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The Sun Shines Bright

By Laurence Stallings

Jeff!

Jeff!

Where is that good-for-nothing boy?!

Jeff!

Jeff!

I'm comin'...yes, I'm comin'.

Come on...reach under the bed
and get it for me.

I was just gettin' ready
to reach under there. My!

Why do I have to tell you every morning
to reach under the bed for it?!

Ah just got a little glass for you.

More power to your elbow, Judge!

I got to take this every morning.

Mind you...not as an indulgence.

Merely to get my heart started.

It's good, Judge?

The election comin' on...

...you'd have to tear my tongue out
by the roots, 'fore I'd tell it.

- Is my bath ready?

- Yeah.

Oh, I've left the...

We goin' to be late for court,
ain't we Judge?

Oh, Mr Maydew can wait.

But we late already.

Billy!

Judge Priest!

Well, if it isn't Aurora Ratchitt!

Goddess of the dawn!

A sight for sore eyes!

My friend, Dora May Plumb, from Covington.

How do you do!

Covington?!

Fine town!

Outside of my judicial circuit.

But you're in mighty fine company!

I always think of Ebenezer Ratchitt...

...the day he lead that last charge at Shiloh!

There was a gallant trooper, your father.

You know, there went a man of quality.

There went the flower of the South!

You do say the most overpowerin' things, Judge!

Thank you!

And as a friend of your father,
seeking re-election to the Circuit Court...

...for Fairfield County...

...would you mind passing these things
out among your friends.

I'll go from door to door, Judge!

Door to door!

Thank you...thank you!

Judge...

Do my eyes deceive me?

No Judge, that's Mr Ashby Corwin!

Back home at last!

Ashby Corwin!

Ashby Corwin.

Boss Ashby!

Boss Ashby!

Boss Ashby!

Nice to see you again, Dr Lake.

You're looking well, Ashby.

Thank you, sir.

And is this pretty little girl,

Miss Lucy Lee?

Yes, I could see you anywhere
in the world and I would say...

"There goes Kentucky"!

My daughter is a woman Ashby...

not to say a lady.

Oh, I've grown up quite a lot
since I saw you last, Mr Corwin.

Yes, you were just a child
when I last saw you.

But then, we're ALL Dr Lake's children.

What's the count, now, Doctor?

I have ushered 5,322 babies
into this vale of tears, Ashby.

And I'm the blackest sheep
of the lot!

It's a pleasure.

Mr Ashby!

Isn't this Uncle Zack?

It sure is, sir!

You standin' mighty good, sir!

Still at the livery stable, Uncle Zack?
No sir, Ces is gettin' kinda old...
Sort o' let me go.
Let you go?
Well I still own it, don't I?
Sure do.
Well you just take these here
critters down there...
...and tell him you're in charge.
Boss, you have SAID somethin'!
Good morning, Miss Lucy!
G'morning!
Glory be!
Mr Ashby's come home again!
Thank you Mr Corwin,
for carryin' my books.
Just as I thought...
You're still goin' to school!
Yes...I am!
Stand up everybody...
The court's now in session.
His Honour approaches the bench.
Doggon it, Billy...
You're late again this mornin'...
Why can't you get here!?
I know Andy, I'm sorry...
It's that worthless boy of mine.
He overslept!
He's the one that sleep-in...
I was just sleepin'.
Hear ye!...hear ye!...
The 17th District Court
of the Commonwealth...
Mr Solicitor...
- Now I ain't finished yet, Judge!
- Sorry.
...of Kentucky, is about to convene.
Mr Solicitor...are you ready for Mrs Mallie Cramp
to make her plea?
If you are...get going.
Indeed Your Honour, it would be repugnant
to every fibre of my being...
Nay!...it would be unethical...
...for me to represent the noble people

