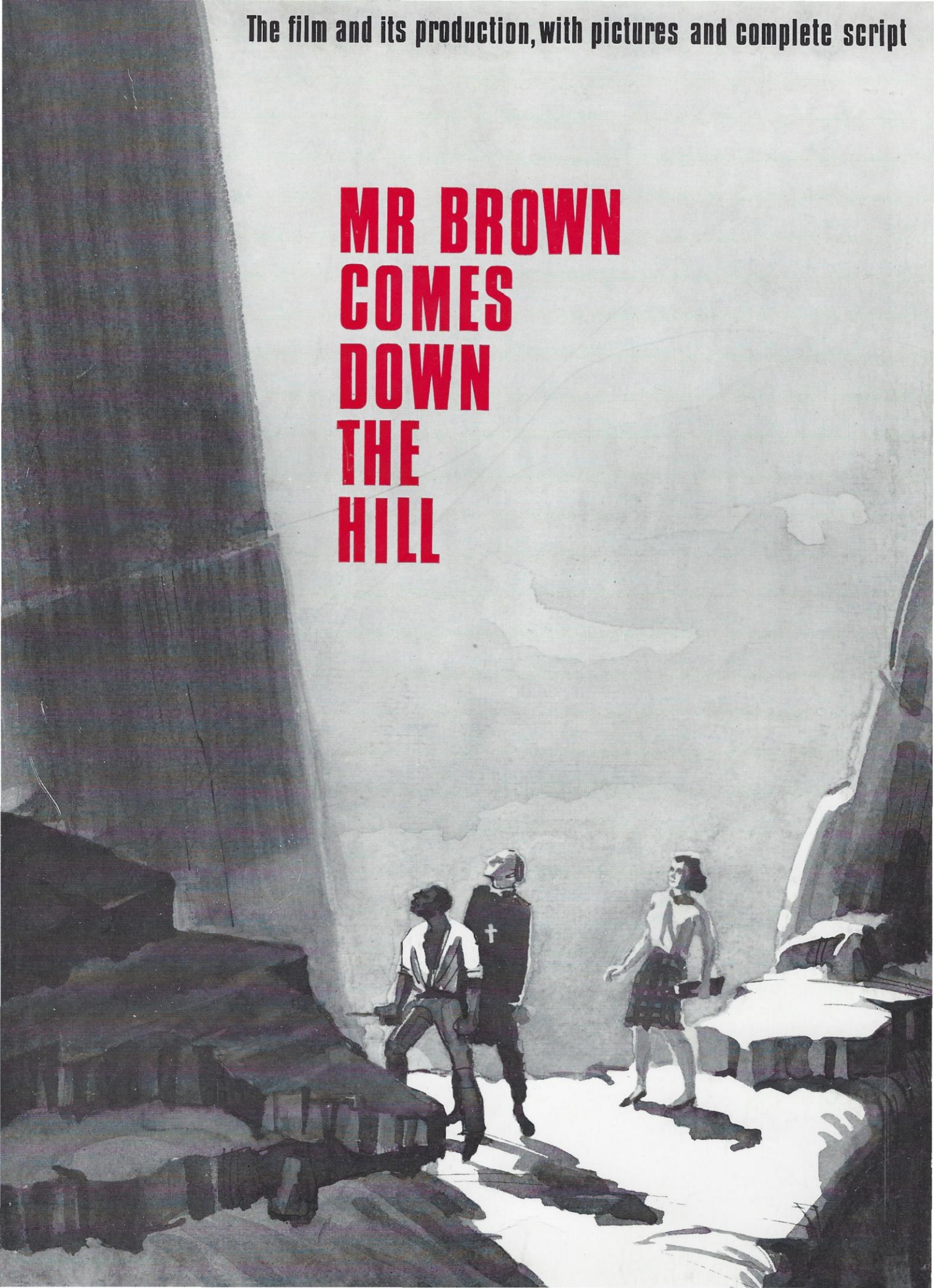


The film and its production, with pictures and complete script

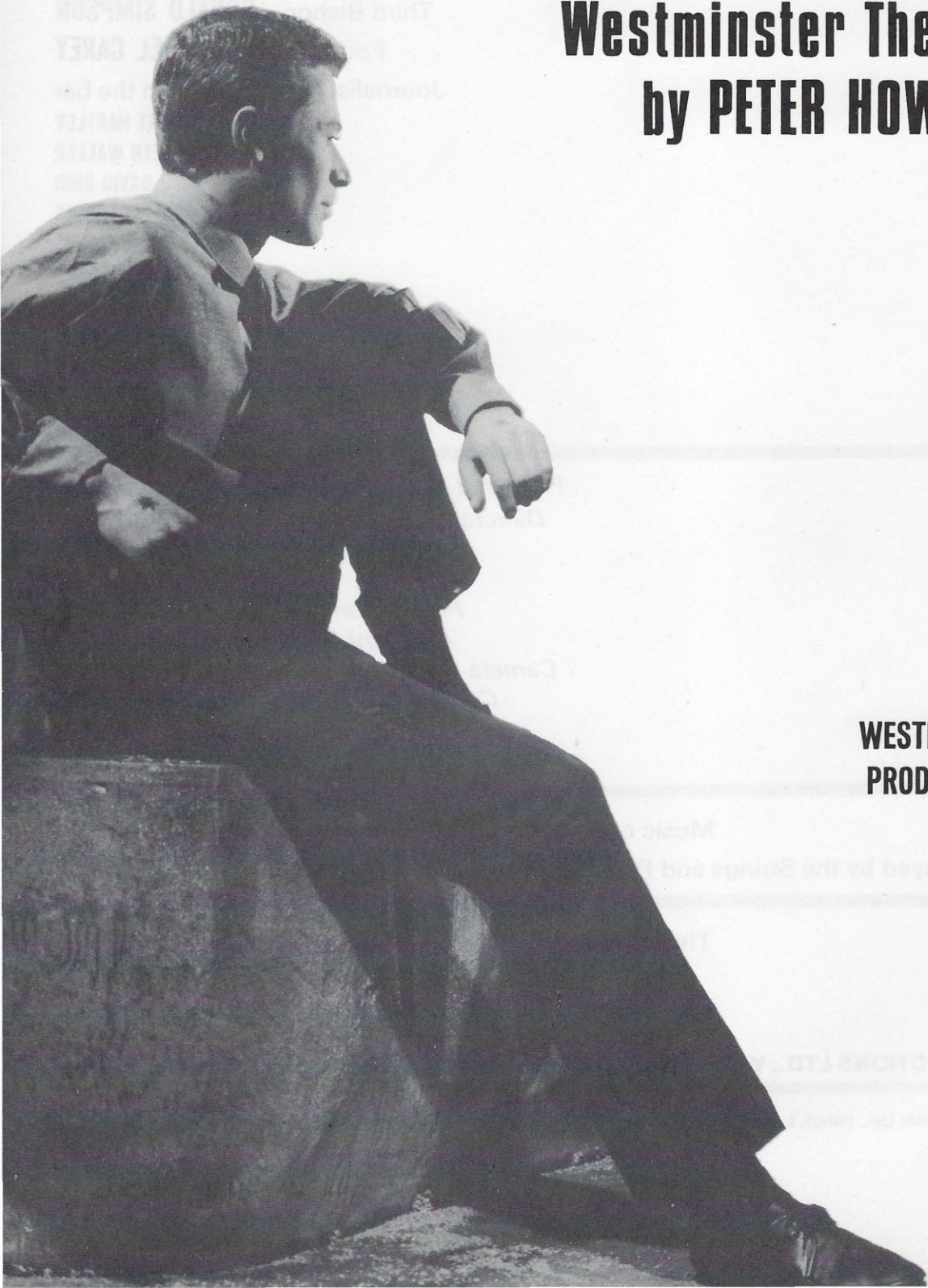
# MR BROWN COMES DOWN THE HILL





39

produced by  
**Henry Cass**  
from the play  
written for the  
**Westminster Theatre**  
by **PETER HOWARD**



**WESTMINSTER  
PRODUCTIONS**

Mr Brown - ERIC FLYNN  
Black Man - MARK HEATH  
Halter - LILLIAS WALKER  
Bishop - JOHN RICHMOND  
Doctor - RICHARD WANNER  
Second Bishop - BRYAN COLEMAN  
Andy - ALAN WHITE  
Third Bishop - EDWARD SIMPSON  
For - L. CAREY  
Journalist - the Dr  
WALTER  
WALTER  
DAVID BIRD

Camera

Music by  
Played by the Strings and

WESTMINSTER PRODUCTIONS LTD

Printed in Great Britain by Baskerville Ltd, London



# MR BROWN COMES DOWN THE HILL

Mr Brown **ERIC FLYNN**  
Black Man **MARK HEATH**  
Harlot **LILLIAS WALKER**  
Bishop **JOHN RICHMOND**  
Doctor **RICHARD WARNER**  
Second Bishop **BRYAN COLEMAN**  
Andy **ALAN WHITE**  
Third Bishop **DONALD SIMPSON**  
Fourth Bishop **NOEL CAREY**  
Journalists and patrons in the bar  
**ROBERT HARTLEY**  
**KENNETH WALLER**  
**DAVID BIRD**  
**PAULINE LORING**  
**GINA CURTIS**  
**ASTLEY HARVEY**  
**ANTONY HIGGINSON**  
**GARY BRIGHTON**  
Detective **GUY STANDEVEN**  
Policeman **MIKE LEWIN**  
Newsboy **ROY HEYMANN**

*Filmed at St John's Wood Studios, London*

*Director of Photography* **GORDON DINES, FRPS**

*Art Director* **DENYS PAVITT**

*Editor* **ROBERT HILL**

*Production Manager* **PAMELA PAULET**

*Assistant Director* **DENNIS ROBERTSON**

*Camera Operators* **GODFREY GODAR** **BILL ALLAN**

*Continuity* **MARJORIE LAVELLY** **KAY KLIMIE**

*Make-up* **JIM HYDES**

*Sound* **AUDIO SYSTEMS**

Music composed and conducted by **DENNIS GRAY STOLL**  
Played by the Strings and Percussion of the **ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA**

The film produced, directed and scripted by **HENRY CASS**  
from the original play by **PETER HOWARD**

Enquiries concerning the film should be addressed to:  
**WESTMINSTER PRODUCTIONS LTD., WESTMINSTER THEATRE, PALACE STREET, LONDON, S.W. 1.**



**MR BROWN COMES DOWN THE HILL** is a modern murder story. Its theme is as old as Christendom: its truth as modern as the space age. Henry Cass has made a film of explosive force. It shatters the hollow humanism and secularism of many moderns, Christian and non-Christian. It penetrates the web of compromise, prejudice and watered-down conviction which make it harder for men to find solid faith and true humanity in the world today.

The original play by Peter Howard who was, until his recent death, in charge of Moral Re-Armament throughout the world, ran at the Westminster Theatre for 212 performances in 1964. A Bishop wrote after seeing it, "Here is a remarkable attempt to put the gospel truth in contemporary terms, and the result is extraordinarily powerful."

The play has been scripted for filming by Henry Cass, who gathered the highly-talented original cast to make a film of poignant power. It is the story of three people climbing a mountain in search of

God—the Black Man, the Harlot and the Bishop. At the top of the hill the Black Man finds—Mr Brown.

The film asks, What will happen when Mr Brown comes down the hill and steps into the modern world? Will he be given a royal welcome—or crucified? Will he suffer most from his enemies or his friends? What are his weapons in the midst of Twentieth Century materialism? What has he to tell humanity about race, sex, war, space, life and death? Is hate or love the strongest power in a modern city?

Mr Brown deals drastically, plainly and good-humouredly with these issues. He makes friends—those whose hearts rule them understand him sooner than those who only rely on their brains—and he makes implacable enemies. The inevitable clash leads to murder—and to something more. The final moments of the film, as of the play, leave audiences deeply moved, and launched into an unexpected orbit of disturbing truth.

## About the film

On the hilltop, the Black Man blazes at Mr Brown, "You can't know a thing about love, buddy. Otherwise you'd stop all this hell on earth. It's gone on far too long."







"You've got more guts than I thought, Bishop. No. I'm not going to cut your throats, though God knows you both deserve it. Don't forget, if I did, blood would flow out the same colour as mine, and it would not be black nor white, neither."

"You look lovely when you're being yourself," Mr Brown tells the Harlot.

"My boy-friends say they like me better when I'm pretending to be what they want."

"They lie," says Mr Brown.

"We all lie."

"I don't. I tell the truth. This has got to stop."







Andy confronts Mr Brown in the bar. "You're intolerant. You've no charity, damn you. None at all." "I haven't denounced or hounded down anyone here," answers Mr Brown.

Andy collapses in the midst of his outburst against Mr Brown. "Call an ambulance," says the doctor. "Send for the police, too."







"Brown is dangerous," the Second Bishop tells the doctor. "Far better for everybody if he ran into real trouble and had to be put away. I know the sort, you see. They crop up once every two or three hundred years—and there's no peace until they're in their graves."



"I don't much want your medicine."

"Will you take it for my sake?" pleads the Harlot.

"For your sake I'll take it," answers Mr Brown. "But are you sure you know what you're doing?"





"There's not much more we can do here," says the police detective as he examines Mr Brown.



