

TUMANBAY

Episode 1.02 - "Ship of the Dead"

by

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2.1 INT. SHIP AT SEA. CABIN - DAY

2.1

HEAVEN is attending to her mother, ILA, who is weak and listless, lying on a bunk. They are in a tiny cabin at the back of the ship. The floors and walls are wood.

HEAVEN
You are shaking, mother.

ILA
It's cold.

HEAVEN
It's not cold, it's hot. It's very hot.

ILA
A blanket....

HEAVEN
(wrapping a blanket around her)
Here... Here mother.
(pouring)
You need to drink some water.

She helps her mother to DRINK.

MUSIC swells.

HEAVEN (CONT'D)
Try to rest. I'll go and fill up the jug.

She LEAVES the cabin and CLIMBS THE WOODEN STAIRS onto the deck.

2.2 EXT. SHIP AT SEA - DAY

2.2

Heaven appears from below and feels the WIND on her face. The sails are taut. The ship is moving. But there are no birds as they are still some way off shore.

She goes towards a shelter on the deck and starts FILLING her jug with a ladle from a large barrel.

HEAVEN (V.O.)
There is a city far away... My parents often spoke of it as if it had always been there and always would be... I'd seen it in paintings, I read of it in stories; the richest, most powerful place on earth... the centre of everything. It drew people from every corner of the empire and beyond... Tumanbay...
(MORE)

HEAVEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

**A city I always wanted to visit -
who didn't? - but not under these
circumstance... on a slave ship...
with my mother sick...**

She hears SHOUTING and stops. She looks towards the front of the boat and GASPS in shock.

She DROPS the ladle and RUNS towards the foredeck, hailing the CAPTAIN.

HEAVEN

(approaching him)

Captain! Captain... There's a man
over board. Look... Two men...
Three!

CAPTAIN

Go back to your cabin.

HEAVEN

But they are -

CAPTAIN

I said go back! Now!

She stops and looks about. It gradually dawns on her what is going on.

HEAVEN

Your men are throwing slaves
overboard?

There is more shouting from the foredeck. Another splash. Another scream.

HEAVEN (CONT'D)

Why?

CAPTAIN

Better to loose the cargo when
there's sickness on board.

HEAVEN

What sickness?

CAPTAIN

Plague.

HEAVEN

How do you know?

CAPTAIN

I have been transporting slaves
long enough to know when there's
plague on board. They get the
pustules.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Under the armpits, in the groin.
There's nothing we can do for them.

HEAVEN

And what if one of *your* men had it?

CAPTAIN

There's nothing we could do. Once
the pustules burst, the sickness
spreads. I have to save the ship
and those on board. Simple as that.

More slaves are being thrown overboard.

HEAVEN

Are they all sick?

CAPTAIN

Just one. In the foredeck hold. But
we can't take a chance.

Heaven watches the grizzly spectacle for a moment.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

How is your mother?

HEAVEN

She is... recovered. Just tired.

CAPTAIN

I was concerned.

HEAVEN

No, she's fully better.

CAPTAIN

Good. Aft hold is okay. No sign of
it there. I'm certain it's just the
one slave - he probably had it
before boarding.

HEAVEN

I... I have to go back...

She WALKS towards the cabins trying to suppress her SOBS.

2.3

INT. SHIP AT SEA. CABIN - DAY

2.3

Heaven DESCENDS THE STEPS into the cabin.

HEAVEN

Mother... mother. Wake up.

Ila stirs.

HEAVEN (CONT'D)

They are throwing the slaves
overboard.

ILA

Oh... They do that sometimes.

HEAVEN

I saw them floating away. One of
them was trying to cling to the
side of the ship and... he just got
sucked under...

ILA

Why do you care?

HEAVEN

Why do I care?

ILA

They're slaves.

HEAVEN

But they're still people.

Ila laughs gently.

HEAVEN (CONT'D)

Why are you laughing?

ILA

They don't have the same feelings
that we do. They're born and they
are slaves. They don't *love*, they
don't *understand*...

HEAVEN

Then how is it in Tumanbay, mother,
where they say everyone was a slave
once?

ILA

That's different.

HEAVEN

How is it different?

ILA

You are such an obstinate,
difficult child. Why are you
upsetting me when I am so unwell?

Heaven sighs.

ILA (CONT'D)

Did you get water?

Heaven POURS.

HEAVEN

Here...

ILA

I wish your father were here. He could explain everything. Did the captain say how long...?

HEAVEN

Soon. He said soon.

ILA

He will be waiting for us... The flowers will be dead though.

HEAVEN

Mother?

ILA

Huh?

HEAVEN

What flowers? What are you talking about?

ILA

You father. On our wedding day.

HEAVEN

You have fever. You need to rest.

ILA

We will have a home again, our belongings around us. And you will meet your fiancé for the first time.

HEAVEN

Ah yes, joy...

The muffled THUD of something falling to the floor.

ILA

What was that?

Another sound - like a rat.

HEAVEN

It came from the cupboard.

MUSIC swells.

She MOVES slowly towards the cupboard. It's a small cabin, and as she approaches there's a CLICKING SOUND, getting louder and louder.

ILA

Be careful.

She slowly PULLS THE DOOR OPEN. Someone inside WHISPERS a quivering "shush" at her.

ILA (CONT'D)

What is it? A rat? Please not another rat.

HEAVEN

(calmly)

No... It's not a rat.

ILA

Can you see anything?

HEAVEN

Yes.

A SLAVE is hiding inside. We can here his trembling BREATH.

HEAVEN (CONT'D)

Who are you? What do you want with us?

2.4

OPENING TITLES - MUSIC

2.4

ANNOUNCER

Tumanbay, Episode 2. "Ship of the Dead", by John Dryden.

2.5

INT. TUMANBAY. PALACE COMPOUND. CORRIDOR - DAY

2.5

IBN moves though a crowded corridor in the palace compound. This is the BUSTLING section of the palace where goods are procured.

