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The Ten Commandments

By Dorothy Clarke Wilson

Ladies and gentlemen, young and old,
this may seem an unusual procedure,
speaking to you
before the picture begins,
but we have an unusual subject:
the story of the birth of freedom.
The story of Moses.
As many of you know,
the Holy Bible omits
some 30 years of Moses' life,
from the time he was
a three-month-old baby
and was found in the bulrushes
by Bithiah,
the daughter of Pharaoh,
and adopted into the court of Egypt
until he learned that he was Hebrew
and killed the Egyptian.
To fill in those missing years,
we turned to ancient historians
such as Philo and Josephus.
Philo wrote at the time that
Jesus of Nazareth walked the Earth,
and Josephus wrote some 50 years later
and watched the destruction
of Jerusalem by the Romans.
These historians had access
to documents
long since destroyed,
or perhaps lost,
like the Dead Sea Scrolls.
The theme of this picture
is whether men are
to be ruled by God's law,
or whether they are to be ruled by
the whims of a dictator like Rameses.
Are men the property of the state,
or are they free souls under God?
This same battle continues
throughout the world today.
Our intention was not to create a story,
but to be worthy
of the divinely inspired story
created 3,000 years ago:

the five books of Moses.
The story takes three hours
and 39 minutes to unfold.
There will be an intermission.
Thank you for your attention.
And God said, "Let there be light. "
And there was light.
And from this light,
God created life upon Earth.
And man was given dominion
over all things upon this Earth,
and the power to choose
between good and evil,
but each sought to do his own will
because he knew not
the light of God's law.
Man took dominion over man.
The conquered
were made to serve the conqueror
The weak were made to serve the strong.
And freedom was gone from the world.
So did the Egyptians
cause the children of Israel
to serve with rigor;
and their lives were made bitter
with hard bondage,
and their cry came up unto God
and God heard them.
And cast into Egypt,
into the lowly hut
of Amram and Yochabel,
the seed of a man
upon whose mind and heart
would be written
God's law and God's commandments.
One man to stand alone
against an empire.
Divine One,
last night our astrologers
saw an evil star
- enter into the house of Egypt.
- Meaning war?
From the frontiers of Sinai and Libya
to the cataracts of the Nile.

What nation would dare
draw the sword against us?
The enemy to fear
is in the heart of Egypt.
What?
The Hebrew slaves
in the land of Goshen.
I number my enemies by their swords,
not by their chains, High Priest.
Chains have been forged
into swords before now, Divine One.
Among these slaves,
there is a prophecy of a deliverer
who will lead them out of bondage.
The star proclaims his birth.
Then let the Hebrews die.
Slaves are wealth, Commander.
The more slaves we have,
the more bricks we make.
I would still see fewer bricks made
and fewer Hebrews in Goshen.
It is our eastern gate.
Since this deliverer
is among their newborn,
only their newborn need die.
Every newborn Hebrew man-child
shall die.
So let it be written,
so let it be done.
So speaks Rameses I.
No!
Oh, no!
Please! Please! No!
God of Abraham,
take my child into thy hands,
that he may live to thy service.
But Mother,
we have not even given him a name.
God will give him a name.
Follow it, Miriam.
Watch it from the reeds.
- See where the Lord will lead him.
- Yes, Mother.
- Why didn't you say no?

- She didn't think of it.
Here! Throw!
- You're getting fat.
- Too many sesame cakes!
Catch a lotus and you catch a wish.
What will you wish for,
Tuya, gold or a man?
Gold, of course.
- Then I could have any man!
- Gold will never fill an empty heart.
Quiet, you chattering geese.
Memnet, you're only happy
when you're miserable.
You fools! Talk of empty hearts
before the Pharaoh's daughter.
What is there in her heart,
but the memory of a dead husband?
We meant no harm, Memnet.
Look, there's something here!
Be sure it's not a crocodile!
Bithiah can charm tears
from a crocodile.
What is it, Bithiah?
What did you find?
Only a drifting basket.
- Shall we come and help you get it?
- Memnet, send the girls away.
I'd rather be alone now.
Now see what you've done.
Back to the palace, all of you.
- Go on. All of you. Musicians, too.
- We wouldn't hurt Bithiah.
Bithiah's tired of you and so am I.
Off you go.
- You're tired of everything.
- Go on. Off you go.
Go on. Hurry up!
You've hurt her enough.
- What have you found?
- The answer to my prayers.
You prayed for a basket?
No. I prayed for a son.
Your husband
is in the house of the dead.

And he has asked the Nile god
to bring me this beautiful boy.
Do you know the pattern
of this cloth?
If my son is covered in it...
...it is a royal robe.
Royal? It is the Levite cloth
of a Hebrew slave.
This child was put upon the water
to save its life
from your father's edict.
I am the Pharaoh's daughter,
and this is my son.
He shall be reared in my house
as the Prince of the Two Lands.
My mother and her mother before her
were branded to the Pharaoh's service.
I will not see you make this son
of slaves a prince of Egypt.
You will see it, Memnet.
You will see him walk
with his head among the eagles.
And you will serve him as you serve me.
Fill the ark with water.
Sink it into silence.
Raise your hands, Memnet.
What you have buried in the Nile
shall remain buried in your heart.
- Swear it.
- I will be silent.
The day you break that oath will be
the last your eyes shall ever see.
You will be the glory of Egypt, my son.
Mighty in words and deeds.
Kings shall bow before you.
Your name will live
when the pyramids are dust.
And...
...because I drew you from the water,
you shall be called Moses.
Moses! Moses!
Moses...
He proclaims his coming from afar,
does he not, my son?

Such favor with the people
can be dangerous, Great Sethi.
To whom, Rameses? To me or to you?
It would not be the first time that fame
has turned a prince against his Pharaoh.
Or that envy has turned a brother
against his brother.
Envy is for the weak.
And beauty is for the strong.
That is what you have in mind.
If you mean Nefretiri, yes, my father.
Is it the princess'
beauty that attracts you, Rameses,
or the fact that she must marry the man
I choose to follow me on the throne?
I am the son of your body.
Who else could be your heir?
The man best able to rule Egypt
will follow me.
I owe that to my fathers,
not to my sons.
- Then I shall follow you.
- Shall you?
Do not let ambition
shave your prince's lock.
I sent Moses to destroy a city.
He returns in triumph.
I sent you to build a city.
Where is it?
It will rise when I have put fear
into the stiff-necked
Hebrew slaves who build it.
But this I know, my father:
no pretended brother
will ever have your crown...
...or Nefretiri.
Indeed?
Whoever I choose shall have my crown...
...and Nefretiri.
I think I see him, Memnet.
Moses...
Yes, I can see him!
Moses!
Listen, Memnet. Listen.

The trumpets tell all the world
he's come back to me.

Hear them.

And all those shouts are drowned
by the beating of my heart.

- Moses!

- Do you hear, Memnet?

- The whole city calls his name.

- I hear them, Nefretiri.

The Lord Moses, Prince of Egypt,
son of the Pharaoh's sister,
beloved of the Nile god,
commander of the Southern Host.

Welcome home!

- Prince Moses!

- The blessings of the god Amun-Ra
be upon you, Great Prince.

He has brought down
the pride of Ethiopia.

- Yes, that is...

- The old windbag.

- I agree with him.

- May your name be exalted on Earth,
o' conqueror, even as the sun
is exalted in the heavens.

Welcome to my sister's son.

We have heard how you took
ibis from the Nile
to destroy the venomous serpents
used against you
when you laid siege
to the city of Saba.

May my arms stay strong
in your service, Great Sethi.

Who is this fair young god
come into the house of Pharaoh?

No need to tell you
how I share her joy at your return-
No need, my brother.

Great one, I bring you Ethiopia!
Command them to kneel before Pharaoh.
Command what you have conquered,
my brother.

I bring the Ethiopian king

and his sister in friendship,
as an ally to guard our southern gates.
My son has dealt wisely with you,
Ethiopia. Welcome as a friend.
Great king, I will ask
but one favor of your friendship.
This green stone from our mountains,
that I may give it to your
Prince of Egypt,
for he is kind, as well as wise.
It is pleasing to the gods to see
a man honored by his enemies.
And such a beautiful enemy!
See to their comfort.
Divine One, here is the full count
of Ethiopia's tribute.
Bearers!
I am sending down the Nile 20 full
barges of such wealth as you see here.
Logs of ebony and trees of myrrh,
all for your new treasure city.
A handsome tribute indeed, Moses.
Unfortunately,
I have no new treasure city.
And you will have none.
The stiff-necked slaves
die more willingly
-than bend their backs in your service.
- Why?
They believe a deliverer has come
to lead them from their bondage.
Deliverer? Deliverer?!
He has been foretold by every falling
star since my father's time.
Now, you make him an excuse
for your failure to build my city.
I am not one to make excuses-
If you doubt me,
let Moses build a city.
No! No.
He's just trying
to keep Moses away from you, Sethi.
Or you, perhaps.
I think our roosters would crow

more softly on another roof.
Stand before me, both of you.
Would you please your Pharaoh, Moses?
- Your wish is my will.
- Then you build my city.
A wise decision.
A noble task.
Rameses, do you believe
this slave deliverer is a myth?
What I believe is of no account.
What matters is
the slaves believe in him.
Of course, of course.
Then you, too, shall go to Goshen-
Learn if this deliverer
be a myth or a man.
If a myth, bring him to me in a bottle.
If a man,
bring him to me in chains.
So let it be written,
so let it be done.
Your fragrance
is like the wine of Babylon.
I could...
But you are the throne princess,
and by the Pharaoh's law,
you can marry only a Pharaoh.
I shall marry a Pharaoh...
...you.
Rameses might not agree
with that idea.
But Sethi might.
While you were gone,
I kept your name on his lips,
your praises in his ears.
But now, unless you can succeed,
you'll be the prince
of some desert province
and I'll be Rameses' wife. Oh, Moses!
Build a city for him,
and Sethi will deny you nothing.
I will build the city for love of Sethi,
not for the throne of Egypt.
But I am Egypt.

Now, the flame you lighted
burns close to the throne.
Your tongue would dig
your grave, Memnet.
A conqueror already conquered?
The first face I looked for
and the last I find. Mother.
I was thanking the gods
for your safe return.
But I find you in grave danger here.
In intoxicating danger, Mother.
Marry her if you can, my son,
but never fall in love with her.
I'll be less trouble to him
than the Hebrew slaves of Goshen.
Goshen?
You've guzzled enough.
Bring those bricks up and get on.
You, there's other swine to water.
Water girl! Water!
Get those bricks back on.
Here! Water lily!
My name is Lilia.
To me you are a lily,
and I want water.
Joshua...
Joshua, I thought
you'd never come down.
Water before love, my girl.
Does it take the whole Nile
to quench your thirst?
No, just your lips.
Be careful, my love.
Dathan's eyes can see through stone.
Dathan is a vulture feeding
on the flesh of his own people.
When he looks at me, I'm afraid.
If he touches you,
I'll strangle him with his own whip.
And bring death to 1,000 others?
Is life in bondage better than death?
Joshua, we must have hope.
God will send us the deliverer.
Hope? On the heels

of every hope walks Dathan.
You're Dathan, the Hebrew overseer.
Chief Hebrew overseer, mighty one.
Baka, the master builder,
has told me that I can rely on you.
I am warmed by his favor.
Rely on you to sell
your own mother for a price.
And who am I to deny the word
of the master builder?
Where is this would-be deliverer
who would set the Hebrews free?
Who can say, immortal prince?
They do not confide in me.
- But it is possible to learn.
- No doubt.
You have rat's ears and a ferret's nose.
To use in your service, son of Pharaoh.
Add to them the eyes of a weasel
and find me this deliverer.
Lean your backs into it!
Old woman! Old woman!
More grease under the center stone.
- Yochabel!
- Help me!
Stop the stone!
Keep pulling up there.
Yochabel is caught. Stop the stone!
Come on, pull!
Pull!
Pull!
- Pull!
- You'll kill her! Stop the stone!
We don't stop a moving block
for an old woman.
Lay on the lash! Keep it moving!
Stop the stone! Stop the stone!
Hold the ropes!
Water! Water!
- Cut the old woman loose.
- She'll stay where she is,
and you'll die in the lion pits.
- Joshua!
- Run to the prince and beg mercy.

