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Samson and Delilah

By Jesse Lasky Jr.

Before the dawn of history,
Even since the first man
discovered his soul,
He has struggled against the forces
That sought to enslave him.
He saw the awful power of nature
rage against him
The evil eye of the lightning,
The terrifying voice of the thunder,
The shrieking, wind-filled darkness
Enslaving his mind
with shackles of fear.
Fear bred superstition,
blinding his reason.
He was ridden by a host of devil gods.
Human dignity perished
on the altar of idolatry.
And tyranny arose,
Grinding the human spirit
beneath the conqueror's heel.
But deep in man's heart still burned
The unquenchable will for freedom.
When this divine spark flames
in the soul of some mortal...
Whether priest or soldier,
Artist or patriot,
Lover or statesman...
His deeds have changed
the course of human events
And his name survives the ages.
In the village of Norah,
In the land of Dan,
lived such a man.
In him, the elements had fused
greatness and weakness,
strength and folly.
But with these, was a bold dream...
Liberty for his nation.
The man's name was Samson.
For 40 years,
the Philistines had held
his people in bondage.
I drove three score goats to Zorah
seeking for a wife

But her father said get more
or you'll lead a lonely life...
And he said,
When you return to Egypt,
See that you do all the wonders
which I have put in your hand.
And the Lord said unto Moses,
Get you up unto pharaoh
and bring forth my people out of Egypt.
Pharaoh ruled the Egyptians
As the Saran rules
the Philistines here...
And the Philistines rule us.
Saul, let him tell it.
Pharaoh said to Moses,
Who is this Lord?
I know him not.
Your people are my slaves,
and I will not let them go.
But they got away through the Red Sea.
And someday, we'll show the Saran
That stone can fly just as straight
as Philistine spears.
Saul, tell him what that slingshot's for.
Yes, tell him.
Guard your tongue, Saul.
Some thoughts must not be spoken.
May I fill my pitcher, Miriam?
We'll fill it together,
little Samaritan.
And the Lord spoke unto Moses
and to Aaron,
saying, when Pharaoh shall say unto you...
show a miracle for you...
then you shall...
you shall swallow your tongue, old goat.
Now, here's something
for you to learn...
Bow when a Philistine passes!
We are a conquered people.
We bow only to the invisible Lord.
Every Philistine is your Lord.
Bow!
Look, you scum of Dan,

Here's how to greet your masters.
Brave Philistines...
Showing your courage
against children and old men.
Well...
Here's a jug of Dante wine
we haven't tasted.
If you come near Miriam,
Samson will crack your head
like a walnut.
Samson!
He saves his strength for the wenches!
The power of the Lord
is in Samson's arm,
And, one day, you shall feel it...
Croak in the mud, old frog.
Run! Get off the street!
Let the old mud turtle, yell for Samson!
Go on, Saul, throw it.
Aim for the big one.
No, Saul, no.
I'll stop one of them.
You will bring death to the village.
Samson is our warrior.
A leader...you? Ha.
Certainly, I know where you were.
Lesh Lakish told me.
You were brawling through
the streets of Timnath
with the Philistines.
Drinking and dice-throwing
with our enemies.
I was learning their ways.
You'd do better to learn the ways of the Lord.
Mm-mmm.
You're the best cook in Zorah, mother.
And you're the worst son.
You, the leader of Dan,
chosen judge of you're people.
And what would you do?
Marry a daughter of our enemies.
A Philistine's woman to be the mother
of Samson's children.
I ought to turn you over to my knees

the way I used to, and not so many years long ago.
Run along or your mother
will be tanning your hide too.
Yeah, that's the truth.
Now look what you've done.
Oh, you're a stubborn, witless ox.
I'm your son.
Oh, Samson, why can't you be like
our neighbors' sons...
Content to watch their fathers' flocks
And choose a wife from our own village?
Forbidden figs are sweeter.
But the sweetest figs grow
right in your own garden.
Morning to night,
Miriam's hands are never idle.
No cross words ever pass her lips.
You would harness this angel to her.
Stubborn, witless ox?
Oh, you're not all bad, Samson.
But your eyes always find
what they shouldn't.
Why, a wife like Miriam
would bring out the good in you.
A man must marry where
his heart leads him, little mother.
A man's heart can be blind, son.
Samson, Samson!
Some Philistine soldiers at the well.
Who this time, father?
The old storyteller.
The soldiers have gone,
the trouble's have passed.
Well the trouble with him isn't passed.
Tell Miriam what you just told me.
Now, Hazell.
You wait until you hear what
this find son of yours is about.
Go on. Tell her.
Go on.
This time, you must have
done something really terrible.
Miriam, you're further
above me than the moon.

But not as hard to reach.
Only stretch out your hand.
I don't want to hurt you, Miriam.
You're like a sparrow,
so gentle and...
That's a very gentle way of telling me
that you're in love with someone else?
You always see through people as...
if they were cobwebs.
I hear you saw a woman in Timnath.
Yes...
And I can't forget her.
It is the same with me.
I can't forget you.
Miriam.
I'll always be here.
What did I tell you?
He wants to marry a Philistine.
Samson...
You would not bring this shame upon us.
There's no shame in marriage, father.
To a Philistine woman?
Father, Semadar pleases me.
Go to Tubal of Timnath
And say I will take
his daughter to wife.
The law forbids it.
A Philistine law?
Samson.
Oh, Samson, what will come to you
on the road you're traveling?
A golden-haired wife, little mother,
Who won't beat me with wooden spoons.
Ohh...oh, Samson, Samson,
You're blind.
You turn away from Miriam,
From everything that's good
in your life!
Just because he's seen a woman
at Timnath...
A woman in silks and jewels.
Ohh...
Magnificent.
Ooh, Your rich gifts

Rob me of words, Ahtur.
They'll rob you of a daughter, Tubal,
And enrich me with a wife.
The military governor of Dan
does my house great honor.
Semadar is a fit mate for a soldier.
Now here's a new weave
from the looms of Gaza.
They call it gauze.
Oh, beautiful...
Beautiful!
Take it over to the light.
Semadar.
Semada...
- But you haven't even shown...
- She can throw the javelin...
like the goddess Dictynna.
I'm taking her with me
on the Saran's lion hunt...
With your permission.
Oh, yes, of...of course, of course.
You know, I have another daughter...
Semadar's younger sister.
Oh, unbelievable beauty.
That's a good throw.
But the lion's heart's at the other end.
Have you lost your senses?
The whole hunting party will be here!
The Saran himself is coming from Gaza.
I know, I came to help him kill the lion.
You'd rather help the lion
kill the Saran.
Not until he gives us permission
for our marriage.
Our marriage?
You have lost your senses.
And my heart.
You've whispered that
in a lot of pretty ears.
None as pretty as yours.
My sister does her lion
hunting with plum pits.
Be good, now,
or the game may eat the hunter.

