

DR. BEAN

By

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And

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**INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. BOARDROOM - DAY**

A very grand room, with lots of wood and some very famous portraits round the walls.

A group of grave gentlemen and gentlewomen. They are the trustees of the National Gallery. LORD WALTON, a very grand man, sits at the table head. To his right sits his assistant, GARETH. All are deep in thought. LORD WALTON fidgets with a pencil on the table. He raises his head as though about to speak. Everyone looks up expectantly. And... LORD WALTON goes back to fidgeting. So does everyone else.

**CUT TO:**

**CREDIT. POLYGRAM & WORKING TITLE PRESENT.**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. BOARD ROOM - DAY**

The scene is as silent and static as we left it Last... then:

**GARETH**

I suppose we could just sack him.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MR BEAN'S STREET. DAY**

Mr BEAN comes out of his house, ready to face the world-

He walks up the street, tutting slightly at a 'NO PARKING' sign he passes.  
The street is totally car-free except for a very visible lime green mini. A policeman strolls by and glances down at a pair of legs sticking out from under it, next to a toolbox. He moves on, satisfied that someone is mending their car.

BEAN approaches the car and whips out the fake legs he left there. He then unlocks the big padlock that secures the car door, pops the fake legs inside, fiddles with something else in the back seat, and drives away at a frightening speed with a smug look on his face.

The Theme Music - big and dramatic - begins, as do the rest of the credits.

BEAN gaily motors on - then unexpectedly the sweeping theme tune jumps, as if it has hit a scratch: the cinema audience should be worried there's a sound fault.

BEAN comes to a street full of sleeping policemen ~ he goes at them at quite a lick - and every time he shoots over one of the bumps, the theme tune jumps violently.

BEAN looks a little annoyed into the back seat - we now see the cause of the problem. Instead of having a car radio, BEAN has an old record player strapped into the back seat, playing the theme tune.

On he drives, through empty streets - then JOLT - he's reached the glorious familiarity of Central London, Big Ben and all - but heels now in dreadful traffic.

Heels not happy. He looks to the left and sees a very thin alleyway. He takes out a metal comb from his pocket and, using it like a bomber's sight-line-checker, measures the front of his car and the width of the alley. He 'S

satisfied - does a 90-degree turn - and shoots down the alley. It is such a perfect fit that sparks fly from the door handles as they graze the walls.

But at the end of the alley, the traffic's just as bad. BEAN notices he's outside Harrods. There's a tail-coated Security Guard at the 'front door. BEAN watches him stroll a bit down the street - and takes his chance. He turns and drives straight through the double doors, into the store.

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**INT. HARRODS. DAY.**

BEAN and his car whizz through the ground floor, past perfume counters and leather glove racks.

CUT TO a Security Guard. As he passes one of the counters, BEAN's little car just shoots behind him. The Guard continues through the Children's section there are giant elephants and teddies, children's size cars, then two huge plastic tractors - and then, stock still, strangely in harmony actually, the Lime Green Mini with BEAN in it. The Guard walks straight past.

The moment he is gone, BEAN shoots off again - but, damn!, spies another Guard and is forced to turn and drive down some very steep stairs indeed. The theme song goes CRAZY as the record player jumps.

**CUT TO:**

6 people waiting at a gilded lift. They hear a strange sound, and turn to see what it is. In fact, it's coming from inside the lift. When the lift doors open, out shoots the Mini through the double doors and back into the street.

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**EXT.      KNIGHTSBRIDGE.      DAY.**

Out in the street, BEAN is faced by an accident. There are flashing lights, a crumpled car, suggestions of hurt passengers. BEAN looks concerned.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.      THE STRAND.      DAY.**

An Ambulance roars through the traffic. It reaches its hospital, turns off, and there, right smack behind it is the Mini. Cut in to see BEAN, smiling broadly. He whizzes into Trafalgar Square, maybe even across it, sending pigeons and tourists flying, and parks directly outside the statuesque National Gallery. Of course, there's not another car there. Just the Gallery and the mini.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.      NATIONAL GALLERY - DAY**

BEAN gets out of the car, takes out his bag - thinks a little, opens it and takes out a "Doctor on Call" sign. To re-enforce it, he puts a bone in the back window and a skull of the front seat. Happy with the arrangement, he re-locks the padlock and sets off smiling up the big, stairs to work.

As he does so, pan up the building, and into the window of the room where that Board meeting was taking place.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.      NATIONAL GALLERY.      BOARDROOM - DAY**

**GARETH**

Look, I don't hate the man but ...

**LORD WALTON**

I know, Gareth. It's the mental strain he inflicts on us all.

How is Professor Bradbury

A grand gentleman, MR MORRISON, pipes up.

I'm MORRISON  
Heels got the feeling back in his fingers - but his hands  
are  
still stapled together.

**LORD WALTON**  
Mmmm, and how far are we with the computer, Hubert?

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**HUBERT**  
Timothy is loading the final catalogue data as we  
speak,  
up and  
.....  
Milord. An awful thing to say, but when the program's  
running our, Mr. Bean will become a little less than  
useful?

A glimmer of hope.

**INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. PORTRAIT SECTION - DAY**

BEAN wanders past three or four portraits and mimics the characters in them.  
He passes a guard.

**GUARD**  
(not looking up from his book)  
Morning, Bean.

The GUARD sighs with boredom. He gets this from BEAN every day. As Bean moves on, he treads on the heel of a tourist's shoe. It comes off- BEAN moves on blithely.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. CARTOON ROOM ENTRANCE - DAY**

BEAN is passing the very special room where Leonardo Da Vinci's cartoon, 'The

Virgin and Child', hangs, preserved by a very dim artificial light. There are silhouettes of a few tourists in the room reverently studying the work, listening to a female GALLERY GUIDE.

BEAN dips into his pocket for his identity badge and in so doing brings out a coin. The coin drops and rolls into the special room. BEAN follows it into the darkness.

#### GALLERY GUIDE

(hushed)

... by Leonardo Da Vinci. As you can see, the special light in here goes some way to protect the drawing from photodisintegration caused by gamma ...

The camera stays outside the room with the picture in view. We hear the squeak of a tiny door open, then a click. The room is suddenly flooded in blazing white light. The onlookers gasp in horror.

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BEAN re-emerges from the room with his precious coin. As an afterthought he pops his hand round the doorway and turns off the light. He scuttles away. The GALLERY GUIDE shakes her head in total exasperation.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. BOARDROOM - DAY**

**GARETH**

Maybe it would be simpler to pack all our paintings onto trucks and move the entire National Gallery somewhere else. And not tell him.

**HUBERT**

Seconded. We could all move to France.

**GEORGE**

All those in favour.

They all raise their hands wildly.

**LORD WALTON**

Come on - settle down everyone.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. ELEVATOR - DAY**

BEAN stands in the elevator silently with four other people. He gives himself a long squirt of breathfreshener. Then offers it to the others, who politely refuse him. So he stands still again. Pause. BEAN then smells something unpleasant. He leans and has a little sniff of the person to his left. All right there. Then he sniffs to his right, and reels at what he smells. He again takes out the breath freshener, and forces it upon VINCENT, an elderly gentleman, who is mortified.

At this moment the elevator stops - BEAN and VINCENT get out and the camera follows VINCENT as he heads for the boardroom door and enters. He is another trustee. This dialogue is heard from behind the closed door.

**VINCENT**

I'm sorry I'm late.

**GARETH**

Why can't we just give him the boot for crying out loud?!

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**VINCENT**

Steady on, old man. I only ...

**GARETH**

Not you, you idiot.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. CORRIDOR - DAY**

BEAN, with cup of tea, walks along a corridor. He can't not interfere for tidiness sake. One empty room he switches off the light. Another he shuts

the door.

He passes a computer room, with an open door where a big man is busily typing in a programme - BEAN looks at him snootily and heads on.

He approaches the door to his office. A sign reads: 'STORAGE & CATALOGUE'.

There is a huge padlock on the door. BEAN takes out a big key and enters his domain.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. STORAGE OFFICE - DAY.**

BEAN enters. He's been here for years and made it his own. It's an odd little world. There's a framed picture of Shirley Bassey on his desk and Airfix planes hang from the ceiling. Also a large cosy armchair and a T.V.

A pleasant Man in a suit, around 40, breezes in.

**SUIT MAN**

Ah Bean, I'm looking for a painting by Van Hocht.  
Still Life.

Circa 1670. Can do?

BEAN nods. This is what BEAN likes to do best. The camera follows as he turns sees the extraordinary sight behind him...

His office is just a tiny corner of a massive storage room, hundreds of feet high and long, the walls completely full of rack after rack of stored paintings. At the end of the room, we can see hundreds of sculptures: busts, modern abstracts, men on horses, classical maidens, Rodins, the lot. It's like the giant storehouse at the end of 'Raiders of the Lost Ark.

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BEAN sets off into it in his own eccentric way. He knows exactly where heels going. He climbs a ladder, like you find in a library - then pushes himself

off, and whizzes the entire length of the room on slippery wooden runners.

He has now reached the sculpture area, but the painting heels looking for is on the other side. He crosses the room by using the sculptures as a kind of artistic obstacle course. In front of him is the Burghers of Calais, a Rodin statue of 5 prisoners in chains. He simply walks across their 5 heads, like stones in a stream.

He then comes to an abstract modern piece, which he uses as a slide and at the end of which, he crawls through the hole in the next modern thing. He then begins to climb up various famous ancient statues, using the mouths as footholes, breasts as support, codpieces as steps and empty eyes as finger holes.

After a problem getting his foot caught in the jaw of a sculptured dog, he walks flat along a modern sculpture, then uses a sequence of classic sculptures as stairs - on the head of a little Degas ballerina, one step on to the bottom of a horse, two steps onto the head of the person riding the horse, three steps and now he's on the other side of the hall.

He then triumphantly pulls out a painting. It's the one!,

**SUIT MAN**

What would we do without you! The entire inventory of British Art stored in that one, curious brain of yours.

BEAN beams.

**INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. BOARDROOM - DAY**

**GARETH**

Then we are agreed, gentlemen. He goes.

**VINCENT**

Only if we're positive that the new catalogue database will render Mr. Bean's hitherto 'talents' obsolete.

**HUBERT**

There's no question.

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**LORD WALTON**

Very well. Mr Bean is.... art history. We can all  
stop taking  
the pills.

A reserved smatter of laughter, from relief more than anything.  
LORD W. talks  
into an intercom on the table.

**LORD WALTON**

Miss Hutchinson, would you send Mr. Bean up to the  
boardroom,  
please.

**MISS HUTCHINSON**  
(V/O )

Yes sir. oh, and Lord Walton, the Grierson Gallery  
called again.

**LORD WALTON**

Thank you. (To the room) One final thing. Once again we  
have been  
invited by the Grierson Gallery of Southern California  
to second  
one of our staff for a short visit. The Grierson has a  
fairly  
modest collection - but it does include the most famous  
American  
painting of all, 'Whistler's Mother'. Any thoughts?

Cut to the trustees - they shake their heads and wrinkle, their noses,  
not  
very interested. A 106 year old SIR RUPERT puts up his hand.

**LORD WALTON**

Yes. Sir Rupert. And may I say sir, how honoured we are  
that you  
still grace us with all your time, wisdom, and infinite  
knowledge.  
Your invaluable thoughts, sir?

**SIR RUPERT**

Could you speak up please. I didn't catch the question.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. STORAGE OFFICE - DAY**

Back in his office area BEAN ceremoniously hands SUIT MAN the Van Hocht painting. He's very proud of himself.

**SUIT MAN**  
Thank you, Bean. You're a genius.

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BEAN laughs - delighted. SUIT MAN exits and MISS HUTCHINSON enters, warily.

**MISS HUTCHINSON**  
Mr. Bean. Lord Walton would like to see you in the boardroom.

BEAN gives a little pleased squeak. How exciting for him. He follows MISS HUTCHINSON out into the corridor.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. CORRIDOR. DAY**

BEAN walks along the same corridor as before. Turns off another light. Then comes to the room where he saw the Programmer. The computer, showing a Van Gogh portrait, is on and no-one's there. BEAN, who hates wasted electricity, goes in to switch it off.

We see the Van Gogh change to a pictorial representation of the Storage room - with an arrow pointing to where the Van Gogh is located. BEAN is clearly going to be replaced by this programme. Or not ... BEAN searches for the plug, but it's under acres of desk - so he simply pulls a cable out of the back the computer. The entire system clicks off. At which moment the Programmer comes back in.

**PROGRAMMER**  
What's happening here?

**BEAN**

Ahm...

With a slightly guilty smile he picks up the cable again looks with  
puzzlement  
at the five available places to plug it in and just takes a random  
guess. And  
a disastrous one. There is a ugly electrical fizzle. The screens come  
on  
white, then pop out completely.

**BEAN**

Ah.... Ahm....

BEAN realises that he has done something wrong and quickly shoves the  
cable  
into another circuit. The Van Gogh appears happily on the screen. BEAN  
and  
PROGRAMMER both give out a sigh of relief. BEAN smiles and leaves  
quickly.  
But a second later the computer screen disintegrates and the Van Gogh  
slides  
down the screen like a water-colour in the rain. The PROG difficult to  
breathe.

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**CUT TO:**

**INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. BOARDROOM - DAY**

**LORD WALTON**

You have your voting slips, gentlemen. Please  
remember the

Americans are looking for something quite high powered.  
A  
doctorate preferably...

There is a knock at the door. BEAN enters. LORD WALTON smiles. The  
rest of  
the faces in the room are looking dangerously close to smug. BEAN is  
very  
nervous indeed.

**LORD WALTON**

(gravely)

Ah, Mr. Bean. Please take a seat for a moment. I  
have some news  
which will not, I'm afraid...

The phone rings. LORD WALTON answers. BEAN sits next to VINCENT and sniffs at him. VINCENT's breath hasn't improved.

**LORD WALTON**

(into phone)

When? How? Yes? Put him on... Timothy. The computer ... Yes...  
How long All of it? Absolutely all of it? Did you back it up?  
here will it ... ? Another six months. Fair enough. Come up  
will you, dear boy.

He slowly hangs up. Everyone has got the gist of what has just occurred with the new computer- The energy drains from them all as they contemplate another six months with BEAN still on the staff. LORD WALTON coughs politely.

**LORD WALTON**

As I was saying, gentlemen. The Grierson Gallery. South California. Great opportunity. Thousands-of miles-away  
though it

is. Doctorate or ( IMPISHLY ) no doctorate, perhaps

All get the message at the same moment and hurriedly scribble on their voting slips. The slips get handed down the line to LORD WALTON. We see that every single slip has 'BEAN' on it.

**LORD WALTON**

Mr. Bean. Wonderful news. You are going to America.

**MR. BEAN**

(overwhelmed)

Oooh, how lovely.

There is a knock at the door. The fat, bespectacled, PROGRAMMER puts his head round it.

**LORD WALTON**

(beaming)

Ah, Timothy. You're sacked.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. NATIONAL GALLERY. CORRIDOR - DAY**

BEAN rounds a corner and walks towards us, imitating a bowlegged cowboy. The Theme from Bonanza plays. He whips out his pair of imaginary six shooters, spins them on his fingers and returns them to-their imaginary holsters, making gun sound effects. He's very happy.-He passes the Security Guard - he draws the Guard just raises his eyebrows his gun on him - zero reaction and yawns.

BEAN heads on through the gallery merrily - but suddenly, his good mood is

broken, when he notices 3 schoolgirls entering a new exhibition, called The Ultra-Human Form. This worries him - and we soon see why - BEAN heads in to the room where all the paintings are very graphic nudes, and the 3 girls are having a good giggle.

BEAN quickly rushes over and with his hand covers the breasts of the painting they're inspecting.

Two girls then move on to the next painting - which unfortunately also has breasts. BEAN stretches and just manages to cover them with his other hand.

Now the third girl heads on, so BEAN can drop the hand on the first painting - but now has to try to cover the breasts on the third painting, which is a real long stretch away. He can't quite make it, so he takes off his shoes, which gives him the extra 3 inches. Again, safe. Just.

Now, all three girls leave the paintings - but, to BEAN's chagrin, head over to a classical nude sculpture in the middle of the room. It's like the 3 Graces, 3 naked women back to back. BEAN thinks fast. He quickly whips off his

Belt and rushes over to the statue, where he succeeds in looping it round to cover all six nipples.

Unfortunately the girls have already lost interest and head over to the other side of the gallery. To BEAN's horror. Because at that moment we reveal what is on the other side of the room. A epic painting in the style of the others - with literally 40 graphically naked people.

BEAN sprints across the room, stands on a chair, and desperately tries to cover a particularly lurid example of a gentleman's manhood.

At which moment the teacher of the party and 40 other schoolgirls appear and scream in chorus. BEAN thinks that it is the painting that has caused offence and is in outraged agreement with them. He turns. Cut wide to reveal that they are screaming because he's beltless trousers have fallen down.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY. AMERICA - DAY.**

8.30 am California time. A modern building with plenty of glass. Large, modern sculptures are spotted around its grounds, including a dramatic one of two huge old cars, head down in the ground, backs protruding into the air.

THOMAS GRIERSON, owner of the gallery, wearing a slick expensive suit, walks with DAVE LEARY and BERNIE, both in casual jackets and ties. GRIERSON is a vain, slightly pedantic and pompous man - maybe short - always just trying to show he's Boss. The three are strolling towards the main entrance. Huge sign: 'THE GRIERSON GALLERY' with a silhouette of Whistler's Mother taken from the painting, as an incorporated logo.

**GRIERSON**

Lord Walton assures me this guy's one of the very top scholars in

the English art world. Has a couple of doctorates no less.

**BERNIE**

Great news.

BERNIE is smooth and smiley. DAVID LEARY, Vice President, is a very pleasant, but slightly worried man, knocking on 40. Too nice for his own good. The three pass a lone MIME ARTIST wearing a cheap vac-form PRESIDENT CLINTON face mask. David can't help being just a little nice to him and finds himself left behind. He scampers to catch up.

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First, catching under the handle - then the couch, then

Four other chairs - and finally the deep freeze. No-one's going to get in through that door.

BACK IN THE HALL BEAN pushes the string back inside the letter box and slaps his hand in satisfaction. He locks the door's enormous padlock, looks about carefully to make sure no one's around, and then hides the key under a garden gnome on the floor, standing amongst a row of pathetic pot plants.

**MIX**

**THROUGH TO:**

**INT. AIRPORT. RECEPTION DESK. NIGHT**

The lady checking in BEAN looks puzzled as she holds his passport. So he pulls the shockingly stupid face. Oh yes, she sees, that's the guy in the picture. She hands him his ticket.

**CHECK-IN LADY**

Here we go, sir. You've been moved to 1 st. class. Apparently your friends at the Gallery were so delighted that you're finally on your way.

BEAN is very touched.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - NIGHT**

BEAN enters the first class lounge. It's fairly empty, but BEAN still squeezes himself between an old lady drinking a cup of tea, and a very grand looking American military man in a business suit.

The Grand Man lights up a cigar. This doesn't please Mr "No Smoking BEAN.

First, he waves the smoke away, in small, then big, then huge wafting motions. Then he tries, miming, to cut it up into segments and move them aside. The man pays no attention at all.

BEAN puts a plastic mug over his face, like a gas mask and breathes heavily.

The man looks at him - but doesn't give a damn

BEAN now takes a paper bag - catches some of the smoke, and take it over and empties it into the dust bin.

The Grand Man goes on smoking stubbornly. He then sees a magazine rack and leaves his cigar as he goes to get one.

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**DAVID**

Sounds like a real coup, sir... getting this Doctor of ...

**GRIERSON**

Various things. Thank you. However, as you know, this is not an inexpensive venture, and, financially speaking, we're in very serious crap right now.

He can't quite hide his tackiness.) DAVID holds the door for GRIERSON - then sees an old woman coming towards him. He waits for her to go through, and due to his sweetness, is again left behind. He rushes to catch up.

They are now passing the reception counter cum gallery shop. DAVID exchanges smiles with the cashier, ANNIE. Very bubbly, not very bright. The shop is full of Whistler's Mother memorabilia - posters, cards, porcelain statuettes.

