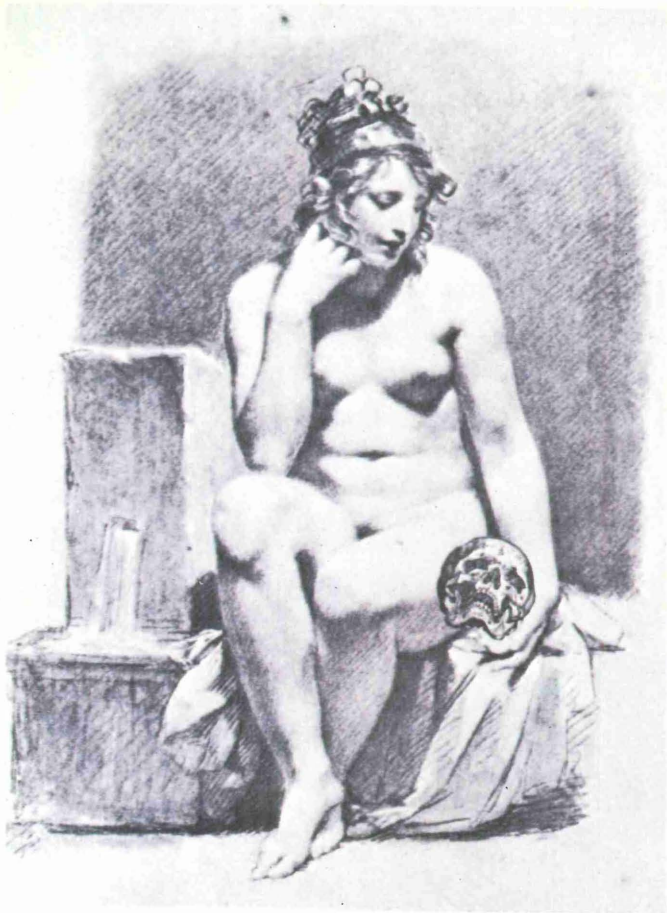




THE LIFE
of
BRIAN
by
Monty
Python



About the Author

PYTHO MONTIUM: NOMEN COMMUNALE BRITANNICO DATUM COLLEGIO COMOEDORUM NUGARUM QUI INFLUENTIAM MULTAM COMEDIS IN ILLIS HABEBANT QUAE PER MIRABLEM MACHINEM TELEVISIONE APPELATAM VIDEBANTUR PER DECEM ANNOS SEXAGESIMOS ET SEPTUAGESIMOS. IN EO NUMERO SUNT IONNIS CLEESEUS, MICHAELIS PALINURUS, TERENTIUS GUILIAMIS, ERICUS IDLUS, GRANIUS HOMUNCULUS, ET TERENTIUS IONNICUS.

PICTURAE MOVENTES

NUMQUAM QUODDAM IN TOTO DIFFERENS
MCMLXXI

PYTHO MONTIUM ET GRADALIS SANCTUS
MCMLXXV

VITA BRIANI
MCMLXXIX

LIBRI

PYTHONIS MONTIUM LIBER MAGNUS RUBER
MCMLXXI

PYTHONIS MONTIUM LIBER NOVISSIMUS
MCMLXXIII

PYTHONIS MONTIUM PAPPYRLBER)
NOVISSIMUS
MCMLXXIV

PYTHO MONTIUM ET GRADALIS
SANCTUS (LIBER)
MCMLXXVII

DISCI

PYTHONIS MONTIUM CIRCUS
VOLATILIS
MCMLXIX

ALTER DISCUS PYTHONIS MONTIUM
MCMLXX

PRIOR DISCUS PYTHONIS MONTIUM
MCMLXXII

SIMILIS NODUS COLLI SUDARIO
MCMLXXIII

VIVANTES VIA DRURIANTIA
MCMLXXIV

ALBUS DISCUS VIAE SONATAE RERUM
PRIUS NUNTIATARUM DE PICTURIS
MOVENTIBUS ILLIS NOMINATI PYTHO
MONTIUM ET GRADALIS SANCTUS
MCMLXXV

PYTHO MONTIUM VIVANS MEDIA URBE
MCMLXXVI

COLLATIO INSTANS DISCORUM
PYTHONIS MONTIUM
MCMLXXVII



Monty Python's

THE LIFE
of
BRIAN

(of Nazareth)

Written by and Starring

GRAHAM CHAPMAN & JOHN CLEESE
TERRY GILLIAM & ERIC IDLE
TERRY JONES & MICHAEL PALIN

Directed by TERRY JONES & Designed by TERRY GILLIAM

Produced by JOHN GOLDSTONE

Executive Producers

GEORGE HARRISON & DENIS O'BRIEN



EYRE METHUEN • LONDON

TO KEITH MOON

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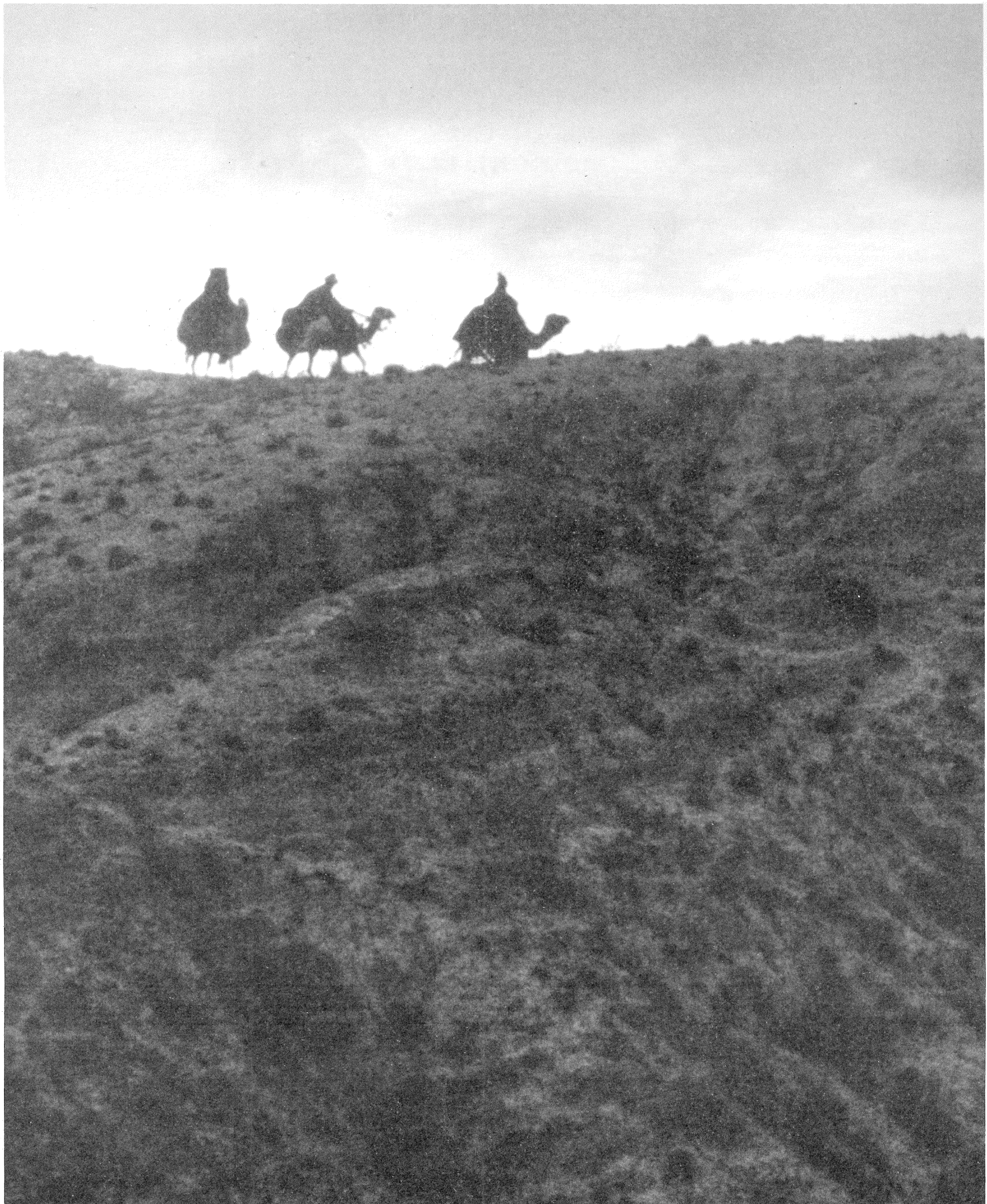
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Dramatis Personæ

IN ORDER
OF APPEARANCE



The Virgin Mandy, the mother of Brian (A ratbag)	<i>Terry Jones</i>	Deadly Dirk	<i>John Cleese</i>
1st Wise Man	<i>Graham Chapman</i>	Pilate's Wife	<i>John Case</i>
2nd Wise Man	<i>Michael Palin</i>	Ben, an ancient prisoner	<i>Michael Palin</i>
3rd Wise Man	<i>John Cleese</i>	Pontius Pilate, Roman Governor	<i>Michael Palin</i>
Jesus the Christ	<i>Ken Colley</i>	Giggling Guards	<i>Chris Langham, Charles McKeown, Bernard McKenna, Andrew MacLachlan</i>
Brian called Brian	<i>Graham Chapman</i>	Passer-By	<i>Charles Knode</i>
Mr. Big Nose	<i>Michael Palin</i>	A Blood and Thunder Prophet	<i>Terry Gilliam</i>
Mrs. Big Nose	<i>Gwen Taylor</i>	A False Prophet	<i>Charles McKeown</i>
Mr. Cheeky	<i>Eric Idle</i>	A Boring Prophet	<i>Michael Palin</i>
Gregory	<i>Terence Bayler</i>	Crowd of Passer-Bys	
Mrs. Gregory	<i>Carol Cleveland</i>	Colin	<i>Terry Jones</i>
Man Further Forward	<i>Charles McKeown</i>	Dennis	<i>Terence Bayler</i>
Another Person Further Forward	<i>Terry Gilliam</i>	Geoffrey	<i>Terry Gilliam</i>
Francis, A Revolutionary	<i>Michael Palin</i>	Eddie	<i>Michael Palin</i>
Reg, Leader of the Judean People's Front	<i>John Cleese</i>	Arthur	<i>John Cleese</i>
Stan called Loretta, a confused Revolutionary	<i>Eric Idle</i>	Elsie	<i>Carol Cleveland</i>
Judith, a beautiful Revolutionary	<i>Sue Jones-Davis</i>	Intensely Dull Youth	<i>Eric Idle</i>
Harry the Hagglar, Beard and Stone Salesman	<i>Eric Idle</i>	Young Girl	<i>Gwen Taylor</i>
Woman with sick Donkey	<i>Gwen Taylor</i>	Spike	<i>Spike Milligan</i>
Jewish Official at the Stoning	<i>John Cleese</i>	Others	<i>John Young, Andrew MacLachlan</i>
Matthias, a stonee	<i>John Young</i>	Mr. Papadopoulos	<i>George Harrison</i>
Official Stoners Helper	<i>Bernard McKenna</i>	Simon the Holy Man	<i>Terry Jones</i>
Another Official Stoners Helper	<i>Andrew MacLachlan</i>	Blind Man	<i>Charles McKeown</i>
Culprit Woman, who casts the first stone	<i>Eric Idle</i>	Otto, the Nazirene	<i>Eric Idle</i>
Mrs. A., who casts the second stone	<i>Michael Palin</i>	Biggus Dickus	<i>Graham Chapman</i>
Ex-Leper	<i>Michael Palin</i>	Nisus Wettus	<i>Michael Palin</i>
A weedy Samaritan, at the Forum	<i>Neil Innes</i>	Bob Hoskins	<i>Terry Jones</i>
Revolutionaries and Masked Commandos	<i>Terence Bayler, Terry Gilliam, Bernard McKenna, Chris Langham, Andrew MacLachlan, Charles McKeown</i>	Parvus, A Centurion	<i>Bernard McKenna</i>
Centurion of the Yard	<i>John Cleese</i>	Jailer	<i>Terry Gilliam</i>
Roman Soldier Stig	<i>Charles McKeown</i>	Jailer's Assistant	<i>Eric Idle</i>
		Saintly Passer-By	<i>Terry Jones</i>
		Alfonso	<i>Chris Langham</i>
		Mr. Frisbee IIIrd	<i>Eric Idle</i>



The Life of Brian

(of Nazareth)

The Night Sky. Three camels are silhouetted against the bright stars of the moonless sky, moving slowly along the horizon. A star leads them towards BETHLEHEM.

The WISE MEN enter the gates of the sleeping town and make their way through the deserted streets. A dog snarls at them. They approach a lighted stable, light streams out. Dismounting and entering they find a typical manger scene, with a baby in a rough crib of straw, patient animals standing around. The mother nods by the side of the child. Suddenly she wakes from her lightish doze, sees them, shrieks and falls backwards off her straw. She's up again in a flash, looking guardedly at them. She is a ratbag.



MANDY

Who are you?

FIRST WISE MAN

We are three wise men.

THIRD WISE MAN

We are astrologers. We have come from the East.

MANDY

Is this some kind of joke?

FIRST WISE MAN

We wish to praise the infant.

SECOND WISE MAN

We must pay homage to him.

MANDY

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

THIRD WISE MAN

No, no.

MANDY

Coming bursting in here first thing in the morning with some tale about Oriental fortune tellers... get out.

FIRST WISE MAN

No. No we must see him.

MANDY

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

SECOND WISE MAN

We were led by a star.

MANDY

Led by a bottle, more like. Get out!

SECOND WISE MAN

We must see him. We have brought presents.



MANDY

Out.

FIRST 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. What is myrrh, anyway?

THIRD WISE MAN

It is a valuable balm.

MANDY

A balm, what are you giving him a balm for? It might bite him.

THIRD WISE MAN

What?

MANDY

It's a dangerous animal. Quick, throw it in the trough.

THIRD WISE MAN

No it isn't.

MANDY

Yes it is.

THIRD WISE MAN

No, no, it is an ointment.

MANDY

An ointment?

THIRD WISE MAN

Look.

MANDY

(sampling the ointment with a grubby finger).

Oh. There is an animal called a balm, or did I dream it?

You astrologers, eh? Well, what's he then?

SECOND WISE MAN

H'm?

MANDY

What star sign is he?

SECOND WISE MAN

Capricorn.

MANDY

Capricorn eh, what are they like?

SECOND WISE MAN

He is the son of God, our Messiah.

FIRST WISE MAN

King of the Jews.

MANDY

And that's Capricorn, is it?

THIRD WISE MAN

No, no, that's just him.

MANDY

Oh, I was going to say, otherwise there'd be a lot of them.

The WISE MEN are on their knees.

SECOND WISE MAN

By what name are you calling him?

Dramatic chord.

MANDY

...Brian.

THREE 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?

FIRST WISE MAN
What?

MANDY
This praising.

FIRST WISE MAN
No, no, no.

MANDY
Oh! Well, if you're dropping by again do pop in.

They take the hint and rise.

And thanks a lot for the gold and frankincense but... don't worry too much about the myrrh next time. Thank you...

Goodbye.

(to Brian)

Well weren't they nice... out of their bloody minds, but still...

In the background we see the WISE MEN pause outside the door as a gentle glow suffuses them. They look at each other, confer and then stride back in and grab the presents off MANDY and turn to go again, pushing MANDY over.

MANDY
Here, here, that's mine, you just gave me that. Ow.

Cut to exterior BETHLEHEM, street again. The WISE MEN come out of the stable bathed in a gentle light. They look in the direction of the light and we pan to reveal the archetypal manger scene with MARY, JOSEPH and the INFANT JESUS. The WISE MEN move into shot and kneel.

Cut back to MANDY and her brat. It howls. MANDY smacks it.

Main title sequence.

MONTY PYTHON'S LIFE OF BRIAN

The music sweeps — desperately.

