

BEAN

Written by

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Based on the character created by
Rowan Atkinson and Richard Curtis

1 INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. BOARDROOM - DAY 1

A very grand room, with lots of wood and some very famous portraits round the walls.

A group of grave gentlemen and gentlewomen. They are the trustees of the National Gallery. LORD WALTON, a very grand man, sits at the table head. To his right sits his assistant, GARETH. All are deep in thought. LORD WALTON fidgets with a pencil on the table. He raises his head as though about to speak. Everyone looks up expectantly. And... LORD WALTON goes back to fidgeting. So does everyone else.

CUT TO:

2 CREDIT. POLYGRAM & WORKING TITLE PRESENT. 2

CUT TO:

3 INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. BOARD ROOM - DAY 3

The scene is as silent and static as we left it Last... then:

GARETH

I suppose we could just sack him.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. MR BEAN'S STREET. DAY 4

Mr BEAN comes out of his house, ready to face the world-

He walks up the street, tutting slightly at a 'NO PARKING' sign he passes. The street is totally car-free except for a very visible lime green mini. A policeman strolls by and glances down at a pair of legs sticking out from under it, next to a toolbox. He moves on, satisfied that someone is mending their car.

BEAN approaches the car and whips out the fake legs he left there. He then unlocks the big padlock that secures the car door, pops the fake legs inside, fiddles with something else in the back seat, and drives away at a frightening speed with a smug look on his face.

The Theme Music - big and dramatic - begins, as do the rest of the credits.

BEAN gaily motors on - then unexpectedly the sweeping theme tune jumps, as if it has hit a scratch: the cinema audience should be worried there's a sound fault.

BEAN comes to a street full of sleeping policemen ~ he goes at them at quite a lick - and every time he shoots over one of the bumps, the theme tune jumps violently.

BEAN looks a little annoyed into the back seat - we now see the cause of the problem. Instead of having a car radio, BEAN has an old record player strapped into the back seat, playing the theme tune.

On he drives, through empty streets - then JOLT - he's reached the glorious familiarity of Central London, Big Ben and all - but heels now in dreadful traffic.

Heels not happy. He looks to the left and sees a very thin alleyway. He takes out a metal comb from his pocket and, using it like a bomber's sight-line-checker, measures the front of his car and the width of the alley. He 'S satisfied - does a 90-degree turn - and shoots down the alley. It is such a perfect fit that sparks fly from the door handles as they graze the walls.

But at the end of the alley, the traffic's just as bad. BEAN notices he's outside Harrods. There's a tail-coated Security Guard at the 'front door. BEAN watches him stroll a bit down the street - and takes his chance. He turns and drives straight through the double doors, into the store.

5

INT. HARRODS. DAY.

5

BEAN and his car whizz through the ground floor, past perfume counters and leather glove racks.

CUT TO a Security Guard. As he passes one of the counters, BEAN's little car just shoots behind him. The Guard continues through the Children's section there are giant elephants and teddies, children's size cars, then two huge plastic tractors - and then, stock still, strangely in harmony actually, the Lime Green Mini with BEAN in it. The Guard walks straight past.

The moment he is gone, BEAN shoots off again - but, damn!, spies another Guard and is forced to turn and drive down some very steep stairs indeed. The theme song goes CRAZY as the record player jumps.

CUT TO:

people waiting at a gilded lift. They hear a strange sound, and turn to see what it is. In fact, it's coming from inside the lift. When the lift doors open, out shoots the Mini through the double doors and back into the street.

6 EXT. KNIGHTSBRIDGE. DAY. 6

Out in the street, BEAN is faced by an accident. There are flashing lights, a crumpled car, suggestions of hurt passengers. BEAN looks concerned.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. THE STRAND. DAY. 7

An Ambulance roars through the traffic. It reaches its hospital, turns off, and there, right smack behind it is the Mini. Cut in to see BEAN, smiling broadly. He whizzes into Trafalgar Square, maybe even across it, sending pigeons and tourists flying, and parks directly outside the statuesque National Gallery. Of course, there's not another car there. Just the Gallery and the mini.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. NATIONAL GALLERY - DAY 8

BEAN gets out of the car, takes out his bag - thinks a little, opens it and takes out a "Doctor on Call" sign. To re-enforce it, he puts a bone in the back window and a skull of the front seat. Happy with the arrangement, he re-locks the padlock and sets off smiling up the big, stairs to work.

As he does so, pan up the building, and into the window of the room where that Board meeting was taking place.

CUT TO:

9 INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. BOARDROOM - DAY 9

GARETH

Look, I don't hate the man but ...

LORD WALTON

I know, Gareth. It's the mental strain he inflicts on us all. How is Professor Bradbury

A grand gentleman, MR MORRISON, pipes up.

I'm MORRISON Heels got the feeling back in his fingers - but his hands are still stapled together.

LORD WALTON

Mmmm, and how far are we with the computer, Hubert?

HUBERT

Timothy is loading the final
catalogue data as we speak, Milord.
An awful thing to say, but when the
program's up and running our, Mr.
Bean will become a little less than
.... useful?

A glimmer of hope.

10 INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. PORTRAIT SECTION - DAY 10

BEAN wanders past three or four portraits and mimics the
characters in them. He passes a guard.

GUARD

(not looking up from his
book)

Morning, Bean.

The GUARD sighs with boredom. He gets this from BEAN every
day. As Bean moves on, he treads on the heel of a tourist's
shoe. It comes off- BEAN moves on blithely.

CUT TO:

11 INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. CARTOON ROOM ENTRANCE - DAY 11

BEAN is passing the very special room where Leonardo Da
Vinci's cartoon, 'The Virgin and Child', hangs, preserved by
a very dim artificial light. There are silhouettes of a few
tourists in the room reverently studying the work, listening
to a female GALLERY GUIDE.

BEAN dips into his pocket for his identity badge and in so
doing brings out a coin. The coin drops and rolls into the
special room. BEAN follows it into the darkness.

GALLERY GUIDE

(hushed)

... by Leonardo Da Vinci. As you
can see, the special light in here
goes some way to protect the
drawing from photodisintegration
caused by gamma ...

The camera stays outside the room with the picture in view.
We hear the squeak of a tiny door open, then a click. The
room is suddenly flooded in blazing white light. The
onlookers gasp in horror.

BEAN re-emerges from the room with his precious coin. As an afterthought he pops his hand round the doorway and turns off the light. He scuttles away. The GALLERY GUIDE shakes her head in total exasperation.

CUT TO:

12 INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. BOARDROOM - DAY

12

GARETH

Maybe it would be simpler to pack all our paintings onto trucks and move the entire National Gallery somewhere else. And not tell him.

HUBERT

Seconded. We could all move to France.

GEORGE

All those in favour.

They all raise their hands wildly.

LORD WALTON

Come on - settle down everyone.

CUT TO:

13 INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. ELEVATOR - DAY

13

BEAN stands in the elevator silently with four other people. He gives himself a long squirt of breathfreshener. Then offers it to the others, who politely refuse him. So he stands still again. Pause. BEAN then smells something unpleasant. He leans and has a little sniff of the person to his left. All right there. Then he sniffs to his right, and reels at what he smells. He again takes out the breath freshener, and forces it upon VINCENT, an elderly gentleman, who is mortified.

At this moment the elevator stops - BEAN and VINCENT get out and the camera follows VINCENT as he heads for the boardroom door and enters. He is another trustee. This dialogue is heard from behind the closed door.

VINCENT

I'm sorry I'm late.

GARETH

Why can't we just give him the boot for crying out loud?!

VINCENT
Steady on, old man. I only ...

GARETH
Not you, you idiot.

CUT TO:

14 INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. CORRIDOR - DAY 14

BEAN, with cup of tea, walks along a corridor. He can't not interfere for tidiness sake. One empty room he switches off the light. Another he shuts the door.

He passes a computer room, with an open door where a big man is busily typing in a programme - BEAN looks at him snootily and heads on.

He approaches the door to his office. A sign reads: 'STORAGE & CATALOGUE'. There is a huge padlock on the door. BEAN takes out a big key and enters his domain.

CUT TO:

15 INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. STORAGE OFFICE - DAY. 15

BEAN enters. He's been here for years and made it his own. It's an odd little world. There's a framed picture of Shirley Bassey on his desk and Airfix planes hang from the ceiling. Also a large cosy armchair and a T.V.

A pleasant Man in a suit, around 40, breezes in.

SUIT MAN
Ah Bean, I'm looking for a painting
by Van Hocht. Still Life. Circa
Can do?

BEAN nods. This is what BEAN likes to do best. The camera follows as he turns sees the extraordinary sight behind him...

His office is just a tiny corner of a massive storage room, hundreds of feet high and long, the walls completely full of rack after rack of stored paintings. At the end of the room, we can see hundreds of sculptures: busts, modern abstracts, men on horses, classical maidens, Rodins, the lot. It's like the giant storehouse at the end of 'Raiders of the Lost Ark.

BEAN sets off into it in his own eccentric way. He knows exactly where he's going. He climbs a ladder, like you find in a library - then pushes himself off, and whizzes the entire length of the room on slippery wooden runners.

He has now reached the sculpture area, but the painting he's looking for is on the other side. He crosses the room by using the sculptures as a kind of artistic obstacle course. In front of him is the Burghers of Calais, a Rodin statue of 5 prisoners in chains. He simply walks across their 5 heads, like stones in a stream.

He then comes to an abstract modern piece, which he uses as a slide and at the end of which, he crawls through the hole in the next modern thing. He then begins to climb up various famous ancient statues, using the mouths as footholes, breasts as support, codpieces as steps and empty eyes as finger holes.

After a problem getting his foot caught in the jaw of a sculptured dog, he walks flat along a modern sculpture, then uses a sequence of classic sculptures as stairs - on the head of a little Degas ballerina, one step on to the bottom of a horse, two steps onto the head of the person riding the horse, three steps and now he's on the other side of the hall.

He then triumphantly pulls out a painting. It's the one!,

SUIT MAN

What would we do without you! The entire inventory of British Art stored in that one, curious brain of yours.

BEAN beams.

16

INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. BOARDROOM - DAY

16

GARETH

Then we are agreed, gentlemen. He goes.

VINCENT

Only if we're positive that the new catalogue database will render Mr. Bean's hitherto 'talents' obsolete.

HUBERT

There's no question.

LORD WALTON

Very well. Mr Bean is.... art history. We can all stop taking the pills.

A reserved smatter of laughter, from relief more than anything. LORD W. talks into an intercom on the table.

LORD WALTON
Miss Hutchinson, would you send Mr.
Bean up to the boardroom, please.

17 MISS HUTCHINSON

17

(V/O)
Yes sir. oh, and Lord Walton, the
Grierson Gallery called again.

LORD WALTON
Thank you. (To the room) One final
thing. Once again we have been
invited by the Grierson Gallery of
Southern California to second one
of our staff for a short visit.
The Grierson has a fairly modest
collection - but it does include
the most famous American painting
of all, 'Whistler's Mother'. Any
thoughts?

Cut to the trustees - they shake their heads and wrinkle,
their noses, not very interested. A 106 year old SIR RUPERT
puts up his hand.

LORD WALTON
Yes. Sir Rupert. And may I say
sir, how honoured we are that you
still grace us with all your time,
wisdom, and infinite knowledge.
Your invaluable thoughts, sir?

SIR RUPERT
Could you speak up please. I
didn't catch the question.

CUT TO:

18 INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. STORAGE OFFICE - DAY

18

Back in his office area BEAN ceremoniously hands SUIT MAN
the Van Hocht painting. He's very proud of himself.

SUIT MAN
Thank you, Bean. You're a genius.

BEAN laughs - delighted. SUIT MAN exits and MISS HUTCHINSON
enters, warily.

MISS HUTCHINSON
Mr. Bean. Lord Walton would like
to see you in the boardroom.

BEAN gives a little pleased squeak. How exciting for him. He follows MISS HUTCHINSON out into the corridor.

CUT TO:

19

INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. CORRIDOR. DAY

19

BEAN walks along the same corridor as before. Turns off another light. Then comes to the room where he saw the Programmer. The computer, showing a Van Gogh portrait, is on and no-one's there. BEAN, who hates wasted electricity, goes in to switch it off.

We see the Van Gogh change to a pictorial representation of the Storage room - with an arrow pointing to where the Van Gogh is located. BEAN is clearly going to be replaced by this programme. Or not ... BEAN searches for the plug, but it's under acres of desk - so he simply pulls a cable out of the back the computer. The entire system clicks off. At which moment the Programmer comes back in.

PROGRAMMER

What's happening here?

BEAN

Ahm...

With a slightly guilty smile he picks up the cable again looks with puzzlement at the five available places to plug it in and just takes a random guess. And a disastrous one. There is a ugly electrical fizzle. The screens come on white, then pop out completely.

BEAN

Ah.... Ahm....

BEAN realises that he has done something wrong and quickly shoves the cable into another circuit. The Van Gogh appears happily on the screen. BEAN and PROGRAMMER both give out a sigh of relief. BEAN smiles and leaves quickly. But a second later the computer screen disintegrates and the Van Gogh slides down the screen like a water-colour in the rain. The PROG difficult to breathe.

CUT TO:

20

INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. BOARDROOM - DAY

20

LORD WALTON

You have your voting slips, gentlemen. Please remember the Americans are looking for something quite high powered. A doctorate preferably...

There is a knock at the door. BEAN enters. LORD WALTON smiles. The rest of the faces in the room are looking dangerously close to smug. BEAN is very nervous indeed.

LORD WALTON
(gravely)
Ah, Mr. Bean. Please take a seat
for a moment. I have some news
which will not, I'm afraid...

The phone rings. LORD WALTON answers. BEAN sits next to VINCENT and sniffs at him. VINCENT's breath hasn't improved.

LORD WALTON
(into phone)
Yes? Put him on... Timothy. The
computer ... Yes... When? How?
All of it? Absolutely all of it?
Did you back it up? How long will
it ... ? Another six months. Fair
enough. Come up here will you,
dear boy.

He slowly hangs up. Everyone has got the gist of what has just occurred with the new computer- The energy drains from them all as they contemplate another six months with BEAN still on the staff. LORD WALTON coughs politely.

LORD WALTON
As I was saying, gentlemen. The
Grierson Gallery. South California.
Great opportunity. Thousands-of
miles-away though it is. Doctorate
or (IMPISHLY) no doctorate,
perhaps

All get the message at the same moment and hurriedly scribble on their voting slips. The slips get handed down the line to LORD WALTON. We see that every single slip has 'BEAN' on it.

LORD WALTON
Mr. Bean. Wonderful news. You are
going to America.

MR. BEAN
(overwhelmed)
Ooooh, how lovely.

There is a knock at the door. The fat, bespectacled, PROGRAMMER puts his head round it.

LORD WALTON
 (beaming)
 Ah, Timothy. You're sacked.

CUT TO:

21 INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. CORRIDOR - DAY

21

BEAN rounds a corner and walks towards us, imitating a bowlegged cowboy. The Theme from Bonanza plays. He whips out his pair of imaginary six shooters, spins them on his fingers and returns them to- their imaginary holsters, making gun sound effects. He's very happy.- He passes the Security Guard - he draws his gun on him - zero reaction the Guard just raises his eyebrows and yawns.

BEAN heads on through the gallery merrily - but suddenly, his good mood is broken, when he notices 3 schoolgirls entering a new exhibition, called The Ultra-Human Form. This worries him - and we soon see why - BEAN heads in to the room where all the paintings are very graphic nudes, and the 3 girls are having a good giggle.

BEAN quickly rushes over and with his hand covers the breasts of the painting they're inspecting.

Two girls then move on to the next painting - which unfortunately also has breasts. BEAN stretches and just manages to cover them with his other hand.

Now the third girl heads on, so BEAN can drop the hand on the first painting - but now has to try to cover the breasts on the third painting, which is a real long stretch away. He can't quite make it, so he takes off his shoes, which gives him the extra 3 inches. Again, safe. Just.

Now, all three girls leave the paintings - but, to BEAN's chagrin, head over to a classical nude sculpture in the middle of the room. It's like the 3 Graces, 3 naked women back to back. BEAN thinks fast. He quickly whips off his

Belt and rushes over to the statue, where he succeeds in looping it round to cover all six nipples.

Unfortunately the girls have already lost interest and head over to the other side of the gallery. To BEAN's horror. Because at that moment we reveal what is on the other side of the room. A epic painting in the style of the others - with literally 40 graphically naked people.

BEAN sprints across the room, stands on a chair, and desperately tries to cover a particularly lurid example of a gentleman's manhood.

At which moment the teacher of the party and 40 other schoolgirls appear and scream in chorus. BEAN thinks that it is the painting that has caused offence and is in outraged agreement with them. He turns. Cut wide to reveal that they are screaming because he's beltless trousers have fallen down.

CUT TO:

22

EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY. AMERICA - DAY.

22

am California time. A modern building with plenty of glass. Large, modern sculptures are spotted around its grounds, including a dramatic one of two huge old cars, head down in the ground, backs protruding into the air.

THOMAS GRIERSON, owner of the gallery, wearing a slick expensive suit, walks with DAVE LEARY and BERNIE, both in casual jackets and ties. GRIERSON is a vain, slightly pedantic and pompous man - maybe short - always just trying to show he's Boss. The three are strolling towards the main entrance. Huge sign: 'THE GRIERSON GALLERY' with a silhouette of Whistler's Mother taken from the painting, as an incorporated logo.

GRIERSON

Lord Walton assures me this guy's one of the very top scholars in the English art world. Has a couple of doctorates no less.

BERNIE

Great news.

BERNIE is smooth and smiley. DAVID LEARY, Vice President, is a very pleasant, but slightly worried man, knocking on 40. Too nice for his own good. The three pass a lone MIME ARTIST wearing a cheap vac-form PRESIDENT CLINTON face mask. David can't help being just a little nice to him and finds himself left behind. He scampers to catch up.

First, catching under the handle - then the couch, then

Four other chairs - and finally the deep freeze. No-one's going to get in through that door.

BACK IN THE HALL BEAN pushes the string back inside the letter box and slaps his hand in satisfaction. He locks the door's enormous padlock, looks about carefully to make sure no one's around, and then hides the key under a garden gnome on the floor, standing amongst a row of pathetic pot plants.

MIX THROUGH TO:

23 INT. AIRPORT. RECEPTION DESK. NIGHT

23

The lady checking in BEAN looks puzzled as she holds his passport. So he pulls the shockingly stupid face. Oh yes, she sees, that's the guy in the picture. She hands him his ticket.

CHECK-IN LADY

Here we go, sir. You've been moved to 1 st. class. Apparently your friends at the Gallery were so delighted that you're finally on your way.

BEAN is very touched.

CUT TO:

24 INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - NIGHT

24

BEAN enters the first class lounge. It's fairly empty, but BEAN still squeezes himself between an old lady drinking a cup of tea, and a very grand looking American military man in a business suit.

The Grand Man lights up a cigar. This doesn't please Mr "No Smoking BEAN. First, he waves the smoke away, in small, then big, then huge wafting motions. Then he tries, miming, to cut it up into segments and move them aside. The man pays no attention at all.

BEAN puts a plastic mug over his face, like a gas mask and breathes heavily. The man looks at him - but doesn't give a damn

BEAN now takes a paper bag - catches some of the smoke, and take it over and empties it into the dust bin.

The Grand Man goes on smoking stubbornly. He then sees a magazine rack and leaves his cigar as he goes to get one.

DAVID

Sounds like a real coup, sir...
getting this Doctor of ...

GRIERSON

Various things. Thank you.
However, as you know, this is not
an inexpensive venture, and,
financially speaking, we're in very
serious crap right now.