Ibn is stopped by a GUARD.

IBN

I have an appointment with the Head Eunuch.

GUARD

Papers.

IBN shows them.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Wait over there. He hasn't arrived yet.

IBN

I need to bring the merchandise in. Where's the goods entrance?

GUARD

Over there. Down the passage.

GREGOR (V.O.)

Another day at the palace. The slave merchant brings in his product for sale... Another beginning...

2.6 INT. TUMANBAY. PALACE. HEAD EUNUCH'S OFFICE - DAY 2.6

The HEAD EUNUCH is examining SARAH and DANIEL who are chained together. Sarah is carrying her baby.

HEAD EUNUCH

Hmm... Unusual blue eyes. Where did you procure them?

IBN

I have been a slave merchant all my life, Your Excellency. I have travelled far and have contacts in every port.

HEAD EUNUCH

But you haven't answered my question.

IBN

I chanced upon them - at the slave market. And I thought of you at once.

HEAD EUNUCH

Very considerate.

IBN

They are quality. Look, look at the teeth. And educated.

HEAD EUNUCH

(to Daniel)

Are you educated?

Daniel starts to make a strange GRUMBLING sound. It gets louder and louder and turns into a ROAR.

HEAD EUNUCH (CONT'D)

What's he doing?

Suddenly Daniel LURCHES FORWARD, his chains jangling and...

IBN

No... Get back. No!

THWACK! He kicks the Head Eunuch between the legs.

Ibn rushes forward and STRIKES Daniel until he backs off.

IBN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Your Excellency.

(to Daniel)

Get back! Get back!

(to Head Eunuch)

Your Excellency, are you all right?

The Head Eunuch hasn't moved.

HEAD EUNUCH

(to Daniel)

Was that supposed to hurt me? Those went long ago.

(laughs)

I see you still have yours. For now... If you want to keep them you better learn to behave.

IBN

I'm so sorry, Your Excellency, but... look at his spirit. And he's educated.

HEAD EUNUCH

Oh I can see that. I've been buying slaves for the palace for a long time.

(beat)

I'll take them both.

IBN

Good!

HEAD EUNUCH

Take these two down to the cells. My assistant will show you and will do the paperwork...

(seeing his next appointment)

Ah, Malik, you were supposed to come yesterday...

IBN

And the baby...?

HEAD EUNUCH

Hmm?

IBN

The baby!

HEAD EUNUCH

The baby?

IBN

I thought the baby could... could be a doll for the princesses?

HEAD EUNUCH

Oh no, we have no use for the child.

IBN

But... the princesses...

HEAD EUNUCH

We have enough. Throw it to the dogs.

The Head Eunuch leaves. The Guard starts MOVING the others along.

GUARD

Come.

He tries to TAKE the baby from her. Sarah SCREAMS. The baby starts to HOWL.

SARAH

Please, no. Not my baby...
Please...

IBN

(to Guard)
Stop!

A pause...

IBN (CONT'D)

It's all right. I'll take it.
I'll... find a use for it...

SARAH

No, no. I don't trust you...

IBN

(close to her, whispering)
You have to trust me.

Sarah hesitates, stifling her sobs.

IBN (CONT'D)

It's all right. I'll take care of it. Of her. If she goes down to the cells with you, she will be taken from you anyway. This is her chance for life...

(beat)

Give her to me.

Shaking, Sarah hands the baby to Ibn. The baby starts to CRY.

SARAH

She needs me.

Ibn tries to comfort her.

IBN

It's okay. We're all right, we're all right...

SARAH

Naima.

IBN

What?

SARAH

Her name is Naima.

GUARD

Move. Go on! Move!

Sobbing, Sarah is pushed and jostled out behind Daniel.

IBN

(sotto)

Naima...

GREGOR (V.O.)

But here in Tumanbay we are all slaves, to somebody or something...

2.7 INT. TUMANBAY. PALACE. AL-GHURI'S PRIVATE PARLOUR - DAY 2.7

AL-GHURI lies on a couch. CADALI paces nearby.

GREGOR (V.O.)

Even the Sultan and his advisors...

CADALI

(cautiously)

Of course Your Majesty, the well-being of your nephew is of immense importance to us all. And now that his health is improving -

AL-GHURI

Can you smell it?

CADALI

Smell wh...? Oh, yeeessss. You're wearing it.

AL-GHURI

You didn't notice?

CADALI

I did. I did.

AL-GHURI

You don't like it?

GREGOR (V.O.)

**In Tumanbay not liking the scent of
a perfume can cost you your head...**

CADALI

(sniffs)

Oh, I love it.

GREGOR (V.O.)

**Cadali, the grand vizier, can
always be relied on to say the
right thing.**

AL-GHURI

My nephew Madu helped me develop
it. I call it "Life". Quite simply,
"Life".

CADALI

Very, very good, Your Majesty.

AL-GHURI

To celebrate his recovery from the
clutches of death.

CADALI

It's similar to the, er... the one
you created... um...

AL-GHURI

For the King of Assaria?

CADALI

Yes. That one.

AL-GHURI

Or the scent I made to celebrate
the Feast of the Sickle Moon.

CADALI

Yes. That one too.

AL-GHURI

But they are entirely different.

CADALI

(nervous laugh)

My ability to distinguish such
subtle differences in smell is far
less developed than yours, Your
Majesty. It is really quite a
unique and... and wonderful gift
you have.

AL-GHURI

Practice, Cadali. Anything can be
perfected with practice.

CADALI

Quite so. And well, concerning Madu, perhaps we need to start thinking of more activities for *him* to practice.

AL-GHURI

What activities?

CADALI

He's no longer a child. I think perhaps we need to involve him in more... more...

Al-Ghuri stares at Cadali. It makes him nervous. He talks faster.

CADALI (CONT'D)

A 16 year old boy... perhaps, needs to practice with the sword? Horsemanship... the art of battle. I know it's not his natural inclination, but I fear if we ignore this aspect of his education... well...

