Lawrence Of Arabia

By Robert Bolt
He was the most extraordinary man I ever knew. Did you know him well? I knew him. Well, nil nisi bonum. But did he really deserve a place in here? Lord Allenby, could you give me a few words about Colonel Lawrence? What, more words? The revolt in the desert played a decisive part in the Middle Eastern campaign. Yes, sir, but about Colonel Lawrence himself. No, no. I didn't know him well, you know. Now, Mr. Bentley, you must know as much about Colonel Lawrence as anybody does. Yes, it was my privilege to know him. And to make him known to the world. He was a poet, a scholar and a mighty warrior. Thank you. He was also the most shameless exhibitionist since Barnum and Bailey. You, sir. Who are you? My name is Jackson Bentley. Well, whoever you are, I overheard your last remark, and I take the gravest possible exception. -He was a very great man. -Did you know him? No, I can't claim to have known him. I once had the honour to shake his hand in Damascus. Knew him? No, I never knew him. He had some minor function on my staff in Cairo.
Michael George Hartley,
this is a nasty,
dark, little room.
That's right.
We are not happy in it.
I am. It's better than
a nasty, dark, little trench.
-Then you're a big noble fellow.
-That's right.
Ah, here is William Potter
with my newspaper.
-Here you are, tosh.
-Thanks.
Would you care for one of
Corporal Hartley's cigarettes?
Ta.
-Is it there?
-Of course.
Headlines.
But I'll bet it isn't
mentioned in the Times.
"Bedouin tribes attack
Turkish stronghold."
And I bet that no one in this whole
headquarters even knows it happened.
Or would care if it did.
Allow me to ignite your cigarette.
-Mr. Lawrence?
-Yes.
-Flimsy, sir.
-Thank you.
You'll do that once too often.
It's only flesh and blood.
Michael George Hartley,
you're a philosopher.
And you're balmy!
Oh!
-It damn well hurts!
-Certainly, it hurts.
Well, what's the trick, then?
The trick, William Potter,
is not minding that it hurts.
Oh, by the way, if Captain Gibbon
should enquire for me,
tell him I've gone for
a chat with the general.
-He's balmy.
-He's all right.
Lawrence.
Yes?
You're supposed to be...
Do you usually wear
your cap in the mess?
Always.
You're supposed to be on duty,
aren't you? Where are you going?
Mustn't talk shop, Freddie,
not in the mess.
Matter of fact, I'm going for
a powwow with the general.
I'm not asking as your superior, Lawrence,
I'm asking as the secretary of this mess.
We don't want chaps in here
who should be on duty.
Where are you going,
please?
I must say, Lawrence!
-Sorry.
-You're a clown, Lawrence.
Ah, well, we can't
all be lion tamers.
Sorry.
It's an intrigue, Dryden.
And I do not propose to let an
overweening, finicky, crass lieutenant
thumb his nose at his general officer
commanding and get away with it.
It doesn't sound as though
he'd be any great loss, sir.
Now don't try that, Dryden.
There's a principle involved.
There is, indeed.
He's of no use here in Cairo.
He might be in Arabia.
He knows his stuff, sir.
Knows the books, you mean.
I've already sent out
Colonel Brighton, who's a soldier.
And if Brighton thinks we should send
them some small arms, then we will.
Well, what more do you want?
That there would be no question
of Lieutenant Lawrence
giving military advice.
By God, I should hope not.
It's just that the Arab Bureau would
like its own man on the spot, sir, to...
To what?
To make our own appraisal
of the situation.
I may as well tell you, it's my
considered opinion and that of my staff
that any time spent on the
Bedouin will be time wasted.
They're a nation
of sheep-stealers.
They did attack Medina.
And the Turks made
mincemeat of them.
We don't know that, sir.
We know that they didn't take it.
A storm in a teacup, Dryden, a sideshow.
If you want my own opinion, this whole
theatre of operations is a sideshow.
The real war's being fought
against the Germans, not the Turks.
And not here, but on the
Western front in the trenches.
Your Bedouin Army,
or whatever it calls itself,
would be a sideshow
of a sideshow.
Big things have
small beginnings, sir.
Does the Arab Bureau
want a big thing in Arabia?
If they rise against the Turks, does
the bureau think they're going to sit
down under us when this war is over?
The bureau thinks the job of the
moment, sir, is to win the war.
Don't tell me my duty,
Mr. Dryden.
-Lawrence, sir.
-Send him in.
Good morning, sir.
Salute.
If you're insubordinate with me,
Lawrence, I shall put you under arrest.
-It's my manner, sir.
-Your what?
My manner, sir. It looks
insubordinate, but it isn't really.
I can't make out whether you're bloody
bad-mannered or just half-witted.
-I have the same problem, sir.
- Shut up.
The Arab Bureau seem to think you would
be of some use to them in Arabia.
Why, I can't imagine.
You don't seem able to perform
your present duties properly.
"I cannot fiddle, but I can make
a great state from a little city."
-What?
- Themistocles, sir.
A Greek philosopher.
I know you've been
well-educated, Lawrence.
It says so in your dossier.
You're the kind of creature
I can't stand, Lawrence.
But I suppose I could be wrong.
All right, Dryden.
You can have him for six weeks.
Who knows? It might even
make a man of him.
Come in!
Yes, what is it?
Navy signal, sir. The convoy will be
in Port Said tomorrow night.
-Is that certain?
-Yes, sir.
There doesn't seem
to be any artillery, sir.
But there must be artillery!
Sir, this is something
of an expedition.
He has to get to Yenbo, find a guide,
find the Arabs and then get back.
He can't do that
in six weeks.
-Two months, then.
-Three.
All right, three. Now, will you
let me do some work, Mr. Dryden?
Thank you, sir.
I'd like to say, sir,
that I am grateful for this.
Shut up and get out.
Sir?
How can I fight a bloody war
without bloody artillery?
How did you do it?
You might better ask
why I bothered to.
-Because I'm the man for the job.
-I just wonder about that.
Of course I'm the man for job.
What is the job, by the way?
Find Prince Feisal.
Good. And when I've found him?
Find out what kind of man he is.
Find out what his intentions are.
I don't mean his immediate intentions.
That is Colonel Brighton's
business, not yours.
I mean, his intentions
in Arabia altogether.
Oh.
That's new.
Where are they now?
Anywhere within
They're Hashemite Bedouins.
They can cross 60 miles
of desert in a day.
Oh, thanks, Dryden.
This is going to be fun.
Lawrence, only two kinds of
creature get fun in the desert:
Bedouins and gods, and you're neither. Take it from me.
For ordinary men, it's a burning, fiery furnace.
No, Dryden. It's going to be fun.
It is recognized that you have a funny sense of fun.
Here you may drink.
One cup.
You do not drink?
No.
I'll drink when you do.
I am Bedu.
Truly, now, you are a British officer?
Yes.
From Cairo?
Yes.
You did not ride from Cairo?
No.
Thank heaven. It's 900 miles.
I came by boat.
And before?
From Britain?
Yes.
Truly?
From Oxfordshire.
Is that a desert country?
No. A fat country. Fat people.
You are not fat?
No.
I'm different.
Here...
take it.
First I take you to Lord Feisal, then you give it to me.
Take it now.
Bedu food.
Good.
More?
Bedu.
Where?
From here to Lord Feisal's camp
is Harith country.
Yes, I know.
-I am not Harith.
-No.
Hazimi, of the Beni Salem.
Ah...
Put the right foot in tight.
Lock it with your left foot.
Then, when you are ready to go,
hit her on the shoulder and say, "Hut-hut-hut."
Hut-hut-hut!
Ah.
Today will be difficult,
but tomorrow, good riding.
I think we reach Masturah Well tomorrow. Yes.
And from Masturah Well to Lord Feisal's camp, one day more.
Now!
Good?
It's all right.
This is a Harith well.
The Harith are a dirty people.
Turks?
Bedu.
Who is he?
Tafas!
He is dead.
Yes.
Why?
This is my well.
I have drunk from it.
You are welcome.
He was my friend.
-That?
-Yes, that.
-This pistol yours?
-No, his.
His?
Mine.
Then I will use it.
Your friend...
was a Hazimi of the Beni Salem.
I know.
I am Ali ibn el Kharish.
I have heard of you.
So...
what was a Hazimi
doing here?
He was taking me
to help Prince Feisal.
-You have been sent from Cairo.
-Yes.
I have been in Cairo
for my schooling.
I can both read and write.
My Lord Feisal already
has an Englishman.
-Yes.
-What is your name?
My name is for my friends.
None of my friends
is a murderer.
You are angry, English.
He was nothing.
The well is everything.
The Hazimi may not drink
at our wells.
He knew that.
Salaam.
Hut-hut-hut.
Sherif Ali.
So long as the Arabs fight
tribe against tribe,
so long will they be
a little people,
a silly people.
Greedy, barbarous
and cruel, as you are.
Come.
I will take you to Feisal.
I do not want your
company, sherif.
Wadi Safra is another day
from here.
You will not find it, and
not finding it, you will die.
I will find it with this.
Good army compass.
How if I take it?
Then you would be a thief.
Have you no fear, English?
My fear is my concern.
Truly.
God be with you, English.
# As I walk along the
Bois de Boulogne #
# With an independent air #
# You can hear the girls declare #
# He must be a millionaire #
# You can
Rum-tee-tum-tee-tum-tee-tum #
# Tee-tummely-tum-tee-tum-tee-tum #
# I'm the man who broke the bank
At Monte Carlo #
Hey, you!
-I've been waiting for you.
-Did you know I was coming?
I knew someone was coming.
Feisal told me.
How did he know?
Not much happens within 50 miles
of Feisal that Feisal doesn't know.
I'll give him that. No escort?
My guide was killed
at the Masturah Well.
-Turks?
-No, an Arab.
Bloody savages.
-This is Wadi Safra, isn't it?
-Yes, they're over there.
Now, just a minute. What's
your name and who sent you?
Lawrence. I've been
seconded to the Arab Bureau.
Oh.
And what are you to do
for the Arab Bureau?
Well, it's rather vague, sir.
I'm to appreciate the situation.
Well, that won't be difficult. The situation's bloody awful. Their morale, if ever they had any, which I doubt, the Turks knocked out of them in front of Medina, with howitzers. They're fading away by dozens every night. What I want to say