He can't quite hide his tackiness.) DAVID holds the door for GRIERSON - then sees an old woman coming towards him.

He waits for her to go through, and due to his sweetness, is again left behind. He rushes to catch up.

They are now passing the reception counter cum gallery shop. DAVID exchanges smiles with the cashier, ANNIE. Very bubbly, not very bright. The shop is full of Whistler's Mother memorabilia - posters, cards, porcelain statuettes.

GRIERSON

So ... I'm wondering if one of you would have this guy stay in your home instead of some expensive hotel.

BERNIE

Love to, sir, but no can do. No spare room. Period.

GRIERSON

David?

DAVID

Oh, look, I mean, it's kind of the last thing... I mean, I'd really like to, but... things at home are kind of sensitive, so I couldn't really er ...

GRIERSON

I thought perhaps as Vice-President, and in view of the unfortunate attendance's for the summer show this year... the MASSIVE financial

25 LOSS ...

25

DAVID

on the other hand ... maybe a breath of fresh air is just what my family needs ... Yes. Great news. Fabulous. Triumphant. Course it might need a little smoothing over. When's he due?

GRIERSON hands DAVID a piece of paper.

GRIERSON

Tomorrow. You have a problem with that?

26 PAUSE

26

DAVID
No. Perfect. Looking forward to
it.

CUT TO:

27 INT. LONDON . PHOTO BOOTH. DAY.

27

The camera faces Mr BEAN sitting in a Photo booth. His face is totally impassive for 1, 2, then 3 flashes. And then, just before the 4th flash, he pulls the biggest, maddest face you've ever seen. Flash! He gives a little

Satisfied giggle.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - DAY

28

p.m. California time. A pleasant suburban house. DAVID's car pulls into the drive. JENNIFER, his slightly Gothic 16 year old daughter, is kissing BRAD, her scruffy boyfriend. He sits astride a motor scooter. He has a bum-fluff moustache.

DAVID gets out of his car and approaches them.

DAVID
Hi, Jennifer. How was school? (she
doesn't break the kiss with Brad)
oh really? That's good, great.
Fantastic. We'll talk some more.

The two continue kissing as DAVID moves on. He's just about to head for the house when a swish convertible draws up at the curb. DAVID's wife, ALISON, has been given a lift home by her young attractive boss, CHARLES. They are laughing in the car as DAVID walks up.

He is slightly disturbed to see ALISON kiss CHARLES on the cheek before getting out with her port folio. CHARLES smiles pleasantly on seeing

29 DAVID.

29

CHARLES
Hello, David.

DAVID
Hi, Charles. (To Alison) Wow -
late!

ALISON
(brightly)
I had to do some last minute stuff.

CHARLES
My fault. We've got a heavy load
on at present. How about you,
gallery going well?

DAVID
Ahm, well, you know ~ that's a
tough question - on one' level I
think it

ALISON
Don't ask him about work, Charlie.
Life's too short.

Alison is the same age as DAVID, but seems to have lasted
the course better - she's confident, in good shape. The
atmosphere is awkward. JENNIFER screams out. Her 8 year old
brother, KEVIN has sprung from the shrubbery and lassoed her
and BRAD. ALISON goes over to sort them out.

ALISON
Kevin! You stop that right now!

CHARLES
Great kids. Good looking too.

DAVID
You think so? Well I 'spose
they're pretty, you know... okay,
looks- wise.

CHARLES
Take after their mother, huh?

DAVID
Ah ... absolutely.

DAVID is not very happy here.

CUT TO:

30

INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

30

It is open plan and leads through into the lounge. DAVID
and ALISON enter. ALISON puts her port folio on the table
and leads DAVID onto a sofa. She puts her arms round him.

ALISON

Let's take a break, David. This weekend, why don't we just get into the car and drive to the coast. Find a motel. Like before the kids were born. Go to a fairground. Win me another Bambi.

She reaches across and picks up a little ceramic Bambi on a table next to the couch.

ALISON

Jennifer can stay and look after Kevin

DAVID

Sounds great. Excellent. Though-, Ahm... there's this guy who's coming to work at the Gallery, from England...

ALISON

(SUSPICIOUSLY)

Yeeees?

DAVID

And they asked me if we'd like to ... you know... put him up for a while.

ALISON

There aren't hotels?

DAVID

Yes, there are hotels. They just thought maybe it'd be nice for him to stay with a real American family. Popcorn, waffles, all that stuff.

ALISON

(POINTEDLY)

And what did you say?

DAVID

I said I'd check with you.

She looks at him piercingly. This clearly happens a lot. She knows when he's telling the truth. Pause.

DAVID

Then I said 'yes'.

She puts Bambi carefully back on the table, gets up and moves to the kitchen. DAVID follows.

ALISON

Do we know anything about him?

DAVID

Ahm - he's male. He's English.
He's a doctor of er ... at least 2
things. I think they would have
mentioned if he was a blind dwarf.
Or one of those guys who kills lots
of people all the time. I think
we're looking at someone moderately
normal here.

ALISON

David - are you ever going to learn
to say 'no'?

DAVID

Yes. Yes. (pause) Sometime.

She shakes her head.

ALISON

It's the last thing we need.

DAVID

That's exactly what I said ...
before I said - Great, it's a
sensational idea."

He knows he's made a mess here. Enter KEVIN, their smart young son, strolling through.

KEVIN

Hiya Dad ~ I'll need you upstairs
for homework in about (checks
watch) oh, 20 minutes.

DAVID

Great, good.

And KEVIN exits.

DAVID

Didn't kids do their own homework,
like way back? Years ago? No.
Course not. Just imagining it.

ALISON isn't really listening. Much tension.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. MR. BEAN'S BED-SIT - NIGHT

31

p.m. U.K. time. A black London taxi is parked outside a terraced house with its motor idling. Its driver looks fed up waiting. BEAN appears at a downstairs window, motioning to his watch that he will not be long.

CUT TO:

32 INT. MR. BEAN'S BED-SIT - DAY

32

MR. BEAN is ready to leave his room. Battered old suitcase in hand, he checks the room from the doorway. Every conceivable thing that can be opened - cupboards, drawers, fridge - sports an oversized padlock. Even Bean's old G.P.O. phone has one on its dial.

BEAN looks across to his TEDDY, who is lounging on a miniature chair, inside an up-sided cardboard box. The box is sits on an armchair. A hand-written sign, taped to its roof reads: 'TEDDY HOTEL' followed by three stars.

A smaller sign informs us that the hotel is: 'FULL'. BEAN is just about to leave but stops to consider. Taking a felt tipped pen, he adds two more stars on the hotel hoarding, as a treat.

He then, slightly, incomprehensibly, begins to tie string it around various objects in the flat. The fridge - the corner of a chair, a couch leg.

CUT TO:

33 INT. MR. BEAN'S RESIDENCE'S HALLWAY ~ DAY

33

BEAN leaves his flat. He notice a large official sign stuck on the door saying 'NO SMOKING'. He now turns his attention to the pieces of string hanging out the letter box in his door. Grabbing the bunch of them, he pulls.

CUT TO back inside the flat. we now understand the string - as all the furniture starts to move across the flat. It works incredibly neatly the chair reaches the door

BEAN acts fast. He takes the cigar - and quickly dunks it in the old woman's cup of tea.

He sits there, guiltlessly, as the Grand Man returns. Simultaneously, the man tries to suck the wet cigar, and the Old woman drinks the disgusting tea. A horrid experience for both.

CUT TO:

34

INT. AEROPLANE - DAY.

34

Boarding time. BEAN enters the plane and turns right, into the body of the plane. After walking right down the plane, he is directed by a hostess back up to first. As he walks back, we notice the' ridiculous contrast, from totally cramped accommodation with hundreds of children and muzak, to the elegance, and space of First class.

BEAN couldn't be more thrilled. There follows a sequence of short moments from this nightmare flight.

The Old Tea-Drinking Lady is being helped with her ,luggage. A hostess slides it into the compartment above her head.

OLD LADY

Be careful. It's for my Grand-daughter.

The next instant BEAN comes up with his case. He opens the same locker, and tries to fit his case in. Doesn't quite go - so he pushes it violently. We hear crunching cracking sounds. Finally, it's almost there - BEAN slams the locker door. One final definitive, though muffled, smash. The OLD LADY looks at BEAN suspiciously.

BEAN sits down - and who should be his next door neighbour? The Grand Man, whose name is REYNOLDS. BEAN smiles merrily. The affection is not mutual.

Champagne comes round instantly. BEAN takes it, along with a small bowl of nuts, and clinks glasses with his unsmiling partner. BEAN tries to impress him by throwing nuts up into the air and catching them in his mouth (a well practised art). No response.

BEAN then switches on the noisy overhead air blower. Then can't turn it down again. It's very stuck. He manages however to push it away from his face - straight into REYNOLDS' . REYNOLDS looks annoyed, BEAN guiltless.

Then 'BEAN has an idea. He takes a tissue out of his pocket, puts in his mouth, chews it into a spitball

And rams it into the blower. Both of them are relieved. REYNOLDS picks up his champagne to have his first proper sip. And whapp! The spitball, under high pressure, shoots

into it, sending champagne spraying all over REYNOLDS. Not a good start.

is reading the in-flight magazine. There's an annoying sound. He looks sideways - it is the headphones of the YOUNG BOY in the seat across the aisle. He's fallen asleep with his headphones on. BEAN looks annoyed. Then suddenly decides to cut his fingernails with a little pair of scissors he carries. He holds out his hand to snip the nail - and accidentally on purpose simply cuts the wire of the boy's headset. That's better.

Night. Wide shot of the plane - everyone is asleep except one pool of light. It's Mr BEAN still up, reading.

But even he is wilting. His eyes close, and his body starts to waver towards sleep. Next to him, REYNOLDS is in a total lying position - and unfortunately, as BEAN slowly tips over, his mouth comes into direct contact with REYNOLDS' flies.

From across the compartment, a hostess sees what's happening. She's shocked, comes over and taps BEAN on the , , shoulder. He shoots up, and nearly strangles her in shock. She calms him down, shows him how to put his chair back - and leaves him to sleep. CUT ON....

REYNOLDS still asleep. With BEAN asleep completely on top of him. Completely. His hand is spread on REYNOLDS' face. REYNOLDS' eyes open. He sees what's happened. His arm goes up and rings for the Hostess.

Morning has broken. REYNOLDS is still trying to sleep - BEAN is wide awake. The Hostess approaches, and the MOTHER of the YOUNG BOY says her son isn't very well.

BEAN decides to cheer him up. He mimes an aeroplane which makes the boy feel more ill. Then does a rather good lizard impersonation by sticking bits of paper to his tongue and eye-lids and fluttering them.

He then brings out a scrunched up bag of Dolly Mixtures and does his trick of throwing a sweet in the air and catching it in his mouth. The boy is too ill to be impressed.

BEAN tries to cheer him up with his imaginary gun pretending to be a cowboy and then a tough American Cop. Nothing. Then he has an extremely fun idea. He empties the Dolly Mixtures from the paper bag and pockets them.

He then blows up the empty bag and is about to pop it to wake REYNOLDS, when he sees it's got a hole in it. No fun.

Meanwhile, the Boy has taken out his sick-bag. BEAN is delighted - yes, that's perfect. He turns away for a split second to scrunch up the useless bag, while, unseen to him, the boy vomits into his bag. BEAN turns, grabs the bag from him - blows into it, puts it right into REYNOLDS' face at arms length, and smacks his hands together. CUT at just the right moment.

CUT TO:

35

INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. ARRIVALS - NIGHT

35

The traditional exit area. A random bunch of people are waiting - relatives, limousine drivers - and, rather strangely, three 30 year old women dressed in curly red wigs from the musical, 'Annie'.

The LEARYS are at the barrier. KEVIN has a cardboard sign with 'MR. BEAN' written on it. People are streaming out of the Arrivals gate. ALISON is not happy. Actually no one is. JENNIFER looks particularly fed up.

DAVID

For all you know, he may be a very attractive young man.

JENNIFER

Oh come on - the guy's going to be a creep. All Englishmen are ugly.

DAVID

What makes you say that?

JENNIFER

All the guys they claim are English to and good-looking like Dan Day-Lewis and Liam Neeson, turn out to be Irish. Even Anthony Hopkins is welsh. Prince Charles is so ugly they pay him two million bucks a year to stay indoors.

DAVID

Richard Burton was very good-looking.

JENNIFER

Welsh.

DAVID

Sean Connery.

ALISON

Scottish.

DAVID

Tom Jones?

JENNIFER

Welsh again.

DAVID

Okay, so the guy's gonna look like Meatloaf's backside. No-one's asking you to go to bed with him.

JENNIFER glares at him. A tired ALISON has had enough of this waiting already.

ALISON

Bed sounds good though. Bed sounds great.

CUT TO:

36 INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. CONVEYER - NIGHT

36

BEAN, is off the plane. REYNOLDS strides ahead of him, a huge wet patch in a semi-circle around his neck. BEAN comes to a moving walkways. He steps on to it sheepishly, thinking it's very daring and brave, gripping the handrail as though he was travelling at 100 mph.

But soon he gains greater confidence. He stands up straight, both hands off the rail. There are a couple of COPS leaning against a wall, chatting. BEAN notices their guns. Slipping into role-play mode, he reaches into his breast pocket, ready to bring out his imaginary shooter ... The last security guard he tried this with just yawned ~ so BEAN thinks it's safe. But this time, the COPS turn and stare at him tensely..

Flustered by their interest in him, BEAN needs to get away. He turns, but finds that he is walking in the opposite direction, on the spot. The COPS read this as suspicious behaviour and move towards him suspiciously. BEAN turns to gets himself going in the right direction. The COPS follow. BEAN runs. The COPS give chase.

CUT TO:

37 INT. 'AMERICAN AIRPORT. ARRIVALS - NIGHT

37

A little BALD MAN arrives at the barrier. The three red wigged clones from the musical, 'Annie' swamp him with shrieks and kisses. The LEARYS are getting impatient.

KEVIN
 (bored)
 Who do you think is the ugliest guy
 who ever lived.

DAVID
 Well, Michael Bolton's pretty
 grisly.

KEVIN
 I vote for Bart.

JENNIFER
 Shut up, Kevin.

KEVIN
 NO, seriously - I know he's your
 boyfriend, but there's something
 about his upper lip that is so
 weird. What do you think it is,
 Dad? Jen says it's a moustache, I
 say it's a cluster of about 11
 mosquitoes, resting.

JENNIFER
 You know the thing I hate most
 about children?

KEVIN
 Nope.

JENNIFER
 You.

CUT TO:

38 INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

38

BEAN is running down the busy corridor with the two COPS in
 pursuit. They draw their guns. Two more COPS appear,
 coming from the opposite direction. BEAN is trapped. He
 drops his case.

COP 1
 Police! Stop or we shoot!

Passers-by scream and throw themselves to the floor. BEAN
 freezes on the spot, terrified. All four COPS have their
 guns trained on him in the shooting position.

COP 1

Carefully take out your weapon,
holding the butt with two fingers
only. Slowly place it on the floor
and take three paces back!

Dead slowly, BEAN puts his hand into his inside jacket pocket and brings it back out made in the shape of a gun. He slowly transfers that imaginary item to the finger and thumb of his left hand. He bends down and places it on the floor then takes three paces back. He gives out a big breath after the effort of it all. The COPS just stare at him, gob-smacked.

Little OLD LADY from plane steers up from nowhere. She rattles her box of broken china and kicks BEAN in the shins. Things are not going his way.

CUT TO:

39 INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT 39

Bright and clinical. Close on BEAN sitting behind a table; a very small man in very big trouble. Behind him, two uniformed COPS stand guard. A large, black plain clothes detective sits opposite, smoking a cigarette. This is BRUTUS. He studies BEAN's passport photo. It's the baboon face. He holds it up to bean's face to make a comparison. BEAN pulls the face to match the photo.

BRUTUS

Mr. Bean. Are you presently on any
kind of medication at all?

BEAN thinks deeply for a moment then shakes his head.

BRUTUS

You could certainly use some.

CUT TO:

40 INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. ARRIVALS - NIGHT 40

ALISON, JENNIFER and KEVIN are slumped in seats near the barrier. DAVID walks up.

ALISON

What did they say?

DAVID

Well, they're kind of busy but it
doesn't look like ...

ALISON
Did you really ask?

DAVID
I'm not sure I got the right person
but they were a bit busy ...

ALISON
What's wrong with you, David? All
you have to do is say, Excuse me,
I've been sitting here since the
start of the Millennium and I'd
really like some action from you
before the end of the world. I'll
go.

DAVID
No, no. I'll try again ...

ALISON
I said, I'll go.

She goes. KEVIN shakes his head disappointedly at his
father. DAVID slumps down on the seat. He overhears
JENNIFER flirting with an incredibly undesirable bloke in a
leather jacket - white, with Rasta hair extensions, and
about sixty rings in his nose. (This is STINGO).

JENNIFER
So. where do your parents live?

STINGO
My parents are dead.

DAVID is pretty confident that he knows who killed them.

JENNIFER
Yeah, so are mine.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. TAXI RANK. NIGHT 41

COP 1 puts BEAN in the back of a taxi with his case. He
takes some dollar notes from his own wallet and hands them
to the driver.

COP 1
Just get him the hell out of here,
will ya?

He slams the door and the taxi drives away.

CUT TO:

42 INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT-. ARRIVALS - NIGHT 42

The LEARYS are all asleep in eccentric positions on the seats. JENNIFER's head is resting on STINGO's leg. Kevin's cardboard sign with 'MR. BEAN, written on it falls from his lap to the floor.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - NIGHT 43

The taxi draws up outside the house. BEAN gets out with his case. The CAB DRIVER is strangely friendly.

CAB DRIVER

Thanks man, I can't tell you how much I appreciate talking to ya. In this job you get so many jerks spilling their guts all over ya, with their stupid problems ... But you, you're a great listener, ya know that?

BEAN smiles politely. Taxi drives away. BEAN walks up to the front porch, checks the house number on his piece of paper and presses the doorbell. No answer. Presses again. Still no answer ... Now where have they hidden the key. He inspects things carefully.

The camera sees what he sees ... the doormat, the flowerpot, the window-ledge ... and then he spots a little stone frog. BEAN smiles. Key hiding is something he knows about - and people are pathetically obvious about it. BEAN picks up the FROG to reveal the front door key. It glints in the porch-light.

CUT TO:

44 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT 44

BEAN lets himself in. The pre-alarm buzzer goes off quietly. He has seconds before the alarm goes off proper. He strolls confidently to where the alarm control unit obviously is ... under the stairs.

Close-up of flashing L.E.D. Again, BEAN looks carefully and finds the magnetic box, housing a little key, attached to the underside of the console. Just as the alarm goes off, for the splittest of a secondette, he turns the key in its slot ... and is safe.

BEAN finds the switch and turns on the hall light. He switches it off again ... then on. Then rapidly clicks it on and off repeatedly. Fun.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - NIGHT 45

Shot from across the street, with all the house lights flashing off and on madly.

CUT TO:

46 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. LOUNGE - NIGHT 46

BEAN stands in front of the television, looking a little annoyed about the fact that the remote control in his hand is having no effect at all. He stabs at it randomly.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - NIGHT 47

The garage doors are swinging open and closed rhythmically.

CUT TO:

48 INT. DAVID'S CAR - NIGHT 48

KEVIN and JENNIFER are asleep in the back. DAVID drives in silence, Alison next to him. Uneasy atmosphere. DAVID stabs at buttons on the car radio.

ALISON

It isn't working any more, David.

DAVID

I know - I'll take it in to George tomorrow'- he'll fix it. Stupid thing.

49 HE SWITCHES IT OFF. 49

ALISON

No, US. It's not working any longer -you and me.

