

MONTY PYTHON'S
LIFE OF BRIAN

Screenplay by

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THREE WISE MEN, ON CAMELS, SILHOUETTED AGAINST MIDNIGHT-BLUE SKY.

THEY MOVE ACROSS MAGNIFICENT SCENERY. VISUAL BANFEAST WITH INSPIRING MUSIC. THEY LOOK UP AT THE STAR. OFF THEY GO AGAIN (AUDIENCE THINKS 'THEY'RE REALLY DOING IT!' UNEASY TITTING. CATHOLICS GATHER THEIR BELONGINGS.) THE WISE MEN ENTER BETHLEHEM; AND MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE STREETS. THE TOWN IS VERY FULL; PEOPLE SLEEPING OUTSIDE. A FEW LIGHTS, EVEN THIS LATE. THE WISE MEN LOOK UP AGAIN; THEY MYSTICALLY ARRIVE AT THE STABLE. (EITHER THAT, OR A PLUMB LINE FROM THE STAR IS BANGING AGAINST THE STABLE ROOF.) THEY ENTER THE STABLE. (OR, COULD A SHAFT OF LIGHT SHINE, SUDDENLY, DIRECTLY ON THE ROOF OF THE STABLE?) (THINK ABOUT IT.)

INSIDE THE STABLE. A FAIRLY TYPICAL MANGER SCENE, EXCEPT THERE IS NO FATHER IN EVIDENCE. THREE MEN APPROACH THE MANGER, PAST ANIMALS. (NO OCELOTS. THIS BIT IS SERIOUS PLEASE.) THEY APPROACH THE MOTHER. SHE IS A RATBAG. SHE WAKES FROM A LIGHTISH DOZE, SEES THEM, SHRIEKS AND FALLS BACKWARDS OFF HER BALE OF STRAW. SHE'S UP AGAIN IN A FLASH LOOKING GUARDEDLY AT THEM.

MANDY

Who are you?

1ST WISE MAN

We are three wise men.

MANDY

What.

2ND WISE MAN

We are three wise men.

MANDY

Well what are you doing creeping round a cowshed at two o'clock eh? That doesn't sound very wise to me.

3RD WISE MAN

We are astrologers. We have come from the East.

MANDY

Is this some kind of joke?

1ST WISE MAN

We wish to praise the infant.

MANDY

Come on what's your game.

2ND WISE MAN

We must pay homage to him.

MANDY

Homage!! You're all drunk you are. Out, out. It's disgraceful.

3RD WISE MAN

No, no.

MANDY

Two o'clock in the morning bursting in here with some tale about Oriental fortune tellers.....get out.

1ST WISE MAN

No. No we must see him.

MANDY

Go and praise someone else's brat, go on.

2ND WISE MAN

We were led by a star.

MANDY

Led by a bottle, more like. Get out!

2ND WISE MAN

We must see him. We have presents.

MANDY

Out.

1ST WISE MAN

Gold, frankincense, myrrh.

MANDY CHANGES DIRECTION, SMOOTH AS SILK.

MANDY

Well, why didn't you say? He's over here... Sorry this place is a bit of a mess. There he is. What's myrrh anyway?

THE WISE MEN ARE ON THEIR KNEES.

3RD WISE MAN

It is a valuable balm.

MANDY

A balm! What are you giving him a balm for? It might bite him.

3RD WISE MAN

What?

MANDY

It's a dangerous animal isn't it? Throw it in the trough.

2ND WISE MAN

No, it isn't.

MANDY
Yes it is. It's a ... (she gestures).

3RD WISE MAN
No it isn't, it's an ointment.

MANDY
An ointment!

3RD WISE MAN
Look (OPENS A BOX)

MANDY
(POKES IT) There is an animal called a
balm. Or did I dream it?

SHOT OF WISE MEN ROUND MANGER. MANDY HOVERS.

MANDY
(TO HERSELF) Astrologers....What is he then?

1ST WISE MAN
Mmmmm??

MANDY
What star sign is he then?

1ST WISE MAN
.....Capricorn.

MANDY
Capricorn eh? What are they like then....

1ST WISE MAN
He is the Son of God. Our Messiah.

2ND WISE MAN
King of the Jews.

MANDY
Oh! Hm! That's Capricorn is it?

1ST WISE MAN
No, no, that's just him.

MANDY
I was going to say, otherwise there'd be a
lot of them wouldn't there. (NODS)

2ND WISE MAN
By what name are you calling him?

DRAMATIC SHOT.

MANDY
.....Brian.

WISE MEN

We worship you, oh Brian, who are Lord over us all. Praise unto you, Brian and to the Lord our Father. Amen.

MANDY

Do you do a lot of this, then?

1ST WISE MAN

What?

MANDY

This praising.

1ST WISE MAN

No, no, no.

MANDY

Oh! Well, if you're passing by again do drop in. (THEY TAKE THE HINT AND RISE) And thank you for the gold, it's lovely and so is the frankincense but.....don't worry too much about the myrrh next time. Bye. (TO BRIAN) Well weren't they nice....out of their bloody minds, but still...(SHE SETTLES) Look at that!

WIDE SHOT THEN WISE MEN COME BACK IN AND CONFER IN CORNER OF SCREEN. THEN THEY COME FORWARD AND TALK TO MANDY. SHE GIVES THEM THE PRESENTS BACK AND RECEIVES A GIFT OF CASH. THE WISE MEN WITHDRAW AND WE GO WITH THEM AS THEY WALK TOWARD THE ENTRANCE (OR EXIT). THEY TURN AND WE SEE AN IDENTICAL MANGER SCENE IN THE OTHER CORNER OF THE BARN. MARY AND JOSEPH AND JESUS WITH HALOES. MUSIC BUILDS AS WE HAVE ETHEREAL EFFECT.

WE PAN BACK ONTO MANDY AND HER BEAT. IT HOWLS. (MANDY POKES IT WITH A LONG POLE.)

TITLE : MONTY PYTHON'S LIFE OF BRIAN

ANIMATED TITLES SEQUENCE. END OF TITLES. CUT TO BIG CLOSE-UP OF JESUS.

JESUS

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.....

CAMERA STARTS IMMEDIATELY TO PULL BACK AND BACK REVEALING THE FULL FIGURE OF CHRIST ON THE MOUNT. WE KEEP PULLING BACK AND BACK (THIS IS A HELICOPTER SHOT) ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE CROWD. THE VOICE GETS FAINTER AND FAINTER AS THE HELICOPTER RISES UP AND STARTS TO REVEAL THE ENORMOUS SIZE OF THE CROWD.

CAPTION: JUDEA A.D. 33
2ND CAPTION: SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

BY THIS TIME THE CAMERA HAS REVEALED THE FULL EXTENT OF THE CROWD, AND BEGINS TO COME DOWN LOWER BEHIND THE BACK OF IT. KIDS ARE RUNNING AROUND. SOME PEOPLE HAVE BROUGHT PICNICS. AT THE REAR OF THIS HUGE CROWD, STANDING ISOLATED FROM THEM, IS A LARGE CONTINGENT OF ROMAN SOLDIERS DRAWN UP IN SERRIED RANKS, ARMED, IMPASSIVE. FOREIGN SOLDIERS ON EXTRA WEEKEND DUTY, KEEPING AN EYE ON A VERY LARGE AND POTENTIALLY ANTI-ROMAN CROWD.

JESUS'S VOICE IS BARELY AUDIBLE ON THE WIND.

THE CAMERA BEGINS TO CLOSE IN ON BRIAN AND JUDITH, STANDING AT THE BACK OF THE CROWD. EVERYONE IS STRAINING TO HEAR. BRIAN HAS HIS ARM ROUND JUDITH. HE STARTS NUZZLING HER.

JUDITH

No no - don't Brian....I'm trying to listen. Tch.

A MAN WITH A LARGISH NOSE GLARES ROUND. MORE STRAINING TO LISTEN.

BRIAN

(WHISPERING) There's a stoning on in town.

JUDITH

(WHISPERING) I'm listening to this.

THEY STRAIN TO HEAR.

JUDITH

(TO BRIAN).....What was that?

BRIAN

I don't know....wouldn't you rather see a stoning?

JUDITH

No. You can go to a stoning any day.

BIG NOSE

Sh!

PERSON FURTHER FORWARD

(SHOUTING BACK) Blessed are the cheese-makers.

MAN

Who?

PERSON FURTHER FORWARD

The cheese-makers I think.

GENERAL PUZZLEMENT.

BRIAN
(TO JUDITH) What's so special about the
cheese-makers.

JUDITH
It's not meant to be taken literally.

BIG NOSE
Ssssh!

GREGORY
It means all manufacturers of dairy produce.

THERE IS A PAUSE. EVERYONE IS STRAINING TO CATCH THE FAINT
VOICE. BRIAN LOOKS AROUND RESTLESSLY.

BRIAN
It'll be a good one.

JUDITH
Sh! Listen to what he's saying.

BRIAN
I can't hear.

JUDITH
Well you keep talking.

BIG NOSE
Will you keep quiet!?

BIG NOSE'S WIFE
(TO BIG NOSE) Shush! (Sotto voce) Don't
pick your nose.

BIG NOSE
I wasn't picking my nose.

WIFE
You were going to.

BIG NOSE
I wasn't!

WIFE
Leave it alone. Give it a rest.

MR. CHEEKY
(TO BIG NOSE'S WIFE) Do you mine? We're
trying to hear what he's saying.

JUDITH
Tch!

WIFE

Don't "do you mind" me.....I'm talking to my husband.

MR. CHEEKY

Well go and talk to him somewhere else!
I can't hear a bloody thing!

JUDITH

Ssh!

BIG NOSE

Don't you swear at my wife.

MR. CHEEKY

I asked her to shut up, that's all.....
so we can hear, big nose.

WIFE

Don't you call my husband "big nose".

MR. CHEEKY

Well he has got a big nose.

SUDDENLY ANOTHER RATHER WELL-HEELED JEW IN A TOGA TURNS ROUND. HE CONSTANTLY HAS TROUBLE WITH HIS TOGA AND HAS TO KEEP PUSHING IT BACK IN PLACE. HIS VOICE IS VERY CULTURED.

GREGORY

Could you be quiet please? (IN GENERAL) Did anyone hear that?

MR. CHEEKY

I don't know....I was too busy talking to big nose.

WIFE OF MR. CHEEKY

I think it was "Blessed are the Greek".

GREGORY

The Greek.

ANOTHER PERSON

Well apparently he's going to inherit the earth.

GREGORY

Really! Did you catch his name?

MR. CHEEKY

See - if you hadn't been going on, you'd have heard that, Big Nose.

BIG NOSE

If you say that once more, I'll punch your face in.

MR. CHEEKY

Better keep listening...might be a bit about blessed are the big noses.

BIG NOSE

Listen! One more time....and I'll take you to the fucking cleaners.

GREGORY

Please!

WIFE OF BIG NOSE

Language! And don't pick your nose.....

BIG NOSE

I wasn't going to pick my nose. I was going to thump him.

BIG NOSE'S WIFE

You're not going to thump anybody.

ANOTHER PERSON FURTHER FORWARD

It was the meek.

OTHER VOICES

The what?

ANOTHER PERSON FURTHER FORWARD

The meek. Not the Greek.

WIFE OF MR. CHEEKY

Oh that's nice, I was hoping they'd get something, 'cos they have a hell of a time.

BIG NOSE

I'll thump him, if he calls me big nose again.

MR. CHEEKY

Oh shut-up, Big Nose.

BIG NOSE

I warned you....I'll slug you so hard there'll be bits of your face landing in Capernaum.

JUDITH

Oh come on!

MR. CHEEKY

Listen...I'm only telling the truth.... you have got a very big nose.

BIG NOSE

Look! Your nose is going to be pretty big by the time I've finished with you.

MR. CHEEKY

Who hit yours then? Goliath's big brother?

BIG NOSE

Oooh....oooh....One...more...word out of you....

GREGORY

Oh do pipe d....

BIG NOSE LETS FLY AN ALMIGHTY PUNCH AND HITS GREGORY HARD IN THE FACE. BIG NOSE'S WIFE TRIES TO RESTRAIN HIM. GREGORY STRUGGLES. MR. CHEEKY TRIES TO PULL BIG NOSE OFF. GENERAL SCUFFLING. SHOUTS OF "SSSH" AND "SHUT-UP". COUNTER SHOUTS OF "YOU SHUT-UP" AND "WHO ARE YOU TELLING TO SHUT UP?" THE SCUFFLING SPREADS TOO.

JUDITH

Oh this is hopeless.

BRIAN

(QUICKLY) We could still catch the stoning. It's only....er (HE LOOKS AT HIS WRIST, REGISTERS ANNOYANCE AND LOOKS UP AT THE SKY)

ROMAN SOLDIERS HAVE COME INTO THE CROWD TO QUELL THE FIGHT. ON THEIR WAY TO SEPARATE BIG NOSE, GREGORY, MR. CHEEKY AND SO ON, THEY BUMP JUDITH. SHE SQUEALS ANGRILY.

JUDITH

Ow! Pigs!!

BRIAN

Sssh!!

JUDITH

(GETTING UP AND SHOUTING AT THE ROMANS)
You clumsy brutes!

BRIAN

(TUGGING AT HER ARM) Come on Judith.

JUDITH

(TO ROMANS) Why can't you leave us alone!

BRIAN

Judith!!

JUDITH

No! Don't let them push you around.

BRIAN

Ssh!

JUDITH

Roman bastards!! We don't want you here!

CENTURION RAISES AN ARM. JUDITH STEPS BACK.

BRIAN

Come on. They're only breaking up a fight.
(HE HUSTLES HER OFF.)

JUDITH

Whose side are you on anyway?
(BACK TO ROMAN) Imperialist pigs!

HE DRAGS HER AWAY.

BRIAN

It was a fight! They were trying to stop
a fight. You were complaining you couldn't
hear! They're only doing their job.

JUDITH

Doing their job!? They're an army of
occupation.

BRIAN

Oh forget it.

JUDITH

What do you mean 'forget it'?

BRIAN

If you're off on that again.

JUDITH

Look!

THEY ARE INTERRUPTED BY THREE MEN WHO ARE ALSO LEAVING.

REG

I see you've had enough too Judith.

JUDITH

What? Oh, yes, we couldn't hear.

REG

We could hear. Tch, tch, tch.

THEY ALL NOD AND TUT.

JUDITH

....What?

FRANCIS

Well...blessed is just about everyone with a vested interest in the status quo, as far as I can make out.

REG

What Jesus blatantly fails to appreciate, Judith, is that it is the meek who are the problem.

JUDITH

Yes, yes I see.

REG

See you tomorrow.

JUDITH

Yes, bye.

ALL

Bye.

BRIAN

....Were they some of your group?

JUDITH

Yes. The short one's Reg.

OUT TO MOUNTAIN PATH. A WOMAN IS WALKING ALONG, WITHOUT A BEARD, CARRYING A DONKEY.

JUDITH'S VOICE

I wish you'd leave off. He may not be personally attractive but he's the sort of man we need if we are to liberate ourselves.

THEY COME INTO VIEW. JUDITH IS WEARING A BEARD.

BRIAN

I wish you'd liberate yourself.

JUDITH

All you think about is sex. What about changing society.

BRIAN

We can do that afterwards.

JUDITH

I mean, why aren't women allowed to go to stonings. It's positively Chaldean.

BRIAN

It is written.

JUDITH
 There! You just accept things, you see.
 That's why I admire Reg.

BRIAN REACTS.

JUDITH
 He questions things, he doesn't just behave
 like a bloody sheep.

BRIAN IS HURT. PAUSE. JUDITH LOOKS AT HIM. TAKES HIS HAND.

JUDITH
 Sorry.

BRIAN
 Don't.

JUDITH
 Come on.

BRIAN
 No. Not in the beard.

A SALESMAN LURKING BEHIND A BUSH AT THE SIDE OF THE PATH
 CALLS OUT.

SALESMAN
 Psst. Beard Madam.

WOMAN IN FRONT
 I haven't got time to go to stonings.
 (REFERRING TO DONKEY). He's not well again.

SHE TURNS OFF.

SALESMAN
 (TO BRIAN AND JUDITH) Want a few stones sir?

BRIAN
 (STOPPING) Well they have them up there,
 don't they?

SALESMAN
 Not like these. (SHOWING ONE) Look at that,
 that's craftsmanship.

BRIAN
 (TO JUDITH) Do you want one?

JUDITH
 Yeah....all right.

BRIAN
 Two with points and a big flat one, please.

JUDITH
Can I have a flat one?

BRIAN
All right, two points, two flats, and a
packet of gravel.

CUT TO THE STONING PLACE. AN OFFICIAL STANDS THERE, WITH
SOME HELPERS, CONFRONTING THE POTENTIAL STONEE, MATTHIAS. A
LARGE CROWD WATCHES. 90% ARE WOMEN IN BEARDS. AROUND THE
PERIMETER ARE A FEW ROMAN TROOPS.

JEWISH OFFICIAL
Matthias sone of Deuteronomy of Gath...

MATTHIAS
(TO OFFICIAL'S HELPER) Do I say "Yes"?

OFFICIAL'S HELPER
Yes.

MATTHIAS
Yes.

OFFICIAL
You have been found guilty by the elders
of the town of uttering the name of our
Lord and as a blasphemer you are to be
stoned.

BRIAN AND JUDITH HAVE SLIPPED INTO PLACE AMONGST THE CROWD.
BRIAN SEES MANDY.

BRIAN
Hello Mum.

MANDY
(WHISPERING) Hello Brian.

MATTHIAS
Look, I'd had a lovely supper and all I said
to my wife was, "That piece of halibut was
good enough for Jehovah" and she turned me in.

OFFICIAL
Blasphemy! He's said it again.

WOMEN
Yes, he did.

OFFICIAL
Did you hear him?

WOMEN
Yes we did.

OFFICIAL

Are there any women here?

THE WOMEN ALL SHAKE THEIR HEADS. THE OFFICIAL FACES MATTHIAS AGAIN.

OFFICIAL

Now, Matthias, by virtue of the authority....

ONE OF THE WOMEN THROWS A STONE AND IT HITS MATTHIAS ON THE KNEE.

MATTHIAS

Ow. Lay off. We haven't started yet.

OFFICIAL

(TURNING ROUND) Come on, who threw that?

SILENCE.

OFFICIAL

Come on, who threw that stone?

SOME OF THE WOMEN POINT TO THE CULPRIT.

WOMEN

She did. He did. He. Him. (DURING THIS THEY KEEP THEIR VOICES AS LOW AS THEN CAN, IN PITCH BUT NOT IN VOLUME)

CULPRIT

(VERY DEEP VOICE) Sorry, I thought we'd started.

OFFICIAL

Hum. Go to the back.

CULPRIT

(DISAPPOINTED) Ch. (GOES TO BACK)

OFFICIAL

(FACING MATTHIAS) Now, where were we?....

MATTHIAS

Look. I don't think it ought to be blasphemy, just saying Jehovah!

SENSATION!!!! THE WOMEN GASP.

WOMEN

(HIGH VOICES) He said it again.
(LOW VOICES) He said it again.

OFFICIAL
(TO MATTHIAS) You're only making it worse
for yourself.

MATTHIAS
Making it worse? How can it be worse?
Jehovah, Jehovah, Jehovah.

GREATER SENSATION!!!!

OFFICIAL
I'm warning you. If you say Jehovah...
(HE GASPS AT HIS ERROR AND CLAPS HIS HAND
OVER HIS MOUTH)

A STONE HITS HIM ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD. HE REACTS.

OFFICIAL
Right! Who was that?

WOMEN
(HIGH VOICES) It was her. It was him.
(LOW VOICES) It was him.

OFFICIAL
Was it you?

A.
Er. Yes.

OFFICIAL
All right.

A.
But you said Jehovah.

WOMEN ALL SHRIEK AND POINT AT ACCUSED. TWO OF THEM THROW
STONES AT HER FROM VERY CLOSE RANGE. SHE FALLS TO THE GROUND
STUNNED. QUICK CUT OF ROMANS REACTING. THEY SHAKE THEIR
HEADS AND MUTTER TO EACH OTHER.

OFFICIAL
Stop that. Stop that immediately! No-one
is to stone anyone until I say so. Even
...and I want to make this absolutely clear
...even if they do say Jehovah.

THERE IS A PAUSE. THEN ALL THE WOMEN THROW STONES AT THE
OFFICIAL AND HE GOES DOWN IN A HEAP.

MATTHIAS
Ha,ha,ha. That'll learn you.

FIVE WOMEN CARRY A HUGE ROCK, RUN UP AND DROP IT ON THE OFFICIAL.
EVERYONE CLAPS. THEY THEY START PEEPING UNDER THE ROCK.

OFFICIAL 2
....You've killed him.

THE WOMEN TAKE A PACE BACK GUILTILY.

OFFICIAL 2
You've killed him! This is murder.

WOMAN
....Well he did say Jehovah.

PAUSE. SHE RUNS. THE OTHER WOMEN RUN TO THE VARIOUS STONE SALESMEN AND THEN OFF AFTER HER; LEAVING MANDY, BRIAN AND JUDITH AND ONE OR TWO OLDER BEARDED LADIES BEHIND. THE ROMANS SHOW LITTLE INTEREST IN THESE PROCEEDINGS. MATTHIAS COMES INTO VIEW AND DISAPPEARS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. THE OFFICIALS ARE KNEELING ROUND THE STONED OFFICIAL. MANDY TOUCHES OFFICIAL 2 ON THE SHOULDER.

MANDY
Very good this afternoon.

OFFICIAL 2
What?

MANDY
Really good. Excellent. Thank you very much.
(TO BRIAN) Never knew which way it was going to go.

THEY (MANDY, BRIAN AND JUDITH) ARE WALKING OFF. JUDITH GLANCES SLIGHTLY CHALLENGINGLY AT A ROMAN THEY HAVE TO PASS. HE SMILES BACK.

ROMAN
Hello beautiful.

JUDITH STOPS.

BRIAN
Come on.

JUDITH
(TO ROMAN) What did you say?

BRIAN TRIES TO MOVE HER ON.

ROMAN
You've got a lovely pair there sunshine.

JUDITH
Loo.....

MANDY
(DECISIVELY) Don't you speak to my son like that you leather queen.

THE ROMAN IS SILENCED. OUR TRIO WALK OFF TRIUMPHANTLY.

MANDY
Cheeky devil. Nice legs though.

JUDITH
One day.....

AN EX-LEPER APPEARS AND HURRIES ALONG BESIDE THEM AS THEY WALK HOME.

LEPER
Spare a talent for an old ex-leper, sir.

MANDY
Buzz off.

LEPER
(RUNNING ROUND TO GET TO BRIAN)
Spare a talent for an old ex-leper, sir.

BRIAN
A talent! That's more than I earn in a month.

LEPER
Half a talent, then.

BRIAN
No.

LEPER
Come on, let's haggle, it's fun.

BRIAN
(ON THE MOVE) No.

LEPER
Right. We'll cut the haggling. Say you started at one shekel and I opened at two thousand, we'd have met at about....
eighteen hundred.

BRIAN
No.

LEPER
Seventeen-fifty?

BRIAN
Go away.

LEPER
Seventeen-forty?

BRIAN
Will you leave me alone?

