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The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean

By John Milius

Door.
Shut the door, squirrel.
Whiskey.
How are you?
Bean. Roy Bean.
Maybe you heard of me.
My picture's on the wall.
On the other side of that wall over there.
Just...
robbed the Granger's Trust
down in Magdalena.
That's no easy pickings.
Bonanza Stud
had his left hand shot half away...
and I picked two pellets
of crude-iron buckshot...
out of my ankle.
I always heard that a man on the dodge
is welcome west of the Pecos.
Maybe I heard wrong.
You heard right.
"Revised Laws and Statutes
of the State of Texas. "
What's that doing here?
For the whores to piss on.
Give him a drink of cactus whiskey.
You a bank robber?
You get much out of that Magdalena one?
No.
Enough?
That's right, enough.
Buy me a drink, bank robber?
Listen, when Roy Bean drinks,
everybody drinks.
Give me the money.
Let me get some of that.
I want some of that money!
- Get off him.
- Get him strung.
Yeah, that's right.
Here! Tie it!
Go.
Gun.
Come back here, you son of a bitch!

Kill him! Shoot him!
I'm going to get Marvin.
Come on back here!
I ain't through killing you!
You hear me?
All of your kind, I'll be waiting!
The first time I saw Roy Bean...
he was set on killing me.
Thought I was the Devil, come to take him.
It was an understandable thought,
considering all the carnage...
that he had so recently brought forth.
I'm the Reverend Mr. LaSalle.
"Though I walk in the valley
of the shadow...
"I fear not. "
What has happened here?
These men tried to hang me,
and they have been killed for it.
How many of them are there?
A lot of them.
- Who did the killing?
- I did.
They were bad men,
and the whores weren't ladies.
"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. "
It was.
I'm waiting for the buzzards.
They don't deserve burying.
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.
I buried them
because Christ had died for all of them.
It was his choice, not mine.
I am not one to question the wisdom
of the Almighty.
Get my Bible.
It is in the saddlebag.
I will read over the dead now.
My Bible, please, Mr...
Bean.
- Bean.

- Roy Bean.

Judge Roy Bean.

I am the new law in this area.

- What has qualified you as such?

- I know the law...

since I have spent my entire life
in its flagrant disregard.

I had never killed a man before.

I'd shot at some...

in self-defense or blind fright,
but I never hit anyone.

So God must have directed my bullets.

Why, he even sent an angel...

to deliver this weapon.

Just how do you intend

to dispense this law?

With this. And a rope.

And will you rely again

on the grace of God?

I intend to practice...

and give him some help.

Get on with the reading.

I've turned to the Book of Psalms...

and I will read from Psalm number 58...

which I deem to be appropriate.

"Let their teeth be broken...

"and blunted in their mouths...

"the great teeth of the young lions.

"... 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. "

What of them?

How do they fit

into your scheme of justice?

The law is going to protect them.

It says that somewhere in here.
Where is she?
Who? The angel?
If ever there was one.
Dnde est la muchacha?
Traigala aqu.
Does she speak American?
What is your name, seorita?
How are you called?
Marie Elena.
Marie Elena...
I want to thank you for what you done,
is what I want to do.
Maybe you can explain
to these people here...
that I mean them no harm.
Tell them it's going to be a new place.
It's going to be a nice place to live.
I'm the new judge.
There will be law.
There's going to be order,
progress, civilization, peace.
Above all, peace.
And I don't care who I have to kill to get it.
Go on. You tell them that.
Tell them the horses
that belonged to them vermin are theirs.
Their guns.
The land.
Just that place...
That place there, that's mine.
They do not want the horses.
They will take the horses.
They do not want the land.
They are grateful.
They do not need the guns.
You are their patrnr.
You mean I own everything
if I do all the getting shot at.
It is an old and fair arrangement.
And somewhat shrewd, I might add.
That brothel there...
it will be my courthouse.
Place to deal out justice,

place to get shot at...
and shoot and hang others from.
That's what it is.
I intend to live there, regardless.
What is it, my child?
I will live there, too.
She will what?
- You don't want me to live there.
- No, I don't.
Not yet, anyway.
Don't you have parents or the like?
Perhaps she could live in that little shack
off to the side.
Perhaps you could live in that little shack
off to the side.
"Blessed is the Lord thy strength,
which teaches thy hand to war...
"and thy fingers to fight. "
I shall pray for you, Bean.
This land abounds
in ruffians and varmints.
Their numbers are legion,
their evil skills commensurate.
Piss on them.
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.
Lillie Langtry.
The Jersey Lily.
Fairest voice, softest hair,
eyes the color of a starlit night.
The most beautiful woman in all creation.
That's who that is.
Why, even princes drink champagne
from her slipper.
Look at the color of that hair.
I cannot see any color.
That's 'cause it's a bad likeness.
But even a bad likeness of Lillie Langtry...
is worth most women in the flesh.
Get back in there, child.

Who are you?
Big Bart Jackson.
This is my gang.
Tector Crites...
Whorehouse Lucky Jim...
Nick The Grub, Fermel Parlee.
- You outlaws?
- We're honest men.
Merely been driven to a life
beyond the law by circumstances.
You ever been here before?
Don't even know where I am now.
It's the Eagle's Nest,
Vinegarroon County, Texas.
Vinegarroon.
What is a "vinegarroon"?
Well, it's a Mexican word.
Means whiptail scorpion, mean as hell.
I don't want trouble from you...
only food, water
and some cactus whiskey...
if that sign's not an idle boast.
Nothing on that sign is an idle boast.
Including the law.
Got any money?
Not much.
We tried to rob the Three Rivers Flyer.
Couldn't catch him.
The passengers shot at us
from windows for sport.
Not easy being an outlaw
in times like these.
Ordinarily, I'd take you in my court
and try you and hang you.
But if you got the money for whiskey,
we can dispense with those proceedings.
- Do you get much judging around here?
- What do you mean?
I mean, what's the use of being a judge
if you ain't got no one to law?
Got a whole graveyard of previous cases.
I'll bet you could do even better
if you had more cases to try.
- That's right.

