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# Stars in My Crown

By Margaret Fitts

# Will there be any stars,  
any stars in my crown #  
# When at evening the sun goeth down #  
# When I wake with the blessed  
in those mansions of rest #  
# Will there be any stars in my crown? #  
# I am thinking today  
of that beautiful land #  
# I shall reach when  
the sun goeth down #  
# When through wonderful  
grace by my savior I stand #  
# Will there be any stars in my crown? #  
# Will there be any stars,  
any stars in my crown #  
# When at evening the sun goeth down #  
# When I wake with the blessed  
in those mansions of rest #  
# Will there be any stars in my crown? #  
# Oh, what joy it will be #  
# When his face I behold... #  
Hear that?  
Might say I was raised on that song.  
Hearing it takes me back...  
back to the old times when I was young,  
Back to Walesburg.  
According to the words of the song,  
We're promised a city  
of gold in the hereafter.  
I used to think that was a  
long time to have to wait.  
But I know now that  
there is a city of gold  
Right here on earth  
for every one of us...  
the city of our youth.  
Walesburg's only one  
name for it; that's all.  
Walesburg not as it is  
now, but as it used to be.  
I just have to shut  
my eyes, and I'm there.  
Nothing's changed.  
Even I haven't changed.

I'm always a boy in Walesburg.  
And there at my side, just as he'll  
always be, is the Parson... Parson gray.  
And passing before me are all the people  
who were a part of my growing up...  
People like Mrs. Belcher,  
who took in boarders,  
And her niece Faith Samuels,  
the district schoolteacher.  
Sweet, pretty Miss Samuels.  
Did you hear that, John?  
Granny Gailbraith, who could remember  
Seeing George Washington.  
Thad Carroll, who had served as  
drummer boy at the first bull run.  
Lon Backett, who kept the general  
store and had a finger in every pie.  
Even chloroform Wiggins.  
His ma had never heard of  
chloroform until he was born,  
And she thought it was  
a mighty pretty name.  
And all the others,  
Walesburg people.  
Gone now, most of them,  
And yet as close to me still  
as people in a favorite story...  
a story that had its  
beginning before I was born  
On the day the Parson  
arrived in our town.  
Of course, this wasn't  
much of a town then  
In those first hard years  
That followed the war  
between the states,  
But it suited the Parson  
Right from the minute  
he stepped off the train  
And started to look around.  
He must have attracted  
plenty of attention  
As he walked down main  
street for the first time

In his brand-New black pulpit coat  
And faded gray cavalry breeches  
And his big old bible in his hand.  
But he just kept on walking till  
he got to Jerry Higgins' saloon.  
He didn't have to call for quiet.  
It just followed him through  
that room like a hound dog.  
Boys, I'm your new preacher,  
And I aim to give my first  
sermon right here and now.  
Thanks.  
Now, seeing that this is as  
new to me as it is to you...  
I reckon we'd best  
begin at the beginning.  
"In the beginning was the word,  
"And the word was with god.  
And the word was god. "  
From that day on,  
Walesburg and the Parson  
kind of grew up together.  
He preached around in back rooms,  
And he prayed in parlors,  
And he led the singing in barns.  
# Shall we gather at the river #  
# Where bright angel feet have trod #  
# With its crystal light forever #  
# Flowing by the throne of god #  
# Yes, we'll gather at the river #  
# The beautiful, the beautiful river #  
# Gather with the saints at the river #  
# That flows by the throne of god #  
And by the time work  
started on the Parson's church,  
His victory was won.  
Just about everybody in Walesburg  
took a hand in that church building.  
And if ever a house of god or man  
was put together with loving hands,  
This one was.  
Yes, the Parson's church is one of  
the nicest parts of the Parson's story.  
And now I was in the story, too.

Had been ever since I could remember.  
My parents had died when I was small,  
So I'd come to live  
in the Parson's house,  
Sharing the Parson's heart  
with the Parson's wife,  
Who was my aunt Harriet.  
What's this? Dinner not ready yet?  
Garfield, we better get a new cook.  
Enjoy the service this morning, Harriet?  
Humph.  
Well, now I'm glad to hear that.  
Everyone else was saying what  
a good service it was, too.  
John Kenyon, you know,  
You don't have to do  
everything the Parson does.  
Yes'm.  
You know, to tell you the truth,  
I thought it was a pretty  
good service myself.  
Don't you laugh at me, Mr. Gray.  
Why, Harriet, honey,  
What gives you the idea  
I'm laughing at you?  
Here I am standing around  
with a big smile on my face  
Just 'cause I feel good, and you...  
yes, well, all I have to say is,  
You ought to feel ashamed of yourself.  
I was brought up to believe  
That a man who broke his  
solemn promise to a lady  
Was a pretty poor sort of a man.  
Oh, Harriet, I guess you found me out.  
I am a pretty poor sort of man.  
I was intending to mention it sooner.  
Something always came up.  
This morning was just the last straw.  
You know you promised me  
time and time and again  
That as long as I played  
the organ for the services,  
I could choose the hymns.

So I have.  
Yes, and promise is all you do.  
Never mind what I want to sing;  
What anybody else in  
Walesburg wants to sing.  
Oh, no, week in, week out,  
It's that old stars in my crown.  
I like stars in my crown.  
Oh, I know you do, Mr. Gray.  
I assure you, it's common knowledge.  
Never hear the last of it in this world.  
And I suppose if you have your way,  
It'll be the same in the next.  
John, you put those shoes  
and stockings right back on.  
They make my feet hot.  
I don't care. You're not  
Going to run around  
barefoot on the Sabbath.  
It isn't respectful.  
Shoo.  
Aw, Garfield.  
Language?  
Now, john, do exactly as  
your aunt Harriet says.  
Any woman who can bake a  
chocolate cake as good as this  
Deserves all the  
consideration she can get.  
Now, Harriet, honey,  
About this hymn business.  
It's for you to say what you want done  
And for me to do it.  
Don't be shy about  
expressing your desires.  
Just speak right up,  
And I won't open my mouth...  
except to do the preaching.  
If the day ever comes when  
you don't open your mouth...  
that's my last word, Harriet...  
except to do the preaching.  
# Will there be any stars #  
# Any stars in my crown #

