

# PHARAOH

## CHARACTERS

Pharaoh is essentially an “upstairs/downstairs” story, featuring a wide array of characters of widely disparate social circumstances.

The “upstairs” stories feature individuals in positions of power—priests, kings and notables—many of which are based on actual historical figures who lived in the 18<sup>th</sup> Dynasty of the New Kingdom Era (see italicized).

Conversely, the “downstairs” story is driven by commoners, reflecting the prosaic lives of the average citizen—bureaucrats, soldiers, laborers and criminals—and based upon the latest research that is even now painting a new, utterly compelling picture of daily life in ancient Egypt.

## PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS:

### HATSHEPSUT

*Hatshepsut was the daughter of Thutmose the First and Queen Ahmose. When she had come of age, her father arranged her marriage to her half-brother, Thutmose the Second, and was the power behind the throne during his rule.*

*Upon the death of her husband, Hatshepsut believed her right to rule superseded Thutmose the Third's due to her direct, “uncorrupted” lineage. Therefore, once she was appointed Thutmose the Third's Regent, Hatshepsut assumed all of the regalia and symbols of royal office and insisted on being referred to in contemporary records as “His Majesty.”*

Hatshepsut, late-20s, is an extremely intelligent and capable woman who believes that she alone possesses the qualifications necessary to rule as King of Egypt. Upon her husband's death, however, she is left powerless when his designated heir, Thutmose the Third, assumes the throne



## HATSHEPSUT (CONT'D)

and his trusted Vizier, Ahmose Pen-Nekhet, is appointed the boy's Regent.

When our story begins, she is pregnant by her consort, Senenmut, though the public believes the unborn child is the progeny of her husband, Thutmose the Second. If the child is a boy, his claim to the throne will displace Thutmose the Third by right of pure royal blood and her lineage will continue. However, when she gives birth to a girl, Princess Neferure, her hopes are dashed and Thutmose's life is forfeit.

Pen-Nekhet knows that, in her role as Regent, Hatshepsut has full access to her charge and can murder him at her leisure. With two trusted Royal Guards, Hakor and Raneb, he engineers Thutmose's flight from Thebes. In order to avoid potential political fallout, Hatshepsut tells the high priests that Thutmose has been dispatched on an extended diplomatic mission abroad.

In his absence, Hatshepsut assumes the role of ruler and ushers in a period of unprecedented prosperity. Through Senenmut's machinations the High Priests agree to coronate her as King with the stipulation that she abandons her feminine identity. Though Hatshepsut possesses the vanity of a beautiful woman, she nevertheless complies, binding her breasts, shaving her head and assuming an androgynous persona by adopting male garments and a false beard.



## THUTMOSE THE THIRD

*Thutmose the Third was twelve years old upon the death of his father, Thutmose the Second. Because his mother, Isis, was a lesser harem-wife, he was not of "pure" royal blood. Nevertheless, he was proclaimed heir to the throne by his father. Deemed by the priests as too young to rule, he served as Co-Regent with his step-mother Hatshepsut, for twenty-one years.*

*Thutmose is considered by historians as the "Napoleon of Egypt" due to his military genius and many conquests. He was responsible for seventeen successful campaigns during his reign, greatly expanding the borders and influence of Egypt.*

When his father dies, Thutmose, 12, is a pampered but neglected child who clearly lacks the strength to rule. In the pilot episode, he is spirited away from Thebes in order to protect him from Senenmut, the Queen Hatshepsut's consort, who is dedicated to fulfilling his lover's desire to rule the kingdom.

## THUTMOSE THE THIRD (CONT'D)

While he is in hiding, Raneb, a veteran of the Royal Guard, teaches him the art of war, from tactics to hand-to-hand combat. By the time he is eighteen years-old, Thutmose the Third is a formidable warrior, adept with all the weapons available at the time, and an expert charioteer. He will return to Egypt and rule as a co-regent with Hatshepsut.

Thutmose the Third is an intelligent and extraordinarily multi-faceted monarch. A fearless warrior, skilled horseman and superb athlete, is well-educated, his interests ranging from botany to reading, history and religion. In the tradition of the warrior-poet, he composes literary works in his spare time.

## KABOSE

Crafty and intelligent, Kabose is a 12 year-old orphan who is being raised by his uncle, Hasa the Liar, a minor member of Tobu's gang. Though he lives in oppressive poverty with little hope of escaping his station in society, he longs to be "a man of influence."

When our story begins, Kabose is a street urchin who fends for himself. Cunning, vengeful, and street-smart, he fancies himself a heartless villain but is cursed with profound empathy and unerring moral judgment, which he interprets as signs of weakness.

As Kabose gets older, under the nefarious tutelage of his uncle, he becomes a seasoned criminal, eventually falling in Tobu and his gang. He rapidly moves up the ladder, eventually becoming Tobu's chief lieutenant.

Slight of frame, Kabose is more likely to flee than fight when confronted by a dangerous situation. But if he is cornered—literally or figuratively—he is a vicious street-fighter, adept with a dagger, but more than willing to fall back on his fists, fingernails and teeth if he must to survive.

Kabose is obsessed with the written word. He has amassed a secret collection of samples on clay tablets and papyrus, none of which he can read. Pimping out his "slave," Nyess, he procures an apprenticeship under Baruti, Chief Scribe to the Surveyor's Office.

A chance meeting with the young Thutmose the Third the night he fled Thebes has created a bond with the King. Unbroken by time, distance and circumstance, the bond grows into an enduring friendship that propels Kabose on an unlikely trajectory from the teeming, filthy ghettos of Thebes to the very halls of power in the Royal Court.







## NYESS

A 14 year-old, street-wise orphan of noble birth. When her mother died, Nyess was entrusted to the care of her aunt, the Adoratrix Huy. Jealously protective of maintaining the status of her own daughter, Merytre, Huy presented Nyess to the harem at the Temple of Amun-Ra, saying she was a foundling and disavowing their blood-relation.

There she was trained to be a Temple concubine, available to influential Cult members for sexual favors until she was eight, when Huy, fearing she may reveal her lineage, sold her to a Hittite slaver.

After years of cruel debasement, Nyess murdered the Hittite and returned to Thebes, where she has lived on the street, surviving by instinct and pure tempered-steel determination. She is an accomplished pick-pocket, con-artist and beggar, though most of her income has been derived from prostitution.

Nyess possesses an almost preternatural instinct for discerning even the thinnest of opportunities, and she sees great potential in young Kabose. If she can preserve it, nurture and encourage it into full bloom, there's no telling what he may achieve and how she might benefit from his circumstances.

But it is far more than craven opportunism that motivates her attraction to Kabose: Despite his best efforts to conceal it, she sees in him a hero's heart. Her life ended, then began anew the day he rescued her from being buried alive in the tomb of Thutmose the Second. That single act of pure compassion and courage has merged their fates. From that moment forward, she owes him every breath she's drawn.

Her love for him is absolute. Whether he reciprocates or not is irrelevant. She can only hope that someday he will discern it for what it is.

## SEENMUT

*Senenmut was a commoner by birth, but rose to serve Hatshepsut as "Steward of the God's Wife" to. He had as many as eighty different titles under Hatshepsut such as "Steward of the Royal Family, Spokesman for King Hatshepsut and Superintendent of the Buildings of the God Amun. He also served as tutor and protector of Hatshepsut's daughter, Neferure, and is rarely depicted without her in his arms.*

*Above all, Senenmut was a brilliant architect. His innovations served as a template for western struc*



## SENMUT (CONT'D)

*tural design. He designed dozens of temples and public buildings, though his masterpiece was Djoser-Djeseru, Hatshepsut's spectacular tomb as well as two entryway obelisks at Karnak that are the tallest in the world.*

*References to Senenmut inexplicably vanish from the written record in the nineteenth year of Hatshepsut's reign. It is unknown where this was due to his death, politics or a fall from the Queen's graces.*

A handsome, charismatic man in his mid-40s, Senenmut relishes the trappings of the dozens of titles he holds. Above all, however, he adores Hatshepsut.

Cunning and a ruthless, he is ruthlessly devoted to serving the aspirations of his cherished Queen. A skillful politician, Senenmut routinely manipulates others to realize his ends. So subtle are his machinations that his hand is rarely seen.

Over the years, Senenmut has become an expert at divining the Queen's most secret, unspoken wishes, providing her with deniability and effectively shielding her from retribution not only in this life, but in the next. He would gladly suffer the eternal wrath of the gods for her.

Despite his characteristic discretion, Senenmut is not above using threats of prison or physical violence to achieve his ends. His influence is evident in every enterprise in Thebes—legitimate and criminal. Most notably, his is a silent partner to Tobu, a Nubian gangster active in gambling, prostitution and tomb robbing.

He is a loving father, dedicated protector and mentor to his and Hatshepsut's daughter, Princess Neferure.



### SUPPORTING CHARACTERS (UPSTAIRS):



#### SATIAH

*Satiah was the daughter of the royal nurse Ipu. It is possible that her father was the important official Ahmose Pen-Nekhebet. No children of Satiah are known, though there is a possibility that Prince Amenemhat--Thutmose's eldest son, who died before his father—was her son. Satiah died during her husband's reign and Thutmose's next Great Royal Wife was Merytre-Hatshepsut.*

Satiah, 12, strong, beautiful, athletic, she was Thutmose's only friend in childhood, raised with him by her mother, the Royal Nurse, Ipu, until she was six. Upon Ipu's death, her father, Ahmose Pen-Nekhbet, sent her to Kerma-Mem to live in the palace of his nephew, Prince Atsutep.

## SATIAH (CONT'D)

Though educated to read and write, Satiah loves horses and spends most of her time at the military stables. She has been adopted as a mascot by the few hard-bitten cavalrymen assigned to the small outpost. Over the years, she has become an expert charioteer, her light weight giving her a distinct advantage when challenged to a race.

When Thutmose returns to Kerma Mem, they rekindle their friendship. Romance blossoms, and he takes her as his first Principle Wife.

## AHMOSE PEN-NEKHBET

*Ahmore Pen-Nekhbet was an ancient Egyptian official who started his career under Ahmose the First and served all the kings until Thutmose the Third.*

*Under Ahmose the First, he fought in Northern Canaan; then he followed Amenhotep the First to Nubia, accompanied Thutmose the First to Naharin, and campaigned with Thutmose the Second in Sinai. He held many offices such as wearer of the royal seal, chief treasurer and herald.*

A wise and respected teacher, philosopher and politician, Ahmose Pen-Nekhbet, mid-50s, was the trusted Vizier to Thutmose the Second until his death. Subsequently, he was appointed as Regent to the Royal heir, Thutmose the Third.

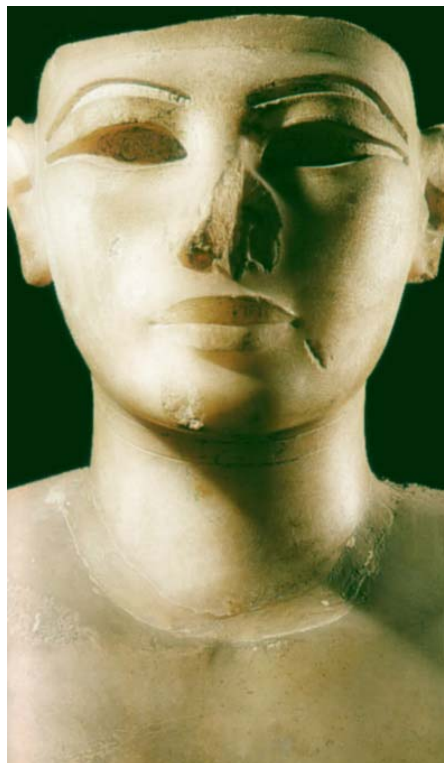


An astute judge of character, Ahmose Pen-Nekhbet sees in the boy the makings of a great King, though others dismiss the boy as callow and soft.

