

FILE #132

ASCAP

"DODGE CITY"

March 14, 1939

WARNER BROS.

PRODUCTION #9184-9194

<u>REEL 1</u>		<u>COMPOSER</u>	<u>PUBLISHER</u>	<u>EXTENT</u>	<u>HOW USED</u>	<u>TIME</u>
NO. SELECTION						
1	Medley consisting of:					
	(a) SIGNATURE	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	0.10
	(b) DODGE CITY	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	1.22
2	Medley consisting of:					
	(a) THE PAIS	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	1.35
	(b) THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL	UNKNOWN	PUB. DOM.	PARTIAL	VIS. VOC.	0.11
	(c) THE IRON HORSE	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.25
	(d) THE COMRADES	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	1.04
	(e) SURRETT	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.20
3	THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL	UNKNOWN	PUB. DOM.	PARTIAL	VIS. VOC.	0.11
<u>REEL 2</u>						
4	COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN	UNKNOWN	PUB. DOM.	ENTIRE	VIS. INST.	0.37
5	Medley consisting of:					
	(a) DODGE CITY	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	1.01
	(b) THE COVERED WAGON	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.26
6	I'VE GIVNE BACK TO DIXIE	C.A. WHITE	PUB. DOM.	ENTIRE	VIS. VOC.	3.52
<u>REEL 3</u>						
7	Medley consisting of:					
	(a) AGAGIO	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	1.13
	(b) AGITATO MISTEPIOSO	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.44
	(c) THE SHERIFF RIDES	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	0.28
8	Medley consisting of:					
	(a) THE COVERED WAGON	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	3.28
	(b) THE SUNRISE	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.07
	(c) OH SUSANNA	STEPHEN FOSTER	PUB. DOM.	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.08
	(d) ADDIE	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	1.34
<u>REEL 4</u>						
9	Medley consisting of:					
	(a) ALLEGRO	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.10
	(b) THE COVERED WAGON	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	2.23
	(c) AGITATO	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.10
	(d) THE STAMPEDE	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	0.45
	(e) THE BLARNEY	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.28
10	NELLIE WAS A LADY	STEPHEN FOSTER	PUB. DOM.	PARTIAL	VIS. VOC.	1.25
<u>REEL 5</u>						
11	Medley consisting of:					
	(a) THE MURDER	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.13
	(b) SURRETT	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	1.47
12	THE LITTLE BROWN JUG	UNKNOWN	PUB. DOM.	ENTIRE	VIS. VOC.	1.45
13	PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM	UNKNOWN	PUB. DOM.	PARTIAL	VIS. VOC.	0.34
<u>REEL 6</u>						
14	MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA	H.C. WORK	PUB. DOM.	ENTIRE	VIS. VOC.	1.01
15(a)	DIXIE	EMMETT	PUB. DOM.	PARTIAL	VIS. VOC.)	0.38
	(b) MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA	H.C. WORK	PUB. DOM.	PARTIAL	VIS. VOC.)	

FILE #132

"DODGE CITY"

REEL 6 (Cont'd)

NO.	SELECTION	COMPOSER	PUBLISHER	EXTENT	HOW USED	TIME
16	DIXIE	EMMETT	PUB. DOM.	PARTIAL	VIS. INST.	0.13
17	DIXIE	EMMETT	PUB. DOM.	PARTIAL	VIS. INST.	0.15
18	DIXIE	EMMETT	PUB. DOM.	ENTIRE	VIS. INST.	2.15
19	SURRETT	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	2.55

REEL 7

20	Medley consisting of:					
	(a) THE CHILDREN	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	0.33
	(b) ADDIE	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	0.47
	(c) THE FIGHT	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	1.24
	(d) LITTLE HARRY	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.40
	(e) DODGE CITY	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	1.08

REEL 8

21	THE PRINTING PRESS	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.15
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REEL 9

22	Medley consisting of:					
	(a) GRAZIOSO	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.37
	(b) THE BLAINEY	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	1.02
	(c) ADDIE	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	1.02

23	Medley consisting of:					
	(a) THE SHADOW	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.27
	(b) SURRETT	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	1.21
	(c) ADDIE	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.16

REEL 10

24	Medley consisting of:					
	(a) THE ESCAPE	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	ENTIRE	BKG. INST.	0.39
	(b) THE COMRADES	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.19
	(c) ADDIE	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.18
	(d) THE TRAIN	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	1.09

REEL 11

25	Medley consisting of:					
	(a) THE TRAIN	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.49
	(b) THE FIGHT	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.43
	(c) THE FLOOD	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.10
	(d) THE FARMERS	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.20
	(e) ADDIE	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.28
	(f) THE FIRE	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.38
	(g) SURRETT	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.28
	(h) THE SHERIFF RIDES	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.15
	(i) DODGE CITY	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.09
	(j) THE COMRADES	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.14
	(k) THE ESCAPE	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.10
	(l) THE STAMPEDE	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.24
	(m) THE COVERED WAGON	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.05
	(c) PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM	UNKNOWN	PUB. DOM.	PARTIAL	BKG. VOC.	0.38

26	Medley consisting of:					
	(a) ADDIE	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.40
	(b) GRAZIOSO	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.42
	(c) THE COVERED WAGON	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.29
27	DODGE CITY	MAX STEINER	WITMARK	PARTIAL	BKG. INST.	0.25

Music cleared for your territory
by Home Office in New York.

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"DODGE CITY"
(DIALOGUE TRANSCRIPT)

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COGGINS: Oh, there's the twenty-third marker, sir?

TWITCHELL: Twenty-three miles in one hour and fourteen minutes! Gentlemen, that is moving!

GROUP OF MEN: (chatter - not distinct)
Yeh. Yes, it is!

HAMMONG: Our engineer is trying to set a record on the first run, sir.

TWITCHELL: Yeh!
(laughing)

COGGINS: But I doubt if we can maintain this speed on our regular schedule!

TWITCHELL: Why not? If this train can do it the rest of them can! (laughing) Providing Colonel Dodge's new town is worth speeding to reach!

DODGE: Worth it? You wait and see! Right now it's just the end of the line, but in a couple of years it'll be giving more business to your railroad than any town west of Chicago!

TWITCHELL: (laughing)
I hope you're right, Colonel! (laughing) You've certainly stuck to that argument for five years.

DODGE: Well, why shouldn't I? I've raised that town from two hog-pens and a buffalo-walker!

HAMMOND: (laughing)

TWITCHELL: (laughing)
How big is it now, Colonel?

DODGE: Well, er, at the last census, gentlemen, they had three buffalo-wallers!

TWITCHELL: (laughing)

HAMMOND: (laughing)

TWITCHELL: (laughing)

DODGE: Lock! There goes the stage coach from Wichita!

TWITCHELL: We'll be carrying the mail from now on!

1st DRIVER:Lissen to the darn snortin' teapot! She's already winded! By jove, we'll run 'er into the ground!

2nd DRIVER: (not distinct)
Better put the whip to 'em!

1st DRIVER: Aw, get up!

TWITCHELL: Willie?

PORTER: Yes, suh, boss?

TWITCHELL: You go up and tell our engineer that if that stage-coach beats us to the end of the line he's fired!

PORTER: Yes, suh. And if this train go any faster, I'm gonna get off and walk 'cause I don't like this zest of the Lo'd!

TWITCHELL: (laughing)

GROUP OF MEN: (laughing)

TWITCHELL & DODGE: (laughing)

DODGE: By George, he's making a good showing!
You know it?

TWITCHELL: Yeh, we'll hit it!

DODGE: We'd netter get up some speed here!

1st DRIVER: (laughing)
Come on here! (laughing)(laughing)
(off) (not distinct)
Get up!

COGGINS, DODGE
TWITCHELL: (laughing)

COGGINS: There he goes!

TWITCHELL: (laughing)
We've done it! We've done it!

GROUP OF MEN: (laughing)

TWITCHELL: (laughing - continuing)

COGGINS:Here he comes!

DODGE: Gentlemen, that's a symbol of America's future!
Progress! Iron men and iron horses! You can't
beat 'em!

TEX:(singing)
"Come a ti-yi-yippee, yippee, yippee, aye!
Come a ti-yi-yippee, yippee, aye!"

RUSTY: Lucky devils! Nothin' to do but eat and sleep!

TEX: That's right, hard head! And the only difference
between you and them is a pair of horns!

RUSTY: Oh, hush! Say, Wade! Let's cut out a couple
of 'em!

WADE: No! We've killed our last buffalo, boys! The rail-
road's finished and so's our contract. Besides,
we've a little appointment to keep, do you know?
Come on!

TEX: (singing)
"Come a ti-yi-yippee, yippee, yippee, aye!
Come a ti-yi-yippee, yippee, aye!"

WADE:Here comes our meal ticket for the last
six months!

TEX: So that's what a steam engine looks like, a coffee
pot on wheels!

WADE: (laughing)
Come on, let's pay our respects to the Colonel'....
Hello, Colonel! How are you?

DODGE: 'Iine, son, fine. See yuh soon.

WADE: We'll be there!

TWITCHELL: By golly, Dodge, you know everybody in Kansas!

DODGE: Er, not quite. Those boys've been workin' for us,
hunting buffalo to feed our construction gang. The
young Irishman is Wade Hatton. I met him during the
war! He fought for the Rebels in Jeb Stuart's
cavalry; he's been everywhere, done everything, er,
a sort of a rover!

TWITCHELL: Well, it takes all sorts of men to build a rail-
road, huh?

DODGE: No, sir. Just a couple of us Irishmen.

HAMMOND, DODGE
TWITCHELL:

(laughing)

SURRETT:On your toes, men! We're gonna start movin!

YANCEY: Watch those hides they don't slip!

BOSS: (off)
Keep on your toes! We're gonna start movin!

2nd BOSS: (off)
You drivers keep close together!

YANCEY:Ready to start whenever you say, Jeff!

SURRETT: All right. Let's move fast!

BOSSSES: (chatter - not distinct)
Get up a little! Get up! Hey!

SURRETT:Whoa!

BARLOW: Which one of you men is Jeff Surrett?

SURRETT: I am. Why?

BARLOW: I'm John Barlow, commissioner of Indian affairs
from Kansas!

SURRETT: Yes!

BARLOW: You're under arrest! All three of yuh!

SURRETT: For what?

BARLOW: For the illegal killing of buffalo and selling
their hides!

SURRETT: Aw, you're crazy. We got those buffalo on free
land, just the same as he did.

BARLOW: He has a government permit to furnish buffalo meat
for the men building the railroad.

RUSTY: Have you got any such permit?

SURRETT: Oh! Is this some of your business, Hatton?

WADE: I made it my business. As soon as I found out you
were shooting buffalo on Indian territory, stealing
the hides and letting the meat rot in the sun. And
when any Indians protested, you shot them down in
cold blood!

(off)

This has been going on all winter!

SURRETT: And it took you till now to catch up with us?

WADE: We didn't want to catch up with you. We just kept
an eye on yuh and counted the number of animals
yuh killed!

SURRETT: Yuh're lying! You'd'a' made 'em stop us long
before this if you'd known!

WADE: Why? It seemed a much better idea to let you and
your pals work your head off packing and curing
those hides until they caught you!

SURRETT: Oh, so that's why you waited so long, huh?

WADE: The Indians might just as well get the hides in
good, salable condition!

SURRETT: All right, Hatton. But I hope you stick around
Kansas for a long time because we're gonna collect
for every one of those hides and we're gonna
collect in full!

REEL 1-A
PAGE 4

WADE: Right! If you're ever around our way, look us up!
BOSS: ...All right, boys!
TEX: (singing - overlapping latter speech)
"Come a ti-yi-yippee, yippee, aye!
Come a ti-yi-yippee, yippee, aye!"

—ooo0000000ooo—

THE END OF REEL 1-A

RAILROAD CROWD: (yelling and cheering - off and on -
behind following dialogue)

DODGE: Thanks, Tex.

