

BLAZING SADDLES

Mel Brooks'

"BLACK BART"

An Original Screenplay

by

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Based on a story by Andrew Bergman

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"BLACK BART"

FADE IN:

1. EXT. PRAIRIE

DAY

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

CREDITS BEGIN:

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

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

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

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

CREDITS END:

2. LYLE

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

LYLE:

C'mon boys. The way you're lolly-gagging around here with them shovels you'd think it was 120 degrees. Couldn't be more than 114. Ha, ha, ha.

A Chinese man falls over from the heat.

LYLE:

(continuing)

Dock that chink a day's pay for napping on the job.

OVERSEER #1:

Right, Lyle.

LYLE:

Now c'mon boys, where's your spirit? When you were slaves you sang like birds. How about a good old nigger work song.

2.

3. GANG OF BLACKS

CUT TO:

They are sweating profusely. They look at each other. Our hero, BLACK BART, shuffles forward. He is a handsome wiry black man in his late 20's. His appearance suggests that he is somewhat ahead of his time. He takes off his hat, mops his brow in good old darkie fashion and then turns to his fellow workers and nods. They hum a chord.

BART:
(segues into up-tempo,
Sinatra-style rendition of:)
"I GET NO KICK FROM CHAMPAGNE
MERE ALCOHOL DOESN'T THRILL ME AT ALL
SO TELL ME WHY SHOULD IT BE TRUE
THAT I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU."

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

CUT TO:

4. LYLE AND OVERSEERS

Looking at each other in amazement.

LYLE:
Hold it! Hold it! What the hell
is that shit! I meant a song.
Something like "Swing Low Sweet
Chariot". A song!

CUT TO:

5. BART

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

CUT TO:

6. LYLE

LYLE:
Don't know that one, huh? Well,
how about "De Camptown Ladies".
Every darkie worth his soul knows
"De Camptown Ladies".

Bart turns to his co-workers in mock confusion.

(CONTINUED)

6 (Cont.)

BART:
"De Camptown Ladies". "De Camptown
Ladies".

His co-workers go along with the put-on. Co-workers
ad lib.

LYLE:
(exploding)
Aw, you know! "Camptown Ladies
Sing Dis Song, Doo-Dah, Doo-Dah".

A few of the overseers come in and help out. Lyle
and overseers singing and strutting in traditional
stupid minstrel style.

LYLE & OVERSEERS:
"De Camptown Ladies Sing Dis Song,
Doo-Dah, Doo-Dah. De Camptown Race
Track Five Miles Long, All The Doo-
Dah Day. All The Doo-Dah Night, All
The Doo-Dah Day".

CUT TO:

7. BLACK WORKERS

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

CUT TO:

7A. LYLE AND OVERSEERS

singing and strutting.

LYLE & OVERSEERS:
"Bet My Money On The Bobtail Nag,
Somebody Bet On De Bay. All The
Doo-Dah Night, All The Doo-Dah
Day, Bet My Money On The Bobtail
Nag, Somebody Bet On....

(CONTINUED)

8. MAN ON HORSEBACK APPROACHING

CUT TO:

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

TAGGART:

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

LYLE:

Sorry, Mr. Taggart...got caught up.

TAGGART:

Listen, shithead. Surveyor says there might be some quicksand up ahead.

LYLE:

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

TAGGART:

(smashes him on head with
swagger stick)

Horses! Are you crazy? We can't afford to lose horses. Send two nigras.

LYLE:

You and you.

Lyle points to Bart and CHARLIE, another black worker.

BART:

But, sir, he specifically asked for two nigras. To tell a family secret, my grandmother was Dutch. Are you familiar with Holland? Well, you know where Antwerp cuts off Rotterdam? Well, right there we ran this little after hours windmill...

LYLE:

(exploding)

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

Bart and Charlie walking to the handcar.

CHARLIE:

I had no idea your Grandmama was Dutch.

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.)

BART:

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

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

CUT TO:

9. MASTER SHOT BART AND CHARLIE

on the handcar moving along the track.

CUT TO:

10. CLOSE SHOT BART AND CHARLIE

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

CHARLIE:

Am I wrong or is the world rising?

BART:

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

CUT TO:

11. MASTER SHOT BART AND CHARLIE

waist deep in quicksand.

BART:

Hey Charlie, let me ask you something. Now don't be too hasty with your answer. Put some thought to it. What is it that's not exactly water and it ain't exactly earth and when it sucks you under it squeezes the last shred of breath out of your lungs till you die?

Bart and Charlie look at each other.

BART & CHARLIE:

(shouting)

QUICKSAND!!!

6.

12. TAGGART AND LYLE

CUT TO:

ride into the scene, a look of disgust on their faces. Taggart climbs down off his horse and throws his hat down.

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

CUT TO:

13. BART AND CHARLIE

in quicksand up to their necks.

BART:
They're in trouble.

CUT TO:

14. TAGGART AND LYLE

reading map.

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

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

He turns around toward the direction of Bart and Charlie.

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

CUT TO:

15. BART AND CHARLIE

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

(CONTINUED)

15 (Cont.)

CHARLIE:
Two brothers heading for the basement.

CUT TO:

16. TAGGART

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

16A. BART AND CHARLIE

staring at each other in disbelief.

CUT TO:

17. LYLE

LYLE:
Wanna see the Hang Dog Tail?

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

CUT TO:

18. BART AND CHARLIE

They heave a sigh of relief.

8.

19. LYLE

CUT TO:

He skillfully tosses the rope in their direction.

CUT TO:

19A. BART AND CHARLIE

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

CUT TO:

20. TAGGART AND LYLE

Lyle is tying end of rope to back of wagon.

TAGGART:

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

CUT TO:

21. BART AND CHARLIE

BART:

Handcar! Hey you stupid sonova-bitch, what about us?

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

TAGGART:

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

CHARLIE:

Up. That's what we want - up!

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont.)

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

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

TAGGART:
(to the exhausted
Bart and Charlie)
Okay boys, the break is over. Let's
not lie around taking sun baths.
Won't do you much good anyway.

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

TAGGART:
(continuing)
Here, put this shovel to some good
use.

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

CHARLIE:
Don't do it baby.

BART:
I have to!

Bart starts walking toward Taggart and Lyle.

CUT TO:

22. TAGGART AND LYLE

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

Lyle pulls out paper and pencil.

TAGGART:
(continuing)
Now wire the main office in Topeka
and tell them that I...

(CONTINUED)

22 (Cont.)

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

TAGGART:
(continuing)
...said OW!

He drops like a stone.

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

CUT TO:

23. EXT. STATE CAPITAL BUILDING DAY

Rider on horseback pulls up to Capital building steps. A little to the right of him we SEE a stagecoach in the process of being held up. Bandits with black bandanas over their faces point guns at men and women who stand with their arms raised. Rider pays no attention to scene. He rushes up steps into building.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

24. INSERT

Sign on frosted glass.

HEDLEY LAMARR

ATTORNEY GENERAL
ASSISTANT TO GOVERNOR
STATE PROCURER

CAMERA DISSOLVES through door.

CUT TO:

25. INT. LAMARR'S OFFICE TIGHT SHOT

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

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

TAGGART:

(pointing)

And right here, Mr. Lamarr, is where we ran into the quicksand.

(CONTINUED)

25 (Cont.)

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

CUT TO:

26. HEDLEY LAMARR

He studies map intently.

LAMARR:

Quicksand. Quicksand...splendid.

TAGGART:

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

LAMARR:

(carefully digesting
the news)

Rock Ridge. Rock Ridge...splendid.

TAGGART:

Yes, sir...yes, sir. Rock Ridge...
Rock Ridge.

LAMARR:

Be still, Taggart. My mind is aglow with whirling transient nodes of thought careening through a cosmic vapor of invention.

There is a long pause.

TAGGART:

Ditto.

LAMARR:

Shut up!

TAGGART:

Yes, sir.

LAMARR:

A plan, a plan, I need a plan.

He gets up and paces behind his desk. Suddenly there is a fearful CRASH emanating from just outside of Lamarr's window.

12.

27. TAGGART

CUT TO:

He is startled. He leaps to his feet.

TAGGART:
What in the hell was that?

CUT TO:

28. LAMARR

He angrily storms over to the window, pulls up shade and raises window. WE SEE a gallows set up just outside the window. Standing on top of the scaffold is a hooded hangman (BORIS).

CUT TO:

28A. EXT. SCAFFOLD

BORIS

Nextht.

CUT TO:

28B. LAMARR

LAMARR

Boris, please, we can't hear ourselves think.

CUT TO:

28C. BORIS

BEGGINS YOUR PAIN

BORIS

Thorry, Mr. Lamarr, I have two men out with the flu. It'sth utter chaoths down here.

I'VE RUN OUT OF NOXTHEMA FOR MY

WOUND

I'M SO NERVOUS AND I'M GIVING THUMBS
A man in a wheelchair is wheeled up and the noose is placed around his neck.

I'M LEAVING THE BUTHNET + GET A MASSAGE

BORIS

(continuing)

I'll try to keep it quiet ath pother, but ath you can thee thith one ith a doothy.

PAB. 32

28D. LAMARR

CUT TO:

LAMARR:

Oh, yes, the Dr. Gillespie
killings. Do your best.

Lamarr pulls down the shade. There is an incredible CRASH
outside as the man in the wheelchair goes through the trap
door.

LAMARR:

Now where were we...oh, yes. Rock
Ridge. When that railroad comes
through Rock Ridge, the property
there will be worth millions and
I want it. I want that land so
badly I can taste it.

CUT TO:

28E. TAGGART

takes Lamarr's words literally. He tries to imagine eating
dirt. He doesn't like it.

CUT TO:

28F. LAMARR AND TAGGART

LAMARR:

Shut up!

TAGGART:

Yes, sir.

LAMARR:

Unfortunately there is one thing
that stands between me and that
property, and that's the rightful
owners. There must be a way of
scaring them out.

TAGGART:

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

LAMARR:

No, that's been done to death.

