



Scripts.com

Rango

By John Logan

bRANGO/b

Rango! Rango!

Rango!

We are gathered here today
to immortalize in song
the life and untimely death
of a great legend.

So sit back, relax, and enjoy your low
calorie popcorn and assorted confections,
while we tell you the strange and
bewildering tale of a hero
who has yet to enter his own story

Hmmm. Hmmaah. Muh. Mmmuh!

Mmmuh! Hmmmuh!

Crunchy-creamy-coky-candle
-cupcake.

Okay, everybody!

Let's take it from the top.

The stage is set. The night
moist with apprehension.

Alone in her chamber, the princess
prepares to take her own life.

It is far better to nourish
worms than to live without love!

She reaches for
the poison chalice.

Meanwhile, the wicked Malvolio
plots his ascension to the throne.

While her aging father
lies gravely ill.

Yes, I'm gravely ill...

Hark, who goes there?

It is I!

The much anticipated hero
returning to rescue
his emotionally unstable maiden.

Unhand her you jailers of virtue or
taste the bitter sting of my vengeance!

The sting of my...the....

Doctor Marks? Doctor Marks,

I'm not getting anything from you!

People, we've talked about this!

Acting is reacting.

Victor, you were wooden!

There, I said it.
Mister Tims, you were good.
Perhaps a little too good!
What's that, Victor? My character's
undefined? That's absurd!
I know who I am. I'm thee...
I'm the guy! The protagonist, the hero!
Every story needs a hero!
I mean, who else is better qualified to bask
in the adulation of his numerous companions!
The stage is waiting.
The audience thirsts for adventure.
Who am I?
I could be anyone!
I...I could be the sea captain
returning from a mighty voyage,
to reclaim his mechanical arm!
Or the rogue anthropologist,
battling pythons down in the Congo!
Down, Chunga!
And if you desire romance, I will become
the greatest lover the world has ever known!
Hola!
I couldn't help but notice
you noticing me noticing you.
You know the womens find me
uncomfortably good looking.
But you seem remarkably at ease.
Oh, stop it!
No, really...
Well, if you must!
Ha ha! What are you doing?
Oh! That tickles!
Are those real?
That's it! Conflict! Victor, you
were right! I have been undefined!
People, I've had an epiphany!
The hero cannot exist in a vacuum!
What our story needs is
an ironic, unexpected event,
that will propel the hero into conflict.
Mister Tims?
...oye...
That's right! You!

Don't be shy. Come on.
Is okay.
That's it,
a little closer...
Ah. Good.
I won't bite you.
I need a little help here.
Uh...are you okay?
I must get to the other side.
The other side? You mean just now
that was you crossing the road?
That's why... Why did you do that?!
- This is my quest. He waits for me.
Whe... What...Who?
The Spirit of the West, amigo.
The One.
They say he rides an alabaster carriage
with golden guardians to protect him.
Wha...
What are you talking about?
Enlightenment.
We are nothing without it.
Nothing?! Your delusional quest
just ruined my life!
I had an incredibly complex social network!
Highly sophisticated friends! I was very popular!
Friends? I don't see no friends. - Well,
uhm... - You are a very lonely lizard.
Now...Help me up, and I'll
help you find what you seek.
Uhh...You will? - Quickly now.
I must get back to my quest.
You mean, you've done this before?
- O, yes. Many times.
Come, come. - Argh... - That'sit.
Pull my finger.
Uhh... - The Spirit is
waiting for me!
Okay, okay...
Okay! That's not gonna work.
- I must get to the other side.
Why don't you just wait
until there are no cars coming?
Is not so easy as it looks...

A what?
Is a metaphore.
Hey, there's another one!
I knew it!
You need a little help,
amigo?
I think the metaphore broke my spleen.
- The path to knowledge
is fraught with consequence.
Yeah... I'm just lookog for
the path to water.
If you want to find water,
you must first find dirt.
Dirt?
Destiny, she is kind to you.
Tomorrow is Wednesday,
the water comes.
At noon the towns people gather
for a mysterious ritual...
Wow! What uhhh...a town? Like
with real people and everything?
Where? - A days journey.
Follow your shadow.
You want me to just walk out
into the desert?
Uhummm... Tha's the way.
Okay. So you're saying there's a town,
a real town? Not a metaphor town?
Go on.
It's okay.
Okay. Well, then I'm going.
I am leaving the road
- now!
I'm walking ... into...
the desert!
Alone!
- We all have our journeys to make!
I will see you on the other side...
Welcome, amigo,
to the land without end,
The desert and death are
the closest of friends...
we sing of his courage
in this gleeful sung song,

Better pay close attention,
he won't be here long...
Here in the Mojave desert, animals
have had millions of years to adapt
to the harsh environment.
But the lizard, he is going to die.
Four score and seven years ago...
Our fathers... - Don't move!
What?
Don't move!
- I'm not moving!
I'm not moving.
- Try to blend in.
What? Blend in?
Wha...whaaa...what do you mean?
Blend in!
Huh? Wh..wha...wha...
what are you saying?
Too late. - No! No! It's not too late!
I..I'm blending! I'm a blender!
Calm down!
What are you doing?
Don't move!
Try not to look conspicuous.
Hey, pst!
Whad'ya doing?
I'm blending.
- Go and blend somewhere else.
Don't distract me!
- No room at the inn!
It's an art not a science!!
- Find your own hiding place!
This is good. - Oh, here she comes!
You better run, Mojito!
What? But you said "don't move".
- That was before. Now... you run!
Adios, amigo.
Oh, hey!
Where's your basket?
Oh, thirsty?
Please! Please don't! Please don't!
I have vertigo! My glands are swollen!
Please, no...
Hey...Madre de Dios!