Brian... the babe they called Brian
Grew... grew grew and grew, grew up to be
A boy called Brian
A boy called Brian
He had arms and legs and hands and feet
This boy whose name was Brian
And he grew, grew, grew and grew
Grew up to be
Yes he grew up to be
A teenager called Brian
A teenager called Brian
And his face became spotty
Yes his face became spotty
And his voice dropped down low
And things started to grow
On young Brian and show
He was certainly no
No girl named Brian
Not a girl named Brian
And he started to shave
And have one off the wrist
And want to see girls
And go out and get pissed
This man called Brian
This man called Brian





The camera pans slowly across wide open countryside. Hundreds of people are making their way slowly towards a distant hillside. We see camels and donkeys led by swarthy men, some riding, some walking, all headed beyond our view.

We are up in the hills now, still continuing the pan as the throng gets larger and picks up a greater sense of urgency and direction.

Caption: JUDEA A.D. 33

2nd Caption: SATURDAY AFTERNOON

3rd Caption: ABOUT TEA-TIME

We hear the distant voice of JESUS CHRIST floating towards us and cut to see him standing at the summit of a hill. Around him as we track backwards are thousands of people, listening to his words.

JESUS

How blest are the sorrowful, for they shall find consolation.
How blest are those of gentle spirit. They shall have the earth
for their possession. How blest are those who hunger and
thirst to see right prevail. They shall be satisfied...

CHRIST'S voice gets fainter as we pull back from him revealing the enormous size of the crowd. Standing nearby, isolated but alert, 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 large and potentially anti-Roman crowd.

We are a long way back from JESUS now, on another hillside towards the back of this huge multitude, his voice is barely audible on the wind. People are straining to hear. The camera comes to rest by MANDY, older now by thirty-three years, but still a ratbag.

MANDY

Speak up!

BRIAN

Mum! Sh!

MANDY

Well I can't hear a thing! Let's go to the stoning.

BIG NOSE

Sh!

BRIAN

You can go to a stoning any time.

MANDY

Oh, come on Brian!

BIG NOSE

Will you be quiet?

WIFE

Don't pick your nose.

BIG NOSE

I wasn't picking my nose... I was scratching.

WIFE

You were picking it while you were talking to that lady.

BIG NOSE

I wasn't.

WIFE

Leave it alone... give it a rest...

MR. CHEEKY

Do you mind... I can't hear a word he's saying.

WIFE

Don't you "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!

BIG NOSE

Don't you swear at my wife.

MR. CHEEKY

I was only asking her to shut up so we can hear what he's saying, big nose.

WIFE

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

MR. CHEEKY

Well he has got a big nose.

Suddenly another rather well-beeled Jew in a toga turns around. He constantly has trouble with his toga and has to keep pushing it back in place. His voice is very cultured. A small boy holds a large parasol over his head. His name is GREGORY and he is out for the day with his wife.

GREGORY

Could you be quiet, please?

(to Mr. Cheeky)

What was that?

MR. CHEEKY

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

MAN FURTHER FORWARD

I think it was "Blessed are the Cheesemakers?"

WIFE OF GREGORY

What's so special about the cheesemakers?

GREGORY

It's not meant to be taken literally. Obviously it refers to any manufacturers of dairy products.

MR. CHEEKY

(to Big Nose)

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

BIG NOSE

Hey, if you say that once more, I'll smash your fucking face in.

MR. CHEEKY

Better keep listening... might be a bit about "Blessed are the big noses?"

BRIAN

Oh lay off him.

MR. CHEEKY

(rounding on Brian)

You're not so bad yourself, Conkface. Where are you two from? Nose City?

BIG NOSE

Listen! I said one more time... mate and I'll take you to the fucking cleaners.

WIFE

Language! And don't pick your nose!

BIG NOSE

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

ANOTHER PERSON

I think it was "Blessed are the Greek?"

GREGORY

The Greek?

ANOTHER PERSON

Apparently he's going to inherit the earth.

GREGORY

Did anyone catch his name?

BIG NOSE

I'll thump him if he calls me Big Nose again.

MR. CHEEKY

Oh shut up, Big Nose.

BIG NOSE

Oooh! Right I warned you... I really will slug you so hard...

WIFE

Oh it's the Meek... Blessed are the meek! That's nice, I'm glad they're getting something 'cos they have a hell of a time.

MR. CHEEKY

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

BIG NOSE

(trying desperately to control his anger)

Your nose is going to be three foot wide across your face when I've finished with you.

MR. CHEEKY

Who hit yours then? Goliath's big brother?

BIG NOSE

Ooooh... oohh... aargh... ah

(supreme self-control)

That's your last warning...

MRS. GREGORY

Oh do pipe d...

BIG NOSE lets fly an almighty punch and hits MRS. GREGORY hard in the face. Horrible crunching of fist on bone.

A general scuffle breaks out.

BIG NOSE

Silly bitch, getting in the way.

MANDY

Brian! Come on, let's go to the stoning.

BRIAN

All right.

MANDY starts to move off, BRIAN reluctantly follows. ROMAN SOLDIERS start to move in to separate the combatants.

At this point we see that BRIAN has his eye on a rather attractive young woman who is part of a group of three intense young men whose dress sets them apart from the rest.

They are starting to leave as well.

As BRIAN follows his mother, he edges round the group gazing at the girl.

We catch the following conversation.

FRANCIS

Well, Blessed is just about everyone with a vested interest in the status quo, as far as I can tell, Reg.

REG

What Jesus blatantly fails to appreciate is that it is the Meek who are the problem.

JUDITH

(the girl BRIAN has been admiring)

Yes... yes... I see...



JUDITH catches sight of BRIAN gazing at her, and BRIAN hastily drops his eyes, at the same moment, MANDY turns.

MANDY

Come on Brian or they'll have stoned him before we get there.

BRIAN hurries off, involuntarily fingering his nose.

BRIAN

All right, Mum.

Cut to MANDY and BRIAN walking along towards the city, amongst some date palms, MANDY is fiddling away putting on a very obvious false beard.

MANDY

Oh I hate these things.

BRIAN

Why aren't women allowed to go to stonings, Mum?

MANDY

Because it's written, that's why.

They are approaching the stall of HARRY, the stone salesman. He has various sizes of rocks and stones, graded and displayed for sale. Little packets of gravel are piled in cone twists. An elderly woman, almost bent double by the weight of a huge donkey on her shoulders, staggers past. The stone salesman whips open his coat, revealing rows of artificial beards displayed in the lining.

HARRY

Pssst! Beard, madam?

DONKEY WOMAN

Look, I haven't got time to go to stonings —
(referring to donkey)
He's not well again.

The SALESMAN turns to BRIAN and MANDY.

HARRY

(to Mandy)

Want a few stones, sir?

MANDY

No thank you. They've got a lot up there, lying around on the ground.

HARRY

Not like these, sir...

(showing one)

Look at that—feel the quality of this—that's craftsmanship, sir.

MANDY stops and appraises the stone. Weighs one up professionally.

MANDY

All right, we'll have two with points and a big flat one.

BRIAN

Can I have a flat one, Mum?

MANDY

Ssh!

BRIAN

Oh sorry... Dad.

MANDY

(adopting a lower register)

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

HARRY

Packet of gravel. Should be a good one this afternoon, local boy.

MANDY

Oh good.

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 son 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 so as a blasphemer you are to be stoned to death.

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."

OFFICIAL

Blasphemy! He's said it again.

WOMEN

Yes, he did.

OFFICIAL

Did you hear him?

WOMEN

Yes we did. Really.

OFFICIAL

Are there any women here today?

The WOMEN all shake their heads. The OFFICIAL faces MATTHIAS again.

OFFICIAL

Very well, by virtue of the authority vested in me...

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 around)

Come on, who threw that?

Silence.

Who threw that stone? Come on.

Some of the WOMEN point to the culprit.

WOMEN

She did.

He did.

He.

Him.

During this they keep their voices as low as they can, in pitch but not in volume.

CULPRIT

(very deep voice)

Sorry, I thought we'd started.





OFFICIAL
Go to the back.

CULPRIT
(disappointed)
Oh dear.
(goes to back)

OFFICIAL
There's always one, isn't there? 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" once more...
(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 threw that?

WOMEN
(high voices)
It was her. It was him.
(low voices)
It was him.

OFFICIAL
Was it you?

MRS. A
Yes.

OFFICIAL
All right.

MRS. A
Well, you did say "Jehovah."

WOMEN all shriek and 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 it, will you stop that. Now look, no one is to stone anyone until I blow this whistle. 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. Five WOMEN carry a huge rock, run up and drop it on the OFFICIAL. Everyone claps. The GUARDS sadly shake their heads.

JERUSALEM, outside the city gate. An enormous statue of PILATE is being dragged along by ox-cart. PEOPLE are coming and going through

the main gate. Near us are some old crosses with one or two twisted skeletons hanging on them. This is a common sight—no one pays any attention to them. BRIAN and MANDY are making their way beside the huge high walls of the city.

BRIAN
Have I got a big nose, Mum?

MANDY
Oh, stop thinking about SEX!

BRIAN
I wasn't.

MANDY
You're always on about it! Morning noon and night! Will the girls like this? Will the girls like that? Is it too big? Is it too small?

BRIAN
I was just wondering if you thought my nose...

MANDY
Get your filthy little mind off it! You're 30 years old, you should have grown out of all that!

BRIAN
I'm only just starting to get interested in it, Mum.

MANDY
It's time you got interested in a job, my lad!

As they pass through the city gate, they attract a rather muscular, fit and healthy young BEGGAR, who pursues them relentlessly through the busy streets.

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

MANDY
(to ex-leper)
Buzz off!

The EX-LEPER has come round to BRIAN'S side.

EX-LEPER
(to Brian)
Spare a talent for an old ex-leper, sir.

BRIAN
Did you say—ex-leper?

EX-LEPER
That's right, sir.
(he salutes)
...sixteen years behind the bell, and proud of it, thank you sir.

BRIAN
What happened?

EX-LEPER
I was cured, sir.

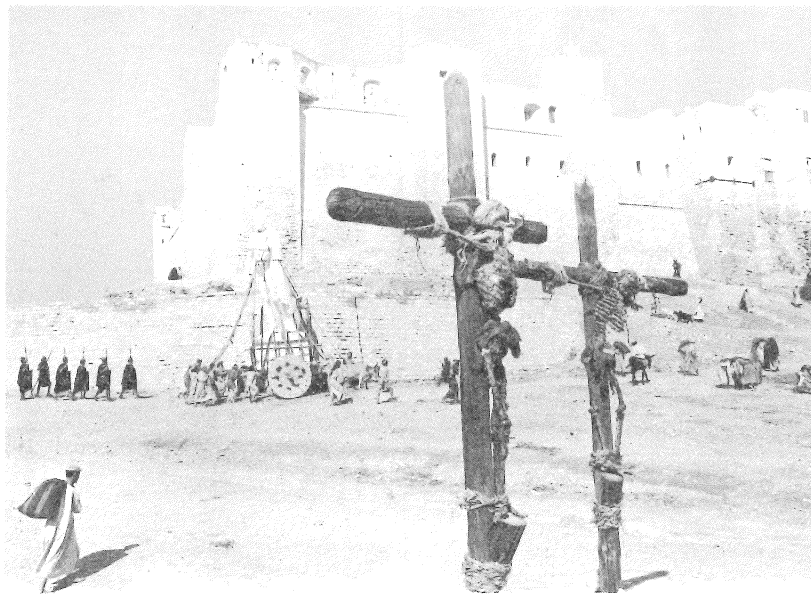
BRIAN
Cured?

EX-LEPER
Yes sir, a bloody miracle, sir. Bless you.

BRIAN
Who cured you?

EX-LEPER
Jesus did. I was hopping along, when suddenly he comes and 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.

(gestures in the manner of a conjuror)
You're cured mate, sod you.



MANDY

Go away.

EX-LEPER

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

MANDY

You could go and get yourself a decent job, couldn't you?

EX-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 mucking about.

(makes gesture again)

Just like that. "You're cured." Bloody do-gooder!

BRIAN

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

EX-LEPER

Ah yeah, I could do that, sir, yes, I suppose I could. What I was going to do was ask 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 BRIAN and MANDY'S house. MANDY goes in.**BRIAN gives the BEGGAR a coin.*

BRIAN

There you are.

EX-LEPER

Thank you sir...half a denary for my bloody life story!

BRIAN

There's no pleasing some people.

EX-LEPER

That's just what Jesus said.

BRIAN turns and goes indoors.

Inside MANDY'S HOUSE. MANDY enters. *The room is very austere. Sparsely furnished. On the only chair a large, thick-set CENTURION is seated rather uncomfortably. He looks slightly ill-at-ease.*

MANDY

'Urry up Brian. Oh!

The CENTURION half rises as MANDY enters.

CENTURION

Good afternoon.

MANDY

Oh hello, Officer...I'll be with you in a few moments, all right, dear?

BRIAN

*(whispering to Mandy)*What's he doing here?

MANDY

Now don't start that! Brian, go and do your room.

BRIAN

Bloody Romans!

MANDY

(still whispering)

Now look, if it wasn't for them,

She gestures at the CENTURION, who starts polishing his uniform with great application.

we wouldn't have all this, and don't you forget it.
(she nods at empty room)

BRIAN

Oh Mother, we don't owe the Romans anything.

MANDY

Well that's not entirely true, Brian.

BRIAN

What do you mean?

MANDY looks towards ROMAN, who is still fiddling with his gear and trying to make himself look inconspicuous. She turns back to BRIAN and takes him on one side.

MANDY

(sotto voce)

Well...you know you were asking me about your...er...

BRIAN

My nose?

MANDY

Yes...well there's a reason why it's...like it is... Brian.

BRIAN

What is it?

MANDY

I know I should have told you long ago, but I...well, Brian... your father isn't Mr. Cohen.

BRIAN

I never thought he was.

MANDY

None of your cheek! He was a Roman, Brian.

Dramatic chord.

He was a centurion...in the Roman army.

BRIAN looks stunned. His hand involuntarily goes to his nose.

BRIAN

You mean...you were raped?

MANDY

Well at first...yes...

BRIAN

Who was it?

MANDY

Nortius Maximus his name was...promised me the known world he did...I was 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, vroom! Like a rat out of an aqueduct.

BRIAN

The bastard.

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

Typical...

MANDY

(quickly)

So next time you go on about the “bloody Romans,” don't forget you're one of them, Brian.

BRIAN

I'm not a Roman, Mum and I never will be! I'm a Kike!
A Yid! A Hebe! A Hook-nose! I'm Kosher, Mum. I'm a
Red Sea Pedestrian and proud of it!

BRIAN *storms out and slams the door.*

MANDY *looks long-sufferingly over at the CENTURION.*

MANDY

Sex sex sex—that's all they think about.

She moves towards the CENTURION.

A huge Roman amphitheatre sparsely attended. There is a large group of ROMANS, but hardly any crowd. A fight has just ended and a couple of OLD LADIES are busy cleaning up... putting limbs into their baskets. Occasionally one finds a hand with a ring or two on it, which she stuffs into her robe.

BRIAN *comes into shot. He has a tray round his neck and is selling tit-bits.*

BRIAN

Larks' tongues... Wrens' livers... Chaffinch brains...

As he's looking around to sell his wares, he suddenly catches sight of JUDITH on the other side of the amphitheatre. She is with the other REVOLUTIONARIES and is earnestly talking to them. BRIAN starts making his way round towards her.

BRIAN

(with spirit)

Jaguar's earlobes!

Cut to the REVOLUTIONARIES—REG, FRANCIS, STAN and JUDITH—seated in the stands. They speak conspiratorially.

JUDITH

...Any Anti-Imperialist group like ours must reflect such a divergence of interests within its power-base.

REG

Agreed.

General nodding.

Francis?

FRANCIS

I think Judith's point of view is valid here, Reg, provided the Movement never forgets that it is the inalienable right of every man...

STAN

Or woman.

FRANCIS

Or woman... to rid himself...

STAN

Or herself.

REG

Or herself. Agreed. Thank you, brother.

STAN

Or sister.

FRANCIS

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

REG

I thought you'd finished.

FRANCIS

Oh did I? Right.





REG
Furthermore, it is the birthright of every man...

STAN
Or woman.

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

STAN
Women have a perfect right to play a part in our movement, Reg.

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—you haven't got a womb. Where's the foetus going to gestate? 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, but that he can have the right to have babies.

FRANCIS
Good idea, Judith. 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.

Trumpets. A fanfare. 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 cricket match between Northamptonshire and the minor counties at Kettering.