LEPER
Call it two. Two shekels, eh? Isn't this fun?

BRIAN
I'm not giving you any money.

LEPER
My final offer. One shekel for an old ex-leper, sir. God bless you.

JUDITH
Did you say - ex-leper?

LEPER
Yes sir. (HE SALUTES) I was a leper, sir.....sixteen years behind the bell, and proud of it, thank you sir.

JUDITH
What happened?

LEPER
I was cured, sir.

JUDITH
Cured?

LEPER
It was a bloody miracle, sir. Thank you.

JUDITH
Wait a moment. Who cured you?

LEPER
Jesus did. I was hopping along, minding my own business, when all of a sudden up he comes, the bastard cures me. One minute I'm a leper with a trade, next moment me livelihood's gone. Not so much as a by your leave. (GESTURE IN THE MANNER OF A CONJUROR) You're cured mate, sod you.

BRIAN
You mean you're sorry he cured you?

LEPER
Look. I'm not saying that being a leper was a bowl of cherries. But it was a living - well, you try waving muscular suntanned limbs in people's faces demanding compassion. It's a bloody disaster.

BRIAN
But you can get a proper job now.

LEPER

Look, sir, my family has been in begging six generations. I'm not about to become a goat-herd, just because some long-haired conjuror starts fucking about. (MAKES GESTURE AGAIN) Just like that. "You're cured." Bloody do-gooder!

JUDITH

Well why don't you go and tell him you want to be a leper again?

LEPER

Yeah, well, I could do that, sir, yes. Yes, that's true, I was thinking, though, it might be better if I asked him if he could....you know, just make me a bit lame in one leg during the week, you know, something beggable, but not leprosy, which is a pain in the arse to be quite blunt, sir, excuse my French but.....

THEY HAVE REACHED THEIR HOUSE. MANDY GOES IN, BRIAN GIVES THE BEGGAR A COIN. JUDITH PAUSES THOUGHTFULLY. BRIAN GOES IN.

LEPER

Thank you sir, you're a real Jew.

BRIAN

Come on Judith.

JUDITH

Oh sorry. I was just thinking how difficult it is to please some people.

THE DOOR CLOSSES.

LEPER

That's exactly what Jesus said, sir.

INSIDE BRIAN'S HOUSE.

MANDY AND JUDITH ARE HANGING UP THEIR BEARDS ON A BEARD RACK. MANDY GOES INTO ANOTHER ROOM. JUDITH TURNS TO BRIAN.

JUDITH

Mum said do you want to come to dinner tonight.

BRIAN

.....Yes, I'd love to.

THEY MOVE TO THE TABLE AND SIT TOGETHER. THERE IS AN INTIMATE MOMENT. THEN MANDY CALLS FROM THE KITCHEN.

MANDY

Have you done your room yet?

BRIAN
I'm going to do it mum.

MANDY
When?

BRIAN
Well.....I can't this evening mum.

MANDY
Why not?

BRIAN
The Iscariots have asked me over.

MANDY
Tonight!? I was going to do a dog.

BRIAN
Couldn't we have it tomorrow night?

MANDY
.....If you've done your room.

BRIAN
Well I've got to be at the amphitheatre tomorrow mum.

JUDITH ENTERS.

MANDY
Well you're not getting any dog 'till you do.

JUDITH
(TO BRIAN) We're having our meeting at the amphitheatre tomorrow.

BRIAN
(PLEASED) Are you.

JUDITH
Do you want to meet them afterwards?

BRIAN
Er.....

MANDY
What meeting would this be then?

JUDITH
It's a political discussion group I belong to Mrs. Grade.

MANDY
Anti-Roman I suppose.

JUDITH
 (FIRMLY) We don't want them in our country
 Mrs. Grade. They are imperialists.

MANDY
 At least they keep their rooms clean. Don't
 you start getting involved in that sort of
 thing Brian. Do you hear me?

BRIAN
 I shall if I want to mother.

MANDY
 Oh will you.

BRIAN
 Yes I will, I'm 33.

MANDY
 And what have you got against the Romans
 Brian? Hmmm?

BRIAN
 I hate the bastards.

MANDY
 Oh do you, well that's interesting isn't it
 Brian? Going to drive them all into the sea
 when you've cleaned your room are you?
 (WITH EDGE) Don't forget my boy, if is wasn't
 for them....

MANDY EXITS.

JUDITH
 (TO BRIAN).....What?

MANDY
 (CALLING) You ask Brian.

BRIAN
 I don't know what she is on about.

JUDITH
 Will you come?

BRIAN
 Yes, alright.

MANDY RE-ENTERS.

MANDY
 Has he told you then?

JUDITH

What?

MANDY

About Roman bastards.

THERE IS A VERY AWKWARD ATMOSPHERE. BRIAN RADIATES UNEASE.

MANDY

(CASUALLY) He's one you see. (SHE PUTS SOMETHING DOWN ON THE TABLE) His father was a centurion.

JUDITH

.....What!?

MANDY

His father was a Roman.

BRIAN

(QUICKLY) Judith....

JUDITH

(TO MANDY) You mean you were raped.

MANDY

....At first, yes....

BRIAN

Judith, I never saw him....

MANDY

(INTERRUPTING) Full of fine words he was, oh yes. Promised me the known world, he did. I was going to be taken to Rome, house by the Forum, slaves, asses' milk, as much gold as I could eat.....then, he, having his way with me had, voom. Like a rat out of an aqueduct.

JUDITH

(SLAMMING FIST ON TABLE) Typical!

MANDY

I went down the barracks a couple of months later. "Could I have a word with Nortius Maximus?" I said. "Nortius Maximus" they said. "You've been had missus!!! You've been had!"

BRIAN

The bastards! The patronising, colonialist bastards. We'll get 'em.

JUDITH IS VERY DISTANCED FROM BRIAN'S REVOLUTIONARY FERVOUR.

MANDY

Yes, yes. Go and drive yourself halfway into the sea, dear. Then you can go and clean your room out. What would you like for tea, Judith?

CUT TO BRIAN CARRYING A TRAY OF ASSORTED ROMAN DELICACIES. HE IS LOOKING AROUND HIM AS HE SHOUTS - HIS MIND NOT ON THE JOB.

BRIAN

Larks' tongues...wrens' livers...chaffinch brains.

WE SEE HE IS ONE OF THE SALES STAFF IN A VERY UNDER-ATTENDED AMPHITHEATRE. THE ARENA IS BEING CLEARED FROM THE LAST ITEM (LIMBS INTO BASKETS). A ROMAN HAILS BRIAN FROM THE FRONT ROWS.

ROMAN

Larks tongues!

BRIAN GOES FORWARD DOWN SOME STEPS TOWARDS THE ROMAN AND SELLS THE APPROPRIATE SWEETMEATS. WE SEE JUDITH AND THE REVOLUTIONARIES REG, FRANCIS AND STAN, SITTING A FEW ROWS FURTHER BACK. JUDITH HAS AN AISLE SEAT.

SUDDENLY THERE IS A ROAR FROM THE CROWD. A HUGE FEARSOME GLADIATOR LUMBERS INTO THE ARENA. BRIAN TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY OF RETURNING TO TALK TO JUDITH.

BRIAN

He's good this bloke. He killed two tigers last week with his bare hands.

JUDITH IS OBVIOUSLY TURNED OFF.

BRIAN

He punched one so hard its head came off.

FRANCIS LEANS FORWARD AND ADDRESSES BRIAN.

FRANCIS

Could I have some nuts please brother?

BRIAN

I haven't got any nuts, sorry. I've got wrens' livers, badgers' spleens, larks' tongues.....

FRANCIS

No, no, no.

BRIAN

Otters' noses?

FRANCIS

I don't want any of that Roman rubbish.

REG

Why don't you sell proper food?

BRIAN

Proper food?

REG

Yeah, not those rich imperialist tit-bits.

BRIAN

Don't blame me - I didn't ask to sell them.

FRANCIS

Alright....bag of otters' noses, then.

A FANFARE. THEY TURN AND LOOK DOWN INTO THE RING. A SAMARITAN IS PUSHED OUT INTO THE ARENA. THERE IS A SMALL SPATTERING OF APPLAUSE FROM THE SPARSE CROWD....THE ATMOSPHERE RESEMBLES THE SECOND DAY OF A MID-WEEK MATCH BETWEEN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE AND THE MINOR COUNTIES AT KETTERING.

THE SAMARITAN IS PUSHED OUT INTO THE ARENA. THE CROWD ROARS. THE SAMARITAN DISAPPEARS. HE RE-APPEARS BEING PUSHED INTO THE ARENA, AND THE DOOR BEHIND HIM IS SLAMMED CLOSED. THE GLADIATOR ADVANCES ON HIM. THE SAMARITAN STARTS UNDRRESSING. THE GLADIATOR PAUSES, PUZZLED, AND THEN APPROACHES AGAIN. BY NOW THE SAMARITAN IS DOWN TO HIS Y-FRONT. HE TAKES ONE LOOK AT THE GLADIATOR AND SETS OFF AT FULL SPEED ROUND THE PERIMETER OF THE ARENA. THE GLADIATOR LUMBERS AFTER HIM. AFTER A FEW SECONDS IT BECOMES APPARENT THAT THE SAMARITAN IS GOING TO TAKE A LOT OF CATCHING. THE CROWD IS DISGRUNTLED AND A RAGGED CHANT STARTS "WHAT A LOAD OF RUBBISH". SOME SLOW HANDCLAPPING.

FRANCIS PASSES THE BAG OF OTTERS' NOSES AROUND WITH A GRIMACE. THEY ALL LOOK AT THE NOSES WITH IDEOLOGICAL DISAPPROVAL, BUT HELP THEMSELVES NEVERTHELESS.

REG

(CHEWING ON A NOSE) Bloody elitist catering.

STAN

Yes, typical imperialist aggressor grub.

JUDITH

Yes.

FRANCIS

Anyway, as I was saying, it is the unalienable right of every man.....

JUDITH LISTENS, FASCINATED. SHE IS ON THE EDGE OF THE GROUP RATHER THAN A FULL MEMBER AS YET.

STAN

And woman

FRANCIS

And woman.....to rid himself....

STAN

Or herself.

REG
Or herself. Agreed. Thank you brother.

STAN
Or sister.

FRANCIS
Or sister. Thank you, brother....Where
was I?

REG
I thought you'd finished.

FRANCIS
Oh did I? Right, furthermore, it is
the birthright of every man...

STAN
Or woman.

REG
Why don't you shut up about women, Stan,
you're putting him off.

STAN
Women have a right to play a part in
our movement. Women are...

FRANCIS
Why are you always on about women, Stan?

STAN
.....I want to be one.

REG
.....What?

STAN
I want to be a woman. From now on I want
you all to call me Loretta.

REG
-What!?

STAN
It's my right as a man.

JUDITH
Why do you want to be Loretta Stan?

STAN
I want to have babies.

REG
You want to have babies????????!!!

STAN
It's every man's right to have babies if
he wants them.

REG
But you can't have babies.

STAN
Don't you oppress me.

REG
I'm not oppressing you Stan, but you haven't got a womb. Where's the foetus going to gestate? Are you going to keep it in a box?

STAN STARTS CRYING.

JUDITH
Here! I've got an idea. Suppose you agree that he can't actually have babies, not having a womb, which is nobody's fault, not even the Romans.....

STAN
What?

JUDITH
But that he can have the right to have babies....

FRANCIS
Good idea. (PUTTING HIS ARM AROUND STAN) We shall fight the oppressors for your right to have babies, brother. Sister, sorry.

REG
What's the point?

FRANCIS
What?

REG
What's the point of fighting for his right to have babies, when he can't have babies?

FRANCIS
It is symbolic of our struggle against oppression.

REG
It's symbolic of his struggle against reality.

BRIAN
(TO JUDITH) Judith...

A SHOUT FROM A MIDDLE-AGED MAN (A TOURIST FROM CAPERNAUM) WHO IS SITTING THERE WITH HIS WIFE.

MAN
Go on! Fight!

SAMARITAN STOPS RUNNING AND ADDRESSES THEM.

SAMARITAN

Who're you talking to?

MAN

I'm talking to you. Go on, fight him.

SAMARITAN

Have you seen him?

MAN

We came here to watch a good fight.

SAMARITAN

That's your problem.

MAN

Oh come on.

SAMARITAN

You wanna a good fight....You fight him.
I should die so young.

AS THE GLADIATOR IS ALMOST ON TOP OF HIM HE SPRINTS OFF RAPIDLY OPENING UP A HUGE DISTANCE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND HIS PURSUER. THE CROWD GROW INCREASINGLY RESTIVE AND ONE OR TWO FIGHTS BREAK OUT.

BRIAN IS STILL TRYING TO ENGAGE JUDITH IN CONVERSATION. SHE IS CLEARLY EMBARRASSED BY HIS PRESENCE.

BRIAN

I hate the Romans as much as anybody!

DOWN IN THE RING, THE GLADIATOR IS GETTING VERY HARRASSED BY THE CONSTANT JEBERING AND HIS INABILITY TO CATCH THE SAMARITAN.

JUDITH

(TO BRIAN - HISSED WHISPER) Look at you -
peddling that garbage.

BRIAN

(ANGRILY) I don't want to sell this stuff -
but I've got to work....

SHOUT FROM A MIDDLE-AGED MAN BEHIND HIM.

MAN

He's got him!

CUT TO CLOSE-UP OF GLADIATOR IN THE RING HAVING A HEART ATTACK. THE SAMARITAN SEIZES HIS CEANCE, PICKS UP THE GLADIATOR'S SWORD AND RUNS HIM THROUGH. THERE ARE A FEW CHEERS AT THIS FROM THE JEWS PRESENT. THE ROMANS IN THE AUDIENCE LOCK AT EACH OTHER IN DISGUST.

ROMAN SPECTATOR
Pathetic...

ANOTHER
Terrible.

AND ANOTHER
(SHAKES HEAD IN DESPAIR) Appalling!

CUT BACK TO BRIAN AND JUDITH.

BRIAN
Well anyone can talk about revolution. That's the easy bit isn't it?

JUDITH
Oh I see. You're going to do something about it are you?

BRIAN
Oooh, you never know.

JUDITH
Don't I?

CUT BACK TO THE RING. THE SAMARITAN IS RESPONDING TO THE CHEERS BY LEAPING AROUND LIKE A WINNING GOAL-SOORER.

CUT BACK TO THE REVOLUTIONARIES. THEY ARE ALL APPLAUDING RATHER LOUDLY TO IRRITATE THE ROMANS. JUDITH JOINS IN.

BRIAN LOOKS AT HER - HE IS ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING. HE LOOKS AT JEERING JEWS AND THEN ACROSS THE AISLE TO A GROUP OF FAT ROMANS WHO ARE LOOKING DISAPPROVINGLY AT THIS OPEN DISPLAY OF DEFIANCE.

BRIAN HESITATES FOR A MOMENT, THEN WRENCHES THE TRAY OFF AND DROPS IT TO THE FLOOR IN A DEFIANT GESTURE.

JUDITH LOOKS AT HIM IN SURPRISE. HE CATCHES HER EYE. HE LOOKS DETERMINED AND, REALISING THAT HE IS MAKING SOMETHING OF AN IMPRESSION ON HER, TURNS ON HIS HEEL AND WALKS BOLDLY TOWARDS THE EXIT. JUDITH WATCHES HIM GO, PUZZLED.

EXTERIOR PILATE'S PALACE: EARLY EVENING.
IN ONE CORNER OF PILATE'S PALACE, BRIAN IS FURTIVELY WRITING A SLOGAN ON THE WALL. HOWEVER, HE IS WRITING IT IN VERY VERY SMALL LETTERS. WE SEE IT READS 'Romanes Eunt Domus'. AS HE FINISHES WRITING A CENTURION COMES ROUND THE CORNER AND CATCHES HIM AT IT. A COUPLE OF SOLDIERS ARE WITH HIM BUT STAY IN THE BACKGROUND THROUGHOUT THE SCENE.

X
ROMAN

What's this then! "Romanes eunt Domus." People called Romanes, they went, House in the nominative.

BRIAN

(DEFIANTLY) It says "Romans go home."

ROMAN

No it doesn't. What's Latin for Roman? (SLAPS HIM) Come on...come on....

BRIAN

Romanus!

ROMAN

Goes like?

BRIAN

Er....annus.

ROMAN

Vocative plural of annus is...is... (TWEAKING HAIR)

BRIAN

Anni.

ROMAN

Romani (CROSSING OUT ES AND SUBSTITUTING I, FLAPS BRIAN) Now what's this "eunt"?

BRIAN

Go....(HE IS SHAKEN) ...Er...

ROMAN

Conjugate the verb to go.

BRIAN

Ire...eo is it,....imus, itis eunt...

ROMAN

So eunt is....

BRIAN

Third person plural present indicative. They go.

ROMAN

And you are ordering...so you must use...

BRIAN

The imperative!!

ROMAN

Which is....is....

BRIAN
Aaah....i....

ROMAN
How many Romans?

BRIAN
Plural! Plural! Ite!! Ite!!

ROMAN
Ite...(CHANGES IT) Domus... what is domus?

BRIAN
Er...

ROMAN
Romans go home. This is motion towards,
isn't it boy?

BRIAN
Dative, sir.

ROMAN
Dative...(DRAWS SWORD)

BRIAN
No, not dative...

ROMAN
...What?

BRIAN
Er... accusative...er...domus, domum... domum...ad
domum sir.

ROMAN
Except that domus takes the...? (SWORD TO THROAT)

BRIAN
...Oh the locative...the locative sir?

ROMAN
Which is....

BRIAN
Domum?

ROMAN
So we have...Romani, ite domum. Do you
understand?

BRIAN
Yes sir.

ROMAN
Now write it out a hundred times.

BRIAN

Yes sir.

ROMAN

And if it isn't done by sunset, I'll cut your balls off.

BRIAN

Yes sir. Thank you, sir.

ROMAN

Hail Caesar!

BRIAN

Hail Caesar, sir and everything. Thank you sir. (HE STARTS WRITING IT OUT)

FADE DOWN, AS THE ROMAN GOES, BUT LEAVES THE SOLDIERS BEHIND TO ENFORCE THE PUNISHMENT.
FADE UP AGAIN.

EXTERIOR PILATE'S PALACE. LATER

BY USE OF A LADDER BRIAN HAS VIRTUALLY COVERED THE WALL WITH 'Romani, ite domum'. HE FINISHES THE 100TH LINE. THE TWO ROMANS ARE IN THE BACKGROUND. ONE CALLS OUT.

ROMAN SOLDIER STIG

Right. Now don't do it again.

THE SOLDIERS LEAVE AND BRIAN DESCENDS, AND PAUSES TO ADMIRE HIS HANDIWORK.

AS HE DOES SO - HIS ACHIEVEMENT LOOKS IMPRESSIVE - SOME OTHER CENTURIONS COME ROUND THE CORNER. THEY ARE ANDY, SEYMCUR, STEVIE AND JOCELYN. THEY STOP AND LOOK AT BRIAN. THEN THEY LOOK AT THE SLOGANS. BRIAN SEES THEM, AND LOOKS BACK AT HIS WORK.

BRIAN

Evening.

THEY ARE NOT PLEASED BY THIS.

BRIAN

Took quite a time.

IT SLOWLY DAWNS ON HIM THAT THE ROMANS DON'T KNOW THE WHOLE STORY.

BRIAN

Oh!!! No look...I was acting under....
(HE STARTS SPRINTING OFF)

THE CENTURIONS ARE AFTER HIM

BRIAN

....orders!!!

AS BRIAN FLEES DOWN A SIDE STREET LEADING OFF THE PALACE, HE HEARS A FAMILIAR VOICE. IT IS JUDITH IN THE SHADOWS.

JUDITH

Brian!

SHE PULLS HIM INTO THE WALL. THE ROMANS RUN BY..... BRIAN EYES LIGHTING UP AS HE SEES JUDITH.

BRIAN

Did you see that?

HE WALKS OUT INTO THE STREET AND POINTS PROUDLY AT THE DEFACED WALL OF THE PALACE.

BRIAN

There you are! Look! That's how much I hate the Romans. That's how much I hate the bast-

AS HIS VOICE RISES WE HEAR SOUNDS OF ROMAN GUARDS RUNNING BACK, JUDITH, ALARMED, RUSHES OUT AND PULLS HIM BACK INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE WALL AGAIN.

JUDITH

Come with me quick!

BRIAN

Where are we going?

JUDITH

I know somewhere. (SHE RUNS OFF PULLING HIM)

BRIAN

Oh great!

HE TAKES ONE LAST PROUD LOOK AT HIS HANDIWORK, THEN RUNS OFF AFTER JUDITH. ROMANS BREATHELESSLY APPEAR IN THE STREET, HALT, THEN RUN OFF.

CUT TO INTERIOR. DARK CELLAR. NIGHT.

REG, FRANCIS, STAN, ARE CLUSTERED AROUND A PLAN, WITH A GROUP OF SIX OTHER EAGER REVOLUTIONARIES. IT'S LAID OUT ON A TABLE. THE ILLUMINATION IN THE ROOM IS LOW; WHAT CANDLES THERE ARE, ARE CLUSTERED AROUND THE CHART. THE ATMOSPHERE IS CONSPIRATORIAL. THE LEADER IS SPEAKING.....
MATTHIAS, WHOM WE'VE SEEN AT THE STONING, IS THERE WITH THEM.

REG

We get through into the underground heating system here, up through to the main floor here... now, Pilate's wife's bedroom is here....

MACCABEES

(A YOUNG KEEN REVOLUTIONARY) Where's his room?

REG

Pilate's down here....so down to her room, grab her, bring her back here.

STAN

We could use Otto's men to cover us and -

REG

(VERY QUICKLY)No!

OTHERS

(WITH KNOWLEDGEABLE ALARM) No...no...

STAN

Well....I just thought we needed everyone we could get.

REG

Everyone but Otto....Stan....agreed?

ALL

Agreed! Yes....agreed...

REG

Right....having grabbed his wife, we then inform Pilate that she is in our custody and forthwith issue our demands, any questions?

MATTHIAS

What exactly are the demands?

REG

We're giving Pilate two days to dismantle the entire apparatus of the Roman Imperialist State and if he doesn't agree immediately we execute her.

MACCABEES

Cut her head off?

FRANCIS

Cut all her bits off, send 'em back every hour on the hour....Show him we're not to be trifled with.

REG

Also, we're demanding a ten foot mahogany statue of the Emperor Julius Causar with his cock hanging out.

MATTHIAS

What? They'll never agree to that.

REG

That's just a bargaining counter. And of course, we point out that they bear full responsibility when we chop her up, and.... that we shall not submit to blackmail.

APPLAUSE.

ALL

No blackmail!!!

REG

Right. They've bled us white the bastards. They've taken everything we had, not just from us, from our fathers and from our fathers' fathers.

STAN

And our fathers' fathers' fathers.

Reg

Yes.

STAN

And our fathers' fathers' fathers' fathers.

REG

All right. Don't labour the point. And What have they given us in return??

THEY PAUSE SMUGLY.

VOICE FROM THE BACK.

XERXES

The aqueduct.

REG

What?

XERXES

The aqueduct.

REG

....Yeah, yeah they gave us the aqueduct. Yeah. That's true.

