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Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves

By Edmund L. Hartmann

BAGHDAD-IN THE DAYS
OF THE MONGOL INVASION
O Mighty Khan.
The city is ours.
And the Caliph?
We have searched all Baghdad.
The Caliph has escaped.
Find him!
Every day until he dies,
a hundred of his subjects
will be tortured.
BY ORDER OF HULAGU KHAN, RULER OF ALL
THE MONGOLS AND CONQUEROR OF BAGHDAD
A HUNDRED CITIZENS SHALL BE
TORTURED TO DEATH EACH DAY
UNTIL THE LEAD OF THE CALIPH
IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE KHAN
O Mighty Caliph.
O Defender of the Faithful,
praise be to Allah
that you have come safely
through Mongol lines.
My defeat is heavy upon me, Cassim.
The very stones of Baghdad
cry out for vengeance.
Tell me, where have you
taken my son?
Ali is safely hidden
in my own house.
Then let us go quickly.
With him I go to Basra
to raise another army.
You go up against the Mongols
a second time?
They are powerful
enemies, my Lord.
Well do I know their power,
but I swear to you, Cassim,
by the power that
Allah has invested in me,
I will avenge my men
who died this day.
My Lord, perhaps...
Perhaps it will not be necessary

to fight these Mongols again.
Other ways might be found.
Other ways?
Your meaning is not clear.
If you will say the word, Caliph,
I will arrange a meeting
between you and the Khan.
You and your nobles might be
permitted to live on in luxury.
To avoid further bloodshed,
we might arrange terms.
Terms?
There will be no terms,
except death to the Mongols.
Blood runs in the streets
of Baghdad, My Lord.
Aye, the blood of brave men
who died for freedom.
Yours is the counsel
of a coward, Prince Cassim.
Forgive me.
Come, take me to my son.
My Lord, it were best
I stay here with men
to guard the road against
a surprise attack.
Mamoud knows the way.
You'll find dhows at my landing.
Everything is ready.
You have served me well,
Prince Cassim.
With the help of Allah
we shall meet again in Baghdad.
Then you shall have your reward.
Lady Amara!
Lady Amara!
Quick!
Out of your beds at this hour!
In a moment we will come, Nilah.
If Prince Cassim knew that
his daughter were up at this hour!
In a moment, I said.
In a moment! In a moment!
Now, before she changes

her mind again.
There, it is done.
Your blood has flowed into my arm
and mine into yours.
- But I'm afraid...
- You cannot be afraid now.
The blood of a Caliph
flows in your arm.
I'm afraid I'm going to be sick.
Is that not like a girl,
sick at the sight of a little blood.
I'm alright now, Ali.
We are pledged now, Amara.
It will go on forever,
like the ripples in the water.
Now we shall never be apart.
Father!
Father!
My son!
Ali, we sail to Basra tonight.
Ali!
Father!
Ali, you said that
we would never part.
I'm sorry to take
your playmate away, Lady Amara.
But you said...
I said we would never be apart.
And that is true,
for now, wherever I am,
some of my blood is with you
and some of yours with me.
That's alright for you to say,
but you're going to Basra.
So my little son
grows into a man.
My Lord, the dhows are ready.
We await your coming.
Ali.
Yes, Father?
My son, the future of Baghdad
depends upon this journey.
If we fail, our people will die
under the heel of the Khan.

But if we succeed, they will live
as a free people once more.
Yes, Father.
About your neck I place
the Royal Seal of Baghdad.
If some evil should befall me,
you, my son, will rule in my place.
Remember this always,
while one of us lives,
Baghdad lives.
I will never fail you
or Baghdad.
My Lord!
Come ashore!
Come ashore at once!
Something has happened
Turn back, Mahmoud.
Turn back?
It may be a trick, my Lord.
Prince Cassim is our friend.
He may be in trouble.
Turn back!
Turn back!
Quickly, over the side.
The Caliph of Baghdad.
You did not lie.
Mighty Khan will reward you greatly.
And the boy?
Where is the boy?
He must have drowned.
Fire the boats!
Close, oh Sesame!
Sesame.
Sesame.
Sesame!
Sesame.
Close, Sesame.
Open, oh Sesame!
Baba!
We've caught a mouse.
Allah defend us.
Another move and you'll die!
Spare me, little master!
Here I lay in the dust before you.