- What are you getting at?

What kind of court of law is it?

Has no marshals.

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

There's Judge Parker,

Fort Smith, Arkansas...

- Has marshals.

- Right.

- A wealthy and respected man today.

- That he is.

Marshals have to be

men of strong moral fiber.

Country like this, overrun with outlaws...

Rich in possibilities.

I see no reason why the State of Texas...

through myself, could not provide...

half the booty and loot collected

as legal property of this court.

Split up four ways, I imagine.

- Five.

- Five.

Why, the State of Texas

would probably pay a bonus each month.

You mean, a bonus for the man

that does the most to the stopping...

of banditry and "outlawlessness"

that runs rampant in this land.

Providing I was able to find men of...

sufficient moral fiber.

Raise your right hands.

Do you solemnly swear

to uphold the letter of the law...

as stated in

The Revised Statutes of Texas, 1855?

And furthermore,

do you swear solemn allegiance...

and vow to uphold

the honor of Lillie Langtry?

- I do!

- Judge?

Can I be the bartender?

I've had my fill of being shot at for money.

What about that part about Miss Langtry?

That's the most beautiful woman

I ever seen in all my born days.
By the power vested in me...
through God and the great and honorable
State of Texas...
I hereby proclaim you
to be marshals of the court...
of the county of Greater Vinegarroon.
- For Texas and Miss Lillie!
- For Texas and Miss Lillie!
The whole thing was a mistake.
Why, I was framed from the start.
Set up by this two-bit vigilante judge
and his lynch mob.
They had nothing better to do.
Besides, I was easy to catch.
This here is Sam Dodd, Judge.
Genuine murderer.
- Who'd he kill?
- Chinaman and his greaser wife.
- Stole a fruit jar full of money.
- How much?
Close to \$90.
\$90?
That's a serious crime, son.
Where's the evidence?
We buried the victims
no more than an hour after he done it.
Get down off that horse!
I don't cotton to looking up
to the likes of you.
Hear ye! Hear ye!
Court of Vinegarroon is in session.
There'll be no drinking.
Judge Roy Bean presiding.
Do you have anything to say
before we find you guilty?
I'm not guilty of nothing.
There's no crime that I've done wrong.
Do you deny the killing?
I do not deny it.
But there's no place in that book where
it says nothing about killing a Chinese.
And no one I know
ever heard a law on greasers...

niggers, or Injuns.
All men stand equal before the law.
And I will hang a man for killing anyone,
including Chinks, greasers, or niggers!
I'm very advanced in my views
and outspoken.
But there's no place in that book that...
Trust in my judgment of the book.
Besides, you'll hang
no matter what it says...
'cause I am the law.
The law is the handmaiden of justice.
Get a rope.
Let's go, Sam Dodd.
I want to say something.
Don't I get to say nothing?
By all means.
I want to say that I still believe
this whole thing is a mistake...
and that I am no worse,
and probably better...
than the men
who are about to end my days.
Well spoken, son. That's enough.
It was wrong to do this to me
for the crimes mentioned...
but I'd also killed white men
and stole their horses.
So I figured that
that's what I was being hung for.
My only concern was that
that rope be tied properly...
and the whole thing done right.
It was.
Verily, it has come to pass
that the wicked, outlaws, et cetera...
are going to have their teeth
blunted like lions...
with their necks stretched and broken.
This is the fate of the wicked.
And all this has come to pass
'cause it is the duty of the righteous...
which is us,
to hang the wicked whenever we can.

So that a man can say truly...
that God has appointed a judge
upon the earth.

That is how it is
and the way it will be. Amen.

- Amen.

- Amen.

Bar is open!

Two.

Two.

Two.

I'm Snake River Rufus Krile,
a long way from home.

Quit grinning.

Can't stand a man that grins.

I call that bet, and I'll raise you \$10.

I'm blood kin to a Gila monster.

- Can drink my weight in wolf poison.

- One.

Massacre, bloodshed...

famine and drought

all put meat on my bones.

I'll see that and raise you \$5.

Hardship and slaughter: my daily bread.

You in or out, Judge?

I'm considering...

I can whip a full-grown longhorn cow
with my hands tied.

Make violent love to mountain lions.

My trigger fingers are itchy.

I'm set to go, red hot.

Raise you \$5.

Justifiable homicide.

I fine that man two bits

for firing a gun in a public building.

I also fine him...

\$35, \$45...

\$52 for lying around.

Whorehouse, I call you and...

raise you \$52.

I call.

Three bullets.

The marshals found

that the land abounded in opportunities.

