takes a morsel from the plate. Carefully.

LAWRENCE: We do *not* work this thing for Feisal.

AUDA: (*insolently, to ALI*) No? For the English then?

LAWRENCE: (*quick*) For the Arabs.

AUDA: The Arabs?... The Howeitat, Ageyli, ‘V Rualla, Beni Sahkr, these I know—I have even heard of the Harith—but the “Arabs”: what tribe is that?

LAWRENCE laughs, AUDA looks pleased, but:

LAWRENCE: They are a tribe of slaves.

And AUDA goes gray at the insult.

LAWRENCE: They serve the Turks.

AUDA: (*muttering*) Well they are nothing to me. My tribe is the Howeitat!

ALI: Who work only for profit.

AUDA: Who work at Auda’s pleasure!

LAWRENCE: And Auda’s pleasure is to serve the Turks.

AUDA: (*deeply dangerous, between incredulity and rage*) Serve? I, serve?

LAWRENCE: It is the servant who takes money.

AUDA leaps to his feet and backs away from this moral threat as another man might from a physical one.

AUDA: I am Auda Ibu Tayi! (*He goes to the edge of the tent and bawls into the darkness*) Does Auda *serve*? Does Auda Ibu Tayi *serve*? (*He faces his persecutors and goes into a furious litany*) I carry twenty-three great wounds all got in battle! Seventy-five men I have killed with my own hands, in battle! I scatter, I burn my enemies’ tents! I take away their flocks and herds. The Turks pay me a golden treasure. Yet I am poor! ... Because I am a river to my people! Is that service?

LAWRENCE: No.

AUDA sees his admiration is genuine. He approaches. He sits.

MAJID: (*sadly*) Yet now it seems Auda has grown old. And lost his taste for fighting.

AUDA: It is well you say it in my tent. Thou tulip..

ALI: Yet this is a tulip the Turks could not buy.

AUDA: Why should they wish to? (*to LAWRENCE*) Now I will tell you what they pay me. And you will tell me if this is a servant's wages. (*impressive*) They pay me, month by month ... one hundred golden guineas.

ALI, MAJID, and others are dumbfounded, but:

LAWRENCE: A hundred and fifty, Auda.

AUDA: Who told thee that?

LAWRENCE: I have long ears.

AUDA: And a long tongue between them.

LAWRENCE: A hundred, a hundred and fifty, what matters? It is a trifle. (*AUDA stares*) A trifle. Which they take from a great box they have ...

ALI: In Akaba.

AUDA: (*glowers*) In Akaba?

LAWRENCE: Where else?

AUDA: You trouble me! Like women!

LAWRENCE laughs delightedly.

LAWRENCE: Friends, we have been foolish. Auda will not come to Akaba—

AUDA: No.

LAWRENCE: —for money—

AUDA: No.

LAWRENCE: —for Feisal—

AUDA: No.

LAWRENCE: —nor to drive the Turks away. He will come because it is his pleasure.

AUDA: (*contemplates him, grimly, then*) Thy mother mated with a scorpion.

DISSOLVE

401 LONG SHOT. EARLY MORNING. AUDA'S CAMP. The column is assembled in reverse order, i. e. with the leaders, their standards and bodyguards at the rear.

402 MED. SHOT. AUDA mounts.

AUDA: Make God your agent!

The leaders mount and move off between the TRIBESMEN.

403 LONG SHOT. As they advance, the TRIBESMEN cry:

TRIBESMEN: Auda Ibu Tayi!

AUDA: Peace be with you!

404 LONG SHOT. As they move, they peel up their followers as in a country dance, behind them. A tremendous amount of showing-off takes place in the matter of horsemanship.

405 EXTREME LONG AERIAL SHOT. The HOWEITAT, ant-like, crawl away from the cliffs of Rhumm across a limitless landscape.

DISSOLVE

406 EXTREME LONG SHOT. RIGHT. We look across fold after fold of lunar mountains, to where the lights of a town twinkle, and the sea. In foreground LAWRENCE and ALI look towards this. ALI looks to LAWRENCE, smiles at his expression and says:

ALI: Yes. Akaba.

407 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE rolls over happily and slithers down the slope a little. He looks down contentedly at:

408 MED. LONG SHOT. P.O. V. LAWRENCE. In the wadi below, the column. There are no fires or shelters, but the beasts gathered in clumps and the men mostly lie or sit, in groups. The low murmur of their voices ascends.

409 CLOSE SHOT. ALI slithers down to join LAWRENCE.

ALI: Tomorrow we will go and get it.

LAWRENCE: *(soberly)* D'you think we shall?

ALI: Yes, if you are right about the guns.

LAWRENCE opens his mouth to reply but from the Wadi a single shot cannons out. He looks to ALI, but after a single split beat ALI is gone from the frame with a celerity which indicates that some specific, serious thing has happened.

410 MED. LONG SHOT P.O. v. LAWRENCE. In the Wadi, the BEDOUIN are on their feet, converging on a point where there is a swirling knot of men, and shouting.

411 MED. TRACKING SHOT. ALI descending in a rush. Just as he is leaving the foot of the frame, LAWRENCE appears at the head of it, following more slowly.

412 MED. SHOT. In the Wadi a sort of huge rugby scrum has formed round something we cannot see, of mixed Harith and Howeit. This dark mass, which emits a roaring as of giant bees, gyrates, struggling, swings sideways to reveal in a patch of moonlight, ALI, AUDA, MAJID and two senior HOWEITAT in altercation at the foot of the Wadi wall. LAWRENCE drops into view behind them.

413 CLOSE SHOT. This group. AUDA says flatly into ALI's face, not as one who seeks to convince but as one who states an unalterable fact:

AUDA: He killed. He dies.

At this the two HOWEITAT murmur approval, while ALI and MAJID can only fall silent, and AUDA breaks away, (as LAWRENCE joins the group), followed by his two, from one of whom he seizes a rifle, and thrusts his way into the scrum which falls almost silent, opening for him.

ALI: *(to LAWRENCE)* This is the end of Akaba.

He goes and stands with his face to the rock wall, leaving LAWRENCE looking in consternation at MAJID who says immediately:

MAJID: One of our men has murdered one of Auda's men.

LAWRENCE: *(knows the full significance of this. He is furious. He groans)* Oh ... *why?*

MAJID: *(shrugs)* Theft ... blood feud ... It makes no matter why.

LAWRENCE spins about.

LAWRENCE: Ali!

ALI, his back to LAWRENCE, shakes his head dumbly. He walks away, LAWRENCE staring after him, to where:

414 MED. SHOT. P. O. V. LAWRENCE. The Harith are gathering, coming up with their rifles, winding headclothes about their faces, grimly facing:

415 QUICK CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE looks the other way, to:

416 MED. SHOT. P. O. V. LAWRENCE. The Howeitats gathered round AUDA and the culprit.

MAJID: *(on SOUND TRACK, resigned)* It is an ancient wound.

417 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE: I didn't come here to watch a tribal blood-bath!

He thrusts his way after AUDA.

418 CLOSE SHOT. AUDA, LAWRENCE, the surrounding HOWEITAT.

The VICTIM, below frame and surrounded.

AUDA: *(warningly)* It is the law, Aurens.

LAWRENCE: The Law says that the man must die. If he dies will that content the Howeitats?

AUDA: *(cautiously)* Yes.

LAWRENCE thrusts from him.

419 MED. SHOT. Looking down on the scene... LAWRENCE stands between the two groups.

LAWRENCE: *(calling)* Sherif Ali! If none of Lord Auda's men harms any of yours, will that content the Harith?

ALI: *(calls, eagerly, cutting off a dubious murmur from his men)* Yes!

LAWRENCE: Then I will execute the Law! I have no tribe—!

420 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE: —and no-one is offended!

LAWRENCE moves towards the open ring of HOWEITAT and immediately we CUT violently from this grave and almost ritualistic scene to:

421 CLOSE SHOT. THE FUGITIVE, held, face down, kneeling by three or four HOWEITAT. He is struggling and weeping, and his captors are breathing hard. LAWRENCE's feet enter frame and stop. FUGITIVE looks up.

422 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. The tear-stained face of GASIM. He has not been manhandled. (no blood stains—this is tribal law, not mob violence)

423 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE, his eyes widen in horror.

LAWRENCE: Gasim!

424 CLOSE SHOT. Widening to include LAWRENCE,. A wild hope spreads over GASIM's face; he nods vigorously, gulping and snuffing, a ridiculous smile of apology on his features.

LAWRENCE: *(his voice grating like something mechanical)* Did you do it?

GASIM's smile becomes puzzled. Either LAWRENCE is for him or against him he thinks. Then again he nods, his expression enquiring. LAWRENCE raises his pistol, GASIM flings himself away and sideways from his captors, who skip nimbly out of line of fire, and at the top of the screen we see the feet of the HOWEITAT scatter. It is ugly, scrambling, without dignity.

425 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE. His face wooden, half averted, he fires. He takes fresh aim and fires again, and again. It is clear that GASIM is still alive and flinging himself about on the ground. LAWRENCE'S face is desperate.

426 MED. PANNING SHOT . Men are walking away from the execution which we cannot see, all radiating away from it as more shots sound out, their faces stony and calm, some passing close past CAMERA.

427 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE. He turns away and walks, CAMERA TRACKING BACKWARDS from him. His face is in the last degree shocked, not merely with the shock of a horrible experience, but of a man who has just heard horrible news.

428 TRACKING SHOT. P. O. V. LAWRENCE, the backs of men walking away from him (from the execution, actually, but it looks as though from him). One faces him and waits. It is AUDA. As LAWRENCE draws up with him, he nods and says softly and on a note of approval, of quiet congratulation.

AUDA: Well, Aurens.

429 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT, LAWRENCE walks straight past him, not swerving an inch, clearly prepared to hurl AUDA from his path if AUDA does not stand aside --- which he does, and:

430 CLOSE SHOT AUDA. He looks not offended, but absolutely puzzled and withal curious. He has simply no comprehension of the source of LAWRENCE's distress. ALI joins AUDA in frame, looking off after his friend.

AUDA: What ails the Englishman?

ALI: That that he killed was the man be brought out of the Nefud.

AUDA: (*comprehending*) Ah. (*he shrugs*) It was written then. Better to have left him.

ALI leaves the frame after LAWRENCE.

431 LAWRENCE. ALI joins him in frame and falls into step, in silence, for a little; his eye lights on the pistol still in LAWRENCE's hand.

432 CLOSE SHOT. The pistol. ALI speaks on SOUND TRACK.

ALI: (*on SOUND TRACK, gently*) It was execution, Aurens. No shame in that ... Besides, it was necessary.

433 CLOSE SHOT. ALI and LAWRENCE, who appears not to have heard.

ALI: (*smiles uncomfortably*) You gave life and you took it. (*placating*) The writing is still yours.

LAWRENCE looks at him in horror and fear. Looks at the pistol. Sends it spinning away from him.

434 FLASH SHOT. The pistol cuts a glittering arc in the moonlight.

435 MED. SHOT. A group of HOWEITAT, RUALLA, and HARITH, rush for it, excited and quarrelsome, innocent as schoolboys. On SOUND TRACK, beneath their clamour, a rumble rises, becomes a thunder and:

CUT

436 MEDIUM SHOT. The Raiders thunder towards us in line abreast, stretching from side to side of Wadi Akaba. The thunder is deafening, the hooves are flying, they are invincible. We have just time to glimpse AUDA in the van when with a crescendo of noise they sweep past us, CAMERA PANNING swiftly to follow them as they leave us under a curtain of dust. In this curtain we can make out LAWRENCE following (with the other camel-riders) in the wake of the tidal wave he has raised but cannot lead. As they leave us of course the thunder dies away, but *not* to silence, and:

437 PANNING SHOT. The Turkish Kitchen area. On SOUND TRACK the faint sound of the charge. A queue of men with enamel plates is served by cooks with ladles in foreground. PANNING,

middle-ground is occupied by those already served seated on benches at tables under awning. Then, in background a platoon of riflemen (the New Guard for the day no doubt) is inspected by an OFFICER. The noise of the charge growing we PAN back at once and see MEN at the tables raise their heads curiously. Then, in the queue MEN stare off incredulously. One man's food slides from his plate, and:

438 LONG SHOT. The charge, their P. O. V. under its curtain of dust, thunder increasing steadily but without a break.

439 PANNING SHOT, in the Kitchen area, the MEN in the queue and at the tables run aimlessly. In background we see the RIFLEMEN more purposefully taking cover (thunder of hooves growing steadily) and:

440 The OFFICER frantically works a field telephone, but he turns into CAMERA instinctively cringing as the thunder becomes overwhelming and:

441 The charge, on top of CAMERA engulfs us. Thunder fortissimo.

442 As though swept up in it, MOVING SHOT, P. O. V. the charging Arabs. Turks scatter before us, throw up their arms, go down. Thunder fortissimo.

443 Thunder continuing but diminuendo. In a line across the Wadi are four sandbagged machine gun pits. We shoot along the line and at the far side of the Wadi are many neat tents. The same at this side of the Wadi, therefore in foreground. In the Pits TURKS struggle grimly, without panic, valiantly, to rip the covers from the heavy guns, to lug them to the reverse side of the position, to load them. The thunder is growing; we almost want them to succeed. One team does loose off a brief hesitant burst but the charge bursts on screen, thunder fortissimo, and with hoarse cries they are shot down, sabred, overrun in a twinkling. In the rear of the charge a horseman deftly severs the guys of the foreground tent, like a circus turn, and flies off again and we just have time to see the tents on the far side going down with the artificial neatness of a conjuring trick. These destroyers have been left by the main charge which we hear receding and:

444 LONG SHOT. From an eminence at the end of the Wadi we hear the popping rifles, the distant cries, the distant thunder as the charge, still in perfect line, rolls up the last Turkish defences, the camp behind it in chaos, and only now at this discreet distance do we see the strewn dead among the wreckage, in sufficient numbers to indicate total victory. We PAN to follow the charge, ending when the helpless BIG GUNS loom on frame in foreground, with in the distance Akaba Town, its beach and seashore.

CUT

445-484 DELETED.

485 ROSTRUM SHOT-PANNING. Across wall and disclosing LONG SHOT LAWRENCE and camel going down to the sea. As it turns along the surf.

486 MEDIUM SHOT. PANNING with LAWRENCE and camel walking through surf and coming to a halt.

487 CLOSE. SHOT. LAWRENCE. He looks around him, head raised in the manner of a conquerer. (Enough footage for trumpets and orchestra to develop.) He glances towards the town, lowers his head, puts his rifle away and wipes his hand on his clothing. He sits, his head again raised, looking out to sea: After a moment or two the FLOWERS fall past his face, he looks downwards.

488 INTERCUT. INSERT of the FLOWERS floating on the water.

489 RESUME CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE—he turns in his saddle and sees:

490 CLOSE SHOT. ALI (who is just behind).

ALI: The miracle is accomplished. (*Pointing to the flowers*) Garlands for the conqueror.

491 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE:

LAWRENCE: Oh.

He turns and looks down at the water again.

492 CLOSE SHOT. The FLOWERS. They are drifting backwards and forwards in the water.

493 MEDIUM SHOT. LAWRENCE and ALI LAWRENCE jumps from his camel and CAMERA PANS with him into CLOSE SHOT as he chases the FLOWERS and finally picks them up.

494 CLOSE SHOT. ALI.

ALI: Tribute for the Prince. Flowers for the man ...

495 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE (as from ALI's viewpoint). He wants to respond.

LAWRENCE: (*shrugging*) I'm none of those things, Ali.

496 MEDIUM SHOT. LAWRENCE in foreground—ALI in background.

ALI: What then?

LAWRENCE: Don't know. (*holding up the flowers*) Thanks. (*looking out over the sea*) My god I love this country.

There is a soft explosion off. LAWRENCE looks towards the town.

LAWRENCE: What ... ?

497–499 CLOSE SHOT. ALI—he turns looking towards the town.

AUDA: No gold in Akaba!

500 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE. His eyebrows are raised; he is privately shaking with inner laughter at the scene.

LAWRENCE: (*mildly*) Have you looked thoroughly?

Behind him a breathless Howeitat crashes in. He glances round nervously at the threatening tableau, salaams to LAWRENCE with nervous haste and says to AUDA excitedly:

HOWEITAT: Auda Ibu Tayi! I have found it!

He gestures invitingly towards the door, and LAWRENCE stands aside as AUDA and his HOWEITAT, noisy again, pour through it.

501 LAWRENCE and ALI go swiftly to the wireless set and after a single glance:

502 CLOSE SHOT. Angling up. ALI looks at LAWRENCE, anxiously, and LAWRENCE after a moment's scrutiny:

LAWRENCE: That's a pity.

503 MEDIUM SHOT. LAWRENCE walks away and stops. Picks up a Dispatch Case. He thinks. He radiates electric energy and confidence.

LAWRENCE: Ali, get a message down the coast to Yenbo. Tell Feisal to find boats—any boats—and bring the Arab Army here to Akaba. Quickly.

ALI: And you?

LAWRENCE: I'm going to tell the Generals. (*with inner relish*) In Cairo!

Anticipating opposition, LAWRENCE is deliberately insouciant; he continues to be occupied with the Dispatch Case.

LAWRENCE: (*going*) Yes, Across Sinai.

504 CLOSE SHOT. At this FARRAJ and DAUD are alert and wildly hopeful. On SOUND TRACK, ALI says: "Sinai!"

LAWRENCE: Yes.

ALI: With these?

LAWRENCE: They'll be alright with me.

He says this with a little reproving laugh in his voice, as though Sinai were the local park and ALI's anxiety comical. But seeing ALI's face he reaches out, takes ALI by one of his cross straps and adds:

LAWRENCE: Look Ali. *(he shakes him gently, smiling)* If any of your Bedouin arrived in Cairo and told them that we've *taken Akaba*, the Generals would laugh!

ALI: *(quietly, but with the bitterness of frustrated love)* I see. In Cairo you will put off these funny clothes; you will wear trousers and tell stories of our quaintness and barbarity. And then they will believe you.

During this, the smile fades from LAWRENCE's features and by its end he has a face of stone. He pauses, then says softly into ALI's face:

LAWRENCE: You're an ignorant man.

505 CLOSE SHOT. In an ancient strong room with a small barred window, two HOWEITAT proffer a metal chest to AUDA. He flings from it a final handful of grubby paper currency, which hangs in the air and litters the floor like snow, and roars:

AUDA: Paper!

506 MEDIUM SHOT. He leaves the strong room, which brings him into the tunnel through which LAWRENCE must leave the courtyard. He stops as he sees LAWRENCE, preparing his mount, ALI by him, DAUD and FARRAJ behind.

AUDA: There is no gold in Akaba. No gold! No "great box!"

507 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE glances past AUDA but sees that the tunnel is filled with AUDA's men. He relaxes in his saddle and says loudly and with a touch of mild contempt:

LAWRENCE: Did Auda come to Akaba for gold?

AUDA: For my pleasure as you said, but gold is honourable and Aurens promised gold ... *(deliberately)* Aurens lied.

508 MED. SHOT. FARRAJ and DAUD. Each slams a round into the breach of his rifle, with that particular unmistakable noise.

509 MED. SHOT. AUDA and his men suddenly stop lounging and are alert. AUDA peers past LAWRENCE and laughs.

LAWRENCE: See, Auda.

He opens the Despatch Case and takes from it a sheaf of papers, on the back of one of which he writes with a pencil, also from the Despatch Case, saying loudly as he does so:

LAWRENCE: "The Crown of England promises to pay 5,000 golden guineas to Auda Ibuy Tayi." *(still scribbling he adds for his own amusement)* Signed in His Majesty's absence by ... *(a flourishing signature)* ... me.

510 CLOSE SHOT. P. O. V. LAWRENCE, AUDA moves alongside his camel and holds up his hand rather suspiciously for the paper.

LAWRENCE leans down into the frame and hands it to him, saying as he does so:

LAWRENCE: In ten days I'll be back with gold.

511 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE

He straightens in the saddle and adds ringingly for the benefit of all those now assembled:

LAWRENCE: With gold, with guns! With everything!

512 CLOSE SHOT. AUDA as before, unimpressed.

AUDA: Ten days? You will cross Sinai ?

LAWRENCE: Why not? Moses did.

And he urges his beast past AUDA and into the tunnel.

513 CLOSE SHOT. FARRAJ and DAUD pass AUDA following LAWRENCE.

514 CLOSE SHOT. AUDA, calling after:

AUDA: And you will take the—children?

LAWRENCE's figure is already dim. His voice sails clearly back to AUDA.

LAWRENCE: Moses did!

AUDA: (*glaring after him*) Moses was a prophet!

He glowers at the paper in his hand and fires a parting shot through the now empty tunnel beyond which only emptiness can be seen.

AUDA: (*calling*) And beloved of God!

AUDA turns. His face is neither angry nor taken aback, but perfectly still and very, very thoughtful. He says to ALI, as one who ponders calmly but with apprehension a tiny piece of vital evidence:

AUDA: He said there was gold here. He lied. He is not perfect.

And he makes perfection sound a reasonable, indeed necessary, requirement in a man.

515 LONG SHOT. THE SINAI DESERT. The stars are disappearing in a red dawn. The CAMERA PANS across the desolate beauty of it into a MED. SHOT of LAWRENCE, FARRAJ and DAUD riding abreast. Since they are riding westwards they are lit from behind by red light. LAWRENCE reins in and the others follow suit. They look back enquiringly.

LAWRENCE: (*softly*) Look!

516 LONG SHOT. Their viewpoint. A huge DUST DEVIL lit by the sunrise.

LAWRENCE: (*off*) A pillar of fire.

517 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE and the TWO BOYS. DAUD looks back at LAWRENCE uncomprehendingly.

DAUD: No Lord, sand.

LAWRENCE laughs and rides forward.

DISSOLVE

518 EXTREME LONG SHOT. A featureless desert plain. Broad daylight, pale sky, pale sand. The impression of heat less overwhelming than on the mud flats but the droughtiness absolute. Three, four, five dust devils at varying distances, veer and waver inconstantly over the plain. (we want here, not geographical fact, but metaphysical atmosphere) One of these columns bears down on the THREE TINY FIGURES.

519 MED. SHOT. The THREE RIDERS enveloped in the whirling dust, heads down, suffering it. It is suddenly gone. They are too tired to comment, only moving forward again.

520 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. FARRAJ and DAUD try to spit but have no spittle. LAWRENCE shakes his clothes.

521 CLOSE SHOT. A bright object falls silently on the sand. The camels feet move on as the CAMERA MOVES IN on the object. It is LAWRENCE's compass.

DISSOLVE

522 LONG SHOT. SINAI. The terrain now more strange and confused. The THREE RIDERS come to a stop.

523 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE feels his robes for his compass, fails to find it and looks back. The TWO BOYS follow his gaze not understanding.

LAWRENCE: (*cupping his empty hand as if he were holding it*) My compass.

Their fatigued faces look at him, alarmed.

LAWRENCE: No matter. If we ride West, we must strike the Canal. Due West.

DISSOLVE

524 MED. SHOT. The THREE RIDERS receding from CAMERA straight into the sunset. The sun has gone. It is nearly dark.

525 CLOSE SHOT TRACKING. The TWO BOYS look aged with fatigue as they plod forward.

FARRAJ: Lord. (*LAWRENCE looks at him*) Can we not rest?

LAWRENCE: (*sharply*) I told you. No rest. Until they know that I have Akaba.

They plod forwards.

LAWRENCE: Have you slept in beds?

They look at him but are too miserable to answer.

LAWRENCE: Farraj? (*FARRAJ nods*) Daud? (*DAUD nods*) With sheets? Tomorrow night, the finest sheets, in the finest room, in the finest hotel in Cairo.

DAUD can just manage a smile and a dubious angling of the head.

LAWRENCE: I promise it!

DAUD: (*with an effort, croaking*) Then it shall be so, Lord.

It is almost dark.

DISSOLVE

526 LONG SHOT. DAY. A windswept foggy landscape of enormous sand dunes. As LAWRENCE and FARRAJ, now on foot, drag their grumbling camels down the side of a large dune, the small figures of DAUD and his camel appear on the crest above them some hundred yards away. He stands looking down at LAWRENCE and FARRAJ wondering whether to make the effort to join them or go straight down. LAWRENCE and FARRAJ reach the bottom of the dune and stop in CLOSE SHOT. We now see that their lips are badly cracked and that their faces are masked by grey dust. They stand still for a moment, breathing hard, then LAWRENCE turns; wearily and impatiently he signals DAUD to go down. DAUD half raises his hand in reply as LAWRENCE beckons to FARRAJ and they move on.

527 CLOSE SHOT. DAUD. He takes the reins of his camel and pulls it over the crest, down the slope. The CAMERA PANS with them as they gather momentum and plunge downwards.

528 CLOSE SHOT. They run into a basin of soft sand at the bottom of the dune. They are knee deep in it.

529 CLOSE UP. DAUD's camel. It lets out a frightened grunt and jerks back its head.

530 MED. SHOT. The reins fly out of DAUD's hand as the frightened animal backs away from him. He shouts at the camel, but not until he tries to move does he realise the extent to which his legs have sunk into the sand. He look out towards LAWRENCE and FARRAJ.

531 LONG SHOT. DAUD's viewpoint. LAWRENCE and FARRAJ plod on oblivious to what has happened.

532 CLOSE SHOT. DAUD. The sand is now up to his thighs. He looks around desperately with fear in his eyes.

533 CLOSE SHOT. His camel, standing still, its dangling reins just out of reach.

534 CLOSE SHOT. DAUD. He makes a great effort to move but his hands sink in the sand as he tries to press himself up. He yells above the wind:

DAUD: Farraj!

535 CLOSE SHOT. FARRAJ. He is unaware of his friend's plight as he staggers on through a particularly difficult patch. He just manages to wave an arm in an exchange of greeting.

536 CLOSE SHOT. DAUD. For the last time he controls his panic. He twists round to face his camel and forces himself to speak winningly.

DAUD: Aruka? Aruka ?

537 CLOSE SHOT. The camel. She lowers her. head, puzzled.

538 CLOSE SHOT. DAUD and the camel. DAUD reaches for the reins. They are still too far.

539 CLOSE SHOT. DAUD. He is up to his chest.

DAUD: Aruka? Aruka ?

540 CLOSE SHOT. DAUD and the CAMEL. She edges forward. In one moment DAUD grabs the reins and her forefeet sink in the sand.

541 CLOSE SHOT. Angling up from DAUD's viewpoint. The CAMEL makes a tearing leap sideways and away, loudly bellowing as she does so.

542 LONG SHOT. LOW ANGLE. LAWRENCE and FARRAJ plodding away up the slope. They turn. They run floundering towards us. As they come, DAUD's camel dashes from behind CAMERA and towards them, monstrous because of our low angle.

543 FLASH SHOT. The face of FARRAJ, running.

544 FLASH SHOT. The face of LAWRENCE, running.

545 QUICK LOW ANGLE SHOT. The camels of FARRAJ and LAWRENCE. They spin out of screen.

546 QUICK CLOSE SHOT. DAUD, He screams.

DAUD: Aurens!

547 MED. SHOT. The three camels tear up to the crest of the rise. Two of them disappear over it.

548 MED. SHOT. DAUD's head and shoulders in foreground, with LAWRENCE and FARRAJ struggling towards him in background. His mouth quivers with fright as he repeats:

DAUD: Aurens! Aurens!

549 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LAWRENCE and FARRAJ lurching forward through the sand gasping for breath.

550 CLOSE UP. DAUD. He makes a desperate effort to sustain his level by stretching out his arms, but he continues to sink and the blowing sand begins to lap round his shoulders.

551 MED. SHOT. FARRAJ and LAWRENCE. FARRAJ makes a last frantic rush forward, but within three or four yards of his friend he too sinks in above the knees. LAWRENCE flings himself forward on his belly and barely manages to pull him back to safety.

552 CLOSE UP. DAUD. The sand around his neck.

553 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE. He rips off his headcloth, unwinds it, and flings the free end towards DAUD.

554 CLOSE UP. DAUD. His chin is beginning to sink as the end of the head cloth falls into picture. He just manages to get hold of it with both hands.

555 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE. Taking the strain on the taut cloth. The vibration showing how much strength he is exercising.

556 CLOSE UP. DAUD. The same vibration is repeated, we see at once that his strength will be insufficient. He begins to whimper. His hands slip on the cloth and slip again. The sand mounts towards his mouth and he begins to choke.

557 CLOSE SHOT. FARRAJ dashes forward. LAWRENCE trips him, throws him to the ground and holds him down. FARRAJ suddenly relaxes, his face turned away from LAWRENCE, whose face has gone old and bitter. The CAMERA begins to move back and upwards. More and more sand comes into picture. In a futile gesture of atonement, LAWRENCE brushes sand from FARRAJ's back.

558 LONG SHOT. The two figures. In the background at the head of the rise, the single camel.

DISSOLVE

559 MED. TRACKING SHOT. The screen is full of whirling white powder. Between the gusts we can dimly make out. the camel moving forward, with FARRAJ mounted and LAWRENCE walking. They emerge from it, with their faces like plaster casts.