Many believe Prince Thutmose is spoiled, but only Pen-Nekhbet understands that the source of the boy's flaws is not a surfeit of attention, but a dearth of it. For all his sumptuous surroundings, his servants and material possessions, Thutmose has never experienced the love of a father.

*As Regent, therefore, Pen-Nekhbet takes it upon himself to regard Thutmose with the same affection he would give a son. Under his brief tutelage, Thutmose thrives. Pen-Nekhbet teaches him his core belief: The King is more than the ruler of Egypt; he is Egypt. Therefore, when Pen-Nekhbet is dismissed as Regent by the High Priests, he perceives it as more than a threat to Thutmose, but to Egypt itself.*





### THE ADORATRIX HUY

*The mother of Merytre-Hatshepsut, the second Great Royal Wife of Pharaoh Thutmose the Third, Huy was an influential Egyptian priestess during the 18th Dynasty. She played important roles in the cults of Amun-Ra and Atum..*

In her late-30s, Huy is a powerful priestess, bearing the titles of Divine Adoratrix of the Temples of Amun-Ra and Atum, Favorite Loved one of the Lord of the Two Lands, and Superior of the Temple Harem. A faded beauty, Huy is easily flattered, particularly by younger men such as Senenmut.

She is an ambitious social-climber who once harbored ambitions to reign as Queen, and now pursues the title vicariously through her only daughter, Merytre.

Though as a rule, Huy is cold, regal and calculated, any hint of disrespect—real or perceived—can propel her into a fit of rage that can only be sated by the utter destruction of the transgressor. Once her wrath is piqued, Huy invariably overreacts, heedless of the potential consequences.

### MERYTRE (MERYTRE-HATSHEPSUT)

*Merytre-Hatshepsut was the second wife of Thutmose the Third, after the death of Queen Satiah. She is attested in the temple of Thutmose the Third in Medinet Habu, where she is depicted standing behind a seated Thutmose the Third in full regalia and called "great royal wife".*

*She was of noble birth; the daughter of the Adoratrix Huy. She was the mother of Pharaoh Amenhotep II, Prince Menkheperre, and the princesses Nebetiunet, Merytamun C, Merytamun D, and Iset. Merytre-Hatshepsut is not related to Queen Hatshepsut, the previous pharaoh of Egypt, though previously was often thought to be her daughter (Hatshepsut's only known child was Neferure).*



Merytre, 11, is the daughter of Anum-Uto-Asar, the High Priest of Amun-Ra. As the ceremonial child-bride of Thutmose the Third, she lives in the palace and was raised as a daughter of the King. She fully expects to be wed to Thutmose the Third and become Queen when he comes of age. She is beautiful, spoiled and haughty, doted upon by her overbearing, social-climbing mother, the Adoratrix Huy.

When Thutmose passes Metyre over, she is humiliated and displaced. She moves into the temple-harem, where she plots with her mother, Huy, to unseat Satiah and take her rightful place as the Queen.

## NEFERURE

*The daughter of Thutmose the Second and Hatshepsut, Princess Neferure assumed the role of Queen, Lady of Upper and Lower Egypt, Mistress of the Lands, and God's Wife of Amun when her mother was crowned King. The latter title was the most critical, as it had to be embodied by a woman of pure royal blood in order to fulfill its ceremonial and religious functions.*

*There is evidence that Hatshepsut was training Neferure to be the next Pharaoh. However, she was also preparing her to be the royal wife of Thutmose the Third. Though Neferure died at the age of fifteen, she lived long enough to marry Thutmose and bear him a son, Amenemhat.*

Though she is ostensibly the daughter of Hatshepsut and the late King, Neferure's true father is Senenmut. Beautiful, spirited and prodigiously intelligent, she possesses her mother's ambition as well as her father's skills as an artist and engineer. She is doted upon and accustomed to having her way.

Raised and cared for by her father in her early years, when she comes of age, Hatshepsut has her educated in the manner of a king, including martial training in the use of arms.

As Thutmose the Third racks up impressive military victories, it becomes apparent to Hatshepsut that her daughter will never assume the throne. Ever the pragmatist, she forces Neferure into a loveless marriage with Thutmose in order to preserve her lineage.



### SUPPORTING CHARACTERS (DOWNSTAIRS):

#### HASA (AKA HASA THE LIAR; HASA THE CRIPPLE)

Hasa is a chronic alcoholic in his mid-40s, his features, ferret-like; his demeanor, furtive and oleaginous. He takes possession of the boy after the death of his brother, treating him as little more than a slave.

Renowned for his seeming inability to speak the truth, he is renowned known far and wide as Hasa the Liar. He is constantly hatching schemes to enrich himself, but is either too lazy or incompetent to execute them properly. Nevertheless, he is a useful negative role model to his nephew.



## HASA (AKA HASA THE LIAR; HASA THE CRIPPLE) (CONT'D)

Hasa is a career criminal and toady in Tobu's gang. The lowest member of the gang, he is tolerated solely for his willingness to perform any task, no matter how foul or debasing, for a measure of beer. He routinely beats Kabose and cheats him out of his share of any loot.

## TOBU

A towering, charismatic Nubian in his early-40s, Tobu is the chief of the Necropolis Workers Guild under the direct command of Senenmut. Born a slave, he has risen to become the most powerful gangster in Thebes.

Tobu has a hand in virtually every criminal enterprise in the city, from the lowest harbor ghettos to the Royal Palace. He knows Senenmut well and coordinates tomb robbing with the architect.

Tobu assumes the role of a father/mentor to Kabose, teaching him the art of amassing and deploying power by exploiting the base greed of his fellow Egyptians. It never occurs to him that his pupil will someday become his master.



## BADRU

Senenmut's right hand and trusted protégé, Badru, late-20s, sees to it that his master's commands are executed with ruthless efficiency.

Under his facade of composed refinement lurks the black heart of a sadistic sociopath. Badru is a perfect model of the soulless, faceless bureaucrat. Had he lived in Germany in the mid-20<sup>th</sup> century, he would have risen unto the upper ranks of the SS.



### **BARUTI**

Chief Scribe to the Royal Surveyor's Office, Baruti is a corpulent man in his mid-40s whose girth is only exceeded by his appetite for soft young flesh. Every year, after the flooding season, lost property lines had to be surveyed and re-established.

In order to curry favor with the powerful Cult of Amun-Ran, Senenmut has pressed Baruti into service in an illegal redistribution of temple lands by altering surveyor's reports. When Baruti accepts Kabose as his apprentice in exchange for sexual favors by Nyess, his facile student soon uncovers the scheme and uses it to his advantage.

### **HAKOR**

Hakor, mid-30s, is a captain in the Royal Guard, loyal to Ahmose Pen-Nekhbet. He is a formidable man who is skilled in the ways of the court. Pen-Nekhbet has tasked him with instructing the young Prince the arts of diplomacy, politics and the customs and traditions of his station.



### **RANEB**

A veteran of countless military campaigns, Raneb, a Syrian in his late 20s, commands a unit of the Royal Guard under Hakor. Pen-Nekhbet has selected him to train young Thutmose in the arts of war: All forms of armed and unarmed combat, field command and tactics.





## PHARAOH: 1.02 – THE PEN AND THE SWORD

FADE IN:

EXT. KNOSSOS - STREET - DAY

An INSURGENT SPEAKER stands before a MOB, railing about the injustices visited on the people by the King, blaming him for all the ills they've been suffering, from taxes to famine to earthquakes.

INT. KNOSSOS - KABOSE'S CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

OLD KABOSE stands at his window, listening intently to the rabble-rouser. His young Mycenaean scribe, HEKTOR, enters, carrying his wax-coated tablets. Kabose beckons him to the window, asks where the speaker stands.

"I believe he stands in support of Glaucus and his rebel army," replies Hektor

"No," Kabose says, "where does he *stand*?"

Understanding that his master wants to know the Speaker's physical location, Hektor informs him that he's directly below, a little to the right. Kabose smirks, picks up a clay chamber-pot and dumps the contents out the window, drenching the insurgent with fecal slop and abruptly silencing him. He draws the shutters, grumbles. "There, now I can think..."

Hektor readies his tablet and stylus as Old Kabose crankily asks, "Where did I leave off?" and we...

SLAM TO:

EPISODE 1.01 RECAP, concluding with Thutmose's flight from Thebes and Pen-Nekhbet's final moments with Senenmut.

BACK TO:

INT. KNOSSOS - KABOSE'S CHAMBER – MOMENTS LATER

Old Kabose nods, "Ahh, yes...that's right" and, settling in, begins:

OLD KABOSE

Though Hatshepsut detested Ahmose Pen-Nekhbet, she dared not doubt the wisdom of his final counsel....



## EXT. THEBES - DAWN

The sun rises over the great city.

OLD KABOSE (V.O.)

And so the high priests and the Adoratrix Huy weresummoned to the palace to hear the Queen's proclamation: that Thutmose the Third had been dispatched from Thebes on a trade-mission to theSouthern Kingdoms...

## INT. THEBES - PALACE - THRONE ROOM - DAY

AMENEMOPE, High Priest of Mut, objects vociferously that sending the young King abroad is ill-conceived. The other PRIESTS agree. HATSHEPSUT calmly assures them that, as the Prince's Regent, she has decided it is vital that he begin learning affairs of state "if he is to someday assume the throne."

The Divine Adoratrix, HUY, aggressively seizes on her words, "You say *if!* Is there any circumstance that would *preclude* the Prince from assuming his rightful place as King?"

Flustered by her question (and the brazen disrespect with which it was asked), Hatshepsut hesitates. Sensing problems, SENENMUT smoothly intercedes, reminding the Priests that, the Queen is still recovering from her labor, and cannot be any further taxed with affairs of state this day.

"Of course, Thutmose the Third will rule as soon as he is of age," he tells her. He moves to conclude the meeting, but is abruptly interrupted by Huy. "And when shall we expect the King's return?" she snaps.

Senenmut regards her with cool disdain. "The *Prince* will return," he replies, "when the *Prince* wishes."

## EXT. THEBES – PALACE – ROYAL GARDEN TERRACE – DUSK

The Royal Chambers share access to a broad common terrace overlooking of the sprawl of Thebes to the glittering ribbon of the distant Nile. Mature fruit trees and vine-wrapped stone pergolas provide shade. Water bubbles through decorative channels into dark reflecting pools in which lotus flowers bloom. A FEW NOBLES in fine garments read scrolls or listen to soft music performed by duettists on harp and flute.

OLD KABOSE (V.O.; CONT'D)

Already devoted to delivering the throne to his love, the Queen, Senenmut was made only doubly so upon the birth of their daughter, the Princess Neferure...

Seated in the shade of a pergola, a NURSEMAID breast-feeds PRINCESS NEFERURE. An utterly charmed Senenmut gazes at his daughter with unveiled pride.

OLD KABOSE (V.O.; CONT'D)

Long had he pursued immortality in stone, but in Neferure, he had rendered it in flesh; a living dynasty through which would course his blood mingled with that of Amun-Ra...

"Did you not hear the way that cunt spoke to me," hisses Hatshepsut, pacing restlessly "as if I am an *interloper*; an *usurper* when it is *she* who so artlessly seeks status! In all those years my foolish husband hunted crocodiles and fucked his way through every temple harem, did I not prove myself a capable ruler...?"

When Senenmut doesn't reply, she turns on him, livid. Her fury instantly dissolves when she sees the pure adoration of a new father gazing upon his newborn daughter. She sighs and steps up next to him, looks down at Neferure.

"Is she not beautiful?" murmurs Senenmut.

She smiles, bittersweet. "Yes," she observes, adding, "It is a shame she will rise to nothing save obscurity." Again, Hatshepsut sighs, quietly orders the Nursemaid to take Neferure inside.

As soon as they're alone, Senenmut tells her that she must be patient; all is not lost. Even now, his man in the Surveyor's office is preparing to alter the property records after the next flood to benefit the Cult of Amun-Ra. "And the Adoratrix knows that Egypt will need a properly crowned king if her temple's boundaries are to be enforced permanently."

