The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw

By Howard Dimsdale
What's that, tea?
Take it away.
Poison. I never touch it.
Give me some port.
- Sir.
- The only possible thing for gout, port.
Now then, have you located
my nephew yet?
No, sir. It is to be assumed
that Mr. Jonathan is still on holiday, sir.
But he started in May.
It's now September.
- He's missing the partridges.
- Well, he'd do that anyhow, sir.
Mr. Jonathan is never happy
with a gun in his hand, sir.
Nor is anybody
who gets within half a mile of him.
Your correspondence might convey
some indication of his whereabouts.
I can't read them without my glasses.
Has anybody found them yet?
Ah, Toynbee. Nobody told me
you'd got here. Where have you been?
- In the library.
- In the library?
You won't find my nephew there.
No, but I found your glasses.
- Where were they?
- In a French novel.
Not a very nice novel.
Just a minute.
Where are you going with that?
A party?
No, sir.
- Kidneys, who are they for?

JAMES:
Mr. Jonathan? Where is he?
- In the coach-house, sir.
- In the coach...?
- What's he doing there?
- He's working on his contraption, sir.
What do you mean, scouring
the countryside for my nephew...
...when he's in the coach-house?
- I looked for him there on the 31st ult.
- Today is the fourth inst.
Take that back to the house at once.
Look here. Get down there.
You're my lawyer.
Tell him if he doesn't report tomorrow

**morning at 9:**
- Very good, sir.
- Get on.
At the double, at the double!
[HAMMERING AND CLANKING]
- Mr. Tibbs, Mr. Tibbs.

**JONATHAN:**
Your uncle has instructed that you be
at Tibbs & Company...

**...at 9:**
Otherwise, you will be disinherited.
I have here a document dealing with
the financial position of the company.
Scarcely the place
to give you all the details...
...but I would advise you
that Tibbs & Company...
...is on the verge of bankruptcy.
- Dear sir, how are you?
Don't bother
with Tibbs & Company...
...and verges of bankruptcy
and all that.
Here, take a look
at my latest invention.
It's going to make us all a fortune.
- What is it meant to be?
- What is it meant to be?
Mr. Toynbee.
Sir, allow me to enlighten you.
This is a horseless carriage.
What's the use of a carriage
without a horse?
I will demonstrate.
Now, watch closely.

[MACHINE CLANKS AND HISSES]
[WHISTLE BLOWS]
So far, I've only managed
to make it go up and down.
But if ever I should succeed
in making it go to and from...
...just think what that would mean.
However, I have made a few
adjustments, and this may do the trick.
Watch.

[CLANKS AND HISSES]
It's quite safe, Mr. Toynbee.
Come back, sir.
It's perfectly all right, Mr. Toynbee.
It's safe as houses.
I'll wager you that I'll drive to the office
in it tomorrow.
Nice and early, when it's quiet.
[CLANKS AND HISSES FASTER]
[EXPLOSION]
- Good morning.
- Good morning, sir.
Good morning, Mr. Tibbs.
Ah, Mr. Tibbs, sir, this is a pleasure.
- My dear old Mason, how are you?
- I'm very good, sir.
- Has Mr. Toynbee arrived?
- No, but he's expected.
- I say, what the devil's this?
- The gun is a derringer, sir.
- A what?
- A derringer.
Good heavens, looks like
a funny little pop pistol to me.
Yes, it may be small,
but believe me, sir, it's highly dangerous.
Do you know, sir,
a gun exactly like this...
...was used
to assassinate Abraham Lincoln.
- You amaze me.
- Indeed, sir.
And what's all this contraption?
Well, the attachment is a device that we are developing, sir.
For gentlemen who might like to stroll around darkest Africa or somewhere...
...wearing a gun which will not cause an unsightly bulge in a well-cut suit.
I say, that's a perfectly splendid idea, eh?
- Well, how does it work, old Mason?
- May I demonstrate?
Please do.
I'm a bit of an inventor.
Well, you see, sir, it's fixed to the arm.
The gun is held in place by a spring until the muscle is flexed.
Then it is propelled forward into the hand.

**JONATHAN:**
Well, go on, show me.
- Hm.
- Ha-ha.
It doesn't seem to work very well, eh?
- I'm afraid it isn't quite perfected yet.

**TO YNabee:**
- Good morning.

**JONATHAN:**
- Good morning.

**MASON:**
So nice to see you, sir.
Do sit down.
Isn't it another lovely day?
Now, perhaps in quiet, clean, peaceful surroundings...
...we can discuss the financial situation.
Yes, never mind the financial situation for the moment.
Since yesterday,
I've been doing a spot of thinking.
You surprise me.
You know, family tradition,
responsibility and all that nonsense.

**TO YNabee:**
you're willing to enter the firm?
Well, you were probably right.
Who'd want
a horseless carriage anyway?
Mr. Tibbs, I congratulate you
on your decision. You'll never regret it.
Thank you. Now, my dear Mr. Toynbee,
my very dear Mr. Toynbee.
What, in your considered opinion...
...is the quickest way to put this firm
back on its feet?
I've never given it much thought...
...but I suggest that I'd say,
sell more guns.
Exactly. I don't know much about
business and that sort of thing...
...but it seems
that if you want to sell anything...
...you must take that thing
to the place where it's most in demand.
- Very logical.
- Good.
I read in my Times that they're having
a spot of trouble in the West.
I mean the American West.
Apparently, there's some frightful female
there called Jesse James.
She's shooting at everyone.
Are you proposing to take our guns
to the colonies?
- They haven't been for some time.
- Once a colony, always a colony.
Mark my words, one day they'll realize
their mistake and beg to be taken back.

**Jonathan:**
- But to me, the place for a proprietor...
...is within the four walls
of his own establishment.
But don't you see,
my dear old Toynbee...
...I could sell more guns
there in one day...
...than the firm has sold
since the old boy started it in...
In 1605.
America, of course.
Coming in contact with Tibbs' guns.
One of the finer things of life.
Might well raise the level
of the whole country.
The place to sell Tibbs' guns
is in the Wild West...
...and that's where I'm going.

**COACH DRIVER:**
Hi-ya! Hi-ya!
Ya-ha!
- Have a drink.
- No, really, sir.
- Come on, have a drink.
- Thank you, thank you, no.
- Excuse me, do you mind?
- Of course not.
Sir, I am the inventor
of the Wainwright Cure-all Liniment.
- Oh, will it cure him?
- I think he's applied some internally.
That's great stuff, you know.
It even makes hair grow.
I have plenty of hair,
thank you.
Yeah, but you could lose it.
- We're going through Indian country.
- You don't say.
There you are.
I thought you'd run out on me.
- Have a drink.
- I'd better have a drop.
- It might quieten him.
- Excuse me.
COACH DRIVER:

Hi-ya!
- You going to Deadwood?
- No, Fractured Jaw.
- Ain't anybody ever told you about that?
- About what?

Well, the Box T Ranch
and the Lazy S...
...started a range war
over the water rights.
- Really?
- Ain't you ever seen a range war?
Uh... No, no, I can't say I have.

Well, if you get in between the Box and the Lazy S, you're sure dead.
You see, the Box T men are out to kill
the Lazy S men every chance they get.
That is, unless the Lazy S men
get to the Box T men first.
And they're both out to kill a stranger
in case he's on the other side.
As I won't align myself with either
faction, I shouldn't have any difficulty.
If what you say is true,
it should be a splendid place to sell guns.
Come on, come on, have a drink.
Come on, come on.
No, thank you.
- Boy, you're a brave man.
- No, sir, I'm not brave.
I intend to mind my own business,
that's all.
Should an unforeseen
situation develop...
...a firm hand,
that's what's needed always.
A firm hand.
You mark my words.