TAGGART:

I don't think we have anything to
worry about. We can work up a
number six on them.

(CONTINUED)

28F (Cont.)

LAMARR:
Number six? I don't think I'm
familiar with that one.

TAGGART:
That's just where we ride into
town at dawn thrashing everything
that moves to within an inch of
its life...except the women folk,
of course.

LAMARR:
Oh, you spare the women?

TAGGART:
Oh no, we rape the shit out of
them at the number six dance that
follows.

LAMARR:
It sounds grotesque but enter-
taining...just might work.
(Lamarr notices
Taggart's bandages
for the first time)
Why Taggart, you've been hurt.

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

LAMARR:
Consider it done.

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

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

CUT TO:

29. EXT. SCAFFOLD

DAY

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

15.

30. INT. LAMARR'S OFFICE

CUT TO:

LAMARR:
Monday. Splendid.

Lamarr pulls down shade.

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

LAMARR:
Splendid!

We HEAR a big CRASH from outside as horse and rider go
plummeting through the trap door.

BORIS:
Thorry. (v.o.)

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

31. EXT. ROCK RIDGE

NEXT MORNING

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

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

CUT TO:

32. SHOT OF MAIN STREET ROCK RIDGE

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

CHORUS:
(v.o.)
THEY NEVER HAD NO KIND OF TROUBLE
THERE WAS NO HINT OF MISERY.

16.

33. MAIN STREET

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

34. INT. SALOON

CHORUS:

(v.o.)

THE TOWN SALOON WAS ALWAYS LIVELY.

Men at bar, they are all drinking and chatting politely. A small herd of cattle moves through the saloon.

CHORUS:

(v.o.)

BUT NEVER NASTY OR OBSCENE.

CUT TO:

35. BARTENDER

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

CHORUS:

(v.o.)

BEHIND THE BAR STOOD ANAL JOHNSON
HE ALWAYS KEPT THINGS NICE AND CLEAN
THEN ALL AT ONCE THE TROUBLE STARTED.

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

CUT TO:

36. EXT. ROCK RIDGE

DAY

CHORUS:

(v.o.)

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

CUT TO:

37. MONTAGE: REIGN OF TERROR

Band of desperados led by Taggart and Lyle swoop into town. They FIRE wildly in the air. People scatter and horses rear in fright. They ride through the center of town performing various frontier cruelties: overturning buckboards, riding by and whomping citizens over the head.

CUT TO:

38. OMITTED

38A. SHERIFF

He comes out of his office.

SHERIFF:
What's the meaning of this?

Taggart's men shoot the Sheriff.

SHERIFF:
(continuing; as he is
going down)
Oh, that's the meaning.

CUT TO:

38B. EXT. GENERAL STORE

Outlaw rides INTO FRAME, lassoes MAN in CHECKERED SUIT and drags him off.

CUT TO:

38C. EXT. STREET

LITTLE BOY (HENRY) holding pet snake.

HENRY:
(to Outlaw)
His name is Pal.

(CONTINUED)

38C (Cont.)

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

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

CUT TO:

38D. EXT. GENERAL STORE

Taggart emerges on horseback from the smoking General Store. His arms laden with goods. There are two hats on his head with price tags hanging from them. A MAN in an apron, and several WOMEN and CHILDREN are running from the store.

TAGGART:
Hurry boys, it's a fire sale.
Ha, ha, ha.

CUT TO:

39. EXT. BUILDING

Lyle approaches a HOUSE PAINTER who is putting last touches of paint on a store front sign. Lyle scoops up bucket of paint from scaffold.

LYLE:
What is this, anyhow...your flat or your e-namel?

PAINTER:
(Jewish)
Actually it's a semi-gloss. Like an egg shell.

LYLE:
Go on smooth, does it?

PAINTER:
(Jewish)
Da best.

(CONTINUED)

39. (Cont.)

LYLE:
Then it should cover you in one
coat, shouldn't it.

Lyle pours contents of bucket over unfortunate house
painter, and rides off laughing.

PAINTER:
(Jewish)
Boy, do I hate da West.

CUT TO:

40. . CENTER OF STREET

Outlaw rides by dragging MAN in CHECKERED SUIT behind
him.

MAN IN CHECKERED SUIT:
(as he drifts by
CAMERA)
Well, that's the end of this
suit.

CUT TO:

41. . EXT. STREET

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

ELDERLY WOMAN:
(to CAMERA)
Have you ever seen such cruelty?

CHORUS:
(v.o.)
NOW IT'S A TIME OF GREAT DECISION.

CUT TO:

42. . EXT. CHURCH

DAY

SOUNDS of singing come through.

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.)

CHORUS:

(v.o.)
ARE WE TO STAY OR UP AND QUIT.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

43. INT. CHURCH

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

CHORUS:

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

CUT TO:

44. REVEREND JOHNSON

Standing at pulpit.

Be seated.

People sit.

REV. JOHNSON:

REV. JOHNSON:

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

Reverend starts off platform. Townsfolk ad lib.

CUT TO:

44A. GABBY JOHNSON

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

GABBY JOHNSON:

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

CUT TO:

44B. TOWNSFOLK

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

CUT TO:

44C. OLSON JOHNSON

He rises slowly and majestically and faces the crowd.

OLSON JOHNSON:

Now how can we argue with that. I think we are all indebted to Gabby Johnson here for clearly stating what had to be said. And I'm glad the children were here today to hear that speech. Not only was it authentic frontier gibberish...but it expressed a courage that is little seen in this day and age. I mean, what are we made of? Our fathers came across the prairie, fought Indians, fought drought, fought locusts, fought Dix. Remember when Richard Dix came in here and tried to take the town away? We didn't give up then and by gum we're not giving up now.

Olson Johnson sits.

CUT TO:

44D. ANOTHER ANGLE

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

(he rises)

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

HOWARD JOHNSON:

(rising)

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

VAN JOHNSON:

Howard Johnson is right.

HOWARD JOHNSON:

Thank you, Van.

REV. JOHNSON:

Well, if we're gonna stay, and I think it's a big mistake, we're gonna have to have us a sheriff. Who's it gonna be?

44D (Cont.)

REV. JOHNSON: (Cont.)
All right, nominations for the office
of Sheriff Johnson are now in order.

VAN JOHNSON:
I say we nominate Olson.

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

VAN JOHNSON:
I am not unaware of the prestige and
the honor of the office of Sheriff.
I am also not unaware of the death
that frequently accompanies the job.
I am thereby forced by good sense
and fear to decline.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

45. SHOTS OF CITIZENS

seriously considering it. Congregation ad lib.

HOWARD JOHNSON:
Why don't we wire the Governor to
send us a sheriff. Why should we
get our own men killed?

(CONTINUED)

45 (Cont.)

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

REVEREND JOHNSON:
Let us pray for the deliverance of
our new sheriff. The congregation
will rise.

They all rise.

REVEREND JOHNSON:
(continuing)
I will now read from the books of
Matthew, Mark, Luke and...

Shattering of glass as some lighted dynamite comes
through window.

REVEREND JOHNSON:
(continuing)
DUCK.

There is a huge explosion.

DISSOLVE TO:

46. DOOR

WILLIAM J. LE PETOMANE
GOVERNOR

CUT TO:

46A. INT. GOVERNOR LE PETOMANE'S OFFICE

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

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

LAMARR:
Sign this, Governor.

(CONTINUED)

46A (Cont.)

LE PETOMANE:

What is it?

LAMARR:

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

LE PETOMANE:

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

LAMARR:

A box of these.

Lamarr takes out hi-li paddle and displays it.

LE PETOMANE:

Seems like a fair exchange.

(lowers his voice)

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

LAMARR:

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

Lamarr then takes Le Petomane's right hand and guides it through the signature. A small herd of cattle passes through his office.

LE PETOMANE:

Work, work, work. What's next?

LAMARR:

Just one more bill for you to sign, sir.

LE PETOMANE:

What is it?

LAMARR:

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

(CONTINUED)

46A (Cont.1)

LE PETOMANE:
 (rising to his feet)
 This bill will be a giant step forward
 in the treatment of the insane gambler.

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

LE PETOMANE:
 (sitting down)
 Thank you, Heddy.

LAMARR:
 It's not Heddy, Governor... Hedley.
 Hedley Lamarr.

LE PETOMANE:
 (friendly aside)
 What are you worried about? This is
 1874... you can sue her.

LAMARR:
 Just sign here.

LE PETOMANE:
 (as his hand is
 being pushed along
 paper)
 Watch the n's. Watch the n's. Cross
 the T, cross the T... if you don't
 cross the T it looks like a big L
 and ya get Le Pelomane. Is that it?

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

LE PETOMANE:
 Read it... read it.
 (under his breath)
 You wild bitch.

MISS STEIN:
 (reading telegram)
 "Sheriff murdered. Church meeting
 bombed, reign of terror must cease,
 send new sheriff immediately".

(CONTINUED)

46A (Cont.2)

LE PETOMANE:
 (rising to his feet)
 Hrumph, Hrumph... murdering sheriffs,
 bombing churches, innocent women and
 children blown up. Normally I wouldn't
 give a damn, but this is an election
 year and we've got to protect our
 phoney, baloney jobs.

There is general hubbub at the conference table.

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

LE PETOMANE:
 What?

LAMARR:
 Meeting is adjourned.

LE PETOMANE:
 Oh, it is.

LAMARR:
 No, Governor. You say that.

LE PETOMANE:
 What?

LAMARR:
 Never mind.

Lamarr leaves.

LE PETOMANE:
 Good man but he's nervous. Tall
 people are very nervous. Too far
 from the earth. Give me one of
 those things, will ya sweetheart.

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

(CONTINUED)

46A. (Cont. 3)

LE PETOMANE:
These are defective.

Throws it back into the box and EXITS.

CUT TO:

47. INT. LAMARR'S OFFICE

Lamarr is pacing up and down.