# When at evening the sun goeth down #  
# When I wake with the blessed #  
# In those mansions of rest #  
# Will there be any stars in my crown? #  
After the  
Parson and my aunt Harriet,  
The most important people in my world  
Were uncle famous Prill  
and his old dog belle.  
Uncle famous knew everything  
about hunting and fishing,  
And I don't guess there was  
a boy or man in Walesburg  
Who hadn't had him for a teacher.  
# Any stars,  
any stars in my crown #  
# When at evening the sun goeth... #  
Hello, john.  
Hello, chloroform.  
Hello, uncle famous.  
Chloroform.  
Where are y'all going?  
Fishing.  
That's where I thought you was going.  
Well, good-Bye, john.  
Bye, chloroform.  
Bye, uncle famous.  
Chloroform.  
Boy, possess yourself.  
Leave Mr. Frog be.  
He ain't gonna help you catch no fish.  
Oh, they ain't biting today.  
Maybe they ain't, and maybe they is,  
But I just seen a big old catfish  
Come sneaking this way.  
I know just what he's thinking.  
He's thinking,  
"Uh, that old man,  
he's too smart for me,  
"But that boy, he's so  
taken up with Mr. Frog,  
I'm gonna grab his dough  
ball and just scat away. "  
Now, how'd you know

he was thinking that?  
I been on close terms with catfish  
Ever since I was big enough  
To scratch myself with my left hand.  
If I don't know what  
they's thinking, who does?  
Where'd he go to?  
He didn't say. Oh, there he is now!  
Get out the way.  
Oh, that's a big one.  
Stand back, now, stand back.  
Well, bang my time.  
I done spake in pride,  
And the lord had his  
ear out and heard me.  
Go on home. Your mammy wants you.  
Whoa, whoa.  
Famous, I'd like to talk to you.  
Howdy, Mr. Backett.  
Hot.  
Yes, sir.  
Famous, got some good news for you.  
You know that mica  
vein I've been working  
On my 60 acres over the  
hill from your place?  
And making a mighty good  
thing out of it, too.  
Well, that vein has run  
smack-Dab into your property line.  
Found out about it  
first thing this morning.  
Now, what do you say to that?  
Well, sir, I don't know.  
I don't see it's anything to do with me.  
Why, it's your property, ain't it?  
It ain't my property.  
If I don't get title to that land,  
I'll have to close down the mine.  
So, here I am with a little proposition.  
60 cents an acre, cash in hand,  
Or you can take it out  
in credit at the store.  
Done?



Sell my land?

That's the ticket.

Mmm. Well, sir, thanks all the same,  
But I been making out on that  
place a sight of years now.

Yes, but that isn't what I asked you.

Yes, sir. What I mean is that...

Well, I... I reckon I'm just  
too old to make a change.

Not enough money for you, huh?

Sir?

Now, no hard feelings.

Mind you, I like a sharp trader,  
I always did. Only  
wished I was one myself.

I'll give you 80 cents an acre,  
Provided you take out half  
in credit at the store.

Well, sir...

80 cents an acre, that's 80 times 20.

That's \$16, famous, more  
money than you ever seen.

Mr. Backett, let me ask you something.

I got this here suit  
of overalls, ain't I?

Yeah.

I got a long-Tailed coat for sundays.

Uh-Huh.

A house, got a bed,

And I gets my vittles

3 times every god's day, don't I?

Yeah.

Mr. Backett, what does I want with \$16?

Now, you look here.

The boys I've got working for me

Ain't gonna blame me

When the mica mining has to stop

And their good wages along with it.

It ain't me they'll be throwing down on

When their women and

children has to do without.

No, sir,

I wouldn't want such as

that on my conscience.

Think it over, famous.  
Yes, sir.  
Giddap.  
Watch your pole, boy!  
Get a hold of it! Get a  
hold before he takes it away!  
Hook him out of there!  
Pull 'im! Pull 'im!  
That's right. Look at that!  
That's a cat.  
Catch his mouth and watch his fins.  
If he pinch you, he'll poison you.  
Your hand will swell up  
like a puff adder bit you.  
Get away from there, belle!  
That's a nice one.  
Well, well, many happy  
returns to the day, son.  
Howdy, famous.  
Howdy, Parson.  
Just met Lon Backett driving off  
Looking mad enough to bite himself.  
Is that true what I been hearing  
About that mica vein of his going  
over to your side of the fence?  
I reckon it's true, right enough.  
People are telling it  
like it's a big joke.  
Myself, I don't think it's so funny.  
I don't want to make no  
trouble for nobody, Parson,  
But that's my place.  
I ain't never had no other.  
What's going to happen to me  
If I has to sell my land?  
Uncle famous doesn't have  
to sell, does he, Parson?  
You're a free man, famous.  
That's right, uncle  
famous, 'cause the law says.  
Just saying a good  
thing don't make it so.  
Lon Backett puts me in mind  
Of an old foxhound I used to have

Name of governor Dobbs.  
Old gov had a voice like a \$12 bugle,  
And he loved to use it.  
Seemed like he just  
wasn't happy enough to live  
Unless he could tell  
everybody what to do.  
Got to where every time I  
turned him loose in the pack,  
He'd start giving tongue  
Whether he picked up the scent or not,  
Just to prove he was top dog.  
Ha ha ha!  
Some folks are like hounds  
in that respect, I reckon.  
Good story.  
Don't rush me.  
Trouble was, when it come to trailing,  
Ol' gov never did know a  
buck rabbit from a bumblebee.  
You know what that fool dog did?  
He led the whole pack plumb  
into a flock of skunks.  
Ah, I guess Lon Backett  
will have to kick up  
An almighty big stink  
before he learns his lesson.  
You ready to go, john?  
I thought we'd stop by the  
Isbell place on the way home.  
Come again soon.  
We'll sure do that.  
Hey!  
Josh!  
I guess the Parson and I  
Had been out to the Isbell  
place a hundred times.  
The Parson used to say  
The Isbell farm was  
everything a farm should be.  
Hey, Jed.  
Jed!  
Jed!  
My!

What's more,  
he acted like he thought  
Jed Isbell himself was  
everything a man should be...  
anyway, almost everything.  
Well, now! Climb down!  
Get a drink of the best  
well water in the county!  
How's that game leg of yours?  
Oh, just tol'able, J.D., just tol'able.  
A lot of folks thought  
Jed Isbell was a strange  
friend for a preacher to have,  
But then, the Parson and  
Jed had fought side by side  
From fort Donelson to missionary ridge.  
The war had welded bonds that  
nothing, it seemed, could break.  
How you been there, J.D.?  
Fine, fine.  
Guess you ain't heard the news.  
Hey, Jed!  
Jed, you've got enough tow-Headed sons  
To start a swedish sunday school.  
Howdy, Parson.  
What was your news?  
Oh, nothing special, I just  
bought 40 acres of bottom land  
From the widow Matthias, that's all.  
More land?  
Yes, the boys here sort  
of talked me into it.  
I guess they felt that I  
wasn't keeping 'em busy enough.  
Ohh! Ha ha ha!  
It was a good buy, prime soil.  
I figure we'll get a bale  
an acre off of that land.  
You'll do it, all right.  
You got the lord on your side.  
Don't you know that by now?  
Well, now let me see, Parson.  
I don't remember taking  
on any extra hands lately.

Just me and the missis and the boys  
And two good mules named Sam and Ike.  
I think we'll get along  
Without any help from the lord.  
Well, folks can get  
along without eyes, too,  
But they can't see.  
Come on, john.  
You boys ought to take better  
care of this old Billy goat...  
keep him out of fights he can't win.  
See you, Parson, good-Bye, now.  
Ow!  
How are you, Sarah?  
Just fine as silk, thank you, Parson.  
My, don't they grow!  
They sure do.  
These are for Harriet.  
Thanks.  
And if you're going by Harris' place,  
I'd be obliged if you  
leave this soup for old doc.  
Tell Bessie just to add water.  
Can you remember that?  
Remember that, john.  
When you coming to church, Jed?  
Just as soon as you get god to  
plow that bottom land for me.  
Shame.  
I'll see what I can do.  
Ha ha ha!  
Get along, josh!  
What's the matter, chloroform?  
Yeah, what are you running away for?  
He's not gonna hurt you.  
Don't you let him hurt you, chloroform!  
Now, Perry, I didn't say  
you couldn't knock it off.  
I just asked you not to do it.  
You said I couldn't.  
Isn't that what he said, boys?  
That's what he said.  
Sure did, he sure did!  
Wow! Did you see that?