Hatshepsut sighs. "Are you so bewitched by your daughter that you cannot see the truth?" As long as Huy's only child is promised to Thutmose as his first Queen, she will never grant the crook and flail to another. "You could grant all the land in both kingdoms to the Temple of Amun-Ra, and still the Adoratrix would not be swayed to place the crowns of Egypt upon my brow."

His hopes crushed, Senenmut's expression darkens. "That could be remedied," he says.

Hatshepsut considers it a beat, then shakes her head, "Merytre is my ward. Even if she was to succumb to illness or some mishap, her mother would accord me blame and see to it that I never rule."

"I was not speaking of Merytre..." says Senenmut. She regards him, puzzled. He continues: "Everyone knows misfortune can easily befall a traveler—especially one so young and with such scant protection—"

Eyes widening in fear with the growing realization that he's speaking of Thutmose, she presses her fingers to his lips, silencing him. "Never say such things. Do you forget that my father is Amun-Ra? With my ears he can surely hear your words."

"Then I will never speak them."

"Or see them done?" she asks.

A long, charged beat as they lock eyes, reading intent.

“I will,” Senenmut says in a measured tone, fraught with meaning, “never speak them.”

OLD KABOSE (V.O.; CONT'D)

Meanwhile, Thutmose fled ever South, beyond the rapacious grasp of the Queen and her consort ...

EXT. NILE – NIGHT

The gentle, lilting music of a reed flute carries over the water from a fishing boat gliding South, a stiff wind filling its the patched sail, the glow of an oil-lamp at the bow.

OLD KABOSE (V.O.; CONT'D)

Disguised as common fishermen, he and his faithful guardians, Hakor and Raneb, traveled by night, weighing anchor and concealing themselves among the reeds by day...

EXT. FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS

RANEBA mans the tiller as HAKOR plays a simple but beautiful song on a flute.

OLD KABOSE (V.O.; CONT'D)

Though their progress was maddeningly slow, they dared not risk discovery until they had safely delivered the Prince to safe harbor in Kerma-Mem.

Curled up under the shelter of the forecabin, THUTMOSE watches Hakor play.

EXT. LAGOON – DAY

HONKING, a flock of geese fly overhead. Suddenly, one is struck by an arrow, plummets toward the ground.

RANEBA – grips his bow, pleased with the shot. Knee-high in brackish water, he begins wading through thick reeds to retrieve his kill.

EXT. RIVERBANK – CONTINUED

Seated in the boat, Hakor continues playing his flute. Filthy and miserable, an open scroll on his lap, Thutmose stares intently at him, occasionally batting away the relentless mosquitoes. Hakor notices he's being watched, orders the boy to resume his studies.

Thutmose finally snaps. “*Enough,*” he says, casting the scroll aside. He demands to be returned immediately to Thebes. Raneb wades up to the boat, drops the freshly killed goose over the gunwale and asks what is going on. Hakor tells him, “It seems our Highness has just



commanded we return him to Thebes.”

Amused, Raneb asks Thutmose what he will do upon his return. The boy replies that he will go to the Divine Adoratrix Huy and restore Pen-Nekhet as his Regent. Then he will order “the slut” Hatshepsut ejected from the palace and placed in the Temple harem where she belongs.

The two guards stare at him in stunned silence, and then burst out laughing. Infuriated, Thutmose stands, *“I am the King!”*

Hakor sets aside his flute and seizes the boy. As Thutmose squirms and rages that he cannot be touched—that the gods will strike Hakor dead for this blasphemy—the guard bends him over his knee and administers a royal spanking. He then lifts Thutmose and roughly seats him on the forepeak.

Hakor tells Thutmose in a firm tone that when he is ready, they will return to Thebes and he will take his rightful place on the throne where, the gods willing, he will be the greatest monarch Egypt has ever known. “But...” he adds, “... you are *not* ready,”

Eyes brimming, Thutmose looks helplessly at Hakor, then Raneb, “But... we cannot let Ahmose die,” he pleads. Raneb replies, “It is too late. By now he will have swallowed the poison I procured for him to deny the Queen your destination.”

Thutmose stares aghast at Raneb. Hakor sighs, takes a seat next to the distraught boy and gently puts an arm around him. He urges Thutmose to remain brave, that he must live to rule as King, for to fail would be to make a mockery of his noble master’s sacrifice.

“Now,” he concludes, “return to your studies.” Reluctantly, the Prince complies. Hakor, taking his seat, resumes playing his flute as Raneb plucks the goose.

OLD KABOSE (V.O.; CONT'D)

And even as one boy sought from life what he could not find  
in the written word...

Thutmose looks up from his scroll, gazes closely at Hakor, mentally noting in specific detail his finger-positioning on the flute.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. THEBES - SLUM DISTRICT - HASA'S HUT - DAY

TIGHT ON KABOSE staring down intently at something O.S.

OLD KABOSE (V.O.; CONT'D)

... another sought in the written word what he could not find  
in life.

Kabose squats next to his open treasure-box, trying to decipher the glyphs on the papyrus scroll he burgled from the King’s tomb. A shadow falls over him. He glances up to see NYESS staring down at the open box with an expression of awe. “Where did you get a thing of

such beauty?" she gasps.

Kabose follows her gaze. Compared to the other items in the box, Thutmose's SCARAB PENDANT stands out like a god among rabble, sunlight glittering off its burnished gold. Kabose closes the box, affects a jejune tone, "It is but a bauble, given to me by the Prince Thutmose the Third."

"What for?"

"For sparing his life," replies Kabose, "a favor I may not grant you if you keep spying on me."

She bows meekly, telling him that, as his slave, she is blood-bound never to betray his secrets. Her only wish is to serve him. He tells her if she wishes to serve him, she can start by not blocking his light. She steps aside and he resumes studying the scroll. After a moment, she says, "I know a man who could teach you to read that."

"What makes you think I can't read?!" he snaps. She gives him a silent, level gaze and replies diplomatically. "Then this man can teach you to read... better."

He drops his eyes. After a beat, he sullenly looks up at her. "Take me to him."

EXT. THEBES - BUSY STREET - BORDELLO DISTRICT - DAY

BARUTI, the scribe from the Royal Surveyor's office, strolls along, his arrogance and pride evident in the high tilt of his chin, several scrolls tucked under one arm.

"There. That is the man," Nyess says, "His name is Baruti. He is the Chief Scribe to the Royal Surveyor's Office." Kabose and Nyess follow him, weaving through the crowded street. PROSTITUTES visible in the porticos drink wine with JOHNS, PANDERERS greeting Baruti and extolling the beauty of their women. Kabose asks how she knows him. She replies that everyone knows Baruti on this block, that the Scribe's girth is only exceeded by his weakness for yielding flesh.

Kabose is grumpy, accusing Nyess of wasting his time. Why would a Royal Scribe take him on as a student? She tells him offer him the scroll in trade.

As Baruti starts toward a doorway, Kabose cuts him off and asks "esteemed and generous Baruti" if he would be willing to teach a poor orphan to read and write. Baruti pushes him aside. "I am not a teacher. I am a scribe. Go to a temple. The priests will instruct you," adding lasciviously, "They *like* young boys like you." He laughs and continues on his way.

Kabose withdraws the scroll from his robes. "I will give you this." Baruti snatches it from him, examines it and identifies it as The Book of the Dead, accuses him of stealing it from a tomb. He grabs Kabose by the scruff of the neck, calls for police

Nyess intercedes, begs Baruti to forgive her young master.

Suddenly, a BABOON strains its leash, baring its fangs at Kabose. A POLICEMAN asks Baruti what the trouble is. Baruti doesn't answer immediately, captivated by the coltish young girl

who pleads on Kabose's behalf, "My master is willing to give you all he has to learn what only you can teach him."

Regarding her as he would a roasted lamb-shank, Baruti dismisses the police. He asks Kabose if Nyess is really his slave. "Yes," says Kabose, picking up on the Scribe's prurient interest. "She is young, ripe with vigor and passion. And she loves older men."

Trembling with desire, Baruti pulls Kabose aside and, throwing glances at Nyess, quietly asks Kabose if he would be willing to leave her alone with him in exchange for each lesson. Kabose hesitates, glancing at Nyess. She gives him an almost imperceptible nod, and he agrees to the bargain. Baruti is thrilled.

OLD KABOSE (V.O.; CONT'D)

And so it was that day, I entered the Royal Surveyor's office  
And commenced my apprenticeship under Baruti...

EXT. ROYAL SURVEYORS OFFICE – YARD – DAY

In a walled yard, WORKERS deliver bundles of papyrus reed. WOMEN sit in groups on the ground, stripping off the rind and placing the stalks of pith on a table to be cut into strips.

On thin sheets of granite, the strips of pith are laid side-by-side and pounded by WORKERS with wooden mallets, then covered with another slice of granite, upon which another layer of strips are beaten and, again, pressed under granite. Once six layers have been stacked, a WORKER delivers more stone slabs and picks up the papyrus "sandwiches" and deliver them to open racks to be dried by the sun.

Kabose watches, fascinated, as he follows Baruti through the yard.

Baruti asks him if he "brought along his little friend." Kabose, distracted as he watches CRAFTSMEN join dried, finished sheets end-to-end with glue, tells him that Nyess will arrive later, after his lesson. Dowels are attached to each end of the long sheets and rolled into blank scrolls.

INT. ROYAL SURVEYORS OFFICE – MAIN HALL – CONTINUOUS

Kabose trails Baruti through a bustling workspace. Shafts of sunlight stream in through large skylights, illuminating TWO DOZEN SCRIBES seated on mats; working on documents and maps. WORKERS deliver fresh papyrus scrolls as CLERKS drop off notes and pick up completed projects.

Baruti leads him over to an area where THREE BOYS, 12 to 14, grind pigments and directs the eldest to show Kabose how to mix ink. Kabose tells Baruti he is not there to mix ink, but to write with it. Baruti patiently explains that ink is not always available, so a scribe must learn to mix his own.

Kabose eyes him suspiciously then reluctantly capitulates. Baruti informs him he will be in his office, directing Kabose to come by later, "when the others have gone."



## INT. THEBES - PALACE – CORRIDOR – MOVING – NIGHT

Senenmut tells Badru to send men to search to every port, village and city, from the sea North to the jungles of Punt. They will be paid in gold with a bonus to whoever returns Thutmose into the custody of the Queen.

Badru is confused. In the boy's absence, does not the Queen rule? Senenmut replies that her power—and his—will depend on the circumstances of Thutmose the Third's return. "A boy can be controlled, influenced and manipulated. But a man, perhaps with alliances forged with foreign rulers, is a threat that will distract her Highness from her duties.

Badru asks if he should deploy trusted elements of the King's Army for the task. Senenmut tells him no; the search must be conducted with the utmost discretion.

"Tobu, then," suggests Badru.

Senenmut agrees; Tobu has the contacts that will serve their needs.

## INT. ROYAL SURVEYORS OFFICE – BARUTI'S OFFICE – NIGHT

By the light of an oil-lamp, Baruti alters a map. A knock at the door and he looks up in eager anticipation. Kabose enters; his hands and forearms faintly smudged with ink. Baruti's smile fades. "Where is your friend?" he asks. Kabose calls Nyess, who enters. Baruti brightens.

Kabose asks if he will be learning to write tomorrow. Baruti chuckles and tells him of course not, "You have only *begun* your apprenticeship. You still have *much* to learn before you put pen to scroll." When Kabose asks how long, Baruti tells him he must be patient—it will be "many, *many* weeks."

Kabose considers this then, taking her by the elbow, turns toward the door. Baruti tells him to wait—they had an arrangement! Kabose agrees and coolly reminds him that its terms were quite clear. "When you teach me to read and write, then I will bring Nyess."

Baruti is speechless. Kabose nods goodnight and begins to exit. Desperate, Baruti blurts out, "*Tomorrow, then!*"

Kabose pauses; turns and looks at him, affecting mild curiosity as if unsure what he means. Frustrated, the scribe spells it out: "Tomorrow. I will begin teaching you to write—"

"—and read," interjects Kabose.