[SPEAKING IN NATIVE AMERICAN
LANGUAGE]
[WHOOPING AND SHOUTING]
Indians, Indians. Indians!
By George!
[GUNFIRE]
Savages. I'd hoped to catch a glimpse
of some while I was here.
We are bouncing along.
Hold on to your hat.
It's not my hat that worries me,
it's my head.
Do you think they're hostile?
Good heavens.
This is ridiculous. Why doesn't somebody
talk to them about this?
Nobody who gets near enough to talk
ever lives long enough to say anything.
[SHOUTING]
If my Grandfather Digby were here...
...he'd have those savages
eating out of his hand.
Eating out of it, or eating it?
There never was a savage
who could look that man in the eye.
Put down a rebellion in Karachi
single-handed, my grandfather did.
Savages, cease firing!
You know,
I feel very strongly about this.
Somebody should have a word
with these natives.
Well, if you can remember
what your Grandfather Digby said...
...I beg of you.
If any of you fellas got a gun, you'd
better save the last bullet for yourselves.
[SPEAKS IN NATIVE AMERICAN
LANGUAGE]
Oh! Whoa!
[GUNSHOT]
We can't just sit here
waiting to be turned into mincemeat.
[GUNSHOTS]
My word.
Well, I don't suppose I'm half the man
that Grandfather Digby was.
But I'll have a word
with our fine-feathered friend.
Driver, wait here.
Afraid it's the last time
we're gonna see that Englishman.

[GUNSHOT]

[SPEAKS IN NATIVE AMERICAN LANGUAGE]
I don't understand a word.
Come along, get on your feet.
Now listen to me, my good man.
That coach was traveling at a legal rate
on a public highway.
Your interference is not only unjustified,
it's positively dangerous.
I won't make an issue of the fact
that I'm a British subject.
Because your attack upon these
American citizens is equally unwarranted.
Now, take this rather silly-looking
hatchet and trot along home.
There's a good chap.
No hard feelings?
Splendid. Good day, sir.
− You seen what I seen?
− I think I seen.

[SPEAKS IN NATIVE AMERICAN LANGUAGE]
Why, that tenderfoot Englishman drove
off all them redskins single-handed.
Ain't anybody gonna believe us,
looking at him.
Gentlemen, I think that little incident
calls for a nice cup of tea, don't you?
Driver, stop at the first place en route.
Indians! Indians! Redskins!
Duck, everybody, duck! Indians!
− Duck, everybody!
− Relax, my friend, relax.
Hi-ya!
Just passed the cemetery.
Filled up a bit since I was here last.
That's Fractured Jaw, just ahead.

MAN:
Howdy, Zeke. You have a good trip?

COACH DRIVER:
Whoa!
Indians, eh?
Where did you run into them?
- Other side of Table Rock.
- It's a good thing they didn't have guns.
- Was there many of them?
- About 50. Thought we were goners.
- How'd you get away?
- Man, was we lucky.
I wouldn't have give a plug nickel for our chances...
...when they just up and chased off.
One man done it.
This here passenger.
- Single-handed.
- Him.
- Him?
- Is there a porter hereabouts?

**MAN 2:**
Don't try to make a fool out of me.
Driver, bring those cases over to the hotel for me, will you?
So you're the big hero.
How do you do?
Tibbs is my name.
Confounded thing. You were saying?
Nothing. I wasn't saying nothing.
Careful with those, they contain guns and ammunition.
- What do you think, Keeno?
- He's fast, but I think I'm faster.
You may get a chance to find out.
Why would a fast gun like him come to Fractured Jaw?
- To work for the Lazy S, maybe?
- He ain't working for me.
And the Lazy S is the only other outfit hiring guns.
- Want me to take him?
- No, there's time.
If he's just here looking for a job,
I could use him.
We didn't mean nothing.
We didn't mean nothing.
This is a respectable hotel, 
you hear?
If you two lop-eared sons
of a burro want some more...
...just try to get back in here.
I'm running a high-class dump.
The sooner the people around here
realize it, the better off they'll be.

MAN 3:
- Don't give me none of your lip.
It's enough you saddle tramps
shoot each other...
...without using bad language too.
Now, are you gonna git
or do I start in on you again?

KATE:
Well.
Is the circus in town or are you
advance man for a medicine show?
Good day to you, ma'am.
Am I right in assuming...
...that you're the proprietress
of this tavern?
If you're a gambler, I run the squarest
game this side of the Mississippi.
I shouldn't call myself a gambler...
...although I have played a bit of whist
occasionally in a friendly foursome.
Say that again, will you?

JONATHAN:
- That "bit of whist" thing.
I have played a little bit of whist...
Oh, those clothes, the way you talk.
You're gonna be the life
of the party around here.
- Really?
- Never mind. What can I do for you?
I should like some accommodation
in your respectable establishment.
Come on.
I look after strays, mavericks...
...and lost young'uns.
I might as well keep an eye on you.
Well, that's jolly good of you.
Hi there, captain.
They say the good Lord
looks after fools and children.
Well, I figure it can't hurt to give him
a hand in case he's too busy.
Here, would you mind
registering, please?
- Pleasure.
- Here's your pen.
- There you are.
- Thank you.
Jonathan Tibbs. London.
Well, Jonathan, if I were you,
I'd stay in your room after dark.
Some of the boys around here,
they play rough.
Especially when they're liquored up.
They got a peculiar idea
of what's funny...
...and they might just think
you're a riot.
Most charming of you
to offer me advice.
If you get into any trouble,
just call me.
We haven't had a sheriff
in Fractured Jaw for six months.
But the boys,
they generally listen to me.
I'll bet they do.
What? Him?
It ain't smart, mister,
to play me for a sucker.
A sucker?
Oh, no. I'm quite certain it isn't.
I don't like guns: Hired,
floating or on the prod.
Well, that's perfectly splendid.
We have something in common.
I don't like smooth talkers neither.
I've heard pitches...  
...from Mississippi gamblers, Chicago traveling salesmen, all of them.  
They don't go nowhere with me.  
I do beg your pardon, ma'am.  
- I'm a little bit confused.

**KATE:**
You've had your laugh,  
now don't press your luck.  
Here's your key.  
It's number six upstairs.  
The rules are posted on the wall.  
Read them, mister,  
and read them carefully.  
And remember them if you wanna  
stay out of trouble with me.

**JONATHAN:**
Ah, thank you, follow me.  
Number six, my room.  
[[MEN LAUGH AND CHATTER]]

**MAN:**
I bet I can drink more than you can.  
[[SNORES]]  
[[BAND PLAYS MUSIC]]  
[[MEN WHOOP AND CHEER]]  
[[SINGS]]  
[[CHEERING]]

**GUARD:**
Stay back, you scoundrels!  
Stay back, you varmints!  
- Whiskey.  
- Right.  
Hello, Cora.  
How about coming to the ranch  
and roughing it...  
...for a couple days  
with Keeno and me?  
- No dice.  
- All right.  
Come to the table
and have a drink with us right now.
I'm waiting for Johnny.
Keeno ain't gonna like this.
So?
Hey, Cora.
How about spending
a little time with me?
No, Johnny, please.
Why wear a gun?
You're safe behind
a woman's skirts.
Cut it now or I'll break
a chair over both your heads.
- Forget it, honey.
- Thanks, Kate.
For what? Every time
there's a shooting...
...I gotta order new glassware.
If you wanna kill a man over a girl,
do it on your own time.
You can fire me any time you want.
Sure I can.
Until I do,
I'd rather have you alive than dead.

MAN 1:

MAN 2:
And there's the reason.

MAN 3:

MAN 4:
Want me to take him now?
- Not just yet.
- Oh, I beg your pardon, young lady.
Name's Kate if you're talking to me.
I'd just as soon you weren't.
I seem to have got off
on the wrong foot, and I am sorry.
Don't let it break you up.
However, I would like to register
a complaint. My room, you know.
Now, that's just what I've been
I don't want you to regard this as a personal failure.

But there's such a devil of a racket here...
...it's impossible to sleep.

No doubt you could switch me to a quieter spot.

There's one quieter spot in Fractured Jaw, and that's Boot Hill.

- And I think you'll wind up there.
- Oh, thank you so much.

Perhaps that porter chap could deliver my luggage in the morning.

You must think you're a real funny fellow, don't you?

Well, you think so.

I've never been called that before.

You're liable to get called a lot of things... 
...you ain't never been called before.