Ow!  
He's scared!  
He's right scared.  
Now, Perry, I was just joking  
all the time. Perry, I...  
I think I'll just draw  
your picture on that wall.  
Now, now, Perry, now, pe...  
say, Perry,  
Don't you think that's about enough?  
It's enough when I say it's enough.  
Pick up your hat and get out of here.  
Ohh!  
Perry puts me in mind  
of a colonel I had once.  
He never learned to protect his rear.  
Doc?  
Oh, doc?  
Well?  
Well, Dan Harris.  
You just get home?  
I arrived in Walesburg last night.  
I take it you came to see my father.  
I have a present for  
him from Sarah Isbell.  
You're supposed to add water...  
well, he's resting.  
He can't be disturbed.  
He's not worse, is he?  
He's tired out.  
So am I; half the  
town's been here today,  
And the other half sent  
word they'd come tomorrow.  
Well, he can't improve  
under that kind of treatment.  
Nobody could.  
I'd appreciate it, mister...  
if you'd spread the word  
That we're not holding open house here.  
Well, don't get excited, Dan.  
We want him to get  
well as much as you do.  
Give him a chance.

Please stay away from him.  
If there's any messages...  
Dan!  
You, Dan, who you clamoring at?  
That the Parson?  
Kendall!  
Yes, sir, it's the Parson.  
Well, send him out here.  
It's me he come to see, not you.  
Side porch.  
Well, good to see you at this hour.  
Sit down, sit down, put your feet up.  
I'm afraid I can't stay.  
Oh, you don't want to  
pay no attention to Dan.  
I was treating heart cases  
before I met his mother.  
Put your feet up and be comfortable.  
You sure there's  
anything wrong with you?  
You look spryer than a jaybird to me.  
The fact is, if you want to know it,  
I've walked out of my front  
door for the last time.  
Next time I make the trip,  
I'll be riding in style,  
And you'll be helping to carry me.  
For once, doc, I hope you're wrong.  
Well, for once I ain't.  
Here's Dan come to chase you away.  
Calls himself a doctor.  
Well, I learned more medicine  
Holding ol' doc Gilbert's horse  
Than he'll ever know.  
Here, what...  
what are you doing?  
I'm entitled to one pipe a day, ain't I?  
One pipe a day, Parson.  
Ha!  
Doctor's orders.  
It's warm.  
You ain't no doctor.  
You're a dad blamed detective.  
And quite a stranger

in Walesburg at that.  
We're hoping this time  
He'll take off his hat and stay awhile.  
Oh, Dan's home to stay this time,  
Ain't you, Dan?  
If you say so, pop.  
Yes, everything's ready for you...  
ready and waiting.  
You won't even have  
to change the shingle.  
We don't have to talk  
about it now, do we?  
Walesburg won't be needing  
a new doctor for years yet.  
Well, don't do no harm  
to make plans, son.  
I remember the day you was born.  
I ran up and down the street  
like a short-Pantsed kid,  
Telling everybody I met,  
"Got another doctor in the family now. "  
I never did make a plan  
that didn't have you in it.  
But somehow lately,  
My feelings for you are  
kind of getting all mixed up  
With my feelings for this town,  
The folks in it.  
I've lived so close to 'em  
And taken care of them so long,  
They're almost as much  
my family as you are.  
Well, you look after them for me...  
you and the Parson here.  
Now, pa, don't...  
yes, Bessie, what is it?  
Someone wants the doctor. I told...  
you tell them the doctor's resting.  
Well, who is it, Bessie?  
The widow Smith,  
She's got them pains in her chest again.  
She's bad.  
Annie Smith?  
Yeah.



Reckon you'd better go, son.  
I don't know about that, sir,  
They asked for dr. Harris.  
Bessie, you're a fool!  
You go and tell them  
dr. Harris is coming!  
Well, son...  
I just...  
I wish it was anybody but Annie Smith.  
That's one case he ain't likely to win,  
And it's good to win the first time.  
I reckon I don't have  
to tell you that, Parson.  
I reckon you ain't forgot the first time  
You got up to preach  
Down yonder in jerry Higgins' saloon.  
Come to think of it,  
Dan's worse off than I was.  
At least I didn't have  
your shoes to fill.  
Yeah, he'll fill 'em, all right.  
Right now, he's a  
little long on education  
And a little short on sense.  
He's got a lot to learn.  
Even with that,  
He's a better doctor than I am.  
Don't you tell him I said so.  
Got a match?  
Uh-Uh.  
Well, I may as well smoke here.  
No smoking in the hereafter.  
# My savior comes and walks with me #  
# And sweet communion here have we #  
# He gently leads me by his hand #  
# For this is... #  
# Oh, Beulah land, sweet Beulah land #  
# As on the highest mount I stand #  
# I look away across the sea #  
# Where mansions are  
prepared for me... #  
Parson, you're wanted  
over to the widow Smith's.  
How's Annie?

Not so good, I'm afraid.  
What do you want?  
I've come to say a prayer for Annie.  
Mrs. Smith's very ill.  
If you really want to help her,  
You'll get out and leave her to me.  
Parson? Parson?  
I'm right here, Annie.  
Parson...  
It's all over.  
No, doctor, it's just beginning.  
You can go in now.  
The rest of you had better go home.  
Here, you,  
What have you done to your hand?  
Dropped the stove lid  
on it 2, 3 days ago.  
Don't amount to nothing.  
Well, it will amount to something  
If it isn't properly attended to.  
Why haven't you seen a doctor?  
Doc Harris is sick, ain't he?  
You call around tomorrow.  
I'll take care of it.  
Don't amount to nothing.  
Dan?  
Good night.  
Dan, I was thinking of  
a saying your father has.  
He says if the lord  
wants a person bad enough,  
It's not up to him to stand in the way.  
Mr. Gray,  
We'd better get something  
straight right now.  
I love and admire my father,  
But that doesn't mean that  
I have to accept his ways.  
As long as I'm doctor in this town,  
You'll oblige me by asking my permission  
Before you interfere with my patients.  
I don't know about interfering.  
I came out here tonight  
Because I was sent for, same as you.

We'll be meeting like  
this right along now,  
And you may as well get used to it.  
Souls don't always enjoy  
perfect health, you know,  
Any more than bodies do.  
Well, I'm not interested  
in souls, Mr. Gray.  
And when I want a sermon on the subject,  
I'll come to church for it.  
Good. I'll be glad to preach you one.  
Well, that'd be a waste of your time...  
and mine.  
Good night.  
Good night, dr. Harris.  
Yes, he's right here.  
Someone to see you...  
Dr. Harris, this is bobby Sam Carroll.  
Bobby Sam, quiet down, dear.  
The doctor isn't going to hurt you.  
We've had a little accident  
With a fish hook.  
Yes, where?  
Why, at the sunday school picnic.  
Oh! Oh, it's caught in his leg.  
You see, it won't come out  
this way because of the barb,  
And it won't come out  
this way because of the eye  
For the fishing line, you know?  
Yes.  
Yes.  
Bobby Sam!  
I'm afraid some of the older  
boys have been frightening him.  
With stories about me?  
Never mind.  
Now, john, what did I tell you?  
Nothing terrible's going to happen.  
John was showing bobby Sam how to cast,  
And the first thing...  
Dr. Harris!  
Let me have one of your hatpins.  
Look here, stop that!

