

"THE LIFE & TIMES OF JUDGE ROY BEAN"

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THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE ROY BEAN

FADE IN:

1 EXT. PRAIRIE - FULL SHOT - MAN AND HORSE

ROY BEAN crossed the Pecos River sometime in 1890; a man of 40 with a past. He was headed west as the sun does set and he had the intention of "roosting up" in that territory. I believe he was wanted of horse and cow thievery in Tularosa County and also the forceful abduction of an Indian woman. He was a convicted bank robber to boot and ran with the "Baldy" Mitchell gang. He rode into the setting sun, headed for hell.

He had a handlebar moustache. It was much the same in appearance as those worn by "villains" that I saw in the nickelodeon shows at Fort Davis. I do not intend to make any judgment on Roy Bean's character but those men wore their lip hair in that manner for a purpose. "All characters have their roots in truth."* Roy Bean had his purpose too. Reader, think what you like.

2 EXT. PRAIRIE - FULL SHOT - ROY BEAN - DUSK

He rode what must have been endless miles and saw no man. That was the way it was.

3 EXT. PRAIRIE - VILLAGE - FULL SHOT - ROY BEAN - DUSK

As night fell, his natural instinct to smell out and find evil led him to the edge of a butte overlooking the minute settlement of Eagle's Nest, Vinegaroon County. Roy Bean paused on the bluff, listened to the laughter and "carrying on" of bad men and painted ladies who occupied the town's one wooden building -- the saloon. A gunshot echoed across the buttes, bringing him back to his senses, if you could call them that. He cocked his hat and rode into history. Here is what happened.

4 EXT. TOWN - FULL SHOT - BEAN - PEASANTS

A MEXICAN DIRT FARMER and WIFE, typical of the permanent inhabitants of Eagle's Nest, Vinegaroon County, groveled in the harsh and dusty wind, crying by their dead burro.

They sobbed together, full willing to give up their lives to a slatternly man who stood on the steps up the saloon chuckling to himself and drooling spit into the wind. He had a Colt revolver in his hand, but was too drunk to return it to its holster. Finally he staggered back through the door and fell down somewhere inside. Into this scene rode Roy Bean.

* Will Rogers

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED :

He looked at the couple with the burro and rode right past without inquiring as to their state. His philosophy was: A man has enough misery without investing in that of others. You must draw the line some place. He tied his horse -- a gelding of Comanche ancestry, to a rail along the far side of the building. This particular wall had no windows and was papered entirely with Wanted Posters. Such was the flagrant disregard for the law of the outlaws inside.

5 CLOSE SHOT - BEAN

He smiled to himself and stood before this lamentable catalogue of human crime. Carefully did Bean scrutinize each face until he spied what he was looking for. He strode up to a medium-sized poster, half-covered by another, extolling the criminal virtues of the Apache Kid. The poster read:

WANTED FOR BANK ROBBERY AND
SUSPECTED RAPE AND MURDER
THE "BALDY MITCHELL GANG"

ERATH "BALDY" MITCHELL - TRUITT MITCHELL
BONANZA STUD AND R. BEAN

Each had their picture below. "Bonanza Stud" was a half-breed and Roy Bean was much younger -- clean-shaven, hair combed and without his moustache. Roy Bean smiled and pulled a bullet from his belt. He bit off the tip, exposing the soft lead and thus making a writing instrument. Then he set about underlining the word "RAPE" several times, even though it was only suspected and changed the reward from \$200 dead, preferably, to \$200,000 dead, preferably. His final act was to draw on a "handlebar" moustache, scruffy hair and light beard, to bring the picture up to date. That is some gall.

6 EXT. SALOON DOOR - FULL SHOT - BEAN - NIGHT

Bean walked around to the door which was a heavy, crude, full-length affair, not the swinging type so commonly associated with saloons in the "Old West." The West was "wild and woolly" indeed and even outlaws had the common sense to build doors that would keep the dust and weather out. He paused and looked over the peasant couple, reflecting on what a hard lot the common man has. It did them no good at the time.

INT. SALOON - FULL SHOT - OUTLAWS - BEAN

He entered that den of evil with the wind and dust. Perhaps this had something to do with the cold stares that greeted him. TWENTY OR SO BAD MEN and a FEW "FALLEN WOMEN" looking up from their revelry to see what manner of stranger had such audacity and could be so dumb as to stand in the open door letting Texas blow in. A few hands dropped to the polished and notched handles of revolvers. A girl giggled and was slapped. Silence prevailed save the wild wail of the night prairie wind. Roy Bean looked slowly around, his eyes met by gazes breaching the full spectrum of man's depravity. He was truly in "the jaws of death". A TALL OUTLAW who was dealing cards at a long table smiled. Bean smiled back.

TALL OUTLAW

(hard)

Close the door, squirrel.

He did so. Still the uneasy silence remained. His thought was: I better shoot and run though I'll see my maker before I reach the street. So thinking, he recomposed himself.

BEAN

I am Roy Bean. Perhaps you have heard of me.

Silence.

BEAN

(continuing)

My picture is on the wall -- the other side a that wall over there, I believe.

He indicated the proper wall.

BEAN

(continuing)

Robbed the Grangers' Trust in Magdalena and that was no easy pickings. Bonanza Stud had his left hand shot half off and I dug two pellets of crude buckshot out of my ankle. You can put that in your craw and chew it.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

BEAN

(continuing)

I heard that a man on the dodge
was welcome west of the Pecos
River -- perhaps I heard wrong.

The Tall Outlaw smiled and leaned back in his chair.

TALL OUTLAW

(pause)

You heard right -- Ned -- give
him a drink of cactus whisky.

NED, who was the Bartending Outlaw, did what he was told. The entire group relaxed. A terrified MEXICAN was kicked and he played on a guitar or the like. Bean and the Tall Outlaw sauntered over to the crude boards that served as a bar. Ned poured a foul-looking liquid from a gourd into two cups.

TALL OUTLAW

(continuing)

This ain't no El Paso --

He looked over at a FAT WOMAN sitting on a thick book on top of the bar. A DROOLING KILLER was admiring her garter.

BEAN

I'll drink to that.

They did. Bean let it pour down his beard. Several of the other Thugs had drawn in close.

TALL OUTLAW

You rob that bank?

He motioned for Ned to pour him another.

TALL OUTLAW

(continuing)

You get much outa that Magdalena
one -- ?

BEN

'Nough.

The Tall Outlaw nodded in understanding, seeing he could go no further. He was about to take another drink when a YOUNG MEXICAN GIRL, about fourteen, tried to slip by. What a child so young was doing in that place, you can think of as well as I. Times were hard and life was cheap. He pulled her head back by her hair. Tears welled into her eyes. She was only a child. Her lips quivered in terror. The Tall Outlaw shoved her crashing across the card table. Everyone laughed, thinking it was good sport. The Girl scurried away. Bean was unmoved.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

TALL OUTLAW
She's new --

They drank again. ANOTHER OUTLAW poked Bean.

OTHER OUTLAW
You see what it says on that
book?

He pointed to the book that the Fat Girl was seated upon.

7A INSERT

Book.

7B BACK TO SCENE

BEAN
Revised statutes of Texas 1855 --
what's that doing in here?

TALL OUTLAW
The whore's piss on it.

One of the women of questionable reputation sidled up to Roy Bean. He sniffed the air around her. It was not pleasant.

WHORE
You buy me a drink, Bank Robber?

Bean would not ordinarily buy her a drink of wolf poison but this was a different situation. He looked around at the others.

BEAN
When Roy Bean drinks, everybody
drinks.

He threw down two twenty dollar gold pieces, thinking this would impress them. It did. They drooled and made menacing animal voices. It was not the effect he had desired.

BEAN
(continuing)
When Roy Bean pays, everybody
pays.

(CONTINUED)

7B CONTINUED:

He laughed at his own joke -- no one else did. Instead one struck him a stunning blow on the back of his head with his pistol. The others moved around and held him. Then the three big whores proceeded to unmercifully beat the living hell out of him. I do not want to describe it. Finally they removed the money from his pockets and pistol whipped him with his own gun.

TALL OUTLAW

That is enough. Let's stretch him. Get his horse.

They pulled Roy Bean along -- his face white with terror, the eyes looking to heaven; his only hope of getting there being that Jesus Christ had hopefully died for his sins also.

8 EXT. SALOON

They brought his horse forward and one of the outlaws went at the saddlebags. The Tall Outlaw hit him with a short whip and took the loot for himself. There is no honor among thieves. They uncoiled Roy Bean's rope and made a fine noose and placed it around his neck. The other end was tied to his saddle horn. Then they bound his feet and tied that rope to a hitching post. They led the horse out until Roy Bean was taut. The idea being to stretch him until something came off -- probably his head. All this was done with fiendish delight such was the despicable nature of these men.

TALL OUTLAW

Have you any last talk?

Roy Bean was already gagging for breath.

TALL OUTLAW

(continuing)

None.

With that the fattest whore whipped the horse and yelled. The others fired their guns and kicked at the terrified animal. The horse tore off the rope went taut. And the hitching post became uprooted and was dragged off behind a struggling Roy Bean. The outlaws hooted and yelled thinking this was good sport. They felt they had seen the last of Roy Bean.

9 MED. SHOT - BEAN

He was dragged the full length of the town, the life all but choked from him. But fate would not give him the end he was to give to many others.

10 CLOSE SHOT - SADDLE

His rope was cheap and frayed. A bank robber and outlaw does not care for a rope like your cowboy. There are other priorities. In any case, the rope broke.

11 MED. SHOT - BEAN

Sending Roy Bean tumbling end-over-hand into the town dung pit where manure was gathered to fertilize the peasants' meager crops. There he lay, gagging for God's sweet air.

DISSOLVE TO:

12 CLOSE SHOT - BEAN

He probably was not sure as to whether or not he was dead. At any rate, his neck felt broken and burned by the rope. He had always heard that a man with a broken neck could kill himself if he moved, therefore he remained still. The wind, it did HOWL.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. SALOON - FULL SHOT

Far into the night, the bad men caroused and cavorted. Their laughter and yelling carried away in the dusty wind. Sometime, toward the middle of night, the door opened briefly and a small, frail, figure slipped away. Lord knows what they had done to her.

CUT TO:

14 CLOSE SHOT - BEAN

Roy Bean first tested his hands -- they worked and he wasn't dead. Then he tested his feet and they worked, too. His neck was not broken but it could not have felt much worse if it was.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

He finally turned his head and that's when he saw the figure of the Girl. Barely perceptible in the dust and darkness, she stood on the edge of the pit, looking down at him. He tried to speak but nothing came out. She saw and disappeared. The end at last. Now she would fetch her evil friends and they would stretch his neck and strangle him all over again.

15 CLOSE SHOT - DIFFERENT ANGLE

He closed his eyes and tried to clean his state from his thoughts. But always the image of a rope appeared. Suddenly, he felt something on his forehead. His eyes opened -- they had come. No -- it was the Girl's hand gently touching him. In her other hand was a wooden ladle. Water! He opened his mouth. She tipped it to him. It rolled down his beard, burned his throat and he choked at first, then drank as it seemed to cool. He drank longer and deeper and could feel his throat open up -- his lungs expand again. A man who is hung never forgets such a moment. The water was gone and he looked up at the Girl -- no more than a child. He tried to speak but his voice came out in a gag. She tried to understand.

BEAN

G -- gug.

She turned her head.

BEAN

(continuing)

Gun -- G -- gun -- a gun -- gun.

She was gone. Disappeared.

16 MED. SHOT - DIFFERENT ANGLE

He pulled himself slowly up the slippery bank of the dung heap. The dust stung his face. He crawled onto the road and passed out.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAWN

The dawn broke red and savage in the east and the wind howled.

DISSOLVE TO:

18 MED. SHOT - BEAN - DAWN

He lay face down in the dirt. Small bare feet moved closed to him, then a gun -- a Colt 44-40 revolver dropped by his head. He stirred and came awake only to hear the SOUND of the feet retreating into the wind. He stared down at what lay before him. The Lord made men -- Sam Colt made them equal. Bean gritted his teeth.

DISSOLVE TO:

19 EXT. SALOON - FULL SHOT - MAN

A solitary figure staggered from the door, fell down the steps into the wind-driven dust. It was the greasy, drooling loon who had shot the peasant's burro. He staggered forth and tripped over his former prey. He got to his hands and knees, laughing, and could get no further.

20 CLOSE SHOT - MAN

Finally, he looked up, drooling, and tried to get to his feet. Something caught his eye. He pulled himself up. ANGLE WIDENS as CAMERA DRAWS BACK. A figure appears in the distance, obscured by the dust -- moving slow.

MAN

L.T.

He drew his gun and FIRED it in the air.

MAN

(continuing)

Lookie over there, L.T. Lookie what I shot me --

The figure moved closer. A SHOT cracked in the wind. The Man lurched violently -- walked around in a couple of circles with his mouth open. His gun fell from his hand. He sank to his knees, coughed deeply and fell over. Then he kicked like a spastic a few times and passed on to his reward. Roy Bean walked out of the dust, knelt beside him and collected his gun -- careful to reload it. He stuck it in his belt and turned towards the saloon. Here is what happened.

21 INT. SALOON - FULL SHOT - BEAN - OTHERS

The Outlaws were asleep or dead drunk. The Bartender, flat out on the bar, the Fat Whore across a makeshift card table and the Tall, Mean Outlaw asleep with his face in his winnings and his arms around a jug of pulce. Such was their state. The door burst open with a crash and dust and tumbleweed blew in. When this had cleared and the evil men stirred to life, they saw the dark silhouette of Roy Bean, returned from the hangman's rope! He was framed in the doorway, a Colt revolver hanging loose in his hand.

BEAN
(to Tall Outlaw)

You!

TALL OUTLAW

You!

The Tall Outlaw went for his gun. Bean raised his, a maniacal flash in his eye. The SHOT thundered across the room, blasting the jug of pulce "to smithereens" and scattering the man's winnings and guts. All that remained was a cloud of smoke and the Tall Outlaw's feet sticking up where his chair had turned over. There followed one of those incredible silences much as if time had stopped. Nobody moved. The Outlaws finally peered over at their dead comrade.

OUTLAW
You killed the hell out of him,
mister.

With that, the place came to life. A SHOT rang out from the bar, narrowly missing Bean. He raised his gun and SHOT the assailant between the eyes, blowing him head-over-heels into gourds and bottles. The Fat Whore drew her stiletto, the others drew their guns. Bean ducked, BIASTING a man in the face and pulling over his table for cover. BULLETS ripped through the wood. The Whore attacked with her knife. Bean BLASTED her, so did the others as she was in the way. Bean grabbed her falling body and, using it as a shield, dove for the bar, where the Tender was unlimbering a ten-gauge. He was thumbing back the hammers when Bean SHOT him twice through the thin wood. He spun around kicking as Bean dove behind the bar and SHOT him again.

22 FULL SHOT - DIFFERENT ANGLE

The rest of the Outlaws had somewhat scattered to the other side of the room, and a few up against the other side of the bar. They fixed their pistols wildly, their aim somewhat compromised by fear and alcoholic stupor.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

One of them, a dark fellow named THE KIOWA KID, though he was no more Kiowa than you or I, and he was nearing forty, jumped out from behind a bench and drew one long Colt Navy and FANNED it into the bar. When the first revolver was empty, he spun it into the air and slipped himself a second Colt Navy with his other hand and then caught the first revolver spinning it into its holster and proceeded to FAN the second gun! This, I believe, is called the "Border hand shift." It was quite impressive, made more so by the fact that he wore black leather gloves and wristlets with silver studs on them. When he had finished with the second revolver, having missed with all twelve shots, Bean leaned up with the ten-gauge and BLEW him and part of the poker table out the side of the building, ending a colorful and infamous career.

23 CLOSE SHOT - BEAN

He scrambled for a loose box of shotguns -- crawling over the dead Bartender. The other Outlaws behind the end of the bar leaned over, FIRING. Bean rolled back, bullets spattering around him! He threw down with the other barrel of the ten-gauge and BLEW a hole as big as a chair in the other end of the bar and stopped their onslaught somewhat. Then he reloaded the big scattergun and leaned up and BLASTED the tables, chairs and men apart on the other side of the room. There was hideous screaming and thrashing. They were finished. The remaining killers at the end of the bar, seeing Bean had emptied the terrible weapon, charged out, throwing down with all they had at him. Bean grabbed the Revised Statutes of Texas 1855 with one hand and pulled his second revolver from his belt. He slid the thick book down the bar towards them, FIRING from behind it. Pistol balls THUDDED into the Revised Statutes of Texas 1855 but Bean's thudded into solid flesh. It was horrible! By the fifth shot, the survivors threw up their hands.

OUTLAW

Don't kill me! Please have mercy!

OTHER OUTLAW

I am already shot and probably killed -- you have done me in!

STILL ANOTHER OUTLAW

I'm finished -- don't shoot me again!

24 FULL SHOT - BEAN - OTHERS

Smoke was so thick that they almost couldn't see each other. Men whimpered and twisted in pain all around. Bean crouched behind his law book and cocked the final shot.

BEAN

Turn around -- keep your hands high.

He quickly stepped out and grabbed two more guns from fallen badmen. He stuffed these in his belt, then reloaded the shotgun. Bean walked across the room to where a man lay groaning and SHOT him in the head with a pistol. Then he proceeded to coldly dispatch the rest of the wounded, three in all. I know what you are thinking, but what other choice had he?

BEAN

(continuing)

Outside.

25 EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - BEAN - OUTLAWS - DAWN

The sun was almost up. Bean walked the evil men out into the dust, their backs to him. Bean put the shotgun across his arm and felt his neck where the rope had twisted and burned it. At this moment, the four men broke and ran. Bean leveled the shotgun and BLASTED one end-over-end. Then he SHOT another who disappeared in a cloud of dust. By this time, the others were somewhat out of range for Bean's pistol but he tried with a couple of SHOTS anyway. Then he screamed at the fleeing men, screamed something that was to change the course of history west of the Pecos.