RUSTY: Congratulations, Colonel.

DODGE: Thanks, Rusty. Wade! You've been a great help
in building this railroad.

WADE: Thanks, Colonel.

DODGE: Now the real work begins. We've got to make it
pay.

WADE: Oh, (laughing) that's up to you.

DODGE: Oh, no, it isn't son, I've got other work to do.
We're looking further westward. I want you to
take charge here, help build up this town. Organ-
ize trade for our road.

WADE: No, thanks, sir. We're on our way back to Texas.
We're gonna drive cattle up to meet your rail-
road. Besides, if we keep hanging around here
these two galoots are gonna get civilized.

RUSTY & DODGE: (laughing)

TEX: We better get out o' here 'fore old fog head
starts eatin' with a knife an' fork.

WADE & RUSTY: (laughing)

TEX: (laughing)
A knife, anyway.

RUSTY: You couldn't keep Wade here, Colonel. He's the
most movin' on man you ever saw. First off, he
was in the English army over in India. And then
he got mixed up in some kind of a hooray revolu-
tion down in Cuba way. Then he started punchin'
cattle in Texas. That was, of course, before he
enlisted in the war. So you see, he's either the
greatest traveller ever lived or else he is the
biggest liar!

WADE, RUSTY,
DODGE & TEX: (laughing)

TWITCHELL: And now, it gives me great pleasure to introduce
to you the man who made this progress possible,
Colonel Dodge!

RAILROAD CROWD: (yelling - chatter - not distinct - applauding)
Hooray!

DODGE: Ladies and gentlemen, today a great chapter of
history has been written, and we take justifiable
pride in bringing this railroad to the terminal
furthest west in this country. Some day, and I
believe it will be in the near future, a great
city will spring from this very spot upon which
we now stand. A city which will represent all that
the West stands for; honesty, courage, morality
and culture.
(off)
For all the noble virtues of civilization, I can
see a great me --
(on)
--tropolis of homes, churches, schools! A fine
decent city which will become the flower of the
prairie!

RAILROAD CROWD: (chatter - not distinct - cheering - applauding
on and off)
Hooray!

LODGE: A city whose name -- (clearing throat)
whose name --

RAILROAD CROWD: (laughing)

FUSTY: Yeah, Colonel, Just what do yuh aim to call this
here perfect (mispronouncing) me-tropolis?

GROUP OF RAILROAD
CROWD: (laughing - off)

DODGE: Er, what are we going to call it?

WADE: Why not call it after the man who made it
possible? Dodge City!

TWITCHELL: That's right. Dodge City it is.

RAILROAD CROWD: (cheering - chatter - not distinct - off and on)

SURRET: Hey, be sure and give those cattle plenty o'
salt!

YANCEY: The more water the more weight.

HARRY: Cattle is sure some business. They must come
to Dodge City from all over the world, don't
they, Pop?

COLE: Almost, son. Hold my horse. Wait a minute,
Surrett. You can't ship those cattle. Where's
my money?

SURRETT: You'll get it, Cole. Why don't you stop
worryin'?

COLE: You've got no right to ship those cattle until
I'm paid. Fifteen thousand dollars, cash in
hand. Those were the terms we agreed on.

SURRETT: Take it easy. I can't be runnin' to the bank
every time a train leaves town. If you don't
trust me, there're plenty o' cattle brokers
that will.

COLE: Maybe they used to, Surrett, but not since what
happened to Sam Chapin and Kit Sproull. They
trusted you, too, didn't they? But not me. I'm
coming to your place tonight to collect for these
steers. You have the money waitin' for me or I'm
slappin' a warrant on yuh! You gotta get what
yours, son, when you're dealin' with men like that.
They're no good.

HARRY: Sure, Pop, but we can handle 'em!

COLE: Whoa! Hold my horse, son. I won't be but a minute.

HARRY: Take your time, Pop, but get all that's comin'
to us.

1st MAN: (off)
Come on, boys, this is the place!

CROWD: (chatter - not distinct - yelling - applauding)
Lay 'em on the line, folks!

RUBY: (singing)
"I'se gwine back to Dixie,
No more I'se gwine to wander.
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
I can't stay here no longer.
I miss de ole plantation,
My home and my relation,
My heart's turned back to Dixie
And I must go!

RUBY: (SINGING)
I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine back to Dixie --
(off)
I'se gwine where the orange blossoms grow.
(on)
For I hear the children callin',
And see their tears a-fallin',
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go."

CROWD: (applauding - yelling - off - behind following dialogue)

SURRETT: Gee, yuh look great tonight, Ruby. I sure like that new dress.

RUBY: Thanks, darling.

SURRETT: Just for luck.

RUBY: You don't need any more luck, Jeff.

SURRETT: That's right. I don't, not as long as I've got you.

RUBY: That's me.

RUBY & CHORUS: (singing)
"I've hoed in --
(off)
--fields of cotton,
I've worked upon the river -
(on)
I used to think if I got off
I'd go back there, no, never!
But time has changed the old man,
His head is bending -
(off - not distinct - behind following dialogue)
--low,
His heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.
I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine where the orange blossoms grow,
For I hear the children callin',
And see their tears a-fallin',
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go."

COLE: Hello, Surrutt! I was just looking for you.

SURRETT: Oh, hello, Matt.

COLE: Well, you ready to see me?

SURRETT: Yeah, I was just on my way up to get some money.

COLE: Fine. I'll go with you.

SURRETT: You mind waiting a few minutes? I got some business to attend to first.

COLE: I don't mind. But don't try and run out on me. This is the last chance I'm givin' yuh.

SURRETT: Oh, don't worry, Matt. I'm gonna take care of yuh in just a minute. Come on over and wet your whistle. Hey, Jack!

BARTENDER: Yes, sir?

SURRETT: Give Mr. Cole anything he wants, on the house.

BARTENDER: Yes, sir. What'll it be, Mr. Cole?

COLE: Glass of beer, please.

BARIENDER: Yes, sir.

YANCEY: Nice lookin' bunch o' steers we shipped today, huh, Cole?

COLE: Yeah. They'd look a lot better if I'd been paid for 'em.

YANCEY: What do yuh mean? Haven't we always paid?

COLE: Not from what I've heard.

YANCEY: Well, maybe you been listenin' to too much talk.

COLE: Maybe. Maybe not.

YANCEY: Are you callin' me a liar?

COLE: I'm not calling you anything, Yancey. In fact, I'd rather not talk to you at all.

YANCEY: Keep your hand off that gun!

COLE: (not distinct)
"hy, I-----

CROWD: (chatter - not distinct - off)

---oo00000oo---

END OF REEL 1-B

MINISTER: (off)
I'm sure and certain hope of the resurrection
of the dead:

"Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done, as in heaven,
So in earth.
Give us day by day our daily bread,
And forgive us our debts:
As we also forgive everyone that is
indebted to us.
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil. Amen."

Mourners: (in unison)
Amen.

Mrs. Cole: To have him go this way. It's so - so cruel;
so useless.

HARRY: You promised you wouldn't cry, Mom. (crying)

DR. IRVING: John, will you look after Mrs. Cole?

ORTH: (off)
Yes.

HARRY: (sobbing through speech)
You don't have to, Mr. Orth. I can take care
of her.

ORTH: (off)
That's right, Harry. You're the man of the
family now.

DR. IRVING: Well, funeral's over. There's your man, Marshall.
Serve your warrant.

CLEMENS: It's about time those guerrillas were taken
in hand. What're you waiting for? Go on.

MARSHAL: Don't push me! I know my duty.

SURRETT: Hello, Marshal.

MARSHAL: Yancey, I've got a warrant here to arrest you
for the murder of Ma--Matt Cole.

YANCEY: Why didn't yuh go ahead and serve it, then.
What're yuh waitin' for?

MARSHAL: Mind ridin' back into town with me?

YANCEY: Yeah.

SURRETT: Oh, that's all right, Yancey. You go ahead and
ride in with the Marshal.

YANCEY: Why, sure, Marshal. Come along. Come on, boys.
Come on, Al. After all, the law's the law. Now,
just a minute, Marshal. This is your--
(not distinct)

MARSHAL: Now, hold on there, boys. Now, wait a minute!

YANCEY: Get him in there, boys! Hurry up!

MARSHAL: (not distinct - overlapping above speech)
Now hold on, boys! (continues - not distinct)
I've got the law --(not distinct)

YANCEY: Come on, boys! We'll ride 'im out o' town in
style!

DR. IRVING: What's the use o' tryin' to make an honest town out of Dodge City? Surrentt's crowd scares off the honest, law-abiding settlers. They're all goin' on to Wichita and Kansas City. I tell yuh, Ellen, we're the public disgrace of America! You know what the New York newspapers are saying? There's no law west of Chicago, and west of Dodge City, no God!

MRS. IRVING: I'm afraid they're not far wrong. It's becoming unsafe for a woman to walk on the streets in this town. And as for children, well, I almost wish Lee and Abbie weren't coming to live with us.

DR. IRVING: They'll be all right, unless they're as bull-headed as their father was.

MRS. IRVING: We haven't had a word from them since they reached Texas. When do you suppose they're gonna get here?

DR. IRVING: I kept a record somewhere. I always used to --
(not distinct) --

MRS. IRVING: They're on the table.

DR. IRVING: Huh? Oh, yeah, they -- they left Fort Worth three weeks ago with a cattle-drive party. Now, let's see. (clearing throat) Yeah, they must o' crossed the Red River about here, then on up the Chisolm Trail into the Indian Territory. I'd say they'd be about Broad Plain ---
(off)
---by now.

ABBIE: Tex! Tex! Have you seen my brother?

TEX: Yes'um. He's over yonder somewheres hot-footin' it around. He swiped one o' the boss's horses and I reckon he shore is drunk again!

ABBIE: I consider that a very impertinent remark.

TEX: Yes'um, I guess maybe I shouldn't o' said he's drunk, even if he is drunk!

LEE: (yelling)
Ye-hoo!

ABBIE: I don't know what I'm going to do about you!

LEE: Broad plain, huh? Broad plain! So this is where the Indians are supposed to be, huh,

ABBIE: Yes, and if you keep up the fuss you're making, you're going to have them right on our door step.

LEE: Well, I wish they would attack us or some'in'. It's dull pluggin along like this day in and day out.

ABBIE: It's dull, all right, but that's no reason for y u to act like a lunatic.

LEE: Maybe they don't even know we're here. Let's tell 'em. (yelling) Yee-hoo!

ABBIE: (overlapping latter part of above yelling)
Lee! Lee, stop it! --
(off)
---Stop it! ---
(on)
---Lee!

LEE: (overlapping latter part of above speech-off - yelling)

LEE: (on)
---Yee-Hoo!

ABBIE (off)
Will you please stop it?

LEE: (off- overlapping above speech - yelling)
Ye-hoo!

WADE: Was that you who fired those shots, Mr. Irving?

RUSTY: Sure, it was him!

LEE: Sure, it was. What about it.

WADE: Well, nothing, except it seems like a silly waste of ammunition, that's all.

ABBIE: He won't do it again. He was just bored.

WADE: Oh. Faith now, that's a great shame.

ABBIE: So am I!

WADE: Really? Well, I'm sorry. Perhaps things'll get enlivened for you if that shooting stampedes the cattle. Since you seem to know what troubles him, I'd suggest you see he drinks less.

RUSTY: Them two youngsters is more trouble than they're worth.

WADE: I'll certainly be glad to hand 'em over to their uncle in Dodge.

RUSTY: Yeh? She sure is pretty, though.

WADE: Yes I'd still trade the two of 'em for one good cigar.

RUSTY: Ohh. (laughing)

WADE: All right, this is it. Tex! Rusty! Tex, get the steers watered. Rusty, line up the wagons along the bottom o' that slope there.

TEX: Get movin', flat neck!

RUSTY: Oh, hush. I'll get movin'. All right, folks, we're beddin' down. Watch your cock fires now. The grass is awful dry. Don't you wander off.