Oh, pity!
Let me go free
and I'll spare him.
The lad has spirit.
Now that you've got him,
what will you do with him?
I'll split his ears.
Cut him up in little pieces.
Tie him up by the thumbs,
that'll take the spirit out of him!
Put him down, I say!
This is no time for jesting.
The boy knows
the secret of our cave.
Then kill him!
No...
It is best
we keep him with us.
I join no band of thieves.
But I will lead you
against the Mongols.
The little mouse shall lead us!
The boy speaks like a king.
I wear the Seal of Baghdad.
By Allah,
the boy speaks the truth!
You were right, Old Baba,
he does belong with us.
Anyone that could steal
that amulet is a thief indeed.
You are the cleverest thief among us.
I am no thief.
The Seal belongs to me.
My father, the Caliph,
gave it to me before he...
before he died at the hands
of the Mongols.
The Caliph is dead?
He was betrayed by Prince Cassim.
Now do you believe me?
Now will you follow me?
We have no love for the Mongols.
If they've stripped Baghdad
of everything worth stealing,

we will soon rob them.
Eh, my men?
We will ride together,
and you, Abdulla,
shall be his guard and protector.
Me, Abdullah?
The terror of Baghdad
nurse to a whimpering infant?
The boy will never whimper.
And should he go hungry,
you will starve.
Should he suffer,
you will be disembowelled.
Abdullah, the fastest rider,
the greatest swordsman,
the fiercest fighter!
Now I'm a nursemaid.
If Allah had granted me a son,
I'd have wished him in your image.
I am known as Old Baba,
and we will call you Young Baba.
No, my name is Ali.
You are welcome, Ali Baba.
Ali Baba!
Ali Baba!
AND SO FAR TEN YEARS
THE MONGOLS HELD BAGHDAD
AND THE PEOPLE DIED IN AGONY
AND ONLY THE BAND OF THIEVES

MADE RESISTANCE:

FOR THE BODY OF ALI BABA
AND THE DESTRUCTION
OF THE BAND OF THIEVES
Ride high, ride high.
Ride!
Ride!
Wrong or right!
Plundering sons,
Thundering sons,
Forty and one for all!
All for one...
Bedouins all, Bedouins all.
Side by side.

Saddle and ride,
Saddle and ride,
Following sons of one.
Swift and sure,
Robbing the rich,
Feeding the poor.
Ride high, ride!
Guide me right to a caravan!
Ride again, Ali Baba men,
Ride high, ride high, ride!
Ride of delight,
following one, son of the sun,
Forty and one for all!
Following one, son of the sun,
Forty and one...
for all!
Open, oh Sesame!
Baba! Baba!
A rich Mongol caravan,
camels by the score,
laden with wealth!
Where did you see such a caravan?
Camped beside
the Pool of Midnight.
They bring wedding gifts
from Basra.
There is a woman in the caravan,
she is betrothed to Hulagu Khan.
The betrothed of the Mighty Khan!
By Allah, that is
a prize worth taking.
It is all ours for the asking.
Treasure like that
is well-guarded.
A few soldiers scattered about,
some aged camel drivers
and the slave girls who
attend the bride.
- There is your guards.
- To the Pool of Midnight!
No, wait! We must not rush
headlong into danger.
Does the little mouse fear
aged camel drivers and slave girls?