I can't really blame her
for hunting you.
Samson, you are rather like a lion.
Then you should learn more
about lion hunting.
Proud and strong and fearless.
But not very wise.
Ahtur.
Here. I brought a thorn for a rose.
Oh, thank you, Ahtur.
Balances perfectly.
There's only one Danite
fool enough to climb this wall.
The governor of Dan has a hunter's eye.
- I just told Semadar...
- Yes, I heard you.
You'll hunt from my chariot today,
Semadar.
Samson thinks he can help us
kill the lion.
We're very grateful,
But the Lord of the five cities,
whose conquests reach
from the Nile to Babylon,
may succeed without the assistance
of a judge of shepherds.
A shepherd needs to know
more about lions than a king.
His life depends upon it.
A shepherd obeys the law.
His life depends on that.
The first law your fathers learned
was to bow before Philistine spears.
You like to have people
bow to the might of spears.
I like to have spears...
bow to people.
Especially beautiful women.
You destroy a weapon
that you lack the skill to use.
Perhaps Semadar will teach me...
After our marriage.
Marriage to...
Your humor is even greater than

your strength.
The Saran.
The judge of Dan would do well
to leave the way he came...
Seek a bride in some other pasture.
Ahtur!
Ahtur!
Hail, great majesty.
Hail!
I don't like Ahtur either.
Water for the horses!
Hunt your lion with that, nimrod.
If you killed the lion,
they'd call you great.
I can bend their spears
but I cannot outrun their horses.
I could get you there first.
We have stables.
What's your price?
Take me with you.
You're a bold little monkey.
What's your name?
Delilah.
Come on.
Faster, Samson, faster!
- Hold tight to the railing!
- I'll hold tight to you!
Be careful, you'll fall out!
No, I won't!
Semadar doesn't love
your strength like I do.
I'd love to feel the power of your arms.
I'd rather feel a wildcat on my back!
Will you tame me, Samson?
I'll use you for lion bait!
I don't see any lion!
Here, kill him before they gets here.
I won't need that,
he's a young lion.
Samson!
- You're more trouble than...
- I'm afraid!
Get up on that rock and don't move.
Look out!

Samson.
You killed him with your hands.
Oh, Samson.
Hey, one cat at a time.
What's the matter with you?
I love you. That's what's
the matter with me. I love you.
Lion ho!
Halt the hunt!
The beast is slain.
Delilah.
Semadar, the Saran.
Who is this girl?
My sister, Lord Saran.
I don't know how she came here
with this...
Danite, isn't he?
Perhaps this little blossom from
Tubal's Garden can enlighten us.
Oh, yes, majesty, I can.
Samson killed the lion
with his bare hands.
Never has there been such power
in any man.
Your sister has a lively imagination.
So you're Samson,
the brawling troublemaker.
The Saran knows me.
Yes, and no good of you.
Come here, girl.
You say he used no weapon?
Just his two hands, Lord Saran.
He was magnificent.
Only a god could do what he did.
Well, Danite, you have one worshipper.
Ahtur, examine the beast
and find the mark of the javelin.
But I...
Delilah, get down from that wheel.
Have you no respect?
There's no blood.
The wound must be on the other side.
The body's warm.
There is no mark upon the skin.

What?

I said there wasn't.

No mark?

Would you have us believe
the beast dropped dead from fear?

The girl told you the truth.

What you believe is your affair.

I should like to see this strength.

Garmiskar!

Now you'll see fur fly.

You'll see some blood flow.

Break this boaster's bones.

I have no quarrel

with your warrior.

What kind of courage claims
to face a lion and fears my wrestler?

The man has done me no harm.

Fight him, Samson.

Fight him.

Like all boasters, he's a coward.

Garmiskar...let him feel the whip.

Now watch.

Garmiskar's down!

Get up Garmiskar! Get up!

He's near 400 pounds.

He threw him like a sack of grain.

The hunter's prize is yours.

One ring for two lions.

I would like to name my own prize.

Oh, yes?

What would you have...

My throne?

I would take a Philistine bride.

The girl seems willing enough.

I need men like you, if it takes a
pretty face to binds you to me...

your request is granted.

Choose your bride.

This is the woman I take.

But Semadar is promised to me.

I have given my word, Ahtur.

She is yours

and a 100 pieces of silver.

You have given me a great treasure.

Will you accept from me
the skin of the lion?
As a peace offering,
from one prince to another.
Is it wise to have
this mad dog in our city?
He might be tamed in our city.
Lord Saran.
Samson could make no trouble if...
...Ahtur brought 30 of his warriors
to the wedding feast.
This girl has the wisdom of a serpent.
Ride home together and discuss
the choice of wedding companions.
Hunt home!
Look! The feather Dance!
Feather against sword.
Feather always wins.
It's nothing more than a witch's trick.
No man can kill a lion
with his bare hands.
Who saw him kill the beast?
You saw him throw Garmiskar.
Why aren't you entertaining
the wedding guests?
They hate him.
Because he's a Danite?
Because he's a fool.
Most man are, Delilah.
There is nothing you can do about it.
Sometimes a bee can move an ox.
A man shouldn't have to reach
at his own wedding feast.
The most desirable grapes
are always out of reach.
- Not if you reach high enough.
- Or wait long enough.
You waited too long, Ahtur.
For what?
Entertainment.
What will you choose?
Wine...
beauty...song?
I have wine.

You have beauty.
And Samson has a voice.
Sing us one of your shepherd songs,
Samson.
My singing sounds more like
the bleating of my sheep.
But I will set you a riddle.
Can he make one?
Speak up, strong man!
What riddle? Tell us!
Out of the eater came forth meat.
Out of the strong came forth sweetness.
Out of the eater came forth...
That's a fool's riddle.
Then answer it.
There's no sense to it.
Sweetness from the strong?
He's twisting words.
Riddle? Why by the seven planets,
that's no riddle at all.
It's not a riddle without a wager.
Or without gold.
What gold can Samson wager?
There are many kinds of gold.
There is the gold in Semadar's hair.
But we won't wager that.
Then there is the gold thread of a cloak.
That I will wager.
If you guess the riddle,
I'll pay each of you a new garment.
All 30 of us?
All 30.
That's a heavy wager.
How can he pay?
With 30 lion skins?
We'll get all shepherd cloaks.
- Where would he get 30 garments?
- Yes, one for each of us!
Take care.
Samson is clever at trapping foxes.
You may lose.
Then each one of us will
pay him a change of garments.
All 30?

All 30.

- Agreed!
- It's a wager!
- 30 garments. - It's a bargain!
- You'll pay!

Leave them with your riddle Samson,
while I put on my wedding veil.
Out of the strong came forth sweetness.
Hah! The fruit of the date palm!

The tree is strong,
and the fruit is sweet.
What on earth you feed date palms to
make them eaters?

Why it's a hawk's egg.

A hawk is an eater.

And the egg is strong.

Find the answer before the wedding,
Samson will have no time
for riddles afterwards.

Father, take him,
but bring him back to me.

You sure I could not keep him away?

You tried hard enough.

Musicians, play among the guests
while we prepare.

That scurvy riddle has no answer.

It's a cheat!

He's right, Danite trick!

Every riddle has an answer,
only you're too stupid to find it.

Find it? Where?