BEAN

(maniacal)

You come back an' you'll get more of the same. You hear me --

They were too far away now.

BEAN

(continuing)

You hear me -- all of your kind -- I'll be waiting!

Then he turned and walked back to the saloon, sat down on the steps near to where the body of The Kiowa Kid had been blown through the wanted posters; he sat down and waited.

DISSOLVE TO:

26 FULL SHOT - SUN

The sun beat down in the Texas noon.

27 SALOON - MONTAGE - BEAN

And Bean sat on the saloon steps and waited. Not a soul moved, such was their fear of this man. He waited through the night and into the next day. Flies did gather upon the bodies. The air grew ripe. Still he waited.

28
thru OMITTED
33

34 EXT. SALOON STEPS - MED. SHOT - BEAN

Still he waited.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. SALOON - LONG SHOT - BEAN - PEASANT

A few of the braver PEASANTS put their heads above ground and sniffed the air. They stuck their heads out of their adobe huts and watched Bean and they too waited, though it was getting no more pleasant.

36 CLOSE SHOT - BEAN

The wind stung his bloodshot eyes, yet he glared out down the road. That road that had brought him to this destiny and would bring his destiny to him! No man can imagine what went through his maniacal brain in those days. Perhaps he recounted his sins, for he certainly had many. But more than likely the Devil's seed, the madness that was to mark him in years to come, had taken root and was growing also. At any rate, along about four o'clock or thereabouts, his eyes twitched and he perceived a spot -- almost like a mirage in the distance.

37 EXT. ROAD - LONG SHOT

A faint speck that grew and disappeared as it dropped below right into arroyos then came up the following crest. A faint wisp of dust followed it.

38 CLOSE SHOT - BEAN

Perhaps this was his maker and judgment was at hand! His thought was: At least I will have to wait no longer, let him come on full. He stood up and looked down at the Colt single action revolver in his hand. The same revolver that the little peasant Girl had given him. It had a faded yellow ivory grip that was worn smooth and the blue was long since polished from the metal, leaving it gleaming silver in the Texas sun. His hand dropped and the gun hung loosely at his side.

CUT TO:

39 FULL SHOT - BEAN - STRANGER

Bean walked into the street to face what he felt he must. But he needn't have taken his gun for the stranger sought him no harm. The stranger drawing closer was the REVEREND MR. LA SALLE -- who had come to West Texas to save souls and had found his own in jeopardy. Here is what happened.

40 MED. SHOT - LA SALLE

The Reverend La Salle was riding a mule and leading two others. He entered the settlement cautiously, seeing the figure waiting for him and another dead on the ground. Experience (also an attempted hanging, though in his case no rope could be found and the Outlaws tired of their sport and turned to shooting dogs, and the good Reverend slipped away) had taught him that the cloth was not always treated with respect in these communities west of the Pecos. He rode closer.

REV. LA SALLE (v.o.)

The first time I saw Roy Bean, he was set on killing me -- Thought that I was the Devil come to take him. It was an understandable thought, considering all the carnage that he had so recently brought forth.

They drew up close and looked in each other's eyes. The pistol still hung in Bean's hand. He trusted no man.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

REV. LA SALLE

What has happened here?

BEAN

These men tried to hang me and they have been killed for it.

La Salle sniffed the air.

LA SALLE

That seems to be the case -- How many are there?

BEAN

A whole passle.

LA SALLE

Who did the killing?

BEAN

I did.

La Salle looked around and saw the bodies in the saloon door. La Salle thought on this for a moment. It was something he felt one should take a moment to think on.

BEAN

(continuing)

They were bad men --

La Salle nodded but the stench of death filled his nostrils. He gazed around.

LA SALLE

Vengeance is mine sayeth the Lord.

BEAN

It was. I was waiting for the buzzards -- they don't deserve burying.

LA SALLE

Maybe they don't but they ought to be -- they are a stench and an abomination -- I've got a shovel if you don't.

There was a moment of silence as they looked into each other's mad eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 EXT. PRAIRIE - LONG SHOT - BEAN - LA SALLE

They turned the hard earth, the priest and the outlaw. The sun broiled their hides and they drank from the same canteen.... a man of the cloth and a man of the gun.

DISSOLVE TO:

42 EXT. PRAIRIE - MED. SHOT - BEAN - LA SALLE - DUSK

By dusk it was done and the Reverend Mr. La Salle had fashioned crosses for men who had never looked upon them in long and evil lives.

LA SALLE (v.o.)

I buried them because Christ had died for all -- It was His choice -- not mine but I am not one to question the wisdom of the Almighty.

He stuck the last of twelve crosses in the ground and stepped back.

BEAN

Look.

La Salle turned to see that the peasants, who were innocent and like children, had come out of their adobe hovels and stood silently watching. Bean waved at them but they would come no closer.

LA SALLE

Get my Bible -- I will read over them.

Bean nodded and started off to the saloon where the mules were tied along with all the other horses.

43 CLOSE SHOT - SADDLEBAG - BEAN

He rummaged through the Reverend's saddlebag -- which was filled with Bibles and bottle whiskey. He found what he wanted and turned to go back. Something made him pause with that book in his hand at the saloon door. He stood in the doorway for a moment and looked in. His eyes covered the room and locked on the Revised Statutes of Texas 1855. Such was fate. This book had saved his life and helped him to vanquish his foes and the foes of man. It was preordained -- he grabbed the huge volume up under his arm and rushed back, tripping and leaping over the sagebrush to the Reverend's side.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

LA SALLE (v.o.)

There he stood -- a Bible in one hand -- a law book in the other -- of course at the time I had no idea of the implications.

44 CLOSE SHOT - DIFFERENT ANGLE

The Reverend looked at Bean, cleared his throat. Bean did not respond. He cleared his throat again. Still Bean did not respond, so taken was he with the grandeur of his destiny.

LA SALLE

(blunt)

My Bible, please, Mr. -

BEAN

Bean.

LA SALLE

Bean?

Bean handed him the Bible and braced up the Revised Statutes of Texas 1855.

BEAN

Roy Bean -- Judge Roy Bean -- I am the new law in this area.

He was somewhat astonished himself at his own utterances. His thought was: Someone has to do it -- who can say what or who it will be. I am as good as the next man, and proved better than these.

LA SALLE

What has qualified you such?

BEAN

I know the law well - seeing as how I have spent my life in its flagrant disregard - besides I have been appointed by God and His Grace.

LA SALLE

Why do you say that?

BEAN

I had never killed a man before -- I had shot at some -- only in self-defense or blind fright, mind you -- but I never hit anyone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

BEAN (cont'd)
 This is not a boast but God
 directed my bullets to avenge what
 they tried to do to my neck.
 Why, He even sent an Angel to
 deliver this weapon.

He pulled out the Colt 44-40 with the ivory grips and the
 peasants ran for their holes. Bean watched them.

LA SALLE
 Just how do you intend to disperse
 this law?

BEAN
 With this and a rope.

He held up the sacred firearm again.

LA SALLE
 Will you rely again on the grace
 of God?

BEAN
 I intend to practice and give Him
 some help.

He holstered the weapon.

BEAN
 (continuing)
 Get on with the reading.

45 LONG SHOT - BEAN - LA SALLE

La Salle opened his Bible to the Book of Psalms and read
 from Psalm 58, which he felt was appropriate.

LA SALLE
 I have turned to the Book of
 Psalms and will read from Psalm
 58, which I feel is appropriate.

BEAN
 Let it be.

LA SALLE
 Let their teeth be broken and
 blunted in their mouths -- the
 great teeth of the young lions.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

LA SALLE (cont'd)
 He shall take them away as with
 a whirlwind, both living and in
 His wrath. The righteous shall
 rejoice when he seeth the
 vengeance; he shall wash his
 feet in the blood of the wicked.
 So that a man shall say: Verily,
 there is a reward for the
 righteous; verily he is a God
 that judgeth in the earth.

46 LONG SHOT - DIFFERENT ANGLE

The wind blew dust across the new graves and they became again part of the prairie. Bean and La Salle stood with their heads bowed and the gusts seemed to summon up forces from the ground and howled around them. The peasants popped their heads out of their holes and slowly emerged like a town of wary prairie-dogs, even though they were innocent and resembled children. La Salle turned and saw them.

LA SALLE
 What of them -- how do they
 fit into your scheme of justice?

BEAN
 The law is going to protect 'em.
 It says it somewhere in here.

He stepped out toward them and they froze, ready to retreat in haste. Wouldn't you?

47 MED. SHOT - DIFFERENT ANGLE

La Salle beckoned to them in Spanish and they slowly edged forward. He finally had to put his hand on the Bible, cross himself and Bean several times before he drew them in around him.

BEAN
 Where are the women? I'm looking
 for one in particular if she
 exists -- a young girl about
 fourteen or the like.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

LA SALLE

The Angel.

BEAN

If ever there was one.

He spoke quickly to them in Spanish but they stood there with that expression they always have. Its meaning was: I do not understand, even though I understand you perfectly well. If this seems strange to you, then you have not lived in the border country -- take my word for it and be done.

BEAN

(continuing)

They don't act like they hear you.

LA SALLE

Give me your gun.

BEAN

My gun!

LA SALLE

Don't be foolish -- I am a man of the cloth.

He gave him the ivory-gripped weapon but did not mention the other one stuck in the back of his belt. He was no "greenhorn", Roy Bean. La Salle, now he took that gun and made some speech in Mexican, holding up the Bible and the gun and drawing it all into the goodness of the church or something -- Anyway, he was good at it and finally a peasant ran off. There was some commotion as TWO of the PEASANT MEN drug the young fourteen-year-old Girl from a hole and cast her at Bean's feet. She struggled at first and then looked down sullenly. The men moved away. She did not respond or look up.

BEAN

I have no intention to harm you.

LA SALLE

Does she speak American?

BEAN

I do not know -- What is your name, Senorita? How are you called?

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED: (2)

She looked up slowly, smiling seductively, in a way that only a fourteen-year-old girl can. It would have shamed decent men and sent a tremor of fear through Bean's bones, so powerful was her warmth and inviting loveliness. So totally without shame or guilt. He stepped back, almost. She laughed and threw her hair out of her eyes -- then she spoke softly.

GIRL

Marie Elena.

BEAN

Well -- uh -- Marie Elena --
well -- I want to thank you for
-- for what you done for me --
that's what I want to do.

She did nothing but stare at him. He recomposed himself.

BEAN

(continuing)

Maybe you could explain to --
these people here -- explain
that I mean them no harm.

She pulled herself to her feet -- walked a step or two towards Bean. This step would forever separate her from her people -- her kin. But they had deserted her in time of need as they had deserted themselves. She did not give a plug damn. She spoke quickly in Spanish -- there was mumbling.

BEAN

(continuing)

-- This is going to be a new
place -- a good place to live.
-- I am the new judge -- there
will be law -- there will be
order -- civilization -- progress
-- and peace -- above all peace
-- I don't care who I have to
kill to get it. You tell them
that.

She did --

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (3)

BEAN

(continuing)

And tell them that all the horses that belonged to those vermin -- are theirs now -- and the land -- same with the guns -- only, that building -- that there is mine.

She told them this and there was little disagreement -- they would not have disagreed if he had demanded their houses and wives. They had a longer view of things that allowed total humiliation, much as we allow stomach gas. It all passes. But there was one point they wanted made.

MARIE ELENA

They will take the horses -- they are grateful -- they do not want the land -- they do not need the guns. You are patrone -- you have the gun.

He liked it from the start.

BEAN

You mean I own everything if I do all the getting shot at.

LA SALLE

It is an old and fair arrangement.

BEAN

Somewhat shrewd, I might add -- innocent and much like children. Well, Marie Elena, that den of evil is gonna be my courthouse.

MARIE ELENA

What is a courthouse?

BEAN

A place to deal out justice, a place to shoot and hang others from -- that's what it is. And I intend to live there regardless.

She told them, though she herself did not understand. They followed him towards the saloon and she walked by his side.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (4)

MARIE ELENA
I will live there, too.

BEAN
You will what?!

MARIE ELENA
You do not want me to live there.

BEAN
Well -- no -- no, I don't --
not yet, anyway.

He looked over at La Salle who was frowning.

BEAN
(continuing)
Haven't you got parents or the
like?

MARIE ELENA
No.

She looked down at the ground -- her eyes welling with
tears.

BEAN
Well, maybe you could live
outside -- in that lean-to
or something.

They walked away -- La Salle watched.

BEAN
(continuing)
I intend to sell whiskey when
there's no judging to be done
and I have been known to gamble.
It is no place for a girl to
grow up in.

She just walked close to him.

LA SALLE (v.o.)
That was the first and last time
I saw Judge Roy Bean -- I never
got back to that country and
died of dysentery in Old Mexico
-- I haven't seen him since, so
he probably went to hell.

(CONTINUED)

48 EXT. TOWN - FULL SHOT - DAWN

It was early morning and the Judge was busy putting in the bar in his courthouse. He had finished the poker tables and he felt that a more appropriate bar was needed than the establishment had before. The Peasants were tending to the growing of onions or gathering dirty cattle or whatever else they did in the early morning. It was peaceful and serene -- the only NOISE that of the desert birds (vultures) and the good Judge's hammer. The courthouse had a lot of new wood added to it and signs proclaiming "The Jersey Lily -- Cactus Whiskey, Clean Water -- Poker Tables -- Court of Vinegarroon County. The LAW WEST of the Pecos -- Judge Roy Bean -- Used revolvers and saddles available for sale."

49 OMITTED

50 INT. COURT - BEAN - MARIE ELENA

Bean was placing an old and soiled picture of Lillie Langtry -- the Jersey Lily, fairest voice, softest hair, eyes the color of sky, most beautiful woman in all of creation, over the bar.

BEAN

Lillie Langtry -- the Jersey Lily, fairest voice, softest hair, eyes the color of sky, most beautiful woman in all of creation -- that's who it is -- What do you think I'd have over my bar -- some painted harlot? This is no bordello or some such den of sin -- this is a court of law. Look at the color of that hair.

The picture, of course, was black and white and highly soiled.

MARIE ELENA

I cannot see any color.

BEAN

Well, it is just a bad likeness is all -- even a bad likeness of Lillie Langtry is worth most women in the flesh.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

At this point a strange gobbling SOUND was heard, much as if one of the Mexican peasants was trying to imitate the noise of a wild turkey. Bean cocked his ears and listened more intently -- so did Marie Elena. Suddenly the door opened and a Mexican Peasant ran in and tried to imitate the sound of a wild turkey by making a strange gobbling sound. Judge Bean thought on this a moment -- he looked back at Lillie Langtry. He took out his shotgun -- checked it and walked out.

51 EXT. COURTHOUSE PORCH

He looked down the street. Sure enough, STRANGERS were riding into the village, leading some horses. Bean quickly sat down on a rocking chair and Marie Elena covered him up with a Mexican blanket as if he was an invalid. The riders drew up. They were dirty and tired looking. A big, dark-haired man seemed to lead them. Here is what happened.

BEAN

How are you?

The big Man looked around at the signs. He had a friendly smile.

MAN

I am Big Bart Jackson -- this is my gang -- Tector Crites --

A smiling, good-natured enough fellow.

BART

Whorehouse Lucky Jim.

What can I say?

BART

(continuing)

Nick the Grub --

A slavering idiot -- but a nice enough fellow -- he closely resembled a rodent.

BART

(continuing)

And Fermel Parlee.

Bean looked them over -- they did not look like a gang so much as a group of drunks that had wandered out of an open jail. They were more numerous than he but their quality as threats left a great deal to be desired.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

BEAN

Are you -- outlaws -- ?

BART

We are honest men. We have merely been driven to a life beyond the law by circumstances.

BEAN

You ever been here before?

BART

No -- I don't even know where I am now --

BEAN

You are in the Eagles Nest, Vinegaroon County, Texas.

BART

Vinegaroon? What is a Vinegaroon?

BEAN

It is a Mexican word for a whip-tailed scorpion -- mean as hell.

BART

Ever seen one?

BEAN

What?

BART

A vinegaroon!

BEAN

Course I have. I pour 'em out of my boots every morning, let the rattlesnakes under my bed feed on them.

BART

I do not want trouble from you -- only food and water and cactus whiskey, if that sign is not an idle boast.

BEAN

Nothing on that sign is an idle boast -- including -- the Law. Got any money?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

BART

Times have been hard on us. We tried to rob the Three Rivers Flyer but we couldn't catch it. The passengers shot at us from windows for sport. It is not easy to be an outlaw in times like these.

BEAN

Ordinarily, I would bring you into court -- try you for your crimes and hang you, but if you have money for drinks -- we can suspend the proceedings.

BART

You get much judgin' around here?

BEAN

Whatta you mean?

BART

I mean what's the use of being a judge if there's no one to law?

BEAN

I got a whole graveyard full of previous cases.

He points it out. They are somewhat impressed -- at least enough to not attempt to draw on him.

BART

I bet you could do even better if you had more cases to try --

BEAN

What're you getting at?

BART

What kind of Court of Law is it -- has no marshals?

BEAN

I don't need no marshals to back me up,

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

BART
 Judge Parker, in Fort Smith,
 Arkansaw, has marshals -- a
 respected, wealthy man today --

BEAN
 Marshals have to be of strong
 moral fiber.

BART
 Country like this -- overrun
 with outlaws, is rich in
 possibilities.

DISSOLVE TO:

52
 and OMITTED
 53

54 INT. BAR - FULL SHOT - BEAN - MARSHALS

The new Marshals sat at the bar, a cup of cactus whiskey
 in their left hands -- their right hands raised. An
 historic moment. Judge Bean put his hand on the Revised
 Statues of Texas 1855 and belched. Marie Elena refilled
 his glass.