Surely Ali does not object
without reason.
My son, let's hear your counsel.
Remember, there is a price
on our heads.
Aye, 10,000 pieces of gold.
Think you the Khan would bring
his betrothed under
the shadow of our swords
without his butchers guarding her?
You speak wisdom, my son.
Then let us move with caution.
The wealth of kings collected
for us in one caravan!
Now we let it go
for fear of shadows.
We will take the caravan,
but first I'll make sure
it is not a golden snare.
We will await your signal.
Abdullah, go with him.
Ten years! Still the nursemaid.
Why am I forced to bear
the heat of the day inside my tent?
I'm a prisoner in my own caravan.
Such was the order
of Hulagu Khan, my Lady.
But why?
Already the great Khan
guards you jealously, Lady Amara.
The beauty of his queen
is not for the eyes of all men.
You forget, I am not yet
Queen of Baghdad.
Besides, who is there
to see me here?
A few old camel drivers
and a handful of guards.
It is not ours to question, my Lady.
Nalu!
Yes, my Lady.
You have lived at
the court of Baghdad.
Tell me, what is

the Khan really like?
He is magnificent, my Lady.
He rules the world.
He is the greatest warrior
in all the land.
Ali Baba is greater.
Slave, you would be flogged
if your words reached the ears
of the great Khan.
We are camped beside
the Pool of Midnight, my Lady.
The water is clear
and blue and very cool.
Then I need not bear
this terrible heat any longer.
You may not leave this tent.
The guard would not permit it.
Attract the attention
of the guards, Jamiel.
Give me your clothes.
But the order of the Khan!
Hulagu Khan is not yet my master.
Your clothes.
Wait here. I will signal.
Let me go, I haven't killed
a single Mongol all day!
Hello.
Where are you?
I'm curious to see you.
I feed on the curiosity
of foolish men.
An evil genii in the pool.
I distract the thoughts of men
and lead them in
the ways of mischief.
I know the ways of mischief.
Come out and let me see you.
A confection of the gods!
Are you among the men
in the caravan?
I haven't seen you before.
I'm a weary traveller who
also takes the road to Baghdad.
And your caravan rests beside

the Pool of Midnight?
Nay, I am alone.
I hope to join your caravan
and so find protection
against the thieves.
That's not possible.
We carry the betrothed
of Hulagu Khan.
Now go away and let me dress.
What manner of woman is she
who marries the Khan?
Very much like any other woman.
Some find her beautiful.
If I had 1,000 pieces of gold,
I'd give them all for you.
That's not enough.
My price is high.
My mistress awaits my coming.
Who may your mistress be
that you grudge me
a few minutes of your company?
She's the betrothed of Hulagu Khan.
Return to your mistress, then.
But know I shall come to you
under the stars.
And some day I will buy you
for my very own.
It is the duty of a slave
to please her master,
and if he be young and handsome,
so much the better.
Wait!
Tell me...
Would I be safe in your caravan?
Is it well-guarded?
It is not guarded at all.
Who would dare rob
the betrothed of the great Khan?
Who indeed?
What are you?
Abdullah!
It's a trap!
Ride for your life!
- My Lady!

- You are not harmed?

- Are you alright?

- I'm safe.

Woman of the Mongols!

Traitor!

Well?

We lost him,

he was too far ahead.

One poor thief!

It is a small catch.

But we'll take him back

to Baghdad.

The people shall see what happens

to those who defy the Khan.

Jamiel.

Yes, my Lady?

What will they do to the thief?

They will make an example

for all Baghdad to see.

The whip and the rack,

mangled on the wheel perhaps.

He is one of the thieves,

it is hard telling what they will do.

Can we not find

some way to help him?

Help an enemy of Hulagu Khan?

We must take care, my Lady.

Somehow see to it

that he does not thirst.

Is one permitted to curse

that mangy thief?

Dog of a thief!

Ignominious son of a camel!

- Filthy scum!

- Why, you...

The ride across the desert

will be very hot.

Here is water

for your parched lips.

Many in Baghdad love the followers

of your leader, Ali Baba.

Allah be with you.

May Allah send you warts

and give you bedbugs for company!

