Blazing Saddles

By Mel Brooks
Come on, boys!
The way you're lollygagging around here
with them picks and them shovels...
...you'd think it was 120...
It can't be more than 114.
Dock that Chink a day's pay
for napping on the job.
Now, come on, boys, where's your
spirit? I don't hear no singing.
When you were slaves,
you sang like birds.
Go on. How about a good
old nigger work song?
"I get no kick from champagne.
"Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all.
"So tell me why should it be true...
"... that I get a belt out of you?
"Some get a kick from cocaine."
What the hell is that shit?
I meant a song. A real song.
Something like...
"Swing low, sweet chariot..."
Swing low? Sweet chariot?
Don't know that one, huh?
How about "De Camp Town Ladies"?
"De Camp Town Ladies"?
Ah, you know.
"De Camp Town Ladies sing this song,
doo-dah, doo-dah.
"De Camp Town race track five
miles long, all the doo-dah day!
"Gonna run all night,
gonna run all day.
"Bet my money on the bobtailed
nag, somebody bet on the bay!"
What in the wide, wide world
of sports is going on here?
I hired you people to try to get
a little track laid...
...not to jump around like a
bunch of Kansas City faggots!
Sorry, Mr. Taggart. I, I guess
we kind of got caught up.
Dummy, the surveyors say they may
have run into some quicksand up ahead.
Better check it out.
Okay, I'll send down a team of
horses to check out the ground.
Horses! We can't afford to lose
any horses, you dummy!
Send over a couple of niggers.
You and you.
Sir, he specifically requested
two niggers...
...but to tell a family secret,
my grandmother was Dutch.
Get on that hand car and take it
down to the end of that line!
Just trying to help you out.
I didn't know your grandma was Dutch!
"Oh, de Camp Town Ladies sing
this song, doo-dah, doo-dah.
"Camp Town race track five
miles long, oh, doo-dah day.
"Going to run all night,
going to run all day.
"I waged my money on the bobtail nag,
somebody bet on the bay!"
Am I wrong...
...or is the world rising?
I don't know, but whatever
it is, I hate it.
Let me ask you something.
What is it that's not exactly water,
and it's not exactly earth?
Quicksand!
Oh, shit, quicksand!
Goddang, now we are in trouble!
They're in trouble!
Get your rope there.
Get over there quick.
Dang, that was lucky.
Doggone near lost a $400 hand cart.
Yeah, we can take it right off to the,
just a little bit to the left of that hill.
But we're going to die, Bart.
They're going to leave us here to die!
Take it easy, Charlie.
My foot is on the rail.
Then maybe down that canyon.
I think it's pretty level off there.
We can't swing back to the right
'cause of that hill there.
That looks like the way
we'll have to go from here.
Yes, we'll put her right down
through there over that ridge.
Well, boys, the break is over.
Don't just lay there getting a suntan.
Won't do you any good, anyhow!
Take that shovel and put
her to some good use!
What?
Don't do that now!
I have to.
Send a wire to the main office
and tell them I said... OW!
Send wire, main office,
tell them I said, "Ow". Gotcha.
And right here, Mr. Lamarr, is
where we ran into quicksand.
Quicksand. Splendid.
And so the railroad has got
to go through Rock Ridge.
Yes, sir. Yes, sir.
Be still, Taggart. Be still.
My mind is aglow with whirling,
transient nodes of thought...
...careening through a
cosmic vapor of invention.
Ditto!
Ditto? Ditto, you provincial putz!
I'm sorry, sir.
A plan. We need a plan.
What in the hell was that?
We can't hear ourselves think!
Sorry, your Worship, but I've got
two men home sick with the flu...
...and it's utter chaos down here.
I'll try to keep it
as quiet as possible.
But as you can see...
...this one is a doozy.
Yes, the Doctor Gillespie killings.
Well, do your best.
Now, let's see. Where were we?
Rock Ridge.
Yes, when that railroad goes through Rock Ridge...
...that land will be worth millions, and I want it!
I want that land so badly, I can taste it.
There must be a way.
Clumsy fool!
Wait a minute! There might be a legal precedent.
Of course! Land-snatching!
Land. La-land. "See 'Snatch'."
Haley vs. United States.
Haley, seven. United States, nothing.
You see, it can be done.
It can be done.
Unfortunately, there is one thing that stands between me and that property.
The rightful owners.
There must be some way of scaring them off, driving them out.
Getting rid of every human being alive in that...
It's down the hall and to the left.
I've got it!
What? What?
I know how we can run everybody out of Rock Ridge.
We'll kill the first-born male child in every household!
Too Jewish.
We'll work up a Number Six on them!
I'm afraid I'm not familiar with that one.
That's where we go riding into town...
...and a-whapping and a-whooping
every living thing...
...that moves within an inch
of its life!
Except the women folks, of course.
You spare the women?
No, we rape the shit out of them
at the Number Six dance later on!
That's marvelous! That's so creative!