LITTLE GIRL: Mom, I'm hungry.

WADE: All right, get your teams hooked up. We're culling out. Move as soon as you're ready. Tex, get the herd started.

TEX: Hey, Wade, you better watch ol' bullet head here. I caught him ridin' in wagon yesterday.

RUSTY: Oh, hush, I was ---(not distinct) --

TEX: (not distinct)
Ahhh, hush up!

COWBOYS: (yelling)

WADE: Good morning, Mrs. Harper. Did you rest well?

MRS. HARPER: Thank you, ye--fine.

WADE: Good ---
(off)
--Be sure you boil --
(on)
---that water before you drink it.

ABBIE: I'll wager two minutes after you were born you were telling the doctor what to do.

WADE: Think so? I'm sorry, Miss Irving. You know, it's really no fun playing boss, but someone's gotta say what's to be done, haven't they? You know, out here trail bosses sometimes even got to take the law into his own hands.

ABBIE: Oh, yes pioneering, I believe you call it, don't you?

WADE: That's right. You don't seem to be enjoying it much.

ABBIE: Enjoying it? Can anyone enjoy being jolted along week in and week out through a nightmare of heat and dust, with sand in your teeth and sand in your eyes and sand in your hair?

WADE: Faith, now, if you didn't like sand, maybe you shouldn't have left home.

ABBIE: I wouldn't have, but we didn't have much choice after Father died.

WADE: I see. I'm sorry. Here. May I take that? It looks heavy for you.

ABBIE: No, thanks, I can manage it.

WADE: Oh, I'm sure you can manage a bigger one than that in each hand, if you wanted to, but why should you?

ABBIE: Because I happen to be in a hurry.

WADE: Oh, we'll wait for you. There. See? Now, if everyone in the camp were to obey orders as willingly and charmingly as that, we wouldn't have any trouble, a'tall.

ABBIE: My brother and I seem to be causing you a great deal of trouble, Mr. Hatton.

WADE: No, no. Just your brother. You know, I think you spoil him by mothering him. don't you?

ABBIE: Maybe I do.

WADE: May I make a suggestion? Why don't you go to him and tell him...

ABBIE: Lee!

LEE: (laughing)

RUSTY: Look here! Look here, Mr. Irving! This ain't no picnic grounds. Put up that gun 'fore you stampede them cattle!

LEE: (laughing)
Get down off your high horse, will yuh, cowboy? Watch me shoot the handle right off o' this one!

ABBIE: Are you out of your mind?

LEE: How you, Abbie? Your're just in time to witness an exhibition of some real fancy shootin'.

RUSTY: Put up that gun before somebody takes it away from you!

LEE: Who's gonna take it away from me?

ABBIE: Lee, you're drunk and you don't know what you're doing!

LEE: Don't start to lecture to me now. I've had enough of that for a time bein'.

EDDIE: Lee, don't! Don't!

LEE: Yippee!

TEX: It's a run!

COWBOYS: (yelling - chatter - not distinct)

WADE: (off)
Tex, head in those leaders --
(on)
---and keep 'em milling.

LEBBIE: Now, see what you've done! I hope you're satisfied!

LEE: Sure. I been waiten' to see a little action since this trip started.

RUSTY: You crazy galoot! You saw what nearly happened!

LEE: What! Just gave y u lazy cow hands a little exercise, that's all.

--oo0oo--

END OF REEL 2-A

WADE: Irving, you're giving us a great deal of trouble. You're gonna force me to be unpleasant.

LEE: Aw, lemme alone! I'm not on your payroll and I'll do as I please.

WADE: Oh, no. You'll do as I please. You people in the wagons came to us for protection. You paid for it, and you're getting it. Now you've got to obey orders until we get to Dodge City.

LEE: Listen, you may not realize it, but the Civil War is over and you're no longer in the Army, Mr. Hatton.

WADE: I'm not going to argue with you. Just sober up and stay sober or I'll confiscate your liquor.

LEE: If you lay a hand inside our wagon I'll blow it off!

WADE: Look, Irving, we've got a very special treatment for bad little boys like you. Now you behave yourself or you're gonna ride into Dodge City backwards on a mule. You'll look very silly.

RUSTY: (laughing)

WADE: Now we're moving. You better get started.

LEE: (not distinct)
Have it your own way.

ABBIE: (off)
Lee --
(on)
--be sensible.

LEE: Lemme alone!

RUSTY: (laughing - off and on)
I can hardly wait to see you on that mule. You sure will look funny!

LEE: Take that stupid grin off your face, you big hyena!

WADE: Drop that gun, Irving!
(off)
Drop it, I tell you!

ABBIE: (screaming - off - on)
Lee!

WADE: (not distinct)
No, please.

ABBIE: You've killed him! Oh! (sobbing)

WADE: Here you are, Tex. That's for Dr. Irving. I want you to take the short cut into Twin Forks. Bear left from there. It's only about three hours to Dodge. Understand?

TEX: Sure I do, Wade.

WADE: I tried to explain in it as well as I could. Tell him I'll call on him when we get there.

TEX: I sure hope that doctor's more understandin' than his niece.

WADE: Good luck. Get going, Tex.

TEX: (in Spanish)
Adios. (Translated: Good-bye.)

WADE: Miss Irving, I know how you must feel about all this and I know how you must feel about my part in it. But my shot was unavoidable. I'd never have fired it except to defend myself. I have no words to tell you how badly I feel about it all.

ABBIE: Will you leave me alone, please?

RUSTY: Well, well! So this is Dodge City, huh? It sort o' smells like Fort Worth, don't it?

WADE: Oh, that's not the city you smell. That's y u. We'd better get y u to a bath tub before somebody shoots you for a buffalo.

HARRY: Gentlemen, can I hold your horse? Lady can I carry your basket? Gentlemen, can I hold your horse? Gentlemen, can I hold your horses? I'll watch 'em real careful.

RUSTY: What's the idea, sonny?

HARRY: I'm in business. I'm the man of the family now.

WADE: (laughing)
Well, y u're certainly making an early start.

RUSTY: What do you charge?

HARRY: A quarter just for keepin' a eye on y ur horses. Fifty cents for watchin' 'em extra good.

WADE: (off)
All right, then--
(on)
--we'll take a d llar's worth of the extra good.
(laughing)

RUSTY: (laughing)

WADE: Wasn't it Shakespeare who began by holding horses?

RUSTY: Who?

WADE: Shake---

HARRY: (overlapping above speech)
Hey, stranger, where's the money?

WADE: Oh, so you don't get any credit here, either, huh? Well, here you are.

HARRY: Thanks, Mister. Much obliged.

WADE: You're welcome. William Shakespeare.

RUSTY: I never heard of him. What part of Texas is he from?

WADE: Stratford on Avon.

BARBER: Good mornin', boys.

WADE: Good morning.

BARBER: You fellas look pretty dusty.

WADE: (off)
We certainly are. It's on us about an inch thick for each State in the country.

BARBER: (laughing- off)

RUSTY: (singing)
"Down on the Mississippi floatin',
Way ----
All day the cotton woods a-totin',
Sing for my true love all the day."
(continuing singing - off - not distinct -
behind following dialogue)

WADE: Well, what's the news in Dodge?

BARBER: Well, just about the same as always. Gamblin',
drinkin' an' killin'. An' mostly killin'. Had
one here just the other night. Coldest-blooded
thing I ever 'heard' of. Fella named Yancey shot
Matt Cole over at the Gay Lady.

WADE: Matt Cole? I used to know him in Texas. What
was the trouble?

BARBER: What was the trouble? How long since you been
in Dodge, mister?

WADE: Oh, quite some time. We always ship up through
Wichita.

BARBER: Well, this town's run by a man named Jeff
Surrett. Cole was tryin' to collect for some
cattle he'd sold. Fifteen thousand dollars --
(off)
--Surrett owed him.
(on)
Good morning, gentlemen.

SURRETT: (in reflection)
How long before you'll be through with this
fella?

BARBER: (in reflection)
Why, er, er, in about, er, ten minutes, Mr.
Surrett.

SURRETT: (in reflection)
All right, hurry it up. I'm gonna take a bath.
Yancey.

BARBER: Im sorry, t-there's somebody in there al---
(off)
--ready.

RUSTY: (singing)
"Down on the Mississippi floatin',
(off)
All--
(on)
--night the cotton woods a-totin' ----"
Hey, shut that door! There's a draft in here.

SURRETT: Hey, what's the idea, Charlie? You know I always
take a bath on Saturday mornings. Now get this
fella outa there!

BARBER: I'm sorry, I, I can't do that, Mr. Surrett. He
ain't been in there half an hour.

SURRETT: Well, he's been in there long enough. Now you
tell him to get his clothes on.

BARBER: I --All right, all right.

WADE: Now wait a minute.

SURRETT: What did you say?

WADE: My friend in there paid for that tub. Now
much as you undoubtedly need a wash, he needs
it even more.

SURRETT: Well, if it ain't our old friend, Hatton!

WADE: Right! Quite a coincidence, isn't it?

SURRETT: Are yuh figurin' on bein' around Dodge City long?

WADE: No. Just as long as it takes me to finish my job. Maybe longer if I find it interesting. Any objections!

SURRETT: No, no! I think we can make it pretty interesting for yuh.

WADE: Yes, I'm sure y u might. I hear you made it pretty interesting for Matt Cole the other night.

SURRETT: You alwyas did hear a little too much.

WADE: It's possible you boys were always a little too noisy. Come on there, Charlie, finish me up. Put some of that green stuff on. Make me smell like a geranium.

BARBER: (laughing)

RUSTY: Say, Wade!

WADE: What?

RUSTY: You know, it just come to me who that feller was!

WADE: It did? Maryolous.

DR. IRVING: Naturally, our nephew's death was a great blow to us, but now since your explanation, I can understand how it happened. There's no sense in holding any grudge against you.

WADE: Thank y u, sir.

DR. IRVING: We're used to death here in Dodge City, Mr. Hatton, even of the people we love. That's hard to say, but it's true.

WADE: Yes, I suppose so. Well, thanks again, Doctor. I wonder if I might pay my respects to Mrs. and Miss Irving on my way out?

DR. IRVING: No, my boy, I wouldn't advise that.

MRS. IRVING: Walter!
(on)
Er, Walter, Mr. Evans wants y u to come as soon as you can. Oh, excuse me.

DR. IRVING: Ellen, this is Mr. Hatton.

WADE: How do you do, Mrs. Irving.

DR. IRVING: He's come to tell us about Lee.

WADE: It's regrettable that we have to meet under these circumstances, Mrs. Irving.

DR. IRVING: I'm sorry, my boy, but you see we never had any children of our own and to my wife Lee way--- well, you can understand how she feels about it.

WADE: Yes, of course. Anyhow, it was very gracious of you to receive me, sir.
(off)
Oh, don't bother about that thing, sir, I can--
(on)
Miss Irving! I'll not be troubling you with any further apologies, but I would like you to know that if ever I can be of any service to y u, I shall be only too happy.

REEL 2-B
PAGE 5

ABBIE: Thank you. The only way you can be of service
to me is to keep out of my sight.

DR. IRVING: (off)
I wouldn't take that--
(on)
--too seriously my boy. Women's logic and
emotions are often very confusing.

WADE: (laughing through speech)
I think I've heard my father say the same thing.
But faith, I'm sure that Miss Abbie has a more
biting tongue than my mother ever had.

--x0000--

END OF REEL 2-B

AUCTIONEER: All right, gentlemen, let's begin the auction! One thousand, six hundred and nineteen head of prime Texas steer! Cress fed, fat, frisky, fresh off the Chisolm Trail! Is that correct, sir?

WADE: Go ahead. But don't make any sale until I tell you.

AUCTIONEER: Right. The agent reserves his right to refuse all bids.
(off)
Now then, who'll start us off? What am I offered? What am I offered?

SURRETT: Twenty-five dollars a head.