**GRIERSON**

So ... I'm wondering if one of you would have this guy stay in your home instead of some expensive hotel.

**BERNIE**

Love to, sir, but no can do. No spare room. Period.

**GRIERSON**

David?

**DAVID**

Oh, look, I mean, it's kind of the last thing... I mean, I'd really like to, but... things at home are kind of sensitive, so I couldn't really er ...

**GRIERSON**

I thought perhaps as Vice-President, and in view of the unfortunate attendance's for the summer show this year... the MASSIVE financial **LOSS** ...

**DAVID**

on the other hand ... maybe a breath of fresh air is just what my family needs ... Yes. Great news. Fabulous. Triumphant. Course it might need a little smoothing over. When's he due?

GRIERSON hands DAVID a piece of paper.

**GRIERSON**

Tomorrow. You have a problem with that?

**PAUSE**

**DAVID**

No. Perfect. Looking forward to it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LONDON . PHOTO BOOTH. DAY.**

The camera faces Mr BEAN sitting in a Photo booth. His face is totally impassive for 1, 2, then 3 flashes. And then, just before the 4th flash, he pulls the biggest, maddest face you've ever seen. Flash! He gives a little Satisfied giggle.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - DAY**

7 p.m. California time. A pleasant suburban house. DAVID's car pulls into the drive. JENNIFER, his slightly Gothic 16 year old daughter, is kissing BRAD, her scruffy boyfriend. He sits astride a motor scooter. He has a bum-fluff moustache.

DAVID gets out of his car and approaches them.

**DAVID**

Hi, Jennifer. How was school? (she doesn't break the kiss with Brad) oh really? That's good, great. Fantastic. We'll talk some more.

The two continue kissing as DAVID moves on. He's just about to head for the house when a swish convertible draws up at the curb. DAVID's wife, ALISON, has been given a lift home by her young attractive boss, CHARLES. They are laughing in the car as DAVID walks up.

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He is slightly disturbed to see ALISON kiss CHARLES on the cheek before getting out with her port folio. CHARLES smiles pleasantly on seeing DAVID.

**CHARLES**

Hello, David.

**DAVID**

Hi, Charles. (To Alison) Wow - late!

**ALISON**

(brightly)

I had to do some last minute stuff.

**CHARLES**

My fault. We've got a heavy load on at present. How  
about you, gallery going well?

**DAVID**

Ahm, well, you know ~ that's a tough question - on one'  
level I think it ....

**ALISON**

Don't ask him about work, Charlie. Life's too short.

Alison is the same age as DAVID, but seems to have lasted the course better - she's confident, in good shape. The atmosphere is awkward. JENNIFER screams out. Her 8 year old brother, KEVIN has sprung from the shrubbery and lassoed her and BRAD. ALISON goes over to sort them out.

**ALISON**

Kevin! You stop that right now!

**CHARLES**

Great kids. Good looking too.

**DAVID**

You think so? Well I 'spose they're pretty, you know...  
okay, looks-wise.

**CHARLES**

Take after their mother, huh?

**DAVID**

Ah ... absolutely.

DAVID is not very happy here.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY**

It is open plan and leads through into the lounge. DAVID and ALISON enter.  
ALISON puts her port folio on the table and leads DAVID onto a sofa. She puts her arms round him.

**ALISON**

Let's take a break, David. This weekend, why don't we just get into the car and drive to the coast. Find a motel. Like before the kids were born. Go to a fairground. Win me another Bambi.

She reaches across and picks up a little ceramic Bambi on a table next to the couch.

**ALISON**

Jennifer can stay and look after Kevin

**DAVID**

Sounds great. Excellent. Though-, Ahm... there's this guy who's coming to work at the Gallery, from England...

**ALISON  
(SUSPICIOUSLY)**

Yeeees?

**DAVID**

And they asked me if we'd like to ... you know... put him up for a while.

**ALISON**

There aren't hotels?

**DAVID**

Yes, there are hotels. They just thought maybe it'd be nice for him to stay with a real American family. Popcorn, waffles, all that stuff.

**ALISON  
(POINTEDLY)**

And what did you say?

**DAVID**

I said I'd check with you.

She looks at him piercingly. This clearly happens a lot. She knows when he's telling the truth. Pause.

**DAVID**

Then I said 'yes'.

She puts Bambi carefully back on the table, gets up and moves to the kitchen.

DAVID follows.

**ALISON**

Do we know anything about him?

**DAVID**

at least  
blind  
the  
here.

Ahm - he's male. He's English. He's a doctor of er ...  
2 things. I think they would have mentioned if he was a  
dwarf. Or one of those guys who kills lots of people all  
time. I think we're looking at someone moderately normal

**ALISON**

David - are you ever going to learn to say 'no'?

**DAVID**

Yes. Yes. (pause) Sometime.

She shakes her head.

**ALISON**

It's the last thing we need.

**DAVID**

it's a

That's exactly what I said ... before I said - Great,  
sensational idea."

He knows he's made a mess here. Enter KEVIN, their smart young son, strolling through.

**KEVIN**

Hiya Dad ~ I'll need you upstairs for homework in about

....

(checks watch) oh, 20 minutes.

**DAVID**

Great, good.

And KEVIN exits.

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**DAVID**

Didn't kids do their own homework, like way back?  
Years ago?

No. Course not. Just imagining it.

ALISON isn't really listening.            Much tension.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.    MR.    BEAN'S BED-SIT - NIGHT**

9.30 p.m. U.K. time. A black London taxi is parked outside a terraced house with its motor idling. Its driver looks fed up waiting. BEAN appears at a downstairs window, motioning to his watch that he will not be long.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.    MR.    BEAN'S BED-SIT - DAY**

MR. BEAN is ready to leave his room.            Battered old suitcase in hand, he checks the room from the doorway. Every conceivable thing that can be opened - cupboards, drawers, fridge -sports an oversized padlock.            Even Bean's old G.P.O. phone has one on its dial.

BEAN looks across to his TEDDY, who is lounging on a miniature chair, inside an up-sided cardboard box. The box is sits on an armchair. A hand-written sign, taped to its roof reads: 'TEDDY HOTEL' followed by three stars.

**19**

A smaller sign informs us that the hotel is: 'FULL'. BEAN is just about to leave but stops to consider. Taking a felt tipped pen, he adds two more stars on the hotel hoarding, as a treat.

He then, slightly, incomprehensibly, begins to tie string it around various objects in the flat. The fridge - the corner of a chair, a couch leg.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MR. BEAN'S RESIDENCE'S HALLWAY ~ DAY**

BEAN leaves his flat. He notices a large official sign stuck on the door saying 'NO SMOKING'. He now turns his attention to the pieces of string hanging out the letter box in his door. Grabbing the bunch of them, he pulls.

CUT TO back inside the flat. We now understand the string - as all the furniture starts to move across the flat. It works incredibly neatly the chair reaches the door

**20**

BEAN acts fast. He takes the cigar - and quickly dunks it in the old woman's cup of tea.

He sits there, guiltlessly, as the Grand Man returns. Simultaneously, the man tries to suck the wet cigar, and the Old woman drinks the disgusting tea. A horrid experience for both.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. AEROPLANE - DAY.**

Boarding time. BEAN enters the plane and turns right, into the body of the plane. After walking right down the plane, he is directed by a hostess back up to first. As he walks back, we notice the' ridiculous contrast, from

totally cramped accommodation with hundreds of children and muzak, to the elegance, and space of First class.

BEAN couldn't be more thrilled. There follows a sequence of short moments from this nightmare flight.

1/ The Old Tea-Drinking Lady is being helped with her luggage. A hostess slides it into the compartment above her head.

**OLD LADY**

Be careful. It's for my Grand-daughter.

The next instant BEAN comes up with his case. He opens the same locker, and tries to fit his case in. Doesn't quite go - so he pushes it violently. We hear crunching cracking sounds. Finally, it's almost there - BEAN slams the locker door. One final definitive, though muffled, smash. The OLD LADY looks at BEAN suspiciously.

2/ BEAN sits down - and who should be his next door neighbour? The Grand Man, whose name is REYNOLDS. BEAN smiles merrily. The affection is not mutual.

Champagne comes round instantly. BEAN takes it, along with a small bowl of nuts, and clinks glasses with his unsmiling partner. BEAN tries to impress him by throwing nuts up into the air and catching them in his mouth (a well practised art). No response.

BEAN then switches on the noisy overhead air blower. Then can't turn it down again. It's very stuck. He manages however to push it away from his face - straight into REYNOLDS'. REYNOLDS looks annoyed, BEAN guiltless.

**21**

Then 'BEAN has an idea. He takes a tissue out of his pocket, puts in his mouth, chews it into a spitball

And rams it into the blower. Both of them are relieved. REYNOLDS picks up his champagne to have his first proper sip. And whapp! The spitball, under high pressure, shoots into it, sending champagne spraying all over REYNOLDS. Not a good start.

3/--BEAN is reading the in-flight magazine. There's an annoying sound. He looks sideways - it is the headphones of the YOUNG BOY in the seat across the aisle. He's fallen asleep with his headphones on. BEAN looks annoyed. Then suddenly decides to cut his fingernails with a little pair of scissors he carries. He holds out his hand to snip the nail - and accidentally on purpose simply cuts the wire of the boy's headset. That's better.

4/ Night. Wide shot of the plane - everyone is asleep except one pool of light. It's Mr BEAN still up, reading.

But even he is wilting. His eyes close, and his body starts to waver towards sleep. Next to him, REYNOLDS is in a total lying position - and unfortunately, as BEAN slowly tips over, his mouth comes into direct contact with REYNOLDS' flies.

From across the compartment, a hostess sees what's happening. She's shocked, comes over and taps BEAN on the ,,shoulder. He shoots up, and nearly strangles her in shock. She calms him down, shows him how to put his chair back - and leaves him to sleep. CUT ON....

5/ REYNOLDS still asleep. With BEAN asleep completely on top of him. Completely. His hand is spread on REYNOLDS' face. REYNOLDS' eyes open. He sees what's happened. His arm goes up and rings for the Hostess.

6/ Morning has broken. REYNOLDS is still trying to sleep - BEAN is wide awake. The Hostess approaches, and the MOTHER of the YOUNG BOY says her son isn't very well.

BEAN decides to cheer him up. He mimes an aeroplane which makes the boy feel more ill. Then does a rather good lizard impersonation by sticking bits of paper to his tongue and eye-lids and fluttering them.

He then brings out a scrunched up bag of Dolly Mixtures and does his trick of throwing a sweet in the air and catching it in his mouth. The boy is too ill to be impressed.

BEAN tries to cheer him up with his imaginary gun pretending to be a cowboy and then a tough American Cop. Nothing. Then he has an extremely fun idea. He empties the Dolly Mixtures from the paper bag and pockets them.

## **22**

He then blows up the empty bag and is about to pop it to wake REYNOLDS, when he sees it's got a hole in it. No fun.

Meanwhile, the Boy has taken out his sick-bag. BEAN is delighted - yes, that's perfect. He turns away for a split second to scrunch up the useless bag, while, unseen to him, the boy vomits into his bag. BEAN turns, grabs the bag from him - blows into it, puts it right into REYNOLDS' face at arms length, and smacks his hands together. CUT at just the right moment.

### **CUT TO:**

#### **INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. ARRIVALS - NIGHT**

The traditional exit area. A random bunch of people are waiting - relatives, limousine drivers - and, rather strangely, three 30 year old women dressed in curly red wigs from the musical, 'Annie'.

The LEARYS are at the barrier. KEVIN has a cardboard sign with 'MR. BEAN' written on it. People are streaming out of the Arrivals gate. ALISON is not happy. Actually no one is. JENNIFER looks particularly fed up.

**DAVID**

For all you know, he may be a very attractive young man.

**JENNIFER**

Oh come on - the guy's going to be a creep. All Englishmen are ugly.

**DAVID**

What makes you say that?

**JENNIFER**

All the guys they claim are English to and good-looking like Dan Day-Lewis and Liam Neeson, turn out to be Irish. Even Anthony Hopkins is welsh. Prince Charles is so ugly they pay him two million bucks a year to stay indoors.

**DAVID**

Richard Burton was very good-looking.

**JENNIFER**

Welsh.

**DAVID**

Sean Connery.

23

**ALISON**

Scottish.

**DAVID**

Tom Jones?

**JENNIFER**

Welsh again.

**DAVID**

No-one's asking you to go to bed with him. Okay, so the guy's gonna look like Meatloaf's backside.

JENNIFER glares at him. A tired ALISON has had enough of this waiting already.

**ALISON**

Bed sounds good though.      Bed sounds great.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.      AMERICAN AIRPORT.      CONVEYER - NIGHT**

BEAN, is off the plane. REYNOLDS strides ahead of him, a huge wet patch in a semi-circle around his neck. BEAN comes to a moving walkways. He steps on to it sheepishly, thinking it's very daring and brave, gripping the handrail as though he was travelling at 100 mph.

But soon he gains greater confidence. He stands up straight, both hands off the rail. There are a couple of COPS leaning against a wall, chatting. BEAN notices their guns. Slipping into role-play mode, he reaches into his breast pocket, ready to bring out his imaginary shooter ... The last security guard he tried this with just yawned ~ so BEAN thinks it's safe. But this time, the COPS turn and stare at him tensely..

Flustered by their interest in him, BEAN needs to get away. He turns, but finds that he is walking in the opposite direction, on the spot. The COPS read this as suspicious behaviour and move towards him suspiciously. BEAN turns to gets himself going in the right direction. The COPS follow. BEAN runs. The COPS give chase.

**CUT TO:**

**24**

**INT.      'AMERICAN AIRPORT.      ARRIVALS - NIGHT**

A little BALD MAN arrives at the barrier. The three red wiggled clones from the musical, 'Annie' swamp him with shrieks and kisses. The LEARYS are getting impatient.

**KEVIN**  
(bored )

Who do you think is the ugliest guy who ever lived.

**DAVID**

Well, Michael Bolton's pretty grisly.

**KEVIN**

I vote for Bart.

**JENNIFER**

Shut up, Kevin.

**KEVIN**

NO, seriously - I know he's your boyfriend, but there's something about his upper lip that is so weird. What do you think it is, Dad?

Jen says it's a moustache, I say it's a cluster of about 11 mosquitoes, resting.

**JENNIFER**

You know the thing I hate most about children?

**KEVIN**

Nope.

**JENNIFER**

You.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

BEAN is running down the busy corridor with the two COPS in pursuit. They draw their guns. Two more COPS appear,

coming from the opposite direction. BEAN is trapped. He drops his case.

**COP 1**

Police! Stop or we shoot!

**25**

Passers-by scream and throw themselves to the floor. BEAN freezes on the spot, terrified. All four COPS have their guns trained on him in the shooting

position.

**COP 1**

Carefully take out your weapon, holding the butt with two fingers only. Slowly place it on the floor and take three paces back!

Dead slowly, BEAN puts his hand into his inside jacket pocket and brings it back out made in the shape of a gun. He slowly transfers that imaginary item to the finger and thumb of his left hand. He bends down and places it on the floor then takes three paces back. He gives out a big breath after the effort of it all. The COPS just stare at him, gob-smacked.

Little OLD LADY from plane steers up from nowhere. She rattles her box of broken china and kicks BEAN in the shins. Things are not going his way.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT**

Bright and clinical. Close on BEAN sitting behind a very small man in very big trouble. Behind him, two uniformed COPS. A large, black plain clothes detective sits opposite, smoking. This is BRUTUS. He studies BEAN's passport photo. It's the He holds it up to bean's face to make a comparison. BEAN pulls match the photo.

table; a stand guard. a cigarette. baboon face. the face to

**BRUTUS**

Mr. Bean. Are you presently on any kind of medication at all?

BEAN thinks deeply for a moment then shakes his head.

**BRUTUS**

You could certainly use some.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. ARRIVALS - NIGHT**

ALISON, JENNIFER and KEVIN are slumped in seats near the barrier.  
DAVID walks  
up.

**ALISON**

What did they say?

**26**

**DAVID**

Well, they're kind of busy but it doesn't look like ...

**ALISON**

Did you really ask?

**DAVID**

I'm not sure I got the right person but they were a bit  
busy ...

**ALISON**

Excuse  
Millennium and  
the world.  
I'll go.

What's wrong with you, David? All you have to do is say,  
me, I've been sitting here since the start of the  
I'd really like some action from you before the end of

**DAVID**

No, no. I'll try again ...

**ALISON**

I said, I'll go.

She goes. KEVIN shakes his head disappointedly at,-- his father.  
DAVID  
slumps down on the seat. He overhears JENNIFER flirting with an  
incredibly  
undesirable bloke in a leather jacket - white, with Rasta hair  
extensions,  
and about sixty rings in his nose. (This is STINGO).

**JENNIFER**

So. where do your parents live?

**STINGO**

My parents are dead.

DAVID is pretty confident that he knows who killed them.

**JENNIFER**

Yeah, so are mine.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. TAXI RANK. NIGHT**

COP 1 puts BEAN in the back of a taxi with his case. He takes some dollar notes from his own wallet and hands them to the driver.

**27**

**COP 1**

Just get him the hell out of here, will ya?

He slams the door and the taxi drives away.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT-. ARRIVALS - NIGHT**

The LEARYS are all asleep in eccentric positions on the seats. JENNIFER's head is resting on STINGO's leg. Kevin's cardboard sign with 'MR. BEAN, written on it falls from his lap to the floor.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - NIGHT**

The taxi draws up outside the house. BEAN gets out with his case. The CAB DRIVER is strangely friendly.

**CAB DRIVER**

Thanks man, I can't tell you how much I appreciate talking to ya. In this job you get so many jerks spilling their guts all over ya, with their stupid problems ... But you, you're a great listener,

ya know that?

BEAN smiles politely. Taxi drives away. BEAN walks up to' the front porch, checks the house number on his piece of paper and presses the doorbell. No answer. Presses again. Still no answer ... Now where have they hidden the key. He inspects things carefully.

The camera sees what he sees ... the doormat, the flowerpot, the window-ledge ... and then he spots a little stone frog. BEAN smiles. Key hiding is something he knows about - and people are pathetically obvious about it. BEAN picks up the FROG to reveal the front door key. It glints in the porch-light.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

BEAN lets himself in. The pre-alarm buzzer goes off quietly. He has 15 seconds before the alarm goes off proper. He strolls confidently to where the alarm control unit obviously is ... under the stairs.

**28**

Close-up of flashing L.E.D. Again, BEAN looks carefully and finds the magnetic box, housing a little key, attached to the underside of the console. Just as the alarm goes off, for the splittest of a secondette, he turns the key in its slot ... and is safe.

BEAN finds the switch and turns on the hall light. He switches it off again ... then on. Then rapidly clicks it on and off repeatedly.Fun.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - NIGHT**

Shot from across the street, with all the house lights flashing off and on

madly.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. LOUNGE - NIGHT**

BEAN stands in front of the television, looking a little annoyed about the fact that the remote control in his hand is having no effect at all. He stabs at it randomly.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - NIGHT**

The garage doors are swinging open and closed rhythmically.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DAVID'S CAR - NIGHT**

KEVIN and JENNIFER are asleep in the back. DAVID drives in silence, Alison next to him. Uneasy atmosphere. DAVID stabs at buttons on the car radio.

**ALISON**

It isn't working any more, David.

**DAVID**

I know - I'll take it in to George tomorrow'- he'll fix it.  
Stupid thing.

**HE SWITCHES IT OFF.**

**29**

**ALISON**

No, US. It's not working any longer -you and me.

Pause. DAVID's now heard it completely. He takes his eyes off the road and stares at ALISON a moment too long. A car's horn snatches back his attention.

**DAVID**

Jesus.

**ALISON**

I need some time, David. A little time. It's  
not just you.  
It's partly me.

**DAVID**

But in general ... it's ... mostly me, right?