LAMARR:
A sheriff, a sheriff. But law and
order is the last thing I want.
(he stops and smiles)
Perhaps I can turn this to my ad-
vantage. If I can find a sheriff
who so offends the citizens of Rock
Ridge that his very appearance would
drive them out of town. But where
would I find such a man?

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

CUT TO:

48. EXT. GALLOWS

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

MAN AT FRONT OF LINE:
Hey, what's goin' on, I'm next.

Men ad lib.

BART:
(to guard)
Perhaps we better wait. After all
they were here before me.

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.)

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

BORIS:

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

BART:

No, thank you. Do you have any-
thing in the way of a reprieve?

BORIS:

Thorry.

OFFICIAL:

(reading from state
document)

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

Boris reaches for lever.

BART:

Wait, wait. Last words, last words.
If you don't mind, I'd like a brief
chat with my maker before I meet him
in person.

OFFICIAL:

Of course.

Bart whips off his hat.

BART:

Let us bow our heads in prayer. Oh
Lord, I don't know why I'm being
hung but it really doesn't matter.

He slowly slips noose from around his neck.

BART:

(continuing)

Because sooner or later all who walk
upright must take the long nap.

He surreptitiously edges his way down the steps and quietly
makes his way through the courtyard. No one sees him
because all heads are bowed in prayer.

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.1)

BART:

(continuing)

Yea verily, the leaves that are green in the spring must soonith or later turnith brownith in the fallith. It is with love, not hatred, that I make my way toward the pearly gates of everlasting freedom.

He is almost out of the courtyard when suddenly, INTO THE FRAME, pressed against his head is the long silver barrel of a 6-shooter. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal it is held by Hedley Lamarr.

LAMARR:

Beautifully put. I'd like a word with you - do you have a moment?

SCREEN FLIPS TO:

49- OMITTED.
53.

54. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

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

CUT TO:

55. DRAPES MOVING FURIOUSLY

LAMARR:

(v.o.)
Governor.

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

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)

LE PETOMANE:

Yes.

LAMARR:

Official business, sir.

LE PETOMANE:

Be with you in a minute.

MISS STEIN:

(v.o.; behind drapes)

What is it, Bill?

LE PETOMANE:

(v.o.; head ducks back
behind drapes)Just a trifle, my dear. Throw a
robe on...the floor is dirty. I'll
be back in a minute.Governor emerges from behind drapes tucking in his shirt
tails.

LE PETOMANE:

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

LAMARR:

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

LE PETOMANE:

(to Bart)

I'm pleased to mee...

(to Lamarr)

Lamarr, have you gone berserk? This
man's a nigger.

(to Bart)

No offense, son.

LAMARR:

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

Bart goes to corner of room and sits.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.1)

LE PETOMANE:

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

(to Bart)

no offense...

(to Lamarr)

the new sheriff of Rock Ridge.

LAMARR:

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

LE PETOMANE:

Cabinet post? Cabinet post?

LAMARR:

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

LE PETOMANE:

But it won't work. They'll never accept him. They'll kill that nigger

(to Bart)

no offense

(to Lamarr)

dead in one day.

LAMARR:

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

LE PETOMANE:

Dare, dare.

LAMARR:

The Presidency.

Governor strides over to Bart.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.2)

LE PETOMANE:
 (humming "Hail To The Chief")
 Good luck nigger, no offense. And
 I hope that you bring glory, brief
 as it may be, to this hallow state.

MISS STEIN:
 (v.o.)
 Bill are you coming back?

LE PETOMANE:
 (deftly stepping out
 of his trousers)
 Is that it Heddey, I'm terribly busy.

LAMARR:
 Of course, of course, affairs of
 state.

LE PETOMANE:
 Very, very funny. You know I can
 still have you fired. Can I fire
 you?

LAMARR:
 No, you can't, Governor.

LE PETOMANE:
 All right, good luck.

Governor Le Petomane goes behind the drapes.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

56. EXT. MAIN STREET ROCK RIDGE DAY

People are busy preparing for the arrival of their new
 sheriff.

HOWARD JOHNSON:
 Hurry up, get those flags up,
 he'll be here soon.

33.

CUT TO:

57. OLSON JOHNSON

running up street holding telegram.

OLSON JOHNSON:

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

CUT BACK TO:

58. HOWARD JOHNSON

HOWARD JOHNSON:

(holding laurel wreath
and reading from paper)

Noon! I'd better rehearse my speech.
'As' honorary chairman of the welcoming committee, it is my privilege to extend to you a laurel and hearty handshake.'

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

Hey, Gabby, can you see him yet?

CUT TO:

59. EXT. CHURCH STEEPLE

Gabby Johnson is looking through telescope.

GABBY JOHNSON:

Nope.

CUT TO:

60. EXT. PRAIRIE

DAY

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

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

CUT TO:

61. MASTER SHOT
Rock Ridge.

62-
62A. OMITTED.

63. GABBY
He looks through telescope.

CUT TO:

64. WHAT HE SEES THRU TELESCOPE
A stagecoach being held up.

CUT BACK TO:

65. GABBY
He shifts telescope to opposite horizon.

CUT TO:

65A. WHAT HE SEES
Through telescope, an indistinct shape on the horizon.

CUT BACK TO:

65B. GABBY

GABBY:
The sheriff's coming.

34A.
Revised 2/22/73

CUT TO:

66. HOWARD JOHNSON

on platform.

HOWARD JOHNSON:
Ring out the church bells. Strike
up the band.

WE HEAR church bells ring out. Band PLAYS P.D.
MARCH MUSIC.

CUT TO:

67. WHAT GABBY SEES THROUGH TELESCOPE

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

35.
CUT BACK TO:

68. GABBY

GABBY JOHNSON:
(to himself)
Well, I'll be a tuckered plum.
(he yells to townsfolk)
You won't believe it, but the sheriff
is a ni--

BELL GONGS drown out rest of sentence.

CUT TO:

69. TOWNSPEOPLE

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:
What'd he say?

OLSON JOHNSON:
The sheriff is near.

Townspeople start to cheer.

TOWNSPEOPLE:
(AD LIB)
The sheriff is near.
The sheriff is near.

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

BELL GONGS drown out last part of nigger.

CUT TO:

70. TOWNSPEOPLE CHEERING

Cheering reaches pandemonium stage. Bart is now only fifty feet away but still cannot be seen clearly because of the dust. The dust clears. Townspeople see Bart for the first time. As his horse slowly trots down the main street, the music peters out in ragged dissonance.

CUT TO:

71. CLOSEUP CLARINET PLAYER

placing cap over mouthpiece.

36.

CUT TO:

72. MASTER SHOT TOWNSPEOPLE

They are frozen in a tableau of stupefaction.

CUT TO:

73. HOWARD JOHNSON

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

HOWARD JOHNSON:

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

(he sees Bart)

nigger.

CUT TO:

74. BART

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

QUICK CUTS OF:

75. TOWNSFOLK

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

CUT TO:

76. BART

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

BART:

Excuse me, while I whip this out.

A piercing SCREAM rends the air.

37.

CUT TO:

77. WOMAN
screaming and fainting.

CUT BACK TO:

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

BART:
By the power vested in me...

QUICK SHOTS OF:

79. TOWNSFOLK
pull out their guns and begin loading them.

CUT BACK TO:

80. BART
BART:
(continuing)
...by the Honorable William J.
Le Petomane...

QUICK CUTS OF:

81. TOWNSPEOPLE
Men who continue to load and cock six shooters, rifles and shotguns.

CUT BACK TO:

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

BART:
(continuing; quickening
pace of his speech)
...I hereby assume the duties of
the office of sheriff in and for
the township of Rock Ridge.

-- (CONTINUED)

82 (Cont.)

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

REVEREND JOHNSON:

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

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

REVEREND JOHNSON:

(continuing)

Unfortunately, those instructions are now somewhere over Omaha.

(to Bart)

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

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

CUT TO:

83. TOWNSPEOPLE

They are all aiming their guns at Bart.

CUT TO:

84. CLOSEUP BART'S FACE

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

BART:

(softly; to himself)

It might work.

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

BART:

(continuing)

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

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

(CONTINUED)

84 (Cont.)

BART: (Cont.)
 He means it. He means it. He'll
 do it. I know him.

BART:
 (continuing)
 You bet your ass I'll do it.

CUT TO:

85. TOWNSPEOPLE

They are bewildered.

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

CUT BACK TO:

86. BART

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

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

CUT TO:

87. DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

87 (Cont.)

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

CUT TO:

88. HOWARD JOHNSON

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

CUT TO:

88A. VAN

on roof.

VAN JOHNSON:
 (frustrated)
 Aw, shoot.

Van drops rifle from roof and it clatters to ground.

CUT BACK TO:

89. BART

He slowly continues backing down street toward jail house.

CUT TO:

90. HARRIET JOHNSON

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

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

CUT BACK TO:

91. BART

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

(CONTINUED)

91 (Cont.)

BART:

Easy now, just a few feet more.

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

BART:

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

REVEREND JOHNSON:

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

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

CUT TO:

92. INT. JAIL HOUSE

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

BART:

Made it. You are so talented.

He throws his arms around himself in a big hug.

BART:

(continuing)

I love you.

BART:

(other voice)

Not here.

CUT TO:

93. EXT. RAILROAD CAMPSITE

NIGHT

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

ADMINISTRATIVE PERSONNEL ONLY

KNOCK ON BARBED WIRE BEFORE ENTERING

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.)

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

CUT TO:

94. CLOSER SHOT CAMPFIRE

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

TAGGART:

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

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

LYLE:

Mr. Taggart, Mr. Taggart, sir...
I believe I have a ee-nuque idea.

TAGGART:

Ee-nuque? Don't you mean unique?

LYLE:

That's probably what I mean.

TAGGART:

What is it?

LYLE:

What's what?

TAGGART:

Your ee-nuque idea.

LYLE:

Oh. Why don't we give him to Mongo.
Mongo'd sure see to his ass.

HENCHMEN:

(v.o.; AD LIB)

Mongo.

Great idea.