TED

And the sanitation!

STAN

Oh yes....sanitation. You remember what the city used to be like, Reg.

FRANCIS

Terrible wasn't it?

MURMURS OF AGREEMENT.

REG
Alright, I'll grant you that the aqueduct
and the sanitation are two things that the
Romans have done.....

MATTHIAS
And the roads.....

REG
(SHARPLY)...Well yes obviously...the roads
go without saying. But apart from the
aqueduct, the sanitation and the roads.....

ANOTHER VOICE
Irrigation...

OTHER VOICES
Medicine.....Education...

REG
Yes...alright fair enough....

FRANCIS
And the wine....

GENERAL
Oh yes! True!

FRANCIS
That's one thing we'd really miss if the
Romans left.....

MATTHIAS
Public baths!

STAN
And...it's safe to walk in the streets
at night now.

FRANCIS
Yes, they do know how to keep order....

GENERAL NODDING.

....let's face it they're the only ones who
could in a place like this.

MORE GENERAL MURMURS OF AGREEMENT.

REG
...Alright....Alright...but apart from
better sanitation and medicine and education
and irrigation and public health and roads
and a freshwater system and baths and public
order...what have the Romans done for us...?

XERXES
Brought peace!

REG
(VERY ANGRY, HE IS NOT HAVING A GOOD MEETING
AT ALL) What!?! Oh...(SCORNFULLY) peace, yes...
now shut up!

THERE IS A SOUND ABOVE. EVERYONE FREEZES, LOOKING UPWARDS.

REG
Quick!

LIGHTS GO OUT. MORE MOVING ABOUT UPSTAIRS. REVOLUTIONARIES
TAKE UP POSITIONS. THEN A DELIBERATE TREBLE KNOCK. MATTHIAS
GOES TO THE DOOR.

MATTHIAS
It's all right. It's Judith.

STAN
Jill called Judith?

MATTHIAS
No, Judith called Judith.

MATTHIAS OPENS THE DOOR AND DOWN THE STAIRS COME JUDITH AND
BRIAN. BRIAN LOOKS ROUND AT THE CROWDED ROOMFUL OF TOTALLY
UN-CRUMPETLIKE REVOLUTIONARIES WITH DISTINCT DISAPPOINTMENT.

BRIAN
(ASIDE TO JUDITH) Can'twe go somewhere
else?

JUDITH
(TO BRIAN) No, I want you to meet them.....
(TO THE OTHERS)....Brothers and sisters, I have
another with me, one Brian, who wishes to join
us.

REG
Oh.

BRIAN
Good evening.....

IMMENSE SUSPICION.

REG
Can we be sure of him, Judith?

JUDITH
He's just written anti-imperialist slogans
all over the side of Pilate's palace, that's all.

REG
He didn't!?

JUDITH
(PROUDLY) He did.

PEOPLE ARE IMPRESSED. BRIAN EASES UP A LITTLE.

REG
(OFFERING HAND) We need doers in our movement
brother. You wish to join us??

BRIAN
Er....

REG
Before you speak, know this. There is not
one of us here who would not gladly suffer
death to rid this country of the Romans once
and for all.

VOICE FROM BACK
One!

REG
Well there is one, but otherwise we're solid.

BRIAN
(LOOKS ROUND, THE TRUTH DAWNING) Are you the
.....Judean Peoples' Front?

REG
(STARTING BACK) Fuck off!!

BRIAN
.....what?

REG
(INCREDULOUSLY) Judean Peoples' Front!??
We're the Peoples' Front of Judea.

BRIAN LOOKS BLACK.

REG
(SCORNFULLY TO THE OTHERS) Fucking Judean
Peoples' Front! Huh!

SCORNFUL LAUGHTER.

MACCABEES
Fucking wankers.

REG
(TO BRIAN FIERCELY) The Peoples' Front
fucking gets things done!

BRIAN
Oh!

REG
We're not a load of fucking splitters!

ALL
Splitters!! Fucking splitters!!.

REG
Huh!! Judean...fucking Peoples' Front.

BRIAN
....Which are you again?

REG
We're the Peoples' Front of fucking Judea.
Now are you with us?

BRIAN
Yes I am.

FRANCIS
(SUSPICIOUSLY) You mean you fucking are.

BRIAN
Yes.

REG
Now...you understand...if you want to join the
P.F.J. Brian....you've got to really hate the
Romans..

BRIAN
Oh I do.

REG
(AFTER MEANINGFULLY LEANING FORWARD) How much??

BRIAN
....a lot.

REG
(LOOKS ROUND FOR REACTION. HE IS SATISFIED.
BACK TO BRIAN, INTENSELY) Good, you're in.

FRANCIS
We hate them so much, we get severe stomach
upsets.

MATTHEIAS
I hate them so sincerely my legs ache and I have
to go and lie down.

STAN
I hate them so much I almost forget I'm a
woman sometimes.

REG
See? The only people we hate more than the
Romans....are the fucking Judean Peoples'
Front.

ALL
Splitters! Bastards! Cunts!

STAN
And the Judean Popular Peoples' Front.

ALL
Yeah, splitters!

XERXES
And the Peoples' Front of Judea.

ALL
Yeah.

REG
What?

XERXES
The Peoples' Front of Judea! Splitters!

REG
We're the Peoples' Front of Judea.

XERXES
Are we!?? I thought...we were the Popular
Front.

REG
Peoples' Front cunt! The Popular Front split
from the Peoples' Front when they became
unpopular with the people who split from the
Peoples' Popular Front.

ALL
Splitters! Splitters! Bastards.....wankers.

REG
Anyway....welcome Brian to the Judean People's
Front.

ALL
Yeah....welcome....welcome.

POLITE HANDSHAKES ALL ROUND.

MATTHIAS
Welcome Brian....welcome to whatever it is...

BRIAN
(AS REG SHAKES HIS HAND) And....you're
Otto are you?

A FEW KNOWING TITTERS FROM FRANCIS AND STAN. REG SHUTS THEM UP WITH A FREEZING GLANCE.

REG

No...no...I'm Reg...you know....Reg!

BRIAN

Oh.....yes...

REG

Now then...if you really want to help us out....look at these.

HE SHOWS BRIAN THE PLANS ON THE TABLE.

MIX TO EXTERIOR PILATE'S PALACE. MOONLIGHT. SEVERAL ROMAN SOLDIERS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A CENTURION ARE HOISTED UP IN SCAFFOLDING CRADLES, SCRUBBING BRIAN'S SLOGANS OFF THE WALLS. PAN OFF THEM TO OUR REVOLUTIONARY GROUP, REG LEADING, STEALTHILY APPROACHING UP A SIDE STREET. TENSE MUSIC. A BUCKET FALLS OFF THE TOP OF A CRADLE. THE REVOLUTIONARIES COWER BACK. CENTURION HANDS THE BUCKET UP.

CENTURION PARVUS

Look what you're doing, Silvius!

SILVIUS BLOWS THE CENTURION A KISS, CENTURION LOOKS EMBARRASSED BUT HAPPY. HE RETURNS THE KISS.

REVOLUTIONARIES TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS NAUGHTY INTERLUDE TO RUN ACROSS THE SQUARE AND DOWN A STREET BESIDE THE WALL. THEY FIND A MANHOLE COVER, AND WHILST HE AND FRANCIS, STAN AND JUDITH WAIT AROUND THE HOLE, REG BECKONS THE OTHER REVOLUTIONARIES TO GO DOWN.

REG

Xerxes! Ted...Andy...Philemon....Darryl...
Maccabees...Brian...(AS THE REVOLUTIONARIES GO THROUGH)...Right....down to the hypocaust, left from here...off you go...Remember where her room is?

BRIAN

Aren't you leading us?

REG

Er...no, Brian...I have to stay behind to work out the advance plans.

BRIAN

Is Francis coming?

FRANCIS

Er...no...I'll be with Reg...planning.

BRIAN
Who's....

JUDITH
Good luck, Brian! (SHE HANDS HIM HAMMER AND
CHISEL)

MACCABEES
(FROM INSIDE THE HOLE) Come on!

SOUND OF ROMAN SENTRIES APPROACHING.

REG & OTHERS
Solidarity! Solidarity!

BRIAN
Could I -

CLANG! AND BLACKNESS AS REG DROPS THE MANHOLE COVER.

BLACKNESS. THE REVOLUTIONARIES ARE IN A TUNNEL BELOW THE
GROUND. THEY HAVE ALL FROZEN AND ARE LOOKING UP AT WHERE THE
SOUND OF THE ROMAN SENTRIES PASSING OVERHEAD....

THEY START TO CRAWL ON THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

THEY MOVE ON AGAIN, UNTIL THEY HEAR FOOTSTEPS. THEY WAIT,
THEN AFTER THE STEPS HAVE FADED AND A LITTLE EARTH HAS FALLEN
ON THEM, THEY PROCEED.

MACCABEES
Here we are!

TWO OF THEM JOIN THE LEADER AND THEY SCRAPE AWAY THE LAST
INCH OF EARTH COVERING THE OUTSIDE OF THE HYPOCAUST TILES.

MACCABEES
Hammer!

THE HAMMER IS PASSED UP, FROM BRIAN, WHO IS ABOUT FOURTH IN
THE LINE OF THE SEVEN RAIDERS.

MACCABEES
Ready?

STEPS ARE HEARD AGAIN. THEY WAIT TILL THEY RECEDE, MENTALLY
COUNTING.

XERXES
OK.

MACCABEES TAKES HAMMER AND COAL CHISEL AND THE HAMMER IS RAISED. THIS IS A TENSE MOMENT: THE HAMMER FIRMLY BUT GENTLY STRIKES THE TILE AND AT THE SAME MOMENT A HOLE APPEARS IN THE WALL ON MACCABEE'S LEFT. (I.E. IN THE WALL OF THEIR TUNNEL) A FACE, SIMILARLY BLACKED IS LOOKING THROUGH AT THEM. BY THE TIME MACCABEES, 2ND AND 3RD MEN HAVE NOTICED WHAT'S UP, THE FACE HAS DISAPPEARED. THERE'S SOME WHISPERING FROM THE HOLE. ANOTHER FACE APPEARS AT THE HOLE, AND STARES. MIRROR IMAGE. AFTER A MOMENT....

MACCABEES

Evening

FACE 2

(SCOTTISH, POSSIBLY WITH HEADBANDS, OR SOME SORT OF UNIFORM) Evening.

2ND FACE DISAPPEARS. MORE WHISPERING. FACE 1 REAPPEARS.

FACE 1

Hot isn't it?

MACCABEES

Yes.

FACE 2

Yes, you can say that again!

GENERAL AGREEMENT FROM BOTH TUNNELS. BLOWING OF CHEEKS AND MOPPING OF BROWS.

MACCABEES

Hot is the word all right.

A PAUSE. NEITHER SIDE KNOWS QUITE WHAT TO DO.

MACCABEES

Peoples' Front of Judea. Officials.
(OFFERS HAND)

FACE 2

Oh. Campaign for Free Galilee.

MACCABEES

You going in?

FACE 2

Yeah....yeah...

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER....PAUSE....

MACCABEES

Right! On with the struggle then.
(HE STARES TO GO ON)

42

FACE 2
Yeah...to the final overthrow of Roman petty bourgeois imperialism.

MACCABEES
What?

FACE 2
To the final overthrow of petty bourgeois...

MACCABEES
Oh yeah.

FACE 2
Right....Romans out!

THEY BOTH KNOCK THROUGH INTO THE WALL OF THE PALACE.

CUT TO INSIDE THE HYPOCAUST - THE UNDERGROUND HEATING SYSTEM OF THE OLD ROMAN VILLA. TWO HOLES HAVE APPEARED IN THE WALL. THE TWO TEAMS OF REVOLUTIONARIES HEAVE THEMSELVES THROUGH. AS THEY DO SO, THEY GLANCE OVER AT EACH OTHER WITH OBVIOUSLY MIXED FEELINGS - NOT LEAST OF WHICH IS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF SUSPICION AND HOSTILITY - HOWEVER THEY NOD POLITELY AND SMILE AT EACH OTHER WHEN THEIR EYES MEET.

TAKING DIFFERENT BUT PARALLEL COURSES THEY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE HYPOCAUST TOWARDS THE FAR END.

WE REMAIN WITH BRIAN'S GROUP.

XERXES
(LOOKING AT THE STONWORK) Look at that craftsmanship...They brought that all the way from Ravenna.

TED
The Romans can heat the whole Palace from under here.

XERXES
Brilliant isn't it!

MACCABEES
Ssssh!

THEY GO QUIET FOR A BIT BUT XERXES CANNOT KEEP QUIET IN THE FACE OF SO MUCH SUPERB CRAFTSMANSHIP.

XERXES
(SCTTC VOICE) Have you ever seen the mosaics in the Atrium?

77

TED

Bit naughty aren't they?

XERXES

That's another thing I admire about the Romans - their attitude to sex.

MACCABEES

Ssssssssssssh! Give me a hand.

HE BEGINS TO MOVE A STONE SLAB IN THE FLOOR ABOVE THEIR HEADS. WITH GREAT CAUTION THEY HEAVE IT UP AND LOOK THROUGH INTO THE ROOM ABOVE. IT IS EMPTY.

THEY PUSH THE SLAB ONTO ONE SIDE, AND START TO HAUL THEMSELVES OUT INTO THE ROOM.

AS THEY DO THIS THEY NOTICE ANOTHER SLAB AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM STARTING TO MOVE AND THE OTHER LOT OF REVOLUTIONARIES APPEAR THROUGH A SIMILAR HOLE.

THEY EYE EACH OTHER WITH SOME MISGIVINGS. A FEW MUTTERED WHISPERS AMONGST THE TWO GROUPS.

WHEN THEY CATCH SIGHT OF EACH OTHER REGARDING THE OTHER HOWEVER, THEY SMILE AGAIN:

MACCABEES

Good luck!

FACE 2

Keep up the struggle.

ALL

Good luck...up the struggle...up the struggle,
etc. etc.

THEY ARE ABOUT TO MOVE ON WHEN SUDDENLY THERE IS A NOISE AT THE DOOR. THEY SCATTER AND DIVE FOR COVER. SOME HIDE BEHIND CURTAINS, SOME BEHIND A SOFA. ALL ARE RATHER BADLY CONCEALED.

A CENTURION ENTERS.

CENTURION

Lucullus! Lucullus! It's Labieni-pocs. Are you hiding? I'm coming to find you!!

CUT TO THE REVOLUTIONARIES BEHIND THEIR HIDING PLACES, CRINGING IN FEAR. XERXES AND HIS FRIEND ARE BEHIND THE SOFA. XERXES FINGERS THE CLOTH COVERING OF THE SOFA ADMIRINGLY.

XERXES

Feel that!

AS THE CENTURION STARTS TO ENTER THE ROOM THERE IS A GIGGLE IN THE CORRIDOR BEHIND HIM AND A SCAMPING OF FEET... THE CENTURION SPINS ROUND EXCITEDLY.

CENTURION

Ooooh! There you are! I'm coming after you!

HE DISAPPEARS BACK THROUGH THE DOOR. THERE IS A BIT OF TUT-TUTTING AMONGST THE REVOLUTIONARIES AT THIS DECADENT ROMAN BEHAVIOUR.

THE REVOLUTIONARIES COME OUT OF HIDING.

VARIOUS REVOLUTIONARIES

Solidarity! Right.....Solidarity!

WE FOLLOW OUR REVOLUTIONARY GROUP THROUGH THE HOUSE, FURTIVELY, OCCASIONALLY DODGING OUT OF THE WAY. ROMAN HIDE AND SEEK IS GOING ON. THEY COME TO SOME STAIRS, RUN UP THE STAIRS, AND ARE SUDDENLY AWARE THAT UP THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAIRS THE SECCND GROUP OF REVOLUTIONARIES ARE RUNNING. THEY STOP OUTSIDE A DOOR, FACE TO FACE WITH EACH OTHER.

MACCABEES

Where are you going?

FACE 2

We're going to kidnap Pilate's wife.

DARRYL

(A TOUGH RED-HAIRED PUNK REVOLUTIONARY) What?

FACE 1

We're going to kidnap Pilate's wife, take her back. Issue demands.

DARRYL

So are we!!

FACE 2

What?!

MACCABEES

That's our plan.

FACE 2

.....Well we were here first.

MACCABEES

What?

FACE 1
We were here first. OK?

MACCABEES
What do you mean?

FACE 2
We thought of it first.

DARRYL
Oh yes.

FACE 1
Yes, a couple of years ago.

ANDY
Ah ha ha.

DARRYL
You've got all your demands worked out then?

FACE 1
Course we have.

DARRYL
What are they then?

FACE 1
We're not telling you.

DARRYL AND OTHERS
Ah ha ha ha.

FACE 2
That's not the point.

BRIAN
Ssh!

DARRYL AND OTHERS
Ah ha ha ha.

FACE 2
We thought of it before you anyway.

XERXES
Did not.

FACE 1
We did.

DARRYL
Didn't.

MACCABEES

Sssh!

OTHERS

Sssh!

FACE 2

We've been planning this for months, you bastards.

DARRYL

Tough titty for you!

DARRYL PUNCHES FACE 2 ON THE NOSE. THEY START FIGHTING.

BRIAN

Brothers! Brothers!

THE FIGHTING CONTINUES.

BRIAN

Brothers, we should be struggling together.

DARRYL

(BETWEEN GRITTED TEETH) We are.

TED

Careful of the paintwork!

MACCABEES

Sssssh!

A ROMAN IS SEEN GOING BY. THEY ALL FLATTEN THEMSELVES AGAINST THE WALL.

BRIAN

We mustn't fight with each other. Surely we should be united against the common enemy.

MOMENT OF THOUGHT. THEN BOTH REVOLUTIONARY GROUPS IN HORRIFIED UNISON:

ALL

The Judean Peoples' Front?????

BRIAN

No no the Romans.

ALL

Oh!

MACCABEES

He's right....Let's get her, and then we can argue afterwards.

OTHERS
Alright...alright..

THEY OPEN THE DOOR STEALTHILY AND CREEP TOWARDS THE COUCH ON WHICH PILATE'S WIFE SLEEPS. SHE IS A VERY VERY LARGE WOMAN. THE TWO LEADERS THEN QUICKLY SLIP A GAG IN HER MOUTH AND FASTEN IT SECURELY. THREE OF THE OTHERS PIN HER ARMS. NOTHING HAPPEN FOR A MOMENT EXCEPT THAT PILATE'S WIFE STRUGGLES A BIT. THEN, BIT BY BIT, ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY, HER STRUGGLES SUCCEED IN UPSETTING THE RAIDERS TRYING TO HOLD HER DOWN AND SHE STARTS TO DRAG HERSELF OFF THE BED WITH THEM ALL TRYING DESPERATELY TO HOLD HER DOWN.

MORE RAIDERS TRY TO HOLD HER BUT SHE IS TOO STRONG FOR THEM. SHE GETS CLEAR OF THE BED AND STARTS TO MOVE OFF ROUND THE ROOM TRYING VALIANTLY TO SHAKE HER KIDNAPPERS OFF. SHE DISLODGES A COUPLE AND TREADS ON ONE'S HAND. SHE KICKS ANOTHER IN THE CRUTCH. ANOTHER SLIPS OFF AND THEY ALL FALL OVER IN A HEAP. TWO MORE ARE BADLY CRUSHED IN THIS MANNER. ALL THIS PROCEEDS IN VIRTUAL SILENCE.

SHE RISES AGAIN AND SHAKES ANOTHER OFF. THE RAIDERS ARE BEGINNING TO PANIC AS SHE INEXORABLY OVERCOMES THEIR COMBINED POWER. ONE RAIDER DRAWS A SWORD BUT IS DISCOURAGED FROM USING IT. ANOTHER RAIDER GETS INJURED. PILATE'S WIFE NOW SETS OFF IRRESISTIBLY TOWARDS THE DOOR TAKING ALL WITH HER.

AS PILATE'S WIFE GETS THROUGH THE DOOR ALL THE REVOLUTIONARIES WHO ARE CLINGING ONTO HER ARE KNOCKED OFF EXCEPT FOR BRIAN WHO CLINGS TO HER BACK FOR DEAR LIFE. SHE DARTS INTO AN ALCOVE TO AVOID HER PURSUERS, RAMS BRIAN UP AGAINST THE WALL, THEN DARTS OUT THE OTHER WAY, LEAVING BRIAN CRUSHED AND WINDED. HIS AGONISED GROAN GIVES THE ALARM. THEY RUN BACK AFTER HER.

PILATE'S WIFE RACES OFF DOWN A CORRIDOR WITH THE RAIDERS IN PURSUIT. SHE TURNS A CORNER AND PERHAPS DODGES BACK INTO AN ALCCVE OR SOMETHING EQUALLY CCRNY. THE RAIDERS ALL RUSH PAST. SHE THEN DOUBLES BACK UP THE CORRIDOR, UP THE STAIRS, BOLTS BACK INTO HER ROOM. SLAMS THE DOOR AND LOCKS IT. THE RAIDERS HAVE MEANWHILE REALISED THE SIMPLE PLOY AND HAVE ALSO DOUBLED BACK UP THE STAIRS, BUT TOO LATE. THEY RUSH UP TO THE DOOR AND GRAPPLE WITH THE DOORKNOB UNAVAILINGLY. ONE PUTS HIS SHOULDER TO THE DOOR. OBVIOUSLY IT IS HOPELESS.

MACCABEES

Shit.

XERXES

I don't believe it.

FACE 1

What did you let her go for?

XERXES

What?

FACE 2

Why didn't you tie her down properly when we gagged her?

MACCABEES

Us!? Why didn'tyou hang on to her?

FACE 2

We had her.

DARRYL

No you bloody didn't.....You couldn't catch a fucking cold you lot.

A FIGHT BREAKS OUT AGAIN. ONLY MORE VIOLENT THIS TIME. ROMANS GATHER IN THE HALL BELOW THE STAIRS AND WATCH IN AMAZEMENT AS THE TWO GROUPS BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF EACH OTHER.

SEVERAL RAIDERS ARE ALREADY DEAD OR DYING. BRIAN IS TRYING UNAVAILINGLY TO STOP THE FIGHTING.

BRIAN

Brothers, brothers....Seriously!....No!

BUT EVERYONE IS IN A HEAP ON THE GROUND. BRIAN STANDS HELPLESSLY LOOKING AROUND. AS THE ROMANS APPROACH BRIAN HEROICALLY DRAWS HIS SWORD. SLOWLY A DOOR OPENS BEHIND HIM. PILATE'S ENORMOUS WIFE EMERGES AND KNOCKS HIM OVER WITH ONE SWIFT BLOW OF HER FOREARM AGAINST THE BACK OF HIS NECK.

BLACKNESS.

A CELL BELOW PILATE'S PALACE.

BRIAN, HAVING BEEN CAUGHT BY THE ROMANS, FINDS HIMSELF BEATEN UP, PUT INTO CHAINS AND FLUNG IN WITH SUCH FORCE THAT HE CANNONS AGAINST THE FAR WALL, AND SLUMPS TO THE GROUND. HE DRAGS HIMSELF UP AND HOPELESSLY TRIES HANGING ON. HE LOOKS OUT DESPERATELY. THE ROMAN SOLDIER/GAOLER LAUGHS AT HIM AND SPITS IN HIS FACE. BRIAN SHAKES THE BARS PATHETICALLY, LOOKS DOWN AT HIS CHAINS, THEN SINKS TO THE FLOOR WHIMPERING TO HIMSELF. SUDDENLY A VOICE COMES OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

BEN

You lucky bastard!