Pause. Single shot of Alison and David. She doesn't answer.  
He is

destitute.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

BEAN wanders down the stairs in his pyjamas. He sees a walkman - and  
puts it  
on happily. He moves to the rhythm. He locks the door, turns on the  
alarm  
and turns off the  
hall light.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - NIGHT**

DAVID's car turns into the drive just as the hall light goes off. (For  
the  
next few minutes, knife-edged timing 0 is all). The LEARYS sleepily  
get out  
of the car and approach the house. DAVID brings out his door key.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. UPSTAIRS LANDING - NIGHT**

The exact moment the key turns in the lock, BEAN, still wearing  
headphones,  
disappears into a bedroom with a little ceramic sign on it saying:  
'GUEST  
ROOM'.

The exhausted family enter an apparently untouched house. KEVIN turns  
on the  
stairs light, climbs to his room off the landing and closes the door  
on which

a sign reads: 'KEVIN'.

**30**

At that instant BEAN walks out, looking for the bathroom with his wash bag.

He looks up at the light. It should not be on. He frowns, turns it off and

exits to bathroom. At which precise moment JENNIFER, zombie-like, is halfway

up the stairs

**JENNIFER**

Thanks a lot, Kevin!

JENNIFER goes into her room. The sign reads: 'JENNIFER'.

ALISON turns on the light and climbs the stairs. David heads into the kitchen. They exchange a sad look. She goes into their bedroom: the sign

reads: 'GRUPS'. At which instant, BEAN, still wearing headphones, leaves the

bathroom, and heads downstairs ....

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The light is on. DAVID takes a deep breath. Bad night. He picks up an empty coffee jar, sighs and goes into the pantry a full one. BEAN enters. He opens the refrigerator and he studies the food on offer. Nothing he fancies ... then BINGO!

He sees a little plate of 3 strawberries. He eats one, then two, then pops the third into his mouth. It tastes a bit off, so he takes it out of his mouth, puts it back on the plate, closes the fridge door, and exits ... just as DAVID comes out of the pantry. Close on BEAN's hand as it comes round the door frame and turns off the light. DAVID, on the move, stubs his toe on a

chair. He groans in pain, limps to the fridge. He spots the lone, already sucked strawberry and pops it into his mouth.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. D & A'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

ALISON is watching T.V. in bed with the remote control. DAVID enters with orange juice and puts it down by his side of the bed.

**DAVID**

The lights blown in the kitchen. I'll fix it tomorrow.

They're not a happy couple. She concentrates on the TV even turns it up a little.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

BEAN turns on the basin's cold faucet. It gushes noisily.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. D & A'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Close on Letterman on the TV. The noise from it drowns out any noise from the bathroom. (The bathroom has two doors - one into DAVID and ALISON's bedroom, the other onto the landing)..

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

BEAN can't hear the T.V. because of his headphones. He takes out his toothbrush but notices an electric one on a shelf with spare brush heads.

He's intrigued. He swaps the heads and enjoys cleaning his teeth with this clever modern implement.

-He puts the electric brush down and checks his teeth in the mirror. He has forgotten to turn off the brush and so it vibrates off the sink and lands in the toilet. Bean fishes it out and places it back on the shelf where he found

it. He turns off faucet, then exits, turning out the light.

DAVID enters and turns the light on again. He takes down the toothbrush and cleans his teeth. He calls through the bedroom door.

**DAVID**

That poor guy, Bean ... He's probably still sitting at London Airport!

He finishes his teeth then runs the hot faucet. He exits to bedroom as BEAN enters from hall with dirty socks.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. D & A'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

ALISON is still watching T.V. The volume is getting to DAVID.

**DAVID**

Alison, please.

32

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARYS' HOUSE. BATHROOM ~ NIGHT**

BEAN is just finishing washing his socks in David's water. He rings the dirty water from them, and exits. DAVID enters in his under shorts. He checks his tired eyes in the mirror then washes his face in the basin water without looking.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. LANDING ~ NIGHT**

BEAN notices a framed photograph on the wall. It is of the LEARY family. They are grouped outside their house. It is a very happy picture. BEAN smiles at it. He takes it off the wall and takes it into a bedroom. As the door quietly closes we see the sign: 'JENNIFER'.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. D & A'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Lights are out. DAVID and ALISON in bed. The latter is facing away.

**DAVID**

I need to make a confession. I know you're awake.  
Please, it's important.

(Long pause)

**ALISON**

(without stirring)

Go ahead.

**DAVID**

I had the last strawberry in the refrigerator.

ALISON smiles in spite of herself. She turns over and puts her arm around

DAVID. She gets up close to his face.

**ALISON**

There were three strawberries.

**DAVID**

One.

**33**

**ALISON**

Liar.

**DAVID**

Oh Ali we can work this thing out, you know.

ALISON smiles, sleepily, and goes to kiss him. She stops and sniffs. Thoroughly put off, she rolls over and closes her eyes.

**DAVID**

Ali? What's wrong?

**ALISON**

Your face smells like a foot.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - DAY**

The next morning. Shot from across the street: A newspaper boy delivers.

Birds sing. It's a lovely, peaceful, early morning. Then ... a terrifying girl's scream pierces the quiet.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY**

The whole family charges out onto the landing. JENNIFER hurtles out of her room screaming. She barges through the family and locks herself in the bathroom.

**ALISON**

What is it? Jennifer!

**JENNIFER**

**(O.O.V.)**

... There's a man ... there's a man ... there's a man in my...

**DAVID**

Honey, calm down now... it's okay...

**JENNIFER**

**(p.o.v.)**

There's a man. I woke up next to a man ...

**KEVIN**

It wouldn't be the first time.

**34**

**ALISON**

Shut up, Kevin. (to Jennifer) Honey, you-re not making sense ...

**DAVID**

It's okay. There's no one out here. Just open the door. Trust me.

Pause ... then a click of the bathroom lock ... Jennifer comes out. Then

there's another click. BEAN breezes out of Jennifer's bedroom, past the family, in his pyjamas, carrying a wash bag and a towel over his arm. He waves to them friendly, slips into the bathroom and closes the door. The family stare in amazement.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY**

The family, now dressed for work and school, are having breakfast at the kitchen table. After an uncomfortable silence:

**KEVIN**

He makes Prince Charles look kind of handsome.

**ALISON**

He can't stay here, David.

**DAVID**

Okay. It's not a problem... Let's just sit ... I'll talk to the gallery ...

**ALISON**

David, I'm serious!

**DAVID**

I know you are. Very serious ... most of the time these days.

**ALISON**

Now what does that mean? My daughter wakes up with a strange man in her bed, and I'm supposed to think it's amusing? (looks at his tie) That tie's God-awful. Why do you wear it?

DAVID is thrown. He looks down at his tie. JENNIFER looks grumpy. KEVIN is eating happily.

**35**

BEAN enters, dressed, carrying a plastic carrier bag. He acknowledges the

family with a grunt and a smile.

**DAVID**

Ah, Mr Bean ...

**BEAN**

Excuse me.

He moves to the phone, checks his watch and dials quickly.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEAN'S BED-SIT - ENGLAND - NIGHT**

The ancient G.P.O. phone starts to ring on a small table. (The following takes place in a matter of seconds).

On the table are two, large, shiny, hard backed books, wedged up at one end

and sloping away at right angles to one another. Each book has a pair of

rulers set, parallel to one another, in Play-Doh. They each form a canal.

Between one pair of rulers sits a small box of salt. Between the other pair

is a miniature bust of BEETHOVEN. As the phone continues to ring and

vibrate the table, these items judder along the canal, an inch at a time.

The box of salt teeters the bottom of the book and topples over the edge of

the table. ( The BEETHOVEN bust' teeters on the edge of its book).

The salt

lands in a plastic funnel, taped to the top of a bamboo stick. The bottom

of the stick sits on the BBC 2 button of a T.V. remote control.

Close-up of

its infrared L.E.D. as it flashes once. The phone stops ringing.

CUT TO: the T.V. comes on at the start of a documentary about grizzly bears.

A voice-over begins a narration.

CUT TO: close on TEDDY sitting in his cardboard box hotel. Flickering light

from the T.V. plays on his face.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY**

Bean hangs up happily, then approaches the toaster, stuffs a pair of wet socks into it and pulls down the start lever. Satisfied, he now turns to the family.

**BEAN**

Now - can I help?

They just stare, dumb-founded.

**36**

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - DAY**

DAVID and BEAN arrive at the car and get in. DAVID heads out of the drive at a reasonable speed.

BEAN suddenly yanks on the hand-brake. DAVID's head hits the windshield with a sickening thud. BEAN reaches for and fastens his seat belt. He looks to DAVID. DAVID gives BEAN a pained look. What planet does he come from? He fastens his own seat belt while BEAN wonders why it's all taking so long.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. CAR PARKING - DAY**

It's a rather fancy building. Like a little Guggenheim DAVID parks by a large, expensive, looking car. BEAN opens his door and it bangs-hard against the pristine body work.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

As BEAN and DAVID enter through the swing doors they meet ANNIE, the very bubbly girl in charge of entrance tickets at the reception cum shop counter.

**ANNIE**

Two dollars please.

**DAVID**

Annie, it's me.

**ANNIE**

Oh, right, yeah. (to Bean) two dollars please.

**DAVID**

No, Annie, no. This is Doctor Bean. He's going to be working with us.

BEAN frowns. That word 'doctor'.

**37**

**ANNIE**

Oh, great. Usually we charge people two dollars to come in- but for people who work here, that would be 730 dollars a year, which is like, a lot of money, so we kinda like let them off. Hi.

BEAN smiles at her.

**ANNIE**

He doesn't like to say much does he?

**DAVID**

Right first time.

**ANNIE**

I can understand THAT. Neither do I.

As BEAN and DAVID move on, BEAN gives ANNIE a little wave. She waves sweetly back. She cocks her head to one side and watches him go. She likes Mr. BEAN a lot.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. GROUND FLOOR- DAY**

BEAN and DAVID arrive In the ground floor gallery. A few visitors are viewing the paintings. The acknowledge ELMER, the huge, ex-army, Security Man, sitting on a small chair by a wall, reading a newspaper. The pass two oldish ladies inspecting a painting

**DAVID**

You'll notice, our clientele is not totally young. I sometimes worry they're not really getting to grips with the art on a deep aesthetic level.

Stay with the ladies as DAVID and BEAN head on.

**OLD LADY 1**

What do you think?

**OLD LADY 2**

Oh yes - lovely - very nice.

**OLD LADY 1**

And what colour would you use for the curtains?

**38**

**OLD LADY 2**

Well, I thought the sort of blue in this one. (she points to a gorgeous blue Matisse) And I thought the curtains in the bathroom would be nice in this yellow ....

And-they head on to a Van Gogh with a nice yellow in it.

BEAN stops to admire a painting. It is Pre-Raphaelite in style, depicting a woman reclined on a bed in a castle chamber. She is wearing a chastity belt fastened with a small padlock, her breasts are concealed under a draped flag.

It is a tasteful and romantic picture.

**DAVID**

Beautiful. 'HIS MISTRESS' by John Everett Millais,  
1829 to 96.  
Know it?

BEAN shakes his head. It's the padlock he's interested in he points at  
it and  
smiles. ANNIE walks up.

**ANNIE**

Excuse me. Mr Grierson called down. He's ready to see  
you  
upstairs.

**DAVID**

Thanks, Annie.

ANNIE walks off back the way she came, looking at BEAN approvingly  
over her  
shoulder.

**DAVID**

Better go. Grierson hates people being late.

**BEAN**

Yes. Ahm... think I'll ...

He gestures that he'd like to tidy up a little. Brush his hair, etc.  
BEAN  
waddles off after ANNIE clearly in need of relief. DAVID watches him  
go.

**DAVID**

Why me?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR - DAY.**

BEAN is catching up with ANNIE. She notices him following and coyly  
smiles to  
herself. She stops, turns round and grins. She thinks he has come to  
say  
something to her.

**39**

BEAN stops dead in front of her - then turns sharp left into the men's  
washroom. ANNIE's smile fades.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. WASH ROOM - DAY**

BEAN comes out of a booth. He tidies his hair and tie in a mirror. He pushes down the pressurised tap to wash his hands. It splashes terribly. The whole front of his trousers are soaked. The last thing you want when about to meet your new boss. Damn!

There now follow a quick, complicated piece of business.

1/ BEAN spots a paper-towel dispenser. He turns towards it at just the moment a man exits from a booth - BEAN turns back to the sink to hide his trousers, as the man swiftly does his hands, goes to the paper dispenser, and takes the last towel. Damn again.

2/ BEAN now puts his hope in a rolling towel. But it's rather high. He has to jump to try to reach the trouser. At which point Another Man enters. Jumping BEAN has been caught in a very weird position. He pretends he has chosen the Men's Room as the place to do his rather energetic exercise routine.

3/ As the man leaves, he then tries to blow the patch dry with his mouth. Another Man enters. Again, BEAN is 1 compromised - pretends it's even more exercises. That man also enters a booth.

4/ BEAN suddenly notices the hand drying machine! He turns it on. A healthy blast of warm air. Annoyingly, it's also rather too high. He tries jumping and bouncing to get his waist to the right height. It's not going to work. Brainwave! He climbs up on two sinks. Now the drier is blowing in exactly the right place. BEAN sways to let the air cover the whole area. It's working excellently.

5/ At which moment, one of the men exits from him in the mirror. BEAN is in an immensely compromising position. He pretends he's there to change the light bulb takes out calmly and polishes. The man leaves, BEAN smiles. BEAN's face transforms - he's totally scalded his fingers bulb.

a booth and sees sex-with-machine above, which he But as he exits, on the scorching

**40**

6/ BEAN rushes to the sink, puts his fingers under the tap, pushes on the water - and soaks himself all over again. At which moment, DAVID enters, exasperated.

**DAVID**

Come on! Let's go!

BEAN exits uneasily hunched to hide his wet patch. enter the corridor, and he spots a newspaper.

They

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRIERSON'S OFFICE - DAY**

BEAN and DAVID enter. It's behind the desk is a full-size, framed white background, at the base of GRIERSON GALLERY, HOME OF WHISTLER'S full of paintings.

a warm, formal. office. On the wall poster of Whistler's Mother. On a the poster, a caption reads: 'THE MOTHER'. Elsewhere, the walls are

GRIERSON and BERNIE look up from a computer screen at DAVID and BEAN, who is, rather weirdly, carrying a newspaper in front of his flies. GRIERSON approaches David, and shakes his hand.

**GRIERSON**

Ah, David. Finally. (CHECKS HIS WATCH DELIBERATELY )

And this

must be our professor from across the sea.

**DAVID**

Yes, this is Doctor Bean.

**BEAN**

Actually I'm not .... er ...

**GRIERSON**

This is Bernard Schimmel. Bernie the Doctor.

BERNIE offers his hand. BEAN has to do a nifty handchange to free up the correct hand for the handshake. The newspaper stays firmly in place.

**THOMAS GRIERSON**

Ah ~ the Tribune - mind if I just ....

He reaches out to borrow the newspaper. BEAN has to squeeze in right next to the desk and sit behind it, before he can hand the paper over thus ensuring the continued invisibility of the wet patch. GRIERSON studies the paper for a second.

**GRIERSON**

Take a seat, gentlemen..... although before we settle - feast your eyes on these.

GRIERSON goes to a painting on a wall. DAVID and BEAN follow ~ BEAN about one inch from DAVID's back, walking in perfect rhythm.

**GRIERSON**

Arthur Rackham. Originals of course. Got four of them. Check this out ... Venus and the Cat, Aesop's Fables. Isn't that something?

He heads towards said illustration on adjacent wall - and BEAN and DAVID follow, still totally glued together. A strange sight.

**DAVID.**

They're beautiful, sir.

**GRIERSON**

Maybe. Hell of a price, I'll tell you. Anyway - down to

business.

They head back to the desk - but Bean, in a momentary lapse of concentration fails to follow. He's now stuck on the wrong side of the room, unable to turn around.

**GRIERSON**

Bernie was just showing me his new ideas for a cross-gallery computer system. Dr Bean - would you like to look at this? Very exciting stuff ....

**BEAN**

Ahm ... NO.

GRIERSON is slightly surprised. But they persevere.

**BERNIE**

What I'm doing, Dave, is developing the ultimate user-friendly, interactive public guide to the gallery.

Punching buttons on the computer, he reveals wonderful maps of the gallery, and when clicking on sections of the map, graphic explanations of each rooms contents.

**42**

Meanwhile. Bean has spotted a fan on the other side of the room. He moves

around the room, always facing straight to the wall. When he reaches the fan, he switches it on: unfortunately it's a rotating fan - so to keep the wind on his trousers, BEAN has to do a strange, rhythmic dancing movement, following the arc of the fan.

**DAVID**

It's very good Bernie.

**BERNIE**

But the particular glory of the system... is that it can also work

oh large screens in each individual room - so we can  
network the  
program to every room in the gallery.

**GRIERSON**

Not bad, eh? What do you think, Doctor? Ah....  
Doctor Bean?

BEAN turns, shocked to have been observed. He looks down at his  
trousers  
and, HOORAY!, they're dry at last. He's delighted, and moves back  
across  
the road towards them, hands in pockets, in a big, confident,  
groin-  
thrusting, dry-trouser boasting walk.

**GRIERSON**

Well, thanks for dropping by. Enjoy your stay with our  
Vice  
President and his family. They're simple people.-.but  
warm,  
yes, Doctor?

**BEAN**

I'm not actually... um...

**GRIERSON**

... Settled in yet. I know. Plenty of time. Bernie,  
perhaps  
you'd like to take Dr. Bean on a tour of the gallery.

**BERNIE**

Absolutely. This way, sir.

BEAN displays his crotch proudly one last time before he and BERNIE  
exit.

GRIERSON tries to fathom the strange man who just left.

**GRIERSON**

He's a genius, right?

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**DAVID**

Ah... He certainly has something, sir.

**GRIERSON**

one's Very pleased you've taken him in, David. At a time when no-  
job is safe, it really identifies you as a team player.

**DAVID**

have Yes, although, I really..... thank you. Yes, it's great to  
him with us. The whole family's very excited.

**GRIERSON**

will you? Glad to hear it. Tell poor Mr Larson to come through,

**DAVID**

You're not going to ....

**GRIERSON**

this Sack him? David, what else can I do? This business is not,  
repeat, not breaking even. And David ... notice anything  
morning?

DAVID frowns then sees.

**DAVID**

You've tinted your hair? It takes years off you, sir.

GRIERSON beams.

**MIX THROUGH TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

End of the day.. ANNIE perks up at the reception desk as DAVID, but  
especially BEAN, approaches from the gallery area. She has a pile  
of tissues near-by and draws a heart on one of them. She arranges it  
on the counter-top where BEAN could not fail to see it on his way to the  
exit.

**DAVID**

Goodnight Annie.

**ANNIE**

Night.

BEAN does not even notice her. As DAVID heads for the exit, BEAN  
suddenly sneezes.

He reaches for ANNIE's love message and blows his nose on it. He drops the tissue in a bin as he exits.

ANNIE sighs her disappointment.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. BY PARKING LOT - DAY**

(About 5 p.m.) BEAN and DAVID head for the parking lot. On the way, BEAN's interest is drawn to the MIME ARTIST we met before in his Clinton mask, performing his heart out in front of the Dead Cars sculpture. BEAN lingers.

The MIME accosts a woman, pretending to brush dust from her clothes, comb her hair etc. The MIME is a bit of a pain in the ass really. The woman quickly moves on.

BEAN is intrigued. The MIME mimes climbing a ladder. BEAN goes up next to him - and looks up. There's nothing there. He decides the MIME is a bit of a tricky. This is confirmed when the MIME pretends he's locked behind a pane of glass. BEAN simply pokes his finger through the imaginary glass wall, and hits the MIME's nose.

CUT TO: DAVID watching bemusedly some way off.

The MIME is however delighted someone is taking an interest at last. He

takes a handkerchief from BEAN's pocket, and gets BEAN to guess which hand the hanky's in. It's not in the left. Not in the right. BEAN isn't the slightest bit impressed - he just reaches round and takes the hank-y from where it's tucked into the MIME's trousers - and heads away. As he moves off, the MIME touches h' on the shoulder. BEAN turns and the MIME starts a mocking gun duel. He draws his guns. BEAN is pretty unimpressed.

