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# Sebastiane

By Paul Humfress

That's Sebastian!  
Captain oft he palace guard.  
You can see he's still in favor.  
The Queen has her favorites too.  
That's Mammea Morgana.  
She's slept her way from Bath to Rome.  
He's the one who set  
our bedchamber on fire.  
Put him to death!  
Pancras, no!  
Spare him!  
Strip him of his rank!  
And would you believe it...  
Sebastian was later sent,  
as a common soldier...  
...to the same remote camp...  
...to which I was unexpectedly posted.  
In the camp there was Sebastian...  
...myself, six other soldiers,  
and Severus, the Captain.  
We were in exile.  
Nowhere to go,  
no one to fight, nothing to do.  
Hail messenger of dawn.  
The young God has arisen.  
The chariot is prepared.  
The horses of dawn fly forth  
to conquer the Goddess of night.  
The reeds sigh  
when the young God rises.  
The waters sing  
when the young God rises.  
Mankind awakens from sleep.  
The scarlet cock struts  
when the young God rises.  
The lily gives forth perfume  
when the young God rises.  
He is glorious in the dawn light.  
He sparkles like the gold  
in the sacred lapis.  
He sparkles like dew  
on the spider's web.  
His smile brings color...  
...to the morning.

The world is united in peace.  
Come on, men! Fight!  
Bastard!  
Come on, men!  
Fight!  
Sebastian, fight!  
I'm not fighting anymore.  
What's the point of it?  
- Pick it up!  
- No!  
Go on, Sebastian.  
Pick it up.  
Why make trouble?  
Christians don't fight.  
You'll fight!  
To me, Maximus, to me!  
Here, Adrian!  
Watch out, julian!  
Stop it, Anthony!  
I told you to leave me alone.  
Hey, justin, you creep. Take this.  
- Throw the ball to me, justin.  
- Where are you going, Adrian?  
Back to your mother?  
Why don't you screw him, Anthony?  
That's what you've always wanted.  
Yeah! Shove it up him.  
That'll fix the brat.  
Hail, God of the golden sun.  
The heavens and earth  
are united in gold.  
Comb your hair  
in the golden rays of light.  
In your hands  
the roses of ecstasy burn.  
The wheel turns full circle.  
Cooled by breezes  
from the four quarters.  
The swallow has risen in the east.  
The doors are open.  
Your body, your naked body.  
Initiated into the mysteries, step forth.  
That beauty that made  
all colors different.

Comes forth into the world.  
Hail, God of the golden fire.  
Your beauty holds my heart captive.  
justin!  
Clean all these swords!  
Proceed!  
Bastard!  
Let's see.  
Adrian, have a look.  
You're worse than a girl, Adrian.  
Don't you want to lose your virginity?  
Or have you got piles?  
That's Sebastian.  
Getting it again.  
Severus is really bashing  
the meat this evening.  
One for Jupiter.  
Two for Bacchus.  
Three for Juno.  
Four for Romulus.  
Five for Pluto.  
Six for Venus.  
Seven, Diana.  
Eight, Minerva.  
I'm still not going to fight.  
You'll stay there  
until you change your mind.  
Sebastian.  
Sebastian, be careful.  
justin, my friend, why?  
He can do as he likes.  
The truth is beautiful.  
A present from Rome.  
Oh, shit!  
Hey, Maximus. Get this.  
Roll up, roll up!  
The Vestal Virgins versus...  
...the Sabine women.  
A glorious rape in color.  
Here comes Messalina.  
Girls, tend your fires.  
Or she'll be in by the back door.  
Here comes Maximus's aunt, Agrippina.  
Old black ass.

Ram it home, Aunt Agrippina.  
This one's Boadicea.  
She's on top of Messalina.  
Six legs in black leather.  
What more could a virgin want?  
Come on, Boadicea!  
Here comes Aunty again.  
She's on her back.  
One, two, three.  
Bad luck Boadicea.  
And now, Citizens of Rome...  
The terror of civilization,  
Maria Domus Alba.  
As heavy as Hannibal  
and leader of the Vestal Virgins.  
Oh, by jove,  
she's in the arms of Sappho.  
Sappho's got her by the tits.  
Roll her over, Sappho!  
What's your name, little girl?  
You made a mistake  
with Maximus's Aunt Agrippina, girl.  
That corpse is Dido.  
The Kamikaze of Carthage.  
Your turn, Sebastian.  
Fucking show-off!  
Oh, shut up, Maximus!  
You're just the same.  
What a waste of time  
sitting in this desert...  
...doing gymnastics all day.  
When I get back to civilization...  
...I'm going to screw  
the first whore I find.  
You are the best.  
That's for me to decide.  
Put everything away!  
So you're still a Christian?  
Yes.  
Then remove my armor.  
And the rest.  
Anthony, Adrian, come over here!  
Put him over there!  
Move!

Tighter!  
Adrian! Tighter!  
Tighter!  
Get back to the camp!  
It's a fat one!  
Let's chase it to the sea!  
Chase it to the sea!  
Where are you going, justin?  
Why are they doing this?  
His eyes are so beautiful.  
He has sky blue eyes.  
What is this?  
What are you talking about?  
His hair is like the sun's rays.  
His body is golden like molten gold.  
This hand of his...  
...will smooth away these wounds.  
justin...  
He is as beautiful as the sun.  
This sun which caresses me...  
...is his burning desire.  
He is Phoebus Apollo.  
The sun...  
...is his...  
...burning kiss.  
This is madness.  
Why don't you run?  
You can't die here in the desert.  
His beauty is enhanced by his anger.  
It is his anger which is divine.  
His punishments  
are like Christ's promise.  
He takes me in his arm  
and caresses my bleeding body.  
I want to be with him.  
I love him.  
justin, you don't understand.  
Take it away.  
Good pork, this.  
I could eat a pig a day.  
Better than the usual crap.  
Pork always keeps the jews away!  
Some people love punishment.  
I'll bet he's got a sore ass.