"There's Mr Brown! He's coming down—to help us."



# The film script | MR BROWN COMES DOWN THE HILL

*A Black Man, a Harlot and a Bishop are seen clambering up a steep and rocky hillside. The Black Man leads. The Bishop lags behind. The Black Man reaches a ledge of rock and stops to pull the Harlot up. She is not dressed for climbing.*

BLACK MAN Come on! You lazy bitch. Come on and hurry.

HARLOT Why, what's the hurry?

BLACK MAN I was a fool to bring you. Hey! Put your foot on that rock. *Left* foot, idiot. There, now, come on. Give me your hand.

HARLOT Thanks. *(She sits, pulls out her compact and starts to use it)*

BLACK MAN Stop that. Stop it, I tell you.

HARLOT Ooh, we are in a state, aren't we? If you think you're going to get me further and faster by bullying me and turning as red in the face as a man like you can turn, you're crazy. Anyway, if I'm going to meet my Maker, or whatever it is you say we are going to do up there, I mean to meet Him looking my best. Manners don't cost much, even on mountains. And if I know anything about God, which I don't, He'll notice what I look like, which is more than can be said for you.

*(The Bishop appears, dressed in full bishop's garb)*

HARLOT Hallo, Bish.

BISHOP Well, well, well. Here we all are. Not getting ahead as fast as we hoped, but making good progress on the whole, I think you'll agree. Is this the place where we take a rest?

BLACK MAN No. No rest. We've got to get to the top.

BISHOP This isn't something a man like me can do in a rush. Far better take our time. We don't want to kill ourselves before we get there.

BLACK MAN Look, I'll kill you both if you don't hurry.

BISHOP Look here, my good man. Let's talk it over like sensible people. No good ever came out of bad temper.

BLACK MAN I'm not in a bad temper. And I'm not your good man. I'm nobody's man but my own. How long will it be before you white people understand that I belong to me? This is no time for talking. I'm sick and tired of

the sound of it. You've taught me for years that God lives up there. Now, is it true or not?

BISHOP True enough, my dear fellow, true enough.

BLACK MAN I'm not your dear fellow. I'm going up there and I'm going to see God. I've been wanting to see Him for a long time. You said you wanted to see Him too, Bishop. Are you going to chicken out now, or are you coming?

HARLOT What exactly are you going to say to Him?

BLACK MAN I'm going to tell Him of centuries of suffering, of continents of cruelty, of beatings, burnings, hunger, disease, torture, misery and chains, hurt beyond endurance, hate without end, amen. And just as we see some glimmer of light, some hope of the black man sharing the spoils, the white man, so strong and cunning, has gone and made missiles and bombs to blow us all to hell before we get a chance to take our revenge. I'm going to tell Him that if that's the way He runs the earth, a child could run it better. I'm going to tell Him I hate Him.

BISHOP It will be quite unsuitable to speak to God in that style. Very wrong indeed. You'd do far better to talk it over and think about it some more, and even pray about it.

*(The Black Man pulls out a knife. The Harlot screams and hides behind the Bishop. The Bishop raises his walking-stick in self-defence)*

HARLOT Oh, Lord, he's going to do us in.

BLACK MAN You've got more guts than I thought, Bishop. But you seem to have forgotten it's Christian to let me hit your cheek, smash your jaw, or even cut your throat without complaint. It's part of Christianity you Christians always forget. If Christianity was like the Christians, the world would have forgotten it a long time ago. You hit a Christian, he puts aside all that nonsense of turning the other cheek, hits you first, hits you hard and keeps right on hitting you, especially if you happen to be black. That's why you Christians have been so good at making wars and empires. No. I'm not going to cut your throats, though God knows you both deserve it. Don't forget, if I did cut your throat, blood would flow out of it the same colour as mine. It would not be black nor white, neither. I'm going to go up there and I'm going alone. I'm going to have a summit conference with God. That's right. I'm going to tell Him what I think of Him, what millions of us truly think. Then I'm going to make Him a fair offer.

BISHOP It's most irregular to make offers to God without consulting someone like myself.

BLACK MAN You mind your own business.

BISHOP I should say that this emphatically is my business.

BLACK MAN Well, I'm not going to tell you. I've thought it all out. And I'll see you. *(He turns to go)*

HARLOT Suppose you don't find anyone up there.

BLACK MAN Then I'm going to come down again, with my big shining knife in my big black hand, and I'm going to be in that bad temper you spoke about, Bishop, and I'll be looking for you.



*(The Black Man turns and begins scrambling furiously up the mountain and disappears out of sight)*

HARLOT I hope for your sake he does find someone up there. Do you think he will?

BISHOP Certainly he will, my dear. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." Isaiah LV, verse 6. "Those that seek Me early shall find Me." Proverbs VIII, verse 17. All the same, I think it would be wise to get down again as quickly as possible and tell the police what he said. For his sake, of course, not mine. I wouldn't want him to get into trouble on my account.

HARLOT I never knew bishops were such hypocrites.

BISHOP My dear young lady, that's a very improper suggestion.

HARLOT Oh, if you think that's an improper suggestion, you should have heard some of the suggestions made to me. But you *are* a hypocrite. You were scared when he said if he found nothing up there, he'd come after you with a knife. If you're so sure he will find God, what have you got to worry about? Why bother to tell the police he was threatening you?

BISHOP God fulfils Himself in many ways. He might not choose to show Himself to a man full of hate.

HARLOT Oh, come off it, Bish. That's not good enough for me. I'm a woman full of love, and I've never seen Him.

BISHOP I wouldn't call your kind of love real love.

HARLOT Here, what do you know of my kind of love? You're not supposed to know anything about it. Yet you condemn it.

BISHOP *(Slowly dropping his air of pretence)* Do I?

HARLOT That's better. That's more like the real you talking. Why, even your voice is different. Here, Bish, are you like me? Do you go through most of your life pretending all the time? But why?

BISHOP Because if men knew what I was really like, they'd stop believing what I say.

HARLOT But you know what you're really like. Have you stopped believing what you say?

BISHOP I don't know whether I ever really believed it all. It's such a relief to be able to talk to somebody about it.

HARLOT Oh, you can talk to me, Bish. You know, it's rather fun to find you're a man after all, underneath those ghastly gaiters.

BISHOP It doesn't seem to matter so much up here on the hillside, alone with you, with nobody to hear us.

HARLOT Except God Almighty, Bishop. Don't forget Him.

BISHOP You won't tell anyone what I've said when we get back?

HARLOT Of course not. I haven't got where I have in my profession without learning how to keep confidences.

BISHOP Sometimes I wish I could throw off my gaiters and

my black clothes and go out where nobody knows me and do all the things I've wanted to do and never dared to do—paint, sing, dance, get tight; maybe learn more about your kind of loving.

HARLOT Now's your chance. Why don't you?

BISHOP Partly fear. Partly that I love being a bishop with everyone bowing and flattering and calling me "My Lord".

HARLOT *(Laughs)* Oh!

BISHOP The truth is that while I don't believe the things I preach, for some reason plenty of people say they've found faith through me. It gives them courage. It keeps them happy. It seems somehow terribly important not to let them down. So I just go on pretending.

HARLOT Now I come to think of it, your job and mine seem very much alike.

BISHOP I don't see the slightest resemblance.

HARLOT Oh, no offence, Bish. You don't get paid half as much as I do, I know that. But the trade of both of us is love, isn't it? God is love, and all that. I remember they used to tell me so when I was a kid at Sunday School. You love 'em enough to give 'em what you don't believe in. Well I'm just the same.

BISHOP How can you give people your sort of love without liking it?

HARLOT Do you suppose a girl enjoys being handled and used like a second-hand motor-car on hire, with the gears being grated by unskilled hands, and everybody trying to get the most out of it for the least maintenance? Do you suppose I enjoy sharing my bed with drunks and dotards, and teenagers out for a thrill, and old men who imagine themselves as thrilling as teenagers? Most people who make love to me are thinking about someone else as they do it, anyway. Mind you, I have my regular customers. Some come to me every week, like they go to your church. But I don't like it, any more than you seem to like your job. Well, it's a business. It's the only one I understand. You see, you don't have to know shorthand and typing and foreign languages to do the work I do. You just have to give the pretence of love without ever allowing yourself to fall in love with anybody.

BISHOP Have you never been in love?

HARLOT No, I can't afford it. It would ruin me. I don't get involved with my customers. I just give my body the orders and accept the money it brings back to me. Well, I'm making money while my time lasts. Maybe when it's all over, perhaps I will fall in love. I hope not though. It will be too late. Far too late.

BISHOP I wish I hadn't told you the truth about myself. I might have been able to give you something that could have helped you.

HARLOT No, that stuff's not for me. I'm very glad you did. Well, I would never have seen how alike we are if you hadn't, now would I? But I'm worried about that Black Man though. D'you think he will find anyone up there?



BISHOP I doubt it. But people in life often find what they're looking for.

HARLOT I hope he does. He'll never be happy until he can put his finger on the thing he hates so much.

BISHOP He may not get to the top, there's a mist up there. I can't see him.

HARLOT Oh, he'll get there. A man who hates like him will get to the top.

BISHOP Strange isn't it? You and I both have love—of one sort or another—as our profession. He only hates. He leaves us behind and goes on climbing. There seems more in his hatred than in your sort of love—or mine. There's a sermon in that somewhere!

HARLOT Oh, now come off it, Bish! This is no place for a sermon. And I'm not the type.

BISHOP It's getting dark. We'd better go down.

HARLOT It's far too late for us to go down! No, we'd better stay here. *(She squats down on the ledge)* Come on. *(She pats the ground beside her. The Bishop stands looking at her)* Come on, Bish, nobody will see us. If we stay close we'll be warm. *(He still hesitates)* Oh, come on. We can go down in the morning.

*The top of the mountain. Mr Brown is sitting reading a newspaper. The Black Man appears from below and heaves himself up on to the final ledge of the mountain. He looks around him. Suddenly he is aware of Mr Brown and spins round, knife in hand.*

MR BROWN I'm glad to see you, my dear fellow. Come and sit down. You must be tired.

BLACK MAN Now look! I'm not your dear fellow, right? Don't call me that. I belong to me.

MR BROWN Well, that's splendid. Certainly I won't call you "my dear fellow" if you don't like it. But of course, it's exactly what you are.

BLACK MAN Who the hell are you? What are you doing up here?

MR BROWN I'm reading a newspaper.

BLACK MAN You're nuts. Who'd come all the way up here just to read a newspaper?

MR BROWN A number of people think I'm nuts. Who did you expect to find up here, anyway?

BLACK MAN Not you! Or at least I don't think so. Let's take a look at you. *(Mr Brown looks straight at the Black Man)* I can't see! I can't see anything! Hell, I can't see!

MR BROWN Oh, I'm sorry. It is a bit bright at first, they tell me. Takes a bit of time to get used to. *(Mr Brown raises his hand. The light fades and the Black Man is no longer dazzled. He puts away his knife)* There. Is that better?

BLACK MAN I never knew!

MR BROWN Never knew what?

BLACK MAN Never knew you were black.

MR BROWN *(Laughs)* Am I? So be it, then. As black as ebony, as black as night.

BLACK MAN Damn it, man, you're as black as I am!

MR BROWN Well, if you say so, I'm ready to believe you. But you know I'm blind about colour. You say I'm black. For centuries some said I was white. Nowadays some say I'm as yellow as China, or as red as Russia.

BLACK MAN You're black, all right. And that makes a difference. I don't know what to say to you now.

MR BROWN Why not say what you mean? Come on, sit down, make yourself comfortable.

BLACK MAN It's not easy, you see. It's not at all easy. Well, it's not like I thought it would be. *(He notices the scars on Mr Brown's hands)* Say, did you hurt your hand?

MR BROWN These? Yes, I got them hurt some time ago.

BLACK MAN Well, I never thought anyone could hurt you.

MR BROWN You can't love people nowadays without getting hurt. And I do, you know. I love them all. The donkeys that worship what's under their hats and between their ears, and the piggies that worship what's under their belts and inside their pocket-books.

BLACK MAN Well, you can't know a thing about love, buddy. Otherwise you'd stop all this hell on earth.

MR BROWN Do you mean what you were telling your two friends about chains and bombs, imperialism and human butchery?

BLACK MAN How did you hear all that? I'll bet you've been spying on me.

MR BROWN That's part of my job. I have good ears, you know. And my eyes wander all over the place when I'm sitting up here. I don't stop all that because I don't feel the same way about life or death, pain or justice, or even colour as you do. Men are free to choose between good and evil. All have knowledge of it. One day you'll understand things as I do.

BLACK MAN All right, all right. One day I'll understand. Right now, stop it. Stop the black man's hell on earth. It's gone on far too long, buddy. It's unbearable. Look! I'll get down on my knees and beg you to stop it! Please.

MR BROWN Do get up off your knees. Millions of people every minute of the day go down on their knees telling me what they want me to do. I wish I had more who'd just sit and listen while I told them what I wanted them to do. It would save them time, lives, tears and toil, and incidentally a lot of money from taxation if only they'd the sense to do it.

BLACK MAN You're tough.

MR BROWN Did you expect me not to be? How about this offer you were going to make? Now you said it was a fair offer. What is it?