The MIME turns his back and walks the 10 paces to draw. 4 He turns  
.....

But now BEAN decides to settle it once and for all. In a brilliant  
piece  
of big mime, he puts together the biggest gun ever seen outside an  
Arnold  
Schwarzenegger movie. He sets up a pedestal - opens a case ~ lifts  
out a  
hugely heavy gun - then the 7 bits that click on that gun. Then opens  
another case, and takes out the huge artillery shell to load it.

The MIME is getting very frightened. Then BEAN pulls up an imaginary  
stool  
to sit behind his mega-Gatling Gun. The MIME begins to run away. BEAN  
twirls in his imaginary seat, and lines up his sights, following the  
terrified MIME.

**45**

Finally, in a BOOM that almost knocks BEAN out of his imaginary seat,  
he  
fires. 10 seconds delay, and the MIME falls in a very dramatic death,  
50  
yards away.

BEAN is happy - and heads back to the parking lot where DAVID, arms  
folded,  
leans against his car. DAVID gets into his car. BEAN opens the  
passenger  
door and thumps it loudly into the side of the expensive car next-door  
(same  
as this morning).

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SHOPPING MALL. PARKING LOT - DAY**

DAVID parks next to a beaten up convertible.

**DAVID**

Okay. I'll get some steaks. Alison loves steak ... Wine -  
good.  
Candy? No candy. Alison hates candy. We gotta do this  
right,  
Bean, or ... (looks at Bean) Just stay out of trouble,  
okay?

BEAN nods. DAVID gets out and heads for the mall. Nearby woman tramp (BAG LADY) goes through a trash can.

BEAN tries to control himself but weakens. He plays with all the buttons and switches on the dashboard; windshield wipers, lights. Then he notices a throbbing noise ... He gets out of the car to investigate.

BEAN swiftly locates the throbbing sound. The e-empty convertible has its engine running. BEAN notices the keys in the ignition. How stupid of someone. He turns off the engine and takes out the keys. There are several people returning to their cars with groceries. BEAN offers the car keys to them as if to say: "Are these yours?"

[The following should take place at quite a speed, real drama.]

Then suddenly, A ROBBER dashes towards BEAN from the direction ' of the Mall, weaving in and out of parked cars, with a small white carrier bag, assumedly full of money. He wears jeans, a black polo-neck and, much to BEAN's delight,

a PRESIDENT CLINTON face-mask. As far as BEAN's concerned, this is his old friend, the MIME.

ROBBER throws the bag of money on to the back seat of the convertible and gets in - but he cant find the keys to start it. He frantically searches all his pockets ...

**46**

BEAN leans into shot. He holds out the keys, grinning.

**ROBBER**

Gimme the keys!

BEAN runs away with them. Or doesn't! He is in mime mode - And runs on the spot, getting faster and faster. The ROBBER approaches this obvious madman. He is quite a tough, scary, and scared individual.

**ROBBER**

I said, give me the keys!

BEAN turns and holds out two hands, just like the MIME did to him. The perplexed ROBBER picks one hand. Wrong one. He then.... pulls a gun and puts it hard to MR BEAN in BEAN's face. Passers-by scream and fall to the ground, the bag lady amongst them. Sudden harsh reality.

But not to BEAN. He simply takes the gun, and waves it in the ROBBER's face, ticking him off for breaking the rules.

**ROBBER**

**OKAY, OKAY - TAKE IT EASY!!!**

BEAN gestures the ROBBER to turn around. He does, sure this sicko is going simply to shoot him in the head. But instead BEAN puts his back to the ROBBER's back, and starts to count

**BEAN**

**1,2,3,4, 5, 6,7,8, 9,10**

He turns and gestures to the ROBBER it's time to draw. By this time a crowd has gathered.

**ROBBER**

But I haven't got a f.....

**BEAN**

Ssssh!!!!

He points out a small child, watching from behind a trash can.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SHOPPING MALL. EXT. COFFEE SHOP ~ DAY**

DAVID is hurrying back to the parking lot, with a bag of groceries, and a big bunch of red roses.. He stops dead in his tracks as he spots something ...

ALISON and CHARLES are sitting up on stools, in the window of a coffee shop.

ALISON laughs at something that CHARLES says. Their body language suggests a

certain closeness. DAVID is saddened. He hurries away.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. SHOPPING MALL. PARKING LOT ~ DAY**

BEAN waves the gun at the ROBBER.

**ROBBER**

I haven't got a gun.

But BEAN is pushing him to draw. Finally...

**ROBBER**

Okay, okay, I'll do it!

He draws. BEAN draws too. They fire. And BEAN really fires. To his amazement. Onlookers scream. BEAN throws the gun away in startlement.

The ROBBER lunges for it ~ BEAN kicks it away, trying to help him avoid such a dangerous implement.

The ROBBER lunges at BEAN who throws the keys away over his shoulder. The ROBBER has to scabble under a car for them- BEAN thinks of final joke - and niftly swaps the ROBBER's bag, for one of the Old BAG LADY's bags. A few dollar notes spill out of it.

When the ROBBER emerges with the keys, BEAN 's waiting to escort him to his car. He opens the door - then spots a tourist hiding and puts his arm around the ROBBER and gets him to take a photograph of them. BEAN removes the ROBBER's mask as the picture is taken. Forgetting himself, the ROBBER smiles for the camera.

The ROBBER, jolted back to reality by the sound of approaching Police car sirens, jumps in the car and drives away. BEAN waves goodbye to the convertible as a couple of Police cars screech up. COPS jump out.

DAVID approaches the scene with groceries and roses. What kind of hell has

BEAN caused now? But instead of trouble, he sees the passers-by are getting to their feet, applauding BEAN and whistling! They crowd round the COPS explaining what a hero BEAN has been.

BEAN hands over the gun to a COP. He doesn't really understand what all the fuss is about. He notices the BAG

**48**

LADY wandering away with her bags. Should he tell her that he has swapped one of them for the ROBBER'S? No. He's getting too much attention to be bothered.  
A COP comes up to BEAN. It is COP 1 from the airport scene.

**COP 1**

Excuse me. Mr. er ... Cabbage?

Sudden mutual recognition.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. POLICE PRECINCT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT**

Classic smoked filled room with street light cutting through half closed Venetian blinds. Two or three DETECTIVES slouched in the shadows.

BRUTUS, the huge black detective from earlier, sits opposite BEAN at a table, smoking. He is looking at a photo. A close-up reveals it to be a full length one of BEAN and the ROBBER outside the mall with the ROBBER's face unmasked. BRUTUS eyes BEAN for a while. BEAN is terrified. BRUTUS taps the photo.

**BRUTUS**

It's Eddie Guardino. Go pick him up.

One of the DETECTIVES lazily leaves the room. BRUTUS leans forward on his elbows.

**BRUTUS**

Guardino fled the scene with 160 K, in a white plastic bag. We got

the car. We got the bag. And we got 20 pairs of stinking  
pantyhose. (drags on his cigarette) Anything you wanna  
tell me?

BEAN looks at h4-m blankly. BRUTUS holds up the photo.

**BRUTUS**

'Fraid I'm gonna have to keep this.

BEAN calmly takes the picture and tears it in half. He gives back the  
ROBBER  
half and puts the other half, with himself on, into his pocket. BRUTUS  
glares  
at him.

**BRUTUS**

Mr. Bean. You lookin' to stay long in California?

**49**

BEAN grins. At last. A question he can answer. He nods,  
happily.

**MR. BEAN**

Oh, yes.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARYS' HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

DAVID is talking to KEVIN. BEAN is there. In the background, Jennifer  
plays  
with a computer game. DAVID is very animated.

**DAVID**

He was incredible. This guy is fearless. He has  
no fear.

**KEVIN**

That's one - way of looking at it. You might also  
say this guy is  
brainless he has no brain'.

**DAVID**

Well, there is that ...

**KEVIN**

**(TO BEAN )**

I'll give you a chance... Know anything about computers?

**BEAN**

Ahm....

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE LEARYS' HOUSE. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

KEVIN is playing an adventure game: `GOBLINS 2' [This game exists.]  
The  
GOBLINS chuckle and make stupid noises that BEAN can imitate. A catchy  
piece  
of music accompanies the game.

The computer monitor shows the inside of the WIZARD's house. KEVIN  
moves the  
GOBLINS, and two little characters, FINGUS and WINKLE, around the room  
by  
clicking on areas in the room with his mouse.

BEAN and KEVIN are both wearing pointed goblin hats made from  
newspaper.

**50**

**KEVIN**

It's so embarrassing. All the guys I know are on Goblins  
3 and  
I'm still stuck with the lousy Wizard in Goblins 2.

BEAN is interested in the computer because he likes the cute little  
GOBLINS.  
He gets his delighted face right up to the screen. He sings along  
with the  
catchy tune. KEVIN is getting frustrated.

**KEVIN**

Come on, winkle.

KEVIN clicks on a cuckoo clock in the WIZARD's room. The cuckoo  
pops out  
holding a key in its beak.

**KEVIN**

It's gotta be here. Something to get the key away  
from the  
stupid cuckoo.

BEAN scans the monitor screen: he spots a little frog at the bottom of the scene. His eyes light up. He takes the mouse and rapidly and repeatedly clicks on the frog.

**BEAN**

Click, click, click, click, click ...

The frog croaks and jumps off a little round stone. KEVIN gets excited.

**KEVIN**

How'd you do that!? That was so obvious!!!

BEAN grins and makes WINKLE pick up the stone. Then he clicks through to inside the wizard's house. He makes WINKLE throw the stone at the cuckoo which instantly drops the key from its beak.

**KEVIN**

Beanie, you are waaaaay Cool!

KEVIN slaps BEAN on the back. BEAN is delighted. Close on monitor, showing The Goblin game-

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY**

Another game. JENNIFER'S Super Nintendo game on TV in the lounge area. It is a Gothic game where he-man types attack Vampires and bats with swords.

**51**

DAVID is in the kitchen - setting out the roses in a vase. The door opens - enter ALISON. Some tension.

**DAVID**

Hi,

**ALISON**

Hi..... (PAUSE ) Roses.

**DAVID**

Yes. And I have a wine for dinner  
that will kill you.

**ALISON**

Great. ( SHE SETTLES A LITTLE ) You said you'd ask  
Grierson about  
putting our guest somewhere else. Did you?

**DAVID**

Sort of half.....

**ALISON**

Meaning?

**DAVID**

I was sort of half way through the sentence in which I  
would have  
asked him when it suddenly seemed like a mistake.

**ALISON**

Honestly David, you're so spineless.

Pause. Jennifer looks around. She can't help but hear. Not a happy  
experience.

**DAVID**

Roses. Wine.

He is asking her for softness. Pause. At which moment BEAN enters  
wearing  
pointy hat. He helps himself to a melon from a bowl. He grins and  
exits.  
ALISON looks at DAVID sadly.

**ALISON**

But no real change.

Almost instantly, BEAN is back. He rummages through a drawer and takes  
out  
some large elastic bands. And leaves.

**ALISON**

I really do need some time on my own. Away from here.

**52**

**DAVID**

Look, Bean's history. I swear to you, he's packing as we  
speak.

Bambi. And you can't leave. ( HE PICKS UP THE BAMBI ) I've got  
talk. You never go anywhere without him. Please let's just  
talk.

**ALISON**

Okay. ( GHOST OF A SMILE ) Put Bambi down, and we'll  
talk.

He puts Bambi down on the side-table, on the flat surface of his CD  
player.

BEAN appears again behind her, now looking even madder. Pointy hat,  
large  
pointy ears made from melon peel, held in place by the rubber band  
stretched  
round his face ~ huge front teeth also cut from the melon. He grins  
gleefully.

DAVID and ALISON just stare. BEAN is followed by KEVIN who wears the  
same ears  
and teeth.

**DAVID**

Jennifer - Look, you guys, could you just give us a moment to ...  
could you turn that damn thing down.

It is quite loud. JENNIFER looks for the remote control. BEAN  
helpfully picks  
up a remote control from the sofa and points it across the room.

**ALISON**

No, that's not for the TV. That's for the ...

Too late! BEAN punches a button and the lid of the CD  
player launches the Bambi into the air.

DAVID sees it. In slow motion he dives dramatically and just misses  
it. It  
smashes on the floor.

BEAN raises his eyes heavenwards, shakes his head and tuts. He  
thinks DAVID  
is a real Butter Fingers.

JENNIFER, upset, has found the TV remote and unintentionally switches  
from the  
Vampire game to a TV channel. It's very loud.

ALISON gives DAVID a tearful look, and shakes her head.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE NIGHT.**

A taxi drives away. Alison is in it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT.**

JENNIFER and KEVIN are in their night clothes. They sit with David on the stairs ~ still looking at the door-Alison left through.

**KEVIN**  
I wish I could use that at school. "Hey, Teach,  
no hard feelings ... It's just things between us ain't  
what they used to be and I need a little space, ya know? So  
I'll see you around in a couple of years, maybe".

**JENNIFER**  
It's a kind of an interesting swap. Mom for the Man from  
Ga Ga.  
She gets up and walks away.

**DAVID**  
Jen - you don't wanna talk about it?

**JENNIFER**  
It's you and Mom that need to talk.

**DAVID**  
Sure. You're right.

**KEVIN**  
You know, Mr. Bean's okay. You're not gonna kick him out,  
are you, Dad?

**JENNIFER**  
**(FROM HER DOOR)**  
Of course he is.

**KEVIN**  
Are you?

**DAVID**

Yes, I am. I must.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HALL/BEAN'S ROOM. DAY.**

DAVID heads for Mr BEAN's room, and knocks cautiously on the door.

**54**

**BEAN**

(o. o. v)

Enter.

DAVID enters - Camera follows as DAVID finds his way through BEAN's washing hanging from strings across the room. BEAN is sticking things in a picture album.

**DAVID**

Hi, am I disturbing you?

BEAN gives him an affable smile. In a pause before he quite gathers himself to broach the difficult subject, DAVID asks a polite question.

**DAVID**

May I?

BEAN acquiesces. He starts from the beginning, with pictures of him as a kid. Always standing on his own.

Picture of BEAN with mop of frizzy hair, at 16. DAVID smiles.  
BEAN mimes stupid disco dancing.

DAVID turns another page. It is a sequence of pictures of BEAN at famous UK locations - Big Ben, Stonehenge, Buckingham Palace, 10 Downing Street. They are .idiosyncratic because all taken by him at arms length with his Polaroid - so he never quite makes it squarely into shot.

A whole page of Teddy. Then three pages of BEAN's mini with dates, on

labels, going way back.

Then a whole page of garden gnomes.

**DAVID**

None of your folks here - Family?

BEAN starts to look for something in particular. DAVID uses the pause to broach the awful subject.

**DAVID**

Look... the reason I came in here was to ... well... since you've been here twelve all...

BEAN has found what he was looking for. It is the picture of the family that he took from the landing on his first night here. What's left of the Polaroid of himself, from the mall, that he rescued from BRUTUS, is stuck next to it. He's even written - 'Bean & Family' - he doesn't realise there's anything sad about it. But DAVID is rather moved. Pause.

**55**

**DAVID**

Well, that's er...great. Look, I just came in ... (no, he cant do it) ... to say good night. Okay?

BEAN nods. DAVID smiles and goes to the door.

BE-AN waves good-bye a little rudely and gets back to the album. Even when we feel sorry for him, he's a little rude. DAVID walks away, shaking his head.

**DAVID**

Spineless.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DAVID AND ALISON'S BEDROOM.**

The first morning without ALISON. "She's Gone" by Hall & Oats begins to play, a song full of yearning.

DAVID feels the other side of the bed. No-one there.

He walks into the bathroom and turns on the shower. Then walks back into the bedroom - She's gone - I've got to learn how to face it " He takes a towel from a cupboard and returns to the bathroom. He feels very alone.

He removes his pyjamas and gets into the steam-filled shower. - she's gone - she's gone" - but the camera moves to reveal that he is not alone after all. BEAN has, simply entered the shower, and is now happily soaping himself, wearing ALISON's shower cap. manly screams from the both of them.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. CANTEEN - DAY.**

DAVID sitting down at table, with BEAN, who is tucking in happily ~ eating a burger & bun with knife and fork. DAVID speaks after a longish pause.

**DAVID**

Bean can I ask you something?

BEAN nods.

**DAVID**

Do you think you can ever really know someone? Even if you've known them, well, almost all your life? What do you think?

**56**

BEAN thinks hard, then looks at his watch, makes his excuses and simple walks away.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GALLERY CORRIDOR. DAY.**

BEAN at a pay phone. He dials carefully-

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BEAN'S BED-SIT. DAY**

10 am U.K. time. (The following takes place in a matter of seconds) Close on the T.V. A morning kids show blares out. A huge wardrobe stands four feet away from a wall. There is a string tied to one of it's door handles, stretching out of shot. The wardrobe seems to be leaning backwards at an angle. It rocks slightly and creaks. (Feature its padlock).

There is a folded ironing board balanced over a roll of hall carpet, see-saw fashion. One end of it is wedged under the wardrobe.

BEAN's G.P.O. phone rings on the table and it's vibrations cause the bust of BEETHOVEN to fall over the edge of the table. It lands on the end of the ironing board. The Wardrobe groans as it is set off balance and falls against the wall with a heavy thump! and raising of dust. The string tied to its handle becomes taut.

CUT TO: the T.V. plug in its socket. This end of the string is tied to it. The string tightens and the plug is yanked out of the socket. The T.V. screen goes blank. Shot of TEDDY in the cardboard hotel'.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CANTEEN. DAY.**

BEAN returns, sits down and starts to eat again. David is still deep in thought.

**DAVID**

Well, they say there's only one way to get over this sort of thing. Take it day by day. Keep working. Keep to your normal patterns. That's the only hope. So let's just ... take today shall we?

BEAN nods. He is not on David's emotional level here.

**DAVID**

I think the time has come from you to meet the grand  
Madame.

She's all around you ... how do you fancy meeting her in  
the  
flesh?

Sure enough, all around are posters, and the silhouette of Whistler's  
Mother. BEAN nods, though fairly distracted by the slice of gherkin  
he's  
found in his bun and now picks out with his fingers.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR - DAY.**

BEAN and David en route to the painting.

**DAVID**

I usually only let her out for the big summer exhibition  
- but'  
let's see whether what they say about the healing power  
of great  
works of art is true, huh?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE WHOLE GALLERY - DAY**

BEAN and DAVID do the rest of the journey, in quick cuts - along  
corridors -  
in an elevator. A sense of expectation and excitement. En route, they  
are  
joined by ELMER, the huge Security Guard.

The three arrive outside a large oak door. ELMER ceremoniously  
unlocks the  
door, all the time glaring at BEAN - who swallows hard. A light turns  
green  
and a buzzer sounds.

Then there is the door to the inner sanctum. ELMER stares at BEAN as  
he  
unlocks it. Another light turns green and another buzzer sounds.

**DAVID**

Nobody As you can see, security's pretty tight in this section.  
gets past Elmer here. Isn't that right?

**ELMER**

... like Not in one piece anyway. I see Mrs Whistler as kind of  
interfere with my own dear mother. I'd kill any man that tried to  
her. The Vice President here will vouch for that.

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**DAVID**

calling me You've known me five years Elmer. When do you get to  
David?

**ELMER**

before I'm Not my place, sir. It would only be a matter of time  
you're calling you Dave. Then where would we be? By next year,  
15. my Sweetie-Pie" and I'm "Coochie-Coo". I'll be back in

He salutes, glares at BEAN and walks away. BEAN and DAVID  
enters the room.  
BEAN looks warily back at ELMER

**DAVID**

that You think he's tough you should see the size of the hunk  
works the night shift.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. THE WHISTLER ROOM - DAY.**

The room is very dark, only tiny lights in the corner.

**DAVID**

Stay there. Keep your eyes closed. One final lock,  
one final key.

