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Alexander

By Oliver Stone

Alexander, the army will divide.
Satrapies will revolt.
Without your orders, there'll be war.
We beg you. Tell us who.
Our world is gone now.
I'm the last left alive.
Whether that's a blessing or a curse...
...who by Hades would know.
But I've paid my price...
...in blood.
And in broken dreams.
They say we were the greatest
fighting force ever known to man.
Greater even than the expedition to Troy.
But how can I say it?
How can I tell you what it is like
to be young...
...and to dream big dreams?
To believe when Alexander looked you
in the eye, you could do anything.
Anything.
In his presence, by the light of Apollo,
we were better than ourselves.
Truly, I've known many great men
in my life...
...but only one colossus.
And only now, when old...
...do I understand
who this force of nature really was.
Or do I?
Did such a man as Alexander exist?
Of course not.
We idolize him,
make him better than he was.
Men, all men, reach and fall...
...reach and fall.
In the East, the vast Persian Empire
ruled almost all the known world.
In the West,
the once great Greek city-states...
...Thebes, Athens, Sparta,
had fallen from pride.
For 100 years now, the Persian kings
had bribed the Greeks...

...with their gold
to fight as mercenaries.
It was Philip, the one-eyed,
who changed all this...
...uniting tribes of illiterate shepherders
from the high and lowlands.
With his blood and guts,
he built a professional army...
...that brought the devious Greeks
to their knees.
He then turned his eye on Persia...
...where it was said the
Great King Darius himself...
...on his throne in Babylon,
feared Philip.
Philip was murdered...
...much to Persia's delight and
perhaps sponsored by their gold.
And Alexander, at 20
became the new ruler of Macedonia.
Announcing revenge
for the death of Philip...
...Alexander liberated
all of the cities of western Asia...
...south to Egypt...
...where he was declared
Pharaoh of Egypt...
...and worshipped as a god.
And finally, he provoked
the rise to battle...
...in the heart of the Persian Empire,
near Babylon.
it was mad.
Forty thousand of us against
hundreds of thousands...
...of barbarian races unknown to us...
...gathered under Darius himself.
East and west had now come together...
...to decide the fate of the known world.
it was the day Alexander
had waited for all his life.
Son of a god.
it was a myth, of course.
At least it started as a myth.

i know.
i was there.
In the crack of the Persian line,
we'll go for the head.
Kill Darius?
The gods have brought him
to us at last.
If I die, it's one Macedonian.
But the Persians, they cannot move
without Darius' command.
Here. Right here, we cut the throat
of the Persian army.
This is madness. You'll never get
within 100 paces of him.
Have you seen the sheer size
of his force?
Not if you hold them on the left,
my brave Parmenion...
...with your son Philotas
for just one, two hours tomorrow.
And you, unbreakable Antigonos,
the center phalanx.
Perdiccas, Leonnatus...
...Nearchus, Polyperchon.
If you pin them on the walls
of your sarissas, here in the center...
...their cavalry will follow me
out to the right.
And when bold Cassander breaks,
stretching their left...
...a hole will open.
Then I and my cavalry-
Our revered Cleitus...
...Ptolemy and Hephaistion.
-will strike through that gap...
...and deal the deathblow
to Darius' head.
Since when, by the light of Apollo, has
cavalry been used to break an infantry line?
What was it we did to
Chaeronea, Parmenion?
Alexander, even with luck, timing, the gods,
they're at least five to our one...
...which means in truth we must rout them

tomorrow, destroy their army completely.
Or we'll be picked apart by bandit tribes
on the long journey home.
Right.
You speak of home and retreat...
...but do you understand, Parmenion?
Babylon's my new home.
Alexander...
...if we must fight...
...do so with stealth.
Use your numbers well. We should attack
tonight when they least expect us.
I didn't cross Asia
to steal this victory, Cassander.
No, you are too honorable for that.
No doubt influenced from sleeping
with Tales of Troy under your pillow.
But your father
was no lover of Homer's.
The lands west of the Euphrates, Alexander,
the hand of his daughter in marriage.
Since when has a Greek
been given such honors?
There are not honors, Parmenion,
they're bribes...
...which the Greeks
have accepted too long.
Do you forget that
the man who murdered my father...
-... lies across the valley floor?
-Come, Alexander...
...we're still not really sure if it was
Persian gold behind the assassination.
But that is no matter!
Your father taught you never to surrender
your reason to your passion.
Now I urge you...
...with all my experience, regroup.
Fall back to the coast,
raise a larger force.
I would, if I were Parmenion.
But I am Alexander.
And no more than Earth has two suns
will Asia bear two kings.

These are my terms.
And if Darius isn't a coward
who hides behind his men...
...then he'll come to me tomorrow.
And when he bows down to Greece...
...Alexander will be merciful.
By Ares' chains, he has got balls, men.
I mean, give the man his due,
Parmenion.
And, lads, feast tonight,
for tomorrow we will dine in Hades.
I've seen one before.
It was still alive.
To whom do you pray?
Phobos.
Fear?
A bad omen.
More so for Darius.
I've come to believe the fear of death
drives all men, Hephaestion.
And this we didn't learn as schoolboys.
It is the cause of all of our misfortunes.
-So, mighty Crateros.
-Your Majesty.
-Are you ready for tomorrow?
-It's been too long coming if you ask me.
The men are skittish as colts and
the damn bulls won't shut their snouts.
Good. Fear makes men fight better.
Post your sentries alertly
but rest them well.
Don't you worry, general. I'm known to
sleep with my eyes open as a baby's arse.
Only because someone
might steal his loot, sire.
Well, someone owes Crateros
for his cheapness.
He buys neither gloves nor blankets
to warm himself.
Who needs gloves
when you come from grace?
Who needs clothes
when you can fight naked?
He's right.

After tomorrow, even the thrifty
among you shall be kings.
-The gods are with us, Your Majesty.
-We'll stain the ground...
...in Persian blood, my king.
You're on the first row tomorrow, boy.
I've always believed, Alexander...
...but this seems so much bigger than us.
Did Patroclus doubt Achilles when they
stood side by side at the seat of Troy?
Patroclus died first.
If you do...
If you were to fall, Hephaestion,
even if Macedonia were to lose a king...
...I will avenge you.
And follow you down
to the house of death.
I would do the same.
On the eve of battle,
it's hardest to be alone.
Then perhaps...
Perhaps this is farewell then...
...my Alexander.
Fear not, Hephaestion.
We are at the beginning.
Blood makes the world rise.
Blood makes the rain fall.
Blood makes the earth grow.
And in blood, all men are born and die.
Blood is the food of the gods below.
Come, Bucephalus.
Today we ride to our destiny.
Company, group! Regroup!
Phalanx, turn right!
Phalanx, attention!
Neoptolemus.
I remember you the day
you took the siege tower at Tyre.
You were a giant.
And today, how will you fight?
Dexippos, by Athena.
How far was it you threw your man
wrestling at the last Olympic Games?
Will you match it with your spear?

And Timander, son of Menander,
a great soldier to my father.
I still mourn your brother, Addaios,
who died so bravely at Halicarnassus.
What an honored family
you descend from, Timander.
You fight for them today.
You've all honored
your country and your ancestors.
And now we come to this
most distant place in Asia...
...where across from us, Darius
has at last gathered a vast army...
But ask yourselves...
...who is this great king
who pays assassins in gold coins...
...to murder my father, our king...
...in a most despicable
and cowardly manner?
Who is this great king, Darius,
who enslaves his own men to fight?
Who is this king but a king of air?
These men do not fight for their homes.
They fight because
this king tells them they must.
And when they fight,
they will melt away like the air...
...because they know no loyalty
to a king of slaves.
But we are not here today as slaves.
We are here today...
...as Macedonian freemen!
And though outnumbered...
...I say to you who know
the price of tyranny...
...who've carried the Persian yoke
too long...
...you have a strength
born of your hearts...
...and all their arms, their numbers...
...their chariots and all their fine horses...
...will mean nothing
in the hands of slaves.
Some of you...

...perhaps myself...
...will not live to see the sun set
over these mountains today.
For I will be
in the very thick of battle with you.
But remember this:
The greatest honor
a man can ever achieve...
...is to live with great courage
and to die with his countrymen...
...in battle for his home.
I say to you...
...what every warrior has known
since the beginning of time.
Conquer your fear...
...and I promise you,
you will conquer death.
And someday I vow to you...
...your sons and your grandsons
will look into your eyes.
And when they ask why you
fought so bravely at Gaugamela...
...you will answer...
...with all the strength
of your great, great hearts:
"I was here this day at Gaugamela...
...for the freedom...
...and glory...
...of Greece!"
Zeus be with us!
Cassander! Four columns, go!
Where does he go?
I don't know, Majesty.
Envelop him, Bessus.
Hephaestion, go!
Phalanx!
He makes a mistake, Pharnakes.
Yes, great king.
Be brave, men.
Steady on the left, lads!
Bend if you must, but never break.
And keep watching the cavalry on the left.
Pick up the pace!
Prepare to repel chariots!