to you is this:
That wherever you are and whoever you are with, you're a British-serving officer. And here's an order. When we get into that camp, you're to keep your mouth shut. Do you understand what I'm saying? Yes, sir. I understand what you're saying. You'll make your appreciation and get back to... Oh, my God. Not again. I've told him! God knows I've told him. "Move South," I've said. "You're still in range." They simply will not understand what modern weapons do! Stand and fight. Stand and fight. Fire back at them. -Who are you? -Lieutenant Lawrence, sir. Seconded to the Arab Bureau. This is a bloody mess, sir. We'll have to move south. Yes, yes, colonel, You were right and I was wrong. We must take some thought for the wounded.
Well, we can take care
of them at Yenbo, sir.
If they can get to Yenbo.
Well, they can hardly
come with us, sir.
No. They must try to reach Yenbo.
Lieutenant?
Lawrence.
You understand,
Lieutenant Lawrence,
my people are unused to
explosives and machines.
First the guns,
and now this.
Cigarette?
I'm sorry.
Hey.
Cigarette,
Your Excellency?
Umph off.
Please, Your Excellency.
Just one for two?
Hold it, Jenkins!
Jenkins! Jen...
Jenkins!
Aurens?
Aurens.
You have no servant.
-I don't need a servant.
-No?
We can do everything. Light fires,
cook food, wash clothes.
-Yes, everything.
-I don't doubt it.
-It will be very nice for you.
-I can't afford it.
Recite, then, as much of the Koran
as may be easy to you.
God knoweth that there be
some among you sick,
while others travel through the Earth
in quest for the bounties of God.
Others do battle
in his cause.
Recite, therefore,
as much as may be easy.
And observe the prayers.
This will be best and richest
in the recompense.
Seek ye the
forgiveness of God.
Verily, God is
forgiving, merciful...
Greetings, Ali.
—My lord.
—Sherif Ali.
Lieutenant Lawrence, you have
met Sherif Ali, I think.
Yes, my lord.
And now, Selim,
"The Brightness."
"By the noonday
brightness,
and by the night
when it darkeneth,
thy Lord hath
not forsaken thee,
neither hath he
been displeased."
"And surely the future shall be
better for thee than the past."
"And in the end shall your Lord
be bounteous to thee
and thou be satisfied."
So...
Yes, colonel.
—I want a decision, sir.
—You want me to fall back on Yenbo.
Well, you're not doing
much good here, sir.
I'm sorry to rub it in, sir,
but we can't supply you here.
You could supply
us through Aqaba.
Aqaba?
Well, if you can get ahold of Aqaba,
sir, of course we can supply you.
—But you can't.
-You could.
You mean the navy?
The Turks have 12-inch guns
at Aqaba, sir.
Can you imagine
what that means?
Yes, I can imagine.
Put that out of your mind, sir.
The navy's got other things to do.
Oh, yes. Protecting
the Suez Canal.
The one essential sector of this
front is and must be the canal.
You can see that,
sir, surely.
I see that the canal is
an essential British interest.
It is of little
consequence to us.
I must ask you
not to speak like that, sir.
British and Arab interests
are one and the same.
-Possibly.
-Ha!
Ha!
Upon my word, sir,
you're ungrateful.
Fall back on Yenbo and
we will give you equipment.
Give you arms, advice,
training, everything.
-Guns?
-A modern rifle for every man.
Guns like the Turkish guns
at Medina.
Yes, give us guns
and keep the training.
Your men need training
far more than guns, sir.
Hmph. The English will
teach the Bedu to fight?
We will teach them, Sherif Ali,
to fight a modern, mechanized army.
In the...
Yes, lieutenant?
What do you think about Yenbo?
I think it is far
from Damascus.
We'll have you in Damascus, sir.
Never fear.
Have you been in Damascus,
Mr. Lawrence?
Yes, my lord.
It is beautiful, is it not?
- Very.
- That will do, Lawrence.
Dreaming won't get you to Damascus,
sir, but discipline will.
Look, sir, Great Britain is a small
country, it's much smaller than yours.
Small population
compared with some.
It's small, but it's great.
And why?
- Because it has guns.
- Because it has discipline.
Because it has a navy. Because of this,
the English go where they please
and strike where they please.
And this makes them great.
- Right.
- Mr. Lawrence, that will do!
Lieutenant Lawrence, sir,
is not your military adviser.
But I would like to hear
his opinion.
Damn it, Lawrence!
Who do you take your orders from?
From Lord Feisal,
in Feisal's tent.
Old fool! Why turn
from him to him?
They are master and man.
My lord, I think...
I think your book is right.
The desert is an ocean
in which no oar is dipped.
And on this ocean, the Bedu go where
they please and strike where they please.
This is the way
the Bedu has always fought.
You're famed throughout the world
for fighting in this way.
And this is the way
you should fight now.
I don't know.
I'm sorry, sir,
but you're wrong.
Fall back on Yenbo, sir, and
the Arab Rising becomes one
poor unit in the British army.
What is this to you?
Lawrence, do you know
you're a traitor?
No, no, colonel.
He is a young man,
and young men are passionate.
They must say their say.
But wiser people must decide.
I know you are right.
Very well, sir. When shall we move?
The sooner the better.
You'll lose another
You tread heavily...
but you speak the truth.
I will give you my answer tomorrow.
And now...
it is late.
Colonel Brighton means to put my men
under European officers, does he not?
In effect,
my lord, yes.
And I must do it,
because the Turks
have European guns.
But I fear to do it...
upon my soul I do.
The English have a great
hunger for desolate places.
I fear they hunger
for Arabia.
Then you must
deny it to them.
You are an Englishman.
Are you not loyal to England?
To England and
to other things.
To England and
Arabia both?
And is that possible?
I think you are another of these
desert-loving English.
Doughty, Stanhope,
Gordon of Khartoum.
No Arab loves the desert.
We love water and green trees.
There is nothing in the desert.
And no man needs nothing.
Or is it that you think we are
something you can play with,
because we are a little people,
a silly people,
greedy, barbarous
and cruel?
Or do you know, lieutenant,
in the Arab city of Cordoba
were two miles of public
lighting in the streets
when London was a village?
Yes, you were great.
Nine centuries ago.
Time to be great again,
my lord.
Which is why my father made
this war upon the Turks.
My father, Mr. Lawrence,
not the English.
But my father is old...
and I...
I long for the vanished
gardens of Cordoba.
However, before the gardens
must come the fighting.
To be great again, it seems
that we need the English, or...
Or?
What no man can provide, Mr. Lawrence.
We need a miracle.
Aqaba.
Aqaba.
From the land.
You are mad.
To come to Aqaba by land we should have to cross the Nefud Desert.
That's right.
The Nefud cannot be crossed.
I'll cross it if you will.
You? It takes more than a compass, Englishman.
The Nefud is the worst place God created.
I can't answer for the place.
Only for myself.
Fifty men?
Fifty? Against Aqaba?
If 50 men came out of the Nefud they would be 50 men other men might join.
The Howeitat are there, I hear.
The Howeitat are brigands.
They'll sell themselves to anyone.
−Good fighters, though.
−Good...
Yes. There are guns at Aqaba.
They face the sea, Sherif Ali, and cannot be turned around.
From the landward side, there are no guns at Aqaba.
With good reason. It cannot be approached from the landward side.
Certainly the Turks don't dream of it.
Aqaba's over there.
It's only a matter of going.
You are mad.
And where are you
going, lieutenant?
With 50 of my men.
To work your miracle.
Blasphemy is a bad beginning
for such a journey.
-Who told you?
-Ali did.
Why not you?
You are falling back
on Yenbo, sir?
Yes. Yes, I must.
But I will spare these to you.
Did Ali break
confidence to tell me?
Sherif Ali owes you
his allegiance, my lord.
Yet you did not tell
Colonel Brighton.
No.
Since you do know,
we can claim to ride
in the name of Feisal of Mecca.
Yes, Lieutenant Lawrence,
you may claim it.
But in whose name
do you ride?
Sherif, I caught them.
They have tracked us.
They were here.
I caught them.
Why are you here? Boy!
To serve Lord Aurens, sherif.
This is true, Aurens.
They do wish it.
You have been tracking us.
-You were told to stay.
-No, sherif.
Our camel strayed.
We followed her.
She led us here
to be Lord Aurens' servants.
-It is the will of Allah.
-Blasphemy.
Don't do that.
No, Aurens, these are not servants.
These are outcasts, parent-less.
Be warned.
They are not suitable.
They sound very suitable.
You can ride with the baggage.
These are not servants.
These are worshippers.
Aurens.
One shilling,
every week.
That is fair.
-Each.
-No.
-That is too much.
-All right.
They will be lucky for you.
Allah favours the compassionate.
There is the railway.
And that is the desert.
From here until the other side,
no water but what we carry.
For the camels, no water at all.
If the camels die...
we die.
And in 20 days
they will start to die.
There's no time to waste, then,
is there?
Hut!
I was thinking.
You were drifting.
Yes. It will not
happen again.
Be warned,
you were drifting.
It will not
happen again.
That water is wasted.
From now on,
we must travel by night
and rest while it is
too hot to travel.
A few hours each day.
Why don't we start now?
No. We will rest now.
Three hours.
Fine.
I'll wake you.
Do we rest here?
There is no rest now
short of water, Aurens.
The other side of that.
And how much
of that is there?
I'm not sure.
But however much, it must be crossed
before tomorrow's sun gets up.
This is the sun's anvil.
Have we done it?
No, but we're off the anvil.
Thank God for that anyway.
Yes, thank him.
Aurens, I do not think you know
how you have tempted him.
I know.
We've done it.
God willing.
When do we
reach the wells?
God willing,
midday.
Then we've done it.
Thank him, Aurens. Thank him.
Aurens.
Gasim's.
What's happened to him?
God knows.
Why don't you stop?
For what?
He will be dead by midday.
We must go back.
What for,
to die with Gasim?
In one hour
comes the sun.
In God's name, understand!
We cannot go back!
I can.
Take the boys.
If you go back, you
kill yourself, is all.
Gasim you have
killed already.
Get out of my way.
Gasim's time is come,
Aurens. It is written.
Nothing is written!
Go back, then!
What did you bring us here for
with your blasphemous conceit?
Eh? English blasphemer!
Aqaba?
Was it Aqaba?
You will not be
at Aqaba, English!
Go back, blasphemer,
but you will not
be at Aqaba.
I shall be at Aqaba.
That is written.
In here.
English!
English!
Aurens!
Aye-aye-aye-aye-aye-aye!
Daud!
Aurens! Daud!
Daud! Daud!
Farraj!
Daud.
Aurens.
Nothing is written.
Aurens.
Aurens.
El Aurens.
Farraj.
Wash.
Farraj.
El Aurens.
Truly, for some men nothing is written unless they write it.
Not El Aurens.
Just Lawrence.
-El Aurens is better.
-True.
Your father too,
just Mr. Lawrence?
My father is Sir Thomas Chapman.
-Is that a lord?
-A kind of lord.
Then when he dies,
you too will be a lord.
No.
Ah.
You have an elder brother.
No.
But then, I do not understand this.
-Your father's name is Chapman.
-Ali.
He didn't marry my mother.
I see.
I'm sorry.
It seems to me that you are free to choose your own name, then.
Yes, I suppose I am.
El Aurens is best.
All right, I'll settle for El Aurens.
They are the robes of a sherif of the Beni Wejh.
Very fine.
-Great honour.
-The honour is to us. Salaam, sherif.
-Is it permitted?
-Surely.
-Salaam.
-Salaam.
He for whom nothing is written may write himself a clan. Salaam.
-Salaam.
-Salaam.
They are good
for riding. Try.
What are you doing,
Englishman?
As you see.
Are you alone?
Almost.
Are you with that party of dogs
who are drinking at my well?
Yours?
I am Auda Abu Tayi.
I've heard of another
man of that name.
Other? What other?
The Auda I'd heard of wouldn't need
to summon help to look after his wells.
He must be a great hero.
He is.
He wouldn't refuse water to men coming
out of the great Nefud Desert.
Now, would he not?
Hm.
No, that must be some other man.
Here is my help.
Son, what
fashion is this?
- Harith, Father.
- What manner of Harith?
A Beni Wejh sherif.
And is he Harith?
No, Father, English.
Son,
they are stealing
our water.
Tell them we are coming.
- Tell them.
- Ha!
- Empty that!
- Do not!
It is Auda of the Howeitat
who speaks.
It is Ali of the Harith
who answers.
Harith.
Ali.

