Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger

By Beverley Cross
Come on, boys.
Hey, Captain, why the haste?
The city will not vanish.
It is not the city of Charak he wishes to see, but someone who dwells within.
After a long voyage it's good to stretch one's legs.
The only good thing about this port is the inn of Abu Jamil.
I have been dreaming of his roasted sheep's eyes.
- And I of the eyes of his daughter.
- You're dreaming of more than her eyes.
- Captain, my mouth is dry.
- Let's sample the wines of Charak.
- My thirst is of a thousand men.
- If you drink, you'll go no further.
- Remember the last time?
- You were stripped of your possessions!
Because of that I added four more eunuchs to the population.
Allah be with you.
All the paradise I seek is here.
Who wants anything more? I shall stay behind.
All silent, no sound, no lights...
A city of ghosts.
- Why is the gate closed?
- Curfew is not until midnight.
No sentries about.
Ho there! Captain of the watch!
Open the gate!
- Wake, wake, wake, wake!
- It's Sinbad, friend of Caliph Kassim!
And a better friend to the Princess Farah!
- Captain Sinbad.
- You know me?
I am a merchant. I hope to purchase some of the cargo you'll unload tomorrow.
No one is admitted to Charak after sunset.
- But why?
- The plague. Many have died.
Every time we reach this port
some misfortune strikes us!
- The Caliph Kassim and his sister?
- They're well. But he's not caliph yet.
I was told in Jerash that
Kassim's father died three months ago.
Kassim has not yet been crowned.
- We'd better return to the ship.
- Yes, let's sell our cargo elsewhere.
I'm not leaving Charak
until I see Princess Farah and Kassim.
- Is there another way into the town?
- No.
But if you wish to take the risk
you may enter at daybreak.
Until then I can offer to relieve
your disappointment.
My tent has wine, food and music.
My people are your servants.
Please, be welcome.
Come.
Hassan, don't drink!
The wine is poisoned. Help Aboo-Seer.
Who are you?
Why have you tried to poison us?
From the depths of the earth,

**I command you:**
Destroy them!
Kill Sinbad!
Everyone back to the ship!
Captain Sinbad! ...Wait.
Princess Farah!
Quickly.
Praise to Allah that I found you.
I must talk to you.
Not here, not now.
And no going back that way.
Come with me.
Keep rowing back to the ship!
Keep rowing, keep rowing!
Make for the open sea!
- Hoist the mainsail... do it!
- But the shoals, Captain.
We will risk them, there is a full moon.
We'll lie offshore
and not return until daybreak.
- You will go back?
- At dawn.
Warm yourself.
Here, take this.
Drink this.
You were searching for me. Why?
I was told of your return.
I need help desperately.
- My brother is in great danger.
- Prince Kassim? I owe him my life.
A spell has been cast upon him.
My uncle Balsora will tell you.
- Why not you?
- I beg of you, do not leave Charak!
- Trust me for my brother's sake.
- For him I would risk my life.
For you... I would give it.
- I was told there was plague.
- Not true.
Balsora rules the city by day...
but by night fear rules Charak.
- People whisper of witchcraft.
- How can I help?
- You will find a way.
- Come... lie down.
- I prayed every day for your return.
- It's been almost a year.
- I was not willing to give up the sea.
- Nor I my life at court.
- Now I've decided to live on land.
- And I to live at sea.
I have returned to Charak to ask Kassim
for your hand. Will you consent?
Willingly.
But only when my brother is able to
stand before you and give his consent.
- When he is himself again.
- Himself?
After my father's death,
Allah protect his soul...
The astrologers had decided that the
first full moon would be auspicious -
for the coronation of my brother.
On the day of the ceremony,
the procession began, —
— but even as the crown
was being placed upon his head...
Lie back.
It was the last time I saw him
as the Kassim I've known all my life.
Young, handsome...
a true prince.
You talked of a spell...
— Or has he fallen victim to the plague?
— Worse than a thousand plagues!
Do not talk of it now.
Hassan, where is the captain?
— What is it?
— His Excellency is here!
The Vizier Balsora.
Ask the princess to come on deck.
— Excellency.