Forward!
Cassander!
-Forward, men!
-Forward!
-Left turn!
-Infantry, clear! Out now!
Hold your positions!
Father! We must
fall back to the gully, Father.
No, hold.
Where is he? We're far too thin!
Get word to Alexander!
-Move!
-Yes, sir.
Come, Macedonians! Ride! Ride!
Drive for the hole!
-Drive for the hole!
-Drive for the hole!
Prince Merdicus, bring these men up.
Back and to the left!
Back and to the left!
-General!
-Get to your home! And go home fast.
I cannot see!
-Philotas! Philotas!
-Father.
Go. Tell Alexander yourself.
And if he won't listen, then survive me
and avenge this betrayal!
Pay attention, lad!
Your father still watches over you!
Darius!
Find your horses.
Darius!
Go! Go!
We can reach those mountains by sunset,
go all night and catch Darius at dawn.
Provision the horses.
Alexander!
Alexander, my father's lost.
They've overrun the flank.
They're into the baggage train.
Parmenion's crumbling.
Alexander, if you chase him,

you risk losing your army here.
And if we capture him,
we gain an empire.
You can run to the ends of the earth,
you coward...
...but you'll never run far enough!
To Parmenion!
You bleed free, my lord.
-May I tend to your wound?
-No, Hermolaus, not now.
There's far worse than me. Go to them.
Help them.
How was this done, soldier?
Spear.
But I got two of the buggers.
Your Majesty.
You're very brave.
What shall I call you?
-Glaukos, my king.
-Glaukos.
-And where's your home?
-Illyria.
Let your body go loose.
Think of home now.
Be brave again, Glaukos...
...and you will live on in glory.
Alexander.
The Persian Empire,
the greatest the world had yet known...
...was destroyed.
And Alexander, at 25,
was now king of all.
If you hesitate, she will strike.
Yes.
They are like people.
You can love them for years.
Feed them, nurture them...
...but still, they can turn on you.
Don't hurt her.
Good.
Now...
He calls me a barbarian.
He makes a mockery
of Dionysus every night.

Some called his mother,
Queen Olympias, a sorceress...
...and said that Alexander
was the child of Zeus.
Others, Dionysus.
Women are the only ones
who know Dionysus.
But truly, there was not a man
in Macedonia who didn't look...
...at father and son, side by side,
and wonder.
My little Achilles.
Stay, Alexander, down. Down.
What is it you want?
Six months. Did you miss me?
-No. Not here!
-Proud bitch. I'm still your king.
King of what? Shepherders?
-I am of Achilles' royal blood.
-The blood of Herakles runs in my veins.
-You are nothing but a drunken whore.
-Shut your mouth.
You 10-titted bitch from Hades!
Which god could I curse to
have ever laid eyes on you!
Do you think people respect you?
You think they don't know your bastards?
Damn your sorceress soul! You keep him
here like one of your snakes!
I told you not! I told you not.
-You'll obey me.
-I will not.
You'll obey me, or I'll kill you
with my own hands.
Let her go! No! Stop! Papa!
-Obey me!
-Your Majesty! No!
In the name of the gods.
He will never be yours! Never!
In my womb, I carried my avenger!
in the world he grew up to...
...I've come to believe it was in
friendship that Alexander found his sanity.
You don't need much to fight.

When you're in the front ranks of a battle,
facing some Northern barbarian tribe...
...courage won't be in
the soles of your feet, Perdiccas.
Or in the thickness
of your tunic, Philotas.
Or in the lining
of your stomach, Nearchus.
It's in the heart of a man.
You don't need to eat every day
or until you're full, Ptolemy.
You don't need to lie in bed
in a morning...
...when you can have some good bean soup,
Cassander, after a forced night march.
Come on, Alexander.
Where's your hunger
to twist Hephaestion's head off?
Is he stronger than you?
Then beat him another way.
Who will respect you as a king?
You think because of your father?
The first rule of war is to do what you
ask your men to do. No more, no less.
Good, Hephaestion. That's it.
Well done. Good wrestling, Hephaestion.
That's what I want.
Come, come, come.
You did well, but you lost.
Now, both of you, congratulate
the other. Go on.
Would you want me to let you win,
Alexander?
You're right.
But I promise you, I will beat
you one day, Hephaestion.
it was said later that Alexander
was never defeated...
...except by Hephaestion's thighs.
Although an inferior race...
...the Persians control at least
four-fifths of the known world.
From Ethiopia and Egypt in the south...
...to Caucasus and the two inland seas

in the north...

Philip brought such as Aristotle from Athens to educate our rough people.

They rule, and we sit around like frogs.

-Master?

-Yes?

-Master!

-Out with it!

-Why are the Persians so cruel?

-Oh, come on, Nearchus.

That is not the subject for today, Nearchus.

But it is true that the Oriental races are known for their barbarity...

...and their slavish devotion to their senses.

Which are so dull, they castrate young boys...

...such as yourselves, for their sexual pleasure.

Yes. Excess in all things is the undoing of men.

That is why we Greeks are superior.

We practice control of our senses.

Moderation, we hope.

Then what of Achilles at Troy, master?

-Was he not excessive?

-Achilles simply lacks restraint.

He dominates others so completely that even when he withdraws from battle...

...crazed with grief over his dead lover, Patroclus...

...he seriously endangers his own army.

He is a deeply selfish man.

Would you say the love between Achilles and Patroclus is a corrupting one?

When men lie together in lust, it is a surrender to the passions...

...and does nothing for the excellence in us.

Nor does any other excess, Cassander, jealousy among them.

But when men lie together, and knowledge and virtue are passed between them...

...that is pure and excellent.
When they compete to bring out the good,
the best in each other...
...this is the love between men that
can build a city-state...
...and lift us from our frog pond.
But can a man
love a woman equally, master?
A woman? Of course not.
A woman is a slave
to her passion, Hephaistion.
Oh, naturally there are exceptions,
and we must honor them.
Such as Pallas Athena,
goddess of wisdom and war.
But never forget, she is sprung not from
the loins of Zeus, but from his mind.
Now, you think on all this,
my young frogs...
...for in you resides
the future of Greek civilization.
To strive for honor
is the highest purpose of all.
To rule over our baser emotions.
To follow reason,
the divine part in each of you.
Yes...
...to love excellence
is truly to love the gods.
Now, will you stop distracting me?
Back to geography
and things that we know.
Is it possible that the source
of Egypt's mighty River Nile...
...could rise in these distant
mountains of the outer earth?
If so, an experienced navigator
could find his way here...
...by this river east, down
into the great plains of India...
...out into the eastern ocean
at end of the world...
...and by this route up the Nile...
...back to Egypt, into the Middle Sea

and home to Greece.
Now, if only these frogs
could look outward...
...and act on their favored position
at the center...
...Greece could rule the world.
Why is it, master, in myth,
these lands you speak of are known?
India, where Herakles
and Dionysus traveled.
All these men who went east,
Theseus, Jason, Achilles, were victorious.
From generation to generation,
their stories have been passed on.
Why? Unless there was truth to them?
Tales of Amazons? Minotaurs, Gorgons,
Icarus flying into the sun? No, Alexander.
Only common people believe these tales,
as they believe most anything.
We are here precisely to educate
ourselves against such foolish passions.
But if we are superior to the Persians,
as you say, why do we not rule them?
It is- It has always been
our Greek dream to go east.
My father long wants it.
The East has a way of swallowing
men and their dreams.
But still, to think it's these myths
that lead us forward to the greatest glory...
...why is it wrong to act on them?
I can only warn you, not teach you.
Beware of what you dream for.
The gods have a way
of punishing such pride.
And growing more ambitious, he now
planned the invasion of Persia.
The best you can do, Cleitus? Back
to the phalanx with you, I'll ride him myself.
No one will ride that beast, Your Majesty.
Not with your leg.
He's been beaten far too often.
My noble king,
he's a high-spirited animal, yes.

High-spirited and worthy
of Philip of Macedon.
For three and a half talents...
...I couldn't make a profit
on him, but for you-
Why would I want such a beast?
I already have a wife.
Do I seem so old?
-Stay down, stay down.
-Hold him!
A broken neck comes free. He's
too nervous for battle. Sell him for meat.
Buy him for me, Father. I'll ride him.
And if you don't?
-I'll pay for him myself.
-With what, your singing voice?
I'll pay you!
I tell you, that horse can't be ridden,
lad. His mind is broken.
He can be ridden. By me.
If you can rule that horse,
I'll make him yours...
...at half the price.
That horse will kill him, Philip.
-He'll break the boy in two.
-Will he?
Perhaps she'll make
a musician out of him yet.
You don't like your shadow, do you?
It's like a dark spirit coming up to get you.
Do you see? That's us.
It's just a trick of Apollo's.
He's the god of the sun.
But I'll show you how to outwit him,
you and me together.
The boy doesn't have the craft, Philip.
He could hurt himself.
He'll have to figure that out
for himself. It's time.
Good idea.
Indeed there are times, Philip,
when I wonder if he is your blood.
-I only worry that-
-What was that, Attalus?

Nothing.

I was just noticing how the people
like seeing you and Eurydice together.

You go, boy!

You ride that horse and by Zeus I say,
you can rule the world.

Bucephalus.

That's what I'll call you.

Strong and stubborn.

Bucephalus and Alexander.

Come now, let's ride together.

He's got some Titan in him yet.

Attalus! Cleitus! For Zeus' sake,
he beat you, man!

Now, Bucephalus, show them.

My son.

My son!

You remember Prometheus...

...who stole the secret of fire
and gave it to man.

It made Zeus so angry...

...he chained Prometheus
to a rock in the great Caucasus...