560 CLOSE SHOT. FARRAJ looking down. He takes a decision and taps the camel to kneel.

561 MED. SHOT. The camel kneeling. LAWRENCE looking at FARRAJ as though for instructions but unseeing.

FARRAJ: *(hesitant)* Aurens ... Why do you walk? *(LAWRENCE makes no answer. FARRAJ speaks as though he had)* ... But *why*, Lord ... ? But there is room for *both!* *(sharply)* Aurens! *(the note of fear brings some return of awareness into LAWRENCE's face. Eagerly, indicating LAWRENCE's feet)* Why, Lord? It serves no purpose—there is room for both.

LAWRENCE nods and even smiles a little, as one taking a well made point. He moves to ride with FARRAJ.

DISSOLVE

562 LONG SHOT. There is a strange drumming on the SOUND TRACK. A bank of dust sweeping away from us. It discloses LAWRENCE and FARRAJ on their camel, riding towards us. Above the drumming we hear the clear voice of the boy and see him point.

FARRAJ: Aurens! ... Look!

563 LONG SHOT TRACKING. From their viewpoint. A collection of army hutments and a flagpole. Swirls of dust chase one another. A frayed halyard drums rhythmically against its blistered flagpole. *(This is what we heard)*

564 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. After a glance at LAWRENCE, FARRAJ takes it upon himself to kick the camel into a trot. At once LAWRENCE accepts it, controlling the camel properly and conscientiously, but his face does not change.

565: MED. SHOT. CAMERA PANS with the CAMEL, as, at a broken trot, it rides in among the buildings and halts.

FARRAJ: Aurens?

566 CLOSE SHOT. But with quick tact he compromises and slips to the ground without waiting for the camel to kneel.

567 MED. SHOT. CAMERA PANS with FARRAJ as he runs to the principal building.

568 CLOSE SHOT. He goes in, The door swings behind him. It bears a wooden notice, now split and so faded as to be barely readable except for one word, in red (now pink) "WARNING". Under this, in black (now gray) "These buildings are Army Property. It is an offence ... " (Here the wording becomes perfectly illegible)

569 CLOSE SHOT. THE NOTICE.

570 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE regarding the notice on the swinging door, which we hear banging, as also the slapping of the halyard and the moan of the wind.

571 CLOSE SHOT. (from his angle) The swinging door.

572 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE, as before, his expression tranced but with inward concentration, not dreamy.

573 CLOSE SHOT. (from his angle) The swinging door.

574 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE, as before.

FARRAJ: (*on SOUND TRACK*) Aurens! Aurens!

FARRAJ causes LAWRENCE's camel to kneel. Urgent and with a return of fear, he repeats:

FARRAJ: Aurens!

FARRAJ dashes some of the water into LAWRENCE's face. We expect to see LAWRENCE jerk out of his trance but instead he merely says, quite calmly:

LAWRENCE: All right Farraj. It's all right.

And he alights from the camel and his expression has not changed and we know that this was no trance, or if it was, it is one which will last a lifetime.

575 MED. LONG TRACKING SHOT. He allows FARRAJ, who smiles uncertainly into his face, to lead him up to and through the swinging door. (no dotting of "i's" here; he pays it no attention).

576 MED. SHOT. INSIDE THE HUT, dark after the sunlight. Doors lead off a dusty central corridor. In the offices we glimpse remnants of office furniture and curled up dehydrated notices. In some places the curled sheets of corrugated iron have fallen inwards, revealing the sky, so that he passes from shadow to light and into shadow again. FARRAJ runs ahead and flings open the far door.

577 LONG SHOT. FARRAJ and LAWRENCE leave the hutment. FARRAJ dragging him by the hand towards a sandbank in the foreground of the picture. As they climb the bank the CAMERA CRANES BACK and UPWARDS until they come to a halt in CLOSE SHOT against the blue sky. LAWRENCE stares. From the very faint expression of his face we perhaps can just ascertain that what he see is a solution to a problem, and the commencement to another.

578 LONG SHOT, The CAMERA is shooting across the Suez Canal (from the African Bank) on to the small figures of LAWRENCE and FARRAJ on the far side. After a moment's pause the CAMERA

PANS OFF the TWO FIGURES into a LONG SHOT disclosing the Canal stretching away into the distance, marvellous in its extent and its humanity. There is the sound of a motorcycle and we see a trail of dust fast approaching along the roadway now 'in the foreground of picture.

579 CLOSE SHOT. FARRAJ and LAWRENCE. FARRAJ leaps up and down waving his arms and calling:

FARRAJ: Aye-aye-aye-aye! !

580 LONG SHOT. From FARRAJ's P. O. V. across the canal we see the MOTORCYCLIST approaching along the far bank. He begins to throttle down.

581 CLOSE SHOT. The MOTORCYCLIST comes to a halt. He is so goggled and muffled as to be anonymous. He wears no helmet and wears the uniform of a British N. C. O. with individual variations which make him as like as possible the anonymous figure of LAWRENCE as we first saw him. He peers across the Canal, then switches off the engine, pulls the muffler from his mouth, becoming partially human.

MOTORCYCLIST: (*shouting*) Who are you?

583 LONG SHOT. From the MOTORCYCLIST'S P. O. V. we see the small figures of LAWRENCE and FARRAJ across the water. FARRAJ looks at LAWRENCE who does not reply. FARRAJ then waves his arms in silence.

584 CLOSE SHOT. THE MOTORCYCLIST. He calls again.

MOTORCYCLIST: Who are you? Who are you?

585 LONG SHOT. LAWRENCE and FARRAJ insignificant on the far side. The voice of the MOTORCYCLIST echoes between the embankments. *Who are you? Who are you?*

DISSOLVE

586 MED. SHOT. A TRAMCAR rattles its way through a crowded noisy street in CAIRO. As it passes across the picture it discloses an ARMY TRUCK followed by a MOTORCYCLIST who is again goggled and muffled in anonymity.

587 CLOSE SHOT. In the back of the truck are LAWRENCE and FARRAJ. The boy is asleep with his mouth open and LAWRENCE steadies him against the sway of the truck. Both have had some sort of a wash and the dust has been removed from their sun-baked faces. LAWRENCE idly raises his eyes towards the rear of the truck.

588 CLOSE SHOT. Through the narrow gap in the flapping awning at the truck, a CAIRO street, with MOTOR BIKE following.

589 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE and FARRAJ. The truck swerves to the side, and LAWRENCE holds the sagging boy upright.

590 LONG SHOT. The skyline of Cairo with a British flag in foreground.

591 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE and FARRAJ in foreground of picture.

The truck has halted and through the awning in background, we catch a glimpse of a portico belonging to a very big building. As the SHOT begins the DRIVER throws down the tailboard with a crash.

FARRAJ struggles out of sleep with a cry of desperate warning.

FARRAJ: Daud!

LAWRENCE looks as though struck. FARRAJ, hearing the mental echo of his own cry, looks up sharply and apprehensively at him.

DRIVER: (*puzzled, to LAWRENCE*) We're here, sir.

592 CLOSE SHOT. THE MOTORCYCLIST, stationary, from behind. He twists his head (goggles now pushed up to reveal, after all, an ordinary English face) to see what his strange charges are doing now.

593 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE and FARRAJ have dismounted, and address themselves to the steps. LAWRENCE keeps one hand on FARRAJ as though this were the one duty he were sure of.

594 CLOSE SHOT. DRIVER, puzzled, touched, amused, but "keeping well out if it," saunters towards his cab, with one eye on FARRAJ and LAWRENCE (off screen).

DRIVER: (*with curiosity and some sympathy*) You going in there, sir?

595 MED. SHOT. LAWRENCE and FARRAJ. LAWRENCE slows his pace but does not stop.

LAWRENCE: Yes.

596 CLOSE SHOT. The DRIVER, this not being his problem, nods and swings himself into the cab.

597 MED. SHOT. We hear the truck start up. The CAMERA PANS AND TRACKS with LAWRENCE and FARRAJ as they climb the last few steps, cross a long open corridor running the length of the building, and pass through a large doorway opening out into a patio. PART of the patio is roped off and by an opening in the center a PROVOST SERGEANT is seated at a desk. Near him are two M.P. CORPORALS on duty. TWO MAJORS pass the CORPORALS on their way out. The CORPORALS salute.

598 MED. SHOT. LAWRENCE and FARRAJ wander past the two CORPORALS. They are surprised, but one recovers before the other.

CORPORAL: Here!

FARRAJ glances backwards but LAWRENCE, holding him by the hand, leads him on past the PROVOST SERGEANT who looks up from his desk.

PROVOST SERGEANT: Here! You!

LAWRENCE and FARRAJ obediently turn at the PROVOST SERGEANT's shout. His indignation is softened by amusement at this bizarre and evidently harmless intrusion.

PROVOST SERGEANT: (*rising, quite kindly*) Where the hell d'you think you're going, Mustapha?

599 MED. SHOT. LAWRENCE gestures vaguely towards one of the corridors leading off the patio. He is not "mickey taking."

LAWRENCE: Er ... we're thirsty.

The PROVOST SERGEANT approaches, staring hard. His expression changes. He speaks gently.

PROVOST SERGEANT: Mister Lawrence, is it?

LAWRENCE: Yes.

PROVOST SERGEANT: (*taking in his clothes—and FARRAJ*) Are you going to the Officers' bar, sir?

LAWRENCE: Yes.

LAWRENCE turns and goes, propelling FARRAJ before him. The PROVOST SERGEANT is shocked and calls after him:

PROVOST SERGEANT: You can't take *him* in there, sir.

FARRAJ turns round again but LAWRENCE does not appear to have heard anything.

600 MED. SHOT. The PROVOST SERGEANT and CORPORALS stare after them. All are astonished and shocked, but a certain pleasure begins to dawn within the PROVOST SERGEANT, who can anticipate:

601 LONG SHOT. THE CLUB. A DOZEN OFFICERS seated or standing at tables, the bar itself vacant. The OFFICERS are conversing quietly. Among others we see the CLUB SECRETARY from the billiards sequence. In background LAWRENCE and FARRAJ enter and make towards the bar. One by one the OFFICERS see them and absolute incredulous silence falls, for they look completely Arab. Nobody moves. The CAMERA PANS with LAWRENCE and FARRAJ into a CLOSE SHOT as they come to a standstill in front of the bar. The Arab BARTENDER is flung into instantaneous alarm and embarrassment partly on his own, and partly on LAWRENCE's behalf, who regards him blankly.

BARTENDER: (*leaning forward, urgently confiding*) No. No. You must—you must—no—no—no—no. (*hissing*) Go, Effendi, go!

He glances nervously at the thunderstruck OFFICERS and raises his voice officiously.

BARTENDER: Get out! You must get out! Get out!

602 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE and FARRAJ over the BARTENDER's shoulder with the OFFICERS in the background. The BARTENDER makes a move across picture in order to round the bar, but suddenly LAWRENCE grips him and turns him back into his first position. LAWRENCE's face begins to show some sort of response to his situation. The response is venomous anger. He speaks very clear and Oxford in this silence.

LAWRENCE: We want two large glasses of lemonade.

BARTENDER: (*utterly lost*) ... This is a bar for British Officers.

LAWRENCE: (*as one for whom wit is an unavoidable burden*) That's all right; we're not particular.

There is a clatter from the background as the SECRETARY gets up from his chair.

SECRETARY: Lawrence! (*He comes up to LAWRENCE and FARRAJ.*) Are you off your head!

LAWRENCE looks about him at the decent, puzzled English faces, uncomprehending and therefore beginning to be indignant. Hatred begins to shine in his eyes. The CAMERA begins to track in.

LAWRENCE: No, oddly enough I'm. not.

One or two more OFFICERS have risen to their feet. They are not enraged but displeased and spontaneously disapproving. The little oddity with his self regard and cryptic utterances has really gone too far with this latest escapade. Tolerance must be withdrawn. One of them calls out and others join in, overlapping.

CAPTAIN: Now look here Lawrence, just clear out will you!

THE OTHERS: Yes, go on, clear out! (*in a no-nonsense voice*) Get that boy out of here, Lawrence! (*peremptory*) Oh go away, Lawrence. (*wearily*)

The SECRETARY places a firm grasp on FARRAJ's upper arm, says, fight-lipped:

SECRETARY: We'll have this one out, anyway.

LAWRENCE tears the SECRETARY'S hand from FARRAJ and flings it away. The physical act triggers a more violent vocal reaction from the OFFICERS.

OFFICERS: Clear out! Clear off, Lawrence! Get that wog out of here! Clear off! Imshi! Yes, go on, Imshi! Take that little wog out! — the little wog! —little wog! Imshi, the pair of you! Imshi! Imshi! Imshi!

BRIGHTON walks in and stops, frowning and displeased.

BRIGHTON: (*cold and sharp*) What's going on?

603. MED. SHOT. LAWRENCE, FARRAJ and SECRETARY in the foreground at the bar. BRIGHTON and the OFFICERS in the background. The overlapping babble ceases and there is an awkward silence as BRIGHTON walks forward to the bar. The SECRETARY steps back, making way for BRIGHTON as he passes him.

SECRETARY: (*murmuring with a nice blend of discreet indignation*) It's Lawrence, sir.

BRIGHTON stares and stares at LAWRENCE, who turns deliberately away and addresses the BARTENDER.

LAWRENCE: (*softly*) Lemonade, with ice.

The BARTENDER jerks into action. BRIGHTON goes up to LAWRENCE and barks:

BRIGHTON: Well! Explain yourself!

The BARTENDER passes two glasses of lemonade before LAWRENCE. LAWRENCE passes one to FARRAJ, then turns to BRIGHTON, taking a breath deliberately.

LAWRENCE: We've taken Akaba.

BRIGHTON gives an irritable interrogative grunt. The precise meaning of the words is too outlandish for him to take in.

BRIGHTON: Hm?

Several OFFICERS have gathered round at a discreet distance. There is a complete silence all round save for the considerable noise of FARRAJ drinking.

LAWRENCE: (*to BARTENDER*) He likes your lemonade.

The content of LAWRENCE's words is still too unexpected to be taken in. BRIGHTON wrinkles his brow. He is trying to find out what LAWRENCE can really be meaning, for he is sufficiently sensitive to see that he means something and something serious.

BRIGHTON: Taken Akaba? Who has?

LAWRENCE: We have ... Our side in the war has. The wogs have. We have.

605/07 CLOSE SHOT. BRIGHTON looks at LAWRENCE, hard and intelligently, trying to differentiate fact and fantasy.

BRIGHTON: You mean the Turks have gone?

LAWRENCE: No, they're still there but they've no boots. (*he tries for a more ordinary tone*) Prisoners, sir—we took them prisoners. (*but his overworked nerves must unwind*) The entire garrison—no, that's not true—we killed some of them—too many really—manage it better next time.

608 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE and BRIGHTON

LAWRENCE: Been a lot of killing one way and another.

BRIGHTON's stare is still appraising.

LAWRENCE: Cross my heart and hope to die, it's all perfectly true.

609 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE, BRIGHTON and the OFFICERS.

BRIGHTON: It isn't possible.

LAWRENCE: Yes it is. I did it.

There is a pause. BRIGHTON finds all the OFFICERS looking at him.

BRIGHTON: You'd better talk to Allenby.

LAWRENCE: *(with a flicker of interest)* General Allenby?

BRIGHTON: Yes. He's in command now. Murray's gone.

LAWRENCE: *(unwillingly interested, not flippant)* Well, that's a step in the right direction.

He places his glass on the bar. His hand is shaking violently.

LAWRENCE: But first I want a room. With a bed. With sheets.

BRIGHTON regards him with some sympathy, and perhaps the beginnings of admiration.

BRIGHTON: Yes, of course.

LAWRENCE: *(quiet, but hard, a challenge)* It's for *him*.

BRIGHTON hesitates, glances at FARRAJ.

BRIGHTON: All right.

Taking the initiative, he leads the way from the bar.

610 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The CAMERA TRACKS with LAWRENCE, BRIGHTON and FARRAJ as they ;make their way through the OFFICERS and tables.

BRIGHTON: *(with a sharp glance at LAWRENCE)* You want a bed yourself, don't you?

LAWRENCE: *(nods)* See Allenby first, though. *Will* he see me?

BRIGHTON: *(looking at him with interest)* I think so.

LAWRENCE: Do that then. *(rubs his jaw, smiles faintly)* I better shave?

BRIGHTON: Yes. *(smiles)* And you'd better get into some trousers.

BRIGHTON nods, smiling at LAWRENCE's rig, expecting him to enjoy the preposterousness of it, but LAWRENCE looks at him unfathomably. His smile fades. He cocks his head and frowns enquiringly.

611 MED. SHOT. A GROUP OF OFFICERS, standing quite still, staring. Hold for a moment on the OFFICERS.

612. INTERIOR. GENERAL ALLENBY'S OFFICE. CLOSE SHOT. ALLENBY. He is seated at his desk in the office previously occupied by MURRAY. Most of the furniture has been changed together with pictures and other ornamentation. On the wall behind him hangs a calendar depicting month by month a bucolic England which is no longer, and probably never was. The office now has an airy atmosphere with everything in apple-pie order. ALLENBY is a footballer, burly and fit; a gentleman, erect and self-respecting; a General Officer who has thoroughly assimilated power, shrewd, commanding, daring, and humble. He is reading with quiet concentration a personal dossier. His tone is flat, with no trace of comment, as if it might be a shopping list he is checking.

ALLENBY: ... undisciplined, unpunctual, untidy.

The CAMERA TRACKS and PANS very slowly off ALLENBY towards the opposite side of his desk. In the background we can see seated DRYDEN (nearest CAMERA) and BRIGHTON.

ALLENBY: ... several languages... knowledge of music ... literature... *(he browses)*

The CAMERA comes to rest on a CLOSE SHOT OF LAWRENCE, still in Arab clothes. He looks across the desk at ALLENBY cautiously. On the otherwise vacant desk we see three photographs. These are a rugby team, an English gentlewoman with a discreet dependent face and a single link of pearls, and a bonny child on a New Forest pony in front of a country house.

ALLENBY: Knowledge of ... knowledge of ...

613 CLOSE SHOT. ALLENBY. He looks up and it is impossible to tell from his expression or his voice whether he is satirical.

ALLENBY: You're an interesting man, there's no doubt about it.

614 CLOSE SHOT. DRYDEN and BRIGHTON. BRIGHTON gives a quick glance at DRYDEN. DRYDEN feels the look but does not respond.

615 CLOSE SHOT. ALLENBY and LAWRENCE. ALLENBY closes the dossier and puts it on the desk. Then he speaks, not hectoringly, not even sharply, but very much in the tone of a good barrister eliciting facts.

ALLENBY: Who told you to take Akaba?

LAWRENCE: Nobody.

ALLENBY: —Sir.

He says this after a pause and rather quietly, without a shade of personal indignation, not insisting on his own rights but gently indicating that the courtesies are to be observed. It shows a concern not for his own privileges but as it were a fatherly concern lest LAWRENCE should by his behaviour let himself down.

LAWRENCE: —Sir.

ALLENBY now turns sideways to LAWRENCE and commences a sort of forensic examination, his tone being light, quick and dispassionate. Now the pace goes ding-dong between them.

ALLENBY: Then why did you?

LAWRENCE: Akaba's important.

ALLENBY: Why is it important?

LAWRENCE: It's the Turkish route to the Canal.

ALLENBY: Not any more. They're coming through Beersheba.

LAWRENCE: I know. But we've gone forward to Gaza.

ALLENBY: So?

LAWRENCE: So that left Akaba behind your right.

ALLENBY: True.

LAWRENCE: And it will be further behind your right when you go for Jerusalem.

ALLENBY: Am I going for Jerusalem?

LAWRENCE: Yes.

ALLENBY considers this for a second or two quite immobile, and it seems that he might be angry.

616 CLOSE SHOT. BRIGHTON and DRYDEN. DRYDEN glances at BRIGHTON, who is too pent-up with his own thoughts to notice.

617 CLOSE SHOT. ALLENBY over LAWRENCE. After a moment's consideration ALLENBY smiles gently and quickly, and then dismissing the smile, faces LAWRENCE, and leaning forward looks at him full of keen interest.

ALLENBY: Very well. Akaba behind my right.

LAWRENCE: It threatened El Arish and Suez.

ALLENBY: Anything else?

618 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE: Yes. Akaba's linked with Medina.

ALLENBY: *(off)* You think we should shift them out of Medina now?

LAWRENCE: No. I think we should leave them there.

619 CLOSE UP. ALLENBY. He looks at LAWRENCE for a second or two, then relaxes, swivels his chair, and adopts the tone of a mere equal.

ALLENBY: You acted without orders you know.

C 620 CLOSE SHOT.. LAWRENCE AND ALLENBY. LAWRENCE smiles.

LAWRENCE: Shouldn't officers "use their initiative at all times"?

ALLENBY: Not really ... It's awfully dangerous, Lawrence.

LAWRENCE: Yes, I know.

ALLENBY: *(suddenly brisk)* I'm promoting you Major ...

LAWRENCE: I don't think that's a very good idea.

ALLENBY: I didn't ask you. I want you to go back and *(deliberately searches for the most banal phrase)* —carry on the good work.

LAWRENCE: No thank you, sir.

ALLENBY: Why not?

621 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE over ALLENBY. Now we see LAWRENCE utterly in the grip of his contradictions. His face works and he twists slowly about in his chair as he gropes for words.

LAWRENCE: Well I, erm, I, erm, let's see now ... I—killed—two people. *(And now it comes with a convulsive rush.)* I mean two Arabs. One was a boy—this was *(in a tone of surprise)* yesterday ... I led him into a quicksand ... the other was a man—that was, oh let me see—before Akaba anyway—I had to execute him with my pistol ... there was something about it I didn't like.

ALLENBY: *(watching him carefully)* Well naturally.

LAWRENCE: *(staring into ALLENBY's face)* No. Something else.

622 CLOSE UP. ALLENBY

ALLENBY: I see. *(He looks away- he is uncomfortable)* Well that's all right; let it be a warning.

623 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE. He is looking at ALLENBY almost hungrily. His hands are beginning to shake.

LAWRENCE: No. Something else.

ALLENBY: *(off)* What then?

LAWRENCE: *(after a pause)* I enjoyed it,

624 CLOSE UP. ALLENBY's face is aged and gloomy. He comprehends. Glances at LAWRENCE, and with an almost physical effort slaps a mask of conventional ignorance and disbelief on his features.

625 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE. He drops his eyes and tries to control his hands which are now shaking violently. He suddenly becomes aware of the presence of:

626 CLOSE UP. DRYDEN AND BRIGHTON. DRYDEN is watching LAWRENCE with a deep look of pity and admiration. BRIGHTON's face is frozen in horror and astonishment.

ALLENBY: *(off)* Rubbish. Rubbish and nerves. You're tired.

627 LONG SHOT. ALLENBY has wheeled round in his chair to face LAWRENCE. He now stands up.

ALLENBY: What d'you mean by coming in here dressed like that? Amateur dramatics?

LAWRENCE has thrown himself back in his chair, very upright under this onslaught of calculated vulgarity, has retreated right back into the fastness of his glacial nature. His eyes flash contemptuously.

LAWRENCE: Oh yes sir. Entirely.

ALLENBY: *(holds out his hand)* Let me see that—hat—or whatever it is. *(He takes the calla and argyl, examining them with apparent interest.)* Fascinating gear they wear. How d'you think I'd look in this, Harry?

BRIGHTON: *(stiffly)* Damn ridiculous, sir.

ALLENBY: *(looking at LAWRENCE and handing it back quietly)* Here, you keep it.

LAWRENCE: *(taking it slowly)* What I'm trying to say is ... I don't think I'm fit for it?

ALLENBY: *(briskly)* Really? What do you think, Dryden?

DRYDEN: Before he did it, sir, I'd have said it couldn't be done.

DRYDEN's praise is evidently of no great value to LAWRENCE.

ALLENBY: Brighton?

LAWRENCE: *(wryly)* Oh, I know what he thinks.

BRIGHTON: *(standing to attention to emphasise that he speaks officially)* I think you should recommend a decoration, sir. I don't think it matters what his motives were. 'Twas a brilliant bit of soldiering.

628 BIG CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE. MUSIC, English theme, softly commences. The effect of BRIGHTON's words upon LAWRENCE is almost of a declaration of love.

629 BIG CLOSE UP. ALLENBY. He watches LAWRENCE covertly for a moment or two, then raises his eyes towards the door.

ALLENBY: *(bawling)* Sergeant Major!

630 LONG SHOT. There is an immediate answering roar from without.

ALLENBY: Let's have a drink.

DRYDEN: *(a little surprised)* Thank you, sir.

ALLENBY: No, no, downstairs.

DRYDEN and BRIGHTON are surprised—this rugged tough act is not usual—but they catch on.

BRIGHTON: Very good, sir.

The door flies open. A veteran REGIMENTAL SERGEANT MAJOR stands to attention. THE MUSIC is gathering strength.

R. S. M.: Sir!

ALLENBY: You heard about this, sergeant Major? (*indicating LAWRENCE*)

R.S.M.: Yes, Sir!

ALLENBY: What do you think about it?

R. S. M.: Bloody marvellous, sir. (*to LAWRENCE*) Well done sir.

LAWRENCE smiles helplessly, and swallows.

ALLENBY: Thank you sergeant Major.

R. S. M.: (*roars*) Sir. (*and goes*)

ALLENBY: (*boisterous*) Come on then!

DRYDEN and BRIGHTON take their cue.

631 CLOSE SHOT: MUSIC CUTS ABRUPTLY. LAWRENCE and ALLENBY. LAWRENCE, though he knows he is lost, must register his protest, then slowly—rises from his chair.

LAWRENCE: (*rather bitterly into ALLENBY's face*) You're a clever man, sir.

ALLENBY: (*he has the courage and takes the trouble to answer this personally, not officially*) No, but I know a good thing when I see one. That's fair, surely?

MUSIC RISING AGAIN. THE CAMERA PANS with ALLENBY, as he leads the way to the door and flings it open.

632 MED.. SHOT: INT: OUTER OFFICE. THE CAMERA PANS with ALLENBY and LAWRENCE as they cross the OUTER OFFICE. An A. D. C. hurries over from a desk and falls in behind BRIGHTON and DRYDEN. The CAMERA comes to rest on a close up of the beaming R. S.M., his hand quivering at the salute as LAWRENCE and ALLENBY pass by. He lowers his hand and grins after them.

633 CLOSE SHOT. GALLERY CORRIDOR. The CAMERA is shooting on ALLENBY as he leads the GROUP out on to a gallery corridor on the first floor overlooking the gardens. The CAMERA PANS with them and TRACKS behind, following on their backs. ALLENBY is deliberately informal (e. g. he is careful that they shall individually stroll, not march in step) We cannot hear what is being said but we can see that it is LAWRENCE who talks—with some gesticulation --- and ALLENBY who listens. They pass a PAIR OF OFFICERS who salute the G. O. C. The CAMERA CENTRES ON THEM as they pass, PANNING into a shot of their receding figures as they stand looking after the GROUP in amazement.

634 REVERSE CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. ALLENBY and his PARTY

ALLENBY: Look here now. If I'm to break through to Jerusalem, you must concentrate—not dissipate.

LAWRENCE: Clausewitz.

ALLENBY: (*raises his eyebrows, smiles*) D'you know a better?

635 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. An ELDERLY COLONEL comes out of an office as the CAMERA APPROACHES him. He salutes hastily towards CAMERA as it PANS with him into I.CLOSE TRACKING SHOT OF ALLENBY and LAWRENCE as they pass him by. During the following dialogue we see him speak to the A. D. C. in dumb show enquiring the meaning of the outlandish apparition by the GENERAL's side.

LAWRENCE: If I'm to occupy them *while* you're breaking through, I must dissipate not concentrate.

ALLENBY: (*smiling*) Marshall Saxe.

LAWRENCE: Do *you* know a better?

They both laugh.

636 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. GALLERY LANDING ON TOP OF STAIRS. The CAMERA is approaching a group of half a dozen soldiers in charge of an N. C. O. who have just reached the top of a flight of stairs leading down to the gallery. The N. C. O. calls them noisily to attention as the CAMERA STOPS TRACKING and ALLENBY and LAWRENCE enter picture. ALLENBY salutes and leads the way between the soldiers to the stairs, the men staring after him.

637 CLOSE SHOT TOP FLIGHT OF STAIRS ALLENBY and LAWRENCE briskly descending the stairs.

ALLENBY: Well, if I fight like Clausewitz and you fight like Saxe—

LAWRENCE: We should do very well, shouldn't we?

They laugh again as they move on out of bottom of picture and DRYDEN and BRIGHTON step in behind. DRYDEN raises his eyebrows, amused not so much by the pleasantries as by the Old Man's whole-hearted adoption of his avuncular role.

638 MED. SHOT. The MUSIC RISES to full pitch as ALLENBY and LAWRENCE walk on down the stairs. A PAIR OF JUNIOR OFFICERS flatten against the wall in awe and amazement as they approach.

639 CLOSE SHOT ALLENBY and LAWRENCE as they pass the TWO OFFICERS. LAWRENCE's eyes slide over towards them to register the effect of his passing in such company, and ALLENBY's eyes slide over to register him doing so. ANOTHER OFFICER flattens against the wall as LAWRENCE looks upwards.