The SAMARITAN runs back through the gate again. The CROWD laughs. The SAMARITAN re-appears, being pushed into the arena, and the door behind him is slammed closed. A huge GLADIATOR advances on him. The SAMARITAN 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.

By this time BRIAN has worked his way around to a point near the REVOLUTIONARIES.

BRIAN

Larks' tongues...otters' noses...Ocelot spleens.

REG looks up and calls to BRIAN.

REG

You got any nuts?

BRIAN

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

REG

No, no, no.

BRIAN

Otters' noses.

REG

No. I don't want any of that Roman rubbish.

JUDITH

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 this stuff.

REG

All right...bag of otters' noses.

BRIAN

(reluctant to move away)

Are you the...Judean Peoples' Front?

REG bears this and leans across.

REG

Fuck off!

BRIAN

...What?

REG

(incredulously)

Judean Peoples' Front!??? We're the Peoples' Front of Judea.

BRIAN looks blank.

REG

(scornfully to the others)

Fucking Judean Peoples' Front! Huh!

Scornful laughter.

FRANCIS

Wankers.



REG
(to Brian, fiercely)
 The Peoples' Front of Judea fucking gets things done!

BRIAN
 Oh!

REG
 We're not a load of fucking splitters!

ALL
Splitters!! Fucking splitters!!

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

BRIAN
 ...Which are you again?

REG
 We're the Peoples' Front of fucking Judea.

BRIAN
(tentatively to Judith)
 Can I...join your group?

REG
 No. Piss off.

BRIAN
(referring to tray)
 I don't want to sell this stuff you know...it's only a job.
 I hate the Romans as much as anybody.

ALL
 Sh!

The REVOLUTIONARIES all look around anxiously to make sure no one has heard.

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

ALL
 Splitters! Bastards!

FRANCIS
And the Judean Popular People's Front.

ALL
 Yeah, splitters!

STAN
 And the Peoples' Front of Judea.

ALL
 Yeah.

REG
 What?

STAN
 The Peoples' Front of Judea! Splitters!

REG
We're the Peoples' Front of Judea.

STAN
 Oh. Are we? I thought...we were the Popular Front.

REG
 Peoples' Front. Twit.

FRANCIS
 Whatever happened to the Popular Front, Reg?

REG
 He's over there.

ALL
 Splitter!

REG turns to BRIAN.

REG
 What's your name?

BRIAN
 Brian...er...Brian Cohen.

REG
 We may have a little job for you, Brian.

Darkened streets. Night time. Figures flit from shadow to shadow. PILATE'S palace looms over the deserted square. BRIAN totters into view, and stands there uncertainly for a moment, then makes for the high wall of the Roman palace. When he reaches the foot of the high wall he starts painting on it in pathetically small letters—"Romanes Eunt Domus." As he writes, a CENTURION with a couple of SOLDIERS approach him stealthily. Suddenly a hand lands on BRIAN'S shoulder.

CENTURION
 What's this then? "Romanes Eunt Domus"? People called Romanes, they go the house.

BRIAN
(defiantly)
 It says "Romans go home."

CENTURION
 No it doesn't. What's Latin for Romans?
(slaps him)
 Come on...come on...

BRIAN
 Romanus!

CENTURION
 Goes like?

BRIAN
 Er...annus.

CENTURION
 Vocative plural of annus is...
(tweaking Brian's hair)

BRIAN
 Anni.

CENTURION
 Romani...
(crossing out Es and substituting I, slaps Brian)
 "Eunt"? What's "eunt"?

BRIAN
 Go...
(he is shaken)
 ...Er...

CENTURION
 Conjugate the verb to go.

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

CENTURION
 So eunt is..?

BRIAN
 Third person plural present indicative. They go.

CENTURION
 But, 'Romans go home' is an order...so you must use...

BRIAN
 The imperative!!

CENTURION
 Which is..?

BRIAN
 Aaah...i...

CENTURION
How many Romans?

BRIAN
Plural! Plural! Ite!! Ite!!

CENTURION
Ite...
(changes it)
Domus...what is domus?

BRIAN
Er...

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

BRIAN
Dative, sir.

CENTURION
(drawing his sword and holding it to Brian's throat)
Dative!

BRIAN
No, not dative...

CENTURION
...What?

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

CENTURION
Except that domus takes the..?

BRIAN
...Oh the locative...sir!

CENTURION
Which is...

BRIAN
Domum?

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

BRIAN
Yes, sir.

CENTURION
Now write it out a hundred times.

BRIAN
Yes sir, hail Caesar, sir.

CENTURION
Hail Caesar.

BRIAN
Yes sir.

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

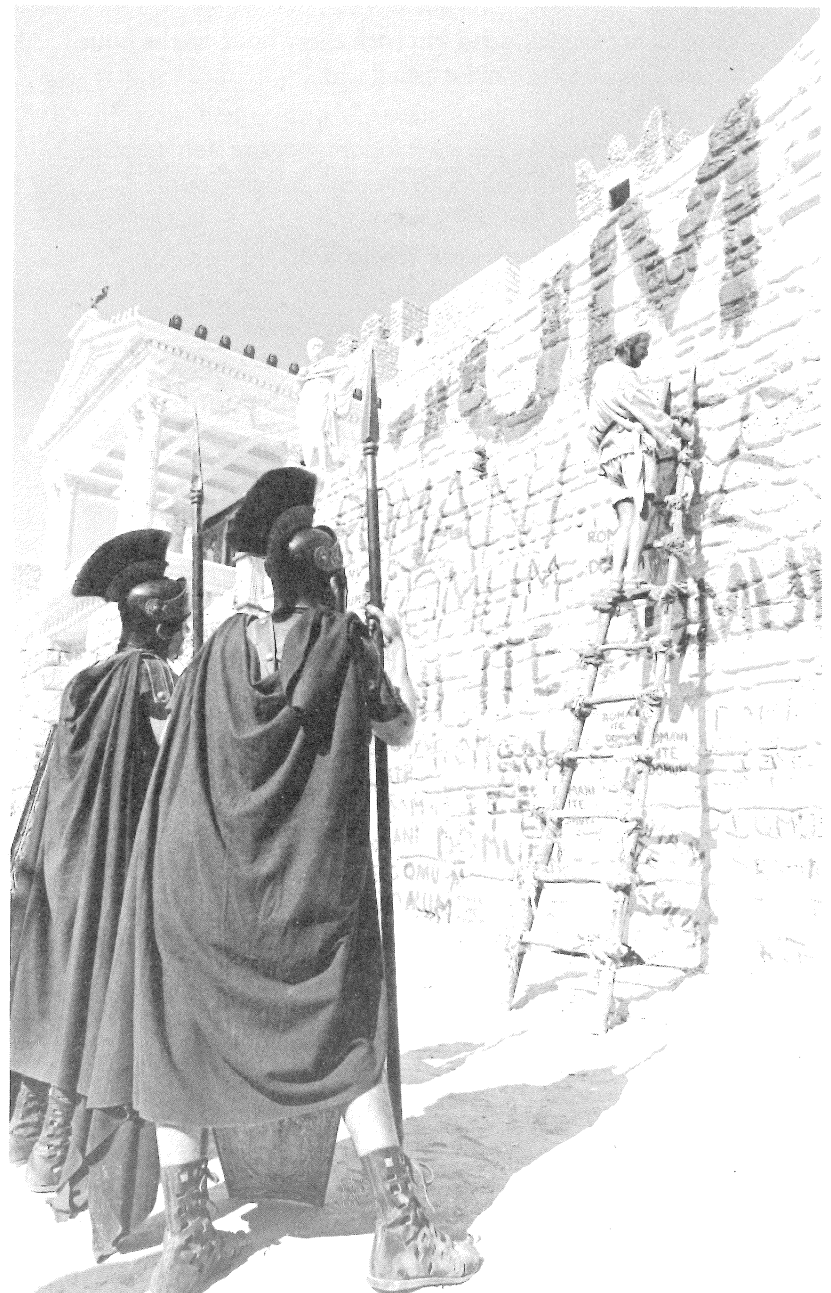
BRIAN
Thank you sir. Hail Caesar, sir and everything, sir.
(he starts writing it out)

Fade down, as the CENTURION goes, leaving the SOLDIERS behind to enforce the punishment. Fade up again. Morning.

By use of a ladder, BRIAN has virtually covered the huge wall with 'Romani ite domum.' He finishes the 100th line. The TWO ROMANS are in the background. BRIAN calls out.

BRIAN
Finished.

ROMAN SOLDIER STIG
Right. Now don't do it again.



The interior of MATTHIAS'S HOUSE. A cellar-like room with a very conspiratorial atmosphere.

REG and STAN are seated at a table at one end of the room.

FRANCIS, dressed in commando gear—black robes and a red sash around his head, is standing by a plan on the wall. He is addressing an audience of about eight MASKED COMMANDOS. Their faces are partially hidden.

FRANCIS

We get in through the underground heating system here... up through to the main audience chamber here... and Pilate's Wife's bedroom is here. Having grabbed his wife, we inform Pilate that she is in our custody and forthwith issue our demands. Any questions?

COMMANDO XERXES

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.

MATTHIAS

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 Caesar with his cock hanging out.

STAN

What? They'll never agree to that, Reg.

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

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 from our fathers' fathers' fathers.

REG

Yes.

STAN

And our fathers' fathers' fathers' fathers.

REG

All right, Stan. Don't labour the point. And what have they ever given us in return?

He pauses smugly.

Voice from masked COMMANDO.

XERXES

The aqueduct?

REG

What?

XERXES

The aqueduct.

REG

Oh yeah, yeah they gave us that. Yeah. That's true.

MASKED COMMANDO

And the sanitation!

STAN

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

Murmurs of agreement.

REG

All right, 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... the roads go without saying. But apart from the aqueduct, the sanitation and the roads...

ANOTHER MASKED COMMANDO

Irrigation...

OTHER MASKED VOICES

Medicine... Education... Health.

REG

Yes... all right, fair enough...

COMMANDO NEARER THE FRONT

And the wine...

GENERAL

Oh yes! True!

FRANCIS

Yeah. That's something we'd really miss if the Romans left, Reg.

MASKED COMMANDO AT BACK

Public baths!

STAN

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

FRANCIS

Yes, they certainly 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

All right... all right... 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's not having a good meeting at all)

What!? Oh...

(scornfully)

Peace, yes... shut up!

There is a knock on the door. Instantly everyone leaps into various ill-concealed hiding places. MATTHIAS snaps into an old-man routine, looks round to check everyone is badly hidden, then opens the door.

MATTHIAS

I'm a poor man, my sight is poor, my legs are old and bent...

JUDITH

It's all right, Matthias.

MATTHIAS

(back into the room at large)

It's all clear.

The room fills up again as people reappear from their several hiding places. Except REG who has to be collected by FRANCIS from under the table.

FRANCIS

Reg! It's all right it's Judith.

REG

(as he reappears)

What went wrong?

JUDITH

The first blow has been struck, Reg.

(her eyes are afire with revolutionary zeal)

REG

D'you finish the slogan?

JUDITH

A hundred times! In letters 10 feet high! All the way round the palace!

A buzz of excitement.

REG

(desperately unenthusiastic)

Oh great...!

He flashes a brief look of alarm at FRANCIS, then returns to his revolutionary authority.

Well...we need do-ers in our movement, Brian. But before you join us 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

Well, one!

REG

Oh yeah. There is one...but otherwise we're solid. Are you with us?

BRIAN

Yes!

(He raises his arm in the revolutionary salute.)

REG

From now on you shall be called Brian that is called Brian.

Wide shot exterior of PILATE'S palace. Night time. Many ROMANS are attempting to scrub off BRIAN'S slogans by torchlight. Unseen figures flit past, hugging the darkness. A grate is raised and muffled black-robed figures drop into the hole below. BRIAN is the last one to drop down. REG replaces the iron grating over his head. BRIAN looks up through the grating.

BRIAN

Aren't you coming with us to...

REG

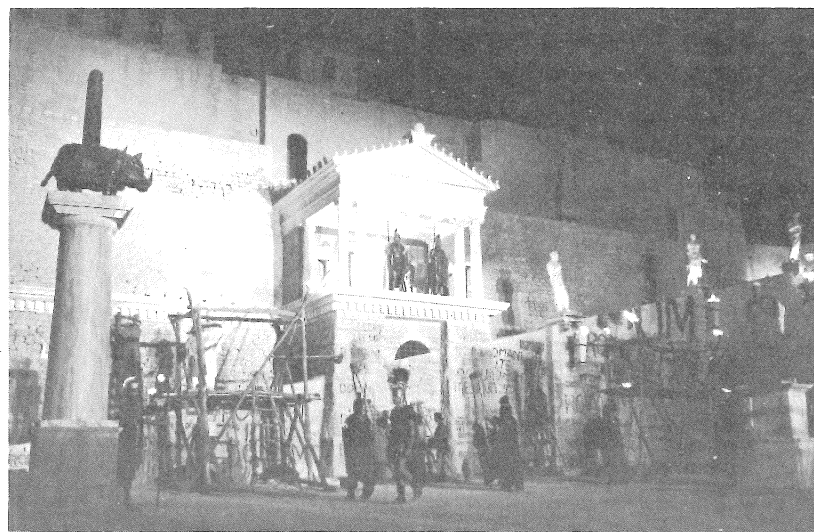
(making revolutionary gesture)

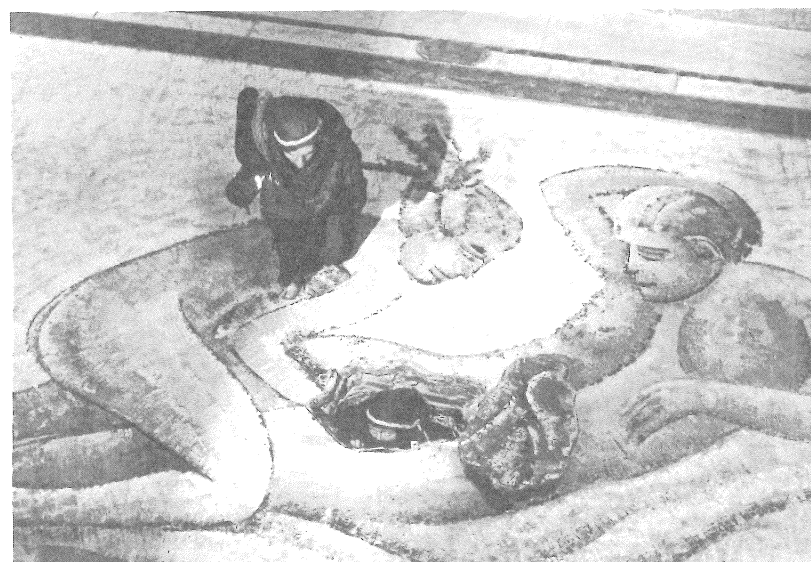
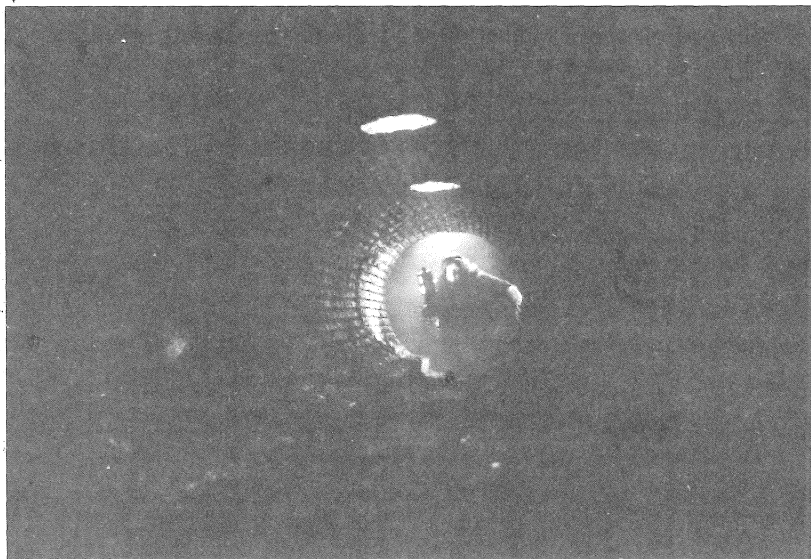
Solidarity, Brother.

REG hurries away.