And the pickings was easy.
Little did the varmints expect
the long arm of justice...
to reach them from within.
Criminal vermin was plentiful
and of good value, too.
We had us a table piled high with silver
in no time.
And that was just the beginning.
The confiscated property
of them that was caught and hung...
allowed the Judge
to institute civic improvements.
Wagonloads of real, law-abiding citizens
came to settle.
The Judge himself became a man
of considerable wealth and consequence.
He verily papered the courthouse walls...
with posters of his true and fair love.
He even sent riders to the railhead
to bring back the New York Times...
so he could follow the exploits
of Miss Langtry...
Jersey Lily,
voice as sweet as that of a nightingale.
I am...
disturbed by the news this morning.
What is it, Judge?
I am crestfallen.
Crestfallen?
Crestfallen by the...
report that Miss Lillie,
in a playful mood at a royal outing...
slipped a frog down the back
of His Highness Albert Edward...
Prince of Wales.
It was in a moment of frivolity,
you understand.
She slipped a frog
down this prince's neck?
Anyway, the Prince
was ruffled by the incident...
and disfavored Miss Lillie for it.
I suppose he would.

Suppose he would?
Ought to go over there
and hang the son of a bitch!
I would, too, except I got
too much respect for the royal family.
- Where'd you get that dress?
- You sent for it.
It sure didn't look like that
in the Sears and Roebuck catalog.
- Don't you like it?
- With all due respect to Miss Lillie...
I think she'd understand,
yeah, I like it a lot.
Just don't go wearing it around here
during drinking hours.
Sheriff! You better come quick!
There'll be an illegal lynching!
Hold it!
The only lynching around here
will be done according to the law.
Hell, Judge!
We got the tar and we got the feathers.
What is all this about, Bart?
We, as the decent folks of this community,
will not abide by pimp gamblers...
and women of the night
at prices like these.
- What's the going price?
- \$5, that's the price!
- Gold or silver!
- Outrageous!
I'd be willing to make a special rate
for you, Judge...
- considering that...
- No, sir.
What goes for my town goes for me.
Justice goes for all.
Justice is the handmaiden of the law.
- I was only trying to make amends.
- Amends!
What you have done to these...
gentle damsels...
I accuse you, sir,
of leading them down the primrose path.

Making them slaves
to passion and the dollar.
\$5.
- \$3.
- \$2.50.
For you, Judge, nothing.
Get those ladies down
from that traveling bordello...
and put them on the porch. You, sir.
Get out of my way.
That's it, come to me. I'll catch you.
I ain't going to sentence you, boy,
but I am going to warn you...
if you ain't out of here in five minutes,
I will open court.
- I haven't even got a horse.
- Steal one! A fast one!
Remember, we hang horse thieves
around here.
Spread out, ladies.
I didn't mean that.
What do you want
to do with them, Judge?
Just bear witness.
Bart, come here.
Fermel.
Right there. Right there.
Whorehouse, come here.
Right there.
- Tector.
- Yes, sir?
- Come on out here.
- No, not me, Judge. I'm a benedict.
What about me, Judge?
Over here.
Ladies...
I intend to steer you back
to the path of righteousness.
I hereby sentence you to one year...
under protective custody of my marshals.
Bar's open! Drinks are on the house!
I think, my dear...
that you are
a case for special consideration.

I hereby declare you a ward of the court.

A pig!

I likewise advise you to find a fast horse.

Hold it!

- All right, let's go inside.

- The Judge can handle it.

- Where you going?

- I am going for a walk.

Smell how sweet that air is.

It's almost tropical, that's what it is.

In the desert at night,

in the moonlight, it smells like...

it could be a teeming jungle...

in Africa or India or the like.

And it makes me dream about this land.

What I'm going to make of it.

Someday it's going to be covered...

with farms and towns.

There's going to be a railroad.

Streets...

covered with brick.

Buildings made of stone, 100 feet high.

There will be factories

and slaughterhouses...

like I seen in those pictures

of Denver and Chicago.

And I am going to have a courthouse

made of granite, four stories high...

so I can look down

and see that everything is going to plan.

And you can have anything you want.

You just think of anything you want.

A box that makes songs.

What?

A box that you open, it makes songs.

- Music box.

- S.

I would get you a pipe organ.

- What songs would you want it to play?

- Any songs.

You ever hear the Yellow Rose of Texas?

No, why?

You should have.

How does it go?

Sing more.
No, I can't sing.
It's cold in that shack where you live,
ain't it?
It's all right in the summer.
Yeah, but it's cold in the winter
and it leaks in the rain, don't it?
Sometimes.
And the wind comes through.
Only when it's blowing.
Yeah, it is summer and the sky is clear,
there's no wind.
You should spend the night
in the courthouse so I can protect you...
from the elements.
What are you doing there
in the middle of nowhere, digging a hole?
A grave.
When that wheel come off the wagon,
I took it for a sign.
- This here's my dying ground.
- Where you coming from?
Lived in the mountains mostly.
I was a mountain man.
Knew Jim Bridger, Kit Carson,
Liver Eatin' Johnson.
He was a good feller when he started.
But things get to him.
Went bad after a few winters.
Yeah, a man will do that.
What's your name, mister?
I'm Grizzly Adams,
direct descendant of John Quincy Adams...
sixth President of the United States.
His blood is in me.
I went wild as a youth,
ran away to the mountains.
Good life, free life, but cold.
So cold I'd go to the bears,
lie with them in their cave.
That's why I'm known as Grizzly.
I cohabitated with the bears.
What are you doing in Vinegarroon?
All my life, I've been cold.