DAVID unlocks double doors in a wall with a plastic key card. Buzz -  
click!  
The camera holds on BEAN, his eyes tight shut. The lights go up on  
BEAN's

face, a magical golden glow.

**DAVID**

Right. Open now.

Cut round - and there is this beautiful and very famous painting,  
lovingly  
shot. Music. Atmosphere. Glory.

BEAN opens his eyes and looks at the painting.

**BEAN**

Mmmmm. Nice.

**DAVID**

I'll leave you with her for a few minutes. I'm sure  
you'll want  
to give her a proper inspection. But whatever you do,  
don't leave  
the room. Megasecurity, okay? Catch you.

BEAN nods. DAVID leaves him. BEAN is still for a while and  
then goes up and  
inspects it closely.

**59**

He tuts disapprovingly as he spots dust on the bottom of the frame. He  
blows  
it away fussily. He steps back to admire the painting. There is dust  
up his  
nose and... SNEEZE - all over the painting!

He takes out his handkerchief and wipes the spittle off in panic. Then  
looks  
back at the painting. Unfortunately, there now seems to be a big blue  
mark  
right across Mrs Whistler's face..

BEAN checks his handkerchief. Yes, there's wet ink all over it. He  
finds the  
leaking pen in his pocket. O God. He takes out his shirt, spits on it  
and  
tries to wipe the painting, but he can't make the shirt reach it. He  
takes  
the painting down from the wall and has another go. NO GOOD! The ink  
just  
spreads right over Whistler's Mother's pure white collar.

BEAN now looks round in panic. What the hell can he do? He goes to the heavy door - and looks out into the corridor. He hears someone coming, hides and sees a young girl from the catering staff wheeling a slightly squeaky trolley past, covered with a white cloth.

He goes back in - and has an idea. He goes to a little table in the corner and begins to take thing off it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GALLERY. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - DAY.**

The door opens, and BEAN emerges, pushing what appears to be a trolley covered with a white cloth. Although, if you look carefully, this trolley actually has no legs. It is the painting covered with the table cloth. To make it a bit more convincing, BEAN makes an apt squeaky noise.

He proceeds along the thin corridor - and then sees another exactly similar trolley coming right towards him.' A problem. As they get close, BEAN suddenly pretends he sees something astonishing behind the on-coming man.

**BEAN**

(silently mouths)

What the ... !!!

When the man turns, BEAN just twists his painting sideways and shoots past him. We see the face of the deeply perplexed trolley-pusher when he looks back and BEAN is no longer there. He turns round to BEAN, who turns back to him with a totally blank and innocent look. BEAN sees an elevator and heads for it.

**CUT TO:**

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**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. ELEVATOR - DAY**

Inside the elevator, BEAN relaxes for a moment. He leans the painting against the wall and presses the third floor button. The bell dings.

**ELEVATOR VOICE**

Second floor.

BEAN manages to get the painting into trolley position before the doors open to a group of six very fat middle aged people. They all wear large badges declaring them to be members of a 'Diet Club'. They squeeze into the elevator along both sides of BEAN's trolley. There is a very, very, THIN WOMAN behind them who can't fit on.

**THIN WOMAN**

I guess I'll see you up there, guys.

The doors close. As the painting is wedged against the fat people's stomachs on both sides, BEAN is able to let go of it and make a great show of checking his watch. He nonchalantly, drums the fingers of both hands on the top of the trolley'. The bell dings.

**ELEVATOR VOICE**

Third floor.

The doors open. BEAN flips the painting onto its side and strolls out of the elevator. The 'Diet Club' members stare, after him.

BEAN heads on, squeaking - and at last sees what he's looking for. A men's room.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. MEN'S ROOM - DAY**

BEAN enters, relieved. It is small, just a little sink, a towel and a toilet. About a yard wide - but the picture fits in.

BEAN starts to wash the painting very carefully and lo!! The ink starts to

come off. Massive relief. Then, alas, someone tries the handle of the door.

BEAN speeds up. A knock. He peers out the keyhole. There are now 4 people waiting. BEAN is very worried.

**CUT TO:**

**61**

**INT.-GRIERSON GALLERY.            OUTSIDE MEN'S ROOM - DAY**

Pause. Then out comes BEAN, drying his empty hands, miming, "Sorry, Sorry."

We see into the toilet. nothing there. No sign of the painting. BEAN turns sharply left.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.    GRIERSON GALLERY - DAY**

DAVID is talking to BERNIE in the grounds.            We can see the side of the whole gallery in shot as they talk.

**BERNIE**

I was hoping DU.            Bean might take a look at my computer project today.

**DAVID**

Yes. I'll mention it to him.            But ... he's kind of his own guy, you know?

**BERNIE**

Howls he getting on with the family?

**DAVID**

Ah. Fine.            It's good.            It's great.

We will be slightly distracted by Whistler's Mother, America's most valuable painting, a very thin ledge three floors up - where Bean room window. A bird and then a couple the observation that is at this moment balanced on has put in, outside the Men's more birds perch on it.

**BERNIE**

And howls Alison?

**DAVID**

She's ... well, she's good.

**BERNIE**

Saw her at the movies the other night with that boss of hers.

Nice guy. Good looking.

**DAVID**

Yes, isn't he.

**BERNIE**

It's great when people who work together can become real friends.

**DAVID**

Isn't it?

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**BERNIE**

I like to think that's what's happened with you and me ... even though you're kinda my boss. Still maybe it won't always be that way, huh?

DAVID doesn't quite see what BERNIE is getting at but smiles politely.

Now we see BEAN's plan - he has emerged at a nearby window. He can't reach the painting at first. So he stretches further and further out the window. No good. Finally he has to go out on the ledge. He shoos away the birds, who then decide to settle on him instead. Finally he gets a hand on the painting. As he does so, he loses hold. He just manages to grab a window before he falls.

**DAVID**

Bernie - Look, I've left Bean on his own. Nice to chat though always a subtle joy.

**BERNIE**

Thanks, David. Always a pleasure.

Period.

BEAN is slowly managing to claw his way back towards the open window with the painting. It is an extraordinary piece of acrobatics. DAVID turns to go.

**BERNIE**

By the way. Don't know what you think, Mr Vice  
President, but I've been hinting to the old man that someone's got to  
have the balls to take some sort of emergency measures around  
here - or we're all in the  
crap house. What do you think?

**DAVID**

'Emergency measures, in your book means sack people  
right?

**BERNIE**

Not necessarily. That's where this ... ( POINTS TO HIS  
BRAIN ) comes in. No, I've had a better idea than sacking people.  
You'll hear soon enough.

BERNIE grins and walks away. Bean does one final swing, and ....

**CUT TO:**

**63**

**INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. STOREROOM - DAY.**

A small storeroom where Bean's wriggling bottom is just coming back through the window. He has the picture and is safe.

He sets the picture down on a table. Darn! The birds have done their business on it.

He maniacally rummages through various dusty cans and bottles on a shelf. He chooses a can, too rusty to read its label, takes off the lid and sniffs.

This smells like the right sort of stuff. He pours the liquid on to a rag and rubs it on the face of Mrs. Whistler. The solvent effortlessly removes the ink stain. Whistler's Mother looks as good as new.

BEAN is so, so, relieved. But then he notices something else happening. The liquid did not stop with removing the stain. It is now busy removing Whistler's Mother's face entirely. As Bean watches-in frozen horror, America's most famous painting turns back to a blank canvas.

BEAN thinks for a second - and then has a desperate thought. Removing the pen that started all the trouble, he decides to try to draw back on Whistler's Mother's 'face. He doesn't have much time. It shows. Where once was a sublime oil painting, is now a biro line-drawing which looks a little like Danny de Vito.

Bean lifts it against the wall to check how it's worked. Unfortunately, there's a nail there. The picture tears, Bean panics - it tears even more. Total destruction.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. CORRIDOR - DAY.**

BEAN Hurries down the corridor with his pseudo-trolley again, and a vaguely mad look on his face. He spots ANNIE at a drinks machine. She smiles sweetly (here comes her man) BEAN takes a sharp left into an adjacent corridor. ANNIE is hurt.

**ANNIE**

True love can be very hard.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. THE WRONG ROOM - DAY**

Close on the double doors (identical to those of the Whistler Room)  
BEAN  
enters with the Painting, under the

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cloth. He closes the doors and rests a moment to catch his breath.  
He takes a  
step into the room and freezes.

The very fat 'Diet Club, people are seated at easels, paint brushes  
poised.  
The very THIN WOMAN is standing in the centre of the room in her  
underwear  
with a Greek urn perched on her shoulder. All eyes are on BEAN, who  
exits  
very quickly.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. INNER SANCTUM. WHISTLER ROOM DAY.**

BEAN gets back to the right rooms and closes the door desperately  
behind him.

He stands frozen for a second - and at that moment, a hand tries the  
door.

BEAN leaps at it and stops. the handle turning. Then there's a knock.  
BEAN  
moves the big table in front of the door - he's barricading himself  
in.  
There's a famous Rodin sculpture in there - he shoves it along to  
block, the  
door as well. When he's succeeded, he leans hot and sweaty against it  
- and a  
door on the other side of the room calmly opens and .... DAVID walks  
in.

**DAVID**

Seems to be a problem with the door. (PAUSE) Where's the  
picture  
gone?

**BEAN**

Ahm.....

**DAVID**

What? What?

Pause. Pause. BEAN finally shows it. Not a pretty sight.

**DAVID**

Oh Jesus. Oh God. Oh Jesus God. Oh Mary Mother of  
Jesus. Oh Jesus of Nazareth.

**BEAN**

oh dear.

**DAVID**

What happened?!!!

**BEAN**

Ahm.... (setting himself up for an interesting,  
comprehensive answer).

**65**

**DAVID**

Don't bother (panicking) Oh my god.....

He rushes to the door he just came in - and locks it.

Wait a minute - why am I worrying about this? I did it. I  
just go out and tell them what happened - you're a madman from  
England and you did this terrible thing and it's not my fault. That's  
right, isn't it?

BEAN nods, knowing he deserves his doom.

Perfect - and then they say - who left him alone with the  
picture?" And I say - "me". And they say "you're fired".  
And I say 'right'. And so I get fired and you go to jail and  
no one's any happier.

BEAN shakes his head.

And then they say, "firing David isn't enough - let's  
prosecute him for negligence. And they prosecute me and it turns  
out I was negligent and I go to jail, and my wife leaves me and my  
daughter

becomes a prostitute and I end up on Death Row sharing a cell with Butch McDick, the infamous gay rapist - or worse, I end up in the same cell as you!

BEAN looks hurt.

No, no...Now, let's just be calm let's think about this calmly.  
(he tries - and fails ... ) Oh Godigodigod! Okay, now wait.  
Let's have another look at it.

BEAN shows it to him.

Jesus!!! I'm already thinking back to 5 minutes ago as paradise.  
5 minutes ago - just walking along, shooting the breeze with my old pal Bernie.

BEAN then he has a brilliant idea. He hangs the painting back up in the security cupboard and closes the doors. Then he removes from his pocket a small note book.

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He scribbles something on it, tears the page out, licks it and sticks it on the cupboard door. It reads `OUT OF ORDER`.

**DAVID**

Brilliant. Brilliant. Problem solved!

BEAN is delighted.

Apart from the tiny drawback that the first person who opens the cupboard will say -"Look, someone's totally destroyed Whistler's Mother- let's kill them".

BEAN is less delighted.

No - the most important thing is that no-one sees it.  
Ever again!

He locks the cupboard with his plastic card key-

That's the first thing. Then ... that's the first  
thing....

Next ... next is the next thing which is...  
obviously... ritual

suicide. Look, let's get out of here. Try to act  
natural.

They let themselves out and go into the corridor- BEAN acting his  
version of  
'natural' - very liquid.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CORRIDOR. DAY-**

They bump straight into GRIERSON and ELMER.

**GRIERSON**

Ah, David. Showing Dr. Bean our good lady?

**BEAN**

Actually I'm not a...

**DAVID**

That's right - Whistler's Mother. Looking at his mother -  
not his  
father - not interested in his father, Couldn't give a  
flying  
doughnut for his sisters or brothers - just his mother.  
Yes.

**GRIERSON**

Well, good - think I may go and look at her myself...

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**DAVID**

No!

**GRIERSON**

Er ... pray tell me why?

**ELMER**

Because they've just cut her into tiny pieces, sir.  
That's why.

BEAN and DAVID die and go to hell until ELMER laughs at his own little joke.

GRIERSON laughs too.

**ELMER**

I better continue my rounds, sir..

He strolls away.

**DAVID**

The thing is, sir, I've just been giving the painting a  
very thorough inspection, with the help of Dr Bean here - and  
we feel the time's come for Whistler's Mum to have her first face-  
lift.

**GRIERSON**

Time taken its toll on the old girl, eh?

**DAVID**

Exactly. She's in a surprisingly terrible state.  
Isn't she,  
Bean?

**BEAN**

Oh yes.

**DAVID**

Whistler was a great painter, but he wasn't a great  
chooser of  
paints ....

BEAN hudders at the thought of his paint-choosing.

The colours are beginning to fade. However ~ if you give me just  
one little year I can restore the picture to its original glory, the way it  
looked when Whistler's Mom first looked at it and said.... 0 Actually I'm not  
sure you've got the hair right, darling." By the way, your hair is looking  
great today,  
sir.

**GRIERSON**

Thank you David. However, flattery will get you nowhere.  
Truth

is, I have a rather different plan for Whistler's dear  
Mama.  
Bernie and I have been inspecting our books - and the  
long and  
short of it is, we cannot survive with our current  
losses, so ...

**DAVID**

... you have to sack me. I understand, sir. I'll  
go quietly. In  
fact I'll go right now.

**GRIERSON**

No. no, no, hold on ... We cant sustain our loses - so  
I've  
decided.. to sell Whistler's Mother.

DAVID lets out a little yelp.

**GRIERSON**

Brilliant, huh? I already have a prospective buyer  
- the current  
Governor of California, no less, who is flies in  
tomorrow to  
inspect her and clinch the deal. Spread the news. I  
think  
decisive leadership has done the trick, don't you?

**DAVID**

Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Congratulations. Marvellous  
thing. Bravo.

GRIERSON leaves. DAVID turns to BEAN.

**DAVID**

Bean. Do you drink?

BEAN shakes his head.

**DAVID**

Neither do I.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BAR - NIGHT**

It is very late and very gloomy. Just a couple of loners staring into their drinks. The BARTENDER is up one end of the counter, smoking and reading the sports pages. There is a T.V. on above the bar, showing baseball.

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BEAN and DAVID are sitting up at the bar. The latter has had far too much whisky and looks the worse for it. BEAN has a tall glass packed with fruit and paper umbrellas. We can guess how much he's had to drink by the way he has difficulty finding the straw with his mouth. DAVID almost, but not quite, slurs his words:

**DAVID**

It's just a matter of acceptance, isn't it ... lose your job - lose you wife ... C'est la vie. You ever been married, Bean?

He turns to BEAN who has the end of a straw up his nose.

**DAVID**

I guess not.

He fills his glass from a bottle.

You know, I don't get it. The New Artist exhibition- this year - people might not all have liked the dead sheep, but ... the place didn't look that empty to me. It wasn't full but I saw people. I just don't understand how the gallery can be so bankrupt they have to sell the Whistler.

He looks at BEAN who now has peanuts in each nostril. DAVID notices the BARTENDER looking at BEAN strangely ....

**DAVID**

He's English, okay? You wanna make something of it?

BARTENDER goes back to reading. DAVID searches for his last train of thought, taking a huge swig from his drink.

**DAVID**

I'm an ... To hell with the figures. I'm not a damn accountant.  
quite a artist. You know, me and Ali met in art school? I cut  
Then, figure then. Far cry from the man you see before you now.  
the I smoked Gitanes before I went to bed, to help me sort out  
before problems of the world. Now, I take a spoonful of laxative  
bowels. I go to bed to help me sort out the problem with my

**70**

BEAN at that moment is keen to show DAVID his nut trick. He throws a peanut high into the air - and catches it in his mouth. Then does two. Then does it with his eyes closed. Actually, it's rather impressive.

**DAVID**

spine. Truth is, I disappointed her. I turned out to have no  
myself. Spineless. A kind of medical miracle. Mr Flippy-Floppy. I  
and I just don't seem to be able to fight - cant stick up for  
I should be handing you over to the police right now. Shall  
I tell you something, Beanie ...

Bean has been interested all this, even looking to check whether  
David does indeed have no spine. But now the baseball on the TV is making it  
hard for him to concentrate on-this important confidence. He raises a  
finger, for DAVID to be quiet for a second. He blows a peanut from his,  
nostril at the T.V. - it hits the button, and changes station to a pleasant quiet-  
music station.

**DAVID**

Do you want to know what the reality of the situation is?

BEAN nods his head, very curious, listening hard.

This is it. Because you moved into my house, my wife has  
left me. She might have done it anyway - but you were the ten  
ton weight that broke the camel's spinal column.

BEAN stares at DAVID - something is getting in he's actually  
registering this.

That's point one. And point two - is that you've  
destroyed Whistler's Mother, which was' the last hope for the place  
where I work. So within a week, I'm going to lose my job as  
well.

BEAN nods, seriously dispirited.

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**DAVID**

So, you've totally and utterly destroyed my life. Do you  
understand? You've put me in a position where it would  
have been better if I'd never been born.

He puts his hand on BEAN'S shoulder. BEAN looks down.

Very sad. This is actually the first time in his life that he's  
realised that his actions have really effected the life of another person. BEAN  
looks up sadly. Sad music plays.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LEARY HOUSE. DAVID'S ROOM - NIGHT**

DAVID is asleep in bed. The camera moves out into the hall and  
into BEAN'S room.

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. BEAN'S ROOM- NIGHT.**

BEAN is lying, fully dressed, in the darkness, on his back. Thinking. Worried by what he's heard. Then suddenly an idea comes into his eyes. The music is like his brain He jumps off the bed.

There follows a version of the classic tooling up for action sequence. But the 'tools' here are distinctly bizarre. BEAN picks up his suitcase, and in quick cuts, rushes through the house and collects....

**DAVID'S PLASTIC KEY CARD  
A PAIR OF Y-FRONTS**

**A TORCH.**

**SOME OF KEVIN'S CHEWING GUM. 6 EGGS**

**A COOKING BASIN**

**A CUP**

**A LARGE PAINT BRUSH**

**A BOTTLE OF CLEAR NAIL VARNISH DAVID'S LARGE TIN OF LAXATIVE. A  
HAIR DRIER**

**AN ACTION MAN DOLL**

**A POSTER OF THE GIRL AND HER BOTTOM WITH THE TENNIS BALL.**

**TWO OVEN GLOVES**

**A SKATEBOARD**

**AND 4 VOLUMES OF THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA.**

Fully tooled, he snaps the suitcase shut.

**CUT TO:**

72

**EXT. GALLERY. NIGHT.**

The building is floodlit by ground spots.

BEAN arrives silently, with suitcase, on the skateboard. Soon his full plan will be revealed. The Gallery is empty, apart from the one Security Guard,

BUCK, visible through the glass front of the building, drinking coffee, watching his 12 security monitors. BEAN swallows at the sight of BUCK - he is a massive gorilla of a man.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION - NIGHT.**

BUCK is casually watching his screens, when suddenly, horror of horror, the huge silhouette of a person hanging themselves from a tree outside appears, the shadow of the limp body thrown across the floodlit gallery wall. BUCK frantically rushes out. And BEAN subtly slips in.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. GRIERSON GALLERY - NIGHT.**

BUCK is looking for the body amongst the trees. He finds nothing. Because he fails to notice the tiny ACTION MAN swinging gently in front of one of the ground-level floodlights.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRIERSON GALLERY - NIGHT'.**

Inside, BEAN is casually pouring the entire contents of DAVID's large laxative tin into BUCK's coffee. He also swaps two keys on the board of keys by the desk. He then takes the opportunity to put the oven gloves on his feet, one shaped like a pig, one like a crocodile, so he can move silently.