- Mercy from Rameses?!

- No, no.

The Prince Moses,
there on the pavilion.

- After her! After her!

- Hold him!

Stop her!

Stop that girl!

The water girl, stop her!

Stop that girl! Stop her!

Mercy, Prince Moses!

- Mercy, Prince Moses!

- Come here.

- Mercy? What have you done?

- Not for myself, Lord Prince.

For a slave who saved old Yochabel
and me from death
between the granite blocks.

A delicate flower
to be pressed between walls of stone.
How were you saved?

A stonecutter struck the overseer.
There can be only one punishment
for the stonecutter.

Blood makes poor mortar. Come.
Prince Moses!

Get away, you!

Would you bury the old woman alive
in a tomb of rock?

My noble one, it caught.

I had not the strength to free myself.

Your shoulder should not
bear a burden, old woman.

The Lord has renewed my strength
and lightened my burdens.

He would have done better
to remove them.

They use the old ones to do the work
of greasing the stones, Lord Prince.

If they are killed, it is no loss.

Are you a master builder
or a master butcher?

If we stopped moving stones
for every grease woman who falls,

the city would never rise.
If the slaves are not driven
they will not work.
If their work lags,
it is because they are not fed.
You seem strong enough.
I am a stonecutter.
The Pharaohs like their images cut deep.
Hold your whip!
You know it is death
to strike an Egyptian?
I know it.
- Yet you struck him? Why?
- To save the old woman.
- What is she to you?
- An old woman.
Lord Prince, send him to his death.
The man has courage.
You do not speak like a slave.
God made men.
- Men made slaves.
- Which god?
The God of Abraham, the Almighty God.
If your god is almighty,
why does he leave you in bondage?
He will choose the hour
of our freedom
and the man who will deliver us.
- Lord Prince, this man speaks treason.
- It is not treason to want freedom.
Release him.
Difficulty with the slaves, my brother?
None that could not be cured by
a ration of grain and a day of rest.
A day of rest?
When your horses tire, they're rested.
When they hunger, they're fed.
Slaves draw stone and brick.
My horses draw the next Pharaoh.
Is there any grain
stored here in Goshen?
None that you would
dare take, my brother.
The temple granaries are full.

Bring the push-pole men
and some women with baskets.
I will... great prince.
I warn you, Moses,
the temple grain belongs to the gods.
What the gods can digest will
not sour in the belly of a slave.
- Push-pole men!
- You, back where you belong!
I have the prince's orders.
One and two poles, up!
- Bring 100 women with baskets.
- Elisheba, bring your basket.
Push-polers, follow me.
Out of the way!
Break open the bins.
Out of the way. Stand back.
Well, well.
Divine One.
There!
My jackals have your hounds at bay-
Dogs at bay are dangerous.
When they walk upright
and feed on temple grain.
Of course. You've been bringing
petitions against Moses for months.
Well, the city's being built
and I'm winning this game,
so don't interrupt us with trifles.
Before your city is finished,
these trifles will surprise you.
Life is full of surprises.
And today I have one for you, my kitten.
Moses!
And Rameses.
You crocodile!
Triples. You've lost.
I'll never let you win again.
You thought that by losing to me
you would win for Moses.
Well, you know, crowns are sometimes
lost by smiles and dimples.
- And so is patience.
- Yours?

Are the plans for my jubilee complete?
All but your proclamation for the
marriage of Prince Rameses to Nefretiri.
No.
Are you quite sure it will be Rameses?
Who else could be your successor?
Moses, of course.
Because of Moses there is no wheat
in the temple granaries.
You don't look any leaner. You're both
very generous with your advice.
Will you take mine?
No, I will choose my own successor-
Did you lose your head, my sweet?
I sent you to Goshen
to bring me the head of the jackal
who would free the slaves.
Where is it?
The slaves do not need a deliverer now.
- They have Moses.
- Is that a riddle?
He gives them the priests' grain
and one day in seven to rest.
They call it the day of Moses.
- This man makes himself a god.
- I prefer him as a man.
You would prefer him as Pharaoh.
- Are you afraid of Moses?
- Yes.
'Cause now he holds Ethiopia
in his left hand,
Goshen in his right, and you,
my Pharaoh, are in between them.
Do you imply that he
would raise the slaves against me?
- I've been his father.
- Ambition knows no father.
Moses could no more betray you
than I could, Sethi.
He can tell me that when he arrives.
- He will not be here, my father.
- What?
I sent for both of you.
His word is that he cannot attend you,

being pressed by...
...other matters.
Did you hear that? Other matters?
My escort.
I will ride with you, my son,
to see what rears itself in Goshen,
a city or treason.
You lying adder! You'll destroy
yourself with your own venom
if you try to turn Sethi against Moses.
You would turn Sethi against me.
Remember, my sweet, that you must
be wife to the next Pharaoh,
that you're going to be mine,
all mine,
like my dog or my horse or my falcon.
Only I will love you more,
and trust you less.
You will never do the things to me
you would have done to Moses.
I know you, my sweet.
You're a sharp-clawed,
treacherous little peacock.
But you're food for the gods,
and I'm going to have all of you.
None of me.
Did you think my kiss
was a promise of what you'll have?
No, my pompous one,
it was to let you know
what you will not have.
I could never love you.
Does that matter?
You will be my wife.
You will come to me whenever I call you.
And I will enjoy that very much.
Whether you enjoy it or not
is your own affair.
But I think you will.
That drop puts too much strain
on the stone. We need more sand.
I'm going to risk it, Baka.
There's little time
till the day of jubilee.

If the stone cracks,
you may crack with it.
Ready blue signal.
Blue pennant.
Blue pennant!
- The snubber is ready.
- Green pennant.
Mallet men, ready!
Mallet men, ready, stand by!
Clear the main hawser!
Mallet men ready.
You are not pleased to see me here.
I am, Great Pharaoh, but now
I have important things to do.
Red pennant, stand by.
So Rameses tells me.
More important things
than obeying my orders?
You ordered me to finish this city-
The strain in that stone is too great-
We cannot wait. Red pennant.
Red pennant... strike!
- The stone will break.
- There are 2,000 slaves on the ropes.
There is the obelisk of your jubilee.
Baka, put 1,000 slaves
to removing the sand
until the stone settles to its base.
- Pharaoh is pleased?
- With the obelisk, yes,
but not with certain accusations
made against you.
By whom?
- You raided the temple granaries?
- Yes.
- You gave the grain to the slaves?
- Yes.
You gave them one day in seven to rest.
Yes-
Did you do all of this
to gain their favor?
A city is built of brick, Pharaoh.
The strong make many.
The starving make few.

The dead make none.
So much for accusations.
Now, judge the results.
The pylons commemorate your victory
at Kadesh,
where you broke the Amorites.
- Are there any higher in Egypt?
- There are none higher in the world.
With so many slaves,
you could build... an army.
But I have built a city.
Sixteen of these lions of Pharaoh
will guard its gates.
And it shall be the city
of Sethi's glory.
Are these slaves loyal
to Sethi's glory,
or to you, Moses?
The slaves worship their god...
...and I serve only you.
Let your own image proclaim
my loyalty for a thousand years.
Superb!
Rameses.
And this you call treason?
Who would take a throne by force
that he has earned by deeds?
With this and Ethiopia,
your name shall be carved
beside mine on every pylon.
Yours, Rameses, will be nowhere.
In my judgment book, you have
accused your brother falsely.
Come.
Great Pharaoh,
he is the son of your body.
I need no help, Moses,
to hold what is mine.
I decide what is yours.
Come with me, Moses.
Will you lose the throne
because Moses builds a city?
The city that he builds
shall bear my name.

The woman that he loves
shall bear my child.
So it shall be written.
So it shall be done.
Yes. This is for the temple ceremony.
This...
This...
...is for my wedding night.
You will never wear it.
Why not?
I have brought you a cloth
more revealing. Send them away.
Go, then, while I hear what this
puckered old persimmon has to say.
Well? What croakings
of doom have you today?
You prepare for a marriage
that will never be.
You've been drinking honey wine!
I shall not let the Pharaoh
and Rameses be betrayed.
Why should a slave care
which Pharaoh rules?
For 30 years, I have been silent.
Now, all the kings of Egypt
cry out to me from their tombs,
"Let no Hebrew sit upon our throne."
What are you saying?
Rameses has the blood of many kings.
- And Moses?
- He is lower than the dust.
Not one drop of royal blood
flows through his veins.
He is the son of Hebrew slaves.
I'll have you torn into so many pieces,
even the vultures won't find them.
Who hatched this lie? Rameses?
Rameses does not know... yet.
You will repeat this to Bithiah!
It was Bithiah who drew a slave child
from the Nile,
called him son and Prince of Egypt,
blinding herself to the truth
and the pain of an empty womb.

Were you alone with Bithiah?
A little girl led me
to the Hebrew woman Yochabel,
that the child might
be suckled by his true mother.
Take care, old frog.
You croak too much against Moses.
Would you mingle the blood
of slaves with your own?
He will be my husband.
I shall have no other.
Then use this to wrap your first-born.
Torn from a Levite's robe.
It was Moses' swaddling cloth.
And your shroud!
You think I care whose son he is?
- Rameses cares.
- You won't live to tell him.
Nefretiri?
Nefretiri! Have you closed your doors
to make a beggar of a prince?
I'm the beggar, Moses, begging you
to hold me in your arms. Kiss me.
Just kiss me.
You're no beggar, my love.
You're a conqueror,
and I am your captive for life.
One lifetime will not be half enough.
You will be King of Egypt.
And I will be your footstool.
A man stupid enough
to use you for a footstool
would not be wise enough to rule Egypt.
Princess!
Princess, the raven has dropped
a black feather at your door.
- Who can...?
- No, Moses, leave the world outside.
Pardon, pardon, royal one.
- The old nurse, Memnet...
- Go away.
- I don't want to hear anything.
- What about Memnet?
She's dead. She must

have fallen from the balcony.
I will not hear unhappy things tonight.
Go away!
Old Memnet must have walked
that balcony a thousand times.
What is the death of one slave to us?
She was a faithful servant to you.
Can one so rich in love
be so poor in pity?
What kind of a woman
holds me captive?
One who loves you
and will not lose you.
One who will be your wife. Nothing in
the world can change that. Nothing.
Neither Rameses' princely plots
nor Memnet's evil lies.
You've heard Memnet grumbling
all your life.
Why should it upset you now?
Because she grumbled against you.
Oh, let her threats be buried with her.
Look, the night's a crown of stars,
and the darkness a robe
of forgetfulness.
Come, love. Let's share them.
We'll use the moon for a scepter.
- A piece of Hebrew cloth!
- Memnet may have dropped it.
Memnet was not Hebrew.
Why would she bring this here?
- I don't know.
- Yes, you do.
- Tell me.
- She was taking it to Rameses...
- ...to destroy you.
- To de...?
How could Rameses destroy me
with a piece of cloth?
Moses, Moses, why do you question
me? Why do you care? Yes!
I killed her.
What does it matter?
A hundred slaves die every day.

