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# Samson

By Jason Baumgardner

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[man narrating]

Four hundred years ago,  
God delivered us  
to this Promised Land.  
But as the years passed,  
many of our tribes forgot  
and turned their backs to God.  
When the Philistines came,  
they found us weak, divided,  
and they enslaved our people.  
Our only hope was a prophecy  
that a man would be born,  
one who would rise up  
and set our people free.

[man] O Great Dagon,  
lord of battles,  
bestower of wealth  
and bountiful harvests,  
look upon your people,  
the Philistines of Gaza.

[cheering]

We are gathered here  
at your feet  
to bring you gifts gathered  
by the hands of the Hebrews  
- who gave unto us...

- Move. Move.

to conquer and command!  
Look how easily the Hebrews  
forsake their god  
and serve Dagon.

They grew this food...

[continues, indistinct]

[exhales]

[scraping]

[whispering]

Throw away the outside.  
Cook the inside,  
then eat the outside.

What is it?

What approaches with a stalk  
but has ears that cannot hear?  
That riddle's almost as bad

as this plan, Brother.  
[chuckles]  
[soldier] Move along!  
What has flesh but no blood  
and a heart made of stone?  
You talking about  
the olives or Father?  
[officer]  
Hey! Hebrew!  
What are you  
doing back there?  
I'm, uh...  
I'm waiting for my master.  
He prays in the temple.  
[whispering]  
Samson, what's happening?  
[officer] Then why do  
you hide your face?  
Remove your hood.  
[whispering]  
Hey, Brother.  
[officer]  
Hebrew, show yourself.  
[whispering] Samson,  
what's happening there?  
Brother.  
[soldier]  
I know him.  
That's Samson, the Hebrew  
strongman from the pits.  
Be very careful.  
You're coming with us. We'll find your  
master, see if you're telling the truth.  
Of course.  
- [clanking]  
- Why would I resist?  
Aah!  
[chuckles]  
[Brother] Samson!  
Samson!  
[guard] Thieves!  
Thieves in the temple!  
The harder to catch,  
the faster I run.

- What am I?  
- Too easy.  
Your breath.  
The eyes of Dagon  
see you for what you are.  
You shall not escape  
his wrath.  
He will crush you  
and all who defy him.  
- This way!  
- Don't let them escape.  
Stop him, you fool!  
[clamoring]  
- [laughs]  
- No!  
[priest] No!  
No!  
[bell tolling]  
Come. This way.  
[laughs]  
Come back here!  
[together]  
This way to the gate.  
[together] Where are you going?  
It's this way.  
Thieves!  
- [soldier] Thieves!  
- [soldier 2] Split up!  
There they go!  
There's nowhere  
to run, Hebrew!  
[yells]  
- Morning, ladies.  
- [women giggle]  
- What do we have here?  
- [soldier] There he is!  
Thief!  
I'll be right back.  
This should only take a moment.  
Come on!  
- Come back here. Come back here.  
- [giggles]  
[laughing]  
Oh!

What happened to you?

Let's never  
speak of this.

- [soldier] There! There he is!

- Go!

- Come back here.

- This way, Brother.

- [laughing]

- [soldier] Thieves! Come back!

[soldier] Hebrews!

If this month's tribute  
falls short,  
next month's will be double!

[screams]

Get out!

I know you have more!

[shouts] Where is it?

No. Stop.

- Where's Samson?

- He will be here.

Please.

Show mercy, my lord.

And what form

should my mercy take?

The tribute,

it is too much, my lord.

We starve while our wheat  
grows mold in your barns.

Can you not spare us  
a little more, my lord?

What is your name, Hebrew?

My name is Tobias, my lord.

Tobias.

I, Prince Rallah,

have heard this man's cry.

And as commander

of the Philistine army...

I declare henceforth

this man shall

never hunger again.

- Aah!

- [gasps]

[cries out]

[Tobias groans]

[gasping]  
[cries out]  
[body thuds]  
Does anyone else desire mercy?  
[woman sobbing]  
[sobbing continues]  
Back to work.  
Back to work!  
[sobbing continues]  
[Samson laughs] You mean  
you wish, little brother.  
Another man died today.  
Tobias was killed  
by the Philistine commander.  
You were called by God,  
gifted with his power,  
to deliver his people.  
The council think it's his time  
for a judge to be anointed.  
We do not need a judge.  
We need peace.  
Remember the prophecy,  
Samson of the tribe of Dan,  
chosen by the living God  
to be his hand  
of vengeance.  
It's his will.  
But it is not mine.  
Son, you are not like  
other Hebrews.  
You're meant for so much more.  
You were...  
You never fail  
to remind me of this.  
Everything God has required  
of me, I have done.  
I kept every vow.  
No wine.  
No touching the dead.  
No cutting of my hair.  
And where has it gotten me?  
Where has it gotten us?  
Are we free from rule?  
Do we have peace?

Why does God withhold  
what we desire?  
Samson, you must not  
forget who you are.  
[Rallah] The silos are half full  
after the tribute today.  
Tomorrow, we will fill  
the remainder from Accra.  
Is that all?  
[chuckles]  
There are whispers  
of a Hebrew  
with great strength.  
His people believe him  
to be a savior,  
but it is a story  
of the slaves, nothing more.  
Stories.  
Stories  
are possibilities,  
and possibilities are hope.  
And hope...  
hope is rebellion.  
I want you to investigate this.  
Should I not be doing something more  
than keeping watch over slaves?  
You think this  
is beneath you?  
But, Father...  
In matters of the crown,  
do not call me father.  
I'm your king.  
Do as I say.  
Yes, my king.  
Now.  
- [braying]  
- [cheering in distance]  
Don't even think about it.  
[braying]  
What's happening?  
Samson.  
The Philistines  
have a new fighter.  
Bolcom from Egypt.

