Prince of Persia: The Sands of Time

By Boaz Yakin
Long ago, in a land far away,
there once rose an empire,
that stretched from the steppes of China,
to the shores of the Mediterranean.
That empire was Persia.
Fierce in battle,
wise in victory,
where the Persian sword went,
order followed.
The Persian King Sharaman,
rulled with his brother Nizam
upon the principles of loyalty and brotherhood.
The King had two sons
who gave him great joy.
Rejoice!
But in the eyes of the gods,
the King's family was not yet complete.
Not until the day he
witnessed a single act of courage
by an orphan boy
from the streets of Nasaf.
Get out of the way!
Stop!
Stop!
Run!
Run, Bis!
Run!
Stay here.
He's getting away!
Let go of me!
In the King's name!
- What is your name, boy?
- Dastan, Sir.
And your parents?
Boy...
Brother, take him up.
Moved by what he saw, the King
adopted the boy Dastan into his family.
A son with no royal blood,
and no eye on his throne.
But perhaps, there was something
else that worked that day.
Something beyond simple understanding.
The day, a boy from
the unlikeliest of places,
became...
a Prince of Persia.
The fabled Alamut,
even more stunning than I imagine.
Don't be fooled by its beauty prince Tates.
It's a city like any others.
Soft countries make soft men.
They stooped to treachery, and now must pay for it.
The father made clear,
Alamut is not to be touched.
Some consider it sacred.
But since our wise father isn't here,
the decision rests with me.
I'll have one last counsel
with my noble uncle,
and my two brothers,
trusted Garsiv, and...
Where's Dastan?
Come on! I bet my entire month's
allowance on this!
- This is embarrassing!
- Why don't you give it a try?
Give it in here!
Is that all you got?
Prince Dastan!
Where's prince Dastan?
Prince Dastan isn't here.
Your Highness, please.
Prince Tus has convened the war council.
I'm on my way.
Our finest spy, intercepted
a caravan leaving Alamut.
Swords, of the best workmanship.
Steel tipped arrows.
A promise of payment from the
Warlord Kosh, to Alamut.
They're selling weapons
to our enemies, Dastan.
An arrow such as this
slew my horse in Kushkan.
Blood will run
in Alamut's streets for this.
Or our soldiers will fall
from its walls.
Our orders were to subdue Kushkan,
not to attack Alamut.
- Wise words, little brother.
- Words won't stop our enemies,
once they're armed
with Alamutian blades.

We attack at dawn.
Well, if that's your decision,
then let me go in first.
- Who wants to share, Garsiv?
- I'll ride at the head of the Persian Army!

Dastan leads the company
of street rabble!
They may not be much for manners,
but they're pretty handy in a fight.
- The honor of first blood should be mine.
- Garsiv, you've got your hands on your sword again.
- Where's it should be.
- Oh, my brothers...

