Exodus: Gods and Kings

By Adam Cooper
It's true, the Hittite army
has 16,000 troops camped outside Kadesh.
What's less clear is why.
The Hittites are trying
to cross the border.
Obviously.
What else would they be doing?
Anticipating an invasion by us,
according to our information.
They think we are... preparing
an attack, which we are not.
What I don't want to do,
and won't do, is sit here...
And wait until we're fighting
Hittite armies outside the palace walls.
Come.
- What do the entrails say?
- They don't "say" anything.
They imply.
And that's open to interpretation.
So, interpret them. We'll win
or we won't in a preemptive attack?
It's a yes or a no.
And it's not clear.
But something else is.
In the battle, a leader will be saved,
and his savior will someday lead.
Then the entrails should also say
that we will abandon reason,
and be guided by omens.
Great Sekhmet,
Pharaoh drinks in your name,
and prays for victory
over the Hittites at Kadesh.
Your first order of business
when the time comes, you retire her.
I will.
I don't know why my father hasn't.
But, just in case If you see me
in any real danger out there,
ride the other way.
I'm serious.
When I look at you,
I still see the two boys
who grew up together, close as brothers.
If, for any reason
you ever forget that...
Let these remind you.
Long enough to be effective from horseback,
not so long that you trip over them.
- This is his. You've got mine.
- That's right. That's how I want it.
You have each other's,
to keep each other safe.
Promise me you'll do that... always.
SETI! SETI! SETI!
-SETI!
There!
Deploy Amun division to the north,
Ra division to the center...
and Ptah to the South.
And we hold Seth in reserve.
- In reserve?
- Yes.
We should concentrate
our strength in the center.
You should concentrate yours
on fighting.
Leave the generalship to me.
Fire!
Fire!
Charge!
Take ramses! Go!
Go!
Turn around! Turn around!
Moses! Moses! Moses!
Moses.
- What happened out there?
- Nothing.
I asked the commanders
the same thing. They, too, lied.
And I'm tired of it.
He thinks something happened.
But it didn't.
- Meaning?
- The high priestess, her prophecy.
She said she couldn't see who would win.
The other one.
"The leader will be saved, and..."
so on.
You saved my son's life?
Yes.
Sit.
"Thank you" is not sufficient, but...
Thank you.
I know you don't believe
in omens or prophecies...
- But I do believe.
- And I respect that.
But this isn't anything.
This doesn't even make any sense.
Because you're not my blood.
Yes.
It's true, you can't succeed me.
Not in the usual way.
- Not in any way.
- In any way imaginable, sitting here.
It's horrible to say this
about one's own son, but I...
trust you more than him to lead.
"The Hittite chariotry crashed through
our defense and began its attack.
"I found myself
surrounded by the enemy...
"No soldier, no shield-bearer...
"Facing a desperate fight for my life.
"Only with the help of the gods
did I defeat our attackers,
- "and rejoin Ra division."
- Stop there.
- Anything you'd like to rephrase?
- No.
- Shall I go on?
- No, I'm sure the rest is fine.
- What's next?
- Pithom.
- What about it?
- The situation. The slaves.
Fine. Ramses.
What?
Go up there, meet with the viceroy,
look around, make a report.
Me?
It will be yours someday.
Take an interest in it.
What else?
- I'll go to see the viceroy.
- No.
I'll go.
- It's beneath you.
- It's beneath any general.
I'll do it.
Ramses, can we forget what happened on the battlefield?
If our positions had been reversed, I would've saved your life, too.
I know. I know.
It was a good shot.
Even if the gods did guide your aim.
A little venom in your blood is a good thing.
Makes you less vulnerable to the next poisonous bite.
Maybe even my father's.
Welcome to Pithom.
You get used to the smell.
The viceroy seems to be enjoying a good share of his resources.
This isn't a job everyone wants to do, my Lord.
A certain degree of comfort is necessary to keep up his spirits.
You know what the problem is? People live too long these days.
Every year, the death rate lags further behind the birth rate. And these people...
They reproduce like it's a sport.
This is the problem?
A growing work force?
No, of course not.
It's good for production.
Of course it is, but only to a point.
When that population wants you dead...
Yes, it's a problem.
So, either I'm given more troops to maintain order...
Or I start thinning out the herd. You start slaughtering people for no reason other than this precarious theory... You will provoke the very thing you say you wish to avoid. Fine, then give me the troops.