O Mighty Khan,
Ruler of the World.
Master of the Universe.
My daughter, Lady Amara.
Know, O Mighty Khan,
that peace and happiness
will come once more to Baghdad
when the blood of my noble family
blends with that of the Mongols.
Because she's your daughter,
Prince Cassim,
there will be
a royal marriage ceremony.
Nalu, you may go.
As the bride of Hulagu Khan,
you will one day rule the world,
my daughter.
And if I do not choose to
rule the world, father?
We must face facts.
Once you are married to Hulagu,
my position in this court
will be made safe.
Must I be sacrificed for
your position
in the court of this tyrant?
Amara, for years I have planned
and worked for this.
I have suffered contempt
and humiliation at his hands.
That's why I have kept you in Basra.
Now that my dream
is about to be realized,
I will not see it shattered!
And if I refuse to marry the Khan?
Why not accept conditions
as they are, Amara?
This marriage brings wealth
and power and luxury.
Would you rather starve
and die for a lost cause?
That choice is easy.
When you look on the tortured bodies
of those who stood against the Khan,

you'll know what it means
to rebel.

When you know the agony
of a thousand deaths,
you will be glad to
accept my counsel.

Amara...

For your sake I have been
a slave to the whims of the Khan.

For you I have sacrificed
my dignity that...

you may one day reign in Baghdad.
Does all this mean nothing to you?

It is written that a daughter
must obey her father.

The wealth of the world
shall be yours, Amara.

Your slightest whims
shall be commands.

You will never regret
what you have done for me this day.

The Khan calls for you,
Prince Cassim.

See how the thongs
cut his flesh, Cassim.

A thief bleeds as any other man.
And the hatred in his eyes.

His gall bladder
is like to burst...

with the venom that is in him.

I have given the order for
your execution at noon tomorrow.

But if you tell me the hiding place
of the thieves of Ali Baba,
a way to freedom might be found.

Shall I trust the enemy
of my people?

Or the murderer of the Caliph?

Who are you?

I'm the sword
hanging over your head.

By moonrise tomorrow,
you will be carrion for the vultures.

I know how to deal with

these men of Baghdad.
I will wring the secret from him.
Splendid!
The Royal Seal of Baghdad!
On your knees before it,
you traitor!
I begin to see now.
You were not drowned.
You are Ali.
Ali Baba the thief!
Ali, the son of Hassan!
Aye, Cassim,
the son of Hassan,
the friend whom you betrayed
to the Mongols.
Hassan is dead.
Speak no more of him.
His memory lives,
and I will avenge his death.
By noon tomorrow
you will be dead.
Nay.
Tomorrow I will see the moon rise,
and yet another moonrise.
And in the end,
I will point the way
for the vultures to find your body.
Jamiel, your eyes will be burned
from your head
if you are discovered here.
I thought you'd like to know,
the thief is tied in the marketplace.
He dies tomorrow.
What is that to me?
You would not let him die
cursing your name.
He thinks it was you
who led him into this trap.
What would you have me do?
You could have a word
with the prisoner.
Are you mad?
I cannot go to the marketplace
to speak to a thief.

The thief is a follower of Ali Baba.
He dies because he dared to defy
the Mongol tyrants.
Is he not worthy of your comfort?
He's a fool to die for a lost cause.
Should he then live a slave?
Is it better to live taxed
and trampled on than to die a man?
I have known
the tortures of chains,
as I know the value of freedom.
These thieves...
will be remembered long after
the Mongols are driven out.
You will come, my Lady.
Please.
Now you come to torment me,
beloved of the Butcher.
Beloved of the!
I came to tell you I did not know of
the trap that was laid for you.
What does that matter?
The Mongols were hiding at the pool
and they took me.
I cannot let you die thinking that
I delivered you to the soldiers.
Hundreds die in Baghdad every day.
Why should one more matter?
And that one, a thief?
Because hundreds die
and I can do nothing about it.
I want you to know that
I'd never betray you
or any follower of...
of anyone.
Must you torture me
with your lies?
Why would the future
queen of Baghdad
risk discovery to torture you?
Why come to the marketplace
to lie to a thief?
Why, indeed?
Except to trick me into telling you

the hiding place of Ali Baba.
Return to your Butcher
and tell him that neither you
nor Cassim will ever
wring the secret from me.
Again you come before me
with evil tidings.
Again you tell me
these robbers have escaped.
I send troops there,
I send an expedition here,
I set traps for them.
And what happens?
My entire army is not capable of
dealing with forty thieves.
We outnumber them,
we ride them down,
we surround them, we charge,
only to face each other.
They disappear into thin air,
O Mighty One!
Craven liar!
The truth is not in you.
And now they come within
the walls of Baghdad itself.
Under the nose of my own guards
they ride into Baghdad
to rescue the only member
of their band we've ever captured.
And to steal the betrothed
of Hulagu Khan.
By the thousand one-eyed kings,
I'll have their heads for it.
Their heads, or yours!
We must take him back
into the cave, Ali.
Nay, let me die as I have lived,
here in the open desert
under the stars.
A little wine, Old Baba.
It will strengthen you.
My strength is spent.
You will live to ride
with us again, Old Baba.

