

# THE MILKY WAY -- ILLUSTRATED SCREENPLAY

directed by Luis Bunuel

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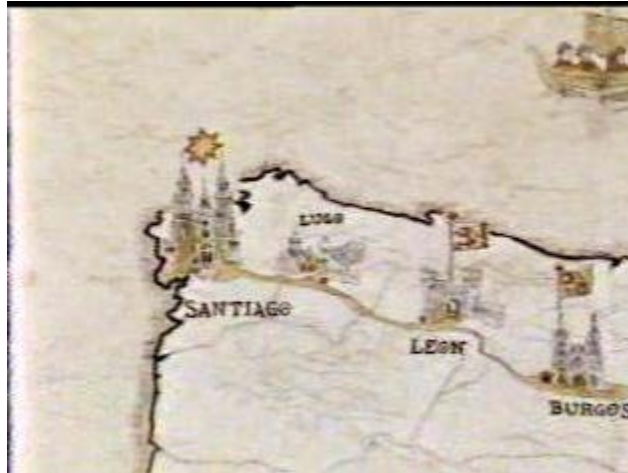


[Transcribed from the movie by Tara Carreon]

Starring:

Laurent Terzieff  
Alain Cuny  
Edith Scob  
Bernard Verley  
Francois Maistre  
Claude Cerval  
Muni  
Julien Bertheau  
Ellen Bahl  
Michel Piccoli  
Agnes Capri  
Michel Etcheverry  
Pierre Clementi

Georges Marchal  
Jean Piat  
Denis Manuel  
Daniel Pilon  
Claudio Brook  
Julien Buiomar  
Marcel Peres  
Delphine Seyrig



NARRATOR: The Spanish city of Santiago de Compostela of St. James of Compostela was the site of a great pilgrimage -- one that is still being made. Every year more than 500,000 pilgrims from all the countries of Europe would set out on foot, bound for Spain, to visit the tomb of the Apostle James. In the late 16th Century, because the Wars of Religion disrupted the pilgrimage, the Bishop of Santiago had the apostle's remains hidden.



In the 19th Century, they were discovered by accident. It was some time before the papacy would recognize that they were authentic. In the 7th Century, A.D., according to legend, a star guided some shepherds to where St. James' body was hidden.



Hence, the name Compostela from Campus Stelle, the Field of the Stars. In most western European languages, the Milky Way is also known as the Road to St. James.



SERGE SILBERMAN PRESENTE



UN FILM DE LUIS BUNUEL



LA VOIE LACTEE -- THE MILKY WAY

SCENARIO – ADAPTATION  
ET DIALOGUE

LUIS BUNUEL  
JEAN-CLAUDE CARRIERE

AVEC PAR ORDRE D'APPARITION A L'IMAGE

PAUL FRANKEUR  
LAURENT TERZIEFF  
ALAIN CUNY  
EDITH SCOB  
BERNARD VERLEY  
FRANCOIS MAISTRE  
CLAUDE CERVAL  
MUNI  
JULIEN BERTHEAU  
ELLEN BAHL  
MICHEL PICCOLI  
AGNES CAPRI  
MICHEL ETCHEVERRY  
PIERRE CLEMENTI  
GEORGES MARCHAL  
JEAN PIAT  
DENIS MANUEL  
DANIEL PILON  
CLAUDIO BROOK  
JULIEN GUIOMAR  
MARCEL PERES  
DELPHINE SEYRIG

ET AVEC PAR ORDRE ALPHABETIQUE

CLAUDINE BERG  
JOSE BERZOSA  
JEAN LOUIS BROUST  
STEPHANE BOUY  
JEAN-CLAUDE CARRIERE



AUGUSTA CARRIERE  
JEAN-CLARIEUX  
BEATRICE COSTANTINI  
MICHEL CRETON  
RAOUL DELPOSSE  
JEAN DHERMAY  
DOUKING  
JEAN EHRMAN  
PASCAL FARDOULIS  
GABRIEL GOBIN  
CLAUDE LETTER  
MARIUS LAUREY  
PIERRE MAGUELON  
RITA MAIDEN  
BERNARD MUSSON  
PAUL PAVEL  
DOUGLAS READ  
JACQUES RISPAL  
JACQUELINE ROUILLARD  
CHRISTINE SIMON  
GESAR TORRES  
CHRISTIAN YAN GAU



OLD BUM: You think these bastards will ever stop?

YOUNG BUM: Forget it. Come on.

OLD BUM: I'm beat.

YOUNG BUM: And I'm hungry.

OLD BUM: Got any bread left?

YOUNG BUM: You know I don't.



OLD BUM: Alms, please.

YOUNG BUM: Alms, sir.



STRANGER: Do you have money?

YOUNG BUM: No, sir.

STRANGER: Then you shall have nothing, nothing at all.



STRANGER: [To Old Bum] And you?

OLD BUM: Me? Yes, I have a little.

STRANGER: Then you shall have much more. Here.



[To Young Bum] Are you going on a pilgrimage?

YOUNG BUM: Yes, sir.

STRANGER: [To Old Bum] To Spain? To Santiago de Compostela?

OLD BUM: Yes. How did you know?



STRANGER: [To Young Bum] Go and find a harlot, and have children by her.





Name the first, "You Are Not My People, and the second, "No More Mercy."







OLD BUM: Did you get that?



YOUNG BUM: Look!







OLD BUM: Where'd he come from?

YOUNG BUM: Must have been under his cloak.

OLD BUM: How did he know where we were going?

YOUNG BUM: Who cares? He gave you money. I should have told him I had money too.

OLD BUM: But why'd he give it to me and not you?



YOUNG BUM: I bet it's your beard. Beards inspire confidence. That's good.

OLD BUM: I guess so. Reminds me of what my mother used to tell me as a kid.

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VIRGIN MARY: [To little boy] You're all dirty. Go outside and play with your brothers.





[To Jesus] Don't shave, my son. You look much better with your beard.

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YOUNG BUM: Your mother sure knew what she was talking about. Wanna sell me a cigarette? I'm out.



OLD BUM: Go ahead. Take one. Don't forget we got that money. It's for both of us.