Pause. DAVID's now heard it completely. He takes his eyes off the road and stares at ALISON a moment too long. A car's horn snatches back his attention.

DAVID

Jesus.

ALISON

I need some time, David. A little time. It's not just you. It's partly me.

DAVID

But in general ... it's ... mostly me, right?

Pause. Single shot of Alison and David. She doesn't answer. He is destitute.

CUT TO:

50 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT 50

BEAN wanders down the stairs in his pyjamas. He sees a walkman - and puts it on happily. He moves to the rhythm. He locks the door, turns on the alarm and turns off the hall light.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - NIGHT 51

DAVID's car turns into the drive just as the hall light goes off. (For the next few minutes, knife-edged timing 0 is all). The LEARYS sleepily get out of the car and approach the house. DAVID brings out his door key.

CUT TO:

52 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. UPSTAIRS LANDING - NIGHT 52

The exact moment the key turns in the lock, BEAN, still wearing headphones, disappears into a bedroom with a little ceramic sign on it saying: 'GUEST ROOM'.

The exhausted family enter an apparently untouched house. KEVIN turns on the stairs light, climbs to his room off the landing and closes the door on which a sign reads: 'KEVIN'.

At that instant BEAN walks out, looking for the bathroom with his wash bag. He looks up at the light. It should not be on. He frowns, turns it off and exits to bathroom. At which precise moment JENNIFER, zombie-like, is halfway up the stairs

JENNIFER

Thanks a lot, Kevin!

JENNIFER goes into her room. The sign reads: 'JENNIFER'.

ALISON turns on the light and climbs the stairs. David heads into the kitchen. They exchange a sad look. She goes into their bedroom: the sign reads: 'GRUPS'. At which instant, BEAN, still wearing headphones, leaves the bathroom, and heads downstairs

CUT TO:

53 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

53

The light is on. DAVID takes a deep breath. Bad night. He picks up an empty coffee jar, sighs and goes into the pantry a full one. BEAN enters. He opens the refrigerator and he studies the food on offer. Nothing he fancies ... then BINGO!

He sees a little plate of 3 strawberries. He eats one, then two, then pops the third into his mouth. It tastes a bit off, so he takes it out of his mouth, puts it back on the plate, closes the fridge door, and exits ... just as DAVID comes out of the pantry. Close on BEAN's hand as it comes round the door frame and turns off the light. DAVID, on the move, stubs his toe on a chair. He groans in pain, limps to the fridge. He spots the lone, already sucked strawberry and pops it into his mouth.

CUT TO:

54 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. D & A'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

54

ALISON is watching T.V. in bed with the remote control. DAVID enters with orange juice and puts it down by his side of the bed.

DAVID

The lights blown in the kitchen.
I'll fix it tomorrow.

They're not a happy couple. She concentrates on the TV even turns it up a little.

CUT TO:

55 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT

55

BEAN turns on the basin's cold faucet. It gushes noisily.

CUT TO:

56 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. D & A'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 56

Close on Letterman on the TV. The noise from it drowns out any noise from the bathroom.(The bathroom has two doors - one into DAVID and ALISON's bedroom, the other onto the landing)..

CUT TO:

57 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT 57

BEAN can't hear the T.V. because of his headphones. He takes out his toothbrush but notices an electric one on a shelf with spare brush heads. He's intrigued. He swaps the heads and enjoys cleaning his teeth with this clever modern implement.

-He puts the electric brush down and checks his teeth in the mirror. He has forgotten to turn off the brush and so it vibrates off the sink and lands in the toilet. Bean fishes it out and places it back on the shelf where he found it. He turns off faucet, then exits, turning out the light.

DAVID enters and turns the light on again. He takes down the toothbrush and cleans his teeth. He calls through the bedroom door.

DAVID

That poor guy, Bean ... He's
probably still sitting at London
Airport!

He finishes his teeth then runs the hot faucet. He exits to bedroom as BEAN enters from hall with dirty socks.

CUT TO:

58 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. D & A'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 58

ALISON is still watching T.V. The volume is getting to DAVID.

DAVID

Alison, please.

CUT TO:

59 INT. THE LEARYS' HOUSE. BATHROOM ~ NIGHT 59

BEAN is just finishing washing his socks in David's water. He rings the dirty water from them, and exits.

DAVID enters in his under shorts. He checks his tired eyes in the mirror then washes his face in the basin water without looking.

CUT TO:

60 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. LANDING ~ NIGHT 60

BEAN notices a framed photograph on the wall. It is of the LEARY family. They are grouped outside their house. It is a very happy picture. BEAN smiles at it. He takes it off the wall and takes it into a bedroom. As the door quietly closes we see the sign:

61 'JENNIFER'. 61

CUT TO:

62 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. D & A'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 62

Lights are out. DAVID and ALISON in bed. The latter is facing away.

DAVID

I need to make a confession. I know you're awake. Please, it's important.

(Long pause)

ALISON

(without stirring)

Go ahead.

DAVID

I had the last strawberry in the refrigerator.

ALISON smiles in spite of herself. She turns over and puts her arm around DAVID. She gets up close to his face.

ALISON

There were three strawberries.

DAVID

One.

ALISON

Liar.

DAVID

Ali we can work this thing out, you know.

ALISON smiles, sleepily, and goes to kiss him. She stops and sniffs. Thoroughly put off, she rolls over and closes her eyes.

DAVID
Ali? What's wrong?

ALISON
Your face smells like a foot.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - DAY

63

The next morning. Shot from across the street: A newspaper boy delivers. Birds sing. It's a lovely, peaceful, early morning. Then ... a terrifying girl's scream pierces the quiet.

CUT TO:

64 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY

64

The whole family charges out onto the landing. JENNIFER hurtles out of her room screaming. She barges through the family and locks herself in the bathroom.

ALISON
What is it? Jennifer!

JENNIFER
(O.O.V.)
... There's a man ... there's a man
... there's a man in my...

DAVID
Honey, calm down now... it's
okay...

JENNIFER
(p.o.v.)
There's a man. I woke up next to a
man ...

KEVIN
It wouldn't be the first time.

ALISON
Shut up, Kevin. (to Jennifer)
Honey, you-re not making sense ...

DAVID

It's okay. There's no one out here. Just open the door. Trust me.

Pause ... then a click of the bathroom lock ... Jennifer comes out. Then there's another click. BEAN breezes out of Jennifer's bedroom, past the family, in his pyjamas, carrying a wash bag and a towel over his arm. He waves to them friendly, slips into the bathroom and closes the door. The family stare in amazement.

CUT TO:

65

INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

65

The family, now dressed for work and school, are having breakfast at the kitchen table. After an uncomfortable silence:

KEVIN

He makes Prince Charles look kind of handsome.

ALISON

He can't stay here, David.

DAVID

Okay. It's not a problem... Let's just sit ... I'll talk to the gallery ...

ALISON

David, I'm serious!

DAVID

I know you are. Very serious ... most of the time these days.

ALISON

Now what does that mean? My daughter wakes up with a strange man in her bed, and I'm supposed to think it's amusing? (looks at his tie) That tie's God-awful. Why do you wear it?

DAVID is thrown. He looks down at his tie. JENNIFER looks grumpy. KEVIN is eating happily.

BEAN enters, dressed, carrying a plastic carrier bag. He acknowledges the family with a grunt and a smile.

DAVID
Ah, Mr Bean ...

BEAN
Excuse me.

He moves to the phone, checks his watch and dials quickly.

CUT TO:

66 INT. BEAN'S BED-SIT - ENGLAND - NIGHT

66

The ancient G.P.O. phone starts to ring on a small table.
(The following takes place in a matter of seconds).

On the table are two, large, shiny, hard backed books, wedged up at one end and sloping away at right angles to one another. Each book has a pair of rulers set, parallel to one another, in Play-Doh. They each form a canal. Between one pair of rulers sits a small box of salt. Between the other pair is a miniature bust of BEETHOVEN. As the phone continues to ring and vibrate the table, these items judder along the canal, an inch at a time.

The box of salt reaches the bottom of the book and topples over the edge of the table. (The BEETHOVEN bust' teeters on the edge of its book). The salt lands in a plastic funnel, taped to the top of a bamboo stick. The bottom of the stick sits on the BBC 2 button of a T.V. remote control. Close-up of its infrared L.E.D. as it flashes once. The phone stops ringing.

CUT TO: the T.V. comes on at the start of a documentary about grizzly bears. A voice-over begins a narration.

CUT TO: close on TEDDY sitting in his cardboard box hotel. Flickering light from the T.V. plays on his face.

CUT TO:

67 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

67

Bean hangs up happily, then approaches the toaster, stuffs a pair of wet socks into it and pulls down the start lever. Satisfied, he now turns to the family.

BEAN
Now - can I help?

They just stare, dumb-founded.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - DAY

68

DAVID and BEAN arrive at the car and get in. DAVID heads out of the drive at a reasonable speed.

BEAN suddenly yanks on the hand-brake. DAVID's head hits the windshield with a sickening thud. BEAN reaches for and fastens his seat belt. He looks to DAVID. DAVID gives BEAN a pained look. What planet does he come from? He fastens his own seat belt while BEAN wonders why it's all taking so long.

CUT TO:

69 EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. CAR PARKING - DAY

69

It's a rather fancy building. Like a little Guggenheim DAVID parks by a large, expensive, looking car. BEAN opens his door and it bangs-hard against the pristine body work.

CUT TO:

70 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

70

As BEAN and DAVID enter through the swing doors they meet ANNIE, the very bubbly girl in charge of entrance tickets at the reception cum shop counter.

ANNIE

Two dollars please.

DAVID

Annie, it's me.

ANNIE

Oh, right, yeah. (to Bean) two dollars please.

DAVID

No, Annie, no. This is Doctor Bean. He's going to be working with us.

BEAN frowns. That word 'doctor'.

ANNIE

Oh, great. Usually we charge people two dollars to come in- but for people who work here, that would be 730 dollars a year, which is like, a lot of money, so we kinda like let them off. Hi.

BEAN smiles at her.

ANNIE
He doesn't like to say much does
he?

DAVID
Right first time.

ANNIE
I can understand THAT. Neither do
I.

As BEAN and DAVID move on, BEAN gives ANNIE a little wave.
She waves sweetly back. She cocks her head to one side and
watches him go. She likes Mr. BEAN a lot.

CUT TO:

71 INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. GROUND FLOOR- DAY 71

BEAN and DAVID arrive In the ground floor gallery. A few
visitors are viewing the paintings. The acknowledge ELMER,
the huge, ex-army, Security Man, sitting on a small chair by
a wall, reading a newspaper. The pass two oldish ladies
inspecting a painting

DAVID
You'll notice, our clientele is not
totally young. I sometimes worry
they're not really getting to grips
with the art on a deep aesthetic
level.

Stay with the ladies as DAVID and BEAN head on.

72 OLD LADY 1 72

What do you think?

73 OLD LADY 2 73

yes - lovely - very nice.

74 OLD LADY 1 74

And what colour would you use for the curtains?

75 OLD LADY 2 75

Well, I thought the sort of blue in this one. (she points to
a gorgeous blue Matisse) And I thought the curtains in the
bathroom would be nice in this yellow

And-they head on to a Van Gogh with a nice yellow in it.

BEAN stops to admire a painting. It is Pre-Raphaelite in style, depicting a woman reclined on a bed in a castle chamber. She is wearing a chastity belt fastened with a small padlock, her breasts are concealed under a draped flag. It is a tasteful and romantic picture.

DAVID

Beautiful. 'HIS MISTRESS' by John Everett Millais, 1829 to 96. Know it?

BEAN shakes his head. It's the padlock he's interested in he points at it and smiles. ANNIE walks up.

ANNIE

Excuse me. Mr Grierson called down. He's ready to see you upstairs.

DAVID

Thanks, Annie.

ANNIE walks off back the way she came, looking at BEAN approvingly over her shoulder.

DAVID

Better go. Grierson hates people being late.

BEAN

Yes. Ahm... think I'll ...

He gestures that he'd like to tidy up a little. Brush his hair, etc. BEAN waddles off after ANNIE clearly in need of relief. DAVID watches him go.

DAVID

Why me?

CUT TO:

76

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR - DAY.

76

BEAN is catching up with ANNIE. She notices him following and coyly smiles to herself. She stops, turns round and grins. She thinks he has come to say something to her.

BEAN stops dead in front of her - then turns sharp left into the men's washroom. ANNIE's smile fades.

CUT TO:

77

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. WASH ROOM - DAY

77

BEAN comes out of a booth. He tidies his hair and tie in a mirror. He pushes down the pressurised tap to wash his hands. It splashes terribly. The whole front of his trousers are soaked. The last thing you want when about to meet your new boss. Damn!

There now follow a quick, complicated piece of business.

BEAN spots a paper-towel dispenser. He turns towards it at just the moment a man exits from a booth - BEAN turns back to the sink to hide his trousers, as the man swiftly does his hands, goes to the paper dispenser, and takes the last towel. Damn again.

BEAN now puts his hope in a rolling towel. But it's rather high. He has to jump to try to reach the trouser. At which point Another Man enters. Jumping BEAN has been caught in a very weird position. He pretends he has chosen the Men's Room as the place to do his rather energetic exercise routine.

As the man leaves, he then tries to blow the patch dry with his mouth. Another Man enters. Again, BEAN is 1 compromised - pretends it's even more exercises. That man also enters a booth.

BEAN suddenly notices the hand drying machine! He turns it on. A healthy blast of warm air. Annoyingly, it's also rather too high. He tries jumping and bouncing to get his waist to the right height. It's not going to work. Brainwave! He climbs up on two sinks. Now the drier is blowing in exactly the right place. BEAN sways to let the air cover the whole area. It's working excellently.

At which moment, one of the men exits from a booth and sees him in the mirror. BEAN is in an immensely compromising sex-with-machine position. He pretends he's there to change the light bulb above, which he takes out calmly and polishes. The man leaves, BEAN smiles. But as he exits, BEAN's face transforms - he's totally scalded his fingers on the scorching bulb.

BEAN rushes to the sink, puts his fingers under the tap, pushes on the water - and soaks himself all over again. At which moment, DAVID enters, exasperated.

DAVID

Come on! Let's go!

BEAN exits uneasily hunched to hide his wet patch. They enter the corridor, and he spots a newspaper.

CUT TO:

78

INT. GRIERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

78

BEAN and DAVID enter. It's a warm, formal. office. On the wall behind the desk is a full-size, framed poster of Whistler's Mother. On a white background, at the base of the poster, a caption reads: 'THE GRIERSON GALLERY, HOME OF WHISTLER'S MOTHER'. Elsewhere, the walls are full of paintings.

GRIERSON and BERNIE look up from a computer screen at DAVID and BEAN, who is, rather weirdly, carrying a newspaper in front of his flies. GRIERSON approaches David, and shakes his hand.

GRIERSON

Ah, David. Finally. (CHECKS HIS WATCH DELIBERATELY) And this must be our professor from across the sea.

DAVID

Yes, this is Doctor Bean.

BEAN

Actually I'm not er ...

GRIERSON

This is Bernard Schimmel. Bernie the Doctor.

BERNIE offers his hand. BEAN has to do a nifty handchange to free up the correct hand for the handshake. The newspaper stays firmly in place.

THOMAS GRIERSON

Ah ~ the Tribune - mind if I just
....

He reaches out to borrow the newspaper. BEAN has to squeeze in right next to the desk and sit behind it, before he can hand the paper over thus ensuring the continued invisibility of the wet patch. GRIERSON studies the paper for a second.

GRIERSON

Take a seat, gentlemen.....
although before we settle - feast
your eyes on these.

GRIERSON goes to a painting on a wall. DAVID and BEAN follow ~ BEAN about one inch from DAVID's back, walking in perfect rhythm.

GRIERSON
Arthur Rackham. Originals of course. Got four of them. Check this out ... Venus and the Cat, Aesop's Fables. Isn't that something?

He heads towards said illustration on adjacent wall - and BEAN and DAVID follow, still totally glued together. A strange sight.

79

DAVID.

79

They're beautiful, sir.

GRIERSON
Maybe. Hell of a price, I'll tell you. Anyway - down to business.

They head back to the desk - but Bean, in a momentary lapse of concentration fails to follow. He's now stuck on the wrong side of the room, unable to turn around.

GRIERSON
Bernie was just showing me his new ideas for a cross-gallery computer system. Dr Bean - would you like to look at this? Very exciting stuff

80

....

80

BEAN
Ahm ... NO.

GRIERSON is slightly surprised. But they persevere.

BERNIE
What I'm doing, Dave, is developing the ultimate user-friendly, interactive public guide to the gallery.

Punching buttons on the computer, he reveals wonderful maps of the gallery, and when clicking on sections of the map, graphic explanations of each rooms contents.

Meanwhile. Bean has spotted a fan on the other side of the room. He moves around the room, always facing straight to the wall.

When he reaches the fan, he switches it on: unfortunately it's a rotating fan - so to keep the wind on his trousers, BEAN has to do a strange, rhythmic dancing movement, following the arc of the fan.

DAVID

It's very good Bernie.

BERNIE

But the particular glory of the system... is that it can also work oh large screens in each individual room - so we can network the program to every room in the gallery.

GRIERSON

Not bad, eh? What do you think, Doctor? Ah.... Doctor Bean?

BEAN turns, shocked to have been observed. He looks down at his trousers and, HOORAY!, they're dry at last. He's delighted, and moves back across the road towards them, hands in pockets, in a big, confident, groin-thrusting, dry-trouser boasting walk.

GRIERSON

Well, thanks for dropping by. Enjoy your stay with our Vice President and his family. They're simple people.-.but warm, yes, Doctor?

BEAN

I'm not actually... um...

GRIERSON

... Settled in yet. I know. Plenty of time. Bernie, perhaps you'd like to take Dr. Bean on a tour of the gallery.

BERNIE

Absolutely. This way, sir.

BEAN displays his crotch proudly one last time before he and BERNIE exit. GRIERSON tries to fathom the strange man who just left.

GRIERSON

He's a genius, right?

DAVID

Ah... He certainly has something,
sir.

GRIERSON

Very pleased you've taken him in,
David. At a time when no-one's job
is safe, it really identifies you
as a team player.

DAVID

Yes, although, I really..... thank
you. Yes, it's great to have him
with us. The whole family's very
excited.

GRIERSON

Glad to hear it. Tell poor Mr
Larson to come through, will you?

DAVID

You're not going to

GRIERSON

Sack him? David, what else can I
do? This business is not, repeat,
not breaking even. And David ...
notice anything this morning?

DAVID frowns then sees.

DAVID

You've tinted your hair? It takes
years off you, sir.

GRIERSON beams.

MIX THROUGH TO:

81 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION AREA - DAY 81

End of the day.. ANNIE perks up at the reception desk as
DAVID, but especially BEAN, approaches from the gallery
area. She has a pile of tissues near-by and draws a heart
on one of them. She arranges it on the counter-top where
BEAN could not fail to see it on his way to the exit.

DAVID

Goodnight Annie.

ANNIE

Night.

BEAN does not even notice her. As DAVID heads for the exit, BEAN suddenly sneezes.

He reaches for ANNIE's love message and blows his nose on it. He drops the tissue in a bin as he exits.

ANNIE sighs her disappointment.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. BY PARKING LOT - DAY 82

(About 5 p.m.) BEAN and DAVID head for the parking lot. On the way, BEAN's interest is drawn to the MIME ARTIST we met before in his Clinton mask, performing his heart out in front of the Dead Cars sculpture. BEAN lingers.

The MIME accosts a woman, pretending to brush dust from her clothes, comb her hair etc. The MIME is a bit of a pain in the ass really. The woman quickly moves on.