AUCTIONEER: (off)
Twenty-five from Mr. Surrett! I'm goin' to twenty-eight. Twenty-eight --
(on)
--dollars for the finest herd o' steers that ever come out o' Texas! Who'll say twenty-eight? Mr. Cagle?

CAGLE: No, sir.

AUCTIONEER: Mr. Orth? Here's a cash profit of fifty thousand dollars beggin' to be picked up!

ORTH: All right, twenty-eight.

AUCTIONEER: Thank you, sir.
(off)
Twenty-eight is bid! Who'll say thirty? Thirty, thirty, thirty! Nobody'll raise it?

SURRETT: Thirty dollars.

AUCTIONEER: (off)
Thirty dollars from Mr. Surrett! Anybody raise that? Anybody say --
(on)
--thirty-two? How about you, Mr. Orth?
(off)
Goin' to Mr. Surrett for thirty dollars - once!
Goin' twice!

WADE: Hold on. Will Mr. Surrett and Mr. Orth be kind enough to step up here?

AUCTIONEER: (off)
Oh, Mr. Surrett, Mr. Orth! Will you come over here, please?

WADE: You offered thirty dollars. Was that cash?

SURRETT: What's that to you? Do you own those cattle?

WADE: I'm the agent for them. I'm protecting the owner's interest.

SURRETT: Oh, I see. Well, I'll give yuh part of it in cash tonight and the balance in thirty days.

WADE: I see. How about you, sir.

ORTH: Well, I could've paid the full amount in cash today.

WADE: You couldn've? Right. They're yours.

ORTH: Mine? But he offer----

WADE: I said, sold!

WADE: I heard you. But I prefer to make my deal with cash buyers who don't pay off in the back rooms of saloons.
(off)
I'm at the Drovers Hotel, Mr. Orth. If you care to meet me there at three o'clock --
(on)
--in room fifteen, we can close this deal.

ORTH: I'll be there.

WADE: Right! Deal is made, Mr. Auctioneer. Thanks. Good day.

AUCTIONEER: Sold to --
(off)
- Mr. Orth!

MAN: Gosh, Joe, did yuh hear that?

CLEMENS: I'm gonna put it right on the front page.

MAN: Who's that fellow?

CLEMENS: I don't know, but yuh can bet I'm gonna find out!

ORTH: How are yuh, Harry?

HARRY: Hello, Mr. Orth. I'll hold your horse for yuh.

ORTH: Good!

HARRY: For a quarter.

ORTH: Well, (laughing) that's fair enough. Here.

HARRY: Thanks.

MEN: (chatter - not distinct - behind following dialogue)

ORTH: How are you, Frank?

CLERK: Fine. How are you, Mr. Orth?

ORTH: Just fine.

2nd MAN: (off)
Howdy, Mr. Orth!

ORTH: Howdy.

HARRY: Stick 'em up!

WADE: Rusty, we're done for! It's dangerous Ambrose, the terror of the prairie, and he's got us in his power.

HARRY: Yes, sir. I'm a pretty desperate character.

WADE: I can see that. Would you take ransom if we offered it to you?

HARRY: Try it and see.

WADE: How's that?

HARRY: Thanks, Mister. I'll watch your horses better than they were ever watched before!

WADE: Well, that's fair enough!

RUSTY: (laughing)

HARRY: I sure hope you stay in town a long time.

WADE: I'll bet you do at that. Mr. Orth come in yet?

CLERK: He went upstairs a few minutes ago, Mr. Hatton.

CLEMENS: My name's Joe Clemens. I'm editor of the Star. I'd like to publish your impressions of Dodge City, if you don't mind.

3rd MAN: Jack Orth! Somebody shot him!
(off)
He's layin' right outside o' room fifteen!

SURRETT: That's too bad, Hatton. I don't think your deal with Orth'll go through. But I'm still offerin' yuh thirty dollars a head for those cattle.

WADE: Listen, Surrett, those cattle aren't for sale to you at any price!

CLEMENS: It's a shame about Jack Orth being killed, isn't it? Musta been a big surprise to you! Excuse me.

4th MAN: (Off)
Another murder. Four, five a day.

5th MAN: (off)
Surrett's gettin' to be the undertaker's best friend.

6th MAN: It's sure gettin' dangerous to live around here.

YANCEY: Well, why don't yuh get out? Clemens, I see by that bulletin that you're lookin' for trouble again.

CLEMENS: What's the matter, Yancey? We're just printin' the plain facts.

YANCEY: We've put up with you an' your paper long enough. Now we mean business.

CLEMENS: Yancey, you're not scared of that fella from Texas, are yuh?

YANCEY: We'll take care o' him.. But I'm warnin' yuh, don't print no story about Surrett. Is that clear? I'm waitin' for an answer. I reckon you get the general idea now.

WADE: (laughing)
Rusty, I don't like the look o' those clothes. They look at me as though you're up to no good.

RUSTY: Oh, now, Wade, I ain't had store clothes on for a long time. I kinda felt like I wanted to clean up.

WADE: Well, look, I got a call to make down here so you're on your own. Now just try an' keep sober and stay out o' trouble, will you?

RUSTY: Aw, now, Wade, you know I signed the temperance pledge 'fore we left Texas.

WADE: Why, sure, Rusty, I know that, and I know you were blind drunk when you signed it.

RUSTY: No, no, you're confusin' the issue! I'm a reformed man!

WADE: Well, even a reformed man can get into trouble when the boys get paid off.

RUSTY: No, no! I ain't gonna touch a drop! I'm just gonna stay around and take in the sights.

WADE: Well, look out you don't become one of them.

RUSTY: Oh, now, Wade, don't you worry none about it. You don't suppose after me gettin' on my store clothes that I'm gonna have anything like that happen to me, (laughing) do you? (laughing)

CROWD: (chatter - not distinct - off - behind following dialogue)

GIRL: (off)
Hey, Mister!
(on)
Please help me over, will you, young man? Oh, now come closer. Oh. (screaming)

RUSTY: (laughing)

GIRL: Oh.

CROWD: (chatter - not distinct - behind following singing and dialogue)

RUBY: (singing - off)
"Ha, ha, ha, you and me.
Little brown jug don't I love thee;
Ha, he, ha, you and me,
Little brown jug don't I love thee;
That man and I lived all alone
In a little log hut we called our own;
He loved gin and I loved rum,
I tell you what, we'd lots of fun!
(on)
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little brown jug don't I love thee!
Ah, ha, ha, you and me,
Little brown jug don't I---"

MEN: (laughing)

RUSTY: (overlapping above singing)
There you are, ma'am. Glad to be a help.

GIRL: (overlapping above singing)
Thank you.

7th MAN: Hi yuh, Rusty! Come on, have a drink!

8th MAN: How are yuh, Rusty?

TEX: Come on back with us and get your feet wet!

RUSTY: Sorry, Tex. I'm just leavin'.

TEX: What do yuh mean, leavin'? We got a lot o' Kansas dust to wash down! Come on!

MEN: (chatter - not distinct)
Come on! Rusty!

RUSTY: Waste my pay on lickin' an' gamblin'? Not me, boys. I'm on the pledge!

MEN: (laughing)

TEX: Why you ain't serious, Rusty?

RUSTY: I'll tell yuh, boys, I've saw the light! I'm through with your sinful ways an' your riotous livin'!

MEN: (laughing - chatter - not distinct - behind following speech)
Oh! How about a drink? A drink!

TEX: (not distinct)
Aw, he must be crazy with the heat! Come on! Hey, you ole walrus, you! (continues - not distinct) Come on! Aw, I don't want that! Gimme one o' those! That's more like it!

LADIES: (singing - off)
"Life is like a might river --
(on)
Flowing on from day to day!
(off - behind following dialogue)
Men are vessels launched upon it.
Sometimes wrecked and cast away."

FLORA: My gracious! Howdy, young man! Are you a stranger
in town!

RUSTY: Yes, Ma'am. But I sure didn't know this was just for
women folks!

FLORA: Oh, but it isn't! Not at all! We're mighty glad to
have you.
(off)
But first of all let me introduce our beloved
president, Mrs. McCoy.

MRS. MCCOY: Oh, (laughing) so delighted to meet you in this charit-
able institution. Uh-ha.

RUSTY: Well, Ma'am, my name's Hart. Algernon Hart.

MRS. MCCOY: Mr. Algernon Hart. Oh. (laughing) Well, Mr. Hart,
you're just in time for the meeting, but first, er,
come have a cup of tea, Mr. Harvey.

RUSTY: Hart, Ma'am.

MRS. MCCOY: Oh, (laughing) I'm sorry, Mr. Hart! Come, girls,
help me. (laughing) Now, here's your tea. I hope you
like it.

WOMAN: One or two?

RUSTY: Three, Ma'am.

WOMAN: Are you married?

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END OF REEL 3-A

CROWD: (chatter - not distinct - applauding)

RUEY: (singing)
"Bring the good old bugle, boys!
We'll sing another song.
Sing it with a spirit
That will start the world along!
Sing it --
(off)
--as we used to sing it,
Fifty thousand strong!

CHORUS: (off)

MEN: (on - joining in)
While we were marching through Georgia!
Hurrah! Hurrah!

CHORUS
& MEN: (on)
We bring the jubilee!

ALL: (on)
Hurrah! Hurrah!

RUBY &
CHORUS: (on)

MEN: (off)
The flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea.

RUBY &
CHORUS: (off)

MEN: (on)
While we were marching through Georgia!"

RUBY &
CHORUS: (off)

MEN: (on)
Bring the good old bugle, boys!
We'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will
Start the world along
Sing it as we used to sing it,
Fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia!"

TEX: (overlapping latter part of above singing)
Hey, Joe!

JOE: (overlapping latter part of above singing)
Yeah?

TEX: (overlapping latter part of above singing)
How about that "Dixie"?

CROWD: (cheering - chatter - not distinct)
Come on, Joe!

TEX & MEN: (singing - not distinct - on and off -
overlapping following singing)
"I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away, look away, look away!
Dixie land! In Dixie land whar I war born in,
Early on one frosty mornin', look away!
Look away! Look away! Dixie land!
Den I wish I was in Dixie! Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie land I'll take my stand,
To lib an' die in Dixie! Away, away,
Away down soth in Dixie!
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!"
(cheering)

RUBY &
CHORUS
& MEN: (singing - off and on - not distinct)
"Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgie!
Bring the good old bugle, boys!
We'll sing another song!
Sing it with a spirit
That will start the world along!
Sing it as we used to sing it,
Fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia!
Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah!

TEX: (not distinct)
That's for the Fifth Kansas Infantry! Say, we chased
those fellas so far from Fredericksburg they ain't
stopped runnin' yet!

TEX & MEN: (laughing)

COWHAND: Yeah? Well, they musta stopped runnin' long enough
to git their pitcher took!

TEX & MEN: (chatter - not distinct)

MUNGER: (not distinct - overlapping above chatter)
Nobody ever chased the Fifth Kansas, Mister!

TEX: Do you belong 'to it?

MUNGER: All of us do!

TEX: So, is that a fact? Well, yuh musta had to run a
long way to get back to Kansas!

YANCEY: Well, it's gonna be a longer run back to Texas!

TEX: (not distinct)
Why ---

MEN: (chatter - not distinct - overlapping above speech -
on and off - continuing behind following dialogue)

MRS. MCCOY: That dreadful saloon next door! Mabel, please close
the shutters.
(off - not distinct)
I'm so sorry, Mr. Hart.

RUSTY: ---an', an' there I was, a poor orphan, an' no maw
an' no paw, brung up by Comanche Indians.

MEN: (chatter - not distinct - on and off - yelling -
behind following dialogue)

RUSTY: No matter where yuh go, "fittin'" ain't good! 'Tain't
no use to fight! Fightin's a thing I ---- Well, I
don't like it myself, and now I want ---
(continues - not distinct)

YANCEY: That's a present from U.S. Grant!