YOUNG BUM: I owe you one.





OLD BUM: [To Boy] What are you doing there?



YOUNG BUM: What happened to you? Why, you got blood on your hands!



Look at this. And this.



OLD BUM: What's your name?

YOUNG BUM: You all alone? Where are your parents?

OLD BUM: What? Cat got your tongue? Here, have some red wine. It's good for you.

YOUNG BUM: Hey, let's go.

OLD BUM: You should hurry home. Want us to take you back to the village?

YOUNG BUM: There's no point.





Forget it. They won't stop.





DRIVER: [Stops]



Well, get in! What are you waiting for?



Going far?

OLD BUM: To Spain, sir.

DRIVER: You're in luck. I'm going all the way to the border. You don't mind if we drive all night, do you?

YOUNG BUM: No, not at all.



OLD BUM: I feel like Sleeping Beauty.

YOUNG BUM: Feels so good. Goddamn, goddamn, goddamn.



DRIVER: [Stops the car so they can get out]







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COP: Do you want some?

PRIEST: No, thanks, quite honestly.

COP: And you're from around here?

PRIEST: Yes, nearby.

COP: I'd be glad to give you a lift.

PRIEST: No, thanks. I like walking.



COP: Anyway, getting back to our discussion, there's nothing miraculous about the miracles of Christ. They're commonplace occurrences.



PRIEST: Really?

COP: These days, science can explain anything. Miracles are natural phenomena, like it or not.

PRIEST: Well, I find that more than ever before science agrees with the scriptures. That's why the whole world is now Catholic.

COP: What do you mean, Catholic?



PRIEST: That's right, the whole world.

COP: But what about the Moslems?

PRIEST: Come now, the Moslems are Catholic.

COP: What about the Jews?

PRIEST: Especially the Jews.



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INNKEEPER: What is it? What do you want?

OLD BUM: Something to eat? Some leftovers? We have money.

INNKEEPER: Okay. Wait.



OLD BUM: Hello folks.

PRIEST: [To Innkeeper] You could let them in. It's pretty cold outside.

INNKEEPER: I thought they might bother you.

PRIEST: Of course not!

INNKEEPER: [To Bums] Okay. Come on in. Sit down.

COP: In any case, Father, you'll never convince me that the body of Christ can be contained in a piece of bread.





PRIEST: Be careful about what you're saying. The body of Christ is not **CONTAINED** in the bread. In the sacrament of Communion, the host **BECOMES** the body of Christ.



No matter what we say, transubstantiation does exist.



COP: I'd like to believe you. I'll admit, I just don't understand. It's beyond me.



PRIEST: The host is the body of Christ. That's it! Don't believe it's a mere representation, a symbol, as it were, of the body of our Lord.



The Albigensians believed that. And, of course, so did the Calvinists, among others. And that is a serious mistake!



INNKEEPER: I always say that the body of Christ in the host is just like the rabbit in this pate.

PRIEST: What?



INNKEEPER: I mean that it's rabbit, and at the same time it's pate.

PRIEST: You don't understand! You speak like those 16th Century heretics that were called, as a matter of fact, Pate-liars! Don't talk like that! You must take the words of Christ literally!

COP: Sorry, but it just doesn't make any sense to me.

PRIEST: All the more reason to believe! Religion without mystery is no religion at all!



In other words, any heresy that attacks a mystery can easily seduce ignorant and superficial people. But heresies will never be able to hide the truth.



OLD BUM: Father, I'd like to ask you: what happens to the body of Christ inside your stomach?

COP: [To Old Bum] And what do you want? Do you have any I.D.?



"Dupont" [Old Bum] "Duval" [Young Bum]. Okay, Beat it! Out!

OLD BUM: Goodnight gentlemen.



PRIEST: Poor souls. They didn't even get a piece of bread. A little charity, sergeant?





COP: You can't enforce the law, and also be charitable.





PRIEST: How strange.

COP: What's that?



PRIEST: It suddenly occurred to me the Pate-liars were right. It's a revelation! I FEEL that the body of Christ is in the host, like rabbit in that pate. I'm absolutely sure of it!

COP: But you just said the opposite.



PRIEST: I said the opposite? Who, me?



COP: Yes, you.



PRIEST: [Spills his coffee on the Cop]



[And throws some in his face]







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MEDIC 1: So, Father, out for a little walk again? Now, you promised you'd behave yourself. We're going to have to lock you up.

PRIEST: Oh yes. I'm sorry. I felt like getting some fresh air.



No, don't bother, I'm fine now. You know me.

MEDIC 1: We sure do.

PRIEST: Well, if you insist.



INNKEEPER: [To the Cop] I never knew. He seemed so normal.

COP: Who is he? Is he really a priest?

MEDIC 2: Yes, he was the parish priest of Chevilly till last year.



You probably contradicted him, right?

COP: Maybe.

MEDIC 2: I knew it.



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OLD BUM: Touch my hand.

YOUNG BUM: You have cold hands, but a warm heart.



OLD BUM: A warm heart.

YOUNG BUM: How old are you?

OLD BUM: 59.

YOUNG BUM: And you can still do it?





OLD BUM: At my age [makes slapping motions between his two hands]



YOUNG BUM: Anyway, the first thing I do when I get to Santiago ... You hear that? Sounds like people talking.

OLD BUM: You think so?



SHEPHERD: Can't you understand? It has already begun.

OLD BUM: What's he saying?

YOUNG BUM: I have no idea.

SHEPHERD: Who are you? Where do you come from?



Whoever you are, welcome. Come, if you wish. But not a word about what you will see.



YOUNG BUM: Who was that guy?

OLD BUM: I don't know, a shepherd that talks like a priest. I'm going to sleep.



Goodnight.

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PRIEST 1: Brethren, good tidings from Rome thanks to Proconsul Volventius. The Emperor Gratian has reinstated Priscillian as the Bishop of Avila.





HEAD PRIEST: Thus we are justified.







The heretic is not I, but he who sits on the throne of Peter, and who has taken the title of the Pope.



Our doctrine is the right one, and soon we will proclaim it publicly to all.



Let us give thanks unto God.





Our soul is of divine essence.





