

THE ADMIRAL

An Original Screenplay

by

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FROM THE BLACK --

SUPER: "The following motion picture is based on actual events."

SUPER: "April 1917"

SUPER: "Utica, N.Y."

FADE IN:

INT. UTICA - FORD MODEL T (MOVING) - DAY

A rainy gray Sunday morning.

In their no-frills car and Sunday best, the Jennings family -- ASA (39), AMY (39), ASA JR. (10), WILBUR (8), and BERTHA (3) - - splashes past buildings festooned with soaked U.S. flags and patriotic bunting.

Asa drives. He is slight, bespectacled, and ordinary as oatmeal. He hunts for a place to park.

ASA
Damn rain.

"Damn" draws Amy's frown.

ASA (CONT'D)
No weather to send them off in.

Asa parks near an unassuming church.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Asa hurries toward the church. He carries Bertha. Despite her small size, she is too heavy for him.

His exertion brings on his persistent dry cough. His gait reveals a distinct hunchback. Both are the marks of a collapsed spine.

Amy and the two boys follow close by.

Amy juggles a well-thumbed BIBLE and an umbrella, which she tries to steady over Asa and Bertha.

Handing the umbrella to Asa Jr., Amy offers to take Bertha.

AMY
Asa, let me.

Asa is clearly struggling but won't concede defeat.

ASA
I'm all right.

Uniformed soldiers and their families also converge on the church. They greet Asa familiarly.

ASA JR.
Dad, will you get a uniform?

Amy glances at Asa sympathetically.

ASA
Come on, we can't be late.

SUPER: "Near Smyrna, Turkey"

INT. ARMENIAN HOME - PARLOR - NIGHT

Heavy curtains shroud all the windows of a modest parlor.

In dimmed kerosene lamplight, an extended Armenian family stands silently, heads bowed.

In their midst, an elderly village PRIEST (70s) has his right hand on the head of handsome DIKRAN (19), whom he blesses in hushed Armenian.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

PRIEST
*Protect this son of Armenia on his
journey to America and preserve him
for a long, happy, and prosperous
life in his new homeland. This we
ask in the name of the Father, and
of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.*

END SUBTITLES

All quietly echo a heartfelt "Amen" while crossing themselves Orthodox-style.

INT. UTICA - METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH - DAY

Torrential rain drums on the roof.

The pews are filled with fresh-faced young men in uniform and their anxious parents and siblings.

Asa, robed and revved-up, sermonizes from the pulpit.

ASA

President Wilson has wisely kept us
out of the European war for three
years. But we're in it now. And
justly so with German U-boats
taking innocent American lives.

He gestures broadly to the young men in uniform.

ASA (CONT'D)

I've watched most of you boys grow
up. You're men now. You've done
the right thing. As any man
should. I know you'll do your
duty. Make us all proud. The rest
of us, we've got to do the right
thing, too. We've got to support
our -- men -- however we can. God
will tell us how. He'll speak to
each one of us in His own way.
Tell us what to do. Let us pray.

INT. ARMENIAN HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT

Dikran's FATHER (late 40s) gestures grandly to a large
sideboard laden with food and drink, but he speaks in a near
whisper.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

FATHER

Now, we celebrate.

He looks lovingly at Dikran.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, we cry.

In the ensuing commotion, voices are oddly muffled. Loud
children are anxiously shushed.

Dikran's cousin, MISAK (20s), gives him a fierce hug.

MISAK

I won't wish you good luck, Dikran.

DIKRAN

Why not, cousin?

MISAK
*You're already lucky, to escape
 this hell.*

DIKRAN
I'm sorry, Misak.

He touches a bulge in his breast pocket.

DIKRAN (CONT'D)
*Uncle Garo sent as much as he
 could.*

MISAK
*I know. It's all right. At least
 one of us gets a chance.*

Dikran's pretty sister, ANI (16), joins them.

ANI
*We should be outside, Dickie,
 dancing and singing for you under
 the stars.*

DIKRAN
You know we can't, Ani.

ANI
We're prisoners. In our own home.

END SUBTITLES

EXT. UTICA - TRAIN STATION - DAY

The steady rain continues.

A swarm of umbrellas surrounds a passenger train loaded with departing U.S. Army RECRUITS who wave and shout from open windows.

On the station platform, Amy and the children look on as Asa reaches up to shake hands with Recruits.

ASA
*Good luck. And God bless you. God
 bless you all.*

RECRUIT
*Sure wish you were coming with us,
 Mr. Jennings.*

Asa smiles superficially and falls back toward Amy as the train begins to move.

AMY
 (whispering to Asa)
 I'm sure there's plenty that
 someone with . . . You'll find
 something.

Asa is not convinced.

The train pulls away revealing the famous Uncle Sam "I Want You!" poster plastered on a nearby wall.

Asa can't take his eyes off it. In his head, he hears an exchange with Amy from long ago.

ASA (V.O.)
 "This sickness is not unto death,"

AMY (V.O.)
 "but for the glory of God."

Suddenly, he is resolved. Uncle Sam is pointing at him.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

Dimly seen horses and riders gallop to a thunderous halt outside the darkened Armenian house amid shouts and gunfire.

INT. ARMENIAN HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT

Inside, the family stifles screams, but their faces bespeak terror.

A moment later, the front door crashes open directly into the parlor.

In the empty doorway stands the LEADER (30s) of a gang of "chettes," Turkish bandits. He is sullen and heavily armed.

Behind him, a dozen rough-looking bravos (20s and 30s), also armed, are clearly spoiling for trouble.

EXT. UTICA - STREET - DAY

Outside the train station, Asa crank-starts the Ford and climbs in with the family.

ASA
 (to Amy)
 I can't just talk a good game.

AMY

Please, Asa. Let's think about this.

ASA

There's nothing to think about. It's about time I acted.

Amy is not pleased.

ASA JR.

Can't I come, Dad?

Asa shakes his head.

ASA

Sorry, son.

INT. ARMENIAN HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT

The chette Leader swaggers in through the broken door. The others follow, save for a few who remain outside with the horses.

The Leader speaks and is answered in Turkish.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

LEADER

Everyone having a good time?

While the family cowers, he strides to the sideboard and stuffs food into his pockets, gesturing to his cohorts to help themselves.

LEADER (CONT'D)

I think we'll have a good time, too.

Seizing a wicker wine carafe, he takes a long swig.

FATHER

Leave us. Take what you want, but leave us in peace.

Lurching at the Father, the Leader bashes him across the face with the carafe, sending him to the floor.

LEADER

Yes, we take what we want from Armenian traitors.

(to his gang)

Do it.

On the order, they demand everyone's valuables and begin ransacking the house.

The Priest wags a finger at them.

PRIEST
One God judges all!

The Leader moves menacingly toward the Priest but stops short.

LEADER
*Shut up, old man, unless you'd like
a taste of wine, too.*

He orders a CHETTE to go outside.

LEADER (CONT'D)
Make sure it's ready.

END SUBTITLES

INT. UTICA - FORD (MOVING) - DAY

Asa, now alone in the car, spots what he's looking for through the rain: another "I Want You!" poster.

It's on an office building designated "U.S. Army Recruiting Office." The "Open Day & Night" sign has an arrow pointing upstairs.

EXT. UTICA - STREET - DAY

As Asa parks and exits the car, buoyant young men in civilian clothing emerge from the office building brandishing new commissions.

A moment before entering the building, Asa glowers back at the Uncle Sam poster as he pulls himself together.

INT. ARMENIAN HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT

The chette Leader spots Ani. Leering at her, he waves over another chette.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

LEADER
*Take this one outside and tie her
up.*

Ani tries unsuccessfully to resist. Her Father struggles up from the floor to save her. Chettes beat him down.

Misak lunges at the chette who restrains Ani.

MISAK
God damn you!

Chettes beat him to the floor as well.

DIKRAN
*What do you want? Money? I'll
give you money.*

He jangles a heavy coin purse taken from his breast pocket.

DIKRAN (CONT'D)
Look. Take it. All of it.

The Leader snatches the purse. Then, lodging the carafe under his arm, he sidles close to Ani.

She writhes in revulsion as his free hand caresses her hair and face then roves across her breasts.

Remembering the coin purse in his other hand, he hefts it and opens it. He smiles at the gold coins glinting inside.

LEADER
(to the chette holding
Ani)
Let her go.

Escaping the chette's grip, Ani immediately bends to her Father on the floor.

The Leader blows her a mock-gallant kiss.

LEADER (CONT'D)
*Till we meet again, sister. Soon,
I hope.*
(to the Chette outside)
Ready?

END SUBTITLES

INT. UTICA - RECRUITING OFFICE - DAY

Asa labors up to the second floor.

In a sparsely furnished hall, a LIEUTENANT (early 30s) is swearing in another group of new recruits, all of whom are noticeably younger and healthier than Asa.

On a table near the door, Asa spots a pile of enlistment applications.

He takes one, sits down, and begins filling it out.

INT. ARMENIAN HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT

The Chette previously sent outside steps back inside bearing a sturdy beam connected by a chain to a team of horses just outside the front door.

He steadies the beam cross-wise inside the doorframe.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

CHETTE

Ready.

The Leader nods.

CHETTE (CONT'D)

Hai! Hai!

The horses bolt, yanking the beam, which rips away a huge piece of wall leaving a gaping hole where the door was.

LEADER

Let's go.

Carrying accumulated loot, the chettes file out.

As the Leader nears the former doorway, he raises the carafe as if to salute Ani's Father, who lies bleeding in her arms.

LEADER (CONT'D)

We enjoyed your party. Better lock your door now. There are dangerous people around.

END SUBTITLES

INT. UTICA - RECRUITING OFFICE - DAY

In a small office to one side of the recruiting hall, Asa sits across the desk from the Lieutenant, who impatiently flips through Asa's enlistment application.

ASA

I know how to drive a car. I've repaired engines.

LIEUTENANT
Not looking for mechanics or
drivers.

He hands back Asa's application.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
Sorry.

Crestfallen, Asa picks up his hat and heads for the door.

The Lieutenant gets an idea.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
Hey, Jennings.

Asa turns around.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
You're a preacher, right?

Asa nods.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)
Talk to the "Y" people.

ASA
The Y.M.C.A.? Why them?

LIEUTENANT
Huge part of the effort. Working
with the War Personnel Board.

ASA
Doing what?

The Lieutenant points to wall posters (previously unseen)
touting the Y.M.C.A.'s war-related activities.

LIEUTENANT
Taking care of soldiers. Morale.
Health. Recreation. You name it.
Keep them out of trouble when
they're not busy fighting. Big
job. Especially with the younger
ones, know what I mean? Maybe
they've got something for you.

SUPER: "Five years later"

SUPER: "Smyrna, Turkey - August 1922"

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

It is sunny and searingly hot, a complete contrast to the previous dark and rainy scenes.

On glassy waters, an Austrian Lloyd STEAMER glides into Smyrna's immense harbor, the largest on Turkey's Aegean Sea coast, which teems with boats of every size and variety.

A sweeping two-mile arc of buildings defines the beautiful Smyrna waterfront, known as the quay.

On the quay, bulky warehouses stand shoulder-to-shoulder with elegant mansions, foreign consulates, modern hotels, and smart cafés.

EXT. QUAY - DAY

Heaped with goods from the Turkish interior, a string of camels plods down the quay.

A well-dressed woman (European style), impatient for the caravan to pass, deftly lifts the rope connecting two camels and passes underneath.

A large Packard touring car, one of several expensive cars on the waterfront, maneuvers among towering bales of tobacco, figs, raisins, dried fruit, licorice, and rugs.

EXT. PASSENGER SHIP (UNDERWAY) - DAY

On an exterior deck, Amy (now 44) and the three Jennings children (each now five years older than when previously seen) occupy themselves among the family's luggage, which includes a large WARDROBE TRUNK prominently stenciled "A.K. Jennings" next to the Y.M.C.A. logo.

Below are stenciled: "Newport News, Va.," "Camp Merritt, N.J.," "Le Mans, France," "Budejovice, Czechoslovakia," and "Smyrna, Turkey." All locations are **CROSSED THROUGH** except the last.

Without looking up, Asa Jr. reads from a guidebook.

ASA JR.

"The most important commercial port of the Ottoman Empire. The population of Smyrna is estimated at approximately 250,000 inhabitants, of whom two-fifths are Mohammedans, and nearly half Greeks; the rest are made up of large Armenian and Jewish

(MORE)

ASA JR. (CONT'D)
 communities and colonies from many
 countries in Europe."

He looks up.

ASA JR. (CONT'D)
 We must be the first Americans.

After reading silently for a few moments, he looks up again.

ASA JR. (CONT'D)
 Homer was born here.

Amy looks over his shoulder.

AMY
 "According to tradition."

ASA JR.
 And Alexander the Great re-built
 it.

WILBUR
 We learned about him. Last year.

ASA JR.
 And Marcus Aurelius re-re-built it.

WILBUR
 Him, too.

Without looking up, Asa Jr. challenges the fib.

ASA JR.
 And after the Romans, smart guy?

Wilbur is embarrassed into silence.

ASA JR. (CONT'D)
 The Byzantines. And they got
 conquered by the Ottomans.

BERTHA
 Who are they talking about, Mama?

Asa Jr. looks up to take in the city.

ASA JR.
 How can any place be so old?

AT THE RAIL

Asa (now 44) stands at the rail with his back to the family
 but close enough to overhear them.

He quietly retches over the side.

Amy detaches herself from the children and joins him.

He recovers and stares blankly at the approaching waterfront.

ASA

I assume Marcus Aurelius didn't
have this problem.

Amy smiles sympathetically while squeezing his hand.

AMY

You're sure about this? All of us
together?

Her last-minute doubts catch him off guard.

AMY (CONT'D)

I know, we've been all through it.

ASA

Amy, I had to accept it during the
war. I don't care where they send
me. I just never want to be away
from you and the kids like that
again.

AMY

It's just -- This place is so
different from where we've been.
From anything.

He gestures to the shore.

ASA

It's beautiful. We'll be living in
"Paradise," remember?

AMY

Tough name for a neighborhood to
live up to. Even if it's full of
Americans.

ASA

You said: "As long as there's an
American school for the kids."

She nods in concession.

AMY

Ever find out why they call it a
college?

ASA

It's what they call all the American missionary schools over here. Did I mention we'll have a car?

AMY

It's not getting around I'm concerned about.

ASA

I know. The Greeks and the Turks.

AMY

And the Turks and the Armenians. Oil and water, Asa. For centuries. And we're walking right into it.

ASA

Sailing actually.

Amy is not in the mood for lame humor.

ASA (CONT'D)

We're in no danger, Amy. This is Greek territory now. Completely stable since the Allies let them come in.

AMY

So many ghosts here, Asa. The poor Armenians. How many hundreds of thousands?

ASA

Not much of it here. Not even during the war.

AMY

But the war's not over, not for the Greeks and the Turks.

He points beyond Smyrna.

ASA

The lines are nearly three hundred miles that way. Everything between here and there, perfectly safe.

Their ship passes near a destroyer flying the British ensign, one of a handful of Allied warships -- British, French, Italian, and American -- anchored among the other shipping.

AMY

I suppose they're just sightseeing then?

ASA

Observing, anyway. Keeping their noses out of it.

Neither speaks for a few moments as they scan the busy waterfront and the harbor.

ASA (CONT'D)

The Y's a good idea here. Make a fresh start with the young ones now there's peace and calm. Show them a life beyond their history. We can make a real difference here.

She bucks up.

AMY

I'll be all right.

ASA

Anyway, it's just till I can get the new place on its feet.

EXT. QUAY - DAY

The family stands on the quay among their luggage.

Blue and white GREEK FLAGS flutter prominently along the busy waterfront.

Nearby, the previously seen Packard touring car and driver await a passenger arriving on the same ship that has brought the Jenningses to Smyrna.

ASA

I don't know what's gone wrong. I wired them exactly when we'd arrive.

Asa gets the attention of a passing group of GREEK ARMY OFFICERS.

ASA (CONT'D)

Pardon me. Pardon me!

He coughs from the exertion of shouting.

The Officers stop.

ASA (CONT'D)
 Can you please direct me to the
 Y.M.C.A.?

GREEK OFFICER
 (to the other Officers, in
 Greek)
*I think he's speaking English. Can
 you understand him?*

They gesture non-comprehension to each other and to Asa and
 move on.

Asa tries the same question with a man wearing a fez. Same
 result.

AMY
 How will we ever manage here?

ASA JR.
 Learn some more new languages, I
 guess.

Wilbur intones what has become the peripatetic family's
 motto.

WILBUR
 "When in Rome --"

ASA-WILBUR-BERTHA-ASA JR.
 (in unison)
 "Do as the Romanians do."

GEORGE HORTON (63) approaches the nearby Packard.

He chuckles on overhearing the Jennings family. He hands his
 valise to the driver.

HORTON
 (in flawless Greek)
Just a minute, Dimitri.

He steps over to the family and offers his hand to Asa.

HORTON (CONT'D)
 You must be the new assistant "Y"
 director.

ASA
 Yes.

HORTON
 We've been expecting you.

Horton presents his card.

HORTON (CONT'D)

I'm George Horton, U.S. Consul-General here.

ASA

Pleased to meet you, sir.

HORTON

Yankee community's pretty small.
Word gets around.

ASA

You've just come from
Constantinople, too?

HORTON

Meetings yesterday at the embassy.
Wish I'd known you were aboard.
How can I help?

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE Y.M.C.A. - DAY

Smyrna's Y.M.C.A. building, formerly a large café, stands two short blocks from the waterfront at the corner of two busy commercial streets.

The International Y.M.C.A. logo is prominent above the open front door.

A group of teenaged boys approaches the door. They wear fezzes.

PAVLOS (early 30s), Asa's Greek assistant, spots them and steps outside the front door. In fluent Turkish, he cajoles them to enter.

PAVLOS

*Come. Try it. We need some more
football players.*

Only one of the Turkish boys goes in. The others jeer him.

INT. Y.M.C.A. - DAY

Pavlos escorts the Turkish boy to a bulletin board and shows him where to sign up for the soccer team.

Behind the reception counter, Asa's Armenian assistant, Misak (previously seen), tacks up the announcement for a forthcoming movie showing.

On noticing the boy with the fez, Misak's eyes narrow almost imperceptibly.

Other signs give notice of English and French lessons and courses in agricultural instruction.

Nearby, a large Greek flag stands upright on a pole.

To one side of the main room a reading area is set off by well stocked bookshelves, reading chairs, and newspaper racks.

On the other side, a glazed partition marks the office of "E.O. Jacob, Director."

IN THE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

Asa stands on a chair examining the contents of a tall file drawer.

He takes out five registry books, looks at the labels, and flips through the books impatiently.

ASA

Pavlos!

Pavlos leans his head through the office door.

ASA (CONT'D)

Why separate registers?