- What's done is forgotten.
- It is not forgotten.
What is this cloth
to do with me? Tell me.
It will make no difference between us?
How could it make a difference?
A child was wrapped in it.
- What child?
- Bithiah took him from the river.
Memnet was with her.
Who was this child?
Memnet is dead. No one need know
who you are. I love you.
I killed for you.
I'll kill anyone that comes between us.
Why did you kill for me, Nefretiri?
If you love me, do not lie.
Who was the child?
Hold me in your arms.
Hold me... close.
You were not born
Prince of Egypt, Moses...
...but the son of Hebrew slaves.
You believe that?
I'll believe anything
you want me to believe.
Say you are not,
I'll believe you are not.
Love cannot drown truth, Nefretiri.
You do believe it,
or you would not have killed Memnet.
I love you.
That's the only truth I know.
Did this child of the Nile
have a mother?
Memnet called her Yochabel.
I will ask Bithiah.
How could you doubt me?
You did not doubt me when I held you
as you took your first step.
It's a wicked lie spun by Rameses.
Mother, did Rameses spin this?
The word of your mother against
a piece of cloth found by Memnet?

How did you know it was Memnet?
Who else? Memnet nursed Rameses.
She shall pay for spreading his lies.
- She has paid.
- She's dead?
At the hand of Nefretiri.
Put away any fears or suspicions
that may remain with you, my son.
Why, your will will be law in Egypt
when you are crowned
and sceptered as her king.
Memnet spoke of a Hebrew woman
named Yochabel.
Did you ever know her?
No.
Yours was the face
I saw above my cradle,
the only mother I've ever known.
Wherever I am led
or whatever I must do,
I will always love you.
My chariot. I will drive to Goshen.
A chariot here in Goshen?
- You know who I am?
- It has been many years, great one.
- Who are they?
- All that remain of my children.
I will speak to you alone.
Why have you...?
- Why have you come here?
- Because Moses will come here.
- My son?
- No, my son.
And that's all that he must know.
My lips might deny him, great one,
but my eyes never could.
You shall leave Goshen,
you and your family, tonight.
We are Levites,
appointed shepherds of Israel.
We cannot leave our people.
Would you take from Moses
all that I have given him?
Would you undo all

that I have done for him?
I have put the throne of Egypt
within his reach.
- What can you give him in its place?
- I gave him life.
I gave him love!
Was it your hand that dried his tears?
And when he was troubled,
was it your heart that ached for him?
Yes-
My heart ached for him.
And my arms ached to hold him,
but I dared not even touch
the hem of his garment.
His heritage from me
could only have been misery,
poverty and the lash.
No, I will not take from him the
glory and riches you have given him.
For this you shall be well cared for.
You and your family shall be taken
from Goshen tonight.
No matter where you send me,
if the God of Abraham
has a purpose for my son,
he will come to know it and fulfill it.
Come, gather your things, quickly.
Quickly.
I shall see you want for nothing.
You and your children
shall be given freedom.
Has my mother forgotten?
Only the Pharaoh can free a slave.
Moses! Do not enter.
There is only sorrow here.
Are you comforting it, my mother?
I followed you here
to find this woman, Yochabel...
You were the woman
who was caught between the stones.
- Until you came.
- My son, if you love me...
I love you, my mother,
but am I your son?

Or yours?
No, you are not my son.
If you believe that men and women
are cattle to be driven under the lash,
if you can bow before idols of stone
and golden images of beasts...
...you are not my son.
My son would be a slave.
His hands would be gnarled
and broken from the brick pits,
his back scarred
from the taskmaster's whip,
but in his heart would burn
the spirit of the living God.
Does this god demand
a scarred back and broken hands
as the price of his favor?
This desert god
is the hope of the hopeless.
Your place is in the palace halls.
You have mounted
to the sun on golden wings.
You belong to me, to Nefretiri,
to Sethi, to all those who love you.
Do they love less who have no hope?
Will you swear in the name of this god
that you are not my mother?
We do not even know his name.
Then look into my eyes
and tell me you are not my mother.
Oh, Moses, Moses! I cannot, I cannot.
I am your brother Aaron.
I am Miriam, your sister.
- I am your brother Moses.
- No! Get ready to leave. Hurry!
They're going away, Moses.
The secret's going with them.
No one need ever know
the shame I brought upon you.
Shame?
What change is there in me?
Egyptian or Hebrew, I am still Moses.
These are the same hands,
the same arms,

the same face
that were mine a moment ago.
A moment ago, you were her son,
the strength of Egypt.
Now, you are mine, a slave of Egypt.
You find no shame in this?
There is no shame in me. How can I
feel shame for the woman who bore me?
- Or the race that bred me?
- God of my fathers.
Moses, what will you do?
This is the binding tie...
...and here I will stay.
- Moses...
- To find the meaning of what I am.
Why a Hebrew, or any man,
must be a slave.
Put back your things.
You are not leaving.
Moses?
Has she done more for you than I?
Will the life she gave you be more
useful in the black pits of slavery?
Cannot justice and truth
be served better upon a throne
where all men may benefit
from your goodness
and strength?
I do not know
what power shapes my way,
but my feet are set upon a road
that I must follow.
Forgive me, Bithiah.
God of our fathers,
who has appointed
an end to the bondage of Israel,
blessed am I
among all mothers in the land,
for my eyes have beheld thy deliverer.
Thou shalt not muzzle the ox
that treadeth out the corn,
making straw for the bricks of Egypt,
nor spare the arms that endlessly
winnow the grain in the wind

to separate the wheat from the chaff
wheat borne stolidly
on the backs of countless slaves
from the heavy-laden Nile boats
to the teeming shore.
Endlessly they plod
beneath the sheaves of wheat
and endlessly return for more.
A golden harvest to the threshers,
a grain safe to feed the masters,
bitterness to feed the slaves,
and to feed the brick pits, straw,
carried on the bowed backs of women
down into the never-ending valley
of toil and agony,
stretching mile after mile.
An inferno of mud-soaked bodies,
where the treaders' feet
churn clay and straw
into the mixture
for the Pharaoh 's bricks.
And everywhere the lash
of watchful taskmasters
ready to sting the backs of the weary.
Blades chopping straw.
Mattocks chopping clay.
A ceaseless cycle of unending drudgery.
From the mixing feet of treaders
to the pouring hands of brick molders
moves the constant stream of mud,
the lowly seed of tall cities,
day after day, year after year;
century after century.
Bondage without rest,
toil without reward.
These are the children of misery,
the afflicted,
the hopeless, the oppressed.
And he went out unto his brethren
and looked on their burdens.
Water girl!
Here, here's water.
That's a hard dance you do, old man.
We've been dancing it for 400 years...

...to grim music.
And the only deliverer
that has come to us is death.
Back to work, you braying mules.
You're strange to the pits.
Your back is unscarred.
You bring a warm smile
with your cool water.
My smile is for a stonecutter.
- The water is for you.
- I thank you.
Your voice is not strange.
- You are...?
- One of many who thirst.
You there!
Come here.
That is Baka, the master builder.
- Does he call me or you?
- You! Water girl! I'm thirsty.
He does not thirst for water.
Beauty is but a curse to our women.
- Water, noble one?
- No, wine... the wine of beauty.
What beauty can my lord find
in these mud pits?
The lotus flower blooms
in the Nile's gray mud.
Dathan, she will do well
as a house slave.
Do not take me from my people!
There would be danger.
Danger from such lovely hands?
There are other hands,
strong enough to kill.
Our mud flower has a thorn.
Oh, please, Lord Baka, I beg you.
Tears..-
When you have been bathed
in scented water,
when your limbs have
been caressed by sweet oils
and your hair combed with sandalwood,
there will be no time for tears.
She is not worthy of your magnificence.

Let my eyes...
Your eyes had best find the deliverer,
Dathan, or you will have no eyes.
Bring the girl.
May the hand of God strike him.
Dance, you mud turtles, dance!
You rot our bodies,
steal hope from our souls.
Must you also
shame and defile our women?
Dance, you squealing goat!
We are not animals, we are men,
made in the image of God.
This will change your image.
Dance, you.
Get that straw cutter.
Leave him,
or you'll be murdered with him.
I'll not leave a man
to die in the mud.
Thank you, my son.
But death is better than bondage,
for my days are ended
and my prayer unanswered.
What prayer, old man?
That before death closed my eyes
I might behold the deliverer
who will lead all men to freedom.
What deliverer could
break the power of Pharaoh?
You, mud-carriers,
throw this carrion to the vultures.
You, take his place.
And dance the straw
into the mud, you dogs.
Clear a path there!
Clear a path!
Stand aside, you. Make way.
Clear a path.
Come on, get back. Out of the way!
Keep your eyes on the ground.
I need another oarsman
for my barge, a strong slave.
- Your word is our will, great lady.

- The large one there.

- You, come up here.

- No, not that one.

The very dirty one there.

Yes, that one.

He may serve my purpose.

You!

You! Out of the pit!

Out of the way!

Back to work!

Clear a path!

Stand aside, you.

Back to work!

Clear a path!

First friend of the Pharaoh,

keeper of the royal seal,

Prince of On, Prince of Memphis,

Prince of Thebes,

beloved of the Nile god,

conqueror of Ethiopia,

general of generals,

commander of the Egyptian Host...

...a man of mud!

Is that what you want? To be a slave?

Then why aren't you kneeling

at the feet of a princess?

I'm afraid the mud pits have

stiffened my knees, royal one.

Shall I call back the guards?

- Do you think they could bend them?

- Oh, Moses! Moses!

You stubborn, splendid, adorable fool.

I'm not kneeling to a princess.

No. You are kneeling to a woman

who's been worried about you

day and night since you disappeared.

What is there in the mud

of these slave pits

-that could keep you from my arms?

- My people.

They may be your people,

but do you have to wallow with them?

Smell like them?