Many times.
You will ride again, my son.
Again and again until the Mongols
are driven from Baghdad.
Without you to lead us,
we will never triumph.
For 10 years
you have led this band.
When he came to us
we were thieves, despised...
and feared by the people.
Now we are loved and honored.
You tire yourself, Old Baba.
There are things I must say
before I leave you.
Return to Baghdad, my son.
You cannot escape your destiny.
Avenge your father
and free your people.
They must throw off the tyrant.
Remember, Abdullah,
you are still his nursemaid.
Forty and one for all.
Allah be with you, my son.
We found a spy at the outpost
near the Great Rock.
- What was he doing there?
- Following our trail.
I am no spy!
Release him.
I know not who you are,
but once you were kind to me.
You brought me water
when I was a prisoner.
And your knife saved my life
in the marketplace.
Why? Why did you do these things?
When I brought the water to
your cage in the caravan,
I did not know who you were,
but I would've died
for any follower of Ali Baba.
She whom you serve
will soon be Queen of Baghdad.

Why should you be willing
to die for Ali Baba?
Because I have seen what
the Mongols do to our people,
and have heard the songs
sung in secret,
songs in praise of Ali Baba.
Let me join your band.
Are we a wandering tribe of nomads?
Do we collect lazy desert rats
as we go?
Desert rats did you say, Abdullah?
By the Prophet,
I'll slice him to little pieces.
Your choice.
Sharp, aren't they?
I'll let you go this time.
Abdullah!
The terror of Baghdad!
You're very clever with your knives.
But how do I know
you've not come from the Khan?
Set me a task,
that I may prove it.
Think you can trust him, Ali?
You can trust me
as you can trust your own eyes.
I will not fail you, Ali Baba.
Are you well-known in Baghdad?
Aye. I can move freely
within the gates.
No-one will question me.
Good. Then you'll deliver
my message to the Khan.
- The Khan?
- Aye.
I've written that if he delivers
Cassim to me by noon tomorrow,
I shall return him his bride.
Now we buy traitors
in the open market.
A female beauty
for the grand vizier!
The Khan must deliver Cassim

to his own riverbank estate.
We will await them there.
They'll set a trap for us, Ali.
Then we shall post sentries
to warn us.
Go, and Allah be with you.
We must move quickly before
they have time to set a trap.
Abdullah, bring the girl.
Men! On to the house
of the traitor Cassim.
Close, oh Sesame!
Why have you brought me here?
If all goes well,
you'll be returned
to your beloved
by noon tomorrow.
And if all doesn't go well...
Why don't you kill me
and be done with it?
While we hold you alive,
the Khan must hear our demands.
What have your demands
to do with me?
That's not yours to question.
Where are you going?
Is one permitted to go into
one's own gardens?
Yes.
Why do you give her
all this freedom?
If you were her prisoner,
she'd serve you baked,
sliced and on a platter.
Strange are the fortunes of war
which place the thief
beside the Khan's beloved.
I'm curious to know why one
so beautiful, so young,
should marry the ruthless Khan.
I shall be queen in Baghdad.
Does that mean more to you
than love, than happiness?
Why are you suddenly