Why, Taggart, you've been hurt!
That uppity nigger hit me
on the head with a shovel.
I'd sure appreciate it, sir, if
you could find it in your heart...
...to hang him up by his
neck until he was dead.
Got him locked up downstairs.
Consider it done, stout fellow.
I've got a special.
When can you work him in?
I couldn't possibly fit him in
until Monday, sir. I'm booked solid.
Monday. Splendid.
Thank you, sir.
And don't you worry.
We'll make Rock Ridge
think it's a chicken...
...that got caught in a tractor's nuts!
It's all right, Taggart. Just a man
and a horse being hung out there.
"There was a peaceful town
called Rock Ridge,
"... where people lived in harmony.
"They never had no kind of trouble.
"There was no hint of misery.
"The town saloon was always lively...
"... but never nasty or obscene.
"Behind the bar stood Anal Johnson.
"He always kept things nice and clean!
"And all at once the trouble started.
"A pack of murderers and thieves...
"... like swarms of locusts
they descended...
"... their aim to make
the townsfolk flee. "
Well, that's the end of this suit!
Have you ever seen such cruelty?
"Now is a time of great decision.
"Are we to stay or up and quit?
"There's no avoiding this conclusion.
"Our town is turning into shit!"
Well, I don't have to tell you
good folks...
...what has been happening
here in our beloved town.
Sheriff murdered, crops burned...
...stores looted, people stampeded...
...and cattle raped!
Now the time has come to act.
And act fast!
I'm leaving.
You get back here, you old
pious, candy-ass sidewinder!
There ain't no way that nobody
is going to leave this town!
Hell, I was born here
and I was raised here...
...and goddamn it,
I'm going to die here!
And no sidewinder,
bushwhacking, hornswoggling...
...cracker croaker, is going
to ruin my biscuit-cutter!
Now who can argue with that?
I think we're all indebted
to Gabby Johnson...
...for clearly stating
what needed to be said.
I'm particularly glad that
these lovely children...
...were here today to hear that speech.
Not only was it authentic
frontier gibberish...
...it expressed a courage
little seen in this day and age!
What are we made of?
Our fathers came across the prairie...
...fought Indians, fought drought,
fought locusts, fought Dix!
Remember when Richard Dix came in here and tried to take over this town?
Well, we didn't give up then...
...and by gum, we're not going to give up now!
Olson Johnson is right!
What kind of people are we, anyhow?
I say we stay and fight it out!
Dr. Samuel Johnson is right about Olson Johnson's being right.
And I'm not giving up my ice cream parlor...
...that I built with these two hands for nothing or nobody!
Howard Johnson is right!
Well, if we're going to stay, and I think it's a big mistake...
...we're going to need a new sheriff.
Now, who is it going to be?
Why don't we wire the governor to send us a sheriff?
Why should we get our own men killed?
Howard Johnson is right.
We'll wire the governor.
Then let us pray for the deliverance of our new sheriff.
Will the congregation please rise?
I shall now read from the books of Matthew, Mark, Luke...
...and duck!
We've got to do something at once!
Governor, may I disturb you for a moment, sir?
If you will just sign this, governor.
Right here.
Yes, what the hell is it?
Well, under the provisions of this bill...
...we would snatch 200,000 acres of Indian territory...
...which we have deemed unsafe for their use at this time.
They're such children.
200,000 acres!
200,000 acres!
What will it cost, man?
What will it cost?
A box of these.
Are you crazy? They'll never go
for it, and then again they might.
The little red devils, they
love toys. May I try one?
These things are defective.
Right as usual, sir.
Show-off!
Just sign this, sir. Right here.
Okay, give us a hand here.
Work, work, work.
Hello, boys, have a good night's rest?
I missed you.
Just one more bill for you to sign, sir.
What is this?
This is the bill that will convert
the State Hospital for the Insane...
...into the William J. Le Petomane
Memorial Gambling Casino for the Insane.
Gentlemen, this...
...this bill will be
a giant step forward...
...in the treatment
of the insane gambler.
Yes, bravo! Beautiful.
Thank you, Hedy. Thank you.
It's not Hedy. It's Hedley.
Hedley Lamarr.
What the hell are you worried about?
This is 1874.
You'll be able to sue her.
All right, help me in with this.
Just, ah, think of your secretary.
Ah, that was a very good suggestion.
Okay, is that it? Anything else?
Just this urgent telegram
from Rock Ridge.
It arrived last Friday.
Read it, read it.
"Sheriff murdered. Church meeting
bombed. Reign of terror must cease."
"Send new sheriff immediately."
Holy underwear!
Sheriff murdered. Innocent women
and children blown to bits!
We've got to protect our
phony-baloney jobs, gentlemen.
We must do something about this
immediately, immediately, immediately!
I didn't get a "hrumph" out of that guy!
Give the governor a "hrumph."
You watch your ass.