BRIAN SPINS ROUND AND PEERS INTO THE GLOOM.

BRIAN

Who's that?

IN THE DARKNESS BRIAN JUST MAKES OUT AN EMACIATED FIGURE, SUSPENDED ON THE WALL, WITH HIS FEET OF THE GROUND, BY CHAINS ROUND HIS WRISTS. THIS IS BEN.

BEN

You lucky, lucky bastard.

BRIAN

(SLIGHTLY INDIGNANT) What?

BEN

(WITH GREAT BITTERNESS) Proper little gaoler's pet aren't we?

BRIAN

(RUFFLED) What do you mean?

BEN

You must have slipped him a few shekels!

BRIAN

Slipped him a few shekels! You saw him spit in my face!

BEN

Ohhh! What wouldn't I give to be spat at in the face! I sometimes hang awake at night dreaming of being spat at in the face.

BRIAN

Well, it's not exactly friendly is it? I mean I've been in manacles for three days....

BEN

Manacles! (HIS EYES GO QUITE DREAMY) My idea of heaven is to be allowed to be put in manacles... just for a few days...ohhh! they must think the sun shines out of your arse, sonny!

BRIAN

Listen! They beat me up before they threw me in here.

BEN

Oh yeah? The only day they don't beat me up is on my birthday.

BRIAN

Oh shut up.

BEN

Well, your type makes me sick - you come in here, you get treated like Royalty, and everyone outside thinks you're a bloody martyr!

BRIAN
Lay off, will you....I've had a hard time!

BEN
You've had a hard time! Listen sonny!
I've been here five years and they've only
hung me the right way up yesterday! So don't...

BRIAN
Alright! Alright!

BEN
I just wish I had half you luck that's all.
They must think you're Gcd Almighty!

BRIAN
What'll they do to me?

BEN
You'll probably get away with crucifixion.

BRIAN
Crucifixion!

BEN
Yeah, first offence....

BRIAN IS ALMOST SPEECHLESS WITH OUTRAGE AT THIS.

BRIAN
Get away with crucifixion! It's the..

BEN
Best thing the Romans ever did for us.

BRIAN
(INCREDULOUS) What?

BEN
If we didn't have crucifixions this country
would be in a right bloody mess I tell you...

BRIAN
(WHO CAN STAND IT NO LONGER) Guard!

BEN
Nail 'em up I say!

BRIAN
(DRAGGING HIMSELF OVER TO THE DOOR) Guard!

BEN
Nail a bit of sense into them!

GUARD
(LOOKING THROUGH THE BARS) What do you want?

BRIAN
I want to be moved to another cell.

GUARD SPITS IN HIS FACE.

BRIAN
Oh! (HE RECOILS IN HELPLESS DISGUST)

BEN
Oh....look at that! Bloody favouritism!

GUARD
Shut up you!

BEN
Sorry! Sorry! (HE LOWERS HIS VOICE) Now take my case they hung me up in here five years ago, and every night they take me down for a couple of hours, then they hang me up again.... which I regard as very fair....in view of what I did. And if nothing else, it's taught me to respect those Romans...and it's taught me that if you're going to get anywhere in life, you've got to be prepared to do a fair day's work for a fair day's p-

BRIAN
Oh....Shut up!!

AT THAT MOMENT A CENTURION AND TWO GUARDS ENTER.

CENTURION
Pilate wants to see you.

BRIAN
Oh?

CENTURION
Well, get up!

BRIAN STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET.

BRIAN
Pilate? What does he want to see me for?

CENTURION
I think he wants to know which way up you want to be crucified.

HE LAUGHS. THE TWO SOLDIERS SMIRK. BEN LAUGHS UPROARICUSLY.

BEN
Nice one....Nice one centurion, I like it.

CENTURION
(TO BEN) Shut up!

BRIAN IS HUSTLED OUT. THE DOOR SLAMS.

BEN
Terrific race, the Romans.....Terrific....

WE FOLLOW BRIAN AS HE IS DRAGGED AWAY.

CUT TO INTERIOR PALACE. PILATE'S IMPRESSIVE RECEPTION ROOM.

PILATE IS STANDING AT ONE END. THE DOOR OPENS, THE CENTURION AND SOME SOLDIERS CARRY BRIAN IN. THERE ARE ALREADY OTHER ROMANS IN THE ROOM. PILATE IS A YOUNGISH ELEGANT PATRICIAN. BRIAN IS BROUGHT FORWARD AND HELD.

CENTURION
Only one survivor sir.

PILATE
Thwow him to the floor!

CENTURION
What sir?

PILATE
Thwow him to the floor.

CENTURION
Ah.

HE THROWS BRIAN TO THE GROUND.

PILATE
What is your name Jew?

SILENCE. THEN.....

BRIAN
Brian.

PILATE
Bwian!

BRIAN
No Brian.

CENTURION
What!

BRIAN
Brian. Not Bwian.

PILATE
Stwike him Centuwion. Vewy woughly.

CENTURION DOES SO.

PILATE
So.....you dare to waid us.

BRIAN
.....To what?

PILATE
Centuwion!

CENTURION STRIKES BRIAN AND BRIAN SPIES AT HIM IN DEFIANCE.

PILATE
Ah! The wascal has spiwit.

CENTURION
Has what sir?

PILATE
Spiwit!

CENTURION
Yes he did sir.

PILATE
No, no, spiwit! Bwavardo! Tell me Bwian, why do you hate us Womans so?

BRIAN
Because you're bastards.

PILATE
Weally? How would you know?

BRIAN
My father was a Roman, that's how.

PILATE
Your father was a Woman.

BRIAN
Unfortunately for him (CUFF FROM CENTURION AT THIS).

PILATE
Who was he?

BRIAN
I don't know....He was a centurion.

PILATE
Where?

BRIAN
Here.

PILATE
In the Jewusalem gawwison? What was his name?

BRIAN
Nortius Maximus.

AN INVOLUNTARY TITTER FROM THE CENTURION.

PILATE
Ssh! Centuwion, do we have anyone in the gawwison by that name?

CENTURION
Well....no sir.

PILATE
You sound vewwy sure....have you checked?

CENTURION
Well...no sir....I..I think it's a joke sir.
It's like...Sillius Parvus..or...or...
Biggus Dickus...

PILATE
What's so funny about that, Centuwion?

CENTURION
Well..it's a sort of...joke name sir.

PILATE
I have a gweat fwend in Wome called Biggus Dickus.

LAUGHTER FROM GUARDS AT DOOR. PILATE TURNS TO THEM.

PILATE
Silence! What is all this insolence?
(HE WALKS OVER TO THEM) You will find yourself in gladiator school vewwy quickly with behavior like that.

THEY BOTH TRY TO STOP GIGGLING. PILATE FINALLY TURNS AWAY FROM THEM. HE IS VERY ANGRY.

PILATE
Wait till Biggus hears of this!

ONE OF THE GUARDS IMMEDIATELY BREAKS UP. PILATE TURNS ON HIM.

PILATE

Wight! Centuwion...Put that man under awest!

BRIAN GIGGLES. PILATE STEPS BACK AND KICKS HIM IN THE HEAD.

CENTURION

A what sir?

PILATE

Awest!

CENTURION

Oh...Yes sir....

HE STARTS TO DRAG OUT THE WRETCHED GUARD. BRIAN NOTICES THAT LITTLE ATTENTION IS BEING PAID TO HIM.

PILATE

I will not have my fwends widiculed by the common soldiewy...

HE WALKS SLOWLY TOWARDS THE OTHER GUARD, AND ANOTHER WHO HAS COME IN TO REPLACE THE ONE WHO'S BEEN DRAGGED AWAY.

PILATE

(STARING HARD AT THE GUARDS) Now..anyone else feel like a little giggle when I mention my fwend...(HE GOES RIGHT UP TO ONE OF THE GUARDS) Biggus..Dickus. (THE GUARD IS CLEARLY BITING THE INSIDE OF HIS MOUTH OFF)...Are you quite sure..eh? You don't find it wisible any more... when I say.....Biggus Dickus!

THE GUARDS BY A SUPERHUMAN FEAT CONTROL THEMSELVES. THE WORST APPEARS TO BE OVER WHEN PILATE TURNS BACK TO THEM.

PILATE

He has a wife you know...(HE COMES UP CLOSE TO THEM AGAIN)...You know what she's called?

THEY SHAKE THEIR HEADS IN SUPPRESSED TERROR.

....She's called....Flowea!

HE LOOKS AT THEM CHALLENGINGLY. THEY SEEM ABOUT TO BREAK UP, BUT SUDDENLY REALISE IT ISN'T FUNNY. THEY RELAX WITH A SIGH OF RELIEF.

....Flowea Tittus!

EVERYONE COLLAPSES. PANDEMONIUM OF LAUGHTER, PILATE GOES ROUND IN A RAGE OF WHITE ANGER.....

BRIAN LOOKS AROUND, TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE CHAOS AND RACES FOR THE OPEN WINDOW.

PILATE
Stop!...Stop!

BRIAN RACES FOR THE WINDOW.

PILATE
Stop! It's the...

BUT IT'S TOO LATE, AS BRIAN REACHES THE OPEN WINDOW, HE REALISES WHAT PILATE IS TRYING TO TELL HIM.

PILATE
Sixth floor!

BRIAN FALLS, BUT OUTSIDE IS THE ELABORATE SYSTEM OF SCAFFOLDING, ROPES AND PULLEYS, USED FOR CLEANING THE SLOGANS OFF THE WALL. BRIAN BECOMES INVOLVED IN A WIZARDLY WHACKY PIECE OF KEATON/GOODIES/ROY HUDD BEHAVIOUR INVOLVING PULLEYS AND BUCKETS AND ROMANS WHIZZING UP ON PLATFORMS, BEFORE LANDING SAFELY AND QUITE SPECTACULARLY. THE ROMANS DISENTANGLE THEMSELVES FROM THIS BIZ AND GIVE CHASE.

CUT TO MATTHIAS'S HOUSE, A LOWLY TOWN DWELLING. SMALL AND SIMPLY FURNISHED.

REG, FRANCIS, STAN AND MATTHIAS ARE SITTING WITH THE PLANS IN FRONT OF THEM, JUDITH LOOKS RATHER TEARFUL...SHE STANDS, AND HAS OBVIOUSLY JUST COME IN WITH BAD NEWS. THEY ALL LOOK VERY UNHAPPY.

REG
All dead! All of them...?

JUDITH
(NODS)...Xerxes...Philemon...Ted....Andy...
Darryl....Maccabees....Brian...

REG
Well....they haven't died in vain.

FRANCIS
Some of them have, Reg.

REG
Yeah....I suppose some of them have....

HE GETS UP AND TRIES TO RALLY THEIR SPIRITS...

REG
Listen brothers....One complete defeat does not mean the end of the war.

MATTHIAS

What does it mean Reg?

REG

Well, it's not nice...granted...but what I mean is that we must take strength...from..... our utter failure....and rise Phoenix-like.

STAN

What Reg?

REG

Phoenix-like...like...a Phoenix Stan.

STAN

Oh yeah...

REG

We must rise Phoenix-like from the ashes and look forward to a better tomorrow, a tomorrow in which - where are you going Judith?

JUDITH

(STILL TEARFUL) I'm just going out Reg... that's alright isn't it?...there's no breach of revolutionary protocol involved in going out is there...?

SHE GOES OUT AND SLAMS DOOR.

REG

What we must do...urgently....in view of this... limited catastrophe, is to call a meeting.

ALL

Good idea...good idea...call a meeting... Extraordinary general meeting...etc. etc.

CUT TO BRIAN AS HE DASHES INTO A SQUARE WHERE SEVERAL STALLS HAVE BEEN SET UP AND WHERE SEVERAL TEACHERS ARE STANDING TEACHING. HE SEES THE MAN WHO WAS SELLING BEARDS AT THE STONING AND GRABS A BEARD FROM HIM, PRESSING SOME COINS INTO HIS HAND. HE NOW RUNS TO A STALL SELLING ROBES WITH HOODS AND PICKS UP ONE SAYING TO THE STALL HOLDER:

BRIAN

Quick! Gimme one! (HAVING GOT ONE HIMSELF) How much?

HARRY

Twenty shekels.

BRIAN

Right.

HARRY

What?

BRIAN

There you are (HE PUTS DOWN 20 SHEKELS)

HARRY

Wait a moment.

BRIAN

What?

HARRY

We're supposed to haggle.

BRIAN

No, no, I've got to...

HARRY

What do you mean no?

BRIAN

I haven't time, I've got to get...

HARRY

Give it back then.

BRIAN

No, no, I paid you.

HARRY

Burt!

BURT APPEARS, HE IS VERY BIG.

BURT

Yeah!

HARRY

This bloke won't haggle.

BURT

(LOOKING AROUND) Where are the guards?

BRIAN

Oh, alright...I mean do we have to....

HARRY

Now I want twenty for that...

BRIAN

I gave you twenty.

HARRY

Now are you telling me that's not worth twenty shekels?

BRIAN

No.

HARRY

Feel the quality, feel it.

BRIAN

Oh....I'll give you nineteen then.

HARRY

No, no. Do it properly.

BRIAN

What?

HARRY

Haggle properly. This isn't worth nineteen.

BRIAN

You just said it was worth twenty.

HARRY

Come on, Burt!!

BRIAN

I'll give you ten.

HARRY

That's more like it (OUTRAGED) Ten! Are you trying to insult me? Me. With a poor dying grandmother...Ten!!!?

BRIAN

Eleven.

HARRY

Now you're getting it. Eleven!!! Did I hear you right? Eleven. This cost me twelve. You want to ruin me.

BRIAN

Seventeen.

HARRY

Seventeen!

BRIAN

Eighteen?

HARRY

No, no, no. You go to fourteen now.

BRIAN

Fourteen.

HARRY
Fourteen, are you joking?

BRIAN
That's what you told me to say.

HARRY REGISTERS TOTAL DESPAIR.

BRIAN
Tell me what to say Please.

HARRY
Offer me fourteen.

BRIAN
I'll give you fourteen.

HARRY
(TO ONLOOKERS) He's offering me
fourteen for this.

BRIAN
Fifteen.

HARRY
Seventeen. My last word. I won't take a
penny less, or strike me dead.

BRIAN
Sixteen.

HARRY
Done.

HE GRASPS BRIAN'S HAND AND SHAKES IT.

HARRY
Nice to do business with you. Tell you
what, I'll throw in this as well.

HE GIVES BRIAN A GOURD.

BRIAN
I don't want it but thanks.

HARRY
Burt!

BURT
(APPEARING RAPIDLY) Yes?

BRIAN
Oh....right give it to me. Thank you.

HARRY
Where's the sixteen then?

BRIAN
I already gave you twenty.

HARRY
Oh, yes....that's four I owe you then.
(STARTS LOOKING FOR CHANGE)

BRIAN
It's all right, it doesn't matter.

HARRY
Hang on.

PAUSE AS HARRY CAN'T FIND CHANGE.

BRIAN
It's all right, that's four for the gourd -
that's fine.

HARRY
Four for this gourd. Four!!!! Look at it,
that's worth ten if it's worth a shekel.

BRIAN
You just gave it to me for nothing.

HARRY
Yes, but it's worth ten.

BRIAN
Alright, alright.

HARRY
No, no, no. It's not worth ten. You're
supposed to argue. Ten for that you must be mad.

BRIAN RUNS OFF WITH THE GOURD AND

HARRY
Ah, well there's one born every minute.

BRIAN RUNS ON A LITTLE WAY, PAST SOME PEOPLE, STOPS, PUTS DOWN
THE GOURD, SLIPS ON THE ROBE, AND HURRIES OFF. AFTER FOUR
PACES A CENTURION SHOUTS AT HIM.

CENTURION
Oi!

BRIAN
...Yes?

CENTURION
You left this (HANDING THE GOURD TO BRIAN).

BRIAN

Oh thank you.

HE WALKS OFF WITH IT, PUTS IT DOWN JUST ROUND THE CORNER OF A STALL, POPS ROUND THE NEXT CORNER, SEES TWO CENTURIONS COMING, RETREATS AND IS GIVEN THE GOURD BACK BY A MAN.

MAN

You left this.

BRIAN

Oh thanks.

HE HURRIES OFF WITH IT, LOOKS ROUND THE SQUARE AND SEES ROMANS COMING IN AT SEVERAL OF THE ENTRANCES. ONE LOT OF ROMANS ARE ALREADY LOOKING CAREFULLY AT SOME OF THE PEOPLE LISTENING TO ONE OF THE TEACHERS, PEERING INTO THEIR FACES AND HANDLING THEM QUITE ROUGHLY. BRIAN PUTS THE GOURD DOWN AND RUNS TO AN UNGUARDED ENTRANCE BUT JUST AS HE GETS THERE SOME ROMANS COME THROUGH IT AND HE SHEERS OFF HURRYING BACK TO THE MIDDLE OF THE SQUARE. AS HE DOES SO A LITTLE KID GIVES HIM BACK HIS GOURD.

KID

Here you are mister.

BRIAN NOW FINDS HIMSELF QUITE NEAR SOME PROWLING ROMANS. FINDING HIMSELF THE POTENTIAL VICTIM OF A PINCHER MOVEMENT BETWEEN SEVERAL ROMANS HE NOTICES THAT THE ROMANS ARE NOT BOTHERING TO SCRUTINIZE THE TEACHERS, ALL OF WHOM ARE STANDING ON STONES A COUPLE OF FEET HIGH.

ONE OF THE TEACHERS IS DROWING ON, AND HAS BEEN THROUGHOUT ALL THIS TO AN UNENTHUSIASTIC LITTLE GROUP.

BORING PROPHET

Listen, in the words of the prophet Nehemiah, son of Hebediah, as vouchsafed to Malachi through Jeremiah the Prophet of our Lord, there shall in fourscore years be rumours of things going astray, and in that time shall there be a confusion as to where things are and people will not really be able to settle down to anything for very long....

Verily in that time...as prophesied...a man shall come home to his own wife and find that she has mislaid something, and it is not to be found... and there shall be rumours of people finding other people's things and not returning them. Yeah truly...it is written in the book of Obadiah, that over the whole earth may fall a great uncertainty as to where things have got to ...yeah...verily...

A friend shall lose his friend's hammer...and it is written that in that day the young shall not know where lieth the things possessed by their fathers that their fathers had put there only the night before and verily....

BRIAN NOTICES AN EMPTY UNCCUPIED STONE JUST BESIDE HIM AND AS A SOLDIER GETS UNCOMFORTABLY CLOSE TO HIM HE NIPS ONTO THE STONE AND THE SOLDIER PASSES BENEATH WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A GLANCE AT HIM. BRIAN HOVERS ON THE STONE FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS AND THEN SEES A ROMAN LOOKING AT HIM SUSPICIOUSLY. BRIAN REALISES HE NEEDS TO START SPEAKING.

BRIAN
(CLEARING THROAT) Don't pass judgement on other people or you may get judged yourself.

A PASSER-BY (A) STOPS.

A.
What?

BRIAN
I said 'Don't pass judgement on other people or else you might get judged too.'

C.
Me?

BRIAN
Yes.

C.
Oh right. Thank you.

BRIAN
Well...not just you, all of you.

A MAN, D. HAS BEEN STARING AT BRIAN'S GOURD. E,F,G, ARE WANDERING BY.

D.
How much do you want for the gourd.

BRIAN
What? I don't....you can have it.

D.
Have it?

BRIAN
Yes. Consider the lilies...

D.
Don't you want to haggle?

BRIAN

No.

D.

What's wrong with it then?

BRIAN

Nothing, take it. Consider the birds.

E.

What birds?

BRIAN

Any birds.

E.

Why?

BRIAN

Well....have they got jobs?

F.

Who?

BRIAN

The birds.

F.

Have the birds got jobs?

G.

I think I missed the start.

BRIAN

They do all right, don't they, the birds, but they don't do any work.

E.

Well that's not their fault.

BRIAN

What?

F.

There's no jobs for them.

BRIAN

No, that's not the point.

H.

What's the matter with him?

F.

He says the birds are scrounging.

BRIAN
No, look, the point is they're doing all
right aren't they?

E.
And good luck to 'em.

H.
They're very pretty.

BRIAN
Right! Right! They eat but they
don't grow anything do they?

G.
Nobody's asking 'em to.

BRIAN
O.K. And you're more important than they are,
right? Well, there you are then. What are
you worrying about. See?

E.
I'm worrying about what you got against
birds.

BRIAN
I haven't got anything against birds. Consider
the lilies...

F.
He's having a go at the flowers now.

H.
Give the flowers a chance.

BRIAN
No, I'm teaching. Look, there was this man,
he had two servants.

F.
What were their names?

BRIAN
What?

F.
What were they called?

BRIAN
I don't know. And he gave them some
talents....

E.
You don't know.

BRIAN
It doesn't matter.

H.
He doesn't know what they were called.

BRIAN
Oh they were called Simon and Adrian. Now...

F.
You said you didn't know.

BRIAN
It really doesn't matter. Now the point
is there were these two servants...

F.
He's making it up.

BRIAN
No I'm not...or wait a moment, were there three..?

H.
Oh he's terrible isn't he?

E.
Terrible.

BRIAN
Three. Well stewards really...

GENERAL EYE RAISING TO HEAVEN. THEY DECIDE HE'S NO GOOD.

H.
Oh dear.

F.
Tch tch tch.

E.
Dreadful.

J.
Get off!

BRIAN
And he gave them each some talents.

K.
I've heard it.

F.
Awful.

BRIAN
He gave one...

HE LOOKS ROUND. THE CROWD ARE DRIFTING AWAY. BRIAN PANICS.
A ROMAN IS WATCHING.

BRIAN
...ten talents...no five...Blessed are the...

ONE OR TWO HEADS TURN

BRIAN
The cheesemakers for they shall inhibit our girth.

D.
I'll give you two for the gourd.

BRIAN
No. Blessed are they...

D.
Three.

BRIAN
They...who convert their neighbour's ox, for
they shall obtain mercy.

L.
Rubbish!

D.
That's my final offer.

BRIAN
No.

D.
Four then.

BRIAN
Blessed are....Cursed are...

ONE OR TWO HEADS TURN AGAIN. A COUPLE OF ROMANS ARE NOW WATCHING
BRIAN QUITE INTERESTEDLY...

BRIAN
Are they who go off and listen to false
teachers...and join false sects.

M.
(A WOMAN) Enjoy forced sex?

BRIAN
What?

M.
Enjoy forced sex???

SEVERAL HEADS TURN.

BRIAN

M.

Oh.

BRIAN

Join false sects.

M.

Oh.

EVERYONE LOSES INTEREST IMMEDIATELY.

BRIAN

And who...(THE PENNY DROPS) Yes. Who enjoy forced sex. Oh yes. Forced sex I say!

A LOT OF HEADS HAVE TURNED AND ONE OR TWO PEOPLE TAKE A FEW PACES NEARER.