One by one, as if discarding them, Asa slams the registers down onto the nearby desk as he recites their labels.

ASA (CONT'D)

"Greek." "Armenian." "Turk."
"Jew." "Frank." Frank?

Pavlos steps fully into Asa's office. Pavlos's English is fluent, but he speaks formalistically and with a Greek accent.

PAVLOS

From "France." Where most of you barbarians came from -- during the Crusades.

ASA

Have the boys been separated since the Crusades, too?

PAVLOS

Probably. That is Smyrna.

Asa continues to sift through the contents of the file drawer.

ASA
Boys are boys. They don't need to
be separated.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - DAY

Asa, Pavlos, and Misak stand on the edge of a dusty playing field marked "Property of the Y.M.C.A." Asa and Misak are in office clothes. Pavlos, tieless and with a whistle around his neck, officiates.

On the field, boys play two distinctly separate soccer games. One game has noticeably fewer players.

ASA
This is nonsense. Mix them up.

Misak and Pavlos look at each other anxiously.

Pavlos blow his whistle. Both games stop.

Pavlos signals all the boys to join him. As they do, he integrates the four previously existing teams into two new teams and benches the extra boys.

The extra boys retreat in two groups to opposite ends of a wooden bench.

On the field, within teams, boys exchange angry looks.

Pavlos starts the game.

Almost immediately, a general mêlée erupts. The boys from the bench join in.

Pavlos, blowing his whistle, runs onto the field to separate the fighting boys. Misak and Asa follow.

Asa gets badly pummeled by the fighting boys, many of whom are stronger than he is.

INT. Y.M.C.A. - DAY

Misak enters from the street. Smiling, he brandishes a poster-sized official proclamation.

He is trailed by a crowd of boys gleefully singing the Greek national anthem.

He strides directly to the bulletin board near the Greek flag and tacks up the proclamation, obliterating all other postings.

The commotion draws all others in the main room to the bulletin board, including Pavlos.

Asa, showing bruises, emerges from his office and pushes through the singing throng.

ASA
What's this all about?

Misak must shout to be heard over the singing.

MISAK
A proclamation today. From High Commissioner Sterghiades.

ASA
What's it say?

MISAK
Smyrna is now a capital, of "Occidental Asia Minor." All areas occupied by the Greek army are now autonomous and self-governing.

Asa frowns.

Then he reaches up, rips down the proclamation, and angrily shreds it.

MISAK (CONT'D)
But it's an official --

ASA
I don't give a damn what he's declared. This is no place for partisanship.

Everyone is stunned. The national anthem fizzles. The boys drift away.

ASA turns back toward his office, then stops.

ASA (CONT'D)
And get rid of that flag, too.

They balk.

ASA (CONT'D)
Get rid of it!

Before anyone can comply, shattering plate glass draws everyone's attention to the front door where a ragged, barefoot Turkish HAMAL (an immensely strong professional porter) carries a huge wooden crate on his back.

The Hamal has mis-judged the doorway.

Asa smiles.

ASA (CONT'D)

Finally.

Everyone looks puzzled.

The Hamal sets down the crate on its small end, the proper position according to an arrow pointing "THIS END UP" in English.

Then the Hamal starts to tip the crate down onto one of its long sides, oblivious to the arrow.

MISAK

(in Turkish)

Not that way, you idiot. Can't you see the arrow?

The Hamal tips the crate back up into proper position. From within his sash he hands Asa a crumpled receipt, which Asa signs and returns.

ASA

(to Misak)

Help me, will you?

PAVLOS

(in Turkish, to the Hamal)

Some water?

The Hamal nods. Pavlos steps out.

Misak finds a tool from behind the reception desk and skillfully pries open the face of the crate labeled "OPEN HERE" and pulls away the stuffing.

Inside stands a shiny new floor-model gramophone and a wooden box.

Asa tries to lift the box out of the crate, but it's too heavy. He finally defers to Misak, who sets it down on the nearby counter and pries it partly open for Asa.

As Misak finishes working the gramophone out of its crate, Asa pulls the cover off the box. It's full of records. He picks one at random.

ASA

Let's see what we've got.

He sets it on the turntable and cranks the handle. "Limehouse Blues" blares to life.

The Hamal is awestruck.

MISAK

Yes, you Americans can make friends with Victrolas. After all, you did not declare war on Turkey as your allies did.

ASA

What's wrong with making friends, whatever it takes?

MISAK

Friends? With our oppressors?

Misak nods disdainfully toward the Hamal.

MISAK (CONT'D)

We lived here for centuries before they arrived.

Pavlos returns with a glass of water and a tip for the Hamal. He also has a broom and begins sweeping up the broken glass.

The Hamal, entranced by the music, lingers while he drinks.

ASA

Then what are we doing here? What does the "Y" stand for?

MISAK

They'll never trust us. They think we're here to convert their sons.

PAVLOS

It was a disaster when the Greek army landed.

MISAK

A few Turks were killed.

PAVLOS

Hundreds, Misak. You know it.

MISAK

So what? After what they've done to the Armenians. And the Greeks.

PAVLOS

(to Asa)

It was three years ago, but everyone still remembers.

ASA

People need to forget.

PAVLOS

In Smyrna, we don't remember how to forget.

MISAK

They're just waiting for Kemal.

On "Kemal" the Hamal perks up his ears.

MISAK (CONT'D)

Their hero of Gallipoli.

The Hamal smiles on "Gallipoli."

PAVLOS

It wasn't so bad before the Reforms.

MISAK

Ever since '08 it's been "Turkey for the Turks." "Christians out!"

ASA

Christians are perfectly safe here.

PAVLOS

For now. If the Greek army leaves, we're finished.

MISAK

No! We ourselves must fight. This is our home.

EXT. SMYRNA SUBURB - PHILIPPIDES GARDEN - DAY

Still intensely hot, but a picture-perfect late afternoon in the seaside garden of a suburban Smyrna mansion.

At one end of the large garden stands the elegant mansion of STEFANOS and ELISAVET PHILIPPIDES (both mid-60s), parents of ELENI (late 20s).

METROPOLITAN CHRYSOSTOMOS (70s), the supreme leader of Smyrna's majority Greek Orthodox flock, conducts the ceremony of betrothal for Eleni and Pavlos.

CHRYSOSTOMOS (O.S.)

(in Greek)

*For it was You, Lord, who taught us
to give our pledge through a ring
and remain faithful in everything.*

. . .

At the other end, the garden slopes down to a private pier where the Philippides's sailing yacht bobs at its berth.

CHRYSOSTOMOS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Through a ring the authority was
given to Joseph in Egypt, through a
ring Daniel was glorified in the
land of Babylon, through a ring the
true identity of Thamar was
discovered. . . .*

The garden is filled with everybody who is anybody in Smyrna's Greek society. There are also European and American guests, including Horton, Asa, and Amy.

All the guests are crowded around a makeshift altar where Pavlos and Eleni are encircled close to Metropolitan Chrysostomos and his assistant, who holds the service book.

CHRYSOSTOMOS (CONT'D)

*Through a ring our Heavenly Father
showed mercy on the prodigal son.*

Three times, Chrysostomos crosses two engagement rings in front of an icon set up on the altar.

Turning to Eleni, he places one of the rings on her right hand.

CHRYSOSTOMOS (CONT'D)

*The servant of God Eleni is
betrothed to the servant of God
Pavlos, in the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and of the Holy
Spirit.*

Chrysostomos places the other ring on Pavlos's right hand.

CHRYSOSTOMOS (CONT'D)

*The servant of God Pavlos is
betrothed to the servant of God
Eleni, in the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and of the Holy
Spirit. Amen.*

Smiles and happy murmurings all around.

Chrysostomos switches to Greek-accented English so the non-Greek guests don't miss the forthcoming harangue.

CHRYSOSTOMOS (CONT'D)

Bless their betrothal, that it may
signal our long-awaited union with
Greece, our motherland.

Audible concurrence from the Greek guests. Chrysostomos bellows more with every sentence.

CHRYSOSTOMOS (CONT'D)
 And bless Constantine, our King of
 All the Greeks. For is he not the
 one who was foretold? That new
 Constantine who would one day
 avenge the Constantine of old?

The Greek guests' agreement grows more enthusiastic.

CHRYSOSTOMOS (CONT'D)
 Bless his armies and lead them to
 victory, that after centuries of
 fear and slavery all Greeks may
 once more live united and free!

The Greek guests burst into cheers and applause.

Asa shakes his head disapprovingly.

EXT. PHILIPPIDES GARDEN - DAY

The reception following the ceremony is in high gear.

Horton chats with Stefanos and Elisavet Philippides, Eleni, and Pavlos. He spots Asa and Amy standing awkwardly alone.

HORTON
 Asa, bring Mrs. Jennings over here.

Asa and Amy join the cluster.

HORTON (CONT'D)
 Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, meet our
 hosts, Stefanos and Elisavet
 Philippides and their daughter
 Eleni.
 (to Stefanos and Elisavet)
 Asa is the new assistant director
 of our Y.M.C.A.

STEFANOS
 Welcome to Smyrna.

ASA
 Thank you.
 (to Pavlos and Eleni)
 And congratulations to you both.

AMY
 Such a lovely ceremony.

A white-gloved waiter offers drinks from a silver tray to Asa and Amy. Amy takes water.

STEFANOS

(to Asa)

Pavlos tells me you're uniting the faiths through good sportsmanship and fair play.

Asa takes wine.

ASA

Just trying to break down some unnecessary boundaries.

Amy catches his eye long enough to flash a frown.

STEFANOS

Boundaries are very old in Smyrna.

ASA

Some basic things need to change around here.

ELISAVET

Yes, but how quickly? You can't count on American speed here.

ASA

Someone's got to make a start. The Metropolitan, for instance.

Amy clenches her jaw at Asa's forwardness.

ELISAVET

Ah, to be American. Just "make a start."

STEFANOS

Beware the price, Mr. Jennings.

ASA

Price?

STEFANOS

In your country, changing some "basic things" required a civil war, as I recall.

Horton, ever the diplomat, is anxious to change the subject.

HORTON

Tobacco's one thing that moves quickly here, eh Stefanos? And at a good price.

STEFANOS

I can't disagree with that.

Horton lifts his glass.

HORTON

And no one can disagree that the American Tobacco Company's got the best agent in Smyrna.

STEFANOS

You are too kind, Mr. Horton. You know perfectly well how you and your nation have contributed to our success.

HORTON

Asa, what will you do when Pavlos leaves the "Y"?

ASA

We'll manage somehow. He's been a great help getting me settled while the Director's away. The College is lucky to get him.

AMY

(to Eleni)

Have you fixed a wedding date?

ELENI

Not yet. Probably after Pavlos starts teaching.

STEFANOS

(to Asa and Amy)

They can't marry now anyway.

ELENI

Weddings are off limits for fifteen days before the Feast of the Dormition.

STEFANOS

But His Eminence was persuaded -- was kind enough to allow the betrothal today.

Elisavet throws a sly look toward Stefanos.

ELISAVET

(to Amy)

It doesn't matter. For us Greeks they're as good as married now.

STEFANOS

(to Asa and Amy)

You'll be welcome to the wedding,
too. But now, it's time for a
sail. Will you join us?

A look of panic crosses Asa's face.

EXT. PHILIPPIDES PIER - DAY

At the foot of a short gangplank, Asa and Amy are next in line to board the immaculate Philippides yacht.

Asa drags his feet as Amy whispers in his ear.

AMY

You need to make amends. You'll be
fine.

Asa reluctantly follows her aboard.

EXT. PHILIPPIDES YACHT (UNDERWAY) - ON DECK - DAY

Asa, green, stands at the leeward rail next to Amy. He is desperately trying to hold down lunch.

Leaning over the rail, he begins dry-heaving. Amy strokes his back. Other guests inch away.

Stefanos sees what's happening and hastens over.

STEFANOS

Not so easy changing the ways of
nature, eh Mr. Jennings? Come with
me. You'll feel better if you lie
down.

INT. PHILIPPIDES YACHT (UNDERWAY) - STATEROOM - DAY

Alone in a berth, Asa lies half awake.

Through an overhead hatch, he sees two crew members raising a sail by hauling on a line wrapped around a winch.

As they pull, Asa drifts asleep to the rhythmic clatter of the winch's ratchet.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. UTICA - ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Rhythmically, the DOCTOR (50s) and a male assistant (30s) draw a heavy chain through a ratchet to hoist Asa off the tiled operating room floor using a SAYRE'S SUSPENSION APPARATUS, a positively medieval-looking tripod device.

Asa is in his late twenties.

Strapped to a backboard, he is naked except for a hospital gown and a leather head-and-shoulder harness, which is connected to an overhead block and tackle.

He sweats profusely yet shivers with fever.

The Doctor removes Asa's wire-rimmed glasses and holds a roll of bandages up to Asa's face.

DOCTOR
This will help.

Asa clamps the bandage roll between his teeth.

The ratchet and chain continue to clatter as Asa rises toward the apex of the tripod.

Suspended by the leather harness, the full weight of Asa's body now dangles freely off the floor to stretch and straighten his spine.

The assistant fumbles to lock the ratchet. The ratchet slips.

As Asa's body jerks downward, his involuntary scream of pain is muffled by the bandage roll.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Are you all right, Mr. Jennings?

Asa manages a stoic nod despite the constraining headgear.

The assistant unstraps Asa from the backboard and removes Asa's gown.

Leaving Asa's arms free, the Doctor and assistant wrap Asa's entire upper body with a linen shield, then begin to apply wet plaster of Paris over the shield.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The Doctor, still messy from applying the cast, approaches Amy, in her late twenties. She rises anxiously from a hallway bench.

DOCTOR

He's in very great danger. It's settled in the lungs and spine, I'm afraid.

AMY

What more can be done?

DOCTOR

Keep him completely immobilized.

AMY

How long?

DOCTOR

Two years. Maybe more.

AMY

Will it cure him?

DOCTOR

There's no telling. Mountain air might help.

AMY

Then I'll take him up north.

DOCTOR

He can't leave here until his temperature returns to normal.

INT. TUBERCULOSIS WARD - DAY

An elderly NURSE pushes into the ward through swinging doors labeled "Tuberculosis Patients Only - No Public Admittance."

Asa, immobilized in his upper-body cast, lies on his back under a disorderly pile of newspapers.

The Nurse distractedly shakes down a mercury thermometer as she approaches Asa's bed.

She sticks it in his mouth and walks away.

Motionless, Asa grips the thermometer between his teeth, keeping his LIPS OPEN so the thermometer will not properly register his body temperature.

His very alert eyes follow a buzzing FLY to its landing place on a fresh roll of FLYPAPER hanging overhead.

The fly struggles vainly to escape. A smile flickers across Asa's face.

As the Nurse returns, he CLOSES HIS LIPS.

She removes the thermometer and reads it.

NURSE

Much better, Mr. Jennings. Looks like you'll be leaving us soon.

END FLASHBACK

INT. PHILIPPIDES YACHT (UNDERWAY) - STATEROOM - DAY

Amy prods Asa out of deep sleep.

AMY

Asa. Asa Jennings. We'll be back to shore soon.

SUPER: "August 15"

EXT. SMYRNA - STREET - DAY

The narrow commercial street outside the U.S. consulate is filling with well dressed families. All businesses are closed. Greek flags and bunting are everywhere.

The U.S. Consulate is on a corner one short block from the waterfront. The stately two-story building is L-shaped, its angle embracing an ample courtyard bounded on two sides by the intersecting streets and a high wrought-iron fence.

U.S. Marines stand guard at the fence's gate. A small cluster of U.S. Navy officers stands in the courtyard.

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE - SECOND-STORY TERRACE - DAY

In one direction, the consulate's second-story terrace overlooks the street in front of the consulate gate and beyond to the harbor. In the other direction, the terrace has a sweeping view over much of the city.

Sipping coffee, U.S. Vice-Consul MAYNARD BARNES (25) and HALSEY POWELL (40s), captain of the U.S. Navy destroyer *Edsall*, stand at the balustrade looking toward the harbor where *Edsall* is in view at anchor close to the quay.

POWELL

Plenty of depth right up to the seawall. No current to speak of. Much easier than Constan for
(MORE)

POWELL (CONT'D)
getting in and out. Don't get much
time to explore, though.

BARNES
Well then, Captain, how about the
official fifteen-second tour?

Barnes leads Powell over to the city-view side of the terrace
and points as he speaks.

BARNES (CONT'D)
Mount Pagus with the old Byzantine
castle there. Turkish quarter
immediately below. Jewish and
Armenian quarters further left.
Then the Greek and European
quarters.

POWELL
Mr. Barnes, that's five quarters.

BARNES
Middle-Eastern math. Somehow it
works. Been working for centuries,
actually.

Horton and his boss, ADMIRAL MARK BRISTOL (mid-50s), also
stand and sip coffee on the terrace, but apart from Barnes
and Powell.

Bristol has two roles. He is the U.S.'s highest-ranking
naval officer in the region and is also the U.S.'s chief
diplomat in the crumbling Ottoman Empire.

HORTON
Good of you to come down for this,
Admiral.

BRISTOL
(to Horton)
Too important for telegrams.
(to all)
Gentlemen, let's begin.

EXT. PARADISE SUBURB - AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE - DAY

Imposing American-style buildings define a spacious prep-
school campus dotted with young trees.

A CLOCK TOWER, surmounted by the U.S. flag, dominates the
College's three-story classroom building.

Opposite the classroom building, about four hundred yards
away, is the College's MAIN GATE.

Opening directly onto the road to Smyrna, the gate pierces a high fieldstone perimeter wall that encloses the entire campus.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - JENNINGS QUARTERS - DAY

The Jennings's modest quarters are inside the wall near the gate.

In front, the two younger Jennings children play tag with the three children of one of the College's American teachers. All the children are dressed in their Sunday best.

Asa, Amy, and Asa Jr. emerge from the house with ANNA BIRGE (30s), the teacher. Like the younger children, all are well dressed.

ANNA BIRGE

There's nothing to worry about.
He'll do fine.

AMY

I'm so glad he's going to be in
your class.

ANNA BIRGE

Let me know if you need anything
else. And thanks so much for
breakfast.

AMY

You have a ride down?

ANNA BIRGE

With Dr. MacLachlan. Children,
it's time to go. Oh look how dusty
you've gotten.

AMY

See you there then.

As Anna dusts off her children, Asa and Amy gather the Jennings children toward the Y's Chevrolet sedan parked in front of the house.

ANNA BIRGE

See you there.

ASA

Romanians! Come on. It's time to
go.

INT. SMYRNA - U.S. CONSUL-GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Horton's second-floor office is a grand affair, befitting the near-governor status of the foreign consuls in Smyrna.

A walk-in safe, the U.S. seal emblazoned on its closed door, is built into an interior wall of the room.