Gentlemen, please, rest your sphincters.
Well put.
As Attorney General, I can assure you...
...that a suitable sheriff will be found
to restore the peace in Rock Ridge.
Meeting is adjourned.
Oh, I am sorry, sir. I didn't mean
to overstep my bounds. You say that.
What?
- Meeting is adjourned.
- It is?
No. You say that, governor.
- What?
- Meeting is adjourned.
It is?
Here, play around with this for a while.
They are sweeping the country.
Why don't you give these out
to some of the boys...
...in lieu of pay? Here you go.
And one for Miss Stein,
my beloved secretary.
Play with these, boys,
in lieu of the other things.
This friggin' thing is warped.
Why do I always get a warped one?
A sheriff! But law and order
is the last thing I want.
Wait a minute. Maybe I could
turn this thing to my advantage.
If I could find a sheriff who so
offends the citizens of Rock Ridge...
...that his very appearance
would drive them out of town...
But where would I find such a man?
Why am I asking you?
Welcome to Hanging House.
Not to worry...
...everyone is equal in my eye.
Oh, not my ear!
Governor!
Official business, sir.
Is it important?
It's very crucial.
Be with you in a minute.
Throw something on
and stay in that position.
Forgive me, I was just, ah, walking
the parapet, taking a look around.
What can I do for you?
Governor, as per your instructions...
...I'd like you to meet
the new sheriff of Rock Ridge.
I'd be delighted... Wow!
I've got to talk to you. Come here.
Have you gone berserk?
Can't you see that man is a nig...
Wrong person. Forgive me.
No offense intended.
Have you gone berserk?
Can't you see that man is a nig?
Don't worry, sir.
Now, Hedley, I've always
trusted your judgment before...
...but haven't you taken a giant leap
away from your good senses?
Please, don't fly off the handle, sir.
I'm about to make you
an historic figure.
Maybe even get you a cabinet post.
A cabinet post!
Did you say that?
Wonderful!
Yes, the first man ever to appoint
a black sheriff! Just think, sir...
...Washington, Jefferson...
...Lincoln.
Le Petomane!
Sir, you have the seeds
of greatness in you.
Nurse them, caress them,
pour water on them.
Don't short-change yourself, sir.
It will never work.
They'll kill him dead in one day!
One day is all we'll need to secure your
name in the annals of Western history.
And to get for you
a nomination for, dare I say...?
Dare, dare!
The Presidency!
Hail to the Chief!
Hail to the Chief!
"Four score and seven years ago...
"... our forefathers
brought forth on this... "
Are you coming back?
In a moment, dear.
Gentlemen, affairs of state must take
precedent over the affairs of state.
Yes, of course, sir, we understand.
Will you make all the arrangements?
I will make all the arrangements.
Especially the funeral.
Good luck, good luck, boys.
Wonderful working with you. Good luck!
Hurry up, get those flags up.
He'll be here soon.
I just got a telegram from
the governor's office.
The sheriff will be here at noon!
Noon! I'd better rehearse my speech!
"As Honorary Chairman of
the Welcoming Committee...
"... it is my privilege to extend to you
a laurel and hearty handshake!"
Wonderful!
Excellent!
Can you see him yet?
The sheriff is coming!
Ring out the church bell!
Hey, the sheriff is a n...
What did he say?
The sheriff is near!
No, no, dag blame it, gol darn it, the sheriff is a n...
As Chairman of the Welcoming Committee...
...it is my privilege to extend a laurel and hearty handshake to our new...
...nigger.
Excuse me while I whip this out.
"By the power vested in me by...
"... the Honorable William J. Le Petomane...
"... I hereby assume the duties...
"... of the Office of Sheriff in and for the Township of Rock Ridge. "
Gentlemen, let us not allow anger to rule the day.
As your spiritual leader,
I implore you...
...to pay heed to this good book and what it has to say.
Son, you're on your own!
Hold it!
The next man makes a move,
the nigger gets it!
Hold it, men. He's not bluffing.
Listen to him, men.
He's just crazy enough to do it.
Drop it! Or I swear I'll blow this nigger's head all over this town!
Oh, Lordy, Lord, he's desperate!
Do what he say! Do what he say!
Isn't anybody going to help that poor man?
Hush, Harriet. That's a sure way to get him killed.
Help me, help me...
...somebody help me!
Shut up!
Oh, baby, you are so talented.
And they are so dumb!
Goddamn it!
I said, "Order"!
You know, Nietzsche says, "Out of chaos comes order."
Oh, blow it out your ass, Howard!
Now everyone be quiet...
...whilst we listen to Harriet van Johnson, our esteemed schoolmarm...
...as she reads a telegram that she herself has composed to the governor...
...expressing our feelings about the new sheriff.
"To the Honorable William J. Le Petomane, Governor."
Louder! Speak up! We can't hear you!
I'm not used to public speaking.
"We, the white, God-fearing citizens of Rock Ridge..."
"... wish to express our extreme displeasure..."
"... with your choice of sheriff."
"Please remove him immediately."