- I come south to die where it's warm.
- It's warm here.
There'll be no illegal dying.
The only people that die in my town
are those that I shoot or hang.
Get along with you.
Can't die here! Can't die there! Man
can't even die where he sees fit no more!
I want no part
of what this world's come to.
I'm glad my days are at an end.
That's Zachary Taylor, my oldest boy...
named after the 12th President
of the United States.
I prefer his company to that of men.
Pick up that wheel and move on.
Or I'll have you both strung up
for disturbing the peace.
Hurry up, mister,
this bear ain't getting any lighter.
How about adopting him, mister?
He'll need someone after I'm gone
to love and be loved by in return.
Send him back to his mother.
She run off with another bear
from Colorado.
What do you think you're doing?
Come on back here and pick up your bear!
- Good heavens.
- Give Zach a good home, mister.
Or sure as hell,
I'll come back and haunt you.
There now. Good bear.
Go on, run for it. You can't bluff me.
- Go on back to your father!
- Run, Judge!
Okay, stay where you are, damn it!
- Come on, Judge, he's a monster!
- Nasty bear. You want to make friends?
Go on!
Get in there now. Go on.
Go to bed and lie down, you hear me?
I don't know which one he was talking to.
But either way

it must've been one hell of a night.
The Watch Bear
moved right into the household.
The Judge and him and Marie Elena
were inseparable.
The three of them
used to go picnicking together.

Dearest Lillie:

It was with fondest enthusiasm
that I received your letter this morning.
It was delivered to me while in court.
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.
We're ready, Judge.
Therefore I placed it
in a pocket over my heart...
where it has remained warm until now.
I don't want to hurry you,
but the horse is getting nervous.
Quiet, you damn fool.
Can't you see the Judge is reading a letter
from Miss Langtry? Come on.

Dear Mr. Bean:

I wish to thank you
for your correspondence...
of April, March, February,
and January, 1895.
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. Pilsbury...
personal secretary to Miss Lillie Langtry.
Any last words?
- We already said that.
- All right, give me back my cigar.
Carry out the sentence.
Could you lower...
the deceased a little bit?

He's not in the picture.
Lower him.
That's fine, right there.
All right, everybody.
The only real attempt to question
the authority of the Judge's court...
occurred the time Bad Bob came to town.
Not Dirty Bad Bob, the New Mexican...
but the original Bad Bob,
the mean one, the albino.
Bad Bob's in town!
Bad Bob's in town!
Wait, I'll go with you.
Bad Bob's in town!
- Hey, you!
- Help me!
Don't you ever question what I say.
I think you shot off my toe.
It'd be the second one
over from the big one.
You go tell that snake-scum judge...
that I intend to burn his eyes out
and feed him to the buzzards.
Before I do, I want to eat breakfast.
I've ridden a long way
and amassed a powerful hunger.
Now, listen.
You tell him...
to prepare to go to Hell!
I will send him there directly. Now, git!
But what about my toe?
Now they match.
Cook him for me. Smother him in onions.
- How do you want your horse?
- Blue.
Bean!
Beano!
It's me, Bob!
Bad Bob!
I've come here to shoot your eyes out.
And then I'm going to take
my ivory-handled knife...
and cut your head off and sell it
to a friend of mine in a carnival.

It is my intention, Beano,
to rid the ground of your shadow...
and take my pleasure upon this town.
I have one thing to add.
Lillie Langtry is a pig-faced whore,
bitch, dog.
And I wouldn't waste my bullet on her,
let alone my seed.
Do you hear, Beano?
I'm ready, Beano.
Come and get it, Beano.
Come on, Beano!
Come and get it! I'm ready for you, Beano!
Judge!
He's dead. He sure is.
He was shot in the back.
Who cares if he's shot in the back
or the front.
As long as the son of a bitch is dead.
You done it, Judge. You killed Bad Bob.
You call that sporting?
It weren't a real standup fight.
Standup? I laid down to steady my aim.
I mean, he never had a chance.
Not at all. Never did, never would have.
I didn't ask him to come here.
I don't abide giving killers a chance.
He wants a chance,
let him go someplace else.
Shame to end so glorious a career
in such a manner.
Says in the Bible, Bobbo...
Psalm 58.
"The righteous are going to rejoice
and triumph over the wicked...
"whose teeth are blunted like lions...
"and they get carried away
by whirlwinds and such...
"while God judges on this earth
through me. "
I reckon poker had as much to do
with winning the West...
as Colt's. 45 or the prairie schooner.
As played in the Jersey Lily,

it required boundless courage...
unerring judgment, and soaring faith.
It was more a religion than a game.
The Judge considered himself
a past master...
but then I never knew a Texan who didn't.
- Two.
- Call.
I'll call, and raise you \$2.
I'll call...
and I'll raise you \$23.
- That leaves me out.
- Excuse me, sir.
I believe that I'm addressing...
the supposed Judge Roy Bean, am I not?
Whatever you're selling, I don't want it.
We don't cotton to drummers around here.
I'm Frank Gass, an attorney-at-law.
I'm not a drummer.
You in or out?
I call and raise you \$10.
I represent the estate
of Charles F. Booker...
late of St. Louis, Missouri...
who was the previous legal owner
of this property...
and all the land
extending in a 100-mile radius.
I'll call you, and I'll raise you.
This silver-plated Bulldog pistol worth \$10,
I would say.
I am now the present owner.
I call.
Thought I was bluffing, didn't you?
Take a look.
A little queen-high straight.
You ain't going to appreciate this, Judge,
but I caught me a flush. Lookie.
Beer, Tector.
Excuse me, sir, I really don't...
Don't you have better sense...
or manners...
than to disturb a man
who's deciding whether to raise or call?