PRIEST 1: Like the angels, it was created by God, and it is ruled by the stars.



WOMAN 1: In punishment for a sin, it was united with a body.



This body is the work of the devil.



WOMAN 2: The devil exists from the beginning, like God himself.





HEAD PRIEST: A thing so unworthy and impure as our body, couldn't have been created by God.



WOMAN 3: The body is the prison of the soul. The soul, to free itself, must gradually become separate.



WOMAN 4: The body must be humiliated, and detested, and constantly subjected to the pleasure of the flesh.



PRIEST 1: So that the purified soul may return after death to its celestial abode.



HEAD PRIEST: Swear never to betray this secret!

EVERYONE: We swear it!







HEAD PRIEST: It is not I who have harvested thee; it is not I who have kneaded thee; it is not I who have put thee in the oven. I am innocent of all your sufferings. And may all those who have caused them, know the same agony.







In every human being the Divine and the Human are intermingled. In every one there are the Reason and the Moral sense, the passions that prompt to evil, and the sensual appetites. "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die," said Paul, writing to the Christians at Rome, "but if ye through the spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live. For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh," he said, writing to the Christians of Galatia, "and these are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." "That which I do, I do not willingly do," he wrote to the Romans, "for what I wish to do, that I do not do, but that which I hate I do. It is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. To will, is present with me; but how to perform that which is good, I find not. For, I do not do the good that I desire to do; and the evil that I do not wish to do, that I do do. I find then a law, that when I desire to do good, evil is present with me; for I delight in the law of God after the inward man, but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members ... So then, with the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin."

-- Morals and Dogma of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, by Albert Pike

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[Lightning]





OLD BUM: It's pouring.





[More Lightning]



YOUNG BUM: That sure ain't going to protect you.

OLD BUM: How do you know?

YOUNG BUM: You believe in God?

OLD BUM: What do you think?

YOUNG BUM: Wait. Watch this.

OLD BUM: Where are you going?



YOUNG BUM: Can you hear me up there? If you exist, go ahead.

OLD BUM: You idiot! You're really asking for it!



YOUNG BUM: One, two ...



... three!



See that?



[Lightning strikes the earth]



YOUNG BUM: Well, it didn't hit me.

OLD BUM: Idiot, you think God's at your beck and call?

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WAITER 1: As I was saying, Monsieur Richard, at any rate, everyone should believe in God.

MONSIEUR: Yes, of course. There have always been atheists, but those people are crazy. Or, they're not real atheists.

WAITER 2: How so?



MONSIEUR: Because a reasonable man cannot deny in his heart that God exists.

WAITER 1: But why not?

MONSIEUR: Why not? Because it says so in the Bible! Psalms 13:1: "The fool hath said in his heart: there is no god."

WAITER 1: Well, that settles it.

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MARQUIS DE SADE: All religions are based on a false premise, Therese. They all believe in God the Creator. But this Creator does not exist. Is there one religion that does not bear the emblem of fraud and stupidity? But one that especially deserves our contempt and our hatred is the barbarous law of Christianity, our birthright.



You rely on a vengeful God. Don't be foolish Therese.



This God of yours is but a chimera that is found only in the minds of madmen.



It's a phantom invented by wicked men, whose only purpose is to deceive them, or to arm them against one another.



If this Lord really existed, with all the flaws that have appeared in his work, how could we see him as anything but contemptible and heinous?



If there were a God, there would be less evil on earth.







Look, your ear is still bleeding.



It's not a crime to depict the bizarre habits that nature inspires within us.



No, Therese, there is no God. Nature is enough.



This god-like phantom, born out of ignorance and fear, is nothing more than a revolting platitude, which is not even worth a fraction of our time.



It is a pitiful extravagance that disgusts the spirit, sickens the heart ...



... and that should forever return to the darkness whence it came!



If your God does exist, I hate him!



THERESE: Yes, God exists! God exists!





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MONSIEUR: Only depraved people deny God! And it's only so they can give in to their passions. Because no one can deny the obvious.



MAID: Monsieur Richard, one thing I have trouble understanding is, how Christ could be a man and a God at the same time.

MONSIEUR: Yes, Martha, it is difficult. Look, when the devil takes the form of a wolf, for instance, well, he's a wolf and he's still the devil.



It's almost the same with Christ. Would you mind helping in the cloakroom? Do you know what time it is?

MAID: Right away, sir.



WAITER 1: But if Jesus was God, how could he be born and die?



MONSIEUR: A very good question. If Jesus was God, how could he be born and die? If you only knew how many heretics talked about that! Some said that Christ was only God, that his human form was a fantasy, an illusion.

WAITER 1: So he didn't eat?

MONSIEUR: They said he didn't. He pretended to. And of course, he didn't suffer. He didn't die, etc. That was the opinion of Marcion and the monophysites.



WAITER 2: And Nestorius, too?



MONSIEUR: That's right. And they even said that Christ witnessed his own crucifixion,



Simon having assumed his appearance. The other heretics said the opposite, that Christ obviously wasn't God, but a man.





Just a man. [To the Waiter] Get rid of this pear. It's over-ripe.



WAITER 2: But he could laugh, couldn't he? And cough? They always show him to be so dignified and solemn, walking slowly, with His hands like that. After all, He must have walked like everyone else.

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JESUS: We're late. What time is it?

DISCIPLE 1: Almost the sixth hour.

JESUS: I'm hungry.



DISCIPLE 2: The guests have all arrived. Your mother and brethren also.

JESUS: Behold my mother and my brethren! [Points back to his disciples] For whoever shall follow the will of my Father in heaven, he is my brother, my sister, and my mother!



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WAITER 2: If He was a man, He must have been like any other man.

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VIRGIN MARY: At first I didn't dare believe it, but then I was very happy.



Look how marvelous he is.





DISCIPLE 3: Master, they are all awaiting your words.



DISCIPLE 4: Just a moment.



JESUS: There was a rich man who had a steward ...





... and the same was accused by him that he had wasted his goods ...



... and he called him and said, "Why do I hear this of thee? Account for thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer my steward!"



Then the steward said within himself, "What shall I do? For my master taketh away from me my stewardship. To dig, I have no strength; to beg, I am ashamed. I know what to do that when I am put out of the stewardship they will receive me in their houses."