...and each day, his eagle pecked out
the poor man's liver.

Each night, it grew back again so that
it could be eaten the next day.

Miserable fate.

Oedipus tore out his eyes
when he found out...

...he'd murdered his father...

...and married his mother.

Knowledge that came too late.

Jason...

...he went east and brought back
the Golden Fleece...

...and married a barbarian wife, Medea.

Later, when he left her
for a younger wife...

...Medea slaughtered
their two children in vengeance.

My mother would never hurt me.

It's never easy to escape our mothers,
Alexander.

All your life, beware of women.
They're far more dangerous than men.
I'm sure you remember Achilles
from Tales of Troy.
-He's my favorite.
-Why?
Because he loved Patroclus
and avenged his death.
Because he lived without fear,
and slew Hector.
Some say he was a hotheaded fool...
...who fought for himself
and not the Greeks.
But he was a hero, the greatest at Troy.
And his fate?
That he must die young
but with great glory.
Did he have a choice?
Oh, yes. He could have a long life,
but there would be no glory.
You dream of glory, Alexander.
Your mother encourages you.
There's no glory without suffering,
and this she will not allow.
She makes you weak.
The gods have never
made it easy for man.
Look, Herakles.
Even after he accomplished
his 12 labors...
...he was punished with madness,
slaughtered his three children.
Poor Herakles.
Great Herakles.
All greatness comes from loss.
Even you, the gods will
one day judge harshly.
When I'm king like you, Father?
Don't rush the day, boy. You risk all.
My father threw me into battle
before I knew how to fight.
When I killed my first man, he said:
"Now you know. "
I hated him then,

but I understand why now.
A king isn't born, Alexander.
He's made by steel and by suffering.
A king must know
how to hurt those he loves.
It's lonely. Ask Herakles.
Ask any of them. Fate is cruel.
No man or woman can be too powerful
or too beautiful without disaster befalling.
They laugh when you rise too high and
crush everything you've built with a whim.
What glory they give,
in the end, they take away.
They make of us slaves.
Truth is in our hearts,
and none will tell you this but your father.
Men hate the gods.
The only reason we worship any of them
is because we fear worse.
What's worse?
The Titans.
If they were ever to be set free...
...it would be a darkness
such as we have never seen before.
Could they ever come back?
Can Zeus imprison the Titans forever
under Mount Olympus?
It's said that when Zeus burned them
to dust with his lightning bolt...
...they took the Titans' ashes
and, in a cold revenge...
...mixed it with those of mortal men.
Why?
Who knows these things?
One day, things will change.
Men will change.
But first, the gods must change.
But all this you'll forget, Alexander.
That's why we call them myths.
We can't bear to remember them.
I'll remember.
And one day, I'll be on walls like these.
Alexander once said to me:
"We are most alone

when we are with the myths. "
Phalanx!
And thus, it came to pass in a dream...
...as mythical to all Greeks
as Achilles defeating the Trojans.
At this one glorious moment in time...
...Alexander was loved by all.
But in the end, i believe Babylon
was a far easier mistress to enter...
...than she was to leave.
Sikander! Sikander!
Aristotle may have called them barbarians,
but he never saw Babylon.
We have enough gold here to support
three generations of Macedonian armies.
And Macedonia would soon corrupt,
Cassander.
-Wealth in great quantities brings the crows.
-Not for the men who fought, I trust.
We'll pay them well, Antigonus,
but not as mercenaries for future services.
Now you sound like Philip.
Philip never saw Babylon.
No, he didn't, Hephaistion.
-Hello!
-Hello!
Alexander, I know you think me
a stiff old sod...
...but whatever our differences,
know this day...
...your father would be very proud of you.
Thank you, Parmenion.
I ask you to forgive me
my own anger, my pride.
They, too, blind me.
A magnificent mainland work
from the last century.
The golden age, Alexander. Worth much
to Athens and to our alliances.
Take back what is ours...
...but spare what belongs to the Persians.
Yes. We're the richest men
to walk the earth, my friends.
-Not if you keep giving it all away.

-The grandsons of goat herders...
...we now rule 2 million square miles.
But...
None of you fear that this great fortune
may drive us all to destruction.
You overvalue us.
For as long as Darius breathes,
he is the legitimate king of Asia...
...and I but the king of air.
But he has no power, Alexander.
He's lost in the mountains with no army.
As long as he's lost, Philotas,
he can be believed in.
Only when he's found will it be decided.
It seems you've already
made up your mind.
We must finish what we failed
to do at Gaugamela.
We must hunt Darius down.
-That was not your father's mission.
-And I am not my father.
Come on. Have you so quickly forgotten?
Fortune favors the bold.
No wonder Darius fled
when he had this to come back to.
One for every night of the year.
How will I go back to Lysimache
after this?
I advise you not to touch, Leonnatus.
Here, I'll take care of it for you.
Aristotle was perhaps prescient.
Do these images fool us with their beauty
and degrade our souls?
Bagoas, great king. Darius' boy.
-Bagoas.
-Nicely gilded, Your Majesty.
Most successful. He was certainly
one of the great king's favorites.
How old? Is great well with the years.
What are you now, Bagoas?
Eighteen, 19?
-Where does he come from?
-The north, sire.
From the hills near Susa.

You speak our language.
-Good. I'd like to learn yours.
-Is learnable, my lord.
So tell me, Bagoas...
...do my eyes betray me
or do you wish to be set free...
...to go back to your homeland?
All my family's long dead, great king.
With your permission, I will stay on.
Very well then, Bagoas.
Ptolemy, administer this.
And that's the same of every person
in the harem, woman and eunuch.
Whoever wishes to be sent home
to their families, let them.
What?
-Hear that, boys?
-He set us free.
Great King Alexander.
The princess of the thousand roses...
...and eldest daughter of the formerly
Great King Darius...
...Stateira.
Noble Alexander...
...I come to beg for the lives...
...of my sisters...
...my mother, my grandmother.
You are not wrong, Princess Stateira.
He, too, is Alexander.
Please.
I plead for my family's lives.
-Sell me as a slave, great king, but-
-Look now...
...in my eyes...
...princess...
...and tell me...
...how would you like to be treated?
As I am...
...a princess.
Then so be it.
You and your family shall
be treated as my family.
You shall live in this palace
as long as you choose.

Have you any other requests for me,
my noble princess?

No.

Everything I wish...

...I have requested.

You truly are...

...a queen.

Yes, she would be

a perfect match for you...

...but you do nothing.

Three months you've been in Babylon
and leave me in Pella...

...at the mercy of your enemies,
of which you have many.

Antipater, accustomed now to the power
that you have given him.

i must watch him grow stronger.

Im certain that he communicates secretly
with Parmenion, who is dangerous.

But beware, most of all,
of those closest to you.

They are like snakes...

...and can be turned.

General Crateros.

Cassander is Antipater's son.

Even Cleitus, your father's favorite...

...and Ptolemy, your friend, yes.

But beware of men who think too much.

They blind themselves.

Only Hephaestion do i leave out.

But all of them you make rich...

...while your mother and yourself,
you leave in generous poverty.

Why won't you ever believe me?

it is only a dark mind like mine
that can know these secrets of the heart.

For they are dark, Alexander.

So dark.

But in you, the son of Zeus...

...lies the light of the world.

Your companions will be shadows
in the underworld...

...when you are a name living forever
in history as the most glorious...

...shining light of youth, forever young,
forever inspiring.
Never will there be an Alexander like you.
Alexander the Great.
Remember, bring me to Babylon
as you promised.
i can only help you, for they know
if they harm you...
...they will face my wrath,
as Queen of Babylon.
It's a high ransom she charges
for nine months' lodging in the womb.
Bring her, Alexander.
-It'll give her such joy.
-Joy?
When I'm the cracked mirror
of her dreams?
Stay with me tonight, Hephaestion.
I'll take my own bath.
Thank you, Bagoas.
What bothers you?
I see in her everything I fear.
Yet I have no idea what it is, this fear.
She was always so sure
I was born of Zeus.
Why, Hephaestion?
I think there are things
beyond our imagining...
...like the lightning,
tales of strange conceptions.
I don't doubt it.
What is being told me?
What destiny do we-? Do I have?
Well, if I'm Patroclus, I die first.
Then you, Achilles.
The generals are upset.
They question your obsession
with Darius.
They say it was never meant
for you to be king of Asia.
Naturally.
They want only to return to their homes,
rich with gold. But I've seen the future.
I've seen it now 1000 times,

on 1000 faces.
These people want...
Need change.
-Aristotle was wrong about them.
-How so?
Look at those we've conquered.
They leave their dead unburied.
They smash their enemies' skulls
and drink them as dust.
They mate in public.
What can they think or sing or write
when none can read?
But as Alexander's army, they can go
where they never thought possible.
They can soldier or work in the cities.
The Alexandrias,
from Egypt to the outer ocean.
We could connect these lands,
Hephaestion...
...and the people.
Some say these Alexandrias have become
extensions of Alexander himself.
They draw people into the cities
to make slaves of them.
But we freed them, Hephaestion, from
the Persia where everyone lived as slaves.
To free the people of the world...
...such would be beyond the glory
of Achilles, beyond Herakles...
...a feat to rival Prometheus...
...who was always a friend to man.
Remember the fates of these heroes.
-They suffered greatly.
-We all suffer.
Your father, mine.
They all came to the end of their time.
And in the end, when it's over,
all that matters is what you've done.
You once said,
"The fear of death drives all men. "
Are there no other forces?
Is there not love in your life...
...Alexander?
What would you do if you

ever reached the end of the world?
I'd turn back and conquer its opposite.
I wonder sometimes if it's not
your mother you run from.
So many years,
so many miles between you.
What is it you fear?
Who knows these things?
When I was a child, my mother thought
me divine. My father, weak.
Which am I, Hephaestion?
Weak or divine?
All I know is...
...I trust only you in this world.
I've missed you.
I need you.
It is you I love, Hephaestion.
No other.
You're everything I care for...
...and by the sweet breath of Aphrodite...
...I'm so jealous of losing you
to this world you want.
You'll never lose me, Hephaestion.
I'll be with you always.
Till the end.
The campaign in the northeast of Persia...
...turned into a hard guerrilla war
of almost three years.
We chased Darius towards Bactria...
...but missed taking him by hours.
He was dying when we found him, sire.
He asked for water.
He drank and died.
The Great King Darius had been betrayed
by his own commanders.
Fully honoring his corpse...
...Alexander hunted down
these commanders into unknown lands...
...crossing even beyond
the River Oxus into Sogdia.
We fought them as far as
the unknown steppes of Scythia...
...where only legendary heroes
had once trod.