— Captain... welcome again to Charak.
There she is...
may Allah's name be exalted.
I prayed that Princess Farah
might reach you safely last night.
— Has she told you?
— Yes, this morning.
But is it true, Excellency?
Let's go on board.
My beloved child.
Praise be to Allah you are safe.
Hassan, food and drink for our guests.
The rest of you, back to work.
— You have told him of our misfortune.
— But is it true, Excellency?
Tragically, horribly.
We have consulted
all the wisest men and skilled doctors.
— They can do nothing.
— Come. Sit down.
You have travelled to many lands,
help us.
— Perhaps there is someone somewhere.
— I will do all in my power to help.
But this requires skills
far greater than mine.
It needs an understanding of the black
arts, a great alchemist, a magician.
Wait... Yes, I have heard of
such a man, if he still lives.
- Who?
- A Greek.
Some say the wisest man in the world.
His name is...
- Hassan, you remember.
- Melanthius! The hermit of...
- Maroof?
- Casgar.
A remote haunted island.
- Have you been there?
- No.
His deeds are legendary,
but he may not even exist.
The island is ringed with deadly reefs.
- You must take us to him.
- It would be dangerous.
I cannot allow you to go.
Unless Prince Kassim is crowned
before the passing of seven moons, -
- he will lose forever
his right to be caliph.
- Melanthius is our only hope.
- Some say he's mad.
The island savages eat human flesh
and worship him.
I will send treasure.
Gold and precious jewels for you,
your crew and Melanthius, -
- if only he can restore my nephew.
Should I undertake this voyage,
it would not be for gold or jewels, -
- but for a treasure far more precious.
Oh, my beloved son.
May Allah preserve you.
Keep those horses steady!
- Who is that?
- Zenobia, my stepmother. She hates me!
- She was not at court.
My mother died when I was born.
It is said Zenobia is a witch
and willed her death.
Allah protect us! Why is she here?
Be on your guard, Sinbad,
she's more dangerous than a scorpion!
Queen, may Allah's blessings be on thee.
We meet at last, Captain.
What brings you back?
To deliver my cargo...
and to visit my friend Kassim.
- And his sister?
- I am bound by love to them both.
I intend to ask the Caliph Kassim
for the hand of Princess Farah.
There's no caliph
to consent to your marriage.
Kassim has not yet been crowned.
Nor is he likely to be.
I have been told of the events
at the coronation.
I shall help if I can.
Kassim is beyond help.
Do not be blinded by love.
Balsora must be made to understand
no one can help him.
- I shall tell him.
- Do not provoke her!
Why do you interfere?
You can do nothing for Kassim.
- Captain Sinbad can help us.
- I implore you, be silent.
What can you do -
- when they've consulted all the wise men,
doctors, priests, astrologers?
- There may be another.
- No one! Abandon this false hope.
- Kassim is doomed forever.
- You lie. You want him doomed.
Within the passing of seven moons,
if Kassim is not crowned caliph, -
- he will lose his right forever.
You bewitched him.
You want your son Rafi to be caliph!
Let me cut the smile from her face!
Let me go!
You'll bring an eternal curse on us —
— if you draw one drop of blood
from any member of the royal family.
It's only for that
she hasn't murdered Kassim!
As cunning as a snake, as malicious
as a shark. Rafi will never be caliph!
— There is no one to prevent it.
— Melanthius will prevent it.
Melanthius is a myth and his powers
are a legend. He does not exist.
We shall soon discover if the myth
and the legend exist. We sail tonight.
My beloved,
may your days always be blessed.
Sail for Rhodes or Tripoli,
you'll find richer cargo there.
Set sail in search for Melanthius
and you'll set a course for damnation!
Aboo-seer, Hassan, Bahadin.
Prepare the ship for sea.
Order your men
to bring treasure for Melanthius.
We sail for Casgar.
One thing I advise...
Set a careful watch on Zenobia.
I will have my men watch her castle
by day and by night.
Zabid will be in command.
He's the best soldier I have.
My son, Sinbad has agreed
to help them. We must act quickly.
He has taken them to the Isle of Casgar
to consult the great sage Melanthius.
— Is the heart ready?