DISCIPLE 5: So then?



JESUS: Wait a minute. [Finishes drinking his wine to the last drop]



So he called every one of his master's debtors unto him, and said unto the first, "How much owest thou to my master?"

"One hundred measures of oil," he answered.

And he said unto him, "Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write 50."





Then he said to another, "And what owest thou?"

"100 measures of wheat," he answered.

The steward told him, "Write down 80."



And the master praised his unjust steward, because he had done wisely, for the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.







VIRGIN MARY: [To Jesus] Come!





They have no more wine.

JESUS: Woman, what concern is that to you and me? My hour has not yet come.



VIRGIN MARY: [To Disciple] Do whatever he tells you.





JESUS: Fill all these vases with water, and serve them. They shall have wine.



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WAITER 2: So He was just like any other man!

MONSIEUR: In the 4th Century, after the Council of Nicaea, many Christians fought, and even died, to find out whether Christ was like the Father, or consubstantial.



Bonjour Madame. Bonjour Monsieur. This way please.







WOMAN: What were you discussing, if you don't mind me asking?



MONSIEUR: Nothing really. This and that.

MAN: But what?



MONSIEUR: We were discussing Christ. His dual nature.

WOMAN: You've studied for the priesthood?

MONSIEUR: No, but the subject does interest me. And we were also wondering why of all the healers and prophets of that time, such as Simon the Magician, for instance, Christ was the only one who succeeded in the end.

WOMAN: Why, because he was God!



MONSIEUR: Of course, Madame Garnier. Some oysters to begin? They're fresh.



WOMAN: Oysters? Why not?

MONSIEUR: Please excuse me.



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MONSIEUR: [To Bums] What do you want? Who let you in?



OLD BUM: Sir, it's only to ask you if you could spare a little ...

YOUNG BUM: We just wanted to know if ...

MONSIEUR: Alright, get out! Now! Go!







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[INSTITUTION LAMARTINE]



OLD BUM: Let's give it a try.



Excuse me, folks. This is my friend here, Jean, and I'm Pierre. You wouldn't happen to have anything?



WOMAN: Pass me the rest of the chicken.

OLD BUM: Thanks, folks.

WOMAN: I hope you don't have far to go.

YOUNG BUM: To Spain, ma'am.

MAN: On foot?



OLD BUM: Sometimes, and sometimes on the other.

MAN: Well, then, why don't you have a little wine?

OLD BUM: Can't say no.

MAN: It'll put some hair on your chest. Have some.

OLD BUM: To your health.



HEADMISTRESS: My dear friends. Now I am pleased to present to you our little annual performance. And I ask your kind indulgence, because as you all know, this has been a difficult year.





These are violent times, and fortunately, God has been watching over us, and our classes haven't been disturbed.





In a few moments, the older girls will present a witty comedy written especially for us by Monsieur Pontier, our young pharmacist.



[Monsieur Pontier stands up, takes a bow]



HEADMISTRESS: Before that, you'll hear our 9th and 10th graders recite the works of our great poets: Racine, Lamartine, and Henri de Regnier. But first, to show that in the young hearts we are teaching religion is a living reality, our little girls will deliver a brief prologue.











GIRL 1: If anyone says it is permitted for a Christian to have several wives, and having several wives is not forbidden by divine law ...



ALL GIRLS: Let him be condemned!



GIRL 2: If anyone says that the sacrifice of the Mass is a blasphemy against the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, who died on the cross ...

ALL GIRLS: Let him be condemned!



GIRL 3: If anyone says that God's commandments are impossible to keep, even for one who is justified, and in a state of grace ...

ALL GIRLS: Let him be condemned!



EVERYONE: Let him be condemned!







MAN 2: What was that? Is there a shooting range around here?



YOUNG BUM: No, that was me. I was imagining they were shooting a Pope.

MAN 2: You'll see a lot of things, but never the Pope being shot.



GIRL 4: If anyone says that God hates the newborn babe, and that He punishes him for the sins of Adam ...

ALL GIRLS: Let him be condemned!



EVERYONE: Let him be condemned!



HEADMISTRESS: Many Christians wonder why God allows innocent animals to suffer. Many also wonder why God did not make man herbivorous, like the sheep and the giraffe. Now little Sylvie, our honor student, will give you the answer.



SYLVIE: If anyone abstains from the meats God gives us for food, not because he wants to practice mortification, but because he feels they are not fit to eat ...

ALL GIRLS: Let him be condemned!



EVERYONE: Let him be condemned!



HEADMISTRESS: And where was that said, Sylvie?



SYLVIE: At the Council of Nicaea in ...



At the council of Braga in 567, Canon 13.

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VICTIM: And I say, and I maintain, that the Holy Scriptures never spoke of Purgatory! And the so-called Confirmation, and Extreme Unction, were not instituted by Christ!



PROSECUTOR: You are condemned!



You shall die, for you have relapsed, succumbed to your errors. But you still have a chance to escape the agony of hell. Just say, "I recant," and your soul will be saved.



VICTIM: I cannot. I wish I could, but I can't.



PROSECUTOR: Take him away!



PRIEST: Father?



PROSECUTOR: What is it, my son?



PRIEST: Something is troubling me.

PROSECUTOR: I am listening.

PRIEST: I wonder if burning heretics is not against the will of the Holy Ghost.

PROSECUTOR: It is the justice of man which punishes them! The secular arm! Heretics are not punished for being heretics, but because of seditious and murderous acts against law and order!



PRIEST: But then, those whose brothers have been burned will burn others, and so on, each one believing he possesses the truth.



Millions will have died, for what?



PROSECUTOR: Do you know what you are saying?

PRIEST: I don't know.

PROSECUTOR: Yet you persist?

PRIEST: No, Father, I submit.





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YOUNG BUM: What happened?

OLD BUM: I got to stop. My feet are a mess.

YOUNG BUM: I'll fix that.

OLD BUM: Forget it. There's no way they'll last.

YOUNG BUM: It's better than nothing.



[To Passing Driver] Hope you crash and burn, you bastard!