Ever eager.
It's said the princess of Alamut,
is a beauty without equal.
We'll march into her palace
and see for ourselves.
There'll be no doubt of your courage
Dastan, but you're not ready for this.
Garsiv's cavalry will lead the way.
Princess Tamina, the Persian Army
my princess, has not moved on.
Their faith has little love
for any truth, other than its own.
Or perhaps it would be safer
if you didn't stand so close.
Whatever their faith,
their bows aren't that strong,
Nor it's their aim.
Gather the council.
Tell them, I sit in the High Temple,
I must pray.
The High Temple? Alamut hasn't been
breached in a thousand years.
Everything changes with time.
We should know this
best of all.
Remind me why we're disobeying your brother's orders?
Because Garsiv only knows how to attack head-on, it would be a massacre.
The Alamutians would be busy with the main gate, so we slip through the side.
Have you been drinking?
That's our way in.
There are two gates.
The outer one's easy, it's the inner gate that's impossible.
That gate mechanism is protected by two men gard towers.
Yeah, there's always a way in, Bis, you take care of the outer gate, you leave the impossible one to me.
That's how you won't be happy if you get us all killed.
Oh. Wonderful speech, Bis.
Rousing!
Sound the alarm!
Hold this.
Watch your back.
- Eastern gate's open.
- That's Dastan's men.
He's gotten in, Dastan's done it.
Redeploy to the eastern gate.
Redeploy to the eastern gate!
They breached the eastern gate.
- Collapse the passages to the chamber.
- Princess.
Go now, everyone.
- You know what you must do.
- Our wealth must be kept safe.
Out of the way!
Silly songs and scented smoke could do little for you now!
I think you'll find there's more to her than that, hey Garsiv?!
So for once, the stories are true.
We know you secretly build weapons for enemies of Persia.
- Now show us where.
- We have no forges here. And what weapons we had you overcame. Our spies say differently. You can save a lot of pain... All the pain in the world will not help you find something that does not exist. Spoken like one wise enough to consider a political solution. - Join hands with Persia's future King. - I'll die first. That can be arranged. Don't! Prince Tus... Promise me, the people of Alamut will be treated with mercy. Hey, the Lion of Persia! The Lion of Persia! They're calling you the Lion of Persia. You've never excelled at following order, Dastan. - I have some explaining to do, Tus. I... - No, no. No, you have some celebrating to do. There is however, tradition. Since you took the honor of first assault, you owe me a gift, homage. - A beautiful dagger. - He delivered you the city and its princess, - I think that's homage enough. - I suppose it is. First dispatches just arrived, my prince. Wonderful news. Your father's interrupted his prayers in the eastern palace to join us. No doubt to commend this on our great victory. We've had indications that Alamut was arming our enemies. Indications? You've got to have more than indications to occupy a holy city, with my troops! This adventure, won't sit
with our allies!
But I suppose
you didn't take that into account.
Don't look for your uncle, boy!
The decisions and its consequences rest with me.
I know you're eager to wear the crown.
But trust me when I tell you, you're not yet ready.
No man would know better than you, father.
Because your trust is something I deeply cherish.
I'll oversee the search for weapons myself.
I vow I will not stand before you until I hold proof for Alamut's treachery.
The third step is the hardest!
Brother!
We've uncovered signs of tunnels on the eastern edge of the city. I'm on my way there now. Oh, you'll miss the banquet!
You and Garsiv can handle father in my absence.
- You do have a gift to honor him with.
- Of course.
Bis, gift!
It's been momentarily misplaced!
I knew you'd forget.
The prayer robe of Alamut's regent. The holiest in Eastern lands, a gift the King would appreciate.
You fought like a champion for me, Dastan. Glad to return the favor.
A rare jewel. Present her to the King for me this evening, Dastan.
Sure you really want another wife, brother?
Listen to me, Dastan! A marriage to the princess assures me the loyalty of her people.
Unbound to us, she's a dangerous liability.
If father doesn't approve our union, I want you to end her life with your own hand.
So, I'm escorted by prince Dastan, the Lion of Persia.
Must feel wonderful winning such a claim for destroying such an innocent city.
Oh, a pleasure to meet you too, princess.
And allow me to offer, that if punishing the enemies of my king is a crime, then it's one I'll gladly repeat.