(letting the idea sink in)

What about a posting with the army?

Al-Ghuri is silent.

CADALI (CONT'D)

I hope I haven't offended Your Majesty.

AL-GHURI

Good idea, Cadali. I'll talk to his mother.

CADALI

Thank you, Your Majesty.

QULAN comes in.

CADALI (CONT'D)

Ah, General Qulan.

QULAN

Your Majesty.

CADALI

We were just talking about the Sultan's nephew, Madu.

QULAN

I trust he's making a speedy recovery.

CADALI

He is. We want to arrange a posting. In the army.

QULAN

If majesty commands.

CADALI

A position in keeping with his status as -

AL-GHURI

I don't want him pampered. He needs to grow up. He needs to learn to take orders.

QULAN

Understood. Your Majesty, I have some news: We have word from scouts that Maya's forces are gathering along the borders of Amber Province near Susa.

AL-GHURI

I don't want to hear such news.

QULAN

But, Your Majesty w-

AL-GHURI

Don't come to me with bad news! Your job is to deal with it! Why do I have to keep hearing about this bitch? Who let her get this far?

QULAN

Majesty, I am ready to deal with Maya.

AL-GHURI

Good. Teach her a lesson.

QULAN

Yes. But I do-

AL-GHURI

But nothing. Rip her to shreds, cut out her guts, burn them in front of her, make her weep, beg... Who does she think she is to challenge me?!

Cadali shuffles nervously.

CADALI

Perhaps general you should get on with you work?

QULAN

Forgive me, majesty, if I speak openly. Our provincial armies haven't fought in a long time. How long is it since we've called on the provincial governors to muster their men? This is an opportunity.

AL-GHURI

What are you talking about? What opportunity?

QULAN

To bring them in line - in case they have any thoughts of their own about rebelling. We should call on them to provide men to help fight Maya.

CADALI

But to do so would send a signal to the provincial governors that we are panicking. That the central authority is weak.

QULAN

No. It would show them that they owe their power to our Sultan. I need your-

AL-GHURI

What do you need?

QULAN

Total authority - over all provincial governors and district commissioners.

CADALI

Your Majesty, if you were to grant these powers you would be going back on the treaties that you yourself signed.

MUSIC swells.

QULAN

The provincial governors have had it too good for too long. They are fat, lazy, self-obsessed peacocks. They spend too much time admiring themselves in mirrors. They are the reason we have left ourselves open to attack.

AL-GHURI

Go do it. You have my authority.

CADALI

Majesty?

AL-GHURI

Prepare the letters for General Qulan and bring them to me to sign.

CADALI

Of course.

AL-GHURI

I will be in my rooms...

He LEAVES.

CADALI

Congratulations, General.

QULAN

I'm doing what's best for Tumanbay.

CADALI

Of course. I don't doubt it... But you are an ambitious man, we both are. Perhaps this can be an opportunity for us.

QULAN

How so?

Cadali CHUCKLES. He is evasive not wanting to incriminate himself.

CADALI

I'll show you my hand if you show me yours.

QULAN

I just want what's best for the empire.

CADALI

We all do.

QULAN

I'm a soldier. I was a slave, a slave soldier. The army has given me everything - my family, my status, my wealth. I want to serve my Sultan. That's all I want.

Cadali scrutinizes Qulan, searching for the man behind the mask. But Qulan appears to be completely genuine.

GREGOR (V.O.)

My brother, the general is a very unusual man in Tumanbay...

2.8 INT. TUMANBAY. PALACE. HEAD EUNUCH'S OFFICE. 2.8
RECEPTION - DAY

GREGOR ENTERS the WAITING AREA, where merchants and suppliers are waiting to see the Head Eunuch. It's a bit like a doctor's surgery. He approaches the ASSISTANT.

GREGOR (V.O.)

I, on the other hand, am rather more interested in serving another master... my self...

GREGOR

Is the fat man in?

ASSISTANT

Sir?

GREGOR

The Head Eunuch?

ASSISTANT

Do you have an appointment?

Gregor wafts past.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

No. You can't go in. You have to wait like everyone else.

Gregor stops.

GREGOR

You have no idea who I am do you?

He says this with such casual authority, the assistant is suddenly very, very apprehensive.

ASSISTANT

W... What? Who are you?

Gregor is about to say something, but decides it's not worth it.

GREGOR

Never mind...

He pushes through the WOODEN DOOR.

2.9 INT. TUMANBAY. PALACE. HEAD EUNUCH'S OFFICE. 2.9
RECEPTION - DAY

Gregor enters. The Head Eunuch is sleeping.

GREGOR

Wake up.

The Head Eunuch is startled.

HEAD EUNUCH

What...? Your Excellency. What an honour.

GREGOR

The Sultan's first wife, Lady Shajar, needs a new maid. As Head of the Sultan's Household it's my duty to find a suitable candidate.

HEAD EUNUCH

I see. I thought -

GREGOR

Yes?

HEAD EUNUCH

Well, she has a maid?

GREGOR

She was a spy.

HEAD EUNUCH

Oh.

GREGOR

I need someone clean and new, someone untainted by all the politics of the palace. Do you have any candidates?

2.10 INT. TUMANBAY. PALACE. KITCHENS - DAY

2.10

The Head Eunuch UNLOCKS A DOOR. He and Gregor pass down some STONE STEPS into a long corridor.

HEAD EUNUCH

She's been wailing for her baby ever since she arrived. I was thinking of putting her in the kitchens.

GREGOR

Baby?

HEAD EUNUCH

She arrived here with a baby. I had no use for it. So the merchant took it... Ah, she's in here.

They look through into a cell.

HEAD EUNUCH (CONT'D)

She's from the north somewhere.
Educated. Clearly, she was once
someone.

GREGOR

When did she arrive?

HEAD EUNUCH

A week or so ago. Blue eyes, good
manners. And she's pleasing to the
eye too - but that unfortunately is
no longer something I can act on.
But perhaps Your Excellency might?
Hey, girl - girl, come forward!