You! I kill you, you stupid lizard
Get out of there!
I can't help but taste the days
of action! - Oh just shut up and shoot!
No, wait! Come back!
I was just kidding!
We friends, hey?
- I...I don't know you.
Lizards, frogs...- Move over!
- We' practically related!
Move over! - I let you
kiss my sister!
You son of a
Where are your friends
now, amigo?
Heeeeeeeelp!
Get your slimy,
webbed phalanges off my boots!
Oh! Uh...sorry!! - I got a beat on you,
stranger. You get up real slow.
Or you wanna spend your afternoon
pickin' your face back together!
No, no, no, no, ma'm,
I don't...
Who are you?
- Whhhoo...am I?
I'm askin' the questions here!
We're in the middle of a drought
now someone's
dumping water in the desert.
Now I suppose it's indeterminable s
omethin' to mention
but I intend to find out
what role you play in all this.
Role? - What are you involved in?
Oh! Well, I...I'm glad you asked. I've got
two one acts, a mystery and a musical
I've been gestating.
I've got the words. I'm just kinda
workin' on the melody. It's like a...
It's...I think it's gonna be
a western.
Hey, monkey got a cracker... Hmhmhm
His mother's making supper.. La-la-la-la...

You ain't from round here,
are you?

I..I'm...I'm still workin' on it.

Uh...so, what's your name?

Beans.

- That's a funny kind of name.

What can I say, my daddy
plum loved baked beans.

Well, you're lucky

he didn't plum love asparagus.

What...what are you sayin'? - I mean,
I...I enjoy a hearty puttanesca myself,
but I'm not sure that the child uh...
would appreciate the moniker.

My daddy was a fine man. Even if he
did exhibit proclivity for lagoons ...- Hm, spicey.

You're eating his ashes!

- Uh. You carry his remains?

No! His ashes. He loved to smoke.

They never found the body.

Oh! Well, I'm sure he had his reasons.

What are you implyin'?

- Nothing. I...

Oh! Well,

I'm sure he had his reasons.

My daddy was never near that mine shaft.

He'd been sober for over a month.

And for you to insinuate that he would
abandon his parental responsibilities
at a delicate time in my personal
development is an up front to my

Miss Beans?

Miss Beans?

Hello?

Hee-lo?

...and I'm telling to people that "Adndromeda 5"
will return safe and sound
and I will not sell my ranch!

What? - What are you doing?

- What are you doing?

What am I doing?

- You... were cuddling me.

We... well went frozen.

- No I didn't ...

Yes. You stopped talking.

- That's defence mechanism.

Actually lots of people have it.

- Now you've made that up!

So, you're gonna die out here

or you wanna a ride into town?

No! No!. No! Uh... Yeah! No!

Yeas please! Thank you.

Today's Wednesday. - Wednesday?

- When we all get to it. So who are you really?

Well, I'm a man of many epithets.

There's my stage name, my pen name,

my avatar. Had a pseudonym once, but had to ...

And so the stranger

seeking companionship

finds a woman. Much like

the sirens of the ancient times

luring him to his certain demise.

...and I'm actually of the few men

with the maiden name!

Whow! Here we are.

Oh, oh, right. Well, I sure do appreciate it,

Miss Beans, and if there's anything I could...

See ya,

Beans.

WELCOME TO "DIRT"

- wanna 2001 -

Your're leaving us, Jim?

- Well, we gave it up on that shop.

Gotta sell it. Can't roll

no crowd for I got no water.

Bye!

What is it?

What was that for?

- You're funny looking.

Well, you're funny looking too!

- That's a funny looking shirt!

That's a funny looking dress!

- You got funny looking eyes!

You gotta funny looking face!

You're a stranger.

Strangers don't last long here.

Here's your beans, Beans. - I'm

gonna need some more feed, too, Willie.

Well you almost got three cortts already.
I can't give you no more credits.
But I have what I owe you
at noon.
You don't understand. It's Mr. Merrymack
from the bank, he cut off all credits.
Hey, Beans?
You know that there fella?
- Beans? Miss Beans?
Nope. - Hey, Beans...
Hey...
Oh. Right! Blend in!
I'd like a... glass of water?
He wants a glass of water!
Make it a double!
- Give him two!
Cactus juice.
That's all we got.
Hey, Fruitcup? You are
a long way from home, ain't ya?
Who exactly are you?
Who am I?
I could be anyone.

HECHO IN:

What's the matter? Your miss
your mamma's mangos?
As a matter of fact, I am.
But not as much as your
daddy's cooking!
Exactly... where did you say
you were from?
Me? I'm from the West.
Out there, beyond the horizon.
Pass the sunset.
The Far west...
Yea, that's right hombres.
The place I come from, we kill a man
before breakfast, just to work up an appetite.
We salt him and we pepper him,
we braise him clarified butter
and then we eat him.
You eat him?
- That's what I said!

Hell, I've seen things make a grown man
lose control of his glandular function.
You spend three days in a horse
carcass, livin' off you own juices.
It'll change a man!

Oh, yes.

Have a few extra aces in this deck, yea?

Just the way I like it.

So no, my hair shootin' rodent little friend,

I am not from around these parts.

You might say I'm from everywhere

there's trouble brewin'

and hell waiting to be raised.

You might say I'm

what hell's already raised up!

Name's...

Rango.

Are you that fella that

killed them Jenkins brothers?

Aha, killed them with one bullet.