of Fairfield County in this case.
And your Honour is aware, of course...
...that I have dedicated myself
to eradicating vice and crime in this county.
And as I myself will probably be
sitting on that bench...
...after the election...
...I should not like to prejudice myself...
...by being a prosecutor
in the same cause.
What's next on the docket?
We have here a noble old man...
...whose nephew refuses to support him.
Mr Maydew...I didn't say
my boy HAD to support me...
...I was just...
Mr Sheriff...can't you keep
this courtroom in order?!
Sit down and shut up, uncle, please.
One moment, gentlemen.
Uncle Plez...
Did I hear you called Uncle Plez?
Yessir, Judge.
Uncle Pleasant Woodford.
Thank you.
Come here.
Are you the boy that brought Bainbridge Corwin's body
back from Chickamauga?
Yessir Judge...you remember.
I brought him all the way back...
...in these two arms.
Don't you remember?
Yes I do.
Oh, what a time that was!
What's the matter with your boy,
Uncle Pleasant.
Nothin' Judge, nothin'...
He just sit around the house
and play the banjo all day long!
Just idlin' on the levee.
This boy got to learn a trade.
Trade? He got a trade, Judge!
That boy could run away right now,
with his old plantation music.

With his banjo...
Your name, boy?!
U.S. Woodford, sir.
Where did you get that name "U.S."?
My full name is U.S. Grant Woodford.
One of the gentlemans at the G.A.R. Hall say...
..."Here the Yankee general
might be General Robert E. Lee".
Mr Maydew...
If you please!
Let me hear you play, boy.
Yes sir!
Play a military tune.
Here's one they taught me
when I cleaned up the G.A.R. Hall.
Your string is off the key and you can't
play out of tune for the judge!
You fix that string up
and wish you were in The Land of Cotton...
...old time and not forgotten...
and look away in Dixie Land...
I swear my hearin's gettin' so poorly...
I'd 've sworn I heard a band playin' "Dixie."
Reminds me of that
Second Battle of Manassas.
The one that you Yankees
call Bull Run.
I caught the end of it.
Order in the court!
Order!
Now if there's any more disturbance,
I shall have to clear the courtroom.
Sit down, gentlemen.
Now, I want you to mind Uncle Plez.
And stop lounging around the levee.
Yessir, Judge sir.
They're tying tobacco
up in the Tornado District...
...curing burley...
Now you go up there, and learn
some useful work with those hands.
You hear that, boy?
Of course...
don't risk them wonderful fingers of yours...

...around the corn-sheller...
...or a band-saw...
You just go out there and tell them
that Judge Priest sent you...
...to help his old friends.
Go on up there and tell everybody.
- Thank you, Judge.
- Thank you kindly, Judge.
Justice is indeed blind...
...when her impartial scales are so loaded
against the will of the people.
Mr Maydew...
It is the pleasure of this court
to hear the plea of Mrs Mallie Cramp.
Or shall I judge you in contempt?!
Mallie Cramp!
Mallie...on your feet.
Alright Mallie...what do you plead?
One moment, Mr Maydew!
Please be seated, Mrs Cramp.
Well I hope you get the general to come.
I'll do my best, comrade,
I'll do my best.
William Pittman Priest,
to see the general.
Time for the "priest", General.
General Fairfield...
On behalf of the Gideon K.I.R Encampment...
...The United Confederate Veterans...
...I bring our old commander,
our devotion and respects.
Thank them for me,
Trumpeter Priest.
It would do their hearts good if you came
and thanked them in person, General.
My carriage awaits your pleasure.
I spoke the final word on that,
18 years ago...
...when Dr Lake brought back that girl.
It is your granddaughter, sir.
That sir, I deny.
Goodnight, Trumpeter Priest.
Billy!...
Little Billy Priest...

