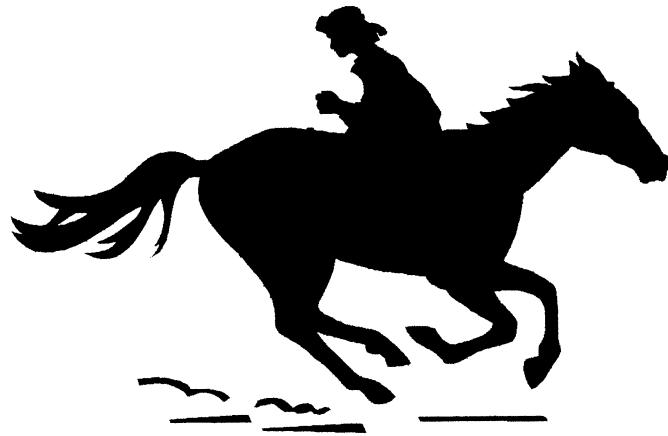


BLAZING SADDLES

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SCREENPLAY BY

MEL BROOKS  
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Revised Draft 12/21/72

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BLAZING SADDLES

Screenplay By

Mel Brooks  
Richard Pryor  
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**FOR EDUCATIONAL  
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Revised Draft 12/21/72

"BLACK BART"

FADE IN:

1. EXT. PRAIRIE DAY

Panoramic shot of western prairie. In the far distance WE SEE a speck of activity on the horizon.

CREDITS BEGIN:

Over credits we HEAR our title song, THE LOVE THEME FROM BLACK BART. Title on screen reads:

THE LOVE THEME FROM BLACK BART SUNG BY  
MEL BROOKS AS TONY BENNET AND FRANKIE LAINE

We HEAR the faint SOUNDS of clanking and voices. As CAMERA GETS CLOSER we begin to make out shapes of men hard at work. CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE IN.

Through the heat shimmer we are now able to distinguish that this is a railroad work gang made up of Blacks, Chinese and Irish immigrant laborers. They are hard at work laying track westward, under the watchful gaze of cruel overseers.

CREDITS END:

2. LYLE

the assistant foreman, walks into frame. He is obviously dissatisfied. He takes out a pocket watch, glances at it and puts it back.

LYLE:

C'mon boys. You'd think it was 120 degrees the way you're lollygagging around here with those shovels. I bet it ain't 118.

A Chinese man falls over from the heat.

LYLE:

(continuing)

Dock that chink a day's pay for napping on the job. Now c'mon boys, where's your spirit? When you were slaves you sang like birds. How about a good old nigger work song.

CUT TO:

3. GANG OF BLACKS

They are sweating profusely. They look at each other. Our hero, BLACK BART, shuffles forward. He is a handsome wiry

(CONTINUED)

## 3 (Cont.)

black man in his late 20's. He sports a modified Afro and a hip drooping moustache. His appearance suggests that he is somewhat ahead of his time. He takes off his hat, mops his brow in good old darkie fashion and then turns to his fellow workers and nods. They hum a chord.

BART:

(segues into up tempo -  
Sinatra style)

I GET NO KICK FROM CHANPAGNE  
MERE ALCOHOL DOESN'T THRILL ME AT ALL  
SO TELL ME WHY SHOULD IT BE TRUE  
THAT I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU.

Bart's singing is beautifully backed up in Pied Piper fashion by his co-workers.

CUT TO:

## 4. LYLE AND OVERSEER

looking at each other in amazement.

LYLE:

NO! NO! NO! I meant something like  
'Swing Low Sweet Chariot'. Don't  
you know that?

CUT TO:

## 5. BART

and his co-workers. They pretend to be puzzled.

CUT TO:

## 6. LYLE

LYLE:

(exploding)

Well, you got to know 'De Camptown  
Laides'.

BART:

Maybe if you hum a few bars...

LYLE:

(he starts singing)

Camptown Ladies Sing Dis Song, doo-  
dah, doo-dah.

(CONTINUED)

## 6 (Cont.)

A few of the overseers come in and help out with traditional minstrel singing and strutting.

CUT TO:

## 7. BLACK WORKERS

They all stand around, their arms folded, nodding appreciatively at the impromptu concert.

CUT TO:

## 8. MAN ON HORSEBACK APPROACHING

The man is TAGGART, the burly heartless, foreman. Taggart rides over and strikes Lyle on the head with a swagger stick.

TAGGART:

What in the wide, wide world of sports is going on here? I hired you to get some track laid, not to jump around like a bunch of Kansas City faggots.

LYLE:

Sorry, Boss.

TAGGART:

Listen, the surveyor says there might be some quicksand up ahead.

LYLE:

Okay, I'll send down a team of horses to test the ground.

TAGGART:

Horses, are you crazy, we can't afford to lose horses. Send two niggers.

LYLE:

You and you.

Lyle points to Bart and CHARLIE, another black worker.

BART:

But, sir, he asked for two niggers. My grandmother was Dutch. Every morning she would carry two pails of milk just like this.

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.)

LYLE:

(exploding)

Get on that handcar and take it down  
to the end of the line.

Bart and Charlie walking to the handcar.

CHARLIE:

I had no idea your Grandmama was Dutch.

BART:

Well, Grandfather said she was always  
hanging around with a lot of dykes.

They crack up and slap each other off. They hop on the hand-  
car and start pumping their way down the track.

CUT TO:

9. MASTER SHOT BART AND CHARLIE

on the handcar moving along the track.

CUT TO:

10. CLOSE SHOT BART AND CHARLIE

pumping. Suddenly they come to a dead stop. They stare at  
each other and slowly they begin to sink out of the frame.  
We HEAR a strange gurgling noise.

CHARLIE:

Am I wrong or is the world rising?

BART:

I don't know but whatever it is, I  
hate it.

CUT TO:

11. MASTER SHOT BART AND CHARLIE

waist deep in quicksand.

BART:

And now contestants, hands on the  
buzzers, here's our final question.  
What is it that's not exactly water and  
it ain't exactly earth and when it sucks  
you under it squeezes the last shred of  
breath out of your lungs till you die?

(CONTINUED)

11 (Cont.)

Bart and Charlie look at each other.

BART & CHARLIE:  
(shouting)  
QUICKSAND!!!

CUT TO:

12. TAGGART AND LYLE

watching them, look of disgust on their faces. Taggart climbs down off his horse and throws his hat down.

TAGGART:  
Quicksand. Shit. Now we're in  
trouble.

CUT TO:

13. BART AND CHARLIE

in quicksand up to their necks.

BART:  
They're in trouble.

CUT TO:

14. TAGGART AND LYLE

reading map.

BART & CHARLIE:  
(v.o.; throughout)  
HELP! HELP!

TAGGART:  
Now let's see here, we can't go  
straight ahead and we can't swing  
right because of this ravine. We're  
gonna have to turn north...

He turns around toward the direction of Bart and Charlie.

TAGGART:  
(continuing)  
...to Rock Ridge.  
(to Bart and Charlie)  
Would you folks hold it down just a  
minute. We are trying to get some  
work done here. We can't hear our-  
selves think with all that 'help'  
going on. Now let's see...

6.  
CUT TO:

15. BART AND CHARLIE

CHARLIE:  
(softer)  
Help. Help. Two human beings dying.

BART:  
Two brothers heading for the basement.

CUT TO:

16. TAGGART

TAGGART:  
Holy cow! Hurry, Lyle, get a rope.

Lyle gets rope from saddle - twirls loop over his head vigorously.

TAGGART:  
(continuing; impressed with  
this fancy twirling)  
Hey, Lyle, can you still do that fancy  
thing with the rope?

LYLE:  
I don't know. I'll try.

Lyle does fancy rope act - jumps through loop and other elaborate rope tricks.

CUT TO:

16A. BART AND CHARLIE

staring at each other in disbelief.

CUT TO:

17. LYLE

LYLE:  
Wanna see the Hang Dog Tail?

TAGGART:  
No, better hurry and get that rope  
in there.

7.  
CUT TO:

18. BART AND CHARLIE  
They heave a sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

19. LYLE  
He skillfully tosses the rope in their direction.

CUT TO:

19A. BART AND CHARLIE  
They stare in amazement as the rope sails over their heads way out of reach. It loops around handle of handcar.

CUT TO:

20. TAGGART AND LYLE  
Lyle is tying end of rope to back of wagon.

TAGGART:  
Hurry up. There's \$400. worth of  
handcar sinking there.

CUT TO:

21. BART AND CHARLIE

BART:  
Handcar! Hey you stupid sonovabitch,  
what about us?

Taggart walks over to edge of quicksand where Bart is straining to reach an overhanging branch. Taggart places his boot on Bart's shoulder.

TAGGART:  
Now that's the kind of attitude that  
holds you people back. Maybe if you  
had a little respect for your betters  
you could make your way up in this  
world.

CHARLIE:  
Up. That's what we want - up!

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont.)

TAGGART:

Lemme get back to you on that...  
Lyle.

Taggart walks away. In a last desperate effort, Bart manages to grab on to the handcar. Charlie grabs Bart's legs and the two are pulled out together with the handcar. They lie there trying to catch their breath.

TAGGART:

(to the exhausted  
Bart and Charlie)

Okay boys, the break is over. Let's  
not lie around taking sun baths. Won't  
do you much good anyway.

Taggart and Lyle are convulsed by Taggart's dry wit.

TAGGART:

(continuing)

Here, put this shovel to some good  
use.

He drops shovel on the ground next to Bart and walks back toward Lyle. Bart grabs shovel, stands up and takes vicious practice swings with it. Charlie looks at Bart.

CHARLIE:

Don't do it baby.

BART:

I have to!

Bart starts walking toward Taggart and Lyle.

CUT TO:

22. TAGGART AND LYLE

TAGGART

We're in a heap of trouble and we're  
going to need a lot of extra supplies.  
Write this down.

Lyle pulls out paper and pencil.

TAGGART:

(continuing)

Now wire the main office in Topeka  
and tell them that I...

At this point Bart smashes Taggart on the head with shovel.

(CONTINUED)

22 (Cont.)

TAGGART:  
 (continuing)  
 ...said OW!

He drops like a stone.

LYLE:  
 (does not notice;  
 continues writing)  
 'Wire main office and tell them I  
 said OW.' Got it.

CUT TO:

23. EXT. STATE CAPITAL BUILDING  
 (STILL SHOT)

DAY .

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

24. INSERT:  
 Sign on frosted glass.

HEDLEY LAMARR  
 STATE TREASURER  
 ATTORNEY GENERAL  
 ASST. TO GOVERNOR

CAMERA DISSOLVES through door.

CUT TO:

25. INT. LAMARR'S OFFICE TIGHT SHOT

of map on wall. Map depicts the progress of the railroad construction. Finger enters frame and points to end of red line on map.

SLOW ZOOM BACK TO REVEAL Taggart standing in front of map, pointing. His head is swathed in bandages. His hat rests way atop bandages.

TAGGART:  
 (pointing)  
 And right here is where we ran into  
 quicksand.

He touches forehead tenderly. He is still obviously in great pain.

10.  
CUT TO:

26. HEDLEY LAMARR

He studies map intently.

LAMARR:  
Quicksand... Splendid.

TAGGART:  
So now the railroad's gotta go  
through Rock Ridge.

LAMARR:  
(carefully digesting  
the news)  
Rock Ridge.

TAGGART:  
Yes, sir, Rock Ridge. You see...

LAMARR:  
Be still, Taggart. My mind is a  
flame of whirling transient nodes  
of thought spinning in a cosmic  
vapor of invention.

TAGGART:  
(touching his head  
again)  
I know how you feel.

LAMARR:  
A plan, a plan, I need a plan...  
GOT IT!

He smashes his fist triumphantly on the desk.

MUSIC: CRASH of ORGAN.

CUT TO:

27. TAGGART

He is startled.

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.)

TAGGART:  
What the hell is that?

CUT TO:

28. ORGANIST (CHARLES THOMAS GOODMAN)

He is a pudgy gentle apple-cheeked man playing his instrument. He turns and smiles to us pleasantly as his name is stated. We HEAR his ORGAN MUSIC under the following dialogue.

LAMARR:  
Forgive me, Taggart. I haven't introduced you to my personal organist, Mr. Charles Thomas Goodman. Mr. Goodman is well known for his work at the 'Telegraph City Music Hall'.

BACK TO:

TWO SHOT

LAMARR:  
I was very fortunate in obtaining his services. You might say, "I picked him up for a song."  
(pause)  
I said!! "You might say...I picked him up for a song."

He stares. at Taggart.

LAMARR:  
Don't you find that funny?

TAGGART:  
(hopelessly  
frightened)  
I do. I do. Ha, ha, ha, ha.  
(breaking into  
a sweat)  
It's just that I missed it first time

(CONTINUED)

28 (Cont.)

TAGGART: (Cont.)

'round. It was too quick for me. But it's ...funny. I can see that now. Oh, God, it's funny. A...the plan, sir? You said you had a plan?

LAMARR:

Right, Taggart. We've got to get that land before the citizens of Rock Ridge find out that the railroad is coming through. That land is going to be worth millions.

TAGGART:

What do you want me to do?

LAMARR:

I want you and your men...

There is a crashing SOUND from outside. Lamarr angrily storms over to the window, pulls up shade and raises window. WE SEE, gallows set up just outside the window. Standing on top of the scaffold is a hooded hangman (BORIS). a rope dangles through open trap door obviously supporting a recent hangee.

BORIS: (HANGMAN)

(v.o.)

Nextt.

A big strapping murderer, his hands tied behind his back, is led up to the platform.

LAMARR:

(shouts out  
the window)

Boris, can't you hold the noise down? We're trying to get some work done.

28A. EXT. SCAFFOLD

BORIS:

Thorry.

CUT BACK TO:

28B. LAMARR

He pulls down shade.

LAMARR:

Now, Taggart, I'd like to see the entire population of Rock Ridge pull up stakes and start in a new life somewhere else. How would you prompt such a mass migration?

TAGGART:

What about killing the first born male child in each household.

LAMARR:

I'd prefer something a little less biblical. More in keeping with Western tradition.

TAGGART:

Oh, you mean murder, arson, burning and rape.

LAMARR:

Hmm...excellent, but don't rape any of the men, they're still a little provincial about that.

Another racket ensues from the gallows. Lamarr raises the shade. There is a man in a wheelchair being prepared for hanging.

LAMARR:

Boris, please.

BORIS:

Thorry Mr. Slime, this one is a bitch.

LAMARR:

Oh, yes, the Dr. Gillespie killings.

Lamarr pulls down the shade.

LAMARR:

(continuing; to Taggart)  
Now, where were we...

(CONTINUED)

28B (Cont.)

WE HEAR an incredible din from outside as a man and wheel-chair go crashing through trap door. Taggart holding his bandaged head and moaning.

TAGGART:

Ohh.

LAMARR:

(noticing Taggart's head)  
Why Taggart, you've been hurt.

TAGGART:

Yes, sir. This uppity nigger hit me with a shovel and I would appreciate it if you could find it in your heart to hang him. He's locked up downstairs.

LAMARR:

Consider it done.

Lamarr raises window shade. Through window WE SEE a rider and horse being led up to the gallows. Boris places one noose around the rider's neck and another noose around the horse's neck.

LAMARR:

(continuing)  
Boris, I've got a special. When can you work him in?

CUT TO:

29. EXT. SCAFFOLD

DAY

BORIS:

(putting noose  
around horse's neck)  
I couldn't pothibly thneak him in until Monday, thir. We're booked tholid.

30. INT. LAMARR'S OFFICE

LAMARR:

Monday. Splendid.

Lamarr pulls down shade.

(CONTINUED)

30 (Cont.)

TAGGART:  
 Much obliged. And don't you worry,  
 Mr. Lamarr... We'll make Rock Ridge  
 sorry it was ever born.

LAMARR:  
 Splendid!

They shake hands.

MUSIC: ORGAN PLAYS "FINE AND DANDY"

Lamarr and Taggart do a determined vaudeville exit.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

31. EXT. ROCK RIDGE NEXT MORNING

CHORUS of Western voices sing, THE BALLAD OF ROCK RIDGE.  
 As lyrics tell the story, we will see it happen on the  
 screen.