[Car crashes and burns]



OLD BUM: Think he's still alive?

YOUNG BUM: No way. He's all smashed up.



OLD BUM: What do we do? Better call the police.



PAOLO: Don't do that. They'll keep you for hours. Just go.





OLD BUM: Where'd you come from?

YOUNG BUM: What's going on? Aren't you hurt?



PAOLO: I got in when you hoped he'd crash and burn. I always get on at the last moment.



OLD BUM: So what do we do?



PAOLO: Go. I told you to go.

OLD BUM: Who are you?

PAOLO: A laborer, a laborer who is never out of work. And there are millions and millions of us down there.

YOUNG BUM: Down where?







PAOLO: Where tears are of no avail; where repentance is useless ...



... where prayers go unanswered; where good solutions are rejected;



... where there is no time given for penitence ...



... since beyond the point of life there is no more time for penitence.





But I think one day we shall be saved. On Judgment Day, God will have mercy on us.



Hey! You who have sore feet.





Look, he won't be needing them now.





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YOUNG BUM: Better watch out. In Bayonne they'll see you with those new shoes. Hold on, I'll fix that.



Don't move.  
[Rubs dirt on Old Bum's new shoes]

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MOTHER SUPERIOR: Sister, I beg of you. Stop this. Recant.

NUN: No, Mother Superior. It's useless. I wish to suffer like our savior.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Look, the Count himself, our benefactor, came to dissuade you.



Are you suffering?

NUN: No, I feel nothing. Now -- the other hand.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Sister, Christ is not asking this of you.





SERVANT: [To Bums] Closed! You can't get in!



JESUIT PRIEST: What were you going to do in there?



OLD BUM: Who, us?

JESUIT PRIEST: Yes, you!

OLD BUM: We wanted to visit the chapel.

JESUIT PRIEST: Do you know why this door is closed?

OLD BUM: No.



JESUIT PRIEST: This convent has been contaminated by the last of the Jansenists. Inside, they commit the most frightening sacrilege. They're convulsionaries. Fanatics! Don't go in, whatever you do!





MOTHER SUPERIOR: How do you feel, sister?

NUN: Very well. Now go, all of you.

MOTHER SUPERIOR: Don't you want anything?



NUN: I want to be alone.







JESUIT PRIEST: May I have a word with you sir?

COUNT: To whom have I the honor?

JESUIT PRIEST: I am Father Billiard of the Society of Jesus.



COUNT: I thought that Jesuits only came out at night, like rats.

JESUIT PRIEST: How dare you speak to me that way?!

COUNT: I'll speak to you as I see fit. I'm in a hurry. What do you want?



JESUIT PRIEST: I know where you were. I know everything that goes on in this holy place. And I also know that you persist in denying the true doctrine of Grace.



COUNT: With man's corrupt nature, inner grace is irresistible.



JESUIT PRIEST: Would you dare to repeat that in a more secluded spot?

COUNT: Monsieur, I am at your disposal. Follow me.



JESUIT PRIEST: [To the bums] Will you come along to act as our seconds?

OLD BUM: What do you mean?

JESUIT PRIEST: We are having a duel.

YOUNG BUM: Yeah, but we don't know anything about that.

JESUIT PRIEST: No matter! Let your conscience be your guide! Come.



[To the Count] Now, do you dare repeat that?



COUNT: Yes, sir! With man's corrupt nature, inner grace is irresistible.



[JESUIT PRIEST] [Slaps him with his hanky]







[The duel begins]











COUNT: Grace doesn't always achieve the effect God has intended.



JESUIT PRIEST: One moment, please. Would you deny that a just man, before acting, has the necessary grace to accomplish a good deed?

COUNT: Yes, I deny it! The will is subject to the pleasures of the moment.





JESUIT PRIEST: Worthy or unworthy, with man's corrupt nature, he does not necessarily have freedom that is free of necessity! Worthy or unworthy, with man's corrupt nature, he must be delivered from all necessity, absolute, or even relative.









COUNT: It is a semi-Pelagian error to say that Jesus Christ died for all men!

JESUIT PRIEST: You are insulting Divine Goodness! Christ died so that all men might achieve salvation.









COUNT: Pre-existing will is wishful thinking! My thoughts and actions are not within my power! And my freedom is only a phantom!



YOUNG BUM: Freedom! What does that mean anyway?



OLD BUM: It means that between two actions, good and bad, you can choose.



YOUNG BUM: Yeah, but doesn't God know everything? So if I choose the bad action, he already knew it.

OLD BUM: Sure, he always knew it.



YOUNG BUM: So how can you say I'm free, if everything I do is planned ahead of time?





OLD BUM: It's called free will. God's grace helps you choose the good.



YOUNG BUM: But what if he knows I'm going to choose evil? He's the one that decided, not me! Why did he decide for me to choose evil?

OLD BUM: God works in mysterious ways.



Hey, look!





[COUNT & JESUIT PRIEST] [Go off Friendly-like]

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YOUNG BUM: You know, if they want to see our passports, we're sunk.

OLD BUM: We're French. An I.D. card's good enough.

YOUNG BUM: We'll see.





OLD BUM: "La Concha de San Sebastian." What does that mean?

YOUNG BUM: The Shell of San Sebastian, right?



OLD BUM: I'll take the Riviera.

YOUNG BUM: You been there?

OLD BUM: No, but I think I'd like it better.

YOUNG BUM: What's the difference?

OLD BUM: Got to be loaded.



YOUNG BUM: C'mon, or we'll never make it to that damned Santiago.



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REFORMER 1: Where are you headed?

YOUNG BUM: That way. Straight ahead.



REFORMER 2: Could you do us a favor?

YOUNG BUM: That depends.

REFORMER 1: There is an inn about 7 miles from here. Take the donkey, and wait for us there.

OLD BUM: For how long?

REFORMER 2: Till tonight. We have to go to the village.

REFORMER 1: Take this. We must hurry!



YOUNG BUM: It's gold.



REFORMER 1: Of course it's gold.

OLD BUM: And what if you don't make it?

REFORMER 2: Don't worry. We'll be there. Won't we?

REFORMER 1: Of course.

REFORMER 2: And if we don't come, keep everything. See you tonight.