Don't get no deader.

All seven of 'em?

That's right.

All sven of them.

Exactly how did you do that,

Mr. Rango?

Y'know I'm glad you asked me that.

And... I would be happy to tell you!

But you all gotta have to

listen up,

because this is where it gets...

complicated.

I'm about to close the account, Mrs. Goats -

two go to the swig.

Hands off, Mordekao, that's what

swept off your college education!

I don't have any other choice, Beans.

Times being so hard, we...

we just can't give no more credit.

But this here is a bank!

This is where you keep the water.

Keep the wate..

Beans, you've been like a niece to me.

Ever since your daddy...

did NOT fall drunk down a mine shaft.
And uh...I've...
I've tried to protect you and others
from certain realities.
Oh...the weight of them realities...
- G. Merrymack?
G. Merrymack?
Are you all right?
Beans, I need to
sh...show you something.
That's all that's left?
- And this here is the reserve!
I don't know if you've noticed, but folks just
ain't makin' deposits on a Wednesday no more.
If I don't get some water
I'm gonna lose my ranch,
and you're tellin' me that's all
that's left in the whole tank!
Now, that just don't make no sense.
Now, listen. Someone is
dumpin' water in the desert.
I've seen it with my own eyes!
Water in the desert! Was this durin'
one of your...special times?
No! - Well, we can all dream.
But this is the reality.
Why do you think so many people
are sellin' out? They just can't make it.
Well...I...what am I supposed to do?
Well, I suppose we could talk to the Mayor.
I hear he's been helpin'
people out in this time of crisis.
The Mayor?
- He may be...our only hope.
...bullet hits the shovel, ricochets back
towards number three
and that's where the roof gave in
ingiting with a pure green alcohol
instantly vaporized his bodily form
into nothing but
a charcoal statute
and high-ptiched squeel.
Ho-hold on there. That's only six.
What happend to number seven?

Number seven? Damn...
Died of infection.
One bullet...
All seven men.
Dance for me!
Dance like a real chicken!
Dance, dance.
You got coal in your ears, mate? You don't
pay the mortgage, you don't own the land!
That's basic real estate law, my friend.
- Your broke law!
If I see you're face in this town again
I'm gonna slice it off.
And use it to wipe my unmentionables....
- Mind the beak.
And don't come back!!!
What are you all coping at?
Hey, Bad Bill, there's something
I gotta tell ya...
Oi, what is this?
- You know who this is, Bill? It's Rango!
Yeah! He ain't afraid of you.
He ain't afraid of any of you.
Killed them Jenkins brothers.
- Done it with one bullet, Bill...
All seven of them!
Is that right...
Lemme get that for you.
Eh... No! I know. Here.
Just will care 'bout that
for you...
Here! All better!
Here, here...
just a second...
All right, listen. I wanna give you fellas
one last chance to reconsider.
And if you don't wanna reconsider,
I might consider
reconsidering myself.
Now, that's what I'm
talking about!
Yeah. All right now, listen up! Things
gonna be different now Rango's in town.
Got some new rules; my shoe shined every

mornin', my coffee hot, Danish on the side.
Whatever you do,
don't look me in the eye!
Stay out of my peripheral vision!
It's Rango!
- What's he up to?
He ain't afraid of nobody! - He's gonna
turn that bird butt-forward!
When you see me comin',
stand aside.
I take large steps and I don't want
your hey-sees bodily fluids on my boots!
Of course, there is no need for violence.
As long as we stick together, work as team.
So I want you all
to come on outside, now.
Line up single file
while I take a recreation!
What's he doing now?
- I think it's A number two.

OCUPADO:

Well, never mind!
You can best see
over here!
Look at him!
He's taking that hawk!
Give him here,
Rango!
Did you see that?
- He killed than banger!
What do you...what do you
say, doc? - This hawk is dead!
Shoo. I say we'd cook that
right out!
He did it with one bullet!
- Well just like he said!
It's about time
we had a hero around here!
One who ain't in a pine box...
I think it's time he met the Mayor.
- You hear that, Rango?
You're gonna meet the Mayor.
Let's here it for Rango!

And so the stranger basks
in the adulation of his new friends.
Sinking deeper into the
guacamole of his own deception.
When is he goin' to die?
- Soon, compadre. Soon.
My land is not for sale!
I thank you would save our land,
not sell it!
I'm sure we'd work out something
if you just talked to him...
Beans, where're you going?
Beans!
The Mayor will see you now.
Water, Mr. Rango, water.
Without it, there's nothing
but dust and decay.
But with water... there's life.
Look at them! They're so desperate to live
they'll follow it anywhere...
That's the immutable law
of the desert.
Control the water and
you control everything else.
This is from my private stock.
Vintage rain water, from the Great Deluge.
Oh, not Noah's deluge.
Goodness, I'm not that old!
I guess power has some privileges.
- You made the good point, son.
But with privilege comes
responsibility.
Hell, I was Mayor here before
there was the Dirt!
I may be just a sentimental,
old turtle...
but I think there's a future to
this town
and I hope you'll be part of it.
To Dirt!
- To Dirt!
You see them, Mr. Rango?
All my friends and neighbours?
It's a hard life here...