Floor-to-ceiling windows are open to the terrace, but the sheer curtains hang limply. Whirling overhead fans are powerless against the heat of high summer.

Horton, Barnes, and Powell are seated, but the mood is tense. Bristol, lighting a cigar, paces impatiently.

BRISTOL

We're expecting a Turkish move.

BARNES

How soon?

BRISTOL

Last week of August.

BARNES

What kind of move?

BRISTOL

That we don't know.

HORTON

If Kemal can flank the Greek line, Smyrna's his.

POWELL

City's unguarded, as far as I can tell. Lots of officers strutting around. Not many enlisted men, though.

BRISTOL

Is it true General Hadjianestis refuses to leave Smyrna?

POWELL

The Commander-in-Chief's not at the front?

HORTON

(embarrassed)

He's been heard to say he thinks his legs are made of glass.

BRISTOL

Good God! How much longer will the
Greeks keep up this charade?
They're broke and their commander's
feeble-minded.

INT. CHEVROLET SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY

Asa drives the family along the dirt road from Paradise to
Smyrna.

WILBUR

Why is he called a Metropolitan?

ASA JR.

Don't you know anything, Wilbur?
He's the bishop in a big city, a
metropolis.

WILBUR

Then they should call him a bishop.

Amy tries to mediate.

AMY

Smyrna's had a bishop since the
very earliest days of the Church.

ASA

The first one was called Polycarp.

Bertha giggles.

BERTHA

Po-ly-carp?

ASA

He was martyred right over there.

He points to the ruins of Smyrna's Roman-era stadium, visible
from the road.

BERTHA

What's "martyred"?

Amy glances anxiously at Asa.

ASA JR.

It's when they kill you for not
giving up what you believe.

INT. U.S. CONSUL-GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The meeting continues.

Barnes now stands at the open safe sifting through intelligence reports as he speaks.

BARNES

Probably two hundred thousand.
Uniformed. Thousands more
irregulars. "Chettes" they're
called.

BRISTOL

How many thousands?

HORTON

We have no idea. And we don't know
what real control Kemal has over
them.

BRISTOL

And the Greeks?

BARNES

Roughly the same. Without
irregulars, of course.

BRISTOL

Damn the Greeks! They shouldn't
have been allowed to land in the
first place. There's no way they
can effectively control what
they've acquired.

HORTON

They're doing us a big favor.

BRISTOL

How's that, George? Waging a war
they can't afford -- and probably
can't win?

HORTON

(angrily)
While we watch and hedge our bets.

BRISTOL

Face it, George. It's even money
who wins this thing, and whoever
wins it's going to control huge oil
reserves.

HORTON

We don't have stakes in "this thing." We didn't declare war on Turkey.

BRISTOL

Doesn't matter. What matters is our domestic reserves. Dangerously low.

POWELL

Congress is talking about putting the Navy back on coal.

BRISTOL

We've got as much right to develop the Ottoman reserves as anybody. And we can do it better.

HORTON

Have you any idea what will happen to the religious minorities if Kemal wins?

BRISTOL

Not our concern.

HORTON

If the Greek army retreats --

BRISTOL

The Greeks have bungled this war. It'll serve them right if Kemal chases them out.

HORTON

There'll be a huge cost in innocent lives.

BRISTOL

Maybe so. But when it's all over, Kemal is somebody we can do business with.

Looking impatiently at his pocket watch.

BRISTOL (CONT'D)

Dr. MacLachlan will be here any minute now. I don't want any confusion about what we tell him.

EXT. SMYRNA - STREET - DAY

The American International College car pushes through the gathering crowd and pulls up in front of the consulate gate.

From it emerge Anna Birge, her husband, their three children, and the College president, Dr. ALEXANDER MacLACHLAN (mid-60s).

The marines greet them familiarly and open the gate.

They cross the courtyard to the consulate's main door.

INT. U.S. CONSUL-GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The meeting continues. The strain between Horton and Bristol is palpable.

HORTON

He's going to want flexibility. So do I, for that matter.

BRISTOL

George, everybody knows the situation's precarious. But I don't see where flexibility comes in.

HORTON

We need to be able to respond to a wide range of contingencies.

BRISTOL

Captain Powell didn't bring me down here to make concessions.

HORTON

I'm not asking for concessions.

BRISTOL

Then what do you want?

HORTON

Freedom to use my judgment as circumstances may require.

BRISTOL

You can organize an American relief committee.

HORTON

Can I count on government support?

BRISTOL
Not officially.

HORTON
What are my resources then?

BRISTOL
Whatever you can raise privately.

Horton loses it.

HORTON
That won't be nearly enough! If
the Greek army retreats, every
Christian in Asia Minor will run
here.

A knock at the office door.

HORTON (CONT'D)
Yes?

Horton's SECRETARY opens the door and pokes in her head.

SECRETARY
Dr. MacLachlan is here.

HORTON
Bring him up then.

The Secretary closes the door.

BRISTOL
George, my instructions from
Washington are very clear. We're
to remain strictly neutral. If
things get out of hand, we protect
U.S. citizens, U.S. property, and
U.S. interests only.

Horton looks down shaking his head.

BRISTOL (CONT'D)
Our Allies are doing exactly the
same. And if they make any moves,
we don't participate. Turkey's
their enemy, not ours.

Bristol's tone signals the end of discussion.

BRISTOL (CONT'D)
The Greeks and the Allies started
this affair. They'll have to
figure out how to end it.

Horton, conceding defeat, looks up.

HORTON

You at least agree that naturalized
U.S. citizens fall under our
protection?

BRISTOL

Yes. But "I have a cousin in
Brooklyn" won't do. Proper papers.
No exceptions.

Another knock at the door.

INT. CHEVROLET SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY

The Jenningses pull up in front of the Y.M.C.A.

ASA

We can walk from here.

INT. U.S. CONSUL-GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

The meeting continues, now with MacLachlan also present.

MACLACHLAN

Can the College count on U.S.
protection?

BRISTOL

Captain Powell is authorized to
land sufficient numbers of
bluejackets to protect U.S.
citizens and property. The College
will certainly be included.

MacLachlan looks expectantly at Horton who, powerless to
help, avoids eye contact.

MACLACHLAN

The College will be a natural
refuge for all Christians. Not
just Americans.

BRISTOL

I understand. But if there's an
evacuation, it'll be U.S. citizens
only.

He smirks at Horton.

BRISTOL (CONT'D)

Including naturalized citizens.

EXT. STREET - DAY

It is the feast-day of the Dormition of the Virgin, the climax of summer everywhere in the Greek world.

A grand procession, accompanied by a Greek military band, passes in front of the U.S. consulate.

Greek flags being waved by the dense cheering crowd lining both sides of the street make a shimmering sea of blue and white. It looks more like a political rally than a religious celebration.

Not a single fez is in sight.

To a person, the crowd reverently cross themselves Orthodox-style as the priests pass by carrying the Gospels and the icon of the Dormition.

Last, smiling triumphantly, walks Metropolitan Chrysostomos carrying his bejewelled bishop's crook.

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE TERRACE - DAY

Horton, Bristol, Barnes, Powell, and their guests, including the Jennings, MacLachlan, and Birge families and the consulate staff, crowd the balustrade to watch the procession below.

MACLACHLAN

(to Asa Jr.)

Not the Assumption. The Dormition.

ASA JR.

What's the Dormition?

MACLACHLAN

The "falling asleep." "Kimisis" in Greek. Where our word "cemetery" comes from.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Directly in front of the consulate, Chrysostomos looks up at Horton on the terrace and makes the sign of the cross in blessing.

Horton smiles graciously and touches his hat brim in acknowledgment.

Bristol, standing next to Horton, is stone-faced.

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE TERRACE - DAY

Bristol leans close to Horton.

BRISTOL

His Eminence has made things much worse than they need to be.

HORTON

Metropolitan Chrysostomos merely preaches to his flock.

BRISTOL

Then he should stick to the Gospels.

HORTON

The Gospels speak of hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

BRISTOL

He's too political. He's inflammatory. Someone's got to stop him.

SUPER: "August 31"

EXT. PARADISE SUBURB - COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Golden late-afternoon light bathes the campus.

Asa, driving the "Y" Chevrolet, careens onto the campus from the main road, passing the sign announcing "American International College."

He halts in a cloud of dust in front of the family's quarters near the gate.

He strains to lift a box of groceries from the back seat.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - JENNINGS QUARTERS - DAY

Asa, in shirtsleeves, emerges from the back door carrying a bottle of red wine.

Amy is hanging the last of the laundry.

ASA

The drive's the only decent part of the job. Shame it's only three miles.

He flourishes the wine bottle.

ASA (CONT'D)
A little taste? With supper?

AMY
Will you never give up?

ASA
My sacred mission.

AMY
Sacriligious, you mean.

ASA
I have it on quite good authority,
you know, that Our Lord and Savior
himself drank wine with supper.
Once, at least.

Amy rolls her eyes as she hangs the last piece of laundry.

From behind, he grabs her around the waist and mashes a kiss
onto her neck.

ASA (CONT'D)
Probably a lusty red from just down
the coast here.

She pretends to struggle away but can't suppress a smile.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MAIN BUILDING - DAY

Asa and Amy climb the main building's central steps at the
base of the clock tower.

The fading light casts long shadows.

From a luxuriant jasmine vine climbing a nearby wall, Amy
plucks a sprig and holds it to her nose, closing her eyes as
she draws in the delicious aroma.

AMY
You were right. This is paradise.

She formally presents the sprig to Asa.

AMY (CONT'D)
The custom, I'm told. For someone
you love.

She gestures to the clock tower entrance.

AMY (CONT'D)

You game?

INT. CLOCK TOWER STAIRCASE - SUNDOWN

Still holding Amy's jasmine sprig, Asa labors behind her as they near the top of the clock tower stairs.

ASA

I don't know what else to do.

AMY

You'll think of something. The "Y" believes in you. So do I.

ASA

I can't make any difference here.

AMY

You're a good man, Asa. You've made a difference everywhere.

EXT. CLOCK TOWER ROOF - DAY

They emerge from the staircase onto the clock tower's roof, which offers a magnificent sundown view of the surrounding countryside in every direction.

ASA

It's going to be just like everywhere else: "Well done, Jennings. Fine job as usual, Jennings. Now, Jennings, we need you to re-organize the "Y" in -- Peking."

AMY

The boys need you.

ASA

What for? To referee their ethnic grudges?

AMY

You're helping them find common ground.

ASA

It's not working, Amy. One man can't do it. The entire "Y" can't do it.

AMY

You've never given up at anything.

ASA

All we're doing is keeping them apart so they'll have a good chance to butcher each other when they grow up. This is what I was spared for?

Neither speaks for several moments.

AMY

You were spared for a reason.

ASA

Come on, Amy. It's been fourteen years.

AMY

Stop it. Your life was a gift.

ASA

With very long strings attached.

AMY

You just have to be careful, that's all.

ASA

Don't take any risks, you mean.

AMY

Asa, you've got to be realistic.

ASA

I'm sick of being realistic. I'm sick of being sick.

AMY

You've supported us, Asa, despite everything.

ASA

I know. I know. But it's getting harder every day.

AMY

Work?

He shakes his head.

AMY (CONT'D)

What then?

He glances heavenward.

ASA
Being grateful. This can't go on,
Amy. This isn't living.

Another long silence.

Amy's attention shifts to the nearby flagpole.

AMY
We should take care of this.

She begins to lower the flag.

AMY (CONT'D)
Any news from Mr. Horton?

ASA
Nobody expected Kemal to hit the
entire Greek line. Or so hard.

AMY
Where's the fighting now?

ASA
The Greeks have fallen back from
Afyon, but he says they're holding
at Ushak.

AMY
Is he concerned?

ASA
He is. But no one else seems to
be. It's more than a hundred miles
from here.

EXT. QUAY - NIGHT

The day's heat has broken. It is now a splendid cool evening.

Nightlife on the quay is in full swing. Snippets of MUSIC -- odd mixtures of jazz bands and *politakia*, the local string orchestras -- waft out from the jammed waterfront cafés.

Swarms of well dressed people -- fezzes mixed with straw boaters -- stroll the waterfront. Groups of Greek army officers smoke, drink, and LAUGH at sidewalk tables.

At the Smyrna Theatre, an ELECTRIC MARQUEE SIGN advertises the current showing, a German film: "Totentanz" ("Dance of Death").

INT. ARMENIAN QUARTER - PRIVATE HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside the dimly lit room, young men (20s) silently smoke and drink raki. They are tense. Dikran (previously seen) is among them.

A coded knock at the front door. Dikran rises, goes to the door, and gives the responsive knock. From the other side comes the confirmatory knock.

Dikran unbolts the door and opens it just wide enough to admit Misak. They speak in Armenian.

MISAK

Did it come?

DIKRAN

Yes.

MISAK

Close the shutters.

Some men close the shutters while others pull back a carpet and open a trap door.

Two men descend into the cellar below. They hand up crowbars and a heavy wooden crate bearing LABELS for commercial plumbing supplies.

Misak pries open the crate and pulls aside the stuffing to reveal unassembled RIFLES and HAND GRENADES.

SUPER: "September 5"

INT. JENNINGS QUARTERS - KITCHEN - DAY

Asa and Amy are finishing breakfast. Amy puts down her coffee with concern.

AMY

Are we in danger?

ASA

I just don't know. The reports are confused. I don't think anybody knows for sure.

Bertha bursts in.

BERTHA

Mommy! Daddy! Come see!

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MAIN GATE - DAY

Bertha drags her parents from the house toward the open main gate where a large CROWD of agitated campus residents, all facing the road, blocks the view. Some are still in pajamas and dressing gowns.

Asa, Amy, and Bertha squeeze forward to find Asa Jr. and Wilbur at the front. Dr. MacLachlan stands nearby.

Before them, an UNENDING STREAM of ragged Greek soldiers trudges silently toward the city. Most lack weapons. Officers are conspicuously absent.

The soldiers are in horrific condition. Many are badly wounded. Their EMPTY EYES stare straight ahead.

One soldier drops dead from exhaustion and his wounds.

ASA JR.
(to his parents)
Ushak has fallen.

MACLACHLAN
(to Asa and Amy)
The Greek army is evacuating Asia
Minor.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

INT. CHEVROLET SEDAN (MOVING) - LATER THE SAME MORNING

Asa squeezes the car along the choked Paradise-Smyrna rode through the endless line of retreating Greek soldiers. Those unable to walk ride on groaning wooden-wheeled ox carts piled high with military camp equipment.

At intersections, the army line is swelled by thousands of civilian refugees from the interior. They are ghostly white, powdered with dust from their long treks.

It is a churning sea of soldiers and civilians, all heading toward Smyrna.

Stalled ox and mule carts impede progress.

Refugees' faces -- confused, starved, terrorized.

A gray-haired woman struggles to carry her sick teenaged son on her shoulders. His dangling feet nearly touch the ground.

Many men carry elders too weak to walk.

Snippets of terrorized shouts and pathetic cries for help (in Armenian and Greek): *"The Turks are coming!" "Save us!" "They're going to butcher us!"*

On the outskirts of Smyrna, the Kassaba railway station -- end of the line for trains coming from the front -- is jammed with long trains packed with wounded Greek soldiers and civilian refugees, some clinging to the sides and rooftops.

A makeshift field hospital outside the station is overwhelmed.

Everywhere, panic and disorder. Everyone wants to get away, but there is no plan. No one knows what to do or what will happen.

In Smyrna proper, streets are packed with refugees camped wherever possible on the pavements. Nursing mothers. Frail elders. Bundles of household goods, sewing machines, icons, whatever of value that could be carried away on a moment's notice.

The walled churchyard of St. Stephen's, the main Armenian church, is seething with panicked refugee farm families.

The same is true farther on at St. Photine, the Greek Metropolitan Cathedral -- except there are even more refugees.

Asa passes the U.S. consulate. Its gate is besieged by Greeks and Armenians clamoring for U.S. assistance. Bewildered U.S. marines stand behind the locked gate.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

EXT. QUAY - SAME DAY

Along the quay, general commotion.

Large segments of the pavement are occupied by thousands of refugees who live, sleep, and eat next to their bedding and possessions. More constantly arrive.

They have no protection from the intense sun. Most have nowhere to go.

A few, better dressed and carrying suitcases, barter for passage with fishing boat captains who are doing a roaring business taking overstuffed boats to Greek islands a few hours away.

The harbor bristles with gathering Allied warships: British, Italian, French, U.S., and Greek.

Greek troop transports tied up at the southern end of the quay embark soldiers.

Desperate civilian refugees beg to board. They are turned away at rifle-point.

EXT. QUAY - SAME DAY

At the north end of the quay, Horton argues in Greek with a grizzled FISHING BOAT CAPTAIN (50s) as a small crowd of Greek farm families crams aboard a caique and settles their paltry belongings, including farm animals.

Every available inch of the small boat is occupied.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

HORTON

Their relations are in Chios.

FISHING BOAT CAPTAIN

With all due respect, Mr. Consul, your friends have paid only for Mytilene. Chios is extra.

HORTON

This is no time for games.

The Fishing Boat Captain gestures to the other fishing boats along the quay.

FISHING BOAT CAPTAIN

We have families, too. But we're dealing with these strangers.

HORTON

My friend, their lives are in your hands.

FISHING BOAT CAPTAIN

I'm sorry, sir. Chios takes longer. I will miss the shorter fares. It's either Mytilene, or Chios with the extra fare.

HORTON

How much extra?

FISHING BOAT CAPTAIN

Seventy-five lira.

The price elicits gasps from the refugees aboard.

A FATHER among them complains.

FATHER

We've given you all our money.

A MOTHER

And our jewelry.

FATHER

Take these.

He points toward their meagre bundles of clothing.

FISHING BOAT CAPTAIN

What use are farmers' rags?

Horton reaches into his pocket and pays the Fishing Boat Captain with his own money, then hands the Father a small U.S. flag.

HORTON

(to the Father)

Take this. It'll get you out of the harbor.

(to the Fishing Boat Captain)

Now get out of here.

END SUBTITLES

INT. Y.M.C.A. - DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Masses of refugees trudge through the street, seen through the Y's large plate glass windows.

Asa is on the telephone while simultaneously conferring with Pavlos.

ASA

(into the telephone)

Which house? What's the street number?

He jots a note while speaking.

ASA (CONT'D)

4-9-0.

(to Pavlos)

At least twenty.

PAVLOS

Here? We don't have room for twenty people.

ASA
 (into the phone)
 Just a moment.
 (back to Pavlos)
 Not people. Families. Push all
 the furniture aside. Get some boys
 to help.
 (back into the phone)
 I'm sorry, when can you bring the
 key?

PAVLOS
 What about food?

ASA
 I don't know yet.
 (into the phone)
 Thank you. Thank you very much.

As Asa hangs up, Misak bursts in from the street.

MISAK
 Mr. Horton wants all Americans at
 the theatre at two o'clock.