If they are stained,

it's with the mud of slavery.
If they reek,
it's with the stench of injustice.
If you want to help your people,
come back to the palace.
And hide the truth from Sethi?
That I am Hebrew and a slave?
The truth would break his dear old heart
and send Bithiah into exile or death.
Think of us and stop hearing
the cries of your people.
Their god does not hear their cry.
Will Rameses hear it if he is Pharaoh?
No. He would grind them
into the clay they mold,
double their labors.
What about me?
Think of me as his wife.
Do you want to see me
in Rameses' arms?
- No.
- Then come back with me.
Oh, Moses! The gods have
fashioned you for greatness.
The splendor of your name
will last beyond the pyramids.
When you are Pharaoh,
you can free your people,
worship whatever gods you please,
so long as I can worship you.
I will come to you at the palace
on the day of Sethi's jubilee.
Come with me now.
No, my love.
First I have a call to make
on the master builder.
No, no, no, no, no.
Not red with the sammur gown.
My eyes can best be used elsewhere,
Lord Baka.
Before you go,
let them look upon
what you thought unworthy.
You would let beauty

such as this go unseen?
You would let such a flower
go ungathered?
Dathan, you can see only mud,
so pick up her muddy clothes and go.
Go, all of you.
Did you know, my dear,
that this golden web
was spun from the beards of shellfish?
- Please let me go to my home.
- You are at home.
Here, taste this.
The blood of Thracian grapes,
the wine of love.
No wine can change my love.
Then your love shall be my wine.
There's fire in the chariot house!
The chariot house.
Guards! Guards!
You women take water to the roof.
Dathan, take charge. Guards, after him.
Pull it out of the shed.
Take it clear of the house.
No, no, your wings
must not be singed, my dove,
at least not by that fire.
- Joshua!
- Run, Lilia, run! The way is clear.
The master builder will not follow.
Neither will you, stonecutter.
Bind him between the columns.
See that his arms
are tightly stretched.
You will die on your feet, stonecutter.
He'll cut him to pieces.
Now, go after the girl!
- Don't come back without her.
- We'll find her.
You foolish, stupid man!
I would have kept her
only a short while.
She would have returned to you,
shall we say, more worthy.
Now, to whom shall I return Lilia?

You will not be there, Joshua.
You've seen me drive my chariot.
I can flick a fly from my horse's ear
without breaking
the rhythm of his stride.
You've seen me use my whip.
You make no outcry, Joshua.
But you will.
You will cry for the mercy of death.
One day you will listen
to the cry of slaves.
This is not that day, Joshua.
You hold your tongue almost
as well as I hold my temper.
It's a pity to kill
so strong a stonecutter.
- Death will bring death, Baka.
- Who are you?
One who asks
what right you have to kill a slave.
The right of a master to kill you
or any slave.
- Then kill me, master butcher!
- Moses!
Why have you done this?
- Where is the girl, Lilia?
- Gone.
Why are you dressed as a slave?
Why does a prince of Egypt kill
the Pharaoh's master builder
to save a Hebrew?
I am Hebrew.
God of Abraham.
Four hundred years we've waited.
The Pharaoh's soldiers
won't wait so long.
The Almighty has heard our cries
from bondage.
You are the chosen one.
- I know nothing of your god.
- He knows you, Moses.
He has brought you to us.
You cannot turn your back upon us.
You will deliver us. The finger

of God points the way to you.
- Where was his body found?
- Buried in the sand, royal one.
This is Bakas knife.
But there was no wound on the body.
Baka was a powerful man. It would
take strong hands to break him.
The slave, Joshua, is a stonecutter.
Go find me this Joshua.
Joshua's strength didn't kill
the master builder.
Now speaks the rat
that would be my ears.
Too many ears tie a rat's tongue.
Go. All of you.
Well? Who killed him?
I am poor man, generous one.
What I bring is worth much.
I have paid you much
and you have brought me nothing.
Now I bring you the world...
true son of Pharaoh.
You offer me the world when you
cannot even bring me the deliverer.
Who killed Baka?
- The deliverer.
- Would you play at words with me?
No, lord prince.
This murderer has now fled
to some distant land?
No, lord prince.
Name him!
One who made himself
a prince and judge over us.
If he knew I were here, he would
kill me as he killed the Egyptian.
I will hang you myself
if you tire me further.
There are those who would pay much
for what my eyes have seen.
You haggle with me like a seller
of melons in the marketplace?
No, I will not haggle, great prince.
Here's your money.

But for ten talents of fine gold,
I'll give you the wealth of Egypt.
Give me my freedom
and I'll give you the scepter.
Give me the water girl, Lilia,
and I'll give you the princess
of your heart's desire.
Give me this house of Baka,
and I'll give you the throne.
Give me all that I ask...
...or give me leave to go.
I will give you more than leave to go.
I will send you where you belong.
I belong in your service, glorious one.
Very well.
I will bargain with you.
If what you say pleases me,
I will give you your price, all of it.
If not, I will give you the point of
this blade through your lying throat.
- Agreed?
- Agreed.
The deliverer...
...is Moses.
Draw one more breath to tell me
why Moses or any other Egyptian
would deliver the Hebrews.
Moses is not Egyptian.
He's Hebrew.
The son of slaves.
I will pay your price.
Imagine poor Nefretiri,
not knowing in which bed
she will sleep.
- I'd be happy in either.
- But where is Prince Moses?
No Moses, no jubilee.
I am told, my tiger lily,
they're wagering against me.
Two golden debens to one.
Yes. I wagered five myself!
You'll lose your debens if Moses
keeps me waiting any longer.
I double the wager. I'll watch

for Moses, you watch the dance!
While you wait to honor Moses,
I will honor Sethi's jubilee...
...with a gift.
Strange gift.
You said if the deliverer were a myth,
-to bring him in a bottle.
- The bottle is empty.
Yes. It is empty
because he is not a myth.
- You have found such a man?
- Yes, my father.
I have found him in the midst
of treachery and treason,
with the blood of your
master builder red upon his hands.
Shall I summon him
to Pharaoh's justice?
Summon him!
- Bring the Hebrew in.
- Bring the Hebrew in.
Moses.
Great Pharaoh...
...I stand in the shadow
of your justice.
Whose work is this?
I warned you of his treason, my father.
- Treason?
- Judge now if I spoke truly.
The evil star foretold him
as the destroyer of Egypt
and deliverer of slaves.
It is not possible. A prince of Egypt?
He is not a prince of Egypt.
He is not the son of your sister.
He is the son of Hebrew slaves.
Speak... my son.
I am the son of Amram and Yochabel.
Hebrew slaves.
My brother, it was I
who deceived you, not Moses.
- He was only a child.
- Leave me.
I shall not see your face again.

Moses, come to me.
I do not care who you are or what you
are or what they may say about you,
but I want to hear from your own lips
that you are not a traitor,
that you would not lead these people
in revolt against me.
Tell me, Moses. I will believe you.
I am not this deliverer you fear.
It would take more than a man
to lead the slaves from bondage.
It would take a god.
But if I could free them,
I would.
What has turned you against me?
From the time my sister brought you
to the court, I loved you,
reared you, set you before my own son,
because I saw in you
a worth and a greatness
above other men.
No son could have
more love for you than I.
Then why are you forcing me
to destroy you?
What evil has done this to you?
The evil that men should turn their
brothers into beasts of burden,
to slave and suffer in dumb anguish,
to be stripped of spirit
and hope and faith,
only because they're
of another race,
another creed.
If there is a God,
he did not mean this to be so.
What I have done,
I was compelled to do.
So be it.
What I do now,
I am compelled to do.
No! No!
Rameses,
Egypt shall be yours.

Hear what I say, Rameses.
When I cross the river of death,
you will be Pharaoh in Egypt.
Harden yourself against subordinates.
Put no faith in a brother.
Have no friend.
Trust no woman.
I protected the helpless,
I nourished the orphan.
Great one!
He who ate my bread
and called me father
would make rebellion against me.
What manner of death
do you decree for him?
I cannot speak it.
Let it be as you will.
I will not live if you must die!
The feet of a Hebrew slave
is not the right place
for the next queen of Egypt.
Take him away.
- Do not look upon him.
- Traitor to Pharaoh.
Let the name of Moses
be stricken
from every book and tablet.
Stricken from all pylons and obelisks.
Stricken from every monument of Egypt.
Let the name of... Moses...
...be unheard and unspoken,
erased from the memory of men
for all time.
No, Moses.
It is I who will possess all of her.
You think when you are in my arms it
will be his face you will see, not mine?
Yes. Only his face.
I defeated you in life.
You shall not defeat me by your death.
The dead are not scorched
in the desert of desire.
They do not suffer
from the thirst of passion

or stagger blindly towards
some mirage of lost love.
But you, Hebrew,
will suffer all these things...
- ...by living.
- You will let him live!
I will not make him a martyr
for you to cherish.
No phantom will come between
you and me in the night.
Yes, my sweet. I will let him live.
Dead...
...you alone would possess him.
From where I send him
there is no returning.
And you will never know
if he has found forgetfulness
within another woman's arms.
Now, look upon each other
for the last time.
Now, look for the first time,
Abiram, upon the governor of Goshen.
Dathan, my brother,
you have the favor of the Lord.
I prefer the gratitude of the prince.
Nearer.
Yes. Very lovely.
Not that purplish flower.
The purity of white
will cool the blush of your cheek.
Leave us. All of you.
Yes, you, too, my brother.
Continue your playing,
but in the house.
Yes. That's better.
A flower behind a flower.
Dathan, if you fear God, let me go.
I'm here, girl, because I put no trust
in a desert god
and his mud-pit prophet.
I prospered because I bowed lower than
my brothers before the Egyptians.
Now, the Egyptians bow low before me.
Joshua wanted you.

Baka wanted you.
But you belong to me.
A gift from Rameses to His Excellency.
I will bow before you, Dathan.
I will work my hands raw for you.
But please...
Please do not shame me
before my Lord.
Your Lord is the governor of Goshen.
What difference to my shame?
No difference to you,
my dove of Canaan.
But to a condemned slave like Joshua,
it could make the difference
between death on the spikes
and life in the copper mines of Sinai.
What would you do to influence
His Excellency's clemency?
Anything, Dathan.
Anything.
Joshua will always
be grateful to you,
my little mud flower.
His fate is better
than the one that waits for Moses.
The slave who would be king.
Captain. Robe of state.
His Hebrew mother brought it
to the prison before she died.
I'd rather this for your armor.
You will have need of a scepter.
Give me this binding pole.
Here is your king's scepter
and here is your kingdom,
with the scorpion, the cobra
and the lizard for subjects.
Free them, if you will.
Leave the Hebrews to me.
Give this prince of Israel
one day's ration of bread and water.
One day's ration?
It will take many days to cross this
wilderness, if he can cross at all.
I commend you to your Hebrew god

who has no name.
If you die, it will be
by his hand, not by mine.
Farewell, my one-time brother.
Into the blistering wilderness of Shun
the man who walked with kings
now walks alone.
Torn from the pinnacle of royal power;
stripped of all rank and earthly wealth,
a forsaken man without a country,
without a hope.
His soul in turmoil,
like the hot winds and raging sands
that lash him with the fury
of a taskmaster's whip.
He is driven forward, always forward,
by a god unknown
toward a land unseen.
Into the molten wilderness of sin,
where granite sentinels
stand as towers of living death
to bar his way.
Each night brings
the black embrace of loneliness.
In the mocking whisper of the wind
he hears the echoing voices of the dark.
Moses!
- Moses!
- Moses!
His tortured mind
wondering if they call
the memory of past triumphs
or wail foreboding
of disasters yet to come
or whether the desert's hot breath
has melted his reason into madness.
He cannot cool the burning kiss
of thirst upon his lips,
nor shade the scorching fury of the sun.
All about is desolation.
He can neither bless nor curse
the power that moves him,
for he does not know
from where it comes.