so kind and gentle?
My memory is long.
I can recall a country
when the Mongol scourge
was only a fantastic nightmare.
When the people lived
to dream and love,
not to torment and destroy.
Strange that Ali Baba
should speak of dreams.
A man without his dreams
withers and grows old.
In the midst of terror,
the memory of other days is sweet.
Aye.
There was a beautiful garden
where two children played.
The moonlight was reflected
on the water.
As it is reflected
in your eyes now.
For a moment you made me forget
that you are Ali Baba, the thief.
If these are to be my last moments,
let me live them in peace.
There, it is done.
Your blood has flowed into my arm,
and mine into yours.
Call out the guards!
Surround the palace!
What does it say?
- "To the...
- Read it.
"To the Mongol Dog.
We will bargain with you.
Your betrothed is our prisoner.
In exchange... "
Read it.
Read it, I say!
"In exchange we want Cassim.
Cassim, who betrayed the Caliph.
Let him be brought to his estate
before noon tomorrow,
then the woman will be

returned to you unharmed.
Otherwise, she dies. "
It is signed with
the mark of Ali Baba.
Can we not send soldiers
to the estate?
This may be our chance
to capture the thieves.
He is no fool,
he will watch for every trick.
I leave the decision to you.
She is your daughter.
Shall it be your life, or hers?
Cassim does not come.
- He does not come.
- Why do we wait?
- Vengeance for Old Baba!
- Remember our pledge!
Listen.
Why do you want to kill me?
To avenge the death of
our Old Baba.
What is the death
of your Old Baba to me?
He was our leader,
he died of wounds inflicted by
the soldiers of Hulagu Khan,
your beloved.
A life for a life,
that is our law.
If you kill me, the great Khan
will send soldiers to take you.
For years the great Khan
sent soldiers,
and he hasn't taken us yet.
Silence!
Have I given you nothing
in the past years?
Fighting and snarling
like a pack of curs.
The men are tired of waiting.
You gave them your pledge.
The traitor has not come.
I've made my decision.

Then let me carry it out for you.
No. Jamiel shall do it.
I, Ali Baba?
You begged to follow me, Jamiel.
Ask anything else of me,
anything but this.
Do as I say. There's no better way
to serve me.
Coward. You would force
my own slave to...
Take her back to the Khan alive.
Alive? But our message to the Khan.
Our pledge.
All night I lay awake,
telling myself she must die.
Now, I break my pledge.
Why must you weaken now?
Whatever my reason,
she goes free.
- But the Mongols will laugh at you.
- Let them laugh.
You have heard my decision.
If you want me to leave the band,
I will go.
Then I will fight you for her life.
Send her away if you must.
We cannot quarrel with you
over a woman.
Now take her back to Baghdad.
Now will you tell us
why you spared her?
Your blood has flowed into my arm,
and mine into yours.
It will go on forever.
Your horses are waiting,
Prince Cassim.
By hard riding,
you can still arrive by noon.
Great Khan, for years
I have served you.
I sacrificed my honor,
I betrayed my friend
and helped deliver Baghdad
into your hands.

Would you sacrifice your daughter
to save your own miserable skin?
How do we know
he will keep his word?
Thieves do not keep their bargains.
Ali Baba will slay Amara
and then kill me.
Have mercy, Mighty Khan!
Have mercy!
The road of a conqueror
is never an easy one,
but I find the hardest part
is dealing with you traitors.
You are a breed apart.
Take him away.
See to it that he reaches
his estate before noon.
Mighty One.
Father!
Amara!
Father.
Come here!
By what wiles did you secure
your release from the thieves?
I cannot explain it.
This morning Ali Baba
defied his men and set me free.
But he bargained for
the life of your father.
For the life of my father...
You were to die at noon,
if he did not take your place.
What manner of woman are you
that thieves and cut-throats
release you?
Why should he seek to kill you?
I saw how he hated you
in the marketplace.
What is it between you
and this Ali Baba?
Speak!
Father.
This Ali Baba is...
Ali, son of the Caliph.