Then you are a true prince of Persia.
Brutal. Without honor.
Don't make the mistake of thinking you know me, princess.
- Oh, and what more is there?
- Wait here with Her Highness. If you can manage it.
I suggest a hint of humility when you're presented to the King. For your own good.
You've eased father's anger, uncle?
One day, you'll have the pleasure of being brother to the king, Dastan.
As long as you remember your most important duty, you should do well.
- Oh, and what's that?
- Making sure his wine glass stays full.
I'm told that another of my sons has joined the rank of great Persian Warrior.
- We missed you, father.
- I was praying for you and your brothers, Dastan.
Family, the bond between brothers that is the sword, that defends our empire.
And I pray that that sword remains strong.
I was hoping my actions would spare our men unnecessary losses.
A good man would've done as you did, Dastan.
Acting boldly and courageously to bring the victory and spare lives.
A great man would've stopped the attack from happening at all, a great man would've stopped what he knew to be wrong, no matter who was ordering.
The boy I saw in that square,
was capable of being
more than just good,
but of being...great.
Well in the meantime,
I have a gift for you.
Some questions the wisdom of my
bringing a boy from the streets into my family.
I saw a boy whose blood
wasn't noble,
but whose character was,
a King in spirit.
Thank you, father.
May I present,
the prayer robe of Alamut's regent.
What can I grant you, in return?
May I present the princess Tamina.
Tus wishes to make a union
with her people through marriage.
It is my deepest wish
that this win your approval.
In all my travels, I have never looked
upon a more beautiful city, Your Highness.
You should've seen it before your
horde of camel-riding illiterates descended upon it.
Clear as you will make a fine queen.
But...Tus already has enough wives.
You Dastan, might take fewer chances,
if such a jewel
waited you in your chamber.
The princess of Alamut
will be your first wife.
Oh, what say you, Dastan?
He plunges into a hundred foes without thought,
but before marriage, he stands frozen with fear,
and that's for those who say
he's not yet wise.
I need a drink.
Stand aside.
Out of my way!
- Father...
- Oh, God help us, the robe, it's poisoned!
- Somebody help him!
- The robe Dastan gave him!
- Why?!
- Somebody help him!
- Seize the murderer!
- Somebody help him!
- Bis! Bis!
- Come with me!
- What do you think you're doing?
- I can get us out of here!
- You're going to need my help.
- Come on!
- Close the gate!
- That way!
Close the gate!
Get down!
There, onto the murderer!
He's on my horse! He stole my horse!
My loyal subjects, the whole world
grieves at the death of our beloved King.
We are all stricken
by his loss.
But the murder came at prince
Dastan's hand, only makes our pain worse.
I didn't murder my father.
That robe was given to me by my brother.
- Tus did this.
- And now he stands to be crowned king.
I didn't kill my father.
- I believe you.
- You shouldn't be here,
- I shouldn't have let you come.
- But you did.
I promised my brother I'll kill you,
if he couldn't have you.
Well, the solution would be
to kiss me, and then kill me.
But I have a better solution.
I kill you,
and your problems are solved!
Perhaps we could find
another solution.
Well, the solution would be
to kiss me, and then kill me.
But I have a better solution.
I kill you!
Give back what you stole, Persian!
No!
- Did you see that?
- See what?
Go for that sword again,
and I swear I'll break your arm.
Again?
- You've used up all the sand!
- What?
What is this?
Incredible.
Releasing the sand,
turns back time.
And only the holder
of the Dagger is aware what's happened.
He could go back and alter events,
change time.
And no one knows, but him.
How much can it unliken?
Answer me, princess.
You destroyed my city.
Our invasion wasn't about weapons
forges, it was about this Dagger.
After the battle, Tus asked
for this Dagger as tribute,
I didn't think anything of it,
but now I see.
With it, he could change anything. He could
change the course of a critical moment in battle,
He could foresee the blade of a rival.
He wouldn't just be the king,
he'd be the most powerful ruler Persia ever seen,
greater even than my father.
It was all about this dagger!
My treacherous brother
must be brought to justice.
And as such, I have doubled
the reward for his capture.
Meanwhile, I shall strive to protect
our Empire, as my father would've demanded.
A new reign has begun.
- What are you doing?
- Garsiv can't be far behind us.
She is the most famous horse in the Empire,
this would skew its tracks.