640 CLOSE SHOT GROUP OF MEN at the top of the stairs looking downwards as others join them from behind.

641 LONG SHOT From above we see ALLENBY and LAWRENCE descending the LAST FLIGHT OF STAIRS. SMALL GROUPS of MEN in the hallway and the OFFICERS on the stairs stand like statues as the GROUP passes on out of the picture.

INT GROUND FLOOR HALLWAY AND STAIRS/GALLERY CORRIDOR

642 MED. SHOT. ALLENBY and LAWRENCE swing on to the ground floor gallery and make for the entrance hall. MEN in GROUPS, MEN walking and. MEN coming up the steps slam to attention as the G.O. C. approaches.

ENTRANCE HALL.

643 The CAMERA PANS with the GROUP as ALLENBY leads the way into the hall. The PROVOST SERGEANT leaps up from behind his desk and bellows the CORPORALS to attention.

644 CLOSE SHOT. The PROVOST SERGEANT and the CORPORALS as the GROUP passes in front of them, their faces a study.

645 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. ALLENBY and LAWRENCE. LAWRENCE's expression is of course excited, but not over-excited, rather it is deeply happy, as of a young man who relaxes properly in the merited approval of a respected father.

THE OFFICERS' BAR

646 LONG SHOT. ALLENBY and his GROUP enter the Officer's Bar. The OFFICERS, taken aback by ALLENBY's presence, leap to their feet.

ALLENBY: Easy gentlemen. Please!

He takes off his Sam Browne as they hesitatingly sit. (Or some of them do)

ALLENBY to CAPTAIN, pleasantly:

ALLENBY: Will you give us something to drink?

CAPTAIN: Of course, sir!

ALLENBY: *(to A. D. C.)* Tracy.

TRACY moves to the bar and orders drinks in a murmur. ALLENBY smiles round convivially, seemingly unaware of the thunderstruck silence.

ALLENBY: I'm here on the invitation of Major Lawrence.

He nods a little as though to say that the invitation of such a well-known and popular character will of course make everything acceptable. There is a beautifully calculated emphasis on "Major" and the effect of the speech is to deepen the thunderstruck silence..

647. CLOSE SHOT Satisfied, ALLENBY turns to LAWRENCE, apparently having just noticed the view through the windows enclosing the sunlit patio.

ALLENBY: Shall we go outside?

The CAMERA PANS as ALLENBY leads his party out through the French windows towards an informal group of chairs by the side of a small fountain and pool with goldfish. The OFFICERS crowd after them lining the windows to look out. The A. D. C. appears behind them with a tray and a passage is made for him.

648 CLOSE SHOT. The CAMERA is shooting from the patio through the window on to the OFFICERS' faces. They are joined by the CLUB SECRETARY, who has missed the foregoing proceedings and is at a loss to understand the commotion until he edges into CLOSE UP and sees, to his astonishment:

649 CLOSE SHOT. ALLENBY and HIS GROUP seated by the fish pond.

Throughout what follows LAWRENCE is absorbed. ALLENBY appears to be, BRIGHTON looks uneasy, DRYDEN smiles a little, the A. D. C. is out of his depth, and looks carefully non-committal. In the background the OFFICERS at the windows surrounding the patio begin to break up but throughout the following scene they come and go, and every face we see looks out.

ALLENBY: *(with no trace of comment in his tone)* So you'll hold down the Turkish Desert Army.

LAWRENCE: Yes.

ALLENBY: *(now infuses a shade of mockery)* With a thousand Arabs?

650 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE. He commences with enthusiasm and ends fanatically, leaning forward almost as if it were ALLENBY he were threatening.

LAWRENCE: A thousand Arabs means a thousand knives; delivered anywhere, day or night. It means a thousand camels; that means a thousand packs. Of high explosive and a thousand crack rifles. We can cross Arabia while Johnny Turk's still turning round. I'll smash his railways and while he's mending-them I'll smash them somewhere else.

651 CLOSE SHOT. ALLENBY

LAWRENCE: *(off)* In thirteen weeks I can have Arabia in chaos!

ALLENBY replies with deliberate mildness, as one clearing up a small point of information.

ALLENBY: You are going back then?

652 MED SHOT: LAWRENCE is given a moment's blank pause. Then he laughs, and runs over ALLENBY with equivocal self-mocking charm.

LAWRENCE: Yes. Of course I'm going back.

ALLENBY: Hmm. If we can see it, so can the Turks. If he finds he's using four Divisions to fend off a handful of bandits, he'll withdraw.

LAWRENCE: He daren't withdraw. Arabia's part of his Empire. If he gets out now he knows he'll never get back again.

BRIGHTON: I wonder who will ...

LAWRENCE: No-one will. Arabia's for the Arabs now.

There is no response. ALLENBY and DRYDEN drink. LAWRENCE looks from one to the other.

LAWRENCE: That's what I told them anyway. That's what they think, and that's why they're fighting.

ALLENBY: *(deadpan in the silence)* Oh surely.

He throws a small piece of potato-crisp into the fountain. The fish swim for it. LAWRENCE looks down into his drink.

LAWRENCE: *(slowly)* They've only one suspicion; that we'll let them move the Turks out and then move in ourselves. I've told them that that's false, that we have no ambitions in Arabia. *(suddenly he looks up at ALLENBY with great penetration)* Have we?

ALLENBY: *(caught a little off-guard)* I'm not a politician, thank God. Have we ambitions in Arabia Dryden?

DRYDEN: *(flickers a little)* Difficult question, sir.

ALLENBY smiles very charmingly at LAWRENCE and spreads his hands, inviting him to sympathise with the simple soldier in the hands of the diplomats. But LAWRENCE won't have it.

653 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE: *(very steadily, to ALLENBY)* I want to know sir, if I can tell them in your name, we have no ambitions in Arabia.

654 CLOSE UP. Cornered, ALLENBY hesitates only fractionally before he does his duty. He plonks down his glass.

ALLENBY: Certainly.

655 MED PANNING SHOT. The OFFICERS gathered along the windows of the club, staring.

656 CLOSE SHOT. The SECRETARY, glancing to his right and left, realises the indecorum of it. e leaves the window; but is drawn. back. His expression is not now one of rather comic amazement. Nor is his frown the product of disapproval, but of simple mental effort. If it's all right by ALLENBY, it's all right by him. He is trying to understand.

INT. OFFICERS' BAR. PATIO.

657 CLOSE SHOT ALLENBY and LAWRENCE lean forward as they bargain. BRIGHTON and A. D. C. watch fascinated. DRYDEN studies his fingers.

LAWRENCE: Two thousand small arms not enough. I need five.

ALLENBY: Right.

LAWRENCE: Money. It'll have to be sovereigns. They don't like paper.

ALLENBY: *(a little more cautiously)* Right.
LAWRENCE: Instructors for the Lewis guns.
ALLENBY: Right.
LAWRENCE: More money.
ALLENBY: How much more?
LAWRENCE: *(thinks)* Twenty-five thousand now. A lot more later.
ALLENBY: Dryden?
DRYDEN: It can be done, sir.
LAWRENCE: A couple of armoured cars?
ALLENBY: *(after a hesitation)* Right.
LAWRENCE: ... and Field Artillery.
ALLENBY: *(pauses)* Right!

ALLENBY springs to his feet as he says it so that the word is ambiguous in intention. DRYDEN, BRIGHTON and the A.. D. C. rise with him. LAWRENCE too, but more slowly. ALLENBY, buckling slowly on his Sam Browne, moves away from LAWRENCE towards the bar and deliberately raising his voice to be heard through the open French windows, says:

ALLENBY: I'm going to give you every blessed thing I can Major Lawrence, because I know you'll use it. Congratulations and thank you!

He walks briskly through the French windows calling to the OFFICERS as he does so:

ALLENBY: Thank you for your hospitality gentlemen!

He goes, followed by BRIGHTON, DRYDEN and the A.D. C..

658 MED. CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE stands by the fountain looking after them, smiling,. His eye is caught by:

659 MED. CLOSE SHOT The YOUNG OFFICERS are now openly crowding round the windows of the bar looking at him. The MUSIC begins to well up again.

660 CLOSE UP: ...LAWRENCE. His smile fades to an apprehensive stillness.

661 CLOSE UP. A GROUP OF FACES peering at LAWRENCE through the glass.

662 REVERSE SHOT. Through a foreground of heads we see LAWRENCE in LONG SHOT through the glass. He stands regarding his onlookers with the same mocking, hopeless and stoical expression which we saw at the beginning of the film. He fingers his Arab garments, then, with a quick flip, he twirls the end of his abaya around his right hand—as he did in the robing scene—and walks towards the French windows. The CAMERA PANS and TRACKS across the heads and backs of the OFFICERS as they change position to watch him coming; we cannot yet gauge their attitude, for they stand back leaving a distance between themselves and LAWRENCE as he comes through the windows and enters the bar.

663 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE as he comes to a standstill. He raises his hand to adjust his argyl.

664 REVERSE SHOT. LAWRENCE's head in the foreground with the OFFICERS in the background (to be grouped and arranged to recall as closely as possible the shot in which ALI presented the robes surrounded by the smiling RAIDING PARTY). One or two of the OFFICERS essay a smile. They begin to come forward underneath the MUSIC. One or two rather sheepishly and tentatively raise their glasses to him. THE CAMERA STARTS TO CRANE UP AND BACK. Then, suddenly they come forward quickly, smiling and congratulatory. As the CAMERA LIFTS AWAY, we see LAWRENCE

begin patted on the back, congratulated, his hand shaken, a drink offered—and refused. He shrinks away from them as best he can, fending them off with a smile which is so superficial, so withdrawn, so almost spinsterish as to be a repellent, not a real smile at all. They continue to surge about him and the music continues very loudly, until suddenly:

MUSIC STOPS.

GALLERY CORRIDOR:

665 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT: ALLENBY, DRYDEN and BRIGHTON. They are walking back along one of the silent corridors. This time they walk briskly and in step. Their steps echo and they do not look at one another.

DRYDEN: Are you really going to give them artillery sir?

BRIGHTON: *I was wondering that, sir. Might be deuced difficult to get it back again.*

DRYDEN: *(softly)* Give them artillery and you've made them independent.

ALLENBY: Then I can't give them artillery can I?

DRYDEN: *(deprecatingly)* For you to say, sir.

ALLENBY: No it's not. I've got orders to obey, thank God ... Not like that poor devil! *(jerking his head backwards)* He's riding the whirlwind.

DRYDEN: *(dryly)* Let's hope we're not.

666 MED. SHOT Shooting on their backs as they enter picture and walk off into EXTREME LONG SHOT down the corridor.

END OF PART ONE

INTERMISSION

PART II

1 CLOSE SHOT BENTLEY

He is sitting in the stern of a long boat, leaving in the distance a small and rusty coastal steamer with one or two dilapidated lighters about it. At his feet are a pair of leather travelling bags. Jerking awkwardly to the motion of the boat (it is a rowing boat; we hear the oars) festooned with camera cases, dressed in a light suit and trilby hat, he is an incongruous, even absurd figure. But he makes no attempt to be less so. He has been in unlikelier situations before and will again. Clutching the gun-whale with one hand he examines the approaching shore steadily. His tough, alert and cynically humorous face is alive with curiosity. This shot lasts no longer than is needed to take it in, whereupon:

2 MEDIUM SHOT THE BOAT GROUNDS

The Arab ROWERS skip from it and haul it up the beach a little. BENTLEY superintends the landing of his scanty baggage. His attitude to the Arab is that of neither the sahib nor the humanitarian, but simply of a rather graceless man who wants his bags. The two cases are shouldered by TWO ARABS and he sets off after them up the beach.

3 MEDIUM LONG SHOT from behind BENTLEY and BEARERS, in FOREGROUND

We see the seaward fringe of the village-town of Akaba among its scruffy palm trees. The same dilapidated buildings as before and among them a few indolent MEN and donkeys and unoccupied CHILDREN. But coming down the beach in the contrary direction is a file of ragged STEVEDORES, bearing handsomely woven camel bags, inlaid boxes, and rolled carpets. BENTLEY'S BEARERS pause. At the end of the file comes SELIM (the RECITER). Without ceremony, Bentley's bags are dumped and his MEN rush to help quarrelsomely in the stowing of the camel bags, etc. in the boat. BENTLEY is unruffled by the insult to himself, but sharply curious. He accosts SELIM, raising his hat.

BENTLEY: 'Scuse me, friend. Who do these bags belong to?

SELIM looks at him gravely. Then:

SELIM: To Prince Feisal.

BENTLEY grunts. A thought strikes him. A knowing smile.

BENTLEY: *You're* not Prince Feisal by any chance?

SELIM is not shocked but is interested by such ample ignorance.

SELIM: No.

BENTLEY: You know him though? (*indicating the baggage*)

SELIM: He is my master. I am his servant.

BENTLEY nods comprehendingly and lugs a business card from a pocket. In the act of offering it he pauses and with dreadful tact:

BENTLEY: Can you read?

SELIM flickers him a look of mild surprise. Then, having read the card, he beckons silently and starts away up the beach, BENTLEY following.

CUT

4 INT. FEISAL'S QUARTERS IN AKABA

Almost stripped of furnishings, In the foreground, FEISAL is examining BENTLEY's card. In background, BODYGUARDS carry out some more camel bags. A SERVANT places a metal coffee set conveniently to hand by a window embrasure with a seat in it. FEISAL hands back the card. BENTLEY says, wagging the card before putting it away:

BENTLEY: The "Chicago Courier" is my own particular paper, but my work is syndicated throughout America.

FEISAL: I understood so from your letter. I am glad we effected our meeting, Mr. Bentley.

He gestures and they both sit in the embrasure. The window overlooks the courtyard. FEISAL smiles:

FEISAL: Now ... ?

BENTLEY: Where can I find Major Lawrence?

FEISAL: (*the smile going*) Is that what you have come for?

BENTLEY: (*covering up*) Not altogether sir, no ...

FEISAL: (*dry*) Well you will find Major Lawrence with *my* army Mr. Bentley.

BENTLEY: That's what I meant sir. Where will I find your army?

FEISAL: I don't know. (*BENTLEY stares.*) Last week they were near El Ghira.

BENTLEY: (incredulous horror) Ghirat!

FEISAL: (*smiling*) Oh yes. I fear you have a long journey. Can you ride a camel?

BENTLEY: I've never tried.

FEISAL: Take a mule. If I were you I should try Buldulla. Avoid Malaal—the Turks are there.

BENTLEY: In Malaal now? They move fast.

FEISAL: They do. But not so fast as we do you will find. (*he hesitates, then says:*) Myself, I am going to Cairo, as you know.

BENTLEY: (*looks up from his pad; he has caught the change of tone instantly*) Yes.

FEISAL: There is work for me there of a different kind.

BENTLEY: Yes.

FEISAL feels it is now BENTLEY's turn, and keeps silent. BENTLEY amplifies his last word.

BENTLEY: I understand that you've been given no artillery.

FEISAL: That is so.

BENTLEY: You're handicapped.

FEISAL: (*deprecatingly*) It ... restricts us to small things.

BENTLEY: It's intended to.

There can be no mistaking this. FEISAL addresses him very directly:

FEISAL: Do you know General Allenby?

BENTLEY: Watch out for Allenby. A slim customer.

FEISAL: (*inclines politely*) Excuse me?

BENTLEY: A clever man.

FEISAL: (*the scholar for a moment*) "Slim customer"; very good. (*to BENTLEY*) I shall certainly "watch out for" him. (*he considers, then says:*) You are being very ... sympathetic, Mr. Bentley.

BENTLEY: (*with that curious sincere insincerity of the newshawk on the job*) Your Highness, we Americans were once a Colonial people. We *naturally* sympathize with *any* people *anywhere* who are struggling for their freedom.

FEISAL doesn't even pretend to consider this as a serious motive.

FEISAL: Very gratifying.

BENTLEY: (*laughs, a genuine impulsive laugh of sheer amusement and appreciation*) Also, my interests are the same as yours, sir. You want your story told. I badly want a story to tell.

FEISAL: (*is amused and approving in his turn*) Ah. Now you are "talking turkey," are you not?

And now they are both amused, and surprised to find how well they are getting on together, each in his own way being a shrewd man and liking shrewdness in others. FEISAL rises swiftly from his chair and walks about a little, cheerful.

FEISAL: Well, Mr. Bentley, I will give you a guide. And a letter. And before I leave here ... (*he breaks off and consults a fine gold watch, pursing his lips*) Ah which must be presently ... I will have some facts and figures put on paper for you. You will find that we have done many things,

small but many. You know of course that we are destroying the Turkish railways ...

BENTLEY: (*head bent, scribbling*) Yes, sir. Major Lawrence is in charge of all this is he?

FEISAL: (*pauses and looks at the bent head with some coldness*) My army is made up of Tribes. The Tribes are led by the Tribal leaders.

BENTLEY: (*looks up; insistently*) Your people do think very highly of Major Lawrence though?

FEISAL: (*sharply*) Yes. (*he goes to the window and looks out*) And rightly. In this country, Mr.. Bentley, the man who gives victory in battle is prized ... (*sadly*) beyond every other man ... (*he is silent for a moment and then murmurs, mindless of the repetition*) Myself I am going to Cairo ... (*abstractedly he returns and sits, facing BENTLEY. His eye lights upon the pad and this draws his attention back from his own thoughts*) One figure I can give you from my head; because it never leaves my head. Since starting this campaign four months ago we have lost thirty-seven wounded, one hundred and fifty-six dead.

BENTLEY is scribbling this down but does a horrified double take.

FEISAL: You remark the disproportion between our dead and wounded.

BENTLEY: (*wondering, even awed*) Yes; four times as many.

FEISAL: That is because those too badly wounded to bring away, we ourselves kill. We leave no wounded for the Turks.

BENTLEY: (*gently*) You mean ... ?

FEISAL: I mean we leave no wounded for the Turks. (*more moderately*) In their eyes we are not soldiers but rebels. And rebels, wounded or whole are not protected by the Geneva Code, and are treated... harshly.

BENTLEY: How harshly?

FEISAL: More harshly than I hope you can imagine.

BENTLEY: I see.

FEISAL: Our own prisoners, Mr. Bentley, are taken care of, until the British can relieve us of them, according to the Code. I should like you to notice that.

BENTLEY: (*scribbling*) I do, sir. (*off-hand again*) Is that the influence of Major Lawrence?

This time FEISAL's eyes snap with a direct anger and jealousy.

FEISAL: Why should you suppose so?

BENTLEY: (*a bit thrown at thus receiving for the first time the full impact of Royal personality*) Well I ... it's just ... I heard in Cairo, that the Major has a ... horror of bloodshed.

FEISAL: That is exactly so, With Major Lawrence, mercy is a passion. With me it is merely good manners. *You* may judge which motive is the more reliable. (*he half pulls out the watch again*) And now perhaps ...

BENTLEY: (*rising immediately*) Sure. Thank you, sir. (*he moves away towards the door*) D'you think you'll be able to manage the letter and ...

FEISAL: (*quiet reproof*) I will do everything that I have said, Mr. Bentley.

BENTLEY, a bit rebuffed, nods smiling and goes to the doorway

FEISAL: *If ...*

BENTLEY turns.

FEISAL: You will tell me *truly* the nature of your interest in my people, and in Major Lawrence.

FEISAL is serious, but BENTLEY grins disarmingly, like a boy caught out.

BENTLEY: It's very simple, sir. I'm looking for a hero.

FEISAL: (*is amused*) Indeed? You do not seem a romantic man?

BENTLEY: Oh no. (*again the "sincerity"*) But certain influential men back home believe the time has come for America to add her weight to the ... the patriotic struggle against Germany ... and Turkey. Now, I have been sent to find material which will show our people that this war is ... (*he hesitates*)

FEISAL: Enjoyable?

BENTLEY: Hardly that, sir. But to show it in its more adventurous aspects. After all your Highness, war does wear such an aspect. Nobody deplores it more than ...

FEISAL is looking out of the window again. He interrupts flatly.

FEISAL: You are looking for a figure who will draw your country towards war?

BENTLEY: (*simply; hence with some dignity*) All right, yes.

FEISAL: Aurens is your man.

CUT

5 1ST CLOSE SHOT: LAWRENCE and FARRAJ waiting by the plunger. Train whistle over. (Carry through to pressing plunger and reacting to explosion).

6 2ND (SHOT) LONG SHOT: THE TRAIN chugging along the line.

7 1ST CLOSE SHOT: LAWRENCE'S HANDS pressing the plunger.

8 2ND EXPLOSION goes up in front of train.

9 2ND CLOSE SHOT. THE SKY ... THE DEBRIS from the explosion flying upwards.

10 2ND MEDIUM SHOT: THE TRAIN leaving the rails and plunging over the embankment.

11 1ST CLOSE SHOT: AUDA reacting.

12 2ND CLOSE SHOT: THE ENGINE slithers towards camera and obscures it with dust.

13 1ST CLOSE UP. A CAMERA. THE SHUTTER CLICKS, the camera is lowered disclosing BENTLEY.

14 2ND LONG SHOT: from top of dune the front three carriages derail.

15 2ND MEDIUM SHOT: A LINE OF ARAB FACES appearing over the top of dune.

16 2ND MEDIUM SHOT: ONE OF THE CARRIAGES looms up above the engine as steam starts to fill the screen.

17 1ST CLOSE SHOT: BRIGHTON and ALLI. They are on the turret of an ARMoured CAR in foreground of picture. In the background is the second ARMoured CAR and a group of CAMELS and HORSES. There is a whistling noise and debris starts to fall.

18 1ST EXTREME LONG SHOT: Disclosing the geography of the whole scene. ARABS lining the dune in foreground. The TRAIN in its last movements in the background DEBRIS falling on the dune. A

LEWIS GUNNER opens fire.

19 2ND CLOSE SHOT: A line of ARAB LEWIS GUNNERS open fire.

20 2ND CLOSE SHOT: A TURKISH MACHINE GUN NEST at the rear of the train replying.

21 2ND CLOSE SHOT. ANOTHER LINE of ARAB. LEWIS GUNNERS firing continuously.

22 2ND MEDIUM SHOT: THE TRAIN shuddering under the impact of the bullets.

23 .1ST CLOSE UP: BENTLEY, he takes another picture.

24 2ND CLOSE UP. AN ARAB LEWIS GUNNER firing and panning.

25 2ND CLOSE SHOT. A LINE OF BULLETS splash clouds of yellow chips from the planking on the side of a carriage. A TURKISH OFFICER fires a pistol from one of the windows.

26 1ST. CLOSE SHOT: AUDA he pushes an Arab Lewis gunner out of the way, takes over the gun himself and fires.

27 2ND CLOSE SHOT: A BODY falls through picture across a carriage window reflecting sky. The WINDOW shatters the reflection gone we now catch a glimpse of a bloody head slumping back inside the carriage.

28 1ST CLOSE SHOT: LAWRENCE and BENTLEY. LAWRENCE watched closely by BENTLEY, reacts dead pan to the killing. LAWRENCE glances towards the Lewis gunners.

29 1ST CLOSE SHOT: A LINE OF ARAB LEWIS GUNNERS (roughly from LAWRENCE'S P. O.V.) their faces tranced with slaughter.

30 1ST CLOSE SHOT: LAWRENCE AND BENTLEY (SAME AS 13)

LAWRENCE: (*yelling above din*) "STOP".

The racket continues, he rises up out of picture.

31 1ST LONG SHOT: LAWRENCE frightfully exposed, steps up over the rim of the dune. He fires a VEREY PISTOL along the ridge.

32 1ST CLOSE SHOT: THE BEDOUIN LEWIS GUNNERS exactly as before.

33 2ND CLOSE SHOT: THE REAR MACHINE GUN NEST on the train. The DEAD bodies of the TURKISH GUNNERS sprawled over the sandbags which are being spattered by bullets.

34 1ST CLOSE SHOT: LAWRENCE. He crams another cartridge into his VEREY PISTOL and fires again.

35 1ST CLOSE SHOT: BENTLEY watching him as the firing continues.

36 1ST LONG SHOT: LAWRENCE dashes down the dune in front of the Lewis gunners, between the train and his own men, just one or two of whom are sufficiently arrested by the sight to cease fire. HE FIRES ANOTHER VEREY LIGHT at a low angle almost into their faces.

37 1ST CLOSE SHOT: LAWRENCE. HE shouts his words lost in the still continuing racket.

LAWRENCE: Stop it ... *Stop* it.

38 1ST CLOSE SHOT: A GROUP OF LEWIS GUNNERS around AUDA.

Raggedly they cease fire, some rising to their feet.

39 CLOSE SHOT: LAWRENCE. The racket dies away.

LAWRENCE: *(with a violent gesture)* Come on then.

He starts to move towards the train.

40 LONG SHOT: THE BEDOUIN rise (AUDA ALREADY UP) AND rush down the slope overtaking LAWRENCE towards the train.

41 CLOSE PANNING SHOT: LAWRENCE. THE BEDOUIN rushing past him on either side. He walks after them as BENTLEY runs into picture following him with interest.

42 LONG SHOT: WITH ENGINE IN FOREGROUND. An avalanche of BEDOUIN reach the train and swarm over it anyhow.

43 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT: LAWRENCE and BENTLEY. LAWRENCE seemingly unaware of BENTLEYS presence, walks through the wreckage around the engine. DEAD and DYING can be seen in the background as the CAMERA TRACKS into a position disclosing the other side of the train. (Possibly introduce the TURKISH OFFICER and DEAD SOLDIERS).

CLOSE TRACKING SHOT: LAWRENCE reacting to the destruction.

MEDIUM SHOT. INSIDE THE PULLMAN. A GROUP OF BEDOUIN IN THE DINING CAR. One is collecting an armful of FINE LINEN TABLE CLOTHS. Another. CUTLERY and silver plated FLOWER HOLDERS. The STEWARD lies unconscious, his boots are removed. TWO TURKISH OFFICERS lie huddled together as they died. A SWORD and CAVALRY COAT are removed from each of them. (Simultaneous looting to be worked out on the set).

MEDIUM SHOT: THE KITCHEN of the dining car; a CHEF doubled over unconscious. The BEDOUIN collect a treasure trove of shining copper pans, tureens, spirit kettles, flambeaux., hot plates, ladles and a splendid tea urn.

MEDIUM SHOT—TRACKING (Camera tracking from rear of train towards the engine). CAMERA TRACKS with AUDA as he makes a tour of inspection along the train. ARABS gone quite mad, are rushing about at top speed. Some are shinning up into the compartments through the windows, some beating in the already smashed doors, some already in are throwing trunks, valises, suitcases, from the windows. Passengers, some incongruously dressed in city clothes tumble out onto the track and run aimlessly away. AUDA draws level with the Pullman and almost immediately becomes entangled in a shower of white tablecloths thrown down from above, he looks towards:

LAWRENCE (P.O.V. AUDA) He has scrambled up on to the top of the wreckage and now stands there, hands on hips smiling down.

CLOSE SHOT: AUDA.

AUDA: Auren.

The cry is taken up but not yet like a full adulation or chanting.

CLOSE SHOT: LAWRENCE against the blue sky; reacting to the ovation.

MEDIUM SHOT: (the yelling more distant continues on the soundtrack) The Turkish Officer by the train on all fours the screen dark. He looks with shaking venom at:

MEDIUM SHOT: THE TURKISH OFFICER in the foreground of the picture. LAWRENCE on top of the train in the background.

LAWRENCE is white and gold against the blue sky, the incarnation of youth and success. The ruined OFFICER shakily raises his pistol.

CLOSE SHOT: THE SCREEN DARK. THE OFFICER takes aim and fires.

CLOSE SHOT . BRIGHT. LAWRENCE is pitched from his feet and rolls off the carriage away from the Bedouin.

CLOSE SHOT: AUDA reacting to Lawrence's fall and hurrying out of picture towards the engine.

CLOSE SHOT: LAWRENCE in the last stages of his fall from the carriage roof. He comes to a standstill at the foot of embankment.

LAWRENCE: Good. Good. Good.

He gulps for breath and wrenches himself upright. Half laughing, as one who takes a rough joke in good part, he clammers up the embankment to the side of the carriage from which he fell. There is the sound of a SHOT.

CLOSE SHOT: LAWRENCE. A BULLET SPLINTERS the side of the carriage next to him. He stops, staring gravely towards

MEDIUM SHOT: (LAWRENCE'S P.O. V.) DARK. The TURKISH OFFICER (the distance about 40 yards) shakily raises his pistol again, his expression one of desperate longing, his breath coming in sobs.

CLOSE SHOT: LAWRENCE. He stands motionless regarding the TURKISH OFFICER. There is the sound of a third shot as it ricochets past him.

CLOSE UP: THE TURKISH OFFICER staring at LAWRENCE. He prepares himself for another shot and fires again.

CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE. A SOUND of splintering glass. LAWRENCE will not move.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT: LAWRENCE in foreground of picture. AUDA comes round the locomotive in the background. He approaches the TURKISH OFFICER unseen. The TURKISH OFFICER fires again.

BIG CLOSE UP: LAWRENCE. It is not part of the bargain he has made with himself to warn his poor enemy in danger.

BIG CLOSE UP: THE TURKISH OFFICER now weeping, holds up the pistol, gripping his wrist with the other hand. A shadow falls upon him, he turns slowly.