He can't be beaten.  
He mocks our people,  
and he mocks our God.  
- But you can show him.  
- Samson's not interested.  
Our father's given us...  
[Bolcom] Pathetic!  
I have fought men  
from every land!  
These Hebrews  
and their puny god  
are like fighting children!  
Send two against me!  
God Dagon  
guarantees many returns!  
Support your  
Hebrew fighters.  
A hundred manehs.  
Let the fighting begin!  
- [grunts]  
- Brother, think.  
Why would they bring this  
monster if not to draw you out?  
Something's not right here.  
I'm just gonna  
take a look.  
What's the harm in that?  
The last time you said that,  
I cracked two of my...  
- [bones cracking]  
- [yells]  
Father.  
The fights turn my stomach.  
Can I please be excused?  
There are many fine nobles  
here with deep pockets.  
Mingle with them, hmm?  
And try to smile.  
[yells]  
- You people are weak!  
- [cheering]  
And you serve an even weaker god!  
[yells]  
Our God is not weak.



- And neither are his people.

- Look. Samson.

Samson.

[man] Ooh!

The Hebrew champion.

A bag of silver

for the victor!

Only one?

Do you have such little faith

in your god?

All right.

Two bags of silver then.

Samson,

Father will be furious.

Brother,

are you listening?

- [man] 10-to-1!

- [cheering]

[crowd chanting]

Bolcom! Bolcom! Bolcom!

Bolcom! Bolcom!

Bets are closed.

Let the fighting begin!

Brother.

Are you all right?

Find out who she is,

and I will be.

[chanting]

Bolcom! Bolcom!

Bolcom! Bolcom!

Bolcom! Bolcom!

Bolcom! Bolcom! Bolcom!

Bolcom! Bolcom!

Bolcom! Bolcom!

Where is your

Hebrew champion now, huh?

Dagon has proven his power!

And I have proven mine!

God, give me

your strength.

My name is Samson.

My name is Samson,

and I serve the living God.

And you have proven nothing.

[yells]

Yield. The silver is yours.

Just... Just put the rock down.

[crowd chanting]

Samson! Samson!

Samson!

[cheering]

Yeah!

[laughs]

Father,

look what Samson did.

I heard.

You can take it

to the council.

But he won these for us.

Would you feast if the  
rest of us were starving?

Your brother's  
becoming arrogant.

He's doing

what he sees as right.

He only sees what's right  
in front of him, that's all.

[man] Halt!

Halt for the prince.

Well, if it is not the greatest  
fighter riches can buy.

[horse whinnies]

Shh.

[man] Lord, you hired us  
to draw him out.

We never promised victory.

Right.

Right you are.

[chuckles]

You there.

Your master has cost me  
quite a lot today.

- My lord...

- Hold your tongue, or I shall have it cut from your mouth.

Does this bother you?

The riches your master  
has cost me?

I guess not.

Very well.

You will enter my service  
until your debt is paid.

Well... [chuckles]

not all of you.

- Aah!

- [screams]

[sobbing]

[Rallah] Rumor is true.

I saw him lift a boulder the  
size of an ox without strain.

The Hebrew god is in him.

- Within him?

- Yes.

What is he then?

Is he a half-god?

[laughs]

If gods were mortal,  
he would be one.

- You forget whose kingdom you inhabit.

- Yes.

Our god Dagon is mighty.

Yes, he is.

Would you kindly  
give us some privacy?

Sit.

This is not

Dagon's kingdom.

'Tis mine.

You must see gods  
for what they are.

They are symbols.

They have no power.

To the common man, they  
provide something bigger.

To us, they are  
means of control.

I am Dagon.

You can be Dagon if you stomp out  
this fire before it becomes a blaze.

- Yes, my king.

- [chuckles]

You may return!

- He will serve the crown or he will die.

- I'm sure he will.

How did I know

I'd find you here?

This is the best view

in all of Israel.

You should turn your eyes and  
mind towards things that matter.

I am appreciating

God's creation.

What could possibly

be more important than that?

- Fulfilling your destiny? Becoming judge?

- No, there is no judge.

- You carry the anointing.

- But I'm not ready.

You're never ready.

What are you

smiling at?

I found her.

Oh, little brother,

now this is good news.

Her name is Taren.

She's in Gaza.

- And even worse, she's a servant a Rallah.

- I must relieve her of that.

- No, you must not.

- No, I must.

- And one more thing.

- What?

You must

not tell Mother.

[Samson]

Is everything all right?

Forgive me. I just...

Just what?

You enjoy spying on people?

No.

Not at all. I just had

to know who you were.

After seeing you at the

fight, my head was spinning.

Are you sure that was not

because of his punch?

[chuckles]

No.

The only reason he landed that punch  
was because I was distracted.

By you.

They say that those who tangle with  
you leave wishing they had not.

[bell rings]

The prince.

I must go.

Wait. Do you know  
the cliffs by the beach?  
Near the path  
where Gaza meets the sea?

Yes.

They are beautiful.

[bell rings]

Meet me there tomorrow  
at first light.

- Please?

- [laughs]

[man] How long must we wait for God  
to deliver us from this oppression?

He has already revealed  
his chosen one. It is Samson.

[man 2] Well, where is he then?

He should be here.

Samson does not want  
to be judge.

It is better this way.

He is unfit to lead.

How can God choose a barbarian  
that chases after a woman  
like it is his birthright?

And may I add,

I'm grateful he has eyes for the  
Philistine maidens and not our women.

At least there is a slight chance my own  
sister will be safe from his advances.

Your sister would not  
have her virtue

if not for the protection  
given by my brother.