BRIAN

Oh yes. Cursed are they who force their attentions on innocent...helpless victims and do dirty things like slaking their unbridled lust on gorgeous sixteen year old Scandinavian girls.

THE CROWD IS GRIPPED NOW. THEIR EYES POP AND THEY THROG AROUND. THIS CROWD IS CALLED X.

X.

Yes! Yes!

M.

Disgusting.

BRIAN

The very word madam. Disgusting.

X.

Disgusting.

BRIAN

Very disgusting! But I shall not shirk my duty to tell you about these things! er.... in detail...the foul tweaking of pert little pink nipples breasts massaged in oil....

TWO OR THREE SHOTS OF PEOPLE HURRYING ACROSS THE SQUARE TOWARDS BRIAN. CUT BACK.

BRIAN

Tiny plump goose-pimpled bottoms.

CUT TO MONTAGE, RAPID, OF PEOPLE RUNNING ACROSS THE SQUARE, THEIR ROBES GATHERED UP ABOVE THEIR KNEES.
CUT TO BRIAN.

BRIAN
Wicked, wobbling, hairy great private parts!!!
HELICOPTER SHOT OF PEOPLE RUSHING TOWARDS BRIAN IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE SQUARE IN HUGE NUMBERS. BRIAN CONTINUES AGAIN.

BRIAN
For I AM THE TEACHER WHO DARES TO TELL THE TRUTH!!!
THE CROWD APPLAUDS.

BRIAN
FOR YOU HAVE THE RIGHT...AND THE DUTY TO KNOW
THESE THINGS....For without such knowledge....
how can you decide how...er...to...punish?

X.
Punish! Punish!! PUNISH!!!!

BRIAN
(REALISING HE'S HIT THE JACKPOT) Oh!
Punish. Oh yes, punish. They shall be punished
all right. Oh! the punishments I could tell
you about....

CUT TO SHOT OF PEOPLE RUNNING OUT OF HOUSES PUTTING THEIR
CLOTHES ON AS THEY RUN AND GROUPS OF FOLK SCOOTING ROUND THE
CORNER INTO THE SQUARE AT EXCEPTIONAL PACE...ONE OF THE
PEOPLE JOINING THE CROWD IS JUDITH, WHO HURRIES ALONG TO SEE
WHAT'S HAPPENING. TREMENDOUS APPLAUSE. CLOSE UP OF BRIAN
LOOKING FOR AND AT SOMETHING...FROM HIS POV WE SEE ONE LOT
OF ROMANS LEAVING THE SQUARE. BRIAN IS ALERT. HE LOOKS TO
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SQUARE. ANOTHER POV SHOT SHOWING MORE
ROMANS LEAVING....BRIAN RELAXES, THEN LOOKS AT THE CROWD THIS
TIME WITH NEW EYES...THEY'VE HELPED HIM....NOW HE DOESN'T NEED
THEM. THEIR HYSTERICAL APPLAUSE HAS DIED AWAY.

E.
Tell us your name.

ALL
Yes. Tell us your name master. Tell us your
name!!!

JUDITH
(SUDDENLY AWARE) It's Brian! Brian!

CROWD PICKS UP THE SHOUT.

ALL
It's Brian!

X.
Brian of Nazareth! Brian of Nazareth!

E.
Is that your gourd, Brian?

BRIAN
Er...?

E.
It is Brian's gourd..

G.
It is a holy gourd!

E.
We shall carry it for you, master.

BRIAN
I don't want it.

E.
My brother and I shall carry the Holy Gourd of
Jerusalem henceforth.

BRIAN
No, throw it away! Ssh!

JUDITH TRIES TO PUSH THROUGH THE CROWD.

E.
How can we obtain eternal life?

ALL
Eternal life! Eternal life!

SEVERAL
Sssh. Sssh. Tell us master. Eternal life!!

BRIAN
I shall tell you all these things when the
time is ripe.

E.
When will that be?

BRIAN
Oh probably...the beginning of next week...

X.
When!!? When??? When!!!???

BRIAN
Er...Tuesday?

X.
Tuesday!!!TUESDAY!!!

E.
Anyone not make Tuesday? How's Tuesday
for people?

H.
Morning or afternoon?

G.
Morning's tricky for me.

K.
I can do the afternoon.

L.
Early afternoon.

F.
I can't do the afternoon. Morning's all right.

E.
How about lunch?

L.
Yes.

G.
Fine for me.

F.
Tuesday lunch.

X.
Yes. Tuesday lunch it is. Fine. O.K.
Well see you then then.

THE CROWD ALL TURN BACK TO BRIAN. HE OF COURSE HAS HOPPED IT.
THEY ALL LOOK FOR HIM.

X.
Gasp...

E.
He has disappeared.

F.
A miracle!!!

X.
A miracle! A MIRACLE!!!

BRIAN IS STANDING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CROWD, WITHOUT
BEARD, LOCKING LIKE THE REST.

BRIAN
He has been taken up.

X.

Taken up. Taken up!! HE HAS BEEN TAKEN UP.

THE CROWD ALL DROP TO THEIR KNEES AND BRIAN NIPS OFF. HE GETS TO THE CORNER OF THE SQUARE. THEN HE GLANCES BACK. THE SMALL KID IS THERE AND GIVES HIM HIS GOURD.

KID

Your gourd mister.

BRIAN GIVES A HUGE CONVULSIVE TWITCH, AND TAKES THE GOURD.

VOICE OFF

The gourd has been taken up too! It's ascended! Another miracle!!!

BRIAN SLIPS OFF DOWN A SIDE STREET. AFTER A FEW PACES, HE IS SAFELY AWAY AND RELAXES. A SPRING COMES INTO HIS STRIDE, AND A SUSPICION OF A SWAGGER. JUST AS HE STARTS TO BOUNCE WITH GOOD SPIRITS, FOUR ROMANS COME ROUND THE CORNER IN FRONT OF HIM. HE TURNS AWAY IN ONE MOVEMENT AND GETS HIS BEARD OUT AGAIN. BUT AS HE IS ABOUT TO DON IT, HE REALISES THAT A ROMAN CAN SEE WHAT HE'S DOING. HE PETS THE BEARD, PUTS IT IN THE GOURD, PICKS UP THE GOURD AND USES IT TO SHIELD HIS FACE AS HE SETS OFF AGAIN.

ROMANS WATCH HIM SUSPICIOUSLY; THEN START FOLLOWING HIM. BRIAN SLIPS ROUND A CORNER AND THE ROMANS BREAK INTO A RUN. HE TRIES TO DODGE THEM, BUT FINDS EVERY TURN BLOCKED. THEY ARE ALMOST UPON HIM, AND BRIAN DOES NOT KNOW WHICH WAY TO TURN.

THE ROMANS CLATTER NEARER. BRIAN LOOKS ROUND HELPLESSLY. SUDDENLY JUDITH PUSHING HER WAY THROUGH SOME PASSERS-BY, IS BY HIS SIDE.

JUDITH

This way, Brian....quick.

ONE OR TWO SHOTS OF JUDITH, BACK-DOUBLING AND NIPPING ALONG ALLEYWAYS WITH BRIAN. THEY SHAKE OFF THE ROMANS AND FIND THEMSELVES AT MATTHIAS'S HOUSE. JUDITH KNOCKS URGENTLY. (THE THREE REVOLUTIONARY KNOCKS) THE DOOR OPENS CAUTIOUSLY.

MATTHIAS

(PEERING OUT THROUGH CRACK) Who is it?

JUDITH

It's Brian! Brian's alive...we must hide him.

MATTHIAS

(TO THE OTHERS) It's Brian...he wants to hide.

REG

No...no...tell him to bugger off...we'll all get caught.

MATTHIAS IS CAUGHT UNSURE OF WHAT TO DO.

JUDITH
Matthias let us in....please!

MATTHIAS
(OPENS DOOR) Oh...alright...but -

THEY GO IN. REG RUNS UP...

BRIAN
Hello, Reg....I'm sorry...

REG
(TO JUDITH) You've got to get him
out of here.

JUDITH
Look...he's safe...isn't that enough?

REG
If he gets....

HE'S CUT SHORT BY A SHOUT FROM FRANCIS AT THE WINDOW. HE
HAS SEEN THE ROMAN GUARDS ROUNDING THE CORNER.

FRANCIS
Quick! They're coming.

REG
Oh, shit! I told you...

IN A FLASH EVERYONE BAR BRIAN AND MATTHIAS HAS DISAPPEARED
INTO HIDING PLACES. BRIAN LOOKS DESPERATE. MATTHIAS OPENS
AN OVEN, BUT A BACKSIDE STICKS OUT OF IT.

MATTHIAS
Sorry!

HE SLAMS IT. THERE IS A VERY IMPERATIVE KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

MATTHIAS
Coming!

AS HE GOES HE SHEPHERDS BRIAN OVER TO A CAULDRON.

MATTHIAS
Get in there Brian.

HE INDICATES A LARGE CAULDRON FULL OF SOUP STANDING READY TO
GO ON THE FIRE.

BRIAN
In there?

MATTHIAS

Yes (GIVES HIM A STRAW) Breathe through that.

BRIAN LOOKS DOUBTFUL BUT GINGERLY STEPS IN. A FIGURE IN THE CAULDRON PROTESTS.

A VERY VERY IMPERATIVE KNOCK.

MATTHIAS PUSHES THE FIGURE BACK DOWN INTO THE SOUP AND THRUSTS BRIAN BEHIND A CURTAIN. FRANCIS AND STAN ARE THERE, FLATTENED AGAINST THE WALL.

BRIAN

Hello!

FRANCIS

Hello.

BRIAN

I'm afraid the raid..

FRANCIS AND STAN

Yes. Yes...we heard.

MATTHIAS

Ssh!

THEY NOD AND THEN FLATTEN THEMSELVES BACK AGAINST THE WALL. MATTHIAS PULLS THE CURTAIN ACROSS THEM. MATTHIAS GOES OFF TO THE DOOR, KICKING THE ODD FOOT BACK UNDER A BED. HE OPENS IT.

A CENTURION WITH A VERY BIG NOSE STANDS OUTSIDE.

CENTURION

Are you Matthias?

MATTHIAS

Yes.

CENTURION

We have reason to believe you are hiding a known thief and trouble-maker named Brian... Brian of Nazareth..

MATTHIAS

Me?...No...I'm a poor man...I have no time for law-breakers...My sight is poor, my legs are old and bent....

CENTURION

Quiet! Silly person. Guards! Search the house....

TWO GUARDS GO IN AT THE DOUBLE. FOLLOWED BY TWO MORE. FOLLOWED BY TWO MORE FOLLOWED BY ABOUT 8 MORE IN FORMATION. THEY GO CLATTERING IN.

CENTURION
You know the punishment laid down by Roman
law for harbouring a known criminal.

MATTHIAS
No.

CENTURION
Crucifixion.

MATTHIAS
Oh.

CENTURION
Nasty eh?

MATTHIAS
Could be worse.

CENTURION
Could be worse? What d'you mean: "Could
be worse"?

MATTHIAS
Well you could be stabbed.

CENTURION
Stabbed? That takes a second. Crucifixion
lasts hours. It's a slow, horrible death.

MATTHIAS
Well at least it gets you out in the open air.

CENTURION
You're weird.

SOLDIERS COME CLANKING OUT OF THE HOUSE AND FORM UP OUTSIDE.

SOLDIER
No sir, couldn't find anything.

CENTURION
Alright...but don't worry - you've not seen the
last of us - weirdo!

MATTHIAS
Big nose!

CENTURION
Watch it! Eh...weren't you stoned the other
day?

MATTHIAS
Yeah....

CENTURION
(HEAVILY) Oh yes!

THE ROMAN GUARD MARCH OFF. MATTHIAS SHUTS THE DOOR THANKFULLY.
CUT TO CENTURION'S REACTION OUTSIDE. HE IS PROFOUNDLY CONFUSED
BY MATTHIAS.
BUT BACK TO INSIDE.

MATTHIAS

Phew!! That was lucky.

THE VARIOUS HIDERS EMERGE...REG IS VERY ANGRY.

REG

(STORMING UP TO BRIAN) You see what you've
done? Bringing them down here.....

JUDITH

Lay off him...Reg....

BRIAN

I didn't know what I was supposed to do...

REG

I would have thought, brother Brian...
that the disadvantages of bringing the entire
Fifth Legion down to the official headquarters
of the People's Front of Judea would not have
entirely escaped even a limited Jew like yourself...

KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

MATTHIAS

Oh no! Who is it?

CENTURION

(V.O.) Romans!

MATTHIAS

Oh cheese city!

EVERYONE HIDES. MATTHIAS GOES OVER TO THE DOOR. OPENS IT.

MATTHIAS

Yes?

CENTURION

There's one place we didn't look.

CENTURION NODS HIS HEAD AND THE MEN POUR IN AGAIN.

MATTHIAS

I'm just a poor old man. Have pity my
eyes are weak and my legs are old and bent.

CENTURION

Have you ever seen anyone crucified?

MATTHIAS
Crucifixion's a doddle.

CENTURION
(HURT) Don't keep saying that.

SOLDIER
No, nothing there, sir.

CENTURION
Alright....But we'll be back.

THE LONG LINE OF SOLDIERS TROOP OUT AGAIN AND RE-FORM OUTSIDE.

MATTHIAS SHUTS THE DOOR. HE TURNS TO THE OTHERS WITH A SIGN OF RELIEF. REG GOES URGENTLY ACROSS TO BRIAN. HE PUSHES HIM TOWARD A WINDOW: SOUND OF CROWD NOW.

REG
Look Brian, I think the whole resistance movement would benefit from you getting lost for a few years alright.

ANOTHER KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

CENTURION
(OUT OF VIEW) Open up!

MATTHIAS
(INDIGNANTLY) You haven't given us time to hide!

REG
(PUSHING BRIAN BEHIND CURTAINS) Get lost, Brian! Do you understand!

MATTHIAS
Ssh! (HE GOES TO DOOR) Just coming, I'm a poor old man.

CUT TO BRIAN BEHIND THE CURTAINS, LOOKING RELIEVED. SUDDENLY THERE IS AN ENORMOUS SHOUT FROM THE CROWD. BRIAN SPINS ROUND TO FIND THAT HE IS ON A SMALL RICKETY BALCONY STICKING OUT FROM THE HOUSE, ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE KNEELING CROWD, SOME OF WHOM HAVE GLANCED UP AND SPOTTED HIM.

SOMEONE IN CROWD
Master!.....There he is....he has returned....

BRIAN
No I haven't, go away!

CUT TO REG AND FRANCIS AND STAN REACTING TO THE SCOUTS OF THE CROWD. CHECKING THAT THE ROMANS HAVE GONE, THEY RUSH ACROSS TO THE WINDOW.

FOLLOWER 2

It's Tuesday.

BRIAN

It's not Tuesday!

FOLLOWER 4

It has become Tuesday!

BRIAN

(VERY TESTILY) It's Friday! Friday afternoon.

FOLLOWER 4

The Miracle of Friday afternoon that has become Tuesday!

BRIAN

Go away!

REG

(LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW) Good god! Look at that...

BRIAN THROWS THE GOURD AT THE CROWD. IT HITS AN OLD MAN ON THE HEAD.

OLD MAN

(SINKING TO HIS KNEES) A blessing!

PEOPLE THROW THEMSELVES ON THE GROUND SCRABBLING FOR THE GOURD.

E.

(THE GOURD CARRIER, PUSHES FORWARD AND PICKS IT UP) The gourd! The Holy Gourd has returned! Hosanna!

UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER. BOB MONKHOUSE IS ARRESTED AGAIN. (THIS STAGE DIRECTION, NOW SADLY EXTINCT, IS KEPT IN FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS - Ed.)

AT THIS MOMENT THE BALCONY BEGINS TO GIVE WAY. IN DESPERATION BRIAN, WITH ERROL FLYNN-LIKE PANACHE, FLINGS HIMSELF AT A CLOTHES LINE AND SLIDES GRACEFULLY OVER THE HEADS OF THE STUNNED AND AMAZED CROWD ACROSS THE STREET AND RIGHT INTO AN OPEN WINDOW.

CUT TO REG, FRANCIS, MATTHIAS, STAN AND JUDITH WATCHING OPEN-MOUTHED.

CROWD

A miracle! A miracle!

REG

(TO THE OTHERS) Come on!

HE SETS OFF FOR THE DOOR.

CUT TO INSIDE HOUSE OPPOSITE. BRIAN LANDS ON A BED. A BLOWSY PAN-SEXUAL TURNS OVER RESTLESSLY.

LADY CNUT
Do you want to haggle?

BRIAN LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND IS OFF OUT OF THE DOOR.
THE LADY SITS UP RATHER SURPRISED - PERHAPS EVEN DISAPPOINTED.

BRIAN RACES DOWNSTAIRS, OUT INTO AND ACROSS THE COURTYARD.
HE MAKES FOR THE DOOR TO THE STREET, BUT STOPS SHORT AS HE
CALCHES SIGHT OF THE CENTURION AND TWO ROMAN GUARDS WHO ARE
INTERROGATING A WRETCHED MAN. HIS WIFE AND KIDS LOCK ON.

BRIAN 2
(THE WRETCHED MAN) Honestly....you're making
a big mistake. I'm not him.

CENTURION
Your wife says you are.

WIFE
Yes....he's the one you want. Brian of Hebron.

CENTURION
Nazareth!

WIFE
(QUICKLY) Yeah, Brian of Nazareth.

BRIAN 2
Dearest, tell them...please! Tell them where
I was last night...sitting at home...

WIFE
No. He was out, raiding Pilate's Palace.

BRIAN 2
I wasn't.

WIFE
(TO KIDS) He was, wasn't he!

THE KIDS NOD VIGOROUSLY.

CENTURION
Come on, Brian....

THE REAL BRIAN HAS THE BEARD BACK ON IN A FLASH.

BRIAN 2
My name's not Brian.

CENTURION
Oh no!?

BRIAN 2
It's Errol.

WIFE
We always call him Brian. Don't we.

KIDS NOD IN AGREEMENT.

KIDS
Yes!

BRIAN 2
(OUTRAGED) Look!

CENTURION
Well, we'll take your husband and question him and if there are charges, he'll come before the court in Jerusalem.

WIFE
Oh he's the one alright. I shouldn't bother questioning him.

BRIAN, SEEING THERE IS NO WAY OUT DOUBLES BACK ACROSS THE COURTYARD AND OUT OF A BACK ENTRANCE INTO A QUIET STREET. SOUND OF CROWD IN DISTANCE. CUT BACK TO WIFE, ERROL AND CENTURION.

CENTURION
Well we have to give him a fair hearing.

WIFE
Why?

BRIAN RUNS UP STREET, A BEGGAR ACCOSTS HIM.

BEGGAR
Spare some money sir, spare some money for a limbless old Samaritan chariot instructor.

BRIAN, HARDENED NOW, RUNS PAST, STRAIGHT ROUND THE CORNER AND SLAP BANG INTO ANOTHER, RATHER LARGER BEGGAR. HE IS YOUNG AND BRONZED.

PSYCHOPATH
Spare some shekels sir?

BRIAN
What?

PSYCHOPATH
Spare some shekels for a powerful young psychopath sir?

BRIAN
Psychopath???

PSYCHOPATH

Yes, sir, a poor huge youth, almost completely
unable to control his murderous impulses, sir.
(CROSSES EYES)

BRIAN

Er....

PSYCHOPATH

(PUTTING HAND TO HEAD AS THOUGH IN PAIN) Oh! Oh!

BRIAN

What is it?

PSYCHOPATH

I can feel it building up! Oh, dear.

BRIAN

What?

PSYCHOPATH

The senseless violence. Tsk. Another dreadful
outburst is on its way. Quick! Give me some cash.
Quick! It's the only thing that helps.

BRIAN

(BACKING OFF) Er....

PSYCHOPATH

Oh! Here comes the red mist. Oh shit! Quick,
quick!!!!

BRIAN

(GIVES HIM COIN) There. (HURRIES OFF)

PSYCHOPATH

....oh, sir! Sorry.

BRIAN

What?

PSYCHOPATH

It's not enough, I really am sorry. This won't
do any good at all. Quick, quick! Give
me some more.

BRIAN

How much?

PSYCHOPATH

Oh, this is a bad one. Better give me everything
you've got to be on the safe side with this one.

BRIAN

Er.....

PSYCHOPATH

I'm really sorry it had to be you that copped such a bad one. Here give me that. (HE TAKES BRIAN'S PURSE AS BRIAN FUMBLES WITH IT AND HOLDS IT TO HIS HEAD) Oh! Ooooooh! Oh, I'll be all right for a few seconds, I think...best hop it quick. (AS BRIAN HESITATES) Hop it, hop it, you fool, while there's still time.

BRIAN LEAVES SLIGHTLY UNWILLINGLY. AFTER HE HAS GONE SOME WAY...

PSYCHOPATH

Hey! Sir!

BRIAN

Yes?

PSYCHOPATH

What's that on your wrist?

BRIAN

(LOOKING AT HIS NICE PEWTER BRACELET) It's...

PSYCHOPATH

(IN ENORMOUS PAIN) OOOooooHHHEhhhh!!!!

BRIAN TURNS AND RUNS OFF, PURSUED BY PSYCHOPATH.

HE FIRMLY SHAKES OFF THE PSYCHOPATH, BY RACING ROUND A CORNER, BUT COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE CROWD OF FOLLOWERS. HE DOUBLES BACK, VAULTS OVER A DEAD CAMEL, AND RACES OUT OF THE CITY, BY THE CITY WALL GATE.

CUT TO THE CROWD SURGING AFTER HIM SHOUTING. THE CROWD PUSH BY ENTIRELY FILLING THE NARROW STREET. AS THEY PASS ON THEIR WAY TO THE GATE WE STAY ON THE STREET, REG AND CO. EMERGE FROM A DOORWAY, LOOK TO LEFT AND RIGHT, THEN FOLLOW THE CROWD. CUT TO BRIAN, RUNNING OUT OF THE CITY AND PAST A LINE OF CROSSES ON CALVARY.

WHILST RACING ACROSS THE BLEAK MOUNT OF CALVARY, BRIAN SUDDENLY LOSES HIS SHOE. HE HESITATES BUT THEN RACES ON WITHOUT IT. MAYBE IT FALLS A FEW FEET AWAY SO THAT RETRIEVING IT WOULD TAKE TOO LONG.

THE FOLLOWERS RUN UP AFTER BRIAN, AND STOP, AS ONE BENDS DOWN AND FINDS HIS SHOE.

2ND FOLLOWER

Look! (HE HOLDS UP BRIAN'S SHOE)

LEADER

He has given us a sign.

GOURD CARRIER
(HOLDING GOURD UP) He has given us a gourd!

2ND FOLLOWER
He has given us a shoe.

GOURD CARRIER
The gourd is the sign.

LEADER
The shoe is the sign. Let us follow his example.

3RD FOLLOWER
What d'you mean?

LEADER
Let us, like him, carry one shoe..and let
the other be upon our feet. For this is his
sign, that all who follow him shall do likewise.

GOURD CARRIER
Cast off the shoes, follow the gourd.

2ND FOLLOWER
No! Gather shoes.....we must gather shoes together
in abundance. (TURNS TO MAN NEXT TO HIM) Let me...