CHORUS:  
 (v.o.)  
 THERE WAS A PEACEFUL TOWN CALLED  
 ROCK RIDGE WHERE PEOPLE LIVED IN  
 HARMONY.

CUT TO:

32. SHOT OF MAIN STREET ROCK RIDGE

People are walking up and down street. A little boy is  
 rolling a hoop. A buckboard with happy family drives by.  
 People pass and tip their hats in greeting.

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.)

CHORUS:

(v.o.)

THEY NEVER HAD NO KIND OF TROUBLE,  
THERE WAS NO HINT OF MISERY.

CUT TO:

33. MAIN STREET

CAMERA TRACKS SHOTS OF MERCHANTS waving happily from doorways  
to passers by.

CUT TO:

34. INT. SALOON

CHORUS:

(v.o.)

THE TOWN SALOON WAS ALWAYS LIVELY.

Men at bar, they are all drinking and chatting politely.

CHORUS:

(v.o.)

BUT NEVER NASTY OR OBSCENE.

CUT TO:

35. BARTENDER

A big dirty animal of a man. He cleans shot glasses by  
spitting into them and wiping them with his filthy apron.

CHORUS:

(v.o.)

BEHIND THE BAR STOOD ANAL JOHNSON.  
HE ALWAYS KEPT THINGS NICE AND CLEAN.

THEN ALL AT ONCE THE TROUBLE STARTED.

Suddenly SHOTS ring out and the saloon windows shatter.  
Everyone ducks for cover.

17,  
CUT TO:  
DAY

36. EXT. ROCK RIDGE

CHORUS:

(v.o.)  
A PACK OF MURDERERS AND THIEVES  
LIKE SWARMS OF LOCUST THEY DESCENDED  
THEIR AIM TO MAKE THE TOWN FOLK  
LEAVE.

37. MONTAGE: REIGN OF TERROR

Band of desperados led by Taggart swoop into town. They fire wildly in the air. People scatter and horses rear in fright. They ride through the center of town performing various frontier cruelties.

CUT TO:

38. EXT. MAIN STREET

Little OLD MAN shakes his cane at one of the outlaws.

OLD MAN:  
Consarnit. If I was 20 years younger,  
I'd take this cane and --

OUTLAW takes cane and breaks it and flings it back at the little Old Man. Little Old Man picks up pieces and uses them as two little canes, makes a low profile getaway.

OLD MAN:  
Canes, do your stuff.

CUT TO:

39. (HENRY) LITTLE BOY

holding pet snake.

HENRY:  
(to Outlaw)  
His name is Pal.

Outlaw takes snake and ties a knot into it. Hands it back to Henry.

HENRY:  
Oh Pal. What have they done to you.

18:  
CUT TO:

40.. TWO MEN

holding an elderly woman while another man pummels her with his fists.

ELDERLY WOMAN

(to CAMERA)

Have you ever seen such cruelty?

CUT TO:

41. SHERIFF

He comes out of his office.

SHERIFF:

What's the meaning of this?

Taggart's men shoot the Sheriff.

SHERIFF:

(continuing; as he is  
going down)

Oh, that's the meaning.

CUT TO:

CHORUS:

(v.o.)

NOW IT'S A TIME OF GREAT DECISION.

CUT TO:

42. EXT. CHURCH

DAY

SOUNDS of singing come through.

CHORUS:

(v.o.)

ARE WE TO STAY OR UP AND QUIT.

DISSOLVE THROUGH  
TO:

43. INT. CHURCH

We discover that the "BALLAD OF ROCK RIDGE" is being sung by townsfolk. They are holding open hymnals.

CHORUS:

THERE'S NO AVOIDING THIS CONCLUSION  
OUR TOWN IS TURNING INTO SHIT.

44. REVEREND JOHNSON

Standing at pulpit.

REVEREND JOHNSON:

Be seated.

People sit.

REVEREND JOHNSON:

I don't have to tell you good folks what's been happening to our beloved little town. Sheriff murdered, crops burned, stores ransacked, people stampeded and cattle raped. The time has come to act and act fast. I'm leaving.

Reverend starts off platform.

TOWNSFOLK:

(v.o.; ad lib)

Me, too. I'm with you, Rev. I'm leaving too. Come on, let's all get out while the getting's good.

CUT TO:

GABBY JOHNSON

a grizzled little grub-staker in shredded, but stylish, buckskins. He chaws tobacco and spits great globs of brownish gook as verbal punctuation.

GABBY JOHNSON:

Hol' on. Consarnit, goll-darnit. I'll be a horn-swaggered bush-whackin' side-windin' saddle horn...Ravvid, ravvid, ravvid...  
(the rest of his dialogue is completely incomprehensible)

CUT TO:

TOWNSFOLK

There is total silence in the church as everyone carefully digests what has just been said. Gabby sits.

CUT TO:

OLSON JOHNSON

He rises slowly and majestically and faces the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont.)

OLSON JOHNSON:

I think we'll all have to agree that Gabby Johnson, here, has clearly stated the issue and I'm glad the children were here today to hear that speech. Not only was it authentic frontier gibberish... but it expressed a courage that is little seen in this day and age. I mean, what are we made of? Our fathers came across the prairie, fought Indians, fought drought, fought locusts, fought Dix. Remember when Richard Dix came in here and tried to take the town away? We didn't give up then and we're not giving up now.

Olson Johnson sits.

CUT TO:

44A. ANOTHER ANGLE

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

(he rises)

Olson Johnson is right. What kind of people are we anyhow? I say we stay and fight it out.

HOWARD JOHNSON:

(rising)

Dr. Samuel Johnson's right about Olson Johnson's being right. And I'm not giving up my ice cream parlor that I built with these two hands for nothing or nobody.

VAN JOHNSON:

Howard Johnson is right.

HOWARD JOHNSON:

Thank you, Van.

(CONTINUED)

44A (Cont.)

REVEREND JOHNSON:

Well, if we're gonna stay, we're gonna have to have us a sheriff. Who's it gonna be? All right, nominations for the office of Sheriff Johnson are now in order.

VAN JOHNSON:

I say we nominate Olson.

OLSON JOHNSON:

Gentlemen, I am honored. But I must decline on the grounds of I won't do it. I nominate Van Johnson.

VAN JOHNSON:

I am not unaware of the prestige and honor of the office of sheriff. I decline.

REVEREND JOHNSON:

This town can't survive without a sheriff to keep the peace. Now, who's it gonna be?

Pause. Everyone shuffles in their seats uneasily. A little boy (Henry) breaks away from his mother, jumps into aisle and makes speech.

HENRY:

I want to be the sheriff. I can do it. I can do it. Please make me the sheriff.

CUT TO:

45. SHOTS OF CITIZENS

seriously considering it.

CONGREGATION:

(AD LIB)

Naw, no. That's foolish, etc.

HOWARD JOHNSON:

Why don't we wire the governor? Why should we get our own men killed?

VAN JOHNSON:

Howard Johnson is absolutely right. We'll wire the Governor.

(CONTINUED)

45 (Cont.) .)

REVEREND JOHNSON:

Now let us pray for the deliverance  
of our new sheriff. The congregation  
will rise. I will now read from the  
books of Matthew, Mark, Luke and...

Shattering of glass as some lighted dynamite comes  
through window.

REVEREND JOHNSON:

(continuing)

DUCK.

There is a huge explosion.

DISSOLVE TO:

46. . INT. GOVERNOR LE PETOMANE'S OFFICE

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal smoke-filled room. GOVERNOR  
WILLIAM J. LE PETOMANE is at one end of table flanked by  
his voluptuous, crimson-haired secretary, Miss Stein, and  
Hedley Lamarr. Governor Le Petomane is a silver-haired,  
silver-tongued moron.

Other men at table are state officials, politicians, ward  
heelers, etc. Lamarr shoves a paper in front of Le Petoman.

LAMARR:

Sign this, Governor.

LE PETOMANE:

What is it?

LAMARR:

Under the provisions of this bill, the  
Cheyenne nation would give us 200,000  
sq. acres of their land which we have  
deemed unsafe for their use at this time.

LE PETOMANE:

Oh, wonderful. What are we giving  
them in return?

LAMARR:

A box of these.

Lamarr takes out hi-li paddle and displays it.

LE PETOMANE:

Seems like a fair exchange.  
(lowers his voice)

You think you could save one of those  
beauties for me? Woo-Woo.

(CONTINUED)

46 (Cont.)

LAMARR:

Of course, Sir. If you'll just sign here.

Lamarr then takes Le Petomane's right hand and guides it through the signature.

LE PETOMANE:

Work, work, work. What's next?

LAMARR:

Just one more bill for you to sign, sir.

LE PETOMANE:

What is it?

LAMARR:

This is the bill that will convert the state hospital for the insane into the William J. Le Petomane Memorial Gambling Casino for the insane.

LE PETOMANE:

(rising to his feet)

This bill will be a giant step forward in the treatment of the insane gambler.

LAMARR:

Beautifully put. No wonder they call you the silver tongued orator.

LE PETOMANE:

Thank you, Hedley.

His tongue lolls out of his mouth and we see that it is literally made of silver. Le Petomane sits.

LE PETOMANE:

(continuing; as his hand is being pushed along paper)

Watch the n's. Watch the n's. Is that it?

MISS STEIN:

Just this urgent telegram from Rock Ridge that came in last Friday.

LE PETOMANE:

Read it... read it.

(under his breath)

You wild bitch.

(CONTINUED)

46 (Cont.1)

MISS STEIN:

(reading telegram)

'Sheriff murdered. Church meeting bombed, reign of terror must cease, send new sheriff immediately.'

LE PETOMANE:

(rising to feet)

Hrumph, Hrumph ... murdering sheriffs, bombing churches, innocent women and children blown up: Normally I wouldn't give a shit, but this is an election year.

There is general hubbub at the conference table.

LAMARR:

(rising)

Gentlemen, please rest your sphincters. As Attorney General, I assure you a suitable sheriff will be found to restore the peace in Rock Ridge. Meeting adjourned. Excuse me, Governor, I didn't mean to overstep my bounds. You say that.

LE PETOMANE:

What?

LAMARR:

Meeting is adjourned.

LE PETOMANE:

Oh, it is.

LAMARR:

No, Governor. You say that.

LE PETOMANE:

What?

LAMARR:

Never mind.

Lamarr leaves.

LE PETOMANE:

Good man but he's nervous. Those thin people are usually nervous. Give me one of those things.

Miss Stein hands him a hi-li paddle. Does four swipes at the ball. Misses every time.

(CONTINUED)

46 (Cont.2)

LE PETOMANE:  
These are defective.

CUT TO:

47. INT. LAMARR'S OFFICE

Lamarr is pacing up and down.

MUSIC: soft ORGAN under dialogue.

LAMARR:  
A sheriff, a sheriff. But law and  
order is the last thing I want.

(he stops  
and smiles)

Perhaps I can turn this to my  
advantage. If I can find a sheriff  
who so offends the citizens of  
Rock Ridge that his very appearance  
would drive them out of town. But  
where would I find such a man?

We HEAR the noises of a commotion. Lamarr goes to  
window and looks down.

CUT TO:

48. EXT. GALLOWS

DAY

Bart is being led to the front of a long line of men  
waiting to be hanged,

MAN AT FRONT OF LINE:  
Hey, what's this shit, I'm next.

ALL:  
(v.o.; AD LIB)  
I was here before him.  
Back of line.  
Wait your turn.

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.)

BART:

(to guard)

Perhaps we better wait. After all,  
they were here before me.

Guard pushes Bart up steps. Bart mounts steps to scaffold.  
Boris places noose around his neck.

BORIS:

Would you care for a blindfold or an  
after dinner mint?

BART:

No, thank you. Do you have anything in  
the way of a reprieve?

BORIS:

Thorry.

OFFICIAL:

(reading from state document)

In accordance with the ordinance signed  
by John Mordinance, the prisoner is to  
be hanged by his neck to pay for sub-  
ordinance. If the prisoner has no last  
words, we'll proceed with the hanging.

Boris reaches for lever.

BART:

Wait, wait. Last words. Last words.

(TO CAMERA)

The more I talk the less I die.

(to everyone)

I want to confess. No man has committed  
more sins than I, but it wasn't my fault.  
Society is to blame. Let me take you  
back to where it all began.

MY FAMILY WAS POOR  
MY MAMA WAS A WHORE  
AND SOCIETY HELD MY FATHER  
IN CONTEMPT  
AND BEFORE I HAD BLOOMED  
I KNEW I WAS DOOMED  
TO LIVE THE LIFE OF A PIMP

OFFICIAL:

That's enough. Hang him.

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.1)

PRISONERS:

(v.o.; AD LIB)

No. Let the man speak. Let him talk. Hear him out.

OFFICIAL:

All right, continue.

BART:

Now where was I?

BORIS:

'I knew I wath doomed to live the life of a pimp.'

Boris extends palm. Bart slaps it off.

BART:

(continuing)

WELL, IT WAS SATURDAY NIGHT  
AND THE NEON LIGHT  
SHOWED THE JOHNS THAT WERE  
LINED UP TO PAY  
WHEN JUST BY CHANCE  
I CAUGHT THE GLANCE  
OF A SIDEWALK JEZEBEL COMING  
MY WAY

SHE WAS A BROWN SKIN BEAUTY  
WALKING MIDNIGHT DUTY  
YOU KNOW, SELLING HER YOUTHFUL  
CHARMS

UP AND DOWN SHE WOULD TROD  
WITH A WINK AND A NOD  
IN THE GAME CALLED BODY FOR  
ALMS

NOW I KNEW THE COP ON THE BEAT  
THE FAG ON THE STREET  
AND THE LESBIAN AND SODOMY SCENE

SO, I SAID, GIRL TAKE MY ADVICE  
AND WE'LL DO DAMN NICE  
IN THE GAME CALLED LIFE SERENE

THE GIRL TURNED OUT NICE  
SHE WAS DOUBLING UP TWICE  
ON THE MEETING AND GREETING SCENE  
WHY THIS WHORE WOULD TAKE ON  
FRENCHMEN, PUERTO RICANS, HENCHMEN  
TO HER, THEY WAS ALL THE SAME  
AND NO SON OF A GUN

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.2)

BART  
 (continuing)  
 DID THIS WHORE SHUN  
 WHO COULD PAY FOR HER TIME AND  
 HER FRAME

Prisoners let out a whoop of approval.

PRISONERS:  
 (in unison)  
 Whoop.

BART  
 (continuing)  
 THEN THE GIRL STARTED AILING  
 HER CHARMS STARTED FAILING  
 SO I CAME UP WITH THIS MELLOW SCHEME  
 I GOT A BROWN SKINNED FILLY  
 AND AN OFAY BILLY  
 AND PUT THEM TO WORK AS A TEAM  
 WELL YOU COULD'VE KNOCKED ME OUT  
 IN A ONE ROUND BOUT  
 WHEN MY BITCH TRIED TO MUSCLE ME  
 SHE SAY, 'RATHER SEE YOU DEAD  
 THAN GIVE YOU YOUR HEAD  
 WITH OTHER THAN ME ON THE SCENE'

WHEN I LEFT THAT NIGHT  
 I HAD A HELL OF A FRIGHT  
 CAUSE I KNEW THE BITCH WAS  
 GONNA DROP A DIME

FOR THE DOUBLE CROSS  
 WAS HER TOUR DE FORCE  
 AND I KNEW I'D BE DOING TIME  
 WELL, THE JUDGE LOOKED DOWN

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.3)

BART:  
(continuing)  
LIKE HE'D DONE ON PLENTY  
HE GAVE ME A SMILE  
AND THEN ONE TO TWENTY

SO THE MORAL OF THE STORY IS  
YOUR WHORE'S YOUR BREAD AND GLORY  
AND I SAY THIS WITH TEARS IN MY EYES  
EVEN IF SHE'S SICK  
AND CAN'T TURN A TRICK  
DON'T LEAVE YOUR WHORE TILL SHE DIES

CUT TO:

49. MEN APPLAUDING

CUT TO:

50. BORIS

A tear rolls down from under his hood.