44 . QUICK EXTREME CLOSE SHOT—ANGLING UP POV TURKISH OFFICER. AUDA swings his sword down into the CAMERA:

45 CLOSE SHOT—BENTLEY peeps round the side of the carriage where LAWRENCE is, staring, off.

BENTLEY: Jimminy! *(he looks at LAWRENCE. With tough, even pleased interest)*
Never seen a man killed with a sword before!

LAWRENCE: *(sourly)* Why don't you take a picture?

BENTLEY: *(undisturbed)* Wish I had.

The BEDOUIN looters have meanwhile moved past them both towards the returning AUDA, who now appears thrusting between them, wiping his sword on the skirt of his robe, the BEDOUIN murmuring and laughing. AUDA grins with pleasure as he sees LAWRENCE on his feet, and:

AUDA: How is it with thee Auren's?

But before LAWRENCE can answer AUDA points furiously (off) and roars:

AUDA: No!

BENTLEY looks up from his camera startled, and AUDA steps up to him and with one huge hand snatches it from his grasp.

AUDA: (to BENTLEY) Am I in this?

BENTLEY: Eh?

LAWRENCE: (translating) Did you take his picture?

BENTLEY: (innocently) Yes ...

AUDA shatters the camera against the carriage buffer, and then dismissing BENTLEY from his mind as though he were a small bystander whose manners he has corrected, he says to LAWRENCE, lowering a hand on his shoulder, with a blend of affection, admiration and reproof:

AUDA: You are using up your nine lives very quickly.

And goes, amidst approval and laughter. The noise of looting rising again.

BENTLEY: (regarding the wreckage of his instrument) Charming company you keep.

LAWRENCE: Auda?. He's a bit old-fashioned. (he taps BENTLEY's other camera) He thinks these things will steal his virtue. (he is mounting the wreckage again, helped by BENTLEY, who is not a bit put out as LAWRENCE adds, looking down) He thinks you're a sort of thief.

BENTLEY: (looking up) All right if I take your picture?

LAWRENCE: (hesitates, looking down, shrugs) All right.

BENTLEY: (technical) O. K. Just walk.

LAWRENCE commences to walk swiftly along the length of the wreck and the CAMERA TRACKS his swiftly pacing sandalled feet, which is all we see of him, as he does so.

46 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT—along the length of the train. We see the BEDOUIN at work. But as LAWRENCE (i. e. his feet) approaches them they break off, look up and herald him so that as he moves swiftly along the wreck (lightly leaping the gaps between the coupled carriages) a mounting roar of acclamation rolls along with him. We thus glimpse: well dressed PASSENGERS, including a pair of CHILDREN with their PARENTS quickly disrobing themselves of coats and shoes. A trio of CAVALRY OFFICERS must part with their breeches, one already in his shirt-tails;- let these three preserve their dignity, the one in shirt-tails indeed calmly smoking a cheroot; let there be a minimum of comic surprise and outraged importance—other countries other customs. The BEDOUIN stand by and eagerly collect the loot. TWO TURKISH STAFF OFFICERS sit behind riddled windows as they died, upright. A BEDOUIN with a bundle of clothing under one arm reaches up and removes their cavalry coats from the rack over their heads. TRACKING PAST the Third Class compartment we see clearly though fleetingly, the dead or wounded. All the PASSENGERS, without exception, living and dead, are relieved of any items of clothing and baggage which is of any value. Luggage compartments have been broken open and plain wooden crates are being tipped from them. All along the train, BEDOUIN hold up and shake rifles or items of loot, triumphantly as LAWRENCE passes and they join in the adulation. They have such items as: small cane chairs, coils of new white rope, lengths of silk in billowing bundles and haberdashers' rolls, lengths of metal piping, tennis rackets, kettles tied in clattering cocoons, blocks and tackles, oil lamps, a box of carpenter's tools, a phonograph, drums of kerosene, boxes of tinned food, army blankets, a sewing machine, saddles, a card table with folded legs, water bottles, a papiermache fire screen inlaid with mother of pearl, etc. etc. The more incongruous the better. As the adulation. reaches its climax we

CUT TO

47 MEDIUM SHOT—BENTLEY on the far side of the train where there are few ARABS. Calls urgently, his camera raised:

BENTLEY: Major Lawrence!

48 MEDIUM SHOT—LAWRENCE stops and looks down (this is the first shot we have seen of him since he started his walk) a magnificent natural pose “caught” in BENTLEY’s camera.

BENTLEY: (*murmuring with dry satisfaction on SOUNDTRACK*) Yes sir ... that’s my baby.

The shutter operates.

49 MEDIUM SHOT—One of the armoured cars draws up by the train. In the rear, FARRAJ. In front by the DRIVER an NCO who, holds up (like the BEDOUIN holding up their loot) an olivegreen box with the white circle and red cross on it. LAWRENCE makes a little gesture of decent acknowledgment and prepares to descend.

50 MEDIUM SHOT—On the other side of the train the BEDOUIN seeing their hero go, return their attention to the job in hand. And at that moment a double door is burst open from within—it is the luggage van—and a shower of passengers’ luggage (trunks, cases, Gladstone bags) falls and is fallen upon.

51 CLOSE SHOT—on the crest of the dune BRIGHTON and ALI stand by the other armoured car, watching. BRIGHTON’s face is dark.

BRIGHTON: This looting has got to stop!

ALI: (*a little discomfited*) It is ... customary.

BRIGHTON: It’s theft! And theft makes thieves.

ALI: (*softly*) I would not say that to Auda. (*explanatory*) It is their payment, Colonel.

BRIGHTON: (*contemptuous*) Payment.

ALI: (*innocent*) Truly. Are not British soldiers paid?

BRIGHTON: They don’t go home when they’ve been paid!

ALI: They are not free to.

BRIGHTON looks off angrily, in the direction of the LOOTERS.

52 MEDIUM LONG SHOT—A caravan of camels, well laden with loot, is riding away towards the open desert.

53 CLOSE SHOT—The other armoured car drives up. LAWRENCE is looking after them, seriously. BRIGHTON flounders up and LAWRENCE quickly takes his gaze from the DESERTERS, but BRIGHTON says shortly:

BRIGHTON: Well. That’s another lot you’ve seen the last of.

LAWRENCE: (*mildly*) They’ll come back.

ALI follows BRIGHTON.

BRIGHTON: He says they’ll come back. Will they?

ALI: Not this year, Aurens.

BRIGHTON draws close and says, discreetly:

BRIGHTON: Look, Lawrence, d’you know how many men you have left—less than two hundred!

LAWRENCE: A hundred and seventy.

BRIGHTON: Well then?

LAWRENCE: I said they'll come back.

He taps the DRIVER's shoulders. It is mere denial. BRIGHTON is helpless. Now a bit concerned.

BRIGHTON: (*nodding, gruffly*) You hurt badly?

LAWRENCE: Not "hurt" at all. (*in the spirit of sheer mischief, not portentously, he adds*) Didn't you know? They can only kill me with a golden bullet!

The car roars away. The unresponding troubled faces of BRIGHTON and ALI are obscured in its dust.

CUT

54 It is a Turkish MAJOR who looks up from the: writing and moves a pace to transfer the information to a large wall map of Arabian railways. He moves deliberately; he is not in a state of excitement or rage. The wall map is behind him, before him is a big ornate desk and from the surface of this he takes a thick red crayon. With a last confirmatory glance at the writing on the photograph he carefully makes a cross on one of the railways. We see that there are many such already. He turns and looks with calm curiosity to see the reactions of:

55 At a distance stand two Turkish COLONELS and a MAJOR-GENERAL, who has a benign and dignified face and cropped white hair. Of the two COLONELS, one is frontline one Admin. All are looking at the wall map when we first see them but at once the frontline COLONEL shifts his weight irritably and glances sharply at the GENERAL. The Admin COLONEL follows suit, a little apprehensively. It is very quiet in the fine white room. Becoming aware of the front line COLONEL's glance, the GENERAL returns him an inexpressive look and raises his shoulders in a faint, patrician shrug.

56 The MAJOR, still regarding them, opens without looking at it, a large flat drawer in the desk. He tosses the photograph in it, still without looking.

56A EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. The drawer is already half full of other similar photographs depicting the results of Lawrence's campaign against the railways. The drawer slams shut.

57 MEDIUM SHOT—Inside a bivouac, made lean-to, against one of the armoured cars. The flap, heaving, spasmodically in the wind discloses glimpses of a dry Wadi, with many other shelters. Within, leaning against a wheel, BENTLEY regards a book curiously.

58 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT—it is a limp book, folded back; the print is large and the page is headed: "THE LITTLE CITIZEN. CHAPTER TWO. OUR PARLIAMENT." The text begins: "Every Englishman has the vote. What does this mean? And how has it come about?" And so on.

BENTLEY looks up, finds ALI's stern but slightly uncomfortable glance upon him.

ALI: It is for children. I have set myself to learn again.

FEISAL: What are you learning, from this?

ALI: Politics.

He says this as one might say "Geometry", or "Latin". BENTLEY, at ease against the wheel, is interested; eyes him speculatively.

BENTLEY: You going to be a democracy in this country? You going to have a Parliament?

ALI: (*thinks; then gravely*) I will tell you that, when I have a country.

BENTLEY throws back his head in admiration and laughs.

ALI: (*smiling*) Did I answer well?

BENTLEY: You answered without saying anything; that's politics. *(he hands back the book, and says, agreeably)* You learn quickly.

ALI: *(gravely and respectfully)* I have a good teacher.

BENTLEY: Yeah! *(This reminds him of a previous determination. He begins to rise)*
Yeah ...

CUT

59 In a smaller tent of unbleached yellow wool, LAWRENCE sits cross-legged in the attitude of a teacher. His head is back, his eyes focussed on an idea. At his feet is a map. He wears a vest and camel trousers, all very white. His wound is now a matter for lint and plaster merely. FARRAJ pops head and shoulders through the flap and says hastily:

FARRAJ: The man.

LAWRENCE: All right.

FARRAJ goes, holding the flap for BENTLEY who enters and plumps himself down.

BENTLEY: How's the hurt?

LAWRENCE: Fine.

BENTLEY: *(tugging his notebook from a side pocket and one of many pencils from his breast pocket)* Before I return to the fleshpots, which I shall be *very* glad to do, may I put two questions to you, *straight?*

LAWRENCE: *(grins at him)* I'd be interested to hear you put a question straight, Mr. Bentley.

BENTLEY chuckles. We should see that LAWRENCE has a sort of respect for BENTLEY's intelligence and absolute freedom from principle as BENTLEY is fascinated by LAWRENCE's destructive scrupulosity. Also, in this sequence, we should see that BENTLEY has not stood up at all well to the campaigning: his clothes have become greasy and frayed, his skin chapped, he needs both a haircut and a shave. Whatever LAWRENCE is wearing by contrast should be virginally clean.

BENTLEY: One: What, in your opinion, do these people hope to gain from this war?

LAWRENCE: *(quiet, lightly)* They hope to gain their freedom.

BENTLEY looks at him cautiously.

LAWRENCE: Freedom

BENTLEY: *(scribbling, saying dryly, even sadly)* ...they hope to gain their freedom ... There's one born every minute.

Unseen by BENTLEY, LAWRENCE "freezes" at this and looks at him vehemently.

LAWRENCE: They're going to get it, Mr. Bentley. I'm going to give it to them.

At the superhuman egoism of this BENTLEY looks up between surprise and amusement, mouth open for a wise-crack, but he encounters LAWRENCE's poisonous regard and shuts it again, flummoxed.

LAWRENCE: *(softly)* And the second question?

BENTLEY: Oh... well... I was going to ask... *(he regains his professional manner firmly)* What is it, Major Lawrence, that attracts you personally to the desert?

LAWRENCE looks the disreputable figure up and down with insulting deliberation and says:

LAWRENCE: It's clean.

BENTLEY lowers his gaze to his own garments. He lays down his pad and pencil and when he looks up we expect him to be at least resentful. Instead, he says in a voice that is dispassionate and thoughtful:

BENTLEY: Well, now that's a very illuminating answer. *(he takes up his camera and says invitingly)* May I take one farewell picture?

CUT

60 In the armoured car shelter. BRIGHTON is now there also. AUDA enters, boisterously. He carries a station clock with swinging pendulums. (we ought perhaps to have seen this item before, to identify it as loot) He holds it up.

AUDA: I gave Muhmid Taud two lamps for it. One clock for two lamps.

ALI: *(judiciously, but glancing at BRIGHTON)* A fair bargain.

AUDA: "Fair:" I robbed him!

He spins the fingers happily Then the movement stops. The expression of pleasure goes from his face and is replaced by one of dark brooding. he tosses the clock from him.

AUDA: Trash.

He lies on his "bed".

AUDA: I must find something honourable.

BRIGHTON: Honourable !

AUDA raises his head and considers BRIGHTON carefully. Then he lies back again. He explains.

AUDA: Yes. The year is running out 'Righton. I must find something honourable.

And his face has the mindless nobility of a hungry lion.

61 OPENING SHOT. Disclosing horses and panning with STALLION into reverse angle.

61a LONG SHOT. From top rear of train with MACHINE GUNNERS in foreground. (A slight sense of boredom amongst Machine Gunners-Rig sun cover).

61b MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. FRONT MACHINE GUN NEST on flat car in front of engine. (Try to arrange this shot on a curve so that the train is visible in background).

61c RAILS coming towards low camera. (Camera slightly higher than test) EXPLOSION goes off ahead.

61d REACTION OF machine gunners to explosion.

61e ENGINE DRIVER jamming on brakes.

61f WHEELS LOCKING AND STARTING TO SKID.

61g HORSES stumbling around.

62 LONGER SHOT OF LOCKED WHEELS with FRONT MACHINE GUN NEST in background. STEAM starts coming out of engine.

62a PANICKING HORSES regaining their balance.

62b FRONT MACHINE GUNNERS in foreground of picture with EXPLOSION PIT nearing from background.

62c CLOSE SHOT. FRONT MACHINE GUNNERS watching crater and beginning to look round left and right—but not backwards.

63 LONG SHOT. THE TRAIN skidding to a halt with ARMOURED CAR in foreground of picture. The TRAIN stops, the ARMOURED CAR opens fire.

63a MEDIUM SHOT. HORSES reacting to gunfire with MACHINE GUNNERS leaping off train in background—or possibly in foreground.

63b CLOSE SHOT. ARMOURED CAR MACHINE GUN FIRING.

63c CLOSE SHOT. FRONT MACHINE GUN NEST with WOOD splintering.

63d CLOSE SHOT. HORSES PANICKING.

63e LONG SHOT. FIRST ARMOURED CAR in foreground; TRAIN in background. CAR stops firing. Top of turret opens.

63f CLOSE SHOT. BRIGHTON emerges through the turret—fires VEREY PISTOL.

63g MEDIUM SHOT. VEREY LIGHT exploding in the sky.

64 BIG CLOSE SHOT. AUDA with some stationary horsemen is in background looking up at the sky—he yells and moves out of picture.

64a EXTREME LONG SHOT. TRAIN in centre of picture. HORSES appearing on dunes from all sides. Shadow of verey light on sand.

64b CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE and FARRAJ on ground collecting plunger etc—HORSES LEGS rushing past them on all sides. LAWRENCE looks up grinning.

64c CLOSE SHOT. BRIGHTON watching unimpressed.

64d MEDIUM SHOT. HORSEMEN tearing down dunes.

64e CLOSE SHOT. LINE OF HORSES in train, whinnying and reacting to what they see.

64f CLOSE PANNING SHOT. AUDA galloping towards the train. HORSEMEN BEHIND HIM.

64g CLOSE SHOT. STALLION with other horses in background reacting.

65 MEDIUM SHOT. FIRST ARMOURED CAR in foreground, train in background. The first of AUDA's men are reaching the train. FIRST ARMOURED CAR begins to move forward. SECOND ARMOURED CAR appears behind dune.

65a MEDIUM SHOT. Looking down on the train—HORSEMEN gallop up from either side and start to undo ropes.

65b THREE CLOSE SHOTS

65c THE BACKGROUND filled with Horses with

65d TIE ROPES being undone.

66 CLOSE SHOT. The side of the wagon falling down into picture, and disclosing line of horses' legs.

66a LONG SHOT. (MASTER) HORSES beginning to jump from train.

66b CLOSE SHOT. AUDA watching.

66c CLOSE SHOT. Horses jumping from the train.

66d CLOSE SHOT AUDA watching. (Closer than 66b)

66e CLOSE SHOT. HORSES jumping from train.

661 BIG CLOSE SHOT AUDA

66g CLOSE SHOT. HORSES

66h BIG CLOSE SHOT. AUDA laughing and moving out of picture.

67 LONG SHOT. With rows of horses leaving train and showing the semi-circle of AUDA's horses encircling them.

67a CLOSE PANNING SHOT. AUDA with the screen completely filled with HORSES as he rides through them and takes the STALLION by the lead rope and turns him back.

67b CLOSE SHOT. ARMOURED CARS drawing to a standstill.

67c CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE and FARRAJ on back of second armoured car.

67d CLOSE SHOT. BRIGHTON still in turret of first ARMOURED CAR. ALI at the back.

67e MEDIUM SHOT. CAMERA PANS with AUDA as he leads his STALLION up to the ARMOURED CARS with the TRAIN in the background.

68 CLOSE SHOT—AUDA. He turns into CAMERA. He is in ecstasy.

AUDA: Now you may blow up my train.

69 MEDIUM SHOT—He is standing by one of the armoured cars, in or on which are BRIGHTON, ALI, FARRAJ and LAWRENCE whom AUDA is addressing. Behind AUDA is his chaotic booty, drawing away along the train. At AUDA's words, LAWRENCE merely smiles a little and looks down at his feet. From this point on, his attention is fixed wistfully but keenly and without self pity upon AUDA. He takes no part in the discussion knowing that AUDA and BRIGHTON are each too fixed in their own modes to understand one another; his attention remains on AUDA.

BRIGHTON: *(hostile)* And what will you do?

AUDA: Oh, now I go home! *(he turns and takes in the scene, turns back again breathing deep with satisfaction)* They will carry my toys! *(he roars with laughter)* They will carry my toys, too, do you see...

BRIGHTON rises to his feet. He will take AUDA to task with no more doubt and no more fear for his own safety than if he were a school prefect and AUDA an erring form mate.

BRIGHTON: Major Lawrence will campaign this winter. But you've got what you wanted, so you're going home; is that it?

AUDA begins to see that something is wrong, but is as yet puzzled, not angry.

AUDA: Of course. *(he pats LAWRENCE affectionately on the knee)* When Aurens has got what he wants, he will go home! *(encouragingly to BRIGHTON)* When you've got what you want you will go home!

BRIGHTON: Oh no I shan't, Auda.

AUDA: *(the tone of it now is unmistakable and he apprehends it)* Then you are a fool.

BRIGHTON: Maybe. I'm not a deserter.

AUDA's face goes quite stiff, he blinks and licks his lips. Then he says very quietly:

AUDA: Give thanks to God, Brighton, that when he made you a fool, he gave you a fool's face.

70 CLOSE SHOT—BRIGHTON, head and shoulders. He is not comically outraged, but he is affronted. He looks straight at AUDA, cold, hard, forbidding, and (in his desert gear-sheepskin perhaps) tough.

BRIGHTON: You are an impudent rascal.

AUDA: I must go Aurens. Before I soil myself with a fool's blood.

And he goes towards his horse, quickly. BRIGHTON sits.

BRIGHTON: Like talking to a brick wall ...

71 CLOSE SHOT—AUDA mounted. He looks after his booty which all this while has been driven away and away down the length of the train and out into the desert under a cloud of dust. He turns. He swells. All gloom forgotten.

AUDA: They will carry my toys too!

He rides away, watched by the group in the armoured car.

72 CLOSE SHOT. THE GROUP. LAWRENCE looks steadily after AUDA. BRIGHTON nods to himself and speaks with the bitter satisfaction of one whose worst fears are realised.

BRIGHTON: So what will you do now? What *can* you do?

LAWRENCE tears his attention from the vanishing AUDA. He begins to collect demolition gear from the car. He speaks quietly.

LAWRENCE: I'll go north ... Isn't that what Allenby wants?

BRIGHTON: (*scoffing despair*) Allenby wanted the "Arab Army" behind Deraa!

LAWRENCE looks along the train where the remnants of his force linger.

LAWRENCE: Then that's where I'll take it.

He hands the demolition kit to FARRAJ, who nips eagerly from the car and waits for him. LAWRENCE following more slowly, adds:

LAWRENCE: Tell Allenby to hurry up or I'll be in Deraa before he's in Jerusalem.

He puts a hand on FARRAJ, propelling him towards the engine, and says to him, for BRIGHTON to hear:

LAWRENCE: Won't we?

DISSOLVE

73 LONG SHOT—ANGLING DOWN. A railway line stretches gleaming through a dull grey landscape, dull grey clouds approaching from the horizon. A wind moaning, and in the wind the melancholy rise and fall of an Arab pipe. Scattered haphazardly on and about the line, a GROUP OF BEDOUIN and their animals. They stand still, or move slowly and without purpose.

74 MEDIUM SHOT. LAWRENCE and FARRAJ are busy on the line. Others watch, dispiritedly, or crouch against the wind, one blowing a little pipe, fitfully.

75 CLOSE SHOT. IT IS FARRAJ who fixes the charge (a self-operating charge of gun cotton secured with adhesive tape). LAWRENCE watches him but FARRAJ works confidently and has obviously done it before. MAJID, crouching, watches him with grudging admiration.

76 CLOSE SHOT. ALI looks straight down the line. He grunts softly. LAWRENCE joins him in frame. Neither shows apprehension nor even much excitement. It is routine.

77 EXTREME LONG SHOT—the plume of steam is barely visible. On SOUND TRACK, LAWRENCE says: "Train, Farraj!"

78 CLOSE SHOT. FARRAJ

FARRAJ: (*without excitement*) Ya, Aurens.

He has finished taping the pilot brick to the rail, holds both ends of the tape which will be used to secure the secondary bricks in one hand, and with the other inserts the plug. He looks about and sees what he wants.

79 CLOSE SHOT. A small red painted wooden box lies on a sleeper out of reach.

80 MEDIUM SHOT. MAJID steps over to it, picks it up and brings it back. Doing so his foot slips on the edge of a sleeper. Swiftly, FARRAJ is on his feet to secure not the man but the box; he does so and for a second they are face to face, both holding it, startled; then they smile and the MAN let's go. FARRAJ takes from the box one of the half dozen gleaming detonators, slides it carefully into the plug to see that it fits, then with that blend of carelessness and dexterity which marks the explosives man, he slips it into his waistband (EXTREME CLOSE SHOT of this, I think) and goes on with his work.

81 MEDIUM SHOT. LAWRENCE joins them. He collects together a coil of fuse, roll of tape, a small waterproof satchel of tools, the red box, and hands them to MAJID, saying:

LAWRENCE: Hide yourself my friend.

82 MEDIUM SHOT. THE RAIDERS are wandering away and disappearing behind a hump very near to the line. ALI bringing up the rear glances at:

83 EXTREME LONG SHOT. The plume of steam, though nearer, makes no audible noise at its still great distance.

84 CLOSE SHOT. MAJID leaves FARRAJ and LAWRENCE to follow the others. We see that to do so he must plunge into a steep ditch into which he disappears before scaling the other side.

85 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE, having taken over from FARRAJ, has finished taping the secondary bricks. Still no urgency.

LAWRENCE: Detonator.

FARRAJ slips his fingers into his waistband and feels for the detonator. He looks worried. LAWRENCE turns, still crouching, to look down the line, and back at FARRAJ, who smiles embarrassedly and searches further.

86 MEDIUM SHOT. MAJID arrives behind the hump. This time, the RAIDERS are not poised for an attack. There is tension, necessarily, but each man crouches in the lee of his mount. Only ALI is keeping watch. The PIPER continues, fitfully. ALI hisses him sharply to silence, and we hear for the first time the distant "puff, puff" of the train.

87 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE AND FARRAJ are searching the ballast for the detonator, FARRAJ the more urgent and less effective, as the more responsible for its loss. He rises to his feet and begins to search his waistband again, irritated, guilty. The TRAIN NOISE.

LAWRENCE: *(calmly, and reassuring)* All right, fetch another.

FARRAJ crosses the line towards the hump and the ditch; he turns.

FARRAJ: Pardon, Aurens. I ...

LAWRENCE: *(kindly impatience)* There's plenty of time. Fetch another.

FARRAJ plunges awkwardly from sight, half falling, into the ditch. We hear—do we hear?—we are not sure—a bang, a thud, under the noise of the wind. But FARRAJ does not appear. All that LAWRENCE sees is the stony landscape between him and the hump where ALI watches. The wind blows,, The train is nearer.

LAWRENCE: Farraj? *(sharply)* Farraj!

88 QUICK CLOSE SHOT. FARRAJ is on his back at the bottom of the ditch. His eye glare; his mouth opens wide.

89 QUICK CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE plunges down beside him; raises his stricken face as MAJID, ALI and TWO BEDOUIN hurl themselves into the ditch from the other side and are arrested by what they see.

90 TWO SHOT. ALI AND LAWRENCE

ALI: (*horrified*) What happened?

LAWRENCE: Detonator. A detonator ...

The train noise is much nearer. LAWRENCE turns swiftly to where:

91 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. MAJID and the TWO BEDOUIN obscure the fallen BOY. Mingling with the TRAIN NOISES we hear the SOUND OF TROOPS, singing. This penetrates. They turn their faces, alarmed.

92 QUICK CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE AND ALI turn their heads, horrified. The singing nearer.

93 QUICK MEDIUM SHOT. THE TWO BEDOUIN scramble up the side of the ditch and run. MAJID looks up from the BOY.

MAJID: He cannot ride Aurens. Look.

He lifts from the BOY's stomach the blood soaked garments which we see for the first time. LAWRENCE goes down beside him. He rises as though hurled by a great blow in the face. ALI AND MAJID look towards him. WE HEAR THE TRAIN, now near, braking with a scream of metal and the singing dies out.

94 QUICK CLOSE SHOT. The unprimed charge conspicuous on the line. The singing is replaced by shouts.

95 MEDIUM SHOT. In the ditch. ALI AND MAJID look to LAWRENCE but he looks about wildly. It is the first time we have seen him at a loss.

ALI: If they take him alive, you know what they will do.

98 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE backs away and throws his pistol to MAJID.

97 CLOSE SHOT. MAJID looks at the pistol, smiles comprehendingly, shakes his head and rises away from FARRAJ. FARRAJ's breathing begins to come more and more rapidly with a rising rhythm which must end in a scream.

98 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE hurls himself on the pistol. MUSIC LOW.

99 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE kneels by FARRAJ. Shouted orders from the TURKS. LAWRENCE stealthily brings the pistol towards FARRAJ's head. FARRAJ clutches his wrist instinctively. Then he smiles and lets go.

FARRAJ: Daud will be angry with you.

LAWRENCE: Salute him for me.

He cannot do it. On SOUND TRACK the shouts draw closer.

FARRAJ: (*prompting kindly*) God will give you peace.

He turns his head away but does not close his eyes.

100 MEDIUM SHOT. ALI AND MAJID wince away, turn, the pistol crashes out, they streak up the side of the ditch and run. LAWRENCE scrambles from the ditch and runs after them, his face fragmented.

DISSOLVE

101 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. LAWRENCE and ALI ride ahead of the remaining BEDOUIN who look morose. LAWRENCE leads FARRAJ's camel, which has a net bag of soap among its load. The wind moans. ALI looks at LAWRENCE, is about to speak, thinks better of it. He looks at him again and says, with much sympathy, as one who has a question which cannot brook postponement even under such circumstances as these:

ALI: What will you do, now?

LAWRENCE clears his throat and answers flatly.

LAWRENCE: Go north.

ALI jogs on in silence for a beat or two.

ALI: With twenty?

We must see that ALI is genuinely exercised in his mind as to whether there is any purpose in going on.

102 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE's mask cracks. He turns to ALI and shouts:

LAWRENCE: What would you *recommend* me to do, Ali? What would you recommend?

DISSOLVE

103 MEDIUM SHOT. Interior ALLENBY's private apartments in Cairo. A spacious room with, at the far end, a working desk and chair, and nearer to the CAMERA a fireplace against which ALLENBY leans, and a few upholstered chairs in one of which BRIGHTON is sitting. It is night time and cosy lamps are lit.. The fans are motionless (whereas before we have seen them spinning) and there is a fire in the grate. On the mantelpiece, by ALLENBY, the *Country Life* calendar proclaims December with an Olde English hunting scene. ALLENBY has a light plaid shawl thrown over his shoulders, and he swills a whisky and soda in a large tumbler. He is silently regarding BRIGHTON and though the professional mask is firmly in place he looks unusually thoughtful and a little triste. BRIGHTON, who has flung his Sam. Browne on the back of his chair, and also has a glass of whisky and soda at his elbow, is labouring through the last of a sheaf of official reports. When he concludes, he hands them to ALLENBY, with a grave face.

BRIGHTON: He hasn't one-tenth so many men, sir. Well, yes and no, sir ... He doesn't claim to have done anything he hasn't done.