— Yes.
You said no one can help Kassim.
Exquisite, my son.
If Melanthius truly lives,
he is the one person who could.
You promised me. I am to be caliph. You
swore Kassim would never inherit Charak!
- I shall prevent it.
- How?
Sinbad has a ship, a crew.
Balsora has the palace guards.
We shall have other forces
at our command.
More powerful than a palace guard
and a lovesick sea captain and his crew.
That... will be our army.
Quickly as you can.
We must be away before nightfall.
- Take that box in my cabin.
- Carefully, I implore you!
It's a baboon!
What a beautiful specimen.
Get back to work
or I'll make baboons of you!
Does he do any tricks, Princess?
There, there...
They mean no harm.
O brave and proud bull -
- whose mighty heart my son
has fashioned of purest gold.
Beat... with the power
as only I command you.
I made it perfect in every detail.
O mighty Abu Salem...
you who rule over a thousand devils, -
- by all the fires
of hell and darkness, -
- give strength and life
to this your creature.
Minaton... Minaton...
Perfect!
A colossus of bronze...
and mine to command.
- Hear anything?
- Nothing.
Keep awake! Orders are
to keep a watch on Zenobia's castle.
Or I'll slit your throat.
The wind is dying.
A baboon that can play chess?
Go away!
He's frightened of you.
I'm frightened of him.
He attacked me.
Baboons can turn savage, you know.
He is not savage!
I command you to go away.
Is he a gift for the wise man of Casgar
to play chess with?
Go away!
Hassan, get back to your work.
- But Captain, the beast was playing...
...chess, he has beaten me twice.
He is not really a baboon.
He was transformed by the black arts
of Queen Zenobia's witchcraft.
He is... Prince Kassim.
Can you be certain
that it is not the princess -
- who has been bewitched to believe
this animal is a prince?
He is my brother.
Look!
I am Kassim.
Now do you believe?
What is it?
What could it be?
A ship that moves without sails!
He seems to be rowing for six men.
Come on, let's try to get aboard.
Hurry, it's moving out to sea.
A fishing boat.
Spies of Balsora!
Minaton...
Wheel head into them.
It's Zenobia!
For the love of Allah, row!
Row, will you!
Row, you thickheads, row!
It's witchcraft!
- Save yourselves!
- Ram them, I said. Ram them!
Mercy! Save me!
Minaton... Minaton.
Wait... wait!
And now for Casgar.
North by north-east.
I see nothing.
Breaker ahead!
The rocks and the reefs
will be invisible.
It'll be impossible to land.
- I have an excellent idea.
- Yes?
Let's turn back.
- Lower the rowing boat.
- Aye aye, Captain.
Hassan, keep up!
Stay close together, move!
Rest.
How can you be sure
where to find Melanthius?
This is a path.
There are tracks. Signs.
Forward, men!
There!
A great pillar.
- Must be a holy place.
- Built by a people of great skill.
- What can it be?
- A temple perhaps.
It seems to be carved out of solid rock.
Could be there is treasure in it.
Could be the castle of Melanthius!
Melanthius! Melanthius!
I will see if anyone is there.
- They'll kill us!
- Run for the wall!
They will not harm you now.
Have you been shipwrecked?
No, my ship is anchored safely.
I am Captain Sinbad.
Only those who were wrecked
have landed here before.
But the Casgar people
always found them first.
We seek the wise man
known as Melanthius.
Does he truly exist?
- Does he live on this island?
- Why do you seek him?
It is a matter of
great urgency and importance.
Go!
Go, I said!
This is Princess Farah
from the distant city of Charak.
I am Dione.
- Come.
- But Melanthius... does he exist?
Follow me.
Truly incredible!
A magnificent city.
But completely deserted.
Who built it all?
- The ancestors of the natives.
- What happened to them?
They became too civilised
and destroyed each other.
Is that where the savages live?
Those are
the tombs of their forefathers.
- And those buildings to the right?
- Tombs of kings.
There is someone there.
Is that the great Melanthius?
Yes, father... I will.
Melanthius will see you.
- How did you...
- My father taught me.
He calls it "telepathia". A Greek word
for communication of the mind.
