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McLintock!

By James Edward Grant

Lord to goodness, not again.

- Howdy, Drago.

- Morning, Curly.

Makes seven times this month
he come home swaggled.

- Only six.

- Seven.

Six. Once was his birthday, that don't count.

Give me my buggy whip.

Didn't have anything for breakfast
but two raw eggs and a mug of honey.

- No.

- Curly.

Yes, Boss?

Don't say it's a fine morning,
or I'll shoot you.

Get out of here, Bunyan.

- Good morning.

- Morning.

Carlos, what are you doing up there?

I hope I get it this time, Mr. McLintock.

My brothers, they got the big hats already.

All right, let them have at it.

Get over.

Ain't you gonna let me drive?

You promised me you would sometime.

No.

Boss, you better watch that turn
on the road!

You're gonna kill both of us
one of these days.

Thank you, Mr. Boss!

You got cattle in the back, Boss.

Give it up.

Keep them going.

Fifteen cents a pound,
all the way to Kansas City.

Now, Boss, there's one old pensioner

I wished you'd pass up.

- Bunny?

- Yeah.

- Wish I knew where I'd seen his face before.

- He ain't an old-timer...

he's just been around town

a couple of years.
You have no milk of human kindness.
Morning, Mr. McLintock.
- Morning, Bunny.
- Well, I can see you're in good health.
Never felt better,
contrary to what you may hear.
Me, my kidneys ain't what they used to be...
- and my liver's being leaving me bilious.
- Drago.
- Hello, Ben.
- Hey, McLintock.
- Drago, throw that in the buggy.
- Yes, sir.
- That's a scrubby bunch of sooners.
- They are, at that.
That ought to make Douglas happy.
Lining his pockets with land fees.
What are we gonna do?
I don't know what you're gonna do, Ben.
Me, I do nothing.
Two hundred families,
a quarter of beef a week for a family.
If they last two years,
that can be a sizeable number.
I've got 20 head to...
one of any other brand on the Mesa Verde.
I'm not hollering.
Some of us haven't got all the money
in the world...
and some of us ain't old and tired,
and feel like being put upon.
You interest me, Young Ben. Go on.
So the first time I find one of our hides
wearing our brand...
hung on one of them settlers' fences,
I aim to kill me a plowboy.
You do what you want, McLintock.
We'll do what we want.
Fellows my age generally call me G.W.
Or McLintock.
Youngsters call me Mr. McLintock.
All right, Mr. McLintock.
Not because I'm afraid of you.

You're the big he-stud of this country...
and I reckon a fellow my age
should call you mister.
He's full grown now, G.W.
He's a half owner of this spread.
I made him a full partner
the day the doc gave me the long face.
Well, you want him to vote the first time
this territory becomes a state, don't you?
Of course I do.
If these settlers get burned out,
there'll be a lot of hollering...
that this country's too wild to be a state.
We'll go on being a territory some more...
with a lot of political appointees running it...
according to what they learned
in some college...
where they think
that cows are something you milk...
and Indians are something
in front of a cigar store.
I'm looking to you to hold Young Ben down.
I'll do what I can.
Come on over to the house once in a while,
we'll rack up a few hands of stud.
G. W., that'd be just fine.
It's a nice morning, ain't it, Boss?
Everybody's entitled to their own opinion.
Like that again?
Here's something that'll cheer you up.
About 1,000 head,
I figure they'll bring about \$12.50.
They're not as fat as I'd like to ship.
- They all off the North Range?
- Yes, sir.
Settlers. Every one of them with a plow
and a Bible...
and not the slightest idea
what the range is for.
Drago!
- Drag out that hogleg.
- Yes, sir.
Get me some attention.
People, people!

Come on, all of you. Gather round.
People, come on. Gather round.
I'm McLintock.
You people plan to homestead
and farm the Mesa Verde.
Yes, sir.
The government give us each 160 acres.
The government
never gave anybody anything.
Some years back, a lot like you came in.
They had a pretty good first year.
Good summer, easy winter.
But the next year,
the last rain was in February...
and by June, even the jack rabbits
had sense enough to get off the Mesa.
Folks, do you know who that is?
That's McLintock.
George Washington McLintock.
I told them that, Douglas.
He controls the water rights
on 200 square miles of range.
You know that lumber you got?
It came from his land...
cut by his loggers and milled in his mills.
Douglas, I come close to killing you
a couple of times when we were younger.
Saddens me I didn't.
Can you imagine a man who owns all that...
and mines, too, I forgot to mention them.
All that, and he's begrudging poor people...
a measly 160 acres.
That right, Mr. McLintock?
- You begrudge us a little free land?
- There's no such thing as free land.
If you make these homesteads go,
you'll have earned every acre of it.
But you just can't make them go
on the Mesa Verde.
God made that country for buffalo.
Serves pretty well for cattle...
but it hates the plow.
And even the government should know...
that you can't farm

6,000 feet above sea level.

- Any trouble, Mr. McLintock?

- No trouble, Jeff.

- How about you, Douglas?

- Douglas?

Just plain Douglas?

And you call him Mr. McLintock.

Why?

Well, Douglas,

I guess it's because he earned it.

- Mr. McLintock?

- Yeah.

I'm a good hand with cattle, Mr. McLintock.

I'd like a job.

Well, you look strong enough.

You come in with those sooners?

Yes, sir,

but we don't have a homestead, and...

Can't use you.

Tough life, ain't it, sonny?

Hell, ain't much future in being a farmer
around these parts.

Ladies, this is the finest Chantilly lace
available anywhere.

- Chant/lly Mr. Birnbaum.

- Well, believe me, it's the best.

Excuse me, please.

Look around, take your time.

Drago, I got 1,000 Havana cigars
and 12 of those hats for you over there.

Them twelve big hats ain't gonna last long...

the way some folks have been dipping
into that redeye these days.

Good morning, G.W.

Good morning. I stole some stick candy.

Please help yourself. Come on in.

Davey, you can forget about
saddling up the horse. Come in here!

- Problem?

- Yes.

Well, if I were blacks,

I'd move the queen's bishop to king four.

Yeah, you might be right.

You know, I was just starting

to work this out when the letter came.

Letter?

- It was...

- What happened? Don't you...

- Morning, Mr. McLintock.

- Morning, Davey.

You being here saved me a trip.

That hat and suit of clothes

you picked out on my birthday...

well, instead of this cowboy hat...

I'd like to have this one,

if it's all right with you, sir.

That's all right with me, Davey.

Of course, that looks like the kind of a hat

a fellow would wear down Main street...

- to start a fight.

- I don't need a city hat for that.

All I got to do is walk down the street...

and some wiseacre will call me an Indian,

and just like that, the fight's on.

Davey, the letter. It's for you,

and you are an Indian.

Yes, I know I'm an Indian.

But I'm also the fastest runner in town.

I've got a college education,

and I'm the railroad telegrapher.

But does anybody say,

Hello, college man, or, Hello, runner...

or, Hello, telegrapher?

No, not even, Hello, knothed.

Davey.

It's always, Let the Indian do it.

Will you go out in the store

and help the ladies?

All right. I'm also bookkeeper,

part-time clerk.

Always, Let the Indian do it.

A lady brought that out here this morning...

asked for it to be taken out

to the home ranch for you.

Handsome lady. Kind of tall, with red hair.

Called me Mr. Birnbaum,

just as if she'd never seen me before...

and as if that veil that covered her face

would keep me from recognizing her.

I though she was in New York or Europe,
or someplace.

So did I.

Jake, you better throw in a couple
extra cases of the boss's favorite bourbon.

That stuff sure gets used up fast
out at our place.

Which reminds me,
you better start tapering off.

- Katherine's in town.

- Katy?

Ladies.

Morning.

- Morning, Mr. McLintock.

- Morning, Mr. McLintock.

- Good morning.

- Morning, Mac.

- Hi, Mac darling.

- Fauntleroy.