Would you have him remove it from you?  
From her?

From all of you?

[murmuring]

[Samson] I was beginning to wonder if you would show.

I used to play here as a child.

Walk along the water with my father.

It's actually the only reason I chose to come.

Oh, is that so?

[chuckles]

Yes, that is so.

Do you consider me a liar?

No, I'm not saying you were lying.

I mean, is that the only reason?

There is no other?

Well, if you must know the entire truth...

then yes.

- Are you coming or not?

- [both laugh]

- [Taren] Can I ask you something?

- Of course.

Do you believe in destiny?

That your life can be decided for you even before you're born.

Yes, I do.

Well, I do not.

I refuse to be bound by slavery of any kind.

What about me and my people?

Are we not slaves to your people, the Philistines?

We do not have the freedom that you speak of.

Our lives are our own.

Our destiny is what we make of it.

You're only a slave if you let them make you one.

If you think that your current situation  
is any different than mine...

well, you're wrong.

[Samson]

Tell me of your family.

[Taren] My mother was killed  
when I was only a child,  
and the prince has enslaved my  
father until his debt is paid.  
I'm sorry.

Your people are not  
the only victims.

All my life it's been said  
that I'm meant to lead my people  
to victory  
against the Philistines.

Us?

My brethren  
are beaten, starved.  
Our livestock is stolen.  
This has gone on for years,  
Taren, with no end in sight.  
Samson, we are enslaved  
by the same people.  
Who do you want to be?

Father.

Husband.

I believe you  
can be that man.

[chuckles]

[sighing]

Troubled?

When the old man dies,  
should I declare a time of mourning  
for the passing of a king?  
Or a time of celebration  
for the coronation of a new one?

Do you expect  
this tragedy soon?

It does not matter.

I will be rejoicing  
regardless.

He thinks me unprepared  
for the crown,

and he'll task me with the act of  
suppressing a slave rebellion.  
It is a fool's errand.  
I should be leading armies  
into Sidon, Media, and Egypt.  
These Hebrews are not worth  
the time of a future king.  
My father.  
He grows senile  
in his old age.  
He's led our kingdom  
into prosperity.  
Perhaps he deserves  
more honor.  
Perhaps your prince  
deserves more respect.  
You need more wine.  
If you wish to serve  
as my queen,  
you will learn  
to tame your tongue.  
Of course, my love.  
The throne  
will be ours soon.  
My Delilah.  
[both laughing]  
[Samson]  
Why can't we show everyone  
how Hebrews and Philistines  
can live in peace?  
For the first time in my life,  
someone asked who I want to be.  
You make me believe in a future  
I did not think I could have.  
Samson.  
This is our chance to be free.  
Taren.  
Marry me.  
Your parents  
will not approve of it.  
If you say yes,  
I will stop at nothing  
until they give me  
their blessing.



Then yes.  
Yes? Yes?  
[sheep bleating]  
[woman] Oh!  
I met a girl.  
I want to marry her.  
Uh, what's her name?  
Her name is Taren.  
Fro... From our village?  
No, she is from Timna.  
A Hebrew girl in Timna?  
Who's her father?  
His name is Aha. He's a  
prisoner of the crown.  
You couldn't find a suitable  
bride in our own tribe?  
Instead you choose  
a daughter of the enemy?  
Have you lost your mind?  
I'm not trying to shame you,  
Father, or you, Mother.  
You have no idea the brutality and  
horrors they've brought on us.  
But she is not like them.  
She is different.  
- We are their slaves.  
- If you marry her,  
you will bring shame  
and dishonor to this family.  
- [wind whispering]  
- [birds chirping]  
[animals shrieking]  
What do you want from me?  
Am I called to lead your people?  
Then show me a sign.  
[lion snarling]  
[growling]  
[growling continues]  
[roaring]  
- [twig snaps]  
- [roaring]  
No!  
[bones crack]  
[yells]

[gasping]

You are my savior  
and my strength.  
Forgive me, my Lord.  
Forgive me.

[humming]

- [Delilah] Stop singing.

- Hmm?

Pardon me.

I did not see you.

And what on earth is the cause  
of all this smiling and singing?

Does love not sing sweetly?

Take my advice.

Do not trust the love  
of a Philistine.

No, my love is a Hebrew,  
unlike any other man.

And his love comes  
with a proposal.

Marriage?

You are a servant girl  
to a Philistine king.

Would it not be permitted?

Our prince would never yield  
his servant to a Hebrew.

But he is respected amongst his  
community, one of their leaders.

And his name?

Samson.

Samson?

The strongman  
is your betrothed?

Yes, my lady.

Have you heard of him?

I have.

Perhaps I can help you.

I will speak with Prince  
Rallah on your behalf.

You'd do that for me?

Indeed.

In the name of love.

Thank you.

[man] I have received reports

that the Hebrews are  
considering Samson as judge.  
The judge of a slave  
is still a slave.  
- Let them do as they will.  
- What would the king say?  
What my father thinks  
is of no concern to you.  
The Hebrew has eyes  
for your new servant girl.  
Well, she is pleasing  
to the eye.  
- They plan to marry.  
- That would be heresy to Dagon.  
Wedding a Philistine  
to a Hebrew.  
You cannot allow this,  
my lord.  
But if you were to bless their  
union, they would be in your debt.  
How do you mean?  
Give the girl to the Hebrew, and he  
will never raise a hand against you.  
The throne would be yours.  
This is madness,  
my lord.  
He would be under my heel.  
Let Samson marry.  
We shall host  
the wedding feast.  
My queen is cunning.  
And my king strong.  
Ashdod,  
you may leave.  
Yes, my lord.  
Give me Samson...  
and the throne  
will be ours.  
[insects buzzing]  
[Samson's voice]  
Out of the eater,  
something to eat.  
Out of the strong...  
something sweet.