Come, follow me.
- Master Melanthius.
- You're a brave man, Captain Sinbad.
And a remarkable navigator
to have landed on Casgar safely.
Only for that have I agreed to see you.
Well, thank you... but I still
don't understand how you know who I am.
The mind is an extraordinary thing.
Thought is transferable.
It can travel through space,
even to the stars.
But the method needs time, patience
and a skilful daughter.
What have you got in there?
Tell me.
- It's a cage holding...
- Wait! Don't tell me.
It's an arboreal anthropoid
of the genus papio.
- No, it's a baboon!
- That's what I said, a baboon.
- What a dear little fellow.
- Careful!
He can be savage with everyone
but the princess.
As a species they are
aggressive and of low intelligence.
- He trusts only me.
- He looks so unhappy, poor creature.
Careful!
- It is the baboon about whom...
...you wish to see me. Yes, I know.
I suggest we continue below
in my laboratory, out of the sun.
You claim
it can write and play chess?
It, my brother, was a brilliant chess
player from the age of seven.
Dione, fetch me a mirror.
As a scientist and alchemist
I know that metals can be transformed,
- but as a philosopher...
Easy, fellow, easy.
I can also believe in the possibility of
...metaphysical change.
Thank you, Dione.
Let him see his face.
Go on!
He's weeping.
By all the gods!
A true baboon would have attacked
its reflection, thinking it an enemy.
It would not have recognised itself
and been moved to grief.
I am very happy to meet you, Prince Kassim.
The oars...
Rafi, what has happened?
The oars are smashed.
It will take hours to repair. Quickly!
Sinbad found a way through.
Whatever drug or elixir it was that this woman...
Zenobia.
Whatever it was she used is the most powerful black magic — and is beyond my knowledge.
You see, unfortunately, time is on her side.
Perhaps the prince would like some of these.
Real apes are mostly vegetarian.
— How does he like his fruit?
— He does. He likes them.
I thought he would.
— Dione, where is the mint tea?
— Coming, father.
I brought him something.
Bananas... he likes those.
I'll serve the tea.
What did you mean when you said that time was on the side of Queen Zenobia?
The longer that transformation is delayed, the more likely —
— Kassim is to lose those human qualities that remain to him.
Then there is no hope for my brother?
Now, wait...
There was a time when men knew how to combat this form of black witchcraft. A nation with an intelligence far superior to anything we know today.
They knew the secret of transforming matter.
Dione, help me find the Arimaspi scrolls.
The Arimaspi?
Yes, Archimedes of Syracuse,
a very dear friend of mine. He based many of his inventions on principles originally developed — by Arimaspi mathematicians. Here they are! Invaluable manuscripts... Where are they? I've found them. Yes, these are the ones. Clear the table. These scrolls are more than two thousand years old. — There we are. — What do they say? This first one... will be of special interest to you, Captain. It's sailing directions. The first written authority. The only way to restore Kassim is to undertake a journey to their country? A journey to Hyperborea, the land of the Arimaspi, — is the only possible way of restoring Prince Kassim. These scrolls confirm the legend. It tells of a warm and green valley at the northernmost point of the world — surrounded by wide seas of ice. There in the valley of Hyperborea, the Arimaspi built a shrine. The shrine of the four elements: Earth, fire, air and water. Within that shrine is the source of all their extraordinary power. This power enabled them to preserve their valley against the glacier — and to change or transform the nature of matter. I have been experimenting with a similar power. — Is there truly such a valley? — Beyond a doubt. Then how soon can you be ready to sail? The journey would be impossible! It's the coldest region in the world!
Cold, certainly. Difficult and
dangerous, perhaps, but not impossible.
We have you to interpret the scrolls.
I'm too old!
Besides there's so little time.
Come with us, Melanthius.
It can't be this noble prince shall
spend the rest of his days in a cage.
The shrine is his one chance. You're
the only one that can lead us there!
Please, say you will.
- Where did you find that?
- With the scrolls.
The key! The only means of opening
the door to the shrine.
Hyperborea... to visit the shrine,
examine the very source of life.
Archimedes would
split himself with envy.
Now, everyone, stand well back!