BEAN
 Raise your right hands. Do you
 solemnly swear to uphold the
 letter of the law and its
 enforcements as stated in the
 Revised Statutes of the Great
 and Honorable State of Texas
 1855? Do you furthermore swear
 solemn allegiance and vow to
 uphold the honor of Lillie
 Langtry?

They all nodded except Tector Crites.

BEAN
 (continuing;
 to Crites)
 What about you?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

CRITES

I want to be the bartender --
I have had my fill of being
shot at for money.

BEAN

What about the part concerning
Miss Langtry?

CRITES

(terrified)

I have never seen such a beautiful
woman in all my born days.

Bean ushered him away from the others.

BEAN

By the authority -- vested in me
by God and the Great and Honorable
State of Texas, I hereby proclaim
you to be Marshals of the Court
of Greater Vinegarroon County...

54A FULL SHOTS - MONTAGE OF FOLLOWING STILL PHOTOGRAPHY

So it came to pass that the strong arm of the law came
down upon the wanted men west of the Pecos. They were
roused from their sleep at night -- ambushed singly or
en masse -- approached and entrapped by every enter-
prising method Big Bart and his growing agency of
Justice could conceive of.

BEAN (v.o.)

... which includes the territory
west of the Pecos River and
wherever else outlawry and
criminal intentions do reside --
provided no one else has claimed
it. The State of Texas --
through myself -- will furthermore
agree to pay you one-half of the
booty and loot collected as legal
property of this court, split up
five ways -- plus a monthly bonus
of ten or more dollars to the man
who contributes the most to stopping
the lawlessness and injustice that
runs wild upon the land.

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

54A CONTINUED:

BEAN (v.o.)
 (continuing)
 For Texas and Miss Lillie.

GANG (v.o.)
 For Texas and Miss Lillie.

DISSOLVE TO:

55 OMITTED

56 CLOSE SHOT - MARSHALS - CRIMINAL

A man named SAM DODD was the first criminal of any repute apprehended by Bart and his mob. Dodd was a tall man with a black mark on his cheek and a mean temper. On top of that, he was a liar, cheat, drunk, murderer and coward. He was not even liked by outlaws or stray dogs and had taken to robbery and murder of peasants for a livelihood. This did not bother anyone and Bart felt little sense of duty but Sam Dodd was easy to catch. He was brought into town on his horse with his hands tied behind his back and a scowl on his face. Judge Bean, some OLD MINERS and Marie Elena waited on the porch.

DODD (v.o.)
 The whole thing was a mistake.
 I was framed from the start and
 "set up" by this two-bit
 vigilante judge and his lynch
 mob. They had nothing better to
 do and I was easy to catch.

There is truth in this last part as I've already mentioned.

BART
 Here he is, Judge -- a genuine
 murderer.

BEAN
 Who'd he kill?

BART
 A Chinaman and his greaser wife
 -- he stole a fruit jar full of
 money from them.

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED:

BEAN

How much?

BART

Close to ninety dollars.

BEAN

Ninety dollars? That's a serious
crime, son --

Sam Dodd was about fifty.

BEAN

(continuing)

Where's the evidence?

Whorehouse Lucky Jim held up the fruit jar and rattled
it.

JIM

We buried the victims -- no more
than an hour after he done it.

Bean nodded.

BEAN

Get down off that horse -- I
don't cotton to looking up to
the likes of you.

They pulled him down and all went inside.

57

INT. SALOON-COURTHOUSE - MED. SHOT

Bean cleared away a couple of gourds of cactus whiskey
and moved the Revised Statutes of Texas 1855 in front
of him. He took his ivory-handled Colt and slammed
it down on the book.

BEAN

Court of Vinegarroon is in
session. There will be no
drinking. Do you have anything
to say before we find you
guilty?

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

DODD

I am not guilty of nothin'.
There is no crime that I have
done wrong.

BEAN

You deny killing the Chinese
and his wife?

DODD

I do not deny it -- but there is
no place in that book where it
says nothing about killing a
Chinese and no one I know ever
heard nothin' about a law on
greasers, niggers or Injuns.

BEAN

All men stand equal before the
law and I will hang a man for
killing anyone including Chinks,
greasers or nigras. I am very
advanced in my views and
outspoken.

DODD

There is nowhere in that book --

BEAN

Trust in my judgment of the book
-- besides, you're gonna hang,
no matter what it says in there,
because I am the law. And law
is the handmaiden of justice.

He turned to the others.

BEAN

(continuing)

Get a rope and take the girl in
back so her eyes can be averted.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. STREET - MOB

They pushed the prisoner onto a horse and slung a rope
over the saloon beam.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

DODD

I want to say something -- don't
I get to say nothing?

BEAN

Say it quick.

DODD

I want to say that I still
believe this whole thing has
been a mistake and that I am
no worse and probably better
than the men who are about to
end my days.

BEAN

That's enough.

They put the noose around his neck.

DODD (v.o.)

It was wrong to do this to me
for the crimes mentioned but
I had also killed white men and
stole their horses, so I
figured that is what I was being
hung for. My only concern was
that the rope be tied properly
and the whole thing done right.

The horse was slapped. Sam Dodd was hanged.

DODD (v.o.)

(continuing)

It was.

CUT TO:

59 EXT. GRAVEYARD - MED. SHOT - BEAN - MARSHALS

Sam Dodd had the singular pleasure of being read over
by the Judge at his funeral. In the future, the Judge
was to accept the habit of reading over lots of five
and finally ten. But on this day, he strode before
his Marshals, who had grown in number, and recited the
following:

BEAN

Verily it will be that the wicked
-- outlaws, etc... will have their
teeth blunted like lions -- and
their necks stretched or broken.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

BEAN (cont'd)

Such will be the fate of the wicked. All this comes to pass because it is the duty of the righteous -- which is us -- to hang the wicked whenever we can -- so that a man can say that truly God has appointed a judge upon the earth. Verily this is the way it will be.
A-men...

MARSHALS

A-men.

CRITES

The bar's open for drinkin' and gamblin' and raisin' the devil.

59A INT. COURTHOUSE - CLOSE SHOT - POKER TABLE - MARSHALS,
BEAN, MARIE ELENA - DAY

Whorehouse Lucky Jim smiled a broad grin and looked across his cards at the Judge.

BEAN

Quit grinnin' like that -- can't stand a man that grins when he raises.

WHOREHOUSE

You in or out, Judge, that's all I want to know.

BEAN

I'm considerin'.

They looked at their cards and this time the Judge was really "confident". He felt sure that the hand dealt him was sufficient as it stood. At this point, a wild, mad-looking, drunken "GUNSLINGER" came staggering into the bar. He drew his guns and FIRED them in the air.

GUNSLINGER

Yeee -- ahhh -- I am blood kin to a gila monster and can drink my weight in wolf poison.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

59A CONTINUED:

GUNSLINGER (cont'd)

Massacree -- bloodshed -- famine
and drought put meat on my bones
-- hardship and slaughter is my
daily bread -- I can whip a full-
grown longhorn cow with my hands
tied and have made violent love to
mountain lions. My trigger finger
itches and I want to go red hot.

With that he proceeded to blast apart a row of bottles -- then he shot at the chandelier three times, hitting it on the last shot. He wheeled around and FIRED at the poker players -- knocking off the Judge's hat. Then he made his mistake. It was not his fault, but who could tell him otherwise. He wheeled around, FIRING with one hand and brandishing a Bowie knife with the other. He caught sight of Lillie's picture and hurled the knife at it, sticking it deep into the wood through her womanly breast. Judge Bean whipped out his Colt and shot the wild man twice -- he staggered for the door -- FIRED his weapon into the floor -- then Bean shot him again and sent him to the streets of Glory. Bean got up and walked over to the picture of Lillie and reloaded. He looked at the knife and did not remove it.

BEAN

(to himself)

Justifiable homicide.

He walked over to the body in the doorway, knelt down and went through the pockets. He found some money in the vest, I believe.

BEAN

(continuing)

I fine this man two bits for the discharging of a firearm in a public building, and fifty-two dollars for lying around... that's my rulin', by gobs.

(pause)

And furthermore, you're called, Whorehouse. And furthermore, I raise you fifty-two dollars.

Whorehouse turned over a flush.

DISSOLVE TO:

60 OMITTED

60A FULL SHOTS - MONTAGE - STILL PHOTOGRAPHY

The Judge and his men had a pile of gold and paper money four feet wide and three feet high in a matter of six months.

(CONTINUED)

60A CONTINUED:

CRITES (v.o.)

The confiscated property of the prisoners allowed the Judge to institute civic improvements.

A sign went up that said, "Barrel Whiskey - Beer and Billiards." New buildings were constructed, including a General Store which Bean hired a smiling CHINAMAN to run. It bore the signs: "Bean's General Used Merchandise - Saddles - Horses - Revolvers - Clothing - Boots - Lee Chen - proprietor." -- Another tent said -- "Greater Dance Hall of Vinegarroon - Girls of all nationalities on Saturday nights - Closed Weekdays - Patrons must have recent bath - Bean's Bath House in construction."

CRITES (v.c.)

(continuing)

But the greatest contribution was the implementation of the law itself and "law is the head maiden of justice."

61 MONTAGE - MEN HANGING (STILL PHOTOGRAPHY)

The town saw many a good hanging and a few bad ones. As the Judge had said though -- a hanging is a hanging and one is not too much different from another. Really, it is nothing you would like to see. -- The years went by.

61A FULL SHOT - PORCH

Bean and Bart sat on the porch. Bean was busy with the counting of his money. Bart was smoking a large cigar. The rest of the marshals were inside gambling or attending to their horses and other truck. Bart looked up.

BART

Looks like a crowd is coming, Judge.

Indeed it was. The crowd consisted of about six old miners and some drunken stove-up "saddle tramps". They were bringing up a dandified old goat that looked like a "Mississippi Gambler", and FIVE WOMEN. The first was large and fat and painted to beat hell. The second had on a dress with a lot of feathers and was also painted up, but didn't look too bad. She was young and obviously had most of her career ahead of her. The other three were to varying degrees in between. Along with the women the angry group brought a rail, tar, feathers and a rope. The mob's leader was named BEN.

(CONTINUED)

61A CONTINUED:

BEAN

What seems to be the trouble, Ben?

BEN

We -- as the decent folks of this community -- will not abide by pimp gamblers and women of the night -- at these prices.

BEAN

How much is the going price?

OTHER MAN

Five dollars -- gold or silver.

BEAN

Outrageous.

PIMP

We could give you a special rate, considerin'.

BEAN

(loud)
No, sir! I don't want worshipping or treatment any different from any other mortal man. What goes for my town goes for me. Justice goes for all -- and Justice is the handmaiden of the Law.

The Pimp tried to smile and nod.

BEAN

(continuing)
We don't want your kind around here, mister -- especially at those prices. I'm not going to sentence you -- I'm just going to give you a warning. If you're not out of here in five minutes -- I'm going to open court in earnest. That clear?

PIMP

I don't even have a horse.

BEAN

Steal one -- a fast one -- remember we hang horse thieves around here. Now get out.

(CONTINUED)

61A CONTINUED: (2)

BART

What about them, Judge?

He indicated the "ladies".

BEAN

I was gettin' to it -- don't edge me -- I've been up all mornin' gamblin' -- and I have no tolerance of haste -- Besides -- important matters such as these require my full powers of judicial wisdom.

He turned to the fat old one.

BEAN

(continuing)

My recommendation to you is to find a likewise fast horse.

The crowd cheered at this decision. The Judge turned to another "lady" looked her up and down.

BEAN

(continuing)

You know, I believe you need to be steered back on to the path of honesty and righteousness -- under the protective custody of one of my marshals.

The crowd went wild over this.

BEAN

(continuing)

Which Marshal will volunteer his service.

All of them did.

BEAN

(continuing)

No -- this is not to be taken lightly -- I appoint you, Fermel Parlee, as this damsel's guardian for a year. That's my rulin', by gobs -- and I am the law -- And this lady goes to you, Whorehouse.

He pointed to the next in line. She blushed.

(CONTINUED)

61A CONTINUED: (3)

BEAN

And this one yours, Bart.

The lady giggled, Bart blushed. Finally the Judge stepped over to the younger "lady". On close examination, it was plain to see she had attributes of far greater quality than were usually found in this desert wasteland. The Judge considered these attributes, as did the crowd.

BEAN

(continuing)

Perhaps -- perhaps you have merely strayed in the whirlwinds and torrents of life -- perhaps bold circumstance has thrown you together with these unsavory companions much as grains of gold are found in the mud after a turbulent flood.

They all howled again. This did not dismay the Judge one bit. He was a man of strong character and concerned himself little with others' thoughts. "It is a weak man who fears what shall arise out of his actions -- a strong man fears only God".*

BEAN

(continuing)

No -- indeed you are a case for special consideration -- I am going to make you a ward of the Court.

At that instant a tremendous blast was HEARD and splinters of wood from the porch rained down. They all turned to see Marie Elena standing with the Judge's ten gauge, swearing in Spanish and thumbing back the second hammer. Everyone fled for want of suitable protection. The Judge and the young lady dove behind a water trough. Marie Elena blew off the end of it.

BEAN

(continuing)

That part earlier about the fast horse -- I believe that applies to you.

He looked over; Marie was fumbling about, trying to reload.

GIRL

Any horse?

(CONTINUED)

61A CONTINUED: (4)

BEAN

Feel free to take one of mine.

She mounted at a flying straddle and she did not waste any time in leaving that place. She had obviously been in such scrapes before. Judge Bean stood up, put his hands out. He dove back -- she EMPTIES the gun -- both barrels into the air -- it knocked her over.

BEAN

(continuing)

Disarm that girl!

Everyone was by now laughing including Marie. They called that sport. Only Tector and the Judge were disgruntled. The Judge got up and dusted himself off.

TECTOR

That one should a been mine and you have lost her for good.

BEAN

Take my best horse and catch her.

TECTOR

I can't -- she's riding your best horse.

62 MONTAGE - WAGONS - HOUSES (STILL PHOTOGRAPHY)

Wagons loaded with actual law-abiding cattlemen came to look into the economic possibilities.

CRITES (v.o.)

The first years passed. The town grew. Law-abiding citizenry began to appear and even Nick the Grub retired his badge and went into the onion business. Civilization!

Not a few of the Marshals and prospectors who traveled the land brought back wives from Fort Davis or points east and established families. They were usually wild women, quite capable of handling the times, and did in no way detract from the color of the settlement. They built houses made of wood. Nick the Grub settled down into a lucrative onion growing business near the dung pit and built himself a lean-to and sat in the mud.

DISSOLVE TO:

63 LONG SHOT - RIDER - TRAIN (STILL PHOTOGRAPHY)

A rider rode to the railhead in the east every week.

CRITES (v.o.)

Judge Bean soon became a man of considerable wealth and sent riders to railheads for the New York Times -- so that he could follow the exploits of his true and fair love -- Miss Lillie Langtry -- the Jersey Lily -- Voice as sweet as that of a Nightingale.

CUT TO:

64 INT. SALOON - CLOSE SHOT - BEAN - 1893 - NIGHT

The Judge was hanging a large poster picture of Lillie Langtry which proclaimed her appearance in New York. She was never lovelier. Tector Crites helped him.

BEAN

I was very disturbed by the paper this morning.

CRITES

What was it, Judge?

BEAN

I was crestfallen.

CRITES

Crestfallen?

BEAN

That's right. Crestfallen.

He poured himself a drink of his latest corn mash whiskey -- he spilled some and it smoked the wood on the bar.

BEAN

(continuing)

Crestfallen over the news that Lillie, in a playful mood at a Royal outing had slipped a frog down the back of His Royal Highness, Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales. It was in a moment of frivolity, you understand.

CRITES

Down the Prince's neck --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEAN

Anyway -- I understand he was ruffled by the incident and disfavored Lillie for it.

CRITES

I suppose he would.

BEAN

Suppose he would! -- I ought to go over there and hang the son-of-a-bitch. And I would, but I have too much respect for the Royal Family.

He finished his drink as Marie Elena walked in, in a new cotton dress, with a ribbon in her hair. In the last two or three years she had grown into an attractive young woman and filled out the dress rather nicely. Judge Bean and Crites are both rather taken aback.

BEAN

Where did you get that dress?

MARIE ELENA

You sent to Fort Davis for it -- don't you remember -- I picked it out of the book.

BEAN

The Sears and Roebuck Catalogue -- It didn't look like that in the Sears and Roebuck Catalogue.

MARIE ELENA

Do you like it?

BEAN

Yes -- Yes, I do.

He turned quickly to the poster.

BEAN

(continuing)

With all due respects to Lillie -- I think she'd understand -- yes, I do like it -- just don't wear it around these drunks and paid killers during drinking hours -- matter of fact, don't wear it unless I give you specific permission -- like tonight --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

BEAN (cont'd)
 What're you wearing it for
 tonight anyway?

MARIE ELENA
 I thought I would take a walk.

BEAN
 A walk -- a walk with who? You
 won't be walking with anybody in
 the moonlight unless it's men.
 Get that through your head --
 understand?

He put out his arm. She didn't know what to do. He
 showed her.

BEAN
 (continuing)
 Well -- maybe a walk isn't a bad
 idea. Man with my awesome
 responsibilities has to keep
 physically fit.

CRITES
 Judge -- you are a lucky man.

He took her arm and they strode out the door.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

It was very late and the settlement was virtually asleep.
 The moon was bright and the crickets and toads filled the
 air with sweet music. Texas can be a pleasant place to
 live at times like this, provided you do not step on a
 rattlesnake.