"Yes, yes, yes, of course. And read."

Kabose locks eyes with Baruti a beat, then gives him a measured nod. "Tomorrow, then." he agrees. He turns and leaves with Nyess.

## EXT. THEBES – HARBOR DISTRICT - DOCKS - DAY

Kabose watches from the riverbank as, out on a dock, Tobu gives final orders and distributes measures of gold to half-a-dozen members of his gang, among them, Hasa the Liar.

OLD KABOSE (V.O.)

And so it was that my uncle, Hasa the Liar, was chosen by Tobu along with others to seek out and return Thutmose...

The group disperses, each moving toward various vessels on which they've booked passage. Tobu approaches Kabose. Reading the puzzled expression on the boy's face, Tobu tells him not to worry; his uncle will return soon.

Kabose replies that he doesn't care if his uncle ever returns. He only wonders Tobu chose Hasa for the task when all the other candidates are clearly more capable.

Tobu laughs, tells Kabose that the undertaking required a measure of discretion, and he did not have enough men in his gang who he could trust. He chose Hasa because, even if he talked, no one with a brain in his head would believe him.

"If you were but a few years older, little man," Tobu adds, "*You* would be the one traveling to Kerma-Mem." Tobu explains that he's discerned a "spark of cunning" in Kabose that is lacking in even his most trusted lieutenants. He tells him to go home, "I will see to it that you are provided for until Hasa returns."

OLD KABOSE (V.O.; CONT'D)

The timing of my uncle's departure was fortuitous, for in the interim, I no longer had to scavenge enough for a man and a boy, but a boy alone...

With that, Tobu turns and Kabose watches as he swaggers over to his waiting work-gang.

OLD KABOSE (V.O.; CONT'D)

And so my studies continued even as, deep in the Southern Land of Kush, Prince Thutmose and his guardians at last arrived in the City of Kerma-Mem...

EXT. NILE – KERMA-MEM – HARBOR – DAY

A jumbled flotilla of vessels, canoes and rafts lashed together near the bank, connected by a labyrinth of narrow gangways, serves as a thriving, floating marketplace. As Raneb places a plank between their boat and the next, Hakor straps on his sword.

Sullen, Thutmose asks why he has to stay aboard. Hakor explains that he must first ascertain whether the governor, Prince Atsutep, is willing to grant them sanctuary. "If all is well, you will have more than enough time to see Kerma-Mem."

"Stinking hell-hole that it is," mutters Raneb

Pulling Raneb aside, Hakor quietly orders him to still his tongue. "Keep an eye out and a

weapon at hand until I return.” With that, he turns and disembarks.

INT. KERMA-MEM - PALACE - ATRIUM OF THE HERONS - DAY

A game attempt at replicating the glory of Egypt, but falling well short; the paint on the bas-reliefs is flaking and faded; the stone floor in dire need of a good scouring. Rotting fruit lies under mature fruit-trees gone to seed in large, crumbling sandstone planting boxes. Birds fly among the trees.

ATSUTEP, presides over a scruffy court of disgraced NOBILITY, SYCOPHANTS and career HANGERS-ON. Sitting on mats, a few play board games, others quietly gossiping as SERVANTS ply them with platters of food and amphorae of wine.

Atsutep absently feeds seeds from a ripe pomegranate to a monkey on his shoulder as he reads the scroll from Pen-Nekhet. “This is the last thing I need,” he grouches.

Hakor gives him a respectful bow. “Your exalted Uncle and my Master assured me that my charge could rely upon your hospitality,” adding, with a pointed glance at Atsutep’s obsequious Vizier, URSHÉ, “and your discretion.” Atsutep sighs and, handing the monkey’s leash to Urshé, stands and bids Hakor to walk with him.

INT. KEMA-MEM - PALACE – COURTYARD – CONTINUOUS

Hakor and Atsutep walk through the courtyard. Though it is an imposition, Atsutep agrees to grant them sanctuary, “I have little choice in the matter, as I am compelled to do so by the request of my family’s patriarch.”

He informs Hakor that he will provide them the finest accommodations in the palace, “though they are hardly fit for a King.” Thanking him, Hakor demurs, explaining that they will seek more humble lodging so Thutmose may “maintain his anonymity.” Atsutep agrees; Thutmose’s true identity will remain a carefully guarded secret for the duration of his stay.

Thanking him, Hakor thanks Atsutep for his hospitality, and offers whatever service he can to reciprocate on behalf of Thutmose.

“You say you are the boy’s tutor?” asks Atsutep, observing that, due to their isolation, he has had difficulties retaining suitable teachers for his ward, Satiah, the daughter of Pen-Nekhet. He asks if she and several other children of his court may attend his daily lessons.

Hakor replies that it would be his honor to tutor the “gentle progeny of my learned Master.” Hidden behind a column, SATIAH, 12, a lean, athletic girl listens closely to the conversation, her eyes glittering with fury.

EXT. KEMA-MEM – PALACE – BARRACKS STABLES – MOMENTS LATER

The Cavalry Men follow as Satiah leads the horse out by its reins, one of them offering to hitch up a chariot. “No time,” she says, grabbing a fistful of the horse’s mane and pulling herself up



for a bareback ride. Digging her heels into Naboo's flanks, she wheels and bolts away, a GUARD barely managing to open the gate in time for her to ride through.

EXT. KEMA-MEM – FISHING BOAT – DUSK

Raneb and Thutmose eat grilled fish from a wooden platter. Raneb observes something curious O.S. "Look at that fool," he mutters. Thutmose follows his gaze, spots Satiah galloping pell-mell down the beach on horseback, jumping over beached canoes and scattering fishmongers.

Raneb sees something else. She's headed directly toward Hakor, who is returning from the palace. He utters a curse, stands and shouts a warning.

EXT. NILE – KERMA-MEM – HARBOR – CONTINUOUS

Hakor looks out on the flotilla, sees Raneb frantically shouting and pointing down the beach. Before he can react, a rapidly approaching THUNDER OF HOOVES. He turns, dodges, but not in time to avoid being butted to the ground by Satiah's horse.

Dazed, the breath knocked out of him, Hakor gropes for his sword as Satiah leaps off her mount, straddles him and presses a knife to his throat. "Show me the brat for whom my father threw away his life." She pushes harder, drawing blood, "*Show me! Show me that I may slay him!*"

Suddenly, she's lifted off Hakor by Raneb, who twists the blade from her hand and hurls her to the ground, pinning her down under one foot across her neck. A LOUD NICKERING and Satiah's horse, Naboo, rears up before Raneb, teeth gnashing. He draws back the blade, preparing to plunge it into the horse's chest.

Satiah shouts, "*No!*" She springs to her feet and grabs Naboo's bridle, taking expert control over Naboo.

Raneb is surprised when Hakor, shaken but uninjured save for a bloody nose, gently takes his wrist and, meeting Raneb's eyes, shakes his head, telling him that it is Satiah.

Thutmose arrives, looks at Hakor, then the girl. "Who is Satiah?" he asks.

Satiah charges Thutmose, snarling like an enraged cheetah. Raneb intercepts her, easily lifting her off her feet. Noticing the growing crowd of onlookers, Hakor pulls Thutmose aside, identifies Satiah to him as the daughter of Pen-Nekhbit.

The Prince orders Raneb to release her. Raneb hesitates until Hakor gives him a nod. He sets Satiah down. Thutmose approaches her. "If you wish to take my life, it is yours. I ask only that you spare me until the day I avenge your father, that I may purge the stain of dishonor from my ka with the blood of his enemies." He bows his head.

The fury drains from Satiah.

Hakor looks at them both, "Good. That is settled." To Satiah: "Return here tomorrow morning with the other children from the court." She turns, sees Raneb holding Naboo's reins. She takes them but he doesn't release his grip.

"Who is the boy?" he asks. She replies that he is Thutmose. "No," says Raneb, "he is Rami. That is how you will know him. Now say it."

"Rami," responds Satiah, suppressing a smile (*rami* means "fish").

"Yes," says Raneb, his tone quiet and deadly: "Call him by any other name, and I shall still your tongue with my blade."

Satiah nods and he releases his grip on the bridle. She pulls herself up onto the horse, wheels it around and gallops away. As they watch, Raneb opines, "Who but a savage rides upon a horse in such a manner?"

"She is," Thutmose softly mutters, "magnificent."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LUXOR – NILE FLOOD PLAIN – DUSK

People punt skiffs across the shallow water, casting nets as work-gangs dig irrigation canals to transmit water and rich silt to higher ground, the swollen Nile virtually lapping at the steps of the temples along its shore.

OLD KABOSE (V.O.; CONT'D)

Days turned to, weeks and weeks to months, and thus passed *Akhet*, the Season of the Inundation. And even as Mother Nile swelled with tears shed by [Isis](#) for her lost Osiris, so too did another weep...

EXT. THEBES – PALACE – ROYAL GARDEN TERRACE – DUSK

Tears run down Merytre's cheeks as she gazes at the setting sun reflecting off the inundated flood-plain below. Her mother, the Adoratrix, struggles to keep her anger in check. "Why have you not spoken to me of this?"

Merytre tells her she remained silent because she didn't want to upset her. "Besides, he is far away and barely acknowledged me even before he left."

Huy is beside herself. Every week, Hatshepsut apprises the Priests of the Prince's travels and the trade agreements he has forged in the outer lands, and yet he does not write even a single word to she who is to be his *wife*? Huy decides it's time she took the matter up with the Queen. Upset, Merytre begs her to leave it alone, "Mother, no. Please. Must you make my humiliation public?"

Huy realizes that Merytre's right—worse, that it would be herself who would lose face if her daughter was rejected. The Adoratrix takes Merytre in her arms, strokes her hair and fumes, “What manner of Prince would not send a single word to she he has been promised to wed?”

OLD KABOSE (V.O.)

The seeming answer so evident to both—that the Prince had given his heart to another—was spoken by neither...

EXT. KEMA-MEM - PALACE - COURTYARD - DAY

Hakor patiently instructs a DOZEN STUDENTS of various ethnicities in the broad shade of a gnarled, ancient myrrh tree.

OLD KABOSE (V.O.)

And though they could not know was there had been no word from Thutmose to *anyone* in Thebes; that had there been he would surely have been slain by Senenmut's assassins, their presumption was all too correct...

All the children listen attentively save one, Thutmose, who gazes OS, mesmerized.

OLD KABOSE (V.O.)

... Thutmose had fallen under the spell of another.

HIS POV – Satiah works out a math problem on a papyrus work-sheet.

Hakor calls his assumed name, “Rami.” Thutmose doesn't seem to hear. A young Egyptian Lord, BITI, elbows him to snap out of it. Bewildered, Thutmose looks up at Hakor, who repeats the math problem. Thutmose quickly calculates and gives the correct answer. As Hakor moves on with the lesson, Biti quietly teases Thutmose, suggesting he pay more attention to his studies rather than Satiah.

Hakor dismisses the class. Satiah starts talking to MAANDEO, 14, a tall Nubian Prince wearing the traditional scarlet robe of the Maasai. Biti joins them. When Hakor asks if he's coming along to the boat, Thutmose tells him he'll be down before dinner.

Thutmose approaches. He learns that Maandeo just turned 14 and, as is customary for his people, will hunt and kill a lion the following morning.

Satiah asks Thutmose if he's ever seen the Maasai hunt lions. Feigning boredom, he responds that he accompanied his father on many hunts. She playfully responds that she didn't know that fishermen hunted lions.

Maandeo invites Thutmose to come along and watch. When he hesitates, Satiah suggests that perhaps “Rami” is more comfortable casting nets than spears. Insulted, he tells them he will join them.

As Satiah and Maandeo walk away, Biti asks him if he's crazy. The Maasai do not hunt for meat, but manes, claws and tails. They only target the largest male animals and use spears, no bows. It's close-up, dangerous and, often, deadly. Hakor will never allow it. Thutmose re-

plies that Hakor does not need to know.