BRIAN

Oh yes...solidarity, Reg.





The REVOLUTIONARIES make their way through the drainage tunnel, and enter the main hypocaust or central heating duct that lies underneath PILATE'S audience chamber.

Directly above their heads, on the floor of PILATE'S AUDIENCE CHAMBER, is a large rather erotic mosaic, in which a naked couple are embracing. The man wears a fig leaf.

Suddenly the fig leaf rises up and FRANCIS'S face appears underneath it. He looks about and then climbs out into the room. The others follow.

The REVOLUTIONARIES make their way stealthily through the slumbering palace, eventually reaching a corridor which leads to PILATE'S WIFE'S bedroom. They see the door in the distance, and nod to each other silently. The coast is clear. They begin slowly moving forward. As they near the door an IDENTICAL GROUP appears from round the corner and makes for the door too.

There is a moment's pause as they look at each other.

The OTHER GROUP are dressed pretty much the same except that they wear a yellow head band instead of red.

There is a rather embarrassed pause, while the TWO GROUPS look at each other. The LEADER of the OTHER REVOLUTIONARIES is called DEADLY DIRK.

DEADLY DIRK

(saluting)

Campaign for Free Galilee.

FRANCIS

Oh...er...Peoples' Front of Judea... Officials.

Another pause.

FRANCIS

(trying to sound nonchalant)

What er...are you doing here?

DEADLY DIRK

(with enthusiasm)

We're going to kidnap Pilate's Wife...take her back... issue demands.

FRANCIS

What? That's our plan.

DEADLY DIRK

Well we were here first.

FRANCIS

What do you mean?

DEADLY DIRK

We thought of it first.

WARRIS

Oh yes?

DEADLY DIRK

Yes, a couple of years ago.

COMMANDOS

Ha ha.

FRANCIS

You got all your demands worked out then?

DEADLY DIRK

Course we have.

FRANCIS

What are they then?

DEADLY DIRK

We're not telling you.

FRANCIS & OTHERS

Ah ha ha ha.

DEADLY DIRK

We thought of it before you anyway.

WARRIS

Did not.

DEADLY DIRK

We bloody did.

FRANCIS

Didn't.

BRIAN

Ssh!

OTHERS

Sssssh!

DEADLY DIRK

We've been planning this for months.

FRANCIS

Tough titty for you, fish face.

DEADLY DIRK *pokes FRANCIS in the eye. Instantly a fight breaks out.*

BRIAN

Brothers, we should be struggling together!

FRANCIS

(between gritted teeth)

We are.

BRIAN

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

Both REVOLUTIONARY GROUPS in horrified unison:

ALL

The Judean Peoples' Front?????

BRIAN

No no, the Romans.

ALL

Oh! Yes, yes.

FRANCIS

He's right. Let's go in and get her out, and we can argue afterwards.

OTHERS

All right...all right...solidarity.

They move towards the heavy door.

Inside the bedroom it is very dark, but they can just make out the silhouette of PILATE'S WIFE'S bed. They creep towards it. Her slumbering form is snoring gently. Suddenly they fling the net over her and leap upon her. There is a brief intense struggle on the bed. Then inexorably the huge mass of PILATE'S WIFE rises from the bed like some Leviathan arising from the Plutonic depths.

The REVOLUTIONARIES are clinging onto her; some round her legs, some on her arms and one or two round her neck. With amazing strength she makes her way to the door, still carrying one with her. Then she speeds off down the corridor and round the corner. The REVOLUTIONARIES give chase.

Round the corner she nips into an alcove, one REVOLUTIONARY clinging to her neck is crushed against the wall, and winded. The OTHER REVOLUTIONARIES thunder past.

PILATE'S WIFE steps out of the shadows. The WINDED REVOLUTIONARY round her neck is able to get his breath, and with a cry he falls to the floor.





His cry attracts the others, who turn and see PILATE'S WIFE disappearing towards her room again. They give chase, but she is too far ahead and gains her bedroom first. She slams the door and locks it.

The rest of the REVOLUTIONARIES arrive and rattle the door handle.

FRANCIS

Shit!

WARRIS

I don't believe it!

It looks as if a fight is about to break out when suddenly the door opens and the last battered REVOLUTIONARY is thrown out on his ear. The door slams again and locks.

Too late FRANCIS leaps for the door and tries it. He turns on DEADLY DIRK with contempt.

FRANCIS

You stupid bastard.

DEADLY DIRK punches FRANCIS in the face. FRANCIS goes out like a light. A fight breaks out. The fight is desperate and violent.

A couple of ROMAN GUARDS approach and watch as the two REVOLUTIONARY GROUPS proceed to wipe each other out. BRIAN rushes around desperately but unavailingly attempting to stop the senseless slaughter. The ROMANS watch curiously but make no attempt to interfere. FRANCIS seizes his chance and runs away. Eventually only BRIAN is left standing. Around him lie the remains of the two REVOLUTIONARY GROUPS. He looks up and notices the ROMANS for the first time. They draw their swords and approach him. BRIAN prepares to defend himself, but just behind him the door swings ominously open and the huge figure of PILATE'S WIFE appears over his shoulder. Her vast fist descends on BRIAN'S head and he drops straight into unconsciousness.

He wakes up with a smile on his face to find himself being dragged along a cell corridor by TWO GUARDS. The horrible figure of the JAILER spits at him and flings him into a dark damp cell, slamming the iron grate behind him and turning the key hollowly in the lock. BRIAN slumps to the floor. A voice comes out of the darkness behind him.

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 off the ground, by chains round his wrists.

This is BEN.

BEN

You lucky, lucky bastard.

BRIAN

What?

BEN

(with great bitterness)

Proper little gaoler's pet, aren't we?

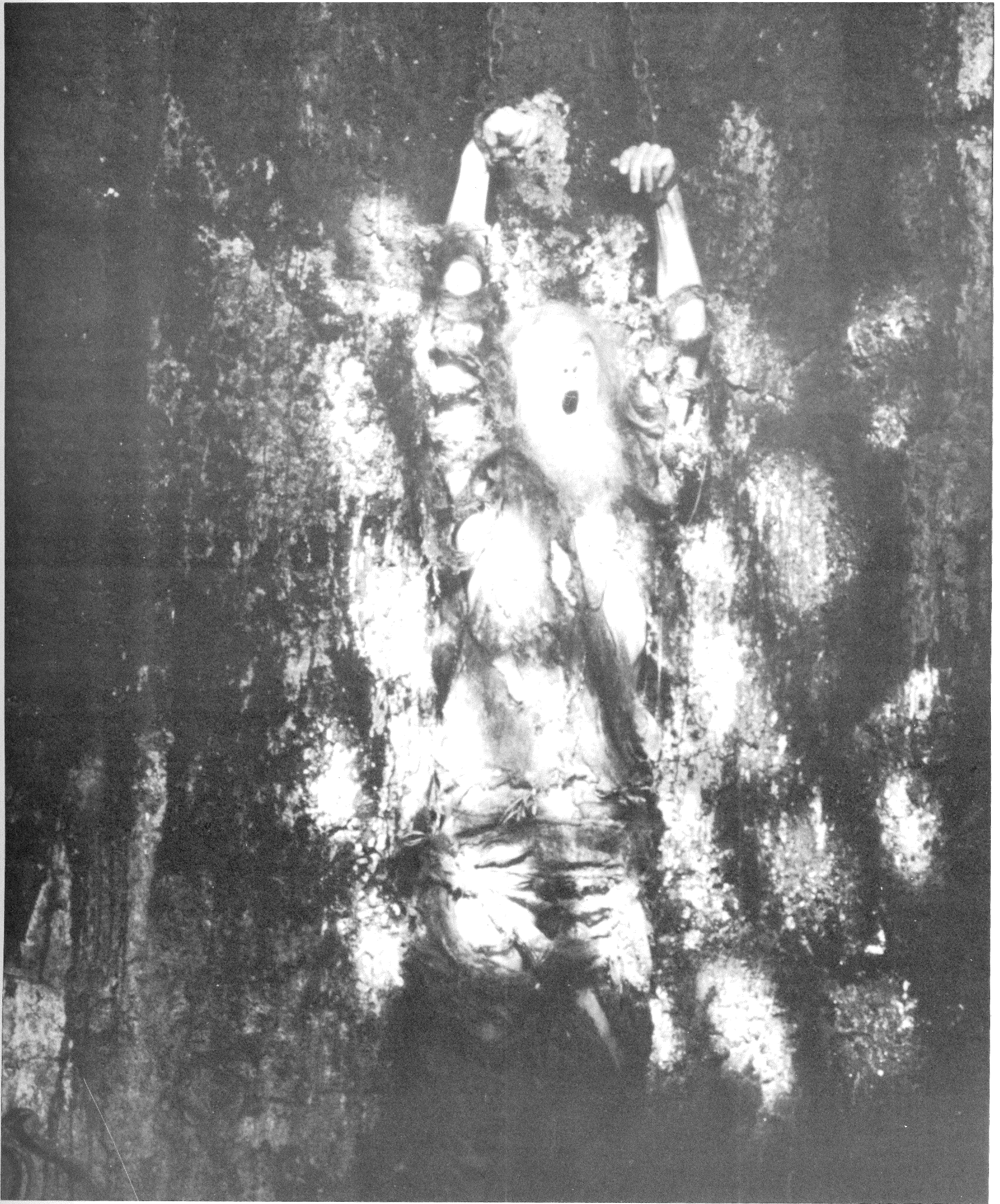
BRIAN

(ruffled)

What do you mean?

BEN

You must have slipped him a few shekels, eh!



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 nights dreaming of being spat at
in the face.

BRIAN
Well, it's not exactly friendly, is it? They had me in manacles.

BEN
Manacles! Oooh.
(his eyes go quite dreamy)
My idea of heaven is to be allowed to be put in manacles...
just for a few hours. 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
Oh, lay off me... I've had a hard time!

BEN
You've had a hard time! Listen, sonny! I've been here five years
and they only hung me the right way up yesterday!

BRIAN
All right! All right!

BEN
I just wish I had half your luck. They must think you're
Lord God Almighty!

BRIAN
What'll they do to me?

BEN
Oh, you'll probably get away with crucifixion.

BRIAN
Crucifixion!

BEN
Yeah, first offence.

BRIAN
Get away with crucifixion!

BEN
Best thing the Romans ever did for us.

BRIAN
(incredulous)
What?

BEN
Oh yeah. If we didn't have crucifixion 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 some 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. I've been here five years, and every night
they take me down for ten minutes, then they hang me up
again... which I regard as very fair... in view of what I done...
and if nothing else, it's taught me to respect the Romans, and
it's taught me that you'll never get anywhere in life unless
you're prepared to do a fair day's work for a fair day's pay...

BRIAN
Oh... Shut up!!

At that moment a CENTURION and TWO GUARDS enter.

CENTURION
Pilate wants to see you.

BRIAN
Me?

CENTURION
Come on.

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 uproariously.

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

CENTURION
(to Ben)
Shut up!

BRIAN *is hustled out. The door slams.*

BEN
Terrific race the Romans... terrific.

BRIAN *is hauled into PILATE'S AUDIENCE CHAMBER. It is big
and impressive, although a certain amount of redecorating is underway.
The CENTURION salutes.*

CENTURION
Hail Caesar.

PILATE
Hail Caesar.

CENTURION
Only one survivor, sir.

PILATE
Thwow him to the floor.

CENTURION
What sir?

PILATE
Thwow him to the floor.

CENTURION
Ah!

He indicates to the TWO ROMAN GUARDS who throw BRIAN to the ground.

PILATE
Now, what is your name, Jew?

BRIAN
Brian.

PILATE
Bwian, eh?

BRIAN
(trying to be helpful)
No, Brian.

The CENTURION cuffs him.

PILATE
The little wascal has spiwit.

CENTURION
Has what, sir?

PILATE
Spiwit.

CENTURION
Yes, he did, sir.

PILATE
No, no, spiwit... bwavado... a touch of dewwing-do.

CENTURION
(still not really understanding)

Ah. About eleven, sir.

PILATE
(to Brian)
So you dare to waid us.

BRIAN
(rising to his feet)
To what?

PILATE
Stwike him, centuwion, vewwy woughly.

CENTURION
And throw him to the floor, sir?

PILATE
What?

CENTURION
Thwow him to the floor again, sir?

PILATE
Oh yes. Thwow him to the floor.

The CENTURION knocks BRIAN hard on the side of the head again and the TWO GUARDS throw him to the floor.

PILATE
Now, Jewish wapscallion.





BRIAN
I'm not Jewish... I'm a Roman!

PILATE
Woman?

BRIAN
No, Roman.

But he's not quick enough to avoid another blow from the CENTURION.

PILATE
So, your father was a Woman. Who was he?

BRIAN
(proudly)
He was a centurion in the Jerusalem Garrison.

PILATE
Oh. What was his name?

BRIAN
Nortius Maximus.

An involuntary titter from the CENTURION.

PILATE
Centuwion, do we have anyone of that name in the gawwison?

CENTURION
Well... no sir.

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

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

PILATE
What's so funny about Biggus Dickus?

CENTURION
Well... it's a... joke name, sir.

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

Involuntary laughter from a nearby GUARD. PILATE strides over to him.

PILATE
Silence! What is all this insolence? You will find yourself in
gladiator school vewwy quickly with wotten behaviour
like that.

The GUARD *tries to stop giggling.* PILATE *turns away from him.*
He is very angry.

BRIAN
Can I go now sir...

CENTURION *strikes him.*

PILATE
Wait till Biggus hears of this!

The GUARD *immediately breaks up again.* PILATE *turns on him.*

PILATE
Wight! Centuwion... Take him away.

CENTURION
Oh sir, he only...

PILATE
I want him fighting wabid wild animals within a week.

CENTURION
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 GUARDS.

PILATE

Now... anyone else feel like a little giggle when I mention
my fwend...

(he goes right up to one of the Guards)

Biggus... Dickus. He has a wife you know.

(Guards tense up)

Called Incontinentia.

(Guards relax)

Incontinentia Buttocks!

Guards fall about laughing)

BRIAN takes advantage of the chaos to slip away.

PILATE

Silence! I've had enough of this wowdy wabble webel
behaviour. Stop it. Call yourselves Pwaetowian guards. Silence!

But the GUARDS are all hysterical by now. PILATE notices BRIAN
escaping.

PILATE

You cwowd of cwacking-up cweeps. Seize him! Blow your
noses and seize him! Oh my bum.

The GUARDS chase after BRIAN who has by now reached the doorway to
a round tower. He races up the spiral staircase just ahead of the pursuing
ROMANS. Half way up the tower he passes a WORKMAN on the way
down, who does a double take as BRIAN runs past, and tries to warn
him. Too late, the ROMANS are in hot pursuit. Suddenly BRIAN
emerges at the top of the tower, which is only half finished, and finds the
stairs end in space. Below him is certain death, behind him the pursuing
ROMANS. He has no chance—his momentum carries him off the
unfinished staircase into space.

Just at that moment a passing space ship careers underneath him, and by
pure chance BRIAN lands in the cockpit of the alien spacecraft between
two STRANGE BEINGS. They have no time to do anything about him,
as they are instantly pursued by what is clearly an enemy spaceship
firing at them. The craft dodges and weaves in an exciting animated
Star Wars type space fight, climbing and weaving, and destroying the
enemy craft, before eventually being hit and plunging back to Earth at
the foot of the tower from where BRIAN jumped. The craft thuds into
the ground. Billowing smoke everywhere. BRIAN staggers out from the
wreckage. A PASSER-BY looks at him with amazement, having
witnessed both his fall and his rescue.