Some go singing to their deaths.  
Let me make love.  
Let me make love!  
You must eat.  
Why are you doing this?  
I love him.  
He is beautiful.  
More beautiful than Adonis.  
Last night Severus nearly killed him.  
Who cares!  
One less!  
Stupid Christian.  
He should be in Hades.  
Throw them to the lions, I say.  
In Nero's day...  
...hundreds of them were crucified,  
while he sang to his golden lyre.  
Mocking their cause.  
And at his dinner parties  
he burnt them as human torches.  
Nothing compares to that now.  
Look at the Coliseum.  
A skeleton of what it was  
two hundred years ago!  
No one keeps it in repair.  
It's hardly ever used now.  
And what's left of the games?  
A few clapped-out Syrian archers.  
And Greek faggots with nets...  
...against some tamed elephants.  
Last year, one mangy old lion  
fell asleep.  
When I was young...  
...there were real orgies.  
And the chariot races  
of the famous Cecilli Mille...  
...the director from Silva Sacra.  
He usually produced shows...  
...with hundreds  
of dancing girls every night.  
A few years ago...  
...a new man from the east...  
...called Philistini...  
...scoured all the brothels of Rome...

...and as far as freezing Britain...  
...looking for pretty boys...  
...for his production of Satyricon.  
Twenty years ago...  
Who could have dreamt  
of such perversity?  
I saw it myself at the Olympia.  
What enormous expense.  
Enough to make an earthquake.  
But his orgies weren't  
a patch on old Mille's.  
Now he knew a good bit  
when he saw one!  
I'll never forget Claudia Frigida.  
The costume she wore...  
...cost more than Greek statues;  
unbelievably extravagant.  
But they left nothing  
to the imagination.  
In those days, men were men.  
Remember Stephanon Paidon  
the great charioteer?  
When I was in Rome,  
I danced for the Emperor.  
- Danced?  
- Yes, after his triumph  
He gave me a golden crown.  
What is your dance called?  
The dance...  
...of the sun...  
...on the water.  
Dancing girl!  
Christian whore!  
Why don't you put on a dress?  
You ignorant Christian.  
Christian faggot!  
Maximus!  
Back to the barracks  
and clean the armor.  
You are marvelous  
and dance like a god.  
Not like a god, just in, but for God.  
Severus understands your dance?  
Yes, he understands.



Leave him alone!  
He's a Christian.  
The Emperor's already punished him.  
He's unrepentant.  
Get on with it!  
Hey, Marius, Claudius!  
Get this for a dance!  
This is the dance!  
How the whore Sebastian...  
...danced each night...  
...with a centurion.  
And how the centurion...  
...saved her from a fate  
worse than death.  
You are a darling.  
Stone her, Christian pig!  
What can you see, justin?  
A beautiful shell.  
Look!  
A pearl shell.  
Can you reach it?  
Here, Sebastian.  
It's for you.  
What do you hear?  
I hear the old gods sighing.  
And you?  
Nothing. Wait!  
A seagull crying in a great storm.  
I hear your name, Sebastian.  
Sebastian!  
Much loved Sebastian!  
Here! You listen.  
I hear a song as wonderful  
as the nightingale.  
It reminds me of childhood  
and old, half-forgotten voices.  
I hear it.  
Now it's a lullaby.  
With seagulls crying louder and louder.  
Who wants to fight? Who dares?  
Hey, justin!  
Come here, you coward.  
I will!  
Come on, motherfucker!

Stop it!  
Go to hell!  
Stop it, Maximus!  
Christian lover!  
Come over here!  
Five.  
Seven.  
Twelve.  
You owe me half  
your salt ration, Claudius.  
Nine.  
Ten.  
Three.  
Lucky at dice,  
unlucky in love, eh, Maximus!  
Hey, Adrian, pass that wine over.  
You're too young to drink.  
Don't worry, baby!  
Your Anthony will protect you.  
Every Cleopatra  
must have her Anthony.  
- I'd better be careful then.  
- Yeah! He might have asps up his...  
Crude bugger!  
I don't know why you fancy  
boys so much, Anthony.  
You're worse than a Greek.  
They're okay for a quick one.  
But I can't wait for Rome...  
...and a real woman.  
Do you remember Mammea Morgana?  
The one with the huge tits  
and the red hair.  
We saw her at the Coliseum.  
After their triumph, the whole regiment  
marched into her and got lost.  
This wine is terrible.  
Hey! justin!  
What are you thinking about?  
Some Roman whore.  
Smeared all over with makeup.  
I'm going to get drunk.  
Whore!  
Christian!

Sebastian!  
Where is Sebastian?  
In the dormitory.  
Sebastian, come with me.  
Don't, Sebastian. He's drunk.  
Into my room!  
I won't let you go, Sebastian.  
Fucking Christian lover.  
I'll take care of him, Captain.  
Now you'll see.  
Poor Severus.  
You think your drunken lust  
compares to the love of God.  
You're so drunk...  
...you're impotent.  
You're going to get it.  
Ask for it, you Christian whore.  
Sebastian, I love you.  
You are so beautiful.  
Sebastian, love me.  
You impotent fool.  
You'll never have me,  
and you've never had me.  
Never!  
Fetch the others.  
Sebastian is to be killed.