BLACK MAN You're just a big fake, man.

MR BROWN That's not an offer. That's an opinion.

BLACK MAN For centuries you have tricked man into believing you made him. Well I don't believe it. Here's what I believe. I believe that you didn't make man at all, but that man made you. That's right. I believe we made you in our own image and likeness because we were too weak, too close to the animal to face life and death without you. But now I think we are ready. Man has grown up. We can, in the next generation or so, destroy the god we made.

MR BROWN Go ahead and try. It's not the first time it's been attempted.

BLACK MAN It's the first time for centuries that the whole world is turning against Him.

MR BROWN There are more people on His side than you guess. The trouble is they're too lazy, too compromising, too comfortable. But if things get tough they'll start to work together, you'll see. A few more Stalins, a few more Hitlers, a few more martyrdoms. Then they'll wake up.

BLACK MAN How can you dare say a thing like that?

MR BROWN It's not a matter of daring, it's a matter of caring. I just don't think as you think nor act as you act. I never have, I never will. I've a different set of values. Sometimes men decide to make their own hells on earth before they turn their hearts to heaven.

BLACK MAN I just don't believe in you.

MR BROWN If you didn't believe in me I wouldn't worry you so much. Nobody gets so worked up trying to destroy something they think isn't really there. You could do all sorts of things you really wanted to, if deep down you didn't believe in me. Now that's the difficulty with all you people who say you don't believe in God. You begin to think you're little gods yourselves. You know, if that's true there's no hope for humanity. Every man who thinks at all, however violent and noisy his worship of the no-God, in the silence of the night and the solitude of his heart, feels himself not alone but in some relation to the universe.

BLACK MAN I don't understand that kind of talk.

MR BROWN Never mind. The point is that you can't make a fair offer to someone you don't believe in.

BLACK MAN Come down the hill with me. You can't expect them all to come up here, man. They don't hate you as much as I do, or rather as much as I did.

MR BROWN Are you hating a bit less now? That's good.

BLACK MAN No, it's bad.

MR BROWN You think you'll get your way by hating? You're wrong.

BLACK MAN How else can I get it?

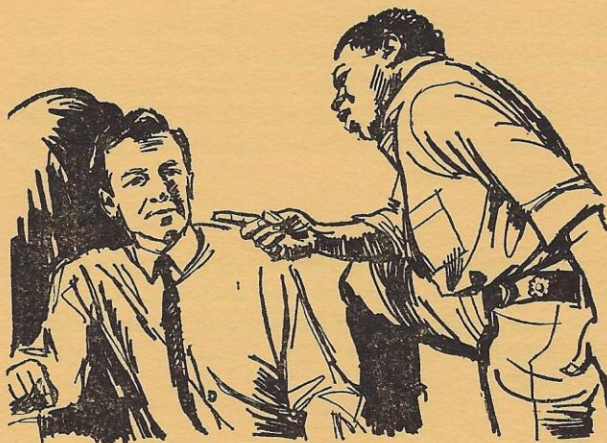
MR BROWN By loving.

BLACK MAN Loving! Loving the kind of people I've got to meet? Who beat and bully and kill?

MR BROWN Yes. It's the only way to reach them. It's what they need and it's what you want. You want men to love you because your skin is black. But you hate them because of their black hearts, and hate has a million children. It drags you down to the dust. It's your dictator. You become the slave of hate, so you become the slave of the men who cause the hatred, which is the last thing you want. And nothing changes.

BLACK MAN It changes! We're going up, not down. We're winning! We'll be free!

MR BROWN Not really free. Hate will still be there. Soon you'll start hating men who are not white. There's no birth-control in hate, you know. No, hate what they do, by all means. But love what they can become and help them to become it.



BLACK MAN It's impossible.

MR BROWN Impossible? You know you came along saying you hated me. Well, just now you said you hated me less.

BLACK MAN I don't know. I am not sure. You make things so difficult, man. You're black, right?

MR BROWN And you make things so easy. Don't you know it's as silly to love someone because you think their skin is black as it is to hate someone because you think their blood is blue. Why do you want me to come with you?

BLACK MAN I want you to face humanity, talk with them. I want to see if you can stand up to them, or whether you'll just be pushed into the dust by everybody. I want you to prove yourself.

MR BROWN It's a job I don't much like. But I think you may be right. I think it may be the best way of settling this argument.

BLACK MAN Good. When shall we go?

MR BROWN As soon as you like.

BLACK MAN Right. Let's go now. By the way, just what am I going to call you when we get down there?



MR BROWN Call me anything you like. I've been called most things in my time.

BLACK MAN You know what I mean. I can't just introduce you to the people like you really are—or like what you say you are.

MR BROWN I don't think I've said I'm anything, have I?

BLACK MAN You know what I mean.

MR BROWN How about Mr White?

BLACK MAN Oh, now come on, man, anything but that.

MR BROWN I'm sorry, I was only teasing. I need a sense of humour, you know. If I didn't know how to laugh I'd spend my days crying. All right then. How about Mr Brown?

BLACK MAN Mr Brown? (*Laughs*) Say, you some kind of a joker, ain't you? Mr White, Mr Brown? Mr Brown—I sure dig that. All right, Mr Brown. After you.

MR BROWN No, after you. You know where your friends are.

BLACK MAN Meaning you don't? I thought you knew everything. All right, Mr Brown, down the hill we go. Come on.

*(The Black Man leads Mr Brown down the hill)*

*The ledge halfway up the hill at sunrise. The Harlot wakes up. The Bishop is still asleep beside her. Suddenly the Harlot hears a loose stone falling.*

HARLOT Here, wake up, Bish. There's somebody coming. Wake up. (*The Bishop does not move*) Oh Lord, you might be a bishop but you're as hard to waken as a drunken sailor on a Sunday morning. Come on. (*She shakes him. He wakes up*) 'Morning, love. (*The Harlot scrambles on to the ledge above and starts making-up her face*)

BISHOP You know, I live in a palace. My bed is soft as wool and sweet as honey. I lie in it through dark hours and my heart is like a sword inside me. I pray for the morning. But in this place, with a stone in the small of my back, damp from the earth that'll give me pains for weeks, and ants crawling up and down inside my gaiters, I've slept better than I have for years. I begin to remember what it was like to feel young and hopeful and happy. It must be your influence.

HARLOT Oh, I slept well myself. It's restful to spend a night under the stars without anyone to trouble you. (*The Black Man is seen scrambling down the hill towards them*) Here, there is somebody coming.

BISHOP Coming up or down?

HARLOT Down!

*(She brushes down the Bishop's clothes)*

BISHOP Look. I want you to promise me something. Before too long, let's meet sometime, anywhere, and talk again. There are so many things I want to hear from you and tell you.

HARLOT Oh, now be your age, Bish. Don't talk foolish-

ness. Of course we mustn't meet again. I'd like to oblige you, mind, but . . . well, it would ruin me. Professionally, I mean. I just can't afford to have a friendship with a man in your position. My clients wouldn't like it. No, Bish. No more of this for you and me.

*(The Black Man appears on the ledge above them)*

BLACK MAN Are you all right, you all?

HARLOT Yes. We're fine. (*To Bishop*) I was wondering whether you'd run or not if he had a knife in his hand. But I don't see any knife.

BISHOP And I don't see anyone with him. (*To Black Man*) Thank God you're safe, my friend. I've been praying for you all night long.

HARLOT So have I. We've been praying together, haven't we, Bish?

BLACK MAN Well, you'd better do some more praying, and you'd better make it good.

HARLOT Why?

BLACK MAN 'Cos I've got a friend with me. He's called Mr Brown.

BISHOP You met someone up there?

BLACK MAN I sure did. And I got news for you. He's black. Come on down, Mr Brown.

*(Mr Brown appears above them on the hillside)*

MR BROWN Good morning. I'm glad to see you both. And I'm glad you both slept well.

HARLOT How d'you know we slept well?

BLACK MAN He's got long ears, you see.

BISHOP (*To Harlot*) That person with him is no more black than I am.

HARLOT If he thinks the man's black, let him be black.

BLACK MAN Well, we'd better be getting down the hill.

BISHOP Yes, I think the sooner we get back to normal the better.

HARLOT Here, Bish. Haven't you forgotten something? Oughtn't someone to say a prayer, or a blessing? I like to see things done proper.

BLACK MAN But I thought you were both praying for me all night long.

BISHOP Exactly. Silent prayer, as you might say, silent prayer.

*(Mr Brown kneels down)*

BLACK MAN (*To Mr Brown*) Now just what are you doing on your knees?

MR BROWN I just thought the Bishop would want to accept the young lady's suggestion, that's all. It seemed like a good idea to me.

BLACK MAN All right.

*(The Black Man slowly kneels. Finally the Harlot kneels as well. They are all silent. Mr Brown is the first to get up off his knees)*

HARLOT Is that all? Have we finished?



BISHOP Yes.

BLACK MAN Well, it's like you say. A silent blessing.

MR BROWN That's right. A silent blessing. I often think they're best, don't you? So many people use their ears, but never their brains, when they're being blessed. They'll let the blesser do all the work, while they do nothing.

BLACK MAN It's no blessing to have to work.

MR BROWN It's a blessing to start giving things to other people.

BLACK MAN Why?

MR BROWN Well, most people seem to treat a blesser like a cow. They just want to milk him dry. That's bad for them. It's a curse, not a blessing.

BLACK MAN I'll be seeing you—down there.

*(Black Man leaves)*

BISHOP If you could come down, I'd like a word in your ear. A private word.

*(Mr Brown comes down beside the Bishop)*

BISHOP It's about the girl.

MR BROWN Oh?

BISHOP She's well-meaning, I'm sure, good-hearted, but well, I don't want to shock you. You see I have to tackle so many ugly things in life. The modern world is full of machinery, newspapers, television shows, science, traffic, luxury. We're a sophisticated generation. It's—well, it's...

MR BROWN Are you trying to say that things have changed since I was last here, and that you can't expect me to understand modern society?

BISHOP Exactly.

MR BROWN I understand enough, if it's really the girl you want to talk about, to know that she's a whore.

BISHOP Mr Brown, that's not the way I like to hear any woman spoken about.

MR BROWN Why not? A whore's a whore, just as a fraud is a fraud.

BISHOP I don't want to get involved in any sort of argument with you.

MR BROWN I'm not arguing.

BISHOP All I want to say is, please don't judge the girl too harshly. She *is* what others made her.

MR BROWN Nonsense. She's what she made herself. And you'll never help her by letting her think it's all someone else's fault. That's the trouble with you moderns. You're always trying to make excuses for people by blaming education or environment. It's the result of years of excusing yourselves.

BISHOP You're hard.

MR BROWN Why don't you stop all this? Tell me what's really bothering you.

BISHOP You may find she's a liar.

MR BROWN Whores often are. They have to be.

BISHOP I wouldn't want you to believe everything she said.

MR BROWN About you?

BISHOP Not exactly, but—after a night out here together the woman might imagine all manner of things.

MR BROWN I'll not heed her imaginings.

BISHOP Good. I'm grateful. Now, I'd like you to meet my fellow clergy, Mr Brown. I'd like you to meet all manner of men. I mean to do my very best to help you understand the world we're living in. It's changing fast. Things aren't going quite so well as we'd choose. But we're making progress. Oh yes, I think I can say without risk of boasting that we're making progress.

*(Bishop climbs out of sight down the hill. The Harlot approaches Mr Brown)*

HARLOT Not a bad old stick, is he? I'd like to talk to you about him.

MR BROWN Yes. He was afraid you would.

HARLOT He's scared to death. I know that. Well, a night out on a hillside with a girl like me. What's everybody going to say? What do you say, Mr Brown?

MR BROWN I say that nothing happened—except in his heart and in yours.

HARLOT If everybody thought that, I'd be ruined. People would think I was losing my grip. You won't tell anybody, will you?

MR BROWN No, of course not. But I'll tell you what happens in your heart is just as important as what happens in your bed—or in somebody else's.

HARLOT Now look here, love, you just can't... I suppose I shouldn't call you that, should I?

MR BROWN Why not?

HARLOT Oh, well, if you don't mind, there's no reason why I should. Here, don't be too hard on him. He hasn't had the advantages a girl like me's had. He knows so little about people. He can't help being what he is.

MR BROWN That's exactly what he said about you.

HARLOT Oh, did he? What impertinence! I'm what I make myself.

MR BROWN That's what I told him. He got very angry and offered to show me round the modern world.

HARLOT He couldn't tell you or me a thing. He's so tied up. He's so full of himself, he doesn't know what's going on around him. But he was decent to me. Real decent. So don't be hard on him—for my sake.

MR BROWN He said I was hard.

HARLOT Well, don't be, love. It doesn't suit you.

MR BROWN And this sort of thing doesn't suit you, either.

HARLOT What sort of thing?

MR BROWN This constant pretending to be what you're not.



HARLOT If I stopped pretending, I'd be lost. Pretence is my shield. I'd get hurt all the time without it.

MR BROWN You look lovely when you're being yourself.

HARLOT My boy friends say they like me better when I'm pretending to be what they want.

MR BROWN They lie.

HARLOT We all lie.

MR BROWN I don't. I tell the truth. This has got to stop. There's to be no more of it, understand? If I'm to treat the bishop well for your sake, you must treat yourself well for mine.