HE STARTS TRYING TO GET THE MAN'S SHOE OFF.

MAN
Get off!

3RD FOLLOWER
No! It is a sign that we must like him think
not of the things of the body but of the face
and head.

HE KNEELS IN PRAYER. IMMEDIATELY SOMEONE TRIES TO TAKE HIS
SHOE OFF.

ANOTHER VOICE
Ow!

2ND FOLLOWER
Give me your shoe.

GOURD CARRIER
Follow the gourd. The Holy Gourd of Jerusalem.

VOICE
Shut up!

ANOTHER VOICE
(AS SOMEONE TRIES TO TAKE SHOE OFF) Get off!

FOLLOWER
Come on...the shoe.

VOICE
No! I'm praying.

LEADER
We've got to find him first.

4TH FOLLOWER
Yes...good idea...come on.

3RD FOLLOWER
Bring the sandal.

5TH FOLLOWER
No, it's a shoe!

7TH FOLLOWER
Put it on!

8TH FOLLOWER
Clear off!

2ND FOLLOWER
It is a sandal.

3RD FOLLOWER
O.K.

5TH FOLLOWER
I still say it's a shoe...
(BRANDISHING SHOE)

LEADER
Let us follow. Follow the way of the Sandalites!

5TH FOLLOWER
Follow the Shoe-ites!

GOURD CARRIER
Come! All ye who call yourself Gourdenes!

THEY MOVE ON. REG AND CC. MOVE INTO SHOT, LOOK AFTER THE CROWD AND FOLLOW THEM.

CUT TO BRIAN RACING OR RATHER LIMPING ALONG PATH, WHICH STRETCHES STRAIGHT AHEAD OF HIM. HE LOOKS BEHIND HIM AND THEN TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND SCRAMBLES UP THE SHEER SIDE OF ROCK. HE CLIMBS AND CLIMBS.

CUT BACK TO THE FOLLOWERS.

CUT BACK TO BRIAN CLIMBING HIGHER AND HIGHER.

CUT BACK TO FOLLOWERS.

CUT BACK TO BRIAN VERY HIGH UP NOW. HE LOOKS DOWN AND SEES THE FOLLOWERS COMING UP THE PATH BELOW.
CUT TO THE FOLLOWERS MARCHING INTO THE SAME SHOT WHERE BRIAN LEFT THE PATH. THEY GO STRAIGHT ON.

HE RUNS UP A NARROW ROCKY PATH. HE CAN TURN NEITHER LEFT NOR RIGHT. AT THE TOP HE LOOKS DOWN AND TO ONE SIDE OF THE PATH THERE IS A HOLE, NO MORE THAN SIX FEET ACROSS. IN WHICH CROUCHES A BEARDED MYSTIC, IN A MEDITATIVE POSITION. HE HAS A BOWL OF BERRIES WITH HIM AND A LITTLE BOWL OF WATER. THIS IS BRIAN'S CHANCE.

BRIAN

Hey!

SIMON HOLY MAN LOOKS UP.

BRIAN

Which way's the path?

SIMON'S FACE TAKES ON A LOOK OF HORROR. EYES POPPING AND LIPS PRESSED TIGHT TOGETHER HE SHAKES HIS HEAD.

SIMON

Mmmm Mmmm.

BRIAN

The path...down to the river...can you tell me where it is? Please?

SIMON

(DELIBERATELY SAYING NOTHING AND MOTIONING TO BRIAN TO GO AWAY) Mmmmmmm.

BRIAN

(HEARING HIS FOLLOWERS) Which way, please? Help me.

SIMON

Mmm Mmmm Mmmmmmm.

CUT TO FOLLOWERS GETTING CLOSER. BRIAN JUST CATCHES SIGHT OF THEM IN THE DISTANCE. WITHOUT WAITING FOR THEM TO SEE HIM HE LEAPS INTO THE HOLE.

A SCREAM FROM SIMON.

SIMON

Ow! MY FOOT!!! (HE GRABS HIS FOOT IN AGONY, BUT SUDDENLY A FRESH AGONY WRACKS HIM) Ch! Damn! Damn!

BRIAN
(DESPERATELY) Ssh!

SIMON
Oh...Damn..damn and blast and damn...ohhhh!!!

BRIAN
Sssh!

SIMON
Don't "ssh" me! Eighteen years of silence and you ssh me!!

BRIAN
What?

SIMON
Eighteen years of total silence then you arrive..

BRIAN
I'm sorry...

SIMON
Not a word!

BRIAN
I didn't realise.

SIMON
Not a mutter!

BRIAN
I'm sorry.

SIMON
Not a murmur!!

BRIAN
Please be quiet...just for another five min...

SIMON
There's no point in being quiet, now. I might as well enjoy myself now..the times in the last eighteen years when I've wanted to sing.
De da dum.

BRIAN SLAPS HIS HAND OVER HIS MOUTH, BUT THE HERMIT FIGHTS BACK WITH SCRAWNY STRENGTH.

BRIAN
Please!

SIMON
De da dum (HE GOES INTO ROUGH TUNELESS SINGING, BUT VERY LOUDLY) Hava Nagila!! Hava... (BRIAN DESPERATELY SLAPS A HAND OVER HIS MOUTH) I'm alive! I'm alive!!!

CUT TO THE REACTIONS OF THE FOLLOWERS WHO REACT TO THE SOUND, MARVELLING.

BRIAN FIGHTS AND STRUGGLES RATHER GRACELESSLY WITH THE YELLING SHOUTING NOISY OLD HERMIT. "Hello Trees Hello Sky!" "Good Morning Everybody" "Oh it's a lovely day" "Hava Nagila!"

WE SEE BRIAN REAR UP BRIEFLY OUT OF THE HOLE HOLDING THE HERMIT'S MOUTH, HE REACTS IN HORROR TO APPROACH OF FOLLOWERS AND DUCKS DOWN BUT THE HERMIT BREAKS LOOSE AGAIN "Hello HELLO HELLO" ..THE HERMIT'S VOICE SUDDENLY TAILS OFF AS HE SEES WHAT BRIAN HAS SEEN.

SIMON STOPS. HIS EYES BOGGLE. BRIAN CLIMBS OUT. THE PEOPLE ROUND THE HOLE BACK AWAY. THEY FALL TO THE GROUND.

CROWD.

Master! We have found him! A Miracle!
His shoe was right! Blessed be the shoe!
The sandal! The gourd! The Miracle of
the Shoe etc. etc.

THEY SHUSH EACH OTHER.

BRIAN

(PUTTING UP HIS HANDS FOR SILENCE)
Please! Please!

CROWD

He speaks...he speaks...

LEADER

Speak to us...Speak to us...

CROWD

Speak to us...

BRIAN

Go away!

CROWD

A blessing!!

LEADER

How shall we go away?

BRIAN

Just go away....leave me alone.

2ND FOLLOWER

Show us a sign.

LEADER

He has shown us a sign. He has brought
us here to this place.

BRIAN

I did not bring you here. You followed me.

2ND FOLLOWER

It's still a good sign, by any standard.

LEADER

Lord! Your people walked many miles to be with you. They are weary and have not eaten. Show us a sign.

BRIAN

Look it's not my fault they haven't eaten....

LEADER

There is no food in this high mountain.

BRIAN

What about the juniper bushes over there.

CROWD

A miracle! A miracle!

BRIAN

It's not!

2ND FOLLOWER

The bushes have been made fruitful by his word.

3RD FOLLOWER

They have brought forth juniper berries.

BRIAN

Of course they've brought forth juniper berries....they're juniper bushes! What d'you expect?

4TH FOLLOWER

Show us another miracle!

ALL

Yes!

BRIAN

Go away!

LEADER

Do not tempt him, shallow ones. Is not the miracle of the Juniper Bushes enough?

A MAN FALLS IN FRONT OF BRIAN.

MAN

Lord! I am affected by a bald patch!

SUDDENLY A MAN SOME DISTANCE AWAY LEAPS TO HIS FEET.

LEAPING MAN

I'm healed! The master has healed me!

ALL

A miracle! A miracle!

BRIAN

I never touched him!

LEAPING MAN

I was blind and now I can see (HE FALLS INTO THE HOLE OF SIMON) Aaarghh!

MAN (STILL AT BRIAN'S FEET)

Prevent further hair loss, master!

SIMON EMERGES FROM HIS HOLE ANNOYED BY THE ADVENT OF THE LEAPING MAN.

SIMON

You're trouble you are (TO CROWD) I hadn't spoken a word for eighteen years till he came along.

ALL

A miracle! He is the Messiah.

SIMON

He hurt my foot!! And I.....

ALL

Hurt my foot Lord!! (OFFERING THEIR FEET)
Hurt my foot. Please!

SUDDENLY REG FRANCIS AND STAN, HAVING WAITED AND CHOSEN THEIR MOMENT, PUSH THEIR WAY FORWARD AND START ACTING WITH GREAT AUTHORITY. JUDITH ALSO ARRIVES WITH THEM. BUT SHE IS INTERESTED IN FINDING HER WAY TO BRIAN.

REG

Keep back!

FRANCIS

Come on keep back, keep back...

STAN

Come on.

REG

Don't push him.

MAN
Hail Messiah!

BRIAN
I am not the Messiah.

MAN
I say you are Lord, and I should know, I've followed a few.

REG (TO EXCITED MOTHER)
Don't keep sticking that baby in the Saviour's face!!

FRANCIS
Come on give the Messiah a bit of room.

THINGS HAVE QUIETENED A LITTLE AND BRIAN HAS A BIT OF ROOM IN FRONT OF HIM. HE TAKES THE CHANCE TO ADDRESS THE CROWD.

BRIAN
Now please, all of you, listen! You're making a mistake. Honestly. I am not the Messiah.

LEADER
Only the true Messiah denies his divinity.

BRIAN (ALMOST SPEECHLESS)
Oh....I mean....what sort of a chance does that give me.....!? Oh, all right I am the Messiah!

CROWD
He is. He is. See I told you.

THEY FLING THEMSELVES TO EACH OTHERS' KNEES AND WORSHIP HIM.

CROWD
He is the Messiah....he is....he is...

REG IS GOING ROUND THE BACK QUIETLY ECMENTING...

REG
Yes...he's the one...he's the leader.

THE CROWD ARE ALL TALKING AND SHOUTING AT ONCE. BRIAN LOOKS QUITE BEWILDERED AT THIS CACOPHONY OF ADULATION. JUDITH IS TRYING TO GET THROUGH THE CROWD TO HIM....SHE HAS A COUPLE OF GIRLS WITH HER....CHERYL AND KAREN.

JUDITH (TO BRIAN)
Brian! Can you talk to....

AT THAT MOMENT A STRANGE GROUP BUTTINHOLESES JUDITH.

MAN

Can we have your sandals?

AS JUDITH DEALS WITH THEM BRIAN IS LEFT ALONE ON THE FRINGE OF ALL THE NOISE AND BABBLE WITH CHERYL AND KAREN. THEY ARE YOUNG, PRETTY, BLONDE, BUT ONE HAS A SPOT JUST ABOVE HER LEFT BUTTOCK, WHICH IS ALMOST READY TO BURST.

KAREN (THE ONE WITH THE SPOT)

Hallo!

BRIAN

Oh.

CHERYL

Can we talk to you Lord?

KAREN

Just for a moment.

CHERYL

About eternal life....

BRIAN

Well....

CUT TO A BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING. PERFECT PEACE AND QUIET. A VULTURE TWITTERS NEARBY.

BRIAN WAKES. HE SEES A PRETTY LADY ASLEEP BESIDE HIM. IT IS CHERYL. HE STARTS, THEN A HAPPY SMILE CROSSES HIS FACE: HE FEELS GREAT. HE LEAPS OUT OF BED, SWAGGERS TO THE WINDOW, THROWS THE SHUTTERS OPEN, AND STRETCHES. FROM OUTSIDE. CROWD ALL KNEEL DOWN AND TAKE OFF THEIR SHOES.

VOICES

There. There he is.

MORE VOICES

Look! The Chosen One has woken up!

BRIAN STARES IN HORROR. THE SQUARE IS FULL OF FOLLOWERS. A HUGE CHEER STARTS AS HE SLAMS THE SHUTTERS CLOSED. AT THE SAME TIME THERE IS AN IMPERICIOUS SHOUT FROM OUTSIDE HIS BEDROOM DOOR.

MANDY'S VOICE

Brian! Brian!

BRIAN RUNS TO THE GIRL.

BRIAN

Quick, quick, it's mother.

CHERYL

What?

BRIAN

It's mother. Quick, get in there. (PUSHING HER TO A CUPBOARD) Quick!

A SECOND GIRL - KAREN - APPEARS FROM UNDER THE SHEETS.

KAREN

What is it?

BRIAN

Who are you?

KAREN

I'm Karen.

BRIAN

Quick, get in there, it's mother.

CHERYL

What do you mean 'It's mother'?

BRIAN

It's my mother. Quick.

CHERYL

I thought you were the Messiah.

MANDY

(O.O.V.) Brian!!!

BRIAN

I am! Quick. For God's sake. (HURRIES TO DOOR)

CHERYL

Well doesn't she know?

BRIAN

Not yet.

KAREN

Why don't you tell her?

BRIAN HAS RUN TO THE DOOR AND IS HOLDING IT SHUT. THE DOOR-HANDLE RATTLES.

BRIAN

Hang on mother, the door seems to be jammed. Hang on, I'll get it open. (SOTTO VOCE TO THE GIRLS) Get in there.

CHERYL
But....

BRIAN
Shhhh!

CHERYL
But....

BRIAN
Look. It is written that you should
get in there.

MANDY
It's never jammed before.

CHERYL
And he's the one who's going to lead
us out of captivity?

THE GIRLS ARE BUNDLED INTO THE CUPBOARD. BRIAN OPENS THE DOOR.

BRIAN
Ah! Done it!

MANDY
Well?

BRIAN
Hello mother. I must get that fixed.

MANDY
Don't "Hello mother" me. Who are all those
people outside?

BRIAN
Oh er well....

MANDY
What have you been up to?

BRIAN
Well....they said they might pop by.

MANDY
Pop by? Swarm by more like. Well you're
not having 'em in here. Tell them to go
away. (OPENS SHUTTERS) Go away. He can't
come out today. He's got to help me with
the house.

CROWD
The Messiah. The Messiah. Show us the Messiah.

MANDY

The who?

CROWD

The Messiah. The Messiah.

MANDY

There's no Messiah in here.

BRIAN

Mother....

MANDY

There's a mess all right, but no Messiah.
Go away.

CROWD

Brian! Brian! Brian!

MANDY

Right my lad, what have you been up to?

BRIAN

Well, mother....

MANDY

Out with it! Come on! Come on!

BRIAN

They think I'm the Messiah, mother.

MANDY

What have you been telling them?

BRIAN

(LOOKING AT CUPBOARD) Well, I am the
Messiah, mother.

MANDY CLIPS HIM ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD. BRIAN YELPS.
GIGGLES FROM THE CUPBOARD.

MANDY

What was that?

BRIAN

Nothing.

MANDY

Who have you got in there?

BRIAN

Er....

MANDY GOES TO THE CUPBOARD.

MANDY

Right. Now what are they doing here?

BRIAN

They're....they're two of my disciples, mother.

MANDY

Disciples? They haven't got a stitch on.

BRIAN

They just came in to talk about eternal life and it got a bit late and they sort of stayed.

MANDY CLIPS HIM AGAIN.

CROWD

The Messiah. The Messiah. Give us the Messiah.

MANDY

(TO CROWD) Now you listen. He's not the Messiah. He's a very naughty boy. Now go home.

CROWD

(FROM NOW ON IN UNISON) Who are you?

MANDY

I'm his mother, that's who...now go away.

CROWD

Behold his mother...Behold his mother. Hail to you, mother of Brian.

MANDY

Now you stop that...

CROWD

Praise be to you mother of Brian. All hail to thee!

THE CROWD CHEERS, "HOSANNA", "THE MASTER" "ALL HAIL" ETC. PANDEMONIUM. A COUPLE OF ROMANS CAN BE SEEN AT THE BACK OF THE CROWD. WE NOTICE REG AND JUDITH AT WORK IN THE CROWD, THEY ARE KEEPING A WARY EYE ON THE ROMAN PRESENCE...WHILST STILL TRYING TO KEEP THE BRIAN-WORSHIP GOING.

MANDY

Now don't think you'll get round me that way. He's not coming out - that's my last word.

CROWD

Let us see him. Let us see him.

MANDY

No!

MAN IN CROWD
He will lead us out of captivity.

MANDY
Lead you out of captivity. He won't even
put his sandals on. Now shove off. Go away!!

CROWD
We bring gifts. (VARIOUSLY) Yes, gifts.

MANDY
What?

CROWD
Gifts.

MANDY
Now...all right then. Those of you who have
gone to the trouble of bring gifts can
see him, but only for a few minutes. (CROWD
PUSH FORWARD) (POINTING) Form a queue down there,
round that way. And mind you wipe your feet when
you come in, do you hear?

EAGERLY, JUDITH, REG AND FRANCIS ORGANISE A LINE.

YOUNG MAN IN CROWD
Are you a virgin?

MANDY
I beg your pardon, young man.

YOUNG MAN
Well, if it's not a personal question, are you
a virgin?

MANDY
If it's not a personal question!! How much
more personal can you get than that?
Have you brought a gift?

YOUNG MAN
No.

MANDY
Well get lost then. (COMING INSIDE) Well, go
on Brian, go down and thank all your nice
followers, go on....Now you two girls get some
clothes on this minute, and give us a hand stacking
the gifts and we'll say no more about it.

EXTERIOR SERMON-ON-THE-MOUNT MOUNT. DAY.

A CLOSE UP OF FRANCIS WHICH RECALLS THE C/U OF J.C. JUST AFTER
THE TITLES. THAT IS, AN IMMEDIATE CONNECTION WITH THE REAL
S-O-T-M SCENE IS MADE IN THE AUDIENCE'S MIND.

(THUS THIS BECOMES BRIAN'S S-O-T-M SEE?) BUT WE RAPIDLY ALSO ESTABLISH THE HUGE CROWD.

FRANCIS

Thank you everyone. If I may have your attention....Before I hand you over to the main speaker this afternoon, I'd like to say a few words. First of all, may I say how pleased we are to have such a good turn-out today. These things do take time to organise and it's always nice when other people make the effort too.

MILD RASPBERRIES FROM CROWD.

FRANCIS

Secondly, Mr. Papadopolous who has kindly loaned us the mount this afternoon has asked me to ask you to leave the mount as you find it as he will be needing it himself later on this evening.

CRIES OF "SIT DOWN" FROM THE CROWD.

FRANCIS

Thirdly.....

CROWD

Sit down.

FRANCIS

Quiet please. Thirdly....

CROWD

Sit down.

FRANCIS

I have also been asked by Mr. Papadopolous to remind you about our rule concerning waste matter from the donkeys.

CROWD

Oh, shaddup.

FRANCIS

Will you all please make the effort to spread it around a bit, and not to leave it in one big heap like last time.

CROWD

Shut up. Sit down. Get Stuffed!

FRANCIS

Well I can see you all can't wait for the Sermon this afternoon, so without further ado, it is my very great pleasure to introduce...
....Brian of Nazareth!

HE STEPS BACK LEADING THE APPLAUSE. BRIAN STEPS FORWARD LOOKING VERY IMPRESSIVE AND ROBERT POWELL. HE STANDS THERE, TAKES ONE OF THE TEN-SECOND PAUSES TAKEN BEFORE EACH SENTENCE BY ALL GOOD SAVICURS (THUS GIVING OUR DIRECTOR THE CHANCE TO CUT AWAY TO LOTS OF C/US OF PEOPLE LOOKING AT HIM WITH THE TRADITIONAL EXPRESSION USED FOR LOOKING AT SAVIOURS, A KIND OF SOFT, INSPIRED, MY-BRAIN'S-STOPPED-HURTING-AND-I'M-SO-PEACEFULLY-HAPPY-COS-I-JUST-CAME- LOOK). ANYROAD, AFTER A FEW OF THESE C/U'S BRIAN BREATHE IN AND BEGINS.....

BRIAN

There was a master....and he had two maidservants.....

THE CROWD RECOGNISES THIS ONE AND STARTS APPLAUDING, AS PER ANDY WILLIAMS...THE CAMERA PULLS RIGHT BACK AND BRIAN CONTINUES, ALBEIT VIRTUALLY INAUDIBLY.

BRIAN

And one of these maidservants was disgusting like a rat up a melon, while the other gave him no joy whatsoever.....

BY NOW WE ARE RIGHT AT THE BACK OF THE IMPRESSIVELY LARGE CROWD. WE SEE THAT THE MOUNT IS IN FACT FENCED OFF, AND THAT THERE IS AN ADMISSION GATE WHERE ADMISSION MONEY HAS TO BE PAID TO GAIN ENTRANCE. ONE OR TWO POSTERS ARE ON A BOARD NEARBY. REG IS CHECKING THE TAKINGS AS HE TALKS TO A COUPLE OF GATEMEN.

REG (HALF AUDIBLY)

It's a very good turn-out brothers. This afternoon looks as though it's a big step forward.....oh god.

HE LOOKS UP, AND IMMEDIATELY LOOKS AWAY, WITH AN "I WISH I WASN'T REALLY HERE EXPRESSION". THE OBJECT OF THIS CONSIDERABLE LACK OF ENTHUSIASM IS THE APPROACHING OTTO. OTTO PRESENTS HIMSELF TO A GATEMAN.

OTTO

I have come to hail the new leader. Where is he?

GATEMAN

What?

OTTO

Where is the new leader. I wish to follow him.

GATEMAN

Reg!

REG COMES OVER.

(TO REG) OTTO
Hail leader.

REG
It's Reg.

OTTO
What?

REG
It's Reg!

OTTO
Oh. I must speak with the new leader Reg.
He who is hailed King of the Jews.

REG
Well it's not a good moment.....Otto

OTTO
It's time you see. Time that we Jews
racially purified ourselves. But first
we need the leader. He will find us
more room to live.

REG
Yes well he's a busy man....Otto.

OTTO
We should move into the traditionally
Jewish lands of Samaria.

OTHER GATEMAN
What about the Samaritans?!

OTTO
We can put them in little camps. And
after Samaria, we must move into Jordan
and create a great Jewish State that will
last a thousand years.

REG
Yes well the problem is....

OTTO
(INTERRUPTING) I grow impatient, you see,
for the Leader that has been promised our
people for centuries. The Leader who will
save Israel by ridding it of the scum of
non-Jewish people, making it pure, no riff-raff
no gypsies, no Romans.....

REG
Ssshh, there's Romans here.

OTTO
I don't care. I have my men. (FLICKS HIS
FINGERS) Men.

A PHALANX OF ARMED, RATHER SINISTER MEN APPEAR, AND FALL
IN RATHER IMPRESSIVELY. REG IS IMPRESSED.

OTTO
Impressive eh?

REG
(LOOKING INTERESTED) Yes.

OTTO
Yes. We are a thoroughly trained suicide
squad.

REG
Yeah?

OTTO
Oh yes. We can commit suicide within
twenty seconds.

REG
Do what?

OTTO
You don't believe me?