Not in your wine cup, Gammad.

Sharpen your wits, not your teeth.

What?

Don't you see Samson is laughing at you?

- Laughing at me?
- Laughing at us?
- He's smarter than you.
- Has he told you the answer of the riddle?

No, but...

I know someone who can get it.

- Will you?
- Who?
- Tell us.

- Who?
Semadar.
Semadar?
Of course! Yes, by Dagon, she'll tell
or I'll ring the answer from her throat.
I'll pay no forfeit
to that Danite clown.
Oh, yes, you will.
You made a wager.
Before I pay, I'll burn this house
and them in it!
You don't know Samson.
Samson...
It would be much safer
if Ahtur got the answer from Semadar.
Yes. Semadar.
Clever girl.
Women always yield to Ahtur.
Why should our guests care
about a stupid game of words?
It's no game to them.
It's Danite against Philistine.
The wine has dulled their senses.
It hasn't dulled their anger.
You're trying to frighten me because
you don't want me to marry Samson.
I don't want you to marry
Samson but...
...there's hatred down there
at your wedding feast.
They think you've joined
Samson against us.
But I haven't.
Tell them I haven't.
No.
You tell them the answer to the riddle.
But I don't know it.
Unfortunate.
Ahtur, Samson has told me nothing.
Surely he'll share the answer
with so lovely a bride.
- But if he won't?
- Get it...
or death may solve the Danite's riddle.

I mean no more to you...
than those strangers down there.
Semadar, don't cry.
I can't stand tears.
You don't love me.
But Semadar, look...
No! Go away.
I've told no one the answer.
Our wedding night...
and to you I am no one.
Women.
Won't you make me happy?
Tell me the riddle's answer.
You could please me so much.
If a honeycomb pleases you,
a lion will not keep us apart.
Honeycomb!
Is that the answer?
Remember that lion I killed?
The sun had bleached its bones,
and wild bees had swarmed there.
Oh, Samson!
That was the honeycomb you brought me.
What is sweeter than honey?
What is stronger than a lion?
- Semadar!
- What a beautiful bride!
Lucky Samson!
Before this company,
I give my daughter, Semadar...
to Samson in marriage.
Lucky Samson!
What is sweeter than honey, Samson?
Tell us....
What is stronger than a lion?
Ahtur has won the Danite's wager.
Or the Danite's bride.
A...a clever riddle.
Cleverly answered.
Now, Samson, take the wine cup.
Pay your wager, bridegroom.
- A change of garment for each!
- Before we leave!
- A red cloak is what I want.

- So the wine spots don't show!
A wool tunic for me to keep out
the foul air of Dan.
Bring me an embroidered robe
to dazzle the wenches.
I'll settle for a cloak of silver.
If you hadn't plowed with my heifer,
you would not have answered my riddle.
You're a bad loser, strong man.
Pay your debt.
I'll pay my debt.
The same way you found the answer.
A red cloak is what I want.
You'll get your red cloak.
You'll get your shirt of wool.
With the gold thread!
And you, your silver cloak.
You'll all be paid in full.
You cheat before our wedding's done.
The cats from the Timnath alleys
could learn much from you.
She stands with us.
And you'd do well to return to your people.
I'll return.
But first I must pay the debt
to your people.
Or pay your wager.
I'll be waiting for you.
Samson!
- Samson!
- Let him go, father.
But the Saran gave her to Samson.
And Samson called her a cat
from the alleys of Timnath.
This is terrible.
He doesn't want her now.
But Ahtur does.
Ahtur.
And the bridal chamber
is waiting for a bride.
Good sense in that pretty head.
Ahtur!
The trouble you brew today,
you'll drink tomorrow.

l'd rather be a merchant than
a captain of the fleet...
The Saran owns a palace...
The jester owns an ass.
Help! Help!
Mercy!
Help! god!
We've been robbed!
A giant!
Dagon, protect us!
He'll kill us!
Thieves!
Mercy! Thieves!
Help!
Help! Help!
I'm robbed!
Some demon fell upon me...
and stole my best tunic!
- A demon?
Big as a camel...
My clothes! My red cloak!
They're gone!
I can see that.
A giant hurled me in the air...
I tried to fight him...
Peace! Peace!
Wait! Speak sense!
My flowered robe...it's stolen.
The one my wife made for me!
Oh, she'll never believe me.
I demand you make a search!
My cloak...my red cloak!
My cloak of silver cloth!
We came for a wedding,
and by Dagon, we had a wedding.
You're not leaving before
the Danite's paid his wager?
His debt is as bad as his riddle.
- He won't come back.
- Oh, yes, he will.
He does I'll spit him
like a fatted calf.
There's your tunic with threads of gold.
Here's your fatted calf, Targil.

A red cloak,
the color of your nose, Gammad.
Here, Teresh.
Wear this over your head,
so the wenches can't see your face.
Hey! Wait!
And you, Gergam,
you want a silver cloak?
Find it yourself,
there's 30 to choose from.
Hey!
Where did he get such garments?
Now you're paid.
The lot of you.
Where's Semadar?
- Where's Semadar?
- Oh, wait, wait, Samson.
Where's my wife?
But she isn't yours. Your said...
Never mind what I said.
Where is...
You said you were done with her.
You said it yourself.
I thought you hated her,
so I gave her to your companion - Ahtur.
You...Ahtur!
He wanted to marry her.
What could I do?
You wanted no Danite for a son-in-law.
Look! Here! Samson.
My other daughter.
Take her.
She'll make you a much better wife.
She's fairer than Semadar.
And much, much more beautiful.
- You give me a turnip for a...
- Wait wait Samson.
This one is a queen among women.
Samson, look. Look.
Have you ever seen eyes like that?
So full of love for you?
See the whiteness of her skin,
smooth as a young dove's.
Oh she'll grow into a rare blossom.

She'll grow into a Thornbush.
Did a Thornbush steal the chariot
that took you to the lion?
Did a Thornbush tell the Saran
how you killed it with your bare hands?
No, I did.
And he believed me.
Then you chose Semadar.
Take your claws out of me.
You'll never get them out of you.
I made Ahtur steal
the riddle's secret from Semadar.
I lied to stop you from marrying her.
I'll kill to keep you.
You're the only thing
in the world I want.
Hold this fork-tongued adder
before I put a heel on her.
If you crush the life out of me,
I'll kiss you with my dying breath.
And you want me to marry this wild cat?
Let him destroy himself!
Samson!
You'll die for this, you fool!
Look!
Ahtur is down!
Give me a javelin!
He's not armed. Charge him!
I'll split that shield!
- Semadar!
- Here's a thorn for his ribs.
Inside, Semadar!
Come Samson, they'll kill us.
Look out! He's throwing!
Lock shields!
Death to her!
No, Targil! Hide, Semadar. Hide!
And death to her father!
Father!
Semadar!
My daughter!
Burn her and her father with fire!
Charge him!
He has the strength of hell.