BUCK returns. He sits down, and takes a long gulp of coffee. Pause. BEAN watches. BUCK feels something uncomfortable in his stomach. He takes a key from his rack of keys, and sets off and rounds a corner- On a monitor screen, BEAN watches him break into a canter - as he passes through another monitor BUCK is at full sprint. BEAN giggles.

BEAN is satisfied he'll be uninterrupted for a while. He goes to the key-rack, borrows two keys, and sets off on his mission. The next 3 minutes of film are a sequence of cuts between three scenarios:

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FIRST: BUCK - his next 10 minutes are not happy ones. When he reaches the toilet, the key he chose does not unlock it. He has to sprint back, grab all the keys, and charge back again to the door. Then he has to try out every single key. We never see him find the right one.

SECOND scenario - all the activities of the night shown on the security monitors. BUCK sprinting desperately through shot - BEAN casually going about his business and, on one occasion, BUCK running right past BEAN, but not seeing him - he has other things on his mind.

THIRD scenario - we actually see BEAN's Big Plan.

He unlocks the merchandise shop. So he can see properly and have his hands free, he puts the y-fronts on his head, and wedges the torch into them, like a head-lamp. He then takes a poster of Whistler's Mother and replaces it with

the rolled-up Tennis Ball Girl. He unrolls the Whistler and places the 4 encyclopaedias on its corners to hold it down.

He separates the yokes from the eggs, mixes the whites with clear nail varnish and varnishes the-poster with it. Dries it off with the hair drier.

,With the now stiff poster, he heads up elevators and escalators to get to the Whistler Room itself, all the time chewing gum frantically. Once there, he unlocks the final cupboard with David's plastic key, takes the Whistler down and removes the destroyed Mother from its gilded frame, and its wooden support

frame. He uses the chewed gum to stick the new one down to the old frame.

He then puts the very convincing forgery back into the security cupboard and relocks it with DAVID's key card.

The job is done. He scrunches up the old, torn picture, pops it in a dustbin, and heads off.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET. NIGHT-**

BEAN zipping along on the skate board with his suitcase.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT.**

BUCK, trouserless, is sitting, reading a newspaper next to a noisy washing machine.

**CUT TO:**

**74**

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. BEAN'S ROOM. NIGHT. KITCHEN - DAY**

BEAN lies back in bed with quiet satisfaction.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DAVID'S ROOM. MORNING.**

DAVID wakes with a violent start.

**DAVID**

O my God. Tell it was a dream.

The door swings open. It is Bean with a tray of coffee and toast.

**BEAN**

Morning.

**DAVID**

It wasn't a dream, was it. I have to go in to work and  
tell them  
Whistler's Mother now looks like Danny De Vito.

**BEAN**

Well, Ahm....

He laughs cheerily.

**DAVID**

What?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DAVID'S CAR.**

Bean is still chuckling.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GALLERY. CORRIDOR.**

Still highly amused, BEAN guides DAVID in the direction of  
Whistler's Room. open the room - but the door swings  
David takes out his key to open. DAVID is shocked. There stands GRIERSON, looking straight at  
Whistler's Mum. In all its untorn, unsmudged, undestroyed glory.

**75**

**GRIERSON**

I think you're wrong, David. She looks as fine as she's  
ever looked. Worth every cent of the 10 million dollar-s.

**DAVID**

Ahm....

**GRIERSON**

Bravo. Let's put on a good show tomorrow, shall we?  
Don't want anything to go wrong.

**DAVID**

Quite right, sir.

Grierson leaves. David gets close to the painting and peers ....

**DAVID**

Wait a minute.

BEAN just puts his finger to his mouth...

**BEAN**

Ssshhhh.

He lets out a huge smile - he can solve the problems of the world, as well as create them.

**INT. THE LEARY HOUSE. HALL- SATURDAY**

JENNIFER skips down the stairs, carrying a trendy duffel bag, just as DAVID enters from the kitchen.

**JENNIFER**

Bye, Dad.

**DAVID**

Ah ... Jennifer, I need you to watch Kevin. Jen?

But JENNIFER has already reached the front door ....

**JENNIFER**

Be serious, Dad. It's Saturday.

She exits.

**CUT TO:**

**76**

**EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE - DAY**

JENNIFER is heading down the path. DAVID runs out of the house and catches up

with her.

**DAVID**

Jen, you have to help me here! I've got to go in to work,  
and  
with your mom away ... I really need you.

A powerful motorbike turns into the drive at speed and skids round to face the opposite direction. JENNIFER runs over to it. The bike's rider turns off his engine and removes his helmet. It is STINGO, the white Rasta from the airport, with the hair extensions and the sixty rings in his nose.

**STINGO**

(to DAVID)

You.

He hands JENNIFER a helmet.

**JENNIFER**

Don't worry, Dad. I'll be home. Monday, after school.

BEAN and KEVIN arrive at DAVID's side to spectre.

**KEVIN**

Hey, En, nice bike'- but remember: any kids you have are  
gonna  
look just like its handsome driver.

**DAVID**

(angry now)

Jennifer! This is not - repeat, not! how we do things in  
this  
family. I've told you never to get on one of those death  
traps!  
Please - talk to me. I promise to be reasonable.

JENNIFER has put on the helmet and is climbing onto the back of the bike.

**JENNIFER**

Great, Dad. You promised you'd get rid of him! (points at  
Bean)  
And as for: "how we do things in this family. We don't  
have a  
family till you get Mom back.

She slaps STINGO on the shoulder. STINGO kicks the starter lever.  
Nothing.

Again. Nothing ...

**JENNIFER**

Come on Sting!

**KEVIN**

Sting?! Sounds like something you put on a rash.

STINGO is still kicking the starter. DAVID is desperate.

**DAVID**

Don't just stand there, Bean - do something.

BEAN instantly takes on the hero's mantle and runs to the bike. DAVID is not far behind him. STINGO is still trying to kick start it. BEAN takes out a small screwdriver and twiddles with something on the engine.

The bike sparks into life and does a wheelie before speeding out of the drive and down the road. BEAN stands, hands on hips, looking very-pleased with himself indeed.

**DAVID**

after Kevin! To BEAN ) Right! Right! You get inside and look  
inside and (not such a good idea) Uh --- Right! Kevin. You get  
Right! Get in look after ... uh... (that would be a worse idea)  
the car! Both of you. Jesus!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

DAVID, BEAN and KEVIN at the reception desk.

**ANNIE**

So, Kevin. How's it going?

**KEVIN**

Badly. You wanna adopt me?

ANNIE smiles cutely at BEAN. DAVID is still rattled.

78

**ANNIE**

Big day today, huh?

**DAVID**

Uh ... yes ...

DAVID looks askance at BEAN. BERNIE hurries up and takes DAVID to one side.

**BERNIE**

Great day. At last we can start getting out of debt and concentrating on the future.

**DAVID**

Yes, look, I wanted to talk to you about this. I'm sure we haven't been doing as badly as all that.

**BERNIE**

You're an innocent and an optimist David - that's why I love you. (he hugs him and laughs). Jesus - what a terrible tie- Come on, the Governor's coming at 3. And before then I have a little surprise for you and the Boss.

DAVID calls to ANNIE.

**DAVID**

Annie ... would you look after Kevin? And Kevin - you look after Bean.

He heads off with BERNIE. Back at the counter. BEAN, KEVIN & ANNIE.

**KEVIN**

My Dad told me all about you.

**ANNIE**

Did he now?

**KEVIN**

He says you've got a babe count of ten out of ten, and a brain

cell count of about two and a half.

**ANNIE**

Yeah, I'll go with that. I'm kinda, like, dumb, intellectually.

(to Bean) But I'm great in bed.

BEAN is unsettled by this. He gives a shudder and heads for the gallery.

79

**KEVIN**

Catch you later, babe. (goes after Bean) Come on, Beanie - there must be a computer here somewhere. I hate paintings. They don't do anything.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRIERSON'S OFFICE. DAY.**

BERNIE, DAVID and GRIERSON. BERNIE looks very confident at a computer monitor. A painting is in fact 'doing' something, on the computer screen, as the girls in a Toulouse-Lautrec painting actually dance the can-can.

**GRIERSON**

Well, congratulations. Isn't that great, David?

**DAVID**

Certainly is.

**BERNIE**

We'll be able to start this afternoon. I'll pipe the guide to every video screen in the gallery. Now, that'll impress the Governor.

**GRIERSON**

Well, bravo! What with you and Whistler's Ma - I think I've got a winning team.

DAVID slightly embarrassed not to be included in the winning team. He looks

to the poster of Whistler's Mother behind GRIERSON's desk.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. BERNIE'S ROOM - DAY**

KEVIN and BEAN have found a computer, also showing BERNIE's Gallery programme.  
The monitor shows the interior of the ground floor of the gallery.  
KEVIN clicks, and up comes the same Toulouse Lautrec picture. As KEVIN works the mouse, BEAN hums the catchy tune from 'GOBLINS 21. It's play time again.

**KEVIN**

This is way cool, Beanie.

He clicks again, and a tiny talking Toulouse Lautrec starts to explain the provenance of the painting.

**80**

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. THE WHISTLER ROOM. DAY**

DAVID is overseeing things. There's a burgundy rope, keeping people a bit away from the case in which Whistler's Mother is contained. ELMER brings in two large flower displays. BERNIE enters.

**BERNIE**

Jesus! Hurry up you guys. Am I the only person round here who actually gets things done.

He exits. BERNIE is growing in confidence - and getting nastier by the minute. DAVID pulls a face at ELMER.

**DAVID**

You arrange those flowers yourself?

**ELMER**

Sure did.

**DAVID**

They're pretty. Learn it in the army?

**ELMER**

No - but when you've torn out a man's throat with your bare hands, you learn to appreciate the beautiful things in life.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY - DAY**

The final touches in the preparation for the big visit to up-tempo, "we're getting ready" music.

1. Gardeners gardening, window cleaners cleaning, polishers polishing etc. And someone empties a dustbin, in the midst of which we glimpse something which might be a scrunched up old Whistler painting.
2. BERNIE watches as someone plugs in a plug - and a huge video screen in the gallery flickers and starts up.
3. ANNIE at her counter, reading a book called 'The Art of Conversational. She shakes an imaginary hand and rehearses a keen conversation with an imaginary V.I.P.

**81**

4. ELMER, in the men's room mirror, trims his hair around his peaked hat with scissors. He has a row of war medals on his chest. He polishes them proudly with his sleeve.
5. GRIERSON watches through the front glass - a red carpet rolls itself out from the gallery's main entrance to stop by the rear door of a black car.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY - DAY**

Close on the bottom of the black cars rear door. It opens and a pair of legs, wearing black shoes and charcoal trousers, step out onto the red carpet. As they walk purposely up the carpet, the camera pans up their owner's body, to reveal that this is BERNIE. It's a rehearsal. He is met with a hand shake by GRIERSON at the main entrance.

**GRIERSON**

What a pleasure, Governor Reynolds. I'd like you to meet some of our staff here. (checks a prompt card).

**BERNIE**

And that's where you introduce me to the Governor.

**GRIERSON**

Right. Got it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

Gallery staff wait, all wearing name badges. GRIERSON leads BERNIE to the reception counter. ANNIE steps out from behind it and shakes BERNIE's hand.

**ANNIE**

Good day, Governor Reynolds. I'm Annie ...

**BERNIE**

Curtsy.

**ANNIE**

Curtsy? Are you kidding? This is 1990s America. Women don't curtsy, they run the damn country!

**82**

**GRIERSON**

Alex, please!

**ANNIE**

That's Annie, sir.

GRIERSON takes BERNIE on to ELMER who is next in line.

**GRIERSON**

This is Elmer, our longest serving...

**BERNIE**

Hey. Let's junk the medals, Elmer. This is not a Veterans' reunion. We wanna make the Governor feel at home. Not remind him of piles of dead people wearing uniforms.

ELMER puts on a defiant face. DAVID shakes his head disapprovingly.

GRIERSON

moves BERNIE to meet DAVID. They

'Shake hands.

**DAVID**

David Leary. I'd like to echo my colleagues welcome to you and thank you for your patronage ...

BERNIE rudely cuts him off.

**BERNIE**

Okay, that'll do. The Governor's here in half an hour. We have to be totally ready then. No excuses. Period!

**GRIERSON**

Thank you Bernie. Well done. Now, If you'll excuse - I have a little smartening up to do myself.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. BERNIE'S OFFICE - DAY**

BEAN at the computer. He's actually quite enjoying himself now. In fact, he's rather hogging the thing. This is, after all, an animated catalogue - his area.

**KEVIN**

I'm just gonna go see if Annie needs me for anything.  
 Truth is,  
 she smells kinda nice. okay? (grins).

BEAN smiles and gives KEVIN a thumbs-up. KEVIN returns the  
 gesture and  
 exits..

Back to the computer, BEAN clicks on an icon which takes him to the  
 ground  
 floor gallery. He clicks through various paintings and stops at the  
 painting  
 of the woman, in the castle, wearing the chastity belt. BEAN clicks  
 and  
 enlarges the painting to fill the screen.

He happily hums the catchy tune from 'GOBLINS 2' and homes in on the  
 tiny  
 padlock on the chastity belt. Padlocks interest him. He clicks on the  
 keyhole rapidly (as we have seen him do with the frog in GOBLINS 2).

**MR. BEAN**

Click! click! click! click! click!

.Suddenly, to BEAN's surprise, the padlock starts to flash red...then  
 the  
 whole screen starts to flash ... before going dramatically back to  
 black ...  
 Now flashing in the .centre of the monitor is an icon of a tiny key.  
 Beneath  
 it, a row of six dashes appears (e.g - - - - - - ). A cursor is  
 flashing  
 over the first dash.

BEAN is totally absorbed. He loves these kinds of puzzles. With one  
 finger,  
 he slowly types out letters on the keyboard (he has to search for some  
 of  
 them). As he does so, they appear over each dash in turn:

**G-O-B-L-I-N**

A message pops up: "ACCESS DENIED" BEAN tries something 0 else.

**G-N-O-M-E-S**

The message again: `ACCESS DENIED'. The room door suddenly opens!  
 Making  
 BEAN jump! It's BERNIE. He cannot see the computer screen from the  
 doorway.

**BERNIE**

How goes it, Bean? Ready for the Governor?

BEAN smiles and nods nervously. He knows he's probably up to something he shouldn't be.

**84**

**BERNIE**

We need you downstairs in ten minutes and not a second more.

Period. Oh, And put this on.

BERNIE throws BEAN a name badge with 'Dr. Bean' on it. BEAN nods. BERNIE exits. BEAN goes back to the code. He types in the first thing that comes into his head:

**B-E-R-N-I-E**

That damned message again: 'ACCESS DENIED'. Then, as though something is dawning on him, he punches in:

**P-E-R-I-O-D**

Up comes a message: "CODE ACCEPTED". Close on BEAN's face as light from the computer plays on it- He reads it carefully and with interest. We cant quite read his expression - but what he sees is a surprise and a puzzle. Long meaningful pause as his eyes scan the screen.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. THE WHISTLER ROOM - DAY**

BERNIE enters - DAVID is looking at Whistler's Mother, still puzzled.

**BERNIE**

David? Lift off!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

The staff and various dignitaries are lined, looking out through the glass in anticipation. Through the glass we see a couple of Police Motorcycle Escorts pull up outside followed by a beautiful, old, classic Rolls Royce.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY - DAY**

The red carpet unrolls all the way to the Rolls, rear door. Close on the bottom of the driver's door. It opens and out step a pair of legs, wearing army boots and khaki trousers.

**85**

The legs step sideways onto the carpet and approach us. Camera pans up to show us that GOVERNOR REYNOLDS is dressed in his Veteran's uniform - chest of medals and forage cap. He is a grand figure. In fact - he's exactly the same grand figure Mr BEAN caused epic problems To on the plane over. He gives his prized possession, the car, a little token polish with his sleeve before heading on.

BRUTUS and his SIDE-KICK COP fall into step behind him. They are the Police presence today.

GRIERSON and BERNIE greet REYNOLDS at the entrance.

GRIERSON is wearing a striking brand new light blue silk suit. BERNIE is frowning - not happy about that uniform.

**GRIERSON**

what a pleasure, Governor. Welcome.

**REYNOLDS**  
Hi, Grierson, forgive the war paint.            Going on To my  
regiment/s  
reunion after.

**GRIERSON**  
Not at all, Governor.            Very striking.

REYNOLDS takes in GRIERSON's suit.

**REYNOLDS**  
Interesting suit.

**GRIERSON**  
(Beaming)  
Why thank you sir.

**REYNOLDS**  
off the peg?

**GRIERSON**  
(crestfallen )  
Yes it is ... may I introduce you To Bern ...

He gestures to BERNIE but REYNOLDS cuts in and hands BERNIE a set of car keys.

**REYNOLDS**  
(To Bernie)  
Go park the old jalopy, will ya, son.

BERNIE's smile melts away. As they enter the gallery, BERNIE hopefully offers the car keys to BRUTUS - who rewards him with a "don't be stupid" smile and follows the Governor.

**86**

BEAN (wearing "Dr Bean" name badge) comes into the corridor by the front door, thus just missing REYNOLDS. BERNIE sees him and jumps on the chance to delegate.

**BERNIE**  
Bean - go park the Governor's car, will you.

BEAN assents happily. BRUTUS spies BEAN over his shoulder and frowns - its

that mad English guy again. BEAN gets to the door and sees the Governor's car. Yummy!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

GRIERSON leads REYNOLDS to the reception counter, as BERNIE sneaks up to take his position again. ELMER is in the background trying to look professional, deferring to BRUTUS.

ANNIE steps out from behind the counter, curtsies and ,shakes REYNOLDS' hand.

**ANNIE**

Good day, Governor. I'm Annie. You know, you're a lot taller than you were half an hour ago.

**REYNOLDS**

Well, that's great to hear at my age, Annie. Thank you very much.

**ANNIE**

Governor Reynolds, does your wife, like, have to curtsy? Or does she 0 have a decent job?

**REYNOLDS**

Er ... Mrs. Reynolds is doing just fine. Just fine. He spots KEVIN and winks at him. KEVIN smiles back.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. DAY.**

BEAN has let himself into the car. It's one of the happiest moments of his life, as he inspects the gleaming panel and sits back in the gorgeous leather seat.

**87**

He starts the car up - and heads up into the circular car park. He sweeps

dangerously round a few turns - but just manages to keep the car in tact.  
Finally he reaches the top floor where there is one quite small space left.

BEAN is a good driver in a car that is, unfortunately, one foot wider than the one he's used to.

He takes out the comb he always used to measure space with his Mini, and measures the space. Yes. Seems large enough. He moves the car in. It isn't large enough.

With a hideous scraping of metal against metal, the Rolls Royce squeezes in between the two cars, losing its wing mirror and door handle in the process.  
BEAN looks a tad concerned.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY - DAY.**

REYNOLDS has moved on to ELMER who salutes crisply. REYNOLDS returns the salute with pride.

**REYNOLDS**

Nice set of medals there Elmer. Which beach they drop you on?  
Utah? Omaha?

**ELMER**

Couldn't tell you sir. I was so drugged up with the killing I didn't know where I was.

**REYNOLDS**

Well, congratulations soldier.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY.**

BEAN sitting in the wedged car. He tries the door - but it won't open a centimetre. He's totally stuck. He looks up at a small window in the roof.

If only he could get that open. He pushes various buttons, which set of windscreen wipers, squirter, radios. He pushes the cigarette lighter. Finally, he pulls a lever - and the bonnet pops up an inch.

At which moment we see the lighter shoot out, and on to the seat. BEAN is still looking round below the dashboard, when he notices a little fire in the seat beside him. Not good news.

**88**

BEAN panics a bit, turns and half climbs over into the back seat, when he spies a drinks cabinet. He has a very good idea - he finds a cut crystal decanter of brown liquid, opens it and uses it to douse the fire. Not a wise move with brandy. Before the cut, we see the WHOOSH! of a major fire in the front seat of the car.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. DAY.**

GRIERSON leads REYNOLDS towards the main gallery. He points up to the video screen they are passing, which shows the two of them walking along - as does every screen in the gallery. REYNOLDS is impressed. He glances at DAVID in passing.