Very hard...
Do you know how they make it
through each and every day?
They believe. They believe
it's going to be better.
They believe that the water
will come!
They believe against all odds
and all evidence
that tomorrow will be
better than today.
People have to believe in
something.
Right now,
they believe in you.
Pick it up, Mr. Rango.
Your destiny awaits.
People have to believe in
something.
It just don't make no sense.
This whole town is drying up
and the Mayor seems
the only one who's not affected!
Don't that make you just
a wee bit suspicious?
What about that water I saw out
in the desert? I seen it with my own eyes!
Alright! No need to insight anxiety.
I'll inquire about the Mayor.
If you really feel there's some conspiracy,
I suggest you take it up with the sheriff!
Excuse me, Mr Rango?
I will blow that ugly right off your face!
- Uh...I was just thinkin' that uh..
Oh! You want the old John Hancock,
do you? Well, here hold this.
This isn't a social call! - Oh,
I know all about the all dig...
I ordered myself some
nice fancy-dandies.
G. Rango! - You too? No problems, just...
- I need you to investigate...
You know Beans, I bet you clean up
real nice if you put a little effort into it.

Son, stay in school, eat your veggies,
burn everything but Shakespear.
Who...who's Shakespeare?
- Sheriff Rango! If that is your real name!
I am tryin' to save my daddy's ranch,
which is on the verge
of an agricultural meltdown while
you're playin' patty cake with each...
Sad girl...
Such a drabbly pain..
Why does she do that?
It's a survival reflex.
- 'xcept her switch is just broken.
Well! That's an inconvenience.
It is not a rash!
It is a birth mark.
I did it again, didn't I?
- Did what?
Let me ask you something...
Did anybody here mention to you
what happened to our last sheriff?
Uh...May I ask you...the last sheriff.
Pardon me...
Where did everybody go?
What happened to him?
Oh...oh... I'm so sorry.
I'm so sorry.
his is heck of a hoedown you got goin'.
Still workin' out those steps.
So, is this considered
normal civic behavior?
Mmhmm. Every Wednesday.
Just like clock work.
You kill bird? - Yea, ha...
as a matter of fact, I did.
Bird dead. Snake come.
Is it snake? - He means
Rattlesnake Jake, Mr Rango.
He wasn't coming to town because
he was scared of that hawk.
but might come now. May I have
your boots when you're dead?
No! Rango's got no problem with this Rattlesnake
Jake. - That's exactly what Amos said.

Amos?

Sheriff AMOS

Thursday - Friday

You got any gold fillings?

My fellow Dirtonians!

I welcome you to this great day
of deliverance! Halellujah! - Halellujah!

Acolytes, prepare
the holly spigot!

We have a newcomer amongst us,
a man I think needs little introduction
to you, so bold has been his entry
into our fair society.

Mr. Rango?

Would you step forward?

Mine!

- Mine!

The time has come! The time
that was foretold! - Hallelujah!

The sacred time!

- Hallelujah!

The time of destiny!

- Hallelujah!

The time of deliverance!

- Hallelujah!

It is the time of...

hydration!

It's his fault! - It's the newcomer!

- Burn him!

He's a witch!

- I want his boots!

My friends! My friends!

Temper your frustrations.

Times will be tough from now on.

Sacrifices have to be made.

But if I can help in any way,
please know that my door is always...

Hold it! hold it! Now this whole
thing stinks three ways to Sunday!

First the bank's run dry,
and now this here spigot!

Bank's run dry?

- What's she talkin' about?

She said there's no

water in the bank!
I want mine in cash!
We can't just give away...
- We can't move again!
There'll be no civil disobedience
in my town. Thank you very much!
Thank Goodness you're here, sheriff.
Things were getting outta hand!
Ooo... come right in,
join us.
Well now! Let me get the source
of the societal discontentment here.
Go..ho...hod, have mercy...
All right. Listen up! I've been thinkin'
and I believe I figured somethin' out.
You folks have a water problem!
Now, just pay attention everybody!
I'm tryin' to make a point here.
Let's say this fella here were
to take a drink of water.
Just one little drink.
No harm, no foul. Right?
And you! Why you're just as dried up
and parched as a Jack rabbit in July!
So you belly on up and
take you a double shot!
Stay with me...
What do you think happens then?
Why we'd all be drinkin'!
Before you know it,
there wouldn't be anymore water!
And then where would we be?
We'd be thirsty!
Real thirsty!
Why we'd turn on each other
like a bunch of animals!
Now, look here. We have got
six days of water...
Fi.. - We have got five
days of water.
As long as we got water,
we got ourselves a town.
Sheriff Rango is right. As long
as we have this water, we have some hope.

And you can all take it from me.
My one hundred percent
full time employment from this moment
I'll protect our precious, natural, resource.
Ain't no one gonna tango
with the Rango!
Good evening, ladies.
- Good evening, sheriff.
Hold on their, Gordy. Now you
get on back in there and assert yourself.
I think you'll find the people in this
town to be surprising hospitable.
Thank you, sheriff!
What? Not you!
I stand corrected.
This ain't the bank!
- Hold you, Jedidiah!
Hold it right there!
- It's the sheriff.
Get them hands up
where I can see 'em.
Just as I suspected. Prospecting
without authorized equipment!
Don't move a muscle!
- Prospectors?
Now, here's the shovels, pickaxe, drills,
some snacks, puzzle works
and you gonna need the permit.
Ezekiel! Jedidiah! What the
Sam hill's goin' on up there?
I've had colobs removed
smarter than the two of you!
Hells bar! This ain't the bank! - Pappy,
the Sheriff is standin' right here!
Helpin' us out.
- Gonna give us a permit for prospecting.
That's right, sir. Just doin' my duty.
The lonely constable on his rounds,
keepin' and eagle eye out
for meyham and malfeasance.
Does he look like he sounds?
- Uhum.
If we was to hit the mother load,
being prospectors and such,