You'll loom large in my memoirs.
Thank you, General.
Thank you kindly.
Honour Guard!
Advance the colours.
To the flag of our glorious republic!
Right hand...salute!
Gashed with honourable scars...
Low in glory's lap they lie...
Although they fell,
they fell like stars...
...streaming splendour
through the sky.
Cover!
The Gideon K.I.R's Encampment...
The United Confederate Veterans...
...will now come to order.
Our illustrious general...
...regrets that he cannot attend tonight.
He asked me to convey his compliments...
...to the men of the old Fairfield Brigade
of Forest Cavalry.
I'm glad you could come, comrades!
Come in...sit down...sit down!
How's the baccy crop, out your way?
Come in...sit down...sit down.
Judge, are you goin' let those boys
shout it over me?
Well, that's Finney...is that Little Mink?
He must've been all of 8 years old!
And now comrades, we have some
very important business to conduct.
Lewt.
Now all of you as wear eyeglasses...
I want you to come forward
and inspect the picture...
...of General Fairfield, closely.
And them as ain't got glasses
can borrow from them that has.
Doctor's daughter will be in this room...
...next decoration day.
She can't fail to recognise the lady
as her grandmother.
The general is prepared

to deny the relationship.
Just the same...
It proves beyond doubt...
...that we have preserved the last bud
of the Fairfield tree.
The portrait must come down.
What is your opinion, gentlemen?
Judge, I think you better send it
to your house tonight.
Better take it down, Judge.
Very well.
Jeff, see that the portrait
goes to my house tonight.
The meeting will come to order.
I have here a letter, published
under the name of Horace K. Maydew...
...my opponent in the coming election.
A point of order, please!
It is a fixed resolve of this encampment...
...that politics must never...
This ain't politics!
It's a deliberate liable.
What's liable?
"How long will the progressive
and up-to-date city of Fairfield..."
"...be subject to Confederate rule?"
"To the sentimental appeal
of empty sleeve and timber-toe?"
"To the doddering relics of a lost cause?"
"To the machine headed by the whisky-drinking
William Pittman Priest..."
"An ignorant horse-doctor, Lewt Lake."
"An illiterate braggart of unknown antecedance..."
"Sergeant Jimmy Bagby."
All that's left of us is here.
Maybe it's a hant...
..a ghost.
See who's at the door, Jeff.
Mr Joe D. Habersham, Judge...
Mr Joe D. Habersham.
Judge, I don't want to intrude
on your encampment...
...but somebody stole our flag
from the Juliana Hall.

And you can't open your meeting,
until you salute it the way we do.
That's right, sir.
As strange as it seems, gentlemen...
...it was a spanking brand new flag...
...exactly like this one.
One country...one flag.
Comrades, shall we send Sergeant Bagby
...as a colour-guard of honour?
Judge, I ain't ever give up
no captured Yankee flag yet...
...and I don't aim to start now!
He'd be only to glad to act
as a colour guard for your...our flag.
There are time, yes, when politics
should be forgotten.
That's mighty handsome of you, Judge...
Mighty handsome.
Thank you, Joe D.
Thank you.
I declare, Billy...
I like you so much, personally...
...I wish I could vote for you.
No politics, Joe...
No politics!
Being a member of the
Grand Army of the Republic...
I'd just as lief cut my throat,
as to vote for a Democrat.
This is no time for political matters.
Forward...march!
Hurrah, hurrah we bring the jubilee
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea
While we were marching through Georgia.
Atten...shun!
Gentlemen...
Judge Priest, on behalf of his encampment...
...has kindly consented
to lend us THEIR flag.
I suppose seeing those captured
Confederate flags...
...is like a snake-bite to YOU, Judge.
Gentlemen...

I propose that we offer Judge Priest
an antidote for snake-bite.
Gentlemen...
Those Confederate flags...
and OUR national standard...
...are what has made this Union great.
In what other country...
...could a man who fought against you...
...be permitted to serve
as judge over you...
...be permitted to run for re-election!
...and bespeak your suffrage
on Tuesday next, at the polls.
I see before me, some of the bravest men
that rode for Phil Sheridan.
While I was rather well-know myself,
in Forest Cavalry...
But you'll find the records
on these cards...
No politics, tonight, gentlemen...
No politics.
But a perusion of these cards wills show you
why I stand for law and order...
Why I am willing to serve you again
for another 4 years...
...to prevent Horace K. Maydew
from making a mockery of justice!
I have nothing personal
against Maydew...
...though you know him to be
the son of a carpetbagger...
...from Boston...
...Who came here to feather his nest...
...before you soldiers who did the fighting...
...could get back home!
Thank you.
The Blue and the Gray...
Let us march together...
...beneath The Star-Spangled Banner!
And Tuesday, gentlemen...
Search your conscience!
Goodnight comrades!
We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground...
Give us a song to cheer.