- Tracks where, where are you going?
- To Avrat, where my father will be buried.

You're wanted for the King's murder,
you're going to march into his funeral
alongside thousands of
Persian soldiers.

I hope Nizam will be there,
he's the only one I can trust.

He'll see I was set up by Tus,
step aside, princess.

Every road to Avrat
will be covered with Persian troops.

Well I a'm not taking roads,
I'm going through the Valley of the Slaves.

No one goes near that wasteland,
it's filled with murderers and cutthroats.

- Yes, so they say.
- Your whole plan is suicide.

My brother murdered my father,
and left his blood on my hands.

If I die trying to set that right,
then so be it.

So, you're going to leave me here,
in the middle of nowhere?!

Noble Dastan, abandoning a helpless
woman in the wilderness.

What does your precious
honor have to say about that?

Oh, give me the strength not to kill her.

Mounts up, we can't be far behind him.

Without the right sand, it's just
another knife. Not even very sharp.

- This sand, is there more of it?
- Of course not.
- How can I get some?

Try standing on your head
and holding your breath.

Did you see
what you're looking for, prince?

Start walking.

So, if you can't prove to your uncle
how the Dagger works,
why on the world would
he believe you?
It's not your problem, princess.
You know, you really walk like one.
Head held high, chest out,
long stomping strides.
The walk of a self-satisfied
Persian prince.
No doubt it comes from being told
since birth, the world is yours,
- And you actually believing it.
- I wasn't born in a palace like you!
I was born in the slums of Nasaf,
where I lived if I fought and I clawed for it.
- And how did you become a prince?
- The king, marches the market one day,
and he... I don't know, he...
He found me.
He took me in, he gave me
a family, he gave me a home.
What you're looking at is,
the walk of a man, who just lost everything.
Welcome to the Valley of Slaves,
Your Highness.
- I'm desperate for a drop of water.
- Well, there's more than we have
since you emptied our canteen hours ago.
I wasn't born in this desert like
you Persians, all shriveled and angry.
- My constitution is much more... delicate.
- I think you mean spoiled.
The wells of Alamut are fame
for their clean, cold water.
Perhaps less time admiring your wells,
and more time guarding your walls,
and you wouldn't be here.
Ah, a miracle, I've silenced a princess!
Tamina?
Tamina?
Can you hear me?
Yes, Dastan,
I can hear you.
Do you know
where you are Persian?
And yet you're enter still?
In the heart of Sudan there's a tribe of warriors, known as the M'Baka. They strike fear into the hearts of all they cross. The M'Baka, are masters of the throwing knife. Wielding blades, said to have been blessed by the Creator, Himself. Their aim is so murderously accurate, they can decapitate three men, with one strike.