CUT TO:

51. OFFICIAL

He blows his nose.

OFFICIAL:

Hang him.

CUT TO:

52. LAMARR'S WINDOW

LAMARR:

Stop. Release that man. Bring  
him to my office.

CUT TO:

53. BART

BART:

(touching tongue)  
Tongue, I'd like to take this oppor-  
tunity to thank you on behalf of the  
entire body.

SCREEN FLIPS TO:

54. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

Lamarr enters with arm around Bart. Bart is wearing a sherrif  
badge. He impassively surveys the scene.

55. DRAPES MOVING FURIOUSLY

LAMARR:

(v.o.)  
Governor?

The drapes stop moving. Governor's head pops out from behind the drapes.

GOVERNOR:

Yes.

LAMARR:

Official business, sir.

GOVERNOR:

Be with you in a minute.

MISS STEIN:

(v.o.; behind drapes)  
What is it, Bill?

GOVERNOR:

(v.o.; head ducks  
back behind drapes)  
Just a trifle, my dear. Stay in that  
position. I'll be back in a minute.

Governor emerges from behind drapes tucking in his shirt tails.

GOVERNOR:

Oh, hello. Sorry to be tardy. I  
was just looking out the wall. What  
can I do for you, Hedley.

LAMARR:

Governor, as per your instructions,  
I'd like you to meet the new sheriff  
of Rock Ridge.

GOVERNOR:

(to Bart)  
I'm pleased to mee...  
(to Lamarr)  
Lamarr, have you gone berserk? This  
man's a nigger.  
(to Bart)  
No offense, son.

LAMARR:

Have a seat, sheriff, while we  
straighten this little matter out.

Bart goes to corner of room and sits.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)

GOVERNOR:

Lamarr, I have never questioned your judgment before but haven't you taken a giant leap away from your own good senses? You can't make a nigger

(to Bart)

no offense...

(to Lamarr)

the new sheriff of Rock Ridge.

LAMARR:

Now don't fly off the handle, Governor. I am about to make you an historic figure, maybe get you a cabinet post.

GOVERNOR:

Cabinet post? Cabinet post?

LAMARR:

The first man to ever appoint a black sheriff. Just think of it, Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Le Petomane.

GOVERNOR:

But it won't work. They'll never accept a black sheriff. They'll kill that nigger

(to Bart)

no offense

(to Lamarr)

dead in one day.

LAMARR:

One day is all we need for your name to be secure in the annals of Western history. And that will surely get you the nomination for, dare I say, the Presidency?

GOVERNOR:

Dare, dare.

LAMARR:

The Presidency.

GOVERNOR:

Fuck it. It's his lookout.

Governor strides over to Bart.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.1)

GOVERNOR:

(continuing)

Good luck nigger, no offense. And  
I hope that you bring glory, brief  
as it may be, to this hallowed state.

MISS STEIN:

(v.o.)

Bill are you coming back?

GOVERNOR:

(deftly stepping out  
of his trousers)

Is that it Hedley, I'm terribly busy.

LAMARR:

Of course, of course, affairs of  
state.

GOVERNOR:

Good day, gentlemen.

Governor goes behind the drapes.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

56. EXT. MAIN STREET ROCK RIDGE DAY

People are busy preparing for the arrival of their new sheriff

HOWARD JOHNSON:

Hurry up, finish the platform, he'll  
be here soon.

CUT TO:

57. OLSON JOHNSON

running up street holding telegram.

OLSON JOHNSON:

Just got a telegram from the Governor's  
office. Sheriff'll be here at noon.

33.  
CUT BACK TO:

58. HOWARD JOHNSON

HOWARD JOHNSON:  
(holding laurel wreath  
and reading from paper)  
As honorary chairman of the welcoming  
committee, it is my privilege to  
extend to you a laurel and hearty  
handshake.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:  
Hey, Van, can you see him yet?

CUT TO:

59. EXT. CHURCH STEEPLE

Van Johnson is looking through telescope.

VAN JOHNSON:  
Nope.

CUT TO:

60. EXT. PRAIRIE

DAY

CLOSEUP on the word "GUCCI" imprinted on saddle bag.

PULL BACK to reveal Black Bart riding across the prairie  
decked out in spectacular duds. He is wearing a sensational  
white suit, cut in Doc Holiday fasion. He sports some  
violet shades, wears a dynamite Stetson, and his boots are  
fashioned of white lizard. He moves like a moist dream a-  
cross the prairie, his horse stepping out tastefully to the  
big bad beat of the Count Basie band. As Bart moves out of  
the FRAME WE SEE, set up on the prairie, the entire BASIE  
ORCHESTRA. THE COUNT himself seated at the "88".

CUT TO:

61. MASTER SHOT

Rock Ridge.

CUT TO:

62. VAN

on the roof. He peers through telescope.

34  
CUT TO:

62A. TOWNSFOLK

making preparation for arrival of sheriff.

CUT BACK TO:

63. VAN

He looks through telescope and gets excited.

CUT TO:

64. WHAT HE SEES

through telescope, an indistinct shape on the horizon.

CUT BACK TO:

65. VAN

VAN JOHNSON:  
The sheriff's coming.

CUT TO:

66. HOWARD JOHNSON

on platform.

HOWARD JOHNSON:  
Ring the church bells.

WE HEAR church bells ring out.

CUT TO:

67. WHAT VAN SEES THROUGH TELESCOPE.

Figure on horse becomes more and more distinct. Finally,  
we see, clear as day, our black hero.

CUT BACK TO:

68. VAN

VAN JOHNSON:  
(to himself)  
Holy shit.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont.)

VAN JOHNSON: (Cont.)  
 (he yells to townsfolk)  
 You won't believe it, but the sheriff  
 is a ni--

BELL GONGS drown out rest of sentence.

CUT TO:

69. TOWNSPEOPLE

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:  
 What'd he say?

OLSON JOHNSON:  
 The sheriff is near.

Townspeople start to cheer.

TOWNSPEOPLE:  
 (ad lib)  
 The sheriff is near.  
 The sheriff is near.

VAN JOHNSON:  
 No, no, the sheriff is a ni--

BELL GONGS drown out last part of nigger.

CUT TO:

70. TOWNSPEOPLE CHEERING

Cheering reaches pandemonium stage. Band breaks into "STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER." Bart is now only 50 ft. away but still cannot be seen clearly because of the dust. The dust clears. Townspeople see Bart for the first time. As his horse slowly trots down the main street, the music peters to dissonant halt.

CUT TO:

71. CLOSEUP CLARINET PLAYER

placing cap over mouthpiece.

CUT TO:

72. MASTER SHOT TOWNSPEOPLE

They are frozen in a tableau of stupefaction.

73. HOWARD JOHNSON

who has not seen Bart enter. His eyes are glued to his paper as he reads his speech.

HOWARD JOHNSON:

The town of Rock Ridge is happy to extend a laurel and hearty welcome to its new...

(he sees Bart)

nigger.

CUT TO:

74. BART

He tips his hat in acknowledgement. Bart rides to center of town and gets off his horse. Nobody moves. Their eyes follow him as he starts climbing stairs of speaker's platform. He walks up slow and steady.

QUICK CUTS OF:

75. TOWNSFOLK

1. Gabby Johnson, his tongue, the only thing on his face not frozen in horror, dangles from his mouth. He shakes his head and says "Ravvid, ravvid, rav..v..."
2. A woman holding her hands over her little girl's eyes.
3. Olson Johnson slowly, silently mouthing the word, 'WOW'

CUT TO:

76. BART

on speaker's platform. He reaches inside his belt.

BART:

Excuse me, while I whip this out.

A piercing SCREAM rends the air.

CUT TO:

77. WOMAN

screaming and fainting.

CUT BACK TO:

78. BART

He wipes out rolled up proclamation from inside his gun belt. Collective gasp of relief issues from the crowd. Bart unrolls proclamation and begins reading.

(CONTINUED)

78 (Cont.)

BART:  
By the power vested in me...

QUICK SHOTS OF:

79. TOWNSFOLK

pulling out their guns and muttering.

TOWNSFOLK:

(ad lib)

Why the nerve of that nigger.  
Show his ass a thing or two.  
This is an outrage.

CUT BACK TO:

80. BART

BART:

(continuing)

...by the Honorable William J.  
Le Petomane...

QUICK CUTS OF:

81. TOWNSPEOPLE

Men are loading and cocking six shooters, rifles and shot-guns.

CUT BACK TO:

82. BART

He raises his eyebrows, indicating he is growing rapidly aware of the impending danger.

BART:

(continuing; quickening  
pace of his speech)

...I hereby assume the duties of the  
office of sheriff in and for the  
county of Rock Ridge.

Reverend Johnson, who has been standing next to Bart, leaps forward and raises his arms. He is holding a Bible.

REVEREND JOHNSON:

Gentlemen, Gentlemen. Let's not allow  
anger to rule the day. As your spiritual  
leader I implore you to pay heed to this  
good book and what it has to say. Those  
instructions handed down to us by Abraham,  
Isaac and Solomon...

(CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.)

A LOUD SHOTGUN BLAST blows a hole through the center of the Bible.

REVEREND JOHNSON:

(continuing)

Unfortunately, those instructions are now somewhere over Omaha.

(to Bart)

Son, you're on your own. I must take shelter so as to preach another day.

He crouches down into a little ball at the base of the platform.

CUT TO:

83. TOWNSPEOPLE

They are all aiming their guns at Bart.

CUT TO:

84. CLOSEUP BART'S FACE

He is clearly frightened. He closes his eyes tightly as if to squeeze out a thought.

BART:

(softly; to himself)

It might work.

Bart whips out his gun and presses it to his own neck.

BART:

(continuing)

Hold it. Next man makes a move, the nigger gets it.

(in a different voice as a cringing, whining plantation darkie)

He means it. He means it. He'll do it. I know him.

BART:

(continuing)

You bet your ass I'll do it.

CUT TO:

85. TOWNSPEOPLE

They are bewildered.

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont.)

OLSON JOHNSON:  
Hold on men. He's not bluffing.  
He'll kill 'im sure as shooting.

86. BART

CUT BACK TO:

BART:  
Now throw your guns down. Gentle like,  
no tricks.

BART:  
(other voice)  
Please, please don't shoot. Throw down  
your guns. He means it. He means it.

CUT TO:

87. DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:  
Listen to him, men. He's just crazy  
enough to do it.

Men throw down guns. Bart backs down street still keeping  
gun tightly pressed against his own neck. He spots man  
(Van Johnson) on roof raising rifle.

BART:  
(to Van)  
Drop it or I swear I'll blow this  
nigger's head all over the street.

BART:  
(other voice)  
Oh, lordie, lordie, he's desperate.  
Do what he says.

CUT TO:

88. HOWARD JOHNSON

HOWARD JOHNSON:  
Drop it, Van. He's serious.

CUT TO:

88A. VAN  
on roof.

VAN JOHNSON:  
(frustrated)  
Shit.

Van drops rifle from roof and it clatters to ground.

40.  
CUT BACK TO:

89. BART

He slowly continues backing down street toward jail house.

CUT TO:

90. HARRIET JOHNSON

HARRIET JOHNSON:  
Isn't anybody gonna help that poor man?

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:  
Hush, Harriet, that's a sure way to get  
him killed.

CUT BACK TO:

91. BART

He is only a few feet away from the jail house.

BART:  
Easy now, just a few feet more.

Bart suddenly makes a run for it but quickly stops himself  
with a shot just past his head. The town gasps.

BART:  
That was just a warning. The next time  
he tries it he gets it right between the  
eyes.

REVEREND JOHNSON:  
Go along with him, son. There'll be  
another time.

Bart eases himself, backwards very slowly, until he reaches  
the jail house door, other hand behind him, opening door.  
The last thing we see is his anguished expression as he  
pushes himself inside and SLAMS door.

CUT TO:

92. INT. JAIL HOUSE

Bart stands with his back against the door. He heaves a  
great sigh of relief.

(CONTINUED)

92. (Cont.)

BART:  
Made it. You are so talented.

He throws his arms around himself in a big hug.

BART:  
(continuing)  
I love you.

BART:  
(other voice)  
Not here.

CUT TO:

93. EXT. RAILROAD CAMPSITE NIGHT

CAMERA PANS along piles of railroad construction materials. Set off from the rest of the campsite by a barbed wire fence, is Taggart's headquarters. Sign on fence reads:

ADMINISTRATIVE PERSONNEL ONLY

KNOCK ON BARBED WIRE BEFORE ENTERING

Through the fence WE SEE a campfire, men seated around it.

CUT TO:

94. CLOSER SHOT CAMPFIRE

Five of Taggart's henchman are seated around the campfire. No one talks. They are busy, noisily scraping the last of their beans off tin plates. The only SOUND WE HEAR is a vulgar symphony of eating, grunting, belching and farting. Taggart steps out of his tent and approaches the campfire.

TAGGART  
Got word there's a new sheriff in town.  
Who wants to kill him?

All henchmen raise their hands like eager children in school. One man pulls another man's hand down. A squabble begins.

TAGGART:  
(continuing)  
Okay. Hold on. I've got a great idea.  
Why don't we give him to Mongo.

(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont.)

HENCHMEN:

(ad lib; v.o.)

Mongo.

Great idea.

Have a heart Taggart.

Hey, Mongo will eat him for breakfast.

They all laugh.

TAGGART:

What do you say, Mongo?

CUT TO:

95. MONGO

He is seated at his own campfire just a little way from the main campfire. He's a huge mountain of a man. Straddled between his legs is a mammoth black cauldron of bubbling beans. He used a fireplace shovel to get the beans into his gaping yaw of a mouth. Taggart walks over to him.

TAGGART:

Well, Mongo, how would you like to kill the new sheriff?

Mongo smiles and issues forth a nearly human noise.

MONGO:

BWWWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

TAGGART:

Good boy.

Mongo reaches into his boot and pulls out a huge cigar, bites end off and spits it across campfire. One of the henchman is struck on the side of the head with it and is knocked unconscious. Mongo then sticks his entire face into the raging campfire to light his cigar. As he comes back out of the campfire we see the upper half of him quietly smoldering.

MONGO:

How you want sheriff killed? All at once, or little pieces?

TAGGART:

Use your own warped judgment.

(CONTINUED)

95 (Cont.)

MONGO:  
 BWWWWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

CUT TO:

96. INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE      JAIL HOUSE      NIGHT  
 ROCK RIDGE

CLOSEUP of fine tipped artist's paint brush being dipped into small can of white paint. The brush comes out. We follow it over to a jockey ashtray whose black face is now being painted white. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Bart putting the finishing touches on the face.

BART:  
 There. That's better.

Bart puts paint down on desk and picks up a sheaf of "Wanted" posters. He walks over to the bulletin board and begins tacking them up. The first three are of mean looking white outlaws. The fourth handbill is of a black man. Bart studies it, crumples it up and throws it in the wastebasket.

BART:  
 (to camera)  
 He's got enough trouble without a bunch  
 of honkies chasing his ass all over  
 Mexico.

We HEAR a tremendous CRASH coming from one of the jail cells.

BART  
 The drunk in #2 must be up.

He walks over to the row of cells. Stops at #2.

CUT TO:

97. INT. CELL

WE SEE a man suspended upside down, his heels caught in the rail of the upper bunk.

WIDEN SHOT

98. BART

BART:  
 Now, that's what you call hung over.

(CONTINUED)

BART:  
(to prisoner)  
Are we awake?

PRISONER: (JIM)  
We're not sure. Are you black?

BART:  
Yes.

JIM:  
We're awake. For a moment I thought the  
blood rushing past my eyes had darkened  
my vision. I better straighten myself  
out.

Jim struggles to right himself.

BART:  
Need any help?

JIM:  
All you can give me.

Bart unlocks cell door and helps Jim to his feet.

JIM:  
Thank you.

BART:  
Maybe you'd better have something to eat.

JIM:  
No, thanks. Food makes me sick.

Jim reaches over and takes a bottle from the upper bunk,  
uncorks it and drinks it clean.

JIM:  
Ahhhhh.

BART:  
Look, if a man drinks like that and he  
don't eat, he's gonna die.

JIM:  
When?