[Taren] At least dance with  
your bride-to-be once tonight.  
Or did you take a vow  
against all fun?  
You dance.  
I will watch.  
[chuckles]  
[all shouting]  
Samson, my brother,  
you look sober.  
Here, have a drink.  
No. I do not drink.  
You do not drink?  
Only babies do not drink.  
- Should we get him some milk? Maybe a wet nurse.  
- Oh.  
I said no.  
No wine for me.  
It is not wine.  
Drink with us.  
[Ashdod]  
It's your wedding. Drink.  
[laughing]  
You lied.  
Just trying  
to have some fun.  
Impressive, Hebrew.  
We all know  
about your strength.  
Is there anything  
more to you?  
Anything between those ears?  
I have more  
than you do.  
- Ooh! - Ooh!  
- Ooh!  
Perhaps a riddle?  
[all] Yes.  
[Rallah] Yes? A riddle?  
At night I come...  
without being called.  
By day, I am lost...  
without being stolen.  
What... am... I?

Too difficult?

[laughter]

A star.

All right. My turn.

I have a riddle that I am  
sure none of you can solve.

[laughs] Oh.

You challenge 30 men  
to a riddle?

Fine. Perhaps a wager.

My people  
need clothes.

Your tunics, all of them.

[laughter]

Thirty Philistine tunics.

Fine.

But if you lose,  
you owe the same.

And if you don't pay,  
it will be your head  
or your wife's.

[Samson]

Out of the eater,  
something to eat.

Out of the strong,  
something sweet.

Is that it?

Is my slave wit  
too much for you?

You have until morning  
to answer.

Keep those clean,  
will you? Oh!

[chuckles]

Come on.

Let us dance. Music.

[music playing]

Did you really think I would  
just let you run off and wed  
without anything  
in return?

"Out of the eater,  
something to eat.

Out of the strong,

something sweet."  
What does this mean to you?  
I know not what you  
speak of, my lord.  
[gasps]  
You lie.  
I have watched you,  
you know?  
Seeing you talk  
to your father,  
that thief behind the bars.  
It is quite  
a beautiful bond you have.  
Really extraordinary.  
What are you saying?  
It would be a shame...  
if you never see him...  
again.  
[shuddering]  
[Taren] Your riddle,  
it confounds them all.  
Rallah boasted of his wit,  
so I gave him and his men  
something to think about.  
Let their small minds toil  
while we have fun.  
- And the answer?  
- You will know soon enough.  
What bothers you so?  
Tomorrow we'll be married,  
husband and wife.  
There should be  
no secrets between us.  
No secrets.  
Right.  
No secrets.  
For what  
is sweeter than honey?  
And what is stronger  
than a lion?  
There. Does that  
solve these troubles?  
Ah. There he is.  
A groom full

of rare wit and strength.  
[Samson] At the bottom of which  
barrel did you find my answer?  
- You would be surprised.  
- [chuckles] Just try me.  
For what is sweeter...  
than honey?  
And what is stronger  
than a lion?  
How did you...  
Remind me again.  
What was our wager?  
Oh, yes.  
- Thirty tunics.  
- I do not have them.  
Well, then I fear you lose  
more than your wager.  
- Do not touch her!  
- Samson!  
Fine. I will find your tunics.  
Samson, please.  
It wasn't me.  
It wasn't me, Samson.  
[soldier] Hey!  
That water's  
not for you, Hebrew.  
[men laughing]  
This well...  
is for pure  
Philistine lips.  
Have it fouled  
by the likes of you  
makes me sick.  
[men laughing]  
I said, get your dirty hands  
off our water  
and move along!  
Give me your tunic.  
What did you say?  
Your tunic. Give it to me.  
Have you lost  
your mind, Hebrew?  
I could leave your corpse  
here for the crows

and finish my drink  
without a second thought!  
Hey.  
He's dead.  
He's dead.  
Your tunics.  
I want all of them.  
He's insane.  
Put this dog down!  
[all yelling]  
[panting]  
They cannot hurt you anymore.  
You're free.  
It's me, Samson.  
Our God was with us today.  
Help me gather their tunics.  
Wait. Please!  
I cannot touch the dead.  
I cannot break my vow.  
Rallah! Rallah!  
My debt is paid.  
Now, where is Taren?  
[Ashdod]  
Philistine tunics, sir.  
There is blood.  
Where is my wife?  
You have no wife.  
You did not return in time  
to finish the ceremony.  
Dagon law requires  
once a wedding has begun,  
it must be completed.  
- I had to stand in your place.  
- If you even touched her...  
Now, since you've murdered my  
men and stolen their clothes,  
you will spend the rest  
of your very short life  
working in the mines.  
[laughs]  
Arrest this man.  
[soldier] Sound the alarm!  
[bell ringing]  
[soldier]