TEX: That's for Robert E. Lee!

RUSTY: Yes, sir! An' I wanta say to you, sisters, that when
righteousness flows from the str--- from the riv---
from the crew--- Oh, it was smooth!

LADIES: (screaming - on and off - behind following dialogue)

RUSTY: Yippie! Who's next?

TEX: (yelling)
Rusty! Ooooh! Come get these fleas outa my hair!
(yelling - off)

RUBY: Stop it, you fools! Stop it, I say! Stop it!
(off)
Stop it!

TEX: Thanks, Rusty! Just in time!

RUBY: Stop it, you fools!
(screaming)

MEN: (yelling - chatter - not distinct - on and off)

TEX: (not distinct)
All right, boys! Looks like we dusted this place out
pretty thoroughly! That's one fight you Yanks didn't
win! But take it easy! We'll send a veterinary right
over! Come on, boys!

MEN: (chatter - not distinct - yelling - on and off -
behind following dialogue)

SURRETT: Somebody's gonna pay for this an' it ain't gonna be
with money.

YANCEY: (muttering - not distinct)

RUSTY: (off)
Well, when I seen the light it come to me --
(on)
--sort of vision like an' I was saved.

BOSS: Hey, Jeff, there's one of them Texas heroes left
behind.

HENCHMAN: Let me take a sock at 'im.

SURRETT: No, I'll handle this. You boys had a lot o' fun,
didn't yuh?

RUSTY: We sure did.

SURRETT: That's fine. Because I've been waitin' a long time.
for you and your pal to make a move an' this looks
like it.

RUSTY: What're yuh gonna do?

SURRETT: I'm gonna have some fun now paying back an old debt
with interest. Come on, boys. Let's take him out to
the plaza.

LAWBREAKERS: (chatter - not distinct)

BOSS: Bring 'im along.

CLEMENS: Hey, Doc! Mr. Hatton!

DR.IRVING: What's wrong, Joe?

CLEMENS: Your men just wrecked The Gay Lady saloon.

DR.IRVING: Anybody hurt?

CLEMENS: I don't know, but they're fixin' to hang one o' your
boys.

WADE: Where are the rest of my men?

CLEMENS: They've ridden back to camp.

DR.IRVING: Where's the hanging party?

CLEMENS: Right smack in the middle of the plaza.

LAWBREAKERS: (chatter - not distinct - off and on)

RUSTY: (overlapping above chatter)
You're plum loco. I ain't done nothin' to be
strung up fer!

FOSS: Shut up.

RUSTY: Wade!

SURRETT: Hold on, boys.

CLEMENS: Be careful, Mr. Hatton. Take it easy.

SURRETT: That rope's strong enough for both of 'em.

LAWBREAKERS: (chatter - not distinct)
Well, what do yuh think o' that?

WADE: I've no wish to spoil your fun, Surrett, but would
you be kind enough to tell those men to let him go?

SURRETT: (laughing)

LAWBREAKERS: (laughing)

SURRETT: Sure. We'll let him go just as quick as he gets
through dancing around up there.

LAWBREAKERS: (laughing)

WADE: You heard what I said, I think! Tell 'em to let him
go.

SURRETT: (laughing)
String 'im up, boys.

LAWBREAKERS: (chatter - not distinct)

WADE: (not distinct)
Put 'em up. Stick 'em up!
(off)
Keep reaching high, boys, or you know what happens
to Surrett.
(on)
Get over here, Rusty! Get his gun. We may never be
this close again, Surrett. I'm anxious to hear what
the sheriff has to say about this hanging. Start
walking.

CLEMENS: What are you gonna do with him?

DR. IRVING: There's no warrant for his arrest.

WADE: Did he have a warrant to hang this man?

DR. IRVING: You can't jail him without a sheriff's order,

WADE: That's where we're going. Down to get a sheriff's
order. Wait a bit. What's this? Where's the sheriff?

CLEMENS: Somebody ran him out o' town. Mr. Surrett's the law
in Dodge now!

WADE: Oh, I see. Why don't you make him sheriff then?

SURRETT: Yeah. That's not a bad idea. Why not? And if I
can be of any service to you gents, just let me know.

WADE: Well, that's the first jail I've ever seen you
couldn't get in. Come on. Good day, gentlemen!

RUSTY: Oh, it was all a mistake.

WADE: A mistake, eh? I thought you promised me you weren't going to get into trouble.

RUSTY: Aw, shucks, Wade, I really wasn't in trouble.

WADE: Oh, I see. You're the sort who doesn't really get into trouble (laughing) until they start nailing the lid down on your coffin. What's that?

RUSTY: Ohh.

WADE: "Pure Prairie League of Dodge City." Wait till I tell Tex about this!

RUSTY: Oh, don't tell Tex.

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END OF REEL 3-B

WADE: Well, gentlemen, what's this all about? (laughing)
Egad, you all look as though you lost a dollar and
found a dime!

GROUP: (chatter - not distinct)

DR. IRVING: All right!

CLEMENS: Go ahead and tell him, Doctor! Thank you.

DR. IRVING: Mister Hatton! We've invited you here this afternoon
with a special purpose. We want you to help us clean
up our city. Up to date, our police officers have not
been equal to the job. They've wither got killed or
run out of town! Won't you take the job?

WADE: (laughing)
Gentlemen, I, I certainly appreciate your confidence
in me! But I'm afraid a position like that isn't
quite in my line! You're asking me to turn policeman.
Now, I've about as much qualifications for that as I
have teaching the ballet! (laughing)

CLEMENS: You seemed to be pretty well qualified the other day
in the plaza.

WADE: Oh, I had to get that big hard head out of there some-
how. Any one of you would have done the same! No!

DR. IRVING: We know what we're askin' of yuh and the chances you'd
be takin', but it's finally come to a showdown, who's
gonna run Dodge, we or Surret? We're inviting peace-
ful emmigration here, family men with women and
childreh and we meet them with what's come to be called
Hell street!

WADE: Well, gentleman, I can certainly appreciate everything
you say, but as far as I'm concerned, it can't be done!
I'm in the cattle business and that demands all my time
and attention! I'm sorry!

DR. IRVING: I wish you'd think it over, my boy. We need yuh!

ABBIE: You're asking the wrong man, Uncle Walter! Mister
Hatton isn't interested in the lives of innocent people!

MRS. IRVING: Abbie!

ABBIE: Why should he care what happens to you and your
families? Your struggle to make a living in a decent
city? What Dodge City needs is a man with a sense of
public pride--
(off)
--and the courage to back it up by shooting it out
with men of equal skill;
(on)
But Mister Hatton's bravery consists of gun fights
with impulsive boys!

MRS. IRVING: Abbie! Stop it!

WADE:Well, gentlemen. I don't think much remains
to be said.....Mrs. Irving! Thank you. Good-bye,
gentlemen!

ABBIE: (not distinct)
...Get in as quickly as you can! Come along!

(distinct) Harry! Keep out of that lunch basket!

HARRY: I can't seem to git my mind off those pies, Miss Abbie!
How long before we eat?

ABBIE: Not till we get to Sycamore Springs! Come along!

HARRY: (overlapping latter speech)
I'll do my best to wait

ABBIE: That's the boy!

BYSTANDER: (not distinct)
Come on!

ABBIE: Everybody in? Here we are. Up we go! Everybody!

CHILDREN: (chatter - not distinct)

ABBIE: Is everybody in?

CHILDREN: (chatter - not distinct)
Yeh!

ABBIE: Here we go! Come along!

CHILDREN: (chatter - not distinct)
Good-bye!
(laughing) (chatter - not distinct - continuing)

WADE: ...You cross the river here, Russ, and then bear
due west on Wichita!

RUSTY: When are you fixin' to get started?

WADE: First thing in the morning. I'm sick of this town!

CHILDREN: (chatter - not distinct - off)
(on - chatter - not distinct)

WADE: Good morning!

HARRY: I know that man! Hello, stranger.

WADE: Hello there, Shakespeare!

HARRY: Here!

WADE: Thanks! (laughing) You better watch that river bed,
too, It's probably gonna be dry!

ABBIE: Steady!

CHILDREN: (chatter - not distinct)

HARRY: I'll help you! Here, give me those reins!
(continues - not distinct)
Let me drive!

CHILDREN: (chatter - not distinct)

TOWNSMEN
& WOMEN: (chatter - not distinct)

ABBIE: Oh!
(screaming)

MRS. COLE: Oh! (sobbing)
(off)
....Oh. my baby! My baby!
(on)
Oh! (sobbing) Let me through! Oh! (sobbing) Oh,
darling! Oh, my little -- (sobbing)

ABBIE: (sobbing)
He was trying to help me! (sobbing) Get a doctor
quick!

WADE: I'm afraid a doctor won't be any use!

MRS. COLE: (off)
Oh!

WADE: Even children---

MRS. COLE: (sobbing) (off)

WADE: This has got to stop!

MRS. COLE: (off-sobbing)
(on)
(sobbing) Oh, my darling! My little baby! (not
distinct) My little baby! Ohhh!

RUSTY:Go on!

LAWBREAKERS:(chatter - not distinct)
(off - chatter - not distinct)

WADE:You're all under arrest. Take 'em out, boys!

RUSTY: Get in there!

WADE: I wanted to be sure you'd seen this, Surratt.
So I paid you a special visit!

SURRETT: I've already seen it. And it looks to me like yuh.'re
tryin' to run everybody out of Dodge City!

WADE: No, no. Not everybody. Just the undesirable element.

SURRETT: There's no law in Kansas that prevents a man from
carryin' a gun or coming or going where he pleases!

WADE: There's going to be one!

SURRETT: Sit down, Hatton. The merchants are not gonna
stand for this!

WADE: Yes, I think they will. The merchants helped me
draw this law up.
(off)
They're willing to take their chances. I just wanted
to be certain about you, though!

SURRETT: Let's get down to cases, Hatton.

WADE: Right!What cases?

SURRETT: Look! You and I have had a couple of run-ins, but
I'm willing to forget 'em if you are and see if we
can't work together!

WADE: Well, now, if you really mean that, that's gonna
make my job a lot easier.

SURRETT: Your job is just what you make it!

WADE: So I hear. The last few sheriffs around here didn't
do so well, did they?

SURRETT: Well, they weren't your type. They were just a bunch
of dumb sheep wearing badges. In fact, I never even
bothered to talk to them!

WADE: I'll bet if you had you'd have told them a thing or
two!

SURRETT: Well, not what I'm gonna tell you anyway Now
listen, Hatton. There's no reason that Dodge City
can't be run properly. Just so long as you don't
try to change things too much, because this is a cattle

SURRETT: town, the biggest one on earth and that's what
(cont'd) it's always gonna be! Why, there's more than twenty million dollars' worth of beef and hides comes through here every year! You know that because you bring 'em up! But you've been holdin' the wrong end of the sack, Hatton, because the real money ain't in workin' for those Texas breeders! No, sir! It's right here in Dodge City because this is where they pay off!

WADE: You mean on your roulette tables!

SURRETT: Sure, coming and going.. Why, if it wasn't for the Gay Lady, all that nice money'd go out of Dodge City and the trade would move on to Wichita. You know that cattle crowd! After months of back-breaking work, getting those cattle up here, they want a little fun and freedom. If they can't get it here, they'll go where they can get it!

WADE: And you'd go broke!

SURRETT: Sure. But I ain't aimin' to, Hatton. You see, I make a hundred thousand dollars a year one way or another!

WADE: Whew!

SURRETT (off)
Frankly, I don't need that much money.
(on)
So naturally, I'd be killin' to make a deal with anybody that would, er, well, sort o' see things my way!
.....Make a mighty good deal for both of us!

WADE: You mean a little friendly bribery, huh?

SURRETT: Well, you can catch more flies with molasses than you can with vinegar!

WADE: True enough. Well, I hope you'll not be offended, Surrrett, but I don't like the smell of your molasses! ...You'd better get rid of that gun by Monday. You're north of Front Street here and that jail's apt to be a little crowded!