BEAN
 You smell how sweet the air is --
 it's tropical, that's what it is.
 In the desert at night, when the
 moon's out, it smells like it
 could be a teeming jungle -- Africa,
 India or the like. It makes you
 dream.

MARIE ELENA
 Dream? Of what do you dream?

BEAN
 'Bout this land and what I will
 make of it. Someday this land'll
 be covered with farms and towns.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEAN (cont'd)

And there will be railroads and brick-covered streets and buildings made of stone a hundred feet high. And there will be great smokestacks and slaughter houses just like pictures I seen of Chicago or Denver. And the people will wear fine clothes and drive in buggies and go to schools and churches... there'll be trees lining the streets and white marble courthouses -- and a great house on this hill where I can look down and see that everything is going according to plan. And you -- you'll have anything you want -- think of something you'd want.

MARIE ELENA

I would want a box that makes songs.

BEAN

A what?

MARIE ELENA

A box that you open and it makes songs --

BEAN

You mean a music box -- Hell -- I'll get you a pipe organ if that's what you want. What songs you want it to play?

MARIE ELENA

Any songs.

BEAN

You ever heard "The Yellow Rose of Texas"?

MARIE ELENA

No -- why?

BEAN

(softer)

You should have.

He looked deep into her eyes.

BEAN

(continuing)

You should have.

MARIE ELENA

How does it go?

BEAN

You want me to sing it?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

MARIE ELENA

Yes.

He cleared his throat -- spat and recomposed himself.

BEAN

(softly singing)

There's a Yellow Rose of Texas
That I am going to see
Nobody else could miss her
Not half as much as me.
She cried so when I left her
It like to broke my heart
But if I ever find her
We never more shall part.

He stopped.

MARIE ELENA

Go on.

BEAN

I'm not much good at singing.

He was transfixed by her beauty -- for a brief moment even Lillie Langtry was forgotten.

BEAN

(continuing)

It's cold in that lean-to where
you live, ain't it?

MARIE ELENA

It is all right -- in the
summer.

BEAN

But it's cold in the winter and
it leaks in the rain, don't it?

MARIE ELENA

Sometimes --

BEAN

The wind comes through.

MARIE ELENA

Only when it's blowing.

BEAN

It's summer -- the sky is clear
and there's no wind. I think maybe
you oughta stay in the courthouse
with me on a night like this --
protect you from the elements.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (3)

She nodded. He took her hand and they walked back toward the courthouse. Suddenly he stopped. He saw on the outskirts of the town a wagon.

BEAN

Stay back. I'll see what it is.

He approached cautiously, his hand on his gun. Bean saw that it was a large wagon with a strange MAN seated on top who seemed to be waiting for him. The wagon was covered with feathers and skins and had what looked like two wooden cages in its back. Its driver was an old man dressed in animal skins, with long white hair and a beard at least three feet long. He was wearing a stuffed mockingbird on his head for a hat. There were rumblings and large animal SOUNDS emitting from the cages. Bean thought the entire thing was a dream.

BEAN

How are you?

MAN

I lived in the Mountains all my days -- most of 'em anyway -- I was a mountain man -- knew Jim Bridger -- Kit Carson -- Liver Eating Johnson. Good man when he started out -- Let things get to him though. Went bad up in the Uinitas.

BEAN

A man will do that. What's your name?

MAN

Grizzly Adams. I am a blood relative of John Quincy Adams -- sixth president of the United States. His blood is in me. But I went wild when I was a youth and took to a life where it was cold. All my life I have been cold -- Now I have come south to die where it is warm.

BEAN

Well, it's warm here -- but there'll be no illegal dying. The only people that die in my town are those I hang or shoot. You'll have to keep going.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (4)

ADAMS

Can't die here -- can't die
there. A man can't even die
where he sees fit no more -- I
do not want any part of what
this world has come to and am
glad my days are at an end.

There seemed to be the distinct SOUND of distant thunder.

ADAMS

(continuing)

Thunder. There's a storm in the
mountains.

BEAN

It don't look like it's gonna
rain.

ADAMS

It will -- sooner or later.
Oten when it's nicest there'll
be a storm nearby.

There was a ROAR from the cages.

BEAN

What's wrong?

ADAMS

That was --
(pause)
Zachary Taylor.

Bean looked closer.

BEAN

A bear!

ADAMS

I prefer their company to that
of man.

They roared.

ADAMS

(continuing)

The thunder spooks 'em.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (6)

BEAN

Get 'em out of here before
they go wild or the like!

ADAMS

They just need someone to take
care of them after I go -- would
you like one?

BEAN

Move that wagon before I have
you all strung up for disturbing
the peace!

ADAMS

I am partial to Zachary
Taylor but you can have his
brother.

He reached back and cut a rope with his knife -- one of
the cages crashed down and partially broke -- It contained
a full grown grizzly bear. The wagon pulled away.

BEAN

Whatta you think you're doing --
Come back here.

The wagon picked up speed.

BEAN

(continuing)

Come back here and pick up your
bear -- I won't have no lunatics
leaving bears in my town.

The bear ROARED and broke out of the cage.

BEAN

(continuing)

Get back in there -- who
told you to -- no -- forget
that -- follow him -- go to your
master.

He pointed at the wagon receding into the darkness. The
bear ignored his order and proceeded to rub up against
him affectionately.

BEAN

(continuing)

Get away from me -- you
stinking animal -- go to
your master.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (7)

The bear rolled over and put his feet in the air.

BEAN
(continuing)
I'm not gonna feed you -- get
away from me.

He walked away -- the bear quickly got up and followed.

BEAN
(continuing)
Whatta you think you're doing
-- don't follow me around.

The bear paid no heed.

BEAN
(continuing)
I don't even know you.

The bear stayed at a respectable distance behind the Judge. During all this, people had been awakened -- a few of them stuck their heads out of their huts and tents. Bean strode into the courthouse -- the bear following.

MARIE ELENA (o.s.)
What is it?

BEAN
It's my new watch-bear -- he'll
stay in the courthouse at night
-- keep killers out.
(to bear)
Get in there -- and don't bother
us.

The bear did as told. Bean went in and turned off his light. The town was silent.

VOICE
What was that?

OTHER VOICE
The Judge took the Mexican girl
in the courthouse with him?

VOICE
She shore does look good --

ANOTHER VOICE
What about that other?

OTHER VOICE
The bear?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (8)

VOICE

Yeah.

OTHER VOICE

That's the Judge's watch-bear,
I believe.

VOICE

He oughta have a hell of a night.

That is how Judge Roy Bean acquired his bear and the girl, Marie Elena, on the same night. Both of them loved him for the rest of their lives. No one knows why.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 EXT. PRAIRIE - FULL SHOT - RIDER

A rider approached alone -- silhouetted in the distance. As he drew closer it was seen that he was entirely dressed in black silk and leather. He wore shiny leather wristlets with silver and turquoise ornaments on them. His hat was flat and wide and there was a silver-rimmed rattlesnake-skin band around it. He wore a pair of Colt six-shooters and a knife on his shining boots -- the pearl handles of all were heavily notched. His eyes were dark and cruel -- his hair long in the manner of Bill Hickok, "Prince of Pistoleers". On his saddle horn he had a child's skull mounted, his spurs were of the Mexican variety -- long and sharp.

CRITES (v.o.)

Bad Bob came to town. This is
not to be confused with Dirty
Bad Bob from New Mexico -- this
was the Original Bad Bob -- the
mean one.

BAD BOB rode into the town slowly, letting everyone look at him. People scattered. An old MINER started for the courthouse.

BOB

Hey, you.

MINER

Me?

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

Bad Bob whipped out a gun and SHOT the man's toe off, through his boot.

BOB

Don't ever question what I say.

MINER

I think you shot my toe off.

BOB

It'll be the second over from the big one.

That is some shooting from forty feet, through a boot.

BOB

(continuing)

Go tell that snake scum Judge that I intend to shoot his eyes out and leave him to feed the buzzards with. But I have ridden a long way and want to eat my breakfast beforehand. You tell him to prepare to go to hell -- I will send him there shortly. Now run.

MINER

What about my toe?

Bob SHOT the other foot.

BOB

Now they'll match -- run!

He ran and did not miss his toes. Bob looked around and dismounted. Nick the Grub had just come out of his hut and was feeding his horse and watering onions. He had a pot of water boiling for coffee. Bob strode over to him, looked the horse up and down and SHOT it between the eyes. It made a hideous SOUND and settled into the dust.

BOB

(continuing)

Cook it for me.

Bob sat down and pulled out a huge onion from the ground. He dusted it off, then took a big bite out of it like it was an apple. He took another and washed them down with the scalding water. That's how mean he was.

DISSOLVE TO:

67 EXT. SALOON - FULL SHOT - BAD BOB

When Bad Bob finished breakfast he walked up the street slowly. Nobody was around -- even dogs and chickens had fled. Flies took cover. He stood in front of the Jersey Lily and said this:

BOB

Judge Bean, I am the Original Bad Bob. I have come here to see you shot, then I am going to skin you alive with my ivory-handled knife and sell your head to a man that runs a carnival. I have no personal feelings against you -- it is just that I cannot abide by no dung eating lizards like yourself. I have never been favorable of the law either. It is my intention to rid the ground of your shadow -- and take my pleasure upon this town. I have one more thing to add: Lillie Langtry is a pig-faced whore bitch dog and I wouldn't waste a bullet upon her, let alone my seed.

At this point Bad Bob was SHOT cleanly in the center of his back by a Sharps 50 caliber buffalo rifle. The slug passed through him and shattered a hitching post. It left him with a large smoking hole and a perplexed look on his face. His last earthly sensation was to hear the shot ECHO off the buttes. He fell dead in a heap.

People emerged from the saloon sighing in relief.

MAN

He's dead -- he shore is.

MINER

He was shot in the back.

BART

Who cares if he was shot in the back or the front, as long as the son-of-a-bitch is dead.

The Judge emerged from an adobe hut across the street, carrying the big rifle with a full length scope on it.

WHOREHOUSE JIM

You done it, Judge -- you killed Bad Bob.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

FERMEL PARLEE

Call that sport? It weren't a
real stand-up fight.

BEAN

No -- I had to lay down to
steady my aim.

FERMEL PARLEE

I mean he didn't have much
chance.

BEAN

Not at all -- never did --
never would have -- I didn't
ask him to come here -- I don't
abide in giving killers a
chance -- They want a chance,
they can go someplace else.

Tector Crites and Bart were examining the corpse. Bart
was looking at the teeth.

BART

A shame to end so glorious a
career in such a manner -- What
do you want done with him?

BEAN

Justice is the handmaiden of
law -- that's my rulin', by
gobs. Fedd him to the bear --
if the bear'll eat him.

Marie Elena ran outside and threw her arms around the
Judge -- she was sobbing hysterically. Bean handed the
rifle to Crites.

BEAN

(continuing;
to Marie Elena,
softly)

I wouldn't let just any fancy
dude killer shoot at me, so you
stop your crying --

BEAN

(continuing,
to Bart)

Bible!

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

Bart handed it to him.

BEAN

It says in the Bible -- Psalm 58 -- that the righteous shall rejoice and triumph over the wicked whose teeth shall be blunted like the young lions and carried away by whirlwinds and such while God judgeth in the earth through me and furthermore that the wicked shall be shot by the righteous -- and -- that verily I -- I mean the righteous shall rejoice because there is a reward for the righteous which includes the horses of the wicked and their saddles. Verily it has come unto pass. So be it.
A-men.

DISSOLVE TO:

68 EXT. PRAIRIE - LONG SHOT - BEAN - MARIE ELENA

They rode over the buttes and arroyos -- the Judge in front on a fine stallion, Marie Elena following closely on an Indian pony.

CRITES (v.o.)

Time passed and the Judge's empire grew. East to the Pecos River, and almost half the way west to El Paso, where the Texas Rangers sanctioned his authority as an appointed Justice of the Peace.

69 LONG SHOT PRAIRIE - DIFFERENT ANGLE - BEAN AND MARIE ELENA

CRITES (v.o.)

He took on the habit of riding for days over this land, with only the girl. These were solitary times and he spoke of them to no one.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

BEAN

You have no need of jealousy my dear -- The ancient Greeks worshipped at the feet of Aphrodite but loved mortal women much as yourself. It is no different between Lillie and I -- A man has two kinds of women -- wanting women and having women -- He appreciates the having women by wanting Lillie Langtry.

DISSOLVE TO:

70 EXT. COURTHOUSE - BEAN, MARSHALS, MARIE ELENA, PHOTOGRAPHER - DAY

It came to pass that a photographer by the name of P. CORN came to town for the purpose of photographing the Judge and his Court. They were assembled in full regalia outside the saloon. Tector knelt with a large picture of Lillie. The Judge wore a new sombrero and a long frock coat -- his ivory-handled pistol plainly stuck in his belt -- "a law book in one hand, a Bible in the other". Marie Elena wore her Sears and Roebuck dress and never looked lovelier. The bear was in his cage drinking with a prisoner and a deceased outlaw was hanging behind them.

BEAN

Everything all right there, Mr. Corn? You will notice my whiskers bear a resemblance to those of the Prince of Wales.

CORN

Could you haul the deceased up a little higher? His feet are not showing.

BEAN

Haul him.

He was hauled.

CORN

That's fine! Right there!

They reassembled - assumed poses.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

BEAN

Stand up straight, Whorehouse
... Tector, pull your stomach
in.

CORN

All right, everybody.

BEAN

For Texas and Miss Lillie.

GROUP

For Texas and Miss Lillie.

The picture was taken.

FREEZE FRAME.

DISSOLVE INTO:

71 MONTAGE - WAGONS - HORSES (STILL PHOTOGRAPHY)

Wagons loaded with actual law-abiding cattlemen came to
look into economic possibilities.

CRITES' VOICE OVER

The first years passed. The town
grew. Law-abiding citizenry began
to appear and even Nick the Grub
retired his badge and went into
the onion business.

Nick the Grub settled down into a lucrative onion growing
business near the dung pit and built himself a lean-to
and sat in the mud.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 EXT. SALOON - CLOSE SHOT - BEAR - DAY

The courthouse and central saloon had undergone some mod-
ifications. There now existed a large sign under the
Judge's name proclaiming him "Justice of the Peace" and
Notary Public". In front of the doors was a large brass
cage that contained the Judge's watch-bear. A sign on
the cage stated: "See if you can get this bear drunk --
Beer 1 dollar by the bottle - Inside".

73 INT. SALOON - MED. SHOT - BEAN - BART - CRITES, ETC.

Inside, the Judge and his friends and associates were
winding up last night's poker game.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

Bart and Whorehouse Lucky Jim had most of the Judge's poker money. Marie Elena had enough to stay in the game. Tector Crites tended the bar. An obnoxious-looking MAN who was probably a Drummer, was drinking.

WHOREHOUSE

You callin', Judge?

JUDGE

Give me one more, Marie.

MARIE ELENA

I do not mean to offense -- but ain't you have lost enough for one night?

BEAN

Whether you mean lost enough -- I like losing -- have you ever seen me complain about losing? A man in my position doesn't complain about losing. You just deal -- I'll do the losing.

They all looked at their cards and, with the addition of the new card, the Judge was really "confident". He felt sure that the hand dealt him was sufficient as it stood. At that point the obnoxious little rat of a man, who looked like a drummer, came over carrying a satchel.

MAN

Excuse me. You are the supposed Judge Roy Bean, are you not?

BEAN

(without looking up)

In person. I raise twenty-two collars and this silver-plated Bulldog pistol, worth about ten dollars, the way I see it.

He placed the pistol down and pushed the money out. He quickly glanced up at the man.

BEAN

(quickly)

Whatever you're sellin', I don't want it. We don't cotton to no drummers around here.

(to Whorehouse)

Quit grinnin' like that. I can see through the holes in your teeth.

(CONTINUED)

73

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN

I am Frank Gass, attorney-at-law. I am not a drummer.

BEAN

(to Whorehouse
and others)

You in or out?

Whorehouse grinned. Bart threw in his cards as did Marie.

MARIE

Too rich for my blood.

GASS

I happen to represent the estate of Charles Phineas Booker, late of St. Louis, Missouri, who was the previous legal owner of this property and the land extending in a hundred mile radius.

All of this went totally unnoticed.

WHOREHOUSE

I call, Judge.

GASS

I am now the present owner.

BEAN

Thought I was bluffing, eh? Take a look. A nice little straight, ten high.

WHOREHOUSE

You won't appreciate this, Judge, but I caught me a flush. Lookie -- Beer, Tector...

And he laid down a flush, all hearts up to the queen. Tector brought the beer. The Judge watched his money go. Whorehouse smiled and shrugged, embarrassed-like, and took the gun. The lawyer cleared his throat.

BEAN

You want to leave me defenseless -- an easy mark for killers and thugs?

Whorehouse gulped at his beer and held a dollar out to Tector.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (3)

BEAN

That's twenty-five dollars.

WHOREHOUSE

(spitting beer)

Twenty-five dollars!

BEAN

That's right -- when I ain't
winning, beer costs twenty-
five dollars.

WHOREHOUSE

That ain't sportin' -- what's
a man supposed to do?

BEAN

Pay the price or start losing.
Ain't you ever heard a
mag-nanimity?

WHOREHOUSE

No.

The lawyer cleared his throat again.

GASS

I say, I am the present owner.

BEAN

Good. Deal them cards, Marie.
A flush, eh. You dealt him
three cards to a flush.

MARIE

I deal from the top of the deck.

She dealt.

GASS

I hold in my possession a Grant
of Land issued by the King of
Spain for the aforementioned
property.

BEAN

King of Spain give it to you?
Lillie knows some a those
Spanish kings. Two more, Marie.

BART

I'll take two.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (4)

GASS

It came into my possession as
payment concerning the Booker
estate.

Marie and Whorehouse whispered to one another. Bart
nodded also.