And by me.

From your tone I gather we're having a spot of language difficulty.

Your difficulties with me haven't even started.

MAN:

How about a song, Kate?

High-spirited, isn't she?

Mister, you better mean that real nice...

...or you're gonna have 40 cowpunchers jamming their boots down your throat.

- You can figure on mine too.
- Don't misunderstand me...

...I wouldn't say anything uncomplimentary.

When her uncle, Two-Gun Billings, cashed in...

...and left this place to Kate...

...a couple of hombres tried to put their brand on her.

They finished up
at the best necktie party...
...Fractured Jaw ever seen.
Oh, well, I'm a stranger here.
I'm not familiar with your local customs
or the type of parties you have.
Say something against Kate,
and you'll learn all about them.
So long as you're filling up space
at the bar, are you drinking?
Don't seem to be, do I?
A glass of sherry, please.
Oh, very dry.
Mister, we got whiskey,
and we got water.
We don't serve water.
That doesn't offer me much choice,
does it?
Nothing, thank you.
You know about that feller?
Only what the stage driver told me.
You're the mayor of this town,
you ought to find out...
...when a new gun
is gonna make trouble.
That's the sheriff's job, not mine.
Since you ain't got no sheriff,
it's your job now.
All you gotta do is go over
and ask him if he's Lazy S.
- Suppose he don't wanna tell me?
- We made a deal.
Box T in town three days a week,
Lazy S three days, and Sunday quiet.
He's Lazy S,
he's got no business here today.
He just got off the coach.
I got a right to know, Masters.
If he's Lazy S, the next time
we find him in town on our day...
...there'll be shooting.
Well, I'll try to find out.
But don't you start nothing,
you hear me?
- Howdy, stranger.
- How do you do?
- Tibbs is my name.
- Masters is my name.
I'm the mayor of this here town.
I also run the general emporium.
That is, six days a week.
And on the seventh...
...I preach the Holy Gospel.
- Glad to meet you, sir.
- Yeah.
This here's a friendly town, mister,
and we don't ask no questions.
No, sir,
from what I've encountered...
...you'd only be confused
by the answers.
Of course, if a man don't mind
telling us what his business is, we...
Oh, not at all.
I'm in the gun business.
Yeah. Gun bu... Yeah.
You're heading for the Lazy S,
I suppose.
Yes, sir. I intend to call on them
tomorrow morning.
Well, just remember,
I didn't ask no questions.
- It's perfectly all right.
- You didn't have to give no answers.
I hope you enjoy your stay
in Fractured Jaw...
...and just remember
that we don't take sides here.
Me in particular.
Very particular.
Lazy S gunslinger, all right.
That's what I figured.
He's going out there tomorrow.
So don't you start no trouble
in town today. Hear me?
You know I won't start
no trouble.
Anyway, I'm shoving out
of here right now.
Wait till I'm gone
so I'm not mixed up in it.
Then take him.
[BANGING]
[BAND PLAYS MUSIC]
[SINGS]
[ALL SING ALONG]
[CHEERING]
I say, she's magnificent, isn't she?

**MAN 1:**
What's the matter, Kate, we're raring.
Waiter, can you manage
a pot of tea and a chicken sandwich?
No, we ain't got none.

**MAN 2:**
Where you been?

**MAN 3:**
What do you know?
[INDISTINCT CHATTERING]
How do you like
our little nightingale?
Oh, Miss Kate?
Oh, absolutely first-class.
- Then you'll drink to her.
- Oh, all right.
Well, that's extremely kind of you.
Thank you very much.
Good health.
And to Miss Kate, eh?
[COUGH]
No, really.
- Drink it.
- No, really, old boy.
I said, drink it.
[COUGH]
I say, I really couldn't.
Really, old boy.
Are you telling me
you won't drink with me?
- No, not at all, but you know, well...
- Drink it.
At night, and on an empty stomach...
- Drink it.
- Oh, yes.
Well, I must say
as I told our friend...
...I'm not familiar with the local customs
but this does seem a bit much.
Let's see how big a man
you really are.
Oh, you mean
it's a sort of contest?
May the best man win,
and all that sort of thing.
All right. I'm game.
You know, it's a funny thing,
but after the first one or two...
...it doesn't feel so much
like drinking a porcupine.
Or does it?
- Keep drinking.
- No, no, no, sir.
I insist, it's my turn.
There.

[GLASS SHATTERS]
Oh, good heavens.
Barman, another glass
for my drinking friend here.
I insist, sir,
it's my turn to pay.
You can't abuse the laws
of hospitality.
There we are. Now, then.
Good luck. Cheers.
Extraordinary.
Well, when in Rome.
You dirty stinking polecat, reach!

CORA:
Johnny!
Great Scott.

KATE:
What's the trouble?
It's Keeno.
When I heard the shooting
I figured you'd cashed your chips.
Good heavens, no.
I was having a sociable drink...
...with my friend when this man
pulled a gun out and shot him.
Johnny, hit it out of town
til he's buried.
All right, boys, break it up.
Chick, Bester, get rid of him.
But there's a dead man down here.
Ah! Come on, everybody,
drinks on the house for all of you.
[BAND PLAYS AS MEN CHEER]
I never seen Keeno look
so peaceable before.
How can you, sir, as mayor of this town,
permit such a thing to happen?
I told them to do
their gunning out in the open.
Shooting matches in a crowded saloon
like this can be dangerous.
Some innocent bystander
might get hurt.
- Well, haven't you got any laws?
- Sure, we got more laws...
...than you can shake a stick at.
Got nobody to enforce them.
I hate to think what them Box T boys
will do when they find about this killing.
Well, this is preposterous.
Good heavens...
...haven't you got a constabulary?
- Con...? Con...?
A constabulary, a guardian
of the law, a bobby, a...
Oh, you mean a sheriff.
Whatever the man's called out here
who sees to the law.
We been trying to get us a sheriff
for a long time...
...but we can't get nobody
to take the job.
If you could find us a sheriff
we'd be mighty grateful to you.
I've never heard anything like this
before in my life.
It's the duty of every citizen
not to shirk his civic responsibility.
Yeah, that's right, it is.
Oh, would you...?
- Would you care for a drink?
- Delighted.
- Good health, sir.
- Same to you.
You know, this stuff isn't too bad
when it burns away the nerve ends.
- That's a good...
- What were we talking about?
- A sheriff. Yeah.
- Indeed. Now, it's vital.
It's vital, sir.
Select your man, go up to him...
...look at him square in the eyes.
Speak to him with a firm tone
and don't take no for an answer.
Never fails, my dear sir, it never fails.
Would that be the way to talk
to a man like yourself, for instance?
Absolutely.
You mean,
just walk up to him and say:
"Lookie here, mister, this here town
needs a sheriff, and you're gonna be it."
Jolly good, jolly good.
Mister, you've talked yourself
into a job.
Welcome to Fractured Jaw,
Sheriff Tibbs.
"Sheriff Tibbs.
These is all
that was left of Sheriff Dalton...
...Sheriff Harper and Sheriff Baines.
If any of them fit you, good luck.
Respectfully yours, Doc Masters.
P.S. Their duty done,
they rest in peace."
Him, sheriff?
Don't you get all hot and bothered about this fellow being sheriff. I tell you, he'll make a great sheriff. He ain't nothing but a gunman, after all. And he's quicker than greased lightning on the draw. Last night, I seen him stand up at that there bar... ...and drink a lot of cowpokes under the table... ...and walk out of here as sober as a judge. I tell you, I do like me a drinking sheriff that can hold his liquor. Oh, good morning, good morning, sheriff. - That's what I want to see you about. - Yeah. Everybody in town feels a heap sight safer now that you're in charge of things. - I am not the sheriff. - Oh, sure. Sure you are. Do you see that gun rack there? We passed an ordinance last spring saying... ...that nobody could wear guns inside Fractured Jaw, not even the mayor. I don't know the laws your council passed last spring. All I know is that this is ridiculous. How can I be a sheriff? I'm not a citizen of this town. - I'm not even a citizen of this country. - As mayor of Fractured Jaw... ...I hereby exercise my civil rights and prerogatives... ...and I appoint you a citizen of the United States of America... ...and I make you sheriff of Fractured Jaw. There, there you be. Now, you can have as many deputies as you like... ...providing you can find
any men to serve with you.
Listen, my dear mayor, quite apart
from all the idiocies of last night...
...this is absolutely absurd.
I'm here on business. Guns.
Oh, that's all right,
we don't care about that.
Everything will be perfectly legal
as long as you're a-wearing that badge.
- Cold feet, friend?
- No, quite warm, thank you.
Big talker,
but when it comes to backing it up...
Really, this is just
a little misunderstanding.
Is it? I'll get the coffee.
Oh, thank you so much.
I could do with a cup.
My head doesn't feel too strong
this morning.
Mr. Mayor, do you get the impression
that she isn't terribly fond of me?
You see, Kate, she only likes folks
that play fair and square...
...because that's the way
she plays herself.
We don't hit it off too well.
Well, she wants a good man for sheriff,
just like the rest of us.
Don't worry, she'll cotton to you
all right, just give her time.
I wish she wouldn't look at me
as if her stomach were turning.
I'll tell you what, you come on over
and sit in on the poker game.
- Give her a chance to know you better.
- Does she play?
Play? Why, man,
she invented the game.
Frenchie, Bellows, Carson, Jenks,
this here is Tibbs.
He's our new sheriff.
Come on, boy, come on.
Here, he's a new hand at the game, but
he wants to sit in on it just the same.
Hello.
All right, here you are,
I'll stake you.
You can pay me back after the game.
Cut them, Frenchie.
All right, they're coming out.
- I have played a little, you know.
- Oh, you have? Where did you play?
Oh, I met two gentlemen
in St. Louis...
...who taught me
the rudiments of the game.
- The what? Oh, I see.
- Rudiments. Rather costly.
All right, king bets.
Frenchie, it's up to you...
...what do you say?
- I bet three bucks.