Good morning, G.W.

What are you doing in here?

Why aren't you out at the desk?

Just helping out the bartender.

Yeah, I see a busy day.

Give me the key to Room 17.

What?

17, and don't advertise it.

Here they come, Mr. McLintock.

Set them up.

- Beer.

- Whiskey.

Day off?

Off day.

Wonder what he's so preoccupied about?

- Haven't you heard?

- No. What?

- Katy's back in town.

- Katy?

Yes, dear. The social arbiter.

- Hi, sonny.

- Good morning.

He sure is a polite one.

- Mr. McLintock, I don't wanna bother you...

- I'm sorry, boy. I told you, no job.
Katherine.
George Washington McLintock.
I thought you'd want this.
First dig of the spur.
But who am I to upset your plans?
- Don't you feel kind of silly?
- I never feel silly.
It's because you have no sense of humor.
Why couldn't we sit down
in the hotel dining room...
and talk about whatever it is
you want to talk about?
Or why couldn't you
just come over to the house?
And have everybody know
that we're meeting?
Everybody knows,
and what's the difference? We're married.
That is something I should like to change.
You know the answer, Katy.
That isn't why you sent for me.
Let's get to the rat-killing.
That's just the kind of remark
that's always endeared you to me.
- Let us open the discussion.
- Very well.
Our daughter is coming home in a few days.
Rather, she's coming here.
It was a slip of the tongue that made me
refer to this ugly hamlet as home.
Our daughter.
Is it so hard to say her name? It's Becky.
Rebecca! I hate that name.
Anyway, she's coming home...
and I hoped to persuade you
to let her live with me...
part of the time in the capital,
part of the time in New York...
and of course, Newport during the season.
You're whistling in the wind, Katy.
If she stays here...
she'll become just as crude and as vulgar
as all of this country.

And if she goes your way,
she'll be all show and no stay.
No go, Kate.
I hate you. Oh, how I hate you.
Half the people in the world are women.
Why does it have to be you that stirs me?
- You animal.
- That's the story.
I saw your picture in the paper
at the Governor's ball.
You were dancing with the Governor.
At least he's a gentleman.
I doubt that.
You have to be a man first
before you're a gentleman.
He misses on both counts.
- Hey, Sonny. You gonna ask him again?
- Nope.
Boy, you gotta pocket your pride,
you gotta beg.
You better listen to an expert, sonny.
I'm telling you, you got to grovel.
Human nature, gets him every time.
Mister, leave me alone.
Everybody does it, one way or another.
About that job, Mr. McLintock.
I already told you, son.
I've got no need for farmers...
- or use for them.
- Just one minute, Mr. McLintock.
My father died last month.
That's how come we lost our homestead.
I've got a mother and a little sister to feed.
I need that job badly.
- What's your name?
- Devlin Warren.
You've got a job, son.
See my home ranch foreman,
he's over at the corral.
Step down off of that carriage, mister.
Hold that hogleg!
I've been punched many a time in my life,
but never for hiring anybody.
I don't know what to say.

I never begged before. Turned my stomach.
I suppose I should have been grateful
you gave me the job.
Gave? Boy, you got it all wrong.
I don't give jobs. I hire men.
You intend to give this man
a full day's work, don't you, boy?
You mean you're still hiring me,
Mr. McLintock?
Well, yes, sir. I mean,
I'll certainly deliver a fair day's work.
For that I'll pay you a fair day's wage.
You won't give me anything,
and I won't give you anything.
We both hold up our heads.
Where do you live?
The settlers' encampment,
down by the mine.
- That's your plug?
- Yes, sir.
Well, hop on him,
and we'll go get your gear.
- Morning, Mr. McLintock.
- Morning, Mr. Pourboire.
I'm sure that all you fine people
are interested in knowing...
just what portion of this new land
will be your new home.
Jones and McAllister, since you've been
more or less the leaders of our group...
I'd like to have you come up
and check the exact location.
Won't be a minute, sir.
Go after that boy and give him \$30.
Tell him McLintock
pays his riders a month in advance.
From the looks of things,
they can sure use it, too.
Mom, it's Mr. Drago.
Morning.
Well, and to what do we owe this visit
from the cattle baron?
I've got a touch of hangover, bureaucrat.
Don't push me.

McLin.

Say, those are Indians.

- Are there Indians in this homestead land?

- Friendly Indians, my boy.

- McLin.

- Running Buffalo.

McLin, long time we no get drunk together.

And it's gonna be a lot longer time...

'cause it's against the law,

and you're with the Sheriff.

And have I got my hands full.

They came into town to meet the train.

The old Indian chiefs are coming home.

I heard they'd been pardoned.

They don't know when it's arriving.

This week, next week, or next month.

So in the meantime,

I've got to do something with them.

Could I cut out a couple of head

of your steers to feed them?

Otherwise, some of these settlers' milk cows

are going to disappear.

- That's right, McLin.

- Cut out whatever you need.

Sheriff, are you gonna camp

these savages with all these settlers?

You're asking for trouble.

Mr. Douglas,

I already have plenty of trouble.

Please stay off of my back.

Running Buffalo,

bring your people over to the clay slide.

Hello, Mr. McLin.

Tiny Mouth, it's nice to see you.

You wouldn't believe it now...

but 20 years ago,

she was a mighty handsome maid.

Twenty years ago, you thought so, too,

Mr. Douglas.

It was just like this.

I had a dead bead on old Running Buffalo...

and my Sharp. 50 caliber misfired.

That was back in that trouble

in the '40s, remember?

I remember.

You want to taste something
that come directly from heaven?

No.

- Where'd you get this?

- That boy's mama baked them.

You thinking the same thing I am?

She's a widow woman, Boss,
and she's got a long, hard row to hoe.
Hire her.

I always said you had a heap of sense.
Mr. McLintock, this is my mother.

- Your mother?

- And my sister.

- Pleased to meet you, Mr. McLintock.

- Ma'am, this here's my boss...

and he has a few choice words
to say about your biscuits.

Yes, Mr. McLintock?

They're great.

You old Cantonese reprobate, how about it?

You fire me, I kill myself.

I'm not talking about firing you,
I'm retiring you.

You've been rustling food for us
for 30 years.

We're gonna put you out to pasture...
all you'll have to do is give advice,
be one of the family.

- I kill myself.

- I may save you the trouble.

Look, Ching.

If you kill yourself, I'll cut off your pigtail,
and you ain't never gonna get to heaven.

- I'll be one of the family?

- I give you my solemn word.

Pretty crummy family.

Drink too much, get in fights,
yell all the time.

Cut off his pigtail.

All right, I'll be one of the family.

I hope everything is satisfactory.

This is such a big house.

It'll take me a while to get used to things.

Now, please don't hesitate to tell me
if anything is wrong.

No bird's-nest soup.

- Otherwise, just fine. Everything all nicely.

- Food's heaven, ma'am.

Best apple pie I ever ate.

Curly's right, ma'am.

Hated to leave that last bite.

- Shall we celebrate with a drink?

- Carlos, come and help me with the dishes.

Alice, do you want to help, too?

- Yes, Drago.

- All right, pitch in.

I'll wash, and you kids can dry.

Is that good? Here.

Don't seem possible one woman
could use all of them clothes.

You keep a civil tongue
in your unprepossessing face.

- Yes, ma'am.

- And unload my baggage, please.

Yes, ma'am.

By the way, what does that word,
unprepossessing, mean?

- Mrs. McLintock.

- Hello, Carlos.

Run and help the driver with my luggage.

I couldn't trust anyone else in this house
to do anything correctly.

- Luggage? Give him a hand, Curly.

- Yes, Boss.

- Mr. McLintock.

- Are you moving back in?

Yes, but nothing has changed
except my place of residence.

And I'd be willing to put up with savages...
rather than be denied the company
of my daughter.

And I'm proving that by moving in here.

Mr. McLintock, since it's my first day,
would you excuse me if I...