Now, look.  
This is you,  
And this is that fishhook  
Sticking into you.  
Now here's the eye.  
That's for the fishing line, you know.  
Now, I'm going to take and cut the eye  
Right off that hook like this.  
Then I'm going to pull the shank out  
With one pull, like this.  
See? That's all there is to it.  
Now, you're not going to make a fuss  
About a little thing like that, are you?  
# 10 green bottles hanging on the wall #  
# 10 green bottles hanging on the wall #  
# If one green bottle  
should accidentally fall #  
# There'd be 9 green  
bottles hanging on the wall #  
# 9 green bottles hanging on the wall #  
# 9 green bottles hanging on the wall #  
# If one green bottle  
should accidentally fall #  
# There'd be... #  
8!  
# 8 green bottles hanging on the wall #  
8 green bottles!  
Some other time, bobby Sam.  
Come on, pinhead.  
Oh, and we're very grateful  
to dr. Harris, aren't we?  
Please don't mention it, miss...  
Samuels, faith Samuels.  
I guess I was still in short dresses  
When you went away to study.  
I'm the schoolteacher now.  
I live next door.  
Miss Samuels,  
What makes you think I  
never saw a fishhook before?  
Why, I didn't say...  
do I impress you as  
the sort of man who...  
well, who isn't the sort

of man who goes fishing?  
Well, you...  
do I, or do I not, miss Samuels?  
Yes, you do.  
I see.  
Thank you.  
I have to go in.  
Aw!  
Why, dr. Harris.  
Miss Samuels,  
I came to inquire if you would care  
To go driving with me  
some morning fairly soon.  
I thought maybe we might take a lunch  
And go as far as tom's creek.  
We might even do some fishing.  
Why, I...  
I would be delighted.  
Good. We'll start tomorrow at 8:00.  
Folks wondered  
what a sweet girl like faith  
Could see in young doc Harris.  
I guess the only person  
who knew the answer to that  
Was faith herself.  
As for young doc,  
When he drove her home that afternoon,  
He drove slowly,  
As though he didn't want the day to end.  
All aboard!  
# 10 green bottles  
hanging on the wall #  
# 10 green bottles hanging on the wall #  
# If one green bottle  
should accidentally fall #  
# 9 #  
But the  
happy day was forgotten  
When he saw the silent crowd  
in front of his father's house.  
Don't they sound plain all of a sudden?  
Wind's freshening.  
I know it.  
Pa had a hound once,

Chased a fox for 10 days.  
Only give up when he died of starvation.  
Pa says I'm named after him... chase.  
Aw, that's just a joke.  
I know it.  
Sounds like this old fox  
Is working his way around that hollow  
In back of uncle famous' place.  
Most likely got his hole up there.  
Most likely fixing to hole up.  
You don't have to tell me  
Everything that's happening.  
I wasn't telling you. I was just saying.  
All right.  
On the way home, you want to  
stop by and see uncle famous?  
What for?  
Aunt Harriet made a big pan  
Of gingerbread yesterday.  
I brought him some.  
Maybe it's all gone.  
It was a big pan.  
Sounds like that fox changed  
his mind about holing up.  
Sounds like he's doubling back  
across uncle famous' place.  
I know what it sounds like.  
I was just talking. You  
don't have to listen.  
Whoa, whoa. Famous!  
Come on over here.  
Famous, what in Tobit's  
been happening here?!  
Some kind of accident?  
No, sir, I reckon it wasn't no accident.  
Told you how it'd be when I  
had to close down the mine.  
No, sir, t'ain't in  
nature for men to sit quiet  
Whilst the bread's took  
out of their mouths.  
Famous, I tell you what I'll do.  
I'll make you one more  
offer for this land of yours.

50 cents an acre,  
cash on the barrelhead.  
What do you say?  
Mr. Backett, that's uncommon kind.  
Aw, no, it ain't nothing.  
But I told you before,  
I couldn't see no reason  
why I should sell my land,  
And there ain't nothing  
happened to change my mind.  
Nothing's happened?!

No, sir.  
Why, your stock's gone, ain't it?  
Your stores is gone.  
Your feed and green  
crop, your corn crop.  
Where you fixing to get money  
to buy seed to plant again?  
How you aim to restock and rebuild?  
How you gonna live?  
Where's the money coming from?  
Why, you old fool,  
you'll starve to death!

Tom...  
go on home and fetch some  
seed corn out of the crib.  
Cabe, tell your ma we'll  
be wanting some chickens  
And all the bacon and meal  
she ain't got any use for.  
Jeb, we'll be needing  
the mules and the plow.  
Rolfe, you and me better  
start cleaning up this field.

Mr. Isbell?  
Just don't mention it, don't mention it.  
No, sir.  
You's a real Christian, sir.  
When you coming to church, Jed?  
Hup! Get along there!  
Hey, if you was god,  
What'd be the first thing you'd do?  
Heap of things.  
No, I mean the first.

I don't know. What'd you do?  
Well, first off,  
I'd make it so it was  
summer all the time.  
No Christmas?  
Oh, I'd have it in the summertime.  
I'd have everything in the summertime...  
'cause that's all there'd be,  
Just summer all the time.  
Gee, what about school, though?  
Oh, there wouldn't be any school.  
Whoever heard of having  
school in the summer?  
Whoever heard of having  
Christmas in the summer?  
Well, god could do it if he wanted to.  
Gee.  
Another thing.  
If you was god,  
And it was summer all the time,  
And there wasn't any school,  
What would the schoolteachers do?  
I don't know. I haven't  
come to that yet.  
But I know one thing. There'd  
be wars all the time...  
fighting every day,  
but nobody'd get killed.  
Who'd win?  
Well, my side, of course,  
And I'd be the general.  
And I'd ride around on a white horse  
Just like Robert e. Lee,  
And I'd never wear any shoes.  
That ain't fair.  
You'd have all the fun.  
What's the good of being god  
If you can't have all the fun?  
Pinhead.  
Ha ha!  
Hey, here comes somebody.  
Hurry, close the well up.  
It's the enemy.  
Hurry up!



Whoa, whoa.  
I'll only be a minute.  
Faith, can't I have an answer...  
a real answer this time?  
Look, I've done everything you said.  
I've waited.  
I've tried to be patient.  
Dan, please.  
I know what I'm asking.  
I'm asking you to leave this town,  
Your home where you've  
lived all your life  
And where you're loved and secure.  
I'm asking you to give all of that up  
Just to be with me.  
All I want is to be with you.  
You know that.  
# Oh, them golden slippers, oh #  
# Them golden slippers #  
# Golden slippers, I'm gonna wear #  
# 'Cause they look so... #  
John!  
Yes'm?  
Have you got your new shoes on?  
Well, let me see you walk in them.  
Hurry up, now, I want those shoes  
Broken in before school takes up.  
Why do I have to wear those  
shoes to school anyway?  
They don't make me any smarter.  
Well, we can always hope. Walk!  
Whoa!  
Here's the Parsonage, professor.  
Good morning, buckaroo.  
Your pa to home?  
He ain't my pa.  
Well, whoever he is,  
Tell him I want a chin with him.  
Yes, sir, I'll fetch him.  
Hold on, there.  
What's that sticking  
out of your ear there?  
Parson? Parson?  
Parson! Parson!