Masters:
- Yup.
All right, come on.
Let's get rolling here, boys.
Three dollars there, sheriff. Put it down here. All right, I'm in. Coming out, boys.
That's too bad that missed you,
ain't it?
There's a queen. There's a king.
- A pair of deuces.
- I have a pair, Mr. Mayor.
- All right, you bet.
- Me to bet. Uh...
Two, uh...
More? All right.
Four. Thanks, partner.
Four, I raise you four, gentlemen.
Four silver dollars.
- Four dollars and you in?
- I'm in.
What do you say, boys?
What do you say?
Raise you five.
Man raises you five.
I'll raise you five, sir.
- Are you done betting?
- Yeah.
All right, hold it, coming out.
A nine.
A seven.
- Have it out between you.
- I'm to bet, I'm...
- A pair of deuces are still high.
- I think I'll go, um...
Six. Six, I raise you six.
Man bets $6. He sees you.
- Okay, what have you got?
- Pair of sixes.
A pair of sixes.
Three twos. And, gentlemen,
I think the pot is mine.
Take it away, sheriff, it's yours.
Thank you, partner.
Well done, indeed.
- A double snort, Chick.
- Right.
Hey. You see that fella over there?
- That's Bud Wilkins, Lazy S gunslinger.
- What?
Yeah, he's wearing a gun.
- Well, obviously if he's a slinger.
- Well, go take it off him.
Maybe he ain't heard
we got us a sheriff now.
Oh, well, I'll advise him.
That's the least I can do.
Your pardon, gentlemen.
- So you're the new sheriff.
- New, indeed.
I heard you ain't allowing guns
in Fractured Jaw.
The ruling isn't mine,
I'm merely the custodian of the law.
You're gonna take away
a man's gun?
Let's just say a chap hands it over when
he's advised of the regulations, eh?
I heard about you,
so maybe you heard about me.
I'm Wilkins.
I come to have you take my gun.
Well, how do you do?
Tibbs is my name.
All right.
You got the drop on me this time.
But I'm coming back.
And next time, I won't be alone.
Mr. Bud, don't forget your gun.
There's no law against wearing it
if you're leaving town.
That's the stuff, sheriff.
It's remarkable, the effect this has.
See? How do you do?
That's the quickest draw I've seen
in 50 years.
Sheriff, the way
you handled that derringer...
...would make my old grandpappy
turn over in his grave.
I say, do you think so?
- It does work well, doesn't it?
- It sure does.
Say, how about you coming
into my office? I want to talk to you.
Oh, with pleasure.
Boys, I never thought
I'd live to see the day...
...when Bud Wilkins gives up his gun.
You sure are fast on the draw with
that gun, mister. How do you work it?
It's on a spring. And when
I straighten my arm, it pops out.
Well, it should pop out into my hand.
It must need some adjust... There.
Say, you know,
I'd like to have one of them.
To wear on my garter.
Great Scott. I say.
Of course, you could have mine,
but wearing it on that limb...
...you'd be obliged to pull the trigger
with your toe.
You let me worry about that.
How much you take for it?
I'd be honored if you'd accept it as a gift.
- No. I couldn't take your gun.
- No, really, I've got others.
- This is just a sample.
- No, no.
- There we are.
- Well, thank you, thank you.
You know,
you're not a bad sort of fellow.
Well, you needn't worry about accidents.
It isn't loaded, of course.
What? You mean to tell me...
...you went up against Bud Wilkins with an empty gun?
You think
I'd go around with a bullet in it?
The silly thing popped out in my hand.
I didn't mean to frighten Wilkins...
...although I imagine it did have that effect.
Tell me, are you tired of living, or just plain stupid?
Oh, now really, Miss Kate.
- Take it back.
- No, I wouldn't dream of it.
I made you a present.
Well, one of us must be crazy.
What happens if some gunslinger draws on you?
Well, why should they?
I've no quarrel with anyone.
Only with the Lazy S, because Wilkins will get them all riled up.
And with the Box T outfit, because you got mixed up in Keeno's killing.
Oh, I do think you're exaggerating.
That chap Wilkins offered me his gun before he saw the derringer.
And as for that poor fellow who got shot last night, we were the best of friends...
...drinking together
and all that sort of thing.
I've seen some strange characters
in my time, but you take the prize.
You know, I've never met
anyone like you either.
I hope you won't mind if I say it,
but I find you simply enchanting.
Well, let's say
I find you different, anyway.
Well, that's a beginning, isn't it?
Say, what are you doing
in Fractured Jaw?
I represent the firm of Tibbs & Company,
gunsmiths, St. James's, London.
I'm here to sell firearms.
At least you should know
how to handle a gun.
That could keep you alive
for a little while.
Hm.
Well, I don't see why skill with a gun
should be so frightfully important.
But if it is to you,
I suppose I could learn.
- Tibbs, I just decided something.
- Oh?
I'm gonna teach you to shoot.
It won't do any good, but at least I
won't be blaming myself at your funeral.
Now, listen to me
and try to understand.
I wouldn't give two cents
for your chances...
...of living to be one day older
than you are right now.
But I always had a soft spot in my heart
for a barefoot tenderfoot.
So I'll do what I can to help you.
I never thought I'd appreciate
being taught how to handle a gun.
- But it's wonderful of you to offer.
- I'm not asking for your thanks.
Personally, I think I'm weak in the head
to even bother. Now, come on.
- Shall I bring one of my own guns?
- No.
- Is there a target range nearby?
- If there was, we wouldn't use it. Nobody should know you can't shoot or you won't live long enough for a lesson.
- Can you ride?
- I don't know, I've never really tried. But I can handle a pair of horses. If it's any help, I asked that porter to load my gun cases onto a carriage... ...so I can call on the trade this morning.

**KATE:**
Well, that'll do.
- Morning, Miss Kate.
- Good morning.
Good morning, sir.

**WOMAN 1:**
- Good morning.
- Allow me, my lady.
- Well.
There we are.

**MAN 1:**
- Good morning.
- Good morning, sir.
- Good morning, sheriff.
How do you do, sir, how do you do?

**WOMAN 2:**
- Morning, ma'am.

**WOMAN 3:**

**MAN 2:**
- Good morning.

**MAN 3:**
They're a friendly lot, aren't they? They're happy.
They think they've got a sheriff. You know, at first, I didn't take this sheriff business too seriously. But now...