where would we deposit said annuity?
Well, in Dirt we happen to have the finest
financial institution this side of Missouri.
Protected mornin', noon and night
by yours truly.
Much obliged.
The bank's been robbed!
The bank's been robbed!
O, God Lord,
the bank's been robbed!
What's goin' on?
- I don't know. The water is gone!
What's he sayin'?
- The bank's been robbed!
Doctor Marks, I'm on fire,
embrace me!
The bank's been robbed,
the town is striked...
to die of thirst or equal,
what they thought is all his fault
All right folks, stand back, clear
the area, this is a crime scene now.
Secure the perimeter, dust for prints
and fiber, scamper DNA
I wanna urin sample from everyone
and get me a latte.
Don't mix up the two...
What's this? Prospecting permit?
- I'll take that. Material evidence!
What are we doin' now, sheriff?
- We need that water.
We're all gonna die! - Friends,
we all know what we have to do.
That's right. We all know
what we have to do now.
And that would be?
(Form a posse).
- Form a possum"!
A posse.
Now we gonna be doing this
in orderly fashion.
First of all, does anybody here know
how to use a firearm of any kind?
All right then.

What do we do now,
sheriff?
Now, ...
we ride.
Where're we going?
- What?
Where're we going?
Now, as my deputy you'll be in charge
of all trackin' and findin' of villains.
Utilizin'' your well developed ingenuity.
No offense taken.
So which way do you think they went?
You wanna sniff the air...
or commune
with a buffalo or somethin'?
Oh... you're good!
I am depending on you, Spoons.
You got a little tobacco ih your beard.
Always good to have a medical man on,
doc? - Reptiles gotta stick together!
Right, my brother? - I'm an amphibian.
- Ain't no shame in that...
Woh! Are you sure you're fit for
duty there, soldier? - What?
Well, you gotta a little
something in your eye there...
Oh, that! That there is conjunctivitis,
sir. It's hereditary.
Oh... I'm glad to hear
it ain't contageous.
Now, just wait a cotton pickin' minute!
A posse ain't no place for a...
Never mind.
Woh! Woh! Hold on there, little sister.
Someone's gonna have to look
after the town while I'm gone.
- Can I get to shoot someone?
Uh...let's put a pin in that.
Sheriff, you're gonna bring that water
back, aren't you?
Count on it, little sister.
Which way do we go, sheriff?
- There's tunnels everywhere!
The whole town is purpurated

with them.
How'd them fellas found
the bank, anyways?
Khm...Gentlemen, if we can stay
on the task here? - Sheriff, over here.
Would you look at that!
Like seeing the face of God!
- Amen, brother.
I remember when it used to flow
every Wednesday.
Those were the halcyon days...
Must be a reason she quit
on us...
Whatever the reason, someone
is controlling this here water!
What do you say, sheriff?
Clearly, the robbers came
from this direction.
I say we track this pipe
back to its hydraulic origin,
and apprehend the culprits
behind this aquatic conundrum.
What'd he say? - I thin he said
follow the pipe. - He said follow the pipe.
Whatever you do,
do not look down!
What is this place?
- It's an aquafor.
Ah...What is aquafor?
- Well, it's for aqua.
Well, it's empy now!
Thank you, big one.
It's the end of the line.
- Don't go no further.
Someone or something is
messing with our hydration.
And that pipe has something
to do with it.
Now, I thought we was following
bank robbers!
We're experiencing a paradox shift!
I'm gonna shift the features
on your face if you don't shut up!
Quite you savages! Stop your battlin'.

You're effectin' my cogitation.
Wow! I got it!
Snap out them torches!
Smart thinking there,
fellow!
Start climbing! - Get your boot
out of my face!
Not bad, ha, Beans? - If you keep
thinking like that,
your hat's gonna catch on fire.
- Well, you know...
You get on the road...
ahhh! Hot, hot, burn, ow...
Poor things... All they wanted
was a little water.
Cactis dying of thirst?
They don't bold way...
Hey look what I've found!
- What'd you got?
I saw it first!
- It got some water!
It's mine!
- Give me that!
Aaa...It's empty anyway.
- I knew that...
Hey, where'd you find that?
- Sheriff, you gonna wanna see this!
It's Mr. Merrymack,
from the bank.
What's he doing here?
- Everybody stand back!
All right, lemme see it. - Looks like
them barriment shot him in the back!
No...this man wasn't shot.
He was drowned.
Drowned?
- In the middle of the desert?
Oh, what a way to go...
Well now... who's boot prints
are those?
That's interesting. Ground still wet...
- I suppose we should bury him...
Oh, no...birds gotta eat too.
- Circle of life!

Hey, what's that there dumb
Indian doin'?

I see you're consulting
with the spirits.

No, I'm molting. Means
I'm ready to mate.

Oh. I'll keep that in mind.
Cactus fruit.

Ah, yes. The ancient cactus fruit!
I believe you people use it as seasoning
while preparing your native dishes.
Also natural laxative.

Pick up trail. Three men, headed west.
One blind. One with...
...a large prostate, riding side saddle.
What...What'd he say?

- They're ridin' side saddle!
What? - Sshh! We're whisperin'.

- What'd he say?

Someone's got a bad south.
All right. Which one of you
fellas need a check up?
Awkward.

Aaa...what exactly are we
gonna do now?
Now? We ride.
That means we're riding now!
This moment.

Marshmallows remind me of
goin' campin' with my daddy.
I could eat 'em all night long.
Of course, he did make me cough
'em back up again for breakfast.
This one time,
I coughed up an entire Dalmatian.
That ain't nothin'.