Does your father
still steal?
No.

Does Auda take me
for one of his own bastards?
No. There is no
resemblance.
Alas, you resemble
your father.
-Auda flatters me.
-You are easily flattered.
I knew your father well.
Did you know your own?
Auda!

We are 50, you are two.
How if we shot you down?
Why, then you have a blood
feud with the Howeitat.
-Do you desire it?
-Not the generals in Cairo,
nor the sultan
himself desire that.
Call off your men.
No, no, boy.
This honours
the unworthy.
I've only just begun
to teach him.
And what are you teaching him
today? Howeitat hospitality?
Be not clever
with me, English.
-Who is he?
-A friend of Prince Feisal's.
Oh.
-So you desire my hospitality?
-Yes.
Is he your tongue?
We do desire it.
Then it is given,
if you will take it.
I'm at my summer camp,
a poor place.
Well, to me it seems a poor place.
Some men find it marvellous.
Tomorrow, maybe I will allow the Turks
to buy you, friends of Feisal.
But,
dine with me.
Dine with Auda, English.
Dine with the Howeitat, Harith.
It is my pleasure that you dine
with me in Wadi Rumm!
This thing you work
against Aqaba,
what profit do you
hope from it?
We work it for
Feisal of Mecca.
The Harith do not
work for profit.
Well, if it is in a man to be
a servant, Sherif Ali,
he could find worse
masters than Feisal.
But I...
I cannot serve.
You permit the Turks
to stay in Aqaba.
Yes, it is my pleasure.
We do not work this thing
for Feisal.
No?
-For the English, then?
-For the Arabs.
The Arabs?
The Howeitat, Ageyil, Ruala,
Beni Sahkr, these I know.
I have even heard
of the Harith.
But the Arabs?
What tribe is that?
They're a tribe of slaves.
They serve the Turks.
Well, they are
nothing to me.
My tribe is
the Howeitat.
Who work only
for profit.
Who work at
Auda's pleasure.
And Auda's pleasure
is to serve the Turks.
Serve?
I serve?
It is the servant
who takes money.
I am Auda Abu Tayi.
-Does Auda serve?
-No!
-Does Auda Abu Tayi serve?
-No!
I carry 23 great wounds,
all got in battle.
Seventy-five men have I killed
with my own hands, in battle.
I scatter, I burn my enemies' tents.
I take away their flocks and herds.
The Turks pay me a golden
treasure, yet I am poor!
Because I am a
river to my people.
Is that service?
No.
And yet now it seems
Auda has grown old.
And lost his taste
for fighting.
It is well you say it in
my tent, thou old tulip.
Yet this is a tulip that
the Turks could not buy.
Why should they wish to?
Now...
I will tell you what they pay me,
and you will tell me if this is
a servant's wages.
They pay me,
month by month,
Who told you that?
I have long ears.
And a long tongue
between them.
It's a trifle.
A trifle which they take
from a great box they have.
In Aqaba.
- In Aqaba?
- Where else?
You trouble me
like women.
Friends, we've been foolish.
Auda will not come to Aqaba.
- No.
- For money?
- No.
- For Feisal?
- No.
- Nor to drive away the Turks.
He will come...
because it is his pleasure.
Thy mother mated
with a scorpion.
Make God your agent!
Aqaba!
Aqaba!
God be with you.
God be with you.
God be with you.
God be with you.
Yes.
Aqaba.
Tomorrow we will
go and get it.
- Do you think we shall?
- Yes.
If you are right
about the guns.
He killed.
He dies.
This is the end
of Aqaba.
- One of our men murdered one of Auda's man.
Why?
Theft? Blood feud?
It makes no matter why.
Ali!
It is an ancient wound.
I didn't come here to
watch a tribal bloodbath.
It is the law, Aurens.
The law says
the man must die.
If he dies, will that
content the Howeitat?
Yes.
Sherif Ali!
If none of Lord Auda's men
harms any of yours,
-will that content the Harith?
-Yes.
Then I will execute the law.
I have no tribe.
And no one is offended.
Gasim.
Did you do it?
Well, Aurens...
What ails the
Englishman?
That that he killed was the man
he brought out of the Nefud.
It was written, then.
Better to have left him.
It was execution, Aurens.
No shame in that.
Besides, it was necessary.
You gave life
and you took it.
The writing
is still yours.
Auda Abu Tayi!
The miracle is
accomplished.
Garlands for
the conqueror.
Tribute for the prince.
Flowers for the man.
I'm none of those things, Ali.
-What, then?
-Don't know.
Thanks.
My God, I love this country.
What?
No gold in Aqaba!
No great box!
Auda, I found it!
That's a pity.
Ali, you get a message
down the coast to Yenbo.
Tell Feisal to find
boats, any boats,
and bring the Arab army
here to Aqaba, quickly.
And you?
I'm going to tell
the generals
in Cairo.
Yes, cross Sinai.
Come on!
Sinai?
Yes.
-With these?
-They'll be all right with me.
Look, Ali. If any of your Bedouin
arrived in Cairo and said:
"We've taken Aqaba,"
the generals would laugh.
I see.
In Cairo you will put off
these funny clothes.
You will wear trousers and tell stories
of our quaintness and barbarity
and then they will
believe you.
You're an ignorant man.
Paper.
Paper!
There is no gold in Aqaba.
No gold.
No great box!
Did Auda come to Aqaba for gold?
For my pleasure,
as you said.
But gold is honourable...
and Aurens promised gold.
Aurens lied.
See, Auda.
"The Crown of England...
promises to pay...
to Auda Abu Tayi."
Signed in
His Majesty's absence
by...
me.
In 10 days...
I'll be back with the gold.
With gold, with guns,
with everything.
Ten days.
You'll cross Sinai?
Why not?
Moses did.
And you will take
the children?
Moses did.
Moses was a prophet,
and beloved of God.
He said there was gold here.
He lied.
He is not perfect.
Lord, can we not rest?
I told you, no rest till they know
that I have Aqaba.
Have you two
slept in beds?
Farraj?
Daud?
With sheets?
Tomorrow the finest sheets in the finest
room in the finest hotel in Cairo.
I promise.
Then it shall
be so, lord.
Look!
Pillar of fire.
No, lord. Dust.
My compass.
No matter.
If we ride west,
we must strike the canal.
Due west.
Come on!
Aurens!
Aurens!
Farraj!
Farraj!
Farraj, don't! Don't!
Don't!
Aurens.
Why do you walk?
But why, lord?
Aurens.
But why, lord?
There is room for both.
It serves no purpose.