Learning that it can be more
terrible to live than to die,
he is driven onward through
the burning crucible of desert,
where holy men and prophets
are cleansed and purged
for God's great purpose.
Until, at last,
at the end of human strength,
beaten into the dust
from which he came,
the metal is ready
for the Maker's hand.
And he found strength
from a fruit-laden palm tree
and life-giving water;
flowing from the well of Midian.
- If only sheep were men!
- Unmarried men!
- Can you think of nothing else?
- I don't know. I've never tried!
I wish sheep
could learn to water themselves.
You needn't have painted
your nails, Lulua.
There isn't a man
from here to Horeb.
- What do you see, Sephora?
- What are you looking at?
- A man.
- What?
A man?
What kind of a man?
- A young man?
- Only one?
Is he handsome?
- Look at his sandals!
- Egyptian!
- His robe is not Egyptian.
- Who cares? He's a man.
Yes!
- He's eaten a whole bunch of dates!
- Could he be dangerous?
- Are you sure he's alive?

- I hope so!
- Do you think he's married?
- Look. There's real trouble.
- Amalekites.
- Amalekites!
- I'll talk to them.
- Talk to them? Get stones!
- They'll scatter the flock!
- Desert thieves!
- We drew this water!
- Out of the way, girl!

This is the well of Jethro, our father.

You have no right here!

Our goats don't know your father!

- Jethro's mark is on the well.
- They can't read either.

Nor can we!

- He's the Sheik of Midian!
- Then let him breed sons
- to guard it, not daughters.
- Get your hands off her!

Drive them away!

Let them be first

whose hands have drawn the water.

The stranger is wise, and strong.

Drive back your goats

until the sheep are watered.

All right, all right.

We should draw water for you

and wash the desert dust from your feet.

- Of course we should!
- Here's fresh water.
- I have soap weed.
- Let me first remove his sandals!

Never did a lost sheep

have so many shepherds.

- We have no towel.
- My veil will serve.
- But I...
- Here, let me pour the water!
- Am I to be bathed or drowned?
- I'll hold it for you.

Is it true that Egyptian girls
paint their eyes?

Yes. But very few have eyes
as beautiful as yours.
And who...?
Who is the brave one who
stood against the Amalekites?
That's Sephora. She's the oldest.
Since you have already
divided the stranger among you,
I will ask a welcome for him
in our father's tent.
- Our father is Jethro.
- He's Sheik of Midian.
Strength to you, stranger.
I am Moses,
son of Amram and Yochabel.
Health, prosperity, life to you,
Jethro of Midian.
Sephora has told me of your kindness.
Let us break bread
while my daughter brings meat.
You have come far.
From Egypt.
Across the desert? On foot?
He who has no name
surely guided your steps.
No name? You Bedouins
know the god of Abraham?
Abraham is the father of many nations.
We are the children of Ishmael,
his first-born.
We are the obedient of God.
My people look to him for deliverance.
But they are still in bondage.
Tomorrow we leave for the high pastures
beneath God's holy mountain.
My tent would be favored
if you joined us.
I am a stranger in a strange land.
I have no wealth,
no skill as a shepherd.
And it is death to give
sanctuary to a runaway slave.
- Slave?
- Death?

Not among our people.
You have wisdom.
You need nothing more.
And there are seven here to teach you
the tasks of a shepherd.
Sephora is the eldest.
You can learn best from her.
I will dwell in this land.
- Today he sleeps.
- Who sleeps?
He who has no name.
Does your God live on this mountain?
Sinai is his high place. His temple.
If this god is God,
he would live on every mountain,
in every valley.
He would not be only the god
of Israel or of Ishmael alone,
but of all men.
It is said he created all men
in his image.
And he would dwell in every heart,
in every mind...
...in every soul.
I do not know about such things.
But I do know that the mountain
rumbles when God is there.
And the earth trembles
and the cloud is red with fire.
At such a time,
has any man ever gone
to see him face to face?
No man has ever set foot
on the forbidden slopes of Sinai.
Why do you want to see him, Moses?
To know that he is.
And if he is, to know why
he has not heard the cries
of slaves in bondage.
Moses, it would be death
to look upon his face.
How many of my people have died
because he's turned away his face?
Can a man judge God?

No, Moses.
We cannot see his whole purpose.
Even Ishmael did not know that God
drove him into the desert
to be the father of a nation.
Is it not enough to know that he has
saved you from the Pharaoh's anger?
How do you know that?
You walk like a prince.
And you fight like a warrior.
There is word in the caravans
of a great one
who was driven out of Egypt.
This is not the scepter of a prince,
but the staff of a wanderer.
Then rest from wandering.
My father has many flocks,
and no son to tend them.
There would be peace of spirit
for you, Moses,
in our tents beneath the holy mountain.
You have strong faith in this God,
Sephora.
But, for me,
there is no peace of spirit
until I hear the word of God,
from God himself.
You haven't much time!
I wish every day
was a shearing festival!
I know. And all the men following you
like sheep to be sheared!
- One would be enough for me!
- If he were Moses!
Never before, my brothers,
has our wool brought so rich a payment.
Because Moses
has sold the whole shearing
of all the tribes in one piece,
at one price, to Lugal here.
His words are truth.
His trading is just.
Peace be with you, sheiks of Sinai.
Why are you dressed like that?

Aren't you going to dance with us
before the sheiks?
No, I am not going to dance
before the sheiks. Here.
And I am not going to be displayed
like a caravan's wares
before Moses or any other man.
Tonight I tend the sheep.
You needn't laugh.
Moses may not choose you either!
Moses shall no longer
be a stranger among us.
- We should give him of our flocks.
- And let him choose.
I shall give him choice
of my seven daughters for wife.
Seven to choose from.
- A strong son.
- A happy union.
The shadow of my wisdom has fled.
Can a man choose
from among the stars of the sky?
Consider them as they dance.
Cohath, strike your bow.
- A pleasant task.
- Indeed!
A bride, a shawl.
Choose one, not all.
One shawl, one wife.
Your choice for life.
Pearls of great price.
- Which, Moses?
- Which will it be?
Make your choice, Moses.
It is a garden of many flowers, Moses.
I wish you had my years
and I had your choice.
In the tent of Jethro
there is dignity, honor, freedom
and beauty.
All that a man could ask of life.
But my heart is still
a prisoner of the past.
I... I cannot choose now.

- Strength to you, sheiks of Sinai.
- May God guide your heart.

Moses!

Tonight he is awake.

Which of my sisters did you choose?

I made no choice, Sephora.

She was very beautiful, wasn't she?

This woman of Egypt

who left her scar upon your heart.

Her skin was white as curd.

Her eyes,

green as the cedars of Lebanon.

Her lips, tamarisk honey.

Like the breast of a dove,

her arms were soft.

And the wine of desire

was in her veins.

Yes. She was beautiful...

...as a jewel.

A jewel has brilliant fire,

but gives no warmth.

Our hands are not so soft,

but they can serve.

Our bodies not so white,

but they are strong.

Our lips are not perfumed...

...but they speak the truth.

Love is not an art to us.

It's life to us.

We are not dressed

in gold and fine linen.

Strength and honor are our clothing.

Our tents are not

the columned halls of Egypt,

but our children

play happily before them.

We can offer you little...

...but we offer all we have.

I have not little, Sephora.

I have nothing.

Nothing from some

is more than gold from others.

You would fill

the emptiness of my heart?

I could never fill all of it, Moses.
But I shall not be jealous of a memory.
May the gods bless you
as you go to join them
in the land of the dead.
The old windbag.
What an infernal fuss.
After all,
dying is only a part of living.
You won't die, old crocodile.
You'll cheat death the way
you cheat me at hounds and jackals.
I'm afraid he won't let me cheat
the way you do.
You'll be Pharaoh by sunset, Rameses.
I hope you're content... at last.
I am content to be your son.
You have restored Egypt
to her greatness.
I shall make her greatness
feared among nations.
No doubt, no doubt.
You can overcome anything,
but your own arrogance.
Don't exhaust yourself, great one.
- Dear great one.
- Why not, kitten?
You are the only thing I regret leaving.
You have been my joy.
- And you, my only love.
- Uh-huh.
Now you're cheating.
- There was another.
- Yes.
I know.
I loved him, too.
With my last breath,
I'll break my own law
and speak the name of...
...Moses.
Moses.
The royal falcon
has flown into the sun.
Did the little boy die in the desert,

my father?
No. God brought Ishmael and
his mother, Hagar, into a good land.
The same God who lives
on the mountain?
- It may be, my son.
- Moses! Moses!
Your mother is calling.
Here!
Moses! There is a man among the sheep!
You stay...
You keep sounding the alarm, Gershom.
But stay here till your mother comes.
In the cleft, behind the rock.
Your eyes are sharp
as they are beautiful.
Turfa!
Khataf! Back!
Khataf! Back!
Back, Khataf. Come down!
Moses.
Down, Turfa!
Praise God I have found you!
Joshua?
We thought you dead.
In the copper mines of Geber,
the living are dead.
Sephora! Bring water.
How did you find me?
A merchant buying copper
saw you in the tent of Jethro.
Here, you too will find peace.
Peace?
How can you find peace or want it,
when Rameses builds cities mortared
with the blood of our people?
You must lead them out of Egypt!
God made a covenant with Abraham
that he would deliver the people.
Am I the hand of God?
- Sephora, give him water.
- Water! Bless you!
The desert sun has set fire to his mind.
His name is Joshua.

I once killed that he might live.
They told me you were condemned,
but I knew you were chosen to take
the sword of God into your hand!
I am not the man.
I am a shepherd with flocks...
That light on the mountainside...
Do you see that strange tire?
- A bush that burns?
- No.
It is on fire,
but the bush does not burn.
Sephora, take him.
Serve him food in our tent.
I will turn aside
and see this great sight.
Moses.
Moses.
I am here.
Put off thy shoes from off thy feet.
For the place whereon thou standest
is holy ground.
I am the God of thy father.
The God of Abraham,
the God of Isaac
and the God of Jacob.
Lord...
Lord, why do you not hear the cries
of their children
in the bondage of Egypt?
I have surely seen the affliction
of my people which are in Egypt.
And I have heard their cry
by reason of their taskmasters.
For I know their sorrows.
Therefore, I will send thee, Moses,
unto Pharaoh,
that thou mayest bring my people
out of Egypt.
Who am I, Lord,
that you should send me?
How can I lead this people
out of bondage?
What words can I speak

that they will heed?
I will teach thee what thou wilt say.
When thou hast brought forth
the people,
they shall serve me upon this mountain.
I will put my laws into their hearts.
And in their minds will I write them.
Now, therefore, go.
And I will be with thee.
But if I say to your children
that the God of their fathers
has sent me,
they will ask, "What is his name?"
And how shall I answer them?
I am that I am.
Thou shalt say,
"I am hath sent me unto you."
Is the holy mountain
forbidden to men?
Yes. And I am afraid for him.
Then he is more than man, for look...
Look at his face.
He has seen God.
Moses... your hair... your sandals.
I stood upon holy ground.
Can you tell us, Moses?
My eyes could not look upon him.
Did he speak?
He revealed his word to my mind.
And the word was God.
Did he speak as a man?
He is not flesh but spirit.
The light of eternal mind.
And I know that his light
is in every man.
Did he ask something of you?
That I go to Egypt.
You are God's messenger!
He has set the day of deliverance.
I will get water and bread
that we may leave at once.
But Egypt holds death for you.
If it be his will.
Where he sends you, I shall go.