Get back here, Samson!  
Stay close and find him!  
[animal shrieking]  
[shrieks]  
[shrieking]  
[shrieking]  
[soldier]  
The crops are burning!  
Why do you stand there?  
Draw your bows!  
There's no one there, sir.  
What?  
Then who starts  
the fires?  
[soldier] The fire,  
it moves on its own.  
[Ashdod] Wake the prince.  
[shrieking]  
[shrieking continues]  
What is this?  
Rallah!  
Release Taren,  
or all your fields will burn!  
- [Ashdod] Samson!  
- [Taren] Samson!  
- No!  
- Hebrew!  
Taren!  
I release them!  
Samson!  
- [crying, screams]  
- Taren!  
[crying]  
- No!  
- [clattering]  
[crying continues]  
Forgive me.  
- [horse whinnies]  
- [Ashdod] Samson!  
Samson!  
Samson!  
- I don't know.  
- Samson!  
Give me Samson

or your village burns.  
He's not here.  
I know you.  
Manoah,  
father of Samson.  
Take him.  
Are you sure  
you want to bring all of Judah  
into a war against you?  
If Samson does not show,  
he will find himself  
without a father.  
And you will find yourselves  
without a village.  
I know where he is.  
Go. Go.  
Brother.  
Please, leave me.  
God's not done with you.  
For years,  
I pleaded with God.  
I asked him if you're truly  
the one to deliver us all.  
For years,  
I'd never hear anything.  
And then one night...  
I heard  
a still, small voice.  
I looked around.  
I was certain someone  
had spoken words,  
but there  
was no one there.  
And then  
it happened again.  
A voice so clear,  
a voice  
with divine certainty  
that said I would witness  
my brother free our people  
with the strength  
of his hands.  
I know that you  
will save us, Brother.

The only question is, when?  
I have broken my vows.  
It is over.  
It's not over.  
Summon your strength,  
Brother.  
They have father.  
They've come here to hand  
you over to the crown  
in exchange for peace.  
And if I surrender,  
will Rallah free Father?  
Surrender is not  
the solution, Brother.  
Then what is?  
Make the men of Judah  
your army.  
They will fight for you,  
and so will we.  
Today's the day, Samson.  
Today the prophecy  
is fulfilled.  
You are Samson  
of the tribe of Dan,  
chosen by God Almighty  
and set apart.  
His hand of vengeance  
against the Philistines.  
You are right, Brother.  
My hands will save our people.  
No, Brother.  
No.  
- Stand and fight.  
- Brother.  
[kicks legs]  
[Rallah] Your loyalty  
to the king is acknowledged.  
Your village  
will be spared.  
Before your head hits the  
ground, your village will burn.  
And your father...  
will be waiting for you.  
- [groans]

- No!  
No!  
Draw!  
Protect the prince!  
Kill the Hebrew!  
[soldiers yelling]  
God, give me strength.  
[yells]  
Move! He's mine!  
[groaning]  
Go.  
Bring me his head!  
[blowing]  
[yells]  
[screaming]  
Lord, hear my prayer.  
[yells]  
[Rallah] Get him!  
Get his head!  
He's the beast!  
Lord, I'm  
your humble servant.  
Do not abandon me now.  
Make thy strength  
be my strength!  
His god is with him!  
He's invincible!  
[yells]  
Samson.  
Dagon!  
[flesh squishes]  
[yells]  
[jawbone drops]  
Samson, son of Manoah,  
chosen by God since birth  
to bring deliverance  
to your people...  
I anoint you.  
[birds squawk]  
[grunts]  
Aah!  
[Rallah]  
He has the strength of a god.  
I saw it

with my own eyes.

Your eye deceives you.

- Did you see him bleed?

- Yes.

Then he is not a god!

Go tell the Hebrews

that we will not retaliate

if Samson swears

to end his violence!

Go. Get out

of my sight, boy.

- You child!

- [door slams]

[grunting]

You are not a god!

You risk Dagon's wrath.

I do not fear Dagon

or my father.

You fear another.

I have seen a real god...

in a real man.

That is power.

I will take Samson's power.

And you're going

to help me.

[narrator] Samson was

at last anointed the judge

and protector of our people.

The king sent no army

against us,

but the theft of our food

did not stop.

Prince Rallah was

sent far to the west

to lead campaigns into Egypt

as punishment.

But upon his return years later,

our tribes were once again

beset with violence

and pushed to the brink

of starvation.

[Samson] For years I have said

our only hope is in peace.

[man] Peace?

Our share of the coming harvest  
can no longer feed us.  
For years we have  
listened to you.  
We have barely endured,  
yet nothing has changed.  
It's time for war.  
No. War only brings  
suffering to our people.  
I will leave to Gaza  
to negotiate peace.  
What you call peace,  
I call starvation.  
Our only hope is to rally the other  
tribes and prepare for an attack.  
God did not call you from the  
womb to be a politician, Brother.  
He gave you the strength  
to fight like no man ever has.  
I will return with freedom,  
or I will not return at all.  
[chattering]  
[Rallah]  
This is an outrage.  
I determine  
what is outrage.  
I define what is  
at risk to my kingdom.  
He comes here  
to negotiate.  
He will leave in peace,  
because it is my wish,  
thus my command,  
my decree, my authority.  
Do you not see where this  
argument is going? To the door.  
Rallah.  
You've returned.  
[Balek]  
Mighty Samson.  
At last we meet.  
May I offer you  
some wine or some food?  
A jawbone

of a donkey perhaps.  
My son is around here  
somewhere, is he not?  
I'm here to negotiate  
for the people I serve.  
The same people you starve.  
In order to negotiate, one must have  
something to negotiate with, must he not?  
What do you have  
to offer my kingdom?  
Peace.  
True peace  
between our people.  
Reduce the tribute. Give back the  
harvest that is rightfully ours.  
Or else what?  
You will face the wrath of God.  
So you threaten me  
with natural phenomenon,  
freakish acts,  
and the weather.  
Mock me, if you will.  
But you will not be laughing when you  
have another thousand soldiers to bury.  
I have rebuilt my army  
three times since.  
And the only reason  
that you draw breath  
is because I have not given  
the order to take it.  
I reject your offer.  
Then you choose war.  
I think we both know  
that war is not  
in your best interest.  
Unless, of course, you choose to see  
more of your loved ones perish.  
This is my offer to you.  
Disappear.  
You disappear,  
and the harvest will be  
returned to your people.  
You ask me  
to leave my people?