"The fact that you have sent him here..."
"... just goes to prove that you are the leading asshole in the state."
The drunk in number two must be awake.
Are we awake?
We're not sure.
Are we black?
Yes, we are.
Then we're awake.
But we're very puzzled.
I think I better straighten myself out.
Need any help?
All I can get.
That's okay. Sit down over here.
Hey, maybe you should eat something first.
No, thanks. Food makes me sick.
A man drinks like that and doesn't eat, he is going to die.
When?
What's your name?
Well, my name is Jim,
but most people call me...
...Jim.
Okay, Jim, since you are my
guest and I am your host...
...what is your pleasure?
What do you like to do?
Oh, I don't know. Play chess...
...screw.
Well, let's play chess.
Checkmate.
Checkmate.
Why, you devious son-of-a-bitch!
Happy days!
Man, why do you do that to yourself?
Oh, you don't really want to know that.
I do, I do!
Well, if you must pry.
I must, I must!
I don't know if you ever
heard of me before, but...
...I used to be called the Waco Kid.
The Waco Kid. He had the
fastest hands in the West!
In the world!
Well, if you're the Kid,
then show me something.
Maybe a couple of years ago I could
have shown you something, but today...
...look at that.
Steady as a rock.
Yes, but I shoot with this hand.
See, I knew you weren't the Waco Kid.
You were just pulling my lariat.
See that king?
Put your hands on both sides of it.
Now when I say, "go,"
you try to grab it first.
Man, that's no contest.
You're a mile away.
Anyway, when you hear the word
"go," you just try to grab it.
Ready?
You looking for this?
Well, raise my rent!
You are the Kid!
Was. Yeah, I was the Kid.
What happened?
Well, it got so that every
piss-ant prairie punk...
...who thought he could
shoot a gun...
...would ride into town
to try out the Waco Kid.
I must have killed more men
than Cecil B. DeMille.
It got pretty gritty.
I started to hear the
word "draw" in my sleep.
Then one day...
...I was just walking down the street
and I heard a voice behind me say...
..."Reach for it, mister!"
I spun around.
And there I was face to face...
...with a 6-year-old kid!
Well, I just threw my guns
down and walked away.
The little bastard shot me in the ass!
So I limped to the nearest saloon,
crawled inside a whiskey bottle...
...and I've been there ever since.
Have a drink.
Anyway, that's all ancient history.
Now you tell me your story.
What's a dazzling urbanite like you
doing in a rustic setting like this?
If you really must pry.
I must, I must!
Well, back in '56...
...my folks and I were part
of this long wagon train...
...moving West.
Well, not exactly part of it.
You might say we were bringing up
the rear, when suddenly,
...from out of the West,
came the entire Sioux Nation!
And let me tell you, baby,
they were open for business!
Naturally, the white folks
didn't let us travel in their circle...
...so we made our own.
Shvartzes?
Luzem gayen!
Cop a walk. It's all right.
Thank you.
Abi gezunt. Take off.
They're darker than us!
And the rest is history.
Impressed?
Always like to keep my audience riveted.
How about some more beans,
Mr. Taggart?
I'd say you've had enough!
I understand there's a new sheriff
in town. Who wants to kill him?
Why don't we give him to Mongo?
Holy shit, that's too cruel!
I'll be danged! That is a unique idea!
Down, boy, down, boy,
down, Mongo!
Hey, it's me. Taggart.
Here, smell. Smell.
That's a good Mongo.
Hey, how about it? How would you
like to mutilate that new sheriff?
Have a cigar.
Oh, by the way,
I got a note this morning.
From who?
Well, I'm not sure.
It was addressed to the Deputy Spade.
Well, once I establish
myself in this town...
...Deputy Spade might turn
out to be a groovy position.
Listen, Bart,
I want you to do me a favor.
I don't want you going
out there this morning.
You can't win these people
over, no matter what you do.
They're just not going to accept you.
I'm glad those fingers ain't loaded!
Just like old times.
Like I told you, once you establish
yourself, they've got to accept you.
Catch you later.
Good luck.
Ah, good morning, ma'am.
And isn't it a lovely morning?
Up yours, nigger!
What did you expect?
"Welcome, sonny."
"Make yourself at home."
"Marry my daughter."
You've got to remember these are just simple farmers.
These are people of the land.
The common clay of the new West.
You know.
Morons!
What the hell is that?
Mongo! Santa Mara!
I believe in it.
And if any one of you...
...friends and neighbors,
kind of gather around and...
Holy shit!
And they say that now in Paris,
France, even as we speak...
...Louis Pasteur has devised
a new vaccine...
...that will obliterate anthrax
once and for all.
Hey, you can't park
that animal over there!
It's illegal.
Think of it, gentlemen. Hoof-and-
mouth disease a thing of the past!
Never mind that shit,
here comes Mongo!
I don't know what it is.
Sheriff, Mongo's back!
He's breaking up the whole town!
You've got to help us, please!
Did you hear that? Now it's "please."

