

Roman Army (Monty Python Style!)

by

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EXT. FIELD - DAY

It is a sunny day and green fields go on for as far as the eye can see. A ROMAN GENERAL (30) carrying a huge sword and wearing iron armour over red clothes stands in the field. He faces an army of 100 similarly dressed, out of breath ROMAN SOLDIERS in square formation.

GENERAL

Hello, brave soldiers. I know we've all been marching for hours in armour that is super heavy, but our time for rest is over.

A SOLDIER in the front row collapses to the ground, face down in exhaustion. The GENERAL stares hard at him.

GENERAL

Tired?

The SOLDIER mumbles with his mouth on the grass.

TIRED SOLDIER

Yes, sir. Very. Sorry.

The GENERAL snarls.

GENERAL

You call yourself a soldier??

The GENERAL stares at the other WARRIORS.

GENERAL

I assume you so called 'soldiers' know what's coming?

The SOLDIERS, including the one on the ground gulp in unison.

GENERAL

That's right. Decimation. I want everyone to think of a number between one and ten. Now. Who's thinking of the number 3? Don't be scared. You could be thinking of the number 3 for a harmless reason.

Ten SOLDIERS put their hands up as the tired SOLDIER gets back up.

GENERAL

Right. Now those thinking of 3, stab yourselves.

Everyone freezes in fear.

GENERAL
Come on. Don't make me come over
there and stab you.

The SOLDIERS who put their hands up stab themselves and fall
to the floor. 90 SOLDIERS remain.

GENERAL
Now, don't go thinking I wanted that
to happen!

A SOLDIER is heard crying.

GENERAL
Who's crying??? Come on! Hands up!

A SOLDIER somewhere in the middle puts his hands up. A MAN
next to him mumbles quietly.

MUMBLER
You've really done it this time...

GENERAL
Who the HELL said that??

The MUMBLER puts his hand up.

GENERAL
Right! As you have cried AND mumbled
in disrespect, I'm going to have to
punish you another two times! Who was
thinking the numbers 1 and 6, before?
Now don't be scared, I could be
asking for completely harmless
reasons.

Twenty SOLDIERS put their hands up.

GENERAL
Good. Now stab yourselves.

The twenty do so. Now 70 remain. A SOLDIER at the back
raises his voice to be heard.

SOLDIER AT BACK
Aren't you like... concerned about
having a tiny army?

The GENERAL goes red with rage.

GENERAL
WHO WAS THINKING OF THE NUMBER 2??

Ten put their hands up, nervously.

GENERAL
Stab yourselves now!

Another ten do so. 60 remain.

GENERAL
Now who was thinking of the number 5?

Another SOLDIER in the middle shouts.

ANOTHER SOLDIER
What have we done this time??

GENERAL
I'm psychic and knew you'd do something else to annoy me. And you just did by questioning me. Do you think I'm crazy, is that what it is??

There is silence.

GENERAL
You do, don't you?! In that case, who was thinking of the number 5 AND 4? Don't be scared, I could be asking out of curiosity and that's all.

Twenty SOLDIER put their hands up.

GENERAL
Great. Now stab yourselves.

The twenty do so. 40 remain. Another SOLDIER at the front dares to speak.

ANOTHER SOLDIER AT THE FRONT
We're all really scared...

GENERAL
I see. And who was thinking of the number 10?

No one moves.

GENERAL
Are you disobeying orders? You've only made me madder. Come on, who was thinking of the number 10?... And 7?

Twenty SOLDIERS put their hands up.

GENERAL
You know what to do.

The same twenty stab themselves. 20 remain.

GENERAL
Now... Who thinks I've gone too far?
Don't be shy.

All the SOLDIERS run away from the GENERAL. The latter chases after them and screams.

GENERAL
Who's thinking of the numbers 8 and
9?!?!

All SOLDIERS put their hands up as they run.

GENERAL
You know what to do!

The last twenty stab themselves as they sprint. The GENERAL stops running after them and comments to himself.

GENERAL
I have some serious explaining to do.
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