Bart studies him carefully. CAMERA MOVES INTO Jim's face.  
Jim is a 40ish, over-the-hill, leather-faced, gunfighter,  
with the saddest eyes God ever made.

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.1)

BART:  
What's your name?

JIM:  
(holding fingers to  
his head)  
Um, been drunk since Thursday ...uh  
....Jim. That's it. That's my name.

BART:  
Okay, Jim. Since you're my guest  
and I'm your host what do you like  
to do?

JIM:  
I dunno, screw...play chess.

BART:  
Let's play chess.

CUT TO:

99. INT. CHURCH

A tumultuous town meeting is in progress. The place is  
bedlam. Reverend Johnson, at the pulpit, raps his gavel  
sharply.

REVEREND JOHNSON:  
Order! Order!

HOWARD JOHNSON:  
Nietzche says "Out of chaos comes  
order."

VAN JOHNSON:  
Shut up, Howard.

REVEREND JOHNSON:  
Now everyone be quiet whilst we  
listen to Harriet Van Johnson, our  
esteemed schoolmarm; as she reads  
a telegram that she herself has  
composed to the Governor, expressing  
our feelings about the new sheriff.

CUT TO:

100. HARRIET VAN JOHNSON

Shyly rising to her feet.

(CONTINUED)

100 (Cont.)

HARRIET VAN JOHNSON:  
To the Honorable William J.  
Le Petomane, Governor of the state  
of...

VOICES:

(v.o.)

We can't hear you. Speak up.

HARRIET VAN JOHNSON:  
Forgive me. I'm not used to public  
speaking.

(she speaks a little  
louder)

We, the white God-fearing citizens of  
Rock Ridge wish to express our extreme  
displeasure with your choice of sheriff.  
Please remove him immediately. The  
fact that you have sent him here just  
goes to prove that you are the leading  
asshole in the state.

People start cheering and applauding.

CUT TO:

101. INT. JAIL HOUSE

Bart and Jim are playing chess.

BART:

You mean they just rode in here,  
busted up the town, killed the  
sheriff...for no reason?

JIM:

No reason I know of. Nothing here  
worth taking.

BART:

Got to be a reason.  
(makes chess move)  
I'll find out.

JIM:

(off-handedly)

I wouldn't worry about that. You'll  
probably be dead before you get the  
answer. But I would worry about that  
move you just made.

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.)

BART:

Oh dear, you're right. I've just put my queen in jeopardy.

JIM:

Go on, take it back.

BART:

No, I did it and I'll have to take the consequences. I'm not a baby.  
(he grabs his nose and begins sucking his thumb)

JIM:

All right, you lose your queen.  
(he takes queen)

BART:

(making move with flourish)  
Checkmate.

JIM:

(amazed)  
WHAT?

BART:

(spelling it out)  
C H E C K M A T E. Checkmate!

JIM:

You devious son-of-a-bitch.

BART:

Forgive me. I know this is petty but I've got to do it.  
(he leaps to his feet and does a little dance of victory)

I won. You lost. I'm great, you're shit. Another game chump?

Jim shakes his head, pulls out 1/2 bottle of whiskey and finishes it.

Bart suddenly rises, stands at attention and softly blows taps into his fist.

JIM:

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.1)

BART:  
Taps for your liver.

Bart plays a little more, stops.

BART:  
(continuing)  
Hey man, why do you do that to  
yourself?

JIM:  
Well, if you must pry...

BART:  
I must, I must.

JIM:  
They used to call me the Waco Kid.

BART:  
(jumping to his feet)  
Yeah, and they used to call me  
James Earl Jones. The Waco Kid,  
he had the fastest hands in the  
West.

JIM:  
(indignantly)  
In the world.

BART:  
If you're the Kid, show me something.

JIM:  
Well, maybe years ago I could've  
shown you something...but today...  
(lifts his hands; they  
tremble)

BART:  
C'mon. For me, your best and only  
friend.

JIM:  
All right. See that king? Put  
your hands on both sides of it.  
(Bart does so)  
Now, when I go for the king, you  
grab it.

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.)

BART:  
Man, that's no contest.

JIM:  
Never mind. When I say "go" you just try  
to grab it. Ready?

CUT TO:

102. BART

BART:  
Ready.

CUT TO:

103. JIM

JIM:  
GO!

CUT TO:

103A. BART

He clasps his hands over the king and smiles victoriously.  
He opens his palms and looks inside. His expression  
changes to surprise.

CUT TO:

104. JIM

JIM:  
(he holds up the king)  
Looking for this?

BACK TO:

105. TWO SHOT

BART:  
Well raise my rent. You are the Kid.

JIM:  
Was. Yeah was. I was the Kid. Oh well,  
it got so every piss-ant prairie punk who

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.)

JIM: (Cont.)

thought he could shoot a gun would ride into town to try out the Waco Kid. I must've killed more men than Cecil B. DeMille. It got pretty gritty. I started to hear the word "draw" in my sleep. Then one day I was just walking down the street and I heard a voice behind me say "Reach for it, Mister" and I spun around and there I was face to face with a six year old kid. Well, I threw my guns down and walked away. Little bastard shot me in the ass. So I limped to the nearest saloon, crawled inside a whiskey bottle and I've been there ever since.

BART:

(hands him the bottle)  
Have a drink.

JIM:

Thanks. Anyway that's all ancient history. Now you tell me your story. What's a dazzling urbanite like you doing in a rustic setting like this?

BART:

If you really must pry.

JIM:

I must, I must.

BART:

Well, back in '56, my folks and I were part of this long wagon train moving west.

CUT TO:

106. LONG SHOT            WAGON TRAIN

WE SEE (STOCK FOOTAGE) long train of covered wagons kicking up dust on the prairie.

BART:

(v.o.)

Well, not exactly part of it . . .

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont.)

Several hundred yards to the rear of the main body of covered wagons, eating dust all the way, WE SEE a little wagon that is obviously less well to do than the others.

CUT TO:

107. CLOSER SHOT LITTLE WAGON

Driving the wagon is a black man. Seated next to him is his wife and his ten year old son (young Bart).

BART:

(v.o.)

You might say we were bringing up the rear, when suddenly, from out of the West, came the entire Sioux nation. And man, they were open for business.

WE SEE (STOCK FOOTAGE) outlined against the horizon, a long line of Indians. They swoop down on the wagon train whooping and yelling God knows what. The wagons begin to form a classic western circle.

BART:

(v.o.)

Naturally, they didn't let us travel in their circle. So, we made our own.

CUT TO:

108. A SOLITARY WAGON

turning in little circles.

CUT BACK TO STOCK  
FOOTAGE:

109. INDIANS

attacking. In a short time they reduce the wagon train to smoldering ashes. (END STOCK FOOTAGE.)

52.  
CUT TO:

110. LITTLE WAGON

It is encircled by Indians. Bart and his parents stare at them in terror.

CUT TO:

111. INDIANS

They stare back in wonder.

BART:

(v.o.)

You might say they were a little confused by the color of our skin. Then, in rode the big chief.

CUT TO:

112. CHIEF

in full-feathered regalia. He stares for a long time at Bart and his family.

CHIEF:

(to brave in half  
Indian, half Yiddish)

Ahm...ma...ma...yah...va...  
shvartzes?

The Chief is faced with a dilemma. He thinks hard and finally comes to a decision.

CHIEF:

Manoma...Moma...Coma...

(he raises his  
arms to the sky)

La Zehn Azoi...Luzem gayen. Abi  
gezunt.

Chief wheels his horse and rides off. Braves follow.

CUT TO:

113. INT. JAIL HOUSE

BART:

And the rest is history.

(he looks up)

'Impressed?

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont.)

WE HEAR the SOUND of snoring. Jim is fast asleep.

BART  
(to himself)  
Son-of-a-bitch.

Bart goes over to Jim, throws him over his back, goes over to the cell and dumps him on his cot and throws blanket over him. Bart then goes to a make-shift cot near desk, he lies down, pulls up blanket and reaches over to put out kerosene lamp.

JIM:  
(v.o.)  
Good night, Sheriff.

Bart smiles and shakes his head and turns out kerosene lamp.

FADE OUT:

FADE UP:

114. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

Governor (Le Petomane) seated at head of a conference table making a grotesque face into mirror that he holds before him. Other men at table stare at him with respect. Miss Stein enters. She walks over to conference table and looks quizzically at the Governor.

MISS STEIN:  
Governor, what are you doing?

GOVERNOR (LE PETOMANE):  
(continues mugging for a second)  
Harpo Marx.

He does face again honking concealed horn twice. Men at table applaud vigorously.

LE PETOMANE:  
What is it? What do you want? I'm trying to get some work done.

MISS STEIN:  
Urgent telegram from Rock Ridge, Governor.

(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont.)

She bends over to hand him the telegram revealing her pendulous breasts.

LE PETOMANE:

Thank you, and...  
 (he gazes at  
 her pendulous  
 breasts)

Woo, woo.

Le Petomane holds telegram above and to the right of his head in order to read it.

LE PETOMANE:

Asshole! Why the nerve! William  
 J. Le Petomane, an asshole.

He quickly pours a drink from a whiskey bottle on his desk and raises it to his lips.

MEN AT CONFERENCE TABLE:

(ad lib)  
 You're so right, Governor.  
 Absolutely, sir.  
 Right, Governor.

Le Petomane does a whiskey spit-take.

LE PETOMANE:

Shut up, you idiots. You're the  
 assholes.

He gets up and begins to pace.

SOUND: ALARM CLOCK RINGS

He reaches down into his crotch and pulls out an alarm clock.

LE PETOMANE:

(continuing)  
 Holy shit! I'm late. They're waiting  
 for me at the post office. I'm posing  
 for a new stamp commemorating inter-  
 marriage in Wyoming.

55.  
CUT TO:

115.     LUGE PORTRAIT

on the wall over Le Petomane's desk depicting a bride and groom. CAMERA ZOOMS INTO painting. Groom's face moves from side to side. The groom's face is that of Lamarr's.

LAMARR:

(working himself  
into a euphoric  
frenzy)

The black sheriff is working. The citizens are enraged. They should be pulling up stakes any moment. The time is right to move into Rock Ridge and snap up the land.  
(turns head)

Hit it.

Suddenly WE HEAR strains of inspired ORGAN MUSIC filling the air.

CUT TO:

116.     EXT. MAIN STREET

DAY

CUT TO:

117.     INT. JAIL HOUSE     ROCK RIDGE

JIM:

(rolling a cigarette  
expertly)

Do me a favor. Don't go out there. You can't win these people over, no matter what you do. They are just not going to accept you.

Bart picks up makings and begins to roll his own cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

117 (Cont.)

BART:

That was yesterday. This is a brand new beautiful day. You don't understand human nature. Once you establish yourself, they've got to accept you.

Bart licks cigarette paper to seal it. The cigarette falls apart leaving a trail of tobacco across his chin. He reaches into his pocket, takes out Cole Porter type cigarette case, removes cigarette from it and lights it. He EXITS.

CUT TO:

118. EXT. MAIN STREET

An ELDERLY WOMAN wearing a bonnet approaches Bart.

BART:

(tipping his hat)  
Mornin', Ma'am. And isn't it a lovely morning.

ELDERLY WOMAN:

Fuck off Nigger.

CUT TO:

119. CLOSEUP BART'S FACE

He closes his eyes and shakes his head. He looks back to jail to see if Jim noticed the exchange.

CUT TO:

120. JIM

at cell window from Bart's P.C.V. He raises his forefinger and mouths "that's one."

CUT BACK TO:

121. BART

continuing his walk up Main Street. He comes upon a group of fighting children. Three boys are beating up on one. Bart moves in to break up the fight.

BART:

Three against one, Come on,  
that's no way to fight.

The kids scatter, leaving their victim sprawled in dust. Bart bends over and notices a toy tin star pinned on the boy's shirt.

(CONTINUED)

BART:  
 (helping kid up)  
 What happened? Why were they  
 jumping on you?

KID: (HENRY)  
 We were playing "Welcome the new Sheriff."

BART:  
 (placing handkerchief  
 against kid's nose)  
 Here, blow.

HENRY:  
 (he blows)  
 Thanks!  
 (catching himself)  
 Ooh, my mother and father said I'm  
 not supposed to talk to you.

Bart looks up and down the street.

BART:  
 Well, if you don't say nothin',  
 I won't.

Bart winks. Henry winks back and scurries up the street.  
 Bart continues his walk. He stops a large dumb stranger to  
 make small talk.

BART:  
 (continuing)  
 Excuse me, sir. Could you tell  
 me the time?

Man doesn't answer.

BART:  
 (getting angry)  
 I said, could you tell me the time?

MAN:  
 (dropping his head on  
 his chest)  
 My mother and father said I'm not  
 supposed to talk to you.

Bart shakes his head and moves on.

CUT TO:

122. EXT. BARBER SHOP

Barber wearing white smock sits outside his shop on a chair  
 reading newspaper. Two other men sit on a bench nearby. One  
 plays the harmonica while the other whittles. Bart enters  
 FRAME, peers into Barber Shop and then looks at Barber.

122 (Cont.)

BART:  
 (whipping off his hat)  
 Who's next?

The harmonica player stops harmoning and the whittler stops whittling. Barber looks around in panic, sees the man staring at him, and whips scissors from pocket of smock.

BARBER:  
 Me.

He starts cutting his own hair.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

123. INT. JAIL HOUSE

Bart and Jim seated at desk with chairs tilted back, drinking bottles of beer.

JIM:  
 What'd you expect? "Welcome nigger, make yourself at home, marry my daughter?" Remember, these people are simple farmers, people of the land, the common clay of the new West. You know....morons.

Suddenly the entire room begins to quiver. From outside WE HEAR a loud rumbling noise followed by a shriek. Bart and Jim look at each other.

BART:  
 What the hell is that?

CUT TO:

124. EXT. MAIN STREET    ROCK RIDGE    MONGO    DAY

enters town astride a rhinoceros.

59.  
CUT TO:

125. REAR OF RHINO

On rhino's left flank we see a sign "YES"... On right flank we see a sign - "NO".

CUT TO:

126. SMALL MEXICAN MAN

wearing tall sombrero.

MEXICAN:  
MONGO....Santa Maria.

He pulls sombrero down, completely covering himself. Mongo dismounts and ties his rhino to a hitching post opposite the saloon. Dr. Samuel Johnson rides by.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:  
Hey, you can't park that rhino over there. It's illegal.

Mongo's reply is to punch the horse in the jaw, knocking the horse and Dr. Johnson into a senseless pile.

CUT TO:

127. INT. SALOON

Men are all crowded around bar listening to Howard Johnson.

HOWARD JOHNSON:

...And they say that now, in Paris, even as we speak, Louis Pasteur has devised a new vaccine that will obliterate anthrax once and for all. Think of it, gentlemen, hoof and mouth disease could be a thing of the past.

CUT TO:

128. SWINGING DOORS

They fly open and shatter.

50.  
CUT TO:

129. VAN JOHNSON  
at bar.

VAN JOHNSON:  
Never mind that shit. Here comes  
Mongo.

CUT TO:

130. MONGO FRAMED IN DOORWAY.  
He smiles at his victims.

MONGO:  
BWWAAAAAAA.

131. INT. JAIL HOUSE

Door is thrown open. Van Johnson comes in out of breath.

VAN JOHNSON:  
Sheriff. Mongo's back. He's  
breaking up the whole town. You've  
got to help us. Please.

BART:  
Hear that? Now it's please. This  
morning I couldn't get the time of  
day. Who is this Mongo anyway?

JIM:  
Well, Mongo ain't exactly a who,  
he's more like a what.

Bart starts strapping on his guns.

JIM:  
Forget the guns. If you shoot him  
you'll only get him mad.

CUT TO:

132. CLOSEUP BART  
He does take.

61.  
CUT TO:

133. INT. SALOON

Mongo is smiling as he slowly crushes several men against the back wall of the saloon with the player piano.

CUT TO:

134. SALOON DOORWAY

Bart bursts into saloon wearing Western Union uniform.

BART:  
Candygram for Mongo. Candy-  
gram for Mongo.

CUT TO:

135. MONGO

MONGO:  
Me Mongo.