This morning I couldn't get the time of day. Who is this Mongo, anyway?
Well, Mongo ain't exactly a "who."
He's more of a "what."
What he said.
Well, I don't know...
Oh, thank you very much!
The fool's going to...
I mean, the sheriff's going to do it.
No, no, don't do that! If you shoot him, you'll just make him mad.
Candygram for Mongo!
Me, Mongo.
Sign, please.
Mongo like candy.
A little further down, to the right.
I thought sure that Mongo would mash him up...
...into little bitty sheriff meatballs.
I just don't understand it.
Be still, Taggart.
My mind is a raging torrent...
...flooded with rivulets of thought...
...cascading into a waterfall of creative alternatives.
Gol darn it, Mr. Lamarr...
...you use your tongue prettier than a $20 whore.
Wait a minute, that's it!
And it will work!
You bet it will! What will work?
Elementary, cactus-head!
The beast has failed.
And when the beast fails, it's time to call in beauty.
Beauty?
She's never failed me before.
She'll turn him into jelly!
She'll bring him to his knees!
Where's my froggie?
Where's my froggie?
I don't know.
I didn't see it when I came in.
Damn your eyes, look for it!
Oh, there it is.
That was a close one! Daddy loves
Froggie. Froggie love Daddy?
I don't know how you did it.
He was nothing.
The bitch was inventing
the candygram.
They probably won't give me
credit for it.
Good evening, sheriff.
Sorry about the "Up yours, nigger. "
I hope this apple pie will in some
small way say thank you for your...
...ingenuity and courage in
defeating that horrible Mongo.
Thank you. Much obliged.
Good night.
Of course, you'll have the good taste
not to mention that I spoke to you.
I'm rapidly becoming a big
underground success in this town.
See, in another 25 years you'll be able
to shake their hands in broad daylight.
Well, I'm not going to
hold my breath for it.
Come on, I don't want to be late.
Lili von Shtupp is opening tonight.
Lili von who?
Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome.
Come on in.
It's Hedley. For you, my dear.
Oh, how ordinary.
Oh, Lili, Lili, Lili, legs, Lili, Lili!
I can't find the words to
truly express my joy...
...at the rekindling of our association.
Bullshit, what's the job?
I love it when you talk dirty.
Come on, Lamarr, let's get down to
bwass tacks.
What do you want me to do?
I want you to seduce and abandon
the sheriff of Rock Ridge.
You think you can do it?
Is Bismark a hewwing?
Oh, Lili, you're magnificent! Kiss me!
And now, folks, the gal
you've all been waiting for...
...the Bavarian Bombshell herself!
Let's hear it for Lili von Shtupp!
"Here I stand, the goddess of desire...
"... set men on fire.
I have this power.
"Morning, noon and night,
it's drink and dancing...
"... some quick romancing,
and then a shower.
"Stage door Johnnies
constantly surround me...
"... they always hound
me with one request.
"Who can satisfy their lustful habit?
"I'm not a rabbit. I need some rest.
"I'm tired...
"... sick and tired of love...
"I've had my fill of love...
"... from below and above.
"Tired, tired of being admired...
"... tired of love uninspired.
"Let's face it, I'm tired.
"I've been with thousands
of men again and again.
"They promise the moon.
"They're always coming and
going and going and coming...
"... and always too soon."
Right, girls?
"I'm tired.
Tired of playing the game.
"Ain't it a crying shame?
"I'm so tired."
Goddamn it, I'm exhausted!
Hello, cowboy, what's your name?
"Tex ma'am"? Tell me, Tex ma'am...
...are you in show business?
Nope.
Well, then, why don't you get your
friggin' feet off the stage?
Hello, handsome. Is that a 10-gallon hat, or are you just enjoying the show?
Oh, Miss Lili, oh, my lovely lady!
"Tired of playing the game.
"Ain't it a crying shame...
"... I'm so tired.
"She's tired.
"Sick and tired of love.
Give her a break.
"She's had her fill of love.
She's not a snake!
"From below and above.
Can't you see she's sick?
"She's bushed.
"Tired of being admired.
Let her alone.
"Tired of love uninspired.
"Don't you know she's pooped?
"I've been with thousands of men again and again.
"They sing the same tune!
"They start with Byron and Shelley...
"... then jump on your belly, and bust your balloon.
"Tired of playing the game.
"Ain't it a friggin' shame?
"I'm so... 
Let's face it. Everything below the waist is kaput!
What does it say?
"I must see you alone in my dressing room right after the show. 
Wie gehts, meine schatzie?
Faw out!
A wed wose. How womantic!
Have a seat, shewiff.
Won't you excuse me for a moment...
... while I slip into something a little bit more comfortable?
Bitte, baby.
Why don't you loosen your bullets?
Ahh, I feel wefwashed!
Isn't it bwyght in here?
There! Isn't that better?
Pardon me, I'll be back in a moment.