REG
Er....

OTTO
I think you question me?

REG
No, really.

OTTO
I can see you do not believe me.

REG
No, I do....

OTTO
Enough. I prove it to you. Squad.

SQUAD
Hail Leader!!

OTTO
Co-mmit Suicide!

THEY ALL PULL OUT THEIR SWORDS WITH MILITARY PRECISION AND PLUNGE THEM INTO THEMSELVES, IN TIME, FALLING IN A BIG HEAP ON THE GROUND, DEAD. THEY GET A GOOD ROUND OF APPLAUSE FROM THE GATEMEN AND PEOPLE AT THE BACK OF THE CROWD WHO'VE TURNED ROUND.

OTTO
(WITH PRIDE) See.

REG
Yes. Very...very good.

OTTO
I think now you believe me, yes?

REG
Yes.

OTTO
I think I proved it to you?

REG
You certainly did. I've got to.....
er see someone about....(EXITS)

OTTO
(SHOWING DEAD PROUDLY TO GATEMEN)
All dead.

GATEMEN
Yes.

OTTO
All of them.

GATEMEN
Very impressive.

OTTO
No cheating. They're quite dead. See I kick this one. He's dead. And this one's dead. I tread on his head. Quite dead. And he's dead. And he's dead. All good dead Jewish boys, no foreigners. But they died a hero's death. And their names will be remembered for ever. Helmut... Johnny...the little guy...er, the other fat one.. Their names will be remembered....eventually.

GATEMEN
Uhm.

OTTO
Something's worrying you??

GATEMAN
Well. Are you going to leave 'em there?
(INDICATING BODIES)

OTTO
....You think perhaps I should not have
killed them?

GATEMAN
Well...not on the Sabbath perhaps, but people
will be coming out of here....

OTTO
The Sabbath! Today is the Sabbath?!
(LOOKS AT THE BODIES IN HORROR) May God
forgive me... This is terrible. A terrible
sin. A sin for which there is only one
penalty.

HE DRAWS HIS SWORD TO RUN HIMSELF THROUGH, THE GATEMAN GRABS
HIS SWORD.

GATEMAN
Oi! Now just hang on a moment! Who's going
to shift these? (POINTING AT BODIES)

OTTO
Give me my sword.

ONE OF THE CORPSES FARTS. GIGGLING. SILENCE. OTTO LOOKS ROUND.

OTTO
What was that? I think there's one of you
that is not dead. There is somebody here
who is only pretending to be dead.

MOVES INTO THE PILE OF BODIES.

Stand up. You!

SHEEPISHLY ONE OF THE BODIES STANDS. AS HE DOES SO HE
STANDS ON SOMEONE ELSE, WHO SAYS QUITE CLEARLY "OW".

OTTO
Who said "ow"? You're not dead either.
Neither are you. Up, up. Stand up, stand
up. All of you. God, is there not even one
dead?

THEY HAVE ALL STOOD SHEEPISHLY. GATEMEN BLOW CHEEKS OUT
IN RELIEF.

HELMUT
No sir.

OTTO
Why not?

HELMUT
Er....

ADOLPH
We thought it was a practice sir.

OTTO
A practice?

HELMUT
Yes sir.

OTTO
Who's going to believe you're a proper
suicide squad if you only practice?

HELMUT
Sorry, sir.

OTTO
Where's your credibility, man?

HELMUT
Sorry sir.

OTTO
What's this blood, then?

HELMUT
Just a precaution sir, we carry round
little pig skin sachets in case you
suddenly need to impress someone.

OTTO
You know what you are, you're a shower!
A non-Semitic, mutinous, racially impure,
cloth-eared bunch of Roman-lovers.

THEY ALL BURST INTO TEARS.

OTTO
Now go home and go to bed without supper
and tomorrow you get no chicken soup or
pretzels.

THEY TURN SMARTLY AND MARCH OFF CRYING.

OTTO
 (TO GATEMAN) Don't worry they're good
 boys really, it'll be alright on the night.

OUR ATTENTION IS TAKEN AWAY FROM OTTO BECAUSE AT THIS MOMENT
 BRIAN FINISHES HIS SERMON.

THE CROWD RISES AND APPLAUDS ENTHUSIASTICALLY. WE SEE BRIAN
 WALKING AWAY FROM THE SPCT WHERE HE HAS BEEN SERMONISING,
 BACK ROUND THE MOUNT TOWARDS A KNOT OF DISCIPLES AND
 HELPERS.

AS THEY HUSTLE HIM AWAY.

FRANCIS
 Fantastic, Lord.

JUDITH
 You were wonderful.

STAN
 Marvellous! Just listen to 'em.

REG COMES RUNNING UP.

REG
 Alright Master we've got to get you
 out of here. Where's the donkey?

STAN
 It's just down there.

REG
 Come on. They're going mad round here.

THEY ALL HURRY OFF TOWARDS THE DONKEY.

FRANCIS
 Honestly Master, you had them in the palm of
 your hand there, Lord.

BRIAN
 (SUDDENLY REMEMBERING) Hey, I went wrong in
 the adultery section!

STAN
 Oh, where you said about the woman taken
 in enjoyment?

JUDITH
 It got a laugh.

BRIAN
 Yeah, but it was the wrong kind of laugh.

REG

And immediately you went after pederasts,
so no problem.

THEY ARE BY THE DONKEY. BRIAN IS BEING HELPED ON AND IT'S
BEING UNTETHERED.

FRANCIS

Poor old shirt-lifters! You really laid into
them.

JUDITH

Took 'em apart.

STAN

Yeah! They'll be off it for weeks!

THEY'RE OFF, BRIAN TROTTLING QUITE RAPIDLY ALONG ON THE
DONKEY AND THE OTHERS TROTTLING ALONG BESIDE HIM. SOME
SPECTATORS HAVE COME ROUND AND SEE THEM MAKING OFF, THEY
APPLAUD AND SHOUT.

AS BRIAN AND HIS ENTOURAGE DISAPPEAR DOWN THE HILL WE HEAR
OTHER MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE COMMENTING AS THEY WALK PAST THE
CAMERA.

CROWD

A good sermon, but not a great one, I felt,
as in some of Christ's early work....
The Romans will have to watch him.
Who's the one with the blue eyes?
That's Francis.
When's he on again?

EXTERIOR. STREETS. DAY.

WE PICK UP BRIAN AGAIN, STILL ON HIS DONKEY AND WITH HIS
ENTOURAGE HURRYING ALONG WITH HIM. VARIOUS PASSERS-BY STOP
AS THEY RECOGNISE HIM AND NUDGE EACH OTHER. SOME OF THEM
MANAGE TO HURRY UP TO BRIAN SHOVING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE
ENTOURAGE.

YOUTH 1

Could you just notch this stick for me,
Saviour?

BRIAN DOES SO. YOUTH 2 GIVES HIM A STICK.

YOUTH 2

One for my girlfriend. I saw your Juniper
Berries miracle. Fantastic!

BRIAN

Glad you liked it.

YOUTH 2
Absolutely fantastic, I'm not just saying
'cause I'm talking to you.....

BRIAN
Thanks.

THEY PASS A SMALL GROUP OF ERRAND BOYS.

BOYS
Oi! Oi!

BRIAN AND HIS PARTY TRY NOT TO TAKE TOO MUCH NOTICE OF THEM.

BOY
Oi. You're Brian.

REG
He knows.

BOY 2
Do that bit when you cure a leper then.
Go on.

FRANCIS
Not now, boys.

BOY 3
We've got a leper.

REG
No.

BOY 1
Ascend into heaven then, go on.

BOYS
Yeah. Ascend into heaven.

THEY TURN OFF THE STREET INTO THE YARD OF AN INN AND ARE
MOMENTARILY RELATIVELY FREE OF THE CROWD AS BRIAN DISMOUNTS
AND THEY ALL WALK TOWARDS THE DOORWAY. ONE MAN RUNS UP.

MAN
Saviour, my son will never forgive me,
if I don't shake you by the hand.

AS BRIAN SHAKES THE HAND ANOTHER MAN GIVES HIM THREE STICKS.

MAN 2
Could you just do these three, Saviour.

FRANCIS
Come on, come on.

MAN 1

My son will go stark staring mad when
I tell him I've shaken your hand.

REG

Well you'd better not tell him then.

A WOMAN WITH A BABY PUSHES THROUGH. THE FOLLOWERS ARE
WAITING FOR BRIAN TO FINISH NOTCHING STICKS.

WOMAN

Could he just touch the baby?

REG

Master, would you just do this one.

BRIAN

Oh yes, alright.

BRIAN TOUCHES BABY.

BRIAN

There you are.

WOMAN

Oh thank you.

BRIAN

Not at all, my pleasure.

FRANCIS

(TO MAN) Excuse me, where are you
taking that donkey?

MAN

Just a souvenir.

FRANCIS

Put it back.

MAN

It's not for me, it's for my daughter.

REG

Don't wave that baby in the Saviour's face,
he's touched it once.

BRIAN AND CO. ARE OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO THE RESTAURANT WHEN
THERE IS A COMMOTION IN THE STREET AS OTTO AND TWO DOZEN OF
HIS IMPRESSIVELY ARMED SOLDIERS MARCH UP AND HALT IN FRONT
OF THEM. REG LOOKS TO HEAVEN.

OTTO

(TO REG) Hail Leader.

REG
It's Reg, Otto.

OTTO
(TO FRANCIS) Oh, Hail Leader.

FRANCIS
Him. (POINTS TO BRIAN)

OTTO
(TO BRIAN) Hail Leader! We are ready
to die for you whenever you give the sign.

BRIAN
What sign?

OTTO
The sign that is the sign. That shall be
the sign. We shall be waiting in the hills.
Men forward!

MAN IN BACK OF CROWD

Silly Bugger!

OTTO AND HIS MEN MARCH OFF DOWN THE ROAD. BRIAN LOOKS
AFTER THEM CLEARLY IMPRESSED. A LARGE BOSSY WOMAN COMES
OUT WITH A LARGE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

BRIAN
Was that the Otto....

REG
Come on, don't worry, he's alright really.

WOMAN
Come on, there's lots here for you to notch.
This one's for Elsie.

REG
He'll do those later.

HE TAKES THE STICKS AND THEY MANAGE TO GET IN THROUGH THE
DOORWAY. A MAITRE D'HOTEL BLOCKS THE WAY.

FRANCIS
We've booked a room upstairs. In the name
of the Lord.

MOST OF THEM, INCLUDING BRIAN, NOW GO THROUGH INTO THE
RESTAURANT ROOM, WHERE PEOPLE RECOGNISING BRIAN, STAND AND
GIVE HIM A SARDI'S TYPE WELCOME, APPLAUDING HIM AS HE GOES
THROUGH. BACK AT THE ENTRANCE TWO GIRLS ARE CAJCLING THE
M.D.

ANN
Oh, please.

M.D.
Sorry.

AIDA
We know all his parables off by heart.

M.D.
Sorry, strict orders.

LARGE MAN
Excuse me, do you know if he'd be prepared to endorse fish?

HE IS PUSHED OUT OF THE WAY BY AN UPPER CLASS WOMAN IN A LITTER. HER HUSBAND IS BESIDE HER.

HUSBAND
(TO M.D.) My wife must see Brian immediately.

M.D.
Sorry sir, it's not possible.

HUSBAND
Look this is urgent. She has a headache.

M.D.
What.

HUSBAND
It's very bad and we have to go out to dinner.

M.D.
Look! The lepers are queueing.

HUSBAND
We'll see him privately.

M.D.
Sorry.

HUSBAND
Look, you may not realise but her brother is the ex-mayor of Gath.

INSIDE THE INN. THE ROOM UPSTAIRS. SUPPER IS IN PROGRESS AT ONE END OF THE TABLE BRIAN IS ENJOYING THE COMPANY OF KAREN AND CHERYL. THEY ARE A BIT TIPSY AND VERY RELAXED, AND THERE IS A FAINT AURA OF ROMANCE IN THE AIR. AT THE OTHER END OF THE TABLE HOWEVER THE ATMOSPHERE IS VERY DIFFERENT. REG, FRANCIS, STAN, AND JUDITH ARE IN SERIOUS POLITICAL DISCUSSION. JUDITH'S ATTENTION IS WANDERING, SHE KEEPS LOOKING OVER TO BRIAN.

REG

Thank you, Judith. Now, if we could vote on Brother Judith's proposal....

FRANCIS

Sister.

REG

Sister Judith's, sorry!

JUDITH

Sister and Brother please Reg.

REG

Er....Sibling?

JUDITH

(NODDING) Yes, I think I can live with that.

REG

Thank you, sibling...on sibling Judith's proposal that Brian's teaching....

JUDITH NOW NOTICES WHAT A NICE TIME BRIAN SEEMS TO BE HAVING WITH CHERYL AND KAREN. SHE'S SURPRISED AND THEN A BIT JEALOUS. THEN SHE STARTS PAYING LESS AND LESS ATTENTION TO THE DISCUSSION, WHILE KEEPING UP AN ATTENTIVE FRONT.

LORETTA

Doctrine.

REG

Doctrine, thank you, sibling.

LORETTA

Sister.

REG

Sister! Sorry Stan.

LORETTA

Loretta!

REG

Sorry Loretta....that Brian's doctrine on self-abuse be entered in the minutes.... may I have a seconder for that please...thank you, Francis, and that the whole matter of his being the Son of God.....

JUDITH HAS EYES ONLY FOR BRIAN NOW.

LORETTA

Or Daughter.

REG

No Stan, Loretta, sorry. This was discussed under AOB at our last supper - it was decided nem con that the phrase 'Son of God' was not anti-feminist per se, ipso facto, pro tem. Now....

FRANCIS

If you hate the Romans so much, Reg, why do you embellish your chairmanship with their imperialist phrase-mongering?

REG

What do you mean?

FRANCIS

Per se, ipso facto....it's Latin, Reg.

REG

Latin! Sorry, Siblings, for dropping that frightful revolutionary clanger...could we take my self-abasement as read?...on the nod... thank you. So this whole Son of God er... can of beans...is remitted to the divinity sub-committee for further consideration. Right.

ALL

Right.

REG

Item four. The attainment of World Supremacy for our faith within the next five years...

CUT TO THE GARDEN.

ATMOSPHERE IS ROMANTIC. DUSK HAS FALLEN. THE GARDEN LOOKS BEAUTIFUL. BRIAN AND JUDITH COME INTO VIEW OUT OF THE BACK OF THE RESTAURANT, HAND IN HAND. THE MUSIC SWELLS AS THEY WALK TOGETHER. THE CAMERA TRACKS AROUND SO THAT WE CAN SEE THEIR FACES MORE CLOSELY AS THEY COME TO A HALT. ON THE TRACK, THE CAMERA INADVERTANTLY REVEALS A COUPLE OF CENTURIONS NECKING HAPPILY BEHIND SOME GARDENIAS. THEY ARE SLIGHTLY DISTURBED BY THE ARRIVAL OF OUR LOVELY COUPLE. WE LOSE THEM FROM SHOT, HOWEVER, AS THE CAMERA CLOSES IN ON BRIAN AND JUDITH.

JUDITH

Oh Brian!

BRIAN

Oh Judith!

THEY LOOK LONGINGLY INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES, THE MUSIC SWELLS MORE. JUDITH UNHOOKS BRIAN'S BEARD. THEY KISS AS THE MUSIC SWELLS TO ITS FULL CAPACITY. THE MUSIC BURSTS. A CENTURION'S HAND GRABS BRIAN'S SHOULDER.
A CHORD!

CENTURION

Hallo Brian.

THE CENTURIONS DRAG BRIAN OFF STRUGGLING.. THEY ARE PURSUED BY A TUGGING, SHOUTING, FIGHTING JUDITH.

CUT TO INSIDE THE UPPER ROOM.
THE MEETING IS STILL IN PROGRESS.

STAN IS NOW DRESSED AS VANESSA REDGRAVE.

STAN

I think we all realise that any new universal creed is going to have its teething problems... If we are all talking of total planetary domination, and I think we are....

ALL

Yeah, yeah.

STAN

I think 6 years is more realistic. But even six years is optimistic, Siblings, unless we can smash the Roman Empire within the next 12 months.

REG

All of it Loretta?

STAN

Er...wait a moment. (LOOKS AT NOTES) I can't read this....yes! All of it.

FRANCIS

Right.

REG

Agreed?

ALL

Agreed.

STAN

But as empires go this is the big one, so we've got to get up off our asses AND STOP JUST TALKING ABOUT IT.

ALL

Hear hear.

STAN
It's acts that count, not words, and we need
action NOW!!! (APPLAUSE)

FRANCIS
I agree. We could sit around here talking
all day, passing resolutions and making clever
speeches, and it's not going to shift one
Roman soldier.

ANOTHER
So let's stop just gabbing on like this, it's
completely pointless, and it's getting us
nowhere.

ANOTHER 2
Right.

FRANCIS
You're right. This is a complete waste of
time.

REG
Good, well, that's settled then.

PAUSE. THEY ALL SIT BACK, SATED. LONG PAUSE.

REG
Well obviously...before we act, Siblings,
we must discuss how we are going to act.

JUDITH RUSHES IN BREATHLESS.

JUDITH
He's been arrested! They'll crucify him!

DRAMATIC CHORD. ALL ARE SPEECHLESS.

PILATE'S ROOM.
BIG CLOSE UP BRIAN.

BRIAN
Bloody Romans!

HE IS CUFFED ON THE HEAD BY A GUARD. THERE IS THE NOISE OF
A CROWD PERCEPTIBLE SOMEWHERE IN THE BACKGROUND. PILATE AND
BIGGUS ARE SEATED IMPRESSIVELY.

PILATE
Enough of these witty wipostes. Cwucifixion
is the penalty for wevolution, I think. Am
I wight, Biggus?

BIGGUS
Of courth.

PILATE

Take him away!

BRIAN IS HUSTLED AWAY. CENTURION OF THE YARD HURRIES IN.

CENTURION OF THE YARD

Hail Caesar!

PILATE

Hail Caesar.

CENTURION OF THE YARD

The crowd are getting restless sir.
Shall I.....?

PILATE

(RISING) Vewy well!! I will address them now.

CENTURION OF THE YARD STEPS FORWARD.

CENTURION OF THE YARD

Er, well sir....I was going to suggest....

PILATE

Yes centuwion?

CENTURION OF THE YARD

I could speak to them for you sir. You
don't have to....

PILATE

You speak to them centuwion??

CENTURION OF THE YARD

Yes sir, well they're in a funny mood today
sir; I wouldn't bother if I was...

PILATE

I'm not afraid of addressing a westless wabble,
centuwion.

CENTURION OF THE YARD SEES BIGGUS DICKUS.

CENTURION OF THE YARD

No sir. Oh Hail Caesar!

BIGGUS

Hail Theather.

CENTURION OF THE YARD BOGGLES. PILATE WALKS OFF. CENTURION
OF THE YARD TURNS AFTER HIM.

CENTURION OF THE YARD

It's just that they're a bit...rowdy today, sir.

PILATE
Thank you centuwion.

BIGGUS
I will come too. I may be of athithtenth if
there ith a thudden crithith.

CENTURION OF THE YARD
Oh, Shit.

HE RUNS DOWN (UP) THE STAIRS AFTER THEM.

CUT TO CELLS.
CUT TO BRIAN MANACLED, THEN REVEAL A LINE OF PRISONERS SHUFFLING
FORWARDS, THEIR LEGS MANACLED TOGETHER. BRIAN IS AT THE BACK.
CENTURION NISUS WETTUS IS CHECKING THEM OFF A LIST, AS EACH
ONE COMES FORWARD.

NISUS
Crucifixion?

PRISONER 1
Yes.

NISUS
Good...right. (TICKS HIM OFF. JAILOR UNDOES
THE MANACLES) Out of the door, line on the left,
one cross each...next...(ANOTHER PRISONER STEPS
FORWARD) Crucifixion?

PRISONER 2
Yes.

NISUS
Good...Cut of the door, line on the left, one
cross each...Next? (ANOTHER PRISONER STEPS
FORWARD) Crucifixion?

MR. CHEEKY
Er...no...freedom...

NISUS
What?

MR. CHEEKY
Er...freedom for me...They said I hadn't
done anything so I could go free and live
on an island somewhere.

NISUS
Really? (LOCKS AT BCK) Well that's jolly
good...In that case...(HE GOES TO STRIKE
OUT NAME).

MR. CHEEKY

No...no...it's crucifixion really...just pulling your leg.

NISUS

Oh...(LAUGHS FORCEDLY)...oh jolly good... out of the door, line on the...

MR. CHEEKY

Yes...I know the way...on the left...

CUT TO THE IMPRESSIVE EXTERIOR OF PALACE STEPS LEADING DOWN TO A FORUM. A LINE OF GUARDS IS STRUGGLING TO KEEP BACK A SURGING CROWD. A DOZEN MEN OF THE CRACK PRIVATE GUARD HAVE TAKEN UP STRATEGIC POSITIONS AROUND THE STEPS. A TRUMPETER APPEARS ON THE TOP STEP AND BLOWS A FANFARE. THE CROWD QUIETENS. PILATE AND BIGGUS AND THE CENTURION APPEAR AT THE TOP OF STEPS.

CROWD

Hip....hip...Hoooway!

PILATE

People of Jewusalem!!!

SILENCE FALLS. THE CROWD ARE GRINNING EXPECTANTLY. CUT TO CENTURION CLOSING HIS EYES...WIPING SWEAT OFF HIS UPPER LIP. THE CROWD IS GENERALLY IN AN UGLY MOOD...QUITE THREATENING, BUT THERE IS A HARD CORE - AT THE BACK - OF RATHER CHEEKY LOUITS. THE RINGLEADER OF THESE IS BOB HOSKINS.

PILATE

Wome is your fwend!

A LOT OF THE CROWD GO AT THIS POINT. THE CENTURION LOCKS AWAY, EMBARRASSED.

PILATE

To pwove this fwendship, it is twaditional, on your weccomendation, to welease a wong-doer.

A GOOD LAUGH.

PILATE

Who would you have me fwee?

CENTURION BITES HIS LIP AND LOCKS HEAVENWARDS. HE CATCHES THE EYE OF ONE GUARD WHO SMILES BROADLY - THE CENTURION FREEZES HIM WITH A LOOK.

BOB HOSKINS

(OR SOME EQUALLY SHARP LITTLE COCKNEY MUCKER)
Wodger!

THERE ARE A FEW LAUGHS AND THE CROWD STARTS TO PICK THIS UP IMMEDIATELY..

CROWD.

Yes! Welease Wodger! Welease Wodger!
We want Wodger!

PILATE TURNS TO THE CENTURION, PUZZLED.

PILATE

Wodger? Who is this Wodger?

CENTURION

(DESPERATELY) He's not anybody, sir.

PILATE

They ask for him evey year!

CENTURION

We don't have anyone of that name, sir.

PILATE

(TURNING BACK TO CROWD) We have no Wodger!

CROWD - JOCULAR GROANS OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

BOB HOSKINS

(BY NOW SHOWING OFF, AFTER A FEW DRINKS,
TO HIS LITTLE GANG OF MATES) Then welease
Wodewick!

GUFFAWS.

PILATE

Wodewick?