No. I wouldn't even bother doing that, if I were you. Do you know why? This is Seso, he is a M'Baka, I have the good fortune of saving his life, which means, he is now enduringly indebted to me.

So tell me Persian, is there any good reason why I shouldn't tell Seso, to put his next throw so little higher?

So, this is the one, eh?

Yes, you're right, she's not bad.

She could smell better than that. Still we have a deal.

- Clever princess.
- Deal?
- What deal?
- Such a noble prince.
- Such a gentle princess.

I've taken you over with my fainting act, eagerly leaping to assist the foreign beauty.

- Who said you're a beauty?
- There's must be a reason why you can't take your eyes off me.

You're... I...

I don't trust you, and you're not my type.

Oh, I'm not some desperate slave girl! I'm actually capable of voicing my own folks!

- Too many for my taste.
- Oh yeah, she'll make a very nice addition.
What you intend to do with her?
Yes, do tell him.
Can't you see how concerned he is?
- Give me a moment.
- Yeah.

It's hard for me to admit,
but you were right.
- I did see what I was looking for.
- Dastan, listen to me.
When my uncle sees the power
of this Dagger, he'll believe me.
Dastan, I know. I haven't been
to be honest with you.
- But your lies are so clever.
- I'm the guardian of the divine covenant.
That Dagger is sacred, it's been
smuggled to a safety when you stole it.
- If the Dagger gets into the wrong hands....
- I will take care of your knife.
- You don't want to miss this.
- You don't understand what's at stake!
- This is the matter for the gods, not man!
- Your gods, not mine. Come on!
Come on!
Run quickly. Come on, ostrich!
- Ostrich racing?
- Every Tuesday and Thursday.
Whatever they like in beauty,
they make up for it. Fighting spirit.
- And the races are easy to fix.
- I've heard all these terrible stories of this place.
The bloodthirsty slaves,
murdering their masters?
That's a good story, it's well told,
ever evolving, but alas untrue.
- But the skeletons that we saw...
- Ah, I bought those from a gypsy in Bukhara.
I crafted our lurid reputation,
in order to fend off the most insidious evil,
that's been lurking this
forsaken country of ours.
You know what I'm talkin' about?
Taxes.
Dirty Persians, their armies, their fortresses,
their roads, who pays for it all, eh?
The small businessmen.
You see, that's why I started
a little campaign, to spread some false notoriety.
I spread it like a venerable
disease in a Turkish harem.
Behold the mighty ostrich!
Come on, my beauty!
I love this!
And the tax collectors stay clear of me,
and my customers, everybody's happy.
Hey! Get the girls on! Get the girls on,
come on. Crowd control!
Don't you stand there!
Run, don't walk!
Hey, you drop anything, you pay for it!
It's out of your wages.
Don't look at me like that,
you know what I'm talkin' about!
Do your job, crowd control.
Thank you!
You know, I think our little arrange
is going to work out very well, young man.
- Don't touch!
- Oh, ho, ho! She's a lively one! Where did you find her?
In the slave market to Lurs
I was headed to Avrat.
I trade her for a camel,
when she attacked me!
- The camels are safer.
- Noble, Sheik Amar.
I appreciate your hospitality,
you run a fine establishment.
- But if you could give me the supply...
- You know something, Persian?
You bear a remarkable resemblance to the disgrace prince,
who fled after murdering the king.
Have I told you about
the M'Baka?
- Yes, you have.
- Eh, nothing beats a good story. Eh, but yours however,
trading her for a camel? Please.
I mean look at her. She's worth at least, two.
And as for you, young man,
did you know your brothers offered rewards for you, it's quite frankly, between you and me, borders on the obscene. I traded my own mother for that kind of gold. What? You didn't know what she was like?
Take him down to the Persian outpost.
Wait, wait, wait. Look, that...
- Nice knife.
- It's nothing.
- That's worthless.
- Really?
Melt it down for the jewels.
What's the boy doing?!
No, no, you might kill a bird!
Hey, over here!
- I wouldn't do that, if I were you!
- Get to the tunnel!
Look at this! That's it.
No more fermented goat's milk after the third race,
do you hear me? Get off, come on!
- The gate!
- Get him!
Stop!
- Lift the lever, it opens the gate!
- Give me the Dagger!
- This isn't the time, lift that lever!
- Give me the Dagger!
Don't think it didn't cross my mind.
Move, princess!
Dastan!
Persian!
Looking for this?
Next time, you...!
They all come for my father's funeral.
There are a hundred Persian soldiers watching that gate.
Maybe more, if want you to stay closer to this Dagger,
you're going to have to help me in the Avrat.
All these foreign dignitaries,
I'm guessing you're known up here.
Couldn't you have found somebody lighter?  
The Mugals of the Hindu Kush are noble people, you should be honored.  
Oh yes, terribly.  
- Dastan, where's the Dagger?  
- You're welcome to search me for it.  
You'll have to be very thorough.  
Tus isn't here, he must be in Alamut.  
The Sand that fills the Dagger, there's more that hidden somewhere in Alamut, isn't there?  
That's why Tus stays there. That's why he's got our army searching for.  
I have to get a message to my uncle to meet me.  
That's impossible.  
- Difficult, not impossible.  
- One more proof, you're insane.  
Why do you look so impressed?  
Out of the way!  
Make way!  
- Turn around!  
- What?  
You used to buy those for me, when I was a boy.  
You used to spit the seeds at Garsiv.  
You shouldn't have brought me here, Dastan.  
I had no choice uncle, follow me.  
I didn't kill father, you know I'd never do such a thing.  
Your actions speak otherwise.  
I had no choice but to flee.  
Tus gave me that cloak.  
- He was the one who poisoned it. - Dastan...  
- But he's not here, is he?  
At his father's funeral, instead he remains in Alamut.  
Our allies will see our invasion is just, the search for Alamut's weapon forges is important.
Yes, but not if there were none.
The invasion of Alamut was a lie.
Tus is after power,
that's why he murdered father,
and now he searches not for weapons,
but for the Sand,
that fuels the mystical device.
This is why you brought me here, Dastan?
Mystical devices?
Do you remember after the battle
you stopped Tus for taken the dagger I'd won?
That dagger is the reason he invaded Alamut.
This dagger, you have it with you?
Yes.
It has incredible powers.
Is this some sort of a joke, Dastan?
What? I know he was in there.
And where is that so-called evidence?
Tamina.
- Your hands are burned.
- Yes...
From trying to pull the poisoned cloak
of your father.
- Is something wrong, Dastan?
- No, no.
You're certain?
You know you can trust me, boy.
It's just that a...
Tus is my brother, how could
he betray me like this?
I can't say Dastan, perhaps he never
respected you as you deserve,
and he saw you as someone he could use.
Someone to keep his wine glass filled.
My service to your father was different.
- We shared the same blood, Dastan.
- How many times did father speak
of you saving him from that lion?
- That was his favorite story.
- One of many, yes.
- No, that was his favorite.
- I'm afraid you're speaking in riddles, Dastan.
Wait, Dastan!
Over here!
Murderer!
I didn't kill father!
What you're going to do now?!
Where is he?!
Hey!
Garsiv...
- I didn't kill father.
- Then God will pardon you.
After your head rolls.
We don't fight with the
sticks anymore, little brother.
That's all you got?
Your Majesty,
I thought you were staying in Alamut.
Tell me about Dastan, uncle.
Dastan came to Avrat to kill me,
in the market place.
I just got away.
Tus, my death would weaken
your young reign.
- Dastan hopes to start rebellion.
- He wants the throne?
I fear so, my Lord.
Putting Dastan on trial would give him
a stage for his sedition.
My advice would be to avoid a trial.
Don't bring him back to Nasaf alive.
Whatever Dastan's crimes,
a public trial will best
communicate the king I hope to be.
Strong, honoring the rule of law.
- We are not savages.
- You grow more a king every day.
Dastan must be found.
He must be brought to justice.