ALLENBY: Then there is an 'Arab North Army'.

BRIGHTON: (*considers*) No, sir. He has lied about that.

ALLENBY: Any idea why?

BRIGHTON: (*with a half smile*) It's his army, I suppose.

ALLENBY: (*shortly*) It's Prince Feisal's army ... Think he's gone native Harry?

BRIGHTON: (*his brows puckered*) N-n-n-o -o-o. (*with a flash of inspiration*) He would if he could. (*with a flash of self-doubt*) I think. (*uncomfortably*) Not my line of country this, sir.

He is puzzled by the mood of his CHIEF.

ALLENBY: (*reassuring*) Doesn't matter ... I'm just curious. What matters is: I believed it and the Turks believe it. They're offering twenty-thousand pounds for him.

BRIGHTON: Good God!

ALLENBY: (*turns away—and CLOSE SHOT—prods idly at the fire with his toe*) Yes. Shouldn't say he'd long to live would you?

BRIGHTON: (*impulsively*) Whatever else sir, he ...!

ALLENBY: (*interrupting rather impatiently*) Oh surely, surely ... If he's still going North, with fifty men, he doesn't lack guts... (*brooding*) I wonder if they'd offer that much for me ...

He turns briskly with the air of one who breaks off an improper indulgence.

ALLENBY: Well, *what* about next year? *Will* they come back to him?

BRIGHTON: Shouldn't be surprised, sir. They think he's some kind of prophet.

ALLENBY: (*harshly*) They do or he does?

He walks away to the working desk taking the paper with him, Calling back as he goes:

ALLENBY: *They* seem to think he's a kind of machine. Dryden had a letter from some old beggar behind Damascus; "Send us an Aurens and we will blow up trains with it". That's poetry, isn't it?

And again his voice has a harsh sounding crack in it.

BRIGHTON: (*On SOUND TRACK, uneasy*) I wouldn't know, sir.

ALLENBY: And that's what these are. (*he wags the papers before throwing them down*) Not lies, poems.

BRIGHTON: Don't quite follow, sir.

104 CLOSE SHOT. BRIGHTON, his care-worn, innocent face, creased with the effort to be in time with his chief.

ALLENBY: (*with a sudden rush of affection for things familiar*) You're a good chap, Harry.

BRIGHTON: (*a laugh is jerked out of him by the unexpectedness of it*) Thank you, sir!

ALLENBY: (*approaching*) Nice to have a fire again.

BRIGHTON: Yes, sir.

105 CLOSE SHOT. ALLENBY by the fire, and again we see the calendar.

ALLENBY: Quite like home ...

CUT

106 LONG SHOT. EXTERIOR. Night. The screen is full of driving snow and ON SOUND TRACK there is a shrieking wind. Moving through the snow, we gradually make out the silhouette of the ruins of El-Jamal. It is nothing more than a grotesque hump of stone, but in some aperture a light flickers, at which:

107 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT—Interior. One of the bars of yellow soap is lying on a clean slab of stone.

108 CLOSE SHOT—LAWRENCE, wrapped in a torn grey blanket for warmth, is arranging his newly washed white robes over a carefully improvised framework Of sticks, to dry before a fire. He works with a controlled nervousness. Nervousness is revealed in the mere speed of his movements; control keeps them effective.

109 MEDIUM SHOT—ALI, also in undress, smoking a cheroot, watches him, his face shows a distinct anger tempered by caution and understanding—in other words it shows a sober independence of LAWRENCE which we have before seen only incipient. LAWRENCE knows ALI is waiting for him. ALI looks about, patiently. Cracks in the walls have been stuffed with bits of rag, earth, grass,

in spite of which flurries of snow spurt in here and there. LAWRENCE straightens from his task, wiping his hands on a cloth.

ALI: *(quietly)* Now may. I speak?

LAWRENCE: *(cool)* Yes.

ALI is evidently repeating a point he has been trying to make before. He speaks patiently.

ALI: We are all tired.

LAWRENCE: *(in a dead voice)* I'm not tired.

ALI: *(flatly)* You are tired.

LAWRENCE: *(impatiently)* All right, I'm tired ... *(attempts a sneer)* it takes me differently.

ALI: *(calmly)* Truly... Aurens, one more failure: and you will find yourself alone.

110 CLOSE SHOT- on this, LAWRENCE looks at him. ALI responds with the irritation of a man who finds his logical argument answered on the plane of emotion.

ALI: I do not include myself.

LAWRENCE: I do not include the others.

He jerks his head towards off screen. ALI nods, reasonably and taps ash from his cheroot, before continuing with his patient argument:

ALI: So say they love you. The more reason to be thrifty with them. *(he begins to appeal more urgently and grows excited immediately)* Give them something to do that can be done! But you ... no, no, they must move mountains, for, you, they must walk on water!

LAWRENCE'S own much more racking, because more personal distress, ignites from ALI's. He nods affirmatively to the last phrase of ALI's speech.

LAWRENCE: That's *right!* —That's right !... *(he makes a pretence of going on wiping his hands but his set, pale face is still turned on his friend. Unwittingly, ALI has challenged him at the mingled root of his strength and weakness and must now face LAWRENCE's whole personality up in arms.)* Who are you to know what can be done? If we'd done what you thought could be done you'd be back in Yenbo now, and nowhere! Whatever I ask them to do, can be done, that's all... they know that if you don't ...

He drops the cloth, backing from ALI towards a broken opening in the interior wall.

LAWRENCE: D'you think I'm just anybody, Ali? Do you?

Before ALI can reply, he turns from him towards the opening and calls in a voice ostensibly warm and confident with an unconscious undernote of fear:

LAWRENCE: My friends, who will walk on water with me?

But reaching the doorway and looking in he realises that the situation is more critical than he supposed. His expression changes. He becomes alert, cautious. He realises that to get his own way he must at any rate seem reasonable.

111 MEDIUM SHOT—what he sees. A small room of the Fort with a charcoal fire, the sodden robes of the BEDOUIN hanging on cords to dry. The BEDOUIN themselves seated in undress about the room among their saddles and sheepskins. They look both wild and grim; defeated veterans. All

follow the ensuing debate most closely and immobile except that MAJID cleans his rifle throughout. LAWRENCE leans against the doorway in a deliberately leisurely fashion and repeats his question in a quiet and reasonable tone.

LAWRENCE: Who will come with me to Deraa?

This suggestion does not take them by surprise; evidently they have heard of his intention and discussed it.

ELDER HARITH: Deraa is garrisoned. Will you take twenty against two thousand?

LAWRENCE: I'll go by myself if I have to.

MAJID: Why?

LAWRENCE: Because I told the English Generals ... the Arab Revolt would be in Deraa when they would be in Jerusalem.

MAJID: *(he can't look at LAWRENCE but he persists)* And are you the Arab Revolt?

112 CLOSE SHOT—LAWRENCE looks round slowly. They avoid his eyes.

LAWRENCE: *(cheerfully)* It begins to seem so.

MAJID: *(softly)* Or perhaps you are here for the English Generals?

LAWRENCE is profoundly shocked. It seems that he will leave them. But then, challenging:

LAWRENCE: Who says this?

They avoid his eyes. MAJID looks at ALL

ALI: *(apologetic but troubled)* Rumour.

LAWRENCE spits onto the ground.

MAJID: *(regarding the spittle, immediately)* That, is not an argument.

LAWRENCE: *(his face pale)* Oh, argument! *(he lashes them)* This afternoon, I will take the Arab Revolt into Deraa ... while the Arabs ... argue. *(he turns and goes)*

MAJID: Aurens! Can you pass for an Arab in an Arab town ?

LAWRENCE: *(calling back)* Yes. *(he returns into the doorway and hisses at them)* If one of you will lend me some dirty clothes!

CUT

113 CLOSE SHOT—THE TURKISH BEY, motionless as an idol, is being driven in his open staff car swiftly through the streets of Deraa. Buildings flash by on either side, people respectfully salaaming. He is an older man than LAWRENCE, but of very similar type. His face is ascetic, aloof, cultivated, and conscious.

CUT TO

114 A desert street in DERA—LONG SHOT—ANGLING DOWN. The staff car turns a corner into it in the foreground and speeds away. We travel down this street from the viewpoint of the BEY. Just before we reach the end of the street, TWO DISREPUTABLE FIGURES turn into it. One walks by the wall, the other arrogantly on the crown of the road has to leap for safety. They are ALI and LAWRENCE.

115 CLOSE SHOT—LAWRENCE grins.

ALI: Madness! What are you looking for?

LAWRENCE: Some way to announce myself.

ALI: (*casting his eyes up*) Be patient with him God.

A TURKISH SERGEANT and TWO PRIVATES turn out of an alley and pass them. TIE CAMERA TRACKS backwards with LAWRENCE and ALI walking towards it, LAWRENCE slowly moving into it as they talk.

ALI: (*urgent*) Do you not see how they look at you?

LAWRENCE walks on.

ALI: At least come into the shadow!

LAWRENCE: Peace, Ali, I am invisible.

TURKISH SERGEANT: (ON SOUND TRACK) Halt!

LAWRENCE: Walk on.

TURKISH SERGEANT (ON. SOUND TRACK) Halt!

LAWRENCE: Walk on.

116 CLOSE SHOT—A hand is placed upon his shoulder and he is spun about.

TURKISH SOLDIER: You!

117 MEDIUM, SHOT—behind him we see the SERGEANT coming up with the other PRIVATE.

TURKISH SOLDIER: And you!

118 MEDIUM SHOT—ALI stops and turns.

TURKISH SERGEANT: (looks at ALI appraisingly, then contemptuously) No-o-o. Imshi!

119 (CLOSE SHOT. THE THREE TURKISH SOLDIERS looking at LAWRENCE. Their grins harmless, knowing, very nearly friendly)

TURKISH SERGEANT: You ...

CUT

120 INTERIOR the working room of the BEY's apartment, lamps lit, a calmly beautiful sunset sky beyond the window. The: BEY is sitting at the window, with his face in his long and sensitive hands, motionless in an attitude of despair. A number of COMMON SOLDIERS stand about the room at attention; they might be some different species of creature from their immaculate commander. Facing the table are LAWRENCE, TWO SYRIAN RAGGAMUFFINS, absolutely from the depths and a SPECTACLED LEBANESE CLERK with the last remnants of respectability. At either side and behind them stand other TURKISH SOLDIERS. All wait.

121 CLOSE SHOT—The TURKS exchange sly grins over the motionless back of the BEY.

122 CLOSE SHOT—LAWRENCE observes this, uncomprehending and fearfully.

123 MEDIUM SHOT—Suddenly the BEY raises his melancholy face in which the eyes are burning, and from the way in which the SOLDIERS wipe the grins from their faces and stiffen to attention we see that he is no laughing matter to them. He rises and walks round the table to inspect the quartette.

124 MEDIUM SHOT—The BEY inspects them. His attitude is not truculent, nor even insulting, is indeed dignified and almost wistful, as though he had some distasteful duty to perform, which habit had not quite inured him to. He pauses fractionally before each man, and his controlled features faintly register his response. The TWO FILTHY SYRIANS each evoke the sort of horrified disgust tone feels for hopelessly diseased animals, and he passes on, hardly pausing. He considers the LEBANESE CLERK carefully. The CLERK assays a nervous smile and the BEY passes quickly on. He pauses before LAWRENCE and LAWRENCE microscopically flinches, frightened by the evil in the man, and the BEY turns away awkwardly. But half way back to his table he stops and turns.

BEY: You.

Like light the other THREE are hustled from the room, leaving LAWRENCE and the BEY confronting one another where they stand AND FIVE TURKISH SOLDIERS, two behind LAWRENCE, three against the wall. The BEY walks up to LAWRENCE. The TWO behind him move a little closer.

BEY: You have blue eyes.

LAWRENCE swallows and stares fascinated at the BEY.

BEY: I say you have blue eyes.

LAWRENCE: *(remembering his part)* Yes, Effendi.

BEY: Are you Circassian?

LAWRENCE: Yes, Effendi.

BEY: *(nodding)* How old are you?

LAWRENCE: Twenty-seven, Effendi. *(he remembers his part)* I think.

He assumes an ingratiating smile. He need not bother. To the BEY he is an object, not a man of any kind.

BEY: You look older ... you have had a lot of experience... *(to TURKISH SERGEANT)* It is an interesting face.

TURKISH SERGEANT stiffens his attention stupidly. The BEY turns to LAWRENCE. His tone is pleading, almost has a whine to it, but he is talking for himself alone, absorbed in some inner emotional crisis of his own.

BEY: I am surrounded by cattle. He wouldn't know an interesting face from a sow's belly. *(His face twitches minutely and is still again.)* I have been in Deraa for three and a half years now. If they posted me to the dark side of the moon I could not be more ... isolated. *(A faint dreamy smile)* You haven't the least idea what I'm talking about, have you?

LAWRENCE: No, Effendi.

He has been too quick. For the first time the BEY looks him in the eyes, surprised.

BEY: *Have* you?

LAWRENCE does not reply. The BEY's eyes film again.

BEY: No, that... that would be too... lucky.

He has a quiet fit of coughing which he screens politely behind his gloved left fist. Before it is quite over he reaches out, and, very much as a man opening a parcel, rips LAWRENCE's garment from the shoulder to the waist. LAWRENCE starts back instinctively into the TWO TURKS who grasp his arms. The THREE OTHERS stand away from the wall a little, as men who will presently be needed. The BEY unwraps his parcel, stripping LAWRENCE to the waist, and sees his scar.

BEY: Where did you get that?

LAWRENCE: Oh ... *(grinning helplessly)* It is old, Effendi. *(in his confusion he says this almost as if they wanted to buy it)*

BEY: *(examining it, off hand and clinical)* No, no, this is quite recent. You are a deserter.

LAWRENCE: No, Effendi!

BEY: Yes, you are a deserter ... (*smiling archly*) but from which army? Not that it matters at all. (*with strange feeling*) A man cannot be *always* in uniform!

He removes his right glove and taking LAWRENCE's pectoral muscle between thumb and finger begins to knead it.

BEY: Your skin is very fair.

125 QUICK CLOSE SHOT—LAWRENCE.

126 QUICK CLOSE SHOT—THE BEY.

127 QUICK CLOSE SHOT—THE TURKS.

128 FLASH SHOT—LAWRENCE lashes out and kicks the BEY in the groin.

129 FLASH SHOT—THE BEY flies onto his back.

130 FLASH SHOT—THE SERGEANT dashes his fist into LAWRENCE's face.

131 CLOSE SHOT—THE BEY getting to his feet; he is breathing hard and in pain, but his face is again controlled and introverted; he hesitates, on the verge of going, then says very clearly:

BEY: Beat him.

He goes through a door near where he has landed, carefully leaving it ajar.

(ABOUT WHAT FOLLOWS: The material of the incident is violence; there is a danger that it will be seen as nothing else, that is, that it will not make its point. That is my reason for advocating a somewhat ritualistic as against a nerve-storming entry to the sequence. If it "goes over the top" so that the understanding of the audience is simply swamped we have failed.)

132 WIDE ANGLE MEDIUM SHOT from this doorway. The SOLDIERS draw a wooden bench from the wall to the centre of the room, while the SERGEANT picks up a plain cane from the BEY's desk. Their attitude is practical, not sinister; and throughout this sequence, friendly everyday noises float through the window; a distant dog barking, and cart going past, a greeting called.

133 CLOSE SHOT—the SERGEANT shows the cane to LAWRENCE with a significant, querying half-smile, as much as to say L: "And how do you like the prospect of *that*?"

134 CLOSE SHOT—LAWRENCE the specialist in pain, is relieved that unidentified evil has dwindled to such a little thing as this. He raises his eyebrows and directs at the SERGEANT a look of cold contempt and indifference, as though at some piece of very bad manners.

135 CLOSE SHOT—the SERGEANT is puzzled by a response which, in a wide experience, he has not encountered before. He looks at the cane as though there might be some flaw in it, hitherto & unnoticed by himself. Then:

136 MEDIUM SHOT—he looks again at LAWRENCE, now quite intrigued by him. One-handed he gently propels him at the end of it and presses his shoulder, so that he sits astride it, gripping the edges with his hands, his face expressing a healthy resentment but complete confidence.

137 MEDIUM SHOT—the SERGEANT nods to the SOLDIERS. Four of them come and with technical skill and some violence—but no *superfluous* violence—seize his wrists and ankles and jerk him face downwards.

138 CLOSE SHOT the bench comes up to meet us.

139 MEDIUM SHOT—in profile. LAWRENCE is on the bench. One SOLDIER has his two wrists and sits on the floor facing him, his feet braced against the legs of the bench pulling on LAWRENCE's arm so that he and LAWRENCE are face to face.

140 CLOSE SHOT—This SOLDIER, who has the wooden and rudimentary features of a domestic animal, grins briefly and significantly at LAWRENCE.

141 CLOSE SHOT—LAWRENCE raises his eyebrows again, very donnish, deliberately putting several centuries of superiority and contempt between himself and the MAN.

142 CLOSE SHOT—the MAN looks blankly at LAWRENCE and up again at the SERGEANT with surprise, and almost with alarm.

143 CLOSE SHOT ANGLING UP FROM THIS MAN'S VIEWPOINT. The SERGEANT shrugs, braces his legs and raises the cane.

144 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT UP INTO LAWRENCE'S FACE. The cane whistles down. LAWRENCE's eyes darken a little and he slightly raises his head, but these are mere reflexes; his expression remains exactly as before.

145 CLOSE SHOT—the SOLDIER again. He looks at LAWRENCE again, puzzled, as a man *will* look who draws a bucket from a well which he knows to be full and finds the bucket empty. He looks up again at the SERGEANT.

146 CLOSE SHOT FROM HIS VIEWPOINT. The SERGEANT settles himself seriously to the job at hand.

147 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT UP INTO LAWRENCE'S FACE. The cane again. This time the reflexes are stronger and there is a hint of surprise and dawning alarm in LAWRENCE's eyes.

148 MEDIUM SHOT—the BEY has appeared in the half open doorway. He is leaning against the wall with a handkerchief to his mouth listening and waiting. We hear the cane again and heavy breathing.

149 CLOSE SHOT—exterior, dusky sunset. ALI in the street outside. The open window of the BEY's working room is an orange rectangle in the blue-white wall through which the sound of LAWRENCE's torture comes clearly. Apart from a Turkish flag which flutters in the evening sky, it is a house like others in the narrow street, the rear perhaps. Opposite the doorway the street widens into a small yard with stables. ALI leans stoically against the wall with his arms folded. After two or three strokes he unfolds his arms restlessly, then clasps his hands determinedly. After two or three more he moves away down the street, CAMERA TRACKING before him, the sound diminishing. But so soon as it is inaudible, he halts straining his ears, hesitates, walks back until he can hear it and

150 MEDIUM SHOT—the door and window. Two more strokes and the noise stops ... a pause ... Now the noise of heavy boots ... muttered conversation ... a door shutting. ... A single voice says one phrase silence. No "reaction" shot of ALI until:

151 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT—he is walking away again but now swiftly. His face is blank. (But NOT shocked, alarmed, outraged).

152 MEDIUM LONG SHOT—at the end of the street he has come upon a railway marshalling yard in a wasteland. In the sunset, the rails are dark on the glowing ground. In the middle distance a stationary shunting engine sends up a softly hissing pillar of steam. Nothing else moves.

CAMERA follows the steam up into the sky which changes from red to dark blue as the steam gives out and the soft hiss ceases. Descending again to ALI we see that it is now fully night and the criss-cross lines now Shirie light against the dark, a maze. in the moonlight ALI moves back across them (CAMERA tracking him, the moon's reflection in the. interlacing lines travels with us, emphasizing the equivocation of their changeful directions) to:

153 LONG SHOT POV ALI down the street. The door of the BEY's room opens throwing a wedge of light in which four MEN stagger out with something heavy which they pitch into the stable yard and return.

154 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT—LAWRENCE lies on the rubbish heap. Just before the door shuts after them we see, as his body slides downwards, what they have done to him.

155 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT—his senseless hand dragging through the rubbish. Snow flakes settle. We hear soft running footsteps and:

156 CLOSE SHOT—ALI throws himself by his friend. He turns LAWRENCE's face towards him, staring fiercely. LAWRENCE slowly turns his head away.

DISSOLVE

157 LONG SHOT—DAWN Two CAMEL RIDERS make their way through a snowy landscape.

158 MEDIUM SHOT—one of them is a shapeless bundle of clothing jerking passively to the motion of the beast. The other is ALI who has bestowed some of his clothing on his friend.

DISSOLVE

159 CLOSE SHOT—inside the fort. Night. LAWRENCE lies on his side, on a rough bed, staring into a little fire. ALI stands over him.

ALI: (*brusquely*) Sleep!

160 REVERSE SHOT—shooting over LAWRENCE (we see the top of his back, bandaged) at ALI. He repeats:

ALI: Sleep!

161 CLOSE SHOT—LAWRENCE as before, eyes wide open.

DISSOLVE

162 The same. Day. LAWRENCE is sitting, well wrapped with a tin billy of rice and meat. He puts it down.

ALI: Eat!

LAWRENCE frowns slightly, makes no other response. Anxious and exasperated, ALI crouches by him, picks up the billy.

ALI: Eat! (he hisses) You have a body, like other men.

For the first time, LAWRENCE responds properly; he attends to ALI's words, takes the billy and begins to eat. ALI, mollified:

ALI: Good. Then sleep.

DISSOLVE

163 The same. Night. LAWRENCE is sitting up in the "bed" his weight supported on his arms behind his back, blinking; mildly.

ALI: (*pleased*) Better?

LAWRENCE: Much better. You were right.

He throws back the covers. ALI extends an arm. With admiring impatience:

ALI: Rest, rest. Can you not learn?

LAWRENCE: (*looks at him. Quietly*) Oh I've learnt all right. (*crouching painfully, he draws his robe towards him*) I'm going, Ali.

We see that this confirms a fear of ALI's, commences a struggle he has feared. He goes quite still. Then; sharply:

ALI: Why?

LAWRENCE: (*inserting arm into robe*) 'Why?' Heavens ... (*he lets his voice trail away expressively*)

ALI: (*barks, dangerous*) Why?

LAWRENCE: (*not off-hand; but quiet, because he is trying to give truthful answers*) I've come to the end of myself. I suppose.

ALI: (*harsh*) And the end of the Arab Revolt.

LAWRENCE: (*mild protest*) I'm not the Arab Revolt, Ali. (*with the first surface feeling*) I'm not even an Arab.

ALI: (*immediate*) - "A man can be whatever he wants." You said.

LAWRENCE: I'm sorry. I thought it was true.

ALI: You proved it!

LAWRENCE suddenly takes his own pectoral muscle between finger and thumb (SHOT to echo the BEY as nearly as may be) and speaks, still quietly, but rapidly, with total conviction:

LAWRENCE: Look Ali. Look. *That's* me! What colour is it? (*he releases the fold of pure white flesh*) ... *That's* me; and there's nothing I can *do* about it.

ALI: "A man can *do* whatever he wants." You said.

LAWRENCE: (*pause. Then*) He can. But. (*grimly*) He can't *want*, what he wants. (*he touches his own flesh again*) *This* is the stuff that decides what he wants.

ALI stares at him. He gets a stage farther in dressing. Stops, braces himself, taking in the BEDOUIN who have filled the wall opening and are watching and listening, and:

LAWRENCE: You may. as well know. I would have told them anything. I would have told them who I am. I would have told them where you are, I tried to.

ALI: (*gently*) And so would any man.

LAWRENCE: Well. Any man is what I am. I'm going back to Allenby to ask him for a job that any man can do.

ALI: Allenby is in Jerusalem.

LAWRENCE: I'll make easy stages.

ALI: You?

LAWRENCE: Oh yes. Easy stages. (*seeing ALI's darkly troubled face, he goes to him*) Look, Ali, I think I see a way of being... just... ordinarily... happy.

ALI knows he is going and can't or won't answer. LAWRENCE picks up a huge sheepskin cape and hood.

LAWRENCE: Can I take this ?

ALI: (*harsh, almost sneering*;) It is not 'clean'.

LAWRENCE: (*laughs at an old folly*) No—but it's warm.

With his stiffened back he cannot get it on. ALI assists him and we see them in CLOSE TWO SHOT, the BEDOUIN behind.

ALI: And these? Having led them here have you no care for them?

This touches LAWRENCE. But he is strong in his new understanding.

LAWRENCE: You lead them. They're yours.

He calls, not looking at them:

LAWRENCE: Trust your own people!

And adds to ALI, drawing away, with more than a hint of beseeching, so that the last note of this scene is tender and expectant:

LAWRENCE: And let me go back to mine ...

CUT

164 CLOSE UP: By way of answer the screen is filled with shining brass and brass music crashes onto the SOUND TRACK. The brass draws away revealing itself as a TUBA, in full blast, blown by an ARMY BANDSMAN in undress uniform, and that this BANDSMAN is one of some DOZEN, all of whom are marching in step blowing lustily. They form the brass section of a MILITARY BAND at practice.

165 LONG SHOT. An improvised parade ground beyond which are the domes and minarets of Jerusalem. The band, led by a DRUM MAJOR marches in the near foreground while in the background a SMALL FIGURE in British Officer's uniform makes its way across the open space. The DRUM MAJOR signals smartly with his ornamented baton and the band begins to counter-march.

166 MEDIUM SHOT—TWO or THREE SOLDIERS in collarless shirts, braces and khaki trousers are playing with a football. A goal post has been rigged up by hanging a rope between two pillars. The SOLDIERS on the parade ground are potting at the GOALKEEPER between the pillars. We now see that the figure in British Officer's uniform is LAWRENCE. He walks easily through the scene, although his shoulders are held awkwardly, and his features are more relaxed than we have ever seen them. He smiles at the FOOTBALLERS as he passes them but they do not notice him. The band music continues.

EXT. JERUSALEM HEADQUARTERS. (SEVILLE LOCATION)

167 MEDIUM SHOT. LAWRENCE is walking away from CAMERA towards the main gateway to ALLENBY's H.Q. The gateway is guarded by two BRITISH SENTRIES who spring to attention. As LAWRENCE is about to return their salute the football bounces into picture and rolls after LAWRENCE, coming to a stop by his side. He stops, and kicks it back neatly in the direction from which it came.

EXT. JERUSALEM (JORDAN)

168 MEDIUM SHOT—the FOOTBALLERS. The GOALKEEPER traps the ball under his foot, while the other 2 PLAYERS acknowledge LAWRENCE's gesture by a friendly wave of the hand.

EXT. JERUSALEM. H. G. (SEVILLE. LOCATION)

169 MEDIUM SHOT—LAWRENCE. He returns the waves and goes on through the gate saluting the two GRINNING SENTRIES as he does so.

170 LONG SHOT. An open courtyard with pillars, jasmin and orange trees. Small groups of OFFICERS sit on the low wall among the greenery. One pair plays chess. And individual is absorbed in a book. Another group vanishes indoors leaving behind it the sound of laughter. In the centre of the courtyard through which LAWRENCE is walking is a big Rolls Royce being polished and washed by two N. C. O. s in shirtsleeves, As LAWRENCE passes these groups he looks at them, hot wistfully or pleadingly, but pleased to be among them, unaware that his uniform is a totally inadequate

disguise for his inborn strangeness, that he is set apart at a glance. One of the CHESS PLAYERS—who are in the foreground of picture—looks up, recognises him and draws the attention of the other to him with some excitement. Evidently he has a reputation. LAWRENCE has seen the look and acknowledges it with a half smile. The band music has mutated to the English theme at its most nostalgic and pastoral. The CAMERA PANS with LAWRENCE and we see doors with notices proclaiming their secure and ordered occupants: “Signals. Forward area. ‘Transport’ (Mechanized);” “Brigadier T. H. Smith, D. S. O.” A door opens releasing a clatter of typewriters. A SERGEANT with a pencil behind his ear is arrested in his walk by a voice from within.

VOICE: *(off)* And get me those P stroke fives, Bill.

SERGEANT: Right!

He nearly bumps into LAWRENCE who essays a brief nod and smile (quite dignified, not sycho-phantic) but the SERGEANT, in the manner of busy clerical men, is too preoccupied to respond as he makes off briskly towards the other side of the courtyard. We hear the incredible tones of the English upper-middle-class on the SOUND TRACK. LAWRENCE’s face lights up.

LAWRENCE: Hey!

171 CLOSE SHOT—the SECRETARY and CAPTAIN, carrying papers, their faces correct, are entering a gateway leading to an inner courtyard. They turn as they see LAWRENCE who runs up to them eagerly from behind.

LAWRENCE: Mind if I join you?

SECRETARY: Oh! *(smiling with straight-forward courtesy)* Honoured, sir.

The CAMERA TRACKS with the THREE as they walk across the inner courtyard. For a moment they walk in silence, LAWRENCE looking ahead and fidgeting with his uniform, the CAPTAIN casting sidelong curious glances at him.

LAWRENCE: Jolly good to be back.

SECRETARY: *(as before)* We heard youwere, sir. *(pleasantly deferential)* What’s doing out there?

LAWRENCE: *(after a pause)* Where?

It is a misconceived attempt to disassociate himself from his reputation, but it is taken for false modesty. The SECRETARY purses his lips.

