

Monty Python

"monty python's life of brian"

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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

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 stable, out of
which
streams a beam of light. They dismount and enter to
find a
typical manger scene, with a baby in a rough crib of

straw and
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?

Wise Man 1: We are three wise men.

Wise Man 2: We are astrologers. We have come from
the East.

Mandy: Is this some kind of joke?

Wise Man 1: We wish to praise the infant.

Wise Man 2: We must pay homage to him.

Mandy: Homage!! You're all drunk you are. It's
disgusting.

Out, out!

Wise Man 3: No, no.

Mandy: Coming bursting in here first thing in the
morning

with some tale about Oriental fortune tellers...

get out!

Wise Man 1: No. No we must see him.

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

Wise Man 2: We were led by a star.

Mandy: Led by a bottle, more like. Get out!

Wise Man 2: We must see him. We have brought
presents.

Mandy: Out!

Wise Man 1: Gold, frankincense, myrrh.

(her attitude changes immediately)

Mandy: Well, why didn't you say so? He's over
here...Sorry

this place is a bit of a mess. What is myrrh, anyway?

Wise Man 3: It is a valuable balm.

Mandy: A balm, what are you giving him a balm for? It
might

bite him.

Wise Man 3: What?

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

Wise Man 3: No it isn't.

Mandy: Yes it is.

Wise Man 3: No, no, it is an ointment.

Mandy: An ointment?

Wise Man 3: 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?
Wise Man 2: H'm?
Mandy: What star sign is he?
Wise Man 2: Capricorn.
Mandy: Capricorn, eh, what are they like?
Wise Man 2: He is the son of God, our Messiah.
Wise Man 1: King of the Jews.
Mandy: And that's Capricorn, is it?
Wise Man 3: 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)

Wise Man 2: By what name are you calling him?

(Dramatic Holy music)

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?
Wise Man 1: What?
Mandy: This praising.
Wise Man 1: 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
another door
as a gentle glow suffuses them. They look at each
other, confer
and then stride back in and grab the presents from
Mandy and turn
to go again, pushing Mandy over.

Mandy: Here, here, that's mine, you just gave me that.
Ow!

The Leper Scene

(As MANDY and BRIAN pass through the city gate, they attract a sort of 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!

EX-LEPER

(The EX-LEPER has come round to BRIAN's side.)

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
conjurer 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.

The Inalienable Rights Scene

(A huge Roman amphitheatre sparsely attended. REG,
FRANCIS, STAN and JUDITH
are 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

fetus 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.

The Front's Demands Scene

(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.

ALL

(Applause) 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 from 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)

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.

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!

Latin Lesson

Brian is writing a slogan to a wall, oblivious to the Roman patrol approaching from behind. The slogan is "ROMANES EUNT DOMUS".

C: What's this thing?
"ROMANES EUNT DOMUS"?
"People called Romanes they go the house"?
B: It, it says "Romans go home".
C: No it doesn't. What's Latin for "Roman"?
B: (hesitates)
C: Come on, come on!
B: (uncertain) "ROMANUS".
C: Goes like?
B: "-ANUS".
C: Vocative plural of "-ANUS" is?
B: "-ANI".
C: (takes paintbrush from Brian and paints over) "RO-
MA-NI".
"EUNT"? What is "EUNT"?
B: "Go".
C: Conjugate the verb "to go"!
B: "IRE". "EO", "IS", "IT", "IMUS", "ITIS", "EUNT".
C: So "EUNT" is ...?
B: Third person plural present indicative, "they go".
C: But "Romans, go home!" is an order, so you must
use the ...?
(lifts Brian by his hairs)
B: The ... imperative.
C: Which is?
B: Ahm, oh, oh, "I", "I"!
C: How many romans? (pulls harder)
B: Plural, plural! "ITE".
C: (strikes over "EUNT" and paints "ITE" to the wall)
(satisfied) "I-TE".
"DOMUS"? Nominative? "Go home", this is motion
towards, isn't it, boy?
B: (very anxious) Dative?
C: (draws his sword and holds it to Brian's throat)
B: Ahh! No, ablative, ablative, sir. No, the, accusative,
accusative,
ah, DOMUM, sir.
C: Except that "DOMUS" takes the ...?
B: ... the locative, sir!
C: Which is?
B: "DOMUM".
C: (satisfied) "DOMUM" (strikes out "DOMUS" and
writes "DOMUM") "-MUM".
Understand?
B: Yes sir.
C: Now write it down a hundred times.
B: Yes sir, thank you sir, hail Caesar, sir.
C: (salutes) Hail Caesar.
If it's not done by sunrise, I'll cut your balls off.
B: (very relieved) Oh thank you sir, thank you sir, hail

Caesar and
everything, sir!

The Brian in Jail Scene

(BRIAN 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 around and peers into the gloom)

Who's that?

BEN

(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.)

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

Ohh! What wouldn't I give to be spat at in the face! I sometimes hang

awake at nights dreaming of being spat 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!

CENTURION

Pilate wants to see you.

BRIAN

Me?

CENTURION

Come on.

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.

The Pilate's Chamber Scene

(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 arises 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 surprises PILATE.)

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 angry.)

BRIAN

Can I go now sir ...

(The 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.

(The GUARDS tense up.)

Called Incontinentia.

(The GUARDS relax.)

Incontinentia Buttocks!

(The 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 Pwaetonian 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 Market Haggling Scene

(After BRIAN has escaped the CENTURIONS, he runs off towards the crowded market square. 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 serpents' 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 HQ.

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 friends'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
hurriedly 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

(as he puts down 20 shekels) There you are.

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. "What? Ten

for that, you must be mad!"

(BRIAN pays ten, runs off with the gourd, and fixes the beard on his face.)

Ah, well there's one born every minute.

Always Look on the Bright Side of Life

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 fades into the song)

..always look on the bright side of life!
(whistle)

Always look on the bright side of life...
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!

(other start to join in)
Always look on the bright side of life...
(whistle)

For life is quite absurd,
And death's the final word.
You must always face the curtain with a bow!
Forget about your sin -- give the audience a grin,
Enjoy it -- it's the 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 bright side of life
(whistle)

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