You have  
a choice, Samson.  
Stay and watch  
your people suffer, die...  
or go away...  
and have them flourish.  
Make haste  
out of the city.  
Tell my brother...  
Tell him I'll return when I  
change the king's heart.  
But you cannot linger here.  
If these people  
even suspect who you are...  
Trust in God.  
He will show us the way.  
Now, go. Hurry.  
A Hebrew who sits  
in council with the King.  
You must be mistaken.  
My lord, forgive my manners.  
I'm the proprietor  
of a nearby inn  
where important men like you  
can rest and pray.  
We're very discreet.  
We ask no questions.  
What manner of inn is this?  
Nothing indecent,  
I promise, my lord.  
[man groaning]  
[music playing]  
- [clattering]  
- [cheering]  
[sighs]  
- [music continues]  
- [chattering]  
I never would've come here had you been  
honest about the sort of inn you run.  
I must speak with you.  
You're in the wrong room.  
Go back to your madam.  
Samson, please.  
I've come here to warn you.



You're in grave danger.  
Wait.  
I know you.  
Yes.  
You were at my wedding feast.  
You were with Rallah.  
Yes, I was.  
But that was before I knew  
what he was capable of.  
I've since left  
his service.  
What are you doing here?  
I saw you on the street  
by chance.  
I saw you enter here.  
[men shouting]  
Samson, the city  
knows you're here.  
The people are hunting for  
you even now, laying traps.  
[soldier] Go find him!  
Did Rallah put you  
up to this?  
I'm not with Rallah.  
I don't believe you.  
You're lying.  
[soldier] Over there!  
[Samson]  
Why would you help me?  
Would you be so cruel to  
make me lay my heart bare?  
I spoke no lie.  
I saw you in the street  
and I remembered.  
Taren.  
What about Taren?  
She was sweet...  
and innocent...  
and pure.  
And for that,  
the gods smiled on her  
and gave her  
the gift of a good man.  
And I envied her, for I knew I would

never be allowed such a gift.  
Broken as I am.  
Forgive me.  
He's awake!  
You're not one of my girls!  
Kill them both!  
Come.  
[yells]  
That's him.  
The Hebrew killer Samson!  
Avenge your brothers  
and your sons!  
Kill him!  
Kill him!  
In here.  
[soldier] Hurry up!  
[soldier]  
He killed my brother!  
[men shouting]  
What am I doing?  
I cannot go back  
to my people as a failure.  
I cannot stay here.  
The king advises me to vanish.  
God tells me nothing!  
[soldier]  
He killed my brother!  
I have a house  
in the valley of Sorek.  
You'll be safe there while you  
wait for your god's answer.  
[soldier] There he is!  
Make for the village  
of Balsam.  
I will meet you on the road.  
Stay here.  
They're not after you.  
Get him!  
Where is he?  
Where is he?  
We'll find him.  
He must have run  
that way.  
We need to find him.

He's here!  
Rally to me! I see him!  
Rally to me!  
Rally to me!  
Don't let him get away!  
Kill the heathen!  
Kill him! Kill him!  
Kill him!  
Where are you going to run?  
Catch him!  
There he is! Kill him!  
Aah!  
[man]  
Burn that dirty beast!  
[yells]  
Kill the heathen!  
No! No!  
[yelling]  
Come on, men!  
Kill him!  
Lord.  
Your servant calls  
upon you once more.  
Kill him!  
With your strength...  
protect me.  
[yelling]  
[rumbling]  
[yelling]  
[yells]  
Let them witness.  
Let them witness the strength...  
of the living...  
God.  
[woman laughs]  
[Taren] Samson.  
[laughs]  
[Samson] Taren.  
My love.  
- What are you doing?  
- No. Lay still.  
You must rest.  
[mutters]  
You're awake.

You have been asleep  
for two days.  
Your wounds were grave,  
but I did what I could.  
I thought you  
were someone else.  
Taren.  
You said her name many times.  
You truly loved her.  
Why do you help me?  
Are you not a Philistine?  
I found you alone and in pain.  
I know what that feels like.  
And you would help someone  
without anything in return?  
Takes a woman full of true  
kindness to do such things,  
especially for a Hebrew.  
I must go.  
Please, stay  
until you're healed.  
- No, I should not impose any further.  
- It is no imposition.  
Let me prepare you  
some food.  
Please stay.  
What is your name?  
Delilah.  
Delilah.  
I owe you my life.  
Thank you.  
[kisses]  
[bird squawking]  
I thought you were dead.  
I feel  
I should be, Mother.  
Come in, Son.  
Sit down. Sit down.  
I'll get some food.  
I have not protected  
those I love.  
God has  
protected us, Samson.  
I have broken

my vows to God.  
I have killed.  
Drank of the vine.  
Has God forsaken me?  
He'll never forsake you.  
He will always forgive.  
I am beyond  
his forgiveness.  
Oh, Son, listen.  
Within God's forgiveness  
is his power.  
And your call  
is still with you,  
but you must pursue  
his desires, not your own.  
Listen to him.  
Please, pray for me.  
Always I pray for my children.  
[thunder rumbling]  
[soldier] We'll be back  
tomorrow for the rest.  
We trusted you.  
And you stand there  
and do nothing.  
[thunder rumbling]  
When Samson  
killed a thousand,  
we gathered  
as many weapons as possible.  
Majority of them remain  
hidden in the woods.  
Well done, Caleb.  
We can't wait anymore.  
This sword has not seen a  
Hebrew hand for a generation.  
And that is far too long,  
my friend.  
The king thinks we are weak.  
His defenses are down.  
No.  
We are weak.  
Not if I get Samson  
to agree.  
This is madness, and it