Imagine that power a million times
greater used not for evil, but for good.
That is what the Arimaspi have left us!
Yes, I will go with you.
- Thank you!
- Yes, by all the gods, I will.
No way of reading the sun.
Cloud and fog.
Hurry, hurry!
Listen!
They are leaving!
Hurry! We must follow them.
With a following wind to drive us,
we should be many leagues into the...
And into the Western Ocean
before the next full moon.
- Why not sooner?
- Not possible.
Time is our enemy on all counts!
At the moment Kassim is still in
possession of certain human qualities.
The longer
the transformation is delayed, -
- the more he'll revert
to a baboon's natural behaviour.
More aggressive, savage, dangerous.
He may never be Kassim again.
We are under full sail.
I can do no more.
It is believed that there is
a swift ocean current due north -
- across the Casgars.
North! They're moving north
towards the Celtic Isles, but why?
We should be close to Sinbad's ship.
Keep a lookout.
I must know
what advice the Greek gave them.
I must know what they mean to do.
I can't!
It was powerful enough
to transform Kassim.
I must know.
Now... by Hecate -
- and all the secrets of darkness
and forces of hell.
Come!
Captain Sinbad!
Is there no way of increasing our speed?
A ship can only sail as fast
as the wind allows.
I'll have to consult the chart again...
Now the moon is on the wane.
No, no, no...
If you study my design, -
- you'll see there's more curve
in the runners. The snow will be deep.
But I have never seen snow, Master.
Here, let me try it.
I shall join you in a few minutes.
Maroof, the chart!
Here, sharpen this.
Bahadin,
more rope ties for the sledges.
The cargo nets will need to be prepared.
Everything as strong,
but as light as possible.
Hassan, I told you
to get that knife sharpened!
No, you must try.
You can do better, you know you can.
No, Kassim, not like that.
The other way around.
Like that.
Very well, as you're so bad-tempered,
no more writing today.
Baboon!
Kassim, be quiet.
Your friend is very disobedient today.
- Please, Kassim, I'm trying to work!
- Will you be still!
Father, why is he behaving like that?
Be careful.
In the cage, in it!
Well, well, well. And what by Zeus
and all the gods have we got here?
Well, well, well. And what by Zeus
and all the gods have we got here?
- And who?
- Zenobia.
I thought as much.
- But how?
- Never mind how.
Be careful.
Remember she's a witch,
and dangerous.
Put me down! Let me go!
Don't hold me!
Don't hold me!
How dare you!
Captain... the glass jar
there on the shelf.
It's like trying to hold on to
a scorpion. Dione, clear the table.
Captain, put the jar down over there.
Make a space.
- No wonder Kassim was so violent.
- You should have left her to him.
No, Princess, no.
I want to interrogate her.
I suggest that
whatever power she has used -
to transport herself here
and change her size -
is similar in power and property
to that which transformed Kassim.
But what is it and where is it?
Leave her in my charge.
I will try to extract it from her.
You must take every care.
A confrontation with evil
could be dangerous.
Captain, take the princess and Dione
up on deck.
Come with me.
Now then, mistress...
What powers have you used
to shrink yourself?
- I will never tell you.
- Oh dear.
I despise brutality, -
- but at this present moment
I'm prepared to reject compassion.
The sting of this insect
can be fatal to the strongest, -
- but to someone of your size...
Then answer my questions and quickly!
What are you searching for
here on this ship?
These perhaps?
Or this?
How could you know of their existence?
When will you decide to return
to your proper shape and size? And how?
Something of unique power.
The power that might be used to return
Prince Kassim to his human form -
- and make our journey
to the Arimaspi unnecessary.
The Arimaspi!
Where is it? And in what form?
A liquid? A powder?
My locket! ...Gone!
You've dropped it, haven't you?
Now, where would it be?
Kassim... have you seen it?
Here it is.
It's mine, it's mine.
It belongs to me!
It's smashed, the liquid's evaporating.
There's not much left.
- Take care, the liquid is precious.
- Evidently.
I believe it is the very stuff you used
to transform Kassim into an animal.
Perhaps there's not enough left
to retransform him. I must test it.