I coughed up a whole tribe of Pygmies.
They started lookin' at me weird.
I remember them.
They was quit friendly.
I found a human spinal column
in my fecal matter once.
You might wanna get
that looked at.

Pass the beans,

Beans.

Sheriff?

- No, thanks...

Mr. Rango, can you tell us
about the Spirit of the West?

Oh, yes, talk about that?

- Is it true what they say?

Ah...yes...the Spirit of the West.

The eternally unobtainable eye view.

They say he rides in an alabaster carriage
with golden guardians to protect him.

But he only appears to those
who have undertaken an epic quest...
and have made it to the other side.

Uh... Other side of what?

It's a metaphore. - My eye!

- Uh...that's gonna heal right up.

Sheriff, what're you going to do
about Rattlesnake Jake?

Hm? What? Where!?

Sorry 'bout that. Word is, you come
against him once or twice.

Ooh! Yeah! Jake!

You mean, my brother.

Your brother?

- That's what I said!

But... he's a snake and
you're a lizard.

Well, mamma had an active...
social life.

Did he ever bite you? - Sure enough
did. Look at that baby.

Go ahead. You can touch it. - Oh.

That's interesting. It's a belly button.

Luckily I'm immune to his venom. Put
some in my coffee to get a little tang.

Is it true he's only scared of
them hawks?

Them is what we call -
natural predators.

All this talk about them devils is
splitting my queels on edge!

I ain't sleeping tonight. No, sir!

- Don't you all worry 'bout a thing.
Come tomorrow we'll locate that water
and return to a hero as well!
Friends, before we bunk down,
I'd like us all to join hands for a moments.
Say a few words
to the Spirit of the West...
Good idea.
Ain't always spoken rightly to you,
Spirit of the West,
but tonight I wanna thank you for
bringing Sheriff Rango into our lives.
It's a hard life we got. Sometimes
I don't know how we're gonna make it,
but somehow Sheriff Rango
makes me think we will.
We needed a brave man
and you sent us one.
Nice to have someone
to believe in again.
Thank you,
Spirit of the West. Amen.
Amen.
Just checkin'...
It's so cold tonight.
- Thank you.
You ever feel like
those things are lookin' at you?
That's a Spanish Dagger. But around here
we just call 'em the Walkin' Cactus.
Walking? - There's an old legend they
actually walk across the desert to find water.
When I was a little girl I'd stay up
late watchin' if they move.
I thought if I could follow them,
they'd lead me to some place wonderful.
Some place with enough water
for everyone...
Night after night I watched 'em.
I never saw 'em move.
But you're still watching? - Who didn't
wanna find some place wonderful?
We'll find the water, Beans.
I promise you.

That's such a lonely sound.
You ever get lonely?
- Sometimes.
I can't imagine it. You're such a charmer
and everyone likes you so much.
I never made friends easily
like that. - No?
No. We're pretty isolated
out there on the ranch.
Sorta of like being sealed up
in a little box.
Don't really see uh...a lot of folks.
I wouldn't know what that's like.
Is there someone special
in your life, Rango?
Oh! Well, there used to be.
But she couldn't keep her head.
Besides... My life's too dangerous
for that kind of thing.
You know, it's an awful solitary
existence out there on the prairie.
Ridin' the ranges and the such like...
Beans?
Disfunctional family...
Need intervention.
What's that coming?
It's the water!
I have a plan! And each and every
one of you has a part to play.
What do I do? - Spoons, you've got
the most important job of all!
You will stay up here on the ridge,
and if anything goes wrong,
you give... the signal.
Muh. Mmmuh!
Mmmuh! Hmmmuh!
Beans, what size of dress
you're wearing?
I've done it!
- Hallelujah!
I have the water!
- You did it, son.
Well, actually...
- Why can't you be like your brother?

Pappy, about that water, there's something I gotta tell you...
Hush! Hush up now!
Somebody's comin'!
Gracious! Good afternoon to thee and thee and thee!
May I present my Madame Repones steps accordion troops of travelling thespians!
What is that?
- I think they's thespians!.
Thespians!
That's illegal in seven states.
The stage is set, the princess prepares to take her own life.
I yearn for love.
Meanwhile, the lone centry stands and watch at the castle gate.
Hark! Who goes there?
This plots highly predictable!!
- Quite! This is my favorite part!
Arriving to great phanphare was her aging father.
Strike a spike, Cupid.
Ergh... pretty... unhand... my fair daughter.
And reach for the...
Line? Reach for the sky!
Wha... what was that? - Must be one of them immersive talers.
We got you surrounded!
You and your entire family get your hands up where I can see 'em.
Ha, my entire family?
O, it's a full house!
Looks like we gonna have ourselves a good oldfashioned stand-off.
I'll have you know you are not looking at our entire continuing.
Wha...What's that? What's that supposed to be? - That's the signal.
That's the signal. Something must have gone wrong!
So...uhm, something's supposed to happen?
I ... am... open to suggestions.

Run!
Get on the wagon!
Do we have ourselves some
sport turns?
Ha...I likes it when they run.
- Mabel, give the holler!
Looks like we've made it!
- They're on into to square spots?
Yea! I hope them conmen to
spook right out!
They got bats!
Oh...Here, you drive.
Looks like it's gonna be
soft dinner, come on!
You damnation!
Don't shoot the water!
Jedidiah, it's time for the
Alabaman squeeze-box! - OK, paps.
I'm sensing hostility.
- They're coming!
Helloo!
- Good bye!
Lassoo that swag!
I suggest we take the days of
action! - Just shut up and shoot!
What happened to the sheriff?
- They got him.
Bosefus, give 'em some
jumbo now!
What was that?
Go, check it out.
What is it?
Is there a problem?
Ah... you can count on that.
Headache!
Is that all you got?
That was not yet that unpleasant!
Hey, here! Hold this!
You get your hands of me!
Hold on!
Jump!
That's impossible!
It can't be.
It's empty.