The surveyors told us we were now on
the borders of where Europe and Asia meet.
in fact, we were totally lost.
Here, Alexander founded
his 10th Alexandria...
...and settled it with veterans, their women
and any who would dare the frontier life.
Unable to accept defeat in any form...
...Alexander persisted in breaking
every tribe that resisted...
...until the day he received the head
of his last enemy who'd surrendered.
For Alexander, there could be
no pretender to the throne of Asia...
...which now included all
of Sogdia and Bactria.
it was here that he made
one of his most mysterious decisions.
Ten years after his mother's insistence
he marry a Macedonian...
Through our union...
...Greek and barbarian...
...may be reconciled in peace.
...the most powerful man in the world
took a girl of no political significance.
Why?
Some say it was for
alliance with the tribes.
Others, the desire for a successor.
And yet others said
Alexander truly fell in love.
Who Roxane really was...
...I doubt that any of us ever saw further
than the pools of those black eyes.
On this glorious occasion...
...I toast this great army
that has given so much.
And in honor of them, those of you
who set out with us seven long years ago...
...I pronounce all your debts paid forthwith
from the royal treasury.
Praise Alexander!
And in honor of my bride...
...my beautiful bride...

...we recognize the many women
who've shared the long road with us...
...and grant them dowries
befitting a proper marriage.
And what about our boys?
And lastly...
...lastly, the gods demand no less of us...
...that your children be given
a proper Greek education...
...and military training
under our protection...
...so as to be the new soldiers
of our kingdom...
...in Asia.
Your father must be turning in his grave.
After all this time, a hill chief's daughter.
You call this
tribal wedding legitimate?
Do you forget my father
took a barbarian as his queen?
Yes, but few would call it
a profoundly happy marriage.
But what's the point, Alexander?
She's your captive.
Just take her as your concubine.
Because I want a son.
Damn you, Philotas.
Then half your nobles have sisters
who'd make fine Macedonian mothers.
To take an Asian as my queen,
not a captive...
...is a sign of respect
for our subjects.
It will bring us together, unify us.
Which is not to say I won't take
a Macedonian.
As a second wife? You insult Macedonia.
Never will our people
accept this girl's son as king.
They'll be angry enough to find out their
husbands all have second wives in Barbaria.
Then they'll learn!
By Athena's justice, this girl has spirit.
She'll breed a brave son.

Alexander!

This is about the honor of our kingdom.

Exactly. What can be won, Alexander?

We're in Asia to punish them

for their crimes. We've achieved that.

Seven years from home, now we drift

from one far region to another...

...chasing nomads and bandits

when Macedonia bleeds its manpower.

For what? To build roads in Asia?

-To give these people cities?

-And now make an army of them?

To found cities and expand

our reach is not to drift.

-What benefit to Macedon?

-It's far richer!

-Look what you give them.

-With respect...

...had you fought better at Gaugamela

when your flank was crumbling-

-How dare you, Nearchus?!

-General Nearchus to you, boy.

Alexander spread our flank too thin!

There was nothing my father...

-... or any of you could've done!

-Philotas!

Alexander, I've known you

since you were born.

I supported you at your father's death.

At the very least, for Zeus' sake...

...and in respect to the council

that chose you king...

...give us a Macedonian heir.

A Macedonian heir.

-You've been heard clearly.

-But-

Parmenion! After the wedding, take two
brigades to Babylon, where I look to you...

...and Antipater in Greece, to maintain
our empire and supply this expedition.

I'll winter with my army at Marakand.

I pray to Apollo you realize how far

you've turned from your father's path.

Damn you, Parmenion,

by the gods and your Apollo.
What was in my father's guts
wasn't overripe in reason like yours!
He never lusted for war, Alexander,
or enjoyed it so.
He consulted his peers in council,
among equals, the Macedonian way.
He didn't decide based
on his personal desires.
I've taken us further
than my father ever dreamed.
Old man...
...we're in new worlds.
Alexander, be reasonable!
Were they ever meant to be our equals?
Share our rewards?
You remember what Aristotle said.
An Asian?
What would a vow mean to a race
that's never kept their word to a Greek?
-Aristotle be damned!
-Alexander!
By Zeus and all the gods...
...what makes you so much better
than them, Cassander?
Better than you really are.
In you and those like you is this.
Alexander.
What disturbs me most is not your lack
of respect for my judgment.
It's your contempt for a world
far older than ours.
Five to any man
who bothers to kill me.
Have another drink, Cleitus.
-Shouldn't you be bound to a king?
-Cleitus.
Alexander, you look weak
when you not accept these honors.
I understand, my dear father...
-... but it's against Greek ways.
-Then Greek ways are weak.
I still think she got the better of him
in this bargain.

My daughter, Roxane...
...she shall make you good wife.
She shall kill for you.
Raw skunk, ruler of heaven...
...and earth.
In honor of this great alliance...
...I, Oxyartes, offer you these great gifts.
I would like to honor a toast
to you from my people.
Good morning, sire.
We shall fight for you, Alexander.
It shall be bloody.
Who's the bear?
Parmenion.
You've been in complete control
of your supply lines.
His pessimism is infectious.
But he'll stay loyal...
...as long as his son remains with us.
Hey!
Her eyes tell me
she cares for you, Alexander.
Perhaps too much.
In the ways of my country...
...those who love too much
lose everything...
...and those who love with irony...
...last.
I found it in Egypt.
The man who sold it said it came
from a time...
...when man worshipped sun and stars.
I'll always think of you...
...as the sun, Alexander.
And I pray your dream
will shine on all men.
I wish you a son.
You're a great man.
Many will love you, Alexander,
but none so pure and deep...
You...
...love him?
He is Hephaestion.
Thank you, Bagoas.

Your boy?
There are many different ways
to love, Roxane.
Come.
No.
No, no.
No. No.
You have no fear.
It's fitting.
A man searches for a woman
at Earth's top...
...and finds her.
The myth becomes real.
Great man, Sikander...
...you I kill now.
Do it.
End it. I would do the-
I would do the same.
I'll die a fool...
...for this love.
My life is now yours.
You will have my son.
Who is this woman you call your queen,
Alexander? A hill girl?
You with your breeding.
Already she makes enemies
with her strong, clumsy nature.
Do not confuse us.
I was never a barbarian as Philip said.
We are of Achilles' royal blood.
Zeus is your father.
Oh, I understand she brings
you some happiness...
...but how can she help you?
You must know that
she does not speak in your name...
...which is yours and yours alone.
Preserve it, secret it...
...and hear me when I tell you,
act...
...and act soon.
After seven years, people wonder:
"Who is this King Alexander?"
I have given you ample proof.

Antipater daily undermines your authority.
Return to Babylon
and strengthen your center.
Or come home to Macedonia
and reorganize.
But do not chase your dream...
...further east.
Your life and mine depend on it.
Remember...
...my only thoughts are of you.
As you, too, must face
your glorious destiny.
Think kindly of your mother.
Provide for me.
Protect me from your enemies
when you are gone.
And remember always...
...it is I who love you more than any.
If only you were not a pale reflection...
...of my mother's heart.
Pregnant so soon. The little whore.
He will marry her in the spring,
during Dionysus' Festival...
...and when her first son is born...
...her sweet uncle Attalus will convince
Philip to name the boy his successor...
...with himself as regent.
And you...
...you will be sent on
some impossible mission...
...against some monstrous Northern tribe...
...to be mutilated in one more
meaningless battle over cattle.
And I, no longer queen,
will be put to death...
...with your sister and the remaining
members of our family.
I wish sometimes you could see
the light, Mother.
The truth is, he's taken nothing from you
that you've not been long without.
The only way is to strike.
Announce your marriage
to a Macedonian now.