ASA
 Which theatre?

MISAK
 The "Smyrna." Around the corner.

EXT. QUAY - SMYRNA THEATRE - LATER THE SAME DAY

The U.S. flag flies from the theatre's flagpole.

Under the "Totentanz" marquee, Asa and other men enter the theatre past two armed U.S. Navy bluejackets guarding the door.

INT. SMYRNA THEATRE - DAY

The extremely anxious males of Smyrna's American colony, both natural-born and naturalized, occupy about a hundred plush-velvet orchestra seats of this belle-époque opera house.

Horton and Barnes, standing on stage, can barely keep the meeting under control.

An AMERICAN MALE, standing, addresses them from the audience.

AMERICAN MALE
 Are you serious?

HORTON

Yes, the Greek line appears to have collapsed everywhere. All elements that can reach here or Chesme are being evacuated by sea, to Mytilene I think.

SECOND AMERICAN MALE

Why aren't the Allies stopping this?

HORTON

There are no plans for Allied intervention, other than to protect their own nationals. Otherwise, they will remain strictly neutral.

THIRD MALE

(heavy Greek accent)

Won't the Greek army make a stand here?

BARNES

We can't count on it. They're not giving much resistance anywhere. Kemal's forces are advancing very swiftly.

THIRD MALE

How swiftly?

BARNES

We expect them here in three or four days.

FOURTH MALE

(Greek accent)

Are we safe to stay?

A worrying pause.

HORTON

There are reports of burned-out Turkish villages along the Greek line of retreat. Turkish reprisals are possible.

Much consternation in the audience.

HORTON (CONT'D)

We're making plans to evacuate all of you quickly if necessary. More Navy ships are on their way now from Constantinople. All the

(MORE)

HORTON (CONT'D)

Allies are doing the same. We hope
a show of force will . . .

The audience, now very agitated, begins to leave. Horton has to shout to recover their attention.

HORTON (CONT'D)

But your papers must be in order.
Anyone needing a passport or
naturalization certificate should
come to the consulate immediately.

He realizes he has to wind it up.

HORTON (CONT'D)

I'll update you here each day at
eleven and six.

Asa stands up.

ASA

What are we doing about the
refugees?

The question embarrasses Horton.

HORTON

My authority is restricted to
American welfare. A private relief
initiative is being organized. We
need someone to head the Feeding
and Kitchen Committee.

No one volunteers. Everyone is exiting the theatre, except Asa.

He looks around at the emptying theatre.

ASA

I'll do it.

SUPER: "September 7"

SERIES OF SHOTS:

EXT. QUAY - DAY

The harbor is noticeably more crowded with foreign warships.

The refugees along the waterfront form a practically impenetrable horde. Sanitary conditions are appalling.

Here and there, British, French, and Italian naval patrols, acting as a local police force, guard public buildings and keep major thoroughfares open.

At the southern end of the quay, Greek soldiers continue to pile onto Greek transport ships.

At the northern end, the U.S. destroyer *Edsall* discharges pallets of flour sacks onto the long RAILROAD PIER.

INT. ABOARD *EDSALL* - CAPTAIN POWELL'S CABIN - DAY

Captain Powell is shaving. The ship's RADIOTELEGRAPH OPERATOR (20s) knocks on the doorjamb and parts the curtain.

RADIOTELEGRAPH OPERATOR
Beg pardon, sir. Another un-coded order of the day from General Kemal.

POWELL
He's becoming quite the broadcaster.

RADIOTELEGRAPH OPERATOR
Yes, sir.

Captain Powell continues shaving.

POWELL
Where is he?

RADIOTELEGRAPH OPERATOR
Order doesn't say, sir. Signal's quite strong.

POWELL
Well?

The Radiotelegraph Operator reads from a transcribed message.

RADIOTELEGRAPH OPERATOR
It's addressed to the entire army, sir. It simply says: "Any molestation of Christians will be punished by death."

EXT. QUAY - RAILROAD PIER - DAY

On the railroad pier alongside *Edsall*, Navy bluejackets transfer the last of the flour sacks, conspicuously marked with the Red Cross logo, onto trucks marked Standard Oil Company, John Deere & Co., and MacAndrews & Forbes.

From the pier, Asa speaks with Captain Powell, who stands at the rail.

POWELL

Good of you to step in like this, Jennings. This flour should keep your bakeries busy.

ASA

Only for a few days. Is more coming?

POWELL

Not from Constan. This is it.

EXT. PHILIPPIDES PIER - DAY

Stefanos and Elisavet stand at the rail of their yacht, which is being readied for departure.

They argue heatedly in Greek with Eleni, who stands on the pier at the foot of the yacht's short gangplank.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

STEFANOS

Please, Eleni. It'll be safer on the island until everything calms down.

ELENI

I won't leave him.

ELISAVET

(in tears)
Bring Pavlos too. And his family.

ELENI

He's staying to help Mr. Jennings.

STEFANOS

But he doesn't have American protection like Mr. Jennings. Neither do you.

ELENI

We'll be all right. With God's help we'll manage.

END SUBTITLES

EXT. SMYRNA - STREET - DAY

A Standard Oil truck flying the U.S. flag and carrying two armed bluejackets and two dozen sacks of flour beeps through dense clusters of refugees camped in the street.

The truck halts in front of a Greek bakery operating at full capacity.

Pavlos jumps out of the cab and pushes into the stifling bakery through a crowd of refugees clamoring for the next bread distribution.

INT. GREEK BAKERY - DAY

As bakers carry the flour sacks inside, Pavlos and the sweaty BAKERY OWNER (50s) shout to each other in Greek over the din of machinery.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

PAVLOS

Mr. Jennings says day and night.

BAKERY OWNER

If we do like he wants, this supply will be finished by tomorrow afternoon.

PAVLOS

All the bakeries have to stay ready.

BAKERY OWNER

What for, if there's no more flour?

PAVLOS

You'll get more. Mr. Jennings is negotiating for what the army left behind.

The Bakery Owner moves closer to Pavlos and lowers his voice, nodding to toward the bakers.

BAKERY OWNER

Look, I don't know how much longer I can keep them here, anyway.

PAVLOS

Kemal has promised to protect all Christians.

BAKERY OWNER

Do you seriously believe that shit?

Pavlos falters, then recovers.

PAVLOS

The entire world is watching.

BAKERY OWNER

The world doesn't give a shit.

END SUBTITLES

SUPER: "September 8"

EXT. PARADISE TRAIN STATION - DAY

Another bursting Smyrna-bound train pauses at the suburban station. The STATION SIGN reads in Turkish "Sirinyer" and in English "Paradise."

Civilian refugees now far outnumber Greek soldiers on the train.

Parched, hungry, and scared, they cram the inside, the roofs, and the spaces between cars.

On the station platform, Amy, Bertha, and other children and parents from the College hand up food and containers of water.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Within the perimeter wall, the College has become a refugee camp, but the main gate remains open.

The refugees are mostly Greeks, Armenians, and Europeans from the neighborhood, an odd mixture of farmers, villagers, and well-to-do merchants, lawyers, and other professionals.

Suddenly, shells start whistling directly overhead.

They come from one side of the College and throw up large clouds of dust where they burst on the other side, a few hundred yards beyond the campus wall.

Machine guns begin to rattle from the side where the shells are landing. Rifle fire zips holes in tree leaves.

Everyone runs for cover.

EXT. CLOCK TOWER ROOF - DAY

Asa Jr. and Wilbur emerge onto the clock tower roof and crouch behind the parapet. Asa Jr. carries binoculars.

The firing continues. From the campus below, shrieks follow the bursting of each shell

WILBUR

They're shooting right at us!

Wilbur points to a spot half a mile away. With the binoculars, Asa Jr. sees a four-gun Greek field battery -- guns bearing straight at the College. The battery screens a Greek infantry brigade trying to retreat over a hill toward Smyrna.

WILBUR (CONT'D)

Quick, look over here!

Wilbur has scurried to the opposite side of the clock tower to watch the Greek shells land. Asa Jr. does not budge.

From Wilbur's side, a large Turkish cavalry unit gallops toward the College, which separates the Turks from their quarry, the retreating Greeks.

Turkish infantry swarms behind the cavalry.

From a hilltop with a better angle on the Greeks, but still close enough to put the College in danger, Turkish machine guns open up.

Through binoculars, Asa Jr. sees Greeks exposed on the hillside being mowed down by the Turkish machine guns.

On Wilbur's side of the clock tower, he sees the Turkish cavalry split into two groups and storm past the College on either side. He moves with the cavalry back to Asa Jr.'s side of the rooftop.

Still with binoculars, Asa Jr. watches the remaining Greeks abandon the battery and start to run.

ASA JR.

They'll never make it.

Wilbur tries to yank the binoculars away from Asa Jr..

WILBUR

Let me see!

Asa Jr. won't give them up.

ASA JR.
They're at the cannons. Now
they're cutting off the infantry.

The firing abruptly stops. Asa Jr. lowers the binoculars.

With their naked eyes, the boys see the Greeks raise their hands and be taken prisoner as the Turkish infantry catches up.

The boys are wide-eyed, a mixture of thrill and fear.

WILBUR
What happens now?

ASA JR.
I don't know.

EXT. MAIN GATE - LATER IN THE MORNING

An anxious group of Americans from the College, including MacLachlan, Amy, and the Jennings children, stands at the gate.

A detachment of twenty U.S.S. *Litchfield* bluejackets, led by Chief Petty Officer LOUIS CROCKER (early 30s), marches up to the gate in formation and halts.

They carry two machine guns on portable mounts.

Crocker salutes MacLachlan.

CROCKER
Chief Petty Officer Crocker
reporting from *Litchfield*, sir.

MACLACHLAN
Welcome, Mr. Crocker. We've been
expecting you.

Crocker looks past MacLachlan to the refugee camp that occupies most of the campus.

CROCKER
Hope we're going to be enough.

MACLACHLAN
Just a necessary precaution, I'm
sure.

CROCKER
(confidentially)
We passed three bodies along the
road. Chettes work for sure.

MacLachlan keeps his cool but shakes his head with concern.

Crocker steps a few paces inside the gate to study the sight lines. He makes his decision and directs the men carrying the machine guns.

CROCKER (CONT'D)

One here. The other one here. And
from now on the gate's closed.

EXT. QUAY - AT THE KONAK - NIGHT

The Konak, at the southern end of the quay, is the city's administrative center. A pedimented two-story office building, an immense barracks, and a prison face the harbor about a hundred yards away across a parade ground.

Greek bureaucrats rush handcarts loaded with official-looking boxes from the office building to Greek transports tied up along the seawall. The ships are bursting with soldiers.

Greek civilian officials accompany the last documents aboard.

The ships begin hauling up gangplanks and mooring lines.

Outside the office building, a lone bureaucrat lowers the Greek flag then dashes away with it toward the ships.

SUPER: "September 9"

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

The harbor remains packed with Allied warships, commercial vessels, and countless small craft jammed with escapees.

The Greek army transports are gone.

EXT. QUAY - DAY

In the absence of any civil authority, an eerie stillness prevails on the quay. The city seems to be holding its breath not knowing what will come next.

NORTH END OF THE QUAY

A long column of exhausted Greek soldiers shuffles southward toward the Konak. They have missed the last transports.

A male REFUGEE screams at them in Greek.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

REFUGEE

*You see? You see? Our nation
abandons you! Just like the rest
of us! Just like all the nations!*

A GREEK SOLDIER gathers the strength to sneer back.

GREEK SOLDIER

Ships wait for us at Chesme.

END SUBTITLES

EXT. STREET - DAY

Asa squeezes the Chevrolet through camped refugees and parks in front of the Y.M.C.A.

As he emerges from the car, screams come from the waterfront two short blocks away past the U.S. consulate.

The swarmed refugees instantly relay the message, in Greek, up the street: *"The Turks are here!"*

He forces his way down the street toward the waterfront against a large crowd of panicked refugees who appeal for entry into the U.S. consulate grounds.

They are staunchly resisted by the marine guards.

A REFUGEE WOMAN (20s) holding a baby desperately clutches at Asa's jacket.

She gestures for food for her baby.

REFUGEE WOMAN

(in Armenian)

*My baby's hungry. You're a
foreigner. Save us!*

He is powerless to help her.

ASA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

He tears himself away and keeps moving toward the waterfront.

EXT. QUAY - DAY

Asa, now with the intersecting street almost to himself, reaches the waterfront.

Directly in front of him, the Greek soldiers file by, moving southward to his left.

To his right, the same direction the Greek soldiers are coming from, he hears horseshoes striking the pavement -- lots of them.

Turning, he sees a full regiment of Turkish cavalry, four abreast, led by two officers, cantering down the length of the waterfront to the Konak.

They are dusty and tired but sit their saddles proudly, regimental banners flying. Sabres are sheathed. Rifles are slung across their backs.

The refugees quake in silence.

The cavalry overtake the Greek soldiers, who barely notice their enemies passing by right beside them.

A Turkish trooper, seeing a Greek soldier still carrying his rifle, breaks rank, rips the rifle off the Greek's shoulder, breaks it over his pommel, and throws it to the ground.

EXT. QUAY - ROOFTOP - DAY

On the roof of a quay-side building, Misak and Dikran crouch behind a parapet watching the Turkish cavalry approaching below.

Each holds a hand grenade.

EXT. QUAY - DAY

The head of the Turkish cavalry column approaches the building where Misak and Dikran wait on the roof.

In Turkish, the cavalry troopers rhythmically chant in unison.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

TROOPERS

*Fear not! Fear not! Nothing will
happen!*

END SUBTITLES

EXT. QUAY - DAY

All along the waterfront, Turkish residents emerge from the side streets onto the quay.

They wave red Turkish nationalist flags and carry oversized lithographs of Mustafa Kemal. The men wear red fezzes.

As their numbers swell, they crush the refugees against the waterfront buildings.

The Turkish cheers crescendo into a roar of welcome.

The quay becomes a screaming sea of red.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

As the head of the Turkish cavalry column passes by below, Misak and Dikran throw their grenades.

EXT. QUAY - DAY

One grenade strikes the pavement near the head of the cavalry column, skids toward the water, and explodes harmlessly.

The other, a dud, strikes one of the two lead officers in the head.

The regiment unsheathes sabres and unshoulders rifles, awaiting the order.

Refugees quake and try to take cover.

Turkish residents angrily point upward to where the hand grenades came from.

The struck officer, bleeding, continues to move along. He makes a hand signal for the regiment to stand down.

He briefly confers with the officer riding beside him, who then peels off and speaks with the Turkish residents, who again point animatedly to the rooftop where the grenades came from.

EXT. QUAY - DAY

Asa is immersed in an immense Turkish throng.

They cheer a small motorcade that follows the cavalry southward along the quay. Behind the motorcade, a Turkish infantry column marches smartly.

Leading the motorcade, an open car bears two officers and General MUSTAFA KEMAL PASHA (41), commander-in-chief of the Turkish nationalist army. He is dignified, impassive, feral.

Spontaneously the Turkish crowd begins to chant "*Ghazi! Ghazi!*" (conqueror). Kemal's piercing blue eyes betray a slight smile.

EXT. QUAY - DAY

At the mid-point of the quay, Asa sees Kemal order the driver to halt in front of the entrance to the Grand Hotel Kraemer Palace.

Kemal, the proud conqueror, stands up in the car, surveys his prize, then steps out and enters the hotel with his officers.

INT. GRAND HOTEL KRAEMER PALACE - DAY

Kemal and his officers, rather pleased with themselves, sit in state in the hotel's elegant main salon.

The Greek HOTEL MANAGER (50s) awaits Kemal's order. The manager is barely able to keep up the pretense that nothing unusual is happening. They speak in Turkish.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

KEMAL

Raki, all around.

The Hotel Manager turns to leave. Kemal grabs him by the sleeve.

KEMAL (CONT'D)

Tell me. Did Constantine, your King of All the Greeks, drink here when he visited?

HOTEL MANAGER

No, Kemal Pasha.

KEMAL

(to his officers)

What's the point of conquering Smyrna then, eh?

Laughter among Kemal and his officers.

END SUBTITLES

EXT. ARMENIAN QUARTER - STREET - NIGHT

The street is empty. All windows are shuttered. Some houses hang French, Italian, or Turkish nationalist flags for protection.

A gang of shadowy male figures (20s) wearing civilian clothing emerges from around a corner and approaches the ground-floor storefront of an Armenian rug merchant, the only store left unshuttered.

They wrench a wagon wheel off an abandoned cart and heave it through the store's plate glass window. The shattering glass does not elicit any reaction from neighboring houses.

The men carry away rugs and other merchandise.

EXT. ARMENIAN QUARTER - DIFFERENT STREET - NIGHT

Again the street is empty and all windows are shuttered.

Three civilian men (20s) linger at a corner. They wobble from raki.

A two-man Turkish army foot patrol approaches them.

One of the men bums a cigarette from a Turkish soldier. The soldier accommodates him with a cigarette and a light. Both soldiers accept swigs of raki in return.

The foot patrol passes out of sight.

Female screams, gun shots, and shattering glass are heard from nearby streets.

EXT. ARMENIAN QUARTER - DIFFERENT STREET - NIGHT

The three men (previously seen) enter a side street and stop in front of a two-story residence.

They start to batter down the door.

A terrorized Armenian man (50s) opens the door and presents a handful of jewelry.

Before he can close the door, one of the three men yanks the Armenian out of the house and adroitly slits his throat.

As the Armenian quietly expires, the murderer relieves him of the jewelry.

He drops the dead Armenian onto the pavement and, with a second man, enters the house.

The third man matter-of-factly strips off the corpse's watch and wedding band and checks his mouth for gold teeth.

Then he, too, enters the house.

INT. ARMENIAN RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The house is silent except for a ticking clock.

A single oil lamp dimly illuminates the dining room.

Partially filled plates and glassware indicate a hastily abandoned table.

Taking the oil lamp, all three men move toward the staircase to the second floor.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The three men search around, poking at the family's possessions.

On a dressing table, a PHOTOGRAPH shows the Armenian, his wife, and two pretty teenaged daughters.

The murderer quietly opens an armoire.

He gets the other two men's attention, then silently shows them the negligée he partly draws out of the armoire with the point of his still bloody knife.

They find the stairs to the attic.

INT. TOP OF ATTIC STAIRS - NIGHT

All three men crouch outside a closed door at the top of the attic stairs.

On a silent signal from the murderer, the other two batter down the door.

Female screams as the door bursts open.

Behind it, in the light of an oil lamp, a mother (40s) and two daughters (17 and 14) cower in abject fear.

The men bash the women silent, then drag them down to the second floor.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The three men move around grabbing up lamps, silverware, curtains, whatever they can carry.

The mother and two daughters, stabbed to death and obviously raped, lie within view.