BEAN is intrigued. The MIME mimes climbing a ladder. BEAN goes up next to him - and looks up. There's nothing there. He decides the MIME is a bit of a tricky. This is confirmed when the MIME pretends he's locked behind a pane of glass. BEAN simply pokes his finger through the imaginary glass wall, and hits the MIME's nose.

CUT TO: DAVID watching bemusedly some way off.

The MIME is however delighted someone is taking an interest at last. He takes a handkerchief from BEAN's pocket, and gets BEAN to guess which hand the hanky's in. It's not in the left. Not in the right. BEAN isn't the slightest bit impressed - he just reaches round and takes the hank-y from where it's tucked into the MIME's trousers - and heads away. As he moves off, the MIME touches h' on the shoulder. BEAN turns and the MIME starts a mocking gun duel. He draws his guns. BEAN is pretty unimpressed.

The MIME turns his back and walks the 10 paces to draw. 4 He turns

But now BEAN decides to settle it once and for all. In a brilliant piece of big mime, he puts together the biggest gun ever seen outside an Arnold Schwarzenegger movie. He sets up a pedestal - opens a case - lifts out a hugely heavy gun - then the 7 bits that click on that gun. Then opens another case, and takes out the huge artillery shell to load it.

The MIME is getting very frightened. Then BEAN pulls up an imaginary stool to sit behind his mega-Gatling Gun.

The MIME begins to run away. BEAN twirls in his imaginary seat, and lines up his sights, following the terrified MIME.

Finally, in a BOOM that almost knocks BEAN out of his imaginary seat, he fires. 10 seconds delay, and the MIME falls in a very dramatic death, 50 yards away.

BEAN is happy - and heads back to the parking lot where DAVID, arms folded, leans against his car. DAVID gets into his car. BEAN opens the passenger door and thumps it loudly into the side of the expensive car next-door (same as this morning).

CUT TO:

83

EXT. SHOPPING MALL. PARKING LOT - DAY

83

DAVID parks next to a beaten up convertible.

DAVID

Okay. I'll get some steaks.
Alison loves steak ... Wine - good.
Candy? No candy. Alison hates
candy. We gotta do this right,
Bean, or ... (looks at Bean) Just
stay out of trouble, okay?

BEAN nods. DAVID gets out and heads for the mall. Nearby woman tramp (BAG LADY) goes through a trash can.

BEAN tries to control himself but weakens. He plays with all the buttons and switches on the dashboard; windshield wipers, lights. Then he notices a throbbing noise ... He gets out of the car to investigate.

BEAN swiftly locates the throbbing sound. The e-empty convertible has its engine running. BEAN notices the keys in the ignition. How stupid of someone. He turns off the engine and takes out the keys. There are several people returning to their cars with groceries. BEAN offers the car keys to them as if to say: "Are these yours?"

[The following should take place at quite a speed, real drama.]

Then suddenly, A ROBBER dashes towards BEAN from the direction ' of the Mall, weaving in and out of parked cars, with a small white carrier bag, assumedly full of money. He wears jeans, a black polo-neck and, much to BEAN's delight, a PRESIDENT CLINTON face-mask. As far as BEAN's concerned, this is his old friend, the MIME.

ROBBER throws the bag of money on to the back seat of the convertible and gets in - but he cant find the keys to start it. He frantically searches all his pockets ...

BEAN leans into shot. He holds out the keys, grinning.

ROBBER
Gimme the keys!

BEAN runs away with them. Or doesn't! He is in mime mode - And runs on the spot, getting faster and faster. The ROBBER approaches this obvious madman. He is quite a tough, scary, and scared individual.

ROBBER
I said, give me the keys!

BEAN turns and holds out two hands, just like the MIME did to him. The perplexed ROBBER picks one hand. Wrong one. He then.... pulls a gun and puts it hard to MR BEAN in BEAN's face. Passers-by scream and fall to the ground, the bag lady amongst them. Sudden harsh reality.

But not to BEAN. He simply takes the gun, and waves it in the ROBBER's face, ticking him off for breaking the rules.

ROBBER
OKAY, OKAY - TAKE IT EASY!!!

BEAN gestures the ROBBER to turn around. He does, sure this sicko is going simply to shoot him in the head. But instead BEAN puts his back to the ROBBER's back, and starts to count

BEAN
5, 6,7,8, 9,10

He turns and gestures to the ROBBER it's time to draw. By this time a crowd has gathered.

ROBBER
But I haven't got a f.....

BEAN
Ssssh!!!!

He points out a small child, watching from behind a trash can.

CUT TO:

84 INT. SHOPPING MALL. EXT. COFFEE SHOP ~ DAY

84

DAVID is hurrying back to the parking lot, with a bag of groceries, and a big bunch of red roses.. He stops dead in his tracks as he spots something ...

ALISON and CHARLES are sitting up on stools, in the window of a coffee shop. ALISON laughs at something that CHARLES says. Their body language suggests a certain closeness. DAVID is saddened. He hurries away.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. SHOPPING MALL. PARKING LOT ~ DAY

85

BEAN waves the gun at the ROBBER.

ROBBER
I haven't got a gun.

But BEAN is pushing him to draw. Finally...

ROBBER
Okay, okay, I'll do it!

He draws. BEAN draws too. They fire. And BEAN really fires. To his amazement. Onlookers scream. BEAN throws the gun away in startlement.

The ROBBER lunges for it ~ BEAN kicks it away, trying to help him avoid such a dangerous implement.

The ROBBER lunges at BEAN who throws the keys away over his shoulder. The ROBBER has to scrabble under a car for them- BEAN thinks of final joke - and niftly swaps the ROBBER's bag, for one of the Old BAG LADY's bags. A few dollar notes spill out of it.

When the ROBBER emerges with the keys, BEAN 's waiting to escort him to his car. He opens the door - then spots a tourist hiding and puts his arm around the ROBBER and gets him to take a photograph of them. BEAN removes the ROBBER's mask as the picture is taken. Forgetting himself, the ROBBER smiles for the camera.

The ROBBER, jolted back to reality by the sound of approaching Police car sirens, jumps in the car and drives away. BEAN waves goodbye to the convertible as a couple of Police cars screech up. COPS jump out.

DAVID approaches the scene with groceries and roses. What kind of hell has BEAN caused now?

But instead of trouble, he sees the passers-by are getting to their feet, applauding BEAN and whistling! They crowd round the COPS explaining what a hero BEAN has been.

BEAN hands over the gun to a COP. He doesn't really understand what all the fuss is about. He notices the BAG

LADY wandering away with her bags. Should he tell her that he has swapped one of them for the ROBBER'S? No. He's getting too much attention to be bothered. A COP comes up to BEAN. It is COP 1 from the airport scene.

COP 1

Excuse me. Mr. er ... Cabbage?

Sudden mutual recognition.

CUT TO:

86

INT. POLICE PRECINCT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

86

Classic smoked filled room with street light cutting through half closed Venetian blinds. Two or three DETECTIVES slouched in the shadows.

BRUTUS, the huge black detective from earlier, sits opposite BEAN at a table, smoking. He is looking at a photo. A close-up reveals it to be a full length one of BEAN and the ROBBER outside the mall with the ROBBER's face unmasked. BRUTUS eyes BEAN for a while. BEAN is terrified. BRUTUS taps the photo.

BRUTUS

It's Eddie Guardino. Go pick him up.

One of the DETECTIVES lazily leaves the room. BRUTUS leans forward on his elbows.

BRUTUS

Guardino fled the scene with 160 K, in a white plastic bag. We got the car. We got the bag. And we got 20 pairs of stinking pantyhose. (drags on his cigarette) Anything you wanna tell me?

BEAN looks at h4-m blankly. BRUTUS holds up the photo.

BRUTUS

'Fraid I'm gonna have to keep this.

BEAN calmly takes the picture and tears it in half. He gives back the ROBBER half and puts the other half, with himself on, into his pocket. BRUTUS glares at him.

BRUTUS

Mr. Bean. You lookin' to stay long
in California?

BEAN grins. At last. A question he can answer. He nods, happily.

MR. BEAN

Oh, yes.

CUT TO:

87 INT. THE LEARYS' HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT

87

DAVID is talking to KEVIN. BEAN is there. In the background, Jennifer plays with a computer game. DAVID is very animated.

DAVID

He was incredible. This guy is
fearless. He has no fear.

KEVIN

That's one - way of looking at it.
You might also say this guy is
brainless he has no brain'.

DAVID

Well, there is that ...

KEVIN

(TO BEAN)

I'll give you a chance... Know
anything about computers?

BEAN

Ahm....

CUT TO:

88 INT. THE LEARYS' HOUSE. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

88

KEVIN is playing an adventure game: 'GOBLINS 2' [This game exists.] The GOBLINS chuckle and make stupid noises that BEAN can imitate. A catchy piece of music accompanies the game.

The computer monitor shows the inside of the WIZARD's house. KEVIN moves the GOBLINS, and two little characters, FINGUS and WINKLE, around the room by clicking on areas in the room with his mouse.

BEAN and KEVIN are both wearing pointed goblin hats made from newspaper.

KEVIN

It's so embarrassing. All the guys
I know are on Goblins 3 and I'm
still stuck with the lousy Wizard
in Goblins 2.

BEAN is interested in the computer because he likes the cute little GOBLINS. He gets his delighted face right up to the screen. He sings along with the catchy tune. KEVIN is getting frustrated.

KEVIN

Come on, winkle.

KEVIN clicks on a cuckoo clock in the WIZARD's room. The cuckoo pops out holding a key in its beak.

KEVIN

It's gotta be here. Something to
get the key away from the stupid
cuckoo.

BEAN scans the monitor screen: he spots a little frog at the bottom of the scene. His eyes light up. He takes the mouse and rapidly and repeatedly clicks on the frog.

BEAN

Click, click, click, click, click
...

The frog croaks and jumps off a little round stone. KEVIN gets excited.

KEVIN

How'd you do that!? That was so
obvious!!!

BEAN grins and makes WINKLE pick up the stone. Then he clicks through to inside the wizard's house. He makes WINKLE throw the stone at the cuckoo which instantly drops the key from its beak.

KEVIN

Beanie, you are waaaaay Cool!

KEVIN slaps BEAN on the back. BEAN is delighted. Close on monitor, showing The Goblin game-

CUT TO:

89

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

89

Another game. JENNIFER'S Super Nintendo game on TV in the lounge area. It is a Gothic game where he-man types attack Vampires and bats with swords.

DAVID is in the kitchen - setting out the roses in a vase. The door opens - enter ALISON. Some tension.

DAVID

Hi,

ALISON

Hi..... (PAUSE) Roses.

DAVID

Yes. And I have a wine for dinner that will kill you.

ALISON

Great. (SHE SETTLES A LITTLE) You said you'd ask Grierson about putting our guest somewhere else. Did you?

DAVID

Sort of half.....

ALISON

Meaning?

DAVID

I was sort of half way through the sentence in which I would have asked him when it suddenly seemed like a mistake.

ALISON

Honestly David, you're so spineless.

Pause. Jennifer looks around. She can't help but hear. Not a happy experience.

DAVID

Roses. Wine.

He is asking her for softness. Pause. At which moment BEAN enters wearing pointy hat. He helps himself to a melon from a bowl. He grins and exits. ALISON looks at DAVID sadly.

ALISON
But no real change.

Almost instantly, BEAN is back. He rummages through a drawer and takes out some large elastic bands. And leaves.

ALISON
I really do need some time on my own. Away from here.

DAVID
Look, Bean's history. I swear to you, he's packing as we speak. And you can't leave. (HE PICKS UP THE BAMBI) I've got Bambi. You never go anywhere without him. Please let's just talk.

ALISON
Okay. (GHOST OF A SMILE) Put Bambi down, and we'll talk.

He puts Bambi down on the side-table, on the flat surface of his CD player. BEAN appears again behind her, now looking even madder. Pointy hat, large pointy ears made from melon peel, held in place by the rubber band stretched round his face ~ huge front teeth also cut from the melon. He grins gleefully.

DAVID and ALISON just stare. BEAN is followed by KEVIN who wears the same ears and teeth.

DAVID
Look, you guys, could you just give us a moment to ... Jennifer - could you turn that damn thing down.

It is quite loud. JENNIFER looks for the remote control. BEAN helpfully picks up a remote control from the sofa and points it across the room.

ALISON
No, that's not for the TV. That's for the ...

Too late! BEAN punches a button and the lid of the CD player launches the Bambi into the air.

DAVID sees it. In slow motion he dives dramatically and just misses it. It smashes on the floor.

BEAN raises his eyes heavenwards, shakes his head and tuts. He thinks DAVID is a real Butter Fingers.

JENNIFER, upset, has found the TV remote and unintentionally switches from the Vampire game to a TV channel. It's very loud.

ALISON gives DAVID a tearful look, and shakes her head.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE NIGHT. 90

A taxi drives away. Alison is in it.

CUT TO:

91 INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT. 91

JENNIFER and KEVIN are in their night clothes. They sit with David on the stairs ~ still looking at the door-Alison left through.

KEVIN

I wish I could use that at school.
"Hey, Teach, no hard feelings ...
It's just things between us ain't
what they used to be and I need a
little space, ya know? So I'll see
you around in a couple of years,
maybe".

JENNIFER

It's a kind of an interesting swap.
Mom for the Man from Ga Ga.

She gets up and walks away.

DAVID

Jen - you don't wanna talk about
it?

JENNIFER

It's you and Mom that need to talk.

DAVID

Sure. You're right.

KEVIN

You know, Mr. Bean's okay. You're
not gonna kick him out, are you,
Dad?

JENNIFER
(FROM HER DOOR)
Of course he is.

KEVIN
Are you?

DAVID
Yes, I am. I must.

CUT TO:

92 INT. HALL/BEAN'S ROOM. DAY.

92

DAVID heads for Mr BEAN's room, and knocks cautiously on the door.

BEAN
(o. o. v)
Enter.

DAVID enters - Camera follows as DAVID finds his way through BEAN's washing hanging from strings across the room. BEAN is sticking things in a picture album.

DAVID
Hi, am I disturbing you?

BEAN gives him an affable smile. In a pause before he quite gathers himself to broach the difficult subject, DAVID asks a polite question.

DAVID
May I?

BEAN acquiesces. He starts from the beginning, with pictures of him as a kid. Always standing on his own.

Picture of BEAN with mop of frizzy hair, at 16. DAVID smiles. BEAN mimes stupid disco dancing.

DAVID turns another page. It is a sequence of pictures of BEAN at famous UK locations - Big Ben, Stonehenge, Buckingham Palace, 10 Downing Street. They are .idiosyncratic because all taken by him at arms length with his Polaroid - so he never quite makes it squarely into shot.

A whole page of Teddy. Then three pages of BEAN's mini with dates, on labels, going way back.

Then a whole page of garden gnomes.

DAVID

None of your folks here - Family?

BEAN starts to look for something in particular. DAVID uses the pause to broach the awful subject.

DAVID

Look... the reason I came in here
was to ... well... since you've
been here twelve all...

BEAN has found what he was looking for. It is the picture of the family that he took from the landing on his first night here. What's left of the Polaroid of himself, from the mall, that he rescued from BRUTUS, is stuck next to it. He's even written - 'Bean & Family' - he doesn't realise there's anything sad about it. But DAVID is rather moved. Pause.

DAVID

Well, that's er...great. Look, I
just came in ... (no, he cant do
it) ... to say good night. Okay?

BEAN nods. DAVID smiles and goes to the door.

BE-AN waves good-bye a little rudely and gets back to the album. Even when we feel sorry for him, he's a little rude. DAVID walks away, shaking his head.

DAVID

Spineless.

CUT TO:

93 INT. DAVID AND ALISON'S BEDROOM.

93

The first morning without ALISON. "She's Gone" by Hall & Oats begins to play, a song full of yearning.

DAVID feels the other side of the bed. No-one there.

He walks into the bathroom and turns on the shower. Then walks back into the bedroom - She's gone - I've got to learn how to face it " He takes a towel from a cupboard and returns to the bathroom. He feels very alone.

He removes his pyjamas and gets into the steam-filled shower. - she's gone - she's gone" - but the camera moves to reveal that he is not alone after all.

BEAN has, simply entered the shower, and is now happily soaping himself, wearing ALISON's shower cap. manly screams from the both of them.

CUT TO:

94 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. CANTEEN - DAY. 94

DAVID sitting down at table, with BEAN, who is tucking in happily ~ eating a burger & bun with knife and fork. DAVID speaks after a longish pause.

DAVID

Bean can I ask you something?

BEAN nods.

DAVID

Do you think you can ever really know someone? Even if you've known them, well, almost all your life? What do you think?

BEAN thinks hard, then looks at his watch, makes his excuses and simple walks away.

CUT TO:

95 INT. GALLERY CORRIDOR. DAY. 95

BEAN at a pay phone. He dials carefully-

CUT TO:

96 INT. BEAN'S BED-SIT. DAY 96

am U.K. time. (The following takes place in a matter of seconds) Close on the T.V. A morning kids show blares out. A huge wardrobe stands four feet away from a wall. There is a string tied to one of it's door handles, stretching out of shot. The wardrobe seems to be leaning backwards at an angle. It rocks slightly and creaks. (Feature its padlock).

There is a folded ironing board balanced over a roll of hall carpet, see-saw fashion. One end of it is wedged under the wardrobe.

BEAN's G.P.O. phone rings on the table and it's vibrations cause the bust of BEETHOVEN to fall over the edge of the table. It lands on the end of the ironing board. The Wardrobe groans as it is set off balance and falls against the wall with a heavy thump! and raising of dust. The string tied to its handle becomes taut.

CUT TO: the T.V. plug in its socket. This end of the string is tied to it. The string tightens and the plug is yanked out of the socket. The T.V. screen goes blank. Shot of TEDDY in the cardboard hotel'.

CUT TO:

97

INT. CANTEEN. DAY.

97

BEAN returns, sits down and starts to eat again. David is still deep in thought.

DAVID

Well, they say there's only one way
to get over this sort of thing.
Take it day by day. Keep working.
Keep to your normal patterns.
That's the only hope. So let's
just ... take today shall we?

BEAN nods. He is not on David's emotional level here.

DAVID

I think the time has come from you
to meet the grand Madame. She's
all around you ... how do you fancy
meeting her in the flesh?

Sure enough, all around are posters, and the silhouette of Whistler's Mother. BEAN nods, though fairly distracted by the slice of gherkin he's found in his bun and now picks out with his fingers.

CUT TO:

98

INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR - DAY.

98

BEAN and David en route to the painting.

DAVID

I usually only let her out for the
big summer exhibition - but' let's
see whether what they say about the
healing power of great works of art
is true, huh?

CUT TO:

99

INT. THE WHOLE GALLERY - DAY

99

BEAN and DAVID do the rest of the journey, in quick cuts - along corridors - in an elevator. A sense of expectation and excitement. En route, they are joined by ELMER, the huge Security Guard.

The three arrive outside a large oak door. ELMER ceremoniously unlocks the door, all the time glaring at BEAN - who swallows hard. A light turns green and a buzzer sounds.

Then there is the door to the inner sanctum. ELMER stares at BEAN as he unlocks it. Another light turns green and another buzzer sounds.

DAVID

As you can see, security's pretty tight in this section. Nobody gets past Elmer here. Isn't that right?

ELMER

Not in one piece anyway. I see Mrs Whistler as kind of ... like my own dear mother. I'd kill any man that tried to interfere with her. The Vice President here will vouch for that.

DAVID

You've known me five years Elmer. When do you get to calling me David?

ELMER

Not my place, sir. It would only be a matter of time before I'm calling you Dave. Then where would we be? By next year, you're my "Sweetie-Pie" and I'm "Coochie-Coo". I'll be back in 15.