**MAN 4:**

- Good morning.
You know, it's rather a nice feeling.
It makes one feel good, even a bit important.
Oh, you'll probably draw one of the biggest crowds we ever had.
In there.
Whoa.
Well, this looks purty good.
[KATE CHUCKLES]
- We're here to teach you to shoot.
- Oh, yes. Yes, of course.
Well.
See that?
See?
Extraordinary.
- Watch the gun.
- Oh, right you are.
I say, you are marvelous.
- Now you try it.
- Right.
Oh, dear. That wasn't very good, was it?
It wouldn't have been bad if you were hunting rabbits.
Now, try it again.
Hold your wrist steady.
- Look where you're shooting.
- Ah, hm.
Maybe I should have said shoot where you're looking.
I'm not likely to win the first prize, am I?
Oh, give yourself a little time.
Here, I'll help you. Come on.
Now, squeeze.
- The trigger.
- Huh?
Well, that was a bit better.
If only you could hold my wrist every time I shoot.
- Now, you try it all by yourself.
- Right.
Kate, you must think I'm a blithering idiot.
Forget it.
I'm not exactly what you'd call a howling success.
I've come all this way to sell guns, and I don't know how to fire them.
So you don't know guns.
How do you think I'd be...
...pouring tea for Lord Whatsits in a London drawing room?
Enchanting.
You know, I've never been east of Dodge City.
Never been to a real theater.
You'll laugh, but I ain't ever seen a man in evening clothes.
They're not very different in evening clothes.
You know, Jonathan, much as I love my home out here...
...sometimes I feel like I'd just like to throw my hand in.
- What for?
- For a little of your kind of life...
...with your kind of people.
And a few of the things in the outside world I don't know nothing about.
You might not like all that you find.
- I'd take a chance on that.
- Would you?
I sure would.
I'd be out of here quick...
Quicker than you could draw that derringer of yours.
But why am I telling you all this?
To make me feel a little less the fool.
And because anything you say to me, I want to hear.
This is silly. Come on.  
Come on, and I'll teach you to shoot.  
I'll never be any good at it.  
And I'll never pour tea  
for Lord Whatsits.  
Lord Whatsits will never know  
what he's missing.  
- The gun's reloaded.  
- Is it?  
Six bullets,  
that's why they call them six shooters.  
- That's clever.  
- I got a repeating rifle too.  
- Have you?  
- Oh, the latest model.  
I'll show it to you  
when we get back to...  
- Why don't you kiss me?  
- I'd like to see that.  
Oh, Kate.  
Oh. Oh, I beg your pardon.  
Oh, that's all right.  
[GUNSHOTS]  
I ain't looking for you,  
I'm looking for the sheriff.  
I want him to know  
that I'm carrying a gun.  
Yeah? You know, you're a lucky fella.  
Mighty lucky.  
- How come?  
- Our new sheriff's out of town.  
You'd be a dead man by now  
if he wasn't.  
Him? Say, our new sheriff  
could give Wild Bill Hickok...  
...first draw and beat him to the kill.  
You hear about them fellas...  
...that can shoot  
the middle out of the ace of spades?  
Our new sheriff can shoot  
the middle out of the middle.  
- I don't believe it.  
- You don't, eh?
Another of your Lazy S cowpokes
was in here earlier in the day.
Bud Wilkins. You ask him.
Bud Wilkins.
You mean he took Bud Wilkins?
Just like he was a little boy.
Don't take my word for it.
Just hang around, he'll be back soon.
You can get yourself a big rep
by going up agin him.
Well, I ain't got time now,
but I'll be back.
Yes, sir, I'll be back.
I'll tell the sheriff you was
here looking for him. Ha-ha.
- Jonathan?
- Yes?
Oh, nothing. I just like
to say your name.
Tell me, Kate, can a man support a wife
on a sheriff's salary?
Sheriffs don't have wives,
they have widows.
If that's the procedure out here, you're
going to make a very charming widow.
Jonathan, when you're planted
in Boot Hill...
...will any fair lady from London come
and place flowers on your grave?
We won't talk about the past.
My future's out here with you.
Well, if that's an English proposal,
I'll accept.
Hey.
[ECHOES]
Hey.
Kate, Kate, Kate.
Jonathan.
[SINGS]

**MAN 1:**
Good morning, sheriff.
You'd better take that thing off before
somebody uses it for target practice.
I'll ask the mayor
to find a replacement.
Tonight could be too late.
I can't just walk away even though
I'm not much good as a sheriff.
Don't walk, run.
Now, that wouldn't be
a very sporting thing to do, would it?
Nobody in Fractured Jaw
ever heard of a sporting thing.
- And you're being a bull-headed jackass.
- Whoa.
Thanks for the vote of confidence.
Why, you no good,
contrary, unreasonable...
Bet they don't teach my kind of English
in your schools.

JONATHAN:
in the English educational system.
You're kind of sweet.
Come on, no spot of tea, but I could be
talked into pouring you a spot of coffee.
I'd love it, but I have a job to do.
- Such as...?
- Selling guns.
At first, it was just because of the family
tradition and all that rot, but now...
...I'll need the money
to start a family tradition on my own.
And I'm gonna love that tradition.
I've never sold anything before.
The first thing
is to call on the local merchant.
Do you shoot that thing
or hang it on the wall?
- What do you mean?
- You're not going to sell...
...that antique around here?
- Antique?
My dear Kate,
it's absolutely brand-new.
The perfect gentlemen's
sporting gun.
Jonathan, listen, in Fractured Jaw
guns ain't for sport.
Unless you make a hobby
of killing people.
Then Tibbs' guns
should make a welcome change.
There must be some
gentleman farmers hereabout.
They might like to shoot a bird or two.
Only farmers around these parts
are the squatters south of town.
All right, the squatters it is.
Why, they'll laugh in your face.
Kate, I came out here to sell guns.
And I'm determined to
find someone who'll buy them.
I couldn't love a local idiot,
I had to pick an international one.
All right, go and get yourself
shot up if you want to.
Goodbye.

JONATHAN:
Whoa, whoa.
- Steady.
- They ain't going anywhere.
They're just heading
for the water trough.
We ain't never met.
I'm Hank Barnes, this here's my place.
How do you do.
I'd say you were about 5 foot 11 inches
tall, weight 170 pounds, am I right?
Well, just about.
My wife and I had an argument
when you rode out of town this morning.
- She said you were only 5' 10", 160.
- Oh?
I like to find out
these things in advance...
...then I can give you a real good job.
- Thanks, sheriff.

JONATHAN:
Good morning, madam.
My name is Tibbs.
- Is the gentleman of the house in?
- Luke's in, but he's eating.
Oh, yes, of course.
Well, I'll wait.
Might as well come in and sit.
Oh, thank you.
I won't be a moment.

[JONATHAN HUMMING]
Charming little cottage
you have here.
After you, ma'am.
Ooh. Allow me.
Ah...
How do you do.
Luke don't hear good
while's he's eating.
Oh, well... That's perfectly all right.
Luke don't talk much
while he's eating.
Oh, I see. May I?
Thank you.
Hm. Hm-hmm.
Hello.
Baby don't talk much
even when it ain't eating.
Ah.
Charming little baby girl.
Ain't a girl, it's a buck.
A buck?
Yes.
How long does he generally eat?
Luke don't mind listening
while eating.
Oh, I see. Oh, well, in that case...
My name is Tibbs.
I represent Tibbs and Company
Gunsmiths and Armorers...
...of St. James's Street, London.
My card.
Now, sir. We have supplied
the best gentlemen's arms since 1605.
And, sir, I'm confident that
I can supply you with a fowling piece... 
...that you would be proud to own.
And you can tell at a glance 
that this is as fine...  
...a sixteen-bore shotgun 
as anyone could wish for.