How is it going?

He's like wet sauerkraut in my hands.

By morning he will be my slave.

Splendid.

Oh, just let me have a little feel.

Where were we? Where are you?

Let me sit down next to you.

Tell me, schatzie...

...is it, ah, twu what they say

about the way you people are gifted?

Oh, it's twu, it's twu!

Vill you care for

another schnitzengruben?

No, thank you. Fifteen is my

limit on schnitzengruben.

Well, then, how about a little...?

Baby, please, I am not from Havana.

Excuse me, honey...

...besides, I'm late for work.

I've got some heavy chores to do.

Vill I, vill I see you later?

That all depends on how much

Vitamin E I can get my hands on.

Nein, nein, achtung!

No, no, you mustn't go! I need you!

I never met nobody like you!

I can't live without you!

Please, you're making

a German spectacle of yourself.

Auf wiedersehen, baby.

Oh, what a nice guy.

Oh, deary, dear.

Look what the cat dragged in.

What's happening in the clean world?

Bad news.

I've got a writ here for Mongo's

release signed by Hedley Lamarr himself.

Why would a dude like

Hedley Lamarr care about Mongo?

It's legal.

Oh, those schnitzengrubens

can wipe you out!

Wake up time!
Okay, Mongo. You're free to go.
Mongo no go.
Oh, come on, Mongo.
You're a free man.
Mongo stay with Sheriff Bart.
Sheriff first man ever whip Mongo.
Mongo impressed, have deep feelings for Sheriff Bart.
Oh, you better watch out, big fella.
I think Mongo's taken a little fancy to you.
Mongo straight.
Maybe you know why a high-roller...
...like Hedley Lamarr is interested in Rock Ridge.
Don't know. Got to do with where choo-choo go.
Mongo, why would Hedley Lamarr care about where the choo-choo goes?
Don't know.
Mongo only pawn in game of life.
I think this might be a good time to mosey out...
...to where they're building the railroad...
...and maybe do a little snooping.
 Damn, damn, damn!
Hey, how are you doing Bart?
Get down off that horse!
Oh, you shifty nigger!
They said you were hung!
And they were right!
Look at that star, hoo-ee!
Civil service!
Wait. Back off, scamp.
You are addressing the duly appointed sheriff of Rock Ridge.
Rock Ridge? Hey, the railroad is going through there!
Back up off your brother!
Don't mess up your brother!
Holy mother of pearl!
It's that nigger that hit me on the head with the shovel!
Now what the hell do you think you're doing with that tin star, boy?
Watch that "boy" shit, redneck! You're talking to the sheriff of Rock Ridge.
Well, now if that don't beat all!
Here we take the good time and trouble...
...to slaughter every last Indian in the West, and for what?
So they can appoint a sheriff that's blacker than any Indian!
I am depressed.
Excuse me, Mr. Taggart, sir, but I sure do hate to see you like this.
What if me and the boys were to shoot that nigger dead?
Would that pep you up some?
Well, it might help.
All right, boys. On the count of three.
I wouldn't do that if I were you.
Don't pay no attention to that alky.
He can't even hold a gun, much less shoot it.
Like I said. On the count of three.
One...
...two...
...three!
Well, just don't sit there looking stupid, grasping your hands in pain.
How about a little applause for the Waco Kid?
All right, I'm through being Mr. Goodbar!
The time has come to act and act quickly!
All my plans have backfired!
Instead of the people leaving, they're staying in droves!
Why don't you admit it?
He's too much of man for you. I know.
You going to need an army to beat him!
You're finished.
Fertig! Fahrblunged! Fahrcocked!