He'll bleed like any man!
You came to this house
as wedding guests.
Fire and death are your gifts
to my bride.
For all that I do against you now...
I shall be blameless.
I'll give you back fire for fire!
And death for death.
What invisible power
strikes through his arm?
Turn away, little mistress.
Don't look anymore.
All you have in the world
is ashes and death.
Samson lives.
May his flesh rot from his bones.
Be still, old fool.
If it takes all my life,
I'll make him curse the day he was born.
He called you a forked-tongue adder.
He's going to feel its sting.
What strength can these hands
have against him?
Perhaps greater than a lion's
and softer than a dove's.
I'll find strength, Hisham.
Strength to destroy him.
Samson! Samson! Samson!
Every Danite shepherd knows
where to find him,
yet the man's invisible.
I know the Danites worship
an invisible god, Ahtur,
but an invisible leader!
I've wasted a year
chasing lies and rumors.
I've flogged Danites,
hung them in chains,
burned them,
but they won't give him up.
Apparently they love Samson
more than they fear you.
Give me 10,000 men,

and I'll teach him fear.
When you fail by the sword,
you ask for more swords.
You should study the ant.
- The ant?
- Yes.
The Babylonians called them Zerbabu.
The Danites call them Nemalah.
We call them ants.
See how these master ants
collect food from their slaves.
You might call them tax collectors.
We need soldiers to destroy this Danite.
You think so, Ahtur?
I think one tax collector
is worth a thousand soldiers.
A third of every herd.
But our flocks mean our lives.
Their skins clothe us.
Their milk feeds our children.
One out of three,
that's the Saran's tax.
One out of three will ruin us,
we can't pay such a tax.
You'll pay it,
until you give us Samson.
Tied up like this.
And next time, we'll take your goats!
Come on, soldier.
No! No! Stop!
You tax collectors feed on us
like vultures.
I'll have nothing left to sell.
Sell Samson to us, bound.
Bind him?
We can't even find him.
You know where he is.
Barbers know all the gossip.
My purse!
My purse!
We'll keep this
until you give up Samson.
You'll get Samson...
when the light of the Lord goes out.

You take even the light
by which we pray.
You won't pray much longer, old man.
Unless you bring us Samson
out of the wilderness.
He'll come back,
to drive you from our land.
It will be a hungry land, big eyes.
You can starve us with taxes,
strip our houses, plunder,
burn, and steal,
but we'll never betray Samson.
One rock is not a mountain, Miriam.
And one man is not a nation.
Can Samson bring back the grain
to our fields?
By burning the fields of the Philistine's?
Can Samson feed our children when they
cry for food with the gates of Gaza?
He has done to the Philistines
what they did to him.
Who else has stood against them?
He stood against them
for his Philistine wife.
- Not for us.
- His strength is our shield.
He has not shielded us.
Why should we all suffer
for what one man has done?
We will never give him up.
We'll bind him and deliver him
into the hands of the Philistines.
You deliver him to death.
While the strength
of the Lord is in him...
No man can bind Samson.
He will not raise his hand
against us, grandfather.
He will let himself be bound.
Why will men always betray
the strongest among them?
His name will be written
in the book of judges.
Bellow, you blustering ox,

so the Saran can hear you in Gaza.
Even a ruby loses luster
besides your lips.
It will take a sapphire
and an emerald together
to match your blue-green eyes.
I have known the ways of many women...
who would fill the veins with fire...
But only one Delilah.
My Lord has given me many gifts,
but none more precious than this favor.
Little mistress! Little mistress!
You're forbidden to disturb me
when our Lord of Gaza is here.
It is a messenger from the Lord general.
He says it must not wait!
We'll see no one.
Delilah, what a dimpled dragon
you can be,
flashing fire and smoke.
But even your anger charms me
as long as it's directed at someone else.
The poor Hisham.
Let the man in.
Majesty!
Speak.
Lord Ahtur, Military governor of Dan,
Prince of Philistia,
sends greetings to the Saran of Gaza.
Yes...get on with the message.
Samson is our prisoner.
Such news deserve rewards.
Withdraw.
That was a very costly jewel.
What would you do with Samson, my Lord?
Well, we might hang him by his heels
from your balcony.
Or what would your suggestions be,
Delilah?
Make him turn the gristmill,
wipe and driven like a animal.
Where all Gaza can mock him
and laugh at him.
Humble him,

bring him to his knees.
But I thought you once admired this Danite.
As I admire the gutter-rats of Gaza.
I'm jealous of your hatred.
Don't share even that with anyone else.
We'll chain this lion-killer to
the millstone if that is your wish.
And perhaps arrange
a few little sports for him.
Anything.
Only let me be there to watch it.
Unconquerable leader of Danites,
defender of the invisible god.
You're very silent, Samson.
Thought you liked the company
of Philistines.
He prefers the company of an ass,
Lord general.
They have much in common.
An ass is wise enough
to obey his master.
Your feet must be tired, Samson.
Why don't you try walking on your knees?
Stand all, stand all!
Water bearers, to the ranks.
Let us hear you pray, Samson.
I doubt if prayers would be
much help to him now.
His real strength lies in riddles.
Excellent, your excellence.
Riddles are the sport of fools.
Then answer this one, Samson.
Out of Dan came a killer of beasts.
Whose head will pay for
his wedding feast?
Has the pledge of my people
been fulfilled?
Yes, but that's not the answer
to the riddle.
Am I truly delivered into your hands?
Truly as you're bound by ropes.
You seem to have lost
your skill for riddles.
This is the place of Lehi.

Even the sky speaks against him.
O Lord, my god, hear me.
Gird me for battle against
the swords of my enemies.
Forsake me not, o Lord,
But strengthen my arm
To destroy the lions
who've scattered thy flocks.
Oh, great skull, hear me.
Let them see thy power, o god.
They part like burning flax!
Quick! Take him!
Alive if you can! Use chains!
Lift it, you fools. My arm's pinned.
Son of the devil!
Never did mortal man fight like this.
His strength was greater
than any instrument of war.
And when he called upon his god,
the thunder and the whirlwind
and the lightning
were in his blows.
A hundred killed, perhaps a thousand.
There was no counting of the slain.
But what weapon had he?
More shame to us...
the jawbone of an ass.
A jester's toy?
No sword of iron ever struck such blows.
Men fell before him like wheat
before the scythe.
But had we no horses,
no chariots to rid him down?
He overturned chariots
with a single move.
He fought within a gorge so narrow,
we trampled on the dying to attack him.
And those behind pressed forward.
And those forward were forced back
upon the blades behind them.
My eyes have never seen
such a storm of death.
And now vultures circle over
Ramath-Lehi.