[BELCHES]

[GUISHOT]

**LUKE:**
You might have blown my head off.  
Get him out. 
Put him in there with the pups. 
That'll keep him out of the way.
Goldarn it. Look at that. 
Cost me two bits. The last one 
I've got now. Goldarn. 
You bite any one of them pups 
and I'll lick the hide off you. 
You don't expect anybody 
to buy that junk, do you? 
Maybe pal it off on some redskin 
that don't know no better. 
Junk? I beg your pardon, sir. 
Now, if you was selling a cannon, 
I'd sure buy one. 
Maybe keep them cowpunchers 
from shooting up my place. 
Tibbs and Company 
do not manufacture a cannon.
Hey, say, before you go, come on 
over here. I wanna show you something. 
Now, look. 
My land lays smack in the middle 
between the Lazy S and the Box T. 
- See that fellow there? 
- Yes. 
Now, he's Lazy S. 
- Now look over there. See that? 
- Mm-hm. 
Box T. 
Now, he'll spot the other fellow 
just as he passes the rise. You watch.
There you are. What I tell you?
That's shooting.
Get under the bed, Mandy.
This is terrible.
Those two are trying to kill each other.
No, they ain't
trying to kill each other.
He ain't got a chance.
He's looking to clear out.
Doubt if he'll make it.
[GUNFIRE]
Are you gonna stand there
and let him get shot?
In the first place, I ain't standing.
Because if a stray bullet comes this way
it ain't fussy whose head it bumps into.
Second, it appears to me
if anybody's going to tangle...
...with that man,
it ought to be the sheriff.
And I ain't the sheriff.
How about you?
Well, if you put it like that,
I suppose.
- Come on.
- Hm?
If I was you, I'd come in
from back of that rise.
A man with an itchy trigger finger
sometimes don't wait...
...to meet with somebody
who gets in his rifle sights.
Apparently it's my duty as sheriff to try
and stop this violence.
Although I've little regard
for these two chaps...
...or for this part of the world.
At least in England they aim a decent
gun at a bird that can't shoot back.
You reckon
we'll be seeing him again?
Drop that gun. I'm the sheriff.
The sheriff? I heard about you.
I gather you're a member
of the Box T organization.
- So?
- Now, you listen to me.
As long as I continue to be sheriff...
...I'm going to use my authority
to maintain law and order.
And heaven help
any member of your organization...
...who indulges in rowdy
or unlawful behavior.
You can go back
and tell that to your headman.
You mean to say you're telling
the Box T how to act?
Exactly. I may have had
this office thrust upon me...
...but I'll carry out its duties
to the utmost of my ability.
I get where we stand.
Clayborne and the boys will be glad
to know for sure.
Next time we meet, sheriff,
it's gonna be head-on.
- I seen what you done, sheriff. Thanks.
- Don't mention it.
With you on our side...
...the Box will be mopped up in no time.
My dear chap,
I'm not on your side.
So it's like that.
I'm rapidly reaching the limits
of my patience.
You Lazy S chaps better realize that
if you want to avoid trouble.
Okay, if that's the way you want it.
You're talking pretty big now.
Let's see how you act the next time.
Many thanks.
- Drop in any time I ain't eating, sheriff.
- Delighted, I'm sure.
Good day to you, sir.
Good day, ma'am.
Come on.
That sheriff's a heap smarter
than he looks.
Yup. Well, you've ate,
baby's ate, now reckon I'll go eat.
[WHOOPING AND SHOUTING]
Look out.

JONATHAN:
Hey, look out.
Hey, look...
[INDISTINCT CHATTERING]
All right, Doc, get it off your chest.
Tell me he's gone out of town
and he ain't coming back.
Tell me I'm making a fool of myself.
He's as stubborn and ornery
as a walleyed mule.
And I let him go out
in the Pecos country all by himself.
And I'll probably
never see him again.
Oh, don't you worry about that.
He'll be back, all right.
You know what, the good Lord,
he looks after fools and Englishmen.
[CHANTING]
[SPEAKING IN NATIVE AMERICAN
LANGUAGE]
How dare you. Oh!
[LAUGHS]
Outrageous. You're taking advantage
of the fact that you're a woman.
[LAUGHING]
Steady, that's below the belt.
[SPEAKING IN NATIVE AMERICAN
LANGUAGE]

RUNNING DEER:
You're a lucky man.
You call this lucky?
You speak English.
I was captured as a child
and sent to a white man's school.
Really?
Where's that hat lifter?
Really, now.
I seldom lose my temper, but
that woman's manners are atrocious.
Hello, sir. Haven't we met before?
You gave him his life,
now he'll give you yours.
Then I'm free to go. Oh, good.
Well, goodbye, sir.
Goodbye, gentlemen.
[SPEAKS IN NATIVE AMERICAN LANGUAGE]
- What's he saying?
- He said you're a brave man.
He admires bravery,
even in a white man.
How charming.
[SPEAKS IN NATIVE AMERICAN LANGUAGE]
What's he say now?
My father wishes to honor
the brave white man.
You will be adopted
and made his son.
Oh, really. Adopted?
Do I look like an Indian orphan?
You'll be a son of a chief.
I'll be the son of a...?
As far back as you care to check,
Tibbs have been Englishmen.
Not an Indian in the lot.
Oh, I'm sorry, gentlemen, you'll have
to find yourself another boy.
[SPEAKING IN NATIVE AMERICAN LANGUAGE]
Please, this is quite ridiculous. I won't consider it for one moment. I'm sorry.
Would you rather be a live Indian
or a dead Englishman?
Well?
I'm thinking.
[DRUM BEATS AND MAN SHOUTS]
Bravo. Well done.
[SPEAKS IN NATIVE AMERICAN LANGUAGE]
What's he say?
- He say, "It's your turn to show us."

What? Oh, good heavens.
But I've never been on a horse
in my life. I refuse.

[SPEAKING IN NATIVE AMERICAN
LANGUAGE]
- What's he say?
- He says he'll burn you at stake...
...and send
to happy hunting grounds.
I'll take the horse.
Steady. There's a good horse.

[GRUNTS]
Stand still, stand still.

[SPEAKS IN NATIVE AMERICAN
LANGUAGE]
Come on, move over. Get over.
There's a good boy. Come on, now.
Line up. Line up.

[MAN LAUGHS]
Do you mind?

[FABRIC RIPPING]
There we are, sir.
I never knew I had it in me.

Grandfather Digby
couldn't have done better himself.

[SPEAKING IN NATIVE AMERICAN
LANGUAGE]
- What's he say?
- You are our blood brother.
Your name is Fleet Iron Hat.
Oh, splendid. Thank you very much.
- Drink.
- Oh, thank you.
Well, good health, gentlemen.

Mmm.
It's quite flavorsome.
What vintage?
It is the blood from the heart
of the wild buffalo.
It gives you life
and makes you strong.

[SPEAKS IN NATIVE AMERICAN
LANGUAGE]
You must drink it all
or you die.

If I drink it all
it's extremely unlikely that I'll live.

Ugh.

You smoke pipe of peace.

What's this, the hair of the wild buffalo
to make me weak?

- Now we go to get the great reward.
- Reward?

[CHANTING]

[SPEAKS IN NATIVE AMERICAN LANGUAGE]

- You pick one.
- What's this, another contest?

The one to be your wife,
make fine squaw.

Never work a day in your life.

My dear old boy, I can't possibly pick
one of these young ladies as a wife.

It's hard to choose
between such fine maidens.

- Why not take them all?
- Three wives?

[CHIEF SPEAKING IN NATIVE AMERICAN LANGUAGE]

- What's he say?
- My father says these are too skinny.
He'll find something better.

[SPEAKS IN NATIVE AMERICAN LANGUAGE]

Great Scott.

Father says these will keep you warm
in the winter.

[WHISTLES]

What about the summer?

**RUNNING DEER:**

A brave can have many wives.

Well, I'm not that brave.

Gentlemen, it's very charming of you.