Have a heart Taggart.

Hey, Mongo will eat him for breakfast.

They all laugh.

(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont.)

TAGGART:
What do you say, Mongo?

95. CAMERA DRIFTS AROUND OTHER SIDE OF CAMPFIRE
REVEALING MONGO

He's a huge mountain of a man. Straddled between his legs is a mammoth black cauldron of bubbling beans. He uses a fireplace shovel to get the beans into his gaping yaw of a mouth. Taggart walks over to him.

TAGGART:
Well, Mongo, how would you like to mutilate the new sheriff?

Mongo smiles and issues forth a nearly human noise.

MONGO:
BWWWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

TAGGART:
Good boy.

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

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

TAGGART:
Use your own warped judgment.

MONGO:
BWWWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

CUT TO:

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

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

(CONTINUED)

96 (Cont.)

BART:
There. That's better.

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

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

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

BART:
The drunk in #2 must be up.

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

CUT TO:

97. INT. CELL

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

WIDEN TO TWO
SHOT:

98. BART

BART:
Now, that's what you call hung over.
(to prisoner)
Are we awake?

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

BART:
Yes. We are.

JIM:
Then we're awake... And we're puzzled.
I better straighten myself out.

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.)

Jim struggles to right himself.

BART:
Need any help?

JIM:
All I can get.

Bart unlocks cell door and helps Jim to his feet.

JIM:
Thank you.

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

JIM:
No, thanks. Food makes me sick.

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

JIM:
Ahhhhhh.

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

JIM:
When?

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

BART:
What's your name?

JIM:
(holding fingers to
his head)
Jim. But most people call me Jim.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.1)

BART:
Let's play chess.

CUT TO:

99. INT. CHURCH

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

REVEREND JOHNSON:
Order! Order!

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

OLSON JOHNSON:
Oh, blow it out your ass, Howard.

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

CUT TO:

100. HARRIET VAN JOHNSON

Shyly rising to her feet.

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

VOICES:
(v.o.)
Louder. We can't hear you. Speak up.

HARRIET VAN JOHNSON:
Forgive me. I'm not used to public speaking.
(she speaks a little louder)

(CONTINUED)

100 (Cont.)

HARRIET VAN JOHNSON: (Cont.)

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

People start cheering and applauding. They scatter as a small herd of cattle moves through the church.

CUT TO:

101. INT. JAIL HOUSE

Bart and Jim are playing chess.

BART:

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

JIM:

No reason I know of. Nothing here worth taking.

BART:

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

JIM:

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

BART:

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

JIM:

Go on, take it back.

BART:

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

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.)

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

BART:
(making move with flourish)
Checkmate.

JIM:
(amazed)
WHAT?

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

JIM:
You devious son-of-a-bitch.

BART:
Forgive me. I know this is petty
but I've got to do it.
(he leaps to his
feet and does a
little dance of
victory)
I won. You lost. I'm great.
You stink. Another game, chump?

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

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

JIM:
Do you really want to know?

BART:
Yeah, I'm seriously considering writing you up for the Reader's Digest as the most unforgettable drunk I have ever known.

JIM:
Well, once upon a time they used to call me the Waco Kid.

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.1)

BART:

(jumping to his feet)
 Yeah, and they used to call me
 The Ritz Brothers. The Waco Kid.
 Man, he had the fastest hands in
 the West.

JIM:

(indignantly)
 In the world.

BART:

If you're the Kid, show me something.

JIM:

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

BART:

I knew you were no Waco Kid. You
 were just pullin' my lariat.

JIM:

All right. All right. See that king?
 Now put your hands on both sides of it.
 (Bart does so)
 When I go for the king, you try to grab
 it first.

BART:

Man, that's no contest. You're a
 mile away.

JIM:

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

CUT TO:

102. BART

BART:

Ready.

50.

CUT TO:

103. JIM

GO!

JIM:

CUT TO:

103A. BART

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

CUT TO:

104. JIM

JIM:
(he takes king from
under his hat)
Looking for this?

BACK TO:

105. TWO SHOT

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

JIM:
Was. Yeah was. I was the Kid. Every prairie rat who could draw a gun from Yuma to Laredo had to ride into town to try out the Kid. I must have killed more men than Napoleon at Moscow. Yeah, it got pretty gritty. I'd hear the word "draw" in my sleep. And then one day, walking down the street, I heard a voice behind me say "Reach for it, Mister," I spun around and there I am face-to-face with a six year old kid. Well, I threw my guns down and walked away. Little bastard shot me in the ass. I limped over to the saloon, crawled inside a whiskey bottle and been there ever since.

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.)

Bart picks up bottle.

BART:

Have a drink.

Jim takes bottle, laughs, takes a slug.

JIM:

But that's ancient history. What's your story? What's a dazzling urbane like you doing out here?

BART:

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

Bart imitates a harp in traditional movie flashback manner.

BART:

Doong, Doong, Doong, Doong.

CUT TO:

106. EXT. PRAIRIE

DAY

WE SEE line of Conestoga wagons heading West.

BART:

(v.o.)

Well, not exactly part of it.

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

CUT TO:

107. CLOSER SHOT LITTLE WAGON

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

BART:

(v.o.)

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

(CONTINUED)

107 (Cont.)

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

BART:

(v.o.)

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

CUT TO:

108. A SOLITARY WAGON

turning in little circles.

CUT BACK TO
STOCK FOOTAGE:

109. INDIANS

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

CUT TO:

110. LITTLE WAGON

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

CUT TO:

111. INDIANS

They stare back in wonder.

BART:

(v.o.)

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

112. CHIEF

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

CHIEF:
(to brave in half
Indian, half Yiddish)
Ahm...ma...ma...yah...va...
shvartzes?

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

CHIEF:
Manoma...Moma...Coma...
(he raises his
arms to the sky)
La Zehn Azoi....Luzem gayen. Abi
gezunt.

Chief wheels his horse and rides off. Braves follow.

CUT TO:

113. INT. JAIL HOUSE

BART:
And the rest is history.
(he looks up)
Impressed?

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

BART:
(shakes his head)
Yeah, I like to keep my audience
riveted.

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

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE OUT:

FADE UP:

114. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE DAY

The office is apparently empty. From behind the drapes we HEAR the muffled voice of Governor William J. Le Petomane singing a few bars of the immortal "Avalon".

The door opens, one of the Governor's flunkies ENTERS holding a telegram. He looks around for the Governor; does not see him and is about to EXIT when he HEARS the singing. He tentatively searches the room for the source of the sound. He finally moves in the right direction toward the drapes. He pulls the drape aside revealing the Governor and Miss Stein in an affectionate embrace on a small chaise lounge. The Governor is playing a little ukulele as he serenades his secretary.

FLUNKY:

Err...Governor.

LE PETOMANE:

What?...who are you?

FLUNKY:

Your brother-in-law. I work for you. Urgent telegram, sir.

LE PETOMANE:

What's your name?

FLUNKY:

Harry.

LE PETOMANE:

Yeah...that's right...Harry. You say a word about this to my beloved wife, your beloved sister, and I'll have you fired and burned...give me that!

He rips the telegram from the man's hand and begins to read it.

LE PETOMANE:

(mumbling)

Mumble, mumble, mumble...ASSHOLE!

(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont.)

MISS STEIN:
Anything you say, Bill.

She starts to turn over.

LE PETOMANE:
NO! Not that...not now! This is
inrageous. I must speak to Heddy.
(as he EXITS)
Serious business...serious business
...serious business.

115. HUGE PORTRAIT

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

LAMARR:
(working himself into
a euphoric frenzy)
The black sheriff scheme is working
to perfection. The citizens are
enraged. They should be pulling up
stakes any moment. The time is right
to move into Rock Ridge and snap up
the land.
(laughs)
Today Rock Ridge, tomorrow...Laredo.

CUT TO:

116. EXT. MAIN STREET (ESTABLISHING SHOT)

DAY

117. INT. JAIL HOUSE ROCK RIDGE (MORNING) DAY

Jim and Bart are seated across the desk from each other. Jim is rolling a cigarette. Bart picks up two pieces of cigarette paper, wets the end of one and carefully glues it to the other. Jim picks up little sack of Bulldurham tobacco, proffers it to Bart.

JIM:
Need the makin's?

BART:
No thanks, got my own.

Bart takes out his own little sack, reaches into it with two fingers and spreads some of his private stock across the cigarette papers.

JIM:
Ya know what they're callin' me
don't you?

BART:
(sealing his cigarette)
What's that?

JIM:
Deputy Nigger.

Jim laughs, strikes a match, lights Bart's cigarette and then lights his own. Bart takes a deep drag.

BART:
(in a strained, high,
breathy voice)
Once I establish myself in this
here place, that might turn out
to be an important position.

JIM:
(sniffing the air)
Ah, Arizona Gold. Listen, do me a
favor. Don't go out there. You
can't win these people over, no
matter what you do. They are just
not going to accept you.

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

117 (Cont.)

Bart rises, snubs out his cigarette and tucks the stub in his shirt pocket and exits.

CUT TO:

118. EXT. MAIN STREET

An ELDERLY WOMAN wearing a bonnet approaches Bart.

BART:

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

ELDERLY WOMAN:

Suck wind, Nigger.

CUT TO:

119. CLOSEUP BART'S FACE

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

CUT TO:

120. JIM

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

CUT BACK TO:

121. BART

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

BART:

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

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

(CONTINUED)

137 (Cont.)

BART:

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

MONGO:

Spanish Balloons? Mongo take chance.

SCREEN FLIPS:

138. BART AND MONGO

WE SEE Bart place helmet over Mongo's head. Mongo is already
wearing diver's suit.

MONGO:

Where Mongo get air?

BART:

From this wonderful antique pump.

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

MONGO:

Ohhh. Good.

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

BART:

Good hunting.

CUT TO:

139. BART

Begins pumping. Mongo under water in well looking around.

CUT BACK TO:

140. BART

He stops pumping. He looks at his pocket watch.