PASSER-BY

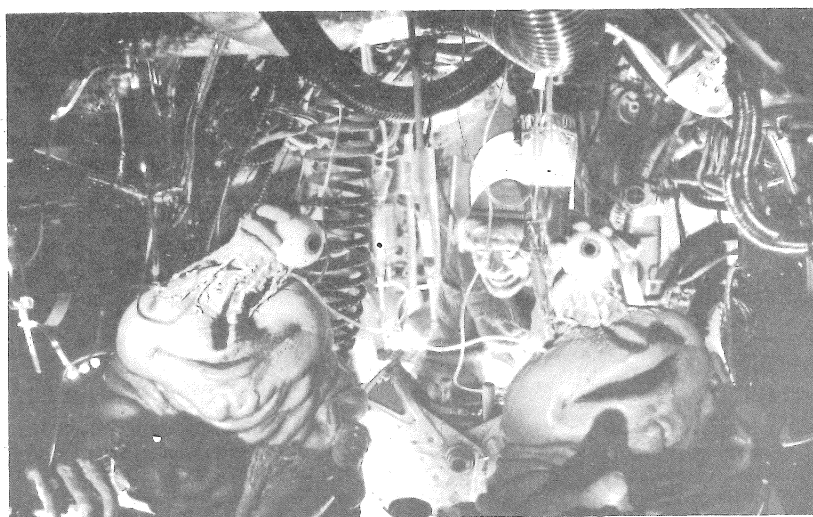
You jammy bastard!

At that moment the GUARDS are seen still in pursuit and BRIAN
runs off towards the crowded market square.

Inside the soukh there are hundreds of stalls with STALL-HOLDERS
baggling, trading, taking coffee and so on. At one end of the market
there is a speakers' corner, with many strangely bearded and oddly
dressed PROPHETS attempting to attract an audience. The noisiest or
the most controversial are clearly doing best at attracting PASSERS-BY.
A STRANGE FIGURE with a rasta hairstyle, covered in mud, and with
two severed hands on a pole waves wildly at the audience.

BLOOD & THUNDER PROPHET

...and shall ride forth on a serpent's back, and the eyes shall
be red with the blood of living creatures, and the whore of
Babylon shall rise over the hill of excitement and throughout
the land there will be a great rubbing of parts...





Beside him, another PROPHET with red hair, none the less fierce, is trying to attract some of the BLOOD & THUNDER PROPHET'S audience.

FALSE PROPHET

And he shall bear a nine-bladed sword. Nine bladed. Not two. Or five or seven, but nine, which he shall wield on all wretched sinners and that includes you sir, and the horns shall be on the head...

In front of each PROPHET is a ROMAN GUARD, clearly bored but there to break up any trouble.

BRIAN races into the market place. A cohort of ROMANS are searching the square roughly turning over baskets and shaking down PASSERS-BY. BRIAN appears near a rather dull little PROPHET, who is standing underneath the high window that backs out of MATTHIAS' HOUSE, the REVOLUTIONARY HEADQUARTERS.

BORING PROPHET

And there shall in that time be rumours of things going astray, and there will be a great confusion as to where things really are, and nobody will really know where lieth those little things with the sort of raffia work base, that has an attachment, they will not be there.

Across the square the ROMANS appear, searching. BRIAN spots HARRY THE BEARD SALESMAN and moves towards his stall, an idea forming in his mind.

The BORING PROPHET drones on and on.

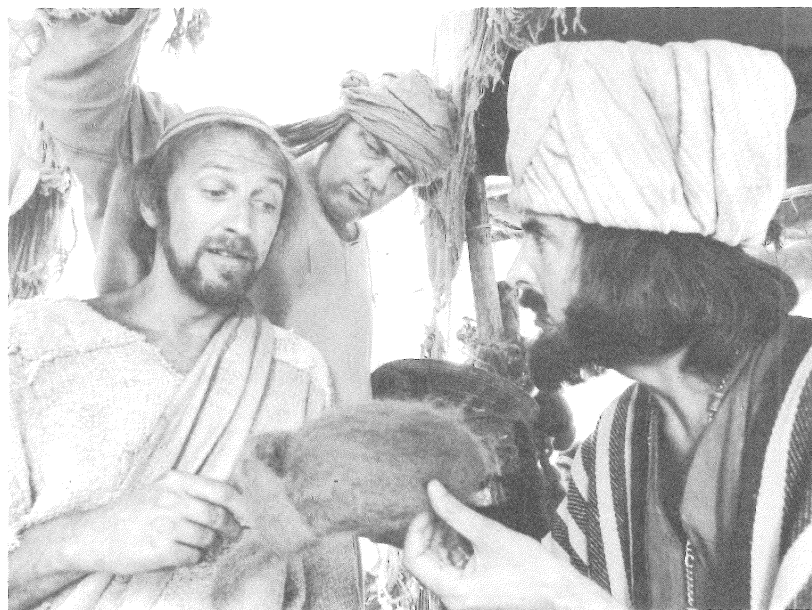
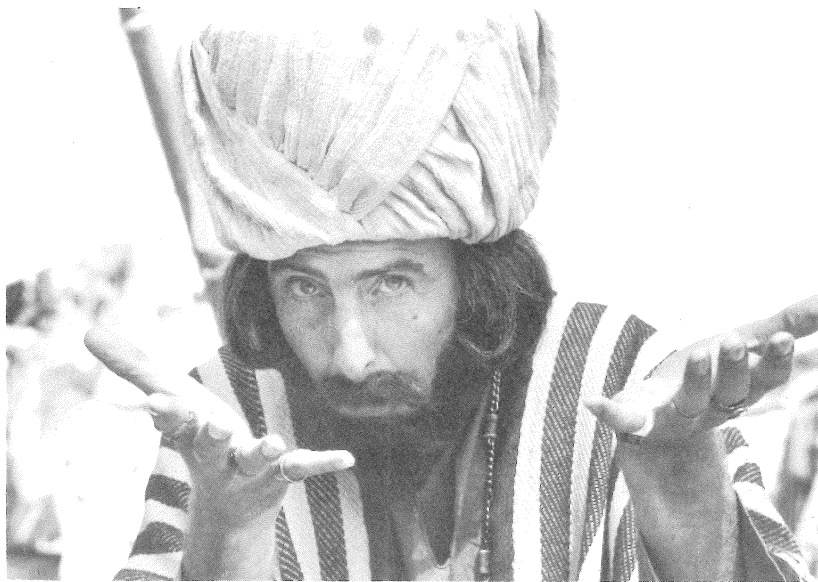
BORING PROPHET

At this time a friend shall lose his friend's hammer and the young shall not know where lieth the things possessed by their fathers that their fathers put there only just the night before...

BRIAN runs up to HARRY the beard seller's stall and grabs an artificial beard.

	BRIAN
How much? Quick!	
	HARRY
What?	
	BRIAN
It's for the wife.	
	HARRY
Oh. 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, all right... 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, that's none of yer goat.

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
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.
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.
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
All right! All right!! 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 sees a pair of prowling ROMANS.

BRIAN
It's all right, that's four for the gourd,—that's fine!

HARRY
Four for the 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
All right, all right.

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 the beard firmly on his face.

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

BRIAN hastens across to the other side of the square, passing in front of all the prophets. Each is droning on warning the world of impending doom.

BRIAN dodges beneath them, keeping a wary eye out for the ROMANS and slides up a side alley to the outside of MATTHIAS' HOUSE.

Meanwhile inside MATTHIAS' house FRANCIS has returned with the bad news of the raid, and STAN is striking the names of the dead REVOLUTIONARIES from his list.

FRANCIS
Habbakuk. Daryl called Andy. Daniel. Job. Joshua. Judges. And Brian.

STAN
(crossing his name off)
And Brian.

REG
I now propose that all seven of these ex-brothers be now entered in the minutes as probationary martyrs to the cause.

STAN
I second that, Reg.

REG
Thank you, Loretta. Siblings!! Let us not be disheartened. One total catastrophe like this is just the beginning! Their glorious deaths shall unite us all

MATTHIAS
Look out!

The REVOLUTIONARIES all race to hide. They hide extremely badly. STAN picks up a sheet, REG nips under the table. BRIAN enters with a false beard on.

BRIAN
(he looks round)
Hello, hello... Reg?

REG
(from under the table)
Go away!

BRIAN
Reg! It's me, Brian.

REG
Go on! Get off out of it.

BRIAN sees STAN under the sheet.

BRIAN
Stan!

STAN
Piss off.



ALL
Yeah. Clear off.
A heavy imperious knocking on the door. All heads of the REVOLUTIONARIES, which have appeared for a moment disappear instantly.

ALL
Oh shit!

MATTHIAS
Coming!
He starts looking round for somewhere for BRIAN to hide. More knocking. He pushes BRIAN behind some curtains. BRIAN finds himself on a balcony high up above the city. There is immediately an ominous creak and the balcony settles. A bit of dust falls and BRIAN realises he is on a very unsafe perch.

From below we hear the drone of the BORING PROPHET. BRIAN looks down and sees all the PROPHETS below him.

Meanwhile MATTHIAS heads towards the door.

MATTHIAS
I'm an old man... My eyes are dim... I cannot see...
A squad of ROMAN SOLDIERS outside.

CENTURION
Are you Matthias?

MATTHIAS
Yes.

CENTURION
We have reason to believe you may be hiding one Brian of Nazareth, a member of the terrorist organisation—the People's front of Judea.

MATTHIAS
Me?... No... I'm just a poor old man... I have no time for law-breakers. My sight is poor, my legs are grey, my ears are gnarled, my eyes 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 twelve 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?

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.
The ROMAN SOLDIERS come clanking out of the house.

SERGEANT
No sir, couldn't find anything, sir.

CENTURION
All right... but don't worry—you've not seen the last of us—weirdo!

MATTHIAS
Big nose!

CENTURION
Watch it!
The ROMAN GUARDS march off. MATTHIAS shuts the door thankfully.

MATTHIAS
Phew that was lucky.
The hiders emerge.

BRIAN
I'm sorry. Reg.

REG
Oh it's all right siblings, he's sorry. He's sorry he led the Fifth Legion straight to our official headquarters. Well, that's all right. Sit down. Have a scone. Make yourself at home. You CUNT!! You stupid, bird-brained flat-headed...

There is another burst of loud knocking. At once the REVOLUTIONARIES go into hiding. Reluctantly BRIAN backs out on to the balcony. A crack appears and BRIAN hangs on desperately to support his own weight.

MATTHIAS
My legs are old and bent, my ears are grizzled.
He opens the door. The ROMANS are outside again.

Yes?

CENTURION
There's one place we didn't look. Guards.
CENTURION nods his head and the ROMAN SOLDIERS pour in again.

MATTHIAS
Have pity. I'm just a poor old man. My sight is weak, my eyes are poor and my nose is knackered.

CENTURION
Have you ever seen anyone crucified?

MATTHIAS
Crucifixion's a doddle.

CENTURION
(hurt)
Don't keep saying that.
The SOLDIERS come rushing out.

SERGEANT
We found this spoon, sir.

CENTURION
All right Sergeant.
(to Matthias)
We'll be back. Oddball!

MATTHIAS *shuts the door and turns to the others with a sigh of relief. As they all start to emerge there is yet another knock on the door. They hide again as BRIAN scuttles back on to the balcony. This time the whole balcony shudders. BRIAN clings tighter to it.*

Outside they can hear the CENTURION shouting.

CENTURION

Open up!

MATTHIAS

(indignantly)

You haven't given us time to hide!

Suddenly BRIAN's balcony collapses and BRIAN plummets down towards the head of the BORING PROPHET, knocking the BORING PROPHET cleanly off his perch, straight into a basket. There is a smattering of applause from the crowd. They clearly like tricks. Even the BLOOD AND THUNDER PROPHETS pause for a moment— then redouble their efforts.

BRIAN looks down and sees a ROMAN SOLDIER standing directly at his feet, looking up at him inquiringly. BRIAN looks to left and right at the other PROPHETS and then back at the SOLDIER before he realises what is expected of him. He takes a deep breath and begins.

BRIAN

Don't pass judgement on other people,
or you might get judged yourself.

The ROMAN SOLDIER looks back, satisfied that BRIAN is a bona fide false prophet.

Passer-by COLIN stops.

COLIN

What?

BRIAN

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

COLIN

Who, me?

BRIAN

Yes.

COLIN

Oh right. Thank you.

COLIN goes off happily with his advice.

BRIAN

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

A man, DENNIS, has been staring at BRIAN's gourd. EDDIE, ELSIE, FRANK and GEOFFREY are wandering by.

DENNIS

That's a nice gourd.

BRIAN

What?

DENNIS

How much do you want for the gourd?

BRIAN

I don't...you can have it.

DENNIS

Have it?

BRIAN gives it to him.

BRIAN

Yes. Consider the lilies...





DENNIS
Don't you want to haggle?

BRIAN
No. In the fields.

DENNIS
What's wrong with it then?

BRIAN
Nothing, take it.

GEOFFREY
(puzzled)
Consider the lilies?

BRIAN
Well, the birds then.

EDDIE
What birds?

BRIAN
Any birds.

EDDIE
Why?

BRIAN
Well...have they got jobs?

ARTHUR
Who?

BRIAN
The birds.

EDDIE
Have the birds got jobs?

FRANK
What's the matter with him?

ARTHUR
He says the birds are scrounging.

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

FRANK
And good luck to 'em.

EDDIE
They're very pretty.

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

FRANK
Well, 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.
There you are. See?

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

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

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

EDDIE
Oh, give the little flowers a chance.

DENNIS
I'll give you one for it.

BRIAN
It's yours.

DENNIS
Two then.

BRIAN
Look, there was this man and he had two servants...

ARTHUR
What were their names?

BRIAN
What?

ARTHUR
What were they called?

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

ELSIE
You don't know.

BRIAN
Well, it doesn't matter.

ARTHUR
He doesn't know what they were called.

BRIAN
They were called Simon and Adrian. Now...

ARTHUR
Oh! You said you didn't know.

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

SAM
He's making it up as he goes along.

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

EDDIE
Oh he's terrible isn't he?

ARTHUR
Terrible.

BRIAN
Three... well stewards really...

General eye raising to heaven.

ARTHUR
Tch tch tch.

A squad of ROMANS who have been observing all this start to stride purposefully towards BRIAN.

BRIAN sees them and panics.

BRIAN
(desperately, to his dwindling audience)
Er hear this! Er... Blessed are they... who convert their neighbour's ox... for they shall inhibit their girth... and to them only shall be given...

The ROMANS walk past him at this point and he realises that they were merely rejoining their platoon. The ROMAN who was standing beneath him has also gone with them.

BRIAN watches the ROMANS go.

BRIAN
...and to them only shall... be... given...

His voice trails off as he watches the ROMANS leaving the square. His audience is waiting for him to finish his sentence.

BRIAN breathes in relief and relaxes leaning back against the wall.

ELSIE
What?

BRIAN
Hmmm?

ELSIE
Shall be given what?

BRIAN
Oh nothing.

BRIAN climbs down from the ledge to leave. But the crowd won't leave him now.

ARTHUR
Hey! What were you going to say?

BRIAN
Nothing.

ARTHUR
Yes you were.

ELSIE
You were going to say something.

BRIAN
No I wasn't.

ARTHUR
Tell us before you go.

BRIAN
I wasn't going to say anything. I'd finished.

ELSIE
No you hadn't.

A YOUTH arrives.

YOUTH
What won't he tell us?

ELSIE
I don't know.

YOUTH
Is it a secret?

BRIAN
No...

YOUTH
Is it?

ELSIE
It must be. Otherwise he'd tell us.

ARTHUR
(to Brian)
What is the secret?

BRIAN
Leave me alone.

OTHERS
Yes! Tell us the secret!

More people join the crowd pressing forward after BRIAN as he makes his way through the market.

YOUTH
What is this secret?

GIRL
Is it the secret of Eternal Life?

ELSIE
He won't say.

ARTHUR
Of course not—if I knew the secret of Eternal Life, I wouldn't say.

BRIAN is thrusting his way through the now rapidly growing throng. A hard core is keeping up with him and pestering him.

BRIAN
Leave me alone.



BRIAN looks around desperately to make sure there are no ROMANS.

GIRL

Just tell us, please!

ARTHUR

Tell us! We were here first.

ELSIE

(turning to the gathering crowd)

Go away the rest of you.

REST OF CROWD

No! What's going on?

More join the crowd.

YOUTH

We were here first.

ARTHUR

No you weren't, we were.

GIRL

Tell us, Master.

BRIAN dives through the crowd, which is becoming increasingly excited, and bumps into DENNIS, who is still holding the gourd.

DENNIS

My final offer. Five!

BRIAN

Go away.

The GIRL approaches DENNIS.

GIRL

Is that... his gourd?

DENNIS

It's under offer.

GIRL

(taking the gourd and raising it aloft)

This is his gourd!

DENNIS

Ten then.

GIRL

It is His gourd! We will carry it for you Master...