Ali!
You told me he was drowned.
We never found him.
How do you know
he's the son of Hassan?
He wore the Royal Seal
of Baghdad about his neck.
Why didn't you tell me then?
I thought he'd die there,
and the threat to us removed.
But he lives!
And he will rally the scum
of Baghdad under his banner.
Why did you not tell me?
You knew we were pledged.
So...
He would have a double reason
for his revenge upon you.
They pledged themselves
as children.
But the pledge
still burns in his heart.
And it is stronger than
his hate of me.
Our marriage will go on as planned.
You do us great honor.
No! It will not go on!
I cannot marry him now!
And you can't force me to.
Now, now, Amara,
I think only of your happiness.
Were you thinking of
my happiness
when you did not tell me
that Ali is alive?
You know how much
that pledge meant to me.
- We will talk of this later, Amara.
- No!
Oh Mighty Khan!
You have power and wealth.
You have only to command it
and the most beautiful girls
in Baghdad will be yours

for the asking.
Surely you wouldn't want me,
knowing I love Ali Baba.
What is love compared to
what I have to offer you?
I can make you a queen.
I can give you silks, jewels,
wealth and power!
The blood of Baghdad would be
on any gift you offered me.
'Tis a pity one so lovely
should be confused by politics.
Once I was confused.
I see clearly now.
Too clearly.
Nothing you say or do
will ever induce me to marry
this Mongol tyrant!
Be gentle with her,
she's wild and headstrong.
This has been a great shock.
But I can make her realize
the future lies in your hands.
Hurry, take only what is necessary.
We've no time to lose.
- Did you find Jamiel?
- Yes, my Lady.
- Everything is ready for you.
- Then let's go quickly.
My Lady...
Come!
Look!
Your men torture my father.
What is the meaning of this?
Cut him down from the rack and...
I'll marry you.
Because he has served me well,
I will grant your wish.
Only release him
and I'll do anything you ask.
We shall be wed on
the Festival of Ramadan.
It will be a great holiday.
Princes and merchants will come

from every corner of the world.
They shall bring rich gifts
in token of their servitude.
You are a master of trickery,
Prince Cassim.
There are times when trickery
is more powerful than force.
Leave me.
The horses are ready, my Lady.
I cannot go, Jamiel.
But now that you know
who Ali Baba really is...
I have given my word.
Hulagu Khan would've killed
my father if I hadn't promised.
I will marry him
at the Feast of Ramadan.
It will be a great holiday.
But what of Ali Baba?
Go to him, Jamiel.
Tell him I, too, remember
the pledge we sealed with our blood.
If he'd only told me who he was,
I'd have stayed with him.
He will come to your rescue.
No, he must not.
It may mean disaster for him
and failure to the cause
for which he fights.
And you, Jamiel,
you must stay with him,
your heart is there.
Go quickly.
The slave Jamiel
leaves the Palace, my Lord.
But he has not had time
to reach the outer gates.
You see, mighty Khan,
I'm still useful to you.
Your little spy has done well.
Return to your mistress.
I will send soldiers to bring
the treacherous slave before you.
Make no move to stop him.

Let him go to Ali Baba.
The thieves will come to the rescue,
but this time
they will fall into our trap.
Jamiel!
Tell me of your lady.
She learned from Prince Cassim
who you are.
She said to tell you she, too,
remembers your pledge.
Then why does she marry the Khan?
She thought you were dead.
- But she does not love the Mongol.
- No. She refused to marry him.
But when he tortured her father,
she gave her consent.
I will go to her.
Why all this fuss about one woman?
For 1,000 pieces of gold,
you can buy the best in the market.
I bid my life for Lady Amara.
For his country or his stomach,
a man might bid his life,
even for his horse.
Never, never for a woman.
I do not ask for the life
of a single thief to save her.
But if I choose to give my own,
it is between me and Allah.
I will go with you, Ali Baba.
What? You two would storm
the walls of Baghdad
and attack the Mongol armies
single-handed?
You would break into the palace
and carry off the wench?
What do you possess,
a magic carpet?
- When will the wedding be held?
- At the Feast of Ramadan.
And for entertainment
they'll chop you two into bits.
There will be many guests
at the wedding.