Our weary hearts, a song of home...
And friends we love so dear.
Many are the hearts that are weary tonight...
Wishing for the war to cease...
Many are the hearts looking for the right...
To see the dawn of peace.
Did you snap a ring?
Why, no...it just came unbuckled.
Please...let me buckle it for you.
Oh, it's nothing Mr Corwin...
I can fix it.
Thank you, just the same!
It's a pleasure, ma'am.
Mr Ashby...don't you ever let anybody
see you like this again!
Especially this young lady...
...that everybody's sayin'
such bad things about...
And especially Mr Buck Ramsey...
that talks so evil about it.
Buck Ramsey?!
Please Mr Ashby...
I just mean when Miss Lucy Lee
takes the doctor's buggy to the stable every night.
Allow me!
Why don't you take a ride with ME?
Them's my dapple-greys.
Fastest team in Fairfield County.
Ignore them all, Miss Lucy Lee.
Uncle Zack...
Take the little lady home
and bring the rig back.
You need a young man
for a job like that, Ashby.
You need ME!
No...you got business with ME.
What business?
You and I are goin'
to the harness room.
We're gonna pick out
a pair of buggy-whips...
..and I'm gonna see if I can whip the dirt
outta that filthy mouth of yours.
Maybe his friend wanna

come along with him...

Maybe they got

a few more snickers.

Buck Ramsey!

If you ain't out of town

in 5 minutes...

...I'll deputise myself

and make a citizen's arrest.

Now get back to the Tornado District

where you belong...

Now get going!

Uncle Plez...go on home.

And you profligate seed

of a noble line...

What right have you or anybody else

to take the law in their hands?

- I'm sorry, Judge.

- Sorry?!

Don't you know that we here in Fairfield

have a secret to keep?

And you try to lick a bully...

and start all the tongues waggin' again.

I'm sorry Judge, but when I heard

he was talkin' about Lucy Lee...

He was telling the truth!

And you can't kill truth

with a buggy-whip.

- The truth? You mean about Lucy Lee's...

- Yes!

Didn't you know that General Fairfield's son

was killed by a river gambler...

...in a fight over Lucy Lee's mother?

The matter's closed.

Now get your clothes on

and go home.

Go on!

There's a hack right here ma'am, that'll take you

anywhere you want to go.

Hack right here, ma'am.

Take you anywhere you want to go in town

for 2 bits.

White lady lookin' for lodgin'...

better go this way.

Thank you kindly...

I know this town.
Here, let me take your bag, ma'am...
No, no...thank you...
Just tell where you want to go...
I'm going to Mallie Cramp's.
And you'd better run along
like a good little boy.
Zack!
Dr Lake's...quick.
Got a sick woman here, Doc.
- Very sick.
- Bring her right in.
My bag's in the hall, Ashby.
I'm sorry sir...
but I just HAD to bring her here.
Is there any place I wouldn't go,
to visit the sick?
She stumbled off the freight-boat
from Cincinnati..
Wanted to go to Mallie Cramp's.
But I'm afraid nothing 'll help her along.
My baby...
I want to see my baby...
Lucy Lee.
Where's Lucy Lee?
I'm sorry, Dr Lake...
I didn't know.
I thought I heard somebody calling me.
Now...take me to Mallie Cramp's.
Jeff!
I declare, that last keg of whisky you got,
don't set well on my stomach.
I don't know why, Judge...
I got it from the same moonshinin' gentleman
where I got it before.
Well maybe they aren't sproutin' the grains
in a cool barn.
Sure ain't the kinda corn squeezes
that my stomach is used to.
Here comes Dr Lake.
Get rid of the jug...
Keep the glass.
What's the trouble?
Somebody came back to town...