BART:

I'm on my break.

He folds his arms.

141. MONGO UNDERWATER

CUT BACK TO:

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

FOR MORE AIR DEPOSIT 25 CENTS

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

CUT TO:

142. EXT. MAIN STREET ROCK RIDGE

WE SEE a huge cannon from which hangs a sign reading: "CANNON PHOTOS -- HAVE YOUR PICTURE TAKEN AS YOU'RE SHOT FROM THE CANNON." To the right of the cannon WE SEE an old-fashioned box camera mounted on a tripod stand. Next to the camera holding a flash gun WE SEE Bart, dressed in a beret and blue smock.

BART:

Hurry, hurry, hurry. The last time this remarkable photo surprise will be offered in this territory before the new cannon laws go into effect.

From o.s., WE HEAR SOUND EFFECTS, SQUISH, SQUISH, SQUISH. Mongo ENTERS THE FRAME, still dressed in his diving suit. He stops in front of the cannon and opens the front of his helmet -- a lot of water comes out.

MONGO:

How much?

BART:

Twenty five cents. Only one tenth of a dollar.

Mongo searches fruitlessly for money.

BART:

(continuing)

Don't worry about the tariff, Pal, catch you later.

CUT TO:

143. MONGO

He climbs up ladder and begins lowering himself into the barrel of the cannon.

CUT BACK TO:

144. BART

BART:
Now remember...when the cannon
roars...smile.

Mongo nods his head and disappears into barrel.

BART:
(TO CAMERA)
I'd say Mongo's as smart as a '38
Buick.

Bart whistles to someone OUT OF FRAME. We HEAR a loud rumbling noise and into THE FRAME we see wheeled another large cannon. The second cannon is placed in front of the first one and its barrel is lowered until the barrels of both cannons are mouth to mouth.

BART:
Ready?

From inside first cannon we HEAR Mongo's muffled reply.

MONGO:
Ready.

Bart is handed both lanyards, he pulls them simultaneously. There is an incredible ROAR as both cannons go off. The SCREEN IS BLACKENED by smoke.

CUT TO:

145. INT. TAGGART'S TENT RAILROAD CAMPSITE

CLOSEUP of Lamarr's face. He is deep in thought. CAMERA PULLS BACK.

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

TAGGART:
(v.o.)
How so, Mr. Lamarr, sir?

CAMERA PULLS BACK during Lamarr's next speech.

(CONTINUED)

145 (Cont.)

LAMARR:

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

CAMERA comes to a full stop, revealing Lamarr seated in a sudsy bathtub. Seated on a stool next to him is Taggart.

TAGGART:

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

LAMARR:

Be still! My mind is a raging torrent flooded with rivulets of thought cascading in a waterfall of creative alternatives.

TAGGART:

Gol durnit, Mr. Lamarr, I ain't heard such pretty talk since I seen Charles Boyer as Pepe Le Moko.

LAMARR:

Shut up!

TAGGART:

Yes sir.
(in lower voice, to himself)
But he sure talked lovely.

For a moment, all is still as Lamarr thinks. Suddenly, Lamarr crashes his fist down into the water, drenching the nearby Taggart.

LAMARR:

Of course! That's it!

TAGGART:

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

LAMARR:

And it will work!

TAGGART:

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

(CONTINUED)

145 (Cont.1)

LAMARR:

Yes.

TAGGART:

What are you talking about?

LAMARR:

Elementary, cactus-head. The Beast has failed. And when the Beast fails, it is time to call in Beauty.

TAGGART:

Beauty?

LAMARR:

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

(he laughs)

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

TAGGART:

(panicked)

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

LAMARR:

Well look, damn your eyes, look!

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

TAGGART:

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

LAMARR:

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

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

LAMARR:

(to himself)

That was a close one.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

146. EXT. ROCK RIDGE

A poster hangs outside the saloon. It reads:

HEDLEY LAMARR PRESENTS

LILI VON SHTUPP

THE TEUTONIC TITWILLOW WHO
INVADED THE HEARTS OF EUROPE

We SEE a picture of her, wearing a homburg, blue pin stripe suit and smoking cigarette in long holder.

PLEASE NOTE: ALL REFERENCES TO LILI VON DYKE SHOULD
NOW BE CHANGED TO LILI VON SHTUPP.
PLEASE MAKE CHANGES ACCORDINGLY.

DISSOLVE THROUGH
POSTER TO:

147. INT. LILI VON SHTUPP'S DRESSING ROOM

A small, cheap, makeshift affair. She sits in front of make-up mirror wearing homburg, blue pin stripe suit. She is putting on finishing touches of her make-up. There is a KNOCK at the door.

LILI:
Willkommen, Bien Venue, Welcome.

CUT TO:

148. DOOR

Hedley Lamarr enters, carrying flowers.

LAMARR:
For you, my dear.

LILI:
Oh, how ordinary.
(calls OFF CAMERA)
Leopold, put zees in vater.

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.)

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

148 (Cont.)

LAMARR:

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

LILI:

Bullshit. What's ze job?

LAMARR:

Why must it always be business with us?

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

LAMARR:

(continuing)

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

LILI:

Only zexually.

Lamarr is stung.

LILI:

(continuing)

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

LAMARR:

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

LILI:

Is Bismark a herring?

There is a loud rapping at the door.

LEOPOLD:

(v.o.)

Five minutes....

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

LEOPOLD:

(v.o.; continuing)

Sorry.

The wooden arm is withdrawn.

71.

CUT TO:

149. INT. JAIL HOUSE

NIGHT

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

JIM:

Incredible. I still can't believe it.

BART:

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

There is a RAPPING at the window.

CUT TO:

150. WINDOW

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

ELDERLY WOMAN:

(whispering)

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

BART:

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

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

ELDERLY WOMAN:

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

BART:

Of course.

JIM:

Well, you've got one on your side.

There is another RAPPING at the window. Bart opens it.

(CONTINUED)

150 (Cont.)

It is Howard Johnson. He is holding a laurel wreath.

HOWARD JOHNSON:

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

Bart accepts the wreath.

BART:

Thank you. Much obliged. Good night.

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

HOWARD:

(whispering)

Of course, if anybody asks you where
you got it, just tell them you stole
it out of my store.

BART:

Got'cha.

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

BARBER:

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

BART:

Much obliged. Good night.

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

BARBER:

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

BART:

Solid.

Bart closes window.

BART:

(continuing; to Jim)

I'm rapidly becoming a big underground
success in this town.

(CONTINUED)

150 (Cont. 1)

JIM:

Gee, in another 25 years you may even be able to shake their hands in broad daylight. C'mon, I don't want to be late. That Lili Von Shtupp is opening tonight.

CUT TO:

151. MASTER SHOT INT. SALOON

Cowpokes at bar knocking down drinks. The place is chock full of first-nighters fresh in off the trail. There is a general air of happiness and despair permeating the atmosphere.

Suddenly we HEAR drum roll. The place quiets down as the spotlight hits the stage. COWBOY MASTER OF CEREMONIES steps forward.

M.C.:

And now, ladies and cowboys, the gal you've all been waiting for...the Bay-varian Bombshell herself...let's hear it for Lili Von Shtupp.

Saloon patrons give out a big CHEER. Lili enters through curtains. She is dressed in homburg, blue pin stripe suit.

LILI:

Sank you, ladies and cowboys. And now, I would like to favor you viz my vorld famous wendition of "I'm Tired"...ze song zat closed Poland. But wight before I do, I'd like to slip into somezing more comfortable... wiz your kind permission.

EVERYBODY IN SALOON:

(v.o.)

PERMISSION GRANTED!!

LILI:

You're too kind.

She walks into wings and returns immediately, clad in an incredibly sexy outfit. The place goes wild. Lili signals for quiet. A hush falls over saloon. Softly, she begins to sing.

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.)

LILI:

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

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

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

LILI:

(continuing)

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

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

LILI:

(continuing)

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

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

LILI:

(continuing)

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

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

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

LILI:

(continuing)

I'M TIRED
TIRED OF PLAYING THE GAME

(CONTINUED)

151 (Cont.1)

She makes her way back to the stage.

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

The audience goes wild.

CUT TO:

152. BART'S TABLE

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

JIM:
 What have you got there?

BART:
 The lady slipped me a note.

JIM:
 What does it say?

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

CUT TO:

153. INT. LILI'S DRESSING ROOM

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

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

LILI:
 (v.o.)
 Leopold, take the gentleman's hat.

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

BART:
 (looking after his
 hat and mumbling)
 I loved that hat.

(CONTINUED)

153 (Cont.)

Lili ENTERS. Bart hands her one red rose.

BART:
For you.

LILI:
Ooh, a wed wose...how womantic.
Have a seat, Sheriff.

BART:
Wanks.

Bart sits.

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

Bart does take INTO CAMERA. Lili is still wearing her
almost naked outfit.

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

She comes out wearing exactly the same outfit, only
different color.

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

She puts kerosene lamp out. It is pitch dark.

LILI:
(continuing)
There, isn't that better?

There is a moment of silence.

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

There is a quiet RAPPING.

(CONTINUED)

153 (Cont.1)

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

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

LAMARR:
 (whispering)
 How's it going?

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

LAMARR:
 Splendid!

She closes door.

LILI:
 Ah, where were we? Ah yes. Here,
 let me sit next to you. Tell me
 schatzi, it is twue vat zey say
 about the vay you people are
 gifted?

(long pause)
 Oh, oh, it's twue, it's twue, it's
 twue, it's twue...

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

154. INT. LILI'S DRESSING ROOM (NEXT MORNING)

Bart is seated at breakfast table. She is pouring him
 coffee.

LILI:
 Would you like another schnitzen-
 gruver?

BART:
 No thanks, baby, 15's my limit on
 schnitzengruber.

(CONTINUED)

154 (Cont.)

LILI:
Then how about a little...
(whispers something
into his ear we can't hear)

BART:
Hey, baby, please...I'm not from
Havana.
(he gets up)
Besides I'm late. I've got some
heavy chores to do.