BEAN

What're you conspirin' about?

MARIE

We were wondering what kind of
card you had in your sleeve.

BEAN

(embarrassed)

Oh this.

The card was half out.

BEAN

Must a slipped in when I got
dressed this morning.

MARIE

We've been here all night.

BEAN

(to Gass)

What were you saying, mister?

GASS

Provision for Grants of land
are made in the Statutes of this
state. You do have a book of
law, don't you?

BEAN

Over there.

He indicated the Revised Statutes of Texas, 1855. The
little weasel scurried over to get it from Tector.

BEAN

You want another beer, Whorehouse?

WHOREHOUSE

Yes, siree. I ain't ashamed a
bein' rich.

BEAN

Good -- then I raise you twenty-
five dollars.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (5)

BART

I'm out.

WHOREHOUSE

Me, too.

The man came back with the law book and started thumbing through the pages, licking them in a despicable manner.

BEAN

Don't lick them pages. Whatta you think that is -- salt? You in or out, Marie?

MARIE

I raise you fifty dollars.

BEAN

Fifty dollars! I don't have fifty dollars right now.

MARIE

Borrow it.

GASS

Here it is. You may start reading Section F, article 48.

Bean reached over and ripped the page out.

BEAN

It's a bad law. It's been repealed.

GASS

This is outrageous!

BEAN

I think you're running a bluff, Marie. I'll see your fifty and I call.

MARIE

Full Shack -- aces over. Tector, I want a beer.

She scooped in the money.

GASS

See here, Mr. Bean. I do not intend to be handled about and treated in this manner.

Bean got up.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (6)

BEAN

Don't you have manners or sense enough not to disturb a man when he is decidin' whether to raise or call. There's a city ordinance about disturbing a man when he's deciding whether to raise or call. It's a misdemeanor! You can be shot for it.

GASS

Don't you try and threaten me, Judge Bean. I am a man of great influence and I have powerful friends.

BEAN

So have I. I'd like you to meet one of 'em.

74
thru OMITTED
75

76 EXT. CLOSE SHOT - BEAR'S CAGE - GASS - OTHERS

They put the good lawyer in with the bear, who was drinking beer. The Judge and the others stood around quite amused.

GASS

(screaming)

Get me out of here! I'll be eaten alive!

BART

He'll kill you first, then he'll eat you.

GASS

Please! Oh, God, please!
Let me out -- Oh, no!

The bear drank his beer.

BEAN

How much money have you got?

GASS

I have over a hundred dollars
-- you can have it all! Please
let me go!

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

BEAN

I don't want your money, but it'd be a good idea to buy that bear a bottle of beer. Beer keeps him occupied.

GASS

Here -- here -- please.

He handed some money out.

BEAN

Beer is a dollar a bottle -- you say you have how much?

WHOREHOUSE

A dollar a bottle! You call that justice!

DISSOLVE TO:

77
thru OMITTED
84

85 EXT. COURTHOUSE - BEAR'S CAGE - BEAN AND GASS

Bean and Gass talked, proposed, negotiated, settled, shook hands and Bean let Gass out of the cage.

GASS (v.o.)

After the passing of approximately ninety-three bottles, the Judge and I came to an arrangement. Since I had a poor posture to bargain from, I was unable to make my customary settlement. It seemed that the Judge found me valuable in defending prisoners who had financial resources elsewhere. A spirited defense might "unearth" these resources. I agreed to split the fees sixty-forty.

DISSOLVE TO:

85A FULL SHOT - ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - FRANK GASS

Gass stood in front of a small shack with a fancy sign on it: "FRANK GASS - ATTORNEY AT LAW", in larger letters "DEFENSE". He was dressed like a dandified mortician.

(CONTINUED)

85A CONTINUED:

GASS (v.o.)

I soon had a burgeoning law practice established, but I never forgot what that crazed maniac had done to me.

Walking up the street were the Marshals' "wives". They had acquired property, position and respectability in a remarkably short time. Civilization!

GASS

I intended to repay the Judge in full someday, and I had allies.

He bowed graciously to the ladies who giggled to themselves. They saw him as quite a dashing figure.

86
thru OMITTED
89

90 INT. COURTHOUSE - MED. SHOT - BEAN - OTHERS - NIGHT

Judge Bean sat at his corner table while the citizens of Eagle's Nest enjoyed the pleasures offered by the Jersey Lily Saloon. Tector was busy at the bar -- and this pleased the Judge as he had recently outlawed drinking of alcohol at night, except in public buildings -- such as the Jersey Lily. There was a minor fight, but Dirty Ned bashed the combatants' heads together and dragged them off to jail. The bear was roaming around freely but was quite drunk and of harm to no one. The Judge sat writing at his table. He looked younger in his new haircut and moustache, but his hair was grayer and there were more lines on his face. He held an unopened letter in his left hand and wrote furiously.

BEAN (v.o.)

Dearest Lillie --

It was with fondest enthusiasm that I received your latest letter this morning. It was delivered to me while in court and I dared not open it for fear that it would cause me to reel in dazed ecstasy and forget the grave responsibilities of my position. Therefore I placed it in a pocket over my heart where it has remained warm until now --

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

He opened Lillie's letter. It read:

BEAN (v.o.)

(continuing)

Dear Mr. Bean --

On behalf of Miss Langtry I wish to thank you for your correspondence of April, March, February and January 1899. Miss Langtry is presently engaged in a tour of the Continent and will make every effort to review it at her soonest possible convenience.

Most Warmly Yours
Dorothy P. Phillipsbury
Personal Secretary to
Miss Lillie Langtry

The Judge read the letter, smelled it and carefully folded it and put it back in his breast pocket. Then he poured himself a huge drink and downed it straight. At that point a MAN entered the saloon and FIRED his revolver through the ceiling several times. At that point TWO MEN entered carrying a large, flat, rectangular package. The entire saloon crowded around them.

BEAN

Watch out -- don't crowd in close -- you'll bend it -- careful.

Finally he got it free. They slid it out and stood it up. The entire place was hushed and then went into "oohs" and "ahhhs". It was something to see -- a three-by-five foot lithograph poster of the Jersey Lily, Miss Langtry, as if she were there in person. Something to see -- the room fairly well glowed.

CRITES

I've never seen anything like it.

BEAN

She's an act of God -- like the Grand Canyon.

BART

Lookit there, Judge -- that end is coming up.

BEAN

Well, it's traveled a long way -- Tector, get some glue -- some horse's hoof glue.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

He went.

BART

Where you going to put it,
Judge?

BEAN

Gonna put it right behind the
bench -- next to the American
Flag -- the prisoners and
condemned 'll be able to look
on it and see such beauty as
they've never witnessed in their
sordid lives. Everyone should have
a chance to see beauty like this
at least once before they're hung.

Crites came back with the glue and started glueing.

BART

I'll go get some prisoners --
build a shrine for it.

BEAN

No -- wait until tomorrow --

(to Tector)

That stuff sure smells.

(to others)

There'll be a grand unveiling
-- I'm going to declare a
holiday. There'll be free
drinks.

There was a tremendous ROAR of applause and shooting.

BEAN

(continuing)

For an hour -- in the morning.

Marie Elena came in.

BEAN

(continuing)

Marie -- Marie -- look what
came. Have you ever seen
anything like it?

MARIE ELENA

Yes -- the other ones.

They all laughed.

BEAN

She's just jealous.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (3)

Marie Elena looked at it closely.

MARIE ELENA

(sad)

It is very beautiful -- she is
a very beautiful woman.

She turned.

MARIE ELENA

(continuing)

I will wait for you -- do
not drink too much.

She left.

BEAN

Alright, everybody clear out --
there'll be plenty of time for
celebrating tomorrow -- I am
feeling solitary as of now and
want to be alone with Lillie.

They grumbled and cleared out.

DISSOLVE TO:

91 INT. SALOON - FULL SHOT

The saloon was empty. The Judge sat in a chair looking at the lithograph -- he squinted his eyes. Then he moved several chairs over and looked at it. He leaned back. Then he got up and walked across the room, throwing casual glances at it. He stopped in one place -- pulled up a chair and sat down. He poured himself a long drink and appraised Lillie again. Marie Elena came out and stood in front of the picture.

BEAN

Alright -- I'm coming.

He got up and went outside. There was a clanking noise as the cage was opened and the Judge reappeared with the bear following closely behind. The bear wandered about. Bean took the bottle with him -- blew out one light and exited with his arm around Marie Elena.

DISSOLVE TO:

92 INT. SALOON - FULL SHOT

The saloon was empty save the Judge's watch-bear. The bear kind of ambled around, sniffing the air, smelling something. What he was smelling was Tecor Crites' horse's hoof glue. He went right to where it was -- the lithography of Miss Langtry. First he was content just sniffing it. Then he decided he couldn't get enough of it that way and kind of rubbed himself against it. Even this did not satisfy him, so he took to licking it -- pawing it -- eating it!

CUT TO:

93 EXT. SALOON - COURTHOUSE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

The town slept -- all except the bear. There was SCRAPPING and CRASHING and mixed GRUNTS coming from the saloon. The Judge's lantern went on.

JUDGE (o.s.)

What the hell is that?

MARIE ELENA

Don't get up -- you've had too much to drink.

There was a CRASH as the Judge attempted to get up.

CUT TO:

94 INT. SALOON - FULL SHOT

The Judge staggered out with his lantern and froze in abject horror. What was revealed was his trusted servant -- his watch-bear -- ripping his lithograph to shreds and eating those shreds. He was almost finished.

BEAN

No! -- No!

His expression turned to rage. Marie Elena saw this and tried to stop him.

MARIE ELENA

Don't -- please don't!

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED:

The Judge grabbed a bull whip from off the wall. The bear stopped and looked over slowly. His ears went down in a "hangdog" look -- he knew he had done wrong. The Judge moved on him. Marie Elena tried to stop him.

BEAN

Get your hands off me!

He shoved her brutally to the floor. Drunk with liquor and rage, the Judge backed the bear into the corner of the bar. The bear emitted soft GRUNTS and SQUEALS for mercy but the Judge had none; he started whipping. There emitted a terrible YOWL from the bear. A yowl like that of a dog being tortured, only much louder and more heartrending. The Judge whipped furiously -- and emitted an animal scream of his own, filled with rage and frustration. Marie Elena rushed for him again but he battered her down with his free hand. He whipped and whipped -- exhausting himself. He stumbled and grabbed a bottle with his free hand and broke it open on the bar and poured it in his mouth as he whipped wildly. Finally he threw the remnant of the bottle at the bear -- staggered and crashed into the bar -- tipping over a row of bottles. He dropped his whip and held himself up, breathing hard. Marie Elena came to him and pulled him away. He went with her, staggering and crashing -- his rage broken -- all that remained was disgust. He grabbed another bottle as he went and staggered from the room. The bear waited until he was gone and came out WHIMPERING and MOANING. He licked himself a little, but was otherwise quite unharmed. A grizzly bear is hard to hurt with a bull whip. He sat down in front of the bar -- a shameful expression on his face.

95

EXT. FRANK GASS' OFFICE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

A RIDER approached -- a shadowy figure -- he drew up and got off his horse like a rattlesnake. He drew a shining long-barrelled Colt and slithered across the street.

CRITES' VOICE (o.s.)

On that night, an historic and tragic attempt was made on the Judge's life. No one had ever seen the assailant before or knew his motives but, between you and me -- I always thought that son of a bitch, Lawyer Gass, put him up to it -- but no one will ever know.

96

EXT. SALOON - MED. SHOT - KILLER

The Killer found an open window and slid in.

97 INT. COURTHOUSE

There was hardly any sound and almost nothing could be seen. Then the glint of blued steel shone in the faint light. There was a slight SCUFFLING NOISE and then a ROAR from the bear. It was truly a terrifying roar -- that of a grizzly bear in full charge. Two SHOTS blasted out fire through the dark and then there was a hideous SCREAM, followed by the SOUND of bones breaking and flesh being mangled. Then a body was thrown against the bar. Judge Bean came crashing out with a lantern in one hand and his Colt in the other. He saw the body by the bar and SHOT it three times, though it did not need shooting. Then he looked around frantically.

BEAN

Bear? Where are you, bear?

There was a hurt animal MOAN and the Judge saw the bear, by the edge of the bar, piled up and shot. The Judge rushed to the bear and cradled its head in his arms. He looked down into the bear's eyes which still seemed to ask forgiveness.

There were tears in the Judge's eyes. Marie Elena was now by his side and the room quickly filled with Marshals and the Judge's friends. All had brought rifles or shotguns. They saw that the Judge was all right and figured he and the bear had best be left alone. Bart and the boys looked to the dead killer.

CRITES

Sure did break him up, that bear.

JIM

I'd a hate to have gone that way.

BART

Looks like the Judge shot him a half dozen times to boot.

At that moment, Lawyer Gass rushed in, somewhat expectant.

GASS

Is the Judge dead? I heard shots.

CRITES

No -- just the bear was hit.

Gass looked at the bear and then over at what remained of the killer and ran out to retch.

JIM

This fellow sure is dead -- I mean he's as dead as you can get two or three different ways.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

The Judge just stroked the bear's muzzle and the bear MOANED more softly. Finally it stopped moaning altogether. There was silence and then the bear let out a SIGH and peacefully died. Marie Elena cried a little. The Judge turned his face with great effort and stared sternly at her -- his jaw shaking. He pulled himself to his feet and she steadied him as he walked back toward the bar. The men stayed quiet until he drew close.

CRITES

I propose a drink -- a drink to the Judge's watch-bear. He was a game bear to the end.

BART

He did not tolerate lawlessness -- that bear.

JIM

No -- sir.

BEAN

There'll be no drinkin' to that bear.

They were silent.

BEAN

(continuing)

He wasn't worth the feed, let alone the -- beer -- that was wasted upon him. He tore up -- my lithograph of Lillie. I've killed human men for less than that. He was no good whatever -- I had to -- shoot -- this killer myself -- He -- he just got in the way.

He staggered away from them with Marie Elena.

BEAN

(continuing;
grumbling)

I'll get me a -- pack of wild hounds -- There'll be no drinking to my bear,

BART

(indicating
killer)

Where do you want him buried?

The Judge did not see.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

BEAN

In the graveyard -- same as everyone else -- I want the largest piece of marble in Texas --

CRITES

What about him?

The Judge turned and glared down at the killer.

BEAN

I want him hung on a cactus and reduced to ants and flies -- I won't have him in the same ground with my bear.

He turned and left.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. GRAVEYARD - FULL SHOT - CROWD - MORNING

The wind blew hard and it was getting cold -- the winter of 1899 was setting in. The Judge read over his watch-bear, which was buried under an enormous gravestone with a likeness of a grizzly engraved upon it. Here is what it said on the stone:

WATCH-BEAR

Known 1893 - 1899

Died in defense of

Greater Court of Vinegaroon - R.I.P.

The entire town seemed to be assembled.

BEAN

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away -- blessed be the name of the Lord -- Now I will read to you from the 58th Psalm.

He pretended to open to such.

BEAN

(continuing)

His teeth have been blunted in his mouth -- the great teeth of the young bear --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

BEAN (cont'd)

He saw that the wicked were
 carried away as in a whirlwind
 -- Verily there is a reward for
 the righteous, the courageous
 and the loyal. Verily this
 reward shall include beer or
 lean meat or pictures of Lillie
 Langtry -- This reward will be
 given in heaven where I have no
 jurisdiction. Verily it will
 come to pass -- So be it -- Dust
 to dust -- ashes to ashes --
 A-men.

GROUP

A-men.

The crowd dissolved; each went its separate ways. The
 Judge stared out at the prairie and the wind blew cold.
 Marie Elena drew up next to him.

BEAN

There's going to be a railroad
 here. The country is changing.
 People'll come out on the train
 and never know what it took to
 build all this -- they'll never
 know about the bear and, someday,
 they'll never know about me. It
 won't matter at all -- nothing'll
 remain.

MARIE ELENA

I am going to have your baby in
 the Spring.

He turned and looked at her, not knowing what to say.

BEAN

My God -- a son! I need a son.
 Louis the 14th, King of France,
 had 103 of 'em. A man can't live
 forever -- A man is only mortal.

DISSOLVE TO:

98A
 thru OMITTED
 109

110 CLOSE SHOT - MARIE ELENA

Each day Marie Elena would watch as the Judge directed the building of the station house. She would bring him beer when he was thirsty and food when he was hungry. She grew fat with child.

As she walked back to the Courthouse, the Marshals' "wives", the better citizens of the town, watched her and spoke in haughty whispers.

MRS. JACKSON

I don't suppose he is going to try an' marry the little hussy.

MRS. WHOREHOUSE

I wouldn't put it past him -- he's no better than her own people.

MRS. JACKSON

I suppose he'll try and put a white man's name on the child when it comes.

MRS. PARLEE

If that ain't low...

111 OMITTED

111A INT. SALOON - CLOSE SHOT - POSTER

The poster was unrolled. It stated that Lillie Langtry, the Jersey Lilly, was going to make a special one-night appearance at the Grand Opera House in San Antonio April 11, 1900. Tickets will be sold in advance. The Judge and Marie Elena looked at it.

MARIE ELENA

You will go.

BEAN

I can't go then. You might have my son.

She patted herself on the stomach.

MARIE ELENA

We will wait. You have to go. If you do not go, she will get old and fat. Besides, she is expecting you, no.

BEAN

I suppose so. I mean, she did come to Texas. You sure about my son.

(CONTINUED)

111A CONTINUED:

MARIE ELENA

I know about these things. We
will wait.

They smiled deeply at each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

112 EXT. COURTHOUSE - FULL SHOT - BEAN

Bean sat reading the Sears and Roebuck catalogue of 1900
with his feet up on the hitching post.