MUSIC swells.

GREGOR

It's all right. There's no need.
(moving away)
Send her to my quarters.

HEAD EUNUCH

I will indeed, Excellency.

2.11 INT. TUMANBAY. IBN'S HOUSE - DAY

2.11

HAMMERING - The builders are at work as Ibn comes in carrying
the baby.

IBN

Where's the boss?

WORKER

Huh?

IBN

The boss.

WORKER

In the courtyard

Ibn MOVES through the house.

2.12 EXT. TUMANBAY. IBN'S HOUSE. COURTYARD - DAY

2.12

WATER FLOWS from a fountain.

IBN

Hey!

BUILDER

Ah, you see Ibn Bai. You said the
house had to be ready for a wedding
and see...

(MORE)

BUILDER (CONT'D)

the fountains are flowing, the tiles are laid - Ah, please do not step there. The cement is still wet. When was it you said your wife and daughter were arriving?

IBN

I need you to take care of the baby.

BUILDER

What?

IBN

You said your wife missed having a baby. Here... is a baby.

Ibn HANDS OVER the baby, which begins to CRY.

BUILDER

But...

2.13 INT. TUMANBAY. CARRIAGE - DAY

2.13

SHAJAR and her son MADU are travelling through the streets in a CARRIAGE.

MADU

Why are we going there? He's a stupid, dirty, unhygienic old man who doesn't cut his fingernails.

SHAJAR

He's the Hafiz and you will show respect.

MADU

He wasn't shown much respect in his own country. They kicked him out. He's nothing. Just a... just a parasite. Uncle just uses him for state occasions. If he didn't have you, he probably wouldn't even eat properly.

SHAJAR

He is the direct descendent of *The Teacher*, a pure line. You need to respect that. He is called by God -

MADU

Called by the spirit, more like. He's always drunk.

Shajar finds this amusing. She tries to suppress her mirth.

SHAJAR

What's more, he's our security, he is our future.

GREGOR (V.O.)

Someone else who has only her own interests at heart: the Sultan's first wife Shajar... and her useless son Madu...

2.14 EXT. TUMANBAY. THE HAFIZ'S PALACE - DAY 2.14

The carriage, drawn by horses, PULLS UP outside.

2.15 INT. TUMANBAY. THE HAFIZ'S PALACE - DAY 2.15

The opening of a HEAVY DOOR startles BIRDS, who FLY AROUND an echoey, musty, empty hallway as Shajar and Madu walk through.

MADU

Does anybody ever come here?

SHAJAR

They would, of course. But your uncle has forbidden it.

MADU

It's God in a box.

SHAJAR

What?

MADU

All this. My uncle lets him out when he wants to say to the world, "look at me, I'm God's anointed leader" - and then he just shuts him back up in this, his box. It's all pretend.

They stop walking. Shajar RINGS A BELL. They wait.

The HAFIZ (60s) appears through a side entrance. He's drunk.

HAFIZ

You've come. I am so glad you came. Here, this way...

They follow him through a DOORWAY into a smaller, quieter space.

SHAJAR

First, your holiness, a blessing for my son.

MADU

Mother!

SHAJAR

Do it! Madu, kneel.
(to Hafiz)
My son has been unwell.

HAFIZ

Oh, I am sorry to hear that.

The Hafiz mumbles something over Madu.

SHAJAR

The holy water too. Where is it?

HAFIZ

(Calling out)
Bello! Bring the holy water.

Bello, the Hafiz's assistant appears.

BELLO

What? Oh, my lady Shajar. Welcome.

HAFIZ

Bring the holy water.

BELLO

It is here.
(Bello retrieves the
water)

MADU

I don't want it.

SHAJAR

Give him the cup. Drink it. True
believers must drink until they are
full.

MADU

I'm full.

HAFIZ

(handing him the cup)
It will make you strong. It has
been brought here from the sacred
spring.

Madu SIPS, while the Hafiz mumbles a blessing.

SHAJAR

Done? Good. Madu wait outside.

MADU

But why should I have to wait-

SHAJAR
Because I'm telling you to.

Madu SIGHS and LEAVES.

SHAJAR (CONT'D)
(to Hafiz)
And get rid of him.

HAFIZ
Bello...

BELLO
Yes, your grace. I have my prayers
to attend to.

Bello EXITS, leaving just Shajar and the Hafiz.

SHAJAR
How are they treating you?

HAFIZ
All right. For a prisoner.

SHAJAR
The food?

HAFIZ
It could be better.

SHAJAR
I'll see what I can do. So why did
you call me?

HAFIZ
I've been thinking.

SHAJAR
Yes?

HAFIZ
I think they should be with me.
With respect.

SHAJAR
With respect, I think perhaps not.

HAFIZ
But I should be with them. I am
their guardian. I am nothing
without them.

SHAJAR

But as we agreed, when I agreed to look after your interests, we agreed that I would be best positioned to keep them safe, so no man could find them, not even the Sultan. That I would keep them safe.

HAFIZ

But I am nothing... *nothing* without them.

The Hafiz starts to WEEP. He drunkenly KNOCKS OVER the holy water cup.

2.16 EXT. TUMANBAY. THE HAFIZ'S PALACE - DAY

2.16

A flock of PIGEONS FLIES AWAY as Shajar emerges from the building. She sees Madu waiting by the carriage and APPROACHES him.

MADU

What was all that about?

SHAJAR

Ensuring our future...

They CLIMB into the carriage.

2.17 INT. TUMANBAY. CARRIAGE - DAY

2.17

Shajar and Madu are GETTING IN.

SHAJAR (CONT'D)

...Talking of which. Isn't it about time we found you a wife?

MADU

Do we have to keep discussing this? I'm not ready.

SHAJAR

Neither was I when I was chosen.
(to carriage driver)
Back to the palace.

The carriage MOVES OFF.