Collapsed on the way to Mallie Cramp's.
Thunderation!
Ashby Corwin picked her up...
Brought her to my office.
She's in a dying condition...
...at Mallie's.
That's all that's needed...
...You being seen
going into Mallie's tomorrow.
We'll be turned out of office.
Yes, I think YOU will.
But I intend to visit her, like any other
sick woman who needs care.
I know you will, Doctor.
I'd do the same thing.
Uncle Billy!
Uncle Billy!
I HAD to see you, Judge...
I must know what's going on.
Who AM I?
I know Daddy Lake loves me
like a daughter...but...
Tell me, Judge!
Who AM I?
Why, you're his adopted daughter, honey.
That's not enough anymore, Uncle Billy.
You're mine, too.
You belong to all of us.
Every man jack
that ever rode for General...
Thank you, Uncle Billy.
Now I know who I am.
Andy Redcliffe...
...when did you start
handcuffing children?!
We just got him out
of the Tornado District in time, Judge.
They was braidin' it up for 'im,
down there.
What did you do, boy?
Nothin' Judge...
Please sir...I didn't do nothin'!
We couldn't wait for the girl to identify him.
Then how do you know

he did anything?
Bloodhounds treed him, Judge.
Bloodhounds!
Let me hear the boy.
I was just walkin' out
to the old plantation...
Like you told me...
To help with the tobacco-tyin', Judge!
Them dogs spied me,
and I started runnin'.
I made it to the piney woods...
But they kept gainin'!
So I climbed a tree.
The dogs kept leapin'
and snappin' at my heels.
Then these white gentlemens came
and took me down.
Lots of white gentlemens
were comin' up the road...
...hollerin'.
Lucky for him, we were so close
to them bloodhounds.
Andy, you know a bloodhound's a fool dog.
This boy may be guilty...
Then again, it may be a case of mistaken identity
on the part of the bloodhounds.
Now you take this boy to a clean cell...
and take care of him.
Uncle Plez, Mr Burnham will let you
carry his vittles from the Corwins.
Boy...you'll have a fair trial.
Race, creed or colour...
Justice will be done in my courtroom.
And Andy Radcliffe...stop being
such a dad-blasted fool!
Get your men together...
Go out there
and find the right man.
And stop chasing children around.
Yessir, Judge.
Hey, Judge...
They're comin' to get that boy...
What?!
Goin' plumb lynchin'...

Grass rope...knot...pine torches...
Got firin' pieces...belts...
Telegram the governor
and get some soldiers...
Get a whole lot o' soldiers!
We ain't got time for soldiers.
Jake!...Jake Viner!...
Jake!
Mr Viner...he run away, Judge.
Well I ain't gonna run away, son.
Judge...can I stay, too.
Yeah, you stay, Uncle Plez.
Hey...there he is, Pa!
Boys, I want to have
a little talk with you.
It ain't gonna do you no good, Judge.
We come after this boy!
Boys...you're all my friends.
I eat vittles in your homes
when I'm campaigning.
Get outta my way, Billy Priest!
You ain't gonna hold no fair trial...
...and drag my poor little gal's name
through open court.
It's being dragged more, this way, Rufe.
You can see that, can't you?
Is that the 'Krag Jrgensen'
that Teddy Roosevelt gave you?
Why yes, Judge.
It sure is.
And you used it at San Juan Hill...
defending liberty.
Now you want to destroy it.
We come after that boy, Judge.
We don't aim to do you no harm.
I know you don't, Buck...
I know you don't.
I don't want to threaten you
with this deadline...
I just want to reason with you.
That boy ain't been identified yet.
These dogs identified him,
didn't they?!
Sure!