HARLOT Who'd look after me if I stopped? It's the only way I know of making a living.

MR BROWN I'll look after you.

HARLOT Is that a proposition?

MR BROWN Yes. Yes, in a way it is.

*(Mr Brown begins to climb down. The Harlot watches him go and then turns and says, to herself)*

HARLOT Isn't he a love?

*Inside a Public Bar. The Harlot is serving drinks. Andy, a pressman who has already had quite a lot to drink, pushes his way towards the bar, glass in hand.*

ANDY Fill it up with Scotch, dear.

HARLOT You've had enough, Andy.

ANDY Shut up. You're not here to preach. Here, give me the bottle.

*(Andy snatches a bottle of whiskey and takes it with him, filling his glass as he goes)*

DOCTOR She's right, you know, Andy.

ANDY You shut up, too. I thought you were my friend.

DOCTOR I'm your doctor.

ANDY Yes. And don't forget I pay you fees to keep me healthy doing what I want, not to make me miserable trying to stop me doing what *you* don't want. I say, that doesn't sound quite right, does it?

DOCTOR You will drop dead one day if you carry on like this. And you'll upset *her*. She's looking good these days, too.

ANDY You're right. So she is. You're looking beautiful, my dear. Lovely. Gorgeous. Delectable. Ravishing. *(He turns to the other customers in the bar)* Come on, fellows, help me out. Think of a few more words for me.

FIRST PRESSMAN Delicious.

SECOND PRESSMAN Seductive.

CUSTOMER Maddening.

ANDY That's it. Maddening. She maddens me. *(Laughs. Then to Harlot)* You're looking younger, darling. Lots and lots and lots younger. *(He grabs her arm)* How do you do it?

HARLOT You let me go and I'll tell you.

ANDY Very well. Tell. Tell us the secret of eternal youth.

HARLOT You're crazy, Andy. Every drink you take makes you think I'm ten years younger than I am.

ANDY *(Laughing)* She's a wise girl. That's absolutely right, you know. Absolutely right. Another couple of drinks and you'll look just about two and a half to me. *(Laughs)* Something has happened to her. I wouldn't have recognised her.

DOCTOR If you don't sober up, Andy, there'll be trouble between you two. She's fed up with you. She'll drop you.

ANDY Drop me? She can't afford to drop me. She can no more drop me than I can drop the drink. And why not? Because I'm good for her, just as the drink is good for me. We're like two blades to a pair of scissors. We're like two legs to a pair of trousers. We're inseparable. Aren't we, darling?

*(Black Man enters)*

BLACK MAN Andy! Man! Am I glad to see you!—I've been looking for you all over town.

*(Andy laughs)*

ANDY Well, here I am, fellow, here I am. What'll you have?

BLACK MAN *(Interrupting)* Not now. Andy, I got something important to say to you. Come on! Sid down. *(He takes Andy to a table)* Say, are you all right?

ANDY 'Course I'm all right.

BLACK MAN You sure you're sober?

ANDY Sober enough.

BLACK MAN Look, Andy, I want you to help me.

ANDY What is it, fellow?

BLACK MAN Well, there's a guy I met called Brown. He's gonna be here soon. He says he's a friend of my people, Andy. But I'm not sure. Now, I want you to investigate him for me. It's important to me to discover whether this guy's on the level, or not.

ANDY Do you think he's on the level or don't you?

BLACK MAN I'd like to think he is, man. But somehow I can't.

ANDY Leave him to me, fellow. Just leave him to me. I can see through a crook in no time.

BLACK MAN What, even when you're. . . . *(Points to the bottle in Andy's hand)*

ANDY Especially when. Say, what's this guy done to you?

BLACK MAN Why, he said I've gotta stop hating the whites. In spite of what they did to me, you know, and my people. He said hate wouldn't work.

ANDY What would?

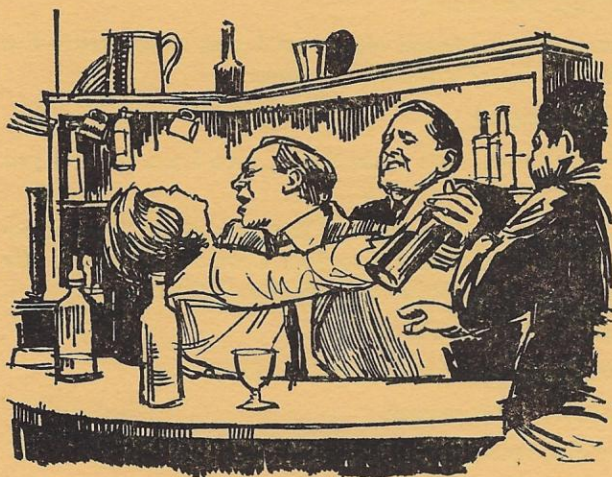
BLACK MAN Love.



ANDY (*Laughing*) Don't fall for that stuff. Love's fun—but it creates more problems than it cures. Look at us. All of us problems, aren't we? And all of us caused by love. White men, black men, brown men, yellow men, everybody's doing it. And where are we?

BLACK MAN He didn't mean that kind of love.

ANDY The only kind I know. I'd like to meet this Mr Brown of yours. People like that don't understand anything about anything. They want to stop us gambling, smoking, whoring, laughing and hating too. They want to turn life into greyness. Their love is pale, sickly, above all dull. It's coward-yellow, not blood-red. You're right to hate. It's the only manly thing to do. The trouble with you is you don't hate enough. You don't drink enough either. That's something else your Mr Brown'll want to stop us doing, I suppose. Have a drink, buddy. Hey! The bottle's empty. Time to fill up with gas. (*He lurches towards the bar*) Hey! My little maddener. Whiskey! Give me more whiskey!



HARLOT You've had enough, love.

ANDY If you won't give me more, I'll come round and snatch it for myself. (*He starts to scramble over the bar with the Black Man shouting at him and trying to stop him*)

DOCTOR Andy, you've had more than enough. If you carry on like this you won't need me any more.

ANDY To hell with you, Doctor. You don't know what you're talking about. (*To the Harlot*) Well, here I come.

(*Andy forces his way behind the bar. The Harlot tries to hold the bottle away from him, but he grabs her arm, pins her against the bar and tries to kiss her*)

HARLOT (*Shouting through general hubbub*) No, Andy! You're to stay that side of the bar. You're drunk. No, Andy. No! Won't somebody help me?

(*Mr Brown enters while she is shouting*)

MR BROWN Of course I'll help you.

ANDY (*Mockingly*) You help her? And who may you be? Hercules?

BLACK MAN Andy! Andy! This is Mr Brown.

ANDY So he's your Mr Brown, is he? It'll be interesting to see how he'll help.

(*Andy lets go of the Harlot and moves over to where Mr Brown stands*)

MR BROWN I'd give him the bottle if I were you.

HARLOT No.

MR BROWN All right. Give it to me.

ANDY Well, what do you know? Service with a smile. He may be a help if he goes on like this—a real help. (*To the Harlot*) Here, you, give him the bottle, dear. You heard him.

(*Mr Brown takes the bottle to pour drinks for everybody*)

MR BROWN Now, I'd like to give you all a drink.

ANDY Others first, Mr Brown. The first shall be last. Give 'em all a drink and I'll finish the bottle.

(*Mr Brown goes round pouring drinks. They all take one, except the Doctor and the Black Man*)

DOCTOR Thank you, no.

(*Finally Mr Brown pours a drink into Andy's glass*)

ANDY More. (*He pours again*) More! (*Andy grabs the bottle and pours out more*) Here's to Mr Brown, bouncers' companion, saviour of helpless women, a very present help in trouble. (*Shouts a toast*) Mr Brown!

(*All drink a toast to Mr Brown*)

ANDY What's wrong with my drink? It's poisoned. I've never tasted anything like it. (*Gulping again and spitting*) By God, it's a trick. It's water. I'd almost forgotten the taste of it, but I remember now. It's water.

(*Black Man pours himself a drink and tastes it*)

BLACK MAN What's gotten into you, Andy? It's whiskey, man, good whiskey.

ANDY (*Taking another gulp*) It's water, I tell you. It's a conspiracy. You're all in it.

DOCTOR You're drunk, Andy. You wouldn't know the taste of anything.

ANDY I'm not drunk. And if I were as drunk as Falstaff, I'd still know what whiskey tasted like.

SECOND PRESSMAN (*Helping himself from bottle*) I'll taste it. If that's water, there'll be a queue at every tap in the town. It's whiskey all right.

FIRST PRESSMAN Andy's tight.

SECOND PRESSMAN Hey, come to think of it, that's probably the explanation of that old water into wine stuff. They were all so tight they didn't know what they were drinking.

ANDY I'm not tight. It's a trick. (*Goes over to Mr Brown*) And you're the one who played it.

MR BROWN Be careful, Andy.

ANDY Are you threatening me? (*Takes Mr Brown by shoulder and shakes him*)

MR BROWN No. Just warning you.



BLACK MAN Now, look! Knock it off! There's been enough trouble already.

ANDY Whose side are you on? I've stood up for you and your crowd long enough. I thought you'd stand up for me. What's he done for you, anyway? What's he done for any of us except trick me into drinking water for the first time in years? You asked me to see whether he was a friend or not. Well, I can tell you he is not. I know his sort. I'll bet he's the sort of soft, silly, sentimental do-gooder who preaches away but won't take a stand on anything that counts. *(To Mr Brown)* What do you think of segregation and apartheid and all that hellishness?

MR BROWN I think a man who exploits and bullies a woman because her body is different from his own hasn't much he can say to a man who exploits and bullies someone because he's a different colour.

ANDY What exactly do you mean by that?

MR BROWN Bedroom or—or bar-room imperialism is no better, no worse than the imperialists men like you make such a fuss about. *(Andy grunts disapprovingly)* A man who wants to force another person's body for his pleasure is in much the same mood as a man who wants to force another person's sweat and skill for his purse—and just as selfish.

ANDY You filthy man. I wouldn't talk that way if I'd drunk all the whiskey in town—especially in the presence of ladies. But I'm beginning to understand you. I'm beginning to get your shape and size, Mr Brown. You're one of these pious puritans who stick their nose into other people's business without being asked and make disgusting suggestions that should never be made. You're against drink and you're against sex, it seems.

MR BROWN I'm for what's right and against what's wrong.

ANDY Wrong? Right? Who's to decide?

MR BROWN Something inside each one of us will tell. Sex, drink, you and I, we're all here, we all exist. I face things as they are, that's all. It's time you faced them. You're going to have to face them.

ANDY *(Seizing Mr Brown by the shoulders)* I'm facing you. I'm not a bit afraid of you. I know the kind of person you are. Oh, yes, I do. You persecute people in the name of God. I suppose you denounce and hound down anyone who isn't what you call moral? You're a McCarthy of morality. You're a witch-hunter of whores and pimps. You're intolerant. You've no charity, damn you. None at all.

MR BROWN I haven't denounced or hounded down anyone here. But, if you're talking about sex, why should I pretend to tolerate the intolerable?

ANDY What do you mean by that, you hypocrite?

MR BROWN The most uncharitable thing on earth is to pretend that sin is not sin, that it needs no cure, that there's no cure for it. That's cruel and loveless. That's a sin against the Holy Ghost.

ANDY To hell with you and your ghosts. You're a dictator. That's what you are. Coming here poking your dirty

nose into everybody's business, smelling filth where there is no filth. You're a sexual fascist. That's what you are.

MR BROWN Andy, be careful.

ANDY I won't be careful. Everybody knows there are some things that can't be cured. It's a mocking of God to pretend they can be. If God could cure, He would. If God can cure and doesn't, then His name is not love. It's hate. He must hate men and I hate Him. I tell you, I hate Him.

*(Andy lets go of Mr Brown, cries out and falls to the ground. Everybody rushes forward. The Doctor kneels down by Andy)*

DOCTOR Right. Stand back, everybody, please. *(Feels Andy's pulse)* Call an ambulance. We'll have to get him out of here. *(He looks up at Mr Brown)* Send for the police, too. Help me to move him into the next room.

*(They carry Andy out)*

HARLOT *(Hesitantly)* Is he dead, d'you think?

MR BROWN You'd better ask the doctor, he'll tell you.

HARLOT You did it.

MR BROWN I did nothing—nothing except give him the bottle he asked for.

HARLOT Poor old Andy. He treated me like dirt when the drink was on him but there was goodness in him too.

MR BROWN I'm glad to hear you say that. I agree.

BLACK MAN You hated him, didn't you?

MR BROWN You don't understand love or hate.

BLACK MAN Hate is stronger than love and I hate you.

MR BROWN My love is stronger than your hate and I love you just as I love him—and her.

BLACK MAN Is that right? You wait. We shall soon see about that. *(He hits Mr Brown in the face. After a moment Mr. Brown raises his hands to Black Man. Blood is coming from the scars on them)* You're bleeding. I didn't do that. I didn't touch your hands. Tell me I didn't do it.

MR BROWN They bleed quite often. Don't blame yourself too much for it.

BLACK MAN I shall never stop blaming myself. Never. No! Don't come near me. You stay away from me, you hear? Stay away from me.

*(Black Man backs away through the door)*

HARLOT Are you afraid of him?