And Samson...
is gone unto the hills.
Take this fool and tend his wounds.
Now where is the Lord Ahtur?
I am here, mighty Saran.
Mighty?
In what?
Certainly not my army.
Have you come to tell us
of your triumph?
Your messenger has given us
a very thorough account.
He even told us how your warrior Zamath
charged like a lion...
and only to have his skull crushed
like an egg through his helmet.
And, uh, with what,
High prince Ahtur?
Tell this council the weapon
used against you.
Well?
Tell them.
Speak.
The jawbone of an ass.
Lord Ahtur.
Military governor of Dan.
Price of Philistia.
Army of armies...
Beaten with the jawbone of an ass.
Our armies, that scattered the Hittites,
that swept the amortizes before them,
that cut through Canaan
to conquer the circle of the earth,
beaten with the jawbone of an ass.
Are you a solider
or a clown commanding fools?
What is the number of all the forces
at our command?
Of chariots, 600 heavy, 1,000 light.
without the palace guard.
spearmen of the elite.
And we're beaten by the jawbone
of an ass.
Am I, Lord of the five cities,

to be laughed at before the world?
Before my subject peoples?
Because a Danite herdsman
routs my armies?
Don't set that down, you fool.
Burns my crops, pillages caravans,
even carries away the gates of my city!
I asked for 10,000 men
to crush these Danites for all time.
Instead, you gave me tax collectors.
Taxes delivered Samson into your hands,
didn't they?
You couldn't hold him.
This Samson has some unknown power,
some secret that gives him
superhuman strength.
No man can stand against him.
Perhaps he'll fall before a woman.
Even Samson's strength
must have a weakness.
There isn't a man in the world who would not
share his secrets with some woman.
Most of us have shared
our gold with a woman.
More men have been trapped
by smiles than by rope.
Yes, you tried ropes, Ahtur.
Perhaps you should have smiled at him.
What is your plan, Delilah?
Would you drive a tent peg through his head
like Jael, the Canaanite?
No, that was not my plan, Lord Sharif.
Delilah, do you know a woman
who could entice this barbarian?
This killer?
Yes, my Lords,
I can deliver Samson to you.
- You, Delilah?
- You capture Samson?
- This devil?
- Heaven protect her.
A dove against a bull.
Bring in a woman,
and you'll bring in trouble.

Such devotion is very touching.
What would you
gain from his capture?
My Lord's favor.
You have that.
Is that all you want?
No.
Name your price, you shall have it.
Perhaps some little bauble
in the street of jewelers?
You're very generous.
Tell me, Sohrab.
What value did you
set upon your last caravan?
Samson raided near Gath?
Here is the reckoning.
Then that is my price...
A pharaoh's ransom for a shepherd?
Better silver than blood.
We'll pay it.
- What? What?
- Each of us?
- Stand aside, please.
- 1,100 pieces!
- I know, but this must be recorded.
- Silence!
Calm yourselves.
You drive a sharp bargain, Delilah.
From you, my Lord,
I ask only a promise.
A promise for a promise?
What is yours?
To bring you Samson bound and helpless.
Bound by these white arms?
No.
Too high a price for me to pay.
My thoughts will be only of you.
I suggest the Princess of Gaza find
some other way to capture Samson.
You've tried other ways.
When my father and sister lay dead in the
ashes of our home, because of Samson.
He laughed at my tears.
You cannot refuse me, my Lord.

What promise do you ask?
I will learn the secret of his strength.
But when he stands captive
and is weak as other men...
no drop of his blood shall be shed.
No blade shall touch his skin.
By the sacred pillars of the temple,
we demand his death!
I want his life.
Chain him in the gristmill.
Let him grind our grain like a beast.
Let the people mock him
and make sport of him
Until he draws his breath in agony and
every word he speaks is a prayer for death.
I'll pay your price, Delilah.
And I!
You'll get your silver
when we get Samson.
All Gaza will praise you.
And if you succeed,
no price will be too great.
The council is ended.
Think she can do it?
Delilah can.
Well, Delilah, you have your price
and your promise.
My Lord is the wisest of kings
and the greatest of men.
As a king, I have no choice.
As a man, I'm letting you leave
because you want to.
King of my love,
I go to destroy your enemy...and mine.
Delilah, Delilah...
My love is only for you.
A man who could stop the heart of a lion
might stir the heart of a woman.
I will deliver Samson to you
before the month of harvest.
Tab tah azi!
Looks like a rich merchant.
Looks like a Philistine plum,
ripe to pick.

Ride back.
Tell Ahtur to wait with his soldiers
by the Scorpion's Hill.
- I'll camp in the Valley of Sorek.
- Yes, mistress.
They'll camp by the pool
at the temple ruins.
Why did the soldiers leave?
Maybe they're looking for us.
Jebus will run off the camels
after dark.
While we shear the owners.
They might shear us.
You worry more than my little mother.
Come on.
Don't cry out.
I won't.
Are you afraid?
Of a woman?
Yes.
Your caravan is rich.
Even sparrows don't travel this far
from their trade routes.
Why did you?
The jewel box is in that silver chest.
Where's your husband?
I have no husband.
Then call your master.
I have no master.
The table's laid for two.
I'm expecting a caller.
Yes?
Who?
You, Samson.
You know my name?
All Gaza knows your name.
They don't like it, I'm told.
They respected it.
Before the mighty Samson
became a common robber.
And Delilah became
the great courtesan of Gaza.
I'm stupid, Samson...
...to think I could deceive you.

Steal what you like.
This is not stealing.
These are taxes.
Your Saran taxes us,
I tax the Philistines.
What pretty Danite girl
will wear these taxes?
They'll buy armor.
They'll buy armor to protect us
against Philistine spears.
You need protection?
The woman that rules
the ruler of the five cities
must have great wealth.
Where's the rest of it?
Not far away.
I will hide nothing from you.
The oldest trick in the world...
A silk trap baited with a woman.
You know a better bait, Samson?
Men always respond.
Of all the women in Gaza,
why did the Saran send you?
I asked to come.
Why?
I knew you'd yield to any other woman.
And you came here to save me.
No.
I came to betray you.
By the four winds you
have courage, Delilah.
Don't overlook this.
It's a gift from the Saran.
You could bind a man tighter
than the Saran's chains.
Could I bind you?
No, Delilah.
You're going back to the Saran.
The only way you can be trusted.
Will you kill me yourself?
You could crush me
between these two hands.
Why don't you?
I told you once I'd kiss you

with my dying breath.
Your kiss has the sting of death.
I don't believe you could kill me.
Try.
You're afraid to kill me.
I'll let the devil do that.
I know you will.
But don't make me eat supper alone.
Hisham.
I'll go back to Gaza at daylight.
You'll leave tonight.
We're leaving, Hisham.
Have the men load the camels.
What camels?
His bandits stole your camels.
Then have the drivers prepare a litter.
You have no drivers.
They ran to the hills when they saw
this spawn of the devil.
How can I go, Samson?
I'll have your camels brought back.
Why not bring them yourself tomorrow?
Because when my back's turned,
you'll send for Ahtur's soldiers.
I couldn't send for anyone
if you were with me.
Hisham, pour the wine.
Pour it for one.
Have you lost your taste
for wine, Samson?
I've got that I want.
You are all I want.
You...
Daughter of hell.
Seven green wives for
our seven days, Samson.
Stop trying to be a fish!
Let me try them on you.
The last people who tried
drowning Danites
ended up beneath the red sea.
Oh no no..Samson, that water's too wet!
Come up here and help me with these.
I have my hands full with you.