Your God is my God.
I will lead men against the armory
at Migdol and get swords for the people!
It is not by the sword
that he will deliver his people,
but by the staff of a shepherd.
And the Lord said unto Moses,
"Go. Return into Egypt. "
And Moses took his wife and his son
and he returned to the land of Egypt.
And Moses took the rod of God
in his hand.
Let the ambassador from Priam,
king of Troy, approach the Pharaoh.
Great Pharaoh, the gift of Troy
is a fabulous fabric
from the land of the five rivers.
Our thanks to Priam.
It is fabulous indeed.
- It shimmers like the Nile. What is it?
- How is it made?
No one knows, great Pharaoh.
It is spun on the looms of the gods.
- They call it silk.
- The ambassador from Jericho.
What kingdom has sent you?
The kingdom of the Most High.
These must be ambassadors from...
Bedouins?
- What gifts do you bring?
- We bring you the word of God.
What is this word?
Thus sayeth the Lord God of Israel,
"Let my people go!"
The slaves are mine.
Their lives are mine.
All that they own is mine.
I do not know your God,
nor will I let Israel go.
Who are you to make their lives
bitter in hard bondage?
Men shall be ruled by law,
not the will of other men.
Who is this God

that I should let your people go?
Aaron.
Cast down my staff before Pharaoh
that he may see the power of God.
In this you shall know
that the Lord is God.
Mother! Mother!
He turned his staff into a cobra!
Nothing of his will harm you, my son.
The power of your God
is a cheap magician's trick.
Jannes.
Mother, look!
Jannes, do you see?
Moses' serpent swallows up the others.
You gave me this staff
to rule over scorpions and serpents,
but God made it a rod
to rule over kings.
Hear his word, Rameses, and obey.
Obey?
Moses, Moses.
Are there no magicians in Egypt
that you have come back
to make serpents out of sticks?
Or cause rabbits to appear?
I will give your staff
a greater wonder to perform.
Bear it before your idle people
and bid them make bricks without straw.
How can people make bricks
without straw?
Let his staff provide them with it.
Or let them glean straw in the fields
for themselves.
But their tally of bricks
shall not diminish.
So let it be written.
So let it be done.
We are free!
Aaron! Aaron, when do we leave Egypt?
We do not leave Egypt.
But Moses promised us.
But you said we'd be freed!

I have brought more evil upon you.
God forgive my weak use
of his strength.
- Weak use?
- Moses, what have you done to us?
It is Pharaoh's order
that you be given no straw
-to make your tally of bricks.
- No straw?
How can we make bricks without straw?
You will glean the stubble
of the fields by night.
And your women and children, too.
Is this the deliverer?
You've brought
the wrath of Pharaoh upon us!
You put a sword in their hands
to kill us!
Stone him! Stone him!
Stand aside! Come!
Follow!
There goes your deliverer.
Now, go find your straw.
Remember, the tally must be the same.
Not one brick less.
I cursed you.
Each time Rameses took me
in his arms, I cursed you, not him,
because I love you.
The Moses who loved you
was another man.
No, he was not.
You believe you've changed,
but you haven't.
You call yourself a prophet,
a man of God,
but I know better.
I don't believe that only the thunder
of a mountain stirs your heart,
as you stir mine.
Nefretiri, I have stood in the
burning light of God's own presence.
It was not he who saved you just now.
I did that.

Oh, Moses, Moses.
Why, of all men, did I fall in love
with the prince of fools?
But I believe anything you tell me
when I'm in your arms.
Why must you deny me and yourself?
Because I am bound to a God
and to a people
and to a shepherd girl.
A shepherd girl?
What can she be to you?
Unless the desert sun
has dulled your senses.
Does she... grate garlic on her skin?
Or is it soft as mine?
Are her lips chafed and dry
as the desert sand?
Or are they moist and red
like a pomegranate?
Is it the fragrance of myrrh
that scents her hair?
Or is it the odor of sheep?
There is a beauty
beyond the senses, Nefretiri.
Beauty like the quiet
of green valleys and still waters.
Beauty of the spirit
that you cannot understand.
Perhaps not.
But beauty of the spirit
will not free your people, Moses.
You will come to me
or they will never leave Egypt.
The fate of Israel
is not in your hands, Nefretiri.
Oh, isn't it?
Who else can soften Pharaoh's heart?
Or harden it?
Yes-
You may be the lovely dust
through which God
will work his purpose.
Fill every jar in your house with water-
Tell the others that for seven days

there will be none to drink.

- But this well has never run dry.

- And the river is high.

What does it mean?

- Whose word is that?

- One who knows.

So fill your jars or go thirsty.

- Miriam is always right.

- Yes, I'm going back for more jars.

No water for seven days.

Yes, Joshua.

She comes to the well every day.

Wait, and you will see her.

It is wise of Dathan

to send you to the well, Lilia,

or he might find his water poisoned.

They told me you were dead.

To all I love, Joshua, I am dead.

- Dathan?

- Yes. Dathan.

Of your own free will?

Of my own free will.

You are no man's slave.

The hour of deliverance has come.

Not for me, Joshua.

Hail to thee, great god of the Nile!

Thy life-giving waters

are the blood of Egypt.

Hail to thee, maker of barley,

feeder of cattle, carrier of ships,

greatest of all the gods.

Pharaoh of Egypt!

You have not yet obeyed the Lord.

Let my people go!

- The point of the sword...

- Let him rave on,

that men shall know him mad.

Obey the Lord,

or he will raise his hand

against the waters of the river.

I have come to bless the waters,

you have come to curse them.

We will learn if a god of shepherds

is stronger than the gods of Pharaoh.

Water of life,
give drink to the desert
- and make green the meadow.
- Aaron.
Stretch out my staff
against the waters.
- Look!
- There!
Where he struck the river,
it bleeds.
The water turns to blood!
Blood flows from the god!
See how it spreads.
It is blood!
That you may know
the power of the Lord,
for seven days, Egypt will thirst.
Seven days without water!
Fill every jug and jar!
- Pestilence will be everywhere!
- Were it seven times seven days,
no magician's trick
will set your people free.
Sacred water,
make pure the flood
from which you came.
And God smote the land
with all manner of plagues,
but still Pharaoh 's heart
was hardened.
Great one, you hear the cry of Egypt.
They would cry louder
if they had to make the bricks.
- Send them away.
- The people have been plagued
by thirst, they've been plagued
by frogs, by lice, by flies,
by sickness, by boils.
They can endure no more.
Back to your homes!
Why do you bring
this worker of evil before me?
The people desert the temples.
- They turn from the gods.

- What gods?
You prophets and priests
made the gods,
that you may prey upon
the fears of men.
When the Nile ran red,
I too was afraid,
until word came of a mountain
beyond the cataracts
which spewed red mud
and poisoned the water.
Was it the staff I gave you
that caused all this?
Was it the wonder of your god
that fish should die
and frogs should leave the waters?
Was it a miracle that flies and lice
should bloat upon their carrion
and spread disease
in both man and beast?
These things were ordered
by themselves,
not by any god!
Now, go.
That you may know
these things are done of God...
...you shall see hail fall
from a clear sky
and burn as fire upon the ground.
You shall see darkness cover Egypt
when the sun climbs high to noon.
And you shall know that God is God
and bow down to his will.
Nothing of this Earth
can make me bow to you, Moses.
Behold, the hail comes.
When darkness has covered Egypt
for three days,
your ministers will send for me.
In the three days of darkness,
you have whined like
frightened children in the night.
Moses said the sun would shine
in three days and it is true.

Oh, great one, let his people go,
or all of Egypt will be barren
from the cataracts to the sea.
Will my father free the slaves?
Can taxes be collected
from dead cattle and blighted harvests?
Does fear rule Egypt, or do I?
We fear no army of the Earth,
but can we fight plagues with swords?
There is no shame in this.
The strongest tree bends.
It is not Pharaoh
who yields to the slave,
but his counselors.
I have summoned Moses
at your request.
People will bless you, great one.
No other choice, Pharaoh.
Does the world bow
to an empty throne?
Empty?
Does a Pharaoh harden his heart
against his son?
If you let the Hebrews go,
who will build his cities?
You told Moses
to make bricks without straw.
Now, he tells you
to make cities without bricks!
Who is the slave,
and who is the Pharaoh?
Do you hear laughter, Rameses?
Yes, the laughter of kings
in Babylon, in Canaan,
in Troy,
as Egypt surrenders
to the god of slaves!
Bring the Hebrew in.
Go into the garden.
It's not good for a son of Pharaoh
to see his father humbled
by a son of slaves.
My son, stand beside me.
Have the days of darkness

made you see the light, Rameses?
Will you now free my people?
Great one,
bid the scribe read the order.
Give me the writing.
Sublime, ye Pharaoh.
You cannot resist the power
of his god!
I know not his god!
Neither will I let his people go.
How long will you refuse
to humble yourself before God?
If you bring another plague upon us,
it is not your god but I who will
turn the Nile red with blood.
As your father's father
turned the streets of Goshen red
with the blood of our male children!
If there is one more plague on Egypt,
it is by your word
that God will bring it.
And there shall be so great a cry
throughout the land
that you will surely
let the people go.
Come to me no more, Moses,
for on the day
you see my face again,
you will surely die.
So let it be written.
I will give this spawn of slaves
and his god
an answer the world will not forget!
Commander of the Host,
call on the chariots from Tanis.
There shall be one more plague,
only it will come upon
the slaves of Goshen!
First-born of each house shall die,
beginning with the son of Moses.
You are the shepherd girl
that Moses married?
The queen of Egypt is beautiful,
as he told me.

My husband is not here.
Is this Moses' son?
Yes, this is our son.
What do you want of us?
You need have no fear of me.
I feared only his memory of you.
You have been able to erase it?
He has forgotten both of us.
You lost him
when he went to seek his God.
I lost him when he found his God.
At least he left you
a son to cherish.
I am here to save his son.
- From what?
- From Pharaoh's decree
that the first-born
of Israel must die.
Die?
God of Abraham!
Don't let him do this!
Not to the children!
A caravan for Midian
is waiting for you and your son.
My chariot will bring you to it.
I'm surprised you noticed me.
You didn't at the palace this morning,
you know?
Why? Were you afraid to look at me?
What do you want, Nefretiri?
You, Moses.
Everything about us
is coming to an end!
You will destroy Egypt
or Egypt will destroy you.
I belong to you, Moses.
She's gone with your son to Midian.
Why would she leave?
She knew you would try to save the
other children before your own son.
Save the other children? From what?
Rameses is massing the Libyan axmen,
the chariots, the Sardinian swordsmen.
Why? Tell me why!