MR BROWN He seemed to be afraid of me.

HARLOT He hit you and you didn't hit him back.

MR BROWN I didn't need to hit him.

HARLOT I thought he'd fall down just like Andy did. Why did you let that one hit you and get away with it and . . . poor old Andy, he. . . *(She hides her face in her hands and begins to sob)*

MR BROWN Don't go imagining things. It won't help anybody. You'll find in life that people get the treatment they understand. What happened just now is about the only thing Andy would understand, or the Black Man. Some people have to be hurt. Some have to understand how they've hurt other people.



HARLOT Which kind am I?

MR BROWN You're the kind that just needs to start life all over again.

HARLOT You're joking.

MR BROWN No, I'm not.

HARLOT I'd need help.

MR BROWN I'll help you.

HARLOT Did you mean what you said just now?

MR BROWN About love?

HARLOT You said you loved me.

MR BROWN I do.

HARLOT You know, for the first time in my life I think I could fall in love myself. I think it would be safe to love you.

MR BROWN Not a bit of it. The most dangerous thing you could possibly do. But far the wisest. (*He moves towards the door*)

HARLOT Are you going?

MR BROWN Yes, I must. Your friend the Bishop is waiting for me.

(*Mr Brown leaves*)

HARLOT He loves me. He loves me.

*A Room in a Bishop's Palace. Three Bishops are there. Among them is the original Bishop on the hillside. A Fourth Bishop comes in, reading the evening newspaper.*

FOURTH BISHOP Have you seen the paper?

FIRST BISHOP No.

FOURTH BISHOP It's about your friend, Mr Brown.

SECOND BISHOP I do hope he's been behaving himself.

FOURTH BISHOP (*Looking at paper*) He's involved himself in some brawl in a public house. One man's dead. There's been drinking and fighting. The police have been called in. The paper says the police are looking for him to ask him some questions. All sounds thoroughly un-savoury.

SECOND BISHOP (*Taking the newspaper*) And thoroughly exciting.

FOURTH BISHOP I only thought you ought to know.

THIRD BISHOP If he's on the run from the police, surely he won't come here?

FIRST BISHOP I don't know. I've a horrid idea it's just the sort of thing he would do.

(*Mr Brown enters*)

MR BROWN Good evening, my Lords.

FIRST BISHOP Good evening, Mr Brown. I'm glad you came.

MR BROWN Are you? How splendid.

SECOND BISHOP No need to call us "my Lords", my dear fellow. We're quite ordinary people.

MR BROWN I'm sorry if I called you the wrong thing. You see, I get called so many things from time to time that I get a bit careless about what I call other people. But, if you're just ordinary people, why, may I ask, do you wear such extraordinary clothes?

THIRD BISHOP It's an old-fashioned custom, Mr. Brown. And I venture to say a good one. In the old days, bishops rode on horseback, so they had to. . . .

SECOND BISHOP (*Interrupting*) The fact is, we wear these clothes to make men see that we're not like other men.

MR BROWN Aren't you like other men?

FOURTH BISHOP We're bishops.

MR BROWN (*Laughing*) Yes, I know that. But if you're not like other men, surely you don't need different clothes for them to notice it.

FIRST BISHOP It seems you've been in some sort of trouble.

MR BROWN Trouble? (*He is shown the newspaper*) Oh, you mean all that. Yes, they're looking for me now, I believe. It was a bit awkward for them. You see, there was blood on my hands when I left the place. One of the pressmen noticed it and told the police. But I think I'm safe here, don't you? I mean, this is the last place on earth they'd think of looking for me.

THIRD BISHOP No doubt you meant well. But it was, in my view, a mistake to mix with those sort of people. You'd be wise to avoid bad company.

MR BROWN (*Amused*) Well, I think I'm in good company here, don't you?

SECOND BISHOP Why were you down there?

MR BROWN They seemed to need a bishop rather badly down at that pub. None of you were there, so I had to do the best I could.

THIRD BISHOP And a mess you made of it. All this publicity. All this deplorable vulgarity. Disgraceful. Thoroughly bad taste, I say.

SECOND BISHOP Here, Brown. We'd better make the most of our time. You'll have to get out of this place as soon as you can. You wouldn't want the police to find you here, would you?

MR BROWN Why ever not? On the whole I can't think of a better place. I'm sure it would help the police to meet some bishops. It might do something for all of you to meet the police.

FOURTH BISHOP You take this very lightly. Look. We want to ask you a few questions.

SECOND BISHOP Yes, we want to discover where you stand in certain matters.

FIRST BISHOP You mustn't be upset if we seem abrupt. Time is short.

MR BROWN I've all the time in the world. Ask away.



SECOND BISHOP We can say things here to each other that we couldn't say to everybody.

MR BROWN Why ever not? I thought bishops were meant to live so their every word could be shouted from the rooftops for the benefit of humanity, their every thought flashed on a giant screen for all the earth to see and wonder.

FIRST BISHOP You have a high opinion of bishops.

MR BROWN Some of them have a high opinion of themselves. But I do have a high opinion of what they're meant to be.

SECOND BISHOP We're living in modern times. You and I know, Brown, that the old ideas of God up there in the sky are out of date. Oh, they served their purpose, I grant you. It was an image that simple men could understand. But these spacemen and cosmonauts, they've been up and around, eh? They've all come back saying there's nothing there. What do you think we should tell men now—about God, I mean?

MR BROWN Tell them the truth.

FOURTH BISHOP What is the truth? Where do you think God is, Mr. Brown?

MR BROWN What an extraordinary question for a bishop to ask. But if you want my opinion, God is where anyone looks for Him. He's in you and in me. He's up in the sky, whether the spacemen recognize Him or not. He's in their capsules with them. He's in the muckheaps and the Milky Way, in stars and in sewers, in saints and in sinners, in mud and machinery, in every thought, every word, every heart, everywhere.

SECOND BISHOP Surely you don't suggest that the Almighty has enough time to be interested in every little detail of every little life all day long.

MR BROWN All night long, too. That's the trouble, you see. Men think God is like them. I mean, they can't care for everything, everywhere. Their minds and hearts are too small. God can and does. That's the difference.

FIRST BISHOP Mr. Brown, what is your attitude towards sex?

MR BROWN I was going to ask you that very question, Bishop. It's like asking me what I think of the sun or the moon or the stars. They're there. So I'm for them. And I'm for sex. Strongly for it.

THIRD BISHOP Are you another of these modernists? These people who think that anything you want is what you ought to have?

MR BROWN I'm more modern than any of you. That doesn't mean I think it uncharitable to call sin sin and unchristian to try to cure it. No, I think that if God gave man flesh and instincts, He can help him to control them. Don't you?

FOURTH BISHOP Look at the world. They have no sort of control over their instincts.

FIRST BISHOP Look at us.

MR BROWN Yes. I am looking at you. If you live straight



yourself, you don't have to spend your time telling people from the pulpit that what was once thought crooked is crooked no more.

SECOND BISHOP We have to move with the times. Public opinion has changed. People just won't accept the old versions of sin. They don't believe in it.

MR BROWN People may not believe in motor-cars. But if they start crossing the motorway with their eyes closed, they'll get knocked over just the same. If you abolish a belief in sin, you abolish a belief in forgiveness and cure—you don't need either.

SECOND BISHOP Exactly. And think how much happier everyone would be.

MR BROWN Would they? Are you making them any happier? Come to think of it, are you happier yourselves?

SECOND BISHOP I flatter myself that I live for something larger than mere personal happiness.

MR BROWN Yes. You indicated just now that you were out to please public opinion, to move with the times.

FIRST BISHOP Aren't you?

MR BROWN I'm out to change both.

SECOND BISHOP Where do you stand on things like divorce—and families?

MR BROWN I'm for the right sort of family and against the wrong sort of divorce.

FIRST BISHOP And what exactly does that mean?

MR BROWN For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part. It's as clear as glass and as definite. And as I'm with bishops, perhaps you'll allow me to say that you are all my family in so far as you do the will of my Father which is in Heaven.

SECOND BISHOP In so far as?

MR BROWN No farther than.

THIRD BISHOP But I say, sir, that's cheating. It's quoting from the Bible and then laughing at it.

MR BROWN I wasn't laughing at it. I was laughing at you. You say you're old-fashioned. But if anybody dares



HARLOT There you are. I've been looking for you everywhere.

*(Bishops all start to exclaim)*

SECOND BISHOP What on earth is the meaning of this?

FIRST BISHOP What's happened?

HARLOT It's the police. *(Dragging Mr Brown)* Oh, you must come away with me. *(To Bishops)* Oh, tell him to come with me, please!

FOURTH BISHOP Yes. You'd better get along while you can.

FIRST BISHOP *(To the Harlot)* Where will you take him?

HARLOT Never you mind. I've got a safe place for him. I'm not telling you where. I don't trust any of you.

SECOND BISHOP Get him out of here.

HARLOT Come on.

*(She pulls Mr Brown out of the door)*

FIRST BISHOP I hope the police don't get him.

THIRD BISHOP My dear fellow, come and sit down and calm yourself. This emotionalism is bad for you.

FOURTH BISHOP Yes, and theologically, you know, he's hopelessly, dangerously wrong. You'll see that when we talk things over.

SECOND BISHOP You fools. You don't understand what we're handling. That man will not only disgrace the Church. He'll destroy it if we allow him to go on like this. We shall have to do something about that Mr Brown.

*The Black Man is hiding in a doorway. The Harlot passes, hurrying Mr Brown along. The Black Man steps out of the shadows.*

BLACK MAN Lovebirds, eh? I've been looking for you.

MR BROWN With a knife in your hand?

BLACK MAN Maybe. Maybe not.

HARLOT *(Standing in front of Mr Brown to protect him)* Now, you keep away from him.

BLACK MAN How do you know it's him I want to hurt, baby? It could be you. I want to ask our friend here a question.

MR BROWN Yes?

BLACK MAN Did you kill Andy?

MR BROWN What difference will it make to you if I did?

BLACK MAN Andy was the one guy I really dig, you understand. He's one guy who's always stood up for me, and I loved him for it.

MR BROWN You loved him because he fed your hate. You hate me because I feed your love.

BLACK MAN I loved him because he hated white men.

MR BROWN Well, the truth is that if anybody killed Andy, you did.

BLACK MAN Me? You're crazy. I never touched him.

MR BROWN Not his body, but his soul. You taught him to hate. And hatred was the one place where he found success. He enjoyed the flattery of being the Black Man's friend, the big White Chief of the Black Brotherhood. He liked you to think he was the one white man who understood. He even thought he'd please you by cursing me. He never learned the lesson of life that hate is hate and hate is wrong, and hate can be cured.

BLACK MAN Don't you hate?

MR BROWN I don't hate anybody. I hate some of the things they do, especially to themselves. I hate what you're going to do to me, but I don't hate you. I never will.

BLACK MAN I'm not going to do anything to you.

MR BROWN You are, you know.

BLACK MAN Devil. I'm frightened. Leave me alone. Leave me alone! *(He goes)*

HARLOT What's he going to do to you? Oh, he'll kill you if he can.

MR BROWN *He won't kill me.*

HARLOT Come on.

MR BROWN Where are we going?

HARLOT I'm going to take you to my place.

*(The Harlot hurries away along the street with Mr Brown. She takes him down some steps to a basement flat and into her bedroom)*

HARLOT There. You'll be safe in here.

MR BROWN I'm safe anywhere.

HARLOT Safe! Look, the police liked Andy. If once they get their hands on you, they'll never let you go. Your life's in danger.

MR BROWN You worry too much about life. It's a shadow, a vapour, grass in the wind, a jet crossing the sky, a ship moving over the horizon. Your life is nothing.

HARLOT It's not my life I'm worried about. It's yours. *(Pauses)* You do love me, don't you?

MR BROWN I do. And I'll never leave you, remember that. Even when I'm not there, there I'll be. Even when you can't see me, I'll have my eye on you. No parting from now on. And I'm jealous. I won't share you with anybody. Understand?

HARLOT No.

MR BROWN *(Laughing gently)* You don't understand, but you will.

HARLOT Look. You stay here quietly. I shan't be long. You need to rest. *(She goes)*

MR BROWN There'll be no rest for me yet.

*The Room in the Bishop's Palace. The Second Bishop and the Doctor are there.*

SECOND BISHOP I appreciate your coming to see me. Tell me, Doctor: when and if the police catch Mr Brown, what will they do with him?



DOCTOR Nothing. What can they do?

SECOND BISHOP They say he's a murderer. Even in these modern times, the police do something about murderers—when they catch them.

DOCTOR He's no murderer. Andy could have dropped dead at any time. No, he just got drunk and angry and—Pop! Then he went. The police will want to ask Mr Brown some questions, and from what I saw of him they'll get some funny answers. But they won't be able to hold him. They'll let him go.

SECOND BISHOP A pity.

DOCTOR That sounds unchristian from a bishop. What have you got against him?

SECOND BISHOP Brown is dangerous. Far better for everybody if he ran into real trouble and had to be put away. I know the sort, you see. They crop up once every two or three hundred years—and there's no peace until they're in their graves. Sometimes no peace even then. They leave seeds of violence behind them.

DOCTOR Did the other bishops feel this way about him?