BEAN

(to himself)

The pants, the coat, the shirt,
hat and suspenders. Five dollars,
even. That don't include the
vest, however -- nor the shoes
or laces.

Across the street the Marshals, their wives and Lawyer Gass
had gathered. They kept looking at the Judge and talking
to themselves. The Judge put down his book and just watched
them. Finally the men came across the street. They stopped
before the Judge and looked around nervously.

BEAN

You all wanta see what I'm gonna
wear at the Opera House?

He started to show them the catalogue.

BART

We wanted to talk to you about
something else, Judge.

BEAN

If it's about not telling Marie
about that "Church Social", I'll
take it as a mistake -- if that's
what it was.

WHOREHOUSE

Didn't no one tell Marie? Well,
I'll be damned.

BART

It ain't that, Judge. I don't
care too much about no damned
Church Social. It's about the
hangings.

BEAN

What about 'em?

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

BART

Did you know, Judge, that in Austin and Dallas they hold the hangin' in a prison?

BEAN

What're you gettin' at?

He put his feet down and closed the book.

BART

Well, it ain't nothin' 'ceptin' that -- well, even in Ft. Davis they cover up the gallows.

FERMEL PARLEE

They just built up a shelter -- sort of like a grain silo.

BART

I mean it just ain't proper to hang prisoners in the street no more.

GASS

The railroad is coming and there are certain responsibilities --

WHOREHOUSE

Fellow who's gonna build the Paradise Hotel said he don't want no part of a place where --

BART

You think the trains are gonna stop here if'n there's men hangin' on the trees right out in the open?

Bean stood up.

BEAN

Whatta you want me to do about it? Take it around the corner or move it out into the desert? Pretend it doesn't happen? There is still lawlessness, and where there's lawlessness, there's gonna be hangings. It's the nature a man.

BART

We ain't against hangin'. We just feel folks shouldn't have to see it no more.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED: (2)

BEAN

Shouldn't have to see it! Why, what about the children what's gonna teach 'em -- who's gonna set an example? Tellin' 'em don't even do no good. Without seeing hangin's, there's no lesson -- no barrier across that outlaw road that leads only to the rope.

BART

Don't get yourself wild, Judge. We're just making the suggestion. It's somethin' to think about.

BEAN

Together you all don't even know what's good for you. You let your wives do your thinkin' for you. You're getting soft and corrupt. You'll be no match for the politicians and robber barons who are gonna come in here with new "enlightened" ideas and steal everything you have. Read your history books. Look what happened to Rome after the Caesars. Look at Greece after Alexander. What is France without Napoleon? It takes a man who knows what's good for the people. One man. I am that man. I've proved it and I ain't stepping down. That's my rulin', by gobs.

112 CLOSE SHOT - THE WIVES

They glared at him.

113
thru OMITTED
116

116A FULL SHOT - STATION HOUSE - TRAIN

A new train waited at the station house which was not completed. The entire town was gathered there, surrounded by MOUNTED ARMED RIDERS to make sure the disturbance didn't get out of hand. The Judge strode to the train with his Marshals. He was wearing a ruffled white shirt and string tie. He did not appear to be carrying a gun and had the look of a dandified gambler. He paused at the step and shook Crites' hand.

(CONTINUED)

116A CONTINUED:

CRITES

I still don't think you should go, Judge.

BEAN

That's no way for my Bailiff and trusted friend to wish me off.

CRITES

Go with God, Judge.

BEAN

I always try to.

He walked up onto the back platform of the train, the townspeople spread out before him, Marie Elena at his side. They clapped but their hearts were obviously not in it. Bean put his hands up as if to stop tremendous applause.

BEAN

(continuing)

I have here in my possession the official documents naming this town Langtry, Texas.

116B CLOSE SHOT - MARIE ELENA

She watched, smiling.

BEAN (o.s.)

(continuing)

... in honor of the most beautiful woman in the world.

There is more clapping.

116C CLOSE SHOT - BEAN

BEAN

(continuing)

When I am faced with her glorious presence, I will not be thinking only of myself. I will be thinking of you. All of you! You who have helped smight down evil and clear the way for Langtry to become the great and beautiful city that it will -- a flower that will bloom in the Texas sun.

He embraced Marie Elena, then handed her down to Tector as the train pulled away. The crowd cheered a little while, then dispersed.

DISSOLVE TO:

117 EXT. PLAINS - FULL SHOT - TRAIN

The train rode on into the night through the vast prairie land and the untracked miles of sage and waving grass.

118
thru OMITTED
121

122 EXT. BROWN PALACE HOTEL - FULL SHOT - BEAN

A horse-drawn buggy deposits Bean in front of the Brown Palace Hotel. Bean gives the DRIVER a gold piece.

BEAN

Keep it.

The Driver ignored his generosity and drove away. The Judge looked out at the city in the gathering twilight. People walked up and down the streets, dressed in finely cut suits and beautiful flowing dresses. The men wore shiny bowler hats and the women carried parasols made of silk from France. Truly, this must be what it felt like to stand in the Rome of the Caesars. He smelled the air and listened to the noise of the busy city -- Then he walked up into the grand lobby of the Brown Palace Hotel.

123 INT. LOBBY - FULL SHOT - BEAN

It was a fine place -- great paneled walls and striped silk-covered chairs. Marble stairs led to the reception desk. It was busy with the bustle and rush of important personages coming and going. The Judge stopped by a small bronze plaque on one of the walls. It was underneath an old bullet hole -- It read:

Bullet Hole -- 44 cal.
Shot by Thomas Dunson -- Cattleman
In drunken Spree
New Year's Eve 1874.

Bean smiled at the sign and went up to the desk.

BEAN

I want the finest room available
and I want it pronto... I want
champagne and ice in silver buckets
in that room and large beefsteaks
and red chile brought to me at
mealtimes. Do I make myself clear?

CLERK

Yes, sir -- Will you sign your
name here, please -- It will be
five dollars a day -- meals
included.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

BEAN

I would hope so.

The crowd in the lobby had taken notice of the Judge and found him an amusing 'character'. They whispered -- laughed and chortled among themselves. A bell was RUNG and a uniformed BELLBOY came to take the Judge's grip.

BEAN

(continuing;
to Clerk)

Also -- I would like four dozen red and white roses sent to Miss Lillie Langtry at the Opera House.

The crowd took notice and the Judge enjoyed this.

BEAN

(continuing)

Bellboy -- carry on.

He strutted through the lobby.

CUT TO:

124 OMITTED

125 EXT. BROWN PALACE HOTEL - FULL SHOT - BEAN - NIGHT

The Judge stepped outside in his finest apparel which fit him badly and was grossly out of style. He carried with him a bouquet of flowers and a gold-hilted cane. The DOORMAN whistled for a coach -- It pulled up and the Judge got in.

DOORMAN

The Opera House -- Good luck, Judge.

BEAN (o.s.)

Thank you -- I'll give Lillie your regards.

The coach pulled away.

CUT TO:

126 EXT. OPERA HOUSE - FULL SHOT - CROWDS

The coach had to pull up with many coaches which were pulling up to deliver their passengers to the show. The Judge got out with a flourish and handed the DRIVER a gold piece.

BEAN

That will be all.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

The Driver nodded and pulled away. The Judge noticed that although it was crowded, no one stood at the ticket office -- save FOUR or FIVE uniformed POLICE. Bean walked over -- the CLERK inside did not even look up. He was counting money.

BEAN

I'll take three in the orchestra pit.

The Clerk looked up.

BEAN

(continuing)

Three in the orchestra pit. I'll need room to stretch.

CLERK

Mister -- we don't have a seat in the orchestra pit or anywhere else.

BEAN

Will a hundred dollars buy me what I need?

CLERK

A hundred dollars!

BEAN

Two hundred, if necessary.

CLERK

Just a minute.

He dashes off and comes back with a pompous-looking man in tails.

MAN

I'm sorry, sir. We have been sold out for two days.

BEAN

Whatta you mean, there ain't no more tickets? Price is no object, son.

The man assumed a haughty stance and looked down his nose at Bean.

MAN

I am sorry, sir, we have no more seats.

BEAN

Well, you find some. I'm Judge Roy Bean.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (2)

The wooden window slammed shut. Bean turned around and looked at the fashionable crowd chatting idly amongst themselves. He pushed into the center of them.

BEAN

(yells)

I have one hundred dollars for a ticket! One hundred dollars.

There was a hum of whispers as they all looked at him. Some giggled, others moved away.

FASHIONABLE WOMAN

Who is that man?

FASHIONABLE MAN

I'm sure if we ignore him he'll eventually depart.

BEAN

(louder)

Two hundred dollars! Two hundred dollars for one ticket.

He turned to a short, snotty little MAN with a FAT WOMAN bedecked in jewels.

BEAN

Hey, you! Three hundred dollars for a ticket.

SNOTTY MAN

Sir, I intend to see the performance.

BEAN

Well, sell me her ticket. You don't wanta take a cow like that in to see Miss Lillie, do you?

SNOTTY MAN

Sir -- that cow happens to be my wife!

SNOTTY FAT WOMAN

Henry! How dare you!

Bean pushed on into the crowd.

BEAN

Four hundred dollars. Name your price!

A heavy hand came down on his shoulder and he was suddenly surrounded by three big policemen.

BEAN

Get your hands off me! I'm Judge Roy Bean!

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (3)

POLICEMAN

Be easy on us, Your Honor -- be peaceable.

BEAN

I'll go by myself.

He pushed past them and wandered through the crowd, an expression of dazed bewilderment on his face. Suddenly someone was nudging his arm. He looked down and saw that it was a little, rat-faced MAN in an old topcoat. Bean at first tried to ignore him, but the little rodent persisted.

MAN

I heard you with the police, Your Honor.

BEAN

Get away from me.

MAN

Look, I'm only trying to do you a favor.

BEAN

Beat it.

The Man followed him.

MAN

Look, I work for the Opera House.

The Judge grumbled. He did not believe in supporting cheats, hustlers, and bunco artists, but he had no choice. He stopped.

BEAN

What is it?

MAN

Look, I wouldn't do this for nobody else -- but seein' as you're a Judge an' all -- I mean, you talking about Miss Langtry an' all -- How would you like to meet her?

BEAN

You know Miss Lillie?

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (4)

MAN

I put her flowers in fresh water every day -- it's part o' my job.

BEAN

You notice any red and white roses the last day or so?

MAN

Did you send those, Your Honor? They was beautiful beyond belief.

BEAN

How'd Miss Lillie like 'em?

MAN

Oh -- I can't say -- I mean roses ain't her favorite flower, but she appreciated the thought.

BEAN

They ain't, eh -- what is her favorite flower?

MAN

(pause)

Well -- this year it was tulips -- that's what it was.

BEAN

Tulips, eh -- Can you get me in there?

MAN

Sure, I know the stage door guard, an' everyone knows me --

(pause)

But it costs -- I mean, I gotta make a living too an' all.

Bean took out his roll and peeled off a hundred. The rat almost slavered.

BEAN

Keep the change, son.

The Man took the Judge by the arm and led him away through the dark alley, back to where a single lantern lit a doorway. A huge, tough-looking IRISHMAN leaned against that door, smoking a cigar. They strode up to him.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED: (5)

IRISHMAN

I don't care who you are -- no
one goes in there.

MAN

But I got a friend o' Miss Langtry's
here -- He's a judge!

IRISHMAN

A judge! -- Well -- maybe, seeing
that he's a judge -- but I ain't
risking my job for nothing.

The Judge reached into his pocket.

MAN

(whispering)

Just a fin, Your Honor -- don't
spoil him.

The Judge fumbled with his change. The Irishman stared
and drooled. The little rat stepped back and pulled out
a sock filled with sand.

JUDGE

Let me see here.

The rat hit him hard and crushed his hat. The Judge
instinctively reached for his belt but his gun wasn't
there. Civilization! The Irishman kicked him in the
groin, then hit him as hard as a mule can kick. The
Judge slammed against the wall. The Irishman was on
him, beating his head into the brick. The little rat
kicked and swung his "blackjack". The Judge crumpled
to the ground. They kicked him for a while.

They went for the money.

They disappeared into the darkness. The Judge lay
sprawled in the shadows.

DISSOLVE TO:

127 EXT. ALLEY - MED. SHOT - JUDGE

An hour, maybe two hours later, the Judge stirred to con-
sciousness. He felt awful. His clothes were soiled and
ripped and his mouth and eye were cut. He pulled himself
to his feet, leaned against the wall and vomited vigor-
ously. The faint SOUND of an orchestra and singing could
be heard but he didn't notice. He staggered down the
alley.

CUT TO:

128 EXT. BROWN PALACE - FULL SHOT - BEAN

He walked up the marble steps, a dejected and beaten man. There was no activity around the hotel -- only an occasional coach CLOPPING by in the night. The Judge looked in. The splendid lobby was dimly lit. He pulled himself together and cupped his face with a handkerchief. He went in.

129 INT. LOBBY - FULL SHOT

There was no activity in the huge lobby. A stern, middle-aged WOMAN filed things at the desk. The only lights were reading lamps at the chairs. In these chairs sat rich old-old men. They all looked up as the Judge entered.

130 MONTAGE - CLOSE SHOTS

Their faces were lined and furrowed from squinting into the sun and had the smoothness of texture that becomes an old saddle. Deep-set in this leather were watery eyes that sparkled like those of little children. They wore the finest silk suits that money could buy and magnificent sombreros with gold and silver bands around them. They wore rings and ornaments emblazoned with the brands of their ranches. The grandest ranches in the world. A million acres -- a hundred thousand head of cattle. These were the men who had come west and tamed the wild longhorns and fought the Comanches, Kiowas and Apaches. These were the men who had built railroads that straddled the continent -- bridging great rivers and cutting holes through the Rocky Mountains. These men had taken strong women and borne strong sons and daughters and taught them to hold the land they had wrested from God. And the sons and daughters grew up and these men grew old. The strong women died and barbed wire and the plow replaced the savages and the outlaws. They had come to Denver as they always had. They had come to this hotel and they sat in the lobby at night with their own and no one ever said a word to anyone else. They just waited.

131 CLOSE SHOT - BEAN

The Judge saw them and he saw all that they were. It terrified and awed him at the same time. There was a terrible beauty to all this and a strong irresistible force turned his head. He saw amongst them -- his chair.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

Their eyes seemed to approve and he took off his battered hat and sat down. They stared at him for a while and then resumed their wait. He would have stayed there with them -- held that way forever, were it not for the fact that the Woman at the desk opened a small box to get some change. It was a MUSIC BOX and it played when it opened. It played "The Yellow Rose of Texas". The Judge looked around -- none of the faces moved. He got up and walked slowly over to the desk. The Woman shut the box and it stopped.

WOMAN

Good evening, Mr. Bean -- Some more roses for the Opera House?

Bean reached out and touched the box.

WOMAN

(continuing)

Oh, that -- I keep the silver change in it -- It's very handy.

BEAN

I'll buy it.

WOMAN

Well, it's not for sale -- My husband gave it to me.

BEAN

A hundred dollars.

WOMAN

What!

BEAN

Two hundred dollars then.

He took his hat and reached into the inside band and withdrew several hundred dollar bills -- The Woman's mouth hung open. He handed her three of them.

BEAN

(continuing)

Keep the change.

He took the box and turned it over. The silver CRASHED out onto the desk. He closed the box.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

BEAN
(continuing)
I'll be checking out. Now --
total my bill -- and get me a
coach to take me to the train
station. And I'll want to send
a telegram.

He walked off slowly to the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

132 OMITTED

133 EXT. LANGTRY - FULL SHOT - DAWN

It was still mostly dark when the train pulled into the little settlement from where the Judge had ventured forth. No one could be seen. The train stopped. The Judge got off with his music box -- the train pulled away and revealed a man silhouetted against the lightening sky. The Judge walked toward the man.

MAN
Judge?

BEAN
Tector?

CRITES
I just felt I oughta come,
Judge.

BEAN
Well, it's some welcoming --

There was a silence.

BEAN
(continuing)
What is it, Tector?

CRITES
It's Marie, Judge -- she had the
baby an' she ain't at all well.

The Judge strode toward the town.

CUT TO:

134
thru OMITTED
137

138 EXT. LANGTRY - LONG SHOT - CROWD

The Judge pushed through a crowd of Mexican peasant women on the saloon steps.

139 INT. JUDGE'S ROOM - MED. SHOT

The Judge pushed through the Mexican women and Marshals to the bed where Marie Elena lay. She looked very sick but she smiled and tears came from her eyes when she saw him. He knelt by the bed and took her hand. They just looked into each other's wet eyes for a while.

MARIE ELENA

(weak)

It is a girl -- You have a daughter instead of a son.

BEAN

(soft)

That's better -- a son's a son but a father loves a little girl.

MARIE ELENA

She looks like you.

BEAN

That's a terrible thing to say about a little girl.

She smiled.

BEAN

(continuing)

I brought you something.

Tector handed it to him. He showed it to her and opened it. It PLAYED "The Yellow Rose of Texas".

BEAN

(continuing)

My Yellow Rose of Texas -- the most beautiful woman in the world.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

MARIE ELENA

Lillie -- is the -- most beautiful --

BEAN

No -- when I saw her in person -- she didn't have eyes the color of a chestnut horse. And her hair wasn't as long and silky smooth -- It was no contest -- We're gonna get that Photographist back here and take some pictures when you're all well and we'll make lithographs of 'em -- I'll put a big one up next to the American flag -- behind me so the prisoners can see it. An' I'm gonna name the saloon The Yellow Rose.

She cried.

BEAN

(continuing)

Don't do that now -- you've got to rest so you can get your strength back -- We'll just sit here and listen to this music box.

She closed her eyes and rested.

CRITES

Better let her sleep, Judge.

BEAN

I want the best doctor in Fort Davis --

BART

He's been summoned.