The crowd looks up. BRIAN has disappeared.

YOUTH

He's gone! He's been taken up!

ALL

He's been taken up!

ARTHUR

No there he is!

Indicates BRIAN disappearing round a corner. At once the crowd gives chase.

CROWD

Master! Master.

BRIAN appears at the gates of the city, accelerating fast. Behind him the rumble of a pursuing crowd. BRIAN looks back desperately and runs up a path which takes him along the lower slopes of the hill towards Calvary. As he runs, he slips and one of his sandals comes off. He is about to retrieve it, when he sees his followers pouring out of the City gates. They see him and immediately give chase. BRIAN turns and runs off. The crowd approaches the sandal.

ELSIE

(holds up Brian's shoe)

Look!

GIRL
Follow the Gourd! The Holy Gourd of Jerusalem.

YOUTH
Get off!

EDDIE
Come on! Follow the Shoe!

YOUTH
Bring the sandal.

GEORGE
No it's a shoe!

HARRY
Put it on!

GEORGE
Clear off!

EDDIE
I will keep the shoe and put other shoes with it.

HARRY
It's a sandal.

EDDIE
No it isn't.

ARTHUR
Follow the shoe-ites!

YOUTH
Follow the way of the sandalites.

ARTHUR
But cast away our own shoes...

Some do.

ARTHUR
He has given us a sign.

EDDIE
He has given us a shoe.

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

YOUTH
What d'you mean?

ARTHUR
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.

GIRL
Cast off the shoes! Follow the gourd.

EDDIE
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.

GEORGE
Get off!

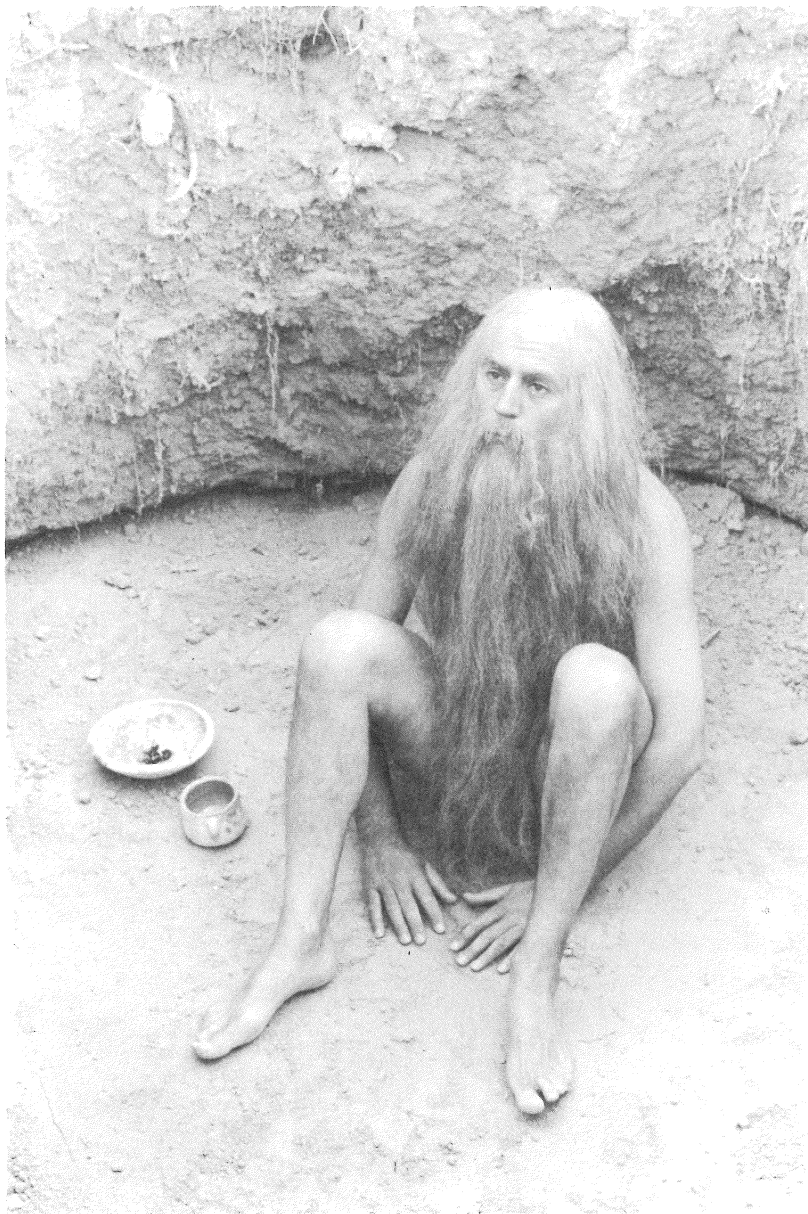
YOUTH
No! It is a sign that we must like him think not of the things of the body but of the face and head.

He kneels in prayer. Immediately someone tries to take his shoe.

YOUTH
Ouch.

EDDIE
Give me your shoe.





GIRL

Come! All ye who call yourself Gourdenes!

HARRY

Keep the shoe.

SPIKE

Let us pray.

But SPIKE is left alone as the crowd sets off in pursuit of BRIAN, who is by now racing, or rather limping along a steep upland path. He looks behind him, takes a deep breath and scrambles up between hanging rocks. He climbs and climbs higher and higher, still pursued by about a hundred raving FOLLOWERS. At the hill top BRIAN pauses and looks down to see the FOLLOWERS still coming up the path from below. He can turn neither left nor right. To one side there is a hole, no more than six feet across but quite deep, in which crouches a bearded mystic, in a meditative position. This is BRIAN'S chance.

BRIAN

Hey!

SIMON *the Holy Man looks up.*

BRIAN

Is there another way down?

SIMON'S face takes on a look of horror. Eyes popping and lips pressed tight together he shakes his head.

SIMON

Mmmm Mmmm.

BRIAN

Is there another path down to the river?

SIMON

(deliberately saying nothing and motioning to BRIAN to go away)

Mmmmmmm.

BRIAN

(hearing his FOLLOWERS)

Please help me! I've got to get away.

SIMON

Mmm Mmmm Mmmmm.

The FOLLOWERS are getting desperately close. Without waiting for them to see him, BRIAN leaps into the hole. He lands on top of the bearded HOLY MAN who screams.

SIMON

Ow! MY FOOT!!!

He grabs his foot in agony, but suddenly a fresh agony racks him.

SIMON

Oh damn! Damn, damn, damn!

BRIAN

(desperately)

Ssh! I'm sorry.

SIMON

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

BRIAN

Sssh! Sssh! I'm sorry!

SIMON

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

BRIAN

What?

SIMON

I've kept my vows for eighteen years.

Not a recognisable articulate sound...

BRIAN
I'm sorry...I didn't realise.

SIMON
Not a word. And then you come along.

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

SIMON
Oh there's no point in being quiet, now. I might as well enjoy myself. The times in the last eighteen years when I've wanted to shout and sing! De da dum. And shout my name out.
Oh I'm alive! Hava Nagila.

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.*

SIMON
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.*

SIMON
Hello trees! Hello sky! Hello rocks!!
Oh it's a lovely day today. Hava Nagila!...

We see BRIAN rear up briefly out of the hole holding the HERMIT'S mouth, but he reacts in horror to the approach of his FOLLOWERS and ducks down but the hermit breaks loose again. The HERMIT'S voice suddenly tails off as he sees what BRIAN has seen.

SIMON *stops. His eyes boggle. The FOLLOWERS approach the hole. They fall to the ground.*

CROWD
The 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.

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

CROWD
Speak to us...

BRIAN
Go away!

CROWD
A blessing! A blessing!!

ARTHUR
How shall we go away Master?

BRIAN
Just go away...leave me alone.

ELSIE
Give us a sign.

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





BRIAN
I did not bring you here. You just followed me.

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

ARTHUR
Master! Your people have walked many miles to be with you.
They are weary and have not eaten.

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

ARTHUR
There is no food in this high mountain.

BRIAN
What about the juniper bushes over there.

CROWD
A miracle! A miracle!

ELSIE
The bushes have been made fruitful by his word.

YOUTH
They have brought forth juniper berries.

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

YOUTH
Show us another miracle!

ARTHUR
Do not tempt him, shallow ones. Is not the miracle of the
juniper bushes enough?

SIMON *sees the crowd pulling the juniper bushes to pieces.*

SIMON
I say! Those are my juniper bushes!

ARTHUR
They are a gift from God.

SIMON
They're all I've bloody got to eat! 'ere 'ere,
get away from those bushes!

A MAN *falls in front of BRIAN.*

HARRY
Lord! I am affected by a bald patch!

A BLIND MAN *with a white stick pushes his way to the front of the crowd.*

BLIND MAN
I'm healed! The master has healed me!

BRIAN
I never touched him!

BLIND MAN
I was blind and now I can see.
(he throws his white stick away and stumbles instantly into the hole)
Aargh!

SIMON *runs up to BRIAN*

SIMON
Tell them to stop it!
(to crowd)
I hadn't said a word for eighteen years till he came along.

ALL
A miracle! He is the Messiah.

SIMON
He hurt my foot!!

ALL

(offering their feet)

Hurt my foot Lord!! Hurt my foot. Please!

ARTHUR

Hail Messiah!

BRIAN

I'm not the Messiah.

ARTHUR

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

ALL

Hail Messiah.

SIMON *runs over to the juniper berry pickers trying to stop them.*

SIMON

Stop it! Stop it!

BRIAN

I am not the Messiah, will you please listen! I am not the Messiah. D'you understand. Honestly!

GIRL

Only the true Messiah denies his divinity.

BRIAN

What!? Oh!

*(in exasperation)*What sort of a chance does that give me?...All right! I am the Messiah!*Uproar.*

CROWD

He is! He is the Messiah!*They all fall and worship him.*

BRIAN

Now fuck off!!!*Long pause.*

ARTHUR

How shall we fuck off O Lord?

BRIAN

Just...go away. Leave me alone.

SIMON *comes back*

SIMON

*(accusingly to BRIAN.)*You told these people to eat my juniper berries.

BRIAN

Look...I only...

SIMON

You break my bloody foot, you break my vow of silence, and now you try and clean up on my juniper bushes.

SIMON *begins attacking BRIAN. ARTHUR at once rushes in to intervene.*

ARTHUR

This is the Messiah—the chosen one.

SIMON

No he's not! He's just...

ARTHUR

An unbeliever!!

ALL

An unbeliever!!

ARTHUR

Persecute! Death to the unbelievers!





BRIAN

Look. No. He only...

The crowd manhandle SIMON away lifting him up and above them. SIMON struggles desperately as BRIAN tries hopelessly to intervene.

ALL

A heretic! Kill! Persecute... Persecute the heretic!

BRIAN

Leave him alone... please...!

But BRIAN is powerless to prevent the mob violence that has broken out, and he can only watch helplessly as the crowd carry away the nearly naked SIMON to his doom. He suddenly realises that he is at last alone, and is about to slip away when he sees JUDITH standing in front of him, looking at him with admiration. An idea occurs to BRIAN.

Dawn over a large cut-out of Jerusalem. Usual dawn clichés. Cocks crowing, birds twittering, sound effects men working overtime.

BRIAN stirs in his bed, and opens his eyes, to see the naked sleeping form of JUDITH beside him. Clearly certain unspecified but apparently rude behaviour has taken place during the night. BRIAN smiles warmly at the memory, gets out of bed, yawns and wanders over to the window. He throws open the shutters and flings his arms back to stretch. He is quite naked. Suddenly he freezes in mid-stretch, horrified. A vast crowd thronging the courtyard outside his bedroom window is looking up at him.

CROWD

Look! There he is. The chosen one has woken!

There are at least four hundred people outside. BRIAN slams the shutters and retreats in panic from the window. From downstairs he hears his MOTHER'S voice.

MANDY

(off)

Brian! Brian!

As he struggles into his robe, the door of his room flies open and MANDY storms in.

BRIAN

Oh hello Mother.

MANDY

Don't you "hello Mother" me! What are all those people doing out there?

BRIAN

Oh, er, well...!

MANDY

Come on, what have you been up to, my lad.

BRIAN

I think they must have popped by for something.

MANDY

"Popped by!" "Swarmed by" more like! There's a multitude out there!

BRIAN

They started following me yesterday.

MANDY

Well, they can stop following you right now!

BRIAN hesitates. MANDY goes to the window and opens the shutters.

MANDY

(to the crowd)

Now stop following my son. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves.

CROWD

The Messiah. The Messiah. Show us the Messiah.

The who? MANDY

The Messiah. CROWD

There's no Messiah in here. There's a mess all right, but no Messiah. Now go away. MANDY

Brian! Brian! CROWD

Right my lad, what have you been up to? MANDY

Well, mother... BRIAN

Out with it! Come on! MANDY

They think I'm the Messiah, mother. BRIAN

MANDY *clips him across the ear.*

What have you been telling them? MANDY

Nothing. BRIAN

You're only making it worse for yourself. MANDY

She clips him again and then turns as JUDITH appears from BRIAN'S bed stark naked. MANDY stares speechlessly as JUDITH comes forward and stands between BRIAN and his mother protectively.

JUDITH
Let me explain Mrs. Cohen! Your son is a born leader. These people out there are following him because he will lead them with hope to a new world, a better future.

MANDY
(eventually, to BRIAN)
WHO's that???!?

BRIAN
(terrified)
It's Judith mum. Judith... mother... mother... Judith.

MANDY *moves forward to thump him again, but is distracted by the growing shouts of the crowd for BRIAN. She returns to the window.*

Show us the Messiah. CROWD

Now you listen. He's not the Messiah, he's a very naughty boy. Now go away. MANDY

Who are you? CROWD

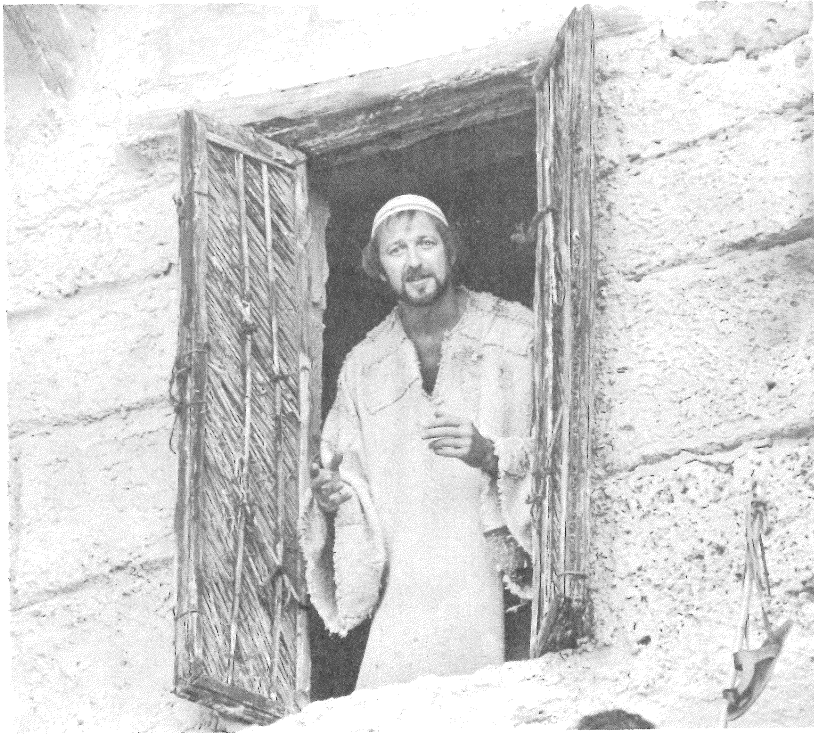
I'm his mother, that's who. MANDY

Behold his Mother. Behold his Mother!! Hail to thee, mother of Brian. All hail. Blessed art thou. Hosanna. All praise to thee, now and always!!! CROWD

Now don't think you can get round me that way. He's not coming out and that's my final word. Now shove off! MANDY

No! CROWD





MANDY
Did you hear what I said?

CROWD
Yes!!

MANDY
Oh, I see. It's like that is it?

CROWD
Yes.

MANDY
All right, you can see him for one minute, but not one second more, do you understand?

CROWD
(reluctantly)
Yes.

MANDY
Promise?