- Let's go down and talk to them.
- Why on earth?

You're worried about sedition. Let's find out if that worry is real.

- By talking to them?
- By looking at them...

when I talk with them. You can tell a lot about somebody... looking him in the eye.

Let me tell you something about Hebrews. They are a conniving, combative people. Do you know what "Israelite" means in their own language?

- "He who fights with God."
- "He who wrestles with God."

There is a difference.

Look, I may not be as educated as you, which, apparently, you want to remind me of. But I have to deal with them every day.

I know what I'm talking about. You don't have to come. I'll go down there myself.

Stop!

- Why is he being punished?
- Persistent troublemaker, My Lord.

Why is he smiling?
He says he feels no pain, My Lord. Then why whip him?

You were not gathered up at random. I asked to see the elders.

Come on. What do you pray for?

- We pray to see Canaan again.
- Canaan again? You've never seen it.

I've seen Canaan.

I've seen that it's inhabited by tribes fiercer than Egypt's military.

So, you won't be returning to it
- or, if you do, from it.
- God says otherwise.
Which God? Your God? The God of Abraham?
The God that says that you are special?
That you are chosen? Let me tell...
He's wrong.
I can see you're unconvinced,
and that's a problem.
Because next to unrealistic belief lies
fanaticism. And next to that, sedition,
and next to that, revolution.
And it all starts with the elders.
- What's your name?
- What's yours?
I'll tell you. I am Moses, son of Bithia,
grandson of Horemheb.
Record this one's name and the rest
of them. Bring in the next group.
My name is Nun.
My Lord!
- Stop there!
- Let him through.
There's something the elder
has to tell you. But not here.
- Say where and when.
- The prayer house, tonight.
Here.
I see you've survived your adventure.
- Sorry to make you wait again.
- I'm not waiting.
- How was your trip to the quarry?
- Fine.
You saw what I'm up against.
Tell me, is there any more of my records
I could get for you before you leave?
You can tell me... Has all of this
been reported to Memphis?
Was it approved?
Do you have it in writing?
- Of course. It's on record.
- So you don't mind if we check?
Of course I don't mind.
But I don't understand what's gone wrong.
Have I done something to displease you?
And if so, is there any way
I could please you?
You can stop living like a king.
You're not one.
"...and you will occupy
the land of Canaan."
- Canaan is already occupied.
- God promises we will return.
In chains or in coffins?
As free men into a land flowing
with milk and honey.
Can they at least wait outside?
We're not dangerous.
Wait by the horses.
- Do you believe in coincidence?
- As much as anything else.
- I don't think this is one.
- What isn't?
You coming to Pithom. Why did you come?
Business.
Sit.
Who's your father?
I know you don't know his name. Only that
he was a general in Pharaoh's army...
Unnamed by your mother.
I can see this is
making you uncomfortable.
This will interest you.
There was no general.
Your mother... The woman you call
your mother, has no children.
You were born a slave.
- Don't go. Don't go.
- It's better for you that I do.
I'm leaving.
If you leave now, you'll just come back
because you know something's wrong.
You've always felt it.
Please.
Everybody out.
Out.
The year of your birth,
there was a prophecy
that our leader would be born...
to liberate us from our bondage.
And so, there was an edict from Memphis
to kill every firstborn Hebrew boy.
Your parents didn't wait
for that to happen.
Any chance of your survival
was better than no chance.
They handed you to your sister.
She took you in a basket
to the banks of the river,
and she floated you to where she knew
Pharaoh Paramesse's daughter,
Bithia, bathed.
Bithia took you and your sister,
Miriam, as a maid,
and raised you as her own.
She probably even loved you,
but she never told you,
or anyone else, the truth.
You are Hebrew.
The truth?
The truth is,
it's not even that good a story.
And I thought you people were
meant to be... good storytellers.
You, slave.
You!
Do you expect a reward
for this information?
Our reward is being of service to you.
That said, if there were
some token you had in mind
beyond that...
We wouldn't refuse it.
How about this, then?
What about if I don't kill you?
That would be sufficient payment.
You people.
Please leave.
Please.
- How did it go?
- We can talk about that another time.
We can talk about it now...