LAWRENCE: Oh, erm Arabia?

SECRETARY: *(dryly)* Well yes, sir.

LAWRENCE: *(looking away)* Oh, nothing much. *(he has made it worse, and adds desperately)* Wrong time of year.

The CAPTAINS exchange a glance, SECRETARY raising his eyebrows.

LAWRENCE: *(eagerly)* What’s doing here?

SECRETARY: *(comfortably)* We’re settling in, sir. Wave built a squash court.

LAWRENCE: Oh jolly good.

The CAMERA PANS with them as they walk on into a MEDIUM SHOT at the other side of the inner courtyard. LAWRENCE thinks desperately but can think of nothing to say until they reach an open archway with a notice pointing upwards reading, “General Officer Commanding.”

LAWRENCE: Well I have to go up there.

They come to a standstill, the CAPTAINS looking at LAWRENCE. He looks back at them defensively, and checks the buttons of his uniform.

LAWRENCE: It's borrowed. Someone seems to have pinched mine.

SECRETARY: (*with the automatic viciousness of the colon*) Bloody wogs.

For perhaps half a second LAWRENCE's face goes stony. But he is starving for humble pie. He smiles painfully.

LAWRENCE: Yes, probably. Jolly good about the squash court.

The SECRETARY nods preparatory to leaving. LAWRENCE nods back. The CAPTAINS move off along the outer wall while LAWRENCE turns inside.

172 REVERSE CLOSE SHOT—the CAMERA PANS with LAWRENCE as he leaves the archway. A few steps, bring him level with a window-like opening in the wall looking out over the courtyard. The two CAPTAINS are walking past on the other side.

SECRETARY: 0 Lays it on a bit thick doesn't he?

LAWRENCE pauses looking after them as they disappear. The old familiar look of defensive contempt appears for a second, but almost as though it were something taligible he plucks it from his face and walks on out of picture leaving a SHOT OF THE WINDOW with the courtyard below. Across it, walking at a fast pace, comes BENTLEY.

173 MEDIUM. SHOT—the CAMERA is shooting up a stone staircase. LAWRENCE climbs the last few steps to the top, turns the corner on to an upper landing, and disappears from view as BENTLEY enters the foreground of picture and hurries up the steps two at a time.

174 MEDIUM, SHOT—LAWRENCE opens a glass doorway leading off an open corridor on the first floor. The CAMERA PANS with him into a LONG SHOT of a stone-walled room. It is the outer ring of ALLENBY's defence works. Two or three CLERKS work at desks, among them the R. S.M.

LAWRENCE: (*cheerfully*) Morning!

The R. S. M. looks up indifferently, sees who it is, and promptly rises smiling. Evidently LAWRENCE is a hero.

R. S. M.: Good morning, sir!

LAWRENCE: (*passing on through the office*) It's nice to be back.

R. S. M.: (*roguishly*) I believe you, sir.

LAWRENCE: No, really it is.

He opens a door at the far end.

175 MEDIUM SHOT—the penultimate room. BRIGHTON stands in foreground of picture, turns as LAWRENCE enters.

BRIGHTON: You're to go right in.

LAWRENCE passes swiftly through with a friendly wave. The CAMERA CENTRES on BRIGHTON. From the sympathetic warmth of tone and the keenness with which he regards him we see that LAWRENCE's behavior has already aroused anxiety. He follows LAWRENCE with his eyes. There is the SOUND of a door opening.

176 CLOSE SHOT—the door. (From inside ALLENBY's room) LAWRENCE enters. He stops short, his face blank. The English theme ends abruptly on a barbaric dissonance of cymbals.

177 MEDIUM SHOT. A figure in full Arab regalia is more or less silhouetted against an open archway letting out on to a sunny terrace over-looking a garden. As the reverberations of the cymbals

die away. this figure turns and we see it is FEISAL, and that ALLENBY and DRYDEN are also present. The CAMERA PANS with FEISAL as he walks towards LAWRENCE smiling courteously.

FEISAL: (*spontaneous pleasure*) Aurens!

He joins LAWRENCE in CLOSE SHOT and seizes him by the hand, but as he does so the glow fades from his face and is replaced by sadness and suspicion.

FEISAL: ... or is it Major Lawrence?

LAWRENCE: (*saluting: formally*) Sir.

178 CLOSE SHOT—ALLENBY and DRYDEN. Their eyes on LAWRENCE.

179 CLOSE SHOT—FEISAL and LAWRENCE.

FEISAL: (*dropping his hand*) Ah.

The CAMERA PANS with FEISAL as he leaves LAWRENCE and moves towards ALLENBY and DRYDEN.

FEISAL: Well I will leave you, General. Major Lawrence doubtless has reports to make.

He goes towards a glass door leading directly out on to the open dorridor, but pauses to deliver his salvos.

FEISAL: About my people; and their weakness. And the *need* to keep them weak. In the British interest. (*by the door*) The French interest too of course, we mustn't forget the French, now.

180 CLOSE UP—ALLENBY. He is exasperated.

ALLENBY: I've told you, sir no such treaty exists.

181 CLOSE UP FEISAL

FEISAL: Yes, General, you have lied most bravely, But not convincingly. I know this treaty does exist.

182 CLOSE UP LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE: Treaty, sir?

183 CLOSE SHOT—FEISAL

FEISAL: He does it better than you, General. (*bitterly*) But then of course—he's almost an Arab.

He sweeps out through the door.

184 CLOSE SHOT—LAWRENCE. There is a silence. He looks from the door to ALLENBY and DRYDEN.

185 MEDIUM SHOT ALLENBY, LAWRENCE and DRYDEN. DRYDEN looks curiously and keenly at LAWRENCE.

DRYDEN: You really don't know?

LAWRENCE spreads his hands to demonstrate complete incomprehension but he is already looking concerned.

ALLENBY: Then what the devil's this?

He holds up a paper scrumpled in his fist.

LAWRENCE: (*his tone is one of total exhaustion in a thin shell of correctness*) It's my request for release from Arabia, sir.

ALLENBY: (*angry*) For what reason ! (*suspicious*) Are you *sure* you haven't heard of the Sykes-Picot Treaty?

186 CLOSE SHOT LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE: No. (*wearily*) I can guess.

187 CLOSE SHOT ALLENBY and DRYDEN

ALLENBY: (*sharply*) Don't guess. (*to DRYDEN*) Tell him.

DRYDEN steeples his fingers delicately.

DRYDEN: Well now, Mr. Sykes is an English Civil Servant and Monsieur Picot is a French Civil Servant. Mr. Sykes and Monsieur Picot met. And they agreed that, after the war, France and England should share the Turkish Empire. Including Arabia. They signed an Agreement— (he glances at ALLENBY) —not a treaty, sir, an Agreement—to that effect.

188 CLOSE SHOT LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE: There may be honour among thieves but there's none in politicians.

189 CLOSE SHOT. ALLENBY and DRYDEN

DRYDEN: (*when, as now, he is stung, he is quite deadly*) And let's have no displays of indignation. You may not have known, but you certainly had suspicions. (*He rises and walks away towards the archway overlooking the garden.*) If we've told lies you've told half-lies ... And a man who tells lies—like me— merely hides the truth. (*softly*) But a man who tells half-lies ... has forgotten where he put it.

190 CLOSE UP LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE: Right. But I met a man the other day; who showed me where it was. The truth is I'm an ordinary man. You might have told me that, Dryden.

191 MEDIUM: SHOT. OVER LAWRENCE on to ALLENBY and DRYDEN DRYDEN looks at him, curiously and cautiously. LAWRENCE turns to ALLENBY and says with a change of tone, officially but with an undertone of threat almost, anticipating opposition:

LAWRENCE: And I want an ordinary job, sir. That's my reason for resigning.

ALLENBY wrinkles his face irritably and grunts interrogatively, and LAWRENCE raises his voice by a desperate little physical effort.

LAWRENCE: It's . . . personal!

ALLENBY: (*softly and irritably, as though LAWRENCE was not speaking clearly*) Personal?

LAWRENCE: Yes, sir.

ALLENBY: (*starting quietly but incredulous indignation breaking through*) Personal? You're a Serving Officer in the Field! And as it happens a damned important one! Personal? Are you mad?

192 CLOSE UP LAWRENCE. HE is sweating and every muscle in his body is rigid, and his voice comes high and strained.

LAWRENCE: No, and if you don't mind I'd rather not go mad! That's my reason too!

193 CLOSE SHOT ALLENBY has his own strains and he leaps from his chair, the CAMERA PANNING with him to the window on the opposite side of the room from DRYDEN. He stands silently, his back to CAMERA, making an effort to contain himself.

ALLENBY: Look Lawrence ..

194 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE

ALLENBY: *(off)* ... on the .16th April I'm making my big push on Damascus. And you're part of it.

195 CLOSE UP. ALLENBY. He turns to face LAWRENCE.

ALLENBY: *(explosive)* Can you understand that? You're an important part of the big push!

196 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE. He is shaking and as he pumps out each separated word he jerks his clenched fists up and down at his sides.

LAWRENCE: I—don't—*want* to be—part of your—big push!

197 CLOSE UP. DRYDEN. He has been looking away out into the garden, but now he turns his head slowly to look at the two men.

ALLENBY: *(off)* And what about your Arab friends? What about *them*?

LAWRENCE: *(off)* I have—no—Arab friends! I don't *want* Arab friends!

DRYDEN's eyes widen and he stares.

198 MEDIUM SHOT. From DRYDEN's point of view we see LAWRENCE's back in the foreground of picture with ALLENBY standing facing him at the window in the background. Regular streaks of blood have appeared across the back of LAWRENCE's too tight jacket. He has opened the wounds of his flogging.

ALLENBY: *(more quietly)* What in hell do you want, Lawrence?

LAWRENCE: *(quieter)* I've told you; I just want my ration of common humanity.

DRYDEN: *(off; carefully offhand but very clear)* Lawrence.

LAWRENCE: *(turning)* Yes?

ALLENBY sees what DRYDEN has seen.

199 CLOSE SHOT DRYDEN. He sees that ALLENBY has seen.

DRYDEN: No, nothing, sorry I interrupted, sir.

200 MEDIUM SHOT. LAWRENCE in foreground, ALLENBY in background. LAWRENCE, wary and puzzled, turns back to ALLENBY who moves forward towards him with an utter change of tone, shocked but thinking furiously.

ALLENBY: Quite all right ... er. Thank you, Mr. Dryden.

DRYDEN crosses picture as he goes swiftly towards the door to BRIGHTON's office.

DRYDEN: Thank you, sir.

ALLENBY takes LAWRENCE by the arm and propels him towards the archway leading on to the terrace.

ALLENBY: Er, why don't we ... ?

The CAMERA PANS with them. We see DRYDEN shutting the door in the background.

ALLENBY: *(quickly and discreetly)* Your back's covered with blood.

LAWRENCE's hand flies up behind his back. ALLENBY continues, sympathetic but with a calm which is complimentary to LAWRENCE.

ALLENBY: D'you want a doctor?

LAWRENCE: No.

ALLENBY: *(after a quick glance at his face to check his condition, seriously)* Well tell me what's happened.

They go through on to the TERRACE where there are chairs, a small table, drinks, magazines and newspapers.

201 MEDIUM SHOT. The ORDERLY ROOM. BENTLEY, watched contemptuously by the R. S. M. and ORDERLIES, is trying quite openly, and indifferent to their opinion, to hear at the door of BRIGHTON'S OFFICE. This is opened suddenly by DRYDEN. His face is shocked and gloomy and he takes no more notice of BENTLEY than if he were a waste paper basket.

202 CLOSE SHOT. DRYDEN and BENTLEY in the foreground; BRIGHTON seen through the open door in the background. He is staring at DRYDEN, shocked and anxious.

BRIGHTON: Shall I get a doctor?

DRYDEN: A doctor? No.

BRIGHTON: *(rather fearfully)* Will I be wanted?

DRYDEN: No Harry. Not you ...

DRYDEN closes the door.

BENTLEY: Say, what goes on in there?

DRYDEN commences to walk away from him.

DRYDEN: Nothing.

BENTLEY follows.

BENTLEY: *(briskly, dismissing the formalities of discretion)* Ah come on.

DRYDEN: *(with an exaggerated insouciance which isn't meant to be believed)* No really, nothing at all.

BENTLEY: Is the man in trouble?

DRYDEN: *(BENTLEY's question has come near the quick of his feelings; his face is a shade less bland as he murmurs lightly)* Oh I expect so. We're all in trouble. Life is a vale of troubles.

BENTLEY overtakes him round a desk and bars his way, adopting a coaxing tone of voice to mitigate the offensiveness of it, but not budging.

BENTLEY: Just tell me if the man's in trouble. I've got an interest in the man. I've got a claim.

DRYDEN: *(cold, contemptuous and sharp)* What claim?

BENTLEY: *(deprecating shrug)* You've read my stuff—I've made that boy a hero. *(as one who advances a righteous claim)* When the war's over that boy can be anything he wants!

DRYDEN: *(trying to side-step BENTLEY, who foils him)* Yes; well at the moment he wants to be somebody else. *(suddenly incensed)* Will you kindly allow me to pass?

BENTLEY does so, but, lounging deliberately, speaks deliberately after him.

BENTLEY: Walk away, Dryden, walk away. Always walking away, aren't you?

DRYDEN: *(at the door, caught unprepared for the penetration of this, frowns a little, hesitates)* Well, I'll tell you. It's a little clash of temperaments that's going on in there. Inevitably. One of them's half mad. *(he had intended to finish there but adds)* And the other—wholly unscrupulous.

He reaches the door and goes out into the sunlight.

203 MEDIUM SHOT. THE TERRACE outside ALLENBY'S OFFICE. LAWRENCE is seated in a chair. ALLENBY leaning against a pillar, his bottom on the terrace railing.

ALLENBY: ... Yes.. Well you've had a glimpse of the pit.

LAWRENCE: No, a glimpse of sanity. *(hard)* And I'm not going back.

There is a short pause. LAWRENCE's eyes are on the General's epaulettes. ALLENBY notices the look, glances at his crowns and crossed sword,, and begins to unbutton his jacket.

ALLENBY: You won't go mad, Lawrence. *(quite indifferently)* You've got an iron mind.

LAWRENCE: *(grimly)* Oh no. *(but he is pleased)*

ALLENBY: Oh yes. And here's another thing. When you ask for "common humanity" you're crying for the moon. Common humanity's the one thing you can't have.

LAWRENCE: There's nothing else.

ALLENBY: *(mildly)* There is, for one man every hundred years or so.

LAWRENCE: *(sceptical, but we can just see the poison beginning to work)* Me?

ALLENBY: *(taking off his jacket)* Yes, I think so. *(Again he is careful to keep his voice matter-of-fact, as though this were some small technical judgment he had just made.)*

ALLENBY puts his jacket over the back of an empty chair, and from this point on he adopts the tone used between equals and friends, and friends of such long standing that they can even afford to be brusque. He regards his jacket, chuckling a little ruefully.

ALLENBY: Isn't that funny, I feel quite naked.

He busies himself collecting cigar,cutter, matches from the table.

ALLENBY: And that's the difference. I'm a leader because someone pins crowns on me. You're a leader *(shrugs)* because God made you one I suppose. There's nothing you can do about it.

ALLENBY sits and seems totally preoccupied with the condition of his cigar. LAWRENCE does not answer but looks at him suspicious, flattered, comforted, above all longing to accept the paternal embrace that seems to be offered.

ALLENBY: *(quite idly)* You write poems don't you?

LAWRENCE: Yes.

ALLENBY: Any good?

LAWRENCE: No. Bad.

ALLENBY: Hard luck. *(nods sympathetically)*

LAWRENCE is a little amused and quite surprised by the degree of understanding ALLENBY assumes.

LAWRENCE: It's not a matter of luck.

ALLENBY: 'Course it is. (*he settles back comfortably*) I grow dahlias myself.

Apparently on impulse he takes from the table a photo of his house and offspring. He peers at it, pointing out a patch of cabbage flowers in the background.

ALLENBY: There.

Together they study the photo. ALLENBY never looks once at his victim, seems innocently absorbed in the subject of the conversation. He pauses as he replaces the photo, and smiles.

ALLENBY: That's my lad. You must come and see us, afterwards.

LAWRENCE: (*he hesitates cautiously, but says*) I'd like to.

And it is almost like a physical object he has handed to ALLENBY—the keys of his citadel.

ALLENBY: I've got good soil, good compost, I buy good plants. And I'm a conscientious gardener. But I don't have the luck to be a good one. So (*he grins*) I'm a gardening sort of general. Most generals are. But there have been poet generals. Xenophon was one. Hannibal ... Nelson was the last. I think you're another ...

LAWRENCE: (*his tone sceptical but his smile tremulous and reproachful*) Nelson, and me?

He is asking ALLENBY to be merciful.

ALLENBY: Yes.

LAWRENCE: That's an extraordinary thing to say to a man.

ALLENBY: Not to an extraordinary man it isn't.

LAWRENCE: (*thrusting it away from him*) No. No.

ALLENBY: (*remorselessly matter-of-fact*) You must know it?

LAWRENCE: (*almost desperately*) No!

ALLENBY: (*in his cunning adopts a tone of irritation*) Look, Lawrence, I've taken those things off—(*rubs his shoulder*)—and I *don't* feel happy without them. I believe your name will be a household word when you'd have to go to the War Museum to find who Allenby was.

He makes this statement very deliberate. His voice now becomes low, confidential, but very steady; it is temptation incarnate.

204 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE

ALLENBY: (*off*) You are the most extraordinary man I ever met.

LAWRENCE: (*quick and low*) —leave me alone—

ALLENBY: (*off; quick and sharp*) —What?

LAWRENCE: (*quick and low*) —Leave me alone.

205 CLOSE SHOT. ALLENBY over LAWRENCE. After a pause, ALLENBY shrugs, and the CAMERA PANS with him as he rises and moves away with feigned hostility, turning his back looking out over the garden, the very image of a disappointed father.

ALLENBY: That's a feeble thing to say. No wonder your poetry's bad.

206 CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE looks at ALLENBY's back longingly. He hesitates and is lost. He prevaricates:

LAWRENCE: I know I'm not *ordinary*...

ALLENBY: (*off; short*) That's not what I'm saying.

Suddenly LAWRENCE's immobility flies apart. He is thrown about in his chair by muscular stresses—much as a man might respond to a thumbscrew—and he cries out:

LAWRENCE: All right I'm extraordinary! I'm extraordinary!

His tone in saying this is as though he were saying, "All right I've got cancer!" A tone of desperate lament ... But then abruptly having accepted it, he freezes again and looking at ALLENBY he says in a very different tone quietly mocking, from a superior knowledge.

LAWRENCE: What of it?

207 CLOSE UP. ALLENBY. He is now looking, at LAWRENCE, but has not yet caught the reversal of their positions.

ALLENBY: (*gravely and kindly*) Not many people *have* a destiny. Lawrence. A terrible thing for a man, to funk it, if he has.

208 MEDIUM. SHOT. ALLENBY walks back towards his chair.

LAWRENCE: (*almost smiling with a little cold smile*) Are you speaking from experience?

ALLENBY: (*caught in mid-air—he sits*) No.

LAWRENCE: You're guessing then.

ALLENBY is nonplussed and begins to be uneasy. LAWRENCE says in a deadly voice.

LAWRENCE: Suppose you're *wrong*.

ALLENBY: (*briskly scrambles over his unease*) Why suppose that? We both know I'm right.

LAWRENCE: Yes.

ALLENBY: After all, it's—

LAWRENCE interrupts him rising from his chair and walking a few paces along the terrace where he stands in an archway his back to the General.

LAWRENCE: I said, yes.

ALLENBY watches him, cautiously. He turns. He addresses ALLENBY quite politely but not looking at him, as though he were a subordinate.

LAWRENCE: April the 16th.

ALLENBY: Yes. Can you do it. give you a lot of money.

LAWRENCE: (*still not looking*) Artillery?

ALLENBY: I can't.

LAWRENCE: (*now looking at him*) They won't be coming for money, the best of them. They'll be coming for Damascus. (*very steadily*) Which I'm going to give them.

209 CLOSE SHOT. ALLENBY looking up at LAWRENCE from his chair. He blinks, but recovers immediately.

ALLENBY: That's all I want.

210 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE: All you want is someone holding down the Turkish Right. But I'm going to give them Damascus. We'll get there before you do. And when they've got it, they'll keep it.

211 CLOSE SHOT. ALLENBY

LAWRENCE: *(off)* You can tell the politicians to burn their bit of paper, now.

ALLENBY: *(spuriously boisterous)* Fair enough!

212 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE. He looks away from ALLENBY and speaks almost idly, throwing his pearls for ALLENBY to pick up if he can.

LAWRENCE: "Fair". What's "fair" got to do with it? It's going to *happen...* *(looking at him again, quite brisk and matter of fact)* I *shall* want quite a lot of money.

ALLENBY: *(off)* All there is!

LAWRENCE: Not that much.

He leaves the courtyard and walks towards the CAMERA, looming up in the frame against the background of a fresco on the wall.

LAWRENCE: The best of them won't come for money.

He is now in BIG CLOSE UP. His lip quivers slightly and his eyes glow.

LAWRENCE: They'll come for me ...

213 LONG SHOT. Angling down the ARAB ARMY ASSEMBLED. They are in two long lines, very well ordered. In front of their men the Sheiks either sit their beasts or stand beside them ready to mount, their Standard Bearers behind them. The camels are kneeling, their riders ready. The HORSEMAN nearest CAMERA look off (past CAMERA) stiffens, standing in his stirrups. He raises his voice in a shrill cry.

214 EXTREME LONG SHOT. Over the level land something is approaching.

215 LONG SHOT. Angling down the Army as before. With murmurous excitement camels rear up, horsemen mount, all together so that the whole line rises in one movement. At the far end of the corridor formed by the lines are two isolated horsemen, and a van with a man on the roof drives out and joins them. (About this van: it is a civilian, not an army vehicle—something Bentley has begged, borrowed, or stolen. I would even say it should have lettering: "T. I. Mkapoulos and Son, Gordon St. , Alexandria, Finest Fresh Breads Delivered". It is *vital* in this scene to signal to the audience that we are not offering magnificence in lieu of a properly controlled finale, like a Charlton Heston Samson and Delilah, that we the film-makers do not take it at face value. Bentley is the vitalizing point of disturbance in this epic atmosphere which he will enrich, not destroy, if we use him bodily. Nothing like a streak of low comedy running through a scene of high drama—*vide* the late William Shakespeare.)

216 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. The man on the roof is BENTLEY, with a tripod camera. The two horsemen are ALI and AUDA.

AUDA: No pictures! You take no pictures of us!

BENTLEY: It's not for you Sheik Auda, it's for Major Lawrence; he doesn't mind having his picture taken. *(he adds for ALI's benefit)* He doesn't mind at all.

AUDA knows this is true and he regards it as a fault. He removes himself from this offensive man a few yards, grumbling:

AUDA: Well ... There is only one Aurens.

And staring keenly off towards:

217 LONG SHOT. As for 214 but the moving object is now seen to be a bunch of camel men, riding rapidly, a white figure among them.

218 MEDIUM SHOT. BENTLEY and ALL BENTLEY ostensibly busies himself with his camera, says lightly:

BENTLEY: You, erm, met Major Lawrence since he came back, Sheriff?

ALI: Yes.

BENTLEY: Changed, hasn't he?

ALI: (*loyally*) No.

BENTLEY: Oh I'd say he had. Different man, I'd say.

219 LONG SHOT. Exactly as for 214 and 217 but we can now recognise LAWRENCE.

220 BENTLEY and ALI, as before.

BENTLEY: What did that Turkish General *do* to him, in Deraa?

ALI: (*fighting down his own fear, with anger*) He was the same man after Deraa ... the same man *humbled!* (*the humbleness was an added virtue evidently*) What did the *English* General do to him, in Jerusalem?

BENTLEY: (*amused and pleased by ALI's percipience*) Seach me. Ask Aurens.

221 LONG SHOT as for 214, 217, 219, but now LAWRENCE and his group are nearly at the entrance to the corridor.

222 BENTLEY and ALI, as before.

ALI: I did.

BENTLEY: What did he say?

ALI: He laughed ... He told me to gather the Harith, here ... He offered me money.

BENTLEY: (*chirpily ignoring ALI's deep and apprehensive tone*) D'you take it?

ALI: No. But many did.

223 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE and his BODYGUARD ride between the ranks. (On SOUND TRACK the Tribesmen break into adulation, some shouting his name, some simply shouting, so that there is a gradually rising fury of sound underlain by the chant "El Aurens!" as he progresses) They ride tightly bunched, not filling the screen.

LAWRENCE is at the head, but definitely one of them, not removed. He is mounted on a magnificent white camel, outrageously caparisoned, though he himself is still all white. His expression is exalted; this we have seen before. But it is also unwittingly desperate—he is not fully aware of himself, imperfectly in control of himself—and this we have not seen before. The BODYGUARD ride beautifully, every man an expert. LAWRENCE turns his eyes from side to side, taking in the Army, but the BODYGUARD keep their brutalized faces immobile, save perhaps for a faint suggestion of a sneer, a secret rather nasty joke. They are contemptuous of all this merely legitimate might. Outsiders who have sold themselves to LAWRENCE, they concern themselves with him only. They are all of a kind. They are superbly dressed, armed to the teth.

224 TRACK SHOT. Along the face of the ARAB ARMY. We now see that behind and among the Tribesmen are men of a different kind, mounted on mules, even donkeys, some very poorly dressed,

in literal black rags, one or two doubled up on rangy farm camels. But all have rifles and bandoliers—British Arm Webbing in the case of the poorer. All are in a state of wild excitement, but we now pass a Sheik, sitting his horse before his men, and as he sees LAWRENCE's party

225 PANNING SHOT. LAWRENCE and BODYGUARD P. O. V. the SHEIK.

226 As for 224. The SHEIK looks horrified, bewildered, alarmed, in contrast to the open mouths, staring eyes and wildly flapping arms behind him.

227 As for 223. LAWRENCE and BODYGUARD.

228 As for 224 TRACKING ALONG the Arab Army. Another Sheik with the same reaction.

229 As for 223 and 227. LAWRENCE and BODYGUARD.

230 As for 224 and 228, TRACKING. ANOTHER SHEIK with the same reaction.

231 CLOSE SHOT ALI. The van behind him. He is reacting exactly like the three SHEIKS. But bewilderment and alarm give way to indignation. He C. whips his horse and takes off down the corridor. LAWRENCE and his BODYGUARD, half way up the corridor now, with the adulation at its climax, are joined by ALI.

ALI: What is this?

LAWRENCE: This is my bodyguard.

ALI turns in his saddle and inspects them with the cold eye of the aristocrat, then turning back:

ALI: There is not a man there without a price on his head.

LAWRENCE: (*quite quietly*) There's a price on my head, too.

ALI: (*excitedly*) But these are murderers! Do you know the Sheiks will *hang* these men?

LAWRENCE: (*flatly*) These men are mine.

ALI is unwilling to accept the meaning of all this. He reasons:

ALI: Aurens, these things know nothing of the Arab Revolt—You! Khitan of Aleppo!

231A CLOSE SHOT. KHITAN, spokesman for the BODYGUARD.

KHITAN: Sherif?

ALI: *Where*, do we ride?

KHITAN: Damascus, Sherif.

ALI: (*dryly*) Aye, but for what?

KHITAN: (*an insolent little smile, glancing at his protector*) Sherif, for Aurens.

ALI turning back, is horrified to find the insolent smile of KHITAN reflected in the face of LAWRENCE, who has heard the interchange.

ALI: (*contemptuous*) You have *bought* these things!

LAWRENCE: (*he makes it reasonable to cut deeper*) I bought half the men here, Ali.

231B MEDIUM SHOT. The yelling tribesmen.

ALI: (*uncomfortable; he would prefer to have done without them, though he knows they are needed:*) That is different. (*gesturing to BODYGUARD, hotly*) These are not ordinary *men*—

He means they are monsters but LAWRENCE chooses to misunderstand him, interrupting heavily:

LAWRENCE: I don't want ordinary men.

And he comes down heavily on the phrase, awakening echoes of Second Azrak and Corruption scenes. He whips up his mount and the BODYGUARD surge after him, leaving ALI to pull his way out of it as best he can. He looks after them, full of foreboding. The Tribesmen fall more quiet, wondering what LAWRENCE will do.

231C MEDIUM LONG SHOT P. O. V. ALI. The BODYGUARD sweeping away down the corridor, towards AUDA.

231D CLOSE SHOT AUDA. He spurs off to meet. LAWRENCE. The Army falls silent.

231E CLOSE MOVING SHOT. THE BODYGUARD have formed the open “U” formation in which they will ride, protecting LAWRENCE from contact with the common herd.

231F CLOSE MOVING SHOT. On the outside of the BODYGUARD, AUDA on his horse cannot approach LAWRENCE. He gradually falls behind, his face dark, not with anger or foreboding, but incomprehension.

231G CLOSE MOVING SHOT. LAWRENCE, at the end of the corridor now, simply raises his stick and increases his pace to a gallop, crying:

LAWRENCE: Damascus!

It catches the assembled Tribesmen unprepared, then in one beat they roar and spur after him, the swifter to the fore.