Beget a child of pure blood. He would
be one of them, not mine...
...and he would have no choice
but to make you king.
There is still Kynnane.
Eurydice was perfect. If your father,
that pig, had not ravaged her first!
Say nothing more of my father.
Do you hear me? Say nothing.
You're right.
Forgive me.
A mother loves too much.
Who shall I sing to sleep
at night anymore?
I wish- I wish we could spend
more time together.
Like we used to, when you were
the sweetest boy.
There's never been time, Mother.
Since I was a child, I've been groomed
to be ever the best.
My poor child, you're like Achilles...
...cursed by your greatness.
Yes. Take my strength.
You must never confuse your feelings...
...with your duties, Alexander.
A king must make public gestures
for the common people.
I know, but you will be 19 this summer...
...and the girls already say you don't
like them. You like Hephaestion more.
I understand.
It's natural for a young man.
But if you go to Asia without leaving
your successor, you risk all.
Hephaestion loves me,
as I am...
...not who.
Loves? Loves?
In the name of Dionysus...
...understand how Philip thinks,
for your own sake.
Your life hangs in the balance.
I know these things, Alexander.

You are nothing to him.
His spies are inside your closest circle...
...to ensure that
you don't plot against him.
And still you sleep.
You will not live out this year
unless you act!
Stop!
I'm his only worthy son.
You crazed woman.
He'd never hurt me.
Even if Eurydice had a boy,
he'd be 20 before he'd let him rule.
Yes, and you would be 40.
Old and wise like Parmenion.
And Philip's young son would be 20.
Like you now,
but raised by him, his blood.
He will never give you
the throne now, Alexander.
Never.
What would you have me do?
Whatever is necessary.
Where have you lost your mind?
It would be civil war,
clan against clan, chaos.
Yes. And you would win.
Because the young ones
love you like a god.
I forbid you to ever talk to me like that!
Such a man would be forever chased
by the Furies!
What have you to fear from the Furies...
...for killing an impostor to the throne...
...before he murders you
and your mother?
Why won't you ever believe me?
Philip did not want you.
You had a condition of the breathing...
...and he wanted to leave you
in the mountains...
...for the birds to peck at your eyes.
What you don't know, my poor child.
Lanice knows nothing of this.

Lanice.
I was there.
Lanice was not.
No, Alexander...
...Zeus is your father.
I laid with him that night in the wind,
as sure as any mortal man.
Never have I been made love to
as I was then.
Enough.
Half the mothers in Greece
share such a fantasy.
I warn you, Mother.
Make no mistake.
You will treat this girl as nothing
more important than his other wives.
You will behave as we always have.
As the first.
I wonder...
...did you ever love him?
What?
I never stopped.
What is it, Orestes?
I beg your forgiveness, my king.
I cannot be part of this.
Who did this?
Tell me.
-Say it!
-Hermolaus!
Death to all tyrants.
I didn't do this!
I've known you and loved you
as long as I know.
Never will you find a man
as devoted as I.
The conspiracy, such as it was...
...deeply upset Alexander.
Not only because it involved
the young people who shared his dream...
...but more intimately, it implicated
Philotas, his companion from boyhood...
...when a page confessed that a few days
before, he'd informed Philotas...
-Alexander.

-... of the plot.
Remember me for who I am.
I do remember you, Philotas,
but not as you remember yourself.
And it appears to me and others here
from the testimony given by your mistress...
...that the true weather of your soul
is ambition.
No.
We all felt there was more here
than sexual bickering.
Alexander wanted the truth and
Philotas' answers were lacking merit.
Please take him away.
Alexander put him silently and quickly
to trial by his peers...
...and whether plotter or opportunist,
Philotas was found guilty of treason.
-No, Alexander, no!
-Remove him.
The suspects were all executed.
None of us defended Philotas...
...but then again,
none of us ever liked him.
And of course his power
was carved up by the rest of us.
Before he died, we tortured him...
...to find out what
his father Parmenion knew.
But this we never learned.
What to do with Parmenion and his
...was a far more delicate matter.
Was he innocent in this?
Or had he decided to act before
age further withered his power?
-The men will follow their king.
-Alexander won't be there.
Necessity required Alexander to act...
...and he sealed the camp within the hour
of the first accusations against Philotas.
Then go, Antigonus, and Cleitus.
And go quickly.
Three days' hard riding
sent Antigonus and Cleitus...

...to Parmenion, the general
most loyal to Philip.
His soldiers accepted the finding of guilt
against Parmenion...
...as they understood well
the code of vengeance...
...that made the head of family
responsible for the behavior of all.
Many of us felt we were better off
without that pompous thorn, Parmenion...
...as Alexander promoted all of us
generously.
If we issue the gold bullion in the name
of Alexander then we meet a resistance.
Cleitus. Antigonus.
Parmenion.
Come, Alexander,
drink this sadness away.
If only thirst could quench sorrow,
Ptolemy.
There's only one thing better
than winning a battle, son...
...and that's the taste of a new woman.
You'll find it far sweeter than self-pity.
-Pausanias, you bore me.
-Alexander!
-Be gone with you.
-Alexander, I found you the right girl.
-What's your name, darling?
-Antigone.
-What's your name?
-Antigone.
-I love you.
-And I love you, Cleitus.
-Please, no!
-There you go.
I'll sleep in my grave, Hephaestion.
While alive, I prefer dancing.
Pausanias.
Who's your new friend?
-There's your new friend.
-Please don't!
Don't! Please, no! No.
A toast.

A toast!
I drink to our Greek friends
and to our new union...
...Macedonia and Greece,
equals in greatness!
And to Philip, our king, without whom
this union could not be possible.
Come, Attalus, leave some
damn air in the hall!
And last, I drink to the king's marriage
to my niece, Eurydice...
...a Macedonian queen
we can be proud of!
To Philip and Eurydice...
...and to their legitimate sons!
Don't!
What am I, you son of a dog?
Come, then.
What a disgrace.
Shut up!
-Shut up, all of you!
-Please.
This is my wedding,
not some public brawl.
Insolent pup.
Apologize, by Zeus,
before you dishonor me.
You defend the man who called
my mother a whore and me a bastard.
-And I dishonor you?
-You listen like your mother.
Attalus is my family now,
the same as you.
Then choose your relatives
more carefully.
Don't expect me to sit here
and watch you shame yourself.
-You insult me!
-I insult you!
A man not fit to lick the ground
my mother walks on.
-You dog, questioning your queen.
-Shame?
I'll marry the girl if I want,

and I'll have as many sons as I want.
There's nothing you
or your harpy mother can do.
Why, drunken man, must you think...
...everything I do and say
comes from my mother?
Because I know her heart, by Hera...
...and I see her in your eyes.
You covet this throne too much.
We all know that she-wolf
of a mother of yours wants me dead.
Well, you can both dream, boy.
Philip, this is the wine talking.
Leave the boy. It'll wait.
Now!
I command you.
Apologize to your kinsman.
Apologize.
No kinsman to me.
Good night, old man.
And when my mother remarries,
I'll invite you to her wedding.
You bastard!
You'll obey me. Come here.
This is the man who is going to
take you from Greece to Persia?
He can't even make it
from one couch to the next.
Get out of my palace!
You're exiled, you bastard!
Banished from the land.
You're not welcome here.
You're no son of mine!
In the spring, Alexander marched
an army of 150,000...
...across the passes of the Hindu Kush...
...into the unknown.
in his dream, it was the promised route
to the end of the world.
We were now a mobile empire...
...stretching back thousands of miles
to Greece.
Cooks and architects,
doctors, surveyors...

...moneylenders and wives...
...children, lovers, whores.
And slaves...
...that anonymous, bent, working spine
of this new beast.
Ravaged or expanded, for better or worse...
...no occupied territory
remained the same again.
Although devoted to Roxane...
...Alexander's visits
to her tent diminished...
...as a year, then two, went by
without a successor...
...wounding Alexander's great pride.
The surveyors are saying that Zeus
chained Prometheus up there.
In one of those caves.
They say there's a giant eagle's nest
just above it.
I suppose he drops down each night
to peck out poor Prometheus' liver.
You remember what Aristotle told us
of these mountains?
Yes, I do.
That when we reach these heights...
...we'd look back and see Macedonia
to the west...
...and the outer ocean to the east.
But I fear this world is far larger
than anyone dreamed.
A world of Titans.
The scouts have been up
every known trail, Alexander.
There is no way across.
Except to the south, into India.
Were we gods, we'd breach
these walls to the eastern ocean.
We will, Alexander.
In a few years' time, we will return.
But first, the men must see their homes.
Have you found your home...
...Ptolemy?
More and more, I think
it will be Alexandria.

Well, at least it's hot.
And Thais...
...she loved it there.
Women bring men home.
-I have no such feeling.
-You have Babylon, Alexander.
Where your mother awaits your invitation.
Yes, I have Babylon.
But each land, each boundary I cross...
...I strip away another illusion.
I sense death will be the last.
Yet still I push harder and harder...
...to reach this home.
Where has our eagle gone?
We must go on, Ptolemy.
Until we find an end.
India, the land where the sun was born...
...fabled to be even richer than Persia...
...had never been explored or conquered.
From the beginning, we struggled
to unify a land without a center.
Kings who conspired against one another.
A labyrinth of tribes urged on
by zealots and philosophers...
...to die by the thousands
for their strange gods.
We saw things we'd never dreamed
and could hardly describe.
We saw birds that could talk
and men that couldn't.
Craterus, in the advance party,
fought against men with hairy skins...
...who were tiny and
lived in the tops of trees.
-Over there!
-They're animals.
Until Hephaestion convinced us
these were animals who imitated men...
...but wore their own skin.
They called this tribe "monkey. "
Monkey. Monkey.
But we saw little difference with
the tribes who lived among them.
-Look at his hand.