BEAN

I want the best from Austin -- Fort Worth or Dallas, if necessary -- Have them here.

CRITES

Of course, Judge.

The Judge took the music box and wound it up again.

DISSOLVE TO:

140 CLOSE SHOT - MUSIC BOX

The music box sat next to Marie Elena -- an OLD WOMAN put a wet cloth on her forehead. The Judge knotted his hands. Tector looked on.

BEAN

Where the hell is he?

CRITES

It's a long way to Fort Davis --
Maybe they couldn't find him
right away.

DISSOLVE TO:

141 EXT. SALOON - FULL SHOT - DAY

The Mexican women are gathered in close around the door. The baby cried. The women chanted amongst themselves. Then one started to wail. Suddenly, they all started crying -- They broke up from the doorway, weeping. Bart pushed through -- others came out -- The women wailed like wolves. Then the Judge came out -- his expression was cold and totally without emotion. He pushed the women aside and walked down into the street. Tector tried to comfort him but he pushed him aside, too. The Judge walked out toward the edge of town -- ripped off his coat, revealing his ivory-handled Colt stuck in his belt. He leaned against a wagon and waited. The crowd stayed back.

DISSOLVE TO:

142 FULL SHOT - JUDGE - DAY

The DOCTOR's coach came about an hour after Marie Elena had died. It appeared as a speck on the horizon, escorted by riders. Fermel Parlee and Whorehouse Lucky Jim drew up with a small rotund man in a buggy. They took one look at the Judge and a chill went through them.

BEAN

What took you so long?

JIM

He was drunk, Judge. We had to throw him in the Pecos River.

BEAN

Drunk, uh --

He walked up to the Doctor -- the crowd drew up.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED:

BEAN
(continuing)
Do you drink a lot, Doctor?

DOCTOR
(terrified)
No -- not normally.

BEAN
Well, now's not a normal time --
Somebody get the doc a drink.

Nobody moved.

BEAN
(continuing)
Go on!

He turned on the crowd and drew. They put their hands up.

CRITES
I'll get it.

He ran off to the saloon.

DOCTOR
Please -- please don't shoot me.

BEAN
Nobody said anything about
shootin' you -- Where'd you ever
get that idea -- ? No -- we're
gonna have a drink together --
Then I'm gonna hang you.

DOCTOR
(crying)
No -- no, please -- Oh, God, no --

The Judge pulled him out of his wagon and SMASHED him into
the horses which reared away. Then he FISTOL-WHIPPED him.
The whole time the Doctor just cried like a baby.

BEAN
Shut up -- you sniveling coward
-- She didn't cry while she was
waitin' for you.

He threw him to the ground.

BEAN
(continuing)
A normal hanging's too good for
you -- Get off that horse,
Whorehouse!

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: (2)

Whorehouse did -- edgy. Bean took the horse and its lariat. He fixed one end unraveled tight to the saddlehorn -- then started to tie a hangman's noose with the other.

BEAN
(continuing)
I got a special way for cowards
-- You hear that --

He KICKED him in the ribs. He grabbed the Doctor by the hair and forced the noose around his neck.

BEAN
(continuing)
You're gonna go slow -- like she did.

CRITES (o.s.)
No -- no, he isn't.

BEAN
What!

The Judge turned -- They all did. Tector had not come back with a drink but instead had brought the Judge's shotgun. He leveled it at the Judge.

BEAN
(continuing)
You ain't gonna use that, Tector.

Suddenly Bart drew -- Whorehouse drew --

BART
Maybe he won't -- but I will.

The Judge backed away.

BEAN
I'm gonna slap this horse.

Tector saw the rope on the ground. He was at close range. He BLASTED it apart -- The horse THUNDERED off -- The Doctor lay there, terrified.

BEAN
(continuing)
You shouldn't a done that, Tector.

The sleazy new Marshals -- fast and fancy gunmen, drew also. The Judge turned and drew but was SHOT in the arm before his gun cleared his belt. He was knocked flat but rolled for his gun. It was BLASTED away by TWO MEN with rifles.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: (3)

KILLER

Shall I finish him?

Frank Gass stepped out.

GASS

No -- let him live -- He's going to have to live with the memory of all that he's done.

BEAN

I'll kill you.

GASS

No -- no, you won't -- If you ever come back here, you'd be shot like a rattlesnake. You're only something that can be dangerous if one turns over the wrong rock.

Bean looked to Bart and Tector and Whorehouse.

BEAN

I can understand him -- and all o' them -- that's what they're paid for -- but you -- Tector -- Bart -- Whorehouse --

BART

Times have changed, Judge -- you didn't -- you went too far. He's right -- I'll shoot you like a coyote if you ever come back -- You think on it an' you'll know why.

The Judge turned to Tector.

CRITES

Why didn't you read the 58th Psalm over Maria, Judge?

BART

Get him a wagon and get him some food -- no money and no gun -- it wouldn't matter if you had one anyway, Judge -- God ain't aimin' for you no more -- We'd just kill you.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: (4)

Some of the men helped the Judge to his feet. He held his arm which was bleeding. He pulled away.

BEAN

I don't need nothin' from any of you -- except a horse -- I come in here on a horse -- That's all I need now.

He went over and pulled Fermel Parlee off his horse and took it. Parlee almost shot him but for some reason decided against it. Bean mounted and rode out a ways.

BEAN

(continuing)

I don't have to swear vengeance on the likes a you. You don't ever have to be worried about me coming back -- But when I go I take with me what I brought -- law and order -- and without law, a wind and storm'll come howling down on you and blow you into the earth -- And the sand will cover you up like it has for ten thousand years and all this will be a prairie and no one'll ever know you were here. It's as sure as the setting of the sun.

He turned his horse and rode away -- He rode out of town and became a tiny speck on the desert and finally disappeared.

DISSOLVE TO:

143 MONTAGE - PHOTOGRAPHY FROM THE PERIOD

"We built a hundred cities and a thousand towns." The land was turned by the plow -- rivers were harnessed -- forests were cut -- mountains were flattened so that people never knew they were there. The long heralded movement came -- People -- people from Ireland -- Italy -- from the turmoil and strife of war in Europe. People came to the United States. They came and formed into one force -- a torrent of humanity that spilled out across the land.

CRITES (v.o.)

In the years that followed the Judge's leaving, the country sort of grew up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

CIRTES (v.o.) (cont'd)

People came from overseas, traveled to the west without fear of wild savages or folks like the Judge. They built homes and raised families. Fences were put up, and where the cattle grazed, the land was cut by the plow -- they raised cotton and vegetables to go along with the beef to feed and clothe a nation going faster than a cyclone. They were folks out after what they could get and what they thought they deserved and all that went before them was forgotten. Glory to the new land! We had, in the person a Teddy Roosevelt, I believe, the finest President in the history of this country. He had the spirit and the determination that matched the times and the land. I believe the Judge probably felt much in common with him. We fought a war -- First against Pancho Villa but that was just to feel our muscles and then our boys went over to Europe and kicked the stuffings out of the Kaiser. That really put this place on the map.

144 EXT. PRAIRIE - MED. SHOT - TECTOR CRITES - GIRL

Tector Crites grew old. His hair turned grey and he got fatter. He took walks in the prairie with the Judge's daughter -- she was about seven or eight -- a beautiful girl -- like a young horse. Long of limb -- clear, fiery eyes and full of hell.

CRITES (v.o.)

As for myself -- I took the Judge's little girl, named her Yellow Rose. or Rose for short, and I raised her as my own. I got married to a divorced woman from Fort Davis and she helped but we got into arguments over the vote and she left me. She was a mean woman and I have never been sorry or missed her at all. Little Rose was all I needed. She grew like a young colt and although she was beautiful and every inch a female, she was tough.

145 MED. SHOT - SCHOOL

When Rose was about nine, she could beat up most of the boys her own age and often did. Tector often watched in amusement -- much to the dismay and frustration of the Schoolmarm.

CRITES (v.o.)

And sometimes she just forgot
she was a lady.

146 EXT. OLD SALOON - MED. SHOT - CRITES, LITTLE ROSE

They walked towards the old saloon together.

CRITES (v.o.)

But she was always a lady to me -- We took walks together an' I told her stories of the old days -- all about her father and the watch-bear and Bad Bob. To her, he was more than a legend -- he was an ancient god. I took it upon myself to preserve the saloon as it had been. I became official historian of Langtry and curator of the Judge Bean museum. We all agreed that he was an important part of the history of the land and whatever happened, whether good or bad, was a legend larger than us and should be preserved and handed down to future generations.

147 EXT. COURTHOUSE - MED. SHOT - CROWD

A crowd of the old Marshals gathered around Crites. Bart, Whorehouse, and the Parlee brothers grew dignified with age. They ceremoniously pinned upon Crites the badge of Sheriff. Little Rose hugged him -- they all drank beer.

CRITES (v.o.)

Of course, I had other obligations. In 1916, I believe, I was voted Sheriff of Langtry and held the office for twelve years. It didn't mean much and I was no peace officer but I appreciated the honor.

148 MONTAGE

Photography of the period to accompany Crites' narration.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

CRITES (v.o.)

After the Great War, we were
 fit to be tied. We had beaten
 the forces of evil and made
 the world safe for democracy,
 We were bustin' out -- there
 was nothing that could stop
 us from becoming the paradise
 the Judge had dreamed of --
 But in 1919, two things happened
 that were to change the land
 again. The first was
 Prohibition -- it was Wilson's
 fault -- Roosevelt would a
 never stood for it -- but
 Prohibition came and it was
 a bad law. People didn't
 respect it and they started
 to disrespect the law in
 general -- the second thing
 was oil.

Photography of early oil rings and men working in the
 Texas Panhandle.

149 OMITTED

150 MONTAGE - WELLS

Derricks and wells sprouted up like weeds in the spring.

CRITES (v.o.)

All the worthless land the
 Judge had left was setting
 on top of a sea of oil.

Gusher came after gusher.

CRITES (v.o.)

(continuing)

They had merely put a hole
 the ground and watch the money
 roll in.

151 MONTAGE - BART, WHOREHOUSE, OTHERS

They grew rich and soon left on the train with fancy women.

CRITES (v.o.)

Bart and Whorehouse became millionaires -- They moved to Dallas and only the offices of their companies remained.

152 MONTAGE - SIGNS

Signs that read: "W. Lucky Jim Petroleum Company - Offices - Langtry - Dallas - Ft. Worth" - "Jackson Oil Company - Founded by Bart Jackson 1919 Langtry Office."

153 MONTAGE - LANGTRY

Men came to Langtry to seek their fortune from the earth. They came by the train, they came in automobiles -- some of them walked.

CRITES (v.o.)

Langtry became a "boom town" -- Black Gold! The rush was on! But like all gold, oil bred greed and hatred -- and with the men that came to Langtry came other men to prey upon them.

154 FULL SHOT - SALOONS

Clapboard saloons and speakeasies were erected. Seedy-looking dandies stood out in front of them, con-men, hustlers and bunco artists.

CRITES (v.o.)

They built saloons -- "speakeasies" and gambling halls -- a flagrant disregard of the law -- They brought in large-scale prostitution and gambling -- Langtry once more became a wide-open town -- The eastern syndicates saw profit in it and sent "gangsters" to run things and organize labor. There developed a war between the "wildcatters" and the gang bosses.

155 EXT. STREET - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

A car careened around a dusty corner towards some workmen.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

They scattered, but a MAN stepped out on the running board and CUT THEM DOWN! with a "tommy gun".

CRITES (v.o.)

Blood soaked into the dust in Langtry again. The long forgotten storm the Judge had talked about was upon us.

156 EXT. PRAIRIE - FULL SHOT - 1923

It was empty.

CRITES (v.o.)

And we were powerless in its grip. The Lord was having His vengeance. I prayed for help and in the darkest hour -- He sent it.

A speck appeared on the horizon, leaving a great trail of dust. It grew slowly into a black dot and finally could be seen to be a car. It THUNDERED out of the desert and as it drew up at tremendous speed, it swerved into a long, sliding stop. When the dust cleared, it could be seen that it was an open touring car and, sitting in the driver's seat was Judge Roy Bean. He was now seventy years old and his face had weathered into deep crags and furrows. All his hair had turned white -- He wore it long for the period and had a great, flowing white moustache. He was still a strong-looking man but the years had taken a terrible toll.

CRITES (v.o.)

(continuing)

Whatever really made him come back I'll never know. Perhaps he was just old and wanted to come home.

The Judge got out of his car and looked down the street of Langtry -- dirty and foul -- filled up with tents and clapboard buildings -- cheap hotels and bordellos. Crude oil derricks stood up in the background. Nowhere to be seen were tree-lined streets with green lawns and great marble courthouses and the hill with the house on it was gone and nobody would have known it was ever there. The Judge strode down the street and looked at the drunks lying in doorways -- the chickens and pigs running loose. He passed a building and looked up to see the sign: "Parlee Bros. Oil Producers - Ned Rankin Foreman - Offices - Langtry - Dallas - Houston. Jobs available - must have Union card." He looked at it awhile and moved on.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

Finally, he came to a tumbledown shack near the old courthouse. It had a sign -- Sheriff's Office - T. Crites - Sheriff - Langtry. He went in.

157 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT - CRITES

Tector Crites was asleep with a hat over his face. On the wall were a couple of old rust-covered rifles and a poster picture of Lillie Langtry.

BEAN

What kind of sheriff are you --
you don't even have a jail.

Tector nearly fell over in his chair. He looked up and went white.

DISSOLVE TO:

158 EXT. COURTHOUSE - MED. SHOT - BEAN, TECTOR

They stood outside the courthouse and watched the town go by.

CRITES

So they all got rich and left
and I ain't seen a one of them
since.

BEAN

What about the lawyer?

CRITES

He got the richest of all --
moved to Houston -- bought a
big white mansion and married
a twenty-year-old girl. He
died of a heart attack a year
later.

BEAN

What about you -- why don't you
get in on it?

CRITES

Didn't own no land -- didn't care
to.

BEAN

Who runs this place now?

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED:

CRITES

Fat Willy Garga -- He's an Italian from the east. They sent him out here to take over and he don't like it at all -- hates the dust and the heat. Wants to go back to Chicago.

BEAN

He run the gambling?

CRITES

And the liquor and the girls and the Union. Anybody gets in the way is done in.

BEAN

What about you?

CRITES

I stay out a the way.

Bean saw that for Crites it was probably a reasonable thing to do.

CRITES

(continuing)

Let's go inside and have a drink --

CUT TO:

159 INT. COURTHOUSE - CLOSE SHOT

Tector poured a couple of drinks at the bar. The Judge wandered around -- The place was exactly as he had left it -- the pictures of Lillie -- The Revised Statutes of Texas 1855. The only additions were a couple of tables where his guns and other memorabilia were placed and identified. He sauntered around and picked up the old ivory-handled Coult -- He looked at it and at the old picture of the group -- Tector brought him his drink and sat down and played with the gun.

CRITES

What did you do, Judge. We heard you were dead six different times -- figured one of 'em must of been true.

There was the faint NOISE of what sounded like a Salvation Army band outside.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

BEAN

Sounds like the Salvation Army --
they saved my soul a couple of times.

He put the gun down and turned to Tector.

BEAN

(continuing)

Tector -- what I really came back
for is to see my girl -- she's all
right, ain't she?

CRITES

Oh -- yeah -- she's fine -- just
fine -- Her name is Rose -- for
Yellow Rose -- I raised her as my
own. And I dare say she's probably
the prettiest young lady in town.

BEAN

Well, where is she -- You don't
have to tell her who I am -- I was
never a father to her, anyway.
She'll never recognize me -- I
just wanta see and talk to her.

CRITES

You really do, huh?

The MUSIC grew louder.

CRITES

(continuing)

C'mon.

CUT TO:

160 EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT

They stood in front of the courthouse. A group of intense and severe-looking people marched up the street. They had a band with them and for all intents and purposes looked like the Temperance League. But their banner identified them as the International Workers of the World. They bore signs that read -- A free Union for free men -- Law and Order in Langtry for the working man -- We're not afraid of Fat Willy -- You don't have to be. Leading them was a tall, thin girl with brown hair and fiery eyes. She was quite attractive, even in the severe blue dress and boots that she wore. She carried an axe-handle. It was Rose Bean. They passed in front. Tector waved at her but she ignored him.

ROSE

Let's take it right to the Paradise
Hotel -- Let 'em know who we are --
If they want trouble, we can give it
to them -- Workers of the World --
Unite!

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

CROWD

Yeah -- Unite -- Yeah.

The Judge stood with his mouth open as they passed.

CRITES

Last year she was a Bolshevik --
You ever heard of a Bolshevik,
Judge?

BEAN

I -- I thought she'd be more like
her mother.

Tector looked at him.

CRITES

No, Judge -- I'd say -- she's more
like you.

CUT TO:

161 EXT. PARADISE HOTEL - FULL SHOT - GROUP

The group assembled in front of the Paradise -- A couple of
fancy dude GANGSTERS stepped out -- A couple more came around
from behind. Rose stood in front of them.

ROSE

Play "The Internationale".

BANDLEADER

The what, ma'am?

ROSE

Never mind -- Do "Onward, Christian
Soldiers".They sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers" horribly. The door
opened and a contingent of BODYGUARDS accompanied FAT WILLY
GARGA and TWO BLONDES. Willy sat there smiling and comment-
ing to the Girls -- they giggled. Finally, he held up his
hands. The band stopped.

ROSE

Keep playing -- nobody told you
to stop.

FAT WILLY

Look -- I wanta say how much I
appreciate all this but couldn't
it wait until Christmas?All of his men broke up laughing -- Willy really laughed --
He almost fell on the ground, laughing -- He slapped the
Girls on their backs and they held him up.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

ROSE

You won't be laughing tomorrow,
Willy.