will end in our slaughter.  
When did we stop believing  
in our God?  
This land was promised to us,  
and we shall fight for it.  
Either join us  
or stay free of our course.  
You leave again  
so soon after weeks away.  
- Don't tell me it's another Philistine.  
- None of your concern, Brother.  
Have you no regard  
of your sacred vows?  
You just travel from one bed to  
another while God's people suffer.  
You have no understanding  
of what it is you speak.  
This burden is far too great for  
your small shoulders to bear.  
Curve your judgment of me, Brother.  
I warn you.  
- Let me be.  
- Let you be what exactly?  
I tried.  
I did, but I failed  
many times over.  
And I am done with failing.  
God's not done with you.  
The men are finally  
ready to fight.  
All we need from you, Brother,  
is to lead us.  
I will not lead them, you,  
or anyone to certain death.  
[knocking]  
You came back.  
I had  
to see you again.  
Please, come in.  
[Samson, Delilah laughing]  
I wonder if this is  
what peace feels like.  
Ah, peace is a dream  
I can no longer feel.

Then tell me,  
what do you feel?  
Sorrow.  
Loss.  
I have known  
my share of the same.  
What if we were  
to leave all this behind?  
Begin again,  
with no expectations.  
Where would you go?  
Goshen. Egypt.  
See the cities of Joseph.  
Kush, maybe, where they  
have creatures tall as trees.  
But you would never  
leave your people.  
I would have to force you  
or bind you.  
[chuckles]  
As if anything  
could ever bind you.  
What if there was something  
that could bind me?  
Tell me,  
and I will take you to all  
those places tomorrow.  
This would please you? To bind me  
and make me like any other man.  
You could never be like  
any other man, bound or not.  
Then tie me up  
with fresh ropes,  
ones that have  
never been used,  
and I will be like  
any other man.  
And you can take me  
wherever you wish.  
[Rallah] What good has come  
from your time with Samson?  
His loyalty seems to be  
his only weakness.  
If it is a weakness.

Do I need to remind you  
who this man is, Delilah?  
He is our enemy.  
He's not out  
to destroy us, Rallah,  
only to protect those  
he holds dear.  
Let him be.  
Do you have feelings  
for him?  
Don't be silly.  
There was once a little sparrow  
who stared all day long  
through the bars of her cage,  
longing to take flight.  
When the chance arose,  
she left her shelter.  
But before she could  
reach the sky,  
a hawk descended upon her  
and tore her apart,  
piece by piece.  
Let us finish  
what we started.  
Are you certain that the Hebrews  
intend to attack the crown?  
Yes, my king.  
We swear on our lives.  
A group of men have been  
hiding weapons in my village.  
Oh, this will be  
a significant attack, my king.  
We appreciate your protection  
and good graces.  
And you may continue to...  
[heads rolling]  
[chuckles]  
[kisses]  
What is wrong?  
Delilah?  
Why do you  
keep things from me?  
Keep things from you?  
Yes.



You say you love me, but you refuse  
to share your innermost secrets.

What secrets?

Who is this god who gives  
you such strength?

Why does he allow  
your people to suffer so?

Is he a cruel god, or are  
you just a foolish people?

- Delilah.

- If we are to be together, I should trust you.

- But how can I trust you when you have lied to me.

- How have I lied?

You deceived me  
about the fresh ropes.

I was playing along,  
remember?

Were there secrets  
with Taren?

Are there to be secrets  
between us?

I'm a Nazirite.

What does that mean?

Three vows  
were bestowed upon me.

No wine.

No touching the dead.

No cutting of my hair.

I've broken two of them.

If I were to cut my hair...

I fear my strength  
would leave me.

Your hair?

Yes.

Now there are no secrets.

This is for Samson,  
from the crown.

He-yah!

You seem quiet.

What is the matter?

Nothing, my love.

Thank you.

Enough.

I love you.

You know that.  
And I you.  
Samson, the Philistines  
are upon you.  
Samson!  
- No!  
- [yells]  
Aah!  
My hand!  
[Delilah]  
Please, do not hurt him!  
Please!  
Samson!  
Samson!  
Samson's little brother.  
- I'm going to let you watch.  
- [grunting]  
[sobbing]  
[Delilah] No.  
Brother. Brother!  
Rallah.  
[yells]  
You were a man  
to be feared, Samson.  
Look at you now.  
I will prove to your god,  
I am worthy of his power.  
I will take your place  
in his favor.  
[Delilah]  
Rallah, you promised.  
No.  
No.  
Rallah. Rallah!  
- [Delilah] No!  
- Rallah!  
- No! Rallah!  
- No!  
[Samson yelling]  
[Caleb] Samson!  
[whimpering]  
Rallah!  
Caleb.  
Forgive me.

Once again, I have failed.  
I did what was right  
in my own eyes.  
I deserve this.  
I want you to know.  
- [sobbing]  
- [sobbing]  
[clattering]  
[Rallah]  
Samson, Samson, Samson.  
The greatest warrior  
ever known,  
yet look at you now.  
What a waste.  
Do what you came here for.  
I'm not here  
to kill you, Samson.  
I'm here to free you  
and your brother.  
All you must do is tell me how  
I may receive your power.  
Stand him up.  
- [yells]  
- [grunting]  
Your secret.  
Tell me.  
There is no secret.  
My power is from God.  
Then petition  
your god for me.  
Tell him that I conquered you,  
that I am more worthy,  
that I deserve his strength.  
- [grunts]  
- Tell him,  
or I will rend your flesh  
and feed you to the rats!  
A just punishment for my sins.  
[spits]  
Do what you will.  
[grunts] Tell me!  
Tell me!  
I will have the truth!  
- Now!

- Please!