What do you want with those
green wives?
Planning to snare a rabbit?
No...a lion.
With those?
I'm weaving you a crown.
- A lion with lilies in his mane?
- Hold these.
This crown will have a secret power.
For its wearer or its weaver?
Only a secret can buy a secret.
I have no secrets left to tell.
No?
You never told me why you're
stronger than other men.
Is it some herb you mix in your food?
Or some charmed oil you rub into
your body?
What would you do if you knew
the secret to my strength?
Bind you.
Why?
So you could never leave me.
I couldn't escape you
if you bound me with these
seven green reeds.
Could seven little green wives
hold Samson?
These green wives are much stronger
than they look.
Hold them tight.
See?
If you bound me with these seven
little wives,
I'd be as weak as any other man.
Truly?
Try it.
Poor Samson, he'll be helpless.
Led on a leash,
the slave of a woman.
That knot there wouldn't hold a sparrow.
Tie it double.
Now you're my prisoner.
Or are you mine?

Samson, the Philistines are upon you.
I ought to break this over your lying
little skull.
But it was a Philistine.
You can teach the devil new tricks.
Well, you tried to cheat me.
Delilah...
No, I will not listen.
- But you asked me to...
- I don't want to hear you.
Three times you plagued me to tell you.
And three times you've lied to me.
You said new ropes that had never
been used would hold you.
Who knows the strength of a rope
that's never been use?
Then you told me your strength would go
if I wove your hair to the web of my loom.
Now look at my loom.
I'd rather look at you.
It's no use, Samson.
You'll always find a new trick
to deceive me.
The night I came to the Valley of Sorek,
you wanted to send me away.
You were right. It is better that I go.
Delilah.
Delilah...
Once your father offered you to me
in marriage.
I remember what you called me.
Never mind what I said then.
Will you marry me now?
There are too many lies between us.
You still fear me more than you love me.
I don't fear you enough.
You don't trust me enough.
I love you enough.
Then...
Then tell me the secret
of your strength.
My strength?
- My strength is...
- No, Samson, no!

I don't want to be armed with a
weapon to destroy you.
Weapon?
It wouldn't be a weapon
if you really loved me.
Oh, Samson, Samson.
How can there be any doubt left in you?
If there is, I'll end it now.
Look about you, Delilah.
The moon that lights this oasis
by night...
And the sun that lights it by day
are not there by chance.
In the beginning,
there was only darkness.
Until one power created light.
Shaped the earth and
all the things that live upon it.
Your invisible god.
My strength comes from him.
But how does his power reach you?
Is he here with us now?
He's everywhere.
The wind, the sea, the fire.
In your heart if you believe in him.
His is the only power in the world...
That can break open a seed...
And raise it into that great tree.
And can I share this power with you?
Anyone can share it.
It's a gift that makes men
greater than themselves.
With it, some can stir the
soul with music.
Others can read the truth
in men's hearts and forgive.
To me, it's the strength
to break any bonds
that can be put upon me.
And will you always have this strength?
As long as I keep faith
with the almighty.
A long time ago, I was dedicated to him.
Many of the vows I've broken...

But one I've kept.
A vow has made you strong?
It's much more than that.
Do you remember the lion I killed?
I'll never forget.
The strength of the lion makes
him king of beasts.
And the great ruff of his mane
is the mark of his power.
Go on, Samson.
The men of the desert know that the
long flowing mane of the stallion
is the mark of his power.
Among my people...
they say that the strongest ram
has the heaviest wool.
But to clip the mark of his power.
The shield of his strength is gone.
You've seen the eagle climb the sky.
But pluck the two prime feathers
from the tip of one wing.
And the mighty eagle can no longer fly.
The mark of his power is gone.
The mark of his power.
Samson.
This is the mark of your power.
It's your hair.
If it were shorn from your head...
I'd be as weak as any other man.
You believe that this great god of yours
has given you your power through
your hair?
You do believe that, don't you?
From the beginning,
my mother taught me so.
Your power is in your hair.
What a beautiful power it is.
Look how it curls around my finger.
Black as a raven's wing.
And wild as a storm.
Shall I pull it out
and steal your power?
You cannot steal...
...what's yours already.

Come with me to Egypt.
We'll not be Danite
and Philistine there.
Only Samson and Delilah.
In the valley of the Nile,
the air will be sweet with myrrh,
and only the flight of the ibis
will darken the sky.
Will you come with me?
My eyes could never find more beauty
than they see in you.
Through all eternity, nothing can ever
take you out of my arms.
Samson.
Miriam.
Saul.
Miriam, you bring bad news?
Let me talk with you alone.
Saul, fill the water bottles.
In the tent.
My mother,
how did you leave her?
Chained to a post and whipped.
Philistine swine.
Here.
My father?
Stoned.
They are killing and burning
in every village.
The firstborn in every home
is put to the sword.
While this woman of Sorek
makes you drunk with her kisses.
The Philistines murder your people.
You are falling into Ahtur's net,
Samson.
The Philistines strike against
your people to get you.
Your mother cries your name, Samson.
We'll go.
I'll saddle a beast for you to ride.
Don't go, Samson.
This milk-faced girl with her cow's eyes
will lead you to your death.

You love him.
Women cannot deceive each other.
It is in your face when you look at him.
You want him for yourself.
Yes, I love him.
In his face, I see all that is
strong and good.
His name is like a cry of hope for us.
I've dreamed that someday Samson
would take me for his wife.
But he's never looked upon me
as a woman.
His face...his name...
shadows on the wall.
You think that is love?
You worship him with prayers
and downcast eyes.
I love him as a man of flesh and blood.
He is not leaving you for me.
There is a higher voice
that speaks through him,
and he will always answer its call.
Even your treacherous beauty
cannot turn him from it.
I cannot fight against his god.
But no woman will take him from me.
Miriam.
Hisham!
Hisham.
Hisham.
Play music.
- Water bottles filled?
- Yes, Samson.
- Come on.
- Samson.
Samson, don't turn back.
Samson.
- Go on with Saul. I'll overtake you.
- Aw, Samson.
Don't worry, Miriam.
He'll keep his word.
You called?
The wine of parting is bitter, Samson.
Not as bitter as blood.

You cannot wipe away such love as
I have given you without even a farewell.
I have a new debt to pay the Philistines.
- Then I'll come to you in Egypt.
- No, Samson. I've lost you.
Drain this cup...
as you have drained my heart.
You always doubt me, don't you?
And always love you.
I'll find you, Delilah, wherever you go.
No, Samson.
You belong to Miriam.
She's the good in you.
I'm the weakness...
The love that would enslave you.
I'll never be free of you, Delilah.
Let me feel the strength of your
arms about me.
When you are gone,
my arms will be empty.
My world will be empty.
Tell Lord Ahtur's messenger...
I have the secret.
Samson.
Samson, the Philistines are upon you.
I'll go out against them.
I'll...
Look at his hair, captain.
The lion of Dan is shorn like a sheep!
The lion? Without a mane?
Clean as a new-mown field.
She must've used a sickle on him.
Delilah plucked him like a chicken.
I've taken away your strength, Samson.
Your little Danite sparrow
will nest alone.
You Philistine gutter rat.
Throw your spears.
The shield of my god is gone from me.
What do you fear?
My blood will flow as red as yours.
All Gaza will honor the man
who brings back my head.
We're not going to kill you, Samson.