A man just pulled a watch out of my ear.  
Parson gray? Yes, sir.  
Your servant, ma'am.  
Parson, I'm Sam Houston Jones  
From the panhandle of Texas...  
a businessman, sir, as you can see.  
My line is to make folks  
happy inside and out.  
Now, in pursuit of my policy,  
I aim to put on a little  
entertainment tonight in town,  
And I'd sure be obliged if you'd come  
along and share in the festivities.  
I'm prepared to give your church  
10% of the proceeds if you do.  
Isn't that a little unusual?  
Nothing unusual about it...  
just stimulates confidence.  
See, if I can tell the  
folks in these parts  
That their Parson's planning on coming,  
They'll know it's all  
right for them to come, too.  
What does your entertainment consist of?  
Well, sir, there's a band,  
There's Frank Zeke there.  
Play any kind of musical  
instrument you can mention.  
Frank sings, too, he's got a voice  
Like a cross-Eyed meadowlark.  
I'm the featured  
attraction. I do magic tricks  
And give educational talks, illustrated.  
With a free sample.  
What do you say, Parson?  
Well, I'm, uh, sorry,  
mister... uh, professor Jones.  
I'm afraid I can't  
accept your kind offer.  
Aw!  
However...  
if you should decide to come to  
services at my church next sunday  
And put something in the collection,

That's your business.  
And, of course, if I  
decided to bring my family  
To your show tonight,  
that's my business.  
I won't promise to buy  
any medicine, though.  
Ha ha ha!  
Oh, come here, buckaroo.  
Come here, son.  
What in the world have  
you got in your other ear?  
Why, it's not in your ear at all,  
There it is right there.  
Uncle famous. Good evening, famous.  
Evening, Parson.  
Step aside, folks,  
and let the Parson pass.  
Evening, Mrs. Gray. Good evening.  
Good evening.  
Oh, is that a new hat, Ms. Gray?  
No, it isn't new. It's just my old one  
With a different ribbon on it.  
Step this way, folks.  
Right this way.  
Let the Parson in there, please.  
Hey, Jed.  
Hey.  
How's that game leg of yours?  
Tol'able, J.D., just tol'able.  
Maybe you ought to buy  
some of that medicine.  
They say it's good for old folks.  
Don't seem to help you much! Ha ha ha!  
I don't think that's very funny.  
What's the matter? You feeling bad?  
Now, ain't this a silly way  
For a full-Grown man to make a living?  
All right, now let's get it  
nice and quiet here, folks.  
Quiet down. Nice and quiet.  
My friends, you are about to witness  
For the first time on any stage,  
A feat of black magic, legerdemain,

And sleight of hand taught  
to me by an old indian friend.  
A feat astounding, confounding,  
and pretty near impossible...  
you wait and see if it ain't.  
Now I'm gonna require the assistance  
Of some young gentleman  
from the audience.  
How about you, buckaroo?  
You'll lend a hand, won't you?  
Come on up here. Don't be shy.  
You don't have to go up  
there if you don't want to.  
That's it. Well, it's the Parson's boy.  
My goodness sakes.  
Fine husky boy you got  
here, Parson, yes, sir.  
What in the world have  
you got in under there now?  
Just a minute, let's see.  
What in the world is this?  
Just look at that.  
Look at that!  
Does this belong to you?  
Now, don't you let it worry you.  
You just stand...  
now, he's got something in here, too.  
Now what in the world is this?  
Hold on. Look at that... sausages.  
3 sausages, 4 sausages, 5 sausages...  
a whole crock of sausages.  
Oh, what do you know? He brought  
his supper along with him.  
You hungry, buckaroo? Of course you are.  
I never seen a boy your  
age yet that wasn't.  
And we're gonna do something  
about that right now.  
Bring on the fixings, boy.  
Yes, sir. Lookahere, buckaroo,  
Are you game to sample some  
Of my celebrated specialty...  
professor Jones' popular 'n  
penetratin' pickapoo puddin'?

Won't take but a minute  
To throw it together here.  
We'll just put some flour  
and some water in there,  
Then some fine old aged pickle juice.  
Put that right in there.  
Pulverized apple core,  
And some essence of  
old rubber overshoes.  
Any of you ladies  
Out there like a recipe  
of this unusual dish,  
You're mighty welcome to come around  
After the show and ask for it.  
Just bring along your  
paper and your pencil  
And some smelling salts, that's all.  
Now a pinch of baking soda.  
We'll put that in there.  
Some melted candle wax,  
And how about it, men...  
wouldn't you like to see  
Something different on  
the table for a change?  
Sure would!  
Well, you just ask for delicious,  
Pernicious pickapoo puddin'.  
Now I will finish it off  
With a dash of this  
famous pickapoo extract.  
We'll garnish it with a  
tail feather of a tom turkey.  
We'll let it simmer awhile,  
Put the lid down on it tight closed...  
hold that, boy, will you?  
Now we'll repeat the magic  
formula... abbadickadabba  
Duzza duzza buzza da  
buzzadabaloo presto chango,  
And there's your pudding.  
Well, don't you want to  
see how it turned out, son?  
Come on, let's have a look at it.  
That's all today. Thank you very much.

Now, if you folks will gather  
in here a little bit closer,  
When you hear the name of my product,  
Old Jones' lodestone tonic,  
Well, friends, there are just  
3 words I want you to remember.  
What are these 3 words, my friends?  
"There is hope," that's what they are.  
Now, friends, I don't  
care what's your ailment...  
be it the lights or the liver,  
Be it the nerves of the organ,  
Be it recurring, malignant, epidemic...  
fetch young doc Harris.  
He didn't eat much supper to speak of.  
We thought it was just  
the excitement of the show.  
I'm afraid it's typhoid.  
Slow fever?  
What can we do?  
Not much.  
Keep him as comfortable as possible.  
Give him a spoonful of  
this if he gets restless.  
And ice when the fever's bad.  
Now, listen.  
He's young, and he's strong.  
He's got everything on his side.  
With a little luck, there's no reason  
Why he shouldn't come  
through this all right.  
Let's go down to the creek.  
Let's go swimming.  
Let's have a drink.  
I'm thirsty... awful thirsty.  
The sun's so hot.  
Let's put our heads in the water.  
You haven't slept for days.  
I'm gonna put you to bed.  
I'm not tired.  
Just lie down a little while, honey.  
I'll be right here all the time.  
I'll call you if anything...  
remember what the doctor said?