POV – In the courtyard, Thutmose and Bitu stand together, talking. A familiar voice asks “Which one is the Prince?” Atsutep answers, “He is the one on the left.”

REVERSE – In the shade of the portico, Kabose’s Uncle, Hasa the Liar watches the boys with Prince Atsutep. “I trust,” he asks, “you will inform Lord Senenmut of my full cooperation in this matter?” Hasa tells him yes, of course. Atsutep asks if he requires anything further of him.

“Yes,” replies Hasa, “Two archers and a spearman.”

Almost as an afterthought, Atsutep requests that Hasa conduct his business outside the walls of the city. “The gods would frown upon their blood being spilt upon the Mem.”

#### INT. LUXOR – TEMPLE OF MUT – CENTRAL HALL – DAY

The sunken central hall is flooded with a foot of water. Senenmut and Amenemope observe as Badru oversees Tobu and his crew drain it with *shadufs*, swinging the rudimentary cranes and pouring the water outside down the steps. “The goddess’s sorrow runs deep this year,” remarks the Priest. “A good sign.”

“For the harvest, yes” replies Senenmut, “but not for the Temple’s foundation, I fear.”

Amenemope asks if Hatshepsut has received any word from the Prince. He replies, “She is fully informed of his travels. Only today, she received word of his arrival in Kurgus.”

Amenemope’s reaction is overtly pensive. Senenmut inquires and he insists it’s nothing, just “idle gossip.” Besides, to do so might compromise his informant, a young priest in the Cult of Amun Ra—a “very *comely* young priest” he adds salaciously.

Senenmut tells him it’s a shame Amenemope is not willing to confide in him, as he was thinking of suggesting the Queen resume the celebration of *Tekh*. Amenemope is thrilled; *Tekh* has not been celebrated since the reign of Apepi the Second, when Mut was last the principal deity of Thebes!

He pulls Senenmut aside and tells him in a hushed voice that The Adoratrix Huy has expressed “persistent, vociferous concerns that her daughter has not received a single word from the Prince since his departure.”

Senenmut agrees that Huy is right to be upset. He will ask the Queen to urge her charge to send word to young Merytre as soon as possible and assures Amenemope that he will take up the subject of *Tekh* with her Highness upon his return.

HEKTOR (PRE-LAP)

Master...?

SLAM TO:

## INT. KNOSSOS - KABOSE'S CHAMBER – DAY

Old Kabose is annoyed by the interruption. Hektor inquires, “What is *Tekh?*” Kabose heaves a long-suffering sigh and explains that it is a festival held in honor of the warrior goddess Sekhmet—a great orgy of drunkenness and depravity celebrated before the sowing.

“Depravity?” asks Hektor. Old Kabose gives him a leering grin and explains that hundreds would enter the temple and, once drunk on lotus-laced beer, lie with whoever was at hand and “travel the marshes.”

Stunned, Hektor replied he was always taught the Egyptians were “a more reserved and intellectual race, not prone to... to public displays of... of...”

“*Fucking?*” inquires Kabose with a leer. He bursts out laughing. Wiping tears from his eyes, he asks, “any more questions?” Chastened, Hektor shakes his head and puts stylus to tablet. Kabose settles and CONTINUES:

## OLD KABOSE (V.O.; CONT'D)

In my Uncle Hasa's absence, Tobu provided for my needs as I continued my studies. Of course, men such as Tobu do not act out of charity, but opportunity, and he knew it might well serve his ends to have a scribe among his gang of brutish miscreants...

## INT. ROYAL SURVEYORS OFFICE – MAIN HALL – NIGHT

ECHOING from behind a door (O.S.), a MAN grunts like an ox as the MUFFLED VOICE of a YOUNG WOMAN urges him to climax. Alone in the vast, empty workspace, in a flickering pool of light cast by an oil lamp, Kabose dips his brush in a small clay pot of ink, laboriously transcribing hieratic characters from a scroll onto a scrap of papyrus.

## OLD KABOSE (V.O.; CONT'D)

Free of Hasa's cruel yoke, I devoted the full measure of my time to my budding apprenticeship unmolested...

Winded and disheveled, adjusting his robe, Baruti swings open the door of his office, glances around furtively, then pushes Nyess out.

## OLD KABOSE (V.O.; CONT'D)

The same could not be said for Nyess...

Baruti impatiently orders Kabose inside so he may go over his work. He glances at Nyess as they pass each other, but she drops her eyes and moves quickly for the exit.



## INT. ROYAL SURVEYORS OFFICE – BARUTI'S OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

Baruti reviews Kabose's practice sheet. He's impressed with the boy's progress. He picks up a scroll at random and hands it to him, asks if he can read it. Kabose struggles through a written description of the orientation of a property line "sixty and seven cubits East from the mark by twenty-two and two hundred cubits on a North/South line parallel to the Temple of Isis."

Satisfied, Baruti takes the scroll and tells him that he wants him to complete a task that will be due when he returns the next day. He hands Kabose a scroll of virgin papyrus, "You will not be transcribing, but composing a letter."

"What kind of a letter, Master Baruti?"

Baruti tells him it will be a love-letter; one such as a royal personage might write to his Beloved from far away. "You will tell her how lonely you are and how your heart longs for her. It should be..." He trails off.

"Poetic?" asks Kabose.

"Yes, precisely," he replies, quickly writing some characters on Kabose's practice sheet, "You shall address her thus." He hands Kabose the sheet, upon which he has inscribed a name.

PRE-LAP - Nyess as she repeats a name: "*Merytre?*"

## INT. - THEBES - SLUM DISTRICT - HASA'S HUT – NIGHT

"Yes," says Kabose. Hunched over his practice sheet as, by the flame of an oil-lamp, he struggles with his assignment. Across the table from him, Nyess nibbles on dried meat and dates, comments that she has never met a person with that name.

Frustrated, Kabose crushes the papyrus and, growling, hurls it to the ground, "It is *stupid!* How does the pig expect me to profess my love to a person I do not know?"

When Nyess offers to help, he refuses, telling her she does not know how to write. She replies that she doesn't need to write, she needs only knows the words, "You will write them down."

After some convincing, Kabose readies his brush over the fresh papyrus scroll.

"My dearest Merytre," Nyess begins, "How I wish I could tell you how I love thee. Within my heart, thou art like a desert flower in bloom, its scent all the sweeter for the desolation that surrounds it..."

## EXT. NILE – KERMA-MEM – HARBOR – DAWN

Hakor plays his flute as Raneb walks across a plank and steps on board with a string of fish, a loaf of fresh bread and a ration of beer. He asks where Thutmose is, and Hakor jerks his head at a figure lying curled under a blanket up in the open forecabin.

Raneb nudges the sleeping figure. “Wake up, boy. I’ve got breakfast.” The figure doesn’t move. Raneb reaches down and pulls aside the blanket, revealing several bags and bundles carefully positioned to appear as a reclined figure.

He turns to Hakor, eyes wide. Hakor lowers the flute, face ashen.

SLAM TO:

EXT. KERMA SAVANNAH – DAY

POUNDING their spears against leaf-shaped shields, a line of tall, thin MASSAI WARRIORS dressed in scarlet wraps ULULATE and CLICK their tongues as they move forward through an undulating sea of tall, brown grass toward a thick copse of trees. Their henna-dyed, tightly corn-rowed hair is bound by beaded headbands, faces slathered with red war-paint.

ON A SLIGHT RISE – Thutmose and Satiah watch the hunt, faces smeared with red ochre. Thutmose asks why the party is making so much noise. She explains that they are driving the lion into the copse.

“What lion?” he asks.

Excited, she points. He sees a huge shape dart through the high grass ahead of the Maasai, its tail flicking up as it runs toward the small stand of trees. The hunting party moves into a horse-shoe formation and Satiah explains that they will surround the copse on three sides and flush the lion out.

“Where?” asks Thutmose. Satiah points. Maandeo stands poised at one end of the thicket, muscles tense, his spear ready. The warriors enter the copse, still beating their shields. Suddenly, a hideous, mortal cry rises from one end of the thicket.

“Something’s wrong,” says Satiah, tensing. The Maasai, still unseen within the thick stand of trees, raise shouts of confusion, then warning. Maandeo glances left and right, unsure what to do. Thutmose spots movement up on the bluff above Maandeo, alerts Satiah. She breaks cover and shouts a warning to Maandeo in his own tongue. He spins and looks up.

Too late.

Roaring, its muzzle glistening with fresh blood, the LION springs from a ledge, its full crushing weight obliterating the young Maasai before he can bring his weapon to bear.

Satiah screams. The lion jerks its head up and, spotting her, breaks into a full charge.

Thutmose grabs her and hurls her back into cover, preparing to take the full brunt of the attack. The lion leaps toward him,. Thutmose squeezes his eyes shut, prepares to die.

Then a thud shudders the ground under his feet.

He opens his eyes and gazes down, numb and bewildered, at the beast lying at his feet, the

bolt of an arrow imbedded in one ruined eye. He turns. Raneb stands in a chariot behind him, slowly lowers his double-curved Hyrkanian bow. He glares at Thutmose, furious.

EXT. NILE – KERMA-MEM – FISHING BOAT – DAY

Hakor is furious. “You would sacrifice Egypt for the sake of a girl?” he snarls, adding that, worse yet, Satiah is not even of legitimate birth. Thutmose bows his head, ashamed. Raneb stands at the tiller, a seething presence of quiet disgust. Thutmose gives him a pleading look and Raneb pointedly turns away—no help here.

Hakor straps on his sword. Thutmose begs him not to tell Atsutep what happened. Hakor can’t believe his ears—the boy is *still* trying to protect Satiah. Has he learned nothing? He tells Thutmose it’s clear he has neither the judgment nor discipline to conduct himself within the bounds of his station. Since he insists on commiserating with savages, so they will remove themselves from civilization.

“Such as it is,” mutters Raneb, glancing with distaste at their filthy surroundings. Hakor tells him he is going to the palace to thank Atsutep for his hospitality. “When I return, we sail to Punt.” He turns and steps onto a plank bridging their boat to the next.

“*Punt?!?*” cries Thutmose, dismayed.

EXT. NILE – KERMA-MEM – NILE – HARBOR – CONTINUOUS

Thutmose pursues Hakor from boat to boat, pleading with him to reconsider, swearing that the girl means nothing to him.

Finally, Hakor turns, starts to say something when A SPEAR SHAFT SUDDENLY ERUPTS FROM HIS RIBS, is quickly withdrawn for a second strike. Instinctively drawing his sword, Hakor spins and half decapitates the SPEARMAN with a powerful slash to the neck.

HASA - orders his ARCHERS to shoot.

An arrow hits Hakor in the thigh, a second narrowly missing Thutmose. Hakor stumbles from boat to boat, clutching his wound and pushing Thutmose ahead of him. Arrows strike bystanders as the two make their way over the bobbing obstacle course, Hasa giving chase with his Archers.

EXT. NILE – KERMA-MEM – FISHING BOAT – CONTINUOUS

Hakor shoves Thutmose into the boat. Raneb quickly strings his bow and provides cover-fire, shouting at Thutmose to raise the sail as they drift out into the channel.

One of the Archers is killed by a well-aimed arrow through the neck. Hasa dives for cover.

Thutmose finishes hauling up the sail and it’s immediately filled with a stiff breeze. Raneb shoves him down to the deck, “Take the tiller. Stay down,” he says, quickly tying off the rigging, then nocking and firing arrows as they steadily out of the harbor into the channel.

The second Archer is killed by an arrow through his head.

Frustrated, cursing, Hasa pulls the bow from the dead man's grip and, nocking an arrow, runs to the outermost boat in the harbor. Saying a brief prayer to Set to guide his aim true, he looses the arrow. It flies in a high, arching trajectory, directly at the receding fishing boat...

... and falls short by a good ten meters.

*"Fuck!"* snarls Hasa. Suddenly, one of Raneb's arrows buries itself deep in Hasa's hip, shattering the ball-joint. He gasps and collapses in the hold.