SECOND BISHOP No. Between ourselves, my dear Doctor, they lack the intelligence. They don't seem to know what they had on their hands. You don't have to be exactly a super-egghead nowadays to become a bishop.

DOCTOR Nor any other day. Surely it's always been character more than brains, sanctity more than sense to make a great bishop?

SECOND BISHOP Tell me, then. Did he say anything that might give one a clue to his character? (*Offers cigars*)

DOCTOR No, thank you. There was one phrase that struck me. "I'm for what's right and against what's wrong. And there's something inside each one of us that can tell us how to decide." Yes. That was about it.

SECOND BISHOP Don't you see what that means? It's the breed that all down the ages has struck at authority and undermined the Church. It's unhappy Joan of Arc and her voices. It's Luther and his defiance. Hitler's insanities, Stalin's brutalities—all in the name of right. (*Lights cigar*) When once you get men like Brown saying they and God can decide what's right and what's wrong, you have the beginnings of barbarism. You have voices telling men to kill kings, to rape, steal other men's wives, overthrow governments and behave like savage animals. You run the risk of every man regarding himself as infallible. You have intellectuals advocating nonsense in the name of sanity, and professors propagating a philosophy that can only lead to decadence and the death of freedom.

DOCTOR What would you do with Brown?

SECOND BISHOP As a bishop, I shall pray for his soul. If I were a statesman, I would destroy him.

DOCTOR Have you ever destroyed anybody, Bishop?

SECOND BISHOP No. I hardly think so.

DOCTOR I have. It's a grim business the first time you do it. But you get used to it. It's so easy for us. (*He takes two small bottles from his pocket*) Here in this bottle are

pills which will send you to sleep and let you wake up in the morning refreshed and ready for the day. In this other bottle are pills which, in certain circumstances, will send you into a sleep which will last through to the long, long silence. And I'm entitled by the power granted me by law to prescribe either. Think of the misery and suffering of so many people. One of these pills can end their suffering and save those who love them from lifelong sorrow. (*He puts the bottles back in his pocket*) Tell me, Bishop, do you think it is ever right for me to decide to end life as well as to save it?

SECOND BISHOP I would not be prepared to answer your question.

DOCTOR Mr Brown would be. And I know how he would answer it: "Who are you, Doctor, to play the part of Providence? Ask the Creator and He will tell you to leave His creatures alone. God gave life. Man is not here to destroy it. Pain and suffering, the unselfishness of care for old and ailing people may be God's gift to develop love, character, charity and grace in others. Don't interfere with God, Doctor. Don't judge God, Doctor. It's dangerous, Doctor." That's what your beloved Mr Brown would say.

SECOND BISHOP He is not my beloved Mr Brown. You don't seem to like him very much either.

DOCTOR I hate him. I hated him from the first moment I set eyes on him.

SECOND BISHOP Why?

DOCTOR Hate knows no "why" any more than love. It's the hate of instinct that a terrier feels towards a rat.

SECOND BISHOP Or a rat towards a terrier. (*Drinks*) You aren't the police surgeon by any chance?

DOCTOR No.

SECOND BISHOP Pity.

DOCTOR Why?

SECOND BISHOP I was thinking if I were Brown and the police caught me, I should hate to be your patient.

DOCTOR He's not my patient.

*The Public Bar. It is deserted, except for the Harlot behind the bar. The Doctor comes in for a drink.*

HARLOT Ah! Hallo, Doctor.

DOCTOR Hallo. The usual, please.

HARLOT (*As she gives him a drink*) I'm glad you came in, Doctor. I've got a favour to ask you. It's about Mr Brown.

DOCTOR Why, do you know where he is?

HARLOT Yes, I do.

DOCTOR Have you told the police?

HARLOT I don't tell the police anything.

DOCTOR It's your duty.

HARLOT Oh, no, come off it, Doctor. Look, Mr Brown's ill. He's not himself at all. He's talking about life being jet planes and vapour, and talking about loving me and never



leaving me—he's just wild. I was—well, I was wondering, d'you think you could come and see him, Doctor—oh, without telling the police, of course?

DOCTOR Certainly not. If the police found out they could ruin me.

HARLOT Can't you just give me something for him? He'll sit up there all night long without a wink of sleep, talking in that funny way of his, and the police'll come and take him away. I don't know what to do.

DOCTOR I should keep out of it if I were you.

HARLOT All he needs is a good night's sleep. Surely you can. . . .

DOCTOR (*Thoughtfully*) A good night's sleep, eh? That couldn't do anybody any harm, could it? Yes, I think I might be able to help you there.

*The Harlot's bedroom. Mr Brown is sitting on the bed. The Harlot enters with the First Bishop.*

HARLOT Still awake? You should have been asleep hours ago. I've brought someone to see you.

MR BROWN Hallo, Bishop

BISHOP Nice to see you again.

MR BROWN Well, I expect the police will be here soon.

HARLOT Oh, nonsense. They don't have a clue where you are. Do they, Bish?

BISHOP Not a clue.

HARLOT How are you feeling?

MR BROWN Oh, I feel fine.

HARLOT You're going to feel better. I've got something for you to take. The Doctor gave it to me. He says it'll help you to sleep and you'll wake up feeling far better.

MR BROWN I couldn't feel better if I tried.

HARLOT Well, don't try. Just you relax and take the medicine like a good boy, eh?

BISHOP You've had an exciting day. You need time to recover.

MR BROWN You know I don't much want your medicine.

HARLOT Will you take it for my sake?

MR BROWN All right. For your sake I'll take it. But are you sure you know what you're doing?

HARLOT Of course we know what we're doing. Now you lie down. (*Pours water*) There we are. Go on, take it.

*(Mr Brown holds the pill)*

MR BROWN Are you quite sure?

HARLOT Quite sure.

MR BROWN Very well then. (*He takes the pill and drinks*)

HARLOT There's a good boy. Now you get some sleep. We'll be in the next room waiting.

MR BROWN Bishop.

BISHOP Yes?

MR BROWN Would you pray? I think I'd sleep better if you did.

BISHOP It's not a very suitable place really.

HARLOT Oh, pray away, Bish. Don't mind me.

BISHOP Oh, well. "Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

MR BROWN (*Interrupting from the bed*) That'll be the day.

BISHOP "Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen."

*(Mr Brown's head sinks back on the pillow. His eyes close. The police, led by the Black Man, are hurrying along the street. The Black Man takes them down the steps to the Harlot's flat. They knock at the door. The Harlot and the First Bishop go to the door)*

HARLOT Who is it?

DETECTIVE Open the door.

HARLOT What do you want?

DETECTIVE We're police officers.

*(The Harlot opens the door. The Black Man enters, followed by a Detective and Policeman)*

DETECTIVE We're looking for Mr. Brown.

HARLOT Well, he's not here.

BLACK MAN I know he is. Come on, man. I know this place well. Come on, I'll show you. (*He pushes past them into the bedroom, followed by the police. They see Mr Brown lying on the bed*)

HARLOT Dirty swine.

BLACK MAN Here he is.

HARLOT Now you leave him alone.

DETECTIVE (*Going over to the bed*) Mr Brown! Mr Brown! (*Starts shaking Mr Brown*) Come along, sir. Wake up. Wake up. (*Stops suddenly and feels Mr Brown's pulse. Then shakes his head and says to the Policeman*) You'd better call an ambulance, Joe. There's not much more we can do here.

*(The Black Man rushes forward and kneels by the bed)*

BLACK MAN What? Mr Brown! Wake up, Mr Brown! (*Shouts*) Listen to me. (*Softly*) I didn't mean it. (*Shouts desperately*) Come back! (*Sobbing*) I didn't mean it. Say you know I didn't mean it. Tell me you understand.

*In the street a newsboy is calling out the headlines, "Murderer kills himself. Read all about it!"*

*In the Bishop's Palace, the Third and Fourth Bishops are reading the newspaper.*

THIRD BISHOP I never read these dreadful newspapers



as a rule, but it's interesting to see what's happened to someone we were speaking with so recently.

FOURTH BISHOP Bless my soul. He was in bed in a brothel.

THIRD BISHOP Disgusting. (*Takes the paper*) Let me see. Degrading.

FOURTH BISHOP Revolting.

THIRD BISHOP Disgusting.

*The Second Bishop and the Doctor discuss the news over the telephone.*

SECOND BISHOP Just what I'd have expected him to do.

DOCTOR I wonder where he got the tablets.

SECOND BISHOP I wonder.

DOCTOR Probably the best thing that could have happened to him.

SECOND BISHOP Providential. Simply providential. That's what I call it.

*The Harlot, the Bishop and the Black Man climb the steep mountain once more. This time it is the Harlot who leads. The Black Man holds back. The Harlot pulls the Bishop up on to the ledge where they rested before.*

HARLOT Come on, Bishop. That's it.

(*Helps the Black Man up*)

BLACK MAN I remember. This is where we take a rest.

HARLOT Not on your life. No rest for us.

BISHOP (*Laughing*) It's funny.

BLACK MAN What's funny?

BISHOP Last time we were here, you were telling us all to hurry and she was telling us all to rest.

BLACK MAN All the hate's gone out of me now. It's like the spring of a watch that's broken. All I can think of now is, will he forgive me? Does he understand?

BISHOP He understands everything.

BLACK MAN Bishop, do you think he's up there? Or is the whole thing just a dream, a mystery of misery, a fake?

BISHOP He's there.

BLACK MAN You seem sure.

BISHOP I *am* sure.

HARLOT Well, I've got a bone to pick with him. That's why I want to get up there.

BISHOP What bone?

HARLOT He said he'd never leave me—and he has.

BISHOP You know he hasn't.

HARLOT Why d'you say that?

BISHOP I can see him every time I see you. You're utterly

different. You're ten years younger, a thousand years wiser. The odd thing is, so am I. Experience is the bridge between doubt and certainty. I doubted all my life. Five minutes of honest obedience instead of dishonest rationalisation of disobedience—and I felt faith born in my heart, as real and lovely as a baby in a womb.

BLACK MAN How can you obey something you do not believe in, Bishop?

BISHOP You obeyed your hate. But you didn't believe in it, did you?

BLACK MAN I knew it was wrong all the time. But I enjoyed it.

HARLOT There you are. It's the same for us all. We do what's wrong because we enjoy it. Then we say it's right. And then we start to believe there's no such thing as right and wrong.

BISHOP And that's the end of faith. But the fire of faith always beats the fire of wrath in the end.

BLACK MAN The fire of wrath beats no fire at all. Hate's like a hammer. You don't understand this kind of thing, Bishop, but a guy like me needs something to hit his enemies with. He's lost without it.

HARLOT You hit Mr Brown. Was he your enemy?

BLACK MAN (*Slowly*) No. I . . . I hit him because he was so damned right. He threatened my hate. I just couldn't bear it.

BISHOP He threatened our have-and-hold religion. We couldn't bear it either.

HARLOT He threatened nothing except my living. And I loved him for it. Oh, come on. Let's go up the hill. We'll never settle anything till we can see him again.

BLACK MAN I'd like to see him again, more than anything else on earth. But I can't go on. I'm burnt up. Man, I can't make it.

BISHOP Come on. We'll give you a hand. Let's try.

HARLOT It's all or none now. Anyway, I don't think he'd be very pleased to see us without you. You see, we need each other.

BLACK MAN Being needed is something different from being used.

BISHOP Helping is different from hating.

HARLOT Giving you a leg up is better than smacking each other down. Come on.

(*Bishop and Harlot help the Black Man up*)

BLACK MAN Can't we just take a rest now? You can't heave me up the whole way.

BISHOP We're going to try.

(*The light grows brighter. The Harlot sees it first, and points upwards, shouting with triumph*)

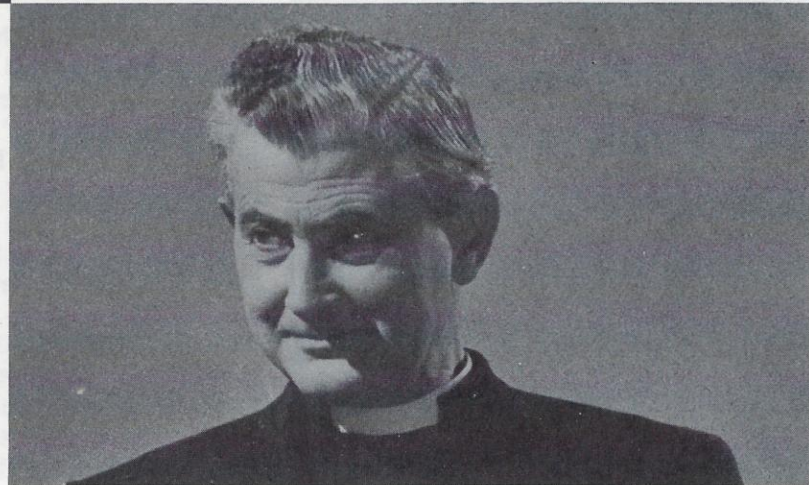
HARLOT There! Look! There he is. There's Mr Brown. We're all right now. I knew he'd be there. He's coming down—to help us.