It's up to john now.  
That's the way.  
Days sure seem like  
years at a time like this.  
All I can think of now is the times  
I wasn't sweet to him;  
The times I spoke sharply to him.  
I don't know if he always understood.  
A little boy doesn't  
always understand that  
You love him and still  
speak sharply to him.  
It's so hard to know.  
He's always been just the  
same as my own to me...  
just exactly the same.  
Maybe it hasn't been the same for him.  
I suppose it's foolish of me  
To think it could ever be the same.  
Don't talk, honey.  
I just wish I'd been  
sweeter to him, that's all.  
He's such a good boy.  
He's never done anything really bad.  
I just wish I could tell him  
What a good boy he's been,  
What a blessing.  
Harriet!  
Aunt Harriet?  
Yes, dear?  
I'm hungry.  
# Will there be any  
stars, any stars in my crown #  
You're going to be late, Mr. Gray.  
Come on, up, up, up.  
What about you? You  
going to church like that?  
I'm playing hooky today, like you.  
Mr. Gray...  
plenty of time, Harriet, plenty of time.  
Oh, you always say that. Here.  
I declare, Mr. Gray, I  
could get your whole...  
congregation ready for church...

before I could you.  
Well, Harriet, you have to admit  
The result's worth the bother.  
Hmm.  
You don't sound like you mean it.  
Maybe you're still looking  
for that straight stick.  
That's such an old joke.  
Gonna miss your sweet voice today.  
Sometimes you sound just  
like a ribbon drummer.  
Now, go.  
John, you mind you  
keep your window open,  
You can hear the singing.  
Are you gonna sing stars in my crown?  
I think that might be arranged.  
Oh, don't you cut your  
eyes at me, you two.  
I know just what you're thinking,  
And it won't do you a particle of good.  
Gussie Lou Lyles is going to  
oblige you at the organ, Mr. Gray,  
And the hymns are all picked out.  
Would you like to know what they are?  
You see, john?  
You can't get ahead  
of your aunt Harriet.  
Straight stick, indeed.  
Straight stick what?  
Oh, it's just an old story.  
I never heard it.  
It's about the young man  
Who used to come call on me.  
Tell me the story, aunt Harriet.  
Well, you see, before I met the Parson,  
I was never satisfied  
With any of the suitors  
who came calling.  
I used to laugh at them  
And make jokes about the way they acted.  
Finally, my mother said to me,  
"Harriet, I once knew a man  
"Who went walking in the woods



"Looking for a good, straight stick  
"To make into a walking cane.  
"He hadn't gone far before he found  
"What he thought was  
the proper oak limb.  
"But as he went to cut it,  
"He noticed it wasn't quite  
"Straight enough to suit him.  
"I'll just look a little  
longer, said the man.  
"And it was the same with  
every tree in that wood.  
"The first thing he knew, it was dark,  
"And he'd spent the  
whole day in that wood,  
And he didn't have anything  
to show for his trouble. "  
Mama said,  
"Harriet, that's the  
way you are about men. "  
"Why," she said, "every man born  
"Has something the matter with him.  
"And if you're looking  
for the perfect man,  
You'll never find him. "  
But the minute I saw the Parson,  
I knew mama was wrong.  
Aunt Harriet?  
Yes, dear?  
You know,  
I'm glad I live with you and the Parson  
Instead of with a ma  
and pa like other boys.  
Did you hear what I said?  
# Will there be any stars,  
any stars in my crown #  
# When at evening the sun goeth down #  
# When I wake with the blessed  
in the mansions of rest #  
# Will there be any stars in my crown? #  
I was still in  
bed when school opened,  
But the Parson went down as usual  
To start the term off in style.

Now, there's one thing  
more I'd like to ask you.  
How many of you say  
your prayers regular?  
Fine, fine. That's first-Rate.  
Just so you don't get to  
leaning so hard on god's help  
That you forget how to help yourselves.  
Puts me in mind of a time...  
I think it was in the battle  
of Chattanooga in '63...  
my horse fell with me, see,  
And I had to make a dive for cover.  
Well, I lit right alongside  
This old tobacco-Chewing  
lance corporal.  
He looked at me laying  
there on the ground,  
And he looked at the bible  
sticking out of my pocket.  
He says to me, "son,  
"Just 'cause you're a prayin' man  
Don't mean you don't have  
to keep your hind end down. "  
Well, I know it's been a long summer,  
And you're all anxious  
to get back to your books.  
I think those books will keep  
For one more day, don't you, children?  
Class dismissed.  
Mr. Gray, I'd like a word with you.  
May I ask what you're doing here?  
May I ask why you're asking?  
Use your head, man.  
There's typhoid fever in your house.  
If you don't want to  
spread it all over town,  
You'd better go home and stay there.  
Now, wait a minute.  
Last I heard, slow fever came  
From bad drinking water,  
not from bad preaching...  
or even from good preaching.  
Kindly allow me to know my business.

Did you visit john this morning?  
Yes.  
You stood around talking to him?  
Sat on his bed... touched him?  
Yes, I suppose I did.  
Well, that makes you  
a potential carrier.  
Don't you realize that?  
Don't you realize that  
by coming down here today,  
You might have exposed these children  
And miss Samuels to infection?  
You can stop right there.  
Sure, I've been going in  
and out of john's room.  
So have you.  
I've been going about my business,  
Paying calls and making speeches.  
So have you.  
If there's anything in what you say,  
I reckon they ought to lock us both up.  
How long do you suppose  
this town could manage  
Without me or somebody  
like me who'd do my work?  
Who'd do mine?  
School had hardly  
opened when it had to close again.  
Faith Samuels was down with slow fever.  
And in no time, lights  
were burning till daylight  
All over town as the sickness  
spread and kept on spreading.  
You're late, Mr. Gray.  
I stopped by the Isbell place.  
Chase has got slow fever.  
Chase too?  
Don't say anything to john.  
I never saw Jed in such a state.  
He's scared.  
Wanting to yell for help,  
Not knowing who to yell to.  
To tell you the truth,  
I'm scared myself.

Come and eat.  
7, no, 8 cases this week.  
Faith Samuels, Kim  
Aldridge, Effie Meyers...  
both the ware girls.  
Little carol bowie, bobby Sam.  
And now chase.  
And tomorrow, someone else...  
unless we find the source.  
We've got to find it.  
When Mr. Backett came  
by with my provisions,  
He said he thought it mighty  
strange that you hadn't  
Thought to examine the school well.  
If Lon Backett had half  
the brains he was born with,  
He'd know it couldn't  
be the school well.  
John came down with the fever first.  
That was before school even started.  
That's so.  
This chicken pie is good.  
Chicken pie?  
Why, Mr. Carroll.  
What is it, Thad?  
The missis sent me, Parson.  
It's our bobby Sam.  
He's... Parson, will you come?  
Of course I will.  
Oh, go in if you want to.  
I've given up trying  
to tell you what to do.  
But there's a child dead in that house  
Who might be alive and  
well if it weren't for you.  
You've said enough!  
He's dead.  
Oh.  
I'll go straight over.  
No, wait.  
I told you, didn't I, about having words  
With Dan Harris down at the schoolhouse?  
Happened again tonight.