Do you know there's a city ordinance
against disturbing a man...
who's deciding whether to raise or call?
It's a misdemeanor.
You could be shot for it.
- Here you are, Whorehouse.
- Thank you, Judge.
That'll be \$25.
\$25?
Yeah, when I ain't winning, the beer's \$25.
That ain't sporting.
What is a man supposed to do?
Start losing or quit drinking.
Now, hear this, sir.
I hold in my possession a grant of land...
issued by the King of Spain
for the aforementioned property.
Miss Lillie knows
some of them kings of Spain.
It came into my possession
as payment for the Booker estate.
You don't say?
Provisions for grants of land
are made in the statutes of the State.
- Do you have a book of law here?
- Of course.
- Give it to me.
- Open for \$2.
- Thank you.
- I'll see that and raise you.
That's a law book, not a salt lick.
I'll call that...
and raise you \$19.
- Too stiff for me, Judge.
- I'm out.
- I raise you \$50.
- That's too rich for my blood.
\$50?
I don't got \$50.
Here it is. Now you just start reading that.
Article 48, section F.
That's a bad law. I just repealed it.
That is outrageous.
\$50?

I call.
- How many?
- Got a pat hand.
So do I.
I have, how do you say,
a full house, aces over.
Now you see here, Judge Roy Bean...
I will not be bandied around
and treated in this manner.
I'm an influential man,
and I have powerful friends.
So have I.
I'd like you to meet one of them.
What...
- Tector!
- Let me go!
Watch your step there, young fellow.
Just watch your step.
- There you go.
- Where are you taking me?
There you go.
Get me out of here!
Help! Let me out of...
I'm going to be eaten alive!
He'll kill you first, then he'll eat you.
Last time that bear ate a lawyer
he had the runs for 33 days.
No! If only you'd just let me go.
- Here.
- I don't want your money.
It just might be a good idea
to feed that bear a bottle of beer.
It keeps him occupied.
Beer's a dollar a bottle.
A dollar a bottle? You call that justice?
Justice is the handmaiden of law.
You said
law was the handmaiden of justice.
- I'm going to be eaten alive!
- Works both ways.
After the passing
of approximately 93 bottles...
the Judge and I came to an arrangement.
Since I had only \$9 left...

I was in a poor bargaining position.
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 60/40.
I soon had
a burgeoning law practice established.
But I never forgot
what that egomaniac had done to me.
I intended to repay the Judge
in full someday...
and I had allies.
And your hat, it's ravishing.
Absolutely ravishing.
It's good to see you. Good morning, ladies.
An act of God, like the Grand Canyon.
Haven't you two had enough
for one night?
It's way past my bedtime. I'm going home.
The ancient Greeks...
worshipped at the feet of Aphrodite.
They loved mortal women as well.
The same goes for me.
Good night, Judge.
And her.
And Miss Lillie.
Get out of that bucket!
You drink beer, not a bear that eats glue.
It's uncivilized.
A man has two loves:
an unattainable goddess...
and a mortal woman.
And he loves the mortal woman
twice as much...
for having worshipped Lillie Langtry.
You, Bear.
I'll have your head, is what I'll have.
I don't want to hear that!
I don't! Don't you give me any back talk.
Rather have your tail kicked.
Skin you alive, use you for a doormat.

Your heart's blacker than your hide.
You're no gentleman, never was.
Shame on you, Judge!
Quarreling with a bear!
You see what he did to Miss Lillie?
He defiled her.
He licked her dear face.
Breathed on her...
with his beer-fouled breath.
On that night,
an historic and tragic attempt...
was made on the Judge's life.
No one had ever seen
the assassin before...
or knew his motives.
But in my humble opinion...
it was lawyer Gass who put him up to it.
That bear's drunker than I am.
It ain't just the Bear.
Bear?
What's all the shooting about?
Sounds like it came from the Jersey Lily.
That bear was sure raising hell.
- What's going on?
- Judge?
- Judge?
- Hurry, open the door!
- Judge?
- You all right, Judge?
Bart? What's going on here?
My God, who's that?
- Judge, what happened?
- What's happened here?
Look here, there's the Bear.
The fellow sure is dead.
- What's wrong with Bear?
- He's as dead as you can get.
- Anybody know him?
- What a mess.
- Anybody know this one-armed man here?
- Hired killer.
He's as dead as you can get.
What was he doing in here?
I don't know what he was doing here

this time of night.
That bear just don't tolerate lawlessness.
- Let's have a drink to the Bear.
- Yeah.
There'll be no drink...
wasted on that bear.
Wasn't worth a hoot in hell.
He'd make a spectacle of himself...
for anyone with a dollar.
And he laid his profane paws
on Miss Lillie.
I've killed human men...
for less than what he did.
All right, let's get this assassin outside
and bury him.
Bury him?
No.
I want him stuck on a cactus...
reduced to flies and ants.
I don't...
I don't want him in...
the same ground with the Bear.
I don't!
You take his feet, I'll take his head.
Put that arm there on his chest.
Hold his shoulders
or his head'll come plumb off.
His teeth have been blunted in his head...
the great teeth of a young bear.
He saw that the wicked
were carried away...
as in a whirlwind.
But there is a reward for the righteous...
the courageous, and the loyal...
and that reward includes beer...
plums and grapes...
and bears like Lillie Langtry.
The reward will be given in Heaven
where I got no jurisdiction.
Verily it has come to pass.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.
Amen.
It's all changing.
The country's changing.