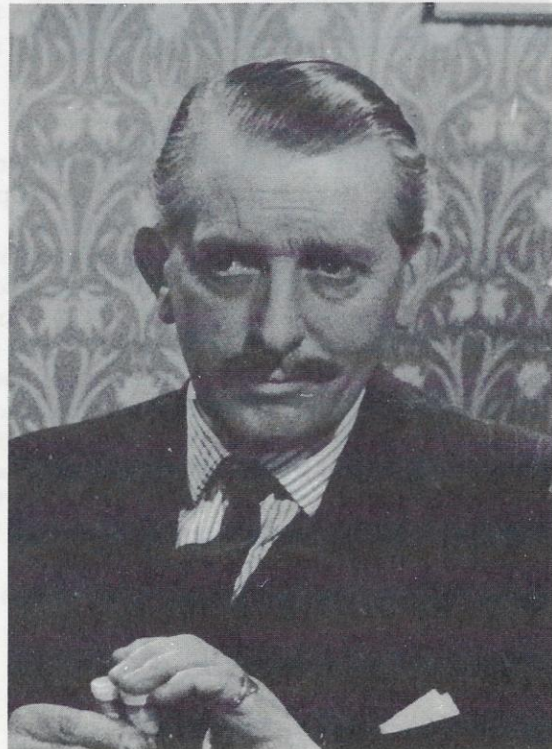


**ERIC FLYNN** is one of Britain's rising younger actors. His previous films include "Silent Invasion", "Exodus" and "Dr Syn". On television he has appeared in the series "No Hiding Place" and "Hattie Jacques' Show", as well as in numerous television plays. In theatre he has played with the Royal Shakespeare Company at Stratford-upon-Avon and in London, and he joined the Old Vic Company for its final season in 1963. He appeared at the London Palladium in the Christmas show, "Man in the Moon". He played the leading role in "Mr Brown Comes Down the Hill" at the Westminster in 1964. He was born in Hainan Island, South China, in 1939. He is married to actress Fern Warner. They have three children and live in Kent.

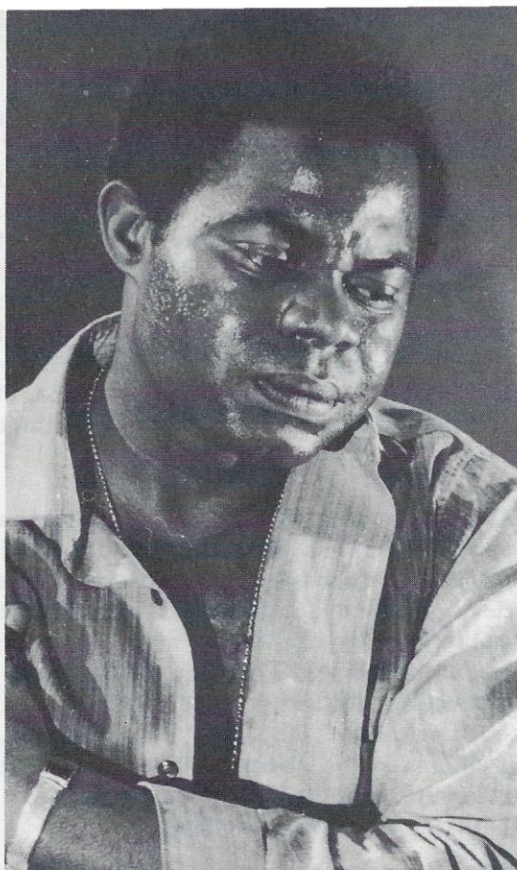
**JOHN RICHMOND** has had a long and distinguished career on television, in theatre and with the BBC, where he was for several years a radio producer. He still broadcasts frequently, and writes scripts for radio and television, mainly for schools. On television he has most recently played in the "Sergeant Cork" series. His stage career, which began in the 'thirties in "The Alchemist", has included many notable productions, including "The Cocktail Party", John Gielgud's classical season at the Lyric, Hammersmith, "Quaint Honour" and "Bonne Soupe". He played the role of First Bishop in "Mr Brown Comes Down the Hill" at the Westminster. He regularly records "Talking Books" for the blind.



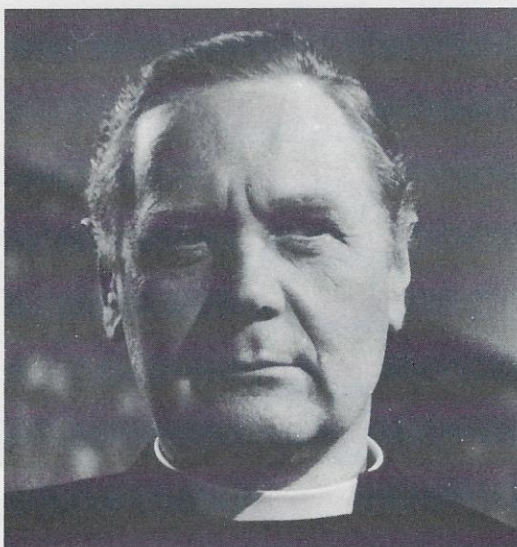
**RICHARD WARNER** has played many leading parts on television, notably the role of Caligula in Ingmar Bergman's "Frenzy", the Bank Manager in "The Gold Inside", and the School Inspector in "Libel on a Liar", in addition to playing in "Espionage", "Francis Drake" and "The Avengers". His films include "The Shadow of the Cat". During his long stage career he has played in a wide variety of roles. His most recent West End appearances include "The Devil's General", "The House by the Lake", and the role of the Turkish General in "Ross". He has appeared in four recent plays at the Westminster: "Through the Garden Wall", "The Diplomats", "Mr Brown Comes Down the Hill" and "Mr Wilberforce, MP". He is a member of the Executive Committee of the Council of British Actors' Equity. He met his actress wife Phyllida Noble in a production of "Peer Gynt", directed by Henry Cass at the Old Vic, in 1935. Their daughter Fern is married to Eric Flynn.







**MARK HEATH** who gives a remarkable performance as the Black Man in "Mr Brown Comes Down the Hill", has appeared in a number of films, including "Call Me Bwana" with Bob Hope and "The Fast Lady" with Lesley Phillips and Stanley Baxter. He has played in many series and plays on television. On the London stage he has worked under Peter Hall and Alan Schneider. He was in Lionel Bart's musical "Blitz" at the Adelphi, "The Tinker" at the Comedy and "The Connection" at the Duke of York's. He is himself a song-writer and playwright.



**BRYAN COLEMAN** is well-known to the British public through his films and television appearances, as well as through his stage career which began when he appeared with John Gielgud in "Richard of Bordeaux" and "Hamlet" in the 'thirties. His numerous films include "The Sword and the Rose" with Glynis Johns, "The Planter's Wife" with Claudette Colbert and "Reach for the Sky" with Kenneth More. His latest films are "The Longest Day" and "Crooks Anonymous". He has taken part in a number of television series including "Robin Hood", "Emergency Ward 10", "Probation Officer", and "No Hiding Place", in addition to many costume plays on BBC television and several thrillers. After six years' war service overseas, he returned to the West End in 1946 in "Private Lives". More recently his stage appearances include "Through the Garden Wall", "The Diplomats", "Mr Brown Comes Down the Hill" and "Mr Wilberforce, MP" at the Westminster Theatre.

**HENRY CASS** is a director of long experience in theatre, opera, film and television. He began his theatrical career as an actor. In 1932 he was appointed producer to the Repertory Theatre, Croydon, and his productions included "The Edwardians", "John Gabriel Borkman", "The Brontës", "Hamlet", "Gallows Glorious" and "Emil and the Detectives", a number of which were transferred to the West End. In 1934 he was appointed producer to the Old Vic, where he directed Shakespeare, including "Julius Caesar", "Macbeth", "Richard III", "The Taming of the Shrew" and "King Lear"; Bernard Shaw, including "St. Joan" and "Major Barbara"; and a new version of "Peer Gynt". He produced "Julius Caesar" in modern dress in 1939. His productions of opera at Covent Garden include "Carmen" in 1946. He has also directed a considerable number of films and documentaries. Henry Cass directed several plays at the Westminster in the 'thirties and 'forties, including a notable production of "Abraham Lincoln" which King George VI and Queen Elizabeth came to see in 1940. He returned from films to West End theatre with Peter Howard's play "The Diplomats" at the Westminster, where he is now Artistic Director, and has since directed "Mr Brown Comes Down the Hill", "Give a Dog a Bone" and "Mr Wilberforce, MP". He lives with his actress wife Joan Hopkins and his two children in Hampstead. He is seen, on the right of this picture, during the shooting of a scene from "Mr Brown Comes Down the Hill".





**LILLIAS WALKER** was born in Scotland, where her work as an actress has been widely appreciated. She began her acting career with the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. She has played most of her leading roles in Scotland, however, at the Dundee Repertory Theatre, the Pitlochry Festival Theatre and the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre. She gave a compelling interpretation of the part of the Harlot when she came to the West End in "Mr Brown Comes Down the Hill", the role she re-creates so effectively in the film. She has also appeared on television.



**ALAN WHITE** is an Australian, with wide experience in film, radio and theatre in Australia. He came to England in 1954. He was under contract to Associated British for five years and appeared in the films "No Time for Tears", "Girls at Sea", "Lady Mislaid", "Shake Hands with the Devil" and "Girl in the Headlines". On television he has appeared in the "Flying Doctor" series and "Tell it to the Marines", as well as in a number of plays. In the West End he played in "Count of Clerambard", "Doctor in the House", "Little Darlings" and gave an outstanding performance in "Mr Brown Comes Down the Hill".





# PREFACE TO THE STAGE PLAY by the author

WHEN FIRST I SPOKE OF THIS PLAY TO A FRIEND, HE SAID, "You will have trouble with censor and critics." As he, being famous, bears scar tissue on every part of his body from critics' tooth and claw, I heeded what he said. But I finished the play.

Now I want to say something about critics before they get their say at me. Many of them are honest. Some are not. In modern society, most young people are joy and glory. A minority, who smash windows, lecher and blaspheme, masquerade as members of the opposite sex, slash with knife, lash with chain, bully, brag and punch up the neighbourhood, make news and influence nations. So it is with critics.

## CRITICS' WORLD

Critics think themselves more formidable than any censor. In this they are right. Their weapon is a bomb. The censor only wields scissors. The censor can slash. Critics can destroy.

Yet I feel more kind to critics than to censor. I would use, if I could, the critics' bomb on the censor—and the censor's scissors on some of the critics. Perhaps it is because for many years I was a critic myself. I earned a living by dipping my pen in acid and sharpening my sword by plunging it into the leathery flanks and sandy entrails of public men.

Of course, fair critics are essential and valuable servants of art. But some critics are biased.

Criticism with bias is a deadly ailment. You may





blast other men's work and art with your bomb. But you destroy your soul as you do it.

Not that there is lack of honour in critics' work. If you fail, as many successful critics have failed, to earn a living painting pictures, playing music or writing books and plays yourself, there is no reason why you should not take money from those sanguine enough to pay it, for telling artists, writers and musicians how better to do the job that has beaten you.

But power corrupts. Critics have power. And some think their power greater than it is. Folk flatter them. Playwrights, eager for applause, praise them. Pride robs them of objectivity. It is easier to pull down than to build up, to destroy than to direct. Their names become better known to TV viewers or newspaper readers than those of artists whose work they bombard. They enjoy wild glory of trampling on creations of their fellow men.

Criticism is strong drink. Few critics have stomach to swallow and stay sober. Many become drunken with power of destructiveness and instead of remaining just, become creatures of prejudice.

They create a world of their own, live inside it and lose touch with humanity. It is a small world with a big voice. But the world of such critics could collapse quickly if their bluff were called and their false values challenged that they force upon the public. This sort of critic would resist the destruction of his tiny world. For power has glamour. Men fall in love with it. They come to think they are the cultural and artistic Hitlers of the land. As Hitler crammed Wagner into the jowls of the Germans while he munched cream buns, so some modern critics thrust Lenny Bruce and Tennessee Williams at us while teenagers in the audience nibble Purple Hearts, and elderly people suck tranquilisers.

With certain brave and noble exceptions, critics are prone to dictatorship. Hitler was a critic of the Jews. He demanded that all agree with him. The Austrian house-painter used all the filthy paraphernalia of Goebbels, Gestapo and gas chambers to force his views down the gullet of Germany. Germans began to gulp cruelty and hate.

#### DICTATORS AND CENSORS

In the same way, many modern British critics are dictators. If you do not drink, think, wanton and sneer at virtue as they do, they use gas on the air, lies on the public platform, ink on paper to bully Britain in their direction. Britain, to her shame, has allowed herself to be bullied a long way the wrong way. We are a nation of moral funks. We would rather keep good men silent or out than risk siding with them. We rightly blame the Germans for not defying Hitler's threats of physical violence and assassination. But we bow to the threats of character assassination and smear used by the pocket Hitlers and modern McCarthys of television, press and radio. We capitulate when told we will not get publicity, that plays will not be produced unless we praise perversion and deity dirt.

In old days it was said, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." Nowadays, it could be said, "Give a dog a good name—and persecute him, annihilate him, destroy him."

Some British critics not only become dictators. They also become censors. The censorship they exercise in Britain today is subtle, sophisticated, far more perilous than that of the Lord Chamberlain. Shaw once said, "All censorships exist to prevent anyone from challenging current conceptions and existing institutions. All progress is initiated by challenging current conceptions and executed by supplanting existing institutions."