If only as a respite from this army
of grim-faced physicians.
Sit.
We're taking a thorough look
at the city records,
and the man is clearly a thief.
It's one of life's
more depressing ironies...
that the men who crave power
are best fitted to acquire it,
and least fitted to exercise it.
What's wrong, Moses?
You're sick.
Something else is troubling you.
I can tell.
No, nothing else.
May you be alert,
rejuvenated and protected by the gods,
Every moment of your eternal life.
And to the left.
No, your left. More, more, more.
Good.
It is tall.
Monuments are monuments
for a reason. They inspire.
Inspire what, in this case?
In this, and in every case, power.
Say it out loud, whatever it is.
The viceroy of Pithom is outside.
He's not on the agenda.
- He can go back to Pithom until he is.
- No, we should deal with this.
Bring him in.
If you came here to beg the new king's
forgiveness, it won't work. Arrest him.
Wait, please. May I at least respond?
I beg you. It's in your interest.
- You make it short.
- I will...
to the king alone.
My advice is that he, and the other
generals, also leave the room.
Really? That's your advice?
You are not his advisor.
- That's right. You are.
- That's right.
Moses.
Moses.
Everybody but the viceroy... out.
Terrible news.
There you are.
So...
The viceroy. You didn't arrest him.
You didn't take
your chief advisor's advice.
No, he came.
He told me of an incident
involving two guards.
One of which survived the attack.
And I told him I did not care.
And then, he told me
the most unbelievable story.
Told to him, he said,
by very reliable sources.
Then, when pressed...
He admitted that they were Hebrew spies.
- You know what I'm talking about.
- Yes.
And what do you make of it?
I think it's offensive,
and I think it's ridiculous.
Yes. Yes! You, of all people, a Hebrew.
And I said,
How can I believe such a story?
Cousin...
You can't.
What if I take the chance
of not believing it, Moses?
What am I to do?
Bithia!
Mother.
The man is a thief.
My son discovers this. Not you.
And he reports it to your father,
who would have hanged this thief,
if he hadn't been dying himself.
- You believe his feeble, self-serving lies.
- All I want to know is if it is true.
I didn't ask for a tirade.
To talk about this any longer
would dignify it, and I won't do that.
- Answer the question. Yes or no?
- Was I talking to you?
Bring her in. Bring her in. Now!
Miriam! Come. Sit. Sit down.
Now, I'm going to ask you some things
that are going to seem very strange to you.
I just would like you
to answer them truthfully.
How do you know Moses?
You know how I know him...
And you. I helped raise you both.
So you are not his sister, then?
Of course not.
- And you're not a Hebrew.
- No.
Place your arm on the table.
- Ramses...
- Don't be stupid!
- Ramases!
- I am not talking to you!
I am talking to her.
Your whole arm on the table, Miriam.
Thank you.
Ramses...
- Don't take this any further.
- Don't take this any further, or what?
- Do not take this any further.
- Are you quite sure about that?
Get your hand off it, or use it, now.
Or perhaps you'd like
to answer the question?
Then I'll proceed.
Miriam, I'm going to ask you again,
and if your answer is again no,
I apologize for what happens next.
Are you his sister?
No.
Yes!
Yes!
You don't need a reason
to kill him, but you have one.
- This was treason.
- How was it treason?
- He just admitted he knew.
- That wasn't an admission!
Simply did not want her arm lopped off!
I saw it in his eyes.
He does not believe this story.
I don't want to believe it!
You want to believe it, because it's an
opportunity to be rid of him...
which you always wanted.
I didn't say "exiled," I said "dead."
That, I'm sure,
will follow where he's going.
Khyan... allow me to talk to my mother.
Yes, sir, yes.
Come, Miriam.
It isn't every man who would protect a
servant who's nothing more to him than that.
Certainly no one else in this family...
including me.
I wouldn't have said
what he wanted to hear.
And neither would she.
That's how much we love you.
"We"?
- It's not true.
- It is true.
You were wearing this
when I brought you to the river.
I took it off you for obvious reasons.
That's you.
The connection between you
and our mother.
Your sister saved your life.
Now you saved hers...
Moshe.
Miriam.
Sorry, sir.
- Moses!
- Moses!
I have nothing to steal.
My horse is dead.
We're not here for your horse, Moshe.
A little bit higher.
What are you doing?
Don't stop. Keep working.
You, get water for our goats.