MUNGER: ...What's the matter, didn't it work?

YANCEY: He wouldn't listen to reason, huh?

SURRETT: No, he wouldn't

WADE:All right, Russ, let's go. We've a lot to do.

SURRETT: Don't ever do nothin' like that unless I tell you to. This ain't the time. We gotta wait a while!

RUSTY: Well! They sure make a fella feel at home around here!

WADE: Yes. They;ll even dig yuh a home if you're nice to 'em!

CUSTODIAN: (off)
All right, one at a time here, fellas! Line up there.

TOWNSMEN: (chatter - not distinct)
(off) (continue chatter - not distinct)

1st. TOWNSMAN: (off)
There you are!

2nd.TOWNSMAN: Will we get this stuff back again?

CUSTODIAN: You sure will!

3rd.TOWNSMAN: Disarm me? Not for no man!

4th.TOWNSMAN: Nobody gets my guns!

5th.TOWNSMAN: (off)
Never heard o'such a leery--
(on)
---idea!

6th TOWNSMAN: (off)
Who does he think he is?

BARROOM CROWD:(chatter - not distinct - off)
(on - chatter - not distinct)

1st. CARD PLAYER: (off)
Bet two!

2nd. CARD PLAYER: (off)
I'll call it!

TEX: (off)
Raise it five! (not distinct) Call if five!

2nd.CARD PLAYER: (off)
I'm dead!

3rd.CARD PLAYER (off)
King's up!

TEX: Well, I guess I better quit, boys.

STOUT CARD PLAYER: Quittin' because you're winnin', huh?

TEX: You read that sign, didn't yuh?

1st.CARD PLAYER: We don't believe in signs.

STOUT CARD PLAYER: Aw, that sheriff's a big foreflusher and that
sign's been bad luck to me all night!

TEX: Guess that'll show yuh Hatton ain't bluffing!

---ooo0000oooo---

THE END OF REEL 4-A

MEN: (chatter - not distinct - off)

WADE: That's right, gentlemen. Hatton's not bluffing.
You're all under arrest!

HEAVYSET MAN: For what?

WADE: For not believing in signs. All right, deputies, take care of them.

MEN: (chatter - not distinct - overlapping above speech)
Come on!
Let go of me!

RUSTY: (overlapping chatter - not distinct)
Go on, now.

TEX: Well, I tried to warn 'em, Wade, but, er, I guess they gotta learn through experience.

WADE: Well, I don't know what you're warning people about,

TEX: Whata you mean?

WADE: You're north of Front Street, aren't you?

TEX: Yeh.

WADE: And you're carrying a gun, aren't you?

TEX: Yeh.

WADE: Right! You're under arrest!

TEX: What?

WADE: Come on.

TEX: Oh, bu-bu-but, -- but Wade, I'd -- I'd feel undressed without my gun!

WADE: Where you're going, you won't need any clothes for a few days.

TEX: Aw, but if I was you, I'd rather arrest my brother than me! Hey, Rusty, you're a traitor!
(continues - not distinct) --

WADE: (overlapping above dialogue)
Come on.

MEN: (chatter - not distinct)

WADE: (overlapping chatter)
I'm sorry, boys, but I couldn't do anything for you.

TEX: Hey, Wade! You ain't gonna keep me in here, are yuh?

WADE: I'm sorry, Tex. You read that notice the same as any one else. Three days in there won't do you a bit o' harm.

TEX: Aw, but you can't do this to me after all we've been through together. We fought the war together, built the railroad together; we ate, drank, slept, live and died together!

WADE: And now we're gonna be in jail together. You in there and me out here.

RUSTY & MEN: (laughing - on and off)

CROWD: (chatter - not distinct)

ABBIE: Isn't that wonderful, Joe? That makes seven families that have moved into town this week.

CLEMENS: Aw, that does my heart good. Look, there's the Turner family, movin' back from Wichita. After she said she'd never set foot in Dodge again! Welcome home Mr. Turner!

MRS. TURNER: How do you do, Mr. Clemens?

TURNER: Hello, Joe.

ABBIE: Isn't that the sweetest bonnet she's goin' on! It's brown moire. Moire, let me see. Moire. How do you spell moire? M-O-I-R-E?

CLEMENS: Now, who in tarnation gives a hoot what Mrs. Turner's wearing?

ABBIE: Just about every blessed woman in town, that's all.

CLEMENS: Hey, Mack?

WADE: (off)
What happened in this fight between the Indian and Jim Kendall?

RUSTY: Oh, I went into that pretty thorough, Wade. There wasn't no fight. They called each other fancy names, the Indian th'old a knife at Kendall; Kendall sort of fired a couple o' shots and -- nobody got hurt.

WADE: Nobody got --- Oh, I see. It wasn't a real fight. It was just a sort of friendly argument.

RUSTY: Sure. (laughing)

WADE: Hello, Tex!

TEX: Hi, fellers.

WADE: Come on in and sit down. What're you doing with that second hand store around your neck?

RUSTY: Where you been? We ain't saw you for a couple o' days.

TEX: Around. Been doin' a lotta thinkin' lately.

WADE: Thinkin'? I hope you're gonna take that job I offered you. We need another good deputy around here.

TEX: That's just what I been thinkin' about, Wade. I decided to go back to Texas.

RUSTY: What fer?

TEX: Oh, I don't know. This place is gettin' too big and calm and ---
(off)
--- peaceful like.

WADE: Oh, you mean Rusty and I have stopped all the fun, eh?

TEX: Oh, it's all right for women and children, but I've decided to go back to Texas.

WADE: Well, if you've made up your mind, that's that. Are you sure there's nothing we can do to keep you here?

TEX: No.

WADE: So long, Tex.

TEX: So long, Wade.

WADE: Give him back his gun, Rusty. Number twenty-seven. And if you're ever around here, Tex, that job'll still be waitin' for you.

TEX: No, sir. I just don't fit in a sissy town like this.

WADE: I certainly hate to see you go.

TEX: I'll miss you fellas, too, a lot. We had a lotta fun together.

WADE: Yep.

TEX: So long, knot head! But yuh see, if I hung around heré much longer, I'd be ridin' a side saddle.

WADE: Yes, I suppose so. All right, Rusty, arrest that man!

TEX: Who? Me?

RUSTY: What for?

WADE: Well, he's carrying a gun, isn't he? ---
(off)
--- Give him back his old room. ---
(on)
--- 'Morning, Joe.

CLEMENS: Hello, Wade. What's the news?

WADE: Well, you oughta know. Haven't you read your paper?

CLEMENS: (laughing)

WADE: Have you got those tax notices ready?

CLEMENS: Mack's just runnin' 'em off.

WADE: Fine.

CLEMENS: Come on in. Come on in.

WADE: All right. Thanks.

CLEMENS: (overlapping latter part of above speech)
Have a chair.

WADE: You look as though you're pretty bus---

ABBIE: (off)
Fred?

FRED: Yes, Ma'am?

ABBIE: Would you set this in my copy, please?

FRED: I will, Ma'am.

ABBIE: Oh, Joe?

WADE: Good morning.

ABBIE: Did you want something?

WADE: Yes. I'd like to have my curiosity satisfied. What are you doing here?

ABBIE: Well, obviously, I - I'm working.

WADE: Obviously. But at what and why?

ABBIE: Because the town happens to be growing by leaps and bounds and the paper needed somebody who would write the things that would interest its women readers.

WADE: Oh, I see. Tell me, what are the vital interests of your women readers?

ABBIE: What other women are wearing, how to make Lady Baltimore cake with two eggs; who invited the minister to tea and who's baby's going to be born and when.

WADE: Fascinating.

ABBIE: Is there anything else you'd like to know, Mr. Hatton?

WADE: Yes. What do the Doctor and Mrs. Irving think about it?

ABBIE: Well, they made the same stupid objections that you're making mentally now. But when I decided on a thing, I usually manage to carry it through.

WADE: Yes, I've noticed that. Of course, you realize that people in general are inclined to think that the newspaper office is an odd place for a charming young lady like you to be working, don't you?

ABBIE: And are you the delegation sent to tell me that?

WADE: No. No, no, no. (laughing) I just stop trouble around here. + don't start it.

ABBIE: Well, what's wrong with my working here?

WADE: Well, it's undignified. It's unlady-like. More than that, you oughta be home doing needlework. Things like that.

ABBIE: Hah! Sewing buttons on for some man, I suppose?

WADE: Well, buttons come off. Someone's gotta sew 'em on.

ABBIE: That's a fine career for an intelligent woman!

CLEMENS: Here're your tax notices, Wade.

WADE: Oh, thanks.

CLEMENS: There will be wailing and gnashing of teeth when these go out. Oh, Abbie? + know this isn't in your line, but as long as you insisted on the job, will yuh stop calling them cows in the stockyard? They're steers. Steers!

ABBIE: Well, I don't see any difference. "A rise is expected this --
(off)
--- season in the price of long horn cows."

CLEMENS: (overlapping latter part of above dialogue - clearing throat)
Never mind. I'll correct this copy myself.

WADE: Long horn cows! Well, I must be running along. By the way, may I let you into a little secret?

ABBIE: What?

WADE: You've got a smudge of ink on your nose.

ABBIE: Oh!

WADE: 'Bye. G'bye, Joe.

CLEMENS: G'bye, Wa---

ABBIE: (laughing)

CLEMENS: (not distinct)
I'm sorry. Oh, Abbie!

ABBIE: (continues laughing)

WADE: Is this showing proper respect for the law?

ABBIE: I never saw the law fall on its face before.

WADE: I didn't fall on my face. You know, there's an old saying in the British Army; "The law must always save its face in front of the natives."

ABBIE: And what if the natives object to its face?

WADE: We just put them across our knee and spank them -- soundly!

ABBIE: (overlapping latter part of above speech)
Oh! You're not suggesting that I'm a native?

WADE: No. The only real native of Kansas is the buffalo. He's got a very hard head, a very uncertain temper and a very lonely future. -- Apart from that, there's hardly any comparison between you. G'bye, Joe.

CLEMENS: G'bye, Wade.

WADE: Good-bye.

CLEMENS: I like that fella.

ABBIE: Oh!

CLEMENS: (laughing)
Cows in the stockyard. (laughing)

BARBER: (off)
Of course, I ain't a man who believes in taxes, but I can see they're necessary evil. Somebody's gotta pay for schools an' churches and such things.

WADE: (off)
Um-hum.

BARBER: (off)
Especially now that the town's gettin' so darn big. Yes, sir. They do say there's nothin' ---
(on)
--- certain except taxes and death.

MUNGER: Get up, Hatton!

WADE: What for?

MUNGER: A couple o' the boys're waiting outside to have a little talk with you.

WADE: I see. You know, I'm really surprised at Surrentt. I thought he had more intelligence than to send you in here on a silly deal like this. You know you haven't got a chance.

MUNGER: Shut up and get out o' that chair, quick!

WADE: About ten days for this customer, Tex; five to cool off and five to think it over.

TEX: You bet, Wade. I'll take care of it personally. Come on, Sonny Boy, I'll buy yuh some candy.

--COCC--

END OF REEL 4-B.

WADE: (clearing throat)
Er, what were you saying about taxes?

BARBER: What taxes? I don't remember. Shall I trim your
moustache? (gasping)

WADE: No, no. No thanks. I think I can manage....
See that big herd of buffalo grazing away so peace-
fully down there?
(off)
They've no idea that they're doomed to die out.
(on)
You know, the trouble with the buffalo is that they
had things too easy at the start. And it works the
other way around, too. Now, you take us, for example:
we had such a bad beginning that we're bound to have
a wonderful future.

ABBIE: That's typical Irish logic, totally unconnected.