SUPER: "September 11"

INT. MACLACHLAN RESIDENCE - DAY

In the entrance hallway, the peaceful ticking of the MacLachlan's casement clock is offset by occasional sniper fire outside.

EXT. MACLACHLAN RESIDENCE - DAY

PANAYIOTI (50s), the College driver, screeches up in the College car.

INT. MACLACHLAN RESIDENCE - DAY

In the dining room, MacLachlan and MRS. MacLACHLAN (60s) lunch with Asa and Amy. Sniper fire continues outside.

MACLACHLAN

We've had to drive them away once already. From the farm.

ASA

I've seen the evidence, but I haven't actually seen any chettes.

AMY

Let's hope it stays that way.

MACLACHLAN

Now the Turkish army's here, I expect we'll see order restored pretty soon.

MRS. MACLACHLAN

Then we can get back to normal.

Their lunch is interrupted by a commotion in the hallway outside the dining room followed by the appearance of Panayioti and an apologetic-looking maid.

PANAYIOTI

(Greek-accented English)

Excuse me, Dr. MacLachlan. It's the settlement house this time.

MacLachlan rises.

MACLACHLAN

(to his wife and guests)

Forgive me.

(to Panayioti)

Does Crocker know?

PANAYIOTI

He's waiting for you at the gate.

MRS. MACLACHLAN

Can't you leave it to Crocker and his men?

MACLACHLAN

I'll just be a few minutes, like last time.

ASA

I'll come with you.

Amy is alarmed.

AMY

Asa --

ASA

I'll be -- careful.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

The College car races along a wall down a narrow lane toward the College farm.

Four bluejackets stand on the running boards with bayonets fixed. One carries the U.S. flag on a pole.

INT. COLLEGE CAR (MOVING) - DAY

MacLachlan drives and beeps the horn vigorously, hoping to drive away the looters.

Crocker sits next to him in front. An armed bluejacket and Asa are in the back seat.

As the car approaches, they see two chettes flee the farm house.

MACLACHLAN

That should do it.

CROCKER

They usually operate in larger groups.

The car halts at an opening in the wall.

CROCKER (CONT'D)

(to Asa)

Stay here.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

All except Asa dismount and cross a small field toward the farmhouse.

The College clock tower is clearly visible half a mile behind them.

NEAR THE FARMHOUSE

The farmhouse's windows suddenly start to be smashed from inside.

Crocker's men raise their rifles toward the farmhouse.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

MACLACHLAN
(in Turkish)
*This is an American house! This is
American property! Get out!*

END SUBTITLES

A dozen rifles simultaneously appear at the farmhouse windows.

Asa ducks down in the car.

CROCKER
(to his men)
Fan out!

It's too late. They are pinned down and outnumbered.

The chettes emerge from the house, rifles raised. They do not notice Asa, peeping from the car.

Crocker unholsters his revolver and throws it down, holding out his empty hand in a sign of peace while coolly addressing his men.

CROCKER (CONT'D)
Do not shoot. Lower weapons and
retire fifty yards.

The men comply, leaving Crocker and MacLachlan alone with the chettes.

The chette Leader (previously seen) picks up Crocker's revolver and admires it. Then he removes Crocker's gunbelt and puts it on, smugly holstering his new prize.

Then he turns to MacLachlan.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

LEADER
(in Turkish)
Give me your watch.

MacLachlan cooperates, fumbling. Before he can fully extract his pocket watch, the Leader grabs it from MacLachlan's hand and rips it off his vest.

LEADER (CONT'D)
Now your money.

Again MacLachlan cooperates. The Leader then strips off MacLachlan's jacket.

The other chettes still have their rifles leveled at MacLachlan and Crocker.

MACLACHLAN
(in Turkish)
This building belongs to the American College over there. I am the head of the College. If you shoot us there will be serious consequences.

As he speaks, the Leader nods to one of the chettes, who knocks MacLachlan down with his rifle butt.

END SUBTITLES

Chettes remove MacLachlan's shoes and socks while he lies on the ground.

EXT. COLLEGE GATE - DAY

Amy, Mrs. MacLachlan, and Panayioti stand outside the gate.

Distraught, Mrs. MacLachlan follows the events unfolding at the farmhouse through binoculars.

MRS. MACLACHLAN
Oh, no. Oh, no. Now they've
knocked him down!

From the road behind them, Amy's attention is drawn to a mounted army patrol, a TURKISH OFFICER in the lead, which approaches the gate.

Amy tugs at Mrs. MacLachlan's sleeve.

AMY
Mrs. MacLachlan, look.

Mrs. MacLachlan turns and rushes toward the mounted Officer. She grabs his horse's bridle.

MRS. MACLACHLAN
 (in Turkish)
*Help us! Chettes are molesting my
 husband and an American officer!
 Over there!*

She points to the farm.

The Turkish Officer sees and gallops off toward the farm.

EXT. COLLEGE FARMHOUSE - DAY

MacLachlan still lies on the ground.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

MACLACHLAN
 (in Turkish)
*I know the new governor, Nureddin
 Pasha. You will be punished for
 this.*

The chettes are unfazed. They kick MacLachlan and remove his wedding ring and trousers. They then turn to stripping Crocker.

One chette spots Asa in the car.

CHETTE
 (in Turkish)
Another one, in the car!

The chette runs to the car, rifle raised.

The chette gestures with the rifle for Asa to get out. He emerges with hands up and stands pinned against the car by the barrel of the chette's rifle.

Another chette fixes a bayonet and starts toward MacLachlan.

MacLachlan manages to grab the bayonet with both hands as Crocker, in his underwear, pushes the chette away. In the scuffle, MacLachlan's hands are sliced by the receding bayonet, which detaches from the rifle and then falls out of MacLachlan's hands.

Pistol shots ring out.

The mounted Turkish Officer, pistol raised in the air, gallops up. He fires again.

TURKISH OFFICER
 (in Turkish)
*Get away from them! Leave them
 alone, I say!*

END SUBTITLES

The chettes melt away.

The Turkish Officer dismounts and helps MacLachlan stand up, draping MacLachlan's arm over the horse's neck for support.

Asa, shaken, slumps down on the running board.

INT. JENNINGS QUARTERS - DAY

The children are absent. Amy darts from room to room frantically emptying drawers, cupboards, and shelves.

She has clearly decided to pack up and leave.

Asa diffidently trails behind.

AMY
 You didn't need to go with him.

Asa spots a framed postcard of the Seventh Lake House, an Adirondack mountain resort a world away.

He picks it up and examines it, remembering.

INSERT - FRAMED POSTCARD OF SEVENTH LAKE HOUSE

ASA (O.S.)
 No one expected so many of them.

AMY (O.S.)
 It doesn't matter how many there were. It was foolhardy to go in the first place. Just plain foolhardy.

END INSERT

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. INLET, N.Y. - SEVENTH LAKE HOUSE - DAY (SUMMER)

The postcard scene comes alive.

Beside an Adirondack lake rises a four-story frame hotel.

INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY

Asa (in his late 20s) lies in one of two single iron beds. His upper body is unclothed except for his cast. Amy is absent.

He squirms and moans in discomfort. He is clearly at the end of his rope from wearing the uncomfortable cast.

He struggles out of bed and begins throwing his body, first against the corner of a dresser then against the iron bedpost, trying to break the cast.

He cracks it.

Then, maneuvering the crack over the bedpost and violently twisting his body and ripping at the cast with his hands, he breaks off big pieces, all the while groaning in pain.

Finally, he gets it off.

He collapses back on the bed, exhausted and writhing in pain.

EXT. SEVENTH LAKE HOUSE - DAY (SUMMER)

A horse-drawn jitney rushes along the shore toward the hotel. It bears only the driver and the Doctor (previously seen).

The jitney draws up sharply at the hotel's entrance.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Amy paces. She is in her late 20s.

The Doctor bounds through the lobby's screen door.

AMY

Thank you for coming so quickly.

DOCTOR

How is he?

AMY

Much worse since I telegraphed.

INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY

The Doctor finishes examining Asa, who lies propped up and bare-chested on pillows in one of the two twin beds. He is conscious but gaunt and breathes with great difficulty.

His upper-body cast still lies in pieces on the floor.

DOCTOR

Let's move him closer to the window. It'll help him breathe.

Together, the Doctor and Amy drag furniture and push Asa's bed up against the window wall so that his head is directly next to the open window.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Come with me.

Amy and the Doctor step outside the guest room into the hallway.

HALLWAY

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

He had no business removing the cast.

AMY

He couldn't stand it anymore.

DOCTOR

Now his spine has collapsed.

AMY

I don't understand. Why should that --

DOCTOR

It's caused an abscess in his lung. Left side. Ordinarily I'd operate, but he's much too weak. There's nothing more I can do.

Amy starts to tear up but forces herself to retain her composure.

AMY

Well then, the good Lord will just have to doctor him for a while.

The Doctor frowns skeptically.

INT. GUEST ROOM - EVENING

Wind from a passing electrical storm flutters the curtains.

Amy watches Asa anxiously from a chair. He breathes with even greater difficulty than before.

Amy takes up her Bible (previously seen) from the nearby table. Closes her eyes. Prays intently.

With eyes still closed she opens the Bible randomly, moves her finger along a page. Stops. Opens her eyes.

She reads. She smiles.

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Amy dozes uneasily as the storm flashes and crashes outside.

Asa's violent coughing wakes her. She goes to him.

His coughing changes to a gurgling, choking sound.

He vomits a huge quantity of pus.

INT. GUEST ROOM - MORNING

Golden light streams through the open window.

Amy has drawn her chair next to Asa's bed. They hold hands.

He breathes easily and looks at her intently.

ASA

And?

AMY

John 11:4.

ASA

Lazarus.

Amy nods. Asa remembers.

ASA (CONT'D)

"When Jesus heard that, he said,
'This sickness is not unto death,'"

--

AMY

"'but for the glory of God.'" "

Asa turns to the window with a smile. He sees a great blue heron about to rise from the lake.

EXT. SEVENTH LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Through an open window, Asa is seen lying in bed, smiling.

From lakeside in front of the hotel, a great blue heron rises and flies out of view yielding the stationary postcard view of the Seventh Lake House (previously seen).

END FLASHBACK

INT. JENNINGS QUARTERS - DAY

Asa still looks at the framed postcard in his hands.

AMY (O.S.)
Just plain foolhardy.

A momentary silence.

ASA
I'm going back to the office.

Amy stops dead in her tracks.

AMY
Asa, please. This isn't what you
signed on for.

Asa still stares at the postcard. He is transfixed, eyes
alive. His voice has a hint of gratitude.

ASA
No. No it's not. Not at all.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

INT. CHEVROLET SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY

Asa drives from the College toward Smyrna.

Abandoned military transport equipment and household goods,
including a baby carriage, are strewn everywhere.

Slumped in a ditch beside the road lie two bloated bullet-
riddled refugee corpses.

As he passes a cluster of refugees straggling toward Smyrna,
one of them drops from a hidden sniper's bullet.

He ducks as another bullet ricochets off the car. More shots
strike nearby trees.

Entering the city, streets are desolate. Houses and shops
are shuttered.

A father and daughter, reacting to the sound of the car, peep
from behind the curtains of an upper-story window.

Abandoned horses, oxen, and mules wander about.

Young Turkish boys gleefully ride some of the animals and lasso others with their sashes, hurrying them away into side streets.

INT. Y.M.C.A. - DAY

The main room of the "Y" is crammed with refugees camped among their possessions.

Asa, Pavlos, and Eleni circulate among them, handing loaves of bread into grateful hands.

PAVLOS

Nobody's seen him for two days.

ELENI

He's probably hiding with his family.

PAVLOS

The army's cordoned off the Armenian quarter. Nobody's getting in or out.

ASA

I've got to get to him, before he does something rash.

ELENI

It's getting worse there every night.

PAVLOS

You won't stop him.

ASA

I've got to try.

EXT. STREET - DAY

With a U.S. flag draped over his shoulder, Asa walks nervously down a street. It is empty save for dead bodies.

He rounds a corner into a narrower street and comes upon an Armenian man (20s) scuffling with a Turkish man (20s). They circle each other with drawn knives.

They spot the U.S. flag and part to let Asa pass, then resume their fight.

Over his shoulder, Asa witnesses the Armenian besting the Turk and killing him.

Gunshots erupt. Stray bullets chip nearby plaster.

Asa slides along a building and takes cover in an entrance until the shots stop.

At the next corner along his way, he meets two armed Turkish soldiers.

He gestures that he wants to get past them into the Armenian quarter.

One soldier grabs Asa and starts riffling through his jacket. Asa tries to resist but is too weak.

ASA

Stop this, damn you! Let me go!

The other soldier, gesturing to the U.S. flag on Asa's shoulder, pulls the first soldier off Asa.

Annoyed that he can't rob Asa, the first soldier violently shoves Asa to the ground.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Asa, his jacket torn and soiled from the scuffle, limps down a street near the Konak office building, which now flies the Turkish nationalist flag.

He pockets his U.S. flag as he enters the office building.

He looks exhausted.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

In a second-story office of the Konak office building, a haggard-looking Asa negotiates with a Turkish COLONEL, who speaks only broken English.

ASA

I was promised the flour. Last week.

COLONEL

Who promise?

ASA

General Hadjianestis.

COLONEL

He gone.

ASA

Yes, but I still need the flour.
For the refugees.

COLONEL

No. Flour for Turkish army.

ASA

The refugees are starving.

COLONEL

Turkish army starving. Greek army
burn everything. Two weeks,
Turkish army eat no-cook barley.

ASA

The refugees are innocent. They
didn't burn anything.

COLONEL

Refugees must go away.

Asa points to the harbor through the open window.

ASA

How? No one will take them.

As Asa points, a commotion erupts outside the building. He
and the Colonel go to the window.

EXT. KONAK OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Below them, a large jeering Turkish crowd has gathered on the
parade ground in front of the office building.

Twelve French marines stand nervously near Metropolitan
Chrysostomos's sedan, which is parked at the foot of the main
entrance steps.

A shaken Metropolitan Chrysostomos, alone, shuffles out of
the entrance and down the steps.

At the same moment, General NUREDDIN, the new Turkish
military governor of Smyrna, emerges onto a second-floor
balcony at Asa's level and directly above the main entrance.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

NUREDDIN

(in Turkish, to the crowd)
*The people will judge! Treat him
as he deserves!*

END SUBTITLES

The French marines instinctively attempt to protect Chrysostomos and try to direct him into the safety of the car, but their trembling OFFICER, hand on his weapon, forbids them to intervene.

FRENCH OFFICER
(in French)
No! Stop!

The mob drags Chrysostomos a short distance away.

They tear out his beard, stab out his eyes, and cut off his hands and ears.

The French marines are horrified but can do nothing.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Asa and the Colonel turn away from the window.

Asa is horrified. The Colonel is unmoved.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Asa, still shaken, leaves the Konak office building and turns toward the prison.

The prison courtyard, exposed to the street, has been rigged for hangings. The gallows, three sets of them, are crude TRIPODS made of logs.

A dead prisoner hangs from each gallows.

One is Dikran. Recognizing another as Misak, Asa vomits.

EXT. QUAY - DAY

Asa hurries northward along the waterfront, maneuvering with difficulty through the dense throng of MOANING refugees.

In one group, a young woman, screaming in pain, gives birth on the pavement. She stands for lack of space to lie down. Two terrified children tug at her skirts.

FURTHER ALONG THE QUAY

Desperate refugees jump off the seawall and swim toward the anchored ships.

Rifle fire erupts from a building along the quay.

Asa and others, including the young Refugee Woman (previously seen), still holding her baby, instinctively duck.

Shadowy figures in the windows pick off swimmers, whose floating corpses begin to accumulate in the harbor.

The Refugee Woman, terrorized by what she witnesses, is desperate to find safety for her baby's sake.

STILL FURTHER ALONG THE QUAY

Asa continues to shoulder his way northward through the crowd.

The Refugee Woman follows him. She recognizes Asa, but he doesn't notice her.

Gunfire from a street adjoining the quay causes the crowd to part.

A band of chettes chases six Armenians down to the water, shooting as they run. All six are killed. The chettes repeatedly bayonet the fallen bodies.

Near Asa, the Refugee Woman goes berserk.

In a flash, she hands her baby to Asa, slits her own throat with a knife from her apron, and jumps into the water, leaving only a bloody smudge on the surface.

STILL FURTHER ALONG THE QUAY

A biplane with Turkish nationalist markings sweeps low overhead leaving a trail of fluttering LEAFLETS.

Asa, holding the baby, grabs one.

INSERT - PRINTED LEAFLET BEARING TURKISH NATIONALIST SYMBOL AND TEXT IN OLD-STYLE TURKISH, GREEK, AND ARMENIAN

END INSERT

Asa can't make out any of the text. He shoves the leaflet into a pocket.

Around him, refugees begin to wail as they read the leaflets. Young men look especially terrified.

A Turkish army patrol circulating through the crowd rounds up military-aged men and leads them away as their families wail and plead.

Asa presses northward, struggling to carry the baby.

INT. Y.M.C.A. - DIRECTORS'S OFFICE - DAY

Eleni, holding the baby, reads the leaflet with shaking hands, tearfully translating for Asa's benefit. Pavlos sits at Asa's desk in something of a trance.

ELENI

"All Greek and Armenian males between seventeen and forty-five are prisoners of war. They will be arrested immediately and held for assignment to labor brigades."

PAVLOS

(half to himself)
A prisoner of war.

ASA

It's illegal. You were never a combatant.

PAVLOS

(distractedly)
And never will be.

ASA

Anyway, it's impossible. The prison's much too small.

Pavlos returns from wherever he was. He shakes his head for Asa's lack of comprehension.

PAVLOS

There will be no prison.

ELENI

(explaining to Asa)
They will be marched inland. As the Armenians were. Never heard from again.

They are silent.

ASA

I've got an idea.

EXT. QUAY - DUSK

Eleni leads Pavlos, collar upturned and wearing a fez, through a dense crowd of refugees camped in front of a string of grand two-story waterfront mansions.

They hide behind a cart as a squad of Turkish soldiers approaches and abusively rounds up Greek and Armenian men and

marches them away to the wails and screams of wives, mothers, fathers, sisters, and children.

Stepping out from behind the cart, Pavlos and Eleni move on and stop in front of house No. 490, which is completely shuttered. They speak in Greek.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

PAVLOS

Here it is.

He attempts the lock with a key from his pocket, but his hands are too shaky. Eleni takes the key and opens the heavy front door. They step inside and quickly close the door.

INT. HOUSE NO. 490 - DUSK

Eleni opens shutters facing the house's garden, away from the quay. The dim light reveals a large, formal, but mostly empty house in good condition. The few pieces of furniture are covered in sheets.

Eleni leads Pavlos by the hand into the spacious dining room and on through the pantry into the kitchen.

She tries the spigot over the sink. Water runs strongly.