Shut up! You Teutonic twat!
I must think.
Wait a minute. She said army.
Of course!
An army of the worst dregs ever
to soil the face of the West!
I've decided to launch an attack that
will reduce Rock Ridge to ashes!
What do you want me to do, sir?
I want you to round up every vicious
criminal and gunslinger in the West.
Take this down.
I want rustlers, cutthroats,
murderers, bounty hunters...
...desperados, mugs, pugs, thugs,
nitwits, half-wits, dimwits...
...vipers, snipers, con men,
Indian agents, Mexican bandits...
...muggers, buggerers,
bushwackers, hornswagglers...
...horse thieves, bull dykes, train
robbers, bank robbers, ass kickers...
...shit kickers and Methodists!
Could you repeat that, sir?
Where's everybody going?
Read this.
Well, can't you see that's the
last act of a desperate man?
We don't care if it's the First Act of
Henry the Fifth! We're leaving!
Now, wait a minute!
Wait just one doggoned minute!
Just give me 24 hours to come up
with a brilliant idea to save our town.
Just 24 hours, that's all I ask.
No!
You'd do it for Randolph Scott.
All right, sheriff. 24 hours.
Next!
Qualifications?
Rape, murder, arson and rape.
You said rape twice.
I like rape.
Charming. Sign right here.
Take that badge.
Qualifications?
Arson, armed robbery, mayhem.
Wait a moment. What have
you got in your mouth?
Nothing, eh? Lyle.
Gum!
Chewing gum on line, eh?
I hope you brought enough
for everybody.
I didn't know there was
going to be so many.
Boy, is he strict!
We've got to get in there close
and find out what's happening.
There's our ticket!
Hey, boys!
Look what I've got there!
Hey, where are the white women at?
Man, that was pretty! I liked that.
Be ready to attack Rock Ridge at
noon tomorrow. Here's your badge.
We don't need no stinkin' badges!
Next!
Qualifications?
Stampeding cattle.
That's not much of a crime.
Through the Vatican!
Kinky!
Why, Rhett, how many times
have I told you...
...to wash up after
weekly cross-burning?
See, it's coming off.
And now, for my next impression,
Jesse Owens!
Catch them!
Hold up, men,
we'll head them off at the pass!
Head them off at the pass?
I hate that clich!
Say, "hello."
Hello.
Listen to me, and listen to me good.
I want you to get
all the brothers together...
...round up all the lumber, canvas, paint
and nails you can lay your hands on...
...and meet me tonight 3 miles
due east of Rock Ridge at midnight.
You understand?
Say, "goodbye."
Thanks a lot, brother.
All right, folks, I know you're a bit
confused wondering what you're doing...
...out in the middle of the prairie
in the middle of the night.
You bet your ass!
I'm hip.
Now, before the sun comes up...
...we're going to build on this sight an
exact replica of the town of Rock Ridge.
Every building, every storefront,
every rock and every tree...
...right down to the orange roof
on Howard Johnson's outhouse.
I get it!
And tomorrow when Hedley Lamarr
and his men come riding in...
...to destroy the real Rock Ridge...
...they'll actually be destroying
the fake Rock Ridge!
But they'll think
it's the real Rock Ridge!
But we'll know it's the fake Rock Ridge!
How're we going to do it? We don't
have the time nor the people.
Wrong! There's why.
Who the hell are they?
Railroad workers. They've agreed
to help us make our dream come true.
And all they ask in return
is a little plot of land...
...they can call their own to homestead.
What do you say?
We'll give some land to the niggers
and the chinks...
...but we don't want the Irish!
No deal.
Ah, prairie shit! Everybody!