He salutes, glares at BEAN and walks away. BEAN and DAVID enters the room. BEAN looks warily back at ELMER

DAVID

You think he's tough you should see the size of the hunk that works the night shift.

CUT TO:

100 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. THE WHISTLER ROOM - DAY. 100

The room is very dark, only tiny lights in the corner.

DAVID

Stay there. Keep your eyes closed. One final lock, one final key.

DAVID unlocks double doors in a wall with a plastic key card. Buzz - click! The camera holds on BEAN, his eyes tight shut. The lights go up on BEAN's face, a magical golden glow.

DAVID
Right. Open now.

Cut round - and there is this beautiful and very famous painting, lovingly shot. Music. Atmosphere. Glory.

BEAN opens his eyes and looks at the painting.

BEAN
Mmmmm. Nice.

DAVID
I'll leave you with her for a few minutes. I'm sure you'll want to give her a proper inspection. But whatever you do, don't leave the room. Megasecurity, okay? Catch you.

BEAN nods. DAVID leaves him. BEAN is still for a while and then goes up and inspects it closely.

He tuts disapprovingly as he spots dust on the bottom of the frame. He blows it away fussily. He steps back to admire the painting. There is dust up his nose and... SNEEZE - all over the painting!

He takes out his handkerchief and wipes the spittle off in panic. Then looks back at the painting. Unfortunately, there now seems to be a big blue mark right across Mrs Whistler's face..

BEAN checks his handkerchief. Yes, there's wet ink all over it. He finds the leaking pen in his pocket. O God. He takes out his shirt, spits on it and tries to wipe the painting, but he can't make the shirt reach it. He takes the painting down from the wall and has another go. NO GOOD! The ink just spreads right over Whistler's Mother's pure white collar.

BEAN now looks round in panic. What the hell can he do? He goes to the heavy door - and looks out into the corridor. He hears someone coming, hides and sees a young girl from the catering staff wheeling a slightly squeaky trolley past, covered with a white cloth.

He goes back in - and has an idea. He goes to a little table in the corner and begins to take thing off it.

CUT TO:

101 INT. GALLERY. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY.

101

The door opens, and BEAN emerges, pushing what appears to be a trolley covered with a white cloth. Although, if you look carefully, this trolley actually has no legs. It is the painting covered with the table cloth. To make it a bit more convincing, BEAN makes an apt squeaky noise.

He proceeds along the thin corridor - and then sees another exactly similar trolley coming right towards him.' A problem. As they get close, BEAN suddenly pretends he sees something astonishing behind the on-coming man.

BEAN
(silently mouths)
What the ... !!!

When the man turns, BEAN just twists his painting sideways and shoots past him. We see the face of the deeply perplexed trolley-pusher when he looks back and BEAN is no longer there. He turns round to BEAN, who turns back to him with a totally blank and innocent look. BEAN sees an elevator and heads for it.

CUT TO:

102 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. ELEVATOR - DAY

102

Inside the elevator, BEAN relaxes for a moment. He leans the painting against the wall and presses the third floor button. The bell dings.

ELEVATOR VOICE
Second floor.

BEAN manages to get the painting into trolley position before the doors open to a group of six very fat middle aged people. They all wear large badges declaring them to be members of a 'Diet Club'. They squeeze into the elevator along both sides of BEAN's trolley. There is a very, very, THIN WOMAN behind them who can't fit on.

THIN WOMAN
I guess I'll see you up there,
guys.

The doors close. As the painting is wedged against the fat people's stomachs on both sides, BEAN is able to let go of it and make a great show of checking his watch.

He nonchalantly, drums the fingers of both hands on the top of the trolley'. The bell dings.

ELEVATOR VOICE
Third floor.

The doors open. BEAN flips the painting onto its side and strolls out of the elevator. The 'Diet Cub, members stare, after him.

BEAN heads on, squeaking - and at last sees what he's looking for. A men's room.

CUT TO:

103 INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. MEN'S ROOM - DAY 103

BEAN enters, relieved. It is small, just a little sink, a towel and a toilet. About a yard wide - but the picture fits in.

BEAN starts to wash the painting very carefully and lo!! The ink starts to come off. Massive relief. Then, alas, someone tries the handle of the door. BEAN speeds up. A knock. He peers out the keyhole. There are now 4 people waiting. BEAN is very worried.

CUT TO:

104 INT.-GRIERSON GALLERY. OUTSIDE MEN'S ROOM - DAY 104

Pause. Then out comes BEAN, drying his empty hands, miming, "Sorry, Sorry.". We see into the toilet. nothing there. No sign of the painting. BEAN turns sharply left.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY - DAY 105

DAVID is talking to BERNIE in the grounds. We can see the side of the whole gallery in shot as they talk.

BERNIE
I was hoping DU. Bean might take a look at my computer project today.

DAVID
Yes. I'll mention it to him. But ... he's kind of his own guy, you know?

BERNIE
Howls he getting on with the family?

DAVID

Ah. Fine. It's good. It's great.

We will be slightly distracted by the observation that Whistler's Mother, America's most valuable painting, is at this moment balanced on a very thin ledge three floors up - where Bean has put in, outside the Men's room window. A bird and then a couple more birds perch on it.

BERNIE

And howls Alison?

DAVID

She's ... well, she's good.

BERNIE

Saw her at the movies the other night with that boss of hers. Nice guy. Good looking.

DAVID

Yes, isn't he.

BERNIE

It's great when people who work together can become real friends.

DAVID

Isn't it?

BERNIE

I like to think that's what's happened with you and me ... even though you're kinda my boss. Still maybe it won't always be that way, huh?

DAVID doesn't quite see what BERNIE is getting at but smiles politely.

Now we see BEAN's plan - he has emerged at a nearby window. He can't reach the painting at first. So he stretches further and further out the window. No good. Finally he has to go out on the ledge. He shoos away the birds, who then decide to settle on him instead. Finally he gets a hand on the painting. As he does so, he loses hold. He just manages to grab a window before he falls.

DAVID

Look, I've left Bean on his own. Nice to chat though Bernie - always a subtle joy.

BERNIE

Thanks, David. Always a pleasure.

Period.

BEAN is slowly managing to claw his way back towards the open window with the painting. It is an extraordinary piece of acrobatics. DAVID turns to go.

BERNIE

By the way. Don't know what you think, Mr Vice President, but I've been hinting to the old man that someone's got to have the balls to take some sort of emergency measures around here - or we're all in the crap house. What do you think?

DAVID

'Emergency measures, in your book means sack people right?

BERNIE

Not necessarily. That's where this ... (POINTS TO HIS BRAIN) comes in. No, I've had a better idea than sacking people. You'll hear soon enough.

BERNIE grins and walks away. Bean does one final swing, and

CUT TO:

106

INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. STOREROOM - DAY.

106

A small storeroom where Bean's wriggling bottom is just coming back through the window. He has the picture and is safe.

He sets the picture down on a table. Darn! The birds have done their business on it.

He maniacally rummages through various dusty cans and bottles on a shelf. He chooses a can, too rusty to read its label, takes off the lid and sniffs. This smells like the right sort of stuff. He pours the liquid on to a rag and rubs it on the face of Mrs. Whistler. The solvent effortlessly removes the ink stain. Whistler's Mother looks as good as new.

BEAN is so, so, relieved. But then he notices something else happening.

The liquid did not stop with removing the stain. It is now busy removing Whistler's Mother's face entirely. As Bean watches-in frozen horror, America's most famous painting turns back to a blank canvas.

BEAN thinks for a second - and then has a desperate thought. Removing the pen that started all the trouble, he decides to try to draw back on Whistler's Mother's 'face. He doesn't have much time. It shows. Where once was a sublime oil painting, is now a biro line-drawing which looks a little like Danny de Vito.

Bean lifts it against the wall to check how it's worked. Unfortunately, there's a nail there. The picture tears, Bean panics - it tears even more. Total destruction.

CUT TO:

107 INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR - DAY. 107

BEAN Hurries down the corridor with his pseudo-trolley again, and a vaguely mad look on his face. He spots ANNIE at a drinks machine. She smiles sweetly (here comes her man) BEAN takes a sharp left into an adjacent corridor. ANNIE is hurt.

ANNIE

True love can be very hard.

CUT TO:

108 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. THE WRONG ROOM - DAY 108

Close on the double doors (identical to those of the Whistler Room) BEAN enters with the Painting, under the

cloth. He closes the doors and rests a moment to catch his breath. He takes a step into the room and freezes.

The very fat 'Diet Club, people are seated at easels, paint brushes poised. The very THIN WOMAN is standing in the centre of the room in her underwear with a Greek urn perched on her shoulder. All eyes are on BEAN, who exits very quickly.

CUT TO:

109 INT. INNER SANCTUM. WHISTLER ROOM DAY. 109

BEAN gets back to the right rooms and closes the door desperately behind him.

He stands frozen for a second - and at that moment, a hand tries the door. BEAN leaps at it and stops.

the handle turning. Then there's a knock. BEAN moves the big table in front of the door - he's barricading himself in. There's a famous Rodin sculpture in there - he shoves it along to block, the door as well. When he's succeeded, he leans hot and sweaty against it - and a door on the other side of the room calmly opens and DAVID walks in.

DAVID
Seems to be a problem with the
door.(PAUSE) Where's the picture
gone?

BEAN
Ahm.....

DAVID
What? What?

Pause. Pause. BEAN finally shows it. Not a pretty sight.

DAVID
Oh Jesus. Oh God. Oh Jesus God.
Oh Mary Mother of Jesus. Oh Jesus
of Nazareth.

BEAN
oh dear.

DAVID
What happened?!!!

BEAN
Ahm.... (setting himself up for an
interesting, comprehensive answer).

DAVID
Don't bother (panicking) Oh my
god.....

He rushes to the door he just came in - and locks it.

Wait a minute - why am I worrying about this? I did it. I just go out and tell them what happened - you're a madman from England and you did this terrible thing and it's not my fault. That's right, isn't it?

BEAN nods, knowing he deserves his doom.

Perfect - and then they say - who left him alone with the picture?" And I say - "me". And they say "you're fired". And I say 'right'. And so I get fired and you go to jail and no one's any happier.

BEAN shakes his head.

And then they say, "firing David isn't enough - let's prosecute him for negligence. And they prosecute me and it turns out I was negligent and I go to jail, and my wife leaves me and my daughter becomes a prostitute and I end up on Death Row sharing a cell with Butch McDick, the infamous gay rapist - or worse, I end up in the same cell as you!

BEAN looks hurt.

No, no...Now, let's just be calm let's think about this calmly. (he tries - and fails ...) Oh Godigodigod! Okay, now wait. Let's have another look at it.

BEAN shows it to him.

Jesus!!! I'm already thinking back to 5 minutes ago as paradise. 5 minutes ago - just walking along, shooting the breeze with my old pal Bernie.

BEAN then he has a brilliant idea. He hangs the painting back up in the security cupboard and closes the doors. Then he removes from his pocket a small note book.

He scribbles something on it, tears the page out, licks it and sticks it on the cupboard door. It reads 'OUT OF ORDER'.

DAVID

Brilliant. Brilliant. Problem solved!

BEAN is delighted.

Apart from the tiny drawback that the first person who opens the cupboard will say -"Look, someone's totally destroyed Whistler's Mother- let's kill them".

BEAN is less delighted.

No - the most important thing is that no-one sees it. Ever again!

He locks the cupboard with his plastic card key-

That's the first thing. Then ... that's the first thing.... Next ... next is the next thing which is... obviously... ritual suicide. Look, let's get out of here. Try to act natural.

They let themselves out and go into the corridor- BEAN acting his version of 'natural' - very liquid.

CUT TO:

110 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY-

110

They bump straight into GRIERSON and ELMER.

GRIERSON

Ah, David. Showing Dr. Bean our good lady?

BEAN

Actually I'm not a...

DAVID

That's right - Whistler's Mother. Looking at his mother - not his father - not interested in his father, Couldn't give a flying doughnut for his sisters or brothers - just his mother. Yes.

GRIERSON

Well, good - think I may go and look at her myself...

DAVID

No!

GRIERSON

Er ... pray tell me why?

ELMER

Because they've just cut her into tiny pieces, sir. That's why.

BEAN and DAVID die and go to hell until ELMER laughs at his own little joke. GRIERSON laughs too.

ELMER

I better continue my rounds, sir..

He strolls away.

DAVID

The thing is, sir, I've just been giving the painting a very thorough inspection, with the help of Dr Bean here - and we feel the time's come for Whistler's Mum to have her first face-lift.

GRIERSON

Time taken its toll on the old girl, eh?

DAVID
Exactly. She's in a surprisingly
terrible state. Isn't she, Bean?

BEAN
Oh yes.

DAVID
Whistler was a great painter, but
he wasn't a great chooser of paints

111

111

BEAN hudders at the thought of his paint-choosing.

The colours are beginning to fade. However ~ if you give me just one little year I can restore the picture to its original glory, the way it looked when Whistler's Mom first looked at it and said.... 0 Actually I'm not sure you've got the hair right, darling." By the way, your hair is looking great today, sir.

GRIERSON
Thank you David. However, flattery will get you nowhere. Truth is, I have a rather different plan for Whistler's dear Mama. Bernie and I have been inspecting our books - and the long and short of it is, we cannot survive with our current losses, so ...

DAVID
... you have to sack me. I understand, sir. I'll go quietly. In fact I'll go right now.

GRIERSON
No. no, no, hold on ... We cant sustain our loses - so I've decided.. to sell Whistler's Mother.

DAVID lets out a little yelp.

GRIERSON
Brilliant, huh? I already have a prospective buyer - the current Governor of California, no less, who is flies in tomorrow to inspect her and clinch the deal. Spread the news. I think decisive leadership has done the trick, don't you?

DAVID
 Yes, sir. Yes, sir.
 Congratulations. Marvellous thing.
 Bravo.

GRIERSON leaves. DAVID turns to BEAN.

DAVID
 Bean. Do you drink?

BEAN shakes his head.

DAVID
 Neither do I.

CUT TO:

112 INT. BAR - NIGHT

112

It is very late and very gloomy. Just a couple of loners staring into their drinks. The BARTENDER is up one end of the counter, smoking and reading the sports pages. There is a T.V. on above the bar, showing baseball.

BEAN and DAVID are sitting up at the bar. The latter has had far too much whisky and looks the worse for it. BEAN has a tall glass packed with fruit and paper umbrellas. We can guess how much he's had to drink by the way he has difficulty finding the straw with his mouth. DAVID almost, but not quite, slurs his words:

DAVID
 It's just a matter of acceptance,
 isn't it ... lose your job - lose
 you wife ... C'est la vie. You
 ever been married, Bean?

He turns to BEAN who has the end of a straw up his nose.

DAVID
 I guess not.

He fills his glass from a bottle.

You know, I don't get it. The New Artist exhibition-this year - people might not all have liked the dead sheep, but ... the place didn't look that empty to me. It wasn't full but I saw people. I just don't understand how the gallery can be so bankrupt they have to sell the Whistler.

He looks at BEAN who now has peanuts in each nostril. DAVID notices the BARTENDER looking at BEAN strangely

DAVID

He's English, okay? You wanna make something of it?

BARTENDER goes back to reading. DAVID searches for his last train of thought, taking a huge swig from his drink.

DAVID

... To hell with the figures. I'm not a damn accountant. I'm an artist. You know, me and Ali met in art school? I cut quite a figure then. Far cry from the man you see before you now. Then, I smoked Gitanes before I went to bed, to help me sort out the problems of the world. Now, I take a spoonful of laxative before I go to bed to help me sort out the problem with my bowels.

BEAN at that moment is keen to show DAVID his nut trick. He throws a peanut high into the air - and catches it in his mouth. Then does two. Then does it with his eyes closed. Actually, it's rather impressive.

DAVID

Truth is, I disappointed her. I turned out to have no spine. Spineless. A kind of medical miracle. Mr Flippy-Floppy. I just don't seem to be able to fight - cant stick up for myself. Too nice. I mean, I should never have let you come stay and I should be handing you over to the police right now. Shall I tell you something, Beanie ...

Bean has been interested all this, even looking to check whether David does indeed have no spine. But now the baseball on the TV is making it hard for him to concentrate on-this important confidence. He raises a finger, for DAVID to be quiet for a second. He blows a peanut from his, nostril at the T.V. - it hits the button, and changes station to a pleasant quiet-music station.

DAVID

Do you want to know what the reality of the situation is?

BEAN nods his head, very curious, listening hard.

This is it. Because you moved into my house, my wife has left me. She might have done it anyway - but you were the ten ton weight that broke the camel's spinal column.

BEAN stares at DAVID - something is getting in he's actually registering this.

That's point one. And point two - is that you've destroyed Whistler's Mother, which was' the last hope for the place where I work. So within a week, I'm going to lose my job as well.

BEAN nods, seriously dispirited.

DAVID

So, you've totally and utterly destroyed my life. Do you understand? You've put me in a position where it would have been better if I'd never been born.

He puts his hand on BEAN'S shoulder. BEAN looks down.

Very sad. This is actually the first time in his life that he's realised that his actions have really effected the life of another person. BEAN looks up sadly. Sad music plays.

CUT TO:

113 INT. LEARY HOUSE. DAVID'S ROOM - NIGHT 113

DAVID is asleep in bed. The camera moves out into the hall and into BEAN'S room.

114 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. BEAN'S ROOM- NIGHT. 114

BEAN is lying, fully dressed, in the darkness, on his back. Thinking. Worried by what he's heard. Then suddenly an idea comes into his eyes. The music is like his brain He jumps off the bed.

There follows a version of the classic tooling up for action sequence. But the 'tools' here are distinctly bizarre. BEAN picks up his suitcase, and in quick cuts, rushes through the house and collects....

115 DAVID'S PLASTIC KEY CARD 115

116 A PAIR OF Y-FRONTS 116

117 A TORCH. 117

118 SOME OF KEVIN'S CHEWING GUM. 6 EGGS 118

119	A COOKING BASIN	119
120	A CUP	120
121	A LARGE PAINT BRUSH	121
122	A BOTTLE OF CLEAR NAIL VARNISH DAVID'S LARGE TIN OF LAXATIVE. A HAIR	122
123	DRIER	123
124	AN ACTION MAN DOLL	124
125	A POSTER OF THE GIRL AND HER BOTTOM WITH THE TENNIS BALL	125
126	TWO OVEN GLOVES	126
127	A SKATEBOARD	127
128	AND 4 VOLUMES OF THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA.	128

Fully tooled, he snaps the suitcase shut.

CUT TO:

129	EXT. GALLERY. NIGHT.	129
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The building is floodlit by ground spots.

BEAN arrives silently, with suitcase, on the skateboard. Soon his full plan will be revealed. The Gallery is empty, apart from the one Security Guard, BUCK, visible through the glass front of the building, drinking coffee, watching his 12 security monitors. BEAN swallows at the sight of BUCK - he is a massive gorilla of a man.

CUT TO:

130	INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION - NIGHT.	130
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BUCK is casually watching his screens, when suddenly, horror of horror, the huge silhouette of a person hanging themselves from a tree outside appears, the shadow of the limp body thrown across the floodlit gallery wall. BUCK frantically rushes out. And BEAN subtly slips in.

CUT TO:

131	EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY - NIGHT.	131
-----	--------------------------------	-----

BUCK is looking for the body amongst the trees. He finds nothing.

Because he fails to notice the tiny ACTION MAN swinging gently in front of one of the ground-level floodlights.

CUT TO:

132 INT. GRIERSON GALLERY - NIGHT'.

132

Inside, BEAN is casually pouring the entire contents of DAVID's large laxative tin into BUCK's coffee. He also swaps two keys on the board of keys by the desk. He then takes the opportunity to put the oven gloves on his feet, one shaped like a pig, one like a crocodile, so he can move silently.