Go ahead. Katherine, this is Dev Warren.

Joined the outfit today.

- Pleased, ma'am.

- Thank you.

Well, how refreshing.

A polite young man here.

- Where did he come from?

- He's a farmer.

- A farmer?

- Well, I'll be doggone.

Kate, welcome home.

What on earth are you doing
in that idiotic-looking outfit?

- And don't you dare call me Kate.

- That here my butlering suit.

I'm butlering for the boss.

And I'm sorry, Katherine.

That Kate kind of slipped out
from the times I remembered you...
as being nice people.

Are you going to stand there
with that stupid look on your face...
while the hired help insults your wife?
He's just ignorant.

He doesn't know any better
than to tell the truth.

And I can't help this stupid look.
I started acquiring it
as you gained in social prominence.

Mrs. McLintock,
where do you want I should...

- What?

- Put them in the master bedroom.

Yes. But move Mr. McLintock's things
into another room.

The one back of the stairs would be best, so
that he can't wake up the entire household...

- when he comes home every night...

- Here's the...

...just before daybreak.

- Yes, ma'am.

Excuse me.

- Here's your cigars, Mr. McLintock.

- I am Mrs. McLintock.

Kate, I mean, Katherine...

this is the cook,

this is the lady does the cooking for us.

Mrs. Warren, Mrs. McLintock.

- How do you do?

- Very pleased to meet you, Mrs. McLintock.

- Very pleased.

- Likewise.

You see, I just came to work here today,
and I guess I jumped to the conclusion...
that this was a bachelor's household.

It is, and then again, it isn't.

I will explain so everything
will be quite clear, Mrs. Wallace.

Mrs. Warren.

Mrs. Warren.

It has been a bachelor's household
for quite some time.

And it will be again,
just as soon as I'm out of here.

Which will be as quickly
as I can make arrangements...

to take my daughter back East with me.

You see, she's coming home from school
in a few days...

and then we'll be off together,
and you can return to conducting yourself...
as you consider proper
in a bachelor's household.

- Katy.

- Shut up.

Until then, I am mistress in this house.

And I will give the orders.

- I'll want my breakfast served in bed.

- Gonna let her...

- Ain't you gonna say nothing, Boss?

- No.

One poached egg, tea, toast.

G. W., as soon as my things are put away,
I'll want to talk to you about Rebecca.

Yes, Mrs. McLintock. Indeed, Mrs. McLintock.

Of course, Mrs. McLintock.

The toast, lightly browned and unbuttered.

Of course, ma'am.

Wait a minute, now, Boss.

Where do you think you're going?

I just remembered, I got a date.

But she said
she wanted to have a talk with you.
I heard.
- Good evening, Lem.
- Good evening, Mr. Mac.
Say, Mr. Mac,
what does unprepossessing mean?
I was called that once, Lem.
Looked it up in the dictionary.
- It's best you don't know what it means.
- Thank you.
What am I gonna tell her
when she asks where you went?
When in doubt, tell the truth.
She wouldn't expect that from you anyway.
- Where's Mr. McLintock going?
- There he goes, burning his last bridge.
You see a yellow streak about a foot wide
running up and down his backbone?
On Mr. McLintock?
- He ain't afraid of nothing.
- I once thought that.
- Drago?
- Yes, ma'am.
- Was that...
- He took off, lit out.
- I told him I wanted to talk to him.
- Yes, ma'am.
I was standing right over here
when you said it...
and I was standing right out there
on those front steps...
when he walked up the horse,
grabbed a hunk of mane...
- stepped up on him and sunk spur.
- Where did he go?
Last time I saw him, he was going east,
but you know him...
he is liable to go north, south, or west.
Get me a carriage.
- Yes, ma'am, but...
- But what?
Maybe you shouldn't follow him into,
maybe, where he's going into.

What does that mean?

I don't know, but I wish I hadn't said it.

- Just get the carriage.

- Yes, ma'am.

- What happened?

- Get the barouche.

- The barouche?

- Hitch it up, she wants to go to town.

But Mr. McLintock

never said anything to me about it.

Look, young fellow. I'm the...

I'm the ramrod around this place.

You better start giving me a yes, sir...

or you going to get the roof of this house
pulled down on your head.

Yes, sir.

- Hello, Davey!

- Hi, Mr. McLinctock.

- New broom, eh?

- Sweeps clean.

- Hello, Bunny, how is everything?

- Fine, Mr. McLintock.

I'll get you next time.

Two more, Elmer.

Well, look who's here.

What'll it be, Mac? Same as usual?

Ladies.

- Evening, G.W.

- Jake.

- Wrong move.

- What?

Chess problem. Wueen's in danger.

I suppose you can do that.

Camille, you're on your own.

Mrs. McLintock.

I'm Camille, Camille Reedbottom.

I'm learning the game of chess.

Thought it would give me something
to pass the time.

See, I have nothing to do all day long.

I just remembered something.

Katherine, I didn't hear you come in.

Mr. McLintock,

I told you that I wanted to talk to you.

Not now.

Could I get you a glass of sherry, Katherine?

Thank you, Mr. Birnbaum, I could use one.

I came into town behind a runaway team.

Drago never could handle horses.

It was that young man

whose mother pretends to be your cook.

- Katherine, your wine.

- Thank you, Mr. Birnbaum.

Now, Mr. McLintock,

we have an awful lot to talk over.

First thing I learned about Indian fighting
was to wait for daylight.

What does our conversation
got to do with Indian fighting?

Indian fighting is good experience
for our kind of conversations.

It'll wait, Katherine.

Evening, Sheriff, Mr. McLintock.

We had quite a ride out here.

- I finally got that team settled down.

- It's your move.

- No, it's your move. I just cancelled.

- Now, look here.

You're not going to sit here all night long
and play chess...

when the matter of our daughter
remains unsettled.

I am going to remain here and play chess,
and the matter of our daughter is settled.

- She stays.

- Such stubbornness.

Katherine, your hair.

It is a mess after that awful ride.

No, it's just that

I haven't seen you for a long time...

and it seems to me,

the last time I saw you...

your hair was a little darker, no?

It's a funny thing,

the tricks a man's memory will play.

Mr. Birnbaum, I think that you've
completely lost your mind.

- You have done something to your hair.

- I have not!

If I had, it'd be none of your business.

Certainly not going to put myself
in the place of those Blondine trollops...
that you seem to prefer.

- Take it.

- Oh.

- Fill it.

- Oh.

Good morning.

- You fellows still at it? All night?

- A McLintock never quits.

But a Birnbaum has to.

Besides, the game is over. You got me.

No, Mr. Birnbaum,

you still got a good game.

You play chess?

Please, take over.

- Pretty good?

- Fair.

It looks like I won't have to come into town
always to get a game.

Remember, I'm a bad loser.

- It's your move.

- Yes, sir.

Good morning.

Good morning.

It's morning already.

Cup of coffee?

Yes, thanks, Jake.

You're welcome, Katherine.

- Got any cream?

- Canned cows' milk.

That'll do.

Good old condensed milk.

That reminds me...

I was cleaning out my desk the other day...

and I found something

I wanted to return to you.

Here it is.

It's a medal, remember?

From the President

of the United States of America...

to First Sergeant Michael Patrick Gilhooly...

for bravery above and beyond
the call of duty.

It's your papa.

Reminds me of the first time I ever saw you.

It was over 17 years ago.

You walked into my store, not much bigger
than the bundle you were carrying.

And in the bundle

was the most beautiful baby I ever saw.

And was she hungry.

You walked all the way

from Superstition Creek...

just to trade me that medal

for a case of canned milk.

G.W. Was off somewhere, as usual...

fighting Indians.

Sheriff, Sheriff Lord!

Have you seen the Sheriff?

Kind of early for him. Did you try his house?

Why didn't I think of that?

Looks like Birnbaum's is open.

Maybe somebody in here will know.