Oh, Lord...

...do we have the strength to carry on this mighty task in one night?

Or are we just jerking off?

Okay, okay, we have done it.

Now, let's see what we have done.

Men, you are about to embark on a great crusade...

...to stamp out runaway decency in the West.

Now you will only be risking your lives...

...whilst I will be risking an almost certain Academy Award nomination...

...for Best Supporting Actor.

Now raise your right hand for the pledge.

Right!

And repeat after me. I...

...your name...

...your name...

Schmucks!

...pledge allegiance...

...pledge allegiance...

...to Hedley Lamarr...

...to Hedy Lamarr...

That's Hedley!

...that's Hedley...

...and to the evil...

...and to the evil...

...for which he stands!

...for which he stands!

Now go do that voodoo that you do so well!

Hold the happiness. We are in trouble.

Yep! We forgot one little detail.

Nothing is missing. Everything is here, down to the last hitching post.

People. There are no people.

Now don't panic. Don't panic.

We just made a perfect copy of Rock Ridge.

Now all we've got to do is make
perfect copies of ourselves.
But they'll be here in half an hour.
Right, so we've got to
start working fast.
You men start working on the dummies.
Jim and Mongo, come with me.
I've got an idea that will
slow them down to a crawl.
All right, let's go!
Yeah, that's nice.
Le Petomane Thruway! Now what
will that asshole think of next?
Has anybody got a dime?
Somebody's got to go back
and get a shit-load of dimes.
Hurry up. Speed it up or we're
never going to get to Rock Ridge!
Come on, move them through!
Well, they're through the tollbooth.
Look at this, they're buying it!
All right, here we go.
Hold your ears, folks!
It's show time!
Nothing!
What are we going to do?
Any minute now they're going to discover
the town is fake and pull out!
You think you could squeeze off
a little shot from here...
...and set off the dynamite down there?
I'll give it a try.
Oh, Lord, keep this man's eye keen...
...and may God grant...
It's afake!
We've been suckered in!
Okay, folks, let's wipe them out!
Forgive me, Lord!
"Throw out your hands,
stick out your tush.
"Hands on your hips,
give them a push.
"You'll be surprised, you're doing
the French Mistake. Voil!"
All right, cut!
Wrong!
Just watch me. It's so simple!
You sissy Marys!
Give me the playback.
And watch me, faggots!
Have you got it?
Yessssssss.
Sounds like steam escaping!
Action! Okay, wait until I get out.
Cut! What in the hell
do you think you're doing here?
This is a closed set!
Piss on you!
I'm working for Mel Brooks.
Not in the face!
Thank you.
They've hit Buddy!
Come on, girls!
You vulgar shit!
Why, you miserable pansy!
I'm parked over by the commissary.
You brute, you brute,
you vicious brute!
All right, all right...
How many days do you have left, Joey?
They lose me right
after the bunker scene.
What the hell is that?
Get your pies for the great pie fight!
This is our Studio commissary
where some Hollywood stars...
...come to eat. Keep in line.
And now we'll go to the
Special Effects Department.
Yankee bean soup, cole slaw
and tuna surprise.
Taxi!
Drive me off this picture!
You dropped your beads.
One, please.
Uh, student.
Are you kidding?
Pain in the ass.
Look, Herman,
I'm in Hedy Lamarr's shoes!
Hedley!
Freeze it!
Okay, Lamarr, go for your gun.
Wait, wait, I'm unarmed.
All right, we'll settle it like men.
With our fists.
Sorry, I just remembered. I am armed.
How did he do such fantastic stunts
with such little feet?
You shot the bad guy!
Well, what do you want to do now?
Come on, let's check out
the end of the flick.
I sure hope there's a happy ending.
I love a happy ending.
Sheriff, you can't go now.
We need you.
My work here is done.
I'm needed elsewhere now.
I'm needed wherever
outlaws rule the West.
Wherever innocent women and children
are afraid to walk the streets.
Wherever a man cannot
live in simple dignity.
Wherever people cry out for justice.
Bullshit!
All right, you caught me.
To speak the plain truth, it's getting
pretty damn dull around here.
Good luck, Bart, and God bless you.
'Bye, baby brother.
Keep the faith, brothers!
Where are you headed, cowboy?
Nowhere special.
Nowhere special.
I always wanted to go there.
Come on!
"He conquered fear and
he conquered hate."
"He turned our night into day."