He stops pushing piano. The several men he was crushing faint in relief.

BART:  
(he walks over to Mongo)  
Sign here.

Mongo signs and Bart exits.

MONGO:  
Mongo love candy.

Mongo has trouble opening cellophane. Finally, he tears it open with his teeth. He opens box and it explodes in his face.

MONGO:  
(continuing; his face  
charred by explosion)  
Mongo pissed off.

Mongo exits saloon through wall.

CUT TO:

136. EXT. MAIN STREET

DAY

Bart pushes a coin-operated penny arcade gunfighter dummy to the center of Main Street. The dummy is replete with

(CONTINUED)

136 (Cont.)

guns, badge, hat and painted face. Mongo approaches. Bart pulls spring at back of dummy and exits. As Mongo walks past machine, it begins to talk.

MACHINE:

I'm the marshal of this here town and you're a yellow bellied coward.

Mongo freezes, his hand moving toward his gun.

MACHINE:

(continuing)

Now for a quarter you'll have a chance to draw on me.

Mongo inserts quarter.

MACHINE:

(continuing)

Now walk to the bullseye and stand in the center of it.

Mongo does so.

MONGO:

Mongo in bullseye.

MACHINE:

Now, when I say three, you draw. Ready? One...Two...

On "one" a plate in Machine's metal vest swings open and a cannon appears. On "two" the cannon fires, creating a huge cloud of black smoke. As the smoke clears, we see Mongo's blackened figure ripped to shreds, his guns in rags. He stares at a cannon ball lodged in his abdomen.

MACHINE:

(continuing; v.c.)

Three.

CUT TO:

137. BART

Who wears a carnival barker's straw hat and candy-striped jacket. He sports a bamboo cane. Bart stands in front of a sign which reads:

DIVE FOR BURIED TREASURE

Hanging from the side of a well is an old fashioned diver's suit, complete with belled helmet. Next to Bart is an air pump attached to which is a huge wheel. Mongo enters FRAME. Somehow he is back in shape again.

BART:

Step up ladies, gentlemen and Mongos. Dive for buried treasure. This is the exact spot where the Spanish Armada was sunk by the British Navy leaving millions in Spanish Doubloons on the bottom of the sea.

(CONTINUED)

137 (Cont.)

MONGO:  
Spanish Balloons? Mongo take chance.

SCREEN FLIPS:

138. BART AND MONGO

We see Bart place helmet over Mongo's head. Mongo is already wearing diver's suit.

MONGO:  
Where Mongo get air.

BART:  
From this wonderful antique pump.

Bart spins the wheel a couple of times. Dust flies off.

MONGO:  
Ohhh. Good.

Bart finishes fastening helmet and Mongo climbs down ladder into well.

BART:  
Good hunting.

CUT TO:

139. BART

Begins pumping. Mongo under water in well looking around.

CUT BACK TO:

140. BART

He stops pumping. Takes out the makings and starts rolling a cigarette.

BART:  
Now just how does he do that thing?

CUT BACK TO:

141. MONGO UNDERWATER

He begins grabbing at his throat. He tugs on hose. A sign comes down next to him which reads:

(CONTINUED)

141 (Cont.)

FOR MORE AIR DEPOSIT 25 CENTS

Mongo pitifully searches hermetically sealed diver's suit for small change.

CUT TO:

142. EXT. TREE AT EDGE OF CLIFF

CAMERA moves into tree. Mongo is seated on a branch holding a huge boulder. He stares down expectantly.

MONGO:

(to CAMERA)

Mongo humiliated enough, don't you think?

We HEAR a BUZZING SOUND.

MONGO:

Bees?

CUT TO:

143. GOLF CART

approaching tree. It is equipped with a power saw that juts out the side. The noise of the power saw gets louder. We see Bart driving. The power saw cuts the tree off. Mongo slowly goes out of frame still holding the boulder. His face a classic study of bewilderment with a slight hint of impending doom.

CUT TO:

144. MASTER SHOT

sawed off tree slowly going over the cliff. WE HEAR a terrible CRASH from the bottom of the cliff.

BART:

(to CAMERA)

Timber.

CUT TO:

145. INT. TAGGART'S TENT RAILROAD CAMPSITE

CLOSEUP of Lamarr's face twisted in rage. CAMERA PULLS BACK.

(CONTINUED)

LAMARR:

Hmm. So he managed to outwit  
Mongo. It seems we have made a  
serious strategic blunder.

TAGGART:

(v.o.)

How so, Mr. Lamarr?

CAMERA PULLS BACK during Lamarr's next speech.

LAMARR:

We have made one of the most  
primitive tactical errors in  
military procedure. We have  
underestimated our opponent.

CAMERA comes to a full stop revealing Lamarr seated in a  
sudsy bathtub. A fleet of little boats and a yellow  
rubber duck float around his belly. Seated on a stool  
next to him is Taggart. Taggart pushes the yellow rubber  
duck along with his forefinger as he speaks.

TAGGART:

Thought for sure Mongo would mash  
him into little sheriff meatballs.  
Can't understand it.

LAMARR:

Shut up! Let me think. My mind  
is a raging torrent flooded with  
rivulets of rapid thought cascading  
in a waterfall of creative alternatives.

Taggart squeezes the rubber duck.

TAGGART:

Sorry.

LAMARR:

Give that to me.

Taggart hands him the rubber duck. Lamarr kisses it and  
puts it back into water. For a moment all is still as  
Lamarr thinks. Suddenly Lamarr crashes his fist down into  
the water drenching the nearby Taggart.

LAMARR:

Of course! That's it!

TAGGART:

(brushing his  
soggy clothing)  
That's it all right.

LAMARR:

And it will work!

(CONTINUED)

TAGGART:

You bet it will!  
(raising his hand  
like a school boy)  
Are you taking questions now, sir?

LAMARR:

Yes, I am.

TAGGART:

What are you talking about?

LAMARR:

Elementary, cactus-head. The beast  
has failed. And when the beast  
fails, it's time to use beauty.

TAGGART:

Beauty?

LAMARR:

Don't be impatient, Taggart. All  
in good time. All in good time. She's  
never failed me before. Of course!

(he laughs)

She'll bring him to his knees...  
Where's my froggy?

TAGGART:

(panicked)

I don't know, sir? Ah. I didn't  
see him when I came in.

LAMARR:

Well look, damn your eyes, look!

Lamarr searches in the tub frantically. Taggart looks  
all around the tent.

TAGGART:

Oh, here it is, sir. It was under  
your hat.

LAMARR:

Hurry, hurry. Give it to me. Give  
it to me!

Taggart hands Lamarr a large green rubber frog. Lamarr  
takes it, kisses it and places it in tub.

LAMARR:

(to himself)

That was a close one.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

146. EXT. ROCK RIDGE DAY

Ashtray is standing on some boxes nailing up a poster on the outside of the saloon which reads:

HEDLEY LAMARR PRESENTS

LILI VON DYKE

THE TEUTONIC TITWILLOW WHO INVADED  
THE HEARTS OF EUROPE

WE SEE a picture of her wearing top hat and smoking cigarette in long holder.

DISSOLVE THROUGH  
POSTER TO:

147. INT. LILI VON DYKE'S DRESSING ROOM

a small cheap, makeshift affair. She sits in front of make-up mirror wearing top hat, white tie and tails. She is putting on finishing touches of her make-up. There is a KNOCK at the door.

LILI:

Willkommen, Bien Venue, Welcome.

CUT TO:

148. DOOR

Hedley Lamarr enters carrying flowers.

LAMARR:

For you, my dear.

LILI:

Oh, how ordinary.  
(CALLS OFF CAMERA)  
Leopold, put zees in vater.

We HEAR the dressing room door open. A man who looks strikingly like Eric von Stroheim in "Grand Illusion" enters. He is bald-headed and sports a strange neck brace. He is dressed in a WWI German officer's tunic. He approaches table, lowers wooden arm, places flowers in it, snaps wooden arm back into place, makes sharp right face and exits. Lamarr stares after him curiously.

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.)

LAMARR:

Lili, I cannot find the words that truly express my joy at the rekindling of our association.

LILI:

Oh, Bullshit. What's ze job? .

LAMARR:

Why must it always be business with us?

He moves closer to her, breathing heavily on her neck. Lili continues making up.

LAMARR:

(continuing)

Why do you constantly put me off? Do you find me so...unattractive?

LILI:

Only sexually.

Lamarr is stung.

LILI:

(continuing)

Now, come on Lamarr. What's ze job?

LAMARR:

I want you to seduce and abandon the sheriff of Rock Ridge...think you can do it?

LILI:

Is Bismark a herring?

There is a loud rapping at the door.

LEOPOLD:

(v.o.)

Five minutes . . .

At the same time his hand smashes through the door and WE SEE wooden arm sticking into the room.

LEOPOLD:

(v.o.; continuing)

Sorry.

The wooden arm is withdrawn.

69.  
CUT TO:  
NIGHT

149. INT. JAIL HOUSE

Mongo is vertically chained with about 100 yards of heavy steel cable chain to the cell door. He is sleeping like a baby. CAMERA widens to TWO SHOT. Jim is staring at Mongo in amazement. He saunters over to Bart.

JIM:

Incredible. I still can't believe it.

BART:

He was nothing. The bitch was inventing the Candygram. They'll never give me credit for it.

Bart still attempting to roll a cigarette Western style. Just as he is about to lick the paper and complete his first cigarette there is a loud rapping at the window startling Bart into once again 'blowing' the cigarette. Bart gets up. Goes to window and opens it.

CUT TO:

150. WINDOW

Framed in the window we see the same elderly woman that had insulted Bart that very morning holding a steaming pie in her hands.

ELDERLY WOMAN:

(whispering)

Sorry about this morning. I hope this apple pie will in some small way say thank you for your courage and ingenuity in defeating that horrible Mongo.

BART:

Thank you ma'am. Much obliged. Good night.

Bart closes window. As soon as the window is closed there is a rapping at the window. Bart opens it.

ELDERLY WOMAN:

Of course, you'll have the good taste not to mention that I spoke to you?

BART:

Of course.

JIM:

Well, you've got one on your side.

(CONTINUED)

150 (Cont.)

There's another rapping at the window. Bart opens it. It is Howard Johnson. He is holding a laurel wreath.

HOWARD JOHNSON:

Sheriff I want you to have this wreath. Meant to give it to you on the day you came to town.

Bart accepts the wreath.

BART:

Thank you. Much obliged. Good night.

Closes window. There is another rapping. Bart opens window. Howard is still there.

HOWARD:

(whispering)

Of course, if anybody asks you where you got it, just tell them you found it somewhere.

BART:

Got'cha.

Bart closes window. There is another rapping. It's the town Barber in his smock. Bart opens window. Barber shows Bart scissors and comb.

BARBER:

I want to apologize for not being able to take you today. You come around anytime tomorrow. Give you a hair cut and shave on the house. Good night.

BART:

Much obliged. Good night.

Bart closes window. There is more rapping. Bart opens window. Barber is still there.

BARBER:

The best time would be about 4 o'clock in the morning. I know I'll be free then.

BART:

Got'cha.

Bart closes window.

(CONTINUED)

150 (Cont.1)

BART:  
 (continuing; to Jim)  
 I'm rapidly becoming a big underground  
 success in this town.

JIM:  
 Gee, in another 25 years you may even be  
 able to shake their hands in broad day-  
 light. C'mon, I don't want to be late.  
 That Lili von Dyke is opening tonight.

BART:  
 (putting on his hat)  
 Oh yeah. According to Variety, the girl  
 was socko in Laredo.

CUT TO:

151. STAGE IN SALOON

COWBOY MASTER OF CEREMONIES steps forward.

M.C.:  
 And now ladies and cowboys, the Berlin  
 Bombshell LILI VON DYKE.

Saloon patrons give out a big cheer. Lili enters through  
 curtains. She is dressed in top hat, white tie and tails.

LILI:  
 Sank you ladies and gentlemen. And now,  
 I would like to favor you viz my world  
 famous wendition of "I'm Tired"...Ze song  
 zat closed Poland. But wight before I do,  
 I'd like to slip into somezing more comfor-  
 table...wiz your kind pewmission.

EVERYBODY IN SALOON:  
 (v.o.)  
 PERMISSION GRANTED!

LILI:  
 You're too kind.

She walks into wings and returns immediately, clad in nothing  
 but pasties, g-string, boots and whip. The place goes wild.  
 Lili signals for quiet. A hush falls over saloon. Softly,  
 she begins to sing.

(CONTINUED)

LILI:

I'M TIRED  
SICK AND TIRED OF LOVE  
I'VE HAD MY FILL OF LOVE  
FROM BELOW AND ABOVE

I'M TIRED  
TIRED OF BEING ADMIRER  
SO TIRED OF LOVE UNINSPIRED  
I'M TIRED

Suddenly drum starts new "up tempo". Lili reaches down and snaps off her whip, cracks it and goes into release of song as she marches down into audience.

LILI:

(continuing)

OF COURSE  
THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE  
OF FINDING WOMANCE  
WITH A STWANGER

Lili approaches Gabby Johnson who stares at her and giggles and is simultaneously mumbling, "Ravvid, ravvid, ravvid..."

LILI:

(continuing)

ALL AT ONCE WITH A START  
LOVE KIDNAPS YOUR HEART  
THAT'S THE DANGER

A big ugly cowhand reaches for her breast. Without missing a beat she knees him in the groin. He quietly faints.

LILI:

(continuing)

BUT YOU SAY WHAT THE HELL  
LIFE IS SHORT, LOVE IS SWELL  
SO YOU WISK IT

IT'S ALL CHATEAUBRIAND  
THE THE HONEYMOON'S GONE  
AND IT'S BWISKET

Lili approaches a table at which Bart and Jim are seated and slips Bart an envelop.

LILI:

(continuing)

I'M TIRED  
TIRED OF PLAYING THE GAME

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.1)  
She makes her way back to the stage.

LILI:  
(continuing)  
AIN'T IT A FRIGGIN SHAME  
I'M SO TIRED

The audience goes wild.

CUT TO:

152. BART'S TABLE

Jim is apolauding as Bart opens envelope and takes out note.

JIM:  
What have you got there?

BART:  
The lady slipped me a note.

JIM:  
What does it say?

BART:  
(reading)  
I must see you alone in my dwessing  
woom wight after the show.

JIM:  
Watch yourself. It may not be too  
cool to fool around with a white  
woman.

BART:  
Rest easy brother. The ain't no white  
woman, she's a German.

CUT TO:

153. INT. LILI'S DRESSING ROOM

There is a knock at the door. Leopold opens it.

BART:  
I believe I have an appoitment with  
Miss von Dyke.

LILI:  
Leopold, take the gentleman's hat.

(CONTINUED)

153 (Cont.)

Bart hands his hat to Leopold who takes it and transfers it to his wooden arm, crushes it and exits.

BART:  
(looking after his  
hat and mumbling)  
Twenty dollars! For you.

Bart hands her one red rose.

LILI:  
Ooh, a wed wose. Just the wight  
touch. Have a seat, Sheriff.

BART:  
Thank you.

Bart sits.

LILI:  
Won't you excuse me for a moment  
while I change into something  
more comfortable.

Bart does take into CAMERA. Lili is still wearing the silver g-string, pasties, boots and whip.

LILI:  
(continuing; from  
behind screen)  
Why don't you....loosen your  
bullets.

She comes out wearing different pasties, g-string and a change of boots and whip.

LILI:  
(continuing)  
Ah, I feel wefreshed. Isn't  
it bwight in here?

She puts kerosene lamp out. It is pitch dark.

(CONTINUED)

153 (Cont.)

LILI: (Cont.)  
There, isn't that better.

There is a moment of silence.

BART:  
Well, we've definitely eliminated the glare.

LILI:  
Here, let me sit next to you. Tell me schatzi, is it true vat zey say about the way you people are gifted? .... Oh, oh, it's twue, it's twue, it's twue, it's twue....

BART:  
Excuse me, you're sucking my arm.

There is a quiet rapping.

LILI:  
Pardon me. I'll be back in a moment.  
Wemember where we were.

She goes to door and opens it a crack. We SEE Lamarr in the partially opened doorway.