CROWD
Well...all right.

MANDY
Right. Here he is then. Come on, Brian.
Come and talk to them.

BRIAN
But mum, Judith.

MANDY
Leave that Welsh tart alone.

BRIAN
I don't really want to, Mum.

BRIAN *moves forward. The crowd cheers, "Hosanna," "The Master," "All Hail" etc. The pandemonium dies down.*

BRIAN
Good morning.

CROWD
A blessing! A blessing!
More pandemonium.

BRIAN
No, please. Please. Please listen.
(they quieten)
I've got one or two things to say.

CROWD
Tell us. Tell us both of them!!

BRIAN
Look...you've got it all wrong. You don't need to follow me. You don't need to follow anybody. You've got to think for yourselves. You're all individuals.

CROWD
Yes, we're all individuals.

BRIAN
You're all different.

CROWD
Yes, we are all different.

DENNIS
I'm not.

CROWD
Sssshhh!

BRIAN
Well, that's it. You've all got to work it out for yourselves.

CROWD
Yes, yes!! We've got to work it out for ourselves.

Exactly. BRIAN

Tell us more. CROWD

No, no, that's the point. Don't let anyone tell you what to do. Otherwise... Ow!

MANDY drags him away by his ear.

That's enough. MANDY

She propels him out of sight.

(disappointed) CROWD

Oooh. That wasn't a minute! MANDY

Oh yes it was. MANDY

Oh no it wasn't! CROWD

Now stop that, and go away. MANDY

Excuse me. YOUTH

Yes? MANDY

Are you a virgin? YOUTH

I beg your pardon. MANDY

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

"If it's not a personal question"! How much more personal can you get? Now piss off. MANDY

She is. YOUTH

Yeah. Definitely. EVERYONE

BRIAN opens the door leading downstairs. And then gawks. Below him in MANDY'S kitchen there is a scene of great activity. The REVOLUTIONARIES are everywhere, carrying in a table, controlling queues, organizing everyone. A lot of the lay public are also in the room in various groups, milling about. REG is manically active.

Line up along there please. Get 'em in two rows Stan. Those with gifts, come forward. Incurables, I'm afraid you'll just have to wait for a few minutes. REG

Will he endorse fish? MAN

You'll have to see Sibling Francis about endorsements. And keep the noise down a bit please!! Those possessed by devils, try to keep them under control a bit, can't you. REG

REG looks up and sees BRIAN.

Morning Saviour. REG

The crowd surges towards BRIAN and the REVOLUTIONARIES go to help him.



FRANCIS

Come on, give him space, don't push, mind your backs.

BRIAN *is in no mood for this and he walks through the crowd without slowing his pace.*

MAN

My little boy just loved your juniper berries miracle.

WOMAN

(rudely)
Lay your hand here quick.

FRANCIS

Don't jostle the Chosen One. Please!

REG

Don't push that baby in the Saviour's face.

MR. GREGORY

I say, I say, could he just see my wife? She has a headache.

REG

She'll have to wait I'm afraid.

GREGORY

It's very bad and we have a lunch appointment.

REG

Look, the lepers are queuing...

FRANCIS

Don't push!

REG

Brian, can I introduce you to Mr. Papadopoulos who's letting us have the Mount on Saturday.

But BRIAN slips out through the back door and descends some steps into MANDY'S garden where he sits, head in hands.
Suddenly a voice assails him.

OTTO

Hail leader.

BRIAN

What?

OTTO

Oh. I'm so sorry. Have you see the new Leader?

BRIAN

The what?

OTTO

The new Leader. Where is the new Leader? I wish to hail him. Hail Leader! See.

BRIAN

Oh. Who are you?

OTTO

My name. Is. Otto.

BRIAN

Oh.

OTTO

Yes. Otto. It's time, you know...

BRIAN

What?

OTTO

...Time that we Jews racially purified ourselves.

BRIAN

Oh.

OTTO

He's right, you know. The new Leader. We need more living room. We must move into the traditionally Jewish areas of Samaria.

BRIAN

What about the Samaritans?

OTTO

Well, 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.

BRIAN

Yes, I'm not sure that I...

OTTO

Oh, I grow so impatient you know. To see 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 foreigners, no gypsies, no riff-raff.

BRIAN

Shhh. Otto.

OTTO

What, the Leader? Hail Leader!

BRIAN

No no. It's dangerous.

OTTO

Oh, danger: There is no danger.
(flicks his fingers)
Men!

A Phalanx of armed rather sinister men appear from the shadows and fall in.

OTTO

Impressive, eh?

BRIAN

Yes.

OTTO

Yes, we are a thoroughly trained suicide squad.

BRIAN

Ah-hah.

OTTO

Oh yes, we can commit suicide within twenty seconds.

BRIAN

Twenty seconds?

OTTO

You don't believe me?

BRIAN

Well...yes...

OTTO

I think you question me.

BRIAN

No. No.

OTTO

I can see you do not believe me.

BRIAN

No 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.

(with pride)
See.

OTTO

Yes.

BRIAN

I think now you believe me, yes?

OTTO

Yes.

BRIAN

I think now I prove it to you huh?

OTTO

Yes, you certainly did.

BRIAN

All dead.

OTTO

Yes.

BRIAN

Not one living.

OTTO

No.

BRIAN

OTTO
You see, they are all of them quite dead. See I kick this one. He's dead. And this one's dead, I tread on his head. 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 forever. Helmut... Johnny... the little guy... er... the other fat one... their names will be remembered... eventually... forever. So now I go. Hail Leader!

BRIAN
Wait Otto. You can't just leave them all here.

OTTO
Why not—they're all dead.

One of the 'corpses' farts. There is a giggle.

OTTO
Wait a minute. There is somebody here who is not dead. There is somebody here who is only pretending to be dead. Stand up you.

One of the bodies stands up sheepishly. As he does so, he stands on someone else who quite clearly says 'Ow.'

OTTO
Who said 'ow'? You're not dead either. Neither are you. Stand up, stand up, all of you. Oh my heck, is there not even one dead?

They have all stood up averting their eyes in shame.

HELMUT
No sir. Not one.

ADOLF
We thought it was a practice sir.

OTTO
Oh my cock. Tomorrow as punishment, you will eat—pork sausages!

There is a horrified muttering at this suggestion. OTTO turns sharply to BRIAN.

OTTO
O.K. Tell the Leader we are ready to die for him the moment he gives the sign.





BRIAN

What sign?

OTTO

The sign that is the sign, that shall be the sign. Men, forward.

OTTO'S MEN *march away singing their exciting song.*

OTTO'S MEN'S SONG

There's a man we call our leader
 Who's fine and strong and brave
 And we'll follow him unquestioning
 Towards an early grave
 He gives us hope of sacrifice
 And a chance to die in vain
 And if we're one of the lucky ones
 We'll live to die again.

BRIAN

Silly bugger.

JUDITH *comes down the steps towards him. At the sight of her he perks up, and his mind reverts to country matters.*

JUDITH

Brian! You were fantastic!

BRIAN

Well you weren't so bad yourself.

JUDITH

No no... What you said just now was quite extraordinary.

BRIAN

What? Oh... that... was it?

JUDITH

We don't need leaders. You're so right. Reg has been dominating us for too long.

BRIAN

Well yes.

JUDITH

It needed saying and you said it. It's our revolution, we can all do it together. We're all behind you Brian. The revolution's in your hands now.

BRIAN

No, that's not what I meant at all!

A familiar ROMAN CENTURION'S hand claps itself down on BRIAN'S shoulder. A group of ROMAN SOLDIERS surround him, thrusting JUDITH brutally aside.

CENTURION

You're fuckin' nicked, my old beauty.

JUDITH *struggles briefly with a SOLDIER but is thrown aside as BRIAN is dragged off.*

BRIAN *is kicked hard on the side of the head. He is once again in PILATE'S Audience Chamber. BIGGUS is lying on a couch.*

PILATE

Well, Brian, you've given us a good wun for our money.

BRIAN

A what?

He is thumped by the GUARD.

PILATE

This time I guawantee you will not escape.
 Guard, do we have any cwucifixions today?

GUARD

A hundred and thirty-nine, Sir, special celebration.
Passover, Sir.

PILATE

Wight. Well, we now have 140. Nice wound number,
eh Biggus?

The CENTURION strides in rather agitatedly. He gives a perfunctory salute to PILATE.

CENTURION

Sir! The crowd outside is getting a bit restless!
Permission to disperse them please.

PILATE

Disperse them? But I haven't addressed them yet.

CENTURION

You're not thinking of giving it a miss this year, sir?

PILATE

Giving it a miss Centuwion? My address is one of the high
spots of the Passover.

The GUARDS exchange looks and suppress smiles.

PILATE

Biggus Dickus has come all the way fwom Wome
especially to hear it.

BIGGUS DICKUS, *a large, overdressed, slightly effete Roman, nods.*

CENTURION

It's just that the crowd is in a funny mood today, sir.

PILATE

I'm surprised to see you wattled by a wabble of
wowdy webels, Centuwion.

CENTURION

A bit thundery, sir.

An uncomfortable silence. No one is quite sure where to look.

PILATE turns to BRIAN.

PILATE

Take him away, and cwucify him well.

The GUARD salutes and drags BRIAN away. PILATE turns and makes for the entrance to the forum. The CENTURION has one last attempt at discussion.

CENTURION

I really wouldn't if I were you, sir.

PILATE

Out of the way, Centuwion!

BIGGUS

Let me come with you Pontiuth. I may be of thome athitntence
if there ith a thudden crithith.

The CENTURION looks to the skies—mute appeal for help. Then turns and follows them outside.

Meanwhile—the REVOLUTIONARIES are back at MATTHIAS' house having another meeting.

REG

Right, now item 4. Attainment of world supremacy within the
next four years. Sibling Francis, you've been doing some work
on this.

FRANCIS

Yeah, thank you, Reg. Well, quite frankly siblings, I think five
years is optimistic unless we can smash the Roman Empire
within the next twelve months.



REG
Twelve months?

FRANCIS
Yes, twelve months, and let's face it, as Empires go, this is the big one so we've got to get up off our arses and stop just talking about it.

ALL
Hear, hear.

STAN
I agree it's action that counts, not words, and we need action now.

ALL
Hear, hear.

REG
You're right, we could sit around here all day passing resolutions, making clever speeches, but it's not going to shift one Roman soldier.

FRANCIS
So let's stop gabbing on about it. It's completely pointless and it's getting us nowhere.

ALL
Right.

STAN
I agree, this is a complete waste of time.

ALL
Agreed.

REG
Good, that's settled then.

JUDITH *rushes in.*
JUDITH
They've arrested Brian!

REG
What?

JUDITH
They've dragged him off. They're going to crucify him.

REG
Right, this calls for immediate discussion.

JUDITH
What?

STAN
New motion?

REG
Completely new motion. That, er, that there be immediate action.

FRANCIS
Once the vote has been taken.

REG
Of course, once the vote's been taken, you can't act on a resolution till the vote's been taken.

JUDITH
Reg, let's go now, please.

REG
Right. In the light of fresh information from Sibling Judith.

STAN
Not so fast, Reg.

JUDITH
Reg, for God's sake. It's perfectly simple. All you've got to do is go out of that door now and try to stop the Romans nailing him up. It's happening, Reg. Something's actually happening, Reg, can't you understand? — Ohh!

She rushes out.

REG
Oh dear... another little ego trip from the feminists.

STAN
What!

REG
Oh, sorry Loretta. Now then, Francis, I believe you had a resolution to put before the committee?

BRIAN *is now inside the cells, manacled, in a line of PRISONERS shuffling forward. A rather understanding, kindly Roman officer, NISUS WETTUS, is checking them off on a list, as each one comes forward.*

NISUS
Next? Crucifixion?

FIRST PRISONER
Yes.

NISUS
Good... right.

JAILER *undoes the manacles.*

NISUS
Out of the door, line on the left, one cross each... next...
Another PRISONER steps forward.

NISUS
Crucifixion?

SECOND PRISONER
Yes.

NISUS
Good... Out 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
(looks at book)
Well, that's jolly good... In that case...
(he goes to strike out Mr. Cheeky's name)

MR. CHEEKY
No... no... it's crucifixion really. Just pulling your leg.

NISUS
Oh... I see. Very good, very good.
(laughs forcedly)
Oh jolly good... out of the door, line on the...

MR. CHEEKY
Yes... I know the way... out the door, line on the left, one cross each.

Meanwhile outside in the 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. Four TRUMPETERS appear on the top step and blow a fanfare.
The CROWD quietens.

PILATE and BIGGUS and the CENTURION appear on the balcony.

PILATE

People of Jewusalem!

The CROWD are grinning expectantly. The CENTURION closes 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 louts. The ringleader of these is called BOB HOSKINS.

PILATE

Wome is your Fwend!

A lot of the CROWD giggle at this point. The CENTURION looks away, embarrassed.

PILATE

To pwove our fwiership, it is customawy at this time to welease a wong-doer fwom our pwisons.

A good laugh from the CROWD.

Whom would you have me welease?

CENTURION bites his lip and looks heavenwards. He catches the eye of one GUARD who sniggers. The CENTURION freezes him with a look.

BOB HOSKINS

Welease Woger!

There are a few laughs and the CROWD starts to pick this up immediately.

CROWD

Yes! Welease Woger! Welease Woger! We want Woger!

PILATE turns to the CENTURION with an imperious air. The CENTURION bites his lip.

PILATE

Very well, I shall welease... Woger.

CENTURION

Er—we don't have a Roger, sir.

PILATE

What?

CENTURION

We don't have anyone of that name, sir.

PILATE

Oh...

(he turns back to the crowd)

We have no Woger.

ANOTHER

Welease Wodewick then.

CROWD

Yes, welease Wodewick.

PILATE turns to CENTURION.

PILATE

Why do they titter so?

CENTURION

Oh, it's just some Jewish joke, sir.

PILATE

(suspicions dawning)

Are they wagging me?

CENTURION

(hastily)

Oh no, sir.

BOB HOSKINS

How about weleasing Wodewick, then?





More laughter. PILATE *looks pleased and throws his arms wide in his benevolence.*

PILATE

Very well, I shall welease Wodewick.

CENTURION *looks increasingly pained.*

CENTURION

Er...we...don't have a Roderick either, sir.

PILATE

No Woger? No Wodewick?

(he turns to the crowd)

Who is this Wodewick to whom you wefer?

BOB HOSKINS

He's a wobber!

More laughter.

ANOTHER

And a wapist!

More laughter.

ANOTHER

And a pick-pocket.

CROWD

No, ssh...

PILATE

Sounds a notowious cwiminal. Do we have anyone in our pwisons at all?

CENTURION

Oh yes sir. We've got Samson, sir.

PILATE

Samson?

CENTURION

(as he unrolls a scroll)

Samson the Saducee strangler, sir. Silus the Syrian assassin, several seditious scribes from Caesarea...

BIGGUS *suddenly strides forward and grabs the scroll.*

BIGGUS

(impressively)

Let me thpeak to them Ponthious.

CENTURION

(instinctively)

Oh, NO!

PILATE

Good idea, Biggus.

BIGGUS *strides forward and reads from the scroll.*

BIGGUS

THITizens!...

Inside the cells the crucifees are still being ticked off by NISUS WETTUS.

BRIAN *agitatedly awaits his turn.*

NISUS

Next. Crucifixion?

PRISONER EIGHTY-SIX

Yes.

NISUS

Good. Out of the door on the left, one cross each. Thank you.

BRIAN

Excuse me!

NISUS

Just a minute if you don't mind. How many have come through?

What?
 JAILER

How many have come through?
 NISUS

What?
 JAILER

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...eaf as a p...post, sir.

NISUS
(very loudly)
 HOW...MANY...HAVE...COME...THROUGH?

JAILER
(chuckles)
 Heh. Heh.

NISUS
 Oh dear.

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 senseless waste of human life, isn't it?

JAILER'S ASSISTANT
 Not with these b...bastards, sir. C...c...c...cruci...cruci...
 crucifffff...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...n...nasty as something I just thought up.

JAILER
(suddenly, conspiratorially)
 I know where to get it, if you want it.

NISUS
(confused)
 What?

JAILER'S ASSISTANT
 Don't worry about him. He's d...deaf and mad, sir.