The railroad's coming.
People will pass by...
and look out the window and never know
what it took to make all this.
They won't know about the Bear.
They won't know about me.
I guess it doesn't matter.
I'm going to have your baby in the spring.
A son.
Make it a son. I need a son.
King Louis XIV, King of France,
had 103 of them.
A man can't live forever.
Man is mortal.
Look at her, the brazen hussy.
You don't suppose he'll marry her, do you?
Heaven forbid. A Mexican?
The little bastard
would be the only thing in town...
without his name on it.
There is nothing worse
than a harlot turned respectable.
A reformed anything is bad enough...
but a reformed harlot
is the direct wrath of the Devil.
Seems that those who have spent time
giving pleasure for profit...
are all the more zealous
when it comes to dealing out misery.
Have you got a minute, Judge?
What's on your mind, Bart?
- We'd like to talk to you about something.
- Go right ahead.
The railroads are coming.
But we don't think
the train's even going to stop here.
What with men hanging
right out in clear view.
Don't get us wrong, Judge.
We ain't against hanging.
We just feel
that it should be done more private.
Yeah, in Dallas they do it
in a barn outside town.

In a barn?
Like they was ashamed of it?
Why, I'd rather give up hanging.
No, sir.
The law says
that the guilty shall be punished.
And I say it shall be done
in broad daylight...
in the open, not sneaking around.
Like you was the ones that was guilty,
not them.
What about the ladies, Judge?
Their delicate sensibilities?
- And the children?
- The children?
It's exactly what children need.
It sets an example.
It shows what happens
if they don't walk the straight and narrow.
Don't get riled, Judge.
I know who put those ideas in your heads.
They don't deserve any opinions.
I'll do the thinking around here.
And you can tell that to your whores!
I mean your wives.
There are several reasons
advanced for the fall of Rome:
the decline of the military,
increase in the savage hordes.
- But I got my own opinion.
- Here they come again, Judge.
I think it was those Roman baths.
Roman generals didn't even bother
to fight their own wars no more.
Swam around in scented oil,
lollygagging with the slaves...
stuffing themselves with larks' tongues.
- We're here for a showdown, Judge.
- Showdown?
- Yes, sir, it is.
- About what?
You weren't right,
you calling our wives what you did.
- I forgot what I called them.

- The word don't bear repetition.

Whores.

They may have been once about a time.

But now they're respectable,
married ladies.

- Piss on them!

- There you go again, Judge.

Lower your voice, for God's sakes.

We're in enough trouble already.

They heard what you called them.

They say we should defend their honor.

And they called us cowards,
craven cowards.

Said they're going to lock us
out of our houses, unless you apologize.

- Apologize?

- And they're hopping mad.

Do us a favor, will you, Judge?

They're standing out there, waiting.

Go to them real hangdog-like...

as though we made you

ask for their pardon.

Hangdog?

I understand you've taken exception...

to my calling you whores.

I'm sorry.

I apologize.

I ask you to note...

that I did not call you

callous-ass strumpets...

fornicatresses, or low-born gutter sluts.

But I did say whores. No escaping that.

And for that slip of the tongue...

I apologize.

"Miss Lillie Langtry and company...

"have recently embarked

on an Easter tour...

"of the midwestern

and southwestern states.

"They will perform one evening only...

"in the following cities: Chicago, April 1.

"Kansas City, April 6.

San Antonio, April 11."

My God, Judge.

She's coming to San Antonio.

They say that she is...

at her incomparable best

in The Fool's Revenge.

You should go and see her

before she grows old and fat.

Miss Lillie's beauty is timeless.

Anyway, I can't.

- Why not?

- Too busy.

I got all those civic responsibilities:

criminals to prosecute...

station house going up...

babies being born.

We will wait.

Get the Sears and Roebuck.

I'll need the proper attire.

When people go to see Miss Lillie,

they get dressed for the occasion.

They wear tails.

- Tails?

- That's right. Tails.

Coat, vest, pants: \$11.40.

Boy!

I'd like a seat

in the middle of the front row, please.

We don't have a seat

in the middle of the front row...

or anywhere else.

I see.

- How much will it be, \$100?

- \$100?

\$200, if necessary.

Just a minute.

Programs! Get your programs!

I'm sorry, sir,

we've been sold out for two days.

Price is no object.

I'm sorry, sir, we have no more seats.

Find some. I'm Roy Bean. Judge Roy...

The fabulous Lillie Langtry,

as she appears in The Fool's Revenge.

Programs! Get your programs here!

- Sir, I will give you \$200 for your ticket.

- Nonsense.

Could I buy your ticket for \$200?

I'll give anybody in this theater

\$200 for a ticket.

\$200.

Take your hands off me.

I'm Judge Roy Bean.

Be easy on us, Your Honor.

Leave peaceable.

I'll go by myself.

- I'll give you \$400 for your ticket.

- Excuse me, Your Honor.

- I heard you with them police.

- Get away, boy.

- I'm trying to do you a favor.

- Go away.

I work for the opera house.

I wouldn't do this for nobody else.

Come on.

I mean, you being a judge and all,
talking about Miss Langtry and all.

How'd you like to meet her?

You know Miss Lillie?

I put her flowers in fresh water
every morning.

Part of my job.

Did you notice

any red and white roses there today?

Red and white?

Did you send those, Your Honor?

They were beautiful beyond belief.

- Miss Lillie like them?

- I can't rightly say, Your Honor.

Roses ain't her favorite flower.

But she appreciated the thought.

- What is her favorite flower?

- Tulips.

This year it was tulips.

That's what it was, all right.

Tulips?

You can get me back there?

Sure. I know the stage-door guard
real good.