You. Wait your turn.
Move your animals away from the troughs.
It's yours again.
Where are you from?
West of here.
- Where are you going?
- East.
What did you do?
What do you mean?
You committed some crime?
With respect, your daughters
invited me for some food.
They did not tell me
there would be an interrogation.
I'm sorry. I'm just curious.
You are welcome to get cleaned up
before dinner, if that appeals to you...
And stay the night if you want,
before continuing on...
to wherever it is.
Thank you.
Describe Memphis to someone
who's never been there and never will.
It's...
I don't want to say "civilized", because
I don't want to offend, but it is civilized.
There's more there than sheep and goats.
- There's more here than that.
- Really? Where?
I'm sorry, that was rude. That was rude.
I'm not ignorant
just because I live here.
I can see that.
I can tell you one thing.
This is by far the nicest place...
between here and there.
- And so you're leaving?
- Of course.
There's nothing here
for someone like me.
When? Today?
Remember this moment in time...
For after these vows,
you shall say to the world...
"This is my husband." "This is my wife."
- I, Zipporah...
- I, Moses...
- Accept you, Zipporah...
- Accept you, Moses...
To be no other than yourself.
Loving what I know of you.
Trusting what I do not yet know.
With respect for your integrity.
And faith in your abiding love for me.
In all that life may bring us...
- I pledge my love.
- I pledge my love.
Who makes you happy?
You do.
What's the most important thing
in your life?
You are.
- Where would you rather be?
- Nowhere.
And when will you leave me?
Never.
Proceed.
I said "per se."
I don't want to discuss my tomb, per se.
I want to discuss why you seem
to want to discuss it all the time.
Respectfully, it should have been your first
construction order on taking the throne.
It'll be a big project,
as you might imagine.
So is my house, apparently.
- Is there a problem with the palace?
- It's not done.
It won't be long now.
You said that months ago. Meanwhile
I'm living there like... a Bedouin.
Get it done. Faster!
Or do I have to kill somebody?
I think you made your point.
Good throw, father.
Just aim a little higher.
Almost.
Have you ever been to the top?
No.
Would you like to?
- Mother says it's forbidden.
- By who?
Our God.
Our God...
stops us from climbing mountains?
Not every Mountain. Just that one.
It's God's Mountain.
You're confusing him.
I'm not trying to.
Is it good for our boy to grow up
believing in nothing?
Is it bad to grow up
believing in yourself?
- It's my faith.
- I know.
- And it's his, too.
- I understand.
He can make up his mind when he's older.
- Yes.
- Just like you.
He's a lot like me already.
Moshe.
Help me!
I think my leg is broken.
More than that.
What did you say?
Who are you?
Who are you?
I'm a Shepherd.
I thought you were a general.
I need a general.
Why?
To fight. Why else?
Fight who?
For what?
I think you know.
I think you should go and see
what's happening to your people now.
He won't be at peace until you do.
Or are they not people...
in your opinion?
Who are you?
I am.
I am.
You were hit on the head.
Anything you saw
or think you saw afterwards,
- was an effect of that.
- The storm...
The storm started before
I was hit on the head.
- It was not a storm.
- Fine, fine, fine.
- The storm was something.
- It was something. It was something else.
- But the boy was all in your head.
- How do you know?
- How do you know?
- Because God isn't a boy!
Then what does he look like? Describe him.
Describe him to someone like me.
Do you know what you sound like?
Yes. I sound... I sound delusional.
Yes. Yes.
- You just need more rest.
- Yes, yes.
I have to tell you something.
I have to tell you something.
I've not been completely honest
with you.
About what?
About who I am.
About what I've done and who I was.
And how I feel.
- About what you feel about me?
- No. No, I've been honest about that.
Rest.
- Rest.
- Don't leave me.
No. No.
Moshe.
Gershom?
- What are you doing out here?
- Nothing. I can't sleep.
Are you worried about me?
Yes.
Don't.
I'll be fine.
- What's that?
- What's it look like?
Come inside. Come inside!
What are you going to do with all that?
Make sure I see you again.
Put it down and you can see me forever.
What's this mean?
It's someone I used to know.
This is not forever.
I will see you again.
Do you believe me?
Good for you.
Don't ever just say
what people want to hear.
But I will... I will see you again.
Will you keep this for me?
Gershom.