So there you are, Sheriff.

I told you, you were headed for trouble.

Trouble?

I wanna know by whose authority

you let those Indians stay in town.

Those savages are wards of the government,
and I am the representative...

I told Sheriff Lord that he could put them up
down by the clay slide.

Because the town's named after him,
he thinks he owns it.

You check the books

in the recorder's office...

and you'll find I do own a fair piece of it.

Agard, if you knew anything about Indians...

you'd know that they're doing
their level best...

to put up with

our so-called benevolent patronage...

in spite of the nincompoops

that have been put in charge of it.

Those Indians need my permission

to leave the reservation.

Those Chiefs been giving orders
all their lives.

It's pretty hard for them to understand...
that they have to hold up their hand
like a schoolboy in a classroom.

The law is very clear.

I told you

you'd get no satisfaction from these people.

- We'll get the girl back.

- Girl?

The girl the Indians kidnapped,
but don't worry.

I armed the settlers and set them
to rounding up those red devils.

- What is this about a girl?

- Millie Jones. One of the settler's daughters.

- The Indians kidnapped her.

- That's ridiculous.

And you turned loose a lot of farmers
with shotguns?

- I certainly did.

- You're insane. Let's go, Sheriff.

- Mr. Douglas.

- Mrs. McLintock.

Much as I hate to agree with G.W.

About anything...

you haven't changed a bit.

You're still an hysterical fool.

- Coming to town, I got worried.

- What about?

I thought maybe Katy shot you.

Not yet, Drago, but it took restraint.

Wait a minute, we better take Agard along...

not that he'll be much help.

Drago, help him on the horse.

Just a minute.

- I'll drive.

- Yes, ma'am.

- Agard, what are you doing?

- Scratch him, Agard!

Agard, this is serious. Stay with him, Agard.

Stay with him!

Agard, will you stop showing off

and get in this buggy?

Mercy.

Mercy.

That horse is a little green.

Let's go.

Just where do you think you're going?

Don't use that range-boss tone of voice
with me.

Potter!

Headed for Mr. Pourboire's mine.

Mount up some riders.

Right, Boss. You heard the man.

I don't like it, Mr. McLintock.

I don't like it one bit.

- What don't you like?

- They're planning to hang an Indian.

Sheriff, real funny. Where's the whiskey?

Hold it.

No so fast, Mr. Boss-of-the-Whole-Country...

unless you want to wear a big hole
in your middle.

How long is G.W. Going to let
that Chee-Chalker push him around?

That Chee-Chalker has a sawed-off shotgun.

How do you know

she didn't wander off someplace...

- or meet some fellow or something?

- What are you saying?

That I didn't raise my girl right?

That she'd wander off all night
with some man?

There's a lot of things

I'm not saying to you, mister...

while you've got a sawed-off shotgun
in my middle.

But how do you know this Indian
had anything to do with it?

She's gone, ain't she? She's gone.

Pa, I'm over here.

Pa!

- Been looking for me, Pa?

- Where you been, girl?

Young Ben took me for a sunrise ride,
and the horse wandered away.

- You come down off of there.
- But, Pa.
She's telling the truth, Mr. McLintock.
We weren't doing nothing.
That's not important right now.
The important thing is
that you don't draw that hogleg...
or this'll be worse
than Dodge City on Saturday night.
You get on back to the wagon,
I'll attend to you later.
- Now for this young whippersnapper.
- Now, no harm has been done...
and Young Ben here
is one of the nicest boys in the territory...
- so just put down that shotgun.
- I'll teach him to fool with my...
Now, we'll all calm down.
- Boss, he's just a little excited.
- I know.
I'm gonna use good judgment.
I haven't lost my temper in 40 years.
But, pilgrim,
you caused a lot of trouble this morning.
Might have got somebody killed...
and somebody ought to belt you
in the mouth, but I won't.
The hell I won't.
McLintock riders!
McLin.
Buster, remember me?
Hello, sir. Nice party.
- Do you think you ought to?
- I ought to what?
Why, you fink!
Wait, I want a word with you.
Just a minute.
What are you gonna do... My glasses.
Now, stop this or you'll be sorry.
Oh, for heaven's sake!
- Stay out of this, Jake.
- It's everybody's war!
Where's the whiskey?
Good fight.

Oh, sorry, McLintock.

- McLin.

- Thanks.

- Very funny.

- Yeah, very funny.

Gosh, Mr. Douglas, I'm sorry!

Bon voyage, Drago!

Are you still down here?

Sage, horse wandered away, huh?

Honest, Mr. Jones, honest.

Get out of my way.

- Nice left.

- Thanks.

- But I went to college.

- For this you don't need college.

You're not getting me down there.

You did this on purpose.

Why, McLintock, you big...

- Good morning to you, Mrs. McLintock.

- Bunny, you big...

No!

G. W., because of you

this great, big, clumsy...

Well, it's pretty hard to control yourself.

People!

McLin!

Good party, but no whiskey. We go home.

- You and your friends!

- Well, we at least saved your hat.

Where is everybody?

For heaven's sakes.

Drago, will you never learn

how to handle a team?

Yes, ma'am, I'll sure try.

I'll tell you that, now.

- Crummy family.

- You wanna lose your pigtail?

I lose face.

- Lousy relatives.

- You're gonna lose more than that.

- Kate.

- Yes?

We could be a big help to one another.

Like what, may I ask?

Well, we could wash the mud off
of each other.

We used to have quite good times
doing that sort of thing.

There are a lot of things we used to do.

Good night, Mr. McLintock.

- Any luck?

- What are you talking about?

- I mean, divorce. She still want it?

- Yeah.

You know something? Women are funny.

She fought like a wildcat on your side
out there this afternoon.

Come home,

she slams the door in your face.

That divorce business...

is that what you get when you pay a woman
not to live with you?

That's about it.

With some women I've knowed,
it'd be worth it.

You know, if we had any moral character...

we wouldn't be standing here
covered with mud, drinking...

- when we should be washing.

- G.W.

Drago.

Mrs. Warren, these biscuits...

Thank you, Drago.

- Morning, Mrs. Warren.

- Good morning, Mr. McLintock.

Breakfast for the boss?

If that's the way you want it, Mr. McLintock.

One poached egg,

tea, toast, lightly browned, and...

Why, Mrs. McLintock, you have a black eye.

I do?

- And Becky's coming home today.

- And that's not all.

There's a little something

we'd better get settled.

There are no men listening now,

so we can be ourselves.

Sure, I let you get away with all that guff

the other night...

but now that we're alone...

When I want the opinion of the hired help,
I'll ask for it.

You know,

you could wind up with two black eyes.

- What?

- I realize you had to put on that big act.

We always have to

just before we get ready to forgive them...

generally for something they haven't done.

But you and I both know that's

just to keep them from getting the idea...

they run things.

- McLintock give you that black eye?

- No.

Nobody gave it to me. I won it.

- Morning, Davey.

- Morning, Mrs. Beech, Mr. Beech.

- Why, Miss Becky, welcome home.

- Hello, Mr. Douglas.

Hi, Betty, how are you?

Good to see you again.

Daddy!

Daddy!

It's been two long years.

I guess I'm going to have to stop
calling you Tomboy.

- Becky.

- Mama.

- Mama, I wasn't sure you'd be here.

- I've been here a few days.

Becky, I bought you three of the most
beautiful dresses...

Uncle Drago.

Did you bring your old uncle
a coming-home present?

- Sure did.

- What is it?

A mustache cup. And what did you get me?

The prettiest Palomino pony
that ever packed a saddle.

Broke to stand ground-tied in the county.

Uncle Jake!