Aurens, look!
Aurens.
Aurens. Aurens.
Aurens.
It's all right, Farraj.
It's all right.
Hey-ey-ey-ey! Hey-ey-ey-ey!
Hey-ey-ey-ey! Hey-ey-ey-ey!
Who are you?
Who are you?
-Daud!
-We're here, sir.
You taking him
in there, sir?
Yes.
Here!
Here. You!
And where the hell do you think
you're going to, Mustapha?
We are thirsty.
-Mr. Lawrence, is it?
-Yes.
- Are you going to the officers' bar, sir?
- Yes.
You can't take him in there, sir.
What do you think
you look like?
No, no.
You must go.
No, no. Go,
effendi, go!
Get out! You must
get out! Get out!
We want two large
glasses of lemonade.
This is a bar
for British officers.
That's all right.
We are not particular.
Lawrence!
Are you off your head?
No. Oddly enough I'm not.
Now look here, Lawrence.
Just clear out of here, will you?
Get that boy out of here.
Corporal, we'll have
this one out anyway.
- Get that wog out of here.
- Yes, clear off.
What's going on?
- It's Lawrence, sir.
- Lemonade with ice.
Well?
Explain yourself.
We've taken Aqaba.
- Taken Aqaba? Who has?
- We have.
Our side in this war has.
The wogs have.
We have.
He likes your lemonade.
You mean
the Turks have gone?
No, they're still there,
but they've no boots.
Prisoners, sir. We took them
prisoners. The entire garrison.
No, that's not true.
We killed some.
Too many, really.
I'll manage it better next time.
There's been a lot of killing one way or another.
Cross my heart and hope to die, it's all perfectly true.
-It isn't possible.
-Yes, it is.
I did it.
You'd better talk to Allenby.
General Allenby?
Yes, he's in command now.
Murray's gone.
Well, that's a step in the right direction.
First, I want a room.
With a bed, with sheets.
-Yes, of course.
-It's for him.
Right. You want a bed yourself, don't you?
See Allenby first, though.
Will he see me?
I think so.
Do that, then.
-I'd better shave.
-Yes, you had.
You'd better get into some trousers too.
"Undisciplined.
Unpunctual.
Untidy.
Several languages.
Knowledge of music...
literature.
Knowledge of...
Knowledge of..."
You're an interesting man, there's no doubt about it.
—Who told you to take Aqaba?
—Nobody.
—Sir.
—Sir.
Then why did you?
—Aqaba's important.
—Why is it important?
—It's the Turkish route to the canal.
—Not anymore.
They're coming through Beersheba.
I know, but we've gone forward to Gaza.
—So?
—So that left Aqaba behind your right.
True.
And it will be further behind your right when you go for Jerusalem.
Am I going for Jerusalem?
Yes.
Very well.
Aqaba behind my right.
It threatened El' Arsh and Gaza.
Anything else?
Yes.
Aqaba's linked with Medina.
Do you think we should shift them out of Medina now?
No. I think you should leave them there.
You acted without orders, you know.
Shouldn't officers use their initiative at all times?
Not really. It's awfully dangerous, Lawrence.
Yes, I know.
Already?
Yes.
I'm promoting you major.
I don't think that's a very good idea.
I didn't ask you.
I want you to go back and carry on the good work.
No.
Thank you, sir.
Why not?
Well, I, it's...
Let me see now...
I killed two people.
I mean, two Arabs.
One was a boy.
That was...
yesterday.
I led him into a quicksand.
The other was a man.
That was...
before Aqaba, anyway.
I had to execute him with my pistol.
There was something about it I didn't like.
Well, naturally.
No. Something else.
I see. Well, that's all right.
Let it be a warning.
No. Something else.
What, then?
I enjoyed it.
Rubbish. Rubbish and nerves.
You're tired.
What do you mean by coming here dressed like that? Amateur theatricals?
Oh, yes. Entirely.
Let me see that hat thing, or whatever it is.
Fascinating gear they wear.
How do you think I would look in this, Harry?
Damn ridiculous, sir.
Here, you keep it.
What I'm trying to say is,
I don't think I'm fit for it.
Really? What do you
think, Dryden?
Before he did it, sir,
I'd have said it couldn't be done.
-Brighton?
-I know what he thinks.
I think you should recommend
a decoration, sir.
I don't think it matters
what his motives were.
It was a brilliant
bit of soldiering.
-Mr. Perkins!
-Sir!
Let's have a drink, gentlemen.
-You've heard about this, Mr. Perkins?
-Yes, sir.
-What do you think about it?
-Bloody marvellous, sir. Well done, sir.
-Thank you, Mr. Perkins.
-Sir!
Come on, then.
You're a clever man, sir.
No, but I know a good
thing when I see one.
That's fair, surely.
Look here, now. If I am going
to break through to Jerusalem,
I must concentrate, not dissipate.
-Clausewitz.
-You know better?
I fight like Clausewitz,
then you fight like Saxe.
We should do very well
indeed, shouldn't we?
Easy, gentlemen, please.
-Will you give us something to drink?
-Of course, sir.
I'm here at the invitation
of Major Lawrence.
Tracy.
Shall we go outside?
So you hold bound
the Turkish desert army?
Yes.
With 1000 Arabs?
Delivered anywhere,
day or night.
It means 1000 camels.
That means 1000 packs of high
explosives and 1000 crack rifles.
We can cross Arabia while Johnny Turk
is still turning round.
I'll smash his railways.
And while he's mending them,
I'll smash them somewhere else.
In 13 weeks I can
have Arabia in chaos.
You are going back, then?
Yes.
Of course
I'm going back.
Hm. Well, if we can
see it, so can the Turk.
If he finds he's using four divisions
to fend off a handful of bandits,
he'll withdraw.
He daren't withdraw.
Arabia's part of his empire.
If he gets out now, he knows
he'll never get back again.
-I wonder who will.
-No one will.
Arabia's for the Arabs now.
That's what I've
told them anyway.
That's what they think.
-That's why they're fighting.
-Oh, surely.
They've only one suspicion.
That we'll let them drive the Turks
out and then move in ourselves.
I've told them that that's false,
that we have no ambitions in Arabia.
Have we?
I'm not a politician, thank God.
Have we any ambition in Arabia, Dryden?
Difficult question, sir.
I want to know, sir, if I can tell them in your name that we've no ambitions in Arabia.
Certainly.