ELENI

Just as I hoped. We can set up the surgery in the dining room.

She leads Pavlos into a salon off the main hall.

ELENI (CONT'D)

Examining room.

She leads on into a library.

ELENI (CONT'D)

*Plenty of room for the nursery.
Mr. Jennings will be very pleased.*

Pavlos is practically catatonic.

ELENI (CONT'D)

Now let's find a good place for you.

INT. ATTIC - DUSK

The attic is empty save for an iron bedstead and mattress covered with sheets.

Eleni pulls off the sheets, trying to make light of the moment.

ELENI

Look, your bed's all ready.

Responding to Pavlos's dejected expression.

ELENI (CONT'D)

Just until we can get you out of here.

Pavlos listlessly sits down on the bed. Eleni joins him.

ELENI (CONT'D)

Don't worry, my love. You'll be safe here until we can find you a ship.

PAVLOS

I never believed it would come to this.

ELENI

My poor dear. It's awful what they're doing.

PAVLOS

We've got to be ready for the worst.

She kisses him forcefully on the lips.

ELENI

Don't think about that now. You're safe here.

PAVLOS

For now.

ELENI

For now, we have all we need.

She kisses him again. He responds.

In the fading light, they kiss more passionately.

Clinging, they fall backward onto the bed, unbuttoning each other's clothing.

Their betrothal rings flash as they caress.

END SUBTITLES

INT. JENNINGS QUARTERS - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The internal and external window shutters are closed and bolted and the curtains are drawn, making the bedroom unbearably stuffy.

Sniper fire pops outside.

Asa and Amy lie in bed, sweating and wide awake.

A knock on the door announces the children in their pajamas.

No longer able to hold back her tears, Bertha rushes, sobbing, into her mother's arms.

BERTHA

I don't like that noise.

AMY

Bertha, darling, I know. But it's far away. The sailors are protecting us.

WILBUR

But outside. Outside the walls. Who's protecting those people?

An awkward silence as Amy and Asa try to think of something to say.

ASA

Pray for them, Wilbur. We should all pray for them, very hard.

Amy gets out of bed still holding Bertha.

AMY

Come on. Everyone back to bed.

INT. JENNINGS QUARTERS - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A little while later. Asa and Amy are still wide awake.

Sniper fire continues outside.

ASA

I need some air.

He gets out of bed, throws aside the curtains, and opens the window, careless of the sniper fire.

Illuminated by moonlight, he stands in the open window gulping in cool night air.

AMY
Besides the Metropolitan and Misak?

ASA
Two. One by the road on my way in.
Sniper. Another in town. Knife
fight. Right in front of me.

This brings Amy up onto her elbow.

ASA (CONT'D)
Came on them by accident. My flag
startled them. Got me by. Then
they finished it.

Asa returns to bed. Amy lies back down.

A silence.

AMY
The suitcases are packed.

Another silence.

ASA
I'm staying.

Amy bolts upright in disbelief.

AMY
Haven't you seen enough?

ASA
I'm alive, Amy. I'm alive.

AMY
And you've got to stay alive.

ASA
I'm doing something that matters.

AMY
Don't we matter?

ASA
Of course you do.

AMY
You've done enough, Asa. Leave the
rest to the others.

ASA
I can't.

AMY

You're exhausted. What would we do if -- if something happened?

ASA

My mind's made up. I've just got to see this through.

AMY

It's hopeless, Asa. You said it yourself, you can't make a difference here.

ASA

I'm making a difference now.

AMY

There aren't nearly enough of you to make a difference.

ASA

And we're running out of food, too. But we're all they've got.

Long silence.

AMY

Still no ships?

ASA

Nothing. Everyone's hoping the Turks will sort it out when they take full control.

AMY

And who's going to control the Turks?

ASA

They don't get any benefit from chaos.

AMY

But they've been waiting three years for revenge.

SUPER: "September 13"

EXT. BOURNABAT SUBURB - MUAMMER MANSION - DAY

As his local headquarters outside Smyrna, Kemal has occupied the Muammer mansion, home to a prominent Turkish business family.

A civilian car displaying a U.S. flag and a "PRESS" sign pulls up to the main entrance.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

A U.S. REPORTER (late 30s) interviews Kemal in French.

Kemal smokes and fingers a strand of amber worry beads as he speaks.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

REPORTER

What are your demands?

KEMAL

They are simple. Real independence for all the Turkish lands. For these, we will declare a Turkish republic.

REPORTER

Can you assure the protection of the religious minorities?

KEMAL

As you have seen, there have been no massacres or anything approaching them in Smyrna.

The Reporter is dumbfounded.

REPORTER

There have been murders. Outrages. The evidence is everywhere.

KEMAL

Such things were inevitable. When an army enters a city after marching 450 kilometers through its own land, which has been burned and sacked, seen its parents and relatives slaughtered, it is difficult to control.

REPORTER

Will you control the army?

KEMAL

Yes, we will. You can say that order has been completely restored from today. We are not here to regulate past accounts. We do not wish any acts of revenge.

END SUBTITLES

EXT. STREET - DAY

Asa, the protective U.S. flag again draped over his shoulder, approaches a shuttered bakery in the Armenian quarter.

Coming toward him in the narrow street, two Turkish soldiers walk determinedly. One carries bundles of rags. The other carries heavy tin cans.

Passing Asa, they rudely shove him aside, knocking him hard against a building.

Asa recovers and bangs on the door of the bakery.

The ARMENIAN BAKERY OWNER (50s) peeks nervously from behind a blind, recognizes Asa, unbolts and opens the door.

ASA

Why are you closed? You should be operating.

ARMENIAN BAKERY OWNER

Please, Mr. Jennings, don't ask me to open. They're savages.

Their attention is drawn to the two Turkish soldiers, now entering an already looted shop farther down the street.

ARMENIAN BAKERY OWNER (CONT'D)

You see? Even the uniformed ones make trouble.

ASA

What's left to take?

ARMENIAN BAKERY OWNER

I'm sorry, Mr. Jennings.

He closes and bolts the door and draws the blind.

Asa watches as the two soldiers exit from the shop and run away. They no longer carry anything.

Smoke begins to billow from the shop.

INT. U.S. CONSULATE - HORTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Horton stands inside the open safe sorting through official papers.

Barnes enters the office carrying a tall stack of newly issued naturalization certificates.

BARNES

Smyrna has more naturalized Americans than we knew.

Horton smiles conspiratorially and leaves the safe to begin signing and handing the certificates back to Barnes, who embosses each one with the heavy U.S. seal.

HORTON

We'll distribute these at eleven. Have the marines reported?

BARNES

They counted fifty-six bodies in half an hour. The Turkish army's clearly lost control.

HORTON

Is *Simpson* ready?

As they speak, a steady breeze begins to blow the sheer curtains into the office.

BARNES

Stern-to at the theatre.

HORTON

Good. Tell the captain to stand by for departure this evening at eight. Everyone's to be at the theatre by six. Notify Bristol, too.

The billowing curtains draw Horton's attention. He puts down his pen.

HORTON (CONT'D)

Do you smell that?

Barnes nods. They stop what they are doing and walk out onto the terrace.

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE TERRACE - DAY

Horton and Barnes stand at the balustrade looking over the rooftops.

About a mile away, four distinct plumes of smoke and flames rise from the Armenian quarter. The smoke blows toward the consulate.

HORTON
 Armenian quarter. Looks pretty
 serious.

Barnes looks up at the consulate flag, which flaps vigorously
 in a fresh breeze blowing from the direction of the fires.

BARNES
 Wind's shifted.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - MAIN GATE - DAY

From the Smyrna road, the "Y" Chevrolet rushes toward the
 main gate.

Asa's U.S. flag is draped through the car's divided
 windshield.

Seeing the flag and recognizing the car, the *Litchfield*
 bluejackets open the gate and let the car pass without
 requiring Asa to stop.

INT. JENNINGS QUARTERS - DAY

Amy and the children are eating lunch in the kitchen amidst
 half-packed crates and open boxes.

Asa bursts in.

ASA
 Today's the day. We need to be at
 the theatre by six.

Amy closes her eyes and takes a deep breath to steel herself.

Rising from the table, she removes two juice glasses and the
 unfinished bottle of red wine from a nearby crate. She pours
 both glasses and hands one to Asa.

She raises her glass.

AMY
 "Once, at least."

They both drink.

Then, a vigorous knock at the front door.

ANNA BIRGE (O.S.)
 Mr. Jennings? Mrs. Jennings? Are
 you there?

Asa and Amy put down their glasses.

FRONT DOOR

From inside the screen door, Asa and Amy see Anna Birge, the College teacher, standing immediately outside. Behind her are six boys, her Greek and Armenian students, carrying suitcases and bundles.

EXT. JENNINGS QUARTERS - DAY

Asa and Amy step outside.

ANNA BIRGE

Oh, thank goodness you're here. I saw the car.

ASA

What is it, Mrs. Birge?

ANNA BIRGE

You've heard? Six o'clock at the theatre. We've got to get these students on board. Can you possibly take them with you to the theatre?

ASA

Yes, of course. But how will you get them aboard? Are they naturalized?

ANNA BIRGE

I'll worry about that later. Thanks so much. I'll collect them at the theatre.

Anna dashes away, leaving the six boys at the Jennings house.

EXT. PARADISE-SMYRNA ROAD - DAY

The "Y" Chevrolet, overloaded with eleven people (the Jennings family and the six students), lurches along the road toward Smyrna.

Some boys cling to the running boards holding suitcases. More suitcases are precariously strapped to the roof.

Bloated corpses dot the roadside.

INT. CHEVROLET SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY

Asa drives.

Ahead, smoke and flames rise from the city.

ASA

We'll have to take the long way in.

His eyes momentarily linger on the ancient stadium.

EXT. STREET - DAY

In the Armenian quarter, the fire is gaining momentum. Flames leap from one adjacent building to another.

The fire forces panicked Armenians from their hiding places into the street. Most carry no belongings.

They flee downhill away from the flames, toward the waterfront.

Some drop from sniper fire. Others are mowed down by machine guns manned by Turkish troops strategically placed to close off escape routes to the waterfront.

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE - DAY

The street in front of the consulate is now even more jammed. The panic is generalized as the fire rapidly spreads through most of the city, fanned by a brisk wind driving the flames and the crowds toward the waterfront.

The crowds are now a mixture of refugees and Smyrna residents driven from collapsing buildings by the raging fire. The residents are well dressed; the refugees are in tatters.

Interspersed among them are horses, donkeys, pigs, goats, and sheep, all abandoned or lost in the confusion.

All creatures, human and animal, are terrorized.

INT. HORTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Horton and Barnes hurriedly finish unpacking the safe. Horton gestures to specific stacks of papers.

HORTON

Those go aboard *Simpson*. Burn the rest.

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE - DAY

In the street, pandemonium. The fire, now a general conflagration, continues its sweep toward the waterfront.

Caches of abandoned Greek ordnance and ammunition blow up, amplifying the overall horror.

Rats swarm down the street, displaced like every other living creature in the fire's path.

EXT. U.S. CONSULATE COURTYARD - DAY

Horton stands inside the consulate gate next to the idling Packard. In front sit the driver and an armed marine. In the back are Horton's wife, 10-year-old daughter, and a jumble of suitcases.

HORTON
 (to his wife)
 Just get to the theatre. I'll be
 along as soon as I finish here.

Two marines push open the consulate gate and part the crowd. Two more step onto the Packard's running boards, one holding a U.S. flag on a pole. The car nudges out and down the street to the waterfront.

Horton stops the marines before they fully re-close the gate. He notices a liquid trickling down the gutter at his feet.

He bends down and touches his fingers to the liquid, then to his nose. He is startled.

HORTON (CONT'D)
 (to the marines)
 Gasoline.

EXT. QUAY - EARLY EVENING

Along the quay, British, French, and Italian nationals board their respective warships.

EXT. QUAY - SMYRNA THEATRE - EARLY EVENING

Opposite the Smyrna Theatre, *Simpson's* gangplank bangs down onto the quay. Led by the Stars & Stripes, a contingent of bluejackets, bayonets fixed, descends from the ship's stern. More bluejackets, holding oars, follow closely.

The bayonets push onto the quay and force open the crowd. The oar holders keep the crowd at bay by establishing a protective corridor leading to the theatre entrance.

Desperate refugees still press, nearly overwhelming the oar holders. Only bayonets discourage them.

Other refugees try to bribe the bluejackets for a place on *Simpson*.

Still others can only groan as they watch the preparations to evacuate the Americans to safety.

INT. SMYRNA THEATRE - EARLY EVENING

The theatre is now crammed full with the entire American colony of Smyrna and whatever they can carry.

Among them are Anna Birge, her husband, three children, and her six students. Also present are Horton's wife and daughter and the Jennings family, which occupies one of the theatre's boxes.

Horton and Barnes stand on stage.

HORTON

As Mr. Barnes calls your name,
please move quickly out the door.
Outside, follow the direction of
the naval officers.

IN A THEATRE BOX

The Jennings family wait their turn as Barnes calls out family names from a list.

ASA

(to Amy)

You can send messages through the
embassy. Let me know as soon as
you get there.

ASA JR.

Can't I stay, Dad? I can help you.

ASA

I need you to get everyone to
Athens in one piece.

Amy is trying to be light-hearted for the children's sake but can't hold back tears.

Asa is surprised to see his suitcase among the others.

ASA (CONT'D)

What's mine doing here?

AMY

You're not the only stubborn one in
the family, you know.

ASA
I'll be all right.

AMY
You've done everything you could.
There's no shame.

ASA
Don't worry.

EXT. QUAY - EVENING

The theatre door opens. Horton begins ushering families out of the theatre and down the corridor to the gangplank.

They choke from the heat and smoke of the fire.

EXT. QUAY - EVENING

Behind her husband and three children, Anna Birge reaches the foot of *Simpson's* gangplank leading her six students.

A U.S. NAVY OFFICER (30s) blocks her from stepping onto the gangplank.

U.S. NAVY OFFICER
Only American families, ma'am.
These can't all be your children.

ANNA BIRGE
They are my students. They are orphans. You know what will become of them if they are left behind.

U.S. NAVY OFFICER
I'm sorry, ma'am. Orders.
(to a nearby bluejacket)
Get them back into the theatre.

The bluejacket starts marshalling the boys.

Anna resists, forcing herself between the boys and the bluejacket.

With the stoppage of the boarding line, families have become backed up in the corridor. Choking and sweating from the smoke and heat of the nearby fire, they anxiously watch the interchange between Anna and the Officer.

She grabs the nearest boy.

ANNA BIRGE

All right, if it's American families you want, I adopt this boy as my son. Here and now.

She turns and shouts to the families that now fill the corridor leading to the gangplank.

ANNA BIRGE (CONT'D)

Who will adopt these boys? They need our help. I need five adoptions. Immediately.

The Jennings family is among the backed-up crowd.

ASA

(to Amy)

Yes?

Amy nods. Asa raises his hand and shouts toward Anna Birge.

ASA (CONT'D)

One here, Mrs. Birge!

Asa's gesture starts the ball rolling. One by one, four more families shout their adoption of a student.

ANNA BIRGE

(to the U.S. Navy Officer)

Well now, American families only. Aren't those your orders?

The Officer concedes defeat and waves her and the boys up the gangplank.

The line resumes its flow onto the ship.

The Jennings family, carrying hand-luggage, reaches the foot of the gangplank.

Asa hugs and kisses the children one by one as they say good-byes and ascend the gangplank.

ASA

(to Asa Jr.)

I'm counting on you.

Last, he kisses Amy. She clings to him, sobbing.

BLUEJACKET

I'm sorry ma'am. We can't hold them off much longer.

ASA

Remember, John 11:4.

Amy forces a smile through her tears.

AMY

John 11:4.

EXT. QUAY - EARLY EVENING

Positioned at quayside bollards, Asa and Barnes watch the last Americans ascend the gangplank.

From the ship's rail, *Simpson's* BOATSWAIN shouts down to them.

SIMPSON'S BOATSWAIN

Now!

On the signal, Asa and Barnes wrestle *Simpson's* heavy mooring lines off the bollards and drop them into the water.

As the mooring lines and gangplank are hauled aboard, the ship's propellers churn up water.

Amy and the children stand at the stern rail near Horton and his family. Tears streak all their faces, which glow red reflecting the fire.

Asa and Barnes watch as *Simpson* slips away.

Behind them, the waterfront multitudes and buildings are silhouetted against a red sheet of flames, which stretches far to the left and right and is now almost at the waterfront.

Buildings collapse, including all of the Smyrna Theatre except a piece supporting the flagpole, which still flies the U.S. flag.

Asa disappears into the crowd.

EXT. QUAY - NIGHT

From the waterfront rises a constant, terrifying, collective MOAN.

Gangs of chettes circulate through the crowd bludgeoning and robbing.

Among them, the chette Leader (previously seen) searches for someone.

The warships sweep their powerful searchlights over the waterfront crowd. Where the light plays, the assaults and

MOANS briefly stop, only to resume as soon as the light withdraws.

EXT. QUAY - NIGHT

The chette Leader finds what he's looking for. He grabs a young girl. It is Ani (previously seen, now 21).

Her Father (also previously seen) resists. Another chette coldly shoots the father dead as the Leader drags Ani away.

Bending over her dead husband, Ani's MOTHER shrieks in madness for her sudden double loss.

EXT. QUAY - NIGHT

Asa bends over the bulkhead to soak a rug in seawater.

Nearby, a horse, its saddle aflame, bucks madly, kicking refugees into the water. The horse collapses dead.

Asa ducks as sniper bullets seek out those who are trying to swim to the ships or who have simply fallen into the water from the press of the throng.

As he looks up and down the quay, despairing men and women jump into the water. Some clutch babies.

With difficulty, Asa drags the soaked rug through the crowd and drapes it over an old couple. They are the Armenian village Priest (previously seen) and his wife. Both are too weak to move away from the intense heat of the fire.

Exhausted, Asa sits down near them.

During a momentary lull in the shoreside wailing, a popular tune drifts across the water from a shipboard Victrola:
"Yes! We have no bananas."

EXT. QUAY - NIGHT

The fire rages perilously close to the quayside crowd.

BLUEJACKET (O.S.)
Mr. Jennings! Mr. Jennings!

Two *Litchfield* bluejackets push through the refugees toward Asa, who still comforts the old Priest and his wife.

BLUEJACKET (CONT'D)

We've been looking for you. Mr. Barnes wants you aboard *Litchfield* tonight.

ASA

I'm all right. I need to --

He begins to rise, then staggers and passes out.

The bluejackets shake him back to consciousness.

BLUEJACKET

You're coming with us.

Supporting him under the arms, they push through the refugees to the edge of the quay where a *Litchfield* motor launch hovers beyond the reach of the refugees.

EDGE OF THE QUAY

As the launch noses in against the seawall, desperate refugees try to climb aboard nearly swamping it.