He has a notion all this is my fault.  
He's pretty near got me believing him.  
How does he mean, your fault?  
He means I picked up the fever from John  
And passed it on to  
the other kids somehow.  
Even gave it to Faith  
And no telling how many others.  
It isn't true.  
Who are we to say it isn't true?  
He's a doctor, he's a good doctor.  
He knows his business.  
I guess I should have  
listened to him that day,  
But he riled me, kind of.  
Now I keep thinking maybe he was right.  
Maybe he's been right all the time,  
Only now it's too late...  
too late for Bobby Sam, anyway.  
Harriet, what am I going to do?  
You're going to keep on, of course,  
The same as always.  
Why, now, with all this trouble,  
Now's the time when  
people need you most.  
They... you know what  
Dan Harris told me,  
Right off?  
"Go home and stay there. "  
I wasn't man enough to do it.  
I can't say whether I'm man  
enough to do it now, but...  
I aim to find out.  
Tomorrow, though.  
The services?  
There aren't gonna be any services.  
"Services will not  
be held at this church  
"Until further notice.  
"We ask your prayers for the sick.  
J.D. Gray, pastor. "  
When the Parson  
closed the door to the church,  
He also closed the door on himself.

It was all he could do now  
For the folks who trusted him.  
The rest was up to young doc Harris.  
So, in a way, you see,  
this unhappy time was  
Young doc's real homecoming.  
Now, for the first time, he knew  
how good it was to be needed;  
Good to be watched for and  
welcomed like a trusted friend.  
It was even good to go  
red-Eyed and dog-Tired,  
Snatching sleep wherever he could  
On the road from house to house  
In order that others might  
sleep easier because of him.  
He just couldn't go  
on feeling a stranger  
Among folks whose lives  
had suddenly become  
A part of his life.  
It's all right. He'll recover.  
Oh, thank god.  
The lucky  
ones, like the Isbells,  
Whose faces spoke their thanks  
to him better than any words,  
And the others, like  
Kate and Harry Ware,  
Whose sorrow was his sorrow.  
I did all I could.  
I know, doc.  
I reckon what we need now  
Is another kind of help.  
Then it began to  
seem to young doc that perhaps  
He, too, stood in need  
of another kind of help.  
But beyond that lighted  
window, if he'd only known it,  
Was a man in deeper need than his.  
All that we had in those days came  
From the people of Walesburg.  
The house that sheltered us,

The food we ate, the clothes we wore.  
But what we learned to value  
most was none of these things.  
It was the living faith in the hearts  
Of those who gave them.  
We'd never been rich... except in that.  
And now we were poor indeed.  
For days, no one had come  
knocking at the Parsonage door.  
And for the first time  
since I could remember,  
There wasn't enough to eat.  
If you're going out,  
put on your other coat.  
Did I mention I was going out?  
I thought you might be going up  
To the burying ground again.  
They buried the ware child today.  
I... I saw the rigs go by.  
I thought I would go up there.  
Mr. Gray, it's been  
nearly two weeks now.  
Won't you write the  
bishop to send somebody?  
Somebody to do my job for me?  
It's still my job.  
If the folks around here want a change,  
They'll ask for it.  
It's for them to say, not me.  
I reckon you're thinking  
They'll do just that before long;  
Maybe even hoping they will.  
No.  
John believes in you, the same as I do.  
That ought to be enough for any man.  
Any man except you.  
You don't have to make  
any pretty speeches to me.  
If john and I were enough for you,  
You wouldn't be the man that you are...  
I know that.  
And I know that what you want now  
Is so much more than we can give you.  
More than food or

shelter or praise or love,  
What you want is your town back again.  
# It was good enough #  
# For my father #  
# It was good enough for me #  
Well, boy, come in this house.  
I ain't laid eyes on you in so long,  
I was near 'bout 'fraid you'd forgot me.  
I've come for belle. Is she here?  
My belle?  
Well, you ain't fixin' to go huntin'  
This time of night, is you?  
Yes, I am. We need...  
well, aunt Harriet, she wants me to.  
Hmm. Well, you better step inside.  
I'm standing in a breeze.  
I've just come for belle.  
Well, belle, she ain't  
accepting invitations just now.  
Look at what's happened  
since you was here last.  
What's the trouble, boy?  
Who told you about any trouble?  
Your face is doing the talking.  
Well, I can't help  
it. It's awful at home.  
It's just like being in jail...  
only it's worse than being in jail,  
'Cause we ain't done nothing.  
Course you ain't.  
Well, why does there have to be  
Such a thing as slow fever?  
What's it good for,  
except to hurt people?  
We can't know everything, honey.  
Might be good in it yet...  
we're just obliged to wait and see.  
But I've waited, and I still don't see.  
Well, the slow fever ain't no new story.  
I reckon it's kind of like  
the sow thistle in the field...  
just bound to crop  
up every now and then.  
I've known water just as



sweet and clean-Looking  
As you'd want to see  
give folks the slow fever.  
Seem like that fever will  
get into a creek or a well  
In spite of everything.  
Couldn't be the creek.  
I never drank any of that creek water.  
I ain't said it was the creek.  
Facts is, when I first heered  
About all them children taking sick,  
I said to myself right off,  
"That school well is done diseased. "  
But I reckon... what?  
I said... no, I mean  
about the school well.  
I mean, maybe that was the cause of it.  
Oh, I reckon not.  
I reckon they examined that well...  
what's ailin' you?  
Boy, where are you runnin' to?  
John Kenyon!  
John?  
I know what gave  
everybody the slow fever.  
Take it easy, son.  
It was the school well.  
Uncle famous got some  
puppies. Can I have one?  
It couldn't be the school well, dear.  
The Parson thought of that first thing.  
Don't you remember you were taken sick  
A week before school started?  
But I drank out of the well.  
Say that again.  
Honest, I did.  
I was up there one  
day with chase Isbell,  
And, well, we didn't know  
the well had slow fever in it.  
Harriet, where's my hat?  
Now, who's gonna notify gene  
Caldwell to board up that well?  
I'll notify him.

Good. Tell him to meet me out there  
As quick as he can make it.  
We'll do the job together.  
And, john,  
As soon as you've done  
that, I want you to help me  
Spread the word around town.  
You, too, honey, if you will.  
We've got to make certain  
That well's done all  
the damage it can do.  
Parson, they want you  
over to Mrs. Belcher's.  
I reckon miss faith Samuels is a-Dyin'.  
Faith?  
John and I will tend to things. You go.  
Sure.  
Who sent you, chloroform?  
Them over to Mrs. Belcher's.  
But who? Was it Mrs. Belcher?  
Oh, no, Parson. Young  
doc asked me to fetch you.  
Thanks.  
Evening, Mrs. Belcher.  
Mr. Gray, I sent for you  
Because I know she'd  
want you to be here.  
There's nothing more I can do for her.  
Please wait outside.  
Once you asked me to leave a sickroom.  
Now I'm asking you to leave one.  
"This is your last chance.  
"You've got 24 hours  
to clear off this land.  
"Get off, or get a  
rope around your neck.  
We mean business. The nightriders. "  
Let me see.  
Can't understand it.  
Just can't understand it.  
Why, there ain't a man for miles around  
That I ain't knowed as well  
as I know this boy here.  
You still don't want to sell?