enough. I need five.

Right.

Money. It'll have to be sovereigns.
They don't like paper.

Right.

-Instructors for the Lewis guns.

-Right.

More money.

-How much more?

-25,000 now. A lot more later.

-Dryden?

-It can be done, sir.

A couple of armoured cars.

Right.

Field artillery.

Right.

I'm going to give you every blessed thing I can, Major Lawrence, because I know you'll use it.

Congratulations and thank you.

Thank you for your hospitality, gentlemen.

Congratulations!

Are you really going to give them artillery, sir?

I was wondering that, sir.

Might be deuced difficult to get it back again.

Give them artillery and you've made them independent.

Then I can't give them artillery, can I?

-For you to say, sir.

-No, it's not.

I've got orders
to obey, thank God. Not like that poor devil. He's riding the whirlwind. Let's hope we're not. Excuse me, friend. Who do these bags belong to? To Prince Feisal. You're not Prince Feisal by any chance? -No. -You know him though? He is my master. I am his servant. Um, can you read? The Chicago Courier is my own particular paper, but my work is syndicated throughout America. I understood so from your letter, Mr. Bentley. Now... -Where can I find Major Lawrence? -Is that what you have come for? Not altogether, sir, no. Well, Mr. Bentley, you will find Major Lawrence with my army. That's what I meant, sir. Where can I find your army? I don't know. -Last week they were near El Ghira. -Ghira? Oh, yes, I fear you have a long journey. Can you ride a camel? -I've never tried. -Take a mule. Avoid Mellaha, the Turks are there. In Mellaha now? They move fast. They do. But not so fast as we do, you will find. Myself...
I am going to Cairo.
-As you know.
-Yes.
There's work for me there of a different kind.
Yes.
I understand you've been given no artillery.
-That is so.
-You're handicapped?
It restricts us to small things.
It's intended to.
Do you know General Allenby?
Watch out for Allenby.
He's a slim customer.
-Excuse me?
-A clever man.
Slim customer.
It's very good.
I'll certainly watch out for him.
You're being very sympathetic, Mr. Bentley.
Your Highness, we Americans were once a colonial people, and we naturally feel sympathetic to any people anywhere who are struggling for their freedom.
Very gratifying.
Also, my interests are the same as yours. You want your story told.
I badly want a story to tell.
Ah, now you are talking turkey, are you not?
Well, Mr. Bentley, I will give you a guide and a letter.
And before I leave here, ah, which must be presently, I will have some facts and figures put on paper for you. You know, of course, that we are destroying the Turkish railways. I do, sir.
Major Lawrence is in charge of all this, is he? My army is made up of tribes. The tribes are led by the tribal leaders. Well, your people do think very highly of Major Lawrence, though? Oh, yes. And the rightly. In this country, Mr. Bentley... the man who gives victory in battle is prized beyond every other man. One figure I can give you from my head, because it never leaves my head. Since starting this campaign four months ago, we have lost... You remark the disproportion between our dead and wounded. Yeah. Four times as many. That's because those too badly wounded to bring away, we ourselves kill. We leave no wounded for the Turks. You mean? I mean we leave no wounded for the Turks. In their eyes, we are not soldiers but rebels. And rebels, wounded or whole, are not protected by the Geneva Code and are treated harshly. How harshly? More harshly than I hope you can imagine. I see. Our own prisoners, Mr. Bentley, are taken care of until the British can relieve us of them, according to the Code. -I should like you to notice that. -Yes, sir.
Is that the influence of Major Lawrence?
Why should you suppose so?
Well, it's just that I heard in Cairo that Major Lawrence has a horror of bloodshed. That is exactly so. With Major Lawrence, mercy is a passion. With me, it is merely good manners. You may judge which motive is the more reliable.