There's no water!
No water? What the hell have we
been fightin' for?
Sir! You have defaulted and desacrated
the very sustainance of our livelihood.
I think that part
in that dress is the sheriff.
That's the same fella who gave us
the prospecting permit?
A what!?
- Irrelevant! Confiscation!
You and your kin are
under arrest for bank robbery
and the murder of our beloved
financial advisor
Johannes Merymack III,
a.k.a ... Fluffy Joe.
Sheriff, we ain't killed nobody.
We tunelled into that vault,
but there was nothing
in it.
Someone robbed that bank
before we robbed it.
Where did you get this here jag?
That's what I was tryin' to tell
you pappy. I found it the desert.
Then why darn it did you
bring it here?
Hold on! You're saying this here
jug was empty when you found it?
Aha, that's right!
- Nah, I don't believe a word of him!
Let's hang him, sheriff.
- Spring him up!
Who would take the water into
the desert? - Wouldn't be the first time...
It's a puzzle!
Like a bit of mammagram!
What's goin' on sheriff?
- I don't know.
But I'm gonna strip away this mistery
and expose its private parts!
You and your kin are
comin' with me.

They're coming.
Here they come.
Looks like they caught
the robbers.
Where's the water?
There weren't no water.
Where is he going?
He's going to see the Mayor...
Aaa...he's gotta be pleased with
that, yea! - That's a good one, boss.
Interesting...
I do apologize for the shoes,
Mr. Rango,
but there's certain protocol to this game.
And I'm a bit of strict for protocol.
That's good. 'Cause you gotta few questions
answering, and I got my own protocol.
But why would anyone dump water
in the bloomin' desert?
It does seem a bit naive taking
the word of admitted bank robbers.
Besides, once they hanged,
your job is done.
Bravo! - Job well done!
But what if someone did rob the
bank before they got there?
And who would do that, Mr. Rango?
- I was hoping that you could tell me.
That sounds marshally near to an
accusation.
Take it anyway you like it.
Something you said keeps
rattling 'round my frontal lobe.
What's that?
"Control the water,
and you control everything."
Come on, Mr. Rango!
You tribute divine power to me!
How on Earth could I possibly
control the water?
You obviously mastered this game.
- Well...I've been playing it for many years.
I was here before the highway
split this great valley.

I watched the march of progress.
And I learned a thing or two.
Perhaps it's time you started
to take a long view.
You'd begin to appreciate the
broad sweep of history.
Look out there, son. You can
almost see time passing.
What're you building out here?
Future, Mr. Rango, future.
One day soon, all this is going to
faint into myth.
the frontier town, the lawmen,
the gunslinger...
There's just no place for them
anymore. We're civilized now.
That's right, civilized.
That's what the future holds.
You can either be part of it
or you can be left behind.
Is that what happened to Mr. Merrymack?
Did he get left behind?
Careful, Mr. Rango. You seem to
forget you're just one little lizard.
You seem to forget -
I'm the law 'round these parts.
Our new sheriff's been playing
the hero for so long
he has actually started
to believe it.
Call in Rattlesnake Jake.
Jake's the Grim Reaper. He'll never
leave a rat without ruining his soul!
Do it!
Now be still. You gotta look presentable.
Going to meet your Maker.
La muerte allegado,
death has arrived.
Como estanto suevos?
How will the hero survive?
The Mayor has bought all of the
land in the valley. Except yours, Miss Beans.
That just don't make no sense.
Without water, that land is useless.

Unless he controls the water!
Like a monkey's bladder!
Then he can bring it back once
he bought up all the land.
And then how does he control
the water?
Sheriff, we got a problem.
Hold on, Beans, that
won't be necessary.
Hang them!
- Tear them apart!
Calm down.
Calm down!
Let them pay the price!
We can smack down
their gimmicks!
You too, Spoons?
They're done taking that water.
They'd taken everything we got.
No one to hang anyone up.
Not while I'm the sheriff.
But it's all his fault!
You said you was going
to bring the water...
It's just we got no hope without that
water.- We got nothing left to believe.
You see that sign up there?
As long as that sign says "sheriff",
you can believe
there's law and order in this town!
But without law and order!
Luminate on that!
Oh, yea! Starts out slow...
like a... fungus.
Somebody says a cross word,
accusations start climbin'...
neighbour turn on neighbour,
pretty soon we're eating our children
and dogs and cats will get together
to create all sorts
of unnatural murant apparitions!
So you want something to
believe in, Spoons?
Believe in me.

Believe in that sign.
As long as it hangs there,
we got hope.
Hello, "brother".
Thirsty?
Long time, brother.
How've you been keeping?
- Oh, well, you know...
I heard all that turnabout how you
killed them Jenkins brothers.
with one bullet,
wasn't it?
Isn't that right?
All these good folks here believed
your little stories, don't they?
Why, they believe you're
just a stone killer, don't they?
Seems these folks trust you.
They think you're gonna
save their little town.
They think you're gonna
save their little souls.
But we know better.
Don't we?
So why don't you show your friends
here what you're made of?
Show 'em who you really are.
Why don't you just pull your
gun and shoot me?
But of course, you won't need
all the bean...
Just one, right?
Go ahead, hero.
Pull the trigger.
You got killer in
your eyes, son?
I don't see it.
You didn't do any of them things
you said? You didn't kill Jenkins brothers?
You ain't even from the West,
are you?
Say it!
No. - O, speak up. I don't think
your friends here heard you.