LILI:
Will I see you later?

BART:
Depends on how much vitamin E I can
get my hands on.

As he leaves she dives at his feet and clings to his boot.
Bart starts toward the door dragging Lili across the room.

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

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

CUT TO:

155. INT. JAIL HOUSE

Jim is at the desk. Bart enters and closes the door, leans
against it and sighs. He wears his crushed hat.

JIM:
Well, I see you got a hat job. What
else transpired during the long night?

BART:
I'm not sure, but I think I invented
pornography.

Bart walks toward desk.

BART:
(continuing)
What's been happening in the clean
word?

(CONTINUED)

155 (Cont.)

JIM:

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

BART:

(taking the writ and studying it)

Hedley Lamarr. Why would a dude like Hedley Lamarr care about Mongo? Well, it's legal.

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

MONGO:

Orange juice, toast and coffee...and a paper.

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

BART:

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

MONGO:

No. Mongo stay.

Mongo sits on bunk.

BART:

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

MONGO:

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

JIM:

Better watch yourself, Bart. I do believe Mongo's takin' a fancy to you.

MONGO:

Bwaah. Mongo straight.

JIM:

(looking at writ)

Hey, Mongo, maybe you know: What's a big shot like Hedley Lamarr doing in a nothing town like Rock Ridge?

MONGO:

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

(CONTINUED)

155 (Cont.1)

BART:

(puzzled)

What does Hedley Lamarr care about where
the choo-choo go?

MONGO:

No know. Mongo only pawn in game of life.

BART:

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

JIM:

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

BART:

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

Bart and Jim start out the door.

MONGO:

What about Mongo lunch?

BART:

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

CUT TO:

156. RAILROAD CAMPSITE

HIGH NOON

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

CHARLIE:

Can't be. Must be a mirage.

CUT TO:

157. BART AND JIM

Approaching campsite. Their horses kicking up clouds of
dust.

CUT BACK TO:

158. CHARLIE

He splashes water in his face and stares again.

CHARLIE:

Well, I'll be...

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

CUT TO:

159. WIDE SHOT

Charlie running out to meet Bart and Jim.

CUT TO:

160. BART

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

CHARLIE:

You shifty nigger. They said you was hung.

BART:

And they was right.

Bart and Charlie embrace each other gleefully.

CHARLIE:

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

BART:

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

CHARLIE:

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

Bart and Jim look at each other knowingly.

CHARLIE:

Who's that?

(CONTINUED)

160 (Cont.)

BART:

That's Jim. He's my friend...he's cool.

Charlie walks over to Jim and slaps him off.

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

CHARLIE:

Don't crush the brother. Check your enthusiasm. Don't be messin' up the man's vines with the soil from your toil.

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

TONY:

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

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

TONY:

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

THE BENSON-FONGS, THE HUEY LONGS.

Suddenly Taggart and his henchmen swoop INTO FRAME on horseback.

(CONTINUED)

160 (Cont.1)

TAGGART:

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

Taggart spots Bart.

TAGGART:

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

BART:

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

TAGGART:

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

Taggart slumps down in his saddle.

LYLE:

(timidly)

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

TAGGART:

It would help some.

LYLE:

Okay boys. On the count of three.

CUT TO:

161. JIM

his arms folded across his chest.

JIM:

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

CUT TO:

162. LYLE

LYLE:

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

There is fusillade of gun fire.

QUICK CUTS OF:

163. TAGGART'S MEN

The guns scattered on the ground. They are all in the same pose; grasping their hands in pain.

CUT TO:

164. JIM

His arms are still folded across his chest. Little curls of smoke slowly rise from guns in his holsters.

CUT TO:

165. RAILROAD WORKERS

RAILROAD WORKERS:

(as one)

Whoeee!!

CUT TO:

166. BART

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

BART:

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

CUT TO:

167. TAGGART'S MEN

They applaud, painfully.

CUT TO:

168- INT. LILI'S DRESSING ROOM CLOSEUP LILI'S FACE
169.

In terror. Hand comes INTO FRAME and slaps her viciously across the cheek. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Lamarr as slapper and Taggart as a delighted spectator. Standing against the wall, bound and gagged, is Leopold. On the wall next to him, also tied securely, is his arm.

LAMARR:

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

LILI:

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

Lili and Leopold break into a German anthem together.

LILI & LEOPOLD:

"Ve Fahren Un Gemacht
Und Schleswigs Zun Gebracht"...

LAMARR:

(interrupts them)

Shut up.

(his face lights up)

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

TAGGART:

Yes sir.

LAMARR:

I've decided to launch an attack that will reduce Rock Ridge to ashes.

TAGGART:

What do you want me to do, sir?

LAMARR:

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

rustlers
cut-throats
murderers

(CONTINUED)

168- (Cont.)
169

LAMARR: (Cont.)
bounty hunters
desperados
pugs
mugs
thugs
half-wits
nitwits
dimwits
con men
Indian Agents
Mexican bandits
vipers
snipers
muggers
buggerers
bank robbers
train robbers
horse thieves
horn swaggelers
bush whackers
ass kickers
shit kickers
and Methodists.

CUT TO:

170. BART AND JIM

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

170 (Cont.)

WANTED:

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

BART:

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

SAMUEL JOHNSON:

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

BART:

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

CUT TO:

171. TOWNSFOLK

TOWNSFOLK:

(ad lib)

Randolph Scott. Randolph Scott.

CUT TO:

172. HOWARD JOHNSON

HOWARD JOHNSON:

Okay Sheriff, 24 hours.

CUT TO:

173. EXT. RAILROAD CAMPSITE

DAY

There is a long line of villains, cut-throats and assorted
 scum. Most are in Western attire but some are dressed in
 traditional evil garb: pirates, Nazis, Mexican bandits,

(CONTINUED)

173 (Cont.)

Bedouins. At the end of the line we see a small herd of cattle. Lamarr and Taggart are seated behind a table. Lyle stands at front of line keeping order. The scene looks very much like Voter's Registration. Lamarr addresses a hulking, scar-faced beast of a man.

LAMARR:
Qualifications?

CUT-THROAT #1:
Rape, murder, arson and rape.

LAMARR:
You said rape twice.

CUT-THROAT #1:
I like rape.

LAMARR:
Splendid. Sign here. Here's
your badge.

TAGGART:
Next.

LAMARR:
Qualifications?

CUT-THROAT #2:
Mayhem, arson, armed robbery...

LAMARR:
(interrupting)
Just a moment. What are you
chewing?

CUT-THROAT #2:
(frantically tucking
his gum under his
tongue)
Nuffim.

LAMARR:
Nuffim, eh? Lyle.

Lyle pries open the Cut-Throat's mouth and triumphantly removes a wad of gum.

(CONTINUED)

173 (Cont.1)

LYLE:

Gum.

Lamarr rises to his feet trembling with rage.

LAMARR:

Chewing gum on line. I hope you brought enough for everybody?

CUT-THROAT #2:

I...I...I...didn't know there was going to be so many...

Lamarr whips out a derringer and shoots him. The man falls dead.

LAMARR:

Draw...

(to Cut-Throats)

I hope that teaches you a little something about line deportment.

CUT TO:

173A. REAR OF LINE

Men frantically spitting out gum, tobacco, teeth, etc.

CUT TO:

174. A CLUMP OF ROCKS

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

JIM:

Boy is he strict.

BART:

We gotta get closer.

JIM:

(points and says)

There's our ticket.

Bart looks.

CUT TO:

175. SHOT OF TWO KU KLUX KLANNERS

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

"HAVE A NICE DAY"

JIM:

(standing up)

Hey fellas. Look what I got here.

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

BART:

Oh lordie, lordie. Please don't hurt me. I'm just an old plantation darkie who wants to chop cotton and marry into a well-to-do white family.

KKK#1:

Oh, we got to see to him.

JIM:

Come around here so's we can have him for ourselves.

KKK#1:

Don't know how to thank you stranger.

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

BART:

(to Jim)

Man that was pretty. I enjoyed that.

JIM:

Did you have to stick the cactus up his ass?

BART:

(in a dreary voice)

I had to.

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

(CONTINUED)

175 (Cont.)

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

He hands him a badge.

MEXICAN BANDIT:
 (flinging the
 badge away)
 We doan need no steekin' badges.

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

Next. TAGGART:

Bart steps forward.

LAMARR:
 Qualifications:

BART:
 Stampeding cattle.

LAMARR:
 That's not much of a crime.

BART:
 Through the Vatican?

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

Bart reaches out to take pen exposing black hand.

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

Lyle rips off Bart's hood.

BART:
 And now for my next impression...
 Jesse Owens.

They flee.

(CONTINUED)

175 (Cont.1)

LAMARR:
Seize them!

CUT TO:

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

Two white robed figures are flying down the trail.

CUT BACK TO:

177. MEN

chasing them.

CUT BACK TO:

178. BART AND JIM

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

BAPTISM TODAY

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

CUT TO:

179. SMALL POND

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

CUT TO:

180. PURSUERS

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

CUT TO:

181. BART AND JIM

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

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

CUTTHROAT:

(to Jim)

Who are you baptising?

JIM:

(holding Bart under
the water)

Nobody, just doing my wash.

We SEE bubbles. Bart pops up spitting water.

BART:

Your wash is drowning.

Bart punches Cutthroat unconscious.

JIM:

(pointing)

Look.

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

CUT TO:

182. MAN

in white sheet in water.

MAN:

Hey, just what do you fellas think
you're doin' with my horse.

CUT TO:

183. BART AND JIM

on horse.

JIM:

Stealing it.

Bart and Jim ride off.

183A. MAN

CUT BACK TO:

He stares at them in quizzical resignation.

CUT TO:

184. LAMARR'S MEN

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

CUT TO:

185. BART

Looks back and see's Taggart's men in the distance.

BART:

(to Jim)

Floor it baby. We've been spotted.

Jim urges the horse to greater effort.