What are you doing with Mr. Douglas's tuba?
Mr. Douglas has a fat...
Had a little accident.
I've brought you a whole shipment
of licorice sticks.
But now that I've seen
how much you've grown...
I think we better exchange them
for a couple of bolts of dress goods.
- Thank you.
- The Mayor was gonna be here...
but he had to go up to the territorial capital
on a horse-theft matter...
but I'm gonna give his speech.
And don't worry about the Mayor.
I'm sure that he can find a bill of sale
for the horse.
Ladies and Gentlemen,
we are here to welcome the fairest...
What am I doing?
We are here to welcome back...
the prettiest girl that was ever born
in McLintock...
or in any part of the territory.
- Davey.
- Yeah?
Got something for you.
Yardmaster up at Junction...
told me to let 'em ride,
so I locked 'em in here.
I've had my scalp a long time...
and I aim to keep it.
And now she's come back to us.
Gone are the pigtails...
but the freckles are still on the prettiest face
that was ever born in McLintock.
That's Puma.
Then it's true,
the government did turn them loose.
Good old Puma.
I'll never forget
when he brought G.W. Home.
Your father had a hole in his chest,
and a 104 fever.

Of course,
they weren't very mannerly about it.
He came past the house at a high lope,
and threw him on the doorstep.
Then you do remember them good old days,
don't you, Katy?
Katherine.
- Yatahe my friends.
- Yatahe.
Puma, honored enemy.
Does Big McLintock forget?
Also blood brother.
No, I'll never forget that.
Old wound. Does it hurt still?
I feel it when it comes on to rain.
An inch higher
and I wouldn't have had to worry.
Big McLintock, that was remembered fight.
We return with news.
Our people have more trouble.
You see, I learned good English now,
Big McLintock.
Learned in white man's jail.
But we would have you talk our cause
at Government hearing.
I understand that Governor Humphrey
is gonna preside at that meeting.
Yes, Puma, I'll translate your wishes.
Mr. McLintock...
could I impose on you to use
your Comanche to tell these people...
Puma is chief of the Comanches
and he speaks English very well.
Your people will have to follow
my instructions to the letter. It is the law...
We go.
Well, now, just a minute.
For heaven's sakes.
You wait here, honey, I'll get the buggy.
- You going to the McLintock party?
- Sure.
Will I see you there, Beth?
Of course, Davey,
and you can have the first dance.

Sis.

I don't want any sister of mine
talking to strangers.

Davey's not a stranger,
he clerks in Birnbaum's.

He's an Indian.

Darn you, Drago.

Now look what you've done.

Baby, this is Devlin Warren,
he works for your papa.

Dev, this is Miss Becky McLintock.

Those are my things.

Yes ma'am.

I'd have known you anywhere, Miss Becky.

What do you mean?

I mean, you look so much
like your mother, even prettier.

Mr. Warren,

Mother's much prettier than I am.

Many a fight started with words like that.

Come on, get in the buggy.

Hello, Ching.

- We've got cherry pie for dinner?

- I'm not cooking.

No, he's not.

- Junior.

- Yes, Miss Becky?

- You remember Junior Douglas, Mama?

- Of course. How's college?

- Valedictorian, '95.

- Congratulations.

Mr. And Mrs. Douglas,

we will see you at the party, of course.

Delighted.

Well, it'll be pretty hard
to keep young men away.

- Drago?

- Yes, Boss. Baggage all loaded.

G.W. You remember young Junior?

Yes. Like father, like son.

Mr. McLintock, I hope you don't think

I'm being presumptuous...

in asking for the honor

of calling on Miss Rebecca.

- Well, there she is, ask her yourself.

- Thank you, sir.

Ching, now I'm gonna get fired.

Giddy up out of here.

Thank you sir, thank you.

- Have you no manners?

- See you at the party, Junior.

- Yeah.

- Yeah, what?

Like father, like son.

What did he mean, Matthew?

Come on, Ching, grab a root and growl.

Well, you're doing a good job,

Miss McLintock.

Thank you, Mrs. Warren.

Dev, when you're finished there,
go over and help Drago with the beer kegs.

Yes, Mom.

Dev, could you come and help me a minute?

I certainly was surprised

to hear you went to college.

- Why?

- I don't know.

Junior says Purdue is a good college
for a backwater place like Indiana.

Well, he did indeed?

Could you do this? I can't reach it.

- Why didn't you finish college?

- Lack of funds.

My father got sick,
and he had to come out West.

So he took out a homestead.

You know, your mom's sure cute.

It's too bad you didn't inherit her eyes.

You'd have been lucky if you'd inherited
a few things from your father.

Really? For instance?

- His common sense, for instance.

- Common sense?

Yeah, you don't see him being fooled
by some dude like Junior Douglas.

Junior's not a dude. He's nifty.

This needs a woman's touch.

- And besides, he got a letter at college.

- What sport?

- Glee club.

- Very strenuous.

Don't you dare hug me!

I have no intention of hugging you.

The ladies all look lovely, Katherine.

You know, this is a real fine party.

Thank you, Ben.

Of course, we had to invite everybody.

Just everybody.

Sorry, G. W., this one's mine.

Thank you, Mrs. Warren. I guess I'll have to be a good host in my own home.

- The next one's yours, Mr. McLintock.

- Thank you.

- Drago, go and do what I told you to do.

- Katy.

Katherine. And do as you're told.

Drago, do this. Drago, do that.

People, people!

- This Douglas fellow...

- Drago!

Yes, ma'am.

Matt Douglas, Jr...

is going to bring you folks some of the latest terpsichorean dance steps...

brand new, brought by him

directly from New York City.

All right, Mr. Fiddler.

Give me a whiskey.

- What?

- This turn a 10-gallon party, Boss.

- We're run out of whiskey.

- I can take care of that, Ching.

Indian!

Now, you still got any ideas

about asking my sister to dance...

- get up and we can do this all over again.

- Yes.

- That's enough, you've fought it...

- Wuit butting in, Birnbaum.

- He's a hired man, not your son.

- Look, you fought him fair and square.

I don't think it was so fair and square.

What, you want to take up
where he left off?
If I did, you wouldn't find it so easy.
Now, we've had enough of this.
When are you gonna quit walking away?
Just as soon
as we're out of sight of the party.
A lesson I learned back home:
Don't fight in front of women.
- Well, we're out of sight now.
- So we are.
Such vulgarity.
Someone should do something about it.
You're right.
Absolutely right.
You all right, Young Ben?
I'm all right, Mr. McLintock.
Pretty fancy fighting for a country boy.
Two years at Purdue, Mr. McLintock,
on the boxing team.
I never thought any farmer could whip me.
But you sure did.
Better get him cleaned up,
get him some water, Jake.
Get yourself cleaned up,
go ask that girl for a dance.
Who?
Oh!
Where is he? I'll fight him,
that young whippersnapper.
- Trouble.
- Where is that farmer boy? Where is he?
Where is he, G. W?
So you're the young farmer boy
that whipped my nephew.
I'm Fauntleroy Sage, Young Ben's uncle.
Well, I'm no farmer, but if you're
Young Ben's uncle, yes, I whipped him.
And you're intruding.
- What's intruding mean?
- Butting in.
So he's insulting me.
Well, then I got another reason
for walloping him...

besides on account of him thrashing
my nephew, Young Ben.

Fauntleroy, you can't get mixed up
in these youngsters' quarrel.

Family honor.

I can't have it said a farmer
whipped a Sage.

- You're twice his size.

- Don't let that bother you, Mr. McLintock.

If Mr. Fauntleroy insists,

I'll just have to teach him the same lesson.

Say!

Sorry, young fellow.

Hate to have to do that, young fellow.

No hard feelings.

Not yet.

- Not yet what?

- I mean, that isn't all.

Now, wait a minute.

Fauntleroy, we're gonna make this
a fair fight.

- Of course we are, G.W.

- There'll be none of this.

I wouldn't do that, G.W.

- You wouldn't do...

- I wouldn't do that.

And Dev, I don't want you kicking Fauntleroy
in the knees.

He didn't do no such thing.

And none of this nose twisting.

He's all yours.

Where are my glasses?

You all right, young fellow?