HASSASINS LAIR:
- I need to speak with our guests.
- About them, my Lord,
their practices are unusual,
the servants have seen things.
Heard strange sounds, last
week one of the horses vanished.
Just make sure that the servants keep
their mouths shut, or I promise you,
they will vanish as well.
I have another task
for you Hassansin,
but you'll have to be quick,
your prey has a head start.
You brought what I requested?
These practices,
they don't interfere with your skills?
In trance we can see visions
of far future.
Visions of death.
Destiny and the curse.
In the trance we can find anything,
including your nephew, prince Dastan.
Then I hope you shall see more deaths.
Soon.
Get down, it's a Persian patrol.
What aren't you telling me?
The trail's been left, maybe they are tired
of your pawn shop for lies and backstabbing.
I had no choice but to leave you.
I take it your uncle didn't listen.
It wasn't Tus that killed my father,
it was Nizam.
- Your uncle?
- His hands were burned.
He said it happened trying
to pull off the cloak that killed my father,
I've gone over and over at my mind, he never
touched the cloak, he must've handled it before.
It was Nizam who poisoned it.
What could this turning back a few moments
of time give my uncle? None.
He murdered my father for more
than just a dagger.
What aren't you telling me? You know,
you've got quick hands, so do I.
If you want it back,
you tell me everything.
No more games,
no more lies.
Can we get out of here?
Oh...only a princess thinks
she can outrun a sandstorm.
Nizam is coming to kill us,
he needs me dead.
I need to know why.
In Alamut rests the beating heart
of all life on earth.
The Sand Glass of the gods.
Long ago, the gods slipped down on man
and saw nothing but greed and treachery.
So they sent a great sandstorm,
to destroy all, wipe clean the face of the earth.
But one young girl begged the gods
to give mankind another chance.
Offering her life in exchange.
Seeing the purity within, the gods were
reminded of men's potentials for good.
So they swept the sand into the Sand Glass.
The Dagger was given to the girl
who saved Man.
Making her the first guardian.
The Dagger blade is the only thing
that can pierce the Sand Glass
and remove the Sands of Time,
but the handle only holds one minute.
But if one were to place a Dagger
in the Sand Glass, and pressed the
jewel button at the same time?
- Sand would flow through endlessly.
- You could turn back time as far as you like.
Yes, but it is forbidden.
When my father was a boy,
Nizam saved his life hunting.
One day the two princes
were stalking a beautiful buck,
but they weren't aware of a lion
stalking them.
Nizam saved Sharaman.
My father told us the story over and over again.
I don't understand.
Nizam wishes to go back in time
and undo what he did.
Not save my father,
let him die.
Then he will be king for a lifetime.
And my brothers would never be born.
The storm's passed.
Dastan, the Sands contained within
the Sand Glass are incredibly powerful.
Opening the Dagger while it's
inside the glass breaks the seal
and destroys the Sand Glass,
causing it to crack and shatter.
The Sands of Time would no
longer be contained,
and they would carry
the gods' wrath with them once more,
destroying everything in their path.
And all of mankind would pay
for Nizam's treachery.
This is all that would be left of us.
The secret guardian temple outside
Alamut is the sanctuary.
The one place where the Dagger
can be hidden safely,
the only way to stop this Armageddon.
That's the truth, Dastan.
Give me back the Dagger, so that
I can take it there.
I can't do that.
- I'm coming with you.
- You're going to help me!
We can sit here and chat,
or you can get on the horse.
Our journey is blessed.
We'll stop for the water and push
for the mountain's pass by the nightfall.
- You enjoy telling me what to do.
- Only because you are so good at following orders.
Don't press your luck.
Persian!
We parted under certain rush circumstances,
I didn't get a chance to say goodbye.
We've been tracking you for a week.
That little riot you started,
it went on for two days!
My beloved racetrack,
all washed away like the footprints in sand.
See Lita there...
Look at her?
She's all that's left
of my gaming empire.
And no matter
your skills as a promoter,
you can't organize an ostrich race
with just one ostrich!
Am I right?!
Yes sir, come with me.
Did you know that the ostriches
have suicidal tendencies?
Look at this poor thing.
She used to be a grand champion,
and now I have to watch her
night and day to make sure
she doesn't do anything stupid.
Suddenly occurred to me, that the only way
to recoup my tragic losses,
was to track down the two young lovers
who cast this dark cloud upon me.
Oh yes, I'm gonna need the prize on your head,
your brother will be very pleased to see...
The sand dervishes Persian,
they are common as camel dirt...
Sheik Amar, listen to me...!
- I'd rather not.
- Nice knife.
Noble Sheik, we are on the
sacred journey to the temple...
Temple, the temple, there is nothing
more sacred than Persian's gold.
Give me the Dagger,
there are too many of them.
You can't kill them all,
you wanna live, give me the Dagger!!
Give me the Dagger!
Persian, how did you do that?
Instinct.
What?
We have to get out of here.
- What happened last night?
- Those vipers were controlled by Hassansins.
- Hassansins?
- For years they were the covert
killing force for the Persian kings,
for my father ordered them disbanded.
Nizam must've disobeyed my father's orders
and kept them intact.
This is a secret government killing society.
That's why I don't pay taxes!
- We can't stop.
- Oh perhaps you can't, but we can.
We could use your help
getting to the temple.
Hah, by crossing the Hindu Kush
with the storm blowing?
You attract troubles like flies around
rotting mango and your insane...
There's gold at the temple.
More than ten horses can carry.
- Tax-free.
- Sir!
- Do you have any idea where you're going?
- I memorized this path as a child.
Every princess must, it's sacred.
It's here.
The sanctuary, the one place the Dagger
can be hidden safely.
I was expecting golden statues, waterfalls.
Give me back the Dagger, so that
I can take it there.
Don't cut yourself, princess.
Hey, here!
Not long dead, last night maybe.
Tortured first.
- Hassansin.
- Nizam knows this place.
All dead.
- The entire village, about my gold...
- Where are you going?!
- There is only one way to stop all of this.
- What?!
To make sure the Dagger is safe,
the temple holds the stone the Dagger came from.
What temple? This is
a pile of stones and rocks!
The first thing we learned, if all else fails,
put the Dagger back into the stone,
the stone will envelop it, pulling it
into the mountain, returning to the gods.
- The original promise, must be paid.
- What promise?
The gods must take back
the life they spared.
You'll die.
- Stay there! Stay there!
- Listen to me! Listen to me!
Give me your sword, give me your sword
or do you fortake given that honor.
There are bodies down there,
murdered by Hassansins, on Nizam's order!
- He's the traitor!
- Hassansins no longer exist!
- You always thought you are so clever.
- This is no trick, Garsiv.
Sir, all dead inside Sir,
more in the village.
- There is only one way...
- Stay there!
Nizam wants me dead,
wants me silenced.
A trial will be too public.
Do you know this?
He said this much, didn't he?
I know it hasn't been easy
between us Garsiv, but still...
we are brothers.
Touching words
with my sword at your throat.
You've often questioned why
father has been so much time in prayer.
Before he died,
he told me that the bond
between brothers
is the sword that defends our empire.
He was praying that
that sword remains strong.
Why would I go into Avrat for father's
funeral, when I knew it was so dangerous?
Nizam recommended your death,
Tus disagreed, ordered
you brought back alive.
Nizam wants me dead, and he's hired Hassansins to make sure that does happen. He's afraid of what I might say, and who I might tell. Tell me, brother.