CUT TO:

186. MASTER SHOT OF CHASE

Bart and Jim ride past a stagecoach being held up. Taggart and his men ride by the same stagecoach.

CUT TO:

187. TAGGART

TAGGART:

C'mon. We're gaining on them.

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

CUT TO:

188. MASTER SHOT TAGGART'S MEN

only 50 yards away.

CUT TO:

189. BART AND JIM

Jim suddenly reins up. The horse stops.

BART:
What are you doing?

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

Bart and Jim jump down and start to run.

CUT TO:

190. MASTER SHOT BART AND JIM

running like lightning, easily outdistancing Taggart and
his men.

CUT TO:

191. TAGGART AND HIS MEN

reining up.

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

CUT TO:

192. OMITTED.

193. OMITTED.

193A. EXT. CAMP SITE

NIGHT

A few railroad workers are asleep around campfire. CAMERA
MOVES INTO A CLOSE SHOT of Charlie sleeping peacefully. A
black hand ENTERS THE FRAME, taps him on shoulder. Charlie

(CONTINUED)

193A (Cont.)

is startled, begins to splutter something. Hand covers his mouth. CAMERA PULLS TO TWO SHOT to reveal Bart.

BART:

(whispering)

Charlie, it's me, it's me...Bart. Just say hello.

Bart takes his hand off Charlie's mouth.

CHARLIE:

Hello.

Bart claps his hand over his mouth again.

BART:

Now just listen and listen good. I want you to get the brothers together and round up all the lumber, canvas, nails and paint you can lay your hands on and meet me three miles due East of Rock Ridge tonight at midnight. Understand?

Charlie nods his head.

BART:

(continuing)

Now just say goodbye.

He takes hand off Charlie's mouth for a second.

CHARLIE:

Goodbye.

Bart claps his hand over his mouth and leaves.

CUT TO:

194. EXT. PRAIRIE

NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

195. CLOSE SHOT WAGON WHEEL

PULL BACK to reveal Bart riding up to wagon.

(CONTINUED)

195 (Cont.)

BART:

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

HOWARD JOHNSON:

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

BART:

Trust me.

Bart rides off.

HOWARD JOHNSON:

(to Van Johnson who is riding next to him)

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

CUT TO:

196. BART

BART:

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

Bart hops down.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

(looking around at emptiness, in lead wagon)

Where?

BART:

(hopping up on back of wagon addressing townspeople)

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

MAN: (JEWISH)

(v.o.)

Well, speaking for mineself, I'm completely in the dark.

(CONTINUED)

196 (Cont.)

BART:

I'm hip. Now, before the sun comes up we are going to build on this site an exact copy of the town of Rock Ridge. Every building, every store front, every rock and every tree right down to the orange roof on Howard Johnson's outhouse. And when Hedley Lamarr and his men come riding in tomorrow they're gonna attack the wrong place at the wrong time and we'll be waiting.

Townspeople ad lib.

VAN JOHNSON:

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

BART:

Wrong and there's why.

We HEAR a clanking of wagon wheels, and INTO FRAME, Charlie and Jim come riding out of the dark followed by buckboards filled with railroad workers and construction materials.

HOWARD JOHNSON:

Who the hell are they?

BART:

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

There is a lot of grumbling and mumbling.

CUT TO:

197. OLSON JOHNSON

who speaks for the townsfolk.

OLSON JOHNSON:

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

(CONTINUED)

197 (Cont.)

BART:

No deal.

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

OLSON JOHNSON:

Aw, prairie shit...everybody.

BART:

Thank you.

(to all)

Okay, folks, let's roll up our sleeves and go to work.

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

CUT TO:

197A. HUGE PIECE OF LUMBER

being lifted. White arm comes in. Black arm comes in, lumber goes higher. Yellow arm comes in, lumber is almost off the ground. Big green arm comes in and everybody drops it and runs, accompanied by V.O. screams and ad-libs:

EVERYONE:

(v.o.)

"What the hell was that!"

DISSOLVE TO:

198. HORIZON

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

CUT TO:

199. BACK SECTION OF FAKE ROCK RIDGE

The men are nailing the last flat into place.

BART:

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

(CONTINUED)

199 (Cont.)

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

They all whoop for joy.

CAMERA PANS off group to SHOT of town. It's a perfect replica of Rock Ridge, except for some prairie grass, cactus and tumbleweed.

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

CUT TO:

200. BART

BART:
 We forgot one little thing.

CUT TO:

201. HOWARD JOHNSON

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

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

BART:
 A cute observation.

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

They all stare at Van.

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

(CONTINUED)

201 (Cont.)

BART:

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

HOWARD JOHNSON:

But they'll be here in half an hour.

BART:

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

CUT TO:

202. PRAIRIE

DAY

Lamarr mounts the steps of a platform.

LAMARR:

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

CUT TO:

203. WIDE SHOT

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

CUT BACK TO:

204. LAMARR

LAMARR:

(continuing)

I,

HORDE (AS ONE):

(v.o.)

I,

LAMARR:

Your name.

HORDE (AS ONE):

...Your name ...

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

(CONTINUED)

204 (Cont.)

HORDE (AS ONE) AND
LAMARR LEADING:

(v.o.)

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

LAMARR:

(with maniacal fervor)

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

CUT TO:

205. HORDE

The men are whooping and scrambling wildly for their horses.

CUT TO:

206. EXT. PRAIRIE

DAY

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

BART:

Okay put it here.

CUT TO:

207. A TEAM OF HORSES

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

GOV. WILLIAM J. LE PETOMANE THRUWAY

Dangling over the lane is a smaller sign which reads:

EXACT CHANGE LANE: 10 CENTS

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

BART:

(looking off)

Hurry up, they'll be here any minute.

They ride off taking the team of horses with them.

CUT TO:

208. TAGGART

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

TAGGART:

(looking at the toll booth and sign)

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

Men ad lib.

TAGGART:

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

CUT TO:

209. FAKE ROCK RIDGE

BART:

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

CUT TO:

210. MONGO

pulling a wagon covered with a tarp.

MONGO:

Heeeeere's Mongo!

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

CUT TO:

211. CROWD

They are obviously pleased with their work.

(CONTINUED)

CUT BACK TO:

212. WAGON

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

CUT TO:

213. VARIOUS TOWNSPEOPLE

Townspeople ad lib.

MONGO:
(in panic)
Where Mongo?

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

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

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

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

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

CUT BACK TO:

214. PRAIRIE TOLL BOOTH

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

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

(CONTINUED)

214 (Cont.)

MAN ON LINE:

(v.o.)

My horse is overheated.

CUT TO:

215. MAN ON HORSE

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

CUT BACK TO:

216. TAGGART

TAGGART:

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

CUT TO:

217. RIDGE OVERLOOKING FAKE ROCK RIDGE

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

JIM:

Hey, Bart, take a look at that.

BART:

It's a stagecoach.

JIM:

Who the hell would be riding in there now?

We ZOOM into CLOSE SHOT of stagecoach.

CUT TO:

218. INT. STAGECOACH

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

(CONTINUED)

218A. CLOSE UP OF LE PETOMANE

He is making a grotesque face.

MEMBER OF THE PRESS:
Governor, what are you doing?

LE PETOMANE:
Harpo Marx. Didn't you care for it?
Maybe you'd prefer Tarzan?....Cheetah,
where boy...water good, water good.

MEMBER OF THE PRESS:
Please Governor, you were talking
about the first integrated town in
the West.

LE PETOMANE:
Yes, yes...of course. But seriously,
folks.....I love a parade. Oh yes...
whoo, whoo....I think you'll find
Rock Ridge to be a model of peace-
ful co-existence never before seen
in the annals of the West.

There is a loud RINGING noise.

MEMBER OF THE PRESS:
What was that, Governor?

Le Petomane slaps his crotch -- RINGING stops.

LE PETOMANE:
Nothing.

Coach comes to a stop.

DRIVER:
(v.o.)
We're here, Governor. Get your ass
out.

LE PETOMANE:
Get your ass out. Very nice...very
nice...get your ass out to the Gover-
nor of the state..

Governor climbs down from stagecoach.

(CONTINUED)

218A (Cont.)

LE PETOMANE:
(to driver)
Can I have you fired?

DRIVER:
Sure you can...if you don't mind
a stagecoach strike.

LE PETOMANE:
Rumm, rumm, rumm. Good luck to
you, you drunken lout.

CUT TO:

219. EXT. MAIN STREET FAKE ROCK RIDGE DAY

They all climb down from the stagecoach.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

219 (Cont.)

LE PETOMANE:

How are you today, my good man?

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

LE PETOMANE:

(continuing; to dummy)

Can't you hold your goddamn head steady for one lousy picture? You're a nervous wreck.

Photographer takes the picture.

CUT TO:

220. MEMBERS OF THE PRESS AND MISS STEIN

staring at all the dummies in disbelief.

CUT BACK TO:

221. GOVERNOR

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

LE PETOMANE:

(whispering behind his hand)

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

CUT TO:

222. MEMBERS OF THE PRESS AND MISS STEIN

ALL:

We're schmucks.

CUT BACK TO:

223. PRAIRIE TOLL BOOTH

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

TAGGART:

Okay, men. Move out.

(CONTINUED)

223 (Cont.)
They thunder off.

CUT TO:

224. JIM ON RIDGE

He is peering through telescope.

JIM:
They're through the booth.

BART:
Okay. We've got two minutes.

Bart raises plunger on detonator.

CUT BACK TO:

225. HORDE

Charging inexorably across the prairie.

CUT BACK TO:

226. LE PETOMANE

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

CUT TO:

227. HORDE

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

CUT TO:

228. PRESS AND MISS STEIN

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

LE PETOMANE:
Welcome to Rock Ridge, the first inte-
grated community in the West.

(CONTINUED)

228 (Cont.)

Men open FIRE.

LE PETOMANE:

(his clothes tattered and
smoking from gunfire;
TO CAMERA)A little rowdy perhaps but a new
territory never attracts the upper
middle class right off the bat.
Take Australia...please. Why it
started with a handful of criminals
and convicts.