SHAJAR (CONT'D)

You are my son. It's no secret that you are your uncle's chosen heir. I don't care - others might - if you prefer the flesh of girls or boys, but you need to produce an heir.

(MORE)

SHAJAR (CONT'D)

A ruler without an heir is vulnerable.

MADU

I'm not a ruler-

SHAJAR

Yet.

MADU

You know in the old days, it would have been General Qulan or Cadali who would have succeeded the Sultan, because they are ruthless and they have the experience.

SHAJAR

Well that's the *old* days. It's not like that any more. You are of noble birth. It's your birthright.

(beat)

It's your double birthright. After all your dear father - bless his soul - was also the Sultan.

MADU

No, mother, I'm a slave, from slave stock. And so are you. And so is everyone else here.

Shajar SIGHS with exasperation.

2.18 EXT. SHIP AT SEA - DAY

2.18

The Captain is at the wheel. The MATE approaches.

MATE

(approaching)

Captain, the foredeck hold is empty now.

CAPTAIN

Good.

MATE

And we've washed it down and burnt brimstone in there.

CAPTAIN

All right, keep an eye on the aft hold. Any signs of sickness and we'll get them overboard. What about the crew?

MATE

No sickness.

CAPTAIN

Gather them up on the deck at sunset. We must give thanks for our deliverance.

MATE

Yes Captain.

A DOOR FLIES OPEN - it's the door from the cabins.

HEAVEN

Captain.

CAPTAIN

Is everything all right, my lady?
How is your mother.

HEAVEN

Captain... Launch the boat.

CAPTAIN

(laughing)

There's no need for that.
Everything has been taken care of.
There is no plague. We are out of danger and -

The SLAVE'S deep voice booms out from behind Heaven.

SLAVE

Launch the boat now or I'll cut off her head.

Heaven trembles with fear. She dare not move because there is a knife at her throat.

CAPTAIN

(to Mate)

Go aft. Get help.

SLAVE

Stay where you are. No one moves until the boat is launched.

The Captain STEPS FORWARD.

CAPTAIN

Look, listen to me. I can offer you your freedom if you let her go.

SLAVE

Like you offered my brothers their freedom when you threw them in the sea?

MUSIC swells.

CAPTAIN

I'll free you, let you take the boat, if you let her go. You have my word.

SLAVE

Your word is worth nothing. This girl is worth everything. Launch the boat. Put food and water in it.

They stand facing each other for a moment.

MATE

(quietly)
Captain?

CAPTAIN

(quietly)
Do it. Launch the boat.

MATE

(to crew)
Launch the boat!

FRANTIC ACTIVITY. The Slave pressures the sailors to hurry up. Sailors unhook the ropes to the skiff and it bounces down the side of the ship and into the water with a big SPLASH.

CAPTAIN

There. Now let her go.

SLAVE

Only when I am on the boat. Order your men to go back.

CAPTAIN

(to crew)
Step back.

The Slave, with Heaven in a tight hold, EDGES OUT from the cabin entrance.

SLAVE

Get back now!

CAPTAIN

It's all right, it's all right. No one is going to touch you.

They MOVE to the side of the ship. There's a ladder to climb down. Heaven has a panic attack.

HEAVEN

Please, I don't want to go down.
Let me go here.

SLAVE

Shut up!

He pushes the blade of the knife harder into her neck.
There's a SCUFFLE.

CAPTAIN
Don't harm her. Please.

SLAVE
Everyone stay back.

CAPTAIN
You are free to go... You are *free*
to go!

The Slave HUSTLES Heaven down the rope ladder. Near the bottom he PUSHES her into the skiff and JUMPS down after her. She CRIES out in desperation.

SLAVE
Sit there.

Heaven starts to WEEP.

SLAVE (CONT'D)
Shut up!

He starts to UNTIE the ropes. The Captain looks down from above.

CAPTAIN
Now let the girl go.

SLAVE
You think I'm a fool? You would sink me. The girl will be released when I get to shore.

HEAVEN
No, no!

We cut back up to the deck. The Mate stands close to the Captain.

MATE
The cannon is loaded. Shall I fire, captain?

CAPTAIN
No... Let them go.

MATE
Aren't we going to chase them?

CAPTAIN
There's nothing we can do. Keep to your course.
(stepping away)
We still have a cargo to sell.

Back to the boat: The Slave has got the oars out and is ROWING the boat away.

HEAVEN

What are you going to do with me?

SLAVE

When I've finished with you, I'll do what your people did to us.

He continues to ROW.

2.19 INT. SHIP AT SEA. CABIN - DAY

2.19

The Captain DESCENDS SOME WOODEN STAIRS towards one of the cabins. As he approaches he hears Ila's hysterical CRIES.

He opens a door to see Ila being comforted by a Crew Member. She gets up and APPROACHES the Captain.

ILA

(distraught)

Where are they? Where's my daughter? What happened?

CAPTAIN

I'm sorry, madam. There's nothing we could do.

ILA

(coughing)

What do you mean?

CAPTAIN

He took a boat. He took your daughter.

ILA

Are you insane? We must go after them, we must-

She bends double as if in PAIN.

CAPTAIN

Madam, are you all right?

She THROWS UP. Then again.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Madam?

ILA

There's blood... blood...

2.20 INT. TUMANBAY. PALACE. GREGOR'S ROOMS - EVENING

2.20

Sarah has just been BROUGHT IN. Gregor examines her.

GREGOR

Why don't you sit down... No? Suit yourself.

There's a SERVANT standing by the door.

GREGOR (CONT'D)

Leave us to talk for a while.

SERVANT

Excellency.

He goes SHUTTING the wooden door behind him.

GREGOR

Sarah... An unusual name. Around here at least. Where are you from? The North, I understand?

Gregor WANDERS over to the door and BOLTS it.

GREGOR (CONT'D)

This is where I live in the palace. It's a small apartment, but then I don't need much. I don't have a family or anything like that. I live alone. It's necessary... for what I do. Not to have any ties. Not to love. Love only makes you weak... especially love for a child...