231H MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. BENTLEY bumps along on the roof of his van, eagerly taking pictures, of the motley units of the Army as they pour past him. ALI reins alongside, looking down sternly. BENTLEY chooses his tone.

BENTLEY: Ah, come on Sherif. My little machine can't put the curse on a whole army!

231 I AERIAL LONG SHOT. MUSIC UP. The ARAB ARMY streams away, a very rough broad arrow behind LAWRENCE and the BODYGUARD, trailing. stragglers, like streamers of seaweed. Leaving BENTLEY and his van behind.

DISSOLVE

232. MEDIUM SHOT. A large British Army tent, Interior. It is pitched on bare earth by the road to DAMASCUS. Outside we hear a Military band receding “Goodbye Tipperary”, and the regular tramp of infantry, and motor Vehicles in low gear: a Brigade going up to the Front. ALLENBY sits at a camp table on a camp chair in an attitude of enforced patience, stirring a cup of tea. His dress exhibits those little personal irregularities which Officers permit themselves on active service.

233 REVERSE SHOT. Before him sit four groups of high ranking STAFF OFFICERS at four tables littered with papers. The largest group is Infantry, administrative and thoughtful; the next Artillery, very busy; at the next Cavalry, conscientiously dashing, booted legs crossed; finally the Specialists --- Native Affairs, Allied Liaison, Medicals, Signals. At the moment every one of these important men is silently stirring a cup of tea and staring sternly at the CAMERA (i. e. at ALLENBY) except for the Artillery table which is even now being served from a large tray by. a white-coated Arab SERVANT, who then goes, through the flap which is whipped open and shut after him by a Military Policeman on guard outside. At once:

ALLENBY: Very well gentlemen—The Cavalry's gone throughn Mazril and Deraa
— *(he breaks off and bestows a wintry smile on the Cavalry Table)* —
Very good by the way, very good indeed.

Cavalry Officers show a certain consciousness. Others poker-faced.

ALLENBY: Now. (*he sits back*) Your turn.

ARTILLERY GENERAL: (*on his feet --- a man with a fierce moustache to single him out*) If the enemy's retreating in any kind of order— which we'd better assume —?

ALLENBY: —Certainly—

ARTILLERY GENERAL: Then he can't be further than—(*glances at map before him*)—this Mallud place. In which case I can have him within range by (*a moment's pause before he commits himself*) 0900 hours tomorrow.

ALLENBY: (*his face lights up*) Splendid!

All eyes turn on the INFANTRY GENERAL. A more cautious spirit.

INFANTRY GENERAL: Well these are the last Infantry supports going up now sir. But Mallud... Could have the Fusiliers there by Wednesday, sir.

ALLENBY: That'll do for now. (*to ARTILLERY GENERAL*) The guns are what matter.

ARTILLERY GENERAL: (*quietly reassuring*) Understood sir.

CAVALRY GENERAL: (*rather superior, rising from map*) This "Arab Army" on the Right, sir. What's it consist of?

BRIGHTON: (*addressing him*) Irregular cavalry, sir; about two thousand.

CAVALRY GENERAL: And where are they now?

BRIGHTON: (*almost proudly*) Can only know that by being with them sir.

ALLENBY: (*rising. A little irritable*) Then *get* with them Harry; I want to know.

BRIGHTON: Yes sir.

ALLENBY goes, breaking up the meeting; his gait shows he has some specific task awaiting elsewhere but he pauses by the ARTILLERY GENERAL to take his arm and murmur:

ALLENBY: *Pound* them, Charley, *pound* them ...

234 EXTERIOR NIGHT. The rumble of guns, the horizon flickering.

235 REVERSE SHOT. The feet of camels pace in soft sand. Low drum MUSIC mingles with the rumble. The light flickers faintly. CAMERA lifts to reveal the faces of LAWRENCE and the LEADERS, lit by the same light. Behind them the dark mass of the Arab Army shuffles forwards. LAWRENCE rides in a clear space, protected by the BODYGUARD, the LEADERS excluded.

ALI: (*softly*) God help the men who lie under that.

AUDA, his face gloomy and disapproving, grunts agreement, nodding at ALI. LAWRENCE from his artificial solitude raises his voice.

LAWRENCE: (*flippantly*) They' re Turks!

BODYGUARD laugh softly. LAWRENCE is, for the first time, playing unconsciously with his pistol, clicking the hammer and spinning the chambers. ALI looks at him.

ALI: (*stubbornly*) God help them.

CUT

236 DAYTIME. The High Road to DAMASCUS. (MUSIC, English theme) British Army men and vehicles swing past us. All is different as may be from the wildly individual horde of the Arab Army. Faces are fair, hair is golden, uniforms bleached and laundered. There must inevitably be sweat and dust but this is the merest film upon the basic good order. In a series of shots we see the men from

slightly above to emphasize their humanity, the vehicles from slightly below to emphasize their prowess. On vehicles and shoulder flashes we read the pastoral names: “Green Howards” “Sussex Yeomanry” “Duke of Cornwall’s Light Infantry”. One open car is uncomfortably filled with War Correspondents, one of them BENTLEY. Then guns—everything shining and buckled down, nothing loose, flapping, jerking as among LAWRENCE’ s promiscuous riders. By the side of the road we come upon ALLENBY’s Staff Car, engine revving. By it a camel is being led away by an N. C. O. wearing a khaki kaffir. BRIGHTON similarly clad, is in the act of slamming the car door and seating himself in it, by ALLENBY. As he does so the car moves off.

BRIGHTON: He’s got the bit between his teeth, all right.

ALLENBY: Cocky?

BRIGHTON: More than cocky, sir, he ... He’s got the bit between his teeth. All right. I think he’ll get to Damascus before we do, sir. Unless

ALLENBY: Unless—?

BRIGHTON: Well. There’s a Turkish column in front of him. Out of Mazril.

They avoid one another’s eyes.

ALLENBY: What did the Turks *have* in Mazril?

BRIGHTON: Brigade, sir.

ALLENBY: (*grunts*) I wonder where they are ...

CUT TO

A237 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT (probably long focus lens) Part of the village can be seen through wisps of smoke rising from black and charred foreground. The CAMERA PANS a little following a BRIGHTLY COLOURED PIECE OF WOMAN’S CLOTHING as it blows up a pathway behind the smoke and comes to rest on what appears to be a HUMAN HAND sticking up out of the debris.

237 LONG SHOT: (Already shot). Showing atrocities and ending on dead woman.

238 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT .. (from behind) On the BACK OF A YOUNG SOLDIER at the end of the column. He turns and looks back right to left towards camera. We see he has a peasant, bovine face. A MAN next to him slaps him on the back and he turns his head round again. CAMERA CRANES upwards and thus discloses a LONG SHOT of the whole COLUMN as it moves away from us.

239 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT (from the front) A GROUP OF TURKISH SOLDIERS (only one or two with rifles). They shuffle along not looking at one another.

240 CLOSE SHOT. A GROUP .OF SICK AND EXHAUSTED MEN lying huddled on the floor of a jolting cart. Besides them walk OTHER MEN hanging onto the cart which supports their flagging energy. (Try and select sympathetic peasant faces).

241 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT A GUN CARRIAGE. AN EXHAUSTED MIDDLE-AGED MAN sits among a collection of bedding, buckets, nosebags and a coop of chickens.

241A BIG CLOSE SHOT. TRACKING—THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN (Chickens in the background) He stares vacantly ahead.

242 LONG SHOT TRACKING What he sees: THE COLUMN sprawled out in the desert in front of him.

242A CLOSE TRACKING SHOT On the BACKS OF THE LEADING COLUMN. The back of the TURKISH COMMANDANT silhouetted against the glaring desert beyond.

-243 MEDIUM SHOT: A GROUP OF TURKISH SOLDIERS surrounding a section of CAMP KITCHENS piled with rifles, bandoliers, rugs and kitchen utensils. The CLANGING NOISE which we have heard throughout the sequence is now shown to come from:

243A CLOSE SHOT TWO IRON LADLES swing against each other with a raucous clamour like a parody of church bells. The LADLES swing into BIG CLOSE UP, their clanging becomes louder and louder.

CUT TO

244 CLOSE SHOT The SCREEN is momentarily MAUVE, the mauve of Lawrence's banner; it passes out of picture disclosing LAWRENCE himself. He is sitting tense on his camel looking around the village his breath coming in gasps. He stirs his camel onwards and we see the ARAB ARMY passing through the ruins. (Possibly craning upwards as LAWRENCE goes out of picture)

245 CLOSE SHOT. From behind a foreground of the PINIONED MAN (whom we saw in the first long shot with the Turkish Column). AUDA rides up into CLOSE SHOT, his face black with anger and certainty.

246 MEDIUM SHOT. THE CAMERA is shooting on to the backs of a GROUP OF HORSEMEN led by AUDA as they mount the ridge over the village. THE CAMERA CRANES upwards disclosing the TURKISH COLUMN on the plain beyond.

247. LONG SHOT. THE ARAB ARMY. The long line of the ARAB ARMY appearing over the ridge.

248 CLOSE SHOT ALI (with the village behind) He comes to a standstill on the ridge, apprehensive, appalled by the emotions which are rapidly gathering force around him. LAWRENCE enters the foreground of picture in BIG CLOSE UP. He stops gazing out across the plain. It is quite apparent that he is wrestling with inner conflicts beyond the immediate situation. There is the SOUND of a distant bugle.

249 MEDIUM SHOT. THE TURKISH COLUMN. There is a spurt of sudden activity, the SOLDIERS look back fearfully and spur on their animals. The BUGLE continues loud.

250 LONG SHOT THE ARAB ARMY are already along the ridge overlooking the plain. The REAR. COLUMN still moving up behind. KHITAN moves into BIG CLOSE SHOT in foreground of picture. He looks straight ahead.

KHITAN: *(very softly)* No prisoners.

251 BIG CLOSE UP. LAWRENCE with ALI beside him in the background. BOTH MEN have heard KHITAN. LAWRENCE's breathing becomes more rapid. ALI looks at him closely.

ALI: *(warningly and anxiously)* Damascus, Aurens!

LAWRENCE appears not to have heard. There is a SOUND of horses' hooves.

252 CLOSE UP AUDA comes to a halt in BIG CLOSE UP with LAWRENCE and ALI in the background. AUDA looks out over the plain. He draws his sword with a grating ring.

253 CLOSE UP LAWRENCE and ALI.

ALI: *(his eyes go from AUDA to LAWRENCE)* Aurens. not this, Go round. Damascus. Damascus, Aurens, go round, go round.

254 CLOSE UP KHITAN, now very excited.

KHITAN: *(to the BODYGUARD)* No prisoners.

254A BIG CLOSE UP LAWRENCE, again he seems to have heard KHITAN's remark. He looks terrified. His eyes stare inwards, he licks his lips; he is shaken by a last conflict with the diabolic in himself. There is the SOUND of horses' hooves. LAWRENCE glances over to his right.

255 LONG SHOT THE ARAB ARMY lined up on the ridge. A SINGLE HORSEMAN is coming out from the line, ahead of the others. All eyes are upon him.

256 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE, ALI and AUDA

ALI: *(appealing to him to stop this next move)* Aurens!

AUDA: *(holding up his hand to stop any interference from LAWRENCE)* This was Talaal's village!

257 CLOSE SHOT. TALAAL comes to a halt in the foreground of pictures, his back to camera. In the background is the TURKISH COLUMN.

258 CLOSE UP TALAAL. He looks fixedly after the Turks. He suddenly takes hold of himself, draws his sword, dashes his stirrups into the mare's flanks and gallops out of picture.

259 BIG CLOSE UP LAWRENCE. A shivering intake of breath.

260 LONG SHOT: Shooting on to the BACKS OF THE ARAB ARMY, now quite still, in foreground of picture with TALAAL galloping away from them towards the TURKISH COLUMN in the background.

261 CLOSE SHOT. AUDA watching TALAAL.

262 CLOSE SHOT. ALI watching TALAAL.

263 LONG FOCUS PANNING SHOT of TALAAL's charge. Bending low and swaying in the saddle, TALAAL charges across the plain. THE CAMERA ZOOMS in until he and his mount are filling the screen.

264 MEDIUM SHOT. The REAR OF THE TURKISH COLUMN has come to a halt. In foreground of picture ONE OR TWO TURKISH SOLDIERS stand gaping, mesmerised by the charge. In the background OTHER SOLDIERS run for their weapons.

265 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. TALAAL. He rises up in the saddle, raises his sword and cries in a tremendous shout:

TALAAL: Talaall! Talaall!

266 CLOSE SHOT. A GROUP OF TURKISH RIFLEMEN kneel and fire.

267 MEDIUM SHOT. Through a foreground of RIFLE SMOKE we see TALAAL and his HORSE crash to the ground and slither to the feet of the TURKISH RIFLEMEN.

268 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT . TALAAL's body rolls over towards camera revealing BIG CLOSE UP, BLOOD-SOAKED DUST AND SAND.

269 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE. He gulps convulsively, then shouts with a terrible conviction:

LAWRENCE: No prisoners!! No prisoners!!

—and he is off.

270 CLOSE UP. AUDA. With a terrifying ruthlessness he spurs his horse on out of picture.

271 CLOSE UP KHITAN. He is almost laughing. He too moves on out of picture.

272 CLOSE SHOT. ALI. In the background the ARAB ARMY is moving forward and past him in a wave. He lugs out his sword.

ALI: Oh God.

He spurs his horse forward. THE CAMERA begins to TRACK

ALI: God! God! ! God!!!

And he too is swept up into the frenzy.

273 LONG SHOT. THE ARAB ARMY descending from the village on to the plain. As they gather speed the thud of horses hooves rises in crescendo as they pass CAMERA in a cloud of dust.

274 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. (From behind) PANIC at the REAR of the TURKISH COLUMN. A series of clattering jolts as HORSES and 0 MULES are whipped forward and take up the strain of their vehicles. MEN, looking fearfully backwards, run for their rifles and bandoliers. DUST begins to rise.

275 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. (From behind) Against a background of panicking men a MACHINE GUN and its TRIPOD is being dragged from the back of a mule.

276 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. (From behind) A GUN CARRIAGE. BEDDING and BANDOLIERS are thrown aside. The EXHAUSTED MIDDLE-AGED MAN is dragged from his perch and the CAMERA PANS DOWN with him as he falls to the ground surrounded by SCURRYING FEET.

277 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT LAWRENCE. His face is distorted with a sort of dreadful mirth. He subconsciously raises his pistol. What he's always wanted—dreaded—is upon him.

278 BIG CLOSE UP THE LADLES of the CAMP KITCHEN clang together with unnatural loudness and move rapidly away from camera into a MEDIUM SHOT disclosing a chaotic picture of turning wheels, running feet and men on donkeys—all fleeing from camera.

279 MEDIUM SHOT (57 mm?) The DEAD BODIES of TALAAL and his HORSE form the foreground of the picture. The first wave of the ARAB ARMY sweep around and over them.

280 CLOSE SHOT. A GROUP of some HALF DOZEN KNEELING TURKISH RIFLEMEN—now some yards from the rear of the retreating Turkish Column—fire a volley.

281 CLOSE SHOT TRACKING. TWO ARABS are swept from their horses. A BANNER crashes down in front of camera.

282 LONG SHOT (From behind) THE TURKISH COLUMN is spread out into the distance. Spasmodic rifle fire is taken up all along the line. Like a great wave THE ARAB ARMY streams in from under camera about to engulf the Turkish rear.

283 MEDIUM SHOT (57mm STATIC CAMERA) The CHARGING ARAB HORSEMEN as seen from the rear of the Column. In the foreground of picture the HEADS and SHOULDERS of the TURKISH RIFLEMEN, their backs to camera, rise up with their hands above their heads.

284 CLOSE SHOT TRACKING: AUDA and his BODYGUARD fire from the saddle.

285 CLOSE UP TRACKING: LAWRENCE, his eyes wild and staring.

286 CLOSE SHOT. THE TURKISH RIFLEMEN lying sprawled over each other dead. Flying horses hooves obliterate them.

287 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. The FRONT OF THE ARAB ARMY starts to engulf the TURKISH COLUMN in a 'V shaped formation, HORSEMEN dashing up on either side, firing into the panicking TURKS.

288 CLOSE SHOT. THE TURKISH COMMANDER, his HORSE rearing, surrounded by fleeing MEN and ANIMALS, shouts orders into the bedlam He leaps from his horse. (Not more than five feet in all).

289 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. (75 mm?) The ARAB HORSEMEN are galloping past on either side of the TURKISH COLUMN, turning it into a dusty corridor of panic, violence and death. The CAMERA PANS with the ARABS as they blast their way along the column.

290 CLOSE SHOT. A GROUP OF TERRIFIED TURKS sheltering against a vehicle, on the FAR SIDE ARAB HORSEMEN racing past in background.

291 CLOSE SHOT. (Long focus lens) RUNNING FEET in foreground of picture, HORSES HOOVES in background. A BODY falls into picture and takes the place of the feet.

292 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. AUDA (On the farside of the column) He raises his sword and hacks downwards.

293 MEDIUM SHOT. MUSIC CUT. A group of Turks under the frenzied direction of the COMMANDER, is unlimbering two field guns.

294 MEDIUM SHOT. AUDA, still followed by his standard bearer, and his 'section,' stares keenly, points and sets off another charge. MUSIC.

295 LONG SHOT. MUSIC continuing.. From AUDA' s point of view we hurtle towards the gun crews and the COMMANDER, who have their backs turned, and are facing a group of the BODYGUARD who wheel to charge in the distance. Then we are on top of them:

296 CLOSE SHOT. MUSIC continuing; they turn: some scream.

297 CLOSE SHOT. AUDA hacking downwards with his sword. MUSIC CUTS

298 CLOSE SHOT. TURKISH feet run diagonally across the screen.

299 CLOSE SHOT. TURKISH feet run diagonally across the screen in the opposite direction.

300 CLOSE SHOT. Horses hooves. MUSIC.

301 CLOSE FLASH SHOT. ALI sabering into the CAMERA.

302 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. LAWRENCE and a group of the BODYGUARD, charge.

303 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The Turkish kitchen units flee before the CAMERA. The BODYGUARD rides through and over them leaving them sprawled and bloody. . .

304 CLOSE SHOT. ALI wheels his horse, he stares at:

305 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE fires his pistol point-blank into a man's face.

306 LONG SHOT. A group of some thirty. Turks fan away from us, running.

307 CLOSE SHOT. A compact mass of BEDOUIN, led by LAWRENCE, flashes across the screen.

308 CLOSE SHOT. Speeding towards a single Turkish SOLDIER.

309 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE riding full belt at the CAMERA raises his pistol.

310 CLOSE SHOT. TURKISH SOLDIER goes over backwards, his face bloody. MUSIC CUTS.

311 MEDIUM SHOTS. Turkish Soldiers stumble blindly through the swirling dust in every direction.

312 CLOSE SHOT. AUDA in the dust hacking.

313 CLOSE SHOT. ALI, in the dust, coughing.

314 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE in the dust, firing.

315 LONG SHOT, The sun seen through the dust is red and declining.

316 MEDIUM SHOT. MUSIC. Four Turkish Soldiers run into comparatively clean air from the dust.

317 MEDIUM SHOT. A group of twenty or thirty BEDOUIN pursue them.

318 CLOSE SHOT. The TURKS are cut down in a flash.

319 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. The BEDOUIN wheel.

320 CLOSE SHOT. MUSIC CUT. ALI watching this, breathing hard. He drops his sword and dismounts for it. He picks it up and stares blinking like a man coming from a trance. He looks about.

321 MEDIUM SHOT. The BEDOUIN are disappearing back into the drifting pall of dust along the fringe of which lie bodies of men and horses.

322 MEDIUM SHOT. Another little group of TURKS run from the dust pall towards the CAMERA.

323 CLOSE SHOT. ALI watches them indifferently. It is obvious he will let them go.

324 MEDIUM SHOT. MUSIC. When the TURKS are quite near they see ALI and are terror-struck. Then they fall on their knees. But LAWRENCE and the BODYGUARD appear like a thunderbolt out of the dust pall. They tear up to and pass the TURKS, LAWRENCE firing, the BODYGUARD striking out. The TURKS fall.

325 CLOSE SHOT. ALI. He calls as LAWRENCE flashes past him.

ALI: Aurens!

326 MEDIUM SHOT. LAWRENCE wheels and gallops past again with his men.

327 CLOSE SHOT. ALI calls after him again.

ALI: Aurens!

328 CLOSE FLASH SHOT. LAWRENCE, unheeding, returns to the carnage, his face stupefied with excitement.

329 MEDIUM SHOT. MUSIC CUTS. A group of some fifty TURKISH SOLDIERS are herded together and raising their hands looking straight at, and backing away from:

330 CLOSE SHOT. AUDA, with his men on either side of him, trots slowly towards them. He stops. He sheathes his sword, he raises his rifle; his men follow suit.

331 MEDIUM SHOT. The TURKS turn and run.

332 CLOSE SHOT. AUDA and his men firing.

333 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. ALI searches amongst the dust, which shows in glimpses the result of the carnage, calling:

ALI: Aurens!

334 CLOSE SHOT. A TURK runs across his front, followed a moment later by dismounted BODYGUARD holding swords, two-handed.

ALI: Aurens!

335 CLOSE SHOT. In the dust a mounted BEDOUIN is shooting a group of harnessed Turkish baggage animals, methodically reloading before each round. The range is about five yards and the horses are screaming.

336 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE and the BODYGUARD on the fringe of the pall, his back to us. The sun is low behind them. ALI appears at a little distance.

ALI: Aurens!

337 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE turns his head slightly. We see his face but ALI approaching cannot. It is quite mindless and very frightening. He is reloading the chambers of his pistol.

ALI: Aurens! (*Joins him*) Enough!

338 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE's hands reloading the pistol. While on SOUND TRACK ALI repeats.

ALI: Enough! Make them *stop*!

339 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE turns his face slowly from us to the CAMERA. We cannot see it but ALI can. He stares, his eyes widening. He backs his horse instinctively.

340 MEDIUM SHOT. A group of TURKISH OFFICERS, some on horses, others clinging to their stirrups, break away in the distance.

341 MEDIUM SHOT. LAWRENCE sees them. His face blazes again. He shouts and with the BODYGUARD takes off after them. The dust closes over ALI whose face is aghast.

342 CLOSE SHOT. A Turkish corpse in the billowing dust.

343 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. In the billowing dust a ludicrous and apocalyptic figure appears. It is an elderly TURKISH SOLDIER, unarmed, his face caked with dry blood, mounted on a DONKEY. He gabbles the name of God in an audible voice as he appears and disappears in the dust.

344 CLOSE SHOT. An Arab stalks through the dust, his rifle ready.

345 CLOSE SHOT. A TURK stumbles wildly through the dust in any direction. He stops when he comes upon:

346 CLOSE SHOT. A BEDOUIN removing the boots from a group of corpses. He takes up his rifle and shoots the TURK.

347 CLOSE SHOT. The MAN ON THE DONKEY leaves the dust and makes for open country. The moon is rising.

348 CLOSE SHOT. Three or four BEDOUIN trot silently, their rifles ready.

349 CLOSE SHOT. A heap of dead donkeys, tangled in the harness of up-turned little trucks, coughing is heard in the dust.

350 CLOSE SHOT. A BODYGUARD cocks his head and listens intently to the coughing; a pistol in his hands.

351 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. THE MAN ON THE DONKEY, out in the open.

352 CLOSE SHOT. AUDA sees, takes off after him.

353 CLOSE SHOT. The man hears AUDA COMING. He spurs his donkey,

354 MEDIUM SHOT. The MAN ON THE DONKEY towards us. AUDA is coming up behind him. When the TURK is right up to the CAMERA, AUDA is right up with him and for a second fills the screen.

355 CLOSE SHOT. AUDA reins in; the dead TURK behind him; the donkey standing. AUDA sheathes his sword, takes out his rifle and shoots the donkey.

356 CLOSE SHOT. His graphic face is merciless and stern but not excited. It is the face of Mars satisfied.

357 EXTREME LONG SHOT. The moon has risen clear and lovely above the hills. CAMERA pans round the hills to:

358 MEDIUM SHOT. LAWRENCE on an eminence, mounted on his camel, looking over what he has done, which we have not yet seen. ALI is in a parallel stance but removed at a distance from him.

359 MEDIUM SHOT. Behind them BENTLEY approaches on a peasant's camel with a dilapidated saddle, precariously hanging on, a vulgarly comical figure.

360 CLOSE SHOT. He shouts out: (he is eager for his story)

BENTLEY: Hey Major! Major Lawrence!

He slithers down protecting his camera, not himself, and runs up the incline panting. But when he sees what is to be seen his expression changes:

BENTLEY: Jesus wept!

This is an expression of pure shock, but after a pause his face discloses a fund of natural pity and the sadness of his too wide experience, too little understood. Deeply and simply:

BENTLEY: *Jesus wept!*

361 LONG SHOT. With a chord of MUSIC we see the field of battle. The half-stripped bodies of the TURKS lie like ivory in the pale light, in swathes and rows. It is a Golgotha. A few ARABS make their way among them, stooping. From this distance ALI calls, his voice cracking with bitterness.

ALI: Does it surprise you, Mr. Bentley?

CAMERA approaches him.

ALI: Surely you know the Arabs are a barbarous people: ... Barbarous and cruel? Who but they—? (*He swallows*) Who but they... (*He breaks off*)

362 CLOSE SHOT. BENTLEY, looking up at the mounted figure of LAWRENCE in a tone not of hatred or disgust, but of lamentation for a fallen hero:

BENTLEY: Oh, you rotten man.

He aims his camera, and we see LAWRENCE from his viewpoint, a magnificent and romantic figure against the sky, and himself crouching like an inferior animal.

BENTLEY: Here. Let me take your rotten bloody picture.

He does so and aims his camera again.

BENTLEY: For the rotten bloody newspapers.

LAWRENCE suffers it, his face like marble in the magnesium flare.

CUT

363 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. A galloping ARAB HORSEMAN. He carries a bunch of unripe grapes.

CUT TO

364 LAWRENCE as before, but now entirely alone. The horseman reins in and holds out the grapes.

HORSEMAN: (triumphant) These were cut last night Aurens—in Damascus!

365 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE. He takes them and stares at them.

366 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. The translucent green beads of fruit quiver in his hands, while on SOUND TRACK the HORSEMAN repeats invitingly “Damascus.” One or two of the grapes break off and lie in LAWRENCE’s palm.

367 MEDIUM SHOT. LAWRENCE hands the bunch back to the HORSEMAN and regards them in the HORSEMAN’s hands.

LAWRENCE: (*in a voice perfectly prosaic, perfectly null, the voice of Aircraftsman Shaw*) Take them to Sherif Ali. Tell him ... remind him ...

He takes a shuddering breath and looks away haplessly. The HORSEMAN turns his horse. LAWRENCE’s eyes fall upon the grapes in his hand.

LAWRENCE: Is Allenby in Damascus?

HORSEMAN: (*looking at him curiously*) Near.

LAWRENCE: Tell Sherif All that.

He cuts off his awareness of the man. Slowly and mechanically he puts the grapes in his mouth. The expression of his haunted eyes does not change one iota but his lips twitch in a reflex against the bitterness of the fruit.

HORSEMAN: (*laughing*) They are not ripe!

The HORSEMAN goes.

CUT

368 CLOSE SHOT. ALLENBY is striding, a conquering Caesar, through his improvised Headquarters in Damascus. CAMERA retreating before him. At one elbow walks BRIGHTON, at the other a MAJOR. Behind are the A.D.C. and DRYDEN. Having this very minute arrived, ALLENBY is travel-stained and tired looking, and carries his cap. The A.D.C. likewise. DRYDEN carries his Panama hat and stick and looks fatigued, though immaculate. The MAJOR and BRIGHTON having been there some time, are cleaner and without their caps, and BRIGHTON is also without Sam Browne or jacket. The MAJOR is a sort of Military Major-Douro, fussy and self-important, and he is showing ALLENBY to his quarters. He runs ahead to open doors, indicates to left and right the preparations that are being made in the halls through which they pass. He has an exact half of ALLENBY's attention; BRIGHTON has the other. Trestle tables and chairs are carried in one after another; papers, typewriters and files are placed and ordered by a host of Clerical N. C. O. Ts, while Signalmen swiftly unwind spools of telephone cable in contrary directions. Their many voices and the banging and slapping of their equipment, (though purposeful, not excited) makes a constant echoing and we can only hear that BRIGHTON is talking urgently, a "rhubarb" speech which we cannot hear except the underlined words:

BRIGHTON: *Lawrence* is behind it sir everything they do on the advice of *Lawrence!* Everything that matters is swarming with the *Arab Army*—They've got a thing they call the *Arab Flag!* I don't know how they did it—I know who did it for them—*Lawrence!*

369 CLOSE SHOT. The MAJOR passes the CAMERA.

ALLENBY: (to BRIGHTON) When?

BRIGHTON: A day and a night, sir! They've been here a day and a night! They've occupied the town, sir! They've done it! He's set up his own Headquarters—in the Town Hall!