(his hat is shot off)

Holy shit, these people are crazy.
You'll pardon me as I run for my
wonderful life.(he dives into a water
trough)

QUICK CUTS:

229. LAMARR'S HORDE

wrecking havoc upon the town, engaging in joyful carnage
and senselessly mutilating innocent cardboard cut-outs.

CUT TO:

230. RIDGE

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

JIM:

(through telescope)

Okay, they're all in.

BART:

Here we go. Hold your ears, folks.
It's showtime.Bart pushes down on the plunger. Nothing happens. Every-
one is still holding their ears. Slowly they take their
fingers out of their ears. They are bitterly disappointed.

LILI:

(pointing down the hill
at the trailing wire)Der Trebe Ist Gefluchtenschaften.
Ve muzz tzu kuntzfabriken.

HOWARD JOHNSON:

What did she say?

(CONTINUED)

230 (Cont.)

GABBY JOHNSON:

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

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

BART:

The wire's broken.

VAN JOHNSON:

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

BART:

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

HOWARD JOHNSON:

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

BART:

What do you say, Jim?

JIM:

Give 'er a try.

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

CUT TO:

231. FAKE ROCK RIDGE

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

TAGGART:

It's fake. We've been suckered in.

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

CUT TO:

232. JIM

He pulls trigger. Gun FIRES. Nothing happens.

(CONTINUED)

232 (Cont.)

HOWARD JOHNSON:

Missed.

JIM:

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

CUT BACK TO:

233. FAKE ROCK RIDGE

Suddenly, the earth is rent by an enormous SERIES
OF EXPLOSIONS.

QUICK CUTS:

234. LAMARR'S HORDE

being blown off their horses.

CUT TO:

235. BART AND HIS GROUP

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

BART:

All right, let's finish them
off.

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

CUT TO:

236. EXT. MAIN STREET FAKE ROCK RIDGE

Horde is disoriented, not to mention some who are

(CONTINUED)

236 (Cont.)

critically injured. Taggart is riding around and trying to recognize the Horde.

TAGGART:

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

A melee ensues.

QUICK CUTS:

REVEREND JOHNSON:

Forgive me, Lord.
 (knee to groin)
 Forgive me, Lord.
 (knee to groin)
 Forgive me, Lord...
 (knee to groin)

CUT TO:

237. LILI

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

CUT TO:

238. OMITTED.

239. JIM AND BART

fighting back to back, knocking out Bad Guys.

JIM:

(to Bart)
 How ya' doin'?

BART:

Great!

Bart is punched in stomach.

(CONTINUED)

239 (Cont.)

BART:
(hollow voice)
Make that fair.

Bart grabs man who hits him and punches him out.

CUT TO:

240. MONGO

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

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

CUT TO:

241. INT. SOUND STAGE

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

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

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

OFF CAMERA VOICE:
Ready, Buddy.

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

MUSIC: Hot thirties number comes booming over speakers.

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

(CONTINUED)

241 (Cont.)
 gaping hole in the sound stage the Black Bart fight pours
 into the scene.

CUT TO:

242. CLOSEUP BUDDY BIZARRE

BUDDY BIZARRE:
 What's going on here? Is this some
 kind of grotesque joke?
 (walking up to Taggart)
 What the hell do you think you're
 doing on my set?

TAGGART:

This.

He punches Buddy.

CUT TO:

243. GROUP OF DANCERS ON STAIRCASE

FIRST DANCER:
 They've hit Buddy!! Come on, girls.

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

FIRST DANCER:
 You filthy, yet somehow attractive,
 Western pig!

First Dancer smashes cowboy over the head.

COWBOY:
 Why you miserable little fruit!

Cowboy punches First Dancer out.

CUT TO:

243A. LYLE

Six-gun in hand, he fires TWO SHOTS at ground in front of
 them.

LYLE:
 Okay, Pansies, start dancin'.

The three gypsies go into a very elaborate life-saving step.

CUT TO:

244. CLOSEUP BART

BART:

(to Jim)

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

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

CUT TO:

245. WARNER BROS. COMMISSARY

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

FIGHTER:

So, how many days you got left,
Irv?

SOUND: LOUD RUMBLING NOISE

ADOLPH HITLER:

Well...what the hell is that!?

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

It is a rip-roaring beauty of a fight.

QUICK CUTS OF:

246. TABLES

covered with food being smashed.

CUT TO:

247. BAKER MAN

enters wheeling a cart filled with trays of pies.

(CONTINUED)

247 (Cont.)

BAKERY MAN:
 (calling out)
 Bakery man.

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

CUT TO:

248. BART

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

CUT TO:

249. LYLE

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

LYLE:
 No, that'd be your custard.

Another pie flies into his face from OUTSIDE OF FRAME.

LYLE:
 Now, that there's lemon meringue.

He faints.

CUT TO:

249A. TAGGART

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

LADY AT REGISTER:
 Now, let's see...we've got Yankee Bean
 Soup, coleslaw, Tuna Surprise...\$3.83.

CUT TO:

250
 thru
 252. OMITTED.

CUT TO:

253. HENDLEY LAMARR

He is seated at a small table near rear exit of commissary. He looks around, takes last sip of coffee, carefully blots his mouth with napkin, pulls his hat down over his eyes and starts to tip-toe out. He grimaces, stops, walks back, leaves a dime tip and starts to tip-toe toward the rear exit.

CUT TO:

254. BART

He spots Lamarr sneaking out rear door of commissary. He takes off in Lamarr's direction.

CUT TO:

255. EXT. WARNER BROS. STUDIOS PASS STREET GATE

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

LAMARR:

Taxi.

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

CUT TO:

256. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE

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

TOURIST MAN:

(v.o.)

Hey, Mother, come over here. I found Hedy Lamar!

Hedley does take. Pulls hat down.

TOURIST MOTHER:

(v.o.)

I can't. I'm stuck in Greta Garbo's shoes.

(CONTINUED)

256 (Cont.)

Lamarr, fed up with waiting, reaches into his pocket, pulls out several bills. He flings bills into the cage.

LAMARR:

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

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

LAMARR:

(handing ticket-taker the tickets)

We're together.

CUT TO:

257. LITTLE OLD LADY

hanging over Lamarr's shoulder.

LITTLE OLD LADY:

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

CUT TO:

257A. LOBBY OF GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE

NIGHT

Hedley Lamarr, with Little Old Lady draped over shoulder, runs past a few cows milling about.

CUT TO:

258. INT. CANDY COUNTER IN THEATRE

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

LITTLE OLD LADY:

(looking down at candy)

Look at that...\$2.00 for Neckos. That's outrageous!

CUT TO:

259. INT. THEATRE

Lamarr looks around and ducks into an aisle seat.

CUT TO:

260. OMITTED.

261. CLOSEUP OF LAMARR

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

CUT TO:

262. MOVIE SCREEN

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

CUT TO:

263. LAMARR

Watching movie.

LAMARR:

Shit!

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

CUT TO:

264. EXT. GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE

Lamarr comes flying out just as Bart begins to enter.

BART:

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

CUT TO:

265. LAMARR

He raises his hands.

(CONTINUED)

265 (Cont.)

LAMARR:
Wait, wait! I'm unarmed.

CUT TO:

266. BART

He throws his guns away.

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

CUT TO:

267. LAMARR

LAMARR:
Oh, oh...sorry... Just remembered.
I am armed.

Lamarr pulls out a derringer and fires at Bart.

CUT TO:

268. BART

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

CUT TO:

269. LAMARR

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

CUT TO:

269A. JIM

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

(CONTINUED)

269A (Cont.)

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

BART:
He died like he lived...sideways.

Jim looks at him quizzically.

BART:
(to Jim)
I don't know...it's the first thing that came into my head.

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

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

They walk into theatre.

CUT TO:

270. OMITTED

271. MOVIE SCREEN MAIN STREET ROCK RIDGE MORNING

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

HOWARD JOHNSON:
Sheriff, you can't go now. We need you.

Townfolk ad lib.

BART:
(drawing a deep breath and fixing an eye on a stray cloud)
My work here is done. I'm needed elsewhere now.

(CONTINUED)

271 (Cont.)

MUSIC: BEGINS POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE.

BART:

(continuing)

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

TOWNSPEOPLE:

(in unison)

BULLSHIT!!!

BART:

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

Townspeople ad lib.

REV. JOHNSON:

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

CUT TO:

272. MONGO

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

LITTLE OLD LADY:

(to CAMERA; raises umbrella)

Have you ever seen such crying?

CUT BACK TO:

273. TOWNSPEOPLE

ad lib.

Bart rides past Charlie and slaps him off.

(CONTINUED)

273 (Cont.)

CHARLIE:
Take care, brother.

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

BART:
(staring at her
heavy bosom)
Don't worry, my dear. I pledge
myself to your bosom....comfort,
comfort. Strike bosom. Make
that comfort.

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

BART:
Keep the faith, niggers.

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

JIM:
(casually)
Where ya headin'?

BART:
No where special.

JIM:
Always wanted to go there.

BART:
(smiling)
Come on.

They ride off together.

CUT TO:

274. EXT. PRAIRIE

FAR SHOT of Bart and Jim riding quietly off into
the sunset. In the corner of the FRAME we SEE
a stagecoach being held up. They continue riding
for a while and then they rein up and get off

(CONTINUED)

274 (Cont.)

their horses. They stand and wait. Suddenly a large black cadillac limousine drives INTO FRAME. They open the door and get in. As the limousine rides off into the sunset we SEE a small herd of cattle drift across the trail accompanied by their own wonderful cattle sound. We HEAR Lili begin singing "Auf Wiederschen, Adieu, Bye Bye Black Bart".

THE END

Song continues over END CREDITS and bows from leading characters ending with Bart.

In order: The Johnsons: Samuel, Olson, Van, Gabby, Howard and Reverend; Lyle; Mongo; Taggart; Lili; Le Petomane; Lamarr; Jim; and lastly, Bart.