(beat)

Would you like some wine?

Sarah doesn't respond.

GREGOR (CONT'D)

It's all right. You can drink wine here if you like. No one will arrest you. Certainly not me...

He POURS himself a glass and relaxes on a couch.

GREGOR (CONT'D)

So you can read, I see?

Sarah GASPS slightly. He's got her curiosity.

SARAH

(quietly)

How did you know?

GREGOR

Your eyes. Your lovely blue eyes.
They couldn't resist. When I turned
my back to pour the wine. You
couldn't resist looking at my
ledger, could you?

(beat)

Did you see anything interesting?
About my work?

She doesn't respond.

GREGOR (CONT'D)

Do you know what my work is? To
find the spies.

(beat)

Do you know what I've learnt in all
the years I've been here in the
palace doing this?

(beat)

Everyone wants something. Knowing
what you want and striving to get
it... It's that that keeps us
alive. What people want can change
from day to day, it doesn't really
matter. For instance, this evening,
right now... do you know what I
want?

SARAH

No.

GREGOR

I want a trustworthy pair of eyes
on the Sultan's chief wife, Shajar.
And do you know how I can get that?
If her new maid were to report
everything that happened to me. Now
why would she do that? Because *she*
wants something too. What does she
want...?

He GETS UP and POURS himself another glass of wine.

GREGOR (CONT'D)

You see? This is how the world
works. People need prizes. What is
your prize? That your baby might
live?

2.21 EXT. TUMANBAY. STREET - DAY

2.21

Carriages and people. A BUSY STREET.

GREGOR (V.O.)

**Of course I do have to ensure that
the baby is still around...**

2.22 EXT. TUMANBAY. OUTSIDE IBN'S HOUSE - DAY

2.22

A quieter street. Ibn RUNS towards the house. The WATCHMAN at the gate sees him.

WATCHMAN

Master, we weren't expecting you back until this evening.

IBN

(out of breath)

Are the builders still here?

WATCHMAN

Er... Some of them are, Master. They were just packing up. Is everything all right?

Ibn RUSHES past him INTO the house.

2.23 INT. TUMANBAY. IBN'S HOUSE - DAY

2.23

HAMMERING. Ibn RUSHES in and sees the Builders.

IBN

Where is he?

TRADESMAN

Who?

IBN

The boss. The one I gave the baby to.

TRADESMAN

He's gone home.

IBN

Damn, damn, damn. Where does he live?

At that moment the Builder ENTERS.

BUILDER

Amir, I forgot to give you the keys for the new job we've got on in -

IBN

Ah, there you are.

BUILDER

Ibn Bai. As promised our work is almost complete.

IBN

Never mind that. Where's is it?

BUILDER

What?

IBN

The baby - I want it back.

BUILDER

Hmm... I don't have it.

IBN

What do you mean, you don't have it?

BUILDER

I took it home, but the wife said "no".

IBN

And so...?

BUILDER

I sold it. To the butcher.

2.24 INT. TUMANBAY. MARKET. BUTCHER'S STALL - DAY

2.24

THUNK! The BUTCHER is CHOPPING through bone with an axe. BUSTLING marketplace. Ibn RUSHES IN.

IBN

(out of breath)

You - you! That baby you bought. From my builder.

BUTCHER

What of it?

IBN

I need it back.

BUTCHER

Too late.

Thunk!

IBN

What do you mean? You bastard!

BUTCHER

My wife. She has already become attached to it.

IBN

(we can hear the relief in his voice)

Well she had better become unattached, because it's needed at the palace.

The Butcher stops chopping and looks at Ibn, weighing him up.

BUTCHER
Is that so?

IBN
It is.

The Butcher starts SHARPENING HIS BLADES

BUTCHER
Well, it's going to cost you...

2.25 INT. TUMANBAY. PALACE. HAREEM - EVENING

2.25

Sarah is helping Shajar get dressed for a big event at the palace.

SHAJAR
Bring the belt with the gold thread. Also the diamond studded one.

Sarah rummages through a cupboard.

SHAJAR (CONT'D)
It's hanging there.

Sarah brings them.

SHAJAR (CONT'D)
(comparing them)
Hmm... I think I will wear the gold.

SARAH
Yes, madam.

SHAJAR
Let me show you. You loop them around like this to - oh, you know how to do it?

SARAH
Yes, madam.

SHAJAR
(clocking that Sarah is something special)
Hmm...

SARAH
Shall I bring the azure dress?

SHAJAR
Don't ask, just do. I will tell you if I am dissatisfied.

Sarah carefully UNFOLDS the dress.

SHAJAR (CONT'D)

I was a slave too, you know?
Everyone's a slave, I suppose. Even
the freemen are slaves; slaves to
power, slaves to money, slaves to
...well ...This is how it is in
Tumanbay.

Sarah brings the dress over and helps Shajar put it on.

SHAJAR (CONT'D)

How did we begin this journey? It
was through no choice of our own
and yet it becomes our story. The
story of our lives. And where will
the journey end?

(beat)

You need a thread and needle to
stitch me in. On the table over
there.

SARAH

Yes, madam.

Sarah carefully threads the needle and starts STITCHING
Shajar into the dress.

SHAJAR

So you were taken by pirates?

(beat)

Gregor told me.

SARAH

Yes madam.

SHAJAR

And before that?

SARAH

My father was a merchant from a
small kingdom in the north.

SHAJAR

What kingdom? What's it called?

SARAH

Kassik. It's very small you won't
have heard of it.

SHAJAR

But I have. How is His Excellency
Ivane Kaas?

She scrutinizes Sarah, waiting for her to slip up.

SARAH

Ivane Kaas?

SHAJAR

Your king...

SARAH

But... but surely you must know, my lady, that Ivane Kaas is dead? Killed by his son, Ilkin.

SHAJAR

Ah yes. Yes. It escaped my memory. Life is so fragile.... We think we are safe and yet, suddenly...