I'm all right if this Indian agent
will stop stepping all over me.

G. W., you're just funning me.

But I want you to know

that boy fought me a fair fight.

Well, I'm glad to hear that, Fauntleroy.

Where's my uncle?

Fauntleroy, what have you been doing?

- I hope my uncle didn't bother anybody.

- No bother.

I think we'd better join the ladies

before they get curious. Drago.

Fauntleroy, let's line them all up
for a do-si-do.

Jake.

You think tincture of arnica would help?

Could be. Used to help you.

Gentlemen, to the medicine cabinet.

- Good morning, Drago.

- Morning, baby.

Have you seen Daddy?

Took off early this morning
with a scattergun under his arm.

Went hunting.

- Morning, Daddy.

- Good afternoon.

What got you out so early?

There's something I have to get straight
in my mind.

Yeah?

What?

Mama.

Why did you and Mama
stop living together, Daddy?

Why did you separate?

- Aren't you gonna answer me?

- No.

- It's sort of my business, I think.

- I don't.

Is it another woman? It usually is.

At your age, you always know what's usual.

Is it Mrs. Warren?

Becky, I don't wanna start laying the law
down on your first day back home...

but I'll have no more such talk.

The first time I ever saw Mrs. Warren
was last week.

She has a job here
at which she's very good.

And I hope you'll have the good manners
to not pry into other people's business...
your mother's and mine.

Pretty good shot, Daddy.

I can understand your trouble.

Mama's often so, well, so petulant.

Petulant?

You've learned a lot of words
back East, Becky.

I wish to God they'd have taught you
some meanings.

You were only about six months old...
when your mother stayed alone with you
in a sod hut under eight foot of snow...
while I moved the herd 300 miles south
to try and save it.

Saved about half of it.

You were a little more than a year old
at the time of the great Comanche raids.
We stood off 500 Plains Indians
for nine days.

Petulant, Becky?

I think you'd better go on home.
See that Ching gets those birds.

Becky.

Come here.

There's something I ought to tell you.
Guess now is as good a time as any.
You're going to have every young buck
west of the Missouri around here...
trying to marry you.
Mostly because you're a handsome filly.
But partly because I own everything
in this country from here to there...
and they'll think you're going to inherit it.
Well, you're not.

I'm going to leave most of it to...

Well, to the nation, really. For a park...
where no lumberman will cut down
all the trees for houses with leaky roofs.
Nobody will kill all the beaver
for hats for dudes...

nor murder the buffalo for robes.

What I'm going to give you...

is a 500-cow spread
on the upper Green River.

That may not seem like much...

but it's more than we had,
your mother and I.

Some folks are gonna say

I'm doing all this...
so I can sit up in the hereafter
and look down on a park named after me...
or that I was disappointed in you
and didn't want you to get all that money.
But the real reason, Becky,
is because I love you...
and I want you and some young man
to have what I had.
Because all the gold
in the United States Treasury...
all the harp music in heaven...
can't equal what happens
between a man and a woman...
with all that growing together.
I can't explain it any better than that.
All right, Daddy.
Becky.
When you're as old as I am,
you'll thank me for this.
Daddy, I'm full grown.
I wasn't worrying about me...
I was thinking about you and Mama.
Well, sir, all three of them
fell right out of the carriage.
Well, it is getting rather late, Becky,
it's bedtime.
Mother...
he brought this,
he must have intended to use it.
- Well...
- Sing us a song.
Well, if you really want me to.
Gosh, I haven't played in...
- Do you know Just Right For Me?
- Sure.
It's the rage now.
Dev, what're you doing?
I just thought I'd get another cigar.
You've got one in your mouth,
and two burning in the tray.
And that move.
The fellows want me to play all the time.
You're cuter than a baby steer

And softer than a mouse's ear
I want the whole w/de world to hear
You're just r/ght for me
Not that rhythm, Junior,
do it the way they do it at the Plaza.
- I know the words.
- Sure, Becky. Will you sing with me?
- Of course.
- All right.
I love a man who's w/tty and smart
and clever
It's your move.
Dev, you're playing like an amateur.
Let's call it an evening.
I'd like to know where your mind is tonight.
Pretty good, voice like her father.
Sweeter than honey
f/ner than w/ne
I'm sure they found you
on that honeysuckle v/ne
To d/e I/ke th/s
/s no d/sgrace
Th/s /s the t/me
th/s /s the place for you're
Just r/ght for me
It's so good, I kind of hate to break this up.
But if we're gonna have that Indian hearing
tomorrow morning...
Sir, about our conversation
earlier this evening...
- I believe I'd better apologize.
- Yeah?
Yes, sir, I've been thinking it over,
and when I called you a reactionary...
that's merely my generation's term
for your generation.
- Nothing personal, sir.
- Really?
Well, good night, sir.
- Good night, Mrs. McLintock.
- Good night, and do come again.
- Good night, Drago.
- Night.
What's reactionary mean?

Me, I guess.
He says that anyone who wanted
to sell at a profit was a reactionary.
Was we reactionaries back in them days
when you were selling beef cattle...
for six cents a pound on the hoof?
No use arguing with him. College boy.
Devlin Warren, if you was my kind of man...
you wouldn't let some dude walk off
with the prettiest girl west of Denver...
- without putting up some kind of a fight.
- Does it show?
What can I do?
I'm just one of her father's employees.
I'm just a hired hand around here.
Every so often, Dev...
you spill the strangest ideas.
Everybody works for somebody.
Me, I work for everybody
in these United States...
that steps into a butcher's shop
for a T-bone steak.
And you work for me.
There's not much difference.
Daddy, the most terrible thing
just happened.
Junior's horse ran away,
the one he rented at the livery stable.
You tied up a rented horse by the reins?
He's probably back in the stall by now.
I think we can get Junior something
that he can ride.
What I'd rather do, Daddy,
is drive Junior home in our barouche.
It's a lovely evening, and I'm sure
Uncle Drago wouldn't mind driving.
I would, and I got the kind of manners don't
keep me from saying so, just to be polite.
I'll drive him home, Mr. McLintock.
You don't have to come, Miss Becky.
I'll see that he gets home safely.
- I can take care of myself.
- You got yourself afoot, didn't you?
- Dev, get the carriage. Drago.

- I'm going with them.

Now you got me wrangling dudes.

You make a man feel I/ke a k/ng

You're just r/ght for me

Miss Becky?

Somebody better help me watch the road.

You know, I'm new around here,

and I might take the wrong turnoff.

Devlin Warren, you know there isn't

a turnoff between here and town.

You d/sappear w/thout a trace

To d/e I/ke th/s

/s no d/sgrace

Th/s /s the t/me

Th/s /s the place

Devlin Warren, what are you trying to do?

Kill us?

Would you rather have your friend drive?

Daddy.

I have never been so humiliated

in my entire life.

I said what I said,

and I'll stand by it to the death.

Shoot him, Daddy, shoot him at once.

- Why?

- My honor is at stake.

- Well, now, your honor?

- Absolutely.

- He impugned my honor.

- Impugned? What does that mean?

- Slander. He slandered my honor.

- He did?

I said what I said,

and I'll stand by it to the death.

He admits it, see? Shoot him.

- Well, what is he admitting to?

- Why, he called me a...

I won't even repeat the word.

I didn't necessarily call you anything...

but I said what I said,

and I'll stand by it to the death.

Just for the tally books, what did you say?

I said that any girl

who'd permit a man to kiss her...

before they're formally engaged is a trollop.

He said it again. Shoot him!

- Now, hold on.

- No, don't hold on.

If you're my father, if you love me,
you'll shoot him.

Well, I'm your father and I sure love you...
so...

You shot him. You really shot him.

If he dies...

If he dies, he'll be the first man ever killed
with a blank cartridge.

We use this to start the races on the Fourth.

I'm on fire here.

- You poor dear.

- Poor dear?

- You'd have had me shot in cold blood.

- But it didn't happen.