All you've got is the word
of a fool dog.
It's been my experience...
...that a bloodhound
is the foolishhest dog that is.
I don't remember of anybody ever
keeping a bloodhound for a yard dog.
They're such dad-blasted fools!
Judge...we came here
to hang that there boy...
Now don't you be goin' ahead...
...and doin' somthin'
you are gonna feel sorry for.
Beaker, I aim to conduct myself...
...so that YOU 'll vote for me,
come next Tuesday.
Get out of our way...
and we'll ALL vote for you.
Yeah, Judge...course we will!
If that's the price of your support...
...I won't pay it!
Come on...let's tear down the jail!
I'll kill the first man
that crosses that line.
I don't know which one of you
is gonna kill me...
But I know which one of you,
I'm gonna kill.
I don't want to kill you, Judge.
I don't want to kill anybody.
But so help me God...
I'll kill the first man
that crosses that line.
Even if it was my own brother,
I'd kill him.
You seem to be the leader
of this thing, Buck Ramsey...
Just cross that line
and get yourself killed.
Come on...come on!
Look at them fool dogs...
They know they ain't found
the real criminal yet.
Come on, Pa...

Let's get on home.
Billy Priest...
I rode alongside of you,
and I fought alongside of you.
But you're gonna live to regret this.
Uncle Plez...take this key
and go to my chambers.
And look in my waste basket...
You'll find a brown jug there.
Bring it to me downstairs.
I gotta get my heart started.
Get goin', Pleasant!
Get goin'!
Yes, Judge, I'm flyin'!
I'd do anything for YOU, judge!
I know, boy...I know!
But you're too young to vote.
Du Liebe, bitte!
After tomorrow...
we all be out of office...
A new sheriff...
a new county physician...
a new dog-catcher...
And positively, a new circuit judge.
I wouldn't make any bets on that, Hermann.
How can you be...
...after the spectacle
you make of yourself...
...in front of the jail.
You didn't believe in what I did?!
Believe in it?!
Diese ehrliche Junge!
I would lay down my life
for the principles you've just defended.
I...of all people!
That's why I'm saying,
you should have deputised ME!
I'm not running for re-election.
And YOU have been seen entering
Mallie Cramp's establishment.
And YOU had gone fishing.
And where were YOU...
Mr Dog-catcher?
I'd 've been right up there with the judge,

if my wife hadn't hid my britches!
What departments I shall have
when you are all turned out of office!
12 Confederate veterans
in the 'Ladies Underwear'.
Judge...please may I speak...?
Won't you come in, Mrs Cramp.
You'll be more comfortable
in the living room.
Oh, the doctor.
I'm profoundly sorry.
I'm ordering a sign painter tomorrow.
"All goods in this store, half price"
"Owner going out of business"
Come right in, Mrs Cramp.
Make yourself comfortable.
Sit down...sit down!
Mrs Cramp...what can I do
to serve you?
That poor little thing!
Just before she passed away...
I HAD to come to you, Judge!
Because you're a GOOD man.
Every time they haul me in to court
to fine me...
You always show me a chair
and call me Ms Cramp.
That poor little thing
was a GOOD woman, Judge.
But she just sort of let life
get the upper hand.
She was born here...
...and she wanted
to be buried here.
I promised her on her deathbed...
...she'll have a funeral...
...in a church...
...with flowers.
And the sun streamin' through
a pretty window on her coffin.
And a hearse, with plumes...
...and some hacks.
And a preacher to read The Bible.
And folks there in church

to pray for her soul.
Have you done been
to a preacher, yet, ma'am?
Well, I daren't...I just daren't.
It would ruin him.
It would ruin ANY preacher!
It would ruin ANY man.
I know I shouldn't 've come here, Judge...
Seein' as how you're mixed up
in the election tomorrow.
Why, ma'am...
Politics never even entered my head!
There ain't any worry
about money.
I'm able...
I'm plenty able!
And I promised that poor little thing...
I'd provide it all!
Then worry no more, Mrs Cramp.
The Lord will provide.
Jeff...get me some of my medicine.
Got to get my heart
started again.
Tilly Mae...I do declare
you're the prettiest girl at the party.
Lorelle...you're the prettiest girl
at the party.
Good evening gentlemen...
Nice fresh strawberries, right here.
Nice and fresh this morning.
Delicious...right off the mouth.
Upon my honour, ladies...
These eyes of mine have never feasted
on more unrivalled beauty.
But it is election eve...
...and I shall desist from
further eulogies of the fair sex...
...lest you deem me insincere.
Lemonade!
I'm not in politics...
...but must drink a bucket
of lemonade.
Hermann...I dread it
as much as you do.