-And now, perhaps...
-Oh, sure, sure.
Thank you, sir.
Do you think you'd be able to manage the letter...?
I'll do everything I have said, Mr. Bentley, if you will tell me truly the nature of your interest in my people and Major Lawrence.
It's very simple, sir. I'm looking for a hero. Indeed? You do not seem a romantic man. Oh, no.
But certain influential men back home believe that the time has come for America to lend her weight to the patriotic struggle against Germany. And Turkey.
Now, I've been sent to find material which will show our people that this war is...
-Enjoyable?
-Oh, hardly that, sir. But to show it in its more adventurous aspects.
You are looking for a figure who will draw your country towards war.
All right. Yes.
Aurens is your man.
Stop!
Stop it!
Stop it!
Come on, men!
Aurens!
Good, good, good!
Jiminy! Never seen a man
killed with a sword before.
Why don't you
take a picture?
Wish I had.
How is it with thee, Aurens?
-Am I in this?
-Huh?
Did you take his picture?
Yeah.
You are using up your
nine lives very quickly.
Charming company you keep.
Auda?
He's a bit old-fashioned. He thinks
these things will steal his virtue.
He thinks you're
a kind of thief.
It's all right
if I take your picture?
-All right.
-Okay.
Just walk.
Aurens! Aurens!
Aurens! Aurens!
Aurens! Aurens!
Aurens! Aurens!
Aurens! Aurens! Aurens!
Major Lawrence!
Yes, sir, that's my baby.
This looting
has got to stop!
It is customary.
It's theft. And theft
makes thieves.
I would not say that to Auda.
-It is their payment, colonel.

-Payment.

Truly. Are not British soldiers paid?
They don't go home when they've been paid.
They are not free to.
Well, there's another lot you've seen the last of.
They'll come back.
He says they'll come back. Will they?
Not this year, Aurens.

Look, Lawrence, how many men do you think you'll have left? 200?
-Less.
-Well, then?
I said, they'll come back.
You badly hurt?
Not hurt at all.
Didn't you know? They can only kill me with a golden bullet.
It is for children.
I have set myself to learn again.
-What are you learning from this?
-Politics.
You gonna be a democracy in this country?
You gonna have a parliament?
I will tell you that when I have a country.
Did I answer well?
You answered without saying anything. That's politics.
You learn quickly.
-I have a good teacher.
-Yeah.
Yeah.
-How's your hurt?
-Fine.

Before I return to the fleshpots, which I shall be very glad to do, may I put two questions to you, straight?
I'd be interested to hear you put a question straight, Mr. Bentley. One.

What, in your opinion, do these people hope to gain from this war? They hope to gain their freedom. Freedom. "They hope to gain their freedom."

-There's one born every minute.
-They're going to get it, Mr. Bentley. I'm going to give it to them.

-The second question?
-Well, I was going to ask, um...

What is it, Major Lawrence, that attracts you personally to the desert? It's clean.
Well, now...

that's a very illuminating answer.

May I... take one farewell picture?
I gave Math Budad two lamps for it.

One clock for two lamps.

All:
A fair bargain.
Fair? I robbed him.
Trash.
I must find something honourable.
Honourable?
Yes. The year is running out, Brighton.

I must find something honourable.
Now you may blow up my train.
And what will you do now?
Now I go home.
They will carry my toys.
They will carry my toys too, do you see?