I don't see how I can do that, Parson.  
That's my property. Everybody knows it.  
If I've got to die, I'll  
do it on my property.  
Mr. Backett? I'm here to tell you  
This persecution of uncle  
famous has gone far enough.  
You call... now hold on, Parson.  
I'm a churchgoing man, and you know it,  
But that don't give you the right  
To come bustin' into my store  
And interferin' in my business.  
Right now, Mr. Backett,  
Your business is interfering with mine.  
I'm asking you, before  
god... don't you realize  
What you're setting out to do here?  
Murder one old man, steal his property,  
Take your cut, and  
then call the job done?  
It won't end there. Don't think it.  
You... all of you.  
Where have you been in the last weeks?  
Haven't you seen the slow fever at work?  
Haven't you seen one poisoned well  
Spread grief and trouble  
through half the town?  
Don't you realize the  
poison in that well  
Was Catlap compared to this?  
If that poison's allowed to start,  
It'll spread until  
there isn't a whole soul  
Or a healthy conscience  
left in Walesburg.  
Well, I aim to see...  
you wait and see.  
There'll be no rope  
around anybody's neck  
As long as there's one  
man of us left to stop it.  
Nightriders.  
Yellowbacks in fancy dress.  
You shame me, and you shame

The lord that made  
you and called you men.  
And if I wasn't his servant, I'd  
take a buggy whip to the lot of you.  
We gonna take that from him?  
We don't want no preacher...  
shut his mouth for him.  
If he wants a fight,  
let's give it to him.  
Kind of looking forward to tonight.  
Rolfe here tells me you run into  
trouble with Lon Backett's crowd.  
That's one way of putting it.  
Well, is there enough  
trouble for 6 of us?  
Oh, Jed, you never change, do you?  
Ha ha! Just like old times.  
Well, I brung you a horse,  
So get your pistols, and let's go.  
I'm not taking my  
pistols with me this time.  
Afraid I might forget  
myself and use 'em.  
Well, that's what  
they're for, ain't they?  
Maybe, but it's not what I'm for.  
Lord knows, I want you boys along...  
Want you bad. But if you want to come,  
You'll have to come like I  
tell you, and on my terms.  
So I'll just take charge of those guns.  
Oh, now, lookit here.  
You ain't got a friend in  
that crowd since this morning.  
And if you're aimin'  
on spoiling their party,  
You're gonna need  
some care taken of you.  
I figure I'll be taken  
care of, all right.  
Oh, J.D. Gray, I don't know you no more.  
When are you gonna shuck  
off that long tail coat  
And be a man again?

When you comin' to church, Jed?  
Oh... come on, boys.  
Take care.  
I'll never  
forget how I felt that night  
As I watched the Parson  
set out, leaving me behind.  
But I knew the way to uncle  
famous' as well as he did.  
And if his town had failed him,  
That was no reason  
for me to do the same.  
Come on out, famous, or  
we'll come in and get you!  
All right, let's fetch him.  
You're wastin' your time,  
Parson. He ain't got a chance.  
Stand aside.  
Stand aside, Parson.  
Come on out, famous!  
Wait! Wait a minute, all of you!  
And before you men go any further,  
There's something I'd  
like to take up with you.  
Mind you, I'm not out here to try  
And talk you out of anything.  
If you're still determined  
to do this thing,  
I don't know of any way I can stop you.  
I came out here to...  
Uncle famous! Don't  
let them do it, Parson.  
Don't let them! Let go of me!  
Parson! Parson! Why don't you  
stop them? You gotta stop them!  
You got to! You got to!  
He don't belong here, anyhow.  
You didn't let me finish.  
I came out here tonight  
Because uncle famous asked me to come.  
He knows he's got to die.  
But like everybody else,  
He wanted to get things straight  
With god and man before he goes.

We've prayed together,  
And we've talked together.  
Uncle famous has even made a will.  
A will? Will?  
Who's gonna get his property?  
Yes, who's gonna get the mica vein?  
Wait a minute.  
Just so there won't be  
any argument about this,  
I'm gonna read the will to you  
Right in front of uncle famous.  
And after you've heard it  
and know it's really his,  
You can go about your work.  
The will is in uncle famous' own words.  
It isn't in lawyer form,  
but just as he spoke it.  
"I ain't been able to  
put much by in this life,  
"But the things I has,  
"I wants to go to my friends.  
"My house I leaves to  
Mr. Ernest Cumberly,  
"Whose daddy give me my freedom.  
"I couldn't go out of  
this world without leaving  
"Something to old Mr. Cumberly's son,  
"And next to my freedom, my  
home is the thing I values most.  
"I wants my fishing poles to go  
"To Mr. Clem Elkhart.  
"When he was a little boy,  
"I teached him how to catch sunperch.  
"He didn't have as good luck as I did,  
"And I told him it was  
'cause I had a magic pole.  
"His eyes used to shine at that.  
"Maybe now he can catch some fish.  
"I sure wants Mr. Perry Lokey  
"To have my watermelon patch.  
"He was a full-Growed man afore  
he quit snitching my melons,  
"And he knowed I seen him, too.  
"That old shotgun of

mine, I wants to leave  
"To Mr. Len Childers.  
"When he was a little boy,  
"He shot it off at a cottontail  
"And knocked it plumb over a rail fence.  
"I reckon he's big enough and  
man enough to handle it now.  
"I wants to leave my hogs and  
chickens to Mr. Thad Gabry.  
"My, how that boy did love barbecue.  
"He could smell it a mile off.  
"I wants him to give a big barbecue  
"And invite all our friends.  
"Mr. Bill Cole can have my razor.  
"Ever since he was  
knee-High to a hop toad,  
"The thing he wanted  
more than anything else  
"Was a beard.  
"Now I reckon he's got  
more beard than he wants.  
"Every time he hones my razor,  
"I hopes it'll remind him  
that the lord will provide.  
"My tools I leaves to Mr. Matt Gibson.  
"One time helpin' me chop wood,  
"He like to cut off  
his big toe with my ax.  
"Now I reckon he's the best  
sawmill boss in the world.  
"My old dog belle, I  
leaves to Mr. Justin Briley.  
"He didn't have no dog of his own  
"When he was a little boy.  
"I wants him to let her run free  
And not keep her on no rope. "  
"I wants all the mica on my property  
"To go to Mr. Lon Backett.  
"Seems like he wants  
that mica powerful bad.  
"Now he can have it.  
"There's something else I  
wants to leave to Mr. Backett.  
"I wants him to have my bible.

"It ain't fancy.  
"I guess it's almost wore out.  
"But I wants Mr. Backett to have it.  
I hope he reads it. "  
You can have him now.  
There's no writin' on here.  
This ain't a will.  
Yes, it is, son.  
It's the will of god.  
# Oh, to grace how great a debtor #  
# Daily I'm constrained to be #  
# Let thy goodness like a fetter #  
# Bind my wandering heart to thee #  
# Prone to wander, lord, I feel it #  
# Prone to leave the god I love #  
# Here's my heart,  
lord, take and seal it #  
# Seal it for thy courts above #  
# Amen #  
# Will there be any stars #  
# Any stars in my crown #  
# When at evening the sun goeth down #  
# When I wake with the blessed  
in those mansions of rest #  
# Will there be any stars in my crown? #  
# I am thinking today  
of that beautiful land #  
# I shall reach when  
the sun goeth down #  
# When through wonderful  
grace by my savior I stand #  
# Will there be any stars in my crown? #  
# Will there be any stars,  
any stars in my crown #  
# When at evening the sun goeth down #  
# When I wake with the blessed  
in the mansions of rest #  
# Will there be any stars in my crown? #