- To destroy the first-born of Israel.
- Oh, God!
My God!
Out of his own mouth
comes thy judgment!
- But I have saved your son, Moses.
- It is not my son who will die!
It is... It is the first-born of Egypt!
It is your son, Nefretiri!
You would not dare
strike Pharaoh's son!
In the hardness of his heart,
Pharaoh has mocked God
and brings death to his own son!
But he's my son, Moses.
You would not harm my son?
By myself, I am nothing.
It is the power of God
which uses me to work his will.
You would not let him do this to me.
I saved your son.
I cannot save yours.
Your god listens to you, Moses.
About midnight,
the destroyer will come
into the midst of Egypt
and all the first-born shall die,
from the first-born of Pharaoh
to the first-born of his servants.
When you were Prince of Egypt,
you held me in your arms.
When you were a condemned slave,
I threw myself at your feet
before the court of Pharaoh.
Because I loved you, Moses.
It is the Lord
who executes judgment, Nefretiri.
Go back to your son.
Your love for me is stronger
than the power of any god.
You will not kill my son.
Turn from thy fierce wrath, O Lord!
Death cometh to me
To set me free

Death cometh to me...
No, Lilia, death will not come to you.
Joshua!
Joshua, you risk your life
in coming here.
- You are first-born.
- So are you.
I bring lamb's blood to mark
the doorposts and lintel,
that the Angel of Death
may pass you by.
Joshua, it is enough
that you have come to me.
I am outcast among our people-
Don't save me from death, Joshua,
save me from life.
Tomorrow will bring a new world
for us, Lilia.
There will be no new world!
And no blood on this door!
Dathan, it will save her life!
Moses has God's promise!
Moses has words, Pharaoh has spears.
Remember, Joshua,
of her own free will she's mine.
And under his wing shalt thou trust
"Though we stand
in the shadow of death,
the Lord is our God.
The Lord is one."
"The Lord is our God.
The Lord is one."
His truth shall be thy shield
"Shield us through this night
of terror, O King of the Universe."
Why is everyone afraid?
Why is this night
different from all others?
Because this night the Lord our God
will deliver us
from the bondage of Egypt.
Thou shalt not be afraid
for the terror by night
Stand all!

- Pharaoh's soldiers!
- Or worse!

Or from the arrow that flyeth by day
Bithiah!

In fear of your god,
they have set me free.
May a stranger enter?
There are no strangers
among those who seek God's mercy.
My bearers?
All who thirst for freedom
may come with us.
The darkness of death
will pass over us tonight.
Tomorrow the light of freedom
will shine upon us

- as we go forth from Egypt.
- I shall go with you, Moses.
- A princess of Egypt!
- From the house of Pharaoh!
- The gods of Egypt.
- An idol-worshipper!

This woman drew me from the Nile
and set my feet
upon the path of knowledge.
Mered, bring a chair to our table
for the daughter of Pharaoh.
There is a great light
that shines from your face, Moses.
Perhaps some day
I shall come to understand it.
He is God's messenger, Princess.
If it is not forbidden to look upon
the breath of pestilence,
then see, for it is here.
Do not look, Eleazar.
Close the door, Joshua,
and let death pass.
Will it pass, Moses? Will it pass?
That is God's promise, Elisheba.
"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God,
who bringeth forth bread
from the Earth."
Run! Run!

There shall no evil befall you,
or any plagues come near you.
A thousand shall fall at thy sight
Why do we eat unleavened bread
and bitter herbs, my uncle?

- The herbs...

- Faster! Take the other road!

The herbs remind us of the
bitterness of our captivity, Eleazar.
But it shall not come nigh thee
This is the bread of haste,
that you will remember this night
from generation to generation forever.
Oh, my baby! Give me back my baby!

- They are my people.

- All are God's people.

Death is all around us!
But it passes those
who have believed the Lord.
Always remember, Eleazar,
he passed over your house.
Are the captains of Egypt
afraid of a night mist?

- The death cry is everywhere.

- Some devil's curse! Look!

I've known battle for 30 years, Pharaoh,
but I've not known fear till tonight.
Aide.

Have the captains join their men.
At the coming of dawn, we will strike.
No first-born Hebrew shall live.
Let the Hebrews go, great one,
or we are all dead men.
He was your son?
My first-born.
There is no magic cure,
no spell to use.
He is the first-born of Pharaoh.
We have no skill
before this... pestilence.

- My father.

- My son.

Your own curse is on him.

- Where did you hear this?

- From Moses.
I would not let his people go
because your serpent's tongue
hardened my heart.
You only thought to keep Moses here.
You cared nothing for my throne,
or my son-
I asked Moses for his life.
The shadow of death is on his face.
No... he will not die.
Captain.
Take my fastest chariot.
Bring Moses to me.
I will bring him, mighty Pharaoh.
He's my only son.
You have conquered, Moses.
The foot of a slave
is on the neck of Egypt.
You were saved from the Nile
to be a curse upon me.
Your shadow fell
between me and my father,
between me and my fame,
between me and my queen.
Your shadow now fills
all things with death.
Go out from among us,
you and your people.
I set you free.
It is not by your word,
nor by my hand
that we are free, Pharaoh.
- The power of God has freed us.
- Enough of your words!
Take your people, your cattle,
your god and your pestilence.
Take what spoils
from Egypt you will, but go!
O Lord God,
with a strong hand thou dost
bring us out of bitter bondage.
Tomorrow we go forth a free nation,
where every man shall reap
what he has sown

and bow no knee except in prayer.
We will go with our young
and with our old,
with our sons
and with our daughters,
with our flocks
and with our herds will we go,
for I know that the Lord is great
and that our Lord is above all gods.
He's dead.

Sokar,
great lord of the lower world,
I, who have denied the gods of Egypt,
bow before you now.

Show that you have power
above the god of Moses,
and restore the life
he has taken from my son.

Guide back his soul
across the lake of death
to the place of living men,
and I will raise a temple to you
mightier than the pyramids.

Hear me, dread lord of darkness...

Arise, O Israel!

Behold the dawn of freedom!

And it came to pass,
after the stifling night of terror;
came a day such
as the world had never seen.

From east and west,
from north and south,
they came with all they had,
driving their flocks
and their herds
and their camels before them.

By tens, by hundreds, by thousands,
unending streams
of man and beast and burden,
and even very much cattle,
poured into the Avenue of Sphinxes.
Beneath the stone feet of
the four colossal images of Rameses,
which their own sweat

and blood and sinew
had hewn from solid rock,
a nation arose and freedom
was born into the world.
Grandfather, have you got Rebecca?
No, I haven't got Rebecca.
Here's the kneading trough.
Sling it on your shoulders.
This is a blessed day!
- Where's Rebecca?
- Here's Rebecca!
- Ben Caleb!
- Thank you!
- Can we take the cattle?
- We're moving to the gates.
Horn and hoof.
Rachel, help me with this brick yoke.
Don't forget the oil for the lamps.
Where are we going, Naomi?
To some land flowing
with milk and honey!
I've never tasted honey.
Anybody know the way?
It's away from the whip! Freedom
will wet your throats in the desert.
Fill your water skins.
This is the governor's house!
You cannot enter.
Out! Out, all of you!
Why do soldiers come here?
I put no blood on my door.
Then stone bleeds!
- Harness the mules!
- Your stonecutter did this to me!
All your gold cannot
wipe that mark from your door, Dathan,
or from my heart.
Just for that,
you'll walk all the way to...
Where are we going?
- Do you know where we're going?
- To hell, I hope!
Like Dathan, they did not know
where they were going,

and they cared no more
than the flocks and herds they drove.
Now they used the brick yokes
to carry a very different burden.
And there went forth among them
planters of vineyards
and sowers of seeds,
each hoping to sit
under his own vine and fig tree.
Out of this glorious chaos,
it is Joshua
who brings order and purpose.
Set the standard of each tribe
before all the people!
Levites in the center, Judah to
the right, Hebron to the left. Go!
Hallelujah!
Watch where you're going!
Watch out, you ribbon-carrier!
Keep your big feet out of my geese!
His son Joseph
Many colors was his coat
Aaron and the elders carry
a shrouded body, Grandfather!
They bear the bones of Joseph,
to rest in his own land.
Nubians, Grandfather!
- Here come treasure wagons!
- Spoils of Egypt.
All who shared the toil
will share this gold! Here, boy!
For the blind one!
It's a little golden calf,
Grandfather, with horns!
An idol. For idol-worshippers!
Grandpa, fire-bearers!
Plant your tires at night
beside the tribal standards,
where all may
come to light their torches!
- They'll be burning, Joshua!
- Eleazar, hang this on the wagon.
Now, the cradle.
Here, Miriam.

Joshua!

Joshua!

I have wagons

for the midwives and physicians.

- Where shall they be placed?

- Five thousand cubits, one...

Where's your whip, Dathan?

I'll pay you back every lash

you gave me, Dathan!

Now, is this a day for us

to have hard feelings?

I've felt your whip!

- Yes, every day.

- Lilia is no slave, Dathan!

You can carry your own carton.

Let her ride!

So, now, my brother,

we have new taskmasters.

- We serve no masters now!

- Yes, but not for long.

Here. Old woman.

- That's it.

- Joshua!

Make way for the governor!

- You know who I am.

- I know who you were, Lord Governor.

I go to serve the Pharaoh-

Tell Rameses I'm coming

back to my house.

That rabble may follow Moses

into the desert today,

but when their eyes

are seared red by the sun,

when their cracked lips

bleed with thirst,

when their stomachs cramp

with hunger,

they will curse

the name of Moses and his god.

Then I, Dathan, will lead them back

to Pharaoh and the brick pits.

There are so many-

So many.

How shall I find thy road

through the wilderness, Lord?
How shall I find water
in the desert for this multitude?
Moses, the people are assembled.
Then let us go forth
to the mountain of God,
that he may write his commandments
in our minds
and upon our hearts forever.
We march, praising his mighty name!
- What is the word, Joshua?
- The word is given!
Let the trumpets sound!
Hear, O Israel!
Remember this day,
when the strong hand of the Lord
leads you out of bondage!
The Lord is our God!
The Lord is one!
- Come on! Come on!
- Yes! Come on!
Joshua!
Four hundred years in bondage,
and today he won't move!
The Lord is one!
Praise to God!
Thank thee, O Lord!
My litter can carry him.
I am poured out like water,
my strength dried up
into the dust... of death.
We shall plant your fig tree
in the new land.
Children shall eat of its fruit.
Do you hear that?
Do you hear that?!
You have a strong new son!
And he brought forth the people
with joy and gladness.
He bore them out of Egypt
as an eagle bears its young
upon its wings.
But again,
Pharaoh 's heart was hardened.

How many more days and nights
will you pray?
Does he hear you?
Dread Lord of Darkness,
are you not greater
than the god of Moses?
I have raised my voice to you,
yet life
has not come to the body of my son.
- Hear me!
- He cannot hear you.
He's nothing but a piece of stone
with the head of a bird.
He will hear me.
I am Egypt.
Egypt?
You are nothing.
You let Moses kill my son.
No god can bring him back.
What have you done to Moses?
How did he die?
Did he cry for mercy
when you tortured him?
Bring me to his body!
I want to see it, Rameses!
I want to see it!
This is my son.
He would have been Pharaoh.
He would have ruled the world.
Who mourns him now?
Not even you.
All you can think of is Moses.
You will not see his body.
I drove him out of Egypt.
I cannot fight the power of his god.
His god?
The priests say that Pharaoh is a god,
but you are not a god,
you are even less than a man.
Listen to me, Rameses,
you thought I was evil when I went
to Moses, and you were right.
Shall I tell you what happened,
Rameses?