Gershom, please look at me.
What kind of God tells a man
to leave his family?
If you understand it,
I'll understand it.
I don't.
So I can't answer that question.
If that's what faith means,
I will trade mine to keep you.
Don't touch me.
Go.
Go!
Father, have you some milk to spare?
Yes.
Where did you come from?
I come from the sea.
It's a narrow and dangerous path.
Thank you, father.
Joshua. I remember you.
Do you still feel no pain?
Keep your eye on the horse.
- Thank you.
- Welcome back, brother.
Aaron...
your brother.
Ithamar.
Ithamar, this...
is your famous Uncle Moses.
He was once a prince of Egypt.
I'm fine.
Everybody's fine.
You sleep so well, my boy...
because you know you are loved.
I've never slept so well.
I'm told I should
address you as Ramses...
The Great, now.
Moses...
You're alive. I'm glad you're alive.
Really? Is that why you only sent
two assassins to kill me?
- My mother.
- Don't blame her.
She wanted you dead. Who do you think hid
your sword where you would find it?
Moses.
I'm not here...
To take your throne.
It's not about the prophecy that worries
you so much. This is something else.
I have been told...
that things here have become...
Much worse.
Things are better than
ey they ever have been, Moses.
No.
- We have order.
- Order? Order?
The slaves...
their bodies burn night and day now.
I've seen it with my own eyes.
You call that order?
- They're slaves. What would you expect?
- No, they're not.
They're Egyptians,
they should be treated as Egyptians.
They should have the same rights.
They should be paid for their work or...
you must set them free.
They are not Egyptians.
They are slaves, Moses.
What else do you expect?
They wouldn't know what to do
if all of a sudden they were left
to fend for themselves like animals.
Do not call them animals!
Listen, from an economic standpoint
alone what you're asking...
is problematic to say the least.
I didn't expect to hear a simple yes.
But I do not want to hear a simple no.
Is that what you are telling me?
Are you saying no?
I'm not saying no. I'm saying time.
Time.
- You're listening to Hebrews.
- I'm not listening to Hebrews.
Who are you talking to?
God.
God.
Which God?
You're not seriously
considering his proposal.
Is it a proposal?
If a man is holding a dagger
to your throat, minister?
- Is it?
- I stand corrected. That's a demand.
He has lost his mind.
He's found a God. His God.
Not one of ours, so...
I would like Moses...
I want Moses dead.
Did you hear me?
Yes.
Then, go.
And...
His family, too.
Moses. Where's Moses?
Moses? Where's Moses?
Moses... His family.
Where are they?
This is not Moses.
This is not his family.
This is a man, his wife,
and his child...
who when asked the simple question,
"where is he?"
answered, "we don't know."
Carry this image home with you tonight,
and discuss why you would protect him
knowing that tomorrow at this time
there will be another family
where this one is.
And another the day after.
And the day after that.
Dare I say yours?
Go ahead.
- I want to join the fight.
- In there.
Joshua, use your knee.
It's good.
Both eyes open!
Nock!
Draw! Loose!
Loose!
Draw!
Loose!
Draw! Loose!
Again!
There are two kinds of warfare.
Each is dictated by numbers.
With greater numbers
you attack the enemy head on!
You stab it in the heart!
With fewer numbers, you come at it
from the side. You cut off the blood...
That pumps the heart.
- The army supply lines.
- No!
The people's supply lines. Their food,
their property, their comfort.
- What would that achieve?
- Everything.