Bluejackets in the launch club them away with oars so that Asa and the other two bluejackets can board and get away.

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

Alongside *Litchfield*, the bluejackets help Asa out of the launch and up the ship's gangway.

At the rail, a press photographer steadily cranks a movie camera aimed toward the quay. The still-raging fire is reflected in the camera's lens.

EXT. ABOARD *LITCHFIELD* - NIGHT

Horrified sailors and a handful of refugees who have managed to swim to safety line the rail watching the awful spectacle. All their faces glow red. Asa is among them.

He spots a young BOY struggling in the water near the ship. A coiled dockline with a loop at one end lies at Asa's feet. He tosses the loop end overboard for the Boy.

ASA

(to nearby sailors)
Help me out here.

The sailors are eager to help. They feed the line through a chock and secure the bitter end to a nearby cleat.

A *Litchfield* officer passes by behind them. Peering over the side, he sees what Asa and the sailors are up to. He hesitates, as if to say something, then moves on.

In the water, the Boy grabs the loop end and manages to wrap it under his arms.

The *Litchfield* sailors haul the Boy aboard.

He is about eleven, nearly naked, shivering, and exhausted from his swim. He knows only two words of English.

BOY

Thank you. Thank you.

A sailor hands Asa an oversized pair of pants.

SAILOR

He can have these.

Another sailor hands over a blanket.

Asa helps the boy into the pants and wraps him in the blanket.

Then he leads the Boy to a sheltered spot behind a piece of deck machinery.

ASA

You can stay here.

The Boy collapses asleep from exhaustion. Asa stays with him and also nods off.

EXT. ABOARD *LITCHFIELD* - NIGHT

A commotion wakes Asa (but not the Boy) and draws him to the opposite side of the deck where the launch is tied up to the foot of the gangway.

Sailors and *Litchfield's* BOATSWAIN line the rail. Asa squeezes through.

Below them, the gangway's work lights illuminate a field of floating corpses.

About fifty yards from the launch, one of the bodies moves, a teenaged GIRL flailing in exhaustion.

Rifle shots from shore splash near the Girl.

LITCHFIELD'S BOATSWAIN

Douse those lights!

A sailor complies and the gangway lights go dark, but there is still enough light from the burning city to see the Girl clearly.

She can't make it to the launch.

ASA
(to sailors at the rail)
Do something! Why aren't you doing anything?

LITCHFIELD'S BOATSWAIN
We can't. We're supposed to stay neutral.

ASA
You rescued the boy.

The Boatswain can barely contain his frustration.

LITCHFIELD'S BOATSWAIN
If they can make it to the ship, the officers will look the other way. But we can't go out to them.

Asa is furious. He shoves his way toward the gangway to take matters into his own hands. Sailors restrain him.

LITCHFIELD'S BOATSWAIN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Mr. Jennings. Shoving off that boat requires an order.

ASA
Then get an officer!

Asa's eyes dart around for an officer.

LITCHFIELD'S BOATSWAIN
Officer's order means a note in the log. Can't have that kind of note.

Asa is beside himself.

ASA
Then I'll give the order. Shove off that boat!

Asa's loophole is just what the sympathetic sailors want.

They leap down the gangway, shove off the boat, and quickly get to the Girl.

They pull her over the gunwhale nearly naked and nearly dead.

EXT. ABOARD *LITCHFIELD* - NIGHT

The Girl comes to lying on the deck under a blanket.

The first thing she sees is a crowd of men anxiously looking down on her.

This produces a look of terror. Then, realizing she is safe, she relaxes.

Then, she begins wailing in Armenian.

GIRL

Oh, my brother! Vartan! Vartan!
Oh, my little brother!

No one can understand her.

LITCHFIELD'S BOATSWAIN

(to Asa)

Maybe that little guy knows what she's saying.

Asa rushes away to wake up the Boy.

The Girl continues to wail.

Asa returns with the Boy, half asleep, and ushers him into the circle. On seeing the Girl, the Boy's HAND instinctively clutches tightly around Asa's.

Seeing the Boy, the Girl shrieks in disbelief. Brother and sister recognize each other.

GIRL

Vartan! Vartan! You're alive!

BOY

Arda! Arda!

As they cling, there are few dry eyes among the sailors.

SUPER: "September 15"

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

The fire still rages, though in sporadic locations and less intensely.

Except for the Turkish quarter at the south end of the city and the northern section near the railroad pier, Smyrna is a devastated, smouldering ruin.

Allied warships, including *Edsall*, still cram the harbor. There are also a few commercial vessels, both passenger and cargo. Most are filled with refugees and preparing to leave.

Numerous small military craft shuttle back and forth between the quay and the ships. Those leaving the quay are filled to the brim with refugees. Those returning to the quay are empty save for their small crews.

The panicked transfers are harrowing, almost swamping some boats, but they make no dent in the multitudes trapped on the quay.

EXT. ABOARD A *LITCHFIELD* MOTOR LAUNCH (MOVING) - DAY

Asa rides with three sailors toward the quay.

As usual, he leans overboard to be sick.

EXT. QUAY - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

On the waterfront and in the shells of burned out buildings, more than 200,000 trapped and terrorized refugees -- now only women, children, and old men -- live among unspeakable filth, scorched animal carcasses, and human corpses.

A few cook bread from seawater and small handfuls of flour on top of shovels held over open fires.

Others push and shove to board the small craft evacuating the lucky few.

Many have gone mad. All are desperately hungry.

The awful MOANING continues.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Asa picks his way through rubble and pitiable refugees the short distance from the quay to the U.S. consulate.

He finds an empty, smouldering ruin.

He moves on to the Y.M.C.A. It has collapsed from the fire.

EXT. QUAY - DAY

The U.S. flag flies from the peak of a comparatively unscathed residence toward the northern end of the quay.

In front, Barnes operates an open-air U.S. consulate. His desk is a wooden door set across piles of rubble.

Refugees clamor around him. He addresses three who stand immediately in front of him, a HUSBAND (40s), his WIFE (40s), and her ELDERLY FATHER (70s).

BARNES
(to the Husband)
Your wife, she lived with you in Chicago?

HUSBAND
Yes.

BARNES
But not her father?

HUSBAND
No.

Barnes grasps for a pretext.

BARNES
Never even visited?

HUSBAND
No.

BARNES
Look. I'm sorry. Your wife, I can give her a certificate. But not her father. I'm very sorry.

The Wife, comprehending, begins to wail. Her Father also understands, but silently accepts his fate.

Asa arrives just as the transaction finishes.

ASA
(to Barnes)
We're wanted at the Konak.

BARNES
What for?

ASA
Nureddin Pasha wants to see all the foreign reps, non-military. Something about the refugees.

INT. KONAK OFFICE BUILDING - ASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

The room is crowded with foreign relief workers still operating in Smyrna, mostly American, including Asa. Barnes is among the sprinkling of remaining diplomats.

They all look haggard.

General Nureddin, cold and stern, faces them from an elevated platform.

RED CROSS NURSE

(British accent)

General, we must have more patrols at the quay. Innocent people are still being murdered.

NUREDDIN

Our task is to recover our land from the enemy. Until our work is finished, we can do nothing for the refugees.

RED CROSS NURSE

We cannot do our work in these conditions.

NUREDDIN

You know, legally we are still at war with most of you. You should be glad we do not arrest and imprison you. But you see, we do not interfere with your work. Or with your navy boats. They are free to take away the refugees. We wish you to take them away. Take them all!

RED CROSS NURSE

There aren't enough ships. No one's taking responsibility!

NUREDDIN

This I cannot help. And I cannot help that for every one you take away, another one comes out from hiding. What I can assure you is that all who remain at the end of the month will be returned to their homes.

This statement provokes much consternation.

BARNES

(to Asa)

That's a death sentence.

ASA

(to Nureddin)

Will you at least help us feed them? All our stores were destroyed in the fire.

NUREDDIN

We do not have enough food for the army. You must find your own supplies.

Asa shakes his head in frustration.

ASA

(to Barnes)

If this keeps up, sending them home at the end of the month isn't going to be a problem.

SUPER: "September 20"

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

The fire has completely burned out.

Small craft still shuttle back and forth from the quay to various ships, but the quay is still packed.

The harbor has noticeably fewer ships of all kinds.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

At *Edsall's* waterline, bluejackets assist dozens of orphans from a string of bobbing lighters onto a gangway that ascends to the ship's deck. In each lighter, one boy holds a protective American flag.

INT. ABOARD *EDSALL* - DAY

Asa catnaps in a sailor's berth. He wears his rumpled street clothes, which he hasn't been out of in a week.

Sailors settle dozens of orphan boys into nearby berths, cramming them into every available space.

Young boys' voices and nearby footsteps wake him.

EXT. ABOARD *EDSALL* - DAY

Orphan boys continue to stream onto the deck from the gangway.

The continuous MOAN from the waterfront can be heard aboard the ship.

Asa emerges on deck and joins Captain Powell at the rail facing the waterfront.

POWELL

There you are. Get some shut-eye?

Asa does not answer. He is exhausted. And angry. Powell tries to mollify him.

POWELL (CONT'D)

We'll drop this bunch in Salonika then come right back for more.

He looks toward a nearby American merchant vessel, *Winona*, filling with refugees.

POWELL (CONT'D)

Wish *Winona*'d do the same.

ASA

Winona's not coming back?

Powell shakes his head.

POWELL

Just like the others.

Powell looks toward the quay.

POWELL (CONT'D)

Skipper thinks most of them'll be dead by the time he could get back from Athens.

He looks up at the scorching sun.

POWELL (CONT'D)

Probably right.

ASA

You've got to take more.

Powell shakes his head.

ASA (CONT'D)

I've got another two hundred fifty waiting on shore.

POWELL

Six hundred's our absolute limit.
Can't safely carry any more.

Looking to the crowded quay, Asa shakes his head.

ASA

Ten days. Never happen.

Captain Powell is called away, leaving Asa standing by himself at the rail.

A buzzing fly lands on Asa's hand. It mesmerizes him.

AMY (V.O.)

Will it cure him?

DOCTOR (V.O.)

There's no telling. Mountain air
might help.

AMY (V.O.)

Then I'll take him up north.

DOCTOR (V.O.)

He can't leave here until his
temperature returns to normal.

NURSE (V.O.)

Much better, Mr. Jennings. Looks
like you'll be leaving us soon.

The fly buzzes away. Asa comes to himself with a look of resolution.

ASA

Captain Powell! I need a launch!

INT. BOURNABAT SUBURB - KEMAL'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Officers bustle in and out of Kemal's private office handing him orders to sign.

In the commotion, a Turkish LIEUTENANT stands stiffly before Kemal. They speak in Turkish.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

LIEUTENANT

*Jennings, sir. An American relief
worker. He says he wants to
evacuate the refugees.*

Kemal is skeptical but intrigued.

KEMAL

*Bring him in. The rest of you,
out.*

END SUBTITLES

Asa is ushered into the presence. The door is closed.
Kemal sizes him up, bemused at such a puny man's temerity.
They speak in French. Asa's is halting and imperfect.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

KEMAL (CONT'D)

*So, you think you can evacuate the
refugees?*

ASA

I seek your permission to try.

KEMAL

What is your plan?

ASA

I don't have a plan -- yet.

KEMAL

Then why do you bother me?

ASA

*Because people are dying and no
one's doing anything.*

KEMAL

*And you, with no plan, you intend
to do something?*

ASA

Yes.

KEMAL

*You will need ships. Lots of
ships.*

ASA

I'll get them.

KEMAL

How?

ASA

I don't know -- yet.

Kemal laughs.

KEMAL

*Then you have quite a problem,
haven't you?*

ASA

(angrily)

No, General. You have a problem.

Kemal is stung.

Risking all, Asa drives home the barb.

ASA (CONT'D)

*For what you've done to the men of
military age, maybe the world will
look the other way. But if you
want your new republic to have the
world's respect, you've got to stop
what's happening to the women and
the children and the old men.*

A long silence, then Kemal relents.

KEMAL

You have ten days.

ASA

(stiffly)

Thank you.

Kemal wags his finger.

KEMAL

*But no Greek ships, or at least not
showing Greek flags. And no Greek
sailors onshore. Not a step.*

END SUBTITLES

EXT. ABOARD *EDSALL* - DAY

Captain Powell shakes Asa's hand at the rail.

POWELL

*I'm not sure what you're up to,
Jennings, but do your damndest.*

Asa shakily makes his way down the gangway to an *Edsall* motor launch, which its coxswain steadies for Asa to board.

EXT. ABOARD *EDSALL* MOTOR LAUNCH (MOVING) - DAY

The launch pitches across the harbor toward a large passenger ship, *Pierre Loti*, flying the French flag.

Asa leans over the gunwhale expecting to be seasick.

To his surprise, he is not.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

The *Pierre Loti* is crammed with refugees.

Asa and the coxswain bob at the ship's side.

So do many other small boats flying French flags and loaded with refugees begging for passage.

From the rail, *PIERRE LOTI'S* CAPTAIN shouts down to Asa in French.

BEGIN SUBTITLES

PIERRE LOTI'S CAPTAIN

*Can't you see? We're bursting.
We're just waiting for clearance to
leave.*

French sailors stand at the rail. One FRENCH SAILOR points to a bobbing boat loaded with teenaged Armenian girls.

FRENCH SAILOR

What lookers!

The Armenian girls know French.

GIRL IN BOAT

*You should have seen us two weeks
ago. Before we were refugees.*

FRENCH SAILOR

*But you're very pretty, just the
same.*

END SUBTITLES

Despite their desperate condition, the girls giggle at the flattery.

EXT. ABOARD *EDSALL* LAUNCH (MOVING) - DAY

Asa and the coxswain veer away from *Pierre Loti*.

Asa points to a cargo ship anchored farther out. It flies the Italian flag.

ASA
Let's try that one.

They approach *Constantinopoli*.

EXT. ABOARD *CONSTANTINOPOLI* - DAY

Outside the pilothouse, Asa confers in English with *CONSTANTINOPOLI'S* CAPTAIN (40s).

Asa points to the empty deck.

ASA
You've got plenty of space.

CONSTANTINOPOLI'S CAPTAIN
(Italian accent)
My orders are for cargo, not
refugees. And we leave today.

ASA
You've got to be flexible. You see
what's happening.

CONSTANTINOPOLI'S CAPTAIN
Only the consul can change my
orders.

ASA
If I can get your orders changed,
how many can you take?

Constantinopoli's Captain surveys his empty deck.

CONSTANTINOPOLI'S CAPTAIN
Five hundred, maximum.

ASA
I'd say you've got room for two
thousand.

The Captain laughs mockingly, but not convincingly.

CONSTANTINOPOLI'S CAPTAIN
And just where do you expect me to
take these two thousand?

ASA
Mytilene.

CONSTANTINOPOLI'S CAPTAIN
Who says the Greeks will permit me
to land two thousand refugees at
Mytilene?

ASA
Leave that to me.

CONSTANTINOPOLI'S CAPTAIN
You will need to come along to
guarantee it.

ASA
All right.

CONSTANTINOPOLI'S CAPTAIN
Look, this is all a dream. What is
your authority to take two thousand
refugees off the quay?

ASA
I have permission.

This news startles the Captain.

CONSTANTINOPOLI'S CAPTAIN
They'll have to pay for passage.

ASA
How much?

CONSTANTINOPOLI'S CAPTAIN
Five thousand lire.

ASA
All right.

CONSTANTINOPOLI'S CAPTAIN
We leave at ten o'clock tomorrow
morning, if you can change my
orders.

EXT. QUAY - DAY

Toward the northern end of the quay, a fire-battered but
still intact house flies the Italian flag.

INT. TEMPORARY ITALIAN CONSULATE - DAY

Asa, weary but determined, sits opposite Smyrna's ITALIAN
CONSUL-GENERAL (50s), who, like Barnes, operates from
makeshift quarters.

The room and its contents show heavy smoke and fire damage.

ITALIAN CONSUL-GENERAL
What's your authority to remove
refugees?

ASA
Kemal Pasha.

The Italian consul-general is incredulous. He holds out his hand as if to receive something.

ITALIAN CONSUL-GENERAL
Let me see.

ASA
I have nothing in writing. I spoke
with him.

ITALIAN CONSUL-GENERAL
You spoke with General Kemal? And
he authorized you to do this?

ASA
Yes.

After a pause, the Consul-General reaches for paper and a pen shaking his head.

ITALIAN CONSUL-GENERAL
This is most irregular.

INT. EDSALL RADIO ROOM - DAY

Captain Powell stands by as Asa hurriedly dictates to the Radiotelegraph Operator (previously seen).

ASA
Address it to Davis at the Red
Cross in Constantinople.
"Have secured ship for two thousand
to Mytilene. Stop. Request two
orders. Stop. First, authority to
land refugees at Mytilene under Red
Cross auspices and investigate food
conditions. Stop. Second,
authority to act as I see fit in
any subsequent emergency." That's
it.

POWELL
 (to the Radiotelegraph
 Operator)
 Get it out right away.

ASA
 Thanks. Now I need a lift back to
 shore.

INT. HOUSE NO. 490 - NIGHT

The house, now operating as a maternity hospital and girls' shelter, is crammed with teenaged girls and young mothers with babies. Women, children, and a few old men occupy every remaining square inch.

Asa confers with Eleni, who holds the baby that was handed to Asa on the waterfront several days earlier.

ASA
 Do you have the list?

She shows it to Asa.

ELENI
 Everyone who can walk.

ASA
 And the money?

Eleni gestures to a bag hanging over her shoulder. Asa looks inside. It contains wads of bills and gold coins.

ELENI
 All of it.

ASA
 Bless you.

SUPER: "September 21"

EXT. HOUSE NO. 490 - DAY

Constantinopoli is tied up at the waterfront immediately opposite the house, gangplank down.

Asa and Eleni supervise a stream of refugees emerging from the house and ascending the gangplank.

A double cordon of Turkish soldiers watches the stream warily. Asa whispers to Eleni, who looks extremely anxious.

ASA
Someone tipped them off.

Eleni nods in agreement.

In line, Pavlos emerges from the house. He is dressed as a woman and wears a shawl over his head.

A Turkish soldier squints at Pavlos, then advances and rips off Pavlos's shawl.

Other Turkish soldiers, seeing Pavlos exposed, rush forward and start dragging him away. Eleni tries to pull him back, screaming in Turkish.

ELENI
*No! He's sick! You don't want
him!*

The soldiers pay no attention and continue to pull Pavlos. Eleni's grip slips.

ELENI (CONT'D)
(in Greek)
Pavlos! My Pavlos!

PAVLOS
(in Greek)
My love. My love. I love you.

Asa rushes to try to help Eleni, shouting to the Turkish soldiers.

ASA
He's sick! Don't you understand?