-It's so much like ours.
Hello, little man.
-Do they speak?
-No, but they do sing and make noises...
...from the roofs of the forest.
We saw men
who walked naked in public...
...and spent hours at a time
staring and doing nothing.
Some who lived 200 years.
And then, there was the rain.
Never before had we seen water
that fell from the gods...
...for 60 days and nights.
Well done today.
Make sure the women and children
are fed.
You know better, Machatas.
What's your son going to say?
Come on, man.
The older you get, the stronger.
Right, my king.
You're my horse, Alexander.
I'll be with you at your side.
Everything rotted in this rain...
...and scores of men died miserably
from the tiny serpents...
...that were everywhere in this evil land.
-What happened?
-It's to the neck.
Oh, no. Zeus, no.
Hold on. Hold on.
Be brave.
Oh, Zeus.
Our quest for gold and glory evaporated
as we realized...
...there was none to be had.
Tempers worsened.
We massacred all Indians who resisted.
And with the local water putrid...
...we drank the strong wine.
And as we moved south and east...
...Alexander often returned the lands
we'd conquered to their defeated kings...

...so as to make them allies.
But this did not sit well with the army...
...who began to wonder:
Were we here for riches?
Or had Alexander...
...in some remorseless and crazed quest
to imitate the glory of Herakles...
...forgotten them?
One thing an army
knows quickly in their bones...
...is which way the gods are blowing.
Kiss him!
-To Bagoas.
-To Bagoas!
-And to my mother's god, Dionysus...
-Dionysus!
...who, we're told by our Indian allies,
traveled here before Herakles...
...some 6000 years ago.
To a hero.
To a hero!
Roxane.
You lose face.
These Indians...
...they are a low, evil people.
You don't try to understand them.
I try.
But this I know, Alexander.
In Persia, you are a great king.
Here...
...they hate you.
Let us go back to Babylon.
There, you are strong.
We'll talk about this later.
Yes.
Later.
Talk.
I shall come.
Tonight.
And I shall wait.
Good night, my king.
Your Majesty.
Come, Alexander, drink with us.
-Alexander.

-Alexander!
I remember a time
you hated how your father drank.
Now I know why.
Dionysus is hero.
But he is also mind breaker.
He destroys our self-control.
Self-control is a lover
I've known too long, Ptolemy.
The struggle worries me to the bone.
And success I find to be
as corrupt as failure.
But Dionysus,
bless his ancient soul...
...frees me from myself.
And then, I move up.
I'm simply, Alexander.
A toast to Bagoas.
And the 30,000 beautiful Persian boys...
...we're training to fight
in this great army.
And to the memory of Philip.
Had he lived to see his Macedonians...
...transformed into such...
...a pretty army.
To Philip.
To a real hero.
Philip!
To Cleitus and his new appointment
as satrap of Bactria.
Cleitus.
That's a fancy way of putting it, Ptolemy.
But we all know what a pension
and an exile is...
...after 30 years' service.
Exile?
From where, Cleitus?
From my home, Alexander, Macedonia.
You could've asked me where I
wanted to spend the rest of my life.
You call governing
this major province exile?
Has Your Majesty given any
of his closest companions...

...a province so far from home?
Then you won't make a very
good satrap, will you, Cleitus?
So be it.
Let me rot in Macedonian rags...
...rather than shine...
...in Eastern pomp.
I won't quake and bow down
like the sycophants you have around you.
Hephaestion, Nearchus, Perdiccas.
As governor of one
of our most Asian of satrapies...
...Cleitus, does it not occur to you
that if my Persian subjects...
...bow down before me,
it's important for them to do so?
Do I insist on Greeks doing the same?
You accept Greek offerings
as a son of Zeus, do you not?
Only when offered.
Why don't you refuse
these vain flatteries?
What freedom is this, to bow before you?
You bow before Herakles,
and he was mortal...
...but a son of Zeus.
How can you, so young,
compare yourself to Herakles?
Why not?
I've achieved more in my years.
Traveled as far.
Probably farther.
Herakles did it by himself.
Did you conquer Asia
by yourself, Alexander?
Who planned the Asian invasion...
...when you were still being spanked
on your bottom by my sister Lanice?
Was it not your father?
Or is his blood no longer good enough?
-Zeus-Amon, is it?
-You insult me, Cleitus.
You mock my family. Be careful.
Never would your father have taken

barbarians as his friends...
...asked us to fight with them
as equals in war.
Are we not good enough any longer?
I remember a time...
...when we could talk as men,
straight to the eye.
None of this scraping, groveling.
I remember a time when we hunted...
...when we wrestled
on the gymnasium floor.
Now you kiss them?
Take a barbarian, childless wife
and dare call her queen?
Go quickly, Cleitus,
before you ruin your life.
Doesn't your great pride
fear the gods any longer?
This army...
This army is your blood, boy!
Without it, you're nothing!
You no longer serve the purpose
of this march!
-Get him from my sight!
-I don't serve your purpose?!
What was I serving when I saved
your puppy life at Gaugamela?
Were you Zeus' boy?
What if I left you to die in the dust there?
Do you think we'd be forced now
to mate with brown apes?
Alexander!
Turn out the guards!
Arrest him for treason!
-I'll go with him.
-Alexander.
-Who's with him?
-No.
Who's with him?
I call Father Zeus to witness.
I call you to trial before him!
And we'll see how deep
this conspiracy cuts!
-Take him!

-In the name of the gods, get him out!
Now look at you!
Great white ass, Alexander.
Hiding behind his fairy god!
Or are you too great to remember
whose life was saved by me?!

-I am more a man than you'll ever be! Ever!

-Get him out!

-He's gone. He's gone.

-Alexander.

Come on!

What a tyrant you are!
An evil tyrant you've become, Alexander.
You speak of plots against you?
What about poor Parmenion?
Get out!

He served you well.
Look how you repaid him.
You made me do your foul deed.
Have you no shame?
You ungrateful wretch! No one, not my
vilest enemy, has spoken like you to me.
Getting what I say?!

Despot. False king.
You and your barbarian mother
live in shame.
Cleitus.

Oh, my Cleitus. Cleitus.

-Let me pass.

-None can enter.
I am the queen.
I want to see him.
I've waited three days.
He says none, not even you.

-He needs me.

-No, he doesn't.
And he needs you?
Hephaestion, you make a mistake.
The army grows restless, questioning.
Alexander.
They need your reassurance.
Heinous.
Like an old lover they forgive,
but they will never forget.

-He was an aging drunk.
-He was my friend.
His sister Lanice nursed me.
And how did I repay her?
Two brothers dead,
fighting him by my own hands.
Her last remaining blood.
What will she do but weep
on the day of my birth?
Come. You know more than any...
...great deeds are done by men
who took and never regretted.
You're Alexander.
Pity and grief will only destroy you.
Have I become so arrogant
that I am blind?
Sometimes, to expect
the best of everyone is...
...arrogance.
Then Cleitus spoke true.
I have become a tyrant.
No.
But perhaps a stranger.
You've gone too far.
They don't understand you anymore.
They speak of Philip now...
...as if I were a passing cloud...
...soon to be forgotten.
I've failed...
...utterly.
You're mortal.
And they know it.
And they forgive you because
you make them proud of themselves.
Philip once said...
...that there's a Titan in all of us.
That they wait, mixed in our ashes.
It wasn't because of the wine, I killed.
It was because I wanted to.
Philip, King of Macedonia...
...and leader of the Greeks.
All my life, I've waited to see Greeks
grovel with respect for Macedonia.
Today is that day.

They say already,
"Philip was a great general...
...but Alexander is simply great. "
But if you ever insult me again...
...I'll kill you.
I've missed you.
In the spring, Persia.
You'll command my horse from the right.
I'm honored, Father. I wouldn't miss it...
...for all the gold in the world.
Which, one day, you'll have.
Making himself a 13th god.
He's drunk so much wine,
my poor Philip, he's lost his mind.
-Your Majesty.
-Attalus.
I hope the prince
is enjoying the spectacle...
...as much as our regent.
He's very tired.
Hey.
-Pausanias, bring the rest of the guard.
-Royal guard!
To the arena! March!
No guard, Your Majesty?
In all this crowd?
-Greeks all over the place.
-Cleitus, Cleitus.
My Cleitus.
This man you can
always trust, Alexander.
Treat him as you would me.
He'll guard your back for you.
Yes, Father.
My people are guard enough today.
Let these Greeks see for themselves
how I can walk through my people.
Then let them call me tyrant.
Bring the main guard in
after my entry only.
Cleitus, make sure the wine
flows steady all day.
I want them to like me.
Weren't you told? I go in alone.