You Danites need a living reminder
of the price of revolt.
Bind him.
Call on your god, Samson.
I've betrayed him.
He would not hear me.
Are you not stronger than a hundred men?
You cannot carry away
the gates of Gaza again.
You cannot kill a lion now.
You're weak as any other man.
Stand him against that pole.
Hisham, we leave for Gaza.
You've done well, Delilah.
No blade shall touch his skin.
No drop of his blood shall be shed.
Courier. Take word to the Lord of
the five cities
that Delilah has kept her bargain.
Yes, my Lord,
The princes of Gaza will keep theirs.
You shall have your payment.
Payment.
Your arms were quicksand.
Your kiss was death.
The name Delilah will be an
everlasting curse on the lips of men.
I could have loved you with a fire
to make all other loves seem like ice.
I would have gone with you to Egypt,
left everything behind,
lived only for you.
But one call from the milk-faced
Danite lily,
and you run whining at her heels.
No man leaves Delilah.
Look at her, Samson.
Look well...
remember the perfume with her hair,
the softness of her lips,
the fire of her embrace.
Satan himself taught her all
the arts of deception.
It's easier to catch the moonlight

than to hold such a woman.
With all your strength,
you're a fool, Samson.
You trusted Delilah.
Remember her beauty...
and never forget her treachery.
Burn her image into your memory, Samson.
She's the last thing you'll ever see.
Bind his head to the pole.
Set it here.
If you cannot see us,
you cannot harm us.
If I have no strength to fight you,
I will need no eyes to find you.
O Lord...
My eyes did turn away from you
To look upon the flesh pots of
my enemies.
Now you take away my sight...
that I may see again more clearly.
Blessed be the name of the Lord.
Don't let the blade touch his skin.
Your gratitude matches your generosity.
Thank you.
The blessing of Dagon.
I hope the count is correct.
Oh, it is, it is.
If you still have the same shears,
Delilah,
my hair's rather long.
Sometime you might bait a trap for me,
Delilah.
Can you believe Samson's strength
was in his hair?
Wherever it was, he hasn't got it now.
Virtue is not often so well rewarded.
My greatest reward was
in serving my king.
While you were learning
the secret of Samson's strength
did he perhaps learn
the secret of your love?
Would I have betrayed him then?
Men have been betrayed by love.

Love and hate are but two sides
of the same coin.
My thoughts were only of you.
No man with eyes could
resist you, Delilah.
But only a fool would trust you.
Why should you doubt me?
You've not seen Samson grinding
at the millstone?
No.
Then come to the prison house.
No.
Suppose we go together.
Garmiskar will guard your fortune.
Come on, come on!
- Grind his body with the grain!
- Beat him with the jawbone of an ass!
He burned our crops! Hang him!
Behold the lion of Dan!
He's magnificent, even in chains.
Bend your back, you two-legged mule!
- Make him sweat!
- Break those chains, Danite!
- Samson was tamed by a woman.
- And probably worth it.
He still looks strong then a ox.
He'd look a whole lot stronger
if he hadn't met Delilah.
By their yelps, you'd think
the felled the lion themselves.
He has not dared to look at me.
He cannot see you.
I'll make him see me.
He's blind.
He can never see me again.
Does that disturb you?
I had your promise.
No blade has touched his skin.
No drop of his blood was shed.
You...you played with words
to rob him of his eyes.
It was you who betrayed him, not I.
He was captive, in chains,
yet the Lord of the five cities

could not show him mercy?
Did you show him mercy, Delilah?
You wanted vengeance.
You have it.
Majesty.
Your enemies fall at your feet.
Get up!
Oh, let me leave!
Water.
Water.
Here's your water.
Beg for it.
Thirsty, Samson?
Let him drink from a trough!
Water.
Here's drink for a jackass.
How did you lose your hair, Samson?
Water.
Lap it up.
Now, turn that wheel.
I will not see him thirst.
Give him water.
There can be only one master
in a kingdom or a woman's heart.
Until you saw him like this,
you could not forget him.
Forget him?
Here's your water.
Every cup of water,
every morsel of food,
must be guided into his hands.
- The mighty Samson,
betrayed by a woman. - No.
Blinded, ridiculed, pitied.
No, I did not blind him!
Are you going to be as big a fool
as you've made of him?
He'd kill you.
You cannot undo what has been done.
You cannot undo what has been done.
My eyes could never find more beauty
than they see in you.
You cannot undo what has been done.
I can! I can!

Round and round,
day after day,
month after month.
He never stops!
I'm being crushed like the grain
beneath the stone.
This night must end sometime.
O god of Samson, help me.
He said you are everywhere.
That you are almighty.
Hear me.
Give back the light to his eyes.
Take my sight for his.
O god of Samson...
Help me.
Samson lies chained in the prison house.
How long will you forget me, o Lord?
How long will your hand be
set against me?
I call out through the long nights,
but you do not hear me.
O Lord, god of my fathers,
they called unto you and were delivered.
Do not forsake me, o Lord.
Hisham, wait outside with the guard.
Let no one come in.
Don't go near him, mistress.
He'll tear you to pieces.
O Lord, god of my fathers...
O Lord, I'm despised by all men.
They mock me,
Saying, 'he trust his god
to deliver him.'
You are my god.
Be not far from me.
For there is no other help.
My strength has melted like wax.
My heart is dry of hope.
I'm blinded and among enemies.
O Lord, o my strength.
Send me your sign.
Are you flesh and blood,
or an angel of the Lord?
Who are you?

I heard your prayer.
I prayed for an angel of the Lord
and the devil sent me you.
All I want is to comfort you.
Let me come near you.
You were near me in the Valley of Sorek.
Trading my love for Philistine silver.
Won't you believe I'd give my life
to undo what I've done.
I believed you once. You sold my sight.
I would endure your hatred, Samson,
if it would bring back your sight.
Let me be your eyes.
Through my eyes, you will see again.
Through all the long darkness,
I prayed you'd be delivered
into my hands.
I'm here.
I will not cry out.
God has not forsaken me.
His will be done.
Samson! Samson!
Your chains...
they're broken.
Merciful God.
Your strength has come back.
Your God has answered you.
He's heard my voice in the darkness.
He's made you free.
No chains can bind you again.
Hisham will find the swiftest
camels in Gaza.
My silver will open the gates
that bar your way.
By night fall we'll be in
the Land of the Pharaohs.
The almighty didn't give back my
strength to run from my enemies.
You cannot fight what you cannot see.
I'll go out against them
as I did before.
A hundred spears will cut you down
before you reach the gate.
I would hunt down their king

when I cannot even find the door.
Let me be the lamp that
goes before you in the night.
O Lord, my god,
show me the way wherein to walk.
Show me the thing I must do.
In the valley of the Nile,
we'll be safe.
We'll be together.
O judge of the earth,
do not let me forgive her.
My arms will hold you again.
And put the food in my mouth,
cup to my lips?
When your heart is light,
I'll share your laughter.
When you despair,
my eyes will shed your tears.
When I curse you for my darkness?
I will kneel and ask your forgiveness.
Vengeance is yours, O Lord.
Strike her.
Destroy her...
For I cannot.
My love, my love.
Delilah.
Delilah.
When my eyes could see, I was blind.
Oh, Samson.
We must hurry.
They're coming to take you
to the temple.
The temple? Is it today?
Yes, in a few hours,
they'll come for you.
All Gaza will be there.
Thousands of people.
Mind the steps.
The great idol Dagon
will be a fiery furnace.
They'll humble you before him.
They'll bind you between the two
sacred columns and scourge you.
Two columns?