He spurned me,
like a strumpet in the street.
I, Nefretiri, Queen of Egypt!
All that you wanted from me
he would not even take.
Do you hear laughter, Pharaoh?
Not the laughter of kings,
but the laughter of slaves
on the desert!
Laughter?
Laughter?
My son, I shall build your tomb
upon their crushed bodies!
If any escape me, their seed shall
be scattered and accursed forever!
My armor. War crown.
Laughter?
I will turn the laughter of these
slaves into wails of torment!
They shall remember the name of Moses,
only that he died
under my chariot wheels!
Kill him with your own hands.
Let the trumpet sound.
Alert the watch towers.
Assemble all the chariots
at the city gate.
- I obey!
- Nura and Thebes will draw my chariot.
I will bring you back
your temple treasure!
Bring it back to me
stained with his blood.
I will.
To mingle with your own!
Nura, Thebes!
Guards salute!
Hail!
Hail!
Remember your first-born!
- Death to the slaves!
- Death to the slaves!
- Death to their god!
- Death to their god!

Hail!
Forward!
Do you hear thunder? Over the sea?
No, it comes from the desert.
That's the thunder of horses!
Look! Pharaoh's chariot!
We're trapped against the sea!
Caleb, warn the north tents!
Joshua?
That's Joshua's horn!
All men to the pass!
Get carts, wagons! Form a barrier!
- What's the alarm, Joshua?
- Pharaoh's chariot!
Block the pass with carts!
Women and children, to the sea!
- Bring shovels, pounders, mattocks!
- Hear me! Hear me!
Can mattocks stop arrows?
Will your little carts
stop Pharaoh's Chariots?
You women,
do you want to see your men killed?
- Moses!
- Joshua, what is it?
Pharaoh's chariots!
I've ordered men to block the pass!
- How can we fight chariots?
- Nothing can stop them!
Order the men to move back, Joshua.
Move back? Where? Into the sea?
Into the hand of God.
Deliverer?
Yes, he has delivered you to death!
Run! Run!
Look! Look!
Blame Moses for this!
Deliver him to Pharaoh!
Stone him! Stone him!
The god of Moses is a poor general,
to leave him no retreat.
Ten times you have seen
the miracles of the Lord!
And still you have no faith!

He's a false prophet
who delivers you to death!
Stone him! Stone him!
Listen to Moses!
He speaks God's will!
Forward!
- They will stop for me!
- A charging chariot knows no rank.
Was it because
there were no graves in Egypt
that you took us away
to die in the wilderness?
Why must we die?
Fear not!
Stand still,
and see the salvation of the Lord!
- A pillar of fire!
- It is the work of God!
Through it!
No, great one!
You cannot breach the fire of God!
Gather your families and your flocks.
We must go with all speed.
Go where? To drown in the sea?
How long will the fire
hold Pharaoh back?
- Will it hold?
- After this day,
you shall see his Chariots no more!
No! You'll be dead under them!
The Lord of Hosts
will do battle for us!
Behold his mighty hand!
The wind opens the sea!
God opens the sea
with the blast of his nostrils.
Lead them through
the midst of the waters.
His will be done!
He opens the waters before them,
and he bars our way with fire.
Let us go from this place.
Men cannot fight against a god!
Better to die in battle with a god,

than live in shame.
Praise God and down into it!
God has delivered us
from the son of Pharaohs.
Jacob cherished
His son Joseph
Many colors was his coat
- Help us!
- Never mind the wheel!
Pull! Pull for your lives!
Is your life worth so much?
Jacob cherished
His son Joseph
Many colors was his coat
God of A 'Dram
Isaac, Jacob
Ever bless us with Thy hand
Get tow-lines on the midwife's cart!
Save the bread if you can!
Ben Caleb! Order all wagons
to turn clear!
Moses! Stand on the rock where
the people can see you and have hope!
Above us!
Help that wagon!
The fire dies!
Sound the pursuit!
Chariots, halt!
This is work for a butcher,
not a Pharaoh.
Destroy them all.
But bring Moses to me alive.
Level spears! Forward!
- Here! Take him!
- Wait for me! Wait for me!
Grandfather, look,
the horses are coming!
The chariots! Run! Run!
Run for your lives!
Better to serve the Egyptians
than to die here!
Who shall withstand the power of God?
Thou didst blow with Thy winds,
and the sea covered them!

Who is like unto Thee, O Lord?
From everlasting to everlasting,
Thou art God!
The Lord is one! The Lord is one!
Before you strike,
show me his blood on your sword.
You couldn't even kill him.
His god... is God.
And Moses led Israel
from the Red Sea
into the wilderness of Sinai.
And they camped
before the holy mountain.
And when the people saw
that Moses delayed
to come down out of the mountain,
they gathered themselves together.
Ask Aaron. Could anyone live on that
fiery summit for 40 days and 40 nights?
- Yes! By the will of God!
- Who knows the will of God?
Do you? Do I?
Or you, Sephora? His grieving wife.
She came back among us
to find her husband.
But he's dead.
Even she cannot hope that he lives!
Moses went up into the forbidden
ground to receive God's law!
Yes, but he's not returned!
We share your pain. We sympathize.
But will sympathy lead us to this
land flowing with milk and honey?
- Now, we have no leader!
- Don't be fooled!
Moses will return!
Would a God
who's shown you such wonders
let Moses die
before his work is done?
- His work is done.
- His mother!
So beautiful is the hope of a mother!
But there are other mothers among you!

What will become of your children?

- We must have faith!

- Faith in what? You, Aaron?

Can you lead us to this land of promise?

Do you know where it is?

- Tell us!

- Where is it?

Across the wilderness!

- Then who is to lead us?

- You, Dathan!

Where could I bring you,
except to Egypt?

- Where there is death?

- No! Where there is food!

- Pharaoh would kill us all.

- Not if a god of Egypt went before us!

- You could make one for us, Aaron.

- No.

- Aaron knows the art of the temple!

I will not!

He will not!

He would rather see our flesh rot
in the wilderness.

You will make a god for us!

A god of gold! A golden calf!

Korah shall be the high priest!

Bring baskets! Buckets! Shawls!

Anything you have!

Break off your earrings,
your bracelets, your necklaces!

We will make of them a golden calf!

- The golden spoils we took from Egypt!

- There!

Spoils of Egypt!

From the burning bush, O Lord,
you charged me to bring the people
to this holy mountain,
to behold your glory
and receive your law.

What have I left undone?

Lam...

lam...

I am the Lord thy God.

Thou shalt have

no other gods before me.
Thou shalt not make unto thee
any graven image.
And they overlaid the image
with pure gold.
And Aaron fashioned it
and smoothed it with the hammer;
ready to be graven
by cunning art and man's device.
And he fastened it with nails
that it should not move.
And he that smote the anvil
did beat the molten gold
into thin plates.
For they had gathered their treasure
into the midst of the furnace,
and did blow the fire upon it
to melt it.
And they adorned themselves
in rich apparel and costly array,
with veils of blue
and purple and scarlet,
and fine twined linen wrought in Egypt.
And the women tread grapes
from Midian into new wine.
Thou shall not take the name
of the Lord thy God in vain.
Remember the Sabbath day,
to keep it holy.
Honor thy father and thy mother:
Thou shalt not kill.
And the people sinned a great sin,
for they had made them a god of gold.
And they bore him upon their
shoulders and rejoiced,
saying, "This be our god, O Israel. "
Are you mourners of Moses
afraid to face the new god of gold?
They were as children
who had lost their faith.
They were perverse and crooked
and rebellious against God.
They did eat the bread of wickedness,
and drank the wine of violence,

and they did evil
in the eyes of the Lord.
And the people cried,
"The graven image hath brought us joy,
and they worshipped the golden calf
and sacrificed unto it.
Here is your sacrifice!
Make way!
Make way for the sacrifice!
Thou shalt not commit adultery.
Thou shalt not steal.
Thou shalt not bear false witness
against thy neighbor:
Thou shalt not covet anything
that is thy neighbor's.
Written with the finger of God.
Go! Get thee down,
for thy people
have corrupted themselves.
And the people rose up to play,
and did eat and drink.
They were as the children of fools
and cast off their clothes.
The wicked were like a troubled sea
whose waters cast up mire and dirt.
They sank from evil to evil
and were viler than the earth.
And there was rioting and drunkenness,
for they had become servants of sin.
There was manifest all manner of
ungodliness and works of the flesh.
Even adultery and lasciviousness,
uncleanness, idolatry and rioting,
vanity and wrath.
And they were filled
with iniquity and vile affections.
And Aaron knew
that he had brought them to shame.
Abiram! Korah!
Bind the sacrifice with cord!
Even unto the horns of the altar!
The light of God
shines from you, Moses.
Do not kneel to me, Joshua.

These tablets of stone...
The writing of God.
His Ten Commandments.
There is a noise of war in the camp.
It is not the noise of war.
It is the noise of song and revelry.
- Moses!
- Look!
Joshua!
Woe unto thee, O Israel.
You have sinned a great sin
in the sight of God!
You are not worthy
to receive these Ten Commandments.
Aaron!
We are gathered against you, Moses!
You take too much upon yourself!
We will not live by your commandments.
We are free!
There is no freedom without the law.
Whose law, Moses? Yours?
Did you carve those tablets
to become a prince over us?
Who is on the Lord's side,
- let him come to me!
-I am!
Moses!
- You have cursed us.
- Dathan and the people made me do it.
Joshua! Joshua!
He showed you no land flowing with milk
and honey! I show you a god of gold!
Come with me! Follow me!
Blasphemers! Idolaters!
For this you shall drink bitter waters!
God has set before you this day
his laws of life and good
and death and evil.
Those who will not live by the law...
...shall die by the law!
And the Lord's anger
was kindled against Israel.
And to prove whether they
would keep his commandments or no,

he made them wander
in the wilderness 40 years,
until all the generation that had done
evil in the sight of the Lord
was consumed.

But Moses' eye was not dim,
nor his natural force abated.
And he went up from the plains
of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo,
and the Lord showed him all the land
that was beyond the river Jordan.
The Lord was angry with me
because I disobeyed him
by the waters of strife.
And he said unto me,
"Behold the new land with thine eyes.
For thou shalt not cross
over this river Jordan."

Then I shall stay.
I am called by the Lord, Sephora.
I go alone.

Look, Moses.
The people have come
to the river Jordan.
In the Ark, they carry
the law you brought them.
You taught them
not to live by bread alone.
You are God's torch,
that lights the way to freedom.
I love you.

Joshua...
Joshua,
I charge you and strengthen you,
for you shall go over Jordan
to lead the people.
As for me and my house,
we shall serve the Lord.
Mered, give me the books.
Eleazar, set these five books
in the Ark of the Covenant,
by the tablets
of the Ten Commandments,
which the Lord restored unto us.

Go.

Proclaim liberty
throughout all the lands,
unto all the inhabitants thereof.