BUCK returns. He sits down, and takes a long gulp of coffee. Pause. BEAN watches. BUCK feels something uncomfortable in his stomach. He takes a key from his rack of keys, and sets off and rounds a corner- On a monitor screen, BEAN watches him break into a canter - as he passes through another monitor BUCK is at full sprint. BEAN giggles.

BEAN is satisfied he'll be uninterrupted for a while. He goes to the key-rack, borrows two keys, and sets off on his mission. The next 3 minutes of film are a sequence of cuts between three scenarios:

FIRST: BUCK - his next 10 minutes are not happy ones. When he reaches the toilet, the key he chose does not unlock it. He has to sprint back, grab all the keys, and charge back again to the door. Then he has to try out every single key. We never see him find the right one.

SECOND scenario - all the activities of the night shown on the security monitors. BUCK sprinting desperately through shot - BEAN casually going about his business and, on one occasion, BUCK running right past BEAN, but not seeing him - he has other things on his mind.

THIRD scenario - we actually see BEAN's Big Plan.

He unlocks the merchandise shop. So he can see properly and have his hands free, he puts the y-fronts on his head, and wedges the torch into them, like a head-lamp. He then takes a poster of Whistler's Mother and replaces it with the rolled-up Tennis Ball Girl. He unrolls the Whistler and places the 4 encyclopaedias on its corners to hold it down.

He separates the yokes from the eggs, mixes the whites with clear nail varnish and varnishes the-poster with it. Dries it off with the hair drier.

,With the now stiff poster, he heads up elevators and escalators to get to the Whistler Room itself, all the time chewing gum frantically. Once there, he unlocks the final cupboard with David's plastic key, takes the Whistler down and removes the destroyed Mother from its gilded frame, and its wooden support frame. He uses the chewed gum to stick the new one down to the old frame.

He then puts the very convincing forgery back into the security cupboard and relocks it with DAVID's key card.

The job is done. He scrunches up the old, torn picture, pops it in a dustbin, and heads off.

CUT TO:

133 EXT. STREET. NIGHT- 133
BEAN zipping along on the skate board with his suitcase.

CUT TO:

134 INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT. 134
BUCK, trouserless, is sitting, reading a newspaper next to a noisy washing machine.

CUT TO:

135 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. BEAN'S ROOM. NIGHT. KITCHEN - DAY
BEAN lies back in bed with quiet satisfaction.

CUT TO:

136 INT. DAVID'S ROOM. MORNING. 136
DAVID wakes with a violent start.

DAVID
my God. Tell it was a dream.

The door swings open. It is Bean with a tray of coffee and toast.

BEAN
Morning.

DAVID
It wasn't a dream, was it. I have to go in to work and tell them Whistler's Mother now looks like Danny De Vito.

BEAN

Well, Ahm....

He laughs cheerily.

DAVID

What?

CUT TO:

137 INT. DAVID'S CAR. 137

Bean is still chuckling.

CUT TO:

138 INT. GALLERY. CORRIDOR. 138

Still highly amused, BEAN guides DAVID in the direction of Whistler's Room. David takes out his key to open the room - but the door swings open. DAVID is shocked. There stands GRIERSON, looking straight at Whistler's Mum. In all its untorn, unsmudged, undestroyed glory.

GRIERSON

I think you're wrong, David. She looks as fine as she's ever looked. Worth every cent of the 10 million dollar-s.

DAVID

Ahm....

GRIERSON

Bravo. Let's put on a good show tomorrow, shall we? Don't want anything to go wrong.

DAVID

Quite right, sir.

Grierson leaves. David gets close to the painting and peers

DAVID

Wait a minute.

BEAN just puts his finger to his mouth...

BEAN

Ssshhhh.

He lets out a huge smile - he can solve the problems of the world, as well as create them.

139 INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. HALL- SATURDAY

139

JENNIFER skips down the stairs, carrying a trendy duffel bag, just as DAVID enters from the kitchen.

JENNIFER

Bye, Dad.

DAVID

Ah ... Jennifer, I need you to watch Kevin. Jen?

But JENNIFER has already reached the front door

JENNIFER

Be serious, Dad. It's Saturday.

She exits.

CUT TO:

140 EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - DAY

140

JENNIFER is heading down the path. DAVID runs out of the house and catches up with her.

DAVID

Jen, you have to help me here!
I've got to go in to work, and with your mom away ... I really need you.

A powerful motorbike turns into the drive at speed and skids round to face the opposite direction. JENNIFER runs over to it. The bike's rider turns off his engine and removes his helmet. It is STINGO, the white Rasta from the airport, with the hair extensions and the sixty rings in his nose.

STINGO

(to DAVID)

You.

He hands JENNIFER a helmet.

JENNIFER

Don't worry, Dad. I'll be home.
Monday, after school.

BEAN and KEVIN arrive at DAVID's side to spectre.

KEVIN

Hey, En, nice bike'- but remember:
any kids you have are gonna look
just like its handsome driver.

DAVID

(angry now)

Jennifer! This is not - repeat,
not! how we do things in this
family. I've told you never to get
on one of those death traps!
Please - talk to me. I promise to
be reasonable.

JENNIFER has put on the helmet and is climbing onto the back
of the bike.

JENNIFER

Great, Dad. You promised you'd get
rid of him! (points at Bean) And as
for: "how we do things in this
family. We don't have a family till
you get Mom back.

She slaps STINGO on the shoulder. STINGO kicks the starter
lever. Nothing. Again. Nothing ...

JENNIFER

Come on Sting!

KEVIN

Sting?! Sounds like something you
put on a rash.

STINGO is still kicking the starter. DAVID is desperate.

DAVID

Don't just stand there, Bean - do
something.

BEAN instantly takes on the hero's mantle and runs to the
bike. DAVID is not far behind him. STINGO is still trying
to kick start it. BEAN takes out a small screwdriver and
twiddles with something on the engine.

The bike sparks into life and does a wheelie before speeding
out of the drive and down the road. BEAN stands, hands on
hips, looking very- pleased with himself indeed.

DAVID

To BEAN) Right! Right! You get
inside and look after Kevin! (not
such a good idea) Uh --- Right!
Kevin. You get inside and look
after ... uh... (that would be a
worse idea) Right! Get in the car!
Both of you. Jesus!

CUT TO:

141 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION AREA - DAY 141

DAVID, BEAN and KEVIN at the reception desk.

ANNIE

So, Kevin. How's it going?

KEVIN

Badly. You wanna adopt me?

ANNIE smiles cutely at BEAN. DAVID is still rattled.

ANNIE

Big day today, huh?

DAVID

Uh ... yes ...

DAVID looks askance at BEAN. BERNIE hurries up and takes DAVID to one side.

BERNIE

Great day. At last we can start getting out of debt and concentrating on the future.

DAVID

Yes, look, I wanted to talk to you about this. I'm sure we haven't been doing as badly as all that.

BERNIE

You're an innocent and an optimist David - that's why I love you. (he hugs him and laughs). Jesus - what a terrible tie- Come on, the Governor's coming at 3. And before then I have a little surprise for you and the Boss.

DAVID calls to ANNIE.

DAVID

Annie ... would you look after Kevin? And Kevin - you look after Bean.

He heads off with BERNIE. Back at the counter. BEAN, KEVIN & ANNIE.

KEVIN

My Dad told me all about you.

ANNIE

Did he now?

KEVIN

He says you've got a babe count of ten out of ten, and a brain cell count of about two and a half.

ANNIE

Yeah, I'll go with that. I'm kinda, like, dumb, intellectually. (to Bean) But I'm great in bed.

BEAN is unsettled by this. He gives a shudder and heads for the gallery.

KEVIN

Catch you later, babe. (goes after Bean) Come on, Beanie - there must be a computer here somewhere. I hate paintings. They don't do anything.

CUT TO:

142 INT. GRIERSON'S OFFICE. DAY.

142

BERNIE, DAVID and GRIERSON. BERNIE looks very confident at a computer monitor. A painting is in fact 'doing' something, on the computer screen, as the girls in a Toulouse-Lautrec painting actually dance the can-can.

GRIERSON

Well, congratulations. Isn't that great, David?

DAVID

Certainly is.

BERNIE

We'll be able to start this afternoon. I'll pipe the guide to every video screen in the gallery. Now, that'll impress the Governor.

GRIERSON

Well, bravo! What with you and Whistler's Ma - I think I've got a winning team.

DAVID slightly embarrassed not to be included in the winning team. He looks to the poster of Whistler's Mother behind GRIERSON's desk.

CUT TO:

143 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. BERNIE'S ROOM - DAY 143

KEVIN and BEAN have found a computer, also showing BERNIE's Gallery programme. The monitor shows the interior of the ground floor of the gallery. KEVIN clicks, and up comes the same Toulouse Lautrec picture. As KEVIN works the mouse, BEAN hums the catchy tune from 'GOBLINS 21. It's play time again.

KEVIN

This is way cool, Beanie.

He clicks again, and a tiny talking Toulouse Lautrec starts to explain the provenance of the painting.

CUT TO:

144 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. THE WHISTLER ROOM. DAY 144

DAVID is overseeing things. There's a burgundy rope, keeping people a bit away from the case in which Whistler's Mother is contained. ELMER brings in two large flower displays. BERNIE enters.

BERNIE

Jesus! Hurry up you guys. Am I the only person round here who actually gets things done.

He exits. BERNIE is growing in confidence - and getting nastier by the minute. DAVID pulls a face at ELMER.

DAVID

You arrange those flowers yourself?

ELMER

Sure did.

DAVID

They're pretty. Learn it in the army?

ELMER

No - but when you've torn out a man's throat with your bare hands, you learn to appreciate the beautiful things in life.

CUT TO:

145 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY - DAY

145

The final touches in the preparation for the big visit to up-tempo, "we're getting ready" music.

Gardeners gardening, window cleaners cleaning, polishers polishing etc. And someone empties a dustbin, in the midst of which we glimpse something which might be a scrunched up old Whistler painting.

BERNIE watches as someone plugs in a plug - and a huge video screen in the gallery flickers and starts up.

ANNIE at her counter, reading a book called 'The Art of Conversational. She shakes an imaginary hand and rehearses a keen conversation with an imaginary V.I.P.

ELMER, in the men's room mirror, trims his hair around his peaked hat with scissors. He has a row of war medals on his chest. He polishes them proudly with his sleeve.

GRIERSON watches through the front glass - a red carpet rolls itself out from the gallery's main entrance to stop by the rear door of a black car.

CUT TO:

146 EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY - DAY

146

Close on the bottom of the black cars rear door. It opens and a pair of legs, wearing black shoes and charcoal trousers, step out onto the red carpet. As they walk purposely up the carpet, the camera pans up their owner's body, to reveal that this is BERNIE. It's a rehearsal. He is met with a hand shake by GRIERSON at the main entrance.

GRIERSON

What a pleasure, Governor Reynolds. I'd like you to meet some of our staff here. (checks a prompt card).

BERNIE

And that's where you introduce me to the Governor.

GRIERSON
Right. Got it.

CUT TO:

147 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION AREA - DAY 147

Gallery staff wait, all wearing name badges. GRIERSON leads BERNIE to the reception counter. ANNIE steps out from behind it and shakes BERNIE's hand.

ANNIE
Good day, Governor Reynolds. I'm
Annie ...

BERNIE
Curtsy.

ANNIE
Curtsy? Are you kidding? This is
1990s America. Women don't curtsy,
they run the damn country!

GRIERSON
Alex, please!

ANNIE
That's Annie, sir.

GRIERSON takes BERNIE on to ELMER who is next in line.

GRIERSON
This is Elmer, our longest
serving...

BERNIE
Hey. Let's junk the medals, Elmer.
This is not a Veterans' reunion. We
wanna make the Governor feel at
home. Not remind him of piles of
dead people wearing uniforms.

ELMER puts on a defiant face. DAVID shakes his head disapprovingly. GRIERSON moves BERNIE to meet DAVID. They

'Shake hands.

DAVID
David Leary. I'd like to echo my
colleagues welcome to you and thank
you for your patronage ...

BERNIE rudely cuts him off.

BERNIE

Okay, that'll do. The Governor's here in half an hour. We have to be totally ready then. No excuses. Period!

GRIERSON

Thank you Bernie. Well done. Now, If you'll excuse - I have a little smartening up to do myself.

CUT TO:

148 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. BERNIE'S OFFICE - DAY 148

BEAN at the computer. He's actually quite enjoying himself now. In fact, he's rather hogging the thing. This is, after all, an animated catalogue - his area.

KEVIN

I'm just gonna go see if Annie needs me for anything. Truth is, she smells kinda nice. okay?
(grins).

BEAN smiles and gives KEVIN a thumbs-up. KEVIN returns the gesture and exits..

Back to the computer, BEAN clicks on an icon which takes him to the ground floor gallery. He clicks through various paintings and stops at the painting of the woman, in the castle, wearing the chastity belt. BEAN clicks and enlarges the painting to fill the screen.

He happily hums the catchy tune from 'GOBLINS 2' and homes in on the tiny padlock on the chastity belt. Padlocks interest him. He clicks on the keyhole rapidly (as we have seen him do with the frog in GOBLINS

MR. BEAN

Click! click! click! click! click!

.Suddenly, to BEAN's surprise, the padlock starts to flash red...then the whole screen starts to flash ... before going dramatically back to black ... Now flashing in the .centre of the monitor is an icon of a tiny key. Beneath it, a row of six dashes appears (e.g - - - - -). A cursor is flashing over the first dash.

BEAN is totally absorbed. He loves these kinds of puzzles. With one finger, he slowly types out letters on the keyboard (he has to search for some of them). As he does so, they appear over each dash in turn:

G-O-B-L-I-N

A message pops up: "ACCESS DENIED"
BEAN tries something 0 else.

G-N-O-M-E-S

The message again: 'ACCESS DENIED'.
The room door suddenly opens!
Making BEAN jump! It's BERNIE. He
cannot see the computer screen from
the doorway.

BERNIE

How goes it, Bean? Ready for the
Governor?

BEAN smiles and nods nervously. He knows he's probably up
to something he shouldn't be.

BERNIE

We need you downstairs in ten
minutes and not a second more.
Period. Oh, And put this on.

BERNIE throws BEAN a name badge with 'Dr. Bean' on it. BEAN
nods. BERNIE exits. BEAN goes back to the code. He types
in the first thing that comes into his head:

B-E-R-N-I-E

That damned message again: 'ACCESS
DENIED'. Then, as though something
is dawning on him, he punches in:

P-E-R-I-O-D

Up comes a message: "CODE
ACCEPTED". Close on BEAN's face as
light from the computer plays on it-
He reads it carefully and with
interest. We cant quite read his
expression - but what he sees is a
surprise and a puzzle. Long
meaningful pause as his eyes scan
the screen.

CUT TO:

149 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. THE WHISTLER ROOM - DAY 149

BERNIE enters - DAVID is looking at Whistler's Mother, still
puzzled.

BERNIE

David? Lift off!

CUT TO:

150 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION AREA - DAY 150

The staff and various dignitaries are lined, looking out through the glass in anticipation. Through the glass we see a couple of Police Motorcycle Escorts pull up outside followed by a beautiful, old, classic Rolls Royce.

CUT TO:

151 EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY - DAY 151

The red carpet unrolls all the way to the Rolls, rear door. Close on the bottom of the driver's door. It opens and out step a pair of legs, wearing army boots and khaki trousers.

The legs step sideways onto the carpet and approach us. Camera pans up to show us that GOVERNOR REYNOLDS is dressed in his Veteran's uniform - chest of medals and forage cap. He is a grand figure. In fact - he's exactly the same grand figure Mr BEAN caused epic problems To on the plane over. He gives his prized possession, the car, a little token polish with his sleeve before heading on.

BRUTUS and his SIDE-KICK COP fall into step behind him. They are the Police presence today.

GRIERSON and BERNIE greet REYNOLDS at the entrance.

GRIERSON is wearing a striking brand new light blue silk suit. BERNIE is frowning - not happy about that uniform.

GRIERSON
what a pleasure, Governor.
Welcome.

REYNOLDS
Hi, Grierson, forgive the war
paint. Going on To my regiment/s
reunion after.

GRIERSON
Not at all, Governor. Very
striking.

REYNOLDS takes in GRIERSON's suit.

REYNOLDS
Interesting suit.

GRIERSON
(Beaming)
Why thank you sir.

REYNOLDS
off the peg?

GRIERSON
(crestfallen)
Yes it is ... may I introduce you
To Bern ...

He gestures to BERNIE but REYNOLDS cuts in and hands BERNIE a set of car keys.

REYNOLDS
(To Bernie)
Go park the old jalopy, will ya,
son.

BERNIE's smile melts away. As they enter the gallery, BERNIE hopefully offers the car keys to BRUTUS - who rewards him with a "don't be stupid" smile and follows the Governor.

BEAN (wearing "Dr Bean" name badge) comes into the corridor by the front door, thus just missing REYNOLDS. BERNIE sees him and jumps on the chance to delegate.

BERNIE
Bean - go park the Governor's car,
will you.

BEAN assents happily. BRUTUS spies BEAN over his shoulder and frowns - its that mad English guy again. BEAN gets to the door and sees the Governor's car. Yummy!

CUT TO:

152 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION AREA - DAY 152

GRIERSON leads REYNOLDS to the reception counter, as BERNIE sneaks up to take his position again. ELMER is in the background trying to look professional, deferring to BRUTUS.

ANNIE steps out from behind the counter, curtsies and ,shakes REYNOLDS' hand.

ANNIE
Good day, Governor. I'm Annie.
You know, you're a lot taller than
you were half an hour ago.

REYNOLDS
Well, that's great to hear at my
age, Annie. Thank you very much.

ANNIE

Governor Reynolds, does your wife,
like, have to curtsy? Or does she
0 have a decent job?

REYNOLDS

Er ... Mrs. Reynolds is doing just
fine. Just fine.

He spots KEVIN and winks at him. KEVIN smiles back.

CUT TO:

153 EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. DAY.

153

BEAN has let himself into the car. It's one of the happiest moments of his life, as he inspects the gleaming panel and sits back in the gorgeous leather seat.

He starts the car up - and heads up into the circular car park. He sweeps dangerously round a few turns - but just manages to keep the car in tact. Finally he reaches the top floor where there is one quite small space left. BEAN is a good driver in a car that is, unfortunately, one foot wider than the one he's used to.

He takes out the comb he always used to measure space with his Mini, and measures the space. Yes. Seems large enough. He moves the car in. It isn't large enough.

With a hideous scraping of metal against metal, the Rolls Royce squeezes in between the two cars, losing its wing mirror and door handle in the process. BEAN looks a tad concerned.

CUT TO:

154 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY - DAY.

154

REYNOLDS has moved on to ELMER who salutes crisply. REYNOLDS returns the salute with pride.

REYNOLDS

Nice set of medals there Elmer.
Which beach they drop you on?
Utah? Omaha?

ELMER

Couldn't tell you sir. I was so
drugged up with the killing I
didn't know where I was.

REYNOLDS
Well, congratulations soldier.

CUT TO:

155 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY.

155

BEAN sitting in the wedged car. He tries the door - but it won't open a centimetre. He's totally stuck. He looks up at a small window in the roof. If only he could get that open. He pushes various buttons, which set of windscreen wipers, squirters, radios. He pushes the cigarette lighter. Finally, he pulls a lever - and the bonnet pops up an inch.

At which moment we see the lighter shoot out, and on to the seat. BEAN is still looking round below the dashboard, when he notices a little fire in the seat beside him. Not good news.