I do appreciate it,
but I'd like a little more time...
...to get used to the fact
that I'm a new member of the family.
When you change your mind and
come home, your wives will be waiting.
Thank you so much, sir.
I must get on my way now.
Goodbye, madam.
Goodbye, my dear.
Good luck.
Good luck.
I'm over here on business,
you know. I sell guns.
Guns.
They're very fine guns, only these
Americans won't appreciate the fact.
- Sheriff get back yet, Chick?
- No, I ain't seen him.
We ain't seen him yet either.
We sure would like to catch up
with him.
Why, you dirty,
yellow-livered snakes.
You're hunting him down
in pairs now, huh?
Well, let me tell you something,
you'll be toting no guns in my place.
If you don't want to play
by house rules, you git.
The both of you, hit the trail.
Git!
And if you're here after sundown,
I'll do some shooting myself.
Too bad they didn't hang you
when they hung your brothers.
- You fixing to bury somebody, Hank?
- The new sheriff.
Well, he ain't gone and got himself
killed already, has he?
Not yet, but I seen him heading out
towards the Indian country.
Figured he's been gone long enough.
So I'd better go out and pick him up.
You looking for someone, Kate?
Yeah, so's Hank.
I caught up with that sheriff. I don't know why he didn't gun me down. He made it clear he's with Lazy S. I figured that last night. I didn't know they'd make him sheriff. They got the law on their side now. Suppose he brings in the U.S. Marshal or cavalry? He won't have time. Round up the boys. We're riding into Fractured Jaw today. Why, the Lazy S will be in town. First we get the sheriff and then we settle with the Lazy S once and for all.

Whoa.

Hello, sir.

More damn lives than a cat.

Come on. Giddap!

Whoa.

Put those in my room, dear boy.

Thank you.

- Peace offering.
- Oh!
- Well, it's just lovely.
- And so are you.

Wait. When I was a little girl, I was taught to take my medicine... ...without putting it off. You know, get it over with quick. Sign of a strong character.

Well, here goes.

I'm nasty, stubborn and unreasonable. I got the rottenest temper this side of the Rockies... ...and, well, I behave just like an old witch. Well? Well, don't just sit there, I apologized to you. I accept your apology. Is that all you've got to say? You mean you believed all those things I said about myself? With reservations.

Why, you swellheaded, narrow-minded stuffed shirt.
If you had half the brains
of a loco coyote, then you'd know...
...I was right in everything I said
to you this afternoon.
Well, what are you thinking?
I do hope our children take after me.
You know what?
I hope they do too.
- But not the girls.
- Even the girls.
Now you're being stubborn.
I'm just being in love.
Hey, I hadn't even told you
about the good news.
Oh, I react very well to good news.
I've been showing this all over town.
Not the thingamajig, of course,
just the gun.
Everybody thinks they can be just as fast
as you are, and they all want one.
You can sell enough of these...
...to make Tibbs and Company
the biggest gun dealers in all the West.
Kate, you're wonderful.
[KNOCK ON DOOR]
- Well, come in.
- Oh, howdy, Kate. Howdy, sheriff.
That's a mighty fine load of furs
you got out there.
- Why, thank you, sir.
- I run the general merchandise store...
...and I got some good connections
with fur buyers.
I thought we might make a deal,
if you've a mind to sell.
Kate, it's not very difficult
to become a merchant.
Trade guns for furs,
then sell the furs, simple.
Mister, would you mind telling me
where you traded them furs?
Why, certainly. I came across some
chaps who were very eager for guns.
They couldn't do enough for me.
Most appreciative they were. Indians.
- Indians!
- Yes, sort of...
I drove a hard bargain,
though I say it myself.
Jonathan, you couldn't have.
Mister, that's just about
the lowest thing a white man ever done.
You ain't no better
than a skunk.
I'll thank you to keep a civil tongue
in your head.
- Why shouldn't I?
- If the Indians have guns...
...they'll wipe us all out.
- That's nonsense.
Lookie here, you.
If there's any of us left alive in this here
town after them Indians get through...
...we'll hang you
to the nearest cottonwood.
Trot home and look after your
various enterprises, there's a good chap.
Kate, you don't understand.
These Indians have made me
a blood brother.
I have their promise
not to use guns against white men.
- You can't believe them.
- Oh, there's no need to feel disturbed.
I'm on very familiar terms
with these men.
Good heavens, we...
We call each other by our first names.
"Good morning, Running Deer."
"Cheerio, Fleet Iron Hat."
I'm Fleet Iron Hat.
- Renegade.
- Oh, shut up!
Don't you understand?
You've done the one unforgivable thing.
Any man in the territory will
shoot you down on sight.
Unless a bunch of them
get to you first and string you up.
Oh. Oh.
Well, I really seem to have let the cat among the pigeons.
- Doc, I hear tell they're on the way.
- Indians?
Worse. The Box T.
All of them riding toward town.
- It's the Lazy S day.
- Great balls of fire.
This town will be more full of holes than a woodpecker's nest.
What on earth is happening?
They'll start shooting
the minute they see each other.
The only good thing is,
you might be in the middle.
As for me, I'm hightailing it for the hills.
- All right, we're leaving.
- We are?
Give me a few minutes to throw
some things in a bag. You get packed.
I'm not sure
I care about this running away.
You stay, and you'll be carried away.
Well, cowboys should be willing to listen to reason the same as anyone else.
Look, Jonathan. It's me, Kate.
Not mad, no temper.
For the first time in my life
I'm scared.
- Really?
- Scared for you.
You know, I always wanted to live in Chicago or New York or even London.
Now I don't care where we go,
just so long as it's away from here, fast.
If you want to settle in America or England or even at the North Pole...
...well, that's for me too.
I won't be long.
Go on, fill her up, Chick.
Fill her up.
When that fighting starts there won't be a drop of liquor left in Fractured Jaw. It's a cinch there ain't gonna be none where I'm heading. Just put this here on my bill. - I may live to pay it, and I may not. - Yeah.

Well, Mister Sheriff, you sure put your foot in it this time. This here town's apt to get wiped off the map. And I've got to go out and protect the innocent citizens. And that, my friend, is gonna take a heap of courage.

MASTERS:
Everybody clear the street. Run for your lives, take cover. The Box T and the Lazy S outfits are both coming to town at the same time. And they're loaded. Forbear. Hide out, everybody. Everybody clear the street. Everybody take cover. That's right, take cover, take cover. Hell's gonna be a-popping around here.

WOMAN:
Come on, child, let's hurry.

MAN 1:
Take them to the church.

MAN 2:
Get down and cover. - I see you're a-figuring to run out on us. - I beg your pardon? Sheriff Tibbs, this whole town looked up to you, loved and respected you. But you fooled us, just like you fooled Miss Kate. A-hiding behind her petticoats.
You're pretty fond of Kate, aren't you?
Mister, this whole town is.
You tell her I shan't be long.
I want a word with those ranchers.
Come on.
Hank.
Hank!
Yeah?
Better hitch up
that hearse of yours again.
This time you got you
a dead sheriff for sure.
I'll be right there.
Kate, ain't no use
your hurrying...
...that fella's been and gone.
Where?
He said to tell you he'd be back soon
but I got my doubts about that.
Where did he go?
Off to try and make peace...
...between them crazy ranchers.
That fella is either the durndest fool
or the bravest man in the world.
I can't make up my mind which.
Come on, keep moving. Giddap.
Giddap! Giddyap!
Giddap! Come on,
giddap there, giddap there.
Hey, why'd the sheriff stop you
from being shot?
I don't know. Pretty handy with a gun.
Could've filled me full of holes.
He had a message. Used a lot of words,
but he got it across.
He says the Lazy S
is heading for trouble.
He ain't the first lawman
who tried to throw his weight around.
He ain't the first lawman
to get killed neither. Nor the last.
Boys riding into town today?
We usually do on Saturday.
Ride in a bunch. No stragglers for
the sheriff to pick off one at a time.
- Sure, boss.
- When we hit town, I'll get him.
When he starts, there will be
enough of us to see he don't finish.
Fractured Jaw ain't gonna have
a sheriff for long.
There he is.
Like a sitting duck. Come on.
Whoa.
Hey.
Can you help me? Is the Lazy S
or Box T Ranch hereabouts?
[SPEAKS IN NATIVE AMERICAN
LANGUAGE]
Dear boy, I'm your brother.
Fleet Iron Hat.
Me, brother. Tibbs.
Brother? Brother?
[SPEAKS IN NATIVE AMERICAN
LANGUAGE]
I'll get him right between the eyes.
Drop your guns, I'm the sheriff.
You lousy bunch of coyotes.
Get out, Kate, and fast.
I'm warning you, we're gonna
kill ourselves a sheriff.
If there's any killing to be done
I'll be taking a hand in it.