Only the Egyptian people
can force him to accept our demands
for freedom. We must force them
to make him say yes!
- Yes?
- Yes!
- Yes?
- Yes!
With me!
With me!
Ready.
You're not going to do anything?
I didn't say that.
- Where have you been?
- Watching you fail.
Wars of attrition take time.
At this rate, you'll take years...
a generation.
- I am prepared to fight for that long.
- I'm not.
I thought we were making progress.
Now, you're impatient.
After 400 years of slavery.
Am I the only one sitting here
who's done nothing about this until now?
I do know a few things
about military action.
Still, if you're not going
to listen to me,
then why did you take me away
from my family?
I didn't. You did.
You don't need me.
Maybe not.
So what do I do? Nothing?
For now...
you can watch.
Divine goddess Kebechet,
I humbly call upon you to purify
the waters of our life-giving river.
How long will it take?
Not long.
But longer than that.
- Ramses! Ramses!
- Yes?
- Enough!
- Do something!
They're just frogs.
Back away, back away.
Unclean.
No, no, no. Don't drink. Unclean.
The Nile, as we know,
carrys a certain amount of clay.
This year there's much more of it
than usual. Drifting in on the currents,
settling on the riverbeds, and kicked up
by the wild thrashing of the crocodiles.
This thrashing not only dramatically
changed the color of the water,
but it fouled it
to the point of killing the fish.
But frogs, as we know...
can get out of the water,
when they have to.
Which they did.
But frogs still need water.
And when they can't find it
in the streets of our city...
They what?
- They die?
- They die!
And then they decompose.
And then the gnats come
and the maggots come and the flies come.
And then...
And then what?
The flies die.
- Speak up.
- It's in Hebrew.
Hebrew? Read it.
"These catastrophes are the work of God."
"And they have not finished.
They will get worse.
"We need to reach a settlement
for both our sakes."
So, the work of God.
Here is my settlement to you.
Work quotas shall be doubled...
And you will get no straw
to make your bricks.
Perhaps your God
will provide it for you.
I was impressed at first.
Not anymore.
This is affecting everyone.
So, who are you punishing?
What's wrong with him?
It's sick.
What is this?
- Did you do this?
- Not me. Not me.
- Is this you?
- No, no!
Wake up, please.
What's happened to him?
We have made great strides in medicine.
However, there are still a few hidden diseases
that we don't completely understand.
Animals are not exempt,
and there is some conjecture
that these maladies can migrate
from the smallest creature.
Like a...
A fly.
Have you been out to the river lately?
I appealed to Kebechet again
and six more gods.
Is that it?
Are you done?
I am.
Are you trying to say something
with your absence?
Is it meant to humble me?
Because it will not!
Initial reports suggest
more than 10 million square cubits
of crops have been lost.
The quartermaster has suggested
we return a portion of the supplement
to the civil granary. An act of mercy.
Your people are starving.
Are you suggesting
that I should starve, too?
No.
People have plenty of water.
They will endure.
Aim!
Fire!
Aim!
Fire!
Is that you?
Moses?
Brother?
Have you come to negotiate?
Because I'm ready...
as I have an offer for you.
One more thing happens...
and I will bring my own plague to you.
You see, every Hebrew child...
Not yet walking...
they never shall.
Because I will drown them in The Nile.
As you should have been.
You say that you didn't cause all this?
Your God did?
I am the God! I am the God!
So, let's just see
who's more effective at killing.
You.
This God.
Or me.
Nice of you to come.
He's given you what you asked?
Not yet. But his own people
are turning against him.
- And his army?
- It will.
I disagree.
- Something worse has to happen.
- I disagree.
- Anything more would be...
- Would be what?
What were you about to say?
Cruel? Inhumane?
It's not easy to see the people who I grew up with suffering this much. What about the people you didn't grow up with? What thought did you give to them? You still don't think of them as yours, do you? As long as Ramses has an army behind him, nothing will change. - Anything more is just revenge! - Revenge? After 400 years of brutal subjugation? These pharaohs who imagine they're living gods, they're nothing more than flesh and blood. I want to see them on their knees, begging for it to stop! I'm tired of talking with a messenger! General! I have heard Ramses' final threat. So, let me tell you what's going to happen next. No. No. You cannot do this. I want no part of this! Stay! - Hold! - Moses? Leave him. - Khyan. - Moses. I could have you killed. I don't think so. Unless you do it yourself. Your own soldiers let me in. I am not negotiating anymore. That's not why I'm here. I came to tell you that something is coming... that is out of my control. Something that will affect thousands and thousands of citizens. And it will affect you very personally unless you accept what I've asked for,
and announce it publicly
before the sun goes down.
Ramses... do not turn your back on me!