Major Lawrence will campaign this winter.
But you got what you wanted, so you're going home, is that it? Of course. When Aurens has got what he wants, he will go home. When you've got what you want, you will go home. Oh, no, I shan't, Auda. Then you are a fool. Maybe. But I am not a deserter. Give thanks to God, Brighton, that when he made you a fool, he gave you a fool's face. You are an impudent rascal. I must go, Aurens, before I soil myself with a fool's blood. Like talking to a brick wall. So, what will you do now? What can you do? I'll go north. That's what Allenby wants, isn't it? Allenby wanted the Arab army behind Deraa. Then that's where I'll take it. Tell Allenby to hurry up, or we'll be in Deraa before he's in Jerusalem. Won't we? Train, Farraj. Yeah, Aurens. Hide yourself, my friend. Detonator. All right, fetch another. -Pardon, Aurens. I put... -There's plenty of time. Fetch another. Farraj? Farraj! -What happened? -Detonator. A detonator! He cannot ride, Aurens. Look. If they take him alive, you know what they'll do to him. Daud will be angry with you. Salute him for me.
What will you do now?
Go north.
With twenty?
What would you
recommend me to do, Ali?
What would you recommend?
Well, he hasn't one-tenth
so many men, sir.
He's lied, in fact.
Yes and no. He doesn't claim to have
done anything he hasn't done.
Then there is an
Arab north army.
-No, sir, he has lied about that.
-Any idea why?
-It's his army, I suppose.
-It's Prince Feisal's army.
Do you think he's
gone native, Harry?
No.
He would if he
could, I think.
-Not my line of country, this, sir.
-It doesn't matter. I'm just curious.
What matters is
I believed it.
The Turks believe it.
They are offering
Good heavens.
Shouldn't say he had
long to live, would you?
Well, whatever else,
sir, he's a brave man...
Surely, surely. If he's still going
north with 50 men, he doesn't lack guts.
I wonder if they'd
offer that much for me.
What about next year?
Will they still come back?
I wouldn't be surprised.
-They think he's a kind of prophet.
-They do or he does?
-Now may I speak?
-Yes.
Aurens, one more failure
and you will find yourself alone.
-I do not include myself.
-I do not include the others.
So say they love you.
The more reason to
be thrifty with them.
Give them something to do
that can be done. But you, no.
They must move mountains for you,
they must walk on water.
That's right. That's right.
Who are you to know
what can be done?
If we'd done what you thought could be done,
we'd be back in Yenbo now and nowhere.
Whatever I ask them to do can be done.
That's all. They know that if you don't.
Do you think I'm just anybody, Ali?
Do you?
My friends, who will
walk on water with me?
-Who will come with me into Deraa?
-Deraa is garrisoned.
Will you take 20 against 2000?
-I'll go by myself if I have to.
-Why?
Because I told the
English generals
the Arab revolt would be in Deraa
when they'd be in Jerusalem.
Or perhaps you are here...
for the English generals.
Who says this?
Rumour.
That is not an argument.
Oh, argument.
This afternoon I will take
the Arab revolt into Deraa
while the Arabs argue.
Aurens.
Can you pass for an Arab
in an Arab town?
Yes. If one of you would lend
me some dirty clothes.
It's madness.
What are you looking for?
Some way to
announce myself.
Be patient with him, God.
Do you not see how
they look at you? Come.
Peace, Ali, I am invisible.
Halt!
Walk on.
-Halt!
-Walk on.
You and you.
You.
You.
You have blue eyes.
-I say you have blue eyes.
-Yes, effendi.
-Are you Circassian?
-Yes, effendi.
How old are you?
Twenty-seven, effendi.
I think.
You look older. You have
had a lot of experience.
It's an interesting face.
I am surrounded by cattle.
He wouldn't know an interesting
face from a sow's belly.
I have been in Deraa now
for three and a half years.
If they posted me to the dark side
of the moon, I could not be more...
isolated.
You haven't the least idea
what I'm talking about, have you?
No, effendi.
Have you?
No.
That would be too...
lucky.
Where did you get that?
-Oh, it's old, effendi.
-No, no, this is recent.
-You are a deserter.
-No, effendi.
Yes, you are a deserter.
But from which army?
Not that it matters at all.
A man cannot be always in uniform.
Your skin is very fair.
Beat him.
To me!
Sleep.
Sleep.
Eat.
Eat.
You have a body,
like other men.
Good.
Then sleep.
Better?
Much better.
You were right.
Rest, rest.
Can you not learn?
Oh, I've learned all right.
I'm going, Ali.
-Why?
-Why?
Heavens.
Why?
I've come to the end
of myself, I suppose.
And the end of
the Arab revolt?
I'm not the Arab revolt, Ali.
I'm not even Arab.
A man can be whatever
he wants. You said.
I'm sorry.
I thought it was true.
You proved it.
That's me. What colour
is it? That's me.
And there's nothing
I can do about it.
A man can do whatever
he wants. You said.
He can...
but he can't want
what he wants.
This is the stuff that
decides what he wants.
You may as well know.
I would've told them anything.
I would've told them who I am.
I would've told them where you were.
-I tried to.
-So would any man.
Well, any man
is what I am.
And I'm going back to Allenby
to ask him for a job
that any man can do.
Allenby's in Jerusalem.
-I'll make easy stages.
-You?
Oh, yes. Easy stages.
Look, Ali, I think I see
a way of being just
ordinarily...
happy.
Can I take this?
It is not clean.
No, but it's warm.
And these...
having led them here,
have you no care for them?
You lead them. They're yours.
Trust your own people.
And let me go back to mine.
-I say, don't forget those form fives.
-All right.
Hey.
-Mind if I join you?
-Oh.
Honoured, sir.
-Good to be back.
-We heard you were, sir.
- What's doing out there?
- Where?
- Oh, Arabia?
- Well, yes, sir.
Nothing much. Wrong time of year.
What's doing here?
We're settling in all right, sir.
We built a squash court.
Jolly good.
Well, I have to go up there.
It's borrowed.
Someone pinched mine.
Bloody wogs.
Yes, probably.
Jolly good about the squash court.
Lays it on a bit thick,
doesn't he?
Morning.
- Good morning, sir.
- Good to be back.
- I'll believe you, sir.
- No, really, it is.
Hello.
Morning.
You're to go right in.
Aurens.
Or is it Major Lawrence?
- Sir.
- Ah.
Well, general,
I will leave you.
Major Lawrence doubtless
has reports to make
about my people
and their weakness
and the need to keep them
weak in the British interest.
And the French interest too, of course.
We must not forget the French.
I told you, sir,
no such treaty exists.
Yes, general, you have lied most
bravely, but not convincingly.
I know this treaty
does exist.
Treaty, sir?
He does it better
than you, general.
But then, of course,
he is almost an Arab.
You really don't know?
Then what the devil's this?
It's my request for release
from Arabia, sir.
For what reason? Are you sure you
haven't heard of the Sykes-Picot Treaty?
No.
-I can guess.
-Don't guess. Tell him.
Well, now...
Mr. Sykes is an
English civil servant.
Monsieur Picot is
a French civil servant.
Mr. Sykes and Monsieur Picot met,
and they agreed that after the war,
France and England should
share the Turkish Empire.
Including Arabia.
They signed an agreement,
not a treaty, sir.
An agreement
to that effect.
There may be honour among thieves,
but there's none in politicians.
And let's have no displays
of indignation.
You may not have known, but
you certainly had suspicions.
If we've told lies,
you've told half-lies.
And a man who tells lies,
like me, merely hides the truth.
But a man who tells half-lies
has forgotten where he put it.
The truth is, I'm an ordinary man.
You might have told me that, Dryden.
And I want an ordinary job, sir.
That's my reason
for resigning.
It's personal.
—Personal?
—Yes, sir.
Personal? You're a
serving officer in the field.
And as it happens, a damned
important one. Personal? Are you mad?
No, and if you don't mind,
I'd rather not go mad.
That's my reason too.
Look, Lawrence, I'm making my big push
on Damascus the 16th of next month,
and you are part of it.
Can you understand that? You're
an important part of the big push!
I don't want to be part
of your big push!
What about your Arab friends?
What about them?
I have no Arab friends!
I don't want Arab friends!
What in hell do you want, Lawrence?
I've told you, I just want
my ration of common humanity.
—Lawrence.
—Yes?
Nothing. Sorry
I interrupted, sir.
That's quite all right.
Thank you, Mr. Dryden.
Thank you, sir.
Why don't we?
There's blood
on your back.
—Do you want a doctor?
—No.
Tell me what happened.
Say, what goes on in there?
—Nothing.
—Oh, come on!
—No, really. Nothing at all.
—Is the man in trouble?
I expect so. We all have troubles.
Life's a vale of troubles.
Just let me know if the man's in trouble.
I've got an interest in that man. I've got a claim.
What claim?
You've read my stuff.
I've made that boy a hero.
When the war's over, that boy can be anything he wants.
Yes. Well, at the moment he wants to be somebody else.
Will you kindly allow me to pass?
Walk away, Dryden, walk away.
Always walking away, aren't you?
Well, I'll tell you.
It's a little clash of temperament that's going on in there.
Inevitably, one of them's half-mad and the other, wholly unscrupulous.
I believe your name will be a household word, when you'd have to go to the war museum to find who Allenby was.
You're the most extraordinary man I ever met.
Leave me alone.
-Leave me alone.
-That's a feeble thing to say.
-I know I'm not ordinary.
-That's not what I'm saying.
All right, I'm extraordinary.
What of it?
Not many people have a destiny, Lawrence.
It's a terrible thing for a man to flunk it if he has.
Are you speaking from experience?
No.
You're guessing, then.
Suppose you're wrong.
Why suppose that?
We both know I'm right.
-Yes. I said, yes.
-After all...
-The 16th?
-Can you do it?
I'll give you a lot of money.
-Artillery?
-I can't.
They won't be coming for money, not the best of them.
They'll be coming for Damascus.
Which I'm going to give them.
That's all I want.
All you want is someone holding down the Turkish Right.
But I'm going to give them Damascus.
We'll get there before you do.
And when we've got it, we'll keep it.
You can tell the politicians to burn their bit of paper now.
Fair enough.
Fair? What's fair got to do with it?
It's going to happen.
I shall want quite a lot of money.
All there is.
Not that much.
The best of them won't come for money.
They'll come for me.
No pictures!
You take no pictures.
It's not for you, Sheik Auda, it's for Major Lawrence.
He doesn't mind having his picture taken. He doesn't mind at all.
Well, there's only one Aurens.
Have you met Major Lawrence since he's come back, sherif?
Yes.
-Changed, hasn't he?
-No.
Oh, I'd say he had.
Different man, I'd say.
Aurens! Aurens!
What did that Turkish general do to him in Deraa?
He was the same man after Deraa.
The same man, humbled.
What did the English general do to him in Jerusalem?
Search me.
Ask Aurens.
- I did.
- What did he say?
He laughed.
He told me to gather the Harith here.
He offered me money.
Did you take it?
No. But many did.
- What is this?
- This is my bodyguard.
There is not a man there without a price on his head.
- There's a price on my head too.
- But these are murderers.
You know, the sheiks will hang these men.
These men are mine.
Aurens, these things know nothing of the Arab revolt.
- You, Ghitan of Aleppo.
- Sherif?
- Where do we ride?
- Damascus, sherif.
Aye, but for what?
Sherif, for Aurens.
- You have bought these things.
- I bought half the men here, Ali.
That is different.
These are not ordinary men.
I don't want
ordinary men. Hut!
Damascus!
Damascus! Damascus!
Damascus! Damascus!
Very well, gentlemen. The cavalry's
gone through Mazril and Deraa.
Very good, by the way. Very
good indeed. Now your turn.
If the enemy's retreating
in any kind of order,
which we'd better assume...
Certainly.
He can't be far from
this Mallud place...
in which case I can have him within
range by 0900 hours tomorrow.
Splendid. Philip.
Well, these are the last infantry
supports going up now, sir.
But Mallud, we could have
the fusiliers there by Wednesday.
That'll do for now.
The guns are what matter.
Any questions?
This Arab army on the
right, sir, what's it consist of?
Irregular cavalry,
Where are they now?
Can only know that by
being with them, sir.
Then get with them,
Harry. I want to know.
Pound them, Charley.
Pound them.
God help the men
who lie under that.
They're Turks.
God help them.
Well, he's got the bit
between his teeth all right.
Cocky?