NISUS
 How did he get the job?

JAILER'S ASSISTANT
 Bloody Pilate's pet!

MR. CHEEKY
 Get a move on, Big Nose, people waiting to be crucified
 out here!

(laughs to himself)

BRIAN
 Could I see a lawyer or someone?

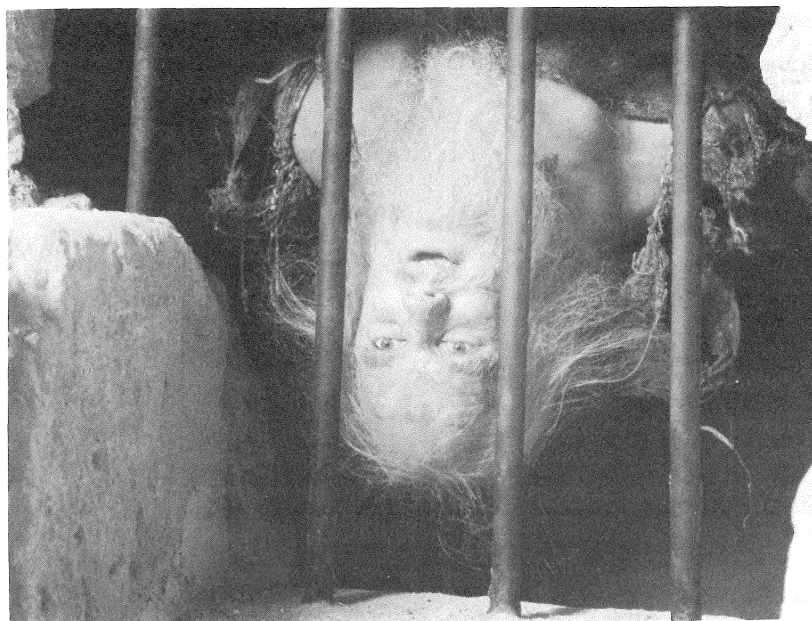
NISUS
 Do you have a lawyer?

BRIAN
 No, but I am a Roman!

MR. CHEEKY
 How about a retrial? We've got time!

ROMAN GUARD
(clouting him)
 Shut up, you! Get in line!





MR. CHEEKY

I'm only sending him up.

ROMAN GUARD

Shut up!

MR. CHEEKY

Miserable bloody Romans—no sense of humour.

NISUS

I'm sorry, bit of a hurry. Could you go outside, line on the left, one cross each.

BRIAN *is hustled out, protesting.*

Back at the Forum, all is as before except that the entire CROWD is prone on the ground, rolling around with their legs in the air and clutching their sides in unrestrained anarchic hilarity at what has obviously been a feast of verbal ineptitude.

BIGGUS *is holding the scroll from which he has been reading. He looks mystified. He turns to the CENTURION.*

BIGGUS

Wath it thomething I thaid?

PILATE

Silence! This man commands a cwack legion! This man wanks as high as any man in Wome!

Renewed hilarity from the CROWD.

In the prison yard, 140 CRUCIFEEES are waiting to leave. NISUS addresses their massed ranks.

NISUS

All right! Crucifixion party...

They look up wearily from under their burdens.

Morning. 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 lengths between you and the man in front... and a good steady pace...cross over your right shoulder, and if you keep your back tight up against the crossbeam, you'll be there before you know it.

PARVUS

Crucifixion party!...wait for it...crucifixion party by the left...forrrward!

They shuffle off with groans and creaks.

As they move off there is a shout from inside the prison. BEN is upside down at the grille window.

BEN

You lucky bastards! You lucky...jammy...bastards!

JUDITH *now is running through the crowded streets. She reaches some steps and climbs up onto a roof. Quickly, she opens a basket and releases a flock of pigeons.*

A very STRANGE MAN is lying on a lonely hilltop. Suddenly he rouses himself, sits up and peers into the distance towards Jerusalem.

A flock of pigeons flies up against the sun.

Seeing this, the STRANGE MAN rouses himself and does an extremely odd but elaborate dance.

Further away, on an even lonelier hilltop, a pile of straw moves to reveal that it is in fact a MAN dressed in straw. He watches the STRANGE MAN'S dance closely.

STRAW LOOK-OUT

It is the sign!

Instantly OTTO appears, with all his MEN.

OTTO
The sign that is the sign?

LOOK-OUT
Yes!

OTTO
Men! Our time has come! Our Leader calls! Men forward!
The MEN march into the wall and each other.

OTTO
Oh my cock.

In the Jerusalem streets the procession of crosses trails 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!

As the Saintly PASSER-BY starts to put the cross down, the Centurion PARVUS hastens up.

PARVUS
Hey what d'you think you're doing?

SAINTLY PASSER-BY
It's not my cross.

PARVUS
Shut up and get on with it!

MR. CHEEKY
Aha—he 'ad you there! That'll teach you a lesson—he got you all right!

Great amusement. The CRUCIFEEES are immensely cheered by this incident.

There is a distant gale of laughter from the Forum. PILATE is still at it.

PILATE
I'm getting vewy angwy. Now I'll give you one more chance.
Who would you have me welease?

MAN IN CROWD
Wobert!

BOB HOSKINS
No, we've done that one.

Suddenly JUDITH appears breathless and agitated.

JUDITH
Release Brian!

BOB HOSKINS
Oh, that's a good one. Yeth, welease Bwian!

The crowd's laughter is a bit forced by now, but they take up the chant 'Welease Bwian'.

PILATE
(blowing his top)
Wight! That's it! I shall welease nobody!

The CROWD 'Ohs' with disappointment.





CENTURION
Er!... We do have a Brian, sir!

PILATE
What?

CENTURION
You just sent him for crucifixion.

PILATE
(momentarily non-plussed)

Oh. Well, welease him, Centuwion, stwaight away.

The CENTURION dashes off as PILATE turns back to the crowd.

PILATE
Very well. I shall welease Bwian!

The CRUCIFIXION PARTY is now outside the city gates, heading towards Calvary. Some of the crosses are already up. MR. CHEEKY seems undeterred by this grim sight.

PARVUS
Get a move on there!

MR. CHEEKY
Or what?

PARVUS
Or you'll be in trouble.

MR. CHEEKY
Oh dear! You mean I might have to give up being crucified in the afternoons...

PARVUS
(irritated at having his logical shortcoming pointed out)
Shut up!

MR. CHEEKY
That would be a blow... I wouldn't have anything to do would I?

He gets a thump on top of his head from PARVUS.

MR. CHEEKY
Thank you. Bloody Romans.

Hot on the trail of BRIAN, the tall CENTURION rushes down the steps into the empty cells. Only the JAILER and his ASSISTANT are left.

CENTURION
Where have they gone?

JAILER
We've got lumps of it round the back.

CENTURION
What?

JAILER'S ASSISTANT
Oh don't worry about him. He's mm...mmm...mm...mad, sir.

CENTURION
Are they gone?

JAILER'S ASSISTANT
(gesturing strangely)
Oh n...n...n...n...n...n...n...

The CENTURION gives up and races out.

JAILER'S ASSISTANT
n...n...yes, sir. Anyway, 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?"

Inside MANDY'S kitchen, the REVOLUTIONARIES are still sitting round in mid-debate.

REG
Right, that's the motion to get on with it carried with one abstention. I now propose we go without further ado. Could I have a seconder?

FRANCIS
No...let's just go.

ALL
Oh, all right...

They leave.

In the busy market streets, the CENTURION and his GUARDS are elbowing people out of the way. The CENTURION pushes a BEGGAR.

BEGGAR
Roman git!

CENTURION
Watch it, there's still some crosses left.

Indeed there are. One or two crosses are already up. A crucifix is being raised up efficiently into position by two or three ROMAN SOLDIERS. They stand back. It is BIG NOSE on the cross. PARVUS is supervising.

BIG NOSE
I'll get you for this, you bastard.

PARVUS
Oh yeah?

BIG NOSE
Oh yeah. Don't worry. I never forget a face.

PARVUS
No?

BIG NOSE
I'm going to definitely do you, old son.

PARVUS
Shut up, Jewish git.

BIG NOSE
Who are you calling Jew? I'm not a Jew. I'm a Samaritan.

An educated voice from the cross next door reveals MR. GREGORY; already up on his cross, the same SMALL BOY still holds the tall umbrella over his head.

JEW
A Samaritan? This is supposed to be a Jewish section.

PARVUS
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?

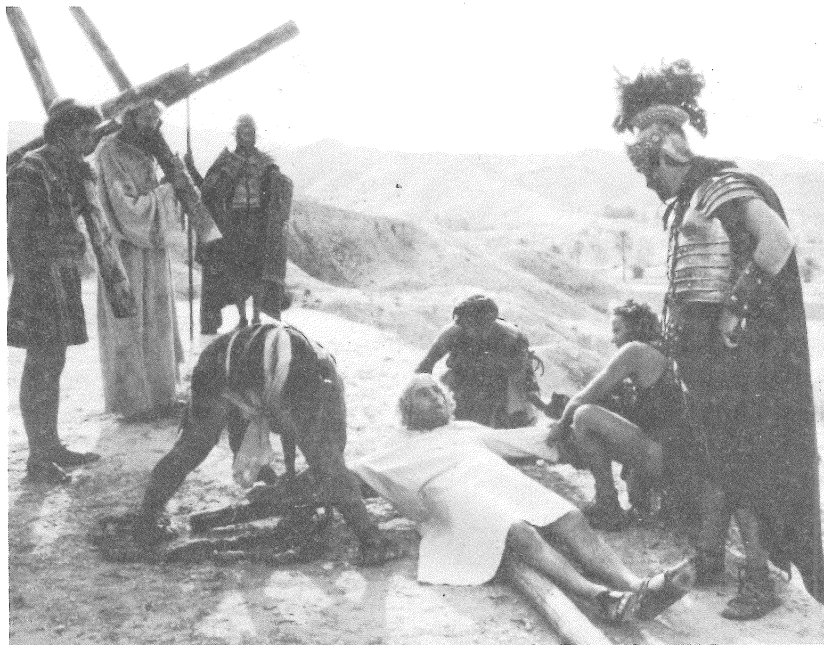
His WIFE, nailed up on the cross next to him, nods in assent. People on the other crosses nod also. Murmurs of agreement.

PHARISEE
Pharisees separate from Sadducees.

PARVUS
All right. We'll soon settle this. Hands up those who don't want to be crucified here.

They strain to put their hands up.

PARVUS
All right. Now just shut up the lot of you. Who's next?
The kindly man who shouldered ALFONSO'S burden comes forward.



PARVUS
Lie down on the wood.

SAINTLY PASSER-BY
It's not my cross.

PARVUS
What?

SAINTLY PASSER-BY
I'm only looking after it for somebody.

PARVUS
Just lie down, I haven't got all day.

SAINTLY PASSER-BY
Yes, of course. Look, I hate to make a fuss, but...

PARVUS
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.

GREGORY
Is he Jewish?

PARVUS
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?

PARVUS
(airily)
Yes, yes—we'll let you down. Next!

BRIAN *is roughly grabbed and pushed forward.*

BRIAN
Look, you don't have to do this. You don't have to take orders.

PARVUS
I like taking orders.

The REVOLUTIONARIES meanwhile are marching through the streets towards the city gate with grim determination. Rather like a trade union delegation. They are headed for Calvary, where BRIAN's cross is now raised up. We see for the moment his fear and agony. A slight pause.

MR. CHEEKY
See? Not so bad once yer up.

MR. CHEEKY *is nodding away at BRIAN on the next cross.*

MR. CHEEKY
You being rescued are you?

BRIAN
It's a bit late now, isn't it?

MR. CHEEKY
Nah—we've got a couple days up here—plenty of time—lots of people get rescued.

BRIAN
Oh.

MR. CHEEKY
My brother usually rescues me... if he can keep off the tail for more than twenty minutes... randy little bugger... he's up and down like the Assyrian Empire!

(laughs to himself)
'ello, your family arrived then?

BRIAN

(with utter relief sees the REVOLUTIONARIES approaching)
Reg!

They group themselves under BRIAN's cross, and REG steps forward.

REG

Hello, Sibling Brian

BRIAN

Thank God you've come, Reg.

REG

Ah...now, I think I should point out in all fairness, that we are not in fact the rescue committee.

(he unrolls a scroll)

However, I have been asked to read the following prepared statement on behalf of the movement.

(he clears his throat)

"We, the People's Front of Judea brackets Officials end brackets, do hereby convey our sincere and heartfelt congratulations to you Brian on this, the occasion of your martyrdom."

Nodding and murmurs of agreement from the others. BRIAN looks horrified.

BRIAN

What?

REG

"Your death will stand as a landmark in the continuing struggle to liberate the parent land once and for all from the hands of 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.F.J. etc..."

(he lowers the scroll)

I'd just like to add on a personal note my own admiration for what you are doing for us at what must after all be, for you, Brian, a difficult time.

He rolls up the scroll. BRIAN stares in disbelief.

BRIAN

Reg...what are you going to...

REG

Goodbye, Brian, and thanks.

FRANCIS

Goodbye, Brian. Well done.

STAN

Very good, Brian, keep it up.

They regroup a little way away, turn and sing: "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow," then hurry away as the CENTURION comes storming out of the city.

CENTURION

Which one is Brian of Nazareth?

BRIAN

(still hurling abuse at the REVOLUTIONARIES.)

You bastards!

CENTURION

I have an order here for his release.

BRIAN is too busy abusing them to have heard. MR. CHEEKY, however, has not missed this.





MR. CHEEKY
Oh, I'm Brian of Nazareth.

BRIAN
What?

MR. CHEEKY
I'm Brian of Nazareth.

CENTURION
Take him down then.

BRIAN
I'm Brian of Nazareth.

BIG NOSE
(catching on fast)
No, I'm Brian of Nazareth.

ANOTHER
I'm Brian.

MR. GREGORY
I'm Brian. And so's my wife.

ALL
I'm Brian! I'm Brian! I'm Brian!

MR. CHEEKY *is down off the cross.*

CENTURION
Release him.

MR. CHEEKY
No, only joking. I'm not really Brian.

He is carried away by the SOLDIERS.

MR. CHEEKY
I'm not Brian, I was having you on. Honestly, I was just pulling your leg. I was taking the piss.

BRIAN
No, he's not Brian. I'm Brian.

ALL CRUCIFEEES
I'm Brian, I'm Brian.

MR. CHEEKY
It's a joke. That's all. Put me back.

But he is dragged away. Suddenly PARVUS looks up. He has heard something.

OTTO and his MEN *appear over the skyline.*

BRIAN
Otto!
(a new flicker of hope in his eyes)

OTTO
Men, charge!

They charge.

The ROMANS, seeing this formidable army bearing down on them, finger their swords rather nervously and then break and run away back towards the city gate.

BRIAN'S face lights up with renewed hope as he sees OTTO'S army advancing at the double. The army arrives under the cross, swords held aloft. The ROMANS have all run away.

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.

JUDITH *rushes up.*

JUDITH

Brian! Brian!

BRIAN

Judith!

JUDITH

Terrific! Great!

BRIAN

You mean I'm being released?

JUDITH

No, you're not, that's the point. Reg has explained it all to me
and I think it's great what you are doing. Thank you, Brian.
I'll...I'll never forget you.

She turns and hastens off.

BRIAN

Judith...

BRIAN *looks utterly depressed and in despair at this final desertion.*
Suddenly, a perky voice from the cross behind attempts to cheer him up.

MR. FRISBEE III

Cheer up, Brian. You know what they say.
Some things in life are bad
They can really make you mad
Other things just make you swear and curse
When you're chewing on life's gristle
Don't grumble, give a whistle
And this'll help things turn out for the best...
And...

(the music slides into the song)

...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)

Come on.

(others start to join in)

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 audiences 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)

*Everyone is now singing away as the camera tracks back to reveal all the
crosses in the late evening sunlight. The camera pans up and off towards
the sky and the film fades.*



THE END

Cheer up, you old bugger. Worse things happen at sea.
I mean what you got to lose? You come from nothing, you're
going back to nothing, what have you lost? Nothing! Nothing
will come from nothing. Know what I mean? Cheer up.
Give us a grin. It's the end of the picture.
They'll never make their money back. I said to 'em,
"Bernie," I said, "they'll never make their money back."