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CARDINAL: Thou hast died piously, adored by us. Thou hast received the last sacrament, and we considered thee already among the blessed. Alas.



After thy death, we found this manuscript which revealed thy secret errors. For many, you spoke the truth. Blood has flowed because of thee. May God, whose love and mercy are infinite, have mercy on thy soul.



Remove him.











Hear me. This is the dogma, the only truth. There is only one God in three persons: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.



The Father is neither created nor begotten. The Son is not created, but he is begotten. The Holy Ghost is neither created nor begotten, but proceedeth from the Father and the Son.



The Son and the Holy Ghost exist from all eternity, like the Father. Whosoever strays from this dogma, shall be declared a heretic.



REFORMER 2: God is one!





REFORMER 2: Listen to me! You are being deceived. One God cannot be divided into three.



The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are only names we give to Him!







REFORMER 1: It is the Father who has made flesh and who suffered! It is the Father who died on the Cross!



CARDINAL: The Son and the Holy Ghost are coeternal with the Father by an inherent and essential act of the Father.





REFORMER 2: The Father is the only God!



REFORMER 1: The Holy Ghost is only an archangel!



CARDINAL: Seize them!



REFORMER 1 & 2: [Run away]







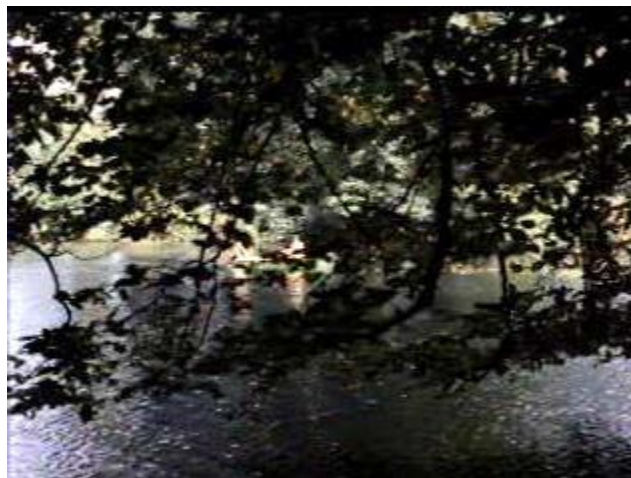








REFORMER 1: Let's see.





REFORMER 1 & 2: [Change into soldiers' clothes]







REFORMER 2: [Shoots soldier's gun into the sky]



REFORMER 1: Hit it?

REFORMER 2: No.

REFORMER 1: What was it?

REFORMER 2: I don't know. Something long that had no paws. That's funny. I heard that this forest was full of sleepwalkers. I haven't seen any.

REFORMER 1: No wonder. They only come out during the full moon.





REFORMER 2: Say, what's this?

REFORMER 1: Let's see.

REFORMER 2: You know what it is?



REFORMER 1: No. Looks like one of those things blind people make.

REFORMER 2: It's a rosary. The papists use it to pray to the Virgin Mary.



REFORMER 1: Get ready. [He throws the rosary up into the tree to use as target practice]







Give me a light.







What time is it?

REFORMER 2: A quarter to 7.



REFORMER 1: Time flies. Seems like yesterday, and yet ...

REFORMER 2: We've inherited the fruits of their labor.

REFORMER 1: The day of trial approaches. We can't wait for a miracle any longer.



REFORMER 2: You hear that? [Sound of harps, music, birds singing, sheep baaing, light shining] There, look!



But what is it?





You see her?

REFORMER 1: Yeah but ...

REFORMER 2: Look, she's moving.





It was her! I'm sure of it!

REFORMER 1: Take it easy. You're tired. You were hallucinating.

REFORMER 2: But this? [Looks at the rosary]

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[VENTA DEL LLOPO]





MAN 1: How's it going guys?

GUY 1: Okay.

WAITRESS: What'll it be?

MAN 1: I dunno. Some chorizo.

MAN 2: Same thing for me, and some red wine.





GUY 1: So you can't sell the tractor?

GUY 2: Are you kidding? In this village, they still use mules.

GUY 1: So what? You sound like my grandfather.

GUY 2: I know what I'm talking about.



INNKEEPER: Want a taste?

PRIEST: Yes, please.

INNKEEPER: You'll love it.





PRIEST: Delicious! Did you make it yourself?

INNKEEPER: Of course. A little more?

PRIEST: No.



COP 1: Evening everybody.

INNKEEPER: Evening gentlemen. Just fine, thanks.

COP 1: Someone said they saw two not-very-Christian looking characters come in here.



[To Bums] Got some I.D.?



Let me see.





I want you out of here first thing in the morning.



Evening Father.



PRIEST: Hello.

COP 1: Chilly tonight.

PRIEST: I came in to warm up myself.

INNKEEPER: A little ham, and some wine?

COP 1: It's very tempting.



PRIEST: I recommend it. I heard you've been promoted to sergeant. That's quite a promotion for a young man like you.



COP: Maybe. But I deserved it.

PRIEST: Quite a career. And your wife is having another baby?

COP: We're not rich; we got nothing else to do.







YOUNG BUM: They're here.

REFORMER 1: Where were you?

REFORMER 2: Thanks. We saw the donkey.

YOUNG BUM: We could put him in the stable.

REFORMER 2: He must be hungry. We'll take care of that.



COP: Good hunting?

REFORMER 1: Nothing all day.

COP: I'm surprised. Got your hunting licenses?

REFORMER 1: Of course.



COP: No problem. Well, that's about it. Got to go. Thanks for the wine and ham.

INNKEEPER: Don't mention it.

COP: See you next time Father. Goodnight everybody.



INNKEEPER: [To the Reformers] Do you want something to eat?

REFORMER 1: Just a room for the night.

INNKEEPER: Fine.



PRIEST: Why, what's the matter? Are you crying? Can I help you?



REFORMER 1: You should tell him. Look, Father, he ...

REFORMER 2: Quiet!



Do you see this rosary?





PRIEST: Of course.



REFORMER 2: The Virgin Mary just gave it to me.

PRIEST: The Virgin Mary? But when?