He is almost querulous at ALLENBY's continuing equanimity and divided attention. ALLENBY pauses to pick up a telephone and listen for the "live" tone, and then replaces it, before passing on, saying:

ALLENBY: What else besides the Town Hall?

BRIGHTON: Telephone Exchange, Post Office, Power House. (*He indicates the electric light beneath which they are passing*) Hospitals, Fire Stations, *everything*, sir!

370 REVERSE SHOT. The MAJOR rather grandly throws open a double door, steps back and salutes. as the party passes through.

371 MEDIUM SHOT. inside ALLENBY's temporary private quarters. Two rooms, the first a living room. The A.D. C. shuts the doors on the MAJOR and on the racket outside.

BRIGHTON: They call themselves the Arab National Council, sir!

But ALLENBY throws down his cap and walks straight through (CAMERA FOLLOWING) to the next room, very sparsely furnished with wash-stand and camp bed which he tests without enthusiasm. BRIGHTON's voice pursues him, reiterating indignant and bewildered, as though this were proof of the urgency of the situation:

BRIGHTON: (on SOUND TRACK) They're in the Town Hall!

ALLENBY comes back into the living room saying:

ALLENBY: Well they're your pigeon, Harry. What do you think we should do then?

BRIGHTON: Well, get 'em out of there, in quick time, sir!

ALLENBY: How about that, Dryden?

DRYDEN: Not unless you want a full-scale rising on your hands.

BRIGHTON: *(to DRYDEN)* Well what then?

372 CLOSE SHOT. DRYDEN looking over the green palms and gardens of Damascus. We hear distant crowd noises.

DRYDEN: *(to ALLENBY)* When will Prince Feisal be in Damascus?

373 MEDIUM SHOT. All looking at DRYDEN.

ALLENBY: By special train in two days' time.

DRYDEN: *(calculating)* Two days ...

ALLENBY: Two days is what you asked me for. I can't keep him out any longer. Isn't it enough?

DRYDEN: *(almost sadly)* Yes, ample I should think.

374 MEDIUM SHOT. as before.

BRIGHTON: *(puzzled and indignant)* We can't just do nothing, sir!

This cry breaks the stillness. The A.D. C. relaxes his pose of strained attention. DRYDEN moves from the window towards a chair. ALLENBY sits and says to BRIGHTON, smiling:

ALLENBY: Why not? It's usually best. *(to A.D. C.)* Get us something to drink, Tracey.

A.D. C. moves towards door.

ALLENBY: And Tracey: All troops to remain quartered until further orders.

A.D.C.: Yes sir. *(Pauses)* Does that apply to Technical Units, sir?

ALLENBY: Technical Units particularly.

A.D.C.: Yes, sir. *(Going)*

BRIGHTON: *(a little horrified)* Medicals, too, sir?

ALLENBY: *(harsh)* Yes, Harry, Medicals too.

CUT

375 THE COUNCIL CHAMBER of the Town Hall. Pandemonium reigns. Some two dozen of the leading SHEIKS are seated (or standing) at a long mahogany table. At its head the principal chair—almost a throne—is unoccupied. On one side of it is LAWRENCE's place, on the other, ALI's. AUDA is by LAWRENCE. The others range down the table and their rifles make a small arsenal down its beautifully polished surface. Absurdly, ink stands, paper and pens have been placed along it, but these are now pushed away and scattered. City dignitaries, in European clothes and the Turkish fez look down from the walls. At the foot of the table on bentwood chairs brought in for the occasion, are one or two SYRIANS in pale suits, with stiff winged collars. One or two of the SHEIKS look grave, one or two uneasy, most are in a mood of total excitement and uncontrol. Round them are ranged their individual BODYGUARDS—say three or four to each SHEIK—armed to the teeth and ready to back their masters with blows, bullets or as now merely with noise. At the moment, the SHEIKS are in two factions, leaning across the table or towards each other on the same side, shouting fiercely. Some of LAWRENCE'S own BODYGUARD are by the door which trembles now and then under pressure from without. LAWRENCE is seated staring at the table with a premonition of defeat. AUDA, beside himself with rage, is standing yelling into ALI's face. ALI is seated, his face grim with

foreboding and the effort of self control. We cannot hear what AUDA says, except: "Howeit" and, repeatedly, "Harith". LAWRENCE looks up, girds himself, rises suddenly and pounds the table with the butt of his pistol, leaving dents in the surface. He goes on, looking fiercely at the SHEIKS, until (the graver souls pulling the others into their seats) they are sufficiently silent and mostly seated.

LAWRENCE: We here are neither, Harith nor Howeit, nor any other tribe but Arabs of the Arab Council, acting for Prince Feisal!

This momentarily calms all with the partial exception of AUDA who, glaring at ALI says:

AUDA: He insulted me.

An ominous murmur from Howeit supporters.

LAWRENCE: (*patiently*) Sherif Ali said that the telephones are in the care of the Howeit and that the telephones have ceased to work. And this is true, Auda.

AUDA: (*sullenly*) They will not work because they are given no electricity. And the electricity is in the care of the Harith! (*to ALI*) You insulted me —Harith!

This last word is said as a term of abuse. ALI starts and LAWRENCE grips his wrist.

LAWRENCE: (*to ALI, sotto but not looking at him*) If you answer they'll be bloodshed.

ALI: (*looks at LAWRENCE: sotto*) Do you speak to me of bloodshed?

LAWRENCE takes this in. He releases ALI's hand which is removed. ALI raises his voice:

ALI: I ask pardon of Auda Ibu Tayi.

AUDA raises his eyebrows. He is astonished. Then he sneers:

AUDA: Humbly? Humbly, Harith?

ALI licks his lips, clenches his fists upon the table end, glaring at AUDA, replies:

ALI: Yes.

AUDA looking at him, sees that his motive is not fear. He is suddenly filled with unease and depression.

AUDA: Well, this is a *new* trick ...

He throws himself back gloomily in his chair. LAWRENCE quickly seizes the opportunity to break the train of events. He addresses ELDER HARITH:

LAWRENCE: Why is there no electricity for the telephones?

ELDER HARITH rises for a speech. A respected figure, he has the attention particularly of the older and graver spirits.

ELDER HARITH: I have been to the Electrical House Auren. There are three large machines ...

A SYRIAN, patronisingly helpful calls up the table to LAWRENCE:

SYRIAN: He means generators.

ELDER HARITH: (*Courteously*) So? (*to LAWRENCE*) One of them is burning. (*He turns to the others, smiling pityingly*) They are of incredible size, but helpless.

WHITE HAired SHEIK: (*sententiously*) It is so with all machines.

ANOTHER: Let them burn. What needs telephones?

A chorus of agreement, not excited this time, but deep and philosophic. LAWRENCE rises, pounding the table again, breaks in, crying out desperately:

LAWRENCE: The need is absolute!

ALI: Then we need the English engineers.

LAWRENCE: No: Take English engineers and you take English Government! Take—
The door bursts open and a dishevelled SHEIK and SYRIAN burst in. A mob of yelling petitioners attempts to follow and is beaten back by the BODYGUARD who close the door. The SYRIAN screeches out to the others at the far end of the table:

DISHEVELLED SYRIAN: Fire! (*He fights for breath*) Fire has broken out! (*He fights for breath again, makes a graphic gesture with both hands*) All along the water-front!

The SYRIANS start to their feet in an overlapping clamour: “Where?” “In what quarter?” “In what district?” exploding and falling silent in the same instant.

DISHEVELLED SYRIAN: The Jinsibi District!

FIRST SYRIAN: (*to LAWRENCE, reassuringly*) It is not a district that matters.

LAWRENCE: (*looking at him with cool dislike*) It will spread.

SECOND SYRIAN: (*between exasperation at the stupidity of the savages and alarm for his property*) Then in God’s name, *use the fire brigade!*

DISHEVELLED SHEIK: We have tried, Aurens. There is no ... (*He makes desperate pushing movements with his hands as he seeks for the word “pressure”*) ... no force in the water.

LAWRENCE: (*almost stamping*) Then you must carry it!

DISHEVELLED SHEIK: (*with dignity*) The Rualla do not carry water.

AUDA: (*in the spirit of sheer mischief*) What else are they good for?

There is an uproar again, some laughing, the Rualla and their allies furious, and the others quick to respond. MUSIC (Arab theme mounting) LAWRENCE rises, gesturing DISHEVELLED SHEIK to follow him. The doors are thrown open, and under the rising music the petitioners pour in, waving papers, beseeching, bullying, indignant or tearful. We see that they extend throughout the lobby of the Town Hall towards the open double doorway.

376 CLOSE SHOT. ONE OF THE SHEIKS at the table is stuffing silver ink stands into the fold of his garment, hurriedly, as one who prepares to depart.

377 MEDIUM SHOT. On the steps of the Town Hall, LAWRENCE is shouting into the uproar.

LAWRENCE: We will hear petitions this afternoon! This afternoon ...

378 LONG SHOT. In the street or square outside the Town Hall a cart lies on its side. And people run from every quarter towards the steps of the Town Hall where we see LAWRENCE fighting forwards through the intemperately individual mob, a hopeless enterprise.

CUT

379 ALLENBY’S ROOM. CLOSE SHOT. BRIGHTON stands stiff and uneasy by one at the windows, biting his lip looking out upon a dark sky with a faint red glow in it from which distant shouts and now an occasional scream are also heard. He turns to look at:

380 MEDIUM SHOT. The electric light is burning. Bottles, glasses, and used plates. DRYDEN sits at his ease, reading. ALLENBY has one eye upon an open book upon a table and, in a highly artificial

stance with one leg before the other, he holds aloft a piece of cane with a length of string attached to it.

381 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. It is a text book on fly fishing and a diagram shows an Edwardian gentleman in knickerbockers going through the motions of a cast.

382 CLOSE SHOT. ALLENBY dutifully performs the motions as decreed there. He seems totally absorbed.

ALLENBY: (*murmuring*) I'm going to take this up after the war ...

BRIGHTON: (*bursting out*) Surely we should do *something*, sir?

DRYDEN looks up at him over his spectacles, but ALLENBY ignores it totally, murmuring:

ALLENBY: It's an old man's sport ...

DRYDEN: (*with dry and admiring mockery*) Are you an old man, sir?

ALLENBY: (*absently, eye on the diagram*) Mm...

BRIGHTON: (*hotly*) Well all I can say is, sir—it's a heavy responsibility!

ALLENBY directs a look of venomous resentment at him.

BRIGHTON: (*awkwardly*) Sorry, sir.

The light goes off, putting them in moonlight and showing us the moon beyond one of the windows. We see that the torpor of DRYDEN and ALLENBY was more apparent than real, and ALLENBY has laid down his rod before BRIGHTON has fully registered what's happened.

ALLENBY: It may be the bulb.

DRYDEN clicks the switch of a reading lamp off and on.

DRYDEN: No, sir, it's the power.

As he is saying this we hear the jingle and thud of horsemen under the window. They go quickly onto the balcony and look down.

383 MEDIUM SHOT ANGLING DOWN. A caravan of mixed horse and camel riders, veiled, silent, inscrutable, they lead laden animals at their sides.

DRYDEN: (*an excited whisper*) They're leaving sir.

ALLENBY: That's it then. (*he looks down intently, curiously regretful*) Marvellous looking beggars, aren't they?

CUT

384 TOWN HALL INTERIOR. The room is lit by many candles, some in lovely candelabra, some in saucers; the table is littered with coffee cups. Both table and floor are littered with papers. The OLD SHEIK is asleep. ALI and LAWRENCE sit where they did before. AUDA sits opposite LAWRENCE. LAWRENCE is writing and AUDA watches him with displeasure. Suddenly his hand descends upon the paper.

AUDA: Leave it, Aurens! Come with me!

LAWRENCE makes no attempt to retrieve the paper. He looks at AUDA blankly and mildly:

LAWRENCE: Come where?

AUDA: (*with a jerk of the head*) Back ... I know your heart.

LAWRENCE gently extracts the paper and apparently returns his attention to it. AUDA watches as before.

AUDA: What is it? Is it this?

He contemptuously indicates the room with its littered paper.

AUDA: I tell you this is nothing.

LAWRENCE goes on writing. He is very moved. AUDA rises and walks down the room to the door, passing ALI who is all ears but does not move a nerve. At the door, AUDA pauses.

AUDA: Is it ... the blood?

385 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE. AUDA continues on SOUND TRACK, warm, confident, comforting.

AUDA: I tell you the desert has dried up more blood than you could think of.

- 386 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE. AUDA in background. LAWRENCE shows no facial emotion. Deadpan, he raises one hand and says with deliberate formality:

LAWRENCE: I pray I may never see the desert again. Hear me God.

AUDA: Well will you come ...

387 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE. On SOUND TRACK AUDA says:

AUDA: ... there *is* only the desert for you.

On SOUND TRACK we hear the door open and shut. Immediately LAWRENCE raises his head and sees ALI looking at him down the table. He goes back to his work for a space, then:

LAWRENCE: What about you, Ali?

388 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE. ALI in background.

ALI: No, I shall stay here. And learn politics.

LAWRENCE hesitates, stops writing, but does not look up.

LAWRENCE: That's a very low occupation.

ALI: I had not thought of it when I met you.

389 CLOSE SHOT. ALI rises not purposely but compelled, and finding himself on his feet, knows he is making a farewell. He hesitates, glancing down the table at his friend.

390 LONG SHOT. FROM ALI'S POINT OF VIEW. LAWRENCE is seemingly absorbed in paper.

ALI: (*half resentful, almost accusing*) You have tried very hard to give us Damascus.

After a pause to control himself, LAWRENCE says mildly:

LAWRENCE: It's what I came for.

391 REVERSE SHOT FROM HIS VIEWPOINT. ALI by the door.

LAWRENCE: And then (*ALI turns quickly*) ... it would be *something* ... ?

It is a naked appeal.

ALI: Yes. (*He tries for a smile*) Much.

LAWRENCE half-smiles back, but as they raise their hands it is as when the ship is already too far from the shore and friends know the parting already complete, and themselves already strangers.

ALI goes through the door.

392 MEDIUM SHOT. Down the corridor which he has entered. It is lit only by moonlight which pours through the arch windows which punctuate one wall. This wall ends with an open archway through which the moonlight also pours. The corridor is thus in alternate bands of silver light and grey shadows. From one of these shadows a MAN steps silently and grasps him by the arm. He instinctively recoils but finds himself gripped.

AUDA: *(After a moment's silence, accusing)* He is your friend?

At this, ALI immediately sets off down the corridor, his face averted.

ALI: Take your hand away.

AUDA: *(Ignoring this)* You love him.

ALI: No, I fear him.

AUDA's face is angled so that we can see it; ALI's face is in the shadow of his headcloth save for bright lights on his eyes. AUDA peers a little.

AUDA: Then why do you weep?

This is said certainly not as a sneer, and certainly not with womanish sympathy, but as men speak of weeping naturally whose virility is far beyond question. There is a moment or two of silence before ALI can reply.

ALI: If I *fear* him ... who *love* him ... How must he fear himself, who *hates* himself? *(Suddenly all the emotion comes pouring through and ALI shouts furiously)* Take your *hand* away ...!

ALI wrenches himself free with a cat-like bound, simultaneously drawing his dagger which (CLOSE SHOT) carves a bright arc in the gloom.

ALI: ... Howeitat!

AUDA has made the minimum necessary movement to avoid the blow, instinctively, and now regards ALI, unruffled and even pleased. He is leaning one hand against the wall.

AUDA: *(grinning)* O-h-h... You're not entirely politician.

ALI is sheathing his knife but looks up at this and says, determinedly:

ALI: *Not yet.*

They have come to an open archway. CUT to the courtyard.

393 ALI is crossing it diagonally towards a far corner where among the shadows is another archway.

394 CLOSE SHOT. AUDA, his face turned up to the moon and stars.

AUDA: Well these are new tricks ... *(complacently)* and I am an old dog.

He stretches luxuriously and breathes in the open air.

AUDA: Allah be thanked.

He lowers his head and watches ALI, who is entering the shadows, and calls:

AUDA: I tell thee what though ...

395 REVERSE SHOT. ALI in the shadows turns back towards AUDA.

AUDA is calling under the stars:

AUDA: Being an "Arab" will be thornier than you suppose—Harith!

DISSOLVE

396 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. The indignant face of BRITISH COLONEL glares straight into CAMERA.

COLONEL: In all my years as a Medical Officer, I've never seen anything like it:

397 MEDIUM SHOT. ALLENBY confronts him. He has just risen from bed and is wrapping on his dressing gown. We see that he expects immediate action. It is broad morning.

ALLENBY: It comes within the jurisdiction of the Arab Council.

COLONEL: I'm sorry, sir. Under the circumstances I think I must take over immediately.

ALLENBY: (*almost automatically*) Under any circumstances at all you must obey your orders.

COLONEL: No, sir, I will not!

ALLENBY: (*not angered by the insubordination, irritated by the excess emotion. Contemptuously*) Control yourself. (*Then*) Now, go over to the Town Hall and see what they say.

CUT TO

398 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE looking straight up into CAMERA, and the CUT so timed that he appears to be speaking in response to ALLENBY's line.

LAWRENCE: (*Totally exhausted, quite simple*) I had forgotten.

COLONEL: Had you indeed!

LAWRENCE: (*as one who offers useless exculpation*) We did what we could in the civic hospitals ...

COLONEL: But you "forgot" the Turkish Military Hospital!

LAWRENCE: Yes. (*fearfully*) Are there many?

COLONEL: It has six hundred beds. There are about two thousand Turkish wounded in it. All of whom are the responsibility of your precious Arab Council, and many of whom are *your* responsibility in more ways than that, I understand!

LAWRENCE: (*cannot look at him*) Yes.

Sad MUSIC begins, and he rises. Then as one who fears the answer to his question, he asks:

LAWRENCE: What's it like?

CUT

399 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. MUSIC CONTINUING. The courtyard of the Turkish Military Hospital. The beds are overflowed into the courtyard. Here and there tarpaulin awnings have been rigged, but one of these, over the hospital entrance, has come loose at one corner and flaps heavily and slowly with a soft insidious sound.

400 REVERSE SHOT. From under this flapping awning. We hear it and the horrible buzzing of flies. LAWRENCE has entered the courtyard at the far side.

401 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT: Moving with LAWRENCE among the patients. Some are dead. They are unwashed, their bandages are blood caked, dirty dressings and enamel containers lie strewn. (But the CAMERA must not linger on any one thing; we must see it all passing; we want to establish a fact, not assault the emotions).

402 MEDIUM SHOT. Having tracked with LAWRENCE to the awning and the entrance, we pause with him. Voices croak "Water" ... "Water" ... monotonously. The Turkish word is used so that we do not understand it, until LAWRENCE, coming to, snatches up an enamel water jug and darts into the hospital.

403 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. He searches frantically down a corridor, also littered with patients, catching glimpses inside wards of their contents. He comes to a dispensary and darts in. Frantically, he turns a tap. The MUSIC rising hopefully.

404 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. THE TAP. No water is in it. MUSIC dies away to silence.

405 CLOSE SHOT. He puts down the jug. He leans back against the dispensary shelves. His wandering eye lights upon a broom. He picks it up, and as he does so, we hear cars drawing up, doors slamming and crisp voices shouting instructions.

406 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. THE COURTYARD. Army ambulances are drawing up and drawn up. MEDICAL OFFICERS, NURSING SISTERS and ORDERLIES are fanning out between the beds. Stretchers are being unloaded. Already we can see SIX DOCTORS, a DOZEN SISTERS and a SCORE OF ORDERLIES. They are clean, starched and competent. It is like a vision of heaven.

407 MEDIUM LONG SHOT. ANGLING DOWN A WARD. LAWRENCE in foreground, is studiously sweeping between the bunks. A moustached and very military M-0. attended by TWO ORDERLIES marches up the long ward. He stops at LAWRENCE. He is the Captain of the Prep. School, the Chairman of the Golf Club. His face is crimson. He is enormous and fleshy.

MEDICAL OFFICER: This is ... is ... outrageous! (*he is enjoying it*) Outrageous! Outrageous!
(*he comes up to LAWRENCE*) Outrageous!

408 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE. The pale ghost of his old mockery haunts his features once again. He begins to laugh. The MEDICAL OFFICER stares incredulously, then deals him such a full-armed smack across his face as flings him from his feet against the wall.

MEDICAL OFFICER: (*carelessly, as he strides out*) Filthy little wog.

409 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE crouched against the wall continues to laugh. (And let there be no mistake, but that it *is* laughter, though it may remind one of tears. The only thing no audience could possibly accept from this strange man—particularly at this point—is self pity. Which would also quite ruinously “explain” his state of mind.)

QUICK DISSOLVE.

410 CLOSE SHOT. FEISAL in all the panoply of an Arabian King, is speaking, melodiously, persuasively, gently and humorously. As he speaks, CAMERA DRAWS AWAY to reveal that he is in ALLENBY's great room in Damascus. This is his prestige room, not his working office; polished furniture, royal portraits, the full treatment. ALLENBY is seated at an enormous and useless desk. Behind and to one side of him DRYDEN is seated, regarding his clasped hands; behind again, BRIGHTON stands, looking as is ALLENBY, towards the object of FEISAL's discourse whom we cannot yet see.

FEISAL: My friend Lawrence, if I may call him that—“my friend Lawrence”—how many men will claim the right to use that phrase, how proudly! He longs for the greenness of his native land. He pines for the Gothic cottages of—“Surrey”—is it not? (*he smiles a little at his own pretensions to be familiar with all that*) Already in imagination he catches trout and ... all the activities of the English gentleman.

411 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE looks silently back at him without judgment, without even distaste, almost as though he had only just met him. Now and henceforth 90% of LAWRENCE's energy is taken in merely sustaining the burden of his own nature, leaving only 10% for dealings with the outer world. He listens carefully and politely to everything, and reacts to nothing. And this is not a posture, but a necessary economy to which he is committed. Any suggestion of attitudenising would be very distasteful at this point. He is indeed concerned not to be any kind of nuisance. It is simply that attention and elementary good manners are all that he can possibly manage.

ALLENBY coughs uncomfortably in the silence.

ALLENBY: That's me you're describing, sir, not Colonel Lawrence ... *(roughly, looking up at LAWRENCE and quickly down again)* You're promoted Colonel.

LAWRENCE: Yes. What for? *(He asks the question with polite interest, not aggressively)*

FEISAL: *(quickly)* Take the honour, Colonel. Be a little kind.

ALLENBY: *(roughly)* As a Colonel you'll have a cabin to yourself on the boat home.

LAWRENCE: *(a flicker of real interest)* Then thank you.

There is another awkward pause. ALLENBY aligns some papers. Then he forces himself to look at LAWRENCE, chin out and says ruthlessly:

ALLENBY: Well then ... "God speed".

FEISAL cuts in with quick persuasion.

FEISAL: There is nothing further for a warrior here. *(unreal self-deprecation)* We drive bargains.

LAWRENCE looks at him, without anger, without condemnation, without comment of any kind. FEISAL is touched with the desire to comfort, and adds more sincerely:

FEISAL: Old men's work. Young men make wars—and virtues of war are the virtues of young men—courage and hope for the future. And then old men make the peace, and the vices of peace are the vices of old men—mistrust and caution. *(gently)* It must be so.

LAWRENCE simply gets up. He pauses momentarily wondering what to do with his cap, or what to say that will get him out of the room. Quietly, the others have risen also. Tongue-tied. He goes to the door and is awkwardly half way through it when he is arrested by:

FEISAL: *(in a different voice, low and quick, not looking at him)* What I owe you is beyond evaluation.

LAWRENCE completes the closing of the door.

412 CLOSE SHOT. BRIGHTON looks after him, concerned. Concerned for the man, concerned that no more has been made of the occasion.

On SOUND TRACK we hear 'a clearing of throats and scraping of chairs as the others reseal themselves.

FEISAL: The Power House, the Telephone Exchange, these I concede. The Pumping Plant I must retain.

BRIGHTON looks at him, horrified and indignant. They face one another across the desk like a pair of bargaining peasants.

ALLENBY: If you retain the Pumping Plant there will be no water, sir.

FEISAL: I shall be glad of any technical assistance.

ALLENBY: In fairness then, you must bring down your Flag.

FEISAL: I shall not bring down my Flag. And if your men attempt it, my men will resist it.

ALLENBY: Have you any men, sir?

FEISAL: Enough for that. It is the kind of thing that makes a very ugly incident. I am sure your Government does not wish to appear at the Peace Conference in the light of an aggressor. It is widely known the Arab Council took power in my name.

ALLENBY: (*impatiently*) They have no power, sir. It's illusory!

FEISAL: Illusions can be very powerful. Particularly when they take this form.

He rises and lets drop a pile of newspapers on ALLENBY's desk.

413 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. THE NEWSPAPERS. They are in several languages. The top one is the "Chicago Daily Courier" and there is a reproduction of the photograph taken by BENTLEY after the blood-bath. On SOUND TRACK:

FEISAL: (*on SOUND TRACK*) The world is delighted with the picture of Damascus liberated by the Arab Army.

414 CLOSE SHOT. ALLENBY

ALLENBY: Led, may I remind you, by a British serving Officer!

FEISAL: (*a small smile*) Ah yes. But then Aurens is a sword with two edges. We are equally glad to be rid of him are we not?

ALLENBY: (*between admiration and disgust*) I thought I was a *hard* man.

FEISAL: You are merely a General. I must be a King.

He speaks with an archaic dignity which puts several centuries between them. But CLOSE SHOT BRIGHTON. Indignantly, he rams his hat on his head, salutes, says:

BRIGHTON: 'Scuse me, sir—

And strides from the room without waiting for permission, after LAWRENCE. ALLENBY looks after him rather wryly, then, his guilt causing him to anticipate an attack, he half turns his head towards DRYDEN and barks almost snarls, aggressively:

ALLENBY: Well?

DRYDEN in fact was examining his fingers as before, but at this, he too fires and out of his guilt, says with bitter brightness:

DRYDEN: Well it seems we're to have a British Water Works, with an Arab Flag on it. (*to both*) D'you think it was worth it?

ALLENBY: Not my business. Thank God, I'm a soldier.

DRYDEN: (*murmuring*) Yes sir: so you keep saying.

FEISAL: (*to DRYDEN*) You, I suspect, are chief architect of this ... (*he chooses the word delicately*) compromise. What do you think?

DRYDEN: Me, your Highness? On the whole, I wish I'd stayed in Tunbridge Wells.

CUT

415 LAWRENCE is crossing the Officer's Lounge in the Damascus Headquarters. A few OFFICERS sit about, mostly reading papers. LAWRENCE absently puts on his cap, and hastily takes it off again.

416 CLOSE SHOT. The red-faced MEDICAL OFFICER springs from his chair as LAWRENCE walks past him.

MEDICAL OFFICER: I say!

LAWRENCE turns and flinches when he sees who it is. The MEDICAL OFFICER advances on him.

MEDICAL OFFICER: It's Colonel Lawrence, isn't it?

LAWRENCE nods.

MEDICAL OFFICER: Well may I shake your hand, sir?

He does so, chuckling apologetically, without help from LAWRENCE. Then he steps back at attention, and says with manly fervour:

MEDICAL OFFICER: Just want to be able to say I've done it, sir.

LAWRENCE is going, and then turns back to say, not lightly, but with deep and serious curiosity:

LAWRENCE: Haven't we met before?

MEDICAL OFFICER: (*frowning*) Don't *think* so sir ... (*grinning confidently*) No, sir, I should have remembered *that*.

CUT

417 MEDIUM SHOT ANGLING UP a flight of narrow stairs. BRIGHTON appears quickly at the head of them and descends two at a time. He pushes open a pair of double doors and walks rapidly through an office. He appears through a door into a little courtyard, runs across it and in through another door. He appears in the Officers' Lounge walking swiftly through it in the same direction as that taken by LAWRENCE. He runs through the lobby on to the steps.

418 CLOSE SHOT. He looks eagerly up and down the drive. The eagerness dies away from his face; he looks crestfallen, disappointed, downright gloomy.

CUT

419 THE ROAD from Damascus in the after-glow of sunset. It is a level desert. CAMERA is in rear of a travelling staff car. In the front are the DRIVER and LAWRENCE. There is no sound but the wind and the engine. An Army lorry passes us in the opposite direction; then the staff car must slow down for a file of BEDOUIN on camels going in the same direction.

420 CLOSE SHOT. LAWRENCE. He stands and peers up hopefully into their faces as the car crawls past.

421 MEDIUM TRACKING SHOT. P.O. V. LAWRENCE. Their faces. They show no sign of recognition. We hear the car accelerating, and accelerating, we leave them behind in our dust.

422 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT. The DRIVER and, obscured by him so that in this last moment he is hidden, LAWRENCE.

DRIVER: Well, sir, going home!

The car purrs onwards.

LAWRENCE: (*realising that he has been addressed*) Mm?

DRIVER: Home, sir!

LAWRENCE does not answer by word or expression. The level desert swings endlessly past us. A second Army lorry approaches and swings past us, full of Tommies singing a music-hall ditty of the period. ("Goodbye Dolly, I must leave you ...") The sound of their singing disappears swiftly behind us and immediately an Army Dispatch Rider on a motor bicycle passes in the same direction. We glimpse the RIDER and the screen is enveloped in the dust which his machine throws upwards.

THE END