Snaps her fingers.

SARAH

He was not so kind to my people as his father was. We had to leave to find a new home.

SHAJAR

And were captured by pirates.

SARAH

Yes.

SHAJAR

And here you are. You must have suffered great hardships.

SARAH

Yes.

SHAJAR

But now you are safe. You are my maid and I will look after you.

(getting up)

Right I must go to the banquet now.

She MOVES towards the door, then stops and turns.

SHAJAR (CONT'D)

Do you know why you are my maid?

SARAH

No, my lady.

SHAJAR

Why do you think you have this job? Why did I allow that man to place you in my household? Don't you want to know?

(beat)

Because I had no choice in the matter.

(MORE)

SHAJAR (CONT'D)

You see, I'm a slave just like you. In essence. I have no real power. Not really. I live my life for the Sultan and you... well, the only thing I ask of you is total and complete loyalty. Because if you are not loyal, you will suffer. You think you have suffered already, but believe me you know nothing of suffering. Here in Tumanbay we have had centuries to perfect the art.

Sarah nods.

SHAJAR (CONT'D)

Good.

SARAH

Madam, what is it for?

SHAJAR

What?

SARAH

The banquet.

SHAJAR

A wonderful new perfume created by my husband, the Sultan.

She LEAVES.

2.26 INT. TUMANBAY. RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

2.26

Ambient music plays. The HUBBUB of a banquet. Cadali takes a deep, thoughtful SNIFF.

CADALI

It is... exquisite, Your Majesty. I can smell pomegranate.

Other guests come forward to CONGRATULATE the Sultan.

AL-GHURI

Thank you. Thank you. Cadali...

CADALI

Yes, Your Majesty?

AL-GHURI

Where is the Hafiz? We need to start...

CADALI

He is here, Your Majesty. I think there was a problem with - Let me check...

2.27 INT. TUMANBAY. TOILET - NIGHT

2.27

The Hafiz, drunk, is surrounded by attendants. The PHYSICIAN is trying to pep him up for his important role in the banquet.

HAFIZ

No, no... Get your hands off me...
(calling out)
Help! Someone, please help me!

Cadali ENTERS.

CADALI

What's going on? Doctor?

PHYSICIAN

He's almost ready, Your Excellency.

CADALI

Your holiness. How are you feeling?

HAFIZ

Help me, please. You are the only
one who understands... Who are you?
Where am I?

CADALI

(to Physician)

I want him in there. I want him
sobered up and ready for the
blessing. Do whatever you have to
do.

Cadali LEAVES.

PHYSICIAN

Your holiness, just... just sniff
this.

HAFIZ

No, no...

2.28 INT. TUMANBAY. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

2.28

Cadali moves along a corridor. Guest chat and mingle
distantly. Cicadas and music can be heard. He sees Qulan.

CADALI

Good evening, general.

QULAN

Cadali.

GREGOR (V.O.)

If anything, my brother hates
Cadali even more than I do...

CADALI

And how is the most powerful man in the empire? Enjoying the unseasonably cool night air?

QULAN

I have an army to build, an empire to defend. Do you think I should be wasting my time here?

CADALI

Oh dear, yes. Power is not just about big armies and strong men. It's about confidence.

QULAN

What are you talking about?

CADALI

There are spies here... All this will be reported back to Maya. And she needs to see that Tumanbay is confident; that our glorious Sultan is... well, that he is not running scared.

QULAN

My brother Gregor is dealing with the spies.

CADALI

Oh no. He's not. He can't. Spies are like cockroaches. You can kill them all day long and just when you think they have all gone... you find one in your bed sleeping beside you.

(beat)

Are you going in?

QULAN

I suppose I have to.

CADALI

Why the pained look? This could be your last chance to enjoy civilised company before your long march to the provinces. Anyway, all you have to do is make sure the Sultan sees you, compliment him on his new creation, and then you can be on your way.

QULAN

That is precisely what I intend to do.

He goes into the banqueting hall.

CADALI
(calling out)
They say next few weeks will be
unbearably hot.
(laughs)

2.29 INT. TUMANBAY. BANQUETING HALL - NIGHT

2.29

The formal celebrations are taking place, led by the Hafiz. Gregor watches from a distance. He sees Shajar and approaches.

GREGOR
Ah, lady Shajar, may I be the first
to congratulate you?

SHAJAR
What for?

GREGOR
Your husband's wonderful new
creation.

SHAJAR
That? They all smell like horse-
dung to me. But then, I wasn't born
here.

In the distance the Hafiz continues BLESSING the perfume.

HAFIZ
...May its odour spread across the
empire and bring harmony and
strength... And every nostril that
smells, let the owner know, this is
a generous gift from our glorious
Sultan...

Back to Gregor and Shajar watching.

GREGOR
I heard you visited the old man the
other day. I didn't know you were
close, you two.

SHAJAR
We're not. I felt sorry for him.

GREGOR
That's very unlike you, madam. A
soft heart?

SHAJAR
I thought you knew me better.
(beat)
You did once.

GREGOR

Indeed, madam. The loss was mine.

And now al-Ghuri is ADDRESSING the guests. He is greeted with APPLAUSE.

AL-GHURI

I have commissioned the great composer Masoud Shah to compose a special piece celebrating the creation of life itself.

(guests applaud)

Madu, my boy, come here, I want you by my side...

Back to Gregor and Shajar.

GREGOR

Of course it's not just you. You need to look after your son too.

SHAJAR

Isn't that supposed to be your job, as head of the palace security?

APPLAUSE as more banquet MUSIC STARTS.

2.30 EXT. TUMANBAY. QUAYSIDE/SHIP - EVENING

2.30

Ibn, carrying the baby, is at the quayside waiting for the ship carrying his wife and daughter to arrive. The HARBOUR MASTER stands nearby.

IBN

(anxious)

It should be here by now?

HARBOUR MASTER

Yep.

IBN

Well, you're the harbour master. Where is it?