FAT WILLY

Oh yeah -- Why won't I be laughing,
baby?

ROSE

Don't call me baby -- You'll
address me as Miss Bean -- I
won't have punks and trash like
yourself calling me baby.

A Bodyguard stepped forward and was going to hit her --
She raised her axe handle.

BODYGUARD

Nobody calls Willy dat.

FAT WILLY

Hold it, Leon.

BODYGUARD

I oughta bust her jaw.

FAT WILLY

I don't do dat kinda thing and
neither do my friends.

ROSE

Not much -- C'mon, punk, are you
afraid to hit a girl?

FAT WILLY

You going too far, baby -- One
a these days, I'm not gonna be
here to stop dese goons.

ROSE

Don't call me baby -- you tub a
spit.

Willy got mad at this -- He glowered but then controlled
himself. He turned around and motioned for everyone to
go inside.

FAT WILLY

C'mon -- What do I care what some
half-breed bastard-bitch calls me.

He goes inside.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (2)

ROSE
Coward -- sniveling coward --
We're gonna come back, Fatso.

WILLY
Don't!

He SLAMS the door.

CUT TO:

162 INT. TECTOR'S HOUSE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

The Judge and Tector sat in the dining room, talking.
Rose came in. She didn't notice the Judge.

CRITES
Where you been?

ROSE
Getting ready for tonight.

CRITES
Tonight?

ROSE
We're going to sit outside that
hotel with torches and show this
town that something can be done.

BEAN
I don't think you oughta do that.

CRITES
Rose -- I want you to meet Reade
Billings -- He was a Marshal here
for your father.

She took his hand.

ROSE
You knew my father?

BEAN
(nervous)
Very well, ma'am. Tector and I
knew him from the start.

ROSE
Sometimes I think Uncle Tector
never knew him at all.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

BEAN

That's nothing to say about your uncle.

ROSE

Well, what happened to the backbone?
My father wouldn't have stood for a
hundred Fat Willies.

BEAN

A man can get old.

ROSE

That wouldn't have stopped my father.

BEAN

You're proud of your father, ain't you?

ROSE

Weren't you?

Bean was "taken aback".

BEAN

Sometimes. You see, your father
was a man that had everything. He
built it himself, you know that,
and then he lost it.

ROSE

He was cheated of what was his by
an ungrateful mob. They threw him
out.

BEAN

No - he left of his own accord.

ROSE

That's not the way I heard it.

BEAN

That's the way it was. I was
there.

ROSE

I don't intend to bandy words with
you about my father, Mr. Billings.
I'll cook your dinner but then I
have to go.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED: (2)

BEAN

I wouldn't push that fellow too awful far -- He looks mean and he's holding all the cards.

ROSE

I'm not afraid of him, Mr. Billings, and that's one card he doesn't hold -- Until everyone is willing to be the only one to stand up against oppression -- there will be no justice.

She went back into the kitchen. Tector came back in.

BEAN

She talks like one a them -- Communists.

CRITES

A Bolshevik -- That's what I was telling you about.

163 EXT. PORCH - MED. SHOT - TECTOR, BEAN - NIGHT

They watched as, in the distance, the Wobblies marched off singing "Gather With The Saints At The River", because it was one of the only songs they knew. They carried their torches and signs.

BEAN

I don't like it none.

CRITES

Willy won't do anything -- He ain't never done nothing before -- Now that she's gone, we can have a drink -- She was member of the Temperance League, you know.

BEAN

I'll bet she was one of them Suffragettes, too.

CRITES

She was only thirteen years old but she threw a rock at Bart -- He was mayor at the time and opposed to it -- if she wasn't your daughter, she'd a gone to jail.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

BEAN

She should have -- jail never hurt anyone -- Giving them the vote and instituting the income tax is what's ruined this country.

CRITES

A-men.

He poured a long drink.

DISSOLVE TO:

164 EXT. PORCH - FULL SHOT

The Judge and Tector enjoyed their rocking chairs and listened to the desert SOUNDS of a Texas summer night.

BEAN

You know, Tector -- sitting' here like this -- seeing Rose -- I got to thinking about my life and all. I used to always wonder if it made a damn bit of difference whether I was here or not -- I mean whether I came here instead of some other man -- That mattered to me a great deal -- I've thought about it for years.

CRITES

I know what you mean.

BEAN

But sitting here tonight and seeing my daughter a grown woman and seeing that the world has gone on its own way -- I feel like all the weight of that question is gone -- I don't care any more. It doesn't matter to me that I did what I did -- But I do love Texas -- God, I love her so.

Suddenly, they heard distant SCREAMING and YELLING and then GUNFIRE -- tommy-gun fire. They leaped to their feet.

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

BEAN
 (continuing)
 You got an extra gun?

Tector ignored him and ran into the street -- Bean followed quickly.

BEAN
 (continuing)
 Tector -- we'll take my car.

They leaped into the touring car.

165 CLOSE SHOT - CAR

They drove down the street -- Just as they got to the end a MAN ran in front of them, holding his head. It was bleeding -- he was one of the Wobblies. Bean skidded to a stop -- the Man looked terrified. Then he recognized Tector.

MAN
 Sheriff! --

He ran to the car.

MAN
 (continuing)
 Oh God, Sheriff! -- Help me!
 -- Don't let 'em kill me,
 Sheriff!

Tector grabbed him -- The Judge came around the other way.

CRITES
 Where's Rose!

MAN
 Oh God -- Oh, my God.

166 INT. COURTHOUSE - MED. SHOT - BEAN

It was dark but the Judge found his way around easily.

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

He took the old Colt and found some cartridges -- He loaded it and the shotgun -- He stuffed shells into his pocket. He HEARS the door -- Tector came in.

CRITES

It's me.

BEAN

Well, who the hell else would it be.

Tector dumped a pile of pistols on the table --

CRITES

Property of the old court -- I loaded 'em -- they're all 45's.

BEAN

Good -- Don't want to mix up our ammunition.

CRITES

Look -- This is how it is -- They grabbed Rose and took her inside -- Far as I know, she's all right -- They shot the hell out of the rest of 'em and don't care who knows it.

BEAN

They all in the Paradise?

CRITES

All that matter -- How do you figure it, Judge?

BEAN

The way I see it is we kill 'em all --

He stuffs guns into his belt and coat.

BEAN

(continuing)

We got one thing in our favor.

CRITES

What's that?

BEAN

This is the last thing they'd expect -- You ready?

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

CRITES

I guess so -- What're you doing?

The Judge took a letter from his breast pocket and put it on one of the tables.

BEAN

It's a letter to Lillie -- I've been carrying it for fifteen years -- I'd rather leave it here -- And one more thing -- No matter what happens Rose mustn't know who I am.

Tector nodded in agreement.

167 EXT. STREET - LONG SHOT - BEAN, TECTOR

They walked alone down the darkened street -- At the end was the Paradise Hotel all lit up -- People were dancing the Charleston inside.

BEAN

You go on in -- Say you want Fat Willy to have mercy -- When you find her -- then plead and cry loud -- I'll do the rest -- Keep Rose down and shoot straight.

CRITES

How you gonna do it, Judge?

BEAN

The old way.

CUT TO:

168 INT. PARADISE HOTEL - FULL SHOT

The Paradise was really not a hotel but a dance hall and den of sin. Fat Willy sat at the bar with a COUPLE of GIRLS and watched the evening's show -- Tonight, some of the guys and girls thought it'd be nice if they saw Rose do a little burlesque. They had to force it a little and had ripped off most of her clothes and twisted her arms a little. But nevertheless, it was an enjoyable performance. She was on her hands and knees now and Willy lit up a new cigar.

FAT WILLY

Great legs -- the broad's got great legs.

GIRL

I think she's skinny.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

FAT WILLY

What would you know about it --
 You're not a guy -- Hey, Rose --
 you could a been a great dancer --

She was crying. One of the Hoods kicked her.

HOOD

Stop dat -- the boss wants you to
 be happy -- Let's dance a little
 more.

FAT WILLY

Yeah, more a dat dancing -- she
 could be great.

There was a commotion as Tector was escorted in. Rose
 looked up and tried to get away but the Hood held her --
 She broke down sobbing.

FAT WILLY

(continuing)

Look who's here -- the Sheriff --
 and he's wearing two guns -- You
 ain't gonna arrest me, are you,
 Sheriff?

CRITES

Let her go, Willy.

FAT WILLY

I'm teaching her to dance.

CRITES

Let her go -- I beg of you --
 Please let her go.

FAT WILLY

Will you get on your hands and
 knees -- ? I mean, if you're
 gonna beg, it's better on the
 hands and knees.

CRITES

I'll do anything.

FAT WILLY

Quiet -- I want it quiet.

The MUSIC stopped.

FAT WILLY

(continuing)

The Sheriff is gonna beg -- Beg,
 Sheriff.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: (2)

Tector got down on his hands and knees.

CRITES

Please let her go --

(louder)

Please let her go.

CUT TO:

169 EXT. DANCE HALL - MED. SHOT - JUDGE

The Judge knocked on the door.

CUT TO:

170 INT. DANCE HALL - MED. SHOT

A HOOD who was standing near the door was enjoying Tector's begging and was quite displeased to have to attend to the door -- He opened a little slit and saw a cold pair of eyes.

HOOD

(irritated)

Who is it?

BEAN

Justice -- You son-of-a-bitch!

Two BLASTS ripped through the door and man -- a third blew out the lock -- Judge Bean crashed through -- crouched and BLASTED into the Hoods with his ten-gauge -- He threw it behind the bar and drew two pistols -- With one in each hand, he charged, BLASTING away. They drew and returned the FIRE.

171 MED. SHOT - TECTOR, FAT WILLY, ROSE

Fat Willy reached for his shoulder holster -- Tector drew and SHOT him once and leaped on the stage -- He SHOT two of the Hoods as he tackled Rose and rolled across. He came up and FANNED the remaining three bullets into the Bodyguards. Fat Willy had only been wounded by his first shot. Everywhere, there was confusion -- Girls screamed and ran about -- getting shot in the crossfire. The Judge blasted his way to the bar -- Tector shoved Rose into the wings and drew his second gun -- They had the greater bunch of gangsters between them. Tector SHOT two as they came down the stairs -- a third backed up and SPRAYED wildly with a tommy gun.

172 CLOSE SHOT - JUDGE

He reloaded the shotgun -- a man leaned over the bar and SHOT him in the hip. He BLASTED him through the bar. He leaned up and took another two who were closing on Tector from the opposite stage wings.

173 CLOSE SHOT - FAT WILLY

He crawled around the bar to where the hole was made by the Judge's shotgun. The man came down the stairs again FIRING the tommy gun at Tector, hitting all around him. He would have got him but the Judge stood up and drew his old ivory-handled Colt -- He SHOT the man twice, blowing him back against the stairs -- Then the man fell through the railing. Fat Willy reached in and SHOT wildly, hitting the Judge twice in the back. The Judge twisted as he fell and with his last remaining strength, FANNED the revolver into Fat Willy's enormity. He then slumped into the bottles and the pistol fell from his hand. Rose had reloaded Tector's first gun and he now stood up and BLASTED two more hoods as they tried to scramble for cover -- Suddenly, all was quiet. Only the SOUND of moaning and the girls crying hysterically. A man got up with his hands raised -- Tector SHOT him between the eyes. Another tried to run -- He SHOT him too. There were no more left. Rose started crying. Tector handed her a gun.

CRITES

Stay down -- If anything moves
kill it.

He walked across the room and went behind the bar. He looked down at the Judge's body -- the ivory-handled pistol that Marie Elena had given him lay by his side. Tector picked it up and put it in his belt. Then he noticed Fat Willy. He was still alive, lying on his back. He walked around to him. They looked at each other. Willy mouthed something. Crites crouched down close.

FAT WILLY

Who -- who was he?

Crites whispered so that only Willy could hear it.

CRITES

Bean -- Judge Roy Bean.

FAT WILLY

Bean?

He died.

DISSOLVE TO:

174 EXT. TRAIN STATION - FULL SHOT - DAY

Crites Tector and Rose stood arguing with the baggage CLERK about the Judge who was in his coffin beside them.

CLERK

I just can't get over it, Sheriff -- I mean I never knew you could handle a gun like that.

CRITES

Well, Billings and I grew up with guns in our hands -- It was the way the Judge taught us to deal with vermin. A man does what he has to do.

He pointed to the coffin.

CRITES

(continuing)

You take good care of Mr. Billings here. Mr. Bart Jackson will pick up the body personally in Fort Worth so you don't have to worry about it standing around when it gets there.

CLERK

I'm not worried about it when it gets there -- I'm just worried about takin' it all that way in this weather -- I mean the baggage car is in front of all the others.

CRITES

I assure you that it's been done before.

CLERK

Nobody ever told me nothin' about bodies in the summer.

The train pulled in. They all watched. When it stopped, the regular passengers got off and then a strange-looking little MAN, dressed to the hilt, got off. He walked over to Crites Tector.

MAN

Is this Langtry?

CRITES

It sure is.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED:

He went back into the train -- In a while he returned with a bunch of dandies -- I mean they were really dandy. I don't mean to insinuate anything but they were not real he-men. Finally, from off that train stepped a beautiful woman. She was at least forty-five or fifty and her hair had turned silver but her blue eyes and dark lashes, smooth skin and figure hadn't changed since she was twenty-five -- And when she was twenty-five, she must have been the most beautiful woman in the world. She was dressed in a flowing silk dress and dripping in pearls and diamonds. She looked about at the dingy little town -- seemed to be waiting for someone -- Tector stepped forward.

CRITES

Can I be of any assistance, Miss Langtry?

LILLIE

Yes -- I believe this town was named after me.

CRITES

That is correct, ma'am.-- I was here at the ceremony.

LILLIE

Well -- I just wanted to stop by and see it -- Is the funny old Judge around who used to write me -- ?

CRITES

No -- ma'am -- He died in the Mexican Revolution.

LILLIE

Pity -- So many men I've known died in wars and revolutions.

CRITES

Perhaps -- you would like to see the town, ma'am -- ?

She looked around -- smelled the oil on the air.

LILLIE

Not really -- Have you a school?

CRITES

Yes, ma'am -- we have one.

LILLIE

Charles.

(CONTINUED)

174 CONTINUED: (2)

One of the Dandies stepped forward.

LILLIE

(continuing)

Charles -- See that another school
is built here --

CHARLES

Of course, Miss Langtry.

LILLIE

Charles will have the necessary
funds sent to you.

CRITES

That's very generous, ma'am --

LILLIE

Not really -- It's very generous
of you to not insist on showing
me this -- town --

CRITES

The Judge taught us to be gentlemen,
ma'am --

LILLIE

There is one thing I would like
to see.

CRITES

Ma'am --

LILLIE

The courthouse -- It's marble, I
believe.

CUT TO:

175 FULL SHOT - THE JERSEY LILY

They walked up -- A small crowd had gathered by now.
Tector, Lillie and her entourage entered the saloon.

176 INT. SALOON - FULL SHOT

She looked around -- Everything was neat and orderly --
nothing had been changed. She looked at the bear's cage
- the Revised Statutes of Texas 1855 and the Bible --
Then she caught a glimpse of her picture with the
knife in her breast.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

LILLIE

I say -- Is that a knife in my
breast ---

CRITES

Yes, it is, ma'am --

LILLIE

Why would someone who didn't even
know me want to do that?

CRITES

They were wild men in those days,
ma'am --

LILLIE

Do you remember who did it?

CRITES

Snake River Rufus Krile, ma'am --

LILLIE

What became of him?

CRITES

The Judge shot him, ma'am --
then I believe the bear ate him.

She gazed at the knife.

LILLIE

Appropriate.

She started to stroll out and saw the pistols.

LILLIE

(continuing)

How charming -- Were those his
dueling pistols?

CRITES

Yes, ma'am.

LILLIE

Do you suppose that I might have
one -- say as a souvenir?

CRITES

The Judge would've had it no
other way, ma'am --

He stepped forward and took the ivory-handled Colt.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED: (2)

CRITES

(continuing)

I believe this was his favorite.

She took it -- It was large and heavy in her hand.

LILLIE

What is the maker's name?

CRITES

Colt, ma'am -- Sam Colt.

LILLIE

I don't believe I've heard of that one.

She smelled it.

LILLIE

(continuing)

Smells like it was fired just yesterday -- Oh, this is romantic.

CRITES

There's something else I'd like you to have, ma'am --

LILLIE

Yes --

CRITES

This letter -- The Judge said he wanted you to have it.

He handed her the letter.

DISSOLVE TO:

177 EXT. THROUGH TRAIN WINDOW - CLOSE SHOT - LILLIE

She sat in the window, framed like a beautiful portrait. Reflected in that window, one could also see the Judge's coffin being loaded on the train. She opened the letter and read.

LILLIE (v.o.)

Dearest Lillie --

I take pen in hand to write you for this very last time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

LILLIE (v.o.) (cont'd)

I wish to tell you that in my life I have had very few things that gave me the joy that you have. I have learned too late that those that you love are the only luxuries on earth and the greatest treasure in this life. I therefore wish to tell you that although I've never seen you and although we've never talked that you have filled my life with a happiness and warmth that drove away the cold in my long and lonely night. I wish to say lastly that it has been an honor to adore you. It has given and will always give me strength and dignity becoming to a gentleman. I carry you with me always and I know in my heart that someday in this lifetime or afterwards, God willing, we will be together.

Your ardent admirer
and Champion

Judge Roy Bean

A tear rolled down her cheek -- she sniffled but recomposed herself by stiffening the upper lip. She folded the letter -- the train WHISTLE blew -- clouds of steam obscured her.

178 EXT. TRAIN - LONG SHOT

The train left with the two of them. That is the story of how Judge Roy Bean lived and died and brought law and order to the wild land west of the Pecos River.

FADE OUT.

THE END