**ALL:** Does it surprise you, Mr. Bentley?
Surely you know the Arabs
are a barbarous people.
Barbarous and cruel.
Who but they?
Who but they?
Oh, you rotten man.
Here, let me take
your rotten bloody picture.
For the rotten bloody newspapers.
These were cut last night,
Aurens, in Damascus.
Damascus!
Take them to Sherif Ali.
Tell him.
Remind him.
-Is Allenby in Damascus?
-Near.
Tell Sherif Ali that.
They are not ripe.
General salute!
Present...
arms!
Port arms!
Lawrence is
behind it, sir.
The whole town is
plastered with the Arab flag.
-When?
-A day and a night, sir.
They've been here
a day and a night.
They've occupied the
town, sir. They've done it.
He's set up his own headquarters
in the town hall.
What else beside
the town hall?
Telephone exchange,
post office, powerhouse,
hospitals, fire station.
everything, sir.
They call themselves
the Arab National Council,
and they're in
the town hall.
Well, they're your pigeon, Harry.
What do you think we should do about it?
Well, get them out of it, sir, quick time.
How about that, Dryden?
Not unless you want a full-scale rising on your hands.
-Well, what, then?
-When will Feisal be in Damascus?
By special train in two days' time.
Two days.
Two days is what you asked me for.
I can't keep him out any longer.
-Isn't it enough?
-Yes.
-Ample, I should think.
-Look, sir, we can't just do nothing.
Why not? It's usually best.
Get us something to drink, Tracey.
Yes, sir.
And, Tracey, all troops to remain quartered until further orders.
Yes, sir. Does that apply to technical units, sir?
Technical units particularly.
Yes, sir.
Medicals too, sir?
I'm afraid so, Harry.
Medicals too.
We here are neither Harith nor Howeitat, nor any other tribe, but Arabs of the Arab Council, acting for Prince Feisal.
He insulted me. Sherif Ali said that the telephones are in the care of the Howeitat and that the telephones have ceased to work. And this is true, Auda. They will not work because
they are given no electricity.
The electricity is
in the care of the Harith.
If you answer,
there will be bloodshed.
You speak to me
of bloodshed?
I ask pardon
of Auda Abu Tayi.
Humbly?
Humbly, Harith?
Yes, humbly.
This is a new trick.
Why is there no electricity?
I have been to that
electrical house, Aurens.
There are three large machines.
He means generators!
So.
One of them is burning.
They are of an incredible size,
but helpless.
It is so of all machines.
Let them burn.
What need of telephones?
- The need is absolute.
- Then we need the English engineers.
No. Take English engineers
and you take English government.
Take...
Fire has broken out.
- Where?
- The Jinsibi district.
- It is not a district that matters.
- It will spread!
Then in God's name,
use the fire brigade!
We have tried, but there
is no force in the water.
Then you must carry it.
- The Ruala do not carry water.
- What else are they good for?
We will hear petitions this afternoon.
This afternoon!
I'm gonna take this up after the war.
Surely we should do something, sir.
It's an old man's sport.
Are you an old man, sir?
Well, all I can say is, sir, it's a heavy responsibility.
Sorry, sir.
Maybe it's the bulb.
No, sir.
It's the power.
They're leaving, sir.
That's it, then.
Marvellous-looking beggars, aren't they?
Leave it, Aurens.
Come with me.
-Come where?
-Back.
I know your heart.
What is it?
Is it this?
I tell you, this is nothing.
Is it the blood?
The desert has dried up more blood than you could think of.
I pray that I may never see the desert again.
Hear me, God.
You will come. There is only the desert for you.
What about you, Ali?
No, I shall stay here and learn politics.
That's a very low occupation.
I had not thought of it when I met you.
You have tried very hard to give us Damascus.
It's what I came for.
And then...
it would be something.
Yes.
Much.
-He is your friend?
-Take your hand away.
-You love him.
-No, I fear him.
Then why do you weep?
If I fear him,
who love him,
how must he fear himself,
who hates himself?
Take your hand
away, Howeitat!
Oh...
So you are not yet
entirely politician.
Not yet.
Well, these are new tricks,
and I am an old dog.
And Allah be thanked.
I'll tell thee what, though,
being an Arab will be thornier
than you suppose, Harith.
In all my years as a medical officer,
I've never seen anything like it.
It comes within the jurisdiction
of the Arab Council.
I'm sorry, sir. Under the circumstances,
I think I must take over. Immediately.
Under any circumstances at all,
you must obey your orders.
No, sir, I will not.
Control yourself.
Now, go over to the town hall
and see what they say.
We did what we could
in the civic hospitals.
But you forgot the Turkish
Military Hospital.
Yes.
It has 600 beds. There are about
All of whom are the responsibility
of your precious Arab Council.
What's it like?
This is outrageous!
Outrageous!
Outrageous!
You filthy little wog!
My friend Aurens,
if I may call him that.
"My friend Aurens."
How many men will claim the right
to use that phrase? How proudly.
He longs for the greenness
of his native land.
He pines for the Gothic
cottages of Surrey, is it not?
Already in imagination,
he catches trout
and all the activities
of the English gentleman.
That's me you're describing,
sir, not Colonel Lawrence.
You're promoted colonel.
Yes. What for?
Take the honour, colonel.
Be a little kind.
As a colonel, you'll have a cabin
to yourself on the boat home.
Then, thank you.
Well, then...
Godspeed.
There's nothing further
here for a warrior.
We drive bargains.
Old men's work.
Young men make wars, and the virtues
of war are the virtues of young men.
Courage and hope for the future.
Then old men make the peace.
And the vices of peace
are the vices of old men.
Mistrust and caution.
It must be so.
What I owe you is beyond evaluation.
The powerhouse, the telephone
exchange, these I concede.
The pumping plant
I must retain.
If you retain the pumping plant,
there will be no water, sir.
I shall be glad of any technical assistance. In fairness, then, you must bring down your flag. I shall not bring down my flag, and if your men attempt it, my men will resist it.

- Have you any men, sir?
- Enough of that. It's the kind of thing that makes a very ugly incident. I'm sure your government does not wish to appear at the peace conference in the light of an aggressor.

I say! It's Lawrence, isn't it?

Well...
May I shake your hand, sir? Just want to be able to say I'd done it, sir. Haven't we met before? Don't think so, sir. No, no, sir, I should remember that.

It is widely known the Arab Council took power in my name. They have no power, sir. It's illusory. Illusions can be very powerful. Particularly...

when they take this form. The world is delighted at the picture of Damascus liberated by the Arab army. Led, may I remind you, sir, by a British-serving officer. Ah, yes. But then Aurens is a sword with two edges. We are equally glad to be rid of him, are we not? I thought I was a hard man, sir. You are merely a general. I...
must be a king.
Excuse me, sir.
Well?
Well...
it seems we're to have
a British waterworks
with an Arab flag on it.
Do you think it was worth it?
Not my business.
Thank God I'm a soldier.
Yes, sir.
So you keep saying.
You, I suspect,
are chief architect
of this compromise.
-What do you think?
-Me, Your Highness?
On the whole, I wish
I'd stayed in Tunbridge Wells.
Well, sir. Going home.
-Hm?
-Home, sir.
# Goodbye, Dolly, I must leave you #
# Though it breaks my heart to go #