BEAN panics a bit, turns and half climbs over into the back seat, when he spies a drinks cabinet. He has a very good idea - he finds a cut crystal decanter of brown liquid, opens it and uses it to douse the fire. Not a wise move with brandy. Before the cut, we see the WHOOSH! of a major fire in the front seat of the car.

CUT TO:

156 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. DAY.

156

GRIERSON leads REYNOLDS towards the main gallery. He points up to the video screen they are passing, which shows the two of them walking along - as does every screen in the gallery. REYNOLDS is impressed. He glances at DAVID in passing.

REYNOLDS
Nice tie, fella.

DAVID grins to himself.

CUT TO:

157 INT. PARKING LOT - DAY.

157

The front of the car isn't what it was. There has been a big fire. It's out now - three decanters lie empty. BEAN is not happy. Finally, he decides to go for brute strength. He turns the car on again, puts it into reverse, and puts his foot down on the accelerator.

We see the car from above. Full throttle. Totally still. Totally still. And then WHOOOSH WHAM!!!

It reverses at 100 mph straight backwards, smashing violently into and destroying the back of the car behind _ as it happens, Bernie's car.

CUT TO

158 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. GROUND FLOOR - DAY 158

REYNOLDS stops to admire a small painting - a twelfth century 'Crucifixion of Christ'.

GRIERSON

Ah, one of my favourites. It expresses a universal agony that the established Church so rarely acknowledges, don't you think?

REYNOLDS

Jesus ... no one's got feet like for crying out loud. Have you got feet like that? Dammed if I have. Let's move it, shall we?

BERNIE spots a slightly concerned DAVID.

BERNIE

Everything okay, David?

DAVID

Yes. Ahm. I was just wondering where my English house guest had got to.

BERNIE

He's just parking the Governor's car.

DAVID

Great - keep him out of trouble.

CUT TO:

159 INT. PARKING LOT - DAY. 159

BEAN is inspecting the car. He's not too happy with it. 'He tries to get the bonnet down, but it insists on staying up. He shrugs his shoulders and gets in to drive off again, having to wind down the window and drive by leaning his head out. This means that as he heads for the exit, he fails to see the system to stop people leaving without paying, a foot high barrier that appears out of the ground. When he hits it, the car stops dead.

BEAN gets out, leaving the car idling and goes to the booth where normally the attendant would be - but everyone is in the gallery at the moment. Inside he pushes a couple of buttons, and, hurrah, gets the one that drops the barrier. Less hurrah, he has forgotten to put on the hand brake.

As he moves back towards the car, it glides slowly down the ramp on the outside of the building, then accelerates, and finally, on a particularly sharp turn, smashes through the wall, and flies off the building. We hear a crash - but do not see where it lands.

CUT TO:

160 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. GROUND FLOOR - DAY 160

GOVERNOR REYNOLDS turns away from another picture.

REYNOLDS

Can we go and see Mrs. Whistler now? My eyes are making my feet sore, as my wife would say.

DAVID

Sure, Governor. Please. This way.

The party follows DAVID as he walks through the gallery, towards the double doors, to take the lift to the Whistler Room. An excited atmosphere.

CUT TO:

161 INT. WHISTLER ROOM. DAY. 161

Everyone enters.

DAVID

Ladies and gentlemen - most of you have seen Whistler's Mother before, can I ask you just to step back. Thank you.

It's part of his plan of caution - he knows there's something wrong - and wants as few people as possible to see the painting close up. The crowd moves back.

DAVID

I'd like the Governor to have, as it were, a private audience with his new friend.

REYNOLDS is flattered. Silence. DAVID inserts the plastic card key - opens the doors - and sure enough there in all its glory is Whistler's Mother'. Respectful silence.

REYNOLDS is delighted. He stands back to inspect her.

REYNOLDS
Well, hello Ma'am! Yes - she
certainly looks a million dollars
to me - or should I say ten million
dollars!

Everyone applauds.

GRIERSON
Bravo - what do you say to a final
glass of, though I say it myself,
rather 'expensive' champagne.
(grins smugly)

People start to file out. REYNOLDS, GRIERSON, BERNIE and DAVID stay behind. DAVID spots BEAN arriving. He hands the car keys back to BERNIE with a slightly dazed smile. DAVID eagerly takes his arm and brings him over.

DAVID
Governor, I don't believe you've
met Dr Bean, our expert from
England.

They turn to each other - recognition from BEAN "it's the man from the plane". He does a very quick hand-shake and tries to make a getaway before REYNOLDS recognises him...

BEAN
Ah, hello, sorry, I ... Ahm...
sorry ...

BEAN turns. In fatal slow motion he trips over the cord that stops anyone getting too close to the great painting. He spins and falls in the direction of the painting.

CUT TO: the looks of horror on all the faces.

CUT TO: BEAN, reaching out to keep himself standing. We think he's going to tear the painting. He doesn't. He simply catches hold of the bottom of the ornate frame. It ,,snaps off.

CUT TO: a look of relief for an instant on all faces.

CUT TO: the truth - as the frame breaks off, there is the little white strip, saying, THE GRIERSON GALLERY, HOME OF WHISTLER'S MOTHER"-

CUT TO: a look of horror on all faces.

CUT TO: ELMER looking like someone has just murdered his own mother.

CUT TO: BRUTUS and SIDE-KICK glowering at BEAN.

CUT TO:

162 INT. GALLERY CORRIDOR. DAY.

162

Governor REYNOLDS storming through the Gallery, with -BERNIE and GRIERSON scampering after him.

REYNOLDS

You were going to sell the State of California a poster - for ten million dollars! Who the hell do you think you are, Shorty!?

GRIERSON

Look, Governor - just wait - it's may not be as bad as it looks

CUT TO:

163 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. WHISTLER ROOM - DAY.

163

DAVID and BEAN stand alone in silence, in front of the debris. BEAN is absolutely destitute. DAVID stares at him. BEAN just lifts his hands. Totally sad. What will, what can DAVID say to him? Finally, DAVID just puts his hands on his shoulder.

DAVID

Nice try, kiddo.

BEAN cant quite believe he's forgiven. At which moment, there is a knock on the door. ANNIE enters, holding KEVIN's hand.

ANNIE

David. There's a call for you.
It's your wife.

DAVID

Great. Classic timing. Why don't you ask her just to leave a date for the divorce? I'll check my diary later.

Then he notices the worried expressions on ANNIE and KEVIN's faces.

ANNIE

She's calling from the hospital ...

BEAN and DAVID both take this in. DAVID turns and runs towards the reception area. ANNIE calls after him.

ANNIE
She's on line three!

KEVIN grabs BEAN's hand and they both run after DAVID. ANNIE watches BEAN go and sighs.

ANNIE
Such... great buns.

CUT TO:

164 INT. GALLERY ENTRANCE HALL. DAY.

164

The party is in disarray. In the background, DAVID is on the phone at the reception counter with KEVIN and BEAN. BRUTUS hovers, he suspects BEAN - wants to question him.

REYNOLDS
I've known soldiers who've had their heads blown off who were more intelligent than you two. Not only have you failed to protect your most valuable possession from theft - but you didn't even know it'd been stolen! I'd sooner buy heroin from the guy who sells drugs outside my grandson's school than anything from you guys.

GRIERSON
I am sorry you feel that way.

REYNOLDS
And I'm sorry you look that way, short-ass. That suit stinks and you obviously dye your hair.

GRIERSON is seriously shocked and offended.

Now, bring my car round the front please - I've had enough of this crap!.

BERNIE
Certainly, sir.

He rushes off. Meanwhile, DAVID slams down the phone and he, BEAN and KEVIN rush out of the building. ELMER, BRUTUS and SIDE-KICK give chase.

CUT TO:

165 EXT. GALLERY PARKING LOT. DAY. 165

DAVID's car screeches out onto the street and tears away.

BRUTUS and SIDE-KICK arrive, flustered, at their car. SIDE-KICK is frantically searching for its keys.

BRUTUS
Come on man! Move it!

A car passes by them slowly. ELMER is driving. He shouts from his window.

ELMER
Hey, Cop, wanna ride? Jeese, where
do they get you guys?

The cops jump in his car while it is still moving.

CUT TO:

166 EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY - DAY 166

REYNOLDS at the entrance. BERNIE walks up sheepishly, holding up car keys.

BERNIE
There is one other tiny problem,
sir.

CUT TO:

167 EXT. STREET. DAY. 167

DAVID's car speeds by. ELMER's car is not far behind it.

CUT TO:

168 INT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY 168

DAVID is driving fast.

KEVIN
Is Jenny gonna be okay?

DAVID
She was wearing a helmet. It could
have been worse.

KEVIN
But is she gonna be okay?

DAVID
(snapping)
How the hell should I know?

KEVIN is hurt.

I'm sorry. What can I say - she's unconscious. And I mean - every night when we sleep, we're all unconscious, aren't we? She'll pull out of it. God though - why the hell do kids have to ride bikes?

DAVID slams on the brakes. He nearly went through a red light.

DAVID
Damn! She's a good kid. Sometimes good people get a break once in a while. (manages a smile)

A chauffeur driven, open top limo, pulls up next to DAVID's car. BEAN looks out of his window to see the BAG LADY, from the mall robbery, sitting in the back. She is still wearing her filthy clothes. She raises a glass of champagne to BEAN and smiles.

BEAN waves back uncertainly. He's sure he's seen her before - a vague memory.

CUT TO: ELMER's CAR is in the traffic queue about ten cars back. BRUTUS and SIDE-KICK get out and start running down the line towards DAVID's car.

The lights are green. DAVID puts his foot down and the car screeches away just as BRUTUS and SIDE-KICK are within inches it.

CUT TO: BRUTUS and SIDE-KICK turn on their heels and head back to ELMER's car. They are very unfit.

They are just about to jump in the car when gun shots are heard from a near-by gas station- BRUTUS turns and sees a robbery in progress. A man with a gun is about to run away. BRUTUS is torn, not knowing which quarry to pursue.

BRUTUS
Shiiiiit!

ELMER
It's okay! I'll tail 'em!

BRUTUS
You got it.

BRUTUS and SIDE-KICK draw their guns and run towards the gas station. In a moment of confusion - a shot rings out. We think in the corner of our eye that we see BRUTUS fall to the ground, as ELMER screeches away after DAVID's car.

CUT TO:

169 INT. HOSPITAL. RECEPTION - DAY

169

Much hustle and bustle. DAVID is getting directions from a nurse at the desk. He beckons to KEVIN and BEAN and strides, purposely towards a corridor. They hurry to catch him up, and Bean treat on the back of his shoe. DAVID turns and shouts at him.

DAVID

Just stay away from me! D'you hear?

He takes KEVIN's hand and storms away round a corner. BEAN is taken aback not knowing what to do or where to go. He is really feeling sorrow now. He's shaken. All part of his slow coming to feel things properly.

CUT TO:

170 INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - DAY

170

DAVID and KEVIN turns a corner - and stop, frozen. There, sitting alone, on a bench, outside JENNIFER's room, is ALISON. She gets to her feet. Their eyes meet.

CUT TO:

171 EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY -DAY

171

A crowd outside the gallery, look off camera. The camera follows BERNIE's gaze and takes in the modern car sculpture. Where there were two cars face down in the earth, there are now three, the new addition being Governor's pride and Joy. The three cars form a tall pyramid.

Close on REYNOLDS' face. GRIERSON approaches.

REYNOLDS

Don't even think of saying one word to me, or I'll find a way of fitting all three of those cars right up your ass.

GRIERSON nods - he's got the message.

CUT TO:

172 INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. DAY

172

ALISON and DAVID are standing where they were before, three paces apart. ALISON is upset, tired and drawn.

ALISON
They're not calling it a coma. The doctor says she's ... just kind of taking time out. (to Kevin) Hi, tough guy. (to David) It's a busy night. The doctor will be back in a while.

A doctor passes

DAVID
Excuse me.

DOCTOR 1
I'll be back in a minute.

DAVID
Okay, great.

ALISON looks at him. We don't quite read the expression but somewhere under there we know she's thinking "yup, he's still ineffective."

ALISON
At least you didn't bring Mr Bean with you.

DAVID
Ah, well

CUT TO:

173 INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - DAY

173

BEAN is looking for his friends. A doctor sweeps by him. A nurse behind.

NURSE
Doctor Jacobson?

DOCTOR JACOBSON
Yes?

NURSE
We need you urgently in C Theatre.

DOCTOR JACOBSON
Damn. I was just going to Number 4
....

NURSE
It is urgent, sir.

DOCTOR JACOBSON
Okay.....

The doctor rushes away and drops his stethoscope as he goes. BEAN sees it, picks it up and follows him he's trying to be useful.

CUT TO:

174 INT. HOSPITAL. RECEPTION - DAY

174

ELMER is at the busy reception desk and has been talking with a nurse.

ELMER
No, no, I didn't realise the situation. I won't disturb them now.

ELMER is obviously moved to find out about JENNIFER. He moves towards the exit ... He is surprised to see BUCK, the night-shift guard, dressed in civvies, sitting with outpatients.

ELMER
Buck?

BUCK looks up, painfully, goes to say something, then dashes into a men's room close-by. ELMER shakes his head and leaves.

CUT TO:

175 INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - DAY.

175

BEAN still following DR JACOBSON, who goes through more swing doors and then suddenly disappears. BEAN sees a big "4" above a door and goes in, holding the Stethoscope. A nurse accosts him instantly. She reads his name badge.

NURSE 2
Doctor ... Bean?

BEAN is fed up trying to correct people with this misconception.

BEAN
Actually ... (huge sigh) ... Yes, yes, yes...

NURSE 2
Just in time, sir. Allow me.

She immediately slips the white coat onto BEAN, and the gloves, and the mask.

176 INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - DAY

176

ALISON, DAVID and KEVIN are sitting on the bench opposite JENNIFER's room. KEVIN picks up JENNIFER's SUPER NINTENDO console from the bench. DAVID notices this. ALISON answers his look.

ALISON
When the Police told me what had happened I ... it's stupid I know ... but I remembered all that stuff people do to get through to coma victims ...

KEVIN
Like playing them recordings of their dish washers and coffee grinders?

ALISON
That right. So I went home and picked it up.

DAVID
Good thinking. (pause) You still call it 'home'.

ALISON looks at him seriously.

177 INT. OPERATING THEATRE. NIGHT.

177

Inside the operating theatre, a body is waiting in position. There are attending nurses and an assistant doctor. They all look up to BEAN as he enters, fully kitted up.

ASSISTANT
Good evening Doctor.. What we have here is a bullet wound in the lower thorax it seems to have ruptured the lung, and there's severe inner bleeding along the abdomen.

NURSE 2
He's coming round.

ASSISTANT
Give him a T 70, straight away.

The victim starts to move - he looks up - we see his face for the first time. It is the police officer, BRUTUS. He is in great pain. As the sedative shot goes in, BEAN takes off his mask, and smiles, with a little wave. A look of total panic goes over BRUTUS'S eyes, as he loses consciousness.

ASSISTANT

Shall I do the cut, sir?

BEAN nods - he's not going to argue with anyone. The assistant cuts. BEAN is horrified, almost faints, then snatches the knife. He can't believe this maniac has just cut through another person's flesh.

ASSISTANT

I'm sorry. it's only MY first week.

BEAN hands the knife to the NURSE testily.

NURSE

I'm afraid we'll now have to wait for the X-rays, Doctor, or we'll never find the bullet. Come on everyone sort out the support systems.

EVERYONE turns to get on with their particular jobs. BEAN is left with the body. A pause. He gets a little bored. Takes a sweet packet out of his pocket. Only one sweet left. he takes it out lovingly, and then does what he always does - throws it up into the air, to catch it in his mouth.

Unfortunately, he forgets that he is wearing a mask. It hits the middle of the mask and bounces into the cut in the body.

BEAN looks down annoyed. Checks round him - everyone's 'still busy. So he puts his hand in the body, really rummages around, finds the sweet, takes it out, and then realises he's in fact got the bullet between his fingers. ..Guiltily, he slips it back into the body, rummages a bit more, finds the sweet, wipes it, & pops it in his mouth. At which second the X-ray arrives.

ASSISTANT

Here we go, doctor. (STUDYING THE X-RAY) the bullet is here - so we'll probably have to extend the cut to here. Think we all better be prepared for a long one here. This is tricky.

BEAN tuts scornfully - 'you're wrong 1, reaches in again, feels around for a second, and triumphantly produces the bullet between his fingers.

They all applaud.

CUT TO:

178 INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - DAY.

178

BEAN exits from the theatre - still in gown and mask, followed by the assistant. The police SIDE-KICK is waiting.

SIDE-KICK
Any news on the chief?.

ASSISTANT
There certainly is. Dr Bean here
just saved his life.

SIDE-KICK's eyes water. He's choked. BEAN shakes his hand nervously, and heads on fast before he's found out. He turns the corner and suddenly sees DAVID and ALISON, still seated. ALISON sees him.

ALISON
my god.

DAVID
Sorry, honey - he just happened to
tag along.

ALISON
Nothing ever really changes, does
it, David?

She turns her head away: the bond of the moments before is gone. BEAN looks very contrite. At that moment, another doctor walks by.

DAVID
Excuse me.

DOCTOR 2
Yes, your doctor will be with you
in a minute. We have a lot to deal
with here, sir.

ALISON looks round, and shakes her head. BEAN kicks DAVID in the shins. DAVID looks round, puzzled. There is a poster of the human skeleton. BEAN points to the spine. DAVID looks but cannot fathom a relevant meaning from it.

Another doctor comes along - the same one who they spoke to first. He's young, confident slightly arrogant.

ALISON
Excuse me, doctor.

DOCTOR
Really Ma'am, we'll get to you in due course.

ALISON
Okay.

DAVID looks at the poster opposite again. Spine, ribcage, skull. Looks back at Bean gesturing to it. This time the penny drops! Spine spineless!

DAVID
Say that again, son.

DOCTOR
I beg your pardon?

DAVID
I said say that again, son - because the next time you do, I'll make sure you're in there with my daughter, but in a slightly less healthy state and she's in a coma with a broken arm right now.

DOCTOR
I'm er ... sorry if you've been waiting a long time.

DAVID
We have. In fact, we've been sitting here since the start of the Millennium and I'd really like some action from you before the end of the world.

A hint of a smile arrives on ALISON's lips. She's heard that somewhere before.

DAVID
So, why not haul your ... (checks) nice little ass into this room and explain to me and my wife why our precious daughter is going to be absolutely fine because of all the fantastic intelligence and attention you are going to give her case.

DOCTOR

Okay, sir. Certainly. Good.

DAVID turns to ALISON - she does a little tilt of her Head 'WOW'. And he turns to BEAN, who points to himself, and nods n Come on!

DAVID

Yes, and Bean, for God's sake, keep out of the goddamn way, will you?

BEAN nods enthusiastically and backs off.

ALISON

Smiling Well, well.

CUT TO:

179

INT. HOSPITAL. JENNIFER'S ROOM - NIGHT

179

Close on an E.C.G. monitor, green lines on black screen. DAVID and ALISON sit by JENNIFER's bed. JENNIFER is unconscious. She has her arm in a cast and a small Band-Aid on her head. otherwise she seems undamaged.

KEVIN is sitting on the end of the bed playing the SUPER NINTENDO game (the Gothic Vampire thing, with bats and he-men, we saw on JENNIFER'S TV earlier). It is plugged into a T.V. which sits on a trolley. It's quite a noisy game. KEVIN is immersed in it.

ALISON

Let's get a coffee.

DAVID

Yes. Great. Kevin, I'll send Bean in to keep you company.

ALISON exits. David follows. BEAN enters. He sees JENNIFER for the first time. Sympathy shows in his eyes.

KEVIN

Help me with this. It's a scientific experiment. We're gonna wake up Sleeping Beauty here with the tortured screams of Vampire bats.