Yelling I insulted you and all,
what you need is a good spanking.

Dev! Daddy.

Leave me out of this.

- I think I'll give you what you deserve.

- You wouldn't dare.

Wouldn't I?

You'll think next time

before you have someone shot...

and this kicking and yelling ain't gonna help.

Don't! Daddy, what...

Daddy, help me. Don't.

Devlin Warren, I hate you!

Mommy! Mommy!

G. W., was that a shot?

- Becky, what happened?

- He spanked me.

You spanked my daughter?

Dev.

You mean, you stood there
while that brute beat our daughter?

G. W., what's happened to you
in the last three...

Better part of valor, son.

Isn't it enough that you've always
treated me like a squaw...

without subjecting dear, sweet Becky
to this crude, vulgar...

Katherine, you women are always
raising hell about one thing...

when it's something else
you're really sore about.

Don't you think it's about time
you told me...

what put the burr under your saddle
about me?

I don't intend to stand here
and hold a midnight conversation...

with an intoxicated man.

And I am not intoxicated...

yet.

- Hello, Governor.

- Hello, Governor.

- Chief Puma.

- Yes, Sergeant.

Big McLintock,

we know you'll get us fair judgment.

You gentlemen, follow me.

- Well, Jake?

- G.W.

- Well, G. W., it's been a long time.

- Not long enough, Cuthbert.

- Your husband is a rude man.

- Yes, Cuthbert, I know.

Where do you want the Indians,

Mr. McLintock?

Mr. McLintock is not running this hearing.

- Sergeant, seat those Indians.

- Yes, sir.

Gentlemen, be seated.

You know, their whole tribe here wanted
to come into town.

Proceed, Lieutenant.

This hearing is now in session.

Governor Cuthbert Humphrey presiding.

Good luck, Daddy.

I'm afraid it's a packed court.

Government Edict number 826.

As ordered that the Comanche nation
be transferred...

from their present reservation to Fort Sill...
it is the government's claim
as filed by Indian agent Agard...
that these chiefs after being released
from prison by a kindly government...
did then rouse and incite defiance
among the tribe against said order.
It seems, gentlemen, that although
some of these chiefs speak English...
Chief Puma is quite at home
in our language...
they have chosen Mr. McLintock
to be their spokesman.
I speak for the Comanche,
or rather, I offer this translation.
Proceed, Mr. McLintock.
The Comanches say:
We are an old people, and a proud people.
When the white man first came among us...
we were as many as the grasses
of the prairie.
Now we are few, but we are still proud...
for if a man loses pride in manhood,
he is nothing.
You tell us now
that if we will let you send us away...
to this place called Fort Sill...
you will feed us and care for us.
Let us tell you this:
It is a Comanche law
that no chief ever eats...
unless first he sees
that the pots are full of meat...
in the lodges of the widows and orphans.
It is the Comanche way of life.
This that the white man calls charity
is a fine thing for widows and orphans...
but no warrior can accept it,
for if he does, he is no longer a man...
and when he is no longer a man
he is nothing...
and better off dead.
You say to the Comanche, 'You are widows
and orphans, you are not men. '

And we, the Comanche, say
we would rather be dead.
It will not be a remembered fight
when you kill us...
because we are few now
and have few weapons.
But we will fight
and we will die Comanche.
Thank you, Big McLintock.
Am I to gather the Comanche
defy the government of the United States?
Yes, you may gather that the Comanche
defy the United States government.
- Or at least this commission.
- Gentlemen.
It is the order of this court
that these chiefs be incarcerated...
until such time as the detachment of the
United States Cavalry be made available...
to escort them
and the Comanche nation to Fort Sill.
This court is adjourned.
McLintock.
You are an important chief
amongst these white people.
Sway them.
Have them give us a few guns
to make the fight worthwhile.
Let us have one last remembered fight
for end of Comanche.
I almost wish I could arrange that, Puma.
- Sergeant.
- Yes?
Left guard, carry on.
Gentlemen.
It's sad, these changing times.
It isn't the times that are changing, Mama.
Hi, G.W.
Hello, Lem.
Bunny.
Howdy, McLintock.
Figured you'd be belly-down drunk by now.
I've been doing
some thinking-drinking, Bunny.

Is that box car still on the siding?

- Sure, but...

- But what?

- I don't like it.

- You don't?

You figure them Indians get out of there and lead the Cavalry on a wild goose chase...

- that Great White Father's gonna get nosey...

- Get nosey and he'll investigate.

And when they find out how that side-saddle governor's been messing things up...

they'll give those Indians a fair trial.

But that's live ammunition in that boxcar.

You know what'll happen if them Indians get some guns in their hands?

Somebody's gonna get hurt.

- Is Puma's word good enough for you?

- Well, I don't...

McLintock, you got yourself a partner.

Leave me out of this.

McLintock.

Good night, Bunny.

Good night, Governor.

Where /s the Katy

W/th her I/ght red ha/r?

Sweet as the roses

On the summer a/r

I'll f/nd her somewhere

Wh/le the moon /s h/gh

And tell her that I love her

And I'll love her t/ll I d/e

Katy!

Katy Gilhooly. The master's home.

Katherine Gilhooly McIntock.

Where is the woman of the house?

Mr. McIntock.

There you are.

Mrs. Warren, good evening.

- I waited up for you, Mr. McIntock.

- How nice.

- I want to talk to you about something.

- Delighted.

- Three hundred and nine times straight.

- I beg your pardon?

Three hundred and nine times straight
without a miss. Gotta be a record.
I suppose so. Now, Mr. McLintock,
what I wanted to say...
Two-pound Stetson with a six-inch brim...
53 feet in the air, it's gotta be a record.
I'm sure it is, but the reason I waited up...
Dangnabbit, woman,
can't you hold that glass still?
Of course, sir.
Down the hatch to my world record.
Down the hatch.
Yes, sir.
Now, to the Governor of our territory.
The Governor of the territory, sir?
Now, don't you stick up for him,
Mrs. Warren.
You're a fine woman, Mrs. Warren.
But you'll certainly go down
in my estimation...
if you stick up for Cuthbert H. Humphrey,
Governor of this territory.
- I don't mean to change...
- Down the hatch.
Yes, sir. Down the hatch.
Cuthbert H. Humphrey,
Governor of our territory...
is a cull.
Do you know what a cull is, ma'am?
A cull is a specimen that is so worthless...
that you have to cut him out of the herd.
Now, if all the people in the world
were put in one herd...
Cuthbert is the one
I would throw my rope at.
At whom I would throw my rope at.
Natural-born cull.
- Another touch, ma'am?
- No, sir, no.
- I don't mind if I do.
- Good.
Can't walk on one leg...
I didn't mean to be vulgar ma'am.
Can't walk on one limb.

It's all right.
It sounds silly,
only a bird can walk on a limb.
You know my wife? Her name's Kate.
She insists on being called Katherine.
Do you know her?
Of course, Mr. McLintock,
and that's what I wanted...
Well, she thinks
that Cuthbert H. Humphrey...
is panting for her like a bull buffalo
at the first greenup of spring.
But what Cuthbert is panting for
is my money.
Don't make me feel
like I'm drinking alone, ma'am.
Very well, Mr. McLintock, if you insist.
- Down the hatch.
- Good.
Mr. McLintock...
I have something very important
to say to you.
Very important.
I guess it'll have to wait till the morning.
Toodle.
It's all right.
Beddy bye-bye.
Mrs. Warren, let me assist you.
Very kind.
What's going on here?
Now, Katherine, are you going to believe
what you see...
or what I tell you?
Mrs. McLintock,
hope you won't misunderstand.
It's the first 100 women sitting on his lap
that I misunderstood...
number 101 is quite simple.
Now, G.W. McLintock...
He's gone to sleep.
Just when I know
exactly what I want to say to him...
he goes to sleep.
I waited up to talk to Mr. McLintock...

