

Nisus Wettus With The Gaolers

Monty Python

CROWD:

PILATE: People of Jewusalem!

CROWD:

PILATE: Wome is your fwiend.

CROWD:

PILATE: To pwove our fwiendship, it is customawy at this time to welease a wongdoer fwom our pwisons.

CROWD:

GUARD #3:

PILATE: Whom would you have me welease?

BOB HOSKINS: Welease Woger!

CROWD: Yes! Welease Woger! Welease Woger!

PILATE: Vewy well. I shall welease Woger!

CROWD:

CENTURION: Sir, uh, we don't have a 'Woger', sir.

PILATE: What?

CENTURION: Uh, we don't have anyone of that name, sir.

PILATE: Ah. We have no 'Woger'!

CROWD: Ohhhhhh!

BOB: Well, what about Wodewick, then?

CROWD: Yes! Welease Wodewick! Welease Wodewick!

PILATE: Centuwion, why do they titter so?

CENTURION: Just some, uh, Jewish joke, sir.

PILATE: Are they... wagging me?

CENTURION: Oh, no, sir!

GUARD #3:

PILATE: Vewy well. I shall welease... Wodewick!

CROWD:

CENTURION: Sir, we don't have a 'Roderick' either.

PILATE: No 'Woger'? No 'Wodewick'?

CENTURION: Sorry, sir.

PILATE: Who is this 'Wod'--

GUARD #1:

PILATE: Who is the 'Wodewick' to whom you wefer?

BOB: He's a wobber!

CROWD:

MAN: And a wapist!

CROWD:

WOMAN: And a pickpocket!

CROWD: Yeah! Ahh, no! No! Shh! Shh!...

PILATE: He sounds a notowious cwiminal.

CENTURION: We haven't got him, sir. Mm hm.

PILATE: Do we have anyone in our pwisons at all?

CENTURION: Oh, yes, sir. We've got, uh, 'Samson', sir.

PILATE: Samson?

CENTURION: Samson the Sadducee Strangler, sir. Uh, Silus the Syrian Assassin. Uh, several seditious scribes from Caesarea. Uhhh, sixty- seven seers from--

BIGGUS: Let me thpeak to them, Pontiuth!

CENTURION: Oh, no. Oh.

PILATE: Ah. Good idea, Biggus.

BIGGUS: Thitizens! We have Thamthon the Thadduthee Thtrangler, Thilus...

CROWD:

BIGGUS: ...the Athyrian Athathin, theveral theditiouth thcribth from Thaetharea, and...