**REYNOLDS**

Nice tie, fella.

DAVID grins to himself.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PARKING LOT - DAY.**

The front of the car isn't what it was. There has been a big fire. It's out

now - three decanters lie empty. BEAN is not happy. Finally, he decides to go for brute strength. He turns the car on again, puts it into reverse, and puts his foot down on the accelerator.

We see the car from above. Full throttle. Totally still. Totally still. And then WHOOOOSH WHAM!!! It reverses at 100 mph straight backwards, smashing violently into and destroying the back of the car behind \_ as it happens, Bernie's car.

**CUT**

**TO**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. GROUND FLOOR - DAY**

REYNOLDS stops to admire a small painting - a twelfth century 'Crucifixion of Christ'.

**GRIERSON**

Ah, one of my favourites. It expresses a universal agony that the established Church so rarely acknowledges, don't you think?

**89**

**REYNOLDS**

Jesus ... no one's got feet like for crying out loud. Have you got feet like that? Dammed if I have. Let's move it, shall we?

BERNIE spots a slightly concerned DAVID.

**BERNIE**

Everything okay, David?

**DAVID**

Yes. Ahm. I was just wondering where my English house guest had got to.

**BERNIE**

He's just parking the Governor's car.

**DAVID**

Great - keep him out of trouble.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PARKING LOT - DAY.**

BEAN is inspecting the car. He's not too happy with it. 'He tries to get the bonnet down, but it insists on staying up. He shrugs his shoulders and gets in to drive off again, having to wind down the window and drive by leaning his head out. This means that as he heads for the exit, he fails to see the system to stop people leaving without paying, a foot high barrier that appears out of the ground. When he hits it, the car stops dead.

BEAN gets out, leaving the car idling and goes to the booth where normally the attendant would be - but everyone is in the gallery at the moment. Inside he pushes a couple of buttons, and, hurrah, gets the one that drops the barrier. Less hurrah, he has forgotten to put on the hand brake.

As he moves back towards the car, it glides slowly down the ramp on the outside of the building, then accelerates, and finally, on a particularly sharp turn, smashes through the wall, and flies off the building. We hear a crash - but do not see where it lands.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. GROUND FLOOR - DAY**

GOVERNOR REYNOLDS turns away from another picture.

90

**REYNOLDS**

Can we go and see Mrs. Whistler now? My eyes are making my feet sore, as my wife would say.

**DAVID**

Sure, Governor. Please. This way.

The party follows DAVID as he walks through the gallery, towards the double doors, to take the lift to the Whistler Room. An excited atmosphere.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. WHISTLER ROOM. DAY.**

Everyone enters.

**DAVID**

Ladies and gentlemen - most of you have seen Whistler's Mother before, can I ask you just to step back. Thank you.

It's part of his plan of caution - he knows there's something wrong - and wants as few people as possible to see the painting close up. The crowd moves back.

**DAVID**

I'd like the Governor to have, as it were, a private audience with his new friend.

REYNOLDS is flattered. Silence. DAVID inserts the plastic card key - opens the doors - and sure enough there in all its glory is Whistler's Mother'. Respectful silence.

REYNOLDS is delighted. He stands back to inspect her.

**REYNOLDS**

Well, hello Ma'am! Yes - she certainly looks a million dollars to me - or should I say ten million dollars!

Everyone applauds.

**GRIERSON**

Bravo - what do you say to a final glass of, though I say it myself, rather 'expensive' champagne. (grins smugly)

People start to file out. REYNOLDS, GRIERSON, BERNIE and DAVID stay behind.

DAVID spots BEAN arriving. He hands the car keys back to BERNIE with a slightly dazed smile. DAVID eagerly takes his arm and brings him over.

**DAVID**

Governor, I don't believe you've met Dr Bean, our expert from England.

They turn to each other - recognition from BEAN "it's the man from the plane".

He does a very quick hand-shake and tries to make a getaway before REYNOLDS recognises him...

**BEAN**

Ah, hello, sorry, I ... Ahm... sorry ...

BEAN turns. In fatal slow motion he trips over the cord that stops anyone getting too close to the great painting. He spins and falls in the direction of the painting.

CUT TO: the looks of horror on all the faces.

CUT TO: BEAN, reaching out to keep himself standing. We think he's going to tear the painting. He doesn't. He simply catches hold of the bottom of the ornate frame. It ,,snaps off.

CUT TO: a look of relief for an instant on all faces.

CUT TO: the truth - as the frame breaks off, there is the little white strip, saying, THE GRIERSON GALLERY, HOME OF WHISTLER'S MOTHER"-

CUT TO: a look of horror on all faces.

CUT TO: ELMER looking like someone has just murdered his own mother.

CUT TO: BRUTUS and SIDE-KICK glowering at BEAN.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GALLERY CORRIDOR. DAY.**

Governor REYNOLDS storming through the Gallery, with -BERNIE and GRIERSON

scampering after him.

**REYNOLDS**

You were going to sell the State of California a poster -  
for ten million dollars! Who the hell do you think you are,  
Shorty!?

92

**GRIERSON**

Look, Governor - just wait - it's may not be as bad as it  
looks  
....

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. WHISTLER ROOM - DAY.**

DAVID and BEAN stand alone in silence, in front of the debris. BEAN is absolutely destitute. DAVID stares at him. BEAN just lifts his hands. Totally sad. What will, what can DAVID say to him? Finally, DAVID just puts his hands on his shoulder.

**DAVID**

Nice try, kiddo.

BEAN cant quite believe he's forgiven. At which moment, there is a knock on the door. ANNIE enters, holding KEVIN's hand.

**ANNIE**

David. There's a call for you. It's your wife.

**DAVID**

Great. Classic timing. Why don't you ask her just to  
leave a date for the divorce? I'll check my diary later.

Then he notices the worried expressions on ANNIE and KEVIN's faces.

**ANNIE**

She's calling from the hospital ...

BEAN and DAVID both take this in. DAVID turns and runs towards the reception area. ANNIE calls after him.

**ANNIE**

She's on line three!

KEVIN grabs BEAN's hand and they both run after DAVID. ANNIE  
watches BEAN go  
and sighs.

**ANNIE**

Such... great buns.

**CUT TO:**

**93**

**INT. GALLERY ENTRANCE HALL. DAY.**

The party is in disarray. In the background, DAVID is on the phone at the reception counter with KEVIN and BEAN. BRUTUS hovers, he suspects BEAN - wants to question him.

**REYNOLDS**

I've known soldiers who've had their heads blown off who were more intelligent than you two. Not only have you failed to protect your most valuable possession from theft - but you didn't even know it'd been stolen! I'd sooner buy heroin from the guy who sells drugs outside my grandson's school than anything from you guys.

**GRIERSON**

I am sorry you feel that way.

**REYNOLDS**

And I'm sorry you look that way, short-ass. That suit stinks and you obviously dye your hair.

GRIERSON is seriously shocked and offended.

Now, bring my car round the front please - I've had enough of this crap!.

**BERNIE**

Certainly, sir.

He rushes off. Meanwhile, DAVID slams down the phone and he, BEAN and KEVIN rush out of the building. ELMER, BRUTUS and SIDE-KICK give chase.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. GALLERY PARKING LOT. DAY.**

DAVID's car screeches out onto the street and tears away.

BRUTUS and SIDE-KICK arrive, flustered, at their car. SIDE-KICK is frantically searching for its keys.

**BRUTUS**

Come on man! Move it!

A car passes by them slowly. ELMER is driving. He shouts from his window.

**94**

**ELMER**

Hey, Cop, wanna ride? Jeese, where do they get you guys?

The cops jump in his car while it is still moving.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY - DAY**

REYNOLDS at the entrance. BERNIE walks up sheepishly, holding up car keys.

**BERNIE**

There is one other tiny problem, sir.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. STREET. DAY.**

DAVID's car speeds by. ELMER's car is not far behind it.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY**

DAVID is driving fast.

**KEVIN**

Is Jenny gonna be okay?

**DAVID**

She was wearing a helmet. It could have been worse.

**KEVIN**

But is she gonna be okay?

**DAVID**

(snapping)

How the hell should I know?

KEVIN is hurt.

I'm sorry. What can I say - she's unconscious. And I mean  
-  
every night when we sleep, we're all unconscious, aren't  
we?  
She'll pull out of it. God though - why the hell do kids  
have to  
ride bikes?

DAVID slams on the brakes. He nearly went through a red light.

**95**

**DAVID**

Damn! She's a good kid. Sometimes good people get a break  
once  
in a while. (manages a smile)

A chauffeur driven, open top limo, pulls up next to DAVID's car. BEAN  
looks  
out of his window to see the BAG LADY, from the mall robbery, sitting  
in the  
back. She is still wearing her filthy clothes. She raises a glass of  
champagne to BEAN and smiles.

BEAN waves back uncertainly. He's sure he's seen her before - a  
vague memory.

CUT TO: ELMER'S CAR is in the traffic queue about ten cars back.  
BRUTUS and  
SIDE-KICK get out and start running down the line towards DAVID's car.

The lights are green. DAVID puts his foot down and the car screeches away just as BRUTUS and SIDE-KICK are within inches of it.

CUT TO: BRUTUS and SIDE-KICK turn on their heels and head back to ELMER's car. They are very unfit.

They are just about to jump in the car when gun shots are heard from a near-by gas station- BRUTUS turns and sees a robbery in progress. A man with a gun is about to run away. BRUTUS is torn, not knowing which way to pursue.

**BRUTUS**

Shiiiiit!

**ELMER**

It's okay! I'll tail 'em!

**BRUTUS**

You got it.

BRUTUS and SIDE-KICK draw their guns and run towards the gas station. In a moment of confusion - a shot rings out. We think in the corner of our eye that we see BRUTUS fall to the ground, as ELMER screeches away after DAVID's car.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOSPITAL. RECEPTION - DAY**

Much hustle and bustle. DAVID is getting directions from a nurse at the desk. He beckons to KEVIN and BEAN and strides, purposely towards a corridor. They hurry to catch him up, and Bean treads on the back of his shoe. DAVID turns and shouts at him.

**96**

**DAVID**

Just stay away from me! D'you hear?

He takes KEVIN's hand and storms away round a corner. BEAN is taken aback not knowing what to do or where to go. He is really feeling sorrow now. He's shaken. All part of his slow coming to feel things properly.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - DAY**

DAVID and KEVIN turns a corner - and stop, frozen. There, sitting alone, on a bench, outside JENNIFER's room, is ALISON. She gets to her feet. Their eyes meet.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY -DAY**

A crowd outside the gallery, look off camera. The camera follows BERNIE's gaze and takes in the modern car sculpture. Where there were two cars face down in the earth, there are now three, the new addition being Governor's pride and Joy. The three cars form a tall pyramid.

Close on REYNOLDS' face. GRIERSON approaches.

**REYNOLDS**

Don't even think of saying one word to me, or I'll find a way of fitting all three of those cars right up your ass.

GRIERSON nods - he's got the message.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR. DAY**

ALISON and DAVID are standing where they were before, three paces apart. ALISON is upset, tired and drawn.

**ALISON**

just They're not calling it a coma. The doctor says she's ...  
David) It's kind of taking time out. (to Kevin) Hi, tough guy. (to  
a busy night. The doctor will be back in a while.

A doctor passes

97

**DAVID**

Excuse me.

**DOCTOR 1**

I'll be back in a minute.

**DAVID**

Okay, great.

ALISON looks at him. We don't quite read the expression but somewhere  
under there we know she's thinking "yup, he's still ineffective."

**ALISON**

At least you didn't bring Mr Bean with you.

**DAVID**

Ah, well ....

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - DAY**

BEAN is looking for his friends. A doctor sweeps by him. A  
nurse behind.

**NURSE**

Doctor Jacobson?

**DOCTOR JACOBSON**

Yes?

**NURSE**

We need you urgently in C Theatre.

**DOCTOR JACOBSON**

Damn. I was just going to Number 4 ....

**NURSE**

It is urgent, sir.

**DOCTOR JACOBSON**

Okay.....

The doctor rushes away and drops his stethoscope as he .goes.  
BEAN sees it,  
picks it up and follows him he's trying to be useful.

**CUT TO:**

98

**INT. HOSPITAL. RECEPTION - DAY**

ELMER is at the busy reception desk and has been talking with a nurse.

**ELMER**

No, no, I didn't realise the situation. I won't  
disturb them now.

ELMER is obviously moved to find out about JENNIFER. He moves towards  
the  
exit ... He is surprised to see BUCK, the night-shift guard, dressed  
in  
civvies, sitting with outpatients.

**ELMER**

Buck?

BUCK looks up, painfully, goes to say something, then dashes into a  
men's room  
close-by. ELMER shakes his head and leaves.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - DAY.**

BEAN still following DR JACOBSON, who goes through more swing doors  
and then  
suddenly disappears. BEAN sees a big "4" above a door and goes in,  
holding  
the Stethoscope. A nurse accosts him instantly. She reads his name  
badge.

**NURSE 2**

Doctor ... Bean?

BEAN is fed up trying to correct people with this misconception.

**BEAN**

Actually ... (huge sigh) ... Yes, yes, yes...

**NURSE 2**

Just in time, sir. Allow me.

She immediately slips the white coat onto BEAN, and the gloves, and the mask.

**INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - DAY**

ALISON, DAVID and KEVIN are sitting on the bench opposite JENNIFER's room.

KEVIN picks up JENNIFER's SUPER NINTENDO console from the bench. DAVID notices this. ALISON answers his look.

**99**

**ALISON**

I know When the Police told me what had happened I ... it's stupid  
... but I remembered all that stuff people do to get  
through to coma victims ...

**KEVIN**

Like playing them recordings of their dish washers and  
coffee grinders?

**ALISON**

That right. So I went home and picked it up.

**DAVID**

Good thinking. (pause) You still call it 'home'.

ALISON looks at him seriously.

**INT. OPERATING THEATRE. NIGHT.**

Inside the operating theatre, a body is waiting in position. There are  
3 attending nurses and an assistant doctor. They all look up to BEAN as  
he enters, fully kitted up.

**ASSISTANT**

in the  
there's

Good evening Doctor.. What we have here is a bullet wound  
lower thorax it seems to have ruptured the lung, and  
severe inner bleeding along the abdomen.

**NURSE 2**

He's coming round.

**ASSISTANT**

Give him a T 70, straight away.

The victim starts to move - he looks up - we see his face for the first time.  
It is the police officer, BRUTUS. He is in great pain. As the sedative shot goes in, BEAN takes off his mask, and smiles, with a little wave. A look of total panic goes over BRUTU'S eyes, as he loses consciousness.

**ASSISTANT**

Shall I do the cut, sir?

BEAN nods - he's not going to argue with anyone. The assistant cuts. BEAN is horrified, almost faints, then snatches the knife. He can't believe this maniac has just cut through another personas flesh.

**100**

**ASSISTANT**

I'm sorry. it's only MY first week.

BEAN hands the knife to the NURSE testily.

**NURSE**

or we'll  
support

I'm afraid we'll now have to wait for the X-rays, Doctor,  
never find the bullet. Come on everyone sort out the  
systems.

EVERYONE turns to get on with their particular jobs. BEAN is left with the body. A pause. He gets a little bored. Takes a sweet packet out of his pocket. Only one sweet left. he takes it out lovingly, and then does what he always does - throws it up into the air, to catch it in his mouth.

Unfortunately, he forgets that he is wearing a mask. It hits the middle of the mask and bounces into the cut in the body.

BEAN looks down annoyed. Checks round him - everyone's 'still busy. So he puts his hand in the body, really rummages around, finds the sweet, takes it out, and then realises he's in fact got the bullet between his fingers. ..Guiltily, he slips it back into the body, rummages a bit more, finds the sweet, wipes it, & pops it in his mouth. At which second the X-ray arrives.

**ASSISTANT**

Here we go, doctor. ( STUDYING THE X-RAY ) the bullet is here - so we'll probably have to extend the cut to here. Think we all better be prepared for a long one here. This is tricky.

BEAN tuts scornfully - 'you're wrong 1, reaches in again, feels around for a second, and triumphantly produces the bullet between his fingers.

They all applaud.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - DAY.**

BEAN exits from the theatre - still in gown and mask, followed by the assistant. The police SIDE-KICK is waiting.

**SIDE-KICK**

Any news on the chief?.

**101**

**ASSISTANT**

There certainly is. Dr Bean here just saved his life.

SIDE-KICK's eyes water. He's choked. BEAN shakes his hand nervously, and heads on fast before he's found out. He turns the corner and suddenly sees DAVID and ALISON, still seated. ALISON sees him.

**ALISON**

O my god.

**DAVID**

Sorry, honey - he just happened to tag along.

**ALISON**

Nothing ever really changes, does it, David?

She turns her head away: the bond of the moments before is gone.

BEAN looks

very contrite. At that moment, another doctor walks by.

**DAVID**

Excuse me.

**DOCTOR 2**

Yes, your doctor will be with you in a minute. We have  
a lot to

deal with here, sir.

ALISON looks round, and shakes her head. BEAN kicks DAVID in the  
shins.

DAVID looks round, puzzled. There is a poster of the human skeleton.

BEAN

points to the spine. DAVID looks but cannot fathom a relevant meaning  
from  
it.

Another doctor comes along - the same one who they spoke to first.

He's

young, confident slightly arrogant.

**ALISON**

Excuse me, doctor.

**DOCTOR**

Really Ma'am, we'll get to you in due course.

**ALISON**

Okay.

DAVID looks at the poster opposite again. Spine, ribcage, skull. Looks  
back

at Bean gesturing to it. This time the penny drops! Spine spineless!

**102**

**DAVID**

Say that again, son.

**DOCTOR**

I beg your pardon?

**DAVID**

I said say that again, son - because the next time you do,  
I'll make sure you're in there with my daughter, but in a  
slightly less healthy state and she's in a coma with a broken arm right  
now.

**DOCTOR**

I'm er ... sorry if you've been waiting a long time.

**DAVID**

We have. In fact, we've been sitting here since the  
start of the Millennium and I'd really like some action from you  
before the end of the world.

A hint of a smile arrives on ALISON's lips. She's heard that somewhere  
before.

**DAVID**

So, why not haul your ... (checks) nice little  
ass into this room and explain to me and my wife why our precious  
daughter is going to be absolutely fine because of all the  
fantastic intelligence and attention you are going to give her case.

**DOCTOR**

Okay, sir. Certainly. Good.

DAVID turns to ALISON - she does a little tilt of her  
Head `WOW'. And he turns to BEAN, who points to  
himself, and nods .... n Come on!

**DAVID**

Yes, and Bean, for God's sake, keep out of the goddamn  
way, will you?

BEAN nods enthusiastically and backs off.

**ALISON**

Smiling Well, well.

**CUT TO:**

103

**INT. HOSPITAL. JENNIFER'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Close on an E.C.G. monitor, green lines on black screen. DAVID and ALISON sit by JENNIFER's bed. JENNIFER is unconscious. She has her arm in a cast and a small Band-Aid on her head. otherwise she seems undamaged.

KEVIN is sitting on the end of the bed playing the SUPER NINTENDO game (the Gothic Vampire thing, with bats and he-men, we saw on JENNIFER'S TV earlier). It is plugged into a T.V. which sits on a trolley. It's quite a noisy game. KEVIN is immersed in it.

**ALISON**

Let's get a coffee.

**DAVID**

Yes. Great. Kevin, I'll send Bean in to keep you company.

ALISON exits. David follows. BEAN enters. He sees JENNIFER for the first time. Sympathy shows in his eyes.

**KEVIN**

Help me with this. It's a scientific experiment. We're gonna wake up Sleeping Beauty here with the tortured screams of Vampire bats.

BEAN is determined to help. He sits down with KEVIN. The game continues. The he-man jumps up and down, lashing out at bats with his sword. Lots of noise, but JENNIFER sleeps on.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

By a drinks machine. ALISON finishes drinking from a plastic cup.

**ALISON**

Disgusting.