#### EXT. KEMA-MEM – FISHING BOAT - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Now out of range, Raneb takes the tiller and Thutmose kneels next to Hakor. Hakor tells him that he served under Atsutep in the Sinai, and he is a coward. "I should have known he would betray us to Senenmut."

He shudders and blood pours from his mouth, the massive wound in his chest bubbling as he sucks air into his ruined lung. He tells Raneb it's up to him, now. Distressed, Raneb objects—he knows nothing but how to be a warrior.

"Then," Hakor gasps, "you will make him a warrior."

"But how will I know when he is ready?" asks Raneb. Hakor smiles, blood on his lips, and replies, "You will know."

Weeping, Thutmose covers the wound with his hand; begs Hakor not to die. Hakor gestures for him to draw closer. He whispers something we cannot hear into the boy's ear, then breathes his last.

SLAM TO:

#### INT. THEBES - PALACE – CORRIDOR – MOVING – NIGHT

Tobu, carrying a football-sized burlap drawstring bag, follows Badru briskly down the hallway, their footsteps echoing through the silent palace. They pass through an archway into...

#### INT. THEBES - PALACE – SENENMUT'S OFFICE – MOVING – CONTINUOUS

Senenmut and Baruti the scribe examine a papyrus surveyor's map, the architect speaking quietly as he marks a line with a piece of charcoal. They look up. "A development of some urgency, Master," says Badru.

Senenmut asks Baruti if there will be any problems with "the change." Baruti assures him that there will not. With that, Senenmut rolls up the map and hands it to the Scribe, who bows, excuses himself and swiftly exits.

As soon as they're alone, Tobu says, "My regrets, Eminence, but the boy did not allow himself to be taken alive."

Shocked, Senenmut sits heavily down in his chair, asks what happened. Tobu tells him that, just as they were seizing him, before his men could stop him, the Prince slashed his own throat with a dagger.

"I'd have never thought the little bastard had it in him," mutters Senenmut.

Tobu sets the bag on the worktable in front of Senenmut. The architect looks at him, then gingerly loosens the drawstring, pulling the bag down to reveal the desiccated, SEVERED HEAD OF A BOY. "How do I know this is Thutmose?" asks Senenmut.

Tobu meets his eyes, "It is he. There is no question. I have it on the word of my most trusted man."

Senenmut nods, silently dismissing him. Alone, he gazes into the black, shrivelled eyes of the severed head. Decomposition and natural mummification on the long journey have taken their toll. Though the general features, skin and hair length are correct, it is impossible to make a definite identification...

MERYTRE (PRE-LAP)

What little I know of joy is but the joy you bring me...

INT. THEBES - PALACE – MERYTRE'S CHAMBER – NIGHT

A SLOW PUSH as Merytre reads Kabose's words to her mother, the Adoratrix Huy: "... what little I know of beauty is but the beauty you possess. What little I know of tenderness is but the tenderness you inspire in me."

Merytre presses the scroll to her heart. Huy is moved to tears, "Oh, Merytre. Surely you know such words can only be crafted by a palace-born son of Amun-Ra!" They fall into each other's happy embrace.

KABOSE (PRE-LAP)

Every day remains an eternity until the day I am yours.

INT. ROYAL SURVEYORS OFFICE – MAIN HALL – NIGHT

Alone in the vast hall by the dim flicker of an oil lamp, Kabose, laboriously finishes yet another letter to Merytre, signing with the cartouche of Thutmose the Third as he concludes: "... which I am, and will always remain, forever, Thutmose."

He raises his head as the sound of LABORED LOVEMAKING ECHOES from behind a closed door off the workspace. For an unguarded moment, something flickers in the boy's eyes—perhaps resentment, perhaps jealousy...

... perhaps both.

OUT





## PHARAOH: EPISODES 1.03 – 1.06



### PHARAOH: 1.03 – THE THIRST OF THE GODDESS

Six years have passed. Egypt has prospered under the reign of Hatshepsut, and she has proven a capable and popular monarch. She has initiated a number of impressive building projects. However, her ambitions have drained the treasury, and Senenmut must rely on... *alternative* means to pay for the Queen's expansive vision.

To that end, we find Kabose now raiding tombs with Tobu and his gang, kicking back half the spoils to Senenmut. By day, Kabose continues his apprenticeship under Baruti in exchange for sexual favors from Nyess, still living under the harsh hand of his Uncle, Hasa the Liar. Now a drunken cripple, Hasa resents Kabose's growing status within Tobu's gang.

Tobu's support of Kabose's apprenticeship under Baruti has paid off handsomely. Kabose has access to all the architectural plans as well as the builder's notes to defeat various safeguards. Along with the cooperation of Senenmut's Necropolis Police, the pickings have never been so easy. Tobu is growing increasingly rich and influential.

In order to reduce the influence of the Adoratrix Huy, Senenmut has engineered a gradual transfer of their lands to the other temples by altering the annual surveys with the help of Baruti. The Festival of Drunkenness, presided over by Hatshepsut herself, has increased the popularity and power of Amenemope, High Priest of the Temple of Mut in Luxor.

In order to drive even more citizens toward the carnally oriented Cult of Mut, Senenmut clamps down on vice in Thebes, shutting down the bordello district.

Nyess alerts Kabose to the opportunity to profit from the venture. He cuts an arrangement with the Adoratrix Huy to accept prostitutes as novices in the harem at the Temple of Amun-Ra, essentially running a bordello under the protection of the Cult. He then approaches the other Cults and negotiates similar arrangements.

Meanwhile, in the fabled land of Punt on the Indian Ocean, Thutmose thrives under the steady martial training of Raneb, becoming an expert with traditional bow, spear and chariot as well as military history and strategy.

Punt is subject to raids by Egyptian Nubians, who abduct their women into sexual servitude to service the workers at their gold mines in the jungles of Tanzania. When asked for assistance by the tribal elders, Thutmose not only mounts a successful defense from a Nubian raid, but mounts a counter-attack, taking control of the mines and turning them over to Punt.

When Hasa discovers that Kabose is operating his bordello arrangement behind Tobu's back, he orders his nephew to take him on as a partner on the venture. Kabose refuses, and Hasa angrily rats him out to Tobu for self-dealing. Enraged by the betrayal of his most trusted acolyte, he orders his gang to bring Kabose to him so he may make him an example. Kabose is forced into hiding as the gang searches for him to exact justice.

Nyess approaches the Adoratrix Huy. Huy recognizes her; is shocked that she's still alive. It immediately becomes apparent that the two share a secret—distinctly unwholesome—history. Nyess makes her an offer: If she does her a favor, she will never darken the Temple's step again.

When Raneb witnesses an apocryphal incident in which a lioness's charge on Thutmose is halted by the attack of a falcon, he accepts it as an omen that the time has come for The Prince to end his long, self-imposed exile. Their first stop is Kerma-Mem.

The gang captures Kabose, and he is taken to Tobu. His life is saved by a surprise visit to the gangsters dwelling by the Exalted Adoratrix Huy, who testifies on behalf of Kabose, leveling the blame instead upon the shoulders of Hasa the Liar. Given her status, her accusation is unimpeachable (though Tobu still harbors doubts that Hasa is capable of such a complex endeavor).

The episode culminates in a three way cross-cut between a.) The wanton mass-debauchery of the Feast of Drunkenness; b.) The fatal beating of Hasa the Liar, Kabose administering the *coup de grace*, thereby cementing his membership in Tobu's gang, and; c.) Thutmose's return to Kerma-Mem, in which he eviscerates and beheads Prince Atsutep in vengeance for the betrayal and murder of Hakor, usurping control over the garrison and effectively

We close with the arrival in Thebes of a massive barge laden with treasure. Thutmose's Vizier carries word to the Queen and Hatshepsut from the "Exalted Heir to the Two Kingdoms, Thutmose the Third," who has consolidated Egyptian control over all the Southern Lands, from the Nile to Punt and the mines of Nubia.



#### **EPISODE 1.04: THE PERFECT DAY**

As the flooding recedes Senenmut, the Adoratrix Huy and their entourages (including his ever-present charge, the Princess Neferure, now 7), tour the land-holdings of the Cult of Amun-Ra. She points out trees and other landmarks that marked the borders in years past. Senenmut orders a young scribe from the Surveyor's Office to have Baruti confirm the property lines, reminding Huy that such disputes can only be remedied by Royal Decree. She refuses to rise to the bait, changing the subject to the effusive love-letters Merytre receives every fortnight from Thutmose. This elicits a repressed smile from the young scribe, who we reveal as KABOSE. In V.O., Old Kabose tells us that, as the author of the correspondence, he couldn't help but be flattered by such high praise.

We find Thutmose in Kerma-Mem. The city is barely recognizable due to the civic improve-

ments and ordered infrastructure instituted under his command. The former backwater has been transformed into a thriving center of trade. Reunited with Satiah, now a beautiful, athletic young woman, romance has blossomed for the young prince. They are inseparable, hunting together, training together under the tutelage of Raneb, who has built an elite, multiethnic Royal Guard to keep order in the region.

Thutmose informs Raneb that he has decided to marry Satiah. Raneb suggests he send word of the marriage to Hatshepsut, so she may give her blessings. Thutmose bristles—though he has sent prodigious amounts of gold to Thebes, Hatshepsut has not invited him to return. He does not want or need the blessing of a whore. Raneb replies that Hakor would advise him to do so, if merely to comply with protocol.

Tabu and Kabose walk the Harbor District. Tobu suggests a protection racket to shake down the merchant vessels. Kabose suggests he prepare written decrees—those who are unwilling to pay bribes will be less likely to balk if it's presented as a tax. Tobu is impressed with the young man's ingenuity.

When Senenmut returns to the palace, he finds Hatshepsut in her chamber. As he recounts his frustration at the Adoratrix's intractability, the Queen begins laughing. She shows him the message she received that morning from Thutmose. "There is no reason to usurp the throne," she says, "the fool has turned it over to me himself!"

In Kema-Mem, Thutmose finally receives the long-awaited invitation to return—not to Thebes, but to his father's winter palace in Aswan. When he arrives, a reception meets his Royal Barge. Every high-born person of noble blood in the upper kingdom is present. Hatshepsut and Senenmut relish the moment when Thutmose greets his intended Queen, Merytre, with the polite coolness he might accord to any stranger (for that is, indeed, what she is), and introduces her to his First Great Wife, Satiah. The very public betrayal and humiliation of her own daughter enrages Huy. Hatshepsut knows in that moment that he will finally be accorded the office she has long-sought.

Kabose presents the forged tax-documents to Tobu. The gang is leery. Scams like this have been attempted before, but have failed in the face of violent—sometimes fatal—retribution from the Harbor Guild, the most powerful workers union in Thebes. The boss, a man known as Panahasi the Barbarian, will "wipe his ass with your painted papyrus and gut the man who presents it." Tobu laughs and tells his men that Panahasi is only strong because no one has defied him. To prove it, he will send young Kabose to demand tribute. Kabose is terrified. He realizes that Tobu knew all along that the plan had a fatal flaw. This is a test, and one that could very well cost Kabose his life.

That night at the homecoming feast in Aswan, Hatshepsut and Senenmut put the second part of their plan into action. She informs Thutmose that she has made arrangements for him and a group of young noblemen from the most powerful families in Thebes to enjoy a "Perfect Day" of hunting, sports and pampering by the most beautiful women in the Palace harem. Like his father before him, Hatshepsut is certain that, once immersed in the luxuries accorded a living God, Thutmose will have little interest in ruling. He invites her to join him, but she passes; she has "matters to attend to" in Thebes.

Kabose cannot sleep. Nyess asks what troubles him, and he tells her that tomorrow he will likely die at the hands of Panahasi, the Barbarian. Better he flee and never return. Nyess ad-

vises him that power comes not from strength, but the ability to invoke fear. Suddenly self-conscious, afraid he has let his slave become too familiar, Kabose asks her if she enjoys fucking Baruti. She levels an even gaze at him and, in a flat monotone, tells him that “every moment with Baruti is my greatest bliss.” Though he knows she is lying, he does not know why—or, rather, does not *want* to know.