REFORMER 2: A half-hour ago. I saw her. She appeared to me. I had insulted her, made fun of her. Faith does not come to us through reason, Father, but through the heart.



PRIEST: Of course.



Here, keep it.



A miracle is obviously a very moving experience. But there's no reason to let it affect you this way. You know, the Virgin has appeared thousands of times all around the world! And she has performed countless miracles.



Shall I tell you one?

REFORMER 2: Yes.

PRIEST: Come if it interests you. [To everyone] And you, too.



Gather round.



Now listen, carefully. A long, long time ago, not far from here, at a Carmelite convent, there was a young sister, very good, very trustworthy, who took care of the money. A sort of sister-treasurer.



She was very orderly, very serious, and extremely devoted to the Virgin Mary.



Now listen, carefully. Unfortunately, one day she was seduced by a young man. Some claim it was the devil, but no one knows for sure. In any case, she fell madly in love with him, and decided to escape from the convent. Are you with me? One night, on the eve of her departure, the poor Carmelite, in tears, threw herself before the altar of the Virgin, begged her forgiveness, and prayed to her.



She placed at the Virgin's feet the key to the convent safe.





Then she fled. Now listen, carefully.



She lived for a long time ...  
[Coughs]  
excuse me, with her seducer.



Years. They had children together.



But deep in her heart, she was very unhappy. One day, unable to stand it any longer, she decided to return to the convent.



She was ready to accept all the punishment due her. She arrived there quietly. It was morning. And walking through the chapel, she automatically turned to the statue of the Virgin.



Now listen, carefully. The key to the safe was still there. So she went in, trembling with fear, but the sisters didn't seem surprised to see her at all! It was as if she'd never left. She returned to her work, and no one ever mentioned a word to her.



Do you know why? Because while she was away, the Virgin had assumed the form of the sister-treasurer, and fulfilled all her functions.



REFORMER 2: What a beautiful miracle.

OLD BUM: That was really a marvelous story.

INNKEEPER: That, Father, really is beautiful.



PRIEST: And I have so many others. I could go on all night. There is no mystery sweeter, or more profound, than that of the Virgin Mary. Well, it's getting late. It's time for me to go.



Goodnight.



EVERYONE: Goodnight.



INNKEEPER: [To Reformers] Follow me, please.





REFORMER 1: Let's go.







REFORMER 2: What are you doing?





One does not light a candle to hide it under a bushel, but to place it on a candlestick and give light.



INNKEEPER: No, your room is just across the hall. This way.



REFORMER 1: There's room for two.





INNKEEPER: No.

REFORMER 2: And why not?



INNKEEPER: Mister, if you don't like it, you can go somewhere else.



Monsieurs, a word of advice. Tonight, if anyone knocks on your door, don't open it.

REFORMER 2: Why not?

INNKEEPER: Just don't answer the door. For nobody! Even if it's me.

















WOMAN: Hello. Please don't let me disturb you.





REFORMER 2: Yes, thank you. You're very beautiful.





WOMAN: You're very kind, thank you. You seem puzzled. What's your name?

REFORMER 2: Rodolphe.



WOMAN: Are you from far away?

REFORMER 2: Yes. We walked a long way.



WOMAN: You should rest. As you can see, it's very quiet here. You'll enjoy it here.



INNKEEPER: [Knocks at the door]

REFORMER 2: Who is it?



INNKEEPER: It's me. Excuse me, would you please open the door?

REFORMER 2: No.

INNKEEPER: Just a second.

REFORMER 2: Not a chance! Go away!

INNKEEPER: Listen, the Father's here. He came back. He wants to tell you something. Open up.

REFORMER 2: No.







PRIEST: It's me again, my son. Pardon me for bothering you so late, but while we were talking about the Virgin Mary, I forgot to tell you some very important things. Open up! Just for a minute.



REFORMER 2: No Father. Speak from where you are.



PRIEST: But why?

REFORMER 2: Because.

PRIEST: As you wish.



[To the Innkeeper] Bring me the chair, please.





[To the Reformer] I'm sure you cannot imagine the full richness of the mysteries of the Virgin Mary.



Think about it. First, the immaculate conception.



She was conceived without original sin.





Next, the birth of Christ, as commanded by the Holy Ghost.



And the precious virginity of Mary! Just imagine.



Are you with me?



WOMAN: Yes, Father.

REFORMER 2: Don't worry. We're right with you.



PRIEST: Now listen carefully.



Just imagine that she remained a virgin before, during, and after the birth of our savior. Of course, certain heretics have denied it. Photius and Cleobulus for instance.



But we must believe the dogma. Christ was born of his mother without ruining her virginity. Did you understand that?



WOMAN: Yes! Like a thought that springs from the brain without breaking the skull.



REFORMER 2: Like sunlight through a windowpane!



PRIEST: Very good. Finally, imagine her assumption.



Imagine she rose to heaven in flesh and blood, borne by the angels, and from up there she intervenes for all sinners.



REFORMER 2: It's amazing.

WOMAN: The dogma of the assumption is perhaps the most beautiful.





PRIEST: Very good my daughter.



You must avoid lechery like the plague! Do you remember those hateful sects, the Adamites and the Nicolites, who shared one another's wives, and indulged in debauchery?



All of them were condemned.



WOMAN: It is written: The house of the impure woman is the abode of the dead.



PRIEST: Yes, my children. Now open up so I can come in just for a minute.



REFORMER 2: You're wasting your time.



I'm not letting you in!



Father?

PRIEST: Yes.



REFORMER 2: What if she and I decide to get married?



PRIEST: Married?

REFORMER 2: Yes.







PRIEST: Obviously, that's different. Now listen to what the Apostle Paul said: "I feel it is good for a man to take no wife." You see? Furthermore, certain theologians, St. Thomas for one, believed that even for a married couple, carnal knowledge is a venial sin.



WOMAN: I am a virgin, Father. So maybe I am without sin.



PRIEST: Don't say that, my child. No one is without sin!

REFORMER 2: Not even the Virgin Mary?



PRIEST: She was incapable of committing a sin, of course.



But did you know that St. Basil, and St. John Chrysostomus, maintained that she was guilty of several faults?