Follow with the main guard.
Go on.
-Go on.
-Father, it's best I go with you.
You want the world to see
you're my successor.
Is that what she wants?
Don't look so hurt all the time,
Alexander. Be a man.
You count yourself lucky you were here
at all today, after your public display.
By Herakles, by Zeus, by all the gods...
...obey me this once!
Have courage, Father.
And go on your way
rejoicing that at each step...
...you may recall your valor.
And now, our beloved King Philip...
...in whose honor
these wedding games begin.
Pausanias, I told you-
Who's your new friend?
There's your new friend.
No! Please, don't! No!
The king lives!
Alexander, son of Philip!
May the gods bless the king!
Alexander is king!
You're king now. You're king.
Long live Alexander!
-Alexander!
-King Alexander!
Alexander!
Alexander is king!
May the gods bless Alexander!
May the gods bless the king!
Alexander!
You break my heart, you men.
Afraid.
Of course you have fears.
We all have fears...
...because no one has ever
gone this far before.
And now we are weeks from

the encircling ocean, our route home.
We'll build a fleet of ships...
...and sail all the way
back down the Nile to Egypt.
And from Alexandria,
we shall be home within weeks.
There to be reunited with our loved ones.
To share our great treasures
and tales of Asia.
And to enjoy our imperishable glory
to the ends of time.
-Follow Alexander.
-I'll follow you.
What?
-Silence?
-We're with you, Alexander!
Crateros.
Crateros.
And another one.
My king.
I'm a fighting man.
I don't like no bellyaching.
I won't tolerate it in any of my units.
I lost many a man.
Young ones, never been with a woman.
Some died of disease.
Some were butchered in Scythia
by the banks of the Oxus.
Some died good.
Some just didn't get no luck.
But they died.
Forty thousand I come over with
eight years ago.
And we march after you
more than 10,000 miles.
In the rain and the sun,
we fought for you.
Some of us, 50 battles we've been in.
We killed many a barbarian.
And now when I look around,
how many of them faces do I see?
Now you want us to fight more
of these crazy monkey tribes east of here.
We hear talk of thousands

of these elephant monsters...
...cross a hundred more rivers.
Crateros. Good Crateros.
Who better than you to speak,
most noble of men.
But you know there's no part of me
without a scar or a bone broken.
By sword, knife, stone, catapult and club.
I've shared every hardship with all of you.
Aye, you have, my king,
and we love you for it.
But, by Zeus, too many have died.
You have no children, Alexander,
and we're just...
...humble men, we seek no disturbance
with the gods. All we wish for...
...is to see our children and our wives
and our grandchildren one last time...
...before we join our brothers
in that dark house they call Hades.
Yes. You're right, Crateros.
I have been negligent.
I should've sent you
veterans home sooner, and I will.
The first of you
shall be the Silver Shields.
Then every man who's served seven years.
With full pensions from our treasury.
And respected, rich, loved.
You'll be treated by your wives and children
as heroes for the rest of your lives...
...and enjoy a peaceful death.
But you dream, Crateros.
Your simplicity long ended when
you took Persian mistresses and children...
...and you thickened your holdings
with plunder and jewels.
Because you've fallen in love
with all the things in life that destroy men.
Do you not see?
And you, as well as I, know...
...that as the years decline
and the memories stale...
...and all your great victories fade...

...it will always be remembered,
you left your king in Asia!
For I will go on, with my Asians.
- To the jackals with you, then, Alexander.
- We come for you, and you discard us.
- Shame!
- We want to go home, Alexander.
We're tired of glory.
We want to see our wives
and children before we die.
I've got children I haven't even seen.
I want to see my children.
I paid for your bastard children.
I've taken nothing for myself.
And all I've asked of you
is one more month.
- Shame.
- That's your king.
What would your father say?
I've taken you further
than my father ever dreamed.
So go home. I look to the
barbarians for their courage.
I go east.
He wants us dead
so we can't speak of his crimes.
- Who said that?
- We won't make it to Macedonia.
You despicable coward. Come forth.
- Make your accusations public.
- So you can have us killed?
- Son of Zeus.
- You desecrate your real father's memory.
- Or did you murder him like you did Cleitus?
- Hide in this mob because I'll take your life.
You men insult my honor, my paternity.
Arrest him.
And him. Yes.
And you, this loudmouth Demetrius.
You call me murderer?
I have no such blood on my hands.
And him.
Yes, you'll know the pain of treason.
You mock my shame for Cleitus and say

I'd harm a hair of my father's head.
Arrest him.
After all I've done for you, you swine.
You cowards. Traitors.
Come on, then.
Where are your daggers?
In smashing the mutiny
and executing the ringleaders...
...he did nothing, to my mind, that any
general in wartime would not have done.
But clearly, the army was divided.
And Alexander was no longer
loved by all.
He drove on, south to the outer ocean.
I confess a disappointment.
Especially on these reports of your
taking on Eastern ways.
Beware how these manners inflame
the senses with pride.
However, I have lived long enough now...
...to question...
...when so many others invest
such emotion in their disrespect for you.
I can only hope that you continue
what you began as the boy I knew at 12.
Be that man always, Alexander,
and you will not slip.
And perhaps you will prove
this old materialist...
...as you always thought me:
A dreamer after all.
Stay calm.
Together we are strong as gods.
Cover with your left,
strike hard with your right.
Fear is rot. A waste of time.
Lock shields.
Battle positions.
Move.
Choppers, prepare your knives.
Follow me.
Strike hard, boys. Strike hard.
Come, Macedonians.
Why do you hang back? Hurry.

Cavalry!
Split to thirds. Regroup and encircle.
Hold the line.
We must hide!
- Oh, no. Cavalry on me.
- Follow Alexander.
Charge. Charge. Charge.
The phalanx is in jeopardy.
Meleager, ride to Pharnakes
and tell him return to the center.
Find Hephaestion at the riverbank
and bring all cavalry to the center.
We must reach Crateros
before it's too late.
Hephaestion. To the center.
Come, Macedonians. Ride.
Ride!
Coenus! Get out of there.
No.
- The horses won't go.
- On foot, then.
Fall back, men! Fall back!
Come, Bucephalus.
Fear not, my friend.
Bucephalus.
'Tis only sun and shadow.
Bucephalus and Alexander.
One last time, it's you and me.
Isn't it a lovely thing
to live with great courage...
...and to die leaving an everlasting fame?
Come, Macedonians.
Why do you retreat?
Do you want to live forever?
In the name of Zeus, attack.
Attack.
Alexander!
Alexander.
- The king is down!
- To the king!
It was the bloodiest of his battles.
Pure butchery.
We'd never be men again.
Get out.

Go.

How can you behave

so shamelessly in public?

Because it was meant to be.

This isn't how I wanted to become king.

- No one blames you.

- They blame me behind my back! In secret.

- Slander is not power.

- Shame is?

Who killed my father?

Tell me.

Tell me, or shall I put you on trial

for his murder?

- Pausanias.

- He had help!

Did you help him?

No, never.

Why? Why would I?

So many wanted it.

Greeks, Persians, men, women.

I'd be shocked if there were not

a god he had not profaned.

How ironic though, in the end...

...a boy he ruttet with once too often

returned the favor.

You're mad. You're cursed.

You've unleashed Furies,

you don't know their power.

Now who is exaggerating?

Even if it was the wish of your heart...

That's a lie! He was my father!

I loved him!

He was not your father!

You owe no blood debt to that man.

You lie and lie and lie.

So many lies you've spun

like a sorceress, confusing me.

Look at you. Look at you.

You are everything that he was not.

He was coarse, you are refined.

He was a general, and you are a king.

He could not rule himself...

...and you shall rule the world.

You're so cursed by all the gods

when you speak like this.
Such thick pride...
...and no mourning for your husband.
Mourn...
...him?
What do you know of Philip?
No, Alexander. Zeus is your father.
- Act like it.
- My first act would be to kill you!
You murdered me in my cradle.
You birthed me in a sack of hate.
Hate you have for those
stronger than you.
- Hate you have for men.
- I taught you my heart, Alexander!
And by Zeus and Dionysus,
you grew beautiful.
Damn your sorceress soul.
Your soul is mine, Alexander.
No! No!
You've taken from me everything
I've ever loved and made me you!
Stop it. Stop acting like a boy.
You're a king. Act like one.
Parmenion is with us, for once.
Execute Attalus without delay.
Confiscate their lands and root out
that family forever.
Eurydice? Never.
Laugh, you monster.
You heartbreaker.
How will you live out the year like this?
- Have you learned nothing from Philip?
- No. From you, Mother.
The best.
What have I done
to make you hate me so?
One day, you will understand this.
But I have only you in my heart.
I know what you need.
Now is the time.
The gods favor you.
Great wealth, power, conquest.
All you desire.