You can watch from the wings.

It's the best seat in the house.
But it's going to cost you.
I mean, I got to make a living, too.
\$100?
And you can keep the change, son.
Thanks, Your Honor.
This gentleman is a friend
of Miss Langtry's.
He'd like to see her.
I can't let him in. I got orders.
He's a judge.
Well, seeing he's a judge...
But I can't risk my job for nothing.
Give him something.
Only a fin, Your Honor.
We don't want to spoil him.
- How are you, Tector?
- Glad to have you back, Judge.
Glad to be back.
- How was your trip?
- Memorable.
- How'd you know I was on that train?
- I didn't know. I was just hoping.
Hoping?
Marie Elena's been calling for you.
The baby's fine, but Marie Elena...
She ain't...
We sent for the doctor
four days ago, Judge.
Ought to have been here by now.
What's going on here?
What kind of a welcome is this?
I can't abide you lying in bed.
You had the baby. You should...
be standing on your hind legs.
I'm sorry it's a girl.
Don't change the subject.
I can't abide you lying there...
all pale and wan. It ain't becoming...
for my bride-to-be.
How did she look?
Who?
Miss Lillie.
Oh, her.

Had other things on my mind.
Music boxes and the like.
I expect you'll be dancing
to this tomorrow.
Tonight.
You'll be dancing to it tonight.
I can't wait till tomorrow.
I won't have it.
You'll be dancing to this tonight.
That's my ruling, by Gobs!
Marie.
Marie?
Howdy, Judge.
Would have been here two days sooner,
except the doc was on a drunk.
He ain't in very good condition.
Got away from us once.
But we caught him
and throwed him in the Pecos River.
Wake up, Doc. Come on, wake up.
You're here. Wake up. Get on out of here.
Get out.
You may take me to the patient.
Hang him.
No, I'll hang him.
No, Judge.
No. No, please.
My God. No, Judge. Judge, no.
No, please.
No, Judge. Please don't.
No. Please.
What is going on here?
You! Put that man down, sir.
What is the meaning of this?
- He's hanging the doctor.
- Well, you stop him. I forbid it.
I am the mayor. You are my officers.
As mayor of this town,
I demand that you do your duty...
and put a halt to these illegal proceedings.
Hanging is the outlaw's path to glory...
and much too good for the likes of you.
Judge, I think I should tell you that...
in your absence,

a town meeting was held...
Shut up, Gass.
...during the course of which
I was duly appointed mayor.
Gass!
They voted for me, Judge,
by show of hands.
Our wives' fault, Judge. They kept at us.
I'm going home and beat mine.
Judge, can't we just pretend
it never happened?
Sure. That's a good idea, Judge.
Bygones is bygones.
The Judge left everything
he owned or built.
Rode off into the desert just like he came.
Time and the country
just swallowed him up.
Some say he never did return.
Like the historians,
they call it "a romantic fabrication. "
Hell, what do they know?
How would anybody know better than me?
I was there. I saw it with my own eyes.
But I'm getting ahead of myself.
I took the Judge's little girl
and raised her as my own.
Little Rose grew like a young colt.
Lawyer Gass, he took over.
With a carpet bag full of papers,
he was able to steal the same land...
that the Judge had wrested
from the Devil...
with a gun and a rope.
Civilization.
It was steps going down
for the Judge's marshals.
Gass fired them...
and they was forced to seek livelihoods
beneath their stations.
It didn't take long for their wives
to ditch them, either.
As she grew...
Rose read the same books

the Judge had read.
I think she thought of him...
the same as one
of them ancient Roman gods.
Looking back...
we had in the person of Teddy Roosevelt...
the finest President
in the history of this country.
He had the spirit and determination
that matched the times and the land.
Then the women got the vote,
and everything went to hell.
While our boys was overseas
fighting the Kaiser...
the women got Prohibition put in.
Drinking and gambling and whoring
were declared unlawful.
All those things which come natural
to men became crimes.
They went right on doing them, of course.
But in hiding.
And as if things weren't bad enough...
oil was discovered in west Texas.
Hoodlums came crawling
out of the woodwork.
Politicians and crime lords
were bedfellows...
and cops became pimps.
It was a generation of vipers.
Gass became the oil-richest man in Texas.
He hired killers and thugs
from the East to run things...
and kept order with his special police.
Those that stood in his way
were shot down in gang wars.
Blood soaked into the mud
of Langtry again.
Miss Bean,
when I acquired the Jersey Lily...
it was without foreknowledge
of the resources that lay beneath.
I mean, it's hardly my fault
that oil was struck here.
You just remember

your dear father's dream, Miss Bean:
hotels, refineries, factories.
You keep my father's name out of this.
I am bending over backwards to be fair.
Take your time about leaving.
One week or two weeks.
You take your time, too, Mr. Gass.
Take a second.
Take two seconds.
And then git.
I said git!
Be out of there by midnight,
or you shall be evicted.
Evict us?
Let them try.
You don't stand a chance.
The law's on his side.
The law.
Yes, law.
I didn't say nothing about justice.
Uncle Tector.
Yes?
That man on horseback.
He looks like...
something out of an old picture book.
Don't often see a man ride a horse
through this town anymore.
Just some...
old-timer who don't know
that civilization has set in here.
Civilization? We're not going to let it
swallow us up.
I won't stand by
and see my father's house...
the birthplace of law and order,
turned into a gasoline station.
Rose, there's nothing we can do about it.
I am a Bean.
And we Beans just don't know
when we're licked.
- Rose.
- Uncle Tector.
Let's give them hell.
You drunken bum. Stay out of here.