WOMAN: Which ones?



PRIEST: A little vanity perhaps. The desire to be admired. They said that during the Annunciation, she doubted the words of the angel. And that finally, at the foot of the Cross, her faith weakened somewhat.



Well, now I should let you sleep.



REFORMER 2: Goodnight.

WOMAN: Goodnight.







PRIEST: Can you hear me my son?

REFORMER 1: Yes.



PRIEST: Open the door, just for a minute.

REFORMER 1: Why? I heard everything you said.



PRIEST: Open up, just for five minutes.

REFORMER 1: I said no, and I mean no.





PRIEST: Well, at least let your friend come out!





REFORMER 1: He doesn't want to. Leave!







PRIEST: Oh, yes, the sword. Thanks.





MAN IN OTHER BED: My hatred for science, and horror for technology, will finally lead me to this absurd belief in God.

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YOUNG BUM: [Stealing ham]











COP 1: Well, well, fancy meeting you here. Up already? On your way out? What's the hurry? Got a minute?



What are you hiding there?



A ham. And it's a ham from the inn. The one we tried, remember?





COP 2: That's right, it is the same.



COP 1: So where'd you get this ham? You buy it?

OLD BUM: We bought it from the innkeeper.



COP: But did you really buy it?



YOUNG BUM: Yeah, and at a good deal.

COP: You should have said so before. Alright, you can go.

YOUNG BUM: Sure you don't want a little?



OLD BUM: And we got a little wine.

COP 1: No thanks. Not right now.



OLD BUM: [To Cop 2] What about you?

COP 2: No, thank you.

COP 1: Some other time. Goodbye.



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[SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA]



YOUNG BUM: Look, Santiago.

OLD BUM: Finally! Well, it's about time. I was getting fed up.



YOUNG BUM: Me too.





OLD BUM: What does the dame want?

YOUNG BUM: Let's find out.





DAME: Well, where are you going? What's the big rush?



YOUNG BUM: Going to Santiago.

DAME: Pilgrimage?



YOUNG BUM: You bet. And make some bread. Heard there's a big crowd.

DAME: Take your time. There's nobody there.



OLD BUM: What?



DAME: Nobody. The four squares around the cathedral used to be crowded with thousands of pilgrims. Now it's empty, totally empty.



I mean zip.



Same thing in the hotels -- all empty.



YOUNG BUM: Well what happened?

DAME: Apparently, they found out that the body in the crypt wasn't St. James.



It's a body without a head. Body of a guy named Priscillian, that they decapitated a long time ago.





Not exactly a very Christian guy from what I hear.



OLD BUM: Where to now?

DAME: Well, you're not in such a hurry after all.



How about a roll in the hay?



YOUNG BUM: Yeah.



DAME: Got any money?



YOUNG BUM: We even got gold.



DAME: Show me.



YOUNG BUM: Take it easy. Not so fast.







Well, what do you say?



DAME: C'mon. Wait, there's something I have to tell you.



YOUNG BUM: Go ahead. Tell me!





DAME: I would like to have your child.



YOUNG BUM: Why?

DAME: I'd name it, "You Are Not My People."



YOUNG BUM: "You Are Not My People?"





OLD BUM: And what about if we have a child?

DAME: I'd name it, "No More Mercy."

OLD BUM: "No more mercy."



DAME: Let's go.



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BLIND MAN 1: There he is! I hear him. He is coming.



BLIND MAN 2: Lord, where art thou? Stop. Listen to me!





BLIND MAN 1: I hear him. He is nearby. Where art thou, Lord?





JESUS: And don't forget what I just told you.



DISCIPLE 1: No Lord. God forbid. Thou canst not die.



JESUS: [Laughs] Go behind me, Satan. Out of my way, for thy thought is not God's, but that of men.







BLIND MAN 1: Lord, here we are!

JESUS: What can I do for you?

BLIND MAN 1: Have pity on us, son of David.

BLIND MAN 2: Lord, have pity on us.



JESUS: Do you think it is in my power to do what you ask?

BLIND MAN 1: Yes, sir.

JESUS: Your faith shall make it happen.





BLIND MAN 1: A miracle Lord. I see grass, trees!

BLIND MAN 2: A miracle Lord. I can see thee! Like trees walking.



JESUS: Be careful! No one must find out.



DISCIPLE 2: Why hide that thou hast healed them?



DISCIPLE 3: Sometimes, Lord, I wonder why we cannot tell of thy miracles.



DISCIPLE 4: At Capharnaum, thou hadst performed so many in public.

DISCIPLE 5: And multiplied the loaves and fishes in the presence of thousands.



JESUS: Do not believe that I am here to bring peace unto earth.





In truth, in truth, I tell you:



... man will have for enemies the people of his own family.



BLIND MAN 2: Son of David, show me what is white, and what is black?



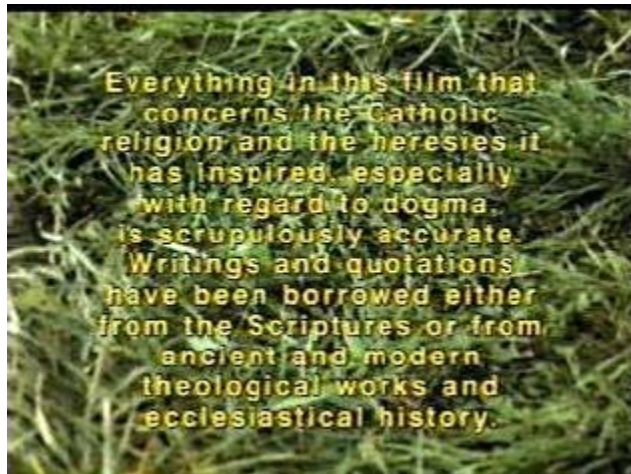


JESUS: Whoever loves his father and mother more than me is not worthy of me



Whoever loves his son and daughter more than me is not worthy of me.





NARRATOR: Everything in this film that concerns the Catholic religion, and the heresies it has inspired, especially with regard to dogma, is scrupulously accurate. Writing and quotations have been borrowed either from the Scriptures, or from ancient and modern theological works and ecclesiastical history.