BEAN is determined to help. He sits down with KEVIN. The game continues. The he-man jumps up and down, lashing out at bats with his sword. Lots of noise, but JENNIFER sleeps on.

CUT TO:

180 INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

180

By a drinks machine. ALISON finishes drinking from a plastic cup.

ALISON
Disgusting.

She looks up at DAVID, who's looking at her. Slowly she gets close and puts her arms around him. She's a bit tearful.

DAVID
Everything's gonna be fine.

ALISON
(pause)
About Charles...

DAVID
shhh...

ALISON
It was nothing. We're not ... He just makes me laugh. When was the last time we laughed? Any of us?

DAVID
I know... I know. I've been an arsehole of spectacular proportions. Olympic standard.

KEVIN
Dad...

They look down to see KEVIN has arrived.

KEVIN
These guys just hijacked the T.V.
Me and Bean were trying to ...

A hospital PORTER passes, pushing the T.V. on a trolley.

HOSPITAL PORTER
Sorry, folks. We're short on these and there's another kid down the hall that could use ...

DAVID
Wait a minute (about to get tough again)

ALISON
Please. It's okay. Really. (to
David) Wow - who put the fire in
you, my' man?

CUT TO:

181 INT. HOSPITAL. JENNIFER'S ROOM - NIGHT

181

JENNIFER is still asleep. BEAN is sitting on the end of her bed. He looks at the SUPER NINTENDO console thinking, "How can I get this working again? How can I help?" The only sound in the room is the beeping from the E.C.G. machine, monitoring Jennifer's heart. BEAN has an idea.

He yanks off the jack plug at the end of the Super Nintendo lead. Producing his small screwdriver, he starts to unscrew the console casing.

CUT TO:

182 INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

182

DAVID, ALISON and KEVIN walk back towards the room.

ALISON
Maybe I ought to think about
getting another job.

DAVID
Good idea - with a boss who's a
really ugly son-of-a-bitch.

She and DAVID manage to share a smile. They're going to get through this. Suddenly, we hear noise from the vampire game, coming from JENNIFER's room. KEVIN registers this and is puzzled. Then ALISON and DAVID notice it.

DAVID
I thought you said....

CUT TO:

183 INT. HOSPITAL. JENNIFER'S ROOM - DAY

183

The LEARYS appear in the open doorway. Their expressions turn from curiosity to horror.

BEAN has plugged the SUPER NINTENDO games system into the back of JENNIFER's E.C.G. monitor. A couple of bats are flapping about the screen but the most worrying thing here (shown in close-up) is the sight of a he-man type, jumping up and down, lashing out, with his sword, at the passing pulse light, showing Jennifer's faint vital signs

184 ...

184

ALISON gasps. DAVID slowly moves into the room.

DAVID

Now, Bean ... just put down that
thing ... nice and slow ... you
hear me? Come on now...

But BEAN is determined to keep going - it's his way of
reviving Jennifer. DAVID approaches the opposite side of
the bed and gets ready to pounce ... CUT TO: a close-up of
the monitor. The he-man chases the pulse light ...

DAVID dives across the bed just as he man swipes the pulse
light with his sword. DAVID has landed on top of JENNIFER.
The pulse light explodes and the monitor screen whites-out.
JENNIFER wakes up with a start.

JENNIFER

Dad! Get off!? What's happening
here?! Mom?

ALISON covers her mouth, tearful, but she can't hold it
back. She laughs. DAVID and KEVIN stare at JENNIFER. They
can't help but join in the laughter. JENNIFER has no idea
what's going on. BEAN is happy that everyone is happy.

KEVIN

I don't care what anyone says. Mr.
Bean brought my sister back from
the dead. He did it under
laboratory conditions. My eyes do
not lie!

ALISON grins at him. Then at BEAN.

MIX THROUGH TO:

185 INT. LEARY HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

185

ALISON is fixing some coffee. DAVID enters.

DAVID

Here, let me do that.

ALISON

No, I'm fine.

He just stands there.

okay - you grind the beans, and

He moves towards her - his arms slip round her waist.

... put them in the (but she can't concentrate I don't believe this. I'm being seduced by my own husband.

Pause. They are just about to kiss when BEAN enters. He's a bit impatient.

BEAN

Ahm - excuse me ... (POINTING TO HIS WATCH) You know..

They jump apart. The moment is gone.

ALISON

Oh yes. Sorry. Though I think these are ready.

ALISON takes out two single socks which have been neatly wrapped around a couple of drinks mats and put in the toaster slots.

ALISON

There. Is that how you like them?

BEAN beams at her. He's impressed - and feels he's accepted. He leaves.

ALISON

He's not too bad. I can live with him.

DAVID

I'm afraid you don't know the half of it. Sit down. I have a tale to tell. And not a happy one.

CUT TO:

186 EXT. THE LEARY'S KITCHEN. NIGHT

186

Looking in front outside, we see Alison sit down. We see, ,but do not hear David start to talk. Within seconds her hands go up to her face in horror.

CUT TO:

187 INT. GRIERSON'S OFFICE. DAY.

187

With heavy hearts everyone is gathered to hear their fate. Pan across the familiar faces. DAVID. BERNIE. ELMER. ANNIE. BEAN, looking nervous and shifty. Dead silence as GRIERSON stands, very solemnly.

GRIERSON

Colleagues - what can I say?
Incidents such as occurred
yesterday teach a man important
lessons. On reflection, I realise
it would have been a sin to sell
Whistler's Mother to such an
impertinent philistine as Governor
Reynolds. And therefore, I blame
myself for having ever let things
get to such a pass that we felt we
had realise our the staff - twelve
got today, I've Schimmel as to sell
her. I suddenly problem here
hasn't been it's been the
leadership flabby, lazy- And so
decided to appoint Bernie my new
Vice-President.

CUT TO BERNIE, looking smug next to DAVID, who is pretty
shocked by this.

GRIERSON

He's a man with a plan who will
haul us into profitability and the
21st century.

BERNIE

Thank you, sir. Although, I'm
afraid I don't quite see how we can
...

GRIERSON

Good point Bernie - precisely the
kind of perceptive interjection I'd
expect from my new V.P. How can we,
you ask, survive without Whistler's
Mother - our single greatest asset?
Well, the truth is - we can't. So
what am I saying? Will we find her
again? Never - this robber was
clearly the work of a criminal of
great genius.

BEAN looks pleased - but then realises it's not a suitable
emotion ~ so nods sagely.

Insurance? Not a chance. Those bastards never pay. So,
surely we're bankrupt? Surely your jobs are forfeit?
Surely you're back on the unemployment lines, scraping a
living as waiters and boys? Yes. Yes indeed. Except for
one little thing. one little thing done by one little man.
Dare I say, one helluva little man. Watch this.

Everyone is totally at a loss. GRIERSON stands and moves to the framed poster of Whistler's Mother on the wall. He then produces a plastic key card and inserts it in a slot on the side of the frame. A buzz and a click! An electric motor starts to whirrrr ...

The glass, along with the title strip at the bottom of the poster, slides gently down inside the picture frame to reveal that the poster is in fact the original oil of Whistler's Mother.

GRIERSON
Ladies and gentlemen. The REAL
Whistler's Mother!

There are gasps from the room. BEAN is open mouthed.

GRIERSON beams as many applaud and BEAN now joins in hyperactively. He's saved!

GRIERSON
The best security in the world is
no match for a master criminal.
But no master criminal is a match
for me. Thank you all. Now if you
would please return to your posts,
my new Vice President, Bernard
Shimmel would like you all to see
the computer program we had
prepared for yesterday until we
were so rudely interrupted by
events.

The room is emptying. DAVID and BEAN stand there, DAVID stunned. GRIERSON heads over.

GRIERSON
David, David, David ...

DAVID
I'm fired? Because I let a... copy
of a painting the get stolen?

GRIERSON
Of course not. I'm sacking you for
neglectful conduct, relating to the
heavy financial loss this gallery
has incurred, through your recent
lack of professional judgement. A
loss I trust Bernie will be able to
reverse.

David But

GRIERSON

I will of course invite you an
excellent reference - or Bernie
will.

BERNIE looks across from the computer and smiles. BEAN has
his eyes on DAVID. He is mortified by what's

happening. GRIERSON notices but misinterprets his worried
expression.

GRIERSON

Of course, Dr. Bean, we'll arrange
alternative accommodation for you.
I believe Bernie has a spare room
with en suite bathroom.

DAVID glares at BERNIE. BEAN is thinking 'No! I don't want
to stay with horrible BERNIE.'

GRIERSON

How are you making out there?

BERNIE

All fixed up, sir. Stick around,
Davey boy. This is going to be
quite a show.

He presses an intercom. He's enjoying himself.

Hi everyone - this is your new Vice President, Bernie
Shistler. Would you please watch your video screens.
You're in for a treat, guys.

CUT TO:

188 INT. VARIOUS ROOMS. DAY.

188

All the staff in all the rooms, gallery, canteen, corridors,
look up at various screens. Cut round rooms during this
flashy demonstration.

BERNIE

(V/O)

Here you can see our new
interactive gallery guide. Every
picture in the gallery will have
its own story to tell.

A Van Gogh picture comes up on the giant video screens

....and then keeps changing, as BERNIE keeps talking.

Just click , and here is a portrait of the painter - then his family then other paintings by him - then other pictures relevant to him in the gallery

Everyone is delighted and impressed.

And the beauty is, any idiot can use it. Dr Bean - would you like a try?

CUT TO:

189 INT. GRIERSON'S OFFICE - DAY. 189

BEAN swiftly obliges and sits at the computer.

BERNIE
Perhaps you'd like to bring up
Whistler's Mother.

But BEAN has another plan. He begins to click boxes.

CUT TO:

190 INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. MAIN GALLERY - DAY. 190

The Millais painting we have seen before, with the padlock, comes up on the video screen.

BERNIE
(V/O)
Ah, Our visiting professor has
chosen the splendid Millais
painting - "His Mistress"

CUT BACK:

191 INT. GRIERSON'S OFFICE. DAY. 191

BEAN busy on the computer.

BERNIE
Just click on the corner.

BEAN again disobeys ... He clicks on the padlock repeatedly - humming the familiar 'Goblins' tune. BERNIE is looking very tense.

BERNIE
Right let me take over now...

BEAN turns and snarls at him - almost a bark ...

CUT TO:

192 INT. THE MAIN GALLERY - DAY

192

Everyone is glued to the screens.

BERNIE

You've had long enough on it now.
A joke's a joke. That's it.
Period!

On the computer screens, the screen has gone black, just as it did when Bean was playing earlier, and the 6 dashes have appeared with the flashing cursor over the first of them. All watch, intrigued by what they see.

CUT TO:

193 INT. GRIERSON'S OFFICE DAY

193

The blood drains from BERNIE's face. Still humming happily, BEAN slowly types in the letters:

P-E-R-I-O-D

BERNIE

You can stop right there, Mr! Those are confidential ...

Words and figures fill the screen. BEAN throws his hands up and sings a verbal fanfare:

BEAN

Daaa! Daaa!

GRIERSON moves to DAVID's side and the two stare at the screen, the meaning of its contents dawning on them. Close up of the screen as their eyes find the words: 'NEW ARTIST EXHIBIT' in the middle of columns of words, figures and dollar signs.

CUT TO:

194 INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. ALL ROOMS.

194

The same figures are being flashed all over on the huge screens. People watching and listening in awe. ANNIE and ELMER stare at it angrily.

CUT TO:

195 INT. GRIERSON'S OFFICE ~ DAY

195

BERNIE

Excuse me, If I may just ...

GRIERSON

(calmly)

Shut up, Schimmel. Exactly how long have you been siphoning gallery money into your own private accounts?

DAVID scrolls down the screen.

DAVID

Look at all this - publicity expenditure ... catering ... all completely fictional ... back as far as June 93 ...

BERNIE

I don't think you really understand what you're looking at ...

GRIERSON

Horse shit. You're dead, grease-ball. Period.

He pushes a button, that sends a picture of what's happening in his office throughout the Gallery.

My friends, good news. Mr Schimmel is not only no longer Vice- President. He actually no longer works here.

BERNIE

But wait a minute - you can't let some moron from England turn you against me. I deny any knowledge of this. He probably typed in all this stuff himself. Don't you find it all a bit suspicious that it's here at his fingertips. (pointing at Bean) There's your criminal, gentlemen. There's the Limey that set me up!

Pause. All eyes turn to BEAN. CUT TO people watching the big screens everywhere.

GRIERSON

Dr. Bean. Have you got anything to say to that?

BEAN looks long and hard at BERNIE.

BEAN

Yes- (PAUSE) It's exceedingly rude to point.

And punches BERNIE sharply in the nose. Everyone in the gallery bursts into applause.

CUT TO:

196 EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY - DAY.

196

Half an hour later. Police cars draw up. BERNIE is shoved in the back seat of one. GRIERSON, BEAN & DAVID watch.

GRIERSON

(to uniformed cop)

I don't know what your methods are these days, Officer, but I'd also ask him a few questions about the destruction of the Whistler copy.

BEAN nods his head firmly. The car pulls away. Then breaks and reverses. The SIDE-KICK gets out.

SIDE-KICK

Oh, yeah - I forgot.

SIDE-KICK opens the back of the car. He takes out a huge bunch of flowers.

The chief said I was to give you these.

BEAN is delighted. Then sniffs the flowers. What a nasty stink. Not his sort of thing at all.

SIDE-KICK drives AWAY. GRIERSON turns to DAVID.

GRIERSON

I owe you a very serious apology, young man. It wouldn't surprise me if you wanted to leave us after this. I sincerely hope that you do not.

DAVID

VERY ACCOMMODATING Well, no, sir, I'm sure ...

He looks sideways to Bean, who is frantically pointing to his spine. DAVID gets the message, and changes his tune..

Let me think about that, Thomas. We'd have to talk quite a salary hike.

GRIERSON

Of course.

DAVID
And a car.

GRIERSON
Mmmmm...

DAVID
Maybe two cars.

GRIERSON
A car sounds sensible.

DAVID
And I need Fridays off, to spend
more time with my family. Speaking
of which - if you'll excuse me
I've got a lot of time to make up.

DAVID heads off. BEAN wants to follow, but needs to get rid
of the stinky flowers. He turns to ANNIE and gives them to
her to be rid of them. She beams with delight: after all,
he DID love her.

BEAN heads off with DAVID to the parking lot. As they go,
DAVID puts an arm round BEAN.

Who shoos him away instantly. No sloppiness for him.

CUT TO:

197 EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE. HALL - DAY.

197

The LEARY family in a group. JENNIFER's arm in a sling.

ALISON
well, it's been... unusual. But
thank you.

She goes to kiss BEAN - but he just sticks out his hand, and
shakes it firmly. Then moves on to JENNIFER.

JENNIFER
Good-bye Mr Bean. Sorry I screamed
that first time.

He shakes her broken arm firmly ... and she screams again.

DAVID
Come on hurry or we'll be late.

CUT TO:

198 EXT. LEARY HOUSE. DAY.

198

BEAN, KEVIN & DAVID get into the car. It pulls away, as they drive off, BEAN sticks his hand of the window - and waves a last farewell to ALISON and JENNIFER. At last a sentimental moment - romantic music swelling - like Liza Minelli at the end of "Cabaret".

Until the waving hand viciously cracks against the wooden front gate as the car squeezes past.

MIX THROUGH TO:

199 INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. DEPARTURE AREA - DAY

199

The three 30 year old women, dressed in curly red wigs from the musical, 'Annie', hug and kiss their little BALD MAN and send him off through the gates. They shriek and wave him good-bye. DAVID, KEVIN and BEAN are there.

DAVID

... Oh, and Grierson phoned Lord Walton at the National. Said good things about you. So expect a great reception back home, huh?

BEAN delighted. Promotion is in his sights. He studies his watch. He's being polite but held really like to get going.

KEVIN

Good-bye Beanie. It's Bean surreal. And don't forget you're welcome to come back anytime ...

DAVID delivers a sharp nudge to his ribs.

KEVIN

... in the distant future.

DAVID

Bye, Bean. Thanks for everything. And take care, huh? I know it's insane, but I'm going to miss you.

BEAN nods abruptly, picks up his case, checks his watch and goes. He doesn't look back. Kevin and David turn and walk away. DAVID does stop to look back over his shoulder at BEAN, heading off in the distance. But BEAN doesn't turn, so DAVID walks on.

Then there is suddenly a tap on his shoulder. It's BEAN, ,as though he's magically jumped there.

He gives DAVID a big bear hug, a big grin, and then a little wave - and heads away. In the distance, he treads on the back of ,some one's shoe.

MIX THROUGH TO:

200 EXT. THE NATIONAL GALLERY. LONDON - DAY 200

Shot from high up. BEAN's lime green mini approaches, coming around Trafalgar Square, and drives up onto the pavement, in front of the gallery. It stops and BEAN gets out. He looks up at the building, pleased to be back.

CUT TO:

201 EXT. THE NATIONAL GALLERY - DAY 201

BEAN pauses outside the revolving doors to clip his staff identity badge onto his top pocket. He enters in high spirits.

CUT TO:

202 INT. THE NATIONAL GALLERY - DAY 202

BEAN enters the reception hall. It is totally deserted. He frowns, and heads on, puzzled..

CUT TO:

203 INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. GALLERY 1 DAY 203

The place is totally empty except for a CLEANER sweeping up litter in the middle of the room. There are faded rectangles on the walls where all the paintings should be. Only one very solid looking statue remains. BEAN is thoroughly perplexed

CLEANER
They've moved, guy.

BEAN is utterly perplexed. He looks round the corner into another empty gallery, and shakes his head.

CUT TO:

204 EXT. THE NATIONAL GALLERY - DAY 204

BEAN looks up at the building and gives a disgusted grunt ,before getting into his car and drives off around Trafalgar Square. His brow is deeply furrowed. What will he do now with his life?

CUT TO:

205 INT. THE NATIONAL GALLERY ~ DAY 205

The empty gallery BEAN just inspected. Then, from out behind the one remaining statue, emerges MISS HUTCHINSON. Then, from behind a pillar,

206 LORD WALTON. 206

LORD WALTON
Is he gone?

MISS HUTCHINSON
Yes, my lord.

LORD WALTON
Tell the others.

MISS HUTCHINSON
Very well, my lord.

CUT TO:

207 INT. PITCH DARK ROOM. DAY. 207

Pitch dark. A door opens and the light from the corridor falls on the gallery employees squashed into this one tiny room. It's the gent's loo.

MISS HUTCHINSON's head pops in.

MISS HUTCHINSON
He's gone.

Massive cheer, bowlers in the air, massive music. Roll credits.

CUT TO:

208 EXT. BEAN'S HOUSE DAY. 208

Behind the credits, we see close-ups of BEAN hammering away at large planks of wood on some wooden structure.

He walks away from it - without us seeing what it is and goes to his Mini, where TEDDY sits on a pile of books in the front seat, wearing a seat belt. Bean gets into the car, which is laden with suitcases, starts it up and drives

.... straight into the huge crate he has built. A rope tied to the back bumper pulls the lid closed behind him.

CUT TO:

209 EXT. MOTORWAY. DAY. 209

The crate sits on the back of a speeding truck.

CUT TO:

210 EXT. AIRPORT. DAY. 210

The crate is now on the top of a forklift truck moving up the ramp on an American airline cargo plane. Close up on a large sticker on the crate: it reads: "DAVID LEARY, 23 WOODFORD AVENUE, CHESTERFIELD,

211 CALIFORNIA. HANDLE WITH CARE. 211

And cut to the plane flying through clear skies. Though, for the

Lear's of course there are no clear skies ahead.

212 THE END 212