A soldier raises a rifle butt to beat Asa down. Eleni blunts the blow, but it is still enough to knock Asa to the pavement.

Eleni bends to help Asa as Pavlos is dragged off.

Eleni is hysterical. Asa looks up at her.

ASA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Eleni. I'm so sorry.

EXT. QUAY - DAY

The last of the two thousand refugees ascends *Constantinopoli's* gangplank.

Asa has his arm around sobbing Eleni, who holds the baby.

He nudges them ahead of him up the gangplank.

EXT. ABOARD *CONSTANTINOPOLI* - DAY

Asa steps onto the deck from the top of the gangplank. The deck, packed with refugees, is silent.

They respectfully part as he makes his way down the deck toward the bridge.

Women and old men kneel down to kiss his hands and clothing, even his feet, as he wearily shuffles forward.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

The ship is underway. Asa, head in hands, sits alone on the edge of the bunk. He shakes convulsively.

He raises his head from his hands as if to pray. His eyes are red with tears.

EXT. ABOARD *CONSTANTINOPOLI* (UNDERWAY) - NIGHT

The ship enters Mytilene harbor.

As the ship turns into the inner harbor, a wail rises from the refugees on deck.

They see twenty empty Greek transports lying idly at anchor in the inner harbor.

Aghast at this sight, the refugees begin to shout and curse in anger and disbelief. Those closest to Asa plead with him in Greek to send the ships to Smyrna.

SUPER: "September 22"

EXT. MYTILENE HARBOR WATERFRONT - DAY

Constantinopoli is tied up at the waterfront, gangplank down. Agitated refugees crowd the rail. Greek soldiers stationed at the foot of the gangplank prohibit them from disembarking.

Ashore, thousands of earlier escapees from Smyrna, civilians and soldiers, crowd every open space.

INT. GENERAL FRANGOS'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Asa meets with GENERAL FRANGOS (50s), the commander-in-chief of the defeated Greek South Army, now encamped indefinitely at Mytilene.

FRANGOS

There is no more room. We can't properly feed the ones already here.

ASA

I have permission from the Red Cross.

FRANGOS

I'm sorry. It's impossible.

Asa shows him the two Red Cross orders he previously secured. Frangos reads.

FRANGOS (CONT'D)

All right. The two thousand you've brought. And only as many more as your relief agencies can feed.

ASA

And use of your ships.

FRANGOS

What for?

ASA

To bring more.

FRANGOS

Impossible.

ASA

Why not? They're empty.

FRANGOS

I'm holding them for military needs.

ASA

General Frangos, they're needed now.

FRANGOS

Mr. Jennings, if I release those ships to Smyrna, the Turkish army will seize them and turn them against us.

ASA

What if I can assure you the ships
will not be molested?

FRANGOS

How can you give such an assurance?

ASA

Leave that to me. How many can I
use?

FRANGOS

Six. Of the smaller ones.

ASA

And six of the larger ones.

FRANGOS

This I cannot do. And I will need
your assurance in writing.

EXT. MYTILENE WATERFRONT - DAY

Litchfield unloads pallets of flour.

INT. ABOARD *LITCHFIELD* - DAY

Lieutenant-Commander J. B. RHODES, *Litchfield's* captain,
welcomes Asa onto the bridge.

RHODES

Captain Powell says I'm to be at
your disposal.

ASA

I won't take you out of your way.
Just need a ride back to Smyrna.
And some help with a message or
two.

INT. *LITCHFIELD* RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

Litchfield is underway.

Asa, exhausted, dozes in a chair.

Captain Rhodes dictates as the radiotelegraph operator
transmits a message Asa has written out.

RHODES

"To Captain Powell, *Edsall*, Smyrna.
From Jennings. Request you confirm
. . . ."

EXT. SMYRNA HARBOR - NIGHT

Litchfield enters the outer harbor at slow speed. *Edsall* has swung alongside. With both ships underway with gangways down, a motor launch transfers Captain Powell from *Edsall* to *Litchfield*.

EXT. ABOARD *LITCHFIELD* - NIGHT

Litchfield's Boatswain (previously seen) pipes Captain Powell aboard. Powell salutes the quarter deck, then salutes Captain Rhodes.

RHODES

Welcome aboard, sir.

POWELL

Where's Jennings?

RHODES

Resting below.

POWELL

You'd better wake him up.

INT. ABOARD *LITCHFIELD* - NIGHT

Asa confers with Captains Powell and Rhodes in the wardroom.

POWELL

The Turkish authorities promise us they won't interfere. So long as the Greek ships don't fly any Greek flags or land any sailors. We'll escort them in and assist with the loading. It's all in here. Just like you asked.

He hands Asa an order.

INSERT - NAVAL ORDER ON *EDSALL* LETTERHEAD, SIGNED BY POWELL

Asa tears up as he reads.

ASA

You've even arranged for more flour. What about protecting the Greek ships?

POWELL

Can't promise you anything -- officially. But they might just find us loafing around in the outer harbor when they arrive -- especially if they let us know when they leave Mytilene.

ASA

I can't thank you enough.

POWELL

(to Rhodes)

Get him back there right away.

EXT. SMYRNA - OUTER HARBOR - NIGHT

Edsall and *Litchfield* are underway together. The motor launch returns Captain Powell to *Edsall* as *Litchfield* peels away in a broad U-turn.

SUPER: "September 23"

INT. GENERAL FRANGOS'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Back on Mytilene, Asa confers once more with General Frangos.

FRANGOS

You've been to Smyrna? Since we spoke?

Asa hands him Captain Powell's order.

ASA

You said you needed my assurance in writing.

Frangos reads, still incredulous.

FRANGOS

Your nation I can trust, Mr. Jennings. But I give no credit to Turkish assurances.

ASA

We believe the Turkish promise is sincere. We will not break confidence with them.

FRANGOS

I will need to confer with Athens.

Asa is crestfallen.

ASA

Will you please do so immediately?

FRANGOS

I will do my best.

ASA

When can you expect a reply?

Frangos shakes his head with a non-committal expression.

EXT. MYTILENE - STREET - NIGHT

Asa, dejected, walks out of General Frangos's headquarters.

He looks toward the harbor. Silhouetted in the moonlight, beyond his reach, lie the empty Greek transports.

He also makes out a hulking Greek battleship tied up alongside the bulkhead. His eyes show a glimmer of recognition.

EXT. MYTILENE WATERFRONT - NIGHT

Asa speaks with an officious GREEK NAVAL OFFICER (late 20s), part of the night guard at the foot of the gangplank of the Greek battleship *Kilkis*.

ASA

Just a few moments of his time.

GREEK NAVAL OFFICER

It's too late. He's probably asleep.

ASA

It's very important. You've got to wake him up.

GREEK NAVAL OFFICER

Who are you? Why should I trouble the captain for you?

ASA
 I'm an American relief worker.
 I've just come from Smyrna. I need
 his help.

He points to the idle transports in the harbor. His
 exhaustion is evident.

ASA (CONT'D)
 We need those ships. Right now.
 In Smyrna.

GREEK NAVAL OFFICER
 What is your authority to evacuate
 the refugees?

After a frustrated silence, Asa changes tack. He looks up
 admiringly at the battleship.

ASA
Ex-Mississippi, isn't she?

This startles the Naval Officer.

GREEK NAVAL OFFICER
 How do you know this?

ASA
 Unmistakable. Saw her all the time
 in Newport News when she was ours.
 I worked there.

The Naval Officer suddenly warms up.

GREEK NAVAL OFFICER
 My uncle Niko has a restaurant in
 Newport News. Near where they
 build the ships.

ASA
 Niko. "Nick's Lunch"? On
 Washington Avenue? That's your
 uncle?

GREEK NAVAL OFFICER
 That's him.

ASA
 Your uncle makes delicious soups.

The Naval Officer laughs.

GREEK NAVAL OFFICER
 Yes, you're right.

ASA
So you've been to the United States?

GREEK NAVAL OFFICER
Only to Newport News, when we took possession. They let me join the delivery crew when I begged to see my uncle.

Now he needs to close the door he has just inadvertently opened.

GREEK NAVAL OFFICER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I still cannot let you aboard.

ASA
My friend, Greeks are being murdered in Smyrna. Right now. I've seen it with my own eyes.

The Naval Officer starts to squirm.

ASA (CONT'D)
You can help save them. I beg you, let me speak with your captain.

The Naval Officer can take no more.

GREEK NAVAL OFFICER
Wait here.

The Naval Officer scurries up the gangplank.

INT. ABOARD *KILKIS* - NIGHT

Asa confers on the bridge with *Kilkis's* commander, Captain IOANNIS THEOFANIDES (50s).

THEOFANIDES
Frangos is army, of course.

ASA
So you agree he doesn't control the ships?

THEOFANIDES
There's a question, for sure.

ASA
Enough of a question to help me communicate with Athens?

Theofanides hesitates, but his blood is up.

THEOFANIDES
I think it's a good idea.

INT. ABOARD *KILKIS* - NIGHT

The ship's clock reads 4:35 a.m.

Kilkis's RADIOTELEGRAPH OPERATOR (20s) enters and hands Captain Theofanides a message. Theofanides reads, shaking his head.

THEOFANIDES
They're unwilling to wake up the
Prime Minister.

Asa is exasperated.

ASA
Captain Theofanides, don't they
realize every minute is precious?
We've got to insist.

INT. ABOARD *KILKIS* - DAY

The clock reads 8:15 a.m.

The Radiotelegraph Operator hands Theofanides another message. Theofanides reads and smiles.

THEOFANIDES
They're convening the full cabinet
at nine o'clock. Just for you.
You'd better have some coffee.

He gestures to an aide for the coffee.

INT. ABOARD *KILKIS* - DAY

The clock reads 10:40 a.m.

The Radiotelegraph Operator hands Theofanides another message.

THEOFANIDES
They want to know your authority to
demand the ships?

ASA
 Tell them I'm -- I'm with the --
 the American Relief Committee for
 Mytilene.

Theofanides smiles and begins to scratch a message on the ship's message pad.

THEOFANIDES
 You are the committee. "President"
 is better.

He rips the message from the pad and hands it to the Radiotelegraph Operator, who dashes away to the radio room.

SERIES OF FLASH CUTS:

Shots of the ship's clock followed by Captain Theofanides being handed and summarizing messages from the Radiotelegraph Operator.

12:05 p.m.

THEOFANIDES
 They want to know what protection
 you can afford the Greek ships.

1:15 p.m.

THEOFANIDES (CONT'D)
 Will you guarantee the Greek ships
 won't be confiscated?

2:35 p.m.

THEOFANIDES (CONT'D)
 Does it mean that American
 destroyers will protect the ships
 if the Turks attempt to take them?

3:10 p.m.

THEOFANIDES (CONT'D)
 Will American officers and sailors
 assist in loading the refugees?

Asa raises his eyes heavenward.

3:40 p.m.

THEOFANIDES (CONT'D)
 They insist that an American
 personally accompany the first
 ship, remain on board during the
 (MORE)

THEOFANIDES (CONT'D)
loading, and supervise the loading
of the other ships.

Asa wearily nods, affirming his willingness to comply.

INT. ABOARD *KILKIS* - DAY

The clock reads 4:55 p.m. The Radiotelegraph Operator enters.

RADIOTELEGRAPH OPERATOR
(in Greek)
Still nothing, sir.

THEOFANIDES
(to Asa)
They should've answered by now.
You've given them everything
they've asked for.

Asa bows his head for a long while, then looks up.

ASA
One more, please.

He dictates as Theofanides writes.

ASA (CONT'D)
"Request you grant permission to
American Committee --

He looks at the ship's clock, now showing 4:57 p.m.

ASA (CONT'D)
"by seventeen thirty, to use Greek
ships at Mytilene. Stop. If no
permission granted, Committee will
repeat request -- uncoded. Stop.

Theofanides winces on "uncoded."

THEOFANIDES
Anyone listening will know --

ASA
That the Greek government is
refusing Greek ships for the rescue
of Greek refugees.

He continues dictating.

ASA (CONT'D)
"If request not granted by eighteen
hundred, American relief agencies
(MORE)

ASA (CONT'D)
will cease efforts to evacuate
Smyrna. Stop."

Theofanides looks up from his writing and meets Asa's unblinking glare.

ASA (CONT'D)
No more messages.

Theofanides rips the message off the pad and hands it to the Radiotelegraph Operator.

INT. ABOARD *KILKIS* - DAY

The clock reads 5:28 p.m.

The Radiotelegraph Operator bursts in and hands Theofanides a message.

After reading, Theofanides gravely stands and salutes Asa.

Asa is perplexed. Theofanides translates.

THEOFANIDES
It's addressed to you. It says:
"General Frangos ordered to place
all Greek ships at Mytilene under
your command, together with all
other Greek ships in the Aegean
Sea. Proceed with immediate
removal of refugees at Smyrna."

Theofanides looks up at Asa.

THEOFANIDES (CONT'D)
They've made you an admiral.

Asa is momentarily stunned.

He recovers and looks across the harbor to the Greek transports.

ASA
Let's get the captains over here.

INT. ABOARD *KILKIS* - NIGHT

In the wardroom, Asa and Theofanides confer with the twenty transport captains. They pass the Cabinet's order around in disbelief.

THEOFANIDES
 (to Asa)
 What are your orders?

ASA
 How many can be ready to leave here
 by midnight?

BEGIN SUBTITLES

THEOFANIDES
 (in Greek)
*I need a show of hands. How many
 of you can be ready to leave here
 by midnight?*

No hands are raised.

CAPTAIN ONE
I have engine trouble.

CAPTAIN TWO
I'm short of hands.

CAPTAIN THREE
I need provisions.

Awkward silence.

THEOFANIDES
*I see. Let me tell you what I'm
 going to do. I'm going to
 personally investigate all ships.
 Tonight. Any captain
 misrepresenting the condition of
 his ship will be liable to court
 martial. This is an order in time
 of war.*

More silence. Then, one captain raises his hand.

CAPTAIN ONE
*Perhaps within a few hours' time I
 can fix my engines.*

One by one, nine other captains raise their hands to signal
 availability.

THEOFANIDES
That's better.

END SUBTITLES

THEOFANIDES (CONT'D)
 (to Asa)
 Ten ships ready at midnight -- Sir.

INT. BRISTOL'S U.S. LEGATION OFFICE - NIGHT

Admiral Bristol is working late into the night in his Constantinople office. His chief aide, CAPTAIN HEPBURN (40s), enters the office.

HEPBURN
 Just in from Athens, sir, via
 Reuters in London.

Hepburn hands Bristol a dispatch. Bristol reads with growing consternation.

BRISTOL
 Have you told the Greek government
 that our destroyers will protect
 Greek ships evacuating refugees at
 Smyrna?

HEPBURN
 No, sir.

BRISTOL
 Has Powell?

HEPBURN
 Not to my knowledge.

BRISTOL
 Then who has, God damn it?

HEPBURN
 I don't know, sir.

SUPER: "September 24"

INT. ABOARD *PROPONDIS* - NIGHT

On the bridge, Asa speaks with the CAPTAIN (50s) of the Greek transport *Propondis*.

The ship's clock reads 12:10 a.m.

PROPONDIS CAPTAIN
 Anchor secure, sir. We're ready.

From his jacket, Asa pulls out the U.S. flag he used for protection in the streets of Smyrna. He hands it to the Captain.

ASA
We can't fly the Greek flag. I'd like to fly this one.

PROPONDIS CAPTAIN
It will be an honor, sir.

The Captain hands the flag to an officer and gives the necessary orders in Greek.

ASA
What's the order to get going?

PROPONDIS CAPTAIN
"Course, Smyrna. Engines, all ahead full."

ASA
Amen.

The Captain gives the order in Greek. The sailor manning the engine room telegraph briskly rings "All Ahead Full."

EXT. ABOARD *PROPONDIS* - NIGHT

Propondis sounds one long blast signaling departure. On deck, a sailor lowers the Greek ensign and raises the U.S. flag, followed by the flag signal "Follow Me."

The other nine transports, none showing Greek colors, sound long blasts in turn.

EXT. MYTILENE HARBOR - NIGHT

A convoy of ten transports leaves the harbor and proceeds to sea.

EXT. ABOARD *PROPONDIS* (UNDERWAY) - NIGHT

Edsall has drawn alongside *Propondis*, both of which are underway. Asa stands at the rail of *Propondis* while Captain Powell hails him from *Edsall's* rail using a megaphone.

POWELL
We will escort you in. Do you wish to come aboard?

Asa hesitates, then shakes his head "no."

INT. ABOARD *PROPONDIS* (UNDERWAY) - NIGHT

Fog surrounds the ship. *Edsall*, close by, can be made out dimly from *Propondis's* bridge. Everyone on the bridge is tense.

A SAILOR peers through binoculars at *Edsall's* barely visible light signals.

SAILOR WITH BINOCULARS
(in Greek)
Edsall signals "*All Ahead Slow.*"

PROPONDIS CAPTAIN
(in Greek)
"*All Ahead Slow*" it is.

The sailor manning the engine room telegraph repeats the order in Greek and gives the appropriate ring. A moment later, the engines decrease their volume.

PROPONDIS CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
(to Asa)
Very unusual. Fog this time of year.

The tension on the bridge continues until, suddenly, *Edsall* and *Propondis* simultaneously break clear of the fog.

EXT. SMYRNA - OUTER HARBOR - DAWN

One by one, the convoy ships pop from the fog bank, *Propondis* in the lead flying the U.S. flag, escorted by *Edsall*.

INT. ABOARD *PROPONDIS* (UNDERWAY) - DAWN

Clear of the fog bank, *Propondis* enters Smyrna's outer harbor.

Asa, exhausted, looks through binoculars toward the approaching Smyrna waterfront.

He lowers the binoculars. His bloodshot eyes well up.

The *Propondis* captain addresses the sailor at the engine room telegraph.

PROPONDIS CAPTAIN
(in Greek)
Resume "*All Ahead Full.*"

The sailor repeats the order and gives the ring.

EXT. QUAY - DAWN

Almost simultaneously, the refugees spot the convoy in the distance emerging from the fog.

They rise to their feet, stretching out their arms as if to embrace the ships. On their faces, hope and joy.

For the first time, the sound rising from the quay is not a moan.

It is more like a CHEER.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: "Following his success in Smyrna, "Admiral" Jennings was given command of 50 Greek ships, which he used to evacuate refugees from other parts of Asia Minor."

INSERT - PHOTO OF THE REAL ASA JENNINGS

SUPER: "Altogether, he saved 300,000 lives."

SUPER: "For his extraordinary achievement, Asa Jennings received Greece's highest civilian and military decorations,"

INSERT - PHOTO OF ASA'S TWO MEDALS: THE GOLDEN CROSS OF THE REDEEMER AND THE MEDAL OF MILITARY MERIT

SUPER: "the only time they have been awarded simultaneously to the same person."

FADE OUT.