CUT TO TOUGH SOLDIERS IN THE LINE HOLDING BACK THE CROWD,
CRACKING UP, EVEN THE CENTURION IS ABOUT TO GO HERE.

BOB HOSKINS' FRIEND

Yeah, Wodewick the wicked wobber!

CROWD

Welease Wodewick the wicked wobber and wapist.

ROARS OF LAUGHTER.

PILATE

Centuwion, why do they titter so?

CENTURION OF THE YARD

It's just some Jewish joke, sir.

PILATE

(SUSPICIOUSLY) Are they wagging me?

CUT TO THE UPSTAIRS ROOM. PANDEMONIUM AND TERRIFIC ARGUMENT IS IN PROGRESS. MUCH INDECIPHERABLE SHOUTING.

REG

Shut up!!!! Will you all shut up!! Now for God's sake let's get organised!!!

THEY QUIETEN.

Now the motion is to amend the agenda so that in place of Item 5 'The Future of the Eastern Mediterranean', we can instead discuss the urgent question of Brian's crucifixion. May I have a Secunder?

FRANCIS RAISES HIS HAND.

REG

Thank you. For the motion?

ALL BAR ONE RAISES THEIR ARM.

REG

Against?

THE ODD MAN OUT PUTS HIS UP.

REG

Carried. Good. Now.....

ODD MAN OUT

Can I take it that consideration of the Eastern Mediterranean will be coming up before any other business?

REG

Frank, we will be discussing the Eastern Mediterranean in due course, please believe me.

CUT TO THE CELLS. BRIAN IS NEXT IN LINE.

NISUS

Crucifixion?

PRISONER 86

(BRIAN 2 WHOSE WIFE SHOPPED HIM) Yes.

NISUS

Through the door on the left, one cross each. Thank you.

BRIAN

Excuse me!....

NISUS

Just a moment if you don't mind. How many's that jailer?

JAILER

What?

NISUS

How many's that?

JAILER

What?

JAILER'S ASSISTANT

(WHO HAS BEEN UNLOCKING THE MANACLES) You'll have to spea...spea...spea...speak up, sir. He's d...he's d...he's d...he's d...eaf as a p...post, sir.

NISUS

(VERY LOUDLY TO JAILER) HOW...MANY...HAVE...COME...THROUGH?

JAILER

(CHUCKLES) Heh heh.

NISUS

Oh dear.

BRIAN

Please!

JAILER'S ASSISTANT

(HELPFULLY) I make it ninety f....f....f....ninety...f....f....f....ninety f....ninety six sir.

NISUS

Oh dear, it's such a waste of life, isn't it?

JAILER'S ASSISTANT

Not with these b....bastards, sir. C...c...c...cruci...cruci...cruciffff...crucifixion's too good for 'em sir.

NISUS

I don't think you can say it's too good for them. It's very nasty.

JAILER'S ASSISTANT

Not as n...n...nasty as something I just thought up.

NISUS

(TO BRIAN) Crucifixion?

BRIAN

Please let me explain. I'm...

JAILER

(SUDDENLY, CONSPIRATORIALLY) I know where to get it, if you want it.

NISUS

(CONFUSED) What?

JAILER'S ASSISTANT

He's d...deaf and mad, sir. Bloody Pilate's pet!

BRIAN

Please!!

CUT BACK TO THE STEPS OF THE FORUM. CROWD IS CHANTING IN UNISON.

CROWD

Woman wotters! Welease Wodewick!

PILATE

(TO CENTURION OF THE YARD, IN SOME DESPERATION) Who can we welease?

CENTURION OF THE YARD

(CONSULTING A SCROLL) Well...there's Simon the Syrian, sir, several Samaritans and Samson the Sadducee....

BIGGUS DICKUS STEPS FORWARD AND TAKES THE SCROLL.

BIGGUS

Let me thpeak to them Pontiuth.

OUT TO THE CELLS. A GUARD IS HUSTLING BRIAN OFF.

BRIAN

I am a Roman citizen.

NISUS'S ATTENTION IS TAKEN BY THE JAILER.

JAILER

The little ones can fly underwater.

NISUS

What?

BRIAN IS HUSTLED ROUND THE CORNER AND OUT INTO THE YARD.

BRIAN

I am a Roman citizen!!

CHEEKY

Ooh! Give him a cross with knobs on.

A ROMAN GUARD GLOUTS CHEEKY.

ROMAN GUARD

Shut up you! Get in line.

CHEEKY

I'm only sending him up.

GUARD

Shut up.

CHEEKY

No sense of humour the Romans.

CUT TO FORUM.

PILATE

Silence! People of Jewusalem! We are twuly honoured to have pwesent in our city a man who is the leader of one of the cwack legions of Wome.

LAUGHTER, SHOUTS OF "QUACK! QUACK!"

CROWD FOLDS UP.

CHEERS OF HAPPY ANARCHY.

EVEN THE CENTURION TURNS AWAY, SHAKING HIS HEAD.

PILATE

(WITH A FACE OF THUNDER) Sergeant, bwing that man here!

HE POINTS TO A GIGGLING OLD MAN IN FRONT OF THE CROWD.

A SERGEANT AND A GUARD DRAG THE MAN, STILL LAUGHING, UP THE STEPS. THEY REACH THE TOP AND THE GUARD DRAWS HIS SWORD OVER THE WRETCHED GIGGLING JEWISH PERSON.

PILATE

Listen to me! This man shall die; if there is so much as one more snigger!

THE GIGGLING MAN STOPS GIGGLING IMMEDIATELY AND THE SERGEANT PUTS HIS SWORD TO THE MAN'S THROAT.

WITH A STRONG EFFORT THE MIGHTY CROWD OF 5,000 CONTROL THEMSELVES. AN UNEASY SILENCE FALLS OVER THE FORUM. MANY A MEMBER OF THE CROWD IS BITING HIS LIPS VICIOUSLY. OTHERS ARE TRYING TO HIDE BEHIND THEIR COMPANIONS. PILATE GAZES AROUND IMPERIOUSLY.

120

BIGGUS DICKUS STEPS FORWARD. HE EYES THE CROWD WITH A COMMANDING AND IMPERIOUS GLARE. THEY ARE INSTINCTIVELY SUBDUED.

BIGGUS

You have heard the word of Pilate.

HE LOOKS AROUND, CONFIDENT IN HIS ROMAN ELOQUENCE AND BEAUTIFUL SPEAKING VOICE.

He will free a criminal to you. But we have no Rodger...we have no Roderick to give you. (CROWD LOOKS A LITTLE SULKY) But you have been offered, nevertheleth, Thimon the Thyrian, theveral Thamaritanth, and Thanthon the Thadduthee. That'th thomething thurely...

CROWD ABSOLUTELY FOLDS UP AT THIS FEAST OF VERBAL INEPTITUDE.

CUT TO PRISON YARD. NISUS ADDRESSES THE RANKS OF CRUCIFREES.

NISUS

Alright! Crucifixion party...(THEY LOCK UP WEARILY FROM UNDER THEIR BURDEN) We will be on show as we go through the town, so let's not let the side down...let's keep in a good straight line...three paces between you and the man in front...and a good steady pace... Cross over your right shoulder...back tight up against the crossbeam and you'll be there before you know it.

(TO ASSISTANT CENTURION) Alright, Parvus!

PARVUS

Crucifixion party!....party....wait for it... forrrward!

THEY SHUFFLE OFF WITH GROANS AND CREAKS. AS THEY MOVE OFF THERE IS A SHOUT FROM INSIDE THE PRISON. BEN UPSIDE DOWN AT A GRILLE WINDOW.

BEN

(INSIDE) Lucky bastards!

CUT TO BEN STILL SHACKLED UP, HANGING BY HIS WRISTS.

BEN

Lucky...jammy....bastards!

CUT TO THE FORUM.

TOTAL HILARITY. PILATE STRUGGLES TO RESTORE ORDER.

PILATE

(SCREAMING) Silence! Silence! This man is the highest wanker in Wome!

PANDEMONIUM.

PILATE

I see nothing funny about how a man wanks.

COLLAPSE OF CROWD. AS THEY QUIETEN, EXHAUSTED, SOME BRIANITES, WHO HAVE JUST RUN INTO THE FORUM, START SHOUTING.

BRIANITES

Release Brian!! Release Brian!!

HOSKINS

You mean Bwian!

CROWD

Yes! Welease Bwian. Bwian of Nazaweth. Bwian of Hebwon.

CENTURION

We have got a Bwian, sir.

PILATE

What?

CENTURION

We have got a Brian, sir. Remember you saw him just now.

PILATE

Well go and get him man, wapidly.
(TO CROWD) We will welease Bwian!

CROWD

Gweat! Tewiffic, twiffic.

THE CENTURION SPRINTS OFF.

BACK TO THE PROCESSION OF CROSSES TRAILING THROUGH THE CITY. THEY ARE GOING UP A PARTICULARLY STEEP ROAD. SOME ARE ALREADY BEGINNING TO CRACK. ONE MAN, ALFONSO, SEEMS TO BE MAKING PARTICULARLY HEAVY WEATHER OF IT. A RATHER SAINTLY PASSER-BY COMES UP AND QUIETLY BUT AUTHORITATIVELY ADDRESSES HIM.

SAINTLY PASSER-BY

Let me shoulder your burden, brother.

HE TAKES ALFONSO'S CROSS.

ALFONSO

Oh thank you....

HE LOOKS ROUND....THEN RACES OFF.

SAINTLY PASSER-BY

Hey!

HE STARTS TO PUT THE CROSS DOWN. ROMAN GUARD HASTENS UP.

GUARD

Hey what d'you think you're doing?

SAINTLY PASSER-BY

It's not my cross.

GUARD

Shut up and get on with it!

MR. CHEEKY

Aha! He 'ad you there!

ANOTHER

He got you all right!

GREAT AMUSEMENT..THE CRUCIFIXES ARE IMMENSELY CHEERED BY THIS INCIDENT.

CUT TO THE CELLS.

THE CENTURION AND TWO YOUNG GUARDS RUSH DOWN THE STEPS INTO THE CELLS. THE CENTURION NOTES THAT THEY HAVE GONE.

CENTURION

Where have they gone?

JAILER

We've got lumps of it round the back.

CENTURION

What?

JAILER'S ASSISTANT

He's mm...mmmm...mm...mad, sir.

CENTURION

Where have they gone?

JAILER'S ASSISTANT

Up the...ppp...pppp...p...up the pp..up the pp...pppp...

CENTURION

Oh! Come on.

HE RACES OFF FOLLOWED BY THE GUARDS.

JAILER'S ASSISTANT

(TO THE JAILER) Well go on with the story.

JAILER

Well I knew that she'd never really fancied him so I thought to myself, "What's she after then?"

CUT TO EXTERIOR RESTAURANT. THE REVOLUTIONARIES MARCH OUT OF THE FRONT DOOR PURPOSEFULLY.

CUT TO A STRANGE LOOKING MAN CLIMBING TO THE TOP OF AN UNIDENTIFIABLE HILL. WHEN HE REACHES THE TOP HE PRODUCES A RABBIT AND A COUPLE OF OTHER STRANGE PIECES OF EQUIPMENT AND PERFORMS AN ODD LITTLE DANCE WITH THEM.

IN THE VALLEY BELOW ONE OF OTTO'S MEN SEES HIM AND POINTS UPWARDS DRAMATICALLY. OTTO APPEARS BESIDE HIM.

OTTO

It is the sign! The sign!! Men! To arms!!

HIS MEN RUN OUT AND START FORMING UP.

CUT TO THE CENTURION AND THE GUARDS HURRYING THROUGH THE NARROW STREETS OF JERUSALEM. PASSERS-BY ARE JOSTLED.

NEHEMIAH

Bloody Romans.

CENTURION

Watch it you, there's still a few crosses free.

CUT TO THE MOUNT OF CALVARY. THE LINE OF CROSSES IS BEING ERECTED. THE CROSSES ARE IN DOUBLE OR TREBLE RANKS.

ROMAN TROOPS TRY TO KEEP THE CROWDS BACK AS FAR AS POSSIBLE. A LOT OF STALLS ARE ALREADY SET UP. PEOPLE BUY THINGS... POPCORN, ETC. AND SIT DOWN ON THE GROUND TO WATCH THE CRUCIFIXIONS. IN SOME CASES WHOLE FAMILIES HAVE COME ALONG WITH PICNICS. QUITE A CARNIVAL ATMOSPHERE.

WIDE SHOT. WE SEE A CRUCIFIX BEING RAISED UP EFFICIENTLY INTO POSITION BY TWO OR THREE ROMAN SOLDIERS. THEY STAND BACK TO ADMIRE THEIR JOB. BIG NOSE IS UP THERE.

BIG NOSE

(ON THE CROSS) I'll get you for this you bastard.

SOLDIER

Oh yeah? You and whose army?

BIG NOSE

Oh I feel very sorry for you mate. Just wait till I get my hands on you.

SOLDIER

Your hands are nailed up, big nose.

BIG NOSE

Ooh!! Right. I did warn you, you've had your chance.

SOLDIER

Shut up Jew. Or I'll stick a spear in you.

BIG NOSE

Who you calling Jew?

BIG NOSE

I'm not a Jew. I'm a Samaritan.

VOICE FROM THE CROSS NEXT DOOR:

JEW

A Samaritan?

SOLDIER

Why?

JEW

This is supposed to be a Jewish section.

SOLDIER

It doesn't matter. You're all going to die in a day or two.

JEW

It may not matter to you Roman, but it certainly matters to us, doesn't it darling?

HIS WIFE ON CROSS NEXT TO HIM NODS IN ASSENT. PEOPLE ON THE OTHER CROSSES NOD ALSO. MURMURS OF AGREEMENT.

JEW

Under the terms of the Roman occupancy we are entitled to be crucified in a purely Jewish area.

PHARISEE

Pharisees separate from Sadducees.

SOLDIER

Alright. We'll soon settle this. Hands up those who don't want to be crucified here.

THEY STRAIN TO PUT THEIR HANDS UP.

SOLDIER

Alright. Now just shut up the lot of you. Who's next?

THE KINDLY, CRISTELIKE MAN WHO TOOK MR. CHEEKY'S BURDEN COMES FORWARD.

SOLDIER

Lie down on the wood.

SAINTLY PASSER-BY

It's not my cross.

SOLDIER

What?

SAINTLY PASSER-BY

It's not my cross. I'm only looking after it for somebody.

SOLDIER

Just lie down, I haven't got all day.

SAINTLY PASSER-BY

Yes, of course. Look, I hate to make a fuss but...

SOLDIER

Look we've had a busy day...There's a hundred and forty of you lot to get up so let's just cut the rabbit and get on with it.

PHARISEE

Is he Jewish?

SOLDIER

Will you be quiet?

PHARISEE

We don't want any more Samaritans around here?

SOLDIER

Belt up.

THEY PUSH THE CROSS ON WHICH THE SAINTLY PASSER-BY IS ROPED UP INTO THE AIR AND START FIXING IT IN ITS SOCKET.

SAINTLY PASSER-BY

Er...will you let me down if he comes back?

SOLDIER

(AIRELY) Yes yes - we'll let you down.

SHEKES HIS HEAD AT A COLLEAGUE.

Next!

SAINTLY PASSER-BY

I wonder.....

SOLDIER

(ANGRILY) What?

SAINTLY PASSER-BY

Sorry...but do you think you could possibly send someone to look for him? I'd be frightfully grateful.

SOLDIER

Next!

BRIAN IS ROUGHLY GRABBED AND PUSHED DOWN ONTO THE CROSS.

CUT BACK TO THE SQUARE. TERRIFIC DIN FROM THE CROWD.

CROWD

Welease Bwian! Bwian! Bwian!
Bwiiiiiiiiiiiiiiian! Bwiiiiiiiiiiiiiiian!

CUT TO STREET. THE REVOLUTICNARIES ARE MARCHING DETERMINEDLY ALONG.

CUT TO HILL. A PHALANX OF OTTO'S MEN ARE TROTING ALONG AT THE DOUBLE STRICTLY IN TIME, SWORDS AT THE READY.

CUT TO THE STREETS. THE CENTURION AND THE SOLDIERS HURRYING THROUGH THE CROWD.

CUT TO SKY.
BRIAN'S CROSS IS RAISED UP INTO SHOT. BRIAN IN FEAR AND AGONY.
SLIGHT PAUSE.
VOICE FROM NEXT DOOR.CROSS.

MATTHIAS

See? Not so bad once yer up.

BRIAN

Oooh.

MATTHIAS

You being rescued are you?

BRIAN

It's a bit late now isn't it?

MATTHIAS

Nah - we've got a couple of days up here - plenty of time - lots of people get rescued.

BRIAN

Oh.

MATTHIAS

My brother usually rescues me...if he can keep off the tail for more than twenty minutes...

BRIAN

Oh.

MATTHIAS
Randy little bugger...He's up and down like
the Assyrian Empire! (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF)

CENTURION AND YOUNG SOLDIERS. THEY HAVE BEEN STOPPED BY
YET ANOTHER TRADESMAN AND THE CENTURION IS TRYING TO DISSUADE
THE OTHERS FROM MAKING ANY MORE PURCHASES. THEY ARE STILL
HAGGLING WITH THE STALL-HOLDER.

CUT TO THE EDGE OF THE CROWD AT CALVARY. THE CENTURION AND
THE TWO SOLDIERS STRIDE THROUGH THE CROWD AND UP TO THE
CROSSES.

CENTURION
Which one is Brian of Nazareth? I have an
order here for his release.

MR. CHEEKY
I'm Brian of Nazareth.

BRIAN
What?

MR. CHEEKY
That's me, I'm Brian.

CENTURION
Take him down then.

BRIAN
I'm Brian.

ANOTHER
No I'm Brian.

AND ANOTHER
I'm Brian.

BRIAN 2
I'm Brian.

BRIAN 2'S WIFE
(WAITING WITH HER KIDS AT THE BOTTOM OF
THE CROSS) No he isn't, he's Errol. Isn't he?

BRIAN 2'S KIDS
Yes, yes, yes. (THEY NOD VIGOROUSLY)

ALL
I'm Brian, I'm Brian, I'm Brian.

MR. CHEEKY IS DOWN OFF THE CROSS.

CENTURION
Take him and have him released.

CHEEKY

No, only joking. I'm not really Brian.

HE IS CARRIED OFF BY THE SOLDIERS.

CHEEKY

Honestly, I was just pulling your leg.

BRIAN

No, he's not Brian. I'm Brian.

ALL THE CRUCIFEEES

I'm Brian, I'm Brian.

CUT TO THE STREETS. OTTO'S MEN MARCHING FEROCIOUSLY AT THE DOUBLE.

CUT BACK TO BRIAN. HE LOOKS DOWN SUDDENLY AND SEES THE REVOLUTIONARIES APPROACHING. REG STEPS FORWARD.

REG

Hello, Sibling Brian.

BRIAN

Thank God you've come, Reg.

REG

I should point out first Brian that we are not in fact the rescue committee...

REG UNROLLS A SCROLL.

REG

(READING) We, the People's Popular Front, do hereby offer our sincerest congratulations at this time of your martyrdom (REACTION BRIAN AND JUDITH, JUDITH'S REACTION - DECIDES TO GO WITH CAUSE), for making this supreme sacrifice, whereby you have supplied our cause with a true martyr, in whose proud memory we can continue the fight against the Roman Imperialist aggressors, excluding those concerned with town drainage, roads, housing improvements, vintners and all Romans who have contributed to the welfare of Jews of both sexes and hermaphrodites. Signed on behalf of the P.P.F.J. etc. I'd just like to add a personal note of my own admiration for what you are doing for us at what must after all be, for you, a difficult time.

HE ROLLS UP THE SCROLL.

(JUDITH REACTION - DECIDES TO GO WITH CAUSE)

BRIAN STARES.

REG contd.
Goodbye, Brian, and thanks.

THEY FILE PAST SAYING GOODBYE, PATTING HIM ON KNEE.

FRANCIS
Goodbye, Brian. Well done.

STAN
Keep it up, Brian. Terrific.

THEY REGROUP A LITTLE WAY AWAY, TAKE THEIR SHOES OFF, WAVE THEM
IN THE AIR: TURN AND SING: FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW.

JUDITH, WHO HAS HUNG BACK FROM THE REST LOOKS UP TO BRIAN.
SHE'S VERY UPSET.

JUDITH
I love you Brian. I'll never forget
what you've done for all of us...Brian
I...(SHE TURNS AWAY, UNABLE TO SAY ANY MORE)
I'll always love you.

BRIAN
Judith! Don't go! Judith, please....

SUDDENLY HE STARES.

CUT TO OTTO ON THE SKYLINE.

OTTO
The signal! Charge!

THEY CHARGE.
CUT TO ROMANS SEEING THIS FORMIDABLE ARMY BEARING DOWN ON THEM.
THEY FINGER THEIR SWORDS RATHER NERVOUSLY AND THINK ABOUT
RUNNING AWAY AS THERE ARE ONLY SIX OR SO OF THEM.

BRIAN'S FACE LIGHTS UP WITH RENEWED HOPE AS HE SEES OTTO'S ARMY.
THE ARMY ARRIVES UNDER THE CROSS SWORDS HELD ALOFT.
THE ROMANS HAVE ALL RETREATED TO A SAFE DISTANCE.

OTTO
(TO BRIAN) Leader! We salute you. Men!
Die for your cause!

WITH IMMACULATE PRECISION THEY ALL RUN THEMSELVES THROUGH.
INCLUDING OTTO.

OTTO
You see. Every man a hero. They died for
their country.

BRIAN
You silly sods.

SUDDENLY BRIAN'S MOTHER HAS APPEARED. SHE LOOKS UP AT BRIAN.

MANDY

So there you are! I've been looking for you all day. Well don't say I didn't warn you. I told you...but oh no, you wouldn't listen to me, would you? Well if that's the way you treat your old mother, all I can say to you is be crucified...To think of everything I've done for you! And this is the thanks I get. (SHE TURNS AND WALKS AWAY) Well, don't come running to me.

BRIAN

(BROKENLY) Mummy....Mummy...

MATTHIAS

Cheer up Brian....

LONE VOICE

I'm looking on the bright side...

Intro: Some things in life are bad
They can really make you mad
Other things just make you swear and curse
When chewing on life's gristle
Don't grumble, give a whistle
And this'll help things turn out for the best.

Strict Tempo: And...always look on the bright side of life...(WHISTLE)
Always look on the light side of life...(WHISTLE)
If life seems jolly rotten
There's something you've forgotten
And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing,
When you're feeling in the dumps, don't be silly chumps
Just purse your lips and whistle - that's the thing.

And...always look on the bright side of life...(WHISTLE)
Always look on the right side of life....(WHISTLE)

For life is quite absurd
And death's the final word
You must always face the curtain with a bow
Forget about your sin - give the audience a grin
Enjoy it - it's your last chance anyhow.

So always look on the bright side of death
Just before you draw your terminal breath,
Life's a piece of shit
When you look at it
Life's a laugh and death's a joke, it's true,
You'll see it's all a show,
Keep 'em laughing as you go
Just remember that the last laugh is on you.

And always look on the bright side of life...(WHISTLE)
Always look on the right side of life (WHISTLE)

WHISTLE AND VAMP TILL END. FADE.