LAMARR:  
(whispering)  
How's it going.

LILI:  
He's like wet sauerkraut in my hands. By morning he will be my slave.

LAMARR:  
Splendid!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

154. INT. LILI'S DRESSING ROOM

NEXT MORNING

Bart is buttoning his shirt. Lili is on the floor clinging to his boot.

LILI:

Please, you mustn't go. Once more.  
Please.

BART:

Sorry Schatzie. Got a lot of work to do.

Bart starts toward the door dragging Lili across the room.

LILI:

No, no. Please you mustn't leave. I  
need you. I never met anyone like you.  
I can't live without you.

BART:

Please, you're making a German spectacle  
of yourself.

Bart EXITS.

CUT TO:

155. INT. JAIL HOUSE

Jim is at the desk. Bart enters and closes the door, leans against it and sighs.

JIM:

Well, you look contented. How did things  
go last night.

BART:

I don't know but I think I invented  
pornography.

Bart walks toward desk.

BART:

(continuing)

What's been happening in the clean world?

JIM:

Bad news. Got a writ here for Mongo's  
release signed by Hedley Lamarr himself.

(CONTINUED)

BART:  
(taking the writ  
and studying it)  
Hedley Lamarr. Why would Hedley Lamarr  
care about Mongo? Well, it's legal.

Bart takes a bucket of water and walks to where Mongo is  
trussed in chains and splashes it in Mongo's face.

MONGO:  
Thank you ... Mornin'.

Mongo yawns and stretches, easily breaking out of the chains.

BART:  
Okay Mongo. You're free. You can go...  
please.

MONGO:  
No. Mongo stay.

Mongo sits on bunk.

BART:  
Hey man, get outta here. You're free.

MONGO:  
Mongo stay with Sheriff Bart. Bart first  
man ever whip Mongo. Mongo impressed.  
Have great affection for sheriff.

JIM:  
Better watch your ass, Bart. I do  
believe Mongo's takin' a fancy to you.

MONGO:  
Bwaah. Mongo straight.

JIM:  
(looking at writ)  
Hey, Mongo, maybe you know: What's a big  
shot like Hedley Lamarr doing in a  
nothing town like Rock Ridge?

MONGO:  
Don't know for sure, but got to do with  
where choo-choo goes.

BART:  
(puzzled)  
What does Hedley Lamarr care about where  
the choo-choo goes?

(CONTINUED)

155 (Cont.)

MONGO:

No know. Mongo only pawn in game of life.

BART:

Choo-choo. This might be a good time to mosey out to where they're building that railroad and maybe do a little snooping.

JIM:

Maybe a little snooping and maybe a lot of dying. You are one crazy nigger. i don't understand you. You're acting like a...a...sheriff.

BART:

That's what it say on the star. C'mon.

Bart and Jim start out the door.

MONGO:

What about Mongo lunch?

BART:

The stage from Yuma will be in at 2:00... eat the horses.

CUT TO:

156. RAILROAD CAMPSITE

HIGH NOON

The sun blazes on the backs of perspiring, sweating and profusely damp railroad workers. An overseer walks through them barking out incomprehensible orders and occasionally laying his whip across a random back. Charlie is at the water bucket. he dips ladle into bucket and starts it toward his mouth. Suddenly he stops and stares out at the prairie.

CHARLIE:

Can't be. Must be a mirage.

CUT TO:

157. BART AND JIM

Approaching campsite. Their horses kicking up clouds of dust.

79.  
CUT BACK TO:

158. CHARLIE

He splashes water in his face and stares again.

CHARLIE:

Well, I'll be....

His face breaks into a grin. He drops the ladle and runs out to meet Bart.

CUT TO:

159. WIDE SHOT

Charlie running out to meet Bart and Jim.

CUT TO:

160. BART

He reins up, jumps off his horse and runs toward Charlie.

CHARLIE:

You shifty nigger. They said you was hung.

BART:

And they was right.

Bart and Charlie embrace each other gleefully.

CHARLIE:

Hey ba'bro. Where'd you get that star?  
You win it in the claw machine?

BART:

Back off scamp. You're addressing the  
duly appointed sheriff of Rock Ridge.

CHARLIE:

Sheriff of Rock Ridge...well don't that  
hump the pump. That's where the railroad  
is going. Rock Ridge.

BART:

(to Jim)

Ah, mine eyes have seen the glory of the  
coming of the plot.

JIM

Checkmate.

(CONTINUED)

160 (Cont.)

Suddenly a mob of railroad workers whooping and yelling for joy descend on our group.

WORKERS:

(ad lib)

Hey baby - you did it.  
My man is the man.  
Whooe...civil service.

CHARLIE:

Don't crush the brother. Check your enthusiasm. Don't be moistening the man's vines.

More and more workers crowd into the scene. They slap Bart on the back and rejoice in a brother "having made it". Suddenly a man breaks through the crowd. He is dressed in a tuxedo and cowboy hat. It is TONY MARTIN.

TONY:

Don't you see what this means? Look...A tin star on a black man's chest. This is a tremendous step forward. Not just for him but for all of us. Black, white, yellow and Armenian working side by side, spanning America with rails of steel to bring all of us together in a symphony of brotherhood.

A large orchestra begins to play. Tony whips off his hat and sings.

TONY:

THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS  
THE THOMPSONS AND VERMECELLIS  
THEY'RE ALL A PART OF THIS  
TENEMENT SYMPHONY  
THE JONES AND THE FINKELS  
THE GOLDBERGS AND RIP VAN WINKELS  
ARE ALL A PART OF THIS  
TENEMENT SYMPHONY

THE BENSON-FONGS, THE HUEY LONGS.

Suddenly Taggart and his henchmen swoop into frame on horseback.

TAGGART:

Just what in the wide wide world of sports is goin' on around here? Get back to work, Martin.

Taggart spots Bart.

(CONTINUED)

160 (Cont.1)

TAGGART: (Cont.)

Holy mother of pearl. That's the nigger that hit me with the shovel. What the hell do you think you're doing with that tin star, "boy"?

BART:

Watch that "boy" shit, red neck. You're talking to the sheriff of Rock Ridge.

TAGGART:

Well, don't that beat all. Here we take the good time and trouble to slaughter every Indian in the West and for what? So's they can appoint a sheriff that's darker than the Indians, to wit, a nigger. Well, I'm depressed.

Taggart slumps down in his saddle.

LYLE:

(timidly)

Excuse me, Mr. Taggart, sir. Hate to see you like this. What if me and the boys shot the nigger dead. Would that pep you up?

TAGGART:

It would help some.

LYLE:

Okay boys. On the count of three.

CUT TO:

161. JIM

his arms folded across his chest.

JIM:

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

CUT TO:

162. TAGGART

TAGGART:

Don't pay no mind to that alky. He can't even hold a gun, let alone shoot it. On the count of three. One..two...three.

(CONTINUED)

162 (Cont.)

There is fusillade of gun fire.

QUICK CUTS OF:

163. TAGGART AND HIS MEN

They are all in the same pose; grasping their hands in pain.

CUT TO:

164. JIM

His arms are still folded across his chest. Smoke rises from guns in his holster.

CUT TO:

165. RAILROAD WORKERS

RAILROAD WORKERS:

(as one)

WOW!

CUT TO:

166. BART

He pulls out gun and holds it on Taggart and his men.

BART:

Don't just stand around stunned, grasping your hands in pain. Let's have a little applause for the Waco Kid.

CUT TO:

167. TAGGART AND HIS MEN

They applaud, painfully.

CUT TO:

168. INT. LILI'S DRESSING ROOM CLOSEUP LILI'S FACE

In terror. Hand comes into frame and slaps her viciously across the cheek. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Lamarr as the

(CONTINUED)

168 (Cont.)

slapper and Taggart, his hand bandaged, as a delighted spectator. Standing against the wall, bound and gagged, is Leopold. On the wall next to him, also tied securely, is his arm.

LAMARR:

All right, I'm through being Mr. Goodbar. It's time to act and act fast. All my plans have backfired. Instead of people leaving, they're staying in droves.

LILI:

Why don't you admit it; he's too much man for you. I know. You'll need an army to beat him.

LAMARR:

Shut up.

(his face lights up)

Wait a minute. An army. Of course. An army of the worst dregs ever to soil the face of the West. Taggart.

CUT TO:

169. TAGGART

He is trying on one of Lili's black lace brassieres in front of the mirror. He drops the brassiere hurriedly and scurries to Lamarr's side.

LAMARR:

Taggart, I've decided to launch an attack that will reduce Rock Ridge to pebbles.

(he laughs)

Don't you find that funny, Taggart?

TAGGART:

What...Oh, yes! You bet your ass, sir! What do you want me to do?

LAMARR:

I want you to round up every vicious criminal and gun slinger in the West.

I want:

- rustlers
- cut-throats
- murderers
- bounty hunters
- desperados
- pugs
- mugs
- thugs
- half-wits
- nitwits

With each word the organ music builds until it reaches a deafening crescendo.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont.)

LAMARR:  
 (continuing)  
 dimwits  
 con men  
 Indian Agents  
 Mexican bandits  
 vipers  
 snipers  
 muggers  
 buggerers  
 bank robbers  
 train robbers  
 horse thieves  
 horn swaggelers  
 bush whackers  
 ass kickers  
 shit kickers  
 child molesters  
 sodomists and  
 pederasts.

CUT TO:

170. BART AND JIM

They ride into the outskirts of Rock Ridge and they are amazed to see wagons and buckboards being loaded. It looks like everybody in town is making ready to leave. Howard Johnson sits on the lead wagon.

HOWARD JOHNSON:  
 Goodbye, Sheriff. It's been nice knowin' ya'.

BART:  
 What's happening here? Where is everybody going?

OLSON JOHNSON:  
 We don't know and we don't care. Read this.

Bart gets off his horse and Olson hands him a poster. It reads:

(CONTINUED)

170 (Cont.)

WANTED:

HEARTLESS VILLAINS FOR DESTRUCTION  
OF ROCK RIDGE  
\$100.00 PER DAY  
CRIMINAL RECORD REQUIRED  
APPLY HEDLEY LAMARR  
AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

BART:

Can't you see that this is the  
last act of a desperate man?

SAMUEL JOHNSON:

We don't care if it's the first act  
of Henry the Fifth. We're leaving.

BART:

Wait a minute. Give me 24 hours to  
come up with a brilliant plan that  
will save Rock Ridge... Just 24  
hours. That's all I ask... You'd  
do it for Randolph Scott.

CUT TO:

171. TOWNSFOLK

TOWNSFOLK:

(ad lib)  
Randolph Scott. Randolph Scott.

CUT TO:

172. HOWARD JOHNSON

HOWARD JOHNSON:

Okay Sheriff, 24 hours.

CUT TO:

173. EXT. RAILROAD CAMPSITE

DAY

There is a long line of villains, cutthroats and assorted  
scum. Most are in Western attire but some are dressed in  
traditional evil costumes; pirates, Nazis, Mexican bandits,

(CONTINUED)

173 (Cont.)

Bedouins. Lamarr and Taggart are seated behind a table. The scene looks very much like Voter's Registration. Lamarr addresses a hulking, scar-faced, beast of a man.

LAMARR:  
Qualifications?

CUTTHROAT #1:  
Rape, murder, arson and rape.

LAMARR:  
You said rape twice.

CUTTHROAT #1:  
I like rape.

LAMARR:  
Splendid. Sign here.

CUT TO:

174. A CLUMP OF ROCKS

About 15 yards away. Behind the rocks we SEE Bart and Jim scrunched down. Jim is peering over the edge of the rock.

JIM:  
Man, are they ugly. I'd say their best features were their scars.

BART:  
We gotta get closer.

JIM:  
(points and says)  
There's our ticket.

Bart looks.

175. SHOT TWO KU KLUX KLANNERS

in hooded white sheets making their way toward the end of the line. Stenciled on the back of their sheets is:

"HAVE A NICE DAY"

JIM:  
(standing up)  
Hey fellas. Look what I got here.

Ku Klux Klanners stride over. Jim raises Bart up and displays him like a chicken.

BART:  
Oh lordie, lordie. Please don't hurt me. I'm just an old plantation darkie who wants to chop cotton and rape white women.

KKK #1:  
Oh, we got to see him.

JIM:  
Come around here so we can have him for ourselves.

KKK #1:  
Don't know how to thank you stranger.

They step behind the rocks. WE HEAR muffled thuds and groans. Two sheeted figures emerge and make their way toward the end of the line.

BART:  
(to Jim)  
Man that was pretty. I enjoyed that.

JIM:  
Did you have to stick the cactus up his ass?

BART:  
(in a dreamy voice)  
I had to.

They reach the line. They are standing behind a gold toothed Mexican bandit who is signing up.

(CONTINUED)

175 (Cont.)

LAMARR:  
 (to Mexican bandit)  
 Be ready to attack Rock Ridge at  
 noon tomorrow.

MEXICAN BANDIT:  
 (flinging the  
 badge away)  
 Wedoan need no steekin badges.

The two hooded figures start to ease away from the line.  
 Too late. They are next.

TAGGART:  
 Next.

Bart steps forward.

LAMARR:  
 Qualifications:

BART:  
 Stampeding cattle.

LAMARR:  
 That's not much of a crime.

BART:  
 Through the Vatican?

LAMARR:  
 Hmmm. Wonderful. Very different  
 too. Sign here.

Bart reaches out to take pen exposing black hand.

JIM:  
 (covering quickly)  
 Rhett, how many times have I told  
 you to wash up after weekly cross  
 burning?

Taggart rips off Bart's hood.

BART:  
 (calmly to Jim)  
 I do believe...It's feet do your  
 stuff time? Don't you agree?

JIM:  
Right on!

(CONTINUED)

175 (Cont.1)  
They flee.

LAMARR:  
Seize them!

CUT TO:

176. LONG SHOT LAMARR'S P.O.V.

Two white robed figures are flying down the trail.

CUT BACK TO:

177. MEN

chasing them.

CUT BACK TO:

178. BART AND JIM

running. They arrive at a fork in the road. Sign pointing toward the right reads:

BAPTISM TODAY

They turn right. They disappear. Pursuers reach same point. They hesitate and then split up.

CUT TO:

179. SMALL POND

Several people in white sheets are either dipping or being dipped into the water. Bart and Jim come flying INTO FRAME. They look at the scene, look at each other and jump into the water.

CUT TO:

180. PURSUERS

arriving on scene. They are confused. Everyone is in a white sheet.

CO.  
CUT TO:

181. BART AND JIM

Jim is dipping Bart furiously in and out of the water.

Some of Lamarr's henchmen wade in among people being baptise to scrutinize them more closely.

CUTTHROAT:

(to Jim)

Who are you baptising?

JIM:

(holding Bart under  
the water)

Nobody, just doing my wash.

We see bubbles. Bart pops up spitting water.

BART:

Your wash is drowning.

Bart punches Cutthroat unconscious.

JIM:

(pointing)

Look.

Bart sees what Jim is pointing to: a horse grazing alongside the pond. They make for the horse. Bart jumps up, Jim hops up behind him. They begin to ride off.

CUT TO:

182. MAN

in white sheet in water.

MAN:

My horse. Stop. I've got six  
payments to make on that horse.

CUT TO:

183. BART AND JIM

on horse.

BART:

Never borrow money needlessly.

Bart and Jim ride off.

91.  
CUT TO:

184. LAMARR'S MEN

They are on horseback riding furiously in search of Bart and Jim with Taggart in the lead.

CUT TO:

185. BART

looks back and sees Taggart's men in the distance.

BART:  
(to horses)  
Floor it baby. We've been spotted.

Bart urges the horse to greater effort.

CUT TO:

186. MASTER SHOT OF CHASE

We see Taggart and his men gaining perceptibly on Bart and Jim.

CUT TO:

187. TAGGART

TAGGART:  
C'mon. We're gaining on them.

Taggart pulls out his gun and fires. His men follow suit.

QUICK ALTERNATING CUTS between Taggart's men and Bart and Jim. With each CUT we see Taggart's men gaining ground.

CUT TO:

188. MASTER SHOT TAGGART'S MEN

only 50 yards away.