WADE: Think so? Well, it may be Irish, but it's not un-
connected and I can prove it. Now, look! Thirty years
ago my father met my mother at the Londonderry fair.
He'd come down to sell some prize pigs, big, fat, love-
ly pigs they were! And Mother was down there after
winning the grand prize for her roses, roses of Sharon,
enormous, big things, as big as your face and nearly
as beautiful! I don't suppose there were ever roses
like that in the whole length and breadth of Ireland!
Well! What must happen? The very last day of the fair,
Father's pigs gets out and eat up every single one of
Mother's prize roses!

ABBIE: (laughing)

WADE: Root, stem, flower and all!

ABBIE: (laughing)

WADE: Now, did any two people ever get off to a worse than
that? And yet look at them now: six big lusty sons,
a score or so of prize pigs and the most beautiful
rose garden in the whole of Antrim!

ABBIE: (laughing)
..... I envy you people who have kissed the blarney
stone!

WADE: You do? It's cold on the lips!

ABBIE: I think we'd better be getting back. I'm afraid
it'll be dark before we get there!

WADE: Are you sure it's the dark you're afraid of?

ABBIE: What do you mean?

WADE: Maybe you're afraid I might kiss you!

ABBIE: You wouldn't dare!

WADE: Oh, (laughing) now, I wish I were as sure of that
as you are. May I?

ABBIE: Thank you!

WADE: You know, I was just thinking, perhaps the
buffalo wouldn't be so badly off if the buffalo didn't
have such a one-trap mind! But then the buffalo
wouldn't be a buffalo, would it?

ABBIE: I suppose not.

WADE: And you wouldn't be you unless you thought you might like that kiss.

ABBIE: You seem very sure of my reactions.

WADE: Oh, no! That's something you can never be sure about until you've tried it. Can you?

MRS.COLE: Good morning, Abbie!

ABBIE: Oh, good morning, Mrs.Cole. How areyou?

MRS. COLE: Oh, so-so! Just so-so! (laughing)

ABBIE: Well, won't you come in and sit down?

MRS.COLE: Yes.

ABBIE: There! (sighing) Is there anything I can do for you?

MRS.COLE: Yes. I'd like to run this advertisement in your paper, that is, if it doesn't cost too much money!

ABBIE: Well, our advertising rates are very low. I'm sure we'll be able to. Oh, you want to sell your house?

MRS.COLE: No, I don't want to. I have to, Abbie!

CLEMENS: Say, Abbie? Let's get a new lead line on this church bazaar story! How do, Mrs. Cole? How are you today?

MRS.COLE: Good morning, Joe.

ABBIE: Joe, how much will you charge on this ---

CLEMENS: One, two, three, four--- Selling your house? You're not leaving town, are huh?

MRS.COLE: No, I just--- Well, Joe, I can't afford to keep it up. I can't even begin to meet the taxes on it these days!

CLEMENS: I can't understand that. Matt always made good money. Why, just the day he died--- He collected fifteen thousand dollars from Surrett! Didn't he?

MRS. COLE: Well, that's what I thought, too; but I've never seen a penny of it.

ABBIE: Well! What have you done about it?

MRS.COLE: I've spoken to Jeff Surrett about it several times, but he'll never give me a straight answer.

ABBIE: Joe?

CLEMENS: (off)
Yes?

ABBIE: It looks to me as if Mrs. Cole needs help and we might be able to give it to her.

CLEMENS: Yeh, it does look that way. Mrs.Cole, would you mind if we kinda looked into this?

MRS.COLE: Mind, Joe? Oh, I, I'd consider it a very great favor.

CLEMENS: There are a lot of accounts in this town to be settled. Now, let's see! How's the best way to tackle this?

SURRETT: There you are: The entry, the date and the figures! Fifteen thousand dollars! Now, what Matt Cole did with his money after that is his business, not mine!

WADE: He had ten dollars on his body when he was found. He never left the saloon!

SURRETT: Hatton, I make it a point not to discuss the affairs of my customers, but as long as you force my hand, I'll give you the facts. Matt Cole lost that fifteen thousand dollars playing roulette!

WADE: Playing roulette, eh? I'd like you to remember that, Abbie!

ABBIE: Don't worry, I'll remember.

WADE: As a matter of fact, we'll all remember it. He never went near those roulette tables! He went straight to the bar and Yancey killed him there!

SURRETT: According to who?

WADE: You'll find that out in court.

SURRETT: Well, if you've got such a clear case against me, why don't you arrest me now?

WADE: No, I think we'll wait a few days! I want to talk to a few more people first before we start giving you board and room at the state's expense.

SURRETT: Aw, yuh're bluffing, Hatton! All you're holding's a pair of deuces. You're just bluffing!

WADE: Am I? Munger killed Orth because he spoiled a cattle deal for you. Yancey killed Cole because he tried to collect fifteen thousand dollars you owed him and about a dozen other citizens in this town have all been killed tryin' to do business with you! That's what the three of us are goin' to prove in court! We'll see if the jury thinks we're bluffing! Take that book with you, Joe! I want to look at it again!

CLEMENS: I can hardly wait to start writing this story. Ladies and gentlemen, this is going to be the most important article that's ever appeared in the Dodge City Star! (laughing) There it is! We'll have it out by noon tomorrow!

ABBIE: How did you find out all these other things about Surrett?

CLEMENS: Abbie, a good newspaperman has two jobs, one is to write the news as it happens, day by day; and the other is to be ready for it and write it first, all but the end! This is Jeff Surrett's morgue! (laughing) I must be an optimist at heart!
(off)
I've been getting it ready for a long time.

WADE: Hey, you two! Haven't you got any homes to go to? It's past midnight.

CLEMENS: Whew! You'd better be running along, Abbie! The doc'll skin me alive!

ABBIE: Wade! We've got Surrett by the scruff of the neck.

WADE: You have? Well, how about you letting it go for tonight, then you can resume your grip in the morning. Do you two realize what kind of a target you'd make from out there? Come on, I'm gonna take you home before your uncle gets after Joe with a shotgun! Here's your cloak! And I'll come back and stay with you until you finish, Joe!

CLEMENS: (off)
The story's all written, Wade! You don't have to worry about me!
(on)
I'm just gonna mark it for the printer, then call it a day! Italics!

WADE: I see, but don't hang around or Surrett might come in and mark it for you!

CLEMENS: Aw, they wouldn't try anything at this stage of the game!

WADE: You think not? I hope you're right!

CLEMENS: Well, good night, Abbie. See you in the morning.

ABBIE: Good night, Joe.

CLEMENS: Good night, Wade!

WADE: (overlapping latter speech)
Lock this door after you when we go out!

CLEMENS: Mister Hatton, I'm accustomed to being up after dark!

WADE: Lock it!

CLEMENS: All right, all right, all right!

ABBIE: Good night!

WADE: Good night!

CLEMENS: (reading) "The laws of Dodge City must be respected, not only by one group of citizens, but by all groups!" Paragraph! ... I like that!

ABBIE: What was that?

FRED: Whoever killed Joe Clemens ought'a' be strung up! And, by golly, I'll furnish the rope!

TEX: If he's got enough neck left to put a rope on!

FRIEND: (off)
They sneaked up on 'im! Never even give 'im a chance!

DR.IRVING: The bullet went through his heart!

WADE: I can only blame myself for this, but it's one thing they won't get away with!

RUSTY: Little fella sure was aces. It's too bad!

DR.IRVING: I can't understand it!

ABBIE: Everybody knows that Joe didn't have an enemy in the world except Surrett and his gang. Who else could have done it? Isn't it sufficient proof that Joe's story is gone and the whole file on Surrett?

WADE: This door was locked. I know that because I tried it, myself!

FRED: It's an old lock. Any key'll fit it!

WADE: There's nothing in here. You're sure of that?

2nd PRINTER: No!
(off)
He always left his copy right here on top so we could set it up the first thing in the morning! I'm sorry, Sheriff; that's printer's ink. Yuh can't wash it. It has to wear off!

WADE: Oh! Abbie? Did you ever read the contents of Joe's files on Surret?

ABBIE: I certainly did and there was enough in it to hang him!

WADE: Keep that to yourself. I think you oughta go to bed now. You're looking tired! Good night!

ABBIE: (not distinct) Good night!

WADE: Bill, Mack! See the doctor and Miss Irving home, will you?

MACK: Right!

WADE: (not distinct) Come on, Rusty! Come on, Tex!

RUSTY: What's the next move, Wade?

WADE: Oh, I suppose we're going to listen (continues - not distinct) ---
(off)
Are you sure he isn't in his office upstairs?

RUBY: I tell you Surret left town on the four-thirty train this afternoon.

MUNGER: If you don't believe us, go ask the station agent!

RUBY: Jeff was halfway to Wichita when the shooting occurred! You're barking up the wrong tree, mister!

WADE: Thanks!

BARTENDER: (muttering)

BARROOM CROWD: (chatter - not distinct - off) (on - chatter - not distinct)

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END OF REEL 5-A

MEN: (chatter - not distinct- off) (chatter continues behind following dialogue - off)

YANCEY: Your bet.

AL: (off)
Your bet.

TAYLOR: Three dollars.

HENCHMAN: I call.

WADE: Who's winning all the money? Been playing long?

YANCEY: Ask the bartender. He's got a watch.

WADE: What do you know about Joe Clemens, Yancey?

YANCEY: No more than you, except that he's dead.

WADE: How did you know he was dead?

YANCEY: I heard some of the boys talking. People keep droppin' in and out o' here all the time.

TAYLOR: Bet yuh five.

HENCHMAN: I call.

YANCEY: Yeh? Three fives.

WADE: You're under arrest, Yancey.

YANCEY: For what?

WADE: For the murder of Joe Clemens.

YANCEY: Keep my stack, Bud, and I'll be back in half an hour.

WADE: I wouldn't count on that, if I were you. Take him along, Rusty. What's the matter, Taylor? Are you nervous?

TAYLOR: Go ahead. Deal 'em.

WADE: Yancey seemed a little vague about this game. Suppose you tell me what happened.

TAYLOR: How should I know. Why don't you ask one o' them?

WADE: I'm asking you. Did Yancey ever leave this table after the game started?

TAYLOR: Naw. He never left the room. I told yuh a hundred times he never went out o' the place.

WADE: (off)
Come on, you're wasting valuable time. Answer my question.

TAYLOR: Naw. He never left the table.

WADE: Stop lying! You're bad at it. Yancey left that route sometimes between midnight and one o'clock, didn't he?

TAYLOR: Naw.

WADE: What time was it then?

TAYLOR: He didn't leave.

RUSTY: Lemme work on 'em, Wade. I can make him talk!

TEX: If you can't, I can!

WADE: Let him alone. Listen, if you're too stupid to realize that you're facing a charge of murder, you deserve what's coming to you.

TAYLOR: Whata you mean?

WADE: I'm gonna have you indicted for murder as an accessory after the fact.

TAYLOR: I had nothin' to do with it.

WADE: You're gonna be dancing in thin air just the same as Yancey. Now, do you wanta swing, or do you wanta tell me and save your neck?

TAYLOR: All right, I'll tell yuh.

WADE: Come on.

TAYLOR: He went out about twelve-thirty. He came back in about a half an hour.

WADE: That's better. Whew! I'll do you a favor, Taylor. Lock him up.---
(off)
--- Good morning, Mrs.---
(on)
--- Irving.

MRS. IRVING: Good morning.

ABBIE: (off)
Good morning. ---
(on)
--- What's happened? Did you get anything out of Bud Taylor?

WADE: I did, indeed. Where's the Doctor?

MRS. IRVING: In there. What's wrong?

ABBIE: What'd he say?

DR. IRVING: Good morning, Mr. Hatton.

WADE: (overlapping above speech)
'Morning, Doctor.

DR. IRVING: Won't you join us?

WADE: No, thanks. I just came here to tell you that it's absolutely imperative you get Miss Abbie out of town today - as soon as possible.

ABBIE: Why, for heaven sake?