She looks up at DAVID, who's looking at her. Slowly she gets close  
and puts  
her arms around him. She's a bit tearful.

**DAVID**

Everything's gonna be fine.

**ALISON**

(pause)

About Charles...

104

**DAVID**

shhh...

**ALISON**

When was  
It was nothing. We're not ... He just makes me laugh.  
the last time we laughed? Any of us?

**DAVID**

I know... I know. I've been an arsehole of spectacular  
proportions. Olympic standard.

**KEVIN**

Dad...

They look down to see KEVIN has arrived.

**KEVIN**

These guys just hijacked the T.V. Me and Bean were  
trying to ...

A hospital PORTER passes, pushing the T.V. on a trolley.

**HOSPITAL PORTER**

kid down  
Sorry, folks. We're short on these and there's another  
the hall that could use ...

**DAVID**

Wait a minute .... (about to get tough again)

**ALISON**

the fire  
Please. It's okay. Really. (to David) Wow - who put  
in you, my' man?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOSPITAL. JENNIFER'S ROOM - NIGHT**

JENNIFER is still asleep. BEAN is sitting on the end of her bed. He looks at the SUPER NINTENDO console thinking, "How can I get this working again? How can I help?" The only sound in the room is the beeping from the E.C.G. machine, monitoring Jennifer's heart. BEAN has an idea.

He yanks off the jack plug at the end of the Super Nintendo lead. Producing his small screwdriver, he starts to unscrew the console casing.

**CUT TO:**

**105**

**INT. HOSPITAL. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

DAVID, ALISON and KEVIN walk back towards the room.

**ALISON**

Maybe I ought to think about getting another job.

**DAVID**

Good idea - with a boss who's a really ugly son-of-a-bitch.

She and DAVID manage to share a smile. They're going to get through this.

Suddenly, we hear noise from the vampire game, coming from JENNIFER's room.

KEVIN registers this and is puzzled. Then ALISON and DAVID notice it.

**DAVID**

I thought you said....

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HOSPITAL. JENNIFER'S ROOM - DAY**

The LEARYS appear in the open doorway. Their expressions turn from curiosity to horror.

BEAN has plugged the SUPER NINTENDO games system into the back of JENNIFER's

E.C.G. monitor. A couple of bats are flapping about the screen  
but the most  
worrying thing here (shown in close-up) is the sight of a he-man  
type, jumping  
up and down, lashing out, with his sword, at the passing pulse  
light, showing  
Jennifer's faint vital signs ...

ALISON gasps.            DAVID slowly moves into the room.

**DAVID**

Now, Bean ... just put down that thing ... nice and slow  
... you  
hear me? Come on now...

But BEAN is determined to keep going - it's his way of reviving  
Jennifer.

DAVID approaches the opposite side of the bed and gets ready to pounce  
... CUT

TO: a close-up of the monitor. The he-man chases the pulse light ...

DAVID dives across the bed just as he man swipes the pulse light with  
his  
sword. DAVID has landed on top of JENNIFER. The pulse light explodes  
and the  
monitor screen whites-out. JENNIFER wakes up with a start.

**106**

**JENNIFER**

Dad!            Get off!?            What's happening here?!            Mom?

ALISON covers her mouth, tearful, but she can't hold it back.  
She laughs.

DAVID and KEVIN stare at JENNIFER. They can't help but join in the  
laughter.

JENNIFER has no idea what's going on. BEAN is happy that everyone is  
happy.

**KEVIN**

I don't care what anyone says. Mr. Bean brought my sister  
back  
from the dead. He did it under laboratory conditions. My  
eyes do  
not lie!

ALISON grins at him.            Then at BEAN.

**MIX THROUGH**

**TO:**

**INT. LEARY HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.**

ALISON is fixing some coffee. DAVID enters.

**DAVID**

Here, let me do that.

**ALISON**

No, I'm fine.

He just stands there.

okay - you grind the beans, and

He moves towards her - his arms slip round her waist.

... put them in the .... ( but she can't concentrate I don't

believe this. I'm being seduced by my own husband.

Pause. They are just about to kiss when BEAN enters.  
He's a bit impatient.

**BEAN**

Ahm - excuse me ... ( POINTING TO HIS WATCH ) You know..

They jump apart. The moment is gone.

**ALISON**

Oh yes. Sorry. Though I think these are ready.

**107**

ALISON takes out two single socks which have been neatly wrapped around a couple of drinks mats and put in the toaster slots.

**ALISON**

There. Is that how you like them?

BEAN beams at her. He's impressed - and feels he's accepted.  
He leaves.

**ALISON**

He's not too bad. I can live with him.

**DAVID**

I'm afraid you don't know the half of it. Sit down.  
I have a tale  
to tell. And not a happy one.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE LEARY'S KITCHEN. NIGHT**

Looking in front outside, we see Alison sit down. We see, ,but do not hear David start to talk. Within seconds her hands go up to her face in horror.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRIERSON'S OFFICE. DAY.**

With heavy hearts everyone is gathered to hear their fate. Pan across the familiar faces. DAVID. BERNIE. ELMER. ANNIE. BEAN, looking nervous and shifty. Dead silence as GRIERSON stands, very solemnly.

**GRIERSON**

Colleagues - what can I say? Incidents such as occurred  
yesterday teach a man important lessons. On reflection, I realise  
it would have been a sin to sell Whistler's Mother to such an  
impertinent philistine as Governor Reynolds. And therefore, I blame  
myself for having ever let things get to such a pass that we  
felt we had realise our the staff - twelve got today, I've Schimmel  
as to sell her. I suddenly problem here hasn't been it's been the  
leadership flabby, lazy- And so decided to appoint Bernie my new  
Vice- President.

CUT TO BERNIE, looking smug next to DAVID, who is pretty shocked by this.

**108**

**GRIERSON**

He's a man with a plan who will haul us into  
profitability and  
the 21st century.

**BERNIE**

Thank you, sir.                   Although, I'm afraid I don't  
quite see how we  
can ...

**GRIERSON**

Good point Bernie - precisely the kind of perceptive  
interjection I'd expect from my new V.P. How can we,  
you ask,  
survive without Whistler's Mother - our single greatest  
asset?  
Well, the truth is - we can't. So what am I saying?  
Will we  
find her again? Never - this robber was clearly the  
work of a  
criminal of great genius.

BEAN looks pleased - but then realises it's not a suitable emotion ~  
so nods  
sagely.

Insurance? Not a chance. Those bastards never pay. So,  
surely we're bankrupt? Surely your jobs are forfeit?  
Surely  
you're back on the unemployment lines, scraping a  
living as  
waiters and boys? Yes. Yes indeed. Except for one  
little  
thing. one little thing done by one little man. Dare I  
say,  
one helluva little man. Watch this.

Everyone is totally at a           loss. GRIERSON stands and moves to the  
framed poster  
of Whistler's Mother on           the wall. He then produces a plastic key  
card and  
inserts it in a slot on           the side of the frame. A buzz and a click!  
An  
electric motor starts to           whirrrr ...

The glass, along with the title strip at the bottom of the poster,  
slides  
gently down inside the picture frame to reveal that the poster is in  
fact the  
original oil of Whistler's Mother.

**GRIERSON**

Ladies and gentlemen. The REAL Whistler's Mother!

There are gasps from the room. BEAN is open mouthed.

GRIERSON beams as many applaud and BEAN now joins in hyperactively.  
He's  
saved!

**GRIERSON**

master  
Thank  
my new  
see the  
we were

The best security in the world is no match for a  
criminal. But no master criminal is a match for me.  
you all. Now if you would please return to your posts,  
Vice President, Bernard Shimmel would like you all to  
computer program we had prepared for yesterday until  
so rudely interrupted by events.

The room is emptying. DAVID and BEAN stand there, DAVID stunned.  
GRIERSON  
heads over.

**GRIERSON**

David, David, David ...

**DAVID**

I'm fired? Because I let a... copy of a painting the  
get stolen?

**GRIERSON**

incurred,  
loss I

Of course not. I'm sacking you for neglectful conduct,  
relating to the heavy financial loss this gallery has  
through your recent lack of professional judgement. A  
trust Bernie will be able to reverse.

David

But ....

**GRIERSON**

Bernie

I will of course invite you an excellent reference - or  
will.

BERNIE looks across from the computer and smiles. BEAN has his  
eyes on DAVID.  
He is mortified by what's

happening. GRIERSON notices but misinterprets his worried expression.

**GRIERSON**

Of course, Dr. Bean, we'll arrange alternative accommodation for you. I believe Bernie has a spare room with en suite bathroom.

DAVID glares at BERNIE. BEAN is thinking 'No! I don't want to stay with horrible BERNIE.'

**GRIERSON**

How are you making out there?

**110**

**BERNIE**

All fixed up, sir. Stick around, Davey boy. This is going to be quite a show.

He presses an intercom. He's enjoying himself.

Hi everyone - this is your new Vice President, Bernie Shistler. Would you please watch your video screens. You're in for a treat, guys.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. VARIOUS ROOMS. DAY.**

All the staff in all the rooms, gallery, canteen, corridors, look up at various screens. Cut round rooms during this flashy demonstration.

**BERNIE**

**(V/O)**

Here you can see our new interactive gallery guide. Every picture in the gallery will have its own story to tell.

A Van Gogh picture comes up on the giant video screens

....and then keeps changing, as BERNIE keeps talking.

Just click , and here is a portrait of the painter - then  
his family then other paintings by him - then other pictures  
relevant to him in the gallery

Everyone is delighted and impressed.

And the beauty is, any idiot can use it. Dr Bean - would  
you like a try?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRIERSON'S OFFICE - DAY.**

BEAN swiftly obliges and sits at the computer.

**BERNIE**

Perhaps you'd like to bring up Whistler's Mother.

But BEAN has another plan. He begins to click boxes.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY. MAIN GALLERY - DAY.**

The Millais painting we have seen before, with the padlock, comes up  
on the video screen.

**BERNIE**

**(V/O)**

Ah, Our visiting professor has chosen the splendid  
Millais painting - "His Mistress"

**CUT BACK:**

**INT. GRIERSON'S OFFICE. DAY.**

BEAN busy on the computer.

**BERNIE**

Just click on the corner.

BEAN again disobeys ... He clicks on the padlock repeatedly - humming the familiar 'Goblins' tune. BERNIE is looking very tense.

**BERNIE**

Right let me take over now...

BEAN turns and snarls at him - almost a bark ...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE MAIN GALLERY - DAY**

Everyone is glued to the screens.

**BERNIE**

You've had long enough on it now. A joke's a joke.  
That's it. Period!

On the computer screens, the screen has gone black, just as it did when Bean was playing earlier, and the 6 dashes have appeared with the flashing cursor over the first of them. All watch, intrigued by what they see.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRIERSON'S OFFICE DAY**

The blood drains from BERNIE's face. Still humming happily,  
BEAN slowly types  
in the letters:

**P-E-R-I-O-D**

**BERNIE**

You can stop right there, Mr! Those are confidential ...

**112**

Words and figures fill the screen. BEAN throws his hands up and sings a verbal fanfare:

**BEAN**

Daaa! Daaa!

GRIERSON moves to DAVID's side and the two stare at the screen, the meaning of its contents dawning on them. Close up of the screen as their eyes find the words: `NEW ARTIST EXHIBIT' in the middle of columns of words, figures and dollar signs.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRIERSON GALLERY. ALL ROOMS.**

The same figures are being flashed all over on the huge screens. People watching and listening in awe. ANNIE and ELMER stare at it angrily.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. GRIERSON'S OFFICE ~ DAY**

**BERNIE**

Excuse me, If I may just ...

**GRIERSON**

(calmly)

Siphoning gallery money into your own private accounts?

DAVID scrolls down the screen.

**DAVID**

Look at all this - publicity expenditure ... catering ... all completely fictional ... back as far as June 93 ...

**BERNIE**

I don't think you really understand what you're looking at ...

**GRIERSON**

Horse shit. You're dead, grease-ball. Period.

He pushes a button, that sends a picture of what's happening in his office throughout the Gallery.

Vice- My friends, good news. Mr Schimmel is not only no longer President. He actually no longer works here.

**BERNIE**

England turn  
probably  
bit  
at Bean)  
set me

But wait a minute - you can't let some moron from  
you against me. I deny any knowledge of this. He  
typed in all this stuff himself. Don't you find it all a  
suspicious that it's here at his fingertips. (pointing  
There's your criminal, gentlemen. There's the Limey that  
up!

Pause. All eyes turn to BEAN. CUT TO people watching the big  
screens  
everywhere.

**GRIERSON**

Dr. Bean. Have you got anything to say to that?

BEAN looks long and hard at BERNIE.

**BEAN**

Yes- (PAUSE) It's exceedingly rude to point.

And punches BERNIE sharply in the nose. Everyone in the gallery  
bursts into  
applause.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE GRIERSON GALLERY - DAY.**

Half an hour later. Police cars draw up. BERNIE is shoved in the  
back seat  
of one. GRIERSON, BEAN & DAVID watch.

**GRIERSON**

(to uniformed cop)

I don't know what your methods are these days, Officer,  
but I'd

also ask him a few questions about the destruction of the  
Whistler copy.

BEAN nods his head firmly. The car pulls away. Then breaks and  
reverses.  
The SIDE-KICK gets out.

**SIDE~KICK**

Oh, yeah - I forgot.

SIDE-KICK opens the back of the car. He takes out a huge bunch of flowers.

The chief said I was to give you these.

BEAN is delighted. Then sniffs the flowers. What a nasty stink. Not his sort of thing at all.

**114**

SIDE-KICK drives AWAY. GRIERSON turns to DAVID.

**GRIERSON**

I owe you a very serious apology, young man. It wouldn't surprise me if you wanted to leave us after this. I sincerely hope that you do not.

**DAVID**

VERY ACCOMMODATING Well, no, sir, I'm sure ...

He looks sideways to Bean, who is frantically pointing to his spine. DAVID gets the message, and changes his tune..

Let me think about that, Thomas. We'd have to talk quite a salary hike.

**GRIERSON**

Of course.

**DAVID**

And a car.

**GRIERSON**

Mmmmm...

**DAVID**

Maybe two cars.

**GRIERSON**

A car sounds sensible.

**DAVID**

And I need Fridays off, to spend more time with my family.

Speaking of which - if you'll excuse me .... I've got a lot of time to make up.

DAVID heads off. BEAN wants to follow, but needs to get rid of the stinky flowers. He turns to ANNIE and gives them to her to be rid of them. She beams with delight: after all, he DID love her.

BEAN heads off with DAVID to the parking lot. As they go, DAVID puts an arm

round BEAN.

Who shoos him away instantly. No sloppiness for him.

**CUT TO:**

115

**EXT. THE LEARY HOUSE. HALL - DAY.**

The LEARY family in a group. JENNIFER's arm in a sling.

**ALISON**

well, it's been... unusual. But thank you.

She goes to kiss BEAN - but he just sticks out his hand, and shakes it firmly.

Then moves on to JENNIFER.

**JENNIFER**

Good-bye Mr Bean. Sorry I screamed that first time.

He shakes her broken arm firmly ... and she screams again.

**DAVID**

Come on hurry or we'll be late.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. LEARY HOUSE. DAY.**

BEAN, KEVIN & DAVID get into the car. It pulls away, as they drive off, BEAN

sticks his hand of the window - and waves a last farewell to  
ALISON and  
JENNIFER. At last a sentimental moment - romantic music  
swelling - like Liza  
Minelli at the end of "Cabaret".

Until the waving hand viciously cracks against the wooden front gate  
as the  
car squeezes past.

**MIX THROUGH**

**TO:**

**INT. AMERICAN AIRPORT. DEPARTURE AREA - DAY**

The three 30 year old women, dressed in curly red wigs from the  
musical,  
'Annie', hug and kiss their little BALD MAN and send him off through  
the  
gates. They shriek and wave him good-bye. DAVID, KEVIN and BEAN are  
there.

**DAVID**

... Oh, and Grierson phoned Lord Walton at the  
National. Said  
good things about you. So expect a great reception back  
home,  
huh?

BEAN delighted. Promotion is in his sights. He studies his watch.  
He's  
being polite but held really like to get going.

**116**

**KEVIN**

Good-bye Beanie. It's Bean .... surreal. And  
don't forget you're  
welcome to come back anytime ...

DAVID delivers a sharp nudge to his ribs.

**KEVIN**

... in the distant future.

**DAVID**

Bye, Bean. Thanks for everything. And take care, huh?  
I know  
it's insane, but I'm going to miss you.

BEAN      nods abruptly, picks up his case, checks his watch and goes.  
He doesn't  
look      back. Kevin and David turn and walk away. DAVID does stop to  
look back  
over      his shoulder at BEAN, heading off in the distance. But BEAN  
doesn't  
turn,      so DAVID walks on.

Then there is suddenly a tap on his shoulder. It's BEAN, ,as though  
he's  
magically jumped there. He gives DAVID a big bear hug, a big grin, and  
then a  
little wave - and heads away. In the distance, he treads on the back  
of ,some  
one's shoe.

**MIX THROUGH TO:**

**EXT.      THE NATIONAL GALLERY.      LONDON - DAY**

Shot from high up. BEAN's lime green mini approaches, coming around  
Trafalgar  
Square, and drives up onto the pavement, in front of the gallery. It  
stops  
and BEAN gets out. He looks up at the building, pleased to be back.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT.      THE NATIONAL GALLERY - DAY**

BEAN pauses outside the revolving doors to clip his staff identity  
badge onto  
his top pocket. He enters in high spirits.

**CUT TO:**

**INT.      THE NATIONAL GALLERY - DAY**

BEAN enters the reception hall. It is totally deserted.  
He frowns, and heads on, puzzled..

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**CUT TO:**

**INT.      NATIONAL GALLERY.      GALLERY 1      DAY**

The place is totally empty except for a CLEANER sweeping up litter in the middle of the room. There are faded rectangles on the walls where all the paintings should be. Only one very solid looking statue remains. BEAN is thoroughly perplexed

**CLEANER**

They've moved, guy.

BEAN is utterly perplexed. He looks round the corner into another empty gallery, and shakes his head.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE NATIONAL GALLERY - DAY**

BEAN looks up at the building and gives a disgusted grunt ,before getting into his car and drives off around Trafalgar Square. His brow is deeply furrowed.  
What will he do now with his life?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE NATIONAL GALLERY ~ DAY**

The empty gallery BEAN just inspected. Then, from out behind the one remaining statue, emerges MISS HUTCHINSON. Then, from behind a pillar, LORD WALTON.

**LORD WALTON**

Is he gone?

**MISS HUTCHINSON**

Yes, my lord.

**LORD WALTON**

Tell the others.

**MISS HUTCHINSON**

Very well, my lord.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PITCH DARK ROOM. DAY.**

Pitch dark. A door opens and the light from the corridor falls on the  
150  
gallery employees squashed into this one tiny room. It's the gent's  
loo.

**118**

MISS HUTCHINSON's head pops in.

**MISS HUTCHINSON**

He's gone.

Massive cheer, bowlers in the air, massive music. Roll credits.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. BEAN'S HOUSE DAY.**

Behind the credits, we see close-ups of BEAN hammering away at large  
planks of  
wood on some wooden structure.

He walks away from it - without us seeing what it is  
and goes to his Mini, where TEDDY sits on a pile of books in the  
front seat,  
wearing a seat belt. Bean gets into the car, which is laden with  
suitcases,  
starts it up and drives ....

.... straight into the huge crate he has built. A rope tied to the  
back  
bumper pulls the lid closed behind him.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. MOTORWAY. DAY.**

The crate sits on the back of a speeding truck.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. AIRPORT. DAY.**

The crate is now on the top of a forklift truck moving up the ramp on  
an  
American airline cargo plane. Close up on a large sticker on the  
crate: it

reads: "DAVID LEARY, 23 WOODFORD AVENUE, CHESTERFIELD, CALIFORNIA.  
HANDLE  
**WITH CARE.**

And cut to the plane flying through clear skies. Though, for the  
Lear's of  
course there are no clear skies ahead.

**THE END**