Stop!

I'll tell you.

Tell me what I must do.

Fear the living God.

Humble yourself.

Or he will humble you.

[yells]

Why? Why have you not

brought me his head?

Samson is my trophy.

You have captured

a beloved leader.

You must kill him

before they come for him.

- That would be a waste.

- Waste?

Word of Samson's power has  
spread from Persia to Thebes.

And now they will know

that we have conquered him.

Conquered him.

We use him to show his people  
and anyone who challenges us  
that we are greater  
than their gods.

I will be feared everywhere.

I fear you...

Year after year,

we will celebrate his  
humiliation and the triumph.

- My triumph over his god...

- Triumph? Triumph?

You imbecile.

You've learned nothing.

You know nothing.

[flesh squishes]

Father.

You no longer rule over me  
or this kingdom.

I may not have your wisdom,  
your experience,  
or even your love,  
but I have your crown!

And this is a glory  
I wish not to share with you.  
My son the king.  
[body thuds]  
You have a visitor, Hebrews.  
It is me, my love.  
I'm here to pay  
for your release.  
Paid with the silver  
that put me here.  
Rallah misled me.  
I believed I could free you,  
but I was wrong.  
I will give back every piece  
of silver for your release.  
Show your love for me now.  
Free Caleb instead of me.  
I cannot leave you here.  
Free him...  
and you can have  
my forgiveness.  
[sniffles]  
I will always love you.  
Delilah.  
Oh!  
You were right, Caleb.  
We should fight.  
Gather the men.  
Prepare to take the city.  
But how can I without you?  
With the power God  
has placed within you.  
He has not abandoned me, Caleb,  
because I am in these chains.  
Even inside these walls  
I hear his call.  
And maybe for the first time,  
I'm hearing his desires  
and not my own.  
I love you.  
I love you, Brother. Oh!  
- [door slams]  
- [chains clanging]  
My strength

is now your strength.  
My eyes yours.  
You have called me from birth,  
and now I listen.  
What would you have me do?  
Oh!  
[chattering]  
[Rallah] I am your mighty king  
who, with the power of Dagon,  
have subjugated  
even the strongest man.  
Are you ready  
for our special guest?  
- [crowd] Yes!  
- [cheering]  
- Bring the prisoner.  
- [crowd jeering]  
[jeering continues]  
[woman] Kill him!  
Kill him!  
- Murderer!  
- Kill him!  
Kill him!  
Boo!  
Murderer!  
Kill him!  
Kill him!  
[cheering]  
Dagon's arm is mighty  
and his vengeance swift.  
Praise be to Dagon.  
[crowd]  
Praise be to Dagon!  
Praise be to Dagon!  
[groans]  
[screams]  
[screams]  
[man] Kill him!  
String him up! Come on!  
[laughing]  
[crowd] Murderer!  
Lord.  
Give me your strength  
one last time.

Let me die with the Philistines.

[thunder rumbling]

No.

[crowd chanting]

Kill him! Kill him!

Kill the prisoner.

- [thunder rumbling]

- [Rallah] Kill him!

Kill him!

[yelling]

[screaming]

[yelling]

Kill him!

[yelling]

[yelling]

No!

[Caleb narrating] On that day,  
my brother heard God's call.

He fulfilled the promise  
that was given before his birth.

To our people,  
it was a day for joy.

Free at last from  
the Philistine tyrant, Rallah.

But for us who knew Samson  
as a brother and as a son,  
it was a day to mourn  
the passing of a good man.

A man whose heart  
was as vast as his strength.

Brothers! Hebrews!

Today we fight!

God is with us!

God is with us!

[chanting]

Samson! Samson! Samson!

Samson! Samson!

Samson! Samson! Samson!

Many battles were yet to be  
fought over the Promised Land.

The Philistines  
sent their armies,  
but the tribes of Israel  
had awakened.

We'd seen miracles done,  
and we knew then that no force  
could stand against us,  
for the strength and the faith  
of Samson was within us all.  
God gave us Samson  
to begin our deliverance.  
But who would he send  
to finish it?  
A generation later,  
a small shepherd boy named David  
stepped onto the battlefield  
and challenged an  
undefeatable Philistine giant.  
The time had come.  
God had at long last  
chosen a Hebrew king.  
[man] I've been through  
The rain and the storm  
Been down  
That same broken road  
Left me once  
And a whole lot more  
I keep searching  
Till I find my home  
[woman]  
I have walked through  
Victory's gates  
Never fear though  
The lion's cave  
Won each battle  
But lost my soul  
Still searching  
Till I find my home  
[vocalizing]  
[man, woman]  
Saw me stronger  
Than the love and faith  
Played with fire  
Like it was only a game  
Always faithful  
Led me through it all  
I can hear it  
Redemption's call



[vocalizing]  
[woman] Said you'd  
Never leave me, no  
Said you'd  
Never leave me, no  
Said you'd  
Never leave me, no  
Said you'd  
Never leave me, no

[vocalizing]  
I can hear it  
Redemption's call  
No more searching  
Finally made it home

[song ends]  
[ballad intro]

[man]  
I thought I'd lost my way  
Beyond the grip of grace  
And in my imperfection  
Your love changed  
My direction  
So now I break off  
These chains  
For there is power  
In your name  
You are my strength  
You are my victory  
I will not fear  
I know you're with me  
In every grave  
You resurrect me  
You are my strength  
You are my victory  
No fear of failure stands  
Inside your promises  
Your power never lacking  
Your presence everlasting  
So I can rise in your name  
To bring you glory  
And praise  
You are my strength  
You are my victory  
I will not fear

I know you're with me  
In every grave  
You resurrect me  
You are my strength  
You are my victory  
[song ends]