HARBOUR MASTER

Why don't you just relax? It will come when it comes.

IBN

But you said, it was spotted passing the golden dome.

HARBOUR MASTER

Yep.

IBN

So why isn't it here yet?

HARBOUR MASTER

Could be lots of different reasons.
Maybe the wind dropped.

The baby starts CRYING. Ibn COMFORTS it.

HARBOUR MASTER (CONT'D)

So what's your wife going to say?

IBN

What?

HARBOUR MASTER

When she sees you with baby. How
long have you been apart?

IBN

No, no. She's not mine. She's - I'm
looking after her for -

(to baby)

It's all right. It's all right. I'm
here. No need to cry...

(to Harbour Master)

Maybe I'm a fool, but I had no
choice. We are going to have to
look after this baby, so the sooner
my wife and daughter get used to
having her around, the better.

A SHOUT form the distance.

HARBOUR MASTER

Ah...

IBN

What is it?

HARBOUR MASTER

There she is. Coming round the
headland.

(shouts to PORT ASSISTANT)

Zlatan! Ship coming in. Bring the
ledger.

IBN

Will it dock along the quay, here?

HARBOUR MASTER

No, it'll have to anchor just out
until the paperwork is complete.

IBN

Ah. In case slaves escape?

HARBOUR MASTER

It happens.

IBN

Hmm... Could I go out with you on the skiff?

HARBOUR MASTER

That's not allowed. Sorry.

IBN

My wife and daughter will be eager to come ashore.

HARBOUR MASTER

(shouts)

Zlatan. Signal to the captain to give way. They're coming in too fast.

IBN

You know when you're married and your wife isn't around, well a man is surrounded by temptation. And it's very easy to get into bad ways. But I'm proud to say, I have resisted that.

HARBOUR MASTER

Why haven't they lowered their sales?

IBN

What?

HARBOUR MASTER

There's something wrong. There's no one on deck...

(shouting)

Zlatan, fire the warning cannon!

IBN

What's happening?

HARBOUR MASTER

She's coming in too fast.

The Harbour Master starts RUNNING. Ibn follows.

HARBOUR MASTER (CONT'D)

Give way! Give way! Zlatan! Give way!

CRUNCH! The ship ploughs into another ship moored beside the jetty. A SPLINTERING of wood. A mast CRASHING to the ground.

Ibn DIVES down for cover.

Moment of disbelief.

IBN
Oh, my god, Ila, Ila...

The baby starts to HOWL. Ibn turns to one of the Port Workers.

IBN (CONT'D)
Please, hold my baby. Hold my baby,
I must -

He SCRAMBLES up, and follows the Harbour Master and Port Assistant onto the quay.

HARBOUR MASTER
Careful, careful.

IBN
Ila?

HARBOUR MASTER
Shore it up. Shore it up! Zlatan,
take the ropes.

They SCRAMBLE up onto the ship.

IBN
Ila, Ila?

Ibn continues CALLING for his wife.

HARBOUR MASTER
Hello! Hello!

No reply.

HARBOUR MASTER (CONT'D)
Zlatan. Get your men and keep watch
over the slave holds.

The Port Assistant SHOUTS out orders to his men.

The Harbour Master PULLS at the door to the lower deck. It's stuck.

IBN
Let me help.

Together they PRIZE IT OPEN.

2.31 INT. TUMANBAY. SHIP - DAY

2.31

Ibn and the Harbour Master MOVE through the lower decks.

HARBOUR MASTER
Hello? Hello?

IBN
Where are they?

HARBOUR MASTER
Hello?

IBN
Hello?

He opens a door and goes into a small musty cabin. He SNIFFS.
It's a bad smell. Then hears MOVEMENT and turns.

HARBOUR MASTER
You! Where's the captain?

He APPROACHES a bunk where a Sailor lies GROANING quietly.

The Sailor WHISPERS something inaudible.

The Harbour Master GETS CLOSER to hear better.

HARBOUR MASTER (CONT'D)
Where's the captain?

SAILOR
He's dead. We are all dying...

The Harbour Master jolts up and MOVES AWAY.

HARBOUR MASTER
(to Ibn who has followed
him in)
Go back.

IBN
What?

HARBOUR MASTER
Go back!

IBN
Why? What - ?

HARBOUR MASTER
Cover you face. Quickly.

IBN
What? What's going on?

The Harbour Master WALKS quickly and purposefully back
towards deck.

IBN (CONT'D)
But -

HARBOUR MASTER
Zlatan! Zlatan! Are there any
slaves in the hold?

PORT ASSISTANT

Yes sir, they are dead. All dead.

IBN

Dead?

HARBOUR MASTER

This ship is a ship of dead men.
It's plague. Get off. Get off now!

IBN

But my wife, my daughter. Ila!
Heaven!

HARBOUR MASTER

I said *get off!*

He **SHOVES** Ibn back up onto the deck.

IBN

No!

HARBOUR MASTER

Push it back out! Burn it!

Port Assistant **CALLS OUT** some orders.

2.32 EXT. TUMANBAY. QUAYSIDE/SHIP - DAY

2.32

Ibn and the Harbour master are now back on solid ground.

IBN

What are you doing?

HARBOUR MASTER

We have no choice.

Suddenly, a **WHOOSH** of flames as the ship is set fire to

IBN

No! No! My wife, my daughter!
Please, no!

Ibn falls to his knees **HOWLING** with grief.

PORT WORKER

Excuse me... Excuse me?

IBN

Huh?

Ibn looks up to see the Port Worker holding the baby. The baby is **CRYING**.

PORT WORKER

Your daughter?

IBN

What?

PORT WORKER

(handing the baby to Ibn)
Your daughter.

IBN

Oh...

Bewildered, he TAKES the baby and looks at her. She's making a lot of NOISE.

IBN (CONT'D)

(bleakly)

Naima... Naima... It's all right.
Don't - don't... I'm here now. I'm
here...

The baby stops crying.

MUSIC.

End of Episode 1.02.