- Yes, on our friend here.
- No, that's mine! I need it!
- Yes, on our friend here.
- No, that's mine! I need it!
Will he be tempted?
There's a good fellow.
Lap it up, that's the way.
No, no, there's not enough!
Be silent!
By all the gods!
Kill! Kill the Greek!
Get away from me!
Transformed... the locket!
Get back!
- It's a mad bee!
- What is it?
It's not a bee. It's a mosquito!
What a mosquito!
The bird is getting away!
Kill the bird first.
We need the locket.
Praise be to Allah that you're unhurt.
Alas,
I underestimated the power of Zenobia.
I fear I've thrown away a chance
for Kassim. I am profoundly sorry.
You were right, Princess.
We should have left her to Kassim.
Try to calm him, Dione.
He's becoming more savage. Best to
keep him locked in his cage from now on.
Safe... You are safe.
Is there enough?
Yes, by all the gods of the underworld, there must be!
Not enough! Not enough!
If only I had seen more.
Memorised more,
recorded it into my brain.
- A valley.
- At the end of the world.

And here:
The healing shrine.
We must let Sinbad show us the way.
And then I shall find the means
to prevent Melanthius from interfering.
Come, help me.
Ahoy!
Ice! Ice ahead!
- Where away?
- Dead ahead. Icebergs!
At last!
- Will it be soon now?
- We must sail north for four more days.
The less distance to cover on foot
the better. Anything to gain time.
The fourth full moon.
Two degrees port!
Look at them.
One column of that on top of us
and we'd sink like a ship of lead.
The entrance to the tunnel
is somewhere there.
If we could enter safely,
our journey will be all but over.
Sinbad, there!
Exactly as described in the scrolls.
Hassan, fetch me the chart.
- The tunnel leads directly to the shrine.
- It'll crack the boat like a walnut!
We must take the longer route.
There's less than three moons left.
If only we could've entered the tunnel.
We'll never make headway against this.
It's getting thicker every hour.
The hull must split if we go further.
Maroof... load up the sledge.
Throw up the ropes...
Quickly!
Keep moving, don't stop!
Pull! Keep pulling.
- It's easier to abandon it!
- Keep moving.
The ice is no match
for a boat of bronze.
- And Sinbad?
- Perhaps smashed, drowned or frozen.
Bahadin!...
What could it be?
What is it?
Look, it's beginning to crack!
I'll get the others!
On your feet! Seize anything you can!
Spears, axes, anything!
Melanthius,
protect Dione and the princess!
A giant walrus! We must stop it
before it reaches the camp!
Hit the eye! The eye!
Attack!
Get the cargo net.
Careful, Maroof!
Protect the supplies!
Get the cargo net!
Unravel it. This way. Quickly!
Open it. Spread it out.
Push, go on, push!
He's pulling us!
Pull away from him.
He's pulling us!
Help me.
Cut me loose.
Sinbad, my foot!
Cut me loose.
Hassan, your knife!
Cut me loose, cut me loose!
Too bad you couldn't hold him.
I should've liked to examine him.
- Walrus giganticus, prehistoric!
- I'm sorry. Next time I'll try harder.
Are you hurt?
It is said a man has only one life.
Now I have two.
I owe them both to Captain Sinbad.
I've never seen a black man
turn white before.
No sign of a tunnel between the cliffs.
The chart in the scroll is precise.
There is an entrance -
- and I mean to find it.
Minaton, sail on!
We've found it! We've found it!
Look, it's the aurora, see?
Hyperborea just beyond the hills.
And that strange glittering light?
The Arimaspi call it
the gift of the winter Apollo.
We call it aurora borealis.
And there, directly below the aurora, -
- the Valley of the Shrine.
He's turning carnivorous.
I hope it is not too late for Kassim.
He no longer responds
to human speech or contact.
Except for Dione.
Take them, Maroof.
Protect the women.
Sinbad, stand still!
All of you, don't make any sudden moves.
He's as frightened of us
as we are of him.
- I'm more frightened.
- I'm twice more frightened.
Sinbad... lower your sword
and step back slowly.
Do it!
What sort of evil monster is it?
It's not a monster.