The following day: Ten beautiful young courtesans wait on Thutmose, Raneb and six young men on the Royal Barge. Thutmose, garbed as a nobleman, drinks and feasts with these decadent sons of Egypt’s aristocracy. A scribe records every detail of the day so it may be engraved in stone and thereby preserved forever. One of the nobles, REMMAO, stands out from the others with his ready laugh and confident bearing. INTERCUT WITH:

The Temple of Amun-Ra. Hatshepsut’s ritualistic preparations for her coronation as King—the binding of her breasts, the shearing of her hair, the application of the false ceremonial beard. She looks at herself in a polished bronze mirror, and orders the priests from the room. In the main hall, the Priests wonder why the ceremony has been delayed. Senenmut investigates, finds Hatshepsut in a small chamber, weeping. When she sees him, she covers her face and begs him not to look upon her, “I am repulsive—not a king, but a mockery of one! Go!” He approaches her, looks at her shorn head, tears mingled with jet kohl trailing down her cheeks. He shakes his head and tells her she has never been as breathtaking. They kiss passionately.

In Thutmose’s Aswan palace, wine flows, the Nobles toasting and laughing, fondling the courtesans. Musicians play. The Scribe reads his account of Thutmose’s exploits that day, each feat greeted by a joke from Remmao and guffaws from the Nobles. Find Thutmose on his throne, his face an expressionless mask. Only Satiah, seated next to him, seems cognizant of Thutmose’s dark mood. With great pomp, a granite monument to The King’s Perfect Day is unveiled. Thutmose approaches the monument and studies the carvings. Disgusted, he jerks the carved slab off its stand and it crashes to the floor, shattering. He orders the Nobles out of his palace, calling them jackals and turns to Raneb, who gazes at him, a smile of pride on his face—his master has passed his last and most difficult trial. “Prepare my bark,” commands Thutmose, “We sail for Thebes.”

A BLAST OF HORNS. To DRUMS AND CHANTS, a massive crowd gathers on the steps of the Temple of Amun-Ra. As they round a bend and approach the Royal Docks by bark, Thutmose and Raneb are confused. The Adoratrix presents Hatshepsut to the throng as their new King. Hatshepsut appears on the terrace wearing royal garb to a deafening ROAR OF APPROVAL FROM THE MULTITUDE. Eyes blazing with fury, Thutmose grabs his bow, nocks an arrow. Raneb snatches his wrist. “Are you mad?” he says, “Listen to them... they adore her!” Thutmose objects that he is the rightful King. Resigned, Raneb replies, “As is she. It is done, Your Highness. To rend it is to rend Egypt.” Despondent, Thutmose bows his head and allows Hakor to take his bow.

The following day, as Tobu and his gang watch from shore, Kabose fearlessly confronts Panahasi. True to his reputation, he tears the tax document in half and tells Kabose to go fuck himself. “Very well, then by the order of Exalted Queen Hatshepsut, you are dismissed.” Panahasi is stunned. He’s *fired*? Kabose points at a worker and appoints him the new Harbormaster of Thebes. Enraged, Panahasi threatens Kabose, who brazenly stands his ground and states that if he is harmed, every Worker on the dock will be impaled by the Queen’s order. Before he can make good on his threat, Panahasi is attacked by his workers, who stab and bludgeon him to death.

Tobu looks upon his surrogate son with pride. The two exchange a nod of mutual respect. From afar, Nyess watches, eyes glittering with cold admiration...



## PHARAOH: 1.05 –WARRIOR OF TWO KINGDOMS

Kabose presents an incredible opportunity to Tobu: A chance to raid the greatest hoard of all—the tomb of Thutmose the First. Tobu says it is impossible—even Senenmut does not have the engineering schematic. Rumor is, they were destroyed. Kabose tells him he was cleaning out a storeroom, and discovered a long-forgotten set. When Tobu asks where they are, Kabose tells him they are in a safe place. He will share them with Tobu on several conditions.

Tobu is enraged that Kabose would dare set conditions—does he think he’s the boss? Kabose assures him they are quite reasonable: a.) Since Senenmut had no hand in getting the plans, they will not give him his customary split; and b.) access to the tomb is tight and strictly a two-man job, so they will not share the spoils with the rest of the gang. It will be an even split between them, 50/50. Tobu agrees. Kabose tells him he’ll come by later and go over the schematics with him.

As Senenmut looks on, Hatshepsut sits rigidly on her throne in formal attire to receive Thutmose. They have structured the meeting as a test to see if he concedes her superior position as a fully-crowned king. Her ROYAL GUARDS stand ready to protect their Queen in the event he threatens her.

With perfect protocol, Thutmose paces toward her. He notes the tense Guards, their knuckles white as they grip their spears. He kneels, bows, and then stands when she waves her hand. The relief in the room is palpable. He humbly requests a command in the army, for his education in military affairs. She exchanges a glance with Senenmut—could it be he wishes to lead an insurrection against her? She stalls, tells him that she will check with her Generals to see if they can spare any men—Thutmose interrupts, “I ask for but one platoon. Thirty men.” She cannot deny so small a request.

After he departs, she voices her lingering concern to Senenmut. He reminds her that she commands 20,000 soldiers, 500 personal guards, and the world’s mightiest Royal Navy. “Let the boy play soldier.”

At the Royal Surveyor’s office, Kabose delivers some finished scrolls to Baruti’s office, interrupting a meeting with Badru. He apologizes. Badru tells him he was just leaving. Kabose notices several property surveys on Baruti’s desk. Quickly rolling them up, he admonishes Kabose for entering without knocking, putting the maps away in a cabinet and locking it. Kabose apologizes and assures him it will never happen again.

At the Royal Garrison, the army commander, GENERAL GEBU, welcomes Thutmose and Raneb. It’s apparent that Gebu and Raneb have served together in the past. He offers them command over an existing platoon. Raneb tells him the King wishes to recruit his own men. He will need a six of his cavalry’s best horses and chariots at his disposal that night

That evening, Kabose meets Nyess outside the surveyor's office and tells her to steal the maps when she finishes servicing Baruti. He gives her a goatskin of beer to take with her, tells her that the cabinet he keeps them in is locked. She tells him he wears the key around his neck. When he asks if she can gain possession of it, she smirks; child's play.

TWO CHARIOTS SPEED around the track, Raneb at the reins of one, the other driven by a slight man wearing a leather skullcap, the lower half of his face covered with a red bandanna. The YOUNG NOBLEMEN who accompanied Thutmose for his perfect day cheer and drink wine with him. The two cross the finish line, Raneb trailing by half a length. Thutmose says that in order to prove they are worthy of his command, they need only beat his champion, the Charioteer who won the race with Raneb. The first to volunteer is REMMAO, one of the cockiest of the group. Soon, all have volunteered. They draw lots to decide who will compete first.

An exciting race ensues, in which Thutmose's champion easily beats his five opponents. Insult is added to injury when "his" identity is revealed: It is Thutmose's wife, SATIAH. Thutmose tells the noblemen that the reason for the exercise is to teach them that pride and noble birth does not win the race, only skills, honed to a razor-fine point. He urges them to tell their friends and return the next day for training.

As Nyess watches Kabose studies the stolen documents. He notices that two of the papyrus maps are almost exactly alike except for small changes that reflect hand-notations made on the previous year's survey. Focusing his attention on the changes, he thinks and thinks... *and he realizes!* "Thievery!" he calls aloud. "Fraud!" He unfurls more maps, pointing out the incremental changes in property-lines favoring all the temples at the expense of one: *The Temple of Amun-Ra!* He turns to Nyess, amazed, "A single scribe can steal more with a pen than a gang of a hundred thieves!" She asks him why Baruti would do such a thing. Suddenly, he remembers Badru, realizes that the changes must have been made at the behest of Senenmut. He asks if she left the office window unsecured as he instructed. She nods. He hastily rolls up the maps and orders her to return them immediately, to forget she ever saw them.

Kabose retrieves the plans from his hidey-hole at the base of the wall. As is his custom, he admires the scarab medallion given to him by the boy-king. On impulse, he hangs it around his neck, tucks it under his tunic and heads off to meet Tobu.

In Aswan, Thutmose has constructed a private garrison on the palace grounds. Assisted by Raneb and Satiah, he trains his 30 volunteers, not as conventional infantrymen, but as commandos, favoring stealth and force-multipliers over brute strength. They are trained in the use of standard Egyptian weapons as well as a number of exotic arms Thutmose has mastered in his travels to the Southern Kingdoms.

At Tobu's place, Kabose goes over the schematics with his boss, the two discussing what kind of equipment they'll need, keys fabricated, etc. There's a knock at the door. Tobu tells him he forgot: The gang is meeting here to go out on a tomb raid tonight. He tells Kabose he'll hide the plans. Kabose objects. Tobu acts hurt—after all they've gone through, Kabose doesn't trust him? Kabose acquiesces, figuring he'll retrieve them after the job.

Senenmut meets with Remmao, who we learn is a long-time crony who often acts as an informant in exchange for political favors benefiting his family's various business interests. He discloses that all of Thutmose's recruits are from prominent families, the sons of nobles, wealthy merchants and influential government officials. Furthermore, he is training them as comman-



dos, exactly the kind of troops that could support a coup or assassination. Senenmut tells him to return to Aswan and continue his mission. The insouciant young Noble is dismayed—all they do is drill, and it's hotter than Sekhmet's twat this time of year... Senenmut tells him he'll be well rewarded.

After looting the tomb of a minor Prince in The Valley of the Kings, the gang gripes about the thin pickings. It was hardly worth the bother. Tobu asks Kabose if he remembered the emerald he left in the alcove behind the sarcophagus. Kabose is confused—he must not have been paying attention. He send Kabose back to the burial chamber, dismisses the others. "I'll wait for you here," offers Tobu.

In the burial chamber, Kabose sees no sign of an emerald in the alcove. He's about to leave when the hallway exit caves in, burying him alive.

Senenmut relays this information to Hatshepsut, who is surprised that Thutmose could be so devious. Clearly, he does not respect her as king? He must learn that a woman is as capable as a man of ruthlessly putting down a rebellion. She tells him a messenger arrived that very afternoon; several tax-collectors were slaughtered by an insurgent Nubian Tribe. General Gebu estimates that 200 soldiers can restore order and punish those responsible. Senenmut is baffled.

She smiles. "Authorize a force of 500. Tell the General they will be led by their King."



## EPISODE 1.06: IN THE NUBIAN SUN

Worried that Kabose didn't return the night before, Nyess goes to Tobu's and asks his whereabouts. Bleary from sleep, it takes him a moment to recognize her—oh yes, she's Kabose's slave. He tells her he has good news for her: She is now free. It seems her master perished in a cave-in last night. She's stunned speechless. He waves her off and starts to close the door, but she pushes it open. "You just left him?" she asks. Tobu tells her Kabose didn't have a chance. As it was, he barely escaped himself. Before she can bother him with more questions, he slams the door in her face.

In the tomb, Kabose drags himself from the rubble, coughing up dirt. He's trapped in a narrow spot between the debris filling the hallway and the ceiling. In total darkness, he shouts for help.

On the savannah, a semi-circle of thatched huts on stilts face the river. In the clearing, the decomposing bodies of two Egyptians hang upside down from crossed poles. A few of the villagers go about their pre-dawn routines, but most are still asleep. Concealed behind a ridge, wearing the garb of a warrior and armed with sword and dagger, Hatshepsut asks her lieutenant if her forces are in position. He informs her that the village is completely surrounded.

On her order, archers fire flaming arrows, igniting the grass huts. Men, women and children stagger out, choking on smoke, only to be felled by a hail of arrows. For a moment, the sight of the violence so shocks her that the Lieutenant has to ask her twice if he should send in the

charioteers to secure the rebels. She tells him yes. Charioteers ride down those attempting to flee, cutting down the few that have managed to resist.