One more will pass unnoticed.
Then there'll be forty more
than they bargained for.
Good.
This is the hour
for which we have waited.
This shall be our day
of reckoning with the Mongols.
You're right.
This is our hour.
With a single cast of the dice
we will free Baghdad
or we will die together.
We must disguise ourselves
if we are to enter the palace.
Children of camels,
offspring of donkeys,
paint your foolish faces!
Dress your ugly bodies
to deceive the Mongols!
This time we enter the palace!
You must return to Baghdad
ahead of us.
As sentry within their gates,
warn us if the Mongols
become suspicious.
As Caliph of all Baghdad,
I bow to you.
I kept that a secret
until it was time to strike.
Now all of Baghdad shall know.
Abdullah, you'd be a favorite
in any harem.
Who do you see,
you ill-mannered little ape?
Why, Abdullah of course.
Now whom do you see?
Who am I supposed to see?
I'm disguised.
Who are you?
You are a stranger among us.
Truly I have never
laid eyes on you before.
It's a wonderful disguise,

isn't it?

It is black magic.

He has changed from
Abdullah the thief
to Abdullah the thief
in a turban.

Wait!

We must find some other way.

We will fool no-one
with our disguises.

Even a blind Mongol would know us.

If a rich merchant from Basra
were to attend the wedding,
it would be fitting he bring
a rich gift for the invader.

By the stars in heaven,
this is what we shall do.

We will assemble forty huge jars,
large enough to carry
forty weights of fragrant oil,
and large enough
to carry forty thieves.

My Lady.

Jamiel! You cannot come in here.

I must talk to Lady Amara.

Quickly!

Go, please.

Why have you returned
against my orders?

Because of Ali Baba.

He bids you have courage.

He will come.

No, he must not try to save me.

They'd kill him.

The Mongols would welcome an attack.

Ali Baba is not such a fool
as to attack the city openly.

There will be wedding gifts
brought to Baghdad.

Among them will be forty jars
of oil from a rich merchant.

She was spying on you, my Lady.

No, no, I came only to bring
my Lady's dress.

We can trust her.
If she heard our words,
she will lock them in her heart.
I heard nothing,
but I would die before
I would betray you.
It grows late.
- Today Ali Baba comes.
- Ali Baba?
Today.
- Ali Baba comes today.
- Ali Baba!
Many guests enter the city
bringing rich gifts
to win your favor.
You must challenge everyone.
Each caravan that enters
the city must be watched.
Take no chances.
The thieves are certain to try
some trick to gain admittance.
I have spies everywhere.
We'll know Ali Baba's plans
almost as soon as he does himself.
Good. This time he'll receive
a welcome he did not bargain for.
Gifts for the Mighty Khan.
Pass on.
Tell all Baghdad.
Wait for the signal...
and strike down the Mongols
for Ali Baba.
Whose caravan is this?
It is mine.
I am Abu Radi,
merchant of Basra.
What is inside these jars?
Oil. Oil for the Khan.
If he uncovers the jar, he dies.
It is a gift to celebrate
the wedding.
Pass on.
O Mighty Khan,
Haidar, Prince of El Samrah!

Precious sapphires and topaz.
Garnets and bloodstone.
Vases from the ancient
temple of Isis...
for your Highness.
Abu Radi, merchant of Basra!
I, a lowly merchant,
do plead with the Mighty Khan
for the privilege of adding
my humble offerings
to those of his noble guests.
In all the land
there is no finer oil.
Oil for your lamps,
oil to cook your feasts,
fragrant oils
to please your senses.
I have waited for this moment.
My spies told me that the thieves
entered the city in 40 large jars.
This merchant from Basra
is Ali Baba.
No, wait, Mighty Khan.
I have prepared entertainment.
It will amuse you to see
the fate awaiting them.
Excellent, Cassim, excellent.
Sada Gen, Chief of the Tartars!
Come here.
Rubies, blood red,
for the people of Baghdad
who stood in my way.
And now, for your pleasure,
a most unusual entertainment.
What is the meaning of
this grim jest?
Seize him.
Sand!
Sand!
Your spies discovered our plans,
and we discovered your spies.
You have failed me.
You are my honored guest.
Now there will be entertainment

befitting your rank.
You shall not die
as a humble thief,
but with all the honor
to which you are entitled.
You will live through
a thousand tortures.
And you will pray
for the release of death!
On to the palace!
On to the palace!
Quickly, come with me.
Open the gates, Amara,
for your people.
Still the nursemaid.
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