Bart. Big Bart Jackson.
Yes, sir, Judge.
What are you doing
wallowing in the mud...
in broad daylight like a common drunk?
I reckon that's what I've become, Judge...
a common drunk.
Shame on you for admitting it.
Life's dealt me
one bad hand after another, Judge...
since you went away.
What kind of talk is that
for a man of strong moral fiber?
I've slowly come unraveled, Judge.
Stand up, Bart Jackson, on your hind legs.
Yes, sir, Judge.
Yes, sir, Judge.
- Unbutton your ears.
- Yes, sir, Judge.
I want you to find Nick The Grub...
Fermel Parlee,
and Whorehouse Lucky Jim...
wherever they are.
Yes, sir, Judge.
- And meet me.
- Meet you?
At moonrise.
Meet you at moonrise? Where?
The Bear's monument. Where else?
Yes, sir, Judge.
Where else?
Here we go.
Who's there?
Judge Roy Bean and four marshals.
It ain't neither.
Who do you think you're fooling?
He's back, Tector. Open up.
Hello, Tector.
- And you are my daughter.
- She is.
What's your name?
Rose. After the song.
You take after your mother.
Sometimes she takes after you.

How old are you?

Twenty.

God Almighty.

- I've been gone that long?

- Yes.

No wonder I feel like a stranger.

Where you been, Judge?

- Down the pike.

- Down the pike?

Whiskey, Tector. Cactus whiskey.

You ain't spoke yet.

Maybe you got nothing to say.

I wouldn't blame you

if you never spoke to me at all.

I ain't been no kind of a father.

You're always here, Pa.

You and Ma, and the Watch Bear...

and Miss Lillie.

It'll be a little while, I reckon.

Care to play a few hands?

Come on over here

and sit where your ma used to sit.

I open for a. 38.

Call.

I'll call the. 38...

and raise you two. 45s.

- Not today.

- Yeah. I'm out, too.

I'll call.

- I'll call.

- I call.

- Call.

- Call.

I'll take three.

They're coming,

them brown-shirted bastards.

Four abreast.

I got a pat hand.

So do I.

Open in the name of the law.

You're being evicted on orders

from Mayor Gass.

Open up in the name of the law.

Take cover, men!

Pull that car over there
and shine the lights.
Vacate those premises immediately
or face the consequences.
We've stood for this long enough.
Raze that place.
We must be done with Beanism!
That eyesore.
That dreadful, barbarous shack.
Three. 45s.
I'll call you and raise you, three. 45s.
- I'll fold.
- Yeah.
I call.
Thought I was bluffing, didn't you?
Queen-high straight.
I got a queen-high flush.
Tector Crites, Rose Bean...
come out or we'll burn you out.
Come on, let's burn them out!
Who are you?
Justice, you sons of bitches.
For Texas and Miss Lillie!
Fires raged and died.
Wells dried up.
A wind blew the ashes away,
and sand covered the scars.
The desert reclaimed its own.
- Can I be of any assistance, Miss Langtry?
- How did you know my name, good man?
Why, everyone around here
knows what you look like, Miss Langtry.
Everyone?
We've been waiting for you
near to 30 years.
- We?
- Tector and me.
We're the only ones left, ma'am.
Come on, there's a lot to see.
The reason I walk this way, ma'am,
both my toes next to the big ones...
shot off by the original Bad Bob.
Mind the cactus.
This here is Tector Crites, ma'am.

He's the curator
for the Judge Roy Bean Museum.
How do you do, Mr. Crites?
This here is the Jersey Lily.
It was named after...
- you, ma'am.
- Thank you.
Just like the town.
Genuine hanging rope. Notice the noose.
Frayed around the edges.
It was the Judge's favorite.
Well, I seem to be everywhere.
The Judge always said
it was a shrine to you, ma'am.
The Judge.
Whatever happened
to that funny old judge?
He hasn't written to me in years.
Judge cashed in his chips, ma'am.
He passed away.
Oh, I'm sorry.
I say.
Is that a bullet hole through my heart?
Yes, it is, ma'am.
- They was wild men in those days.
- Who did it?
Snake River Rufus Krile did that, I believe.
- What became of him?
- Judge shot him.
Dead. Dead, dead.
Then he fined him for some other crimes.
- Later we hanged him.
- Most appropriate.
The Judge must have been
quite a character.
He was, ma'am. That he was.
His boots will be forever empty.
Get Rose's picture.
Judge's daughter got married last spring,
to an army aviator.
He's an ace in the war against the Kaiser.
His plane ran out of fuel.
He landed in the street out here.
- That's how they met.

- Charming.
- Is this the Judge's pistol?
- Yes, ma'am.
Do you suppose I might buy it?
Judge wouldn't hear of that.
He would want you to have it...
as a souvenir.
There's something else
he would want you to have.
I found it on the bar there.
Right after the fire.
It's addressed to you.
In his own hand.
My dearest Lillie:
I take pen in hand
to write to you for this very last time.
I wish to tell you
that although I've never seen you...
or heard the sound of your voice...
I have carried you with me
in my heart always.
Your presence on this earth
has given me strength and dignity...
becoming to a gentleman.
Helped me to drive away the cold
on a long and lonely night.
I wish to say lastly...
it has been an honor to adore you.
God willing, sometime in this life
or afterwards...
I may yet stand in your light
and declare myself.
Forever and ever,
your ardent admirer and champion...
Judge Roy Bean.