I wanted to tell him I was quitting.
You see, Sheriff Lord
has asked me to marry him and...
Congratulations.
I don't want to seem prudish,
but if you are going to marry Sheriff Lord...
it seems to me
that you're sitting on the wrong man's lap.
Come on, I'll help you upstairs, and we'll
have a long talk about men in general.
Ladies, one moment.
Watch out, you'll get us all killed!
Wait a minute, ladies,
till I catch my breath...
and I'll get you up those stairs...
as sure as my name
is George Washington McLintock...
- You may be quitting, Mrs. Wallace...
- Mrs. Warren.
...but not tomorrow.
I want my breakfast in bed, I want...
I know, toast, lightly browned...
Somebody sure put a knob on my skull.
- It was Katy. I was peeking.
- Katy? Why?
Mrs. Warren was there...
and you was there,
and the whiskey bottle was there...
and Katy's temper being
what Katy's temper is, well, there you are.
Drago, old friend.
My wife does not understand me.
Why should she be any different
than the others?
Come on, I gotta get you upstairs.
Get you ready
for that big celebration tomorrow.
Drago, I am sleeping in the den.
Ain't you got no respect for your elders?
Scallywags! Villains!
Hope you get the measles.
Come on, get him aboard.
Is everybody ready?
The man at number five needs a flagstick.

Get him one.
Let us know when you're ready.
Lad/es and gentlemen...
/t /s my honor to present to you...
the Governor of our terr/tory:
Cuthbert H. Humphrey.
Thank you Mayor.
My friends and citizens
of this great territory...
this is the ninth consecutive year...
it has been my privilege and my pleasure...
to inaugurate
the McLintock Fourth of July celebration.
Now, the first event
will be the wild horse race.
But before I fire this shot
to start the event...
I would like to say a few modest words...
regarding my stewardship
of this great territory.
- All right, Professor Birnbaum.
- Gentlemen.
Sheriff, there's your horse.
Come on, get them all lined up.
Come here, Ching.
Now, boys, you all know the rules.
It's twice around the inside
and once around the outside.
The first cowboy that hits that finish line
without busting that egg is the winner.
And, I caution you boys
about some of them eggs...
'cause some of them eggs
are last year's holdovers.
All r/ght mount up.
Katherine, my dear,
you seem to be enjoying yourself.
Yes. This is wonderful.
It's the only thing I really do enjoy
about this barbaric country.
The Fourth of July celebration.
Katherine, I've been here for three days
and I haven't heard from you.
- Is anything wrong?

- Wrong?

I just hope that it hasn't been necessary
for you to say anything...

to G.W.

What are you talking about?

Katherine, you see,

I'm in a rather delicate position...

being Governor of the territory and all.

I just hope you haven't found it necessary
to say anything about...

About what?

About you and me.

Why, you pompous windbag.

Do you think that you're the only man
who's tried to play patty fingers with me...

who's ever tried to lure me
into the moonlight?

Well, no, but I...

Well, I'm a big girl

and I can take care of myself.

My husband knows it.

I can assure you, Governor,
that your reputation is untarnished.

Now, get out of my way.

We got ourselves a winner. Curly Fletcher.

Fine old job, Curly.

Give me the egg.

Disqualified.

Here you go, Curly.

G. W., you'll never believe
what happened over...

What?

- You smell of beer.

- Naturally, I'm drinking beer.

Lad/es and gentlemen...

the next event w/ll be a contest...

between the two

bronco-bust/ng champ/ons...

of our terr/tory.

Remember the year I rode in that event?

I wore your garters to hold up my sleeves.

We had a bet, and I won it.

George Washington McLintock,

you are a very crude man.

I guess so, but that was a rough horse,
liked to have jarred my insides loose.

But it was worth it.

Three beers.

One, two, three, go!

- Dev, are you all right?

- I guess so.

Nothing busted but my pride.

That ought to even things up, farmer.

For what?

For that sore nose you gave me
the other day.

Well, that ain't what's sore on him.

The clos/ng event /s the cow pony race.

The f/n/sh I/ne /s at the barbecue...

so start meandering.

Come on.

Now, what is that? False courage?

Why, you know a Douglas doesn't ever use
a thing like that.

I want you to get on that horse,
get out in front, and stay out in front.

I'll be out front, Dad.

- All the way.

- Good boy.

Now, remember, stay out in front,
that Agamemnon's a good horse.

Whoa, Agamemnon.

The 11:

Come on, boy.

Big party. Where's the whiskey?

- Whose idea was this stunt?

- Duck, doggone it, them are real bullets.

I'm thinking that's about all the excitement
you'd want for one Fourth of July.

Puma finally got his way.

But I reckon he's riding out
his last war party.

They won't get very far.

But one thing still has me puzzled.

Where did they get the guns?

I was wondering the same thing.

- My kidney's been bothering me, and...

- Bunny.

G.W.

What an idiotic joke.

- Joke? You think that was a joke?

- Well, shut up.

- Do you want everybody in town to see me?

- You look good in feathers.

- Dev, I think they've gone.

- Yeah.

Well, what are you going to do about it?

- What can I do?

- Nothing!

Just like you've always done.

How long, G. W?

- How long what?

- Katherine.

She's been riding herd on you
for two years now.

I'm a peaceable man...

but my father used to say, you raise
your voice, it doesn't do any good.

It's time to raise your hand.

Well, I've been planning to do something
about it.

- I'll have another talk with her.

- Talk to her?

Talk to her? Talking won't do any good!

Becky, have you seen your...

What's been happening around here?

You've got hay all over you.

Been some mighty sneaky goings-on here
during that raid, Mr. McLintock.

Who was it who said

only a trollop would kiss a man...

before they were formally engaged?

- But, we are engaged, sir.

- You are?

That is, with your permission.

Well, you've got it. Mrs. Warren?

I think it's wonderful.

I guess this is the only engagement
that ever started off of a spanking.

I reckon Birnbaum was right.

All right.

Lord bless us. This is gonna be a great day.

Doggone it, folks.

Let's don't let a little old Indian raid
break up a good barbeque and a rodeo.

- The meat's on!

- Let's go.

You contestants get ready
for the cow pony race.

- Who is it?

- It's me, let me in.

Not now.

Right now.

- Are you insane?

- I want to talk to you.

It'll have to wait.

G.W.!

- I've taken all I'm gonna take from you.

- You are insane.

You're going to tell me why you packed up,
picked up, and walked out on me.

Two years ago, you remember,

you came home from Denver...

with lipstick all over your...

Lipstick on my collar.

- I've got the shirt to prove it.

- Who cares?

Why, you big...

Katherine.

G. W., you are a ruffian.

Cuthbert, you are right.

Well, what kind of a family is that?

The best.

And dangerous, fellow.

Who won the race?

Who cares, Agard? History's being made.

Yes, Rufus?

I regret to inform you

I've changed my mind about matrimony.

Rufus!

Mrs. McLintock!

Katherine!

- Keep them out of here.

- Everybody, out!

Looks like G.W.'s buying out

the whole store.

I'm afraid you're right.

Crummy family.

G.W.

G.W.!

- Mrs. McLintock, you're all wet.

- Am I?

Wrong woman, G.W.

Pardon me.

Mrs. McLintock, you setting a new style?

Mr. McLintock, in here!

If I ever get through this humiliation,
you'll rue the day you ever met me.

Bellyache and fight all you want,
it won't do you any good.

You've been digging those spurs into me
for two years...

now you're gonna get your comeuppance.

Thanks.

My father would be proud of you.

I'll make him prouder.

Stop it!

Keep it, you may need it.

Now get your divorce.

- Home. Don't spare the horse.

- Home? But...

You heard me.

Don't think you're gonna get rid of me
that easy.

- No more living in the capital?

- No.

- No more Newport in season?

- Nope.

- No more dancing at the Governor's ball?

- No, G.W.

Happy days.

Three hundred and ten times

without a miss...

that's a record.