No. - All you done is lied to these good people.
You ain't nothing but a freak and a coward.
Isn't that right?
Yes. - Louder!
- Yes.
Listen closely, you pathetic
fraud. This is my town.
If I ever see you again, I'll take
your soul straight down to hell!
Who are you?
Who am I?
I am nobody.
Golden guardians!
The alabaster carriage!
The Spirit of the West!
Excuse me... Mister...
Spirit? Sir?
Aaa...here's the beauty. Sometimes
you gotta dig deep
to find what you're
looking for.
So you made it...
Is this Heaven?
If it were, we'd be eating
Pop-Tarts with Kim Novak.
Yea...ha...no kidding?
What are you doing out here?
- Searching...same as you.
I don't even know what I'm
looking for.
I don't even know
who I am.
And they used to call you
"The Man with Name".
These days, they gotta a name
for just about everything.
It doesn't matter what they call
you, it's the deeds, that make the man.
But my deeds just made things worse.
I'm a fraud. I'm a phoney!
My friends believed in me, but
they need some kinda hero...
Then be a hero.
- No, no, no, you don't understand.

I'm not even supposed
to be here. - That's right.
You came a long way to find
something that isn't out here.
Don't you see?
It's not about you.
It's about them.
But I can't go back... - You don't
know that you gotta choice, son.
No man can walk out on his
own story.
So, you made it.
That's right, amigo.
The other side of the road.
Did you just see that?
We all see what we need to see.
Beautiful, isn't it?
Yes... It is.
Come, my friend.
I want to show you something.
Many years ago, this entire valley
was covered in aqua.
Now... only one question

remains:

Where did it go?
They follow the water.
They follow the water!
Come on!
It just don't make no sense.
Without water, that land is useless.
What are you building
out there?
The future, Mr. Rango.
You can either be part of it,
or you can be left behind.
I was here before the highway
split this great valley.
I watched the march of progress.
And I learned a thing or two.
Control the water,
and you'll control everything.
Come, now, Mr. Rango!
You tribute divine power to me!

How on Earth could I
possibly control the water?
bEMMERGENCY SHUT OFF
valve 6/b
What now, amigo?
No man can walk out
of his own story.
I'm going back.
But why?
Because that's who I am.
You gotta lot of nerve showing up
here, lawman! What do you want?
Your pappy and them boys are
'bout to hang for something
they didn't do. But I have a plan.
I appreciate how difficult this is
for you, Beans.
But you're making a practical
decision.
Decisions... Decisions...
There is no need
for any more suffering...
Your family's ranch is nothing
but a wasteland now.
Sign the deed and relieve yourself
of your father's burden.
My daddy was not a burden!
Keep your blood money,
and I'll keep my land!
Do what he says or by all
the fires of the black pit
I'll squeeze them pretty brown
eyes right out of your skull!
Now, hold on, Jake, there's no need...
- Let me do my job!
You brought me here now we're
gonna play this sling out to the end.
Sign the damn paper, woman!
- Go to hell!
Where do you think
I come from?
Look into my eyes...
I wanna see you die!
Jake!

I'm calling you out!
Jake!
This day just got a
little more interesting.
Put her down.
Or what, little man?
You gonna kill me?
That's just about the
size of it.
Get those filthy paws of me!
- Shut up your gob!
All right, sheriff.
Make your move.
Now, amigos!
Pull! Pull!
That was a bad idea.
Thirsty, "Brother"?
It's coming!
This is a miracle!
- Hold on!
Look, the water!
- What is that?
It's our salvation, pappy!
It's our jailway going out!
We're gonna escape!
I'm gonna blow so many holes
in your body, you're be leaking led!
Then it's a good thing
I brought some back-up.
What?
Ain't no hawk!
Ain't nothing but bats!
Stick to the plan boys!
Aim for his head!
It only takes one bullet.
- You ain't got the nerve!
Try me.
Oh, Mr. Rango... aren't you
forgetting something?
Hand me your gun, sheriff.
Now, Mr. Rango!
Beans, hold on!
Don't worry! I've got a plan!
Help!

Open the door!
OK, plan B.
What? Beans,
you're mumbling!
All my problems are taken
care of. Except for one.
It's a new West, Jake, there is
no room for gunslingers any more
We're businessmen now.
- We got new hats.
Where I come from, we call
this im-provi-sation.
You're came back!
What was that!?
No need to panic! But I think you just
swallowed our plan B. - What?
OK... panic time.
You and the sheriff are more alike
than you think. Nothing but legends.
Pretty soon no one will believe
you've even existed.
One last bullet to kill the
last outlaw.
How fitting!
Sheriff, I'm sure if we work together,
we can reach mutually beneficial
solution to our current situation.
- You better take it up with him.
One bullet...
I tip my hat to you.
As one legend to another.
What was that you say?
Pretty soon no one will believe
you've even existed?
Rango! You brought the
water back. Just like you promised.
You really are a hero...
Well, thing about heros is you never...
- Don't spoil...
Well I don't know about you,
but I could sure go for a dip!
And so the lizard completes
his journey.
From the humble beginnings to the

legend we sing of today.
And although, he's certain to die.
Perhaps from ...er... household accident!
Which account for 65 % all
unnatural deaths.
The people of the village will
always remember
the name of the ONE
who saved them.
bRango!/b