CUT TO:

189. BART AND JIM

Bart suddenly reins up. The horse stops.

(CONTINUED)

189 (Cont.)

JIM:  
What are you doing?

BART:  
This dumb horse is going to get  
us killed. C'mon. Let's make  
a run for it.

Bart and Jim jump down and start to run.

CUT TO:

190. MASTER SHOT BART AND JIM

running like lightning, easily outdistancing Taggart and  
his men.

CUT TO:

191. TAGGART AND HIS MEN

reining up.

TAGGART:  
We'll never catch 'em, now.  
(angrily throwing  
down his hat)  
Sons of bitches outsmarted us.

CUT TO:

192. INT. JAILHOUSE

LATE THAT NIGHT

Bart and Jim are seated opposite each other with their pants  
rolled up, their feet immersed in a basin of soapy water.  
Bart rubs his temples hoping to stimulate a thought. Jim  
rests his chin in his hands. Mongo, wearing an apron, is  
dusting quietly not wanting to interrupt their thought  
processes. SOUND of a fly intrudes upon the scene.

CUT TO:

193. MONGO

follows fly's progress. Fly lights on wall. Mongo smashes  
him with his palm thereby demolishing a section of the wall.  
WE SEE a horse through the gaping hole. He peers into the  
jailhouse curiously.

(CONTINUED)

193 (Cont.)

MONGO:

Got him. Never be bothered by that fly again.

JIM:

What about the 10,000 you just let in?

MONGO:

Ewwasahhh...Mongo get them too.

BART:

Not now Mongo, we're thinking.

JIM:

(to Bart)

Forget it. Ain't no way, no how, to stop Hedley Lamarr from destroying this town. Why don't we save ourselves a lot of trouble and grief and hand him Rock Ridge on a silver platter.

BART:

Silver platter...  
(jumping to his feet)  
That's it. I got it.

JIM:

(wiping soapy water off his trousers)  
You got it!

BART:

Silver platter. That's just what we're going to do. Now listen. You ride out to the railroad camp and tell Charlie to round all the lumber, canvas, nails, paint and workers he can lay his hands on and meet me in two hours...

Bart points to map.

(CONTINUED)

193 (Cont.1)

BART:

(continuing)

Right here, five miles due east  
of Rock Ridge.

JIM:

Would you mind giving me an  
inkling of what this is all about.

BART:

You said it before only you didn't  
hear it. We are gonna hand  
Mr. Lamarr the town of Rock Ridge  
on a silver platter. Only it  
ain't gonna be Rock Ridge.

CUT TO:

194. EXT. PRAIRIE

NIGHT

STOCK FOOTAGE of procession of wagons moving along the  
prairie in the moonlight. We HEAR the squeaking SOUND of  
a wagon wheel.

CUT TO:

195. CLOSE SHOT WAGON WHEEL

PULL BACK to reveal Bart riding up to wagon.

BART:

Get some grease on that wheel,  
Howard. You can hear it squeaking  
twenty miles away.

HOWARD JOHNSON:

Sheriff, I don't know what you  
got up your sleeve but you must  
be plumb loco dragging a whole  
town out of bed in the middle of  
the night to God knows where to  
do God knows what.

BART:

Trust me.

Bart rides off.

(CONTINUED)

195 (Cont.)

HOWARD JOHNSON:

(to Van Johnson  
who is riding next  
to him)

Hell, this don't make no sense  
no how. If we had any brains  
we'd have pulled out yesterday,  
headed for Anaheim, California,  
and hooked up with that Walt  
Disney. He's building like crazy  
out there.

CUT TO:

196. BART

BART:

Okay. Stop. Rein up. We're  
here.

Bart hops down.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

(looking around at  
emptiness, in lead  
wagon)

Where?

BART:

(hopping up on back  
of wagon addressing  
townspeople)

Now I know you're all confused.  
Wondering what you're doing out  
in the middle of the prairie in  
the middle of the night.

WOMAN:

(v.o.)

You bet your ass.

BART:

I'm hip. Now, before the sun  
comes up we are going to build  
on this site an exact copy of  
the town of Rock Ridge. Every  
building, every store front,  
every rock and every tree right  
down to the orange roof on

(CONTINUED)

196 (Cont.)

BART: (Cont.)

Howard Johnson's outhouse. And when Hedley Lamarr and his men come riding in tomorrow they're gonna attack the wrong place at the wrong time and we'll be waiting.

TOWNSPEOPLE (AD LIB):

Ingenious,  
Brilliant,  
Magnificent,  
Complicated,

VAN JOHNSON:

Sheriff, how we gonna do it? We ain't got the time and we ain't got the people.

BART:

Wrong and here's why.

Bart points to prairie. Charlie and Jim come riding out of the dark followed by buckboards filled with railroad workers and construction materials.

HOWARD JOHNSON:

Who the hell are they?

BART:

Railroad workers who have agreed to help us make our dream come true and all they want in return is a little land they can call their own to home-  
stead. What do you say?

There is a lot of grumbling and mumbling.

CUT TO:

197. REVEREND JOHNSON

who speaks for the townsfolk.

REVEREND JOHNSON:

All right. We'll give some land to the niggers and chinks, but we don't want the Irish.

BART:

No deal.

(CONTINUED)

197 (Cont.)

Reverend Johnson turns to crowd. They mumble. He turns back to Bart.

REVEREND JOHNSON:  
Aw, fuck it....Everybody.

BART:  
Thank you, Reverend.  
(to all)  
Okay, folks, let's roll up our sleeves and go to work.

Stirring MUSIC begins as crowd collectively rolls up their sleeves and earnestly gets down to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

198. HORIZON

Sun rising slowly. SOUND begins: sawing, hammering and shouting fill the air.

CUT TO:

199. BACK SECTION OF FAKE TOWN

The men are nailing the last flat into place.

BART:  
C'mon, step on it. Sun's almost up.

OLSON:  
(driving last nail into place)  
That does it.

They all whoop for joy.

CAMERA PANS off group to shot of town. It's a perfect replica of Rock Ridge.

BART  
(v.o.)  
Hold it. Hold the happiness, we're in trouble.

98.  
CUT TO:

200. BART

BART:  
We forgot one little thing.

CUT TO:

201. HOWARD JOHNSON

HOWARD JOHNSON:  
Nothing's missing. It's all there,  
right down to the last hitching post.

JIM:  
Oh, my God. People...there's no people.

BART:  
A cute observation.

VAN JOHNSON:  
Well, we're people. Why don't we get  
in there and stand around and then  
when the murdering cutthroats come  
riding into town to kill us....

They all stare at Van.

VAN JOHNSON:  
(continuing)  
You didn't hear it and I didn't say it.

BART:  
Listen. We made a perfect copy of  
Rock Ridge. Now all we've got to do  
is make perfect copies of ourselves.

HOWARD JOHNSON:  
But they'll be here in half an hour.

BART:  
Right. We've got to work fast. You  
men start working on the dummies and  
you come with me. I've got an idea  
that will slow 'em down to a  
crawl.

99.  
CUT TO:

202. TIGHT SHOT OF AN ENORMOUS AMERICAN FLAG

Lamarr mounts the steps of the flag platform. He is dressed in the uniform of a World War II General. He sports two pearl-handled six-shooters, wears highly shined riding boots and his chest is liberally decorated with ribbons and orders.

LAMARR:

Men, you are about to embark on a great crusade to stamp out runaway decency in the West. You will all be risking your lives while I will be risking an almost certain academy award nomination for best supporting actor. Please all rise and remove your hats for the pledge.

CUT TO:

203. WIDE SHOT

of Lamarr's Horde, a collection of the meanest looking critters ever assembled in Panavision. They rise and remove their hats.

CUT BACK TO:

204. LAMARR

LAMARR:

(continuing)

I,

HORDE (AS ONE):

(v.o.)

I,

LAMARR:

Your name.

HORDE (AS ONE):

...Your name ...

As Lamarr says pledge leading them, we HEAR collective Horde, v.o.

(CONTINUED)

204 (Cont.).

HORDE (AS ONE)(v.o.) AND

LAMARR LEADING:

....pledge allegiance to Hedley Lamarr, and to the evil for which he stands. One scoundrel indisputable with hatred and malice for all.

LAMARR:

(with maniacal fervor)

Now mount up and DO DO THAT  
VOODOO THAT YOU DO SO WELL.

CUT TO:

205. HORDE

The men are whooping and scrambling wildly for their horses.

CUT TO:

206. EXT. PRAIRIE

DAY

It is empty. Suddenly we see Bart RIDING INTO FRAME.

BART:

Okay put it here.

CUT TO:

207. A TEAM OF HORSES

pulling a small wooden single-lane toll booth into the center of the prairie. Sign on top of toll booth reads:

GOV. WILLIAM J. LE PETOMANE THRUWAY

Dangling over the lane is a smaller sign which reads:

EXACT CHANGE LANE: 10 CENTS

Jim, Howard and Samuel work together to unhitch the team of horses.

BART:

(looking off)

Hurry up, they'll be here any minute.

They ride off taking the team of horses with them.

101.  
CUT TO:

208. TAGGART

leading horde across the prairie. They suddenly come upon the toll booth. They rein their horses to a screeching halt. SOUND of tires screeching on pavement.

TAGGART:

(looking at the toll booth and sign)

Le Petomane Thruway. What will that asshole think of next? Who's got a dime?

MEN (AD LIB):

(v.o.)

I ain't.

I ain't.

TAGGART:

Someone's gotta go back and get us a shit load of dimes.

CUT TO:

209. FAKE ROCK RIDGE

BART:

O.K., Mongo, bring 'em out.

CUT TO:

210. MONGO

pulling a wagon covered with a tarp.

MONGO:

Heeeere's Mongo!

He reaches crowd, stops and takes off tarp which covers wagon.

CUT TO:

211. CROWD

They are obviously pleased with their work.

102.  
CUT BACK TO:

212. WAGON

It is filled with cardboard replicas of everybody in town. Their heads bob up and down on springs.

CUT TO:

213. VARIOUS TOWNSPEOPLE

TOWNSPEOPLE (AD LIB):

That's me.  
That's you.  
Isn't that you, Hortense?  
Why Ben, that's the spitting image of  
you down to your dirty underwear.

MONGO:

(in panic)  
Where Mongo?

He races around wagon to find himself. At the back of the wagon we see an enormous replica of Mongo.

MONGO:

(continuing; seeing himself  
he breaks into tears and puts  
arms around his double)  
Awww....Mongo.

BART:

Okay folks, let's get those dummies  
in place.

Townspeople pick up dummies and start carrying them down  
the street.

BART:

(continuing; to Jim)  
All right, Jim, let's start laying  
that dynamite.

CUT BACK TO:

214. PRAIRIE TOLL BOOTH

It is a scene of chaos. A long single line of horses and  
riders stretches back from booth.

TAGGART:

(near the booth)  
Speed it up. Get your dimes ready.  
We'll never get to Rock Ridge.

(CONTINUED)

214 (Cont.)

MAN ON LINE:

(v.o.)

My horse is overheated.

CUT TO:

215. MAN ON HORSE

Smoke is rising from both sides of the horse's mane.

CUT BACK TO:

216. TAGGART

TAGGART:

Push him off the road. Keep things going. Get more dimes. Shit. Road ain't even paved. It ain't even a road. What the hell do they do with all the money they collect? That's what I'd like to know.

CUT TO:

217. RIDGE OVERLOOKING FAKE ROCK RIDGE

Bart tying wires to detonator terminals. CAMERA PULLS BACK. We see Jim in scene peering through telescope.

JIM:

Hey, Bart, take a look at that.

BART:

It's a stage coach.

JIM:

Who the hell would be riding in there now?

We ZOOM into CLOSE SHOT of stage coach.

CUT TO:

218. INT. STAGE COACH —

Inside the coach we see Governor William J. Le Petomane, and his secretary, Miss Stein. They are surrounded by men in frock coats and stovepipe hats. Cards in their hats read "Press." (All the S's are backwards.)

(CONTINUED)

218 (Cont.)

LE PETOMANE:

But seriously...I think you'll find  
Rock Ridge to be a model of peaceful  
co-existence never before seen in the  
annals of the West.

There is a loud RINGING noise.

MEMBER OF THE PRESS:

What was that, Governor?

Le Petomane slaps his crotch -- RINGING stops.

LE PETOMANE:

Nothing.

Coach comes to a stop.

DRIVER:

(v.o.)

We're here, Governor. Get your ass out.

LE PETOMANE:

Here already. That's impossible. Either  
the splendid steeds that brought us here  
are remarkably  
(pulling out empty liquor bottle)  
swift or I'm half plotzed on this cheap  
Muscatel.

He throws empty bottle out the window.

CUT TO:

219. EXT. MAIN STREET FAKE ROCK RIDGE

DAY

They all climb down from the stage coach.

LE PETOMANE:

Gentlemen, let us meet some of the  
remarkable citizens who have shown  
America a shining example of  
tolerance in lieu of hatred...take  
a shot of me with the wonderful  
citizens.

Press photographer sets up old fashioned tripod and large  
box camera. Governor walks over to dummy standing on  
street. He shakes dummy's hand vigorously.

(CONTINUED)

219 (Cont.)

LE PETOMANE:

How are you today, my good man?

Dummy's head starts bobbing up and down wildly. Governor puts arm around dummy for picture.

LE PETOMANE:

(continuing; to dummy)

Can't you hold your fuckin' head steady for one picture?

Photographer takes the picture.

CUT TO:

220. MEMBERS OF THE PRESS AND MISS STEIN

staring at all the dummies in disbelief.

CUT BACK TO:

221. GOVERNOR

Walks over and starts flirting with cut-out of Lili in pasties and g-string.

LE PETOMANE:

(whispering behind his hand)

Find some drapes and wait behind them. I'll be there as soon as I get rid of these schmucks.

CUT TO:

222. MEMBERS OF THE PRESS AND MISS STEIN

ALL:

We're schmucks.

CUT BACK TO:

223. PRAIRIE TOLL BOOTH

Last man is going through. We hear "bing" as light turns from red to green.

TAGGART:

Okay, men. Move out.

They thunder off.

106.  
CUT TO:

224. JIM ON RIDGE

He is peering through telescope.

JIM:  
They're through the booth.

BART:  
Okay. We've got two minutes.

Bart raises plunger on detonator.

CUT BACK TO:

225. HORDE

Charging inexorably across the prairie.

CUT BACK TO:

226. LE PETOMANE

LE PETOMANE:  
(cupping his ear  
with his hand)  
Hear that? More people moving into  
town every day.

CUT TO:

227. HORDE

storming town. Their guns are drawn and their faces are  
portraits of evil anticipation.

CUT TO:

228. PRESS AND MISS STEIN

They are horrified. They scatter and run for their  
lives. Governor walks up Main Street, arms flung open,  
to greet the horde.

LE PETOMANE:  
Welcome to Rock Ridge, the first  
integrated community in the  
West.

Men open fire.

(CONTINUED)

228 (Cont.)

LE PETOMANE:

(his clothes tattered and  
smoking from gunfire;  
TO CAMERA)

A little rowdy perhaps but a new  
territory never attracts the upper  
middle class right off the bat. Take  
Australia...please. Why it started  
with a handful of criminals and  
convicts.

(his hat is shot off)

Holy shit these people are crazy.  
You'll pardon me as I run for my  
wonderful life.

(he dives into a  
water trough)

QUICK CUTS:

229: LAMARR'S HORDE

wreaking havoc upon the town, engaging in  
joyful carnage and senselessly mutilating innocent  
cardboard cutouts.

CUT TO:

230. RIDGE

Bart, Jim, Howard, Samuel, Van, Olson and Lili are there.

JIM:

(through telescope)

Okay, they're all in.

BART:

Here we go. Hold your ears, folks.  
It's showtime.

Bart pushes down on the plunger. Nothing happens.  
Everyone is still holding their ears. Slowly they  
take their fingers out of their ears. They are bitterly  
disappointed.

LILI:

(pointing down the hill  
at the trailing wire)

Der Trebe Ist Gefluchtenschaft.  
Ve muzz tzu kuntzfabriken.

(CONTINUED)

230 (Cont.)