Does the house of the temple
stand on two columns?
Oh, hurry, Samson.
Egypt has a thousand temples,
each more beautiful...
Two columns...
...so close I may be
bound between them?
Yes, and scourged.
Come, by midday we can be at
the Spring of Yumis
with Egypt almost in sight.
I will stay here, Delilah.
They'll drag you down,
make you kneel before their idol.
Oh, Samson, why?
The power of the Lord
is in my strength, Delilah.
Do not enter their temple today.
Miriam, look. It's their god Dagon.
We shouldn't look at him.
We came to see their king,
not their idol.
Delilah! Delilah!
A queen like you in Akron,
I could master the Earth.
If you could master Delilah.
I came to see Samson.
Yes, let this Danite clown
make sport for us.
What sport can you find in the
stumbling of a blind man?
This is your day of triumph Delilah.
All Gaza has come to see
Samson humbled at your feet.
Bring him.
They look like Danites.
They are Danites.
Danites come to worship Dagon, eh?
No. We've come to speak with your king.
Let go of us. Let go.
Dagon has delivered Samson
our enemy into our hands.
Call him forth that he may feel

the might of Dagon.
Where is he?
Look! There he is!
Where's your god now, Samson?
He left his god for a peacock.
Humble him!
Make the blind ox dance!
By the horns of Nannar,
he's a man of iron.
He still looks strong enough
to kill a lion.
I wish I'd captured him.
Samson.
Samson!
After him!
Samson!
Let the hopping toad lead
the blind bear.
Little shepherd,
still following his lost sheep.
Lead him, boy.
Yes.
Let me feel the pillars
upon which the temple stands.
No! Get out where
they can see you.
We've come to take you home.
Miriam is...
No, Saul.
There's no home for a leader
who fails his people.
They'll always follow you, Samson.
I've led them a crooked path.
A blind man cannot travel by the stars.
Perhaps someday you will
guide them, Saul.
Join them together
and be their first king.
Me?
- A king?
- Get on with the sport!
I hear many voices.
Is the temple filled?
Packed like wheat in a shock.

Then go.
I've got my sling on my head.
We could fight our way out.
No, Saul.
Take Miriam and leave the temple.
But, Samson...
Let the sport begin.
Majesty, hear me!
Free the girl.
Let her come.
Majesty...
You are a king a conqueror.
I ask mercy.
Mercy?
What have you done?
I ask mercy for a blind
and helpless man.
Look at him.
He cannot harm you now.
He has lost everything
but the love of his people.
Let me take him back to them.
Have mercy, great king.
For this strength, I admire Samson.
For his revolt, I punish him.
For the love of his people,
I envy him.
But unfortunately,
he's not my prisoner.
He was not captured by force of arms,
but by their softness.
His conqueror is here.
If she wishes to give him to you,
she has my permission.
Once in the Valley of Sorek,
you said you loved him.
Then set him free.
If there's love in you.
Let me take him back to his people.
What whimpering lies
do you tell our king?
You want him for yourself.
You want to feel the strength
of his arms about you,

to hold him close and comfort him.
You want to bear him children.
I'd rather see him dead
than in your arms.
Take her away.
Guard.
Have mercy, great king.
Mercy for Samson!
Your mercy is like your love, Delilah.
Ruthless.
He'll get no honey from those bees.
The monkey men will cut him down.
They are devils.
No, they're very human.
The weak always band together
to pull down the strong.
Your lion has become a mouse.
Changed by the magic of love.
Garmiskar! Garmiskar!
Garmiskar! Garmiskar! Garmiskar!
Make him beg for mercy!
Whip him to the god's feet.
He will never kneel to Dagon.
There's great persuasion at
the end of a whip.
No whip will break his spirit.
Either he kneel to Dagon
or he dies before him.
Is this religious zeal, Ahtur?
No High Majesty.
Satisfaction.
What are they doing now?
Little spiders weave their web.
The little fish have caught a whale.
Look. Look at Delilah.
I will go to him.
If you go to him,
you cannot come back to me.
Delilah! Delilah!
Delilah! Delilah!
He is mine to punish.
Go.
Delilah.
I must hurt you, my love,

That all may see.
Forgive me.
I warned you to stay away
from the temple.
When I strike, catch hold of the lash.
Lead me to the house of this temple.
I will.
Delilah! Delilah!
He stole my cloak, Delilah.
Let him wear the mark of your whip.
- He leads like a goat,
- Why can't I lead you like that?
You're not Delilah.
Make him crawl, Delilah.
Put a ring through his nose!
Your peacock makes sport with an ox.
She is mocking us, not Samson.
Lord of the Harvest, Conqueror of Death,
now shall Samson be humble at your feet.
- Make him bow!
- Bend his neck before Dagon!
Look, Delilah made him bow!
I'm weary, Delilah.
Let me feel the pillars
that I may lean upon them.
Only a little further.
Humble yourself before
their god, Samson.
Kneel.
The house of this temple
stands on these columns?
Yes...kneel.
The stone is cool.
I will rest here.
Let him be scourged...
Until he turns from his god.
Go, Delilah.
Run.
Into the courtyard.
No.
Death will come into this temple.
The hand of the Lord will strike.
I will not be afraid.
You must leave now.

Wherever you are,
my love is with you.
Go.
Make him kneel to Dagon!
Yes!
Make him kneel!
He'll not kneel to any god but his own.
The edge of a sword will bend his knees.
Delilah.
Have you gone?
Delilah!
I pray thee,
strengthen me, O god.
Strengthen me only this once.
He thinks they're too close together!
- What's he doing?
- He's holding up the temple.
Scourge Samson to his knees
beneath the feet of Dagon.
This is better than I'd bargained for.
Why, the man's crazed.
He's the funniest clown I've ever seen.
Look!
It moved.
The column's moving.
He has split the stone.
The man has the strength of a devil.
No the strength of a god.
Dagon, be more powerful than Samson.
Forward!
Run him through!
My eyes have seen thy glory, O god.
Now let me die with my enemies.
- Kill him!
- Cut him down!
Run, Lord Saran.
Save yourself.
Save yourself.
No! Oh!
Delilah.
Mercy!
He was so strong.
Why did he have to die?
His strength will never die, Saul.

Men will tell his story
for a thousand years.