Garsiv?
My Garsiv?
Hassansins!
Shut up!
Protect the Dagger!
Persian, behind you!
Tamina!
Forget them, throw these!
Find her!
Hey! Over here!
You know what they say about men with big swords!
Tamina, let me do it.
Only a guardian can return the Dagger.
This isn't something you can do, Dastan.
I'm ready for this.
I'm not.
Tamina!
Out, enough, out!
Garsiv!
Dastan, I'm sorry.
Save the empire.
Brother... Brother.
- Where is the Dagger?
- It's gone.
Protect the Dagger, no matter the consequences, that was my sacred calling.
That was my destiny.
We make our own destiny, princess.
We'll get it back.
We're going to need another horse!
- Where will you go?
- To Alamut.
Nizam will use that Dagger to pierce the Sand Glass, and he has to be stopped. He has to be stopped.
He has to be stopped.
What?
Oh, a knife thrower with a conscience.
Our friends in the palace said that the Persians have broken through to the first level of the tunnels. They will reach the Sand Glass within hours.

Nizam's keeping the Dagger in the high temple, guarded by some sort of demon, covered in spikes.
- The Hassansin that killed my brother. It's the only thing that stands between us and the Dagger.
No man can stand within twenty yards of him and live.
Some don't need to get that close.
Spare some water, sire.
You sure about this?
I owed the boy.
But, you are a M'Baka, scourge of the Namibian plain.
Me, I'm a slightly dishonorable entrepreneur, this... nobility business is not the cloth we're cut from.
Hurry.
My friend, has anyone ever told you that you talk too much?
Come on.
Have I told you about the M'Baka?
- Yes, you have.
- I hope your brother listens to you, Persian. He's here.
Seal every gate!
Find him!
- It's clear.
- Dastan, I don't... I don't think you should do this. Is that concern I hear?
- Caution.
- Sprinkled with concern.
- You flatter yourself, prince.
- And you used to be a better liar, princess. Perhaps I'm out of practice.
This won't be the last time we'll be together.
- Where is the Dagger?
- You Persian bureaucrats, such soft hands.
- It's been found, my Lord.
- The Sand Glass?
I don't have the Dagger.
Leave me.
Hello, Tus.
Dastan!
- We need to talk.
- Then talk!
- Alone.
- Wait outside the chamber, now!
We are brothers, did you know?
The robe that killed father
was poisoned by Nizam.
- Nizam? You are mad.
- Who gave you the robe, Tus?
Who gave you the robe?!
You trust him, as did I, but Alamut
wasn't supplying our enemies with weapons.
- Nizam lied to us.
- Why he would do such a thing,
- what could he gain?
- Listen to me carefully.
Beneath the streets of this city
lies an ancient force,
a container, holding
the fabled Sands of Time.
Nizam wishes to use it
to corrupt history,
he wants to turn back time
and make himself king.
Sands of Time?
Heresies Dastan, pagan madness.
I've seen its power with my own eyes, Tus.
Nizam discovered its resting place, and if
we don't stop him our world could end.
If you're gonna kill me, the best
you do it now.
This is no ordinary dagger.
You press the jewel on its hilt,
and you'll see.
I should have the strength
to do this before we invaded the city.
- What are you talking about?
- To act of what I know is right.
No matter the consequences.
- The soldiers remain out...
- Stay where you are!
He took his own life.
Then, God have mercy on the traitor,
for he chose the path of the coward.
We both know Dastan was many things,
but not... a coward.
This is no ordinary dagger. Press
the jewel on its hilt, and you'll see.
No matter the consequences.
Stop!
A moment ago you died
before my eyes.
- Oh, you pressed it.
- How did you know I would?
Cause we are brothers.
The day we left for war,
our father told me a true king
considers the advice of the counsel.
But always listens to his heart.
You shouldn't defy to go so far
for me to believe you.
Your Majesty,
the soldiers tell me that...
I see that Dastan
has indeed return.
Tus, remember what I told you!
No, a moment.
Poor Tus, so eager for the crown.
And you, Dastan,
always charging in,
so desperate to prove
you are more than
something that king
scraped of the street.
What a glorious mess we are.
It seems that bond between brothers,