HOWARD JOHNSON:

What did she say?

GABBY JOHNSON:

Ravvid, consarnit suckatash, side-windin' plumbtuckered, mesket bush-wackered tumbleroughs, maverick... ravvid, ravvid...

Everyone takes their hat off and smashes Gabby on the head.

BART:

The wire's broken.

VAN JOHNSON:

What are we going to do? Any minute now they're going to find out that town is a fake and pull out.

BART:

Jim, baby, you think you could squeeze off a shot from here and set off the dynamite?

HOWARD JOHNSON:

What? Hit something over 2,000 yards away with a six-shooter. Can't be done.

BART:

What do you say, Jim?

JIM:

Give 'er a try.

Jim crooks his elbow for support, leans the barrel of his gun over it. Slowly his index finger begins to tighten on the trigger. Everyone stares down toward town expectantly.

CUT TO:

231. FAKE ROCK RIDGE

Taggart kicks in a saloon door and sees nothing on the other side. He shouts back to the men.

TAGGART:

It's fake. We've been suckered in. Come on, men.

(CONTINUED)

231 (Cont.)

Taggart hops on his horse and begins to lead his men out.

CUT TO:

232. JIM

He pulls trigger. Gun fires. Nothing happens.

HOWARD JOHNSON:

Missed.

JIM:

Hold on. It takes a little while for it to get there.

CUT BACK TO:

233. FAKE ROCK RIDGE

Suddenly the earth is rent by an enormous series of explosions.

QUICK CUTS:

234. LAMARR'S HORDE

being blown off their horses.

CUT TO:

235. BART AND HIS GROUP

on top of Ridge. From their P.O.V., we see the fake town of Rock Ridge exploding in a symphony of cataclysmic destruction. Pieces of the town soar through the air, walls collapse and dummies fly in all directions. Townspeople go crazy with joy.

ALL (AD LIB):

It worked.  
We did it.  
Whooooeee.

235 (Cont.)

BART:

Alright, let's finish them off.

Townspeople rush headlong down the ridge letting loose war-whoops as they attack.

CUT TO:

236. EXT. MAIN STREET FAKE ROCK RIDGE

Horde is disoriented, not to mention some who are critically injured. Taggart is riding around and trying to reorganize the Horde.

TAGGART:

Bad Guys, Bad Guys, pull yourselves together. Here come the Good Guys. It's never been done before in a Western but once, maybe just this once, we can win.

A melee ensues.

QUICK CUTS:

REVEREND JOHNSON:

Forgive me, Lord.

(punch)

Forgive me, Lord.

(punch)

Forgive me, Lord...

(punch)

CUT TO:

237. LILI

She is singing "Lili Marlene" to a group of weeping German soldiers who are sitting on the ground completely immobilized. They dab tears from their eyes and console each other.

CUT TO:

238. CHARLES THOMAS GOODMAN

He is being wheeled around during the fight, nodding and smiling as he plays.

111.  
CUT TO:

239. JIM AND BART

fighting back to back, knocking out Bad Guys.

JIM:  
(to Bart)  
How ya' doin'?

BART:  
Great!

Bart is punched in stomach.

BART:  
(hollow voice)  
Make that fair.

Bart grabs man who hits him and punches him out.

CUT TO:

240. MONGO

He is knocking people out using an unconscious Bad Guy as a bludgeon. Ten Bad Guys rush him. He knocks them out with his human club.

CAMERA begins to PULL BACK to OVERHEAD SHOT revealing the huge dimensions of the fight. WE SEE scores of people engaged in vicious, yet somehow entertaining, hand to hand combat.

CUT TO:

241. INT. SOUND STAGE

Glittering Busby Berkeley set replete with cardboard columns and twin staircases. WE SEE thirty gentlemen decked out in top hats, white ties and tails, holding canes and poised to go into their big number. Around a CAMERA WE SEE a crew and a gay thirties director in jodpurs and beret.

DIRECTOR (BUDDY BIZARRE):  
Are Fred and Ginger ready?

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR:  
They're on their marks, Mr. Bizarre.

OFF CAMERA VOICE:  
Ready, Buddy.

(CONTINUED)

BUDDY BIZARRE:

Thank you. All right. Very, very, quiet on the set, please...because it's "Magic Time". Roll it, turn over, action and playback.

MUSIC: Hot thirties number comes booming over speakers.

Men start tapping their way down the staircases and into our hearts. A loud, rumbling NOISE intrudes itself upon the scene. Suddenly, without warning, a section of the sound stage wall buckles and collapses. Through the gaping hole in the sound stage the Black Bart fight pours into the scene.

CUT TO:

242. CLOSEUP BUDDY BIZARRE

BUDDY BIZARRE:

What's going on here? Is this some kind of grotesque joke?

(walking up to Taggart)

What the hell do you think you're doing on my set?

TAGGART:

This.

He punches Buddy.

CUT TO:

243. GROUP OF DANCERS ON STAIRCASE

FIRST DANCER:

They've hit Buddy!! Come on, girls.

Dancers rush down the steps, their canes at the ready. The Western types and the chorus boys start mixing it up.

FIRST DANCER:

You filthy, yet somehow attractive, Western pig!

First Dancer smashes cowboy over the head.

COWBOY:

Why you miserable little fruit!

Cowboy punches First Dancer out.

13.  
CUT TO:

244. CLOSEUP BART

BART:

(to Jim)

Hey, Jim, baby, do you realize we fought our way all the way up to 1938?

CAMERA PULLS BACK to get big view of scene. There's a lot of fighting, mincing, dancing, cursing and, occasionally, kissing.

CUT TO:

245. WARNER BROS. COMMISSARY

It is filled with actors, extras, etc., wearing a variety of costumes: Bathing beauties in bikinis, Tarzan and Cheetah, confederate soldiers, Southern bells, thirties gangsters, six midget Munchkins from out of the "Wizard of Oz." Some actors are at the counter choosing various foods. Man dressed as prizefighter, wearing robe, trunks and boxing gloves, is talking to Adolph Hitler.

FIGHTER:

So, how many days you got left, Irv?

ADOLPH HITLER:

We're shooting the bunker scene tomorrow night and then we're going on location in Argentina.  
(looking at food)

Gee, that cottage cheese looks like it died three days ago.

SOUND: LOUD RUMBLING NOISE

FIGHTER:

What the hell is going on?

Fighter turns his head to the door. Black Bart Brawl spills into commissary. Not only are the Good Guys and the Bad Guys engaged in the fisticuffs, but also many of the dancers from the thirties set have been swept along in the fracas.

It is a rip-roaring beauty of a fight.

114.  
QUICK CUTS OF:

246. TABLES  
covered with food being smashes.

CUT TO:

247. BAKER MAN  
Enters wheeling a cart filled with trays of pies.

BAKERY MAN:  
(calling out)  
Bakery man.

TAGGART:  
(looking at pies)  
Is that lemon meringue?

CUT TO:

248. BART  
He does take into CAMERA, picks up pie and smashes it into Taggart's face.

CUT TO:

249. TAGGART  
The pie is dripping off his face. His tongue catches a drip.

TAGGART:  
No, that'd be your custard.  
Another pie flies into his face from OUTSIDE OF FRAME.

TAGGART:  
Now, that's lemon meringue.

Taggart grabs chair. He is about to smash Bart over the head when a huge arm ENTERS FRAME and rips chair out of Taggart's hands. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Mongo. Mongo punches Taggart who slides down the food counter. On route he is covered with an assortment of foods that tumble down on him as he swiftly moves along. The cash register stops his forward motion.

LADY AT REGISTER:  
Now, let's see... We've got Yankee Bean Soup, coleslaw, Tuna Surprise... Is that custard?

(wipes finger across his face)  
No, lemon meringue. That'll be \$3.83.

(CONTINUED)

115.  
CUT TO:

250. EXT. WARNER BROS. COMMISSARY

WE SEE a Warner Bros. representative, a Bishop and six priests with their interpreter, an Italian man dressed in a suit.

REPRESENTATIVE:

(to interpreter)

If you'll kindly step this way I will show you the Warner Bros. Commissary where everyone from the greatest stars to the smallest extras stop to enjoy their lunch in tasteful and quiet surroundings.

INTERPRETER:

(to Bishop)

Venga, le mostrero la mensa della Warner Bros. dove mangiano le grandi stelle del cinema insieme alle piccole comparse.

BISHOP:

(nods serenely)

Va Bene.

CAMERA PULLS BACK and WE SEE the Bishop and his party enter the commissary.

CUT TO:

251. INT. COMMISSARY

Bishop and party enter through front doors. They come upon a scene of epic insanity. Pies and people are flying everywhere.

CUT TO:

252. CLOSE SHOT BISHOP AND PARTY

They are astonished and not a little frightened.

BISHOP:

Sante Signore!

REPRESENTATIVE:

Perhaps the Bishop would like to see a remake of "The Robe" on Stage 16?

(CONTINUED)

252 (Cont.)

INTERPRETER:

(in machine-gun  
Italian)Monsignore, voira forse vedere il  
rifacimento del "Manto" al teatro  
sedici?

BISHOP:

(shaking head)

No grazie, il mio posto e qui con  
la gente che muore!

INTERPRETER:

(to representative)

The Bishop says thank you, but he feels  
his place is here with the dying.

253. HEDLEY LAMARR

He is sneaking out the side door of the commissary.

117.  
CUT TO:

254. BART

He spots Lamarr sneaking out side door of commissary. He heads in Lamarr's direction.

CUT TO:

255. EXT. WARNER BROS. STUDIOS

Lamarr exits on the run, stops on sidewalk panting and gestures to passing taxi.

LAMARR:

Taxi.

Taxi stops. Lamarr enters and SLAMS DOOR. Taxi roars off. CAMERA stays on Warner's gates. Bart emerges on horseback and takes off after taxi.

CUT TO:

256. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE

Marquee reads: "Mel Brooks' BLACK BART starring Cleavon Little." Taxi pulls up. Lamarr gets out of taxi and rushes to box office window. Ahead of him at the window is a Little Old Lady fumbling with change in her purse. Lamarr looks over his shoulder nervously as the Little Old Lady continues her quest for \$2.50. Lamarr reaches into his pocket and pulls out several bills. He flings bills into the cage.

LAMARR:

It's all right. It's on me.

Lamarr picks up Little Old Lady, throws her over his shoulder and runs into theatre.

LAMARR:

(handing ticket-taker  
the tickets)

We're together.

CUT TO:

257. LITTLE OLD LADY

hanging over Lamarr's shoulder.

LITTLE OLD LADY:

Nobody cares, nobody ever cares. And then, finally, somebody cares and he's dangerous.

118.  
CUT TO:

258. INT. CANDY COUNTER IN THEATRE

Lamarr drapes Little Old Lady across the candy counter and continues on into the theatre.

LITTLE OLD LADY:  
(looking down at candy)  
Look at that...\$2.00 for Neckos. That's outrageous!

CUT TO:

259. INT. THEATRE

Lamarr looks around and ducks into an aisle seat.

CUT TO:

260. MOVIE SCREEN

WE SEE a reprise of the last of the commissary scene, Lamarr's exit, taxi bit, Bart on horseback, Lamarr's entrance into theatre with Little Old Lady on back, "\$2.00 for Neckos" and Lamarr taking seat.

CUT TO:

261. LAMARR

He is very interested in what is happening on the screen.

CUT BACK TO:

262. MOVIE SCREEN

Bart gallops up to front of Grauman's Chinese Theatre and ties his horse to a parking meter.

CUT TO:

263. LAMARR

Watching movie.

LAMARR:

Shit!

Lamarr snaps his finger in disgust, bolts out of seat and runs up aisle.

CUT TO:

264. EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE

Lamarr comes flying out just as Bart begins to enter.

BART:

Okay, Lamarr. This is it. Go for  
your guns.

CUT TO:

265. LAMARR

He raises his hands.

LAMARR:

Wait, wait! I'm unarmed.

CUT TO:

266. BART

He throws his guns away.

BART:

All right, we'll settle it like  
men...with our fists.

CUT TO:

267. LAMARR

LAMARR:

Oh, I beg your pardon. I just  
remembered, I am armed.

Lamarr pulls out a derringer and fires at Bart.

CUT TO:

268. BART

He hurls himself to the ground, rolls over, picks up his six-  
shooter and fires all in one motion.

CUT TO:

269. LAMARR

He is about to let out another shot when he is hit. The  
derringer drops out of his hand. He clutches his gut. He  
spins and falls face down into a square of the traditional we  
cemenent used to immortalize the hands and feet of screen  
luminaries. With a dying gasp Lamarr rolls out of the cement  
leaving his impression. He then signs his name with his fore  
finger and dies.

CUT TO:

269A. JIM

He rides up, gets off his horse, walks over to Bart and  
surveys the scene.

(CONTINUED)

269A (Cont.)

Bart and Jim take off their hats slowly and look down at the last remains of Hedley Lamarr.

BART:

He died like he lived, sideways.

Jim looks at him quizzically.

BART:

(to Jim)

I don't know... It's the first thing that came into my head.

JIM:

Well, that's done. What do we do now?

BART:

Come on. Let's check out the end of the flick.

They walk into theatre.

CUT TO:

270. INT. THEATRE

Bart and Jim take seats and look up at screen.

CUT TO:

271. MOVIE SCREEN MAIN STREET ROCK RIDGE MORNING

Bart is on horseback, his saddlebags are packed. As he speaks, CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal townspeople and railroad workers formed in a huge semi-circle.

HOWARD JOHNSON:

Sheriff, you can't go now. We need you.

TOWNSFOLK:

(AD LIB)

Yeah, we want you.

C'mon, stay.

Yeah, don't go.

BART:

(drawing a deep breath  
and fixing his eye on  
a stray cloud)

My work here is done. I'm needed elsewhere now.

(CONTINUED)

271 (Cont.)  
MUSIC:

BEGINS POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE.

BART:

(continuing)

I'm needed wherever outlaws rule the West, wherever innocent women and children are afraid to walk the streets, wherever a man cannot live in simple dignity and wherever a people cry out for justice.

TOWNSPEOPLE:

(in unison)

BULLSHIT!!!

BART:

All right, ya caught me. To speak the plain truth, it's getting pretty damn dull around here.

TOWNSPEOPLE:

(ad lib)

All right, I'll buy that.  
He's right.  
We're married.

REVEREND JOHNSON:

Good luck, Bart...and God bless you.

CUT TO:

272. MONGO

He's waving goodbye and weeping copiously. A LITTLE OLD LADY stands underneath him getting drenched.

LITTLE OLD LADY:

(to CAMERA;raises umbrella)

Have you ever seen such crying?

CUT BACK TO:

273. TOWNSPEOPLE

TOWNSPEOPLE:

(ad lib)

Good luck  
We'll miss you.  
Adios.

Bart rides past Charlie and slaps him off.

CHARLIE:

Take care, brother.

(CONTINUED)

LILI:  
Oh, Bart, I'll never forget you.

LE PETOMANE:  
(staring at her  
heaving bosom)  
Don't worry, my dear. I pledge  
myself to your comfort.

Bart turns around, takes off his hat and waves it to the  
townsfolk.

BART:  
Keep the faith, niggers.

He spurs his horse and moves out. As Bart passes the last  
building in town and turns the corner he spots Jim quietly  
waiting.

JIM:  
(casually)  
Where ya' headin'?

BART:  
No where special.

JIM:  
Always wanted to go there.

BART:  
(smiling)  
Come on.

They ride off together.

CUT TO:

274. EXT. PRAIRIE

FAR SHOT of Bart and Jim riding quietly off into the sunset.  
They rein up and get off their horses. They stand and wait.  
Suddenly a large black cadillac limousine drives into frame.  
They open the door and get in. As the limousine rides off  
into the sunset we HEAR Lili begin singing "Auf Wiedersehen,  
Adieu, Bye Bye Black Bart."

THE END

Song continues over end credits and bows from leading  
characters ending with Bart. In order: The Johnsons;  
Sammel, Olson, Van, Gabby, Howard and Reverend; Taggart;  
Mongoo; Lili; Le Petomane; Charles Thomas Goodman and  
Lamarr together; Jim and lastly, Bart.