Nyess finds two of Tobu's men, PANSHI and AAPEP drinking beer in a seedy Harbor District tavern. Both are drunk, tipping toasts to their departed friend, Kabose. She demands they take her to the tomb—and bring shovels!

In Thebes, Senenmut walks along an elegant hall with a wealthy GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL. His son is one of Thutmose's commando recruits. The Official is proud; this is the most productive thing his son has ever done. Senenmut compliments Thutmose, praising his boldness. He expresses his admiration for the Official to allow his only son to perhaps give his life for the Kingdom. If only more parents were willing to make such selfless sacrifices! Thoroughly shaken, the Official asks if Senenmut might find his son a position of responsibility in, say, the Royal Construction Corps. Senenmut smiles. "Of course..."

Hatshepsut walks through the smoking ruins of the village. Her lieutenant dryly reports no casualties on their side. The few surviving male villagers are held under guard, forced to their knees. The aged, infirmed, women and children have been rounded up, wailing and weeping, rocking back and forth in abject woe, begging for mercy in their own tongue. Though unaccustomed to such brutality, Hatshepsut nevertheless retains her composure. The Lieutenant opines that it appears the enemy has been subdued. He asks if they should retreat. She tells him no, and orders rest of the villagers executed, to start with the children and the women, "so these fools may see the wages of defying Egypt." Shaken, the Lieutenant relays the order.

By sheer force of will, Hatshepsut maintains her cold demeanor as the slaughter begins. She excuses herself and walks toward the river. As she moves into the concealment of the high reed, she staggers quickly to the rivers edge, kneels and, trembling badly, strips off her leather helmet, splashing cold water on her face and gulping air, covering her ears to shut out the screams of the villagers. She vomits into the river, wracked with dry heaves. She becomes aware of eyes on her, sees a Nubian child gazing at her, hidden in the high reeds.

As the last man's throat is slit, the Lieutenant sees Hatshepsut, now composed, emerges from the reeds. He asks her if he should have his men search the brush for strays. She replies it won't be necessary; there's no one down there. She steps up into her chariot and her driver pulls away. The Lieutenant bellows, "*Pull out!*"

What little air Kabose has left is thick with dust. He lays still, his breathing shallow. He hears a faint cry—Nyess, calling his name. He holds his breath. Is it his imagination? No! He hears it again, cries out, his voice hoarse. A muffled babble of excited male voices; the frenzied sound of digging. Suddenly, he's blinded by a spear of dazzling sunlight. He reaches for it and his seized by strong hands...

... on the other side of the collapse, Panshj and Aapep pull Kabose out of the belly of the tomb, elemental, filthy with sweat and grime. He collapses in the arms of Nyess, who cradles him and weeps in relief.

Thutmose learns that a number of his recruits have resigned from the unit. Raneb tells him that the departed men's parents had forced them to go home under threat of disinheritance.

Tobu answers a knock on his door, and is stunned to see Kabose on his step, as filthy as a man who has clawed his way from his own grave. He immediately recovers and embraces him, tearfully thanking Osirus for returning his son, Kabose, who he feared was dead. Kabose and Nyess enter the house. Kabose pointedly asks him for the document he left. Tobu blinks. What document—oh *yes! Of course!* He immediately retrieves it from his lockbox. As he gives it to Kabose, he reads the suspicion on his and Nyess's faces. Dismayed, he asks, surely, they cannot think he would kill his most beloved friend for a mere piece of paper? To her horror, Kabose accepts Tobu's pleas of innocence.

Against the setting sun, Thutmose announces to his gathered soldiers, "From this moment forward, we shall train as we shall fight—by night." He stands before a statue of the god KHONSU, a falcon-headed man wearing a moon-disk. "Khonsu lights our way to find our enemies. He is our special protector, but it is our training that makes us powerful, to live up to him with our skills." To conceal themselves, they wear black and darken their bodies with a mixture of crushed kohl and lamp oil. Each carries sheathed daggers on his wrist and calf. Raneb teaches them to hide in shadows and operate in teams of three. They practice with instruments for silent killing—the garrote and dagger.

That night, Nyess ridicules Kabose for believing that Tobu was guiltless. Even if he did not intend to murder Kabose, can he not see that he is being used. By Kabose's wits and schemes, he has enriched himself a hundredfold, while still the members of his gang are given only scraps. Angry, Kabose admonishes her. Tobu has been like a father to him—*more* than a father! Did he not return the map of the tomb? Nyess replies that of course he did. How else was he to allay Kabose's suspicions? Besides, he will have his opportunity again when the two of you go to retrieve the hoard of Thutmose the First. Kabose dismisses her concerns. What does a creature such as she know of loyalty and love? He forbids her from ever speaking ill of Tobu again. Frustrated, she storms out of the house.

The next morning, Hatshepsut returns from her Nubian campaign. As all of Thebes celebrates her victory, Kabose arrives early at the Surveyor's Hall to find Baruti desperately ransacking his own office. Panicked, he asks Kabose if he's seen a set of land surveys. Perhaps they were misplaced... Kabose tells him he has not. As Baruti continues his search with increasing desperation...

At the Temple of Amun-Ra, the Adoratrix Huy receives a Nyess. Did she not say she would never again darken her step? What does she want now? Nyess tells her no, only information: The Cult of Amun-Ra has been systematically looted of its land holdings for the last seven years. Huy sniffs that allegations are useless without proof. Nyess reply that she has in her possession a set of Royal Surveyors maps complete with written alterations in what is likely the hand of the Queen's architect. It would be a simple matter to compare them to other documents written in Senenmut's hand—surely, with all the titles he holds, there must be thousands. Her interest piqued, Huy asks what Nyess wishes for in exchange for this proof. "Merely the death of one man," Nyess replies, "Tobu, the gangster."

# PHARAOH

## PHARAOH: EPISODES 1.07 – 1.12 – CHARACTER/STORY ARCS

- ◆ A scribe arrives with an urgent plea of Gaza, KING KANEB. Bedouins have attacked the copper mines, he reports, and there is no copper to be paid. Hatshepsut considers a campaign against the Bedouins.
- ◆ Thutmose seizes the opportunity to prove the worth of his elite unit. As Hatshepsut gathers her army, he beats her to the punch, executing an assault on the copper mines in Gaza that repels Kaneb's warriors. He is successful and retakes the mines.
- ◆ Upon his return from Gaza, Thutmose encounters a severe sandstorm. He will not abandon the copper. He has the men carry it. 12 men die but Thutmose makes it back to Thebes amidst much fanfare.
- ◆ The Adoratrix dispatches the Temple Guard and they kill Tobu.
- ◆ Kabose takes over the Tobu's gang, begins working with Senenmut in their tomb-robbing scheme.
- ◆ Hatshepsut travels to Punt on a trade expedition. She is successful in re-establishing trade with Punt.
- ◆ With Tobu dead, Senenmut begins working with Kabose to rob tombs. Kabose and his gang raid Thutmose the First's tomb.
- ◆ The Adoratrix Huy's informs Senenmut of the evidence she has in her possession. She demands that Hatshepsut grant her Cult double the lands they lost due his subterfuge
- ◆ Thutmose begins to train his chariot corps.
- ◆ In order to protect his standing with the Queen, Senenmut orders Badru



to dispatch his assassins and kill everyone with which he's has illicit dealings. On what proves to be "a night of the long knives," Baruti and a number of Surveyors are murdered, as well as every member of Kabose's gang.

- ◆ Kabose narrowly escapes Badru's assassins. With the help of Nyess, they execute the dangerous incursion into the Tomb of Thutmose the First, leaving Thebes in possession of a hoard of treasure.
- ◆ The Adoratrix Huy is abducted and tortured. She reveals the location she has hidden the incriminating surveyor's maps. Once Badru recovers them, Senenmut kills Huy with great pleasure. Though foul play is suspected in her disappearance, The Adoratrix is missed only by her daughter, Merytre.



- Hatshepsut returns to Thebes after her highly successful trade mission. She brings back more loot than any king in a thousand years, eclipsing Thutmose and his Gaza campaign.

- Hatshepsut objects to Thutmose's chariot corps because he did not seek her permission.

- Kabose goes to Gaza in order to sell his loot from Thutmose the First's

tomb. He and Nyess are waylaid on the road by Bedouins and robbed of their treasure. Nyess is abducted.

- Thutmose discovers all the horses dead from poisoning in the stables. Thutmose kills the culprit, Senenmut's mole, Remmao.
- Disgusted with the obstacles placed before him by Hatshepsut, Thutmose again leaves Thebes, this time accompanied not only by Raneb, but loyal members of his elite unit.
- Thutmose hires his unit out to a Canaanite General who is having trouble conquering a walled fortress.
- Broken, only realizing now that the greater of his losses was not the hoard of Thutmose, but Nyess, Kabose falls into a spiral of alcoholism.
- Thutmose diverts a river to flow to the wall of the fortress, thereby undermining its foundation. Taking a cue from the Maasai lion hunt he witnessed as a boy, he and his unit make a dangerous repel down a sheer cliff behind the stronghold and flank the defenders. The wall of the fortress gives way to the river and the Canaanites rush in to slaughter their enemies.



- Thutmose reach the Mediterranean Sea. He intercedes out of pity when he sees a group of men beating a drunk for his sandals. He kills them and, while checking the sot for injuries, sees he is wearing the scarab pendant. Thutmose recognizes Kabose as his spiritual his brother from the night he first fled Thebes.



- Thutmose and his men track the Bedouins to Babylon and rescue Nyess from being sold into slavery.
- Thutmose is drawn to Nyess—the seeds of a romantic triangle form.
- Thutmose and Kabose meet Gaza's King Kaneb. Thutmose agrees to help train his charioteers. They use heavy Hittite chariots that are not very maneuverable.
- When Kaneb orders Thutmose to capture an Egyptian outpost to show the King his men are capable of beating the Egyptians, Thutmose has no choice but to comply or risk exposure. Thutmose, Kabose and his unit capture the Egyptian outpost and Thutmose's men kill everyone.
- Kaneb is impressed. He agrees to let Thutmose and his unit act as forward scouts for his invasion of Egypt.
- ◆ On the road, though they struggle against it, Thutmose and Nyess begin an affair. Both are sickened over their betrayal of Kabose.



Charioters training...

◆ Hatshepsut discovers that all her relative's tombs in the Valley of the Kings have been sacked. Ignorant of Senenmut's role in the theft, she chastises him for a lack of security.

◆ Thutmose arrives unexpectedly in Thebes and warns Hatshepsut of the impending attack by King Kaneb. He tells her of the massive army the King has raised, and convinces her of his sincerity. Together, they ready for war.



- ◆ In an attempt to divert suspicion from himself, Senenmut orders Kabose arrested for grave-robbing.
- ◆ Thutmose pleads with Hatshepsut to spare Kabose. Hatshepsut refuses. Kabose is to be executed.
- ◆ When Thutmose presents evidence to Hatshepsut that Senenmut masterminded the tomb robberies, Kabose is spared at the last minute by a royal proclamation.
- ◆ Hatshepsut confronts Senenmut. He confesses but insists that he profited from none of his crimes. Everything he did was to serve her dreams. She orders him arrested.
- ◆ The General reviews the situation with Hatshepsut; they have less men than Kaneb. They are forced to draft every able-bodied man in Egypt.
- ◆ King Kaneb advances on Egypt through Sinai.
- ◆ Thutmose and Kabose march out to meet the army.
- ◆ Thutmose uses a novel tactic, flanking Kaneb's army and kills all the rear echelon leaders. Thutmose kills the astonished Kaneb.
- ◆ There is a raucous victory celebration at Thebes. The High Priests of all the sects proclaim that from now on there will be two rulers of Egypt, and institutes the office of "The Royal House," or "Pharaoh." Both insist it is unworkable, but the priests are unmoved. They will have no choice but to rule together.
- ◆ The situation has gone from toxic to lethal