The current conception is that dirt on the stage is pay dirt and that violence, cynicism and the twistier sides of the human heart are themes of best drama.

Sex is a part of life. It, therefore, has a part on the stage. But its part should be as a problem for thoughts and answers, not as a glamourised aphrodisiac with every oddity and quirk enlarged to rob the subject of proper shape and size.

The existing institution in British theatre, sustained by some critics, decrees that satirists, sexists and sadists with a few drunkards thrown in are often more certain of welcome as artists, actors, producers or writers than those who lead less exotic lives.

If this institution or conception is challenged, some critics first try to slay with silence. When that fails, they march to slaughter with smear. The censorship of these critics (as well as some producers in the BBC, ITV, stage and film studios) against faith and decency, and for cynicism, cruelty, class-war, nihilism, violence, filth and anti-Christ, is a most powerful censorship today. But it is the censorship of a minority. It is a dictatorship. It can and must be ended.

For many reasons I am against censorship of all kinds, especially the kind created by this minority of modern critics. They, by the way, join in a chorus of loud shouts against the comparatively harmless slashes of the Lord Chamberlain who sometimes cuts this or that to prove he can earn the two guineas he charges the unhappy author for mutilating his product. I'm all for shouting at the Lord Chamberlain and taking away his scissors. But these critics who censor us all with their prejudices and perversions provide argument for the preservation of the Lord Chamberlain, scissors and all.

These minority critics are often so eager to censor and smash any play challenging their conceptions and institutions that they pretend to miss the point of the play itself. So for the benefit of any men of bias who may see or read *Mr Brown Comes Down the Hill*, I would like to make one point of it plain.

#### WHO ARE THE CHRIST-KILLERS?

It is in fact an attempt to show who are the Christ-killers of all times.

For centuries Christians have traded on the view



that the Jews killed Christ. From time to time they have used blood and terror. Counting up all the massacres, all the miseries, all the degradations of the human spirit and heart in the last 2,000 years, it is probable that Christians have persecuted Jews as brutally as did Hitler. The reason is a guilty conscience. For it is the Christians who continue to kill Christ.

The Roman soldiers did the actual killing. They were men under orders. No doubt, like Hitler's generals, though with truth, their defence would have been, "We knew nothing about it. We only did what we were told."

The Jews accused Christ of setting Himself up as King. It was, in one sense, a true charge. Christ never offered any reasoned defence against it. He was Himself a Jew. And His challenge to current conceptions and existing institutions was not only inconvenient but dangerous to a race living under Roman military rule and where the emergence of any King would have been put down with the ruthless might and brutality of Roman legions. Censorship of the Cross seemed to the Establishment of that time a reasonable answer to the challenge.

The Roman authorities did not take much trouble to understand the causes of disturbance. They wanted tranquillity in a small province where, if people kept quiet and there was no trouble, they might soon get home to comforts, honours, promotions awaiting civil servants and soldiers who had served the Empire well. The crucifixion of Christ meant less to them than the hanging on golfcourses in Kenya of Mau Mau murderers meant to British authorities during the Emergency.

The real Christ-killers were supporters of Christ—snobs who came by night but turned aside in the daylight, a mob which cheered when things were going well and jeered when they went badly, close friends and supporters who ratted when enemies came to arrest Christ and take Him away.

It is true they had an excuse then which today is lacking. The crowds who surrounded Christ and acquiesced in His execution did not fully understand what He stood for or required of them. Peter had the guts to draw his sword and Christ told him to put it away again. He did not want men militant for the wrong thing.

Today Churchmen, most men, know in their hearts what Christ stands for and requires of them. But we prefer coronets to Calvary, public acclaim to the Cross. We choose soft respectability and funk hard fighting.

Yet even two thousand years ago, some knew the truth. If at that time the Nicodemuses and Gamaliels who knew the truth about Jesus had risked their necks and their repute to assert it, the tide of opinion would have turned against the men who were out to destroy Him. Patting on the back after night-fall does not prevent the crucifixion of good men on a hill in daylight. If the crowd had cheered Jesus, and kept on

cheering, the Romans might never have sent Him to the Cross. If the few had stayed faithful and militant, the masses might have stuck to the man they admired. The Roman authorities only wanted to fulfil the will of the majority. Which they did.

Christians would say that without the betrayal and killing of Christ, there would have been no Calvary, no Redemption, no Resurrection. But it is hard to see why Christians all down the ages persist in the attitude that condemned Jesus to death. Some seem to think that if Christ had had a good public relations officer, He would not have been killed. It is a misreading of history. Christ was killed for what He was, not for what He wasn't. Christ, with His desire for perfection, His challenge, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect", is an everlasting barb in the conscience of humanity. That is why today so many try and popularise Christ by attempting to diminish Him, to emasculate His absolute moral claims.

#### CHRIST AND THE ESTABLISHMENT

If Christ in the flesh came walking now down Piccadilly, He would find friends among the people, rich men as well as poor, harlot and pervert as well as puritan and housewife, teenage ton-uppers as well as elderly squares. But the Establishment, Left and Right, would find ways of killing Him and, with modern progress, killing Him fast. For Christ was and is and ever will be outside the control of any Establishment. This is something that Establishments, including established churches, cannot bear.

So for two thousand years and in more than two thousand ways millions of Christians have been crucifying Christ again. They have cut Him down from the Cross, cut Him up into manageable man-size packages, insisted on His conforming to their ways and shapes and sizes, put scores of different labels on Him and shocked humanity by anger, bitterness and violence if others do not recognise their part of the package as the only genuine article. If Christ had been like the Christians, nobody would have heard of Him. He would not have been worth the cost of trial and execution.

And those who from the pulpit pretend that Christ is *not* the same yesterday, today and for ever, and that His challenge must be cut to the comfort of modern man, with their determination to reject the moral absolutism of Jesus, crucify Him again, more dishonestly, more viciously than any Jew.

#### BISHOPS AND PRESSMEN

Now, there are four Protestant bishops in this play. The only passage cut from the text sent to the Lord Chamberlain was a speech made to me by one of the most prominent Anglican bishops of today.

My four bishops are not real bishops. If anyone thinks they are, he will judge the Church of England



and also judge me. That is something the New Testament tells Christian men and women not to do. Real bishops are, for the most part, sincere and splendid men. Some, it is true, wear glory with an apologetic air that is the mark of one kind of humility. But it seems shameful to blame bishops if a negative minority among them grab headlines and make news, while a devout majority protest in muted tones and without much impact on modern society.

Protestant bishops should, of course, protest. They should protest more vehemently against the few among them who seem eager with doubtful disputations on theology to dispossess men of faith, and confuse a nation with justifications of infidelity and deviance. Today churchmen should find themselves persecuted for faithfulness to the Cross instead of praised and made popular for desertion of it.

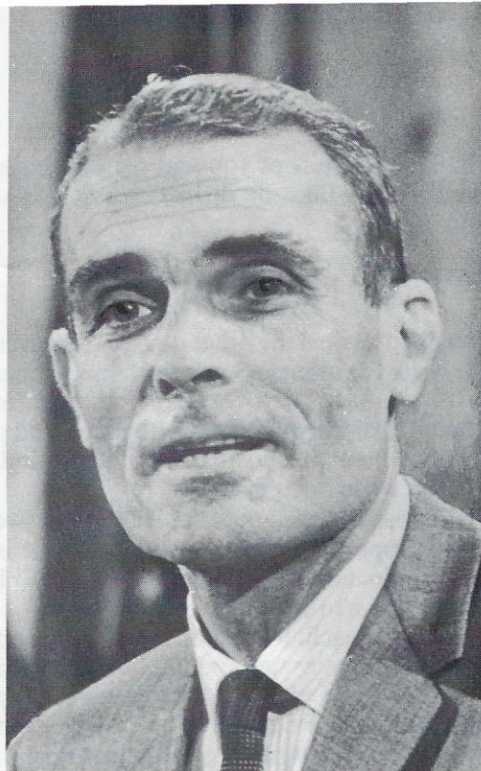
But the bishops in this play are an image, an unjust image, a false image, a sort of comic cartoon created in the minds of millions of ordinary men by noisy attitudes and unhappy silences of some leaders of the Church of England. Many people have come to believe that Churches are determined to control the Holy Spirit instead of being controlled by Him. They sense a critical spirit about any work of God that happens outside the organisational walls. They suspect a narrowness of heart which believes that God is only respectable if He is safely imprisoned inside the Establishment. They think they detect in Christians great cowardice when faced with the right controversy but also much courage when it comes to accepting the wrong compromises. They have the idea that they are expected to live for the Church instead of the Churches learning to live again for all the people.

It is this image, false if the desires and longings of most churchmen's hearts were fulfilled, which must be faced and altered. People are cool about the Church of England because they feel many of its members have become cool towards the absolute claims of Christ on the Cross Who loves and challenges everybody on earth to carry it with Him.

Just as in this play the bishops are not real bishops, so the pressmen are not real pressmen. Pressmen in Britain are more honest than most of those they write about. They have a capacity for hard work without regular hours or overtime pay that would make Britain lick the earth in production if it were applied in industry. They give the public what they think the public want. Some of them secretly despise the public for wanting it. Be this said to the everlasting credit of the Press. Some newspapers of Britain, in an age of slipping standards, have refused to yield to dirt as enthusiastically as television, radio and theatre.

The pressmen in the play are one part, one image of the Street of Ink. It is not a full picture of the Press. But it is as true a picture as that painted about events in some newspapers every day.

The doctor, the black man, the harlot are not real people in themselves. They are parts of every human



## PETER HOWARD

An Englishman who loved his country and lived for the world.

A sportsman who captained England at Rugby Football and was a member of Britain's world record-breaking 1939 Bobsleigh team.

A journalist who was for many years one of Britain's most widely read political columnists.

An author whose books have sold over four million copies in many languages.

A playwright whose fifteen plays and musicals have been presented on every continent—and many filmed.

A farmer who laboured to raise character in men as well as crops on the land.

A family man with his wife, Doë, Wimbledon doubles champion, three children and two grandchildren.

As world leader of Moral Re-Armament he became the trusted friend of thousands—the ordinary man and the statesman. When he died in Lima, Peru, in February, 1965, his body lay in state in the City Hall. Cardinal Cushing of Boston called him "a cedar of Lebanon amongst a lot of underbrush".



heart. They are bits of you and me walking and talking before us. Like or dislike them, it is ourselves we survey.

#### WHY WRITE PLAYS?

Somebody asked the other day, "Why write plays?" Some write for money. Some for fame. Some, though very few, for art. They feel beauty in their guts which they have to display to others with paint, and performance of skilled professionals on stage and screen. Some just write for fun.

These reasons are not mine. My ink is sweat. I do not find dipping into that pot funny. Fame is not for me and I do not take royalties from my plays. All winnings I give to charity.

I write to preach. I write for the sake of propaganda. I write with a message and for no other reason. Do not believe those who say the theatre is no place for a man with a message. Every play has a message of some kind. Some writers give their message without

knowing they do it. A man who writes as if life had no meaning is the man with a strong message.

Plays nowadays propagate sex, violence, cynicism and the debunking of patriotism. Love of country is distorted and made to seem folly. In other days the theatre preached ancient virtues, including patriotism of an unselfish sort, because it would have gone bankrupt had it not done so. The public expected morality on the stage. Shaw, Galsworthy, Ibsen, even Wilde and Lonsdale, were great moralisers of their times.

My plays are propaganda plays. I write them to give a purpose. The purpose is clear. The aim is simple. It is to encourage men to accept the growth in character that is essential if civilisation is to survive. It is to help all who want peace in the world to be ready to pay the price of peace in their own personalities. It is to end the censorship of virtue which creates vicious society. It is to enlist everybody everywhere in a revolution to remake the world. It is, for Christians, the use of the stage to uplift the Cross and make its challenge and hope real to a perverse but fascinating generation.

"Look, there's Mr Brown! We're all right now. I knew he'd be there".





**MR BROWN COMES DOWN THE HILL** is the fourth play from the Westminster Theatre to be filmed.

The Westminster is gaining a reputation for a constructive theatre of ideas that interests a growing public in this and other countries.

The Central Office of Information has recently made a film about the theatre's unique translation system, for overseas distribution.

Plays from the Westminster toured Italy, Germany, Austria and Switzerland last year. They are being launched in France and Scandinavia. They have played in Asia, the United States and Canada, Latin America, Australia and New Zealand, and in many parts of Africa.

The theatre is owned by the Westminster Memorial Trust, set up in 1946 in memory of the men of Moral Re-Armament who gave their lives on the battlefields of the world in the last war.

It stands for a theatre of humanity and hope, a theatre that is entertaining and socially relevant, where people find, in place of pessimism and despair, the courage and conviction to tackle the dangers and opportunities of the modern world.

The Trustees have now announced a far-reaching new programme: the Peter Howard Memorial Building which will form, with the theatre, the Westminster Theatre Arts Centre. The new building, to be opened in September 1966, will contain a restaurant, cinema, spacious foyer, snack bar, kitchens to serve up to 1,000 people, new dressing rooms, offices — all contributing to make this a unique centre for drama, film, music and the arts.

Artist's impression of the new Centre

# WESTMINSTER THEATRE