WADE: Because only two people beside myself heard Surrett tell that deliberate lie that he saw Matt Cole lose his money playing roulette in the Gay Lady. One of those people was Joe Clemens. That's why Surrett had him killed. You're the only other person who can go into court and bear me out in what I say. Without you, he can go in there and deny the whole thing and a jury might believe him.

ABBIE: Why, that's all the more reason why I should stay here. I started this thing and I'm going to see it through.

WADE: Will you not be a little idiot? Your life isn't worth a plugged nickel as long as Surrett stays out of jail. You're the key to our case and he knows it. We can't go to trial for two weeks. Your life's gonna be in danger every minute of that time; even in this house, in the street, everywhere. I know Surrett and I know what he'd do! You know I'm right, Doctor. I want you to get her out of town. And stay out of town until I send for you.

MRS. IRVING: You're absolutely right.

DR. IRVING: I see what you mean. Abbie must take the next train for Wichita.

MRS. IRVING: And she can stay with the Merrills. I'll pack a valise at once. Come and help me get it down off the shelf. I'd never forgive myself if anything happened to her.

ABBIE: I won't go! You can't boss me around!

WADE: Can I not now? I'm the law in this town and you'll do as I say.

ABBIE: I don't care what you are. I'm gonna stay right here. Aunt Ellen, don't pack a ---

WADE: You are the most stubborn little female I ever met in my life entirely. Can't you understand I'm doing this because I love you?

ABBIE: Well, why didn't you ---

MRS. IRVING: (off)
All right, you two, stop arguing.

WADE: Don't worry, Mrs. Irving, we've stopped.

ABBIE: Well, whata you --- (not distinct)

MEN: (chatter - not distinct - on and off - chatter continues behind following dialogue)
What he needs is a rope!
He don't deserve a trial!
Hand 'im over to us. We'll give 'im a trial!

TEX: Well, this is more like it! First time I saw a mob like that was back in Texas when they gave Curley Hawks a necktie party.

TAYLOR: Mr. Grant, I wanta talk to yuh.

RUSTY: There's your man. Yuh got ten minutes.

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: Hello, Yancey.

YANCEY: Hello. What's goin' on in here? What's the mob doin' out there?

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: Er, now, now, now, now. Take it easy, Yancey. Ta-take it easy.

YANCEY: Well?

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: You might as well know this now as later. They worked it out o' Taylor that you left the room for a half hour.

YANCEY: They can't hang me on that. I might have gone anywhere.

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: No, maybe a jury wouldn't hang yuh, if ye ever get to a jury.

YANCEY: What do you mean by that? Huh?

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: Well, ---

YANCEY: What're you tryin' to say?

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: Well, J-Joe Clemens was a mighty well liked man, Yancey. He - he had a lot of friends. Half o' Dodge City is planning to break in here tonight and sort of take things in their own hands.

YANCEY: Where's Jeff? He's gotta get me out o' here.

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: I telegraphed him an hour ago. He got off the train at Spearville.

YANCEY: He got off? For what?

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: Er, Jeff's smart enough to know this town's gonna be a little warm for a few days, so he's just kind o' layin' low until the excitement blows over.

YANCEY: Too warm for him, huh? So I stay here and get hung for doin' his job! Yeah? Well, if yuh think that I'm ---

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: Shut up, you fool! Do yuh wanta tell the whole town?

YANCEY: You bet I'll tell the whole town. I'll tell 'em who paid me to shoot Joe Clemens and Matt Cole. Let 'em hang me. Sure! But if I go, Jeff's goin' with me. Now you rustle 'im up and telegraph him that. You tell 'im he's gotta get me out o' here before tonight, or I'm givin' the whole story to Hatton.

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: All right. All-- He-he-he-how -- How can Jeff get yuh out of here?

YANCEY: I don't know. That's his problem.

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: All right. (stuttering) N-n-now keep your shirt on, Yancey. I got an idea how Jeff and I can handle this. Yeah.

YANCEY: (overlapping latter part of above speech)
Yeah?

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: First, I'll see Hatton ---

1st CITIZEN: You got the right man, Hatton. What're you waitin' for?

2nd CITIZEN: Yeh, what are we waiting for?

3rd CITIZEN: Yeh.

4th CITIZEN: If you don't know what to do with Yancey, we do.

5th CITIZEN: That's right. You bet we do!

6th CITIZEN: Are you gonna give us some action, Sheriff?

7th CITIZEN: ll, if he won't, we'll give him some action!

8th CITIZEN: What're you stallin' for, Hatton? You know Yancey killed him! If you don't turn him over to us now, we'll come and git him our own way tonight!

WADE: Listen, men. You fellas put me in this office to enforce the law and I'm going to enforce it. That means a fair trial for any and all prisoners, including Yancey.

MEN: (chatter - not distinct)

WADE: (overlapping chatter)
And understand this: There's going to be no mob rule around this town as long as I'm sheriff.

MEN: (chatter - not distinct - on and off - chatter continues behind following dialogue)

RUSTY: They're bringin' up a pole for a batterin' ram.

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: You see, they're right at the door! Listen to 'em. You're in charge here, Sheriff. What're you gonna do about it?

RUSTY: Yeh, Wade, what are we gonna do? The whole town's set on gettin' Yancey out.

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: And yuh can't stop 'em, the five o' yuh, against the whole town. Why, they'd burn down the building to get in here!

TEX: We'd save a whole mess o' trouble if we'd feed 'im to the mob.

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: You wanta throw my client to that pack o' hungry wolves?

WADE: Listen, no one's gonna get your client but a jury. I'll promise yuh that.

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: There's only one way to protect him. Yancey's gotta be taken out o' Dodge City before night!

RUSTY: Fat chance we'd have o' gettin' him to the station!

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: Yuh can hire closed carriage, drive him to Spearville, and catch the train for Wichita. Keep him in jail there till he can be tried legally.

WADE: Yes, that might work.

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: It will work! My client's entitled to a fair trial and it's both our jobs to see that he gets it.

RUSTY: You want me to rustle a carriage, Wade?

WADE: Yeh. Oh, wait a bit. I got a better idea.

SURRETT'S
LAWYER: But you agree we gotta get him out of town in a hurry?

WADE: Yes, but we'll do it my way. Tex, come here.

MEN: (chatter - not distinct)

RUSTY: This is a sample o' your future.

WADE: Get in, Russ. Get in. Hold 'em off as long as you can, Tex. I'll send yuh word from Wichita.

MEN: (continues chatter - not distinct - on and off)

STATION
MANAGER: Say, what the ---?

WADE: It's all right. Keep calm. This is official business. Come on. I'm Sheriff Hatton of Dodge City. I've got a prisoner here for Wichita. Is it all right if we ride with you?

MAIL CLERK: Well, all right, Sheriff.

WADE: Come on.

CONDUCTOR: All aboard!

WADE: Would you mind shutting and locking this door?

MAIL CLERK: No, not a bit.

WADE: Get over there.

RUSTY: You can set there and rest your face an' hands.

WADE: How many stops do you make between here and Wichita?

MAIL CLERK: None.

WADE: Good.

YOUNG ENGINEER: Hey!

AL: Keep goin'. I'll tell yuh what to do.

--CO--

END OF REEL 5-B

MUNGER: Put 'em up!

CONDUCTOR: But, gentlemen ---

MUNGER: Take 'im away, Joe!

JOE: Get in there!

SURRETT: Get yer hands up!
 (off)
 Get 'em up, I said!
 (on)
 Now, unlock these cuffs!

ENGINEER: We gotta stop! The train's on fire!

LARGE
HENCHMAN: Don't slow down till we get to the water tower!

YANCEY: (not distinct) Hold it, Jeff. We're all
 gonna burn.

SURRETT: Gotta friend o' yours here, Hatton!
 (off)
 Take a good look!
 (on)
 Throw me those guns! Stick 'em up!
 Unlock those handcuffs!

YANCEY: Come on! Come on! Hurry up!

SURRETT: Bolt that door!

WADE: Rusty! This and! Look out! Rusty!

SURRETT: Hurry up! (muttering) Hurry up!

RUSTY: (laughing) So da lamb killed the butcher!

PURE PRAIRIE
LEAGUE: (singing - under dialogue - words not distinct -
 continuing)
 "So then lift your hearts and look up skywards
 On Life's burdens.
 All should beam help a worn and weary brother
 Pulling hard against the stream!"

RUSTY: .. Now, listen to that. Singin' hymns an' it ain't
 even Sunday! No one in sight even friendly drunk!
 Huh! Doggone, if this place ain't gettin' so pure
 and noble it 'tain't fit to live in!

TEX: I'm shore enough goin' back to Texas now!

RUSTY: Imagine 'em a-askin' me to lead the Pure Prairie League!

WADE: Well, why not? You're one of the leading lights in
 it, I hear!

RUSTY: Yeh, well, the first thing you know they'll be startin'
 a chamber of commerce.

WADE: Faith, it's not possible!

RUSTY: (off)
 What?

WADE: (off)
 Look! Colonel Dodge!
 (on)
 Hello, Colonel!

RUSTY: How're yuh, Colonel?

TEX: Hi, Colonel!

DODGE: Hi yuh, boys? By golly, Wade; it's good to see you alive. It's good to see you alive!

WADE: Come on up! Hello, Colonel!

DODGE: Wade! By golly, son, it's good to see yuh!

WADE: (not distinct) That so?

TEX: Hi, Colonel!

DODGE: (overlapping latter speech)
Hi, Tex. How're yuh, Rusty?

RUSTY: Aw, I could complain, Colonel. Wouldn't do no good.

DODGE: (laughing)

WADE: Sit down over there, sir.

DODGE: Wade, I've come all the way from Virginia City, Nevada, just to see you!

WADE: Yes!

DODGE: I'm building a railroad there from San Francisco. It's the richest square mile on the face of the earth! Gold and silver, copper! We've got a solid mountain of the stuff! But it's a bad town, Wade! A wild, murderous town! Worse than Dodge City ever was before you cleaned it up! And that's saying a good deal! I want you to go back there with me!

RUSTY: I just knowed our luck'd change!

DODGE: (off)
We've got four thousand people out there, decent--
(on)
--men and women with families who are living in terror!

RUSTY: Think of them four thousand poor people!

TEX: Yeh, an' there might be more time we get there!

DODGE: We need you, son. The city is teeming with crime and corruption! What law we've tried has failed! Failed because the men behind it hadn't the brains and courage to back it up!

WADE: You can get plenty of men for that job out here, Colonel I'm getting married next week. I've got the tickets to New York!

RUSTY: Aw, shucks, you kin get married any time. Why, we'll even go on your honeymoon with you to Virginia City!

WADE: Oh, thanks.

TEX: Gettin' married's ruined a lot o' good men!

DODGE: (off)
..... Doesn't it mean anything to you to know that some place there's terror and death that you can put a stop to?

WADE: (off)
Yes, it does, Colonel! But the decision isn't as simple as that! If I were free, it might be different. But I'll soon have a wife to take care of. Abbie doesn't

THE END OF THE PICTURE

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REEL 6-A
PAGE 3

WADE(CONTD.): want to go pioneering any more. We're --
(on)
--planning on coming back home from New York and settling
down!

DODGE: There's a wagon train leavin' here the middle
of next week for Nevada.

WADE: It'd be a great trip, wouldn't it?
(off)
..... Hello, ---
(on)
--darling! I was just telling the boys how we're going
to settle down and--

ABBIE: Lemonade?

DODGE: Thank you.

ABBIE: Lemonade?

TEX: Thank you, ma'am!

WADE: Darling, I was just telling Colonel Dodge
about our honeymoon in New York, how we're going to
see all the shops and the theaters, and Niagara Falls
and things---

ABBIE: Colonel Dodge, when do we start for Virginia
City?

DODGE: Wade! It looks like you're marrying the right girl!

TEX: (off)
Woo-hoo!

RUSTY: (laughing)

TEX: (laughing)
Virginia City! (laughing)

TEX, RUSTY,
WADE: (laughing)

THE END OF THE PICTURE

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