It's one of man's ancestors.
They're not evil.
They're called troglodytes.
I've got the skull of one of them
in my laboratory.
He's coming closer!
Dione... speak to him.
Gently...
They have no idea of language, -
- but these primates were known for their gentleness with females.
There, there...
No harm.
We mean no harm.
Friends.
We are friends.
Dione, be careful!
Kassim, he means no harm.
Perhaps he might be able to help us.
Dione, Princess...
Persuade Kassim to bring the trog over here. I've something to show him.
Bring trog.
Bring him over there.
There... to my father.
Kassim, I want the troglodyte to look at this.
The face drawn on the scrolls!
It marks the entrance to the valley, the gate to the shrine.
Where, where?
Hyperborea!
By all the gods, he's done it!
Hassan, Maroof, the weapons.
There! There it is!
The entrance to the tunnel of ice!
The way to Hyperborea.
We shall be there first!
The tunnel, Minaton.
I will light the torches.
- Farah, are you all right?
- Yes.
There! Look over there!
- The last of the Arimaspi?
- Who can say?
Minaton.
Listen!
The boat is still moving!
There's some extraordinary force pulling us like a mighty magnet,
- drawing us to the shrine.
The face from the scrolls...
The gate to the shrine.
Come on.
Trog seems frightened of the gate.
- Frightened of what lies beyond, maybe.
- Why should he be afraid?
Like all primitives,
he's afraid of the unknown.
Afraid of what he can't understand.
Help me move the bar.
It's no use. We cannot move it
without blocks and ropes.
Trog will help us.
He must help.
The shrine of the four elements.
- See, it exists! A reality.
- Hope for Kassim... at last.
The arch!
The boat is stopping.
Wait.
Go on, up into the sunlight.
There it is.
Come!
At last you'll have a use for
that precious key of yours, -
- if you can find a lock to fit it.
We'll find it.
The scrolls haven't been wrong yet.
We must look for an opening
somewhere there among the rocks.
We must be close.
Hurry, Rafi!
Nothing... nothing.
I could not find an entrance.
We must make an entrance.
Rafi, Minaton, stay clear!
Spirits of the underworld,
infuse this potion with your powers!
What was that?
- It's like an earthquake.
- There can only be one possible answer.
The witch.
Zenobia.
- He'll never break through.
- He must! He must!
He must!
Minaton, pull!
He's done it!
He's done his work.
The wall is breached!
- Look there!
- Zenobia's creation.
- A bull's head, but a...
...giant's body!
Almighty God, defend us.
They shouldn't have forced an opening.
The power of the shrine is threatened!
The atmosphere inside is destroyed!
This key is useless!
Perhaps there's still time,
but we must be swift!
Drawn down
from the crown of Apollo itself.
The guardian of the shrine...
The ice is melting.
Look out!
- We must act at once!
- The cage... and the chains!
Just as described in the scrolls.
We must put Kassim in the cage and
pass him through the column of light.
Sinbad, the chains!
See if they still operate.
- Thank all the gods.
- The gods have abandoned you!
Too late, Sinbad!
Kassim will never be caliph!
Now, Rafi, now!
Not the animal, kill Melanthius!
They are helpless without him.
Sinbad, bring Kassim.
May the gods of the Arimaspi
grant us the time!
Bring him up, bring him up!
O great Apollo! All you gods and forces
that work for good against evil, -
- help us now! O great mystery,
come to our mortal aid!
Reveal your secret!
Lower the cage!
Your Highness.
Prince Kassim...
This way, Your Highness.
Master Melanthius,
he made it all possible.
- How shall I ever thank you?
- It's an old debt repaid.
The power of the shrine is failing! We
must go! There's not a moment to lose.
The temperature's changing violently.
Be swift or this'll become our tomb!
Zenobia!
She's gone!
Stand back! Get back!
- Come on, let's go!
- No, not yet.
Now, move! Move!
Take Dione and the princess
back to the gate.
- We shall not leave you!
- Do as I say!
If I do not join you within an hour,
then head for Charak -
- before the seventh moon is full.
Maroof is dead.
They're coming!
Where's Maroof?
Come on, we must not waste a moment.
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