is no longer the sword
that defends our empire.
Yes!
He was one of us.
He was the priest of the temple. That's how Nizam discovered the existence of the Sand Glass. He corrupted the guardians, infected us. We are no longer pure. We must hurry. Pulley. Get pulley, now! The guardians built passageways underneath the city, a secret access to the Sand Glass. If we move fast enough, we can get there before Nizam. That would be the stand to the Sand Glass chamber. There is only one safe path. Faster! Follow in my footsteps. Nothing can touch the surface, other than where I step. Run, Dastan! Run! Dastan! Nizam! You murdered your own family. Sharaman was your brother! And my curse. I looked up to you. Dastan! I never understood, why my brother brought trash into the palace. Enjoy the gutter, Dastan. It's where you stay under my reign. Tamina! Nizam, don't use the Dagger to undo your past! - It will unleash... - Unleash, what?! Gods' wrath?! Hell itself?! Don't do this! Stop him! If the glass shatters, the world dies with it. It's not my destiny, it's yours.
It always has been.
- Let me go.
- I won't.
- Let me go.
- I'm not letting you go!
I wish we could have been together.
- Dastan!
- No! Tamina!
- Dastan!
- Tamina!
Prince, Dastan!
- Bis, you're here?
- Of course I'm here.
Our men surrounded Alamut's palace,
battle is over.
Not yet.
Wait!
Wait!
Brave soldiers of Persia, we have been
deceived into attacking this holy city!
- Alamut, has no weapon forges!
- Dastan!
- Have you gone mad?
- I cannot stand silent in the face of treachery.
This war was set up by one
trusted above all us.
- Our uncle Nizam.
- Dastan has fought hard today,
perhaps too hard. What he needs now
is to get out from under this
burning sun, to rest.
Gather his wits.
The weapons we've found
are forgeries!
There are no weapons here uncle,
and you know it!
And the spy, who supposedly
intercepted them, was hired by you,
to persuade all of us,
to invade Alamut!
What is this, Dastan?
Victor's remorse?
You yourself led the attack,
brought us this great triumph.
I should never have
let the attack happen.
I knew in my heart that it was wrong.
It will never be you.
You'll never been king,
you don't have the heart.
You will die
in a shadow of a great man.
Get him down from there, before
he makes even bigger fool of himself!
Tus, before we left Nasaf,
father told you this:
"That the true king, considers
the advice of the counsel,
but he always
listens to his own heart."
Father and I were alone.
How could you know that?
He's right, he knows us and
he knows we are capable of.
- Just listen to your heart.
- He defies your order,
leads attack and now wants
to turn back, Tus...
Take action here.
The spy knows the truth,
find the spy!
Bring him to me,
we'll wring it from him.
You had what every man
could ever dream,
love, respect and family.
But that wasn't enough for you, was it?
Princess of Alamut.
I was misled to attack your city.
Forgive me, Your Highness.
Let me try to make amends?
It would be to our mutual advantage,
that our nations be united
by a bond stronger than friendship.
Marriage.
Your marriage to one who is both
conqueror and savior of your city.
Dastan.
Royal blood or not,
he's every bit a son to our father.
Every bit a brother to Garsiv and me.
The true prince of Persia.
Get up there,
before I take your place.
Hello, princess.
It's a customary to accompany
a proposal with gifts but, uh...
I was surprised and unless I'm unprepared.
I've nothing for you, save...
that which is already yours.
Walk with me, prince Dastan.
How can I trust the man who
breached the walls of my city?
But I'm starting to think that I'm no longer
the same man who breached those walls.
That's a short time for
the man to change so much.
Perhaps.
It sounds as
if you've discovered something here.
- What might that be?
- The new spiritual awareness.
- A destiny.
- Yes, exactly.
I believe we make
our own destiny, princess.
You have an unfortunate lack of curiosity.
- With no doubt, one of my many flaws.
- Please don't mock me, prince.
I hardly think we know each other
well enough for that, princess.
But I look forward,
to the day that we do.
ripped by genrules