**JONATHAN:**
Kate!
Kate, go back!
Stay under cover, you.
Oh, what I'd like to do to you.
I suppose it's no use
me telling you again to go away.
Fifty, 100 men I could have picked.
More, even, and I had to pick you.
I'm a bigger fool than you are.
Least I should have known better.
- What will they do?
- They'll keep us pinned down here.
Then send a couple of men
up that slope...
...to pick us off.
- They wouldn't risk hitting you.
Wanna bet?
Now, that's too much. I'm going down there to have a word with them.
You must be loco.
Do you think I'm going to sit and risk your being hit?
Make one move and I'll bend this gun barrel over your thick skull.
And if you don't believe me, you just try it.
Hey, Kate, look.
Lazy S.
Great heavens, they'll murder each other.
I've gotta stop this.
Hey, you!
Listen to me!
- Is everybody in America hostile?
- Whoever wins down there, we lose.

**CLAYBORNE:**
We'll settle this now, Wilkins.
You've been spoiling for this, now you're gonna get it.
You and that hired sheriff of yours.
What do you take me for, a tenderfoot?
Don't you think I know he's your sheriff?
He ain't with us, Clayborne.
We rode out to get him.
What?
Well, that's what we're here for.
I'm warning you, there'll be trouble if this random shooting does not stop.
We're gonna kill ourselves a cheap, tin-star sheriff.

**WILKINS:**
So are we.
- I suppose it's too late to resign?
- A bit.
Least this way Fractured Jaw
has to foot the bill for your funeral.
That is a point.
Great Scott,
there's the undertaker.
- Who's he looking for?
- You.
If you wanna call off our fight
until we've finished him, I'm agreeable.
- It's a deal.

CLAYBORNE:
Anyone who comes after the sheriff
has me to reckon with first.
- You're magnificent.
- I'm out of my mind.
[HOOVES POUNDING]
- Listen.
- More horses. From up above.
Are we expecting anyone else?
[WHOOPING AND SHOUTING]
I'm gonna have a look.
- Keep down.
- It's all right.
Kate, we don't want you hurt.
You got one minute
to think it over.
You'd be much smarter
to come on down...
...and leave that two-timing
polecat to us.
And the next time it'll be higher,
you miserable bunch of hounds.
- Indians.
- And you gave them guns.
- I'm afraid I did.
- Well, they'll massacre all of us.
I should never have thought so...
...but so far I've been wrong
about everything else.
Somebody said, "A short life,
but a merry one."
Jonathan, look, we gotta
make a run for it.
We ain't got much of a chance,
but it's better than staying here.
No, wait. I mean to have a go
at my so-called brothers.
- You keep me covered.
- No!
- Keep me covered.
- Jonathan. No, Jonathan.
Clear out, all of you.
This is Fleet Iron Hat Tibbs speaking.
And I won't have this.
[SPEAKS IN NATIVE AMERICAN
LANGUAGE]
Exactly... and at once.
What's the meaning of this?
You promised me that those guns
would not be used for war.
Our white brother was in danger.
We came to help.
Oh, I'm sorry.
Once again I have said
the wrong thing.
Your enemies are our enemies.
We'll kill them.
That suggestion is not without
a certain appeal at this moment.
- But I'm afraid not.
- Why? They try to kill you.
I'm not entirely sure,
but there may be a way out.
[WHOOPING AND SHOUTING]
Drop your guns, every man of you,
and put up your hands.
Right. Come on, Dad.
Keep behind me.
Come on, get them up, get them up.
Clayborne, Wilkins, I intend to examine
your American laws...
...to find out what the penalty is for
assault with intent to do bodily harm...
...on the appointed
sheriff of Fractured Jaw.
Dad, have my relatives
escort these men back into town.
- All right, get moving.
- Come on.
Well, I'll be doggoned.
Ah.
- Jonathan.
- Ah, my dear mayor, how are you?
- I wanna talk to you.
- You know well...
...that I discuss nothing at tea.
- I ain't discussing, just talking.
- Now, what I want...
- My dear old boy.
You're a bundle of nerves.
Sit and relax.
- Well.
- That trip to the hills.
All that corn liquor
you've been drinking.
Have a nice cup of tea,
it'll do you good.
Tea. That stuff is only
for old women and sick people.
Well, I disagree. I belong to a nation
of 30 million peoples...
...to them tea drinking
is a most pleasurable habit.
Yeah? Well, maybe you're right.
I'll try anything once.
Looks like good corn liquor, don't it?
- Tastes like swamp water.
- Your manners are quite appalling.
[RINGS]
- You rang, sir?
- Yes, some more hot water...
...Running Deer, please.
- With pleasure, sir.
- Thank you.
- Great jumping Jehoshaphat.
You've even got them talking like you.
Lookie here,
what I came here to say was this:
When I made you sheriff,
I know, I know.
I told you you could appoint
as many deputies as you had a mind to.
But nobody in this town, including
myself, thought for one single minute...
...that you'd go a-hiring
a bunch of...
- Them there...
- What?
- Indians.
- Now, you listen to me, my dear mayor.
In the past 10 days,
there's been no shootings...
...no robberies, no violence,
in fact, no crime whatsoever.
So it seems your complaints
are somewhat unwarranted.
Well, maybe you're right.
But I still say that you're gonna wake up
some morning with your scalp gone.
Great jumping Jehoshaphat,
I gotta get out of here.
I gotta go home.
I gotta shave, spruce up.
- But well, anyway, I've had my say.
- But you haven't had your tea.
Oh, balderdash.
- They want to talk to you, sir.
- Ah, good.
Well, Running Deer, what do you think
my London tailor...
...would have to say about this?
- It fits you jolly well, sir.
Thank you.
Right.
- Hey, sheriff.
- Ah, Clayborne, yes?
- We wanna make a deal.
- You've chosen an inconvenient time.
Me and Wilkins been talking things over.
We ain't doing ourselves no good here.
Well, that's a remarkable display of
logic. I'd just about given up hope.

WILKINS:
Yes?
We ain't getting
no place shooting each other.
So if it's all right with you,
we want out.
We agree to share the water hole,
and we'll let the Indians use it too.
- Do you mean this?
- Yeah.
- Have I your word on that?
- Uh-huh.
And yours, Wilkins?
- Good.
- They're coming into town now, sir.
Gentlemen, excuse me.
I have an important engagement.
Right, Running Deer,
turn those chaps loose.
- Good luck to you, sir.
- Thank you.

MAN 1:
You roped her, sheriff.

MAN 2:
You thinking of taming her, sheriff?

MAN 3:
Howdy, sheriff.
[INDISTINCT CHATTERING]
[RINGS]
- I say, my dear old boy. Clean at last.
- Yeah.
Oh, slight problem.
Won't be a moment.
Ida Bee, I want you to pump this here
organ like you never pumped it before.
I want its golden notes
to go soaring over the whole territory.
Because this here's a joyous occasion.
A joyous occasion.
- She ain't changed her mind, has she?
- No.
It's customary for the bride
to walk down the aisle with her father.
Where are you gonna get a father?
Just for the ceremony,
I've lent her mine.
[ORGAN PLAYS]
Dearly beloved,
we are gathered here together...
...to join in holy wedlock this fair,
pure flower of the prairie and this...
- Oh, have you got the ring?
- Oh, yes. Yes, of course.
Ha!
I pronounce you man and wife.
[SHOUTING AND WHOOPING]
- Indians.
- No, darling. Relatives.
Oh.
[GASPS]