This has nothing to do with you and I.
This is far beyond that.
This is about Egypt's survival.
Do you understand?
Sunset.
After that, it will be too late.
What will be too late?
You protect your child.
You protect your child tonight.
My child?
Is that a threat?
Is that a threat? Moses!
Moses!
Tell everyone
to slaughter a lamb.
And mark their doors,
and their doorposts tonight
with its blood.
Why?
Pity the lambs if I am wrong.
If I'm right...
we will bless them for eternity.
Bennu? Bennu?
No!
Ramses?
Ramses.
Ramses.
No!
Zechariah?
Zechariah?
Kneel!
Get out!
Murderer!
Child killer!
Their children died last night.
As did mine.
Is this your God?
A killer of children?
What kind of fanatics
worship such a God?
No Hebrew child died last night.
Get...
out.
Go.
Every one of you!
Go!
Go to Canaan if that's what you want.
Back to the homeland of your dreams.
But go!
As you command.
This is the route I took.
From here, we go South to the red sea.
The straits are here.
At low tide, we can cross on foot.
You know why you sleep so well, my boy?
Because you know you are loved.
With respect, if we're going to
recapture 400,000 slaves,
we might need more than three divisions.
We're not recapturing anyone.
Forward!
- We should rest.
- No.
We're not safe until we cross the sea.
Moshe!
Ramses...
4,000 men...
- a thousand chariots.
- How far behind us?
Four days.
Less, if they don't rest the horses.
Ramses!
Ramses!
We need to rest the horses, and the men!
The straits are that way.
The longest, easiest route
is down the Western coast.
Or we go through the mountains.
The mountains? Why?
Why don't we take that route?
We can, but so can Ramses.
The Mountain passes are dangerous,
but they are too narrow
for Ramses' chariots. He couldn't follow.
That would give us needed time.
What does God tell you?
The mountains.
Can we make it?
Forward!
Which way from here?
Stay here.
We need your help.
I don't know where I am.
You won't help me?
You won't help them.
This way!
Move out!
This way!
- Are you sure?
- I'm very sure.
I mean, are you sure we can make it across with our equipment... our chariots?
They didn't think they could with theirs.
How would they know?
They've never been here.
Moses may have.
- Is this high tide or low tide?
- Doesn't matter.
- This isn't the straits, is it?
- No.
- Do you even know where we are?
- Yes!
We're at a point on the earth where there is a sea ahead, and an army behind!
So now what?
Army or no army we have to rest.
I have misled all of them.
I have abandoned my family.
I have failed you.
I'm not what I thought I was.
What is it?
The current.
It's strong.
We need to cross here.
We need to cross now!
We cross here. We cross here!
Ready yourselves! We cross here!
Go tell them! Go!
Your orders are like the lash of the Egyptian whip.
- We are no longer slaves.
- And yet, you are not free.
You have lost sight of Canaan...
Land of your forebears.
You have honored me with your trust.
Now I honor you with my faith.
Follow me and you will be free!
Stay and you will perish.
Do not be afraid!
God is with us! Go! Ready yourselves!
Go! God is with us!
Pass the word! We cross here!
As quickly as you can,
gather your things, and form in groups!
Quickly!
Come on!
Steady!
To the right, to the right! Tight!
Keep moving!
There's nothing to fear!
Don't worry! You'll be safe!
Keep to the right! Keep to the right!
Ramses!
Stop!
Look out!
Stop! Stop!
Go.
Keep moving! Keep moving! Forward!
There.
Joshua! Aaron!
Run! Everyone, run!
Move!
Run to shore!
Moshe.
Moshe.
We must leave!
Ramses! Ramses!
- Go!
- Ramses, stop!
All! Turn around!
Turn around!
Khyan!
Leave.
- Brother...
- Leave now! That's an order!
Come! You'll never make it back!
Go!
Faster!
It's just me here.
Sit.
My family...
is not far from here.
- Your family?
- My other family. My wife, my son.
I was thinking
maybe I could convince them...
convince them to join us,
but perhaps that's...
- Perhaps that's not wise.
- Of course they should come.
We have a long way to go.
A lot can happen.
And then...
we get there, if we get there.
You don't think they'll
let us settle in Canaan?
They'll see us as invaders.
They won't have a choice.
We're as big as any tribe.
We're as big as a nation of tribes
and that concerns me even more.
Why?
This many people?
You have to ask?
- But we all have the same goal.
- We do now.
What happens when we stop running?
Ramses...
The Great.
Thank you.
Gershom.
Did you do what you said?
What did I say?
That you would trade your faith...
to keep me.
No.
Good.
You may need it more than ever now.
Who are they?
They're my people.
Who makes you happy?
You do.
What is the most important thing
in your life?
You are.
You are.
When will I leave you?
Never.
May I proceed?
Proceed.
What do you think of this?
I wouldn't do it if I didn't agree.
That's true.
I've noticed that about you.
You don't always agree with me.
Nor you me, I've noticed.
Yet here we are, still speaking.
But not for much longer.
A leader can falter, but stone...
will endure.
These laws will guide them
in your stead.
If you disagree
you should put down the hammer.