The world is yours!
Take it.
Take it.
He never saw his mother again.
And while he was away,
fighting the Northern tribes...
...Olympias had Philip's new wife,
Eurydice, and her infant son murdered.
By necessity, Alexander
had her uncle Attalus executed.
He lives! Alexander!
Men of Macedon...
...we're going home.
- What?
- What?
- Home?
- We're going.
We're going home.
His life should have ended in India...
...but that's myth.
In life, Herakles died of a poisoned shirt,
given him in error by his jealous wife.
Great Zeus...
...we have worshipped you in blood.
Look kindly on our homeward steps...
...and smile upon our backs.
May all those who come here after us
know, when they see this altar...
...that Titans were once here.
Making his devotions to the gods
at the end of the great journey...
...Alexander bade the East farewell
and marched his army directly west...
...across the great Gedrosian desert...
...seeking the shortest route home
to Babylon.
Here, he watched helplessly
the cruel breaking of his army.
Not by any human foe...
...but by nature.
To this day, there is no accounting
of how many died.
It was the worst blunder of his life.
And when he finally reentered Babylon,

after six years in the Far East...
...Alexander again seized the imagination
of the world by taking two more wives.
Now Alexander had three wives,
two lovers...
...a contentious mother
and a turbulent Greece...
...satraps of dubious loyalty
in several provinces...
...generals questioning his every decision.
And beneath it all, a restive new army
made up of 10 Asians for every Greek...
...all held together by one slender thread.
They took another reading.
The harbor can only be dredged to 20 feet.
Then get a second opinion from
the Phoenicians. It goes deeper.
Alexander. We'll well over 12,000 talents
on wood alone for the fleet.
And their armor costs are staggering.
- Cast another dye, we shall back them.
- How?
Our armor... Our Treasury...
With our future, Cassander,
the best capital we have.
Even so, I seriously doubt the Phoenicians
can make a timber quote in time.
Perhaps we could sail with fewer ships
or delay until the spring...
There'll be no delays, Nearchus.
- Ptolemy, how goes our library?
- The trees are falling as we speak.
Good. We must not forget our libraries.
All the Alexandrias we have,
I want libraries.
- Just last night he was...
- It's the water, Your Majesty.
He mixed it with the wine.
But how can this be?
- Typhus of India?
- I wouldn't tax yourself, Your Majesty.
A few good nights' rest will do it.
But no wine or cold chicken.
With the regimen of cares

that I've put in place...
Come, doctor.
I feel better.
Soon, I'll be up.
We leave for Arabia in the spring,
and I couldn't leave without you.
Arabia.
You used to dress me up like a sheik...
...wave your wooden scimitar.
You were the only one
who'd never let me win.
The only one who's ever been
honest with me.
You saved me from myself.
Please don't leave me, Hephaestion.
I remember the young man who wanted
to be Achilles...
...and then outdid him.
And then what happened?
Ours is a myth only young men believe.
- But how beautiful a myth it was.
- We reach, we fall.
Oh, Hephaestion.
- I worry for you without me.
- I am nothing without you.
Come, fight, Hephaestion.
We will die together.
We'll have children with our wives, and
our sons will play together as we once did.
A thousand ships
we'll launch from here, Hephaestion.
We'll round Arabia
and sail up the gulf to Egypt.
From there, we'll build a channel through
the desert and out to the Middle Sea.
And then we'll move on Carthage. And that
great island, Sicily, they'll pay large tribute.
After that, the Roman tribe,
good fighters. We'll beat them.
And then explore the northern forests...
...and out the Pillars of Herakles
to the western ocean.
And then one day,
populations will mix and travel freely.

Asia and Europe will come together.

And we'll grow old, Hephaestion...

...looking out our balcony

at this new world.

Hephaestion?

Hephaestion?

No!

- Where is this doctor?

- I can't explain this, Your Majesty.

- It's not possible. I swear by Apollo.

- Execute him!

Take him out now and execute him.

- Come away, come away.

- Liars. Liars. You all hated him. All of you.

Get out. Get out now!

Be gone with you!

Harpies! Get out! Get out!

Are you drunk again?

- Get out.

- He's dead.

- Who?

- Many hated him...

...but I don't think any other

would have dared.

Hephaestion is dead?

Are you mad?

You monster.

- Are you mad?

- You've taken from me all I've ever loved.

May all the Furies through time

damn your miserable heart. Obey me.

Alexander.

I have your child. Alexander.

- Alexander, we have a son.

- No.

- The child.

- Oh, Your Majesty, no.

Alexander, I have your child.

Alexander, my husband, my king.

We have a son.

My poor, poor, ill-fated son.

Never touch me again.

No!

One last toast!

Before the dawn.
To my old friends.
- And to the myths.
- To the myths.
Yes, come on. Finish it.
To the next dawn.
My little Achilles.
- Bless you, Alexander.
- Lord, we love you.
Bless you, Alexander.
My lord, these herbs are from Delphi.
They saved my brother.
- Rest yourself.
- Thank you.
We love you, Alexander.
Alexander.
Alexander.
We love you, Alexander...
...and your seed.
Keep moving, men, please.
Yes, come.
Come to Babylon. I await you.
Your only loving son.
For the men.
Bagoas.
Can you prop me up a little?
It catches me.
I've never been so idle.
The fleet will never get out by spring.
I must go.
You have given me all.
- Bagoas.
- And you have given me...
...the happiest times of my life,
Alexander.
Happy? What is happy?
While in your mind and body
are stretched to breaking...
...you have no thought beyond the next.
And you look back then...
...and there it was, happiness.
In the doing, never the thinking.
Still, you have made me so happy.
It is done, Bagoas.

It is done.
Wait. We have his son.
Alexander. Wait.
Wait.
Vultures. Wait.
We have his son.
Just three more months.
Please live.
Alexander, the army will divide.
Satrapies will revolt.
Without orders, there'll be war.
We beg you. Tell us who.
Who will rule this great empire?
- Who do you want to, Alexander?
- We beg you, tell us.
The myth becomes real.
Zeus is your father.
Who will it be?
Pray tell us, who?
- What did he say?
- "To the best. "
- He said, "To the best. "
- What?
- No, he said, "To Crateros. "
- To Crateros?
Why would he say Crateros?
On the 10th of June,
a month short of his 33rd year...
...Alexander's great heart
finally gave out.
And as he vowed,
he joined Hephaestion.
But in his short life,
he achieved, without doubt...
...the mythic glory
of his ancestor Achilles and more.
Olympias' transgression
in the murder of his father...
...is, to my mind, a probability.
His, a burden.
Alexander was too in love with glory
for him to steal it.
But by blood, and blood alone,
he was guilty.

No!

- Bolt the doors.
- The body stays in Babylon.
- The body belongs to Macedon.
- Within hours...

...we were fighting like jackals
for his corpse.

The wars of the world had begun.

Forty years, off and on, they endured.

Cassander in Greece.

Crateros and Antigonos in western Asia.

Solucas and Perdikkas in the East.

Myself in Egypt.

Until we divided his empire in four parts.

Gentlemen, we are not savages.

- We are the future...

- Get out!

I think Alexander would have been
disappointed in us.

Naturally, rumors grew he'd been poisoned
by one faction of his generals or another...

...but the truth in these matters
has long since been driven from currency.

Cassander saw to that
with his fake diaries...

...painting Alexander
as a sick and bloated drunk.

Many believed,
to remove suspicion from himself.

He certainly proved he had the temperament
for politics and murder...

...when seven years later,
he executed Olympias.

Met her death with great courage.

Five years...

No, it was six years after that...

...Cassander finally achieved the complete
destruction of Alexander's bloodline...

...when he poisoned Roxane...

...and Alexander's 13-year-old son...

...the true heir to the empire.

But Roxane too, like Olympias...

...played by stern rules,
supported by several generals.

Days after Alexander's death,
she had Stateira poisoned.
It was reason enough
for some to believe...
...she was the one behind
Hephaistion's sudden demise.
But this is unproven in my mind.
Bagoas disappeared
from the histories entirely...
...a wise move, perhaps.
But I will say his love and devotion
for Alexander...
...were unquestionable and extraordinary.
Now I am the keeper of his body...
...embalmed here in the Egyptian ways.
I followed him as Pharaoh,
and have now ruled 40 years.
I have two sons,
each jealous of the other's power.
But they will grow to make
fine fathers and husbands.
And I trust they'll be just in their affairs.
But they have never seen...
...the great cavalry charge of Gaugamela...
...or the mountains of the Hindu Kush...
...when we crossed the 100,000 men army
into India.
He was a god, Cadmos...
...or as close as anything
I've ever known.
"Tyrant!" they yell so easily. I laugh.
No tyrant ever gave back so much.
What do they know of the world,
these schoolboys?
It takes strong men to rule.
Alexander was more, he was a Prometheus,
a friend to man. He changed the world.
Before him, there were tribes...
...and after him, all was possible.
There was suddenly a sense the world
could be ruled by one king...
...and be better for all.
Eighteen great Alexandrias he built
across this world.

It was an empire, not of land
and gold, but of the mind.
It was a Hellenic civilization...
...open to all.
But the truth is never simple...
...and yet it is.
The truth is, we did kill him.
By silence, we consented.
Because...
Because we couldn't go on.
What, by Ares, did we look forward to
but to be discarded in the end, like Cleitus?
After all this time, to give away our wealth
to Asian sycophants we despised?
Mixing the races, harmony?
Oh, he talked of these things...
...but wasn't it really about Alexander
and another population ready to obey him?
I never believed in his dream.
None of us did.
That's the truth of his life.
The dreamers exhaust us.
They must die before they kill us
with their blasted dreams.
Oh, just throw all that away, Cadmos.
It's an old fool's rubbish.
You shall write, "He died of fever
and a weakened condition. "
Yes, great Pharaoh.
Oh, he could have stayed home in
Macedonia, married, raised a family.
He'd have died a celebrated man.
But this was not Alexander.
All his life,
he fought to free himself from fear.
And by this, and this alone,
he was made free.
The freest man I've ever known.
His tragedy was one
of increasing loneliness...
...and impatience with those
who could not understand.
And if his desire...
...to reconcile Greek and barbarian

ended in failure...
What failure!
His failure towered
over other men's successes.
I've lived...
I've lived long life, Cadmos...
...but the glory
and the memory of man...
...will always belong to the ones
who follow their great visions.
And the greatest of these
is the one they now call...
...Megas Alexandros.
The greatest of them all.