Judge...you-all must be losin' your mind...
...if you think them temperance women
are gonna vote for US.
After all them barrels of liquor
we've drunk.
Don't you know there are 200 temperance women
in this county, who control 200 votes!?
Why does a woman work for temperance?
Because she's tired of liftin'
that besotted mate of hers
off the floor every Saturday night...
And puttin' him on the sofa,
so he won't catch cold.
Lemonade!
Tonight we're for temperance.
For the cause!
Have yourself the little cloves.
And chew them...
chew them hard!
We're going to that festival tonight,
smelling like a hot mince pie.
Are they right, Miss Lucy Lee...
...you not being in your party dress
and going to that festival?
I say it ain't right!
Dagblast it!...I asked her to go.
There should be a young man...
...ein schne Junge!
Carrying 'blumen'...
a bouquet of roses!
There should be cold Rheinwein!
And Strauss waltzes...
And on the long way home...
kisses in the shadow of an archway!
Like the Cinderserella!
Daddy Lake asked me to go, but...
Really Uncle Billy...I...
I just don't feel like it.
Will you excuse me?
Giddup!
Judge!...Someone can make that boy a man,
with all his wildness.
Do I hear a motion to that effect?
I so move!

Second the motion!
It's been made and seconded...
All in favour, say "aye".
Answer is...
...the motion's carried.
Here you are!
Drinking your lemonade!
Politicians!
I'm not in politics.
But you, the "Circus" Judge!
The County Physician!
The Sheriff!
The Mr Dogcatcher...
Why don't you go in
and see the ladies?...
Kissing their hands...
Paying compliments...
And getting their votes!
Women don't vote!
And the cadets are too young.
Besides...
My feet hurt.
Running for judge,
and his feet hurts!
What's worrying me, is where is
that young rascal with Lucy Lee?
If you'd have let me whamp him
with this sword...
He's be here by now,
or I'd have both of his ears cut off.
I go back to my lemonade...
That lemonade comes only
out of my ears yet!
Well...Lucy Lee...
I declare...
You're the prettiest girl at the party!
Thank you Mrs Ratchitt.
Gentlemen...
Miss Lucy Lee...and Ashley Corwin...
It's a beautiful sight...
Come, come quick!
Comrades...on this auspicious occasion...
I propose a toast!
A toast to the anti-liquor...

Brother Finney!
Comrade Finney!
What's in the jug?
Refreshment!
I want to thank you for coming by...
and asking me...
And for that other kindness.
You're a...
...a brave girl.
You're the brave one...
...for what you did last night.
And you guessed it.
I went in there
and showed my face...
...and danced, and pretended
I was having a good time...
Thank you, Ashby.
Daddy...please take me home.
I've a mind to horsewhip you, boy!
Buck Ramsey...
When the girl came to,
she identified him.
I told you so!
Them dad-blasted fool bloodhounds!
Watch out, sheriff!
Burn him!
Mindy!
After him boys.
Boss Ashby...go get him!
Ah! Das ist das schnst...das arme, arme Mdchen!
Good shootin', comrade.
Saves the trial.
It's a great and glorious day
for Kentucky!
Where no longer...
No longer can an empty sleeve...
...or a gimpy knee...
...serve as a blanket
to smother the progress...
...of the 20th century.
And when no longer...
...no longer my...
My worthy opponent!
Who can it be?

If anybody was dead,
I'd be the first to know it.
No decent woman will ever speak
to Billy Priest, from now on!
No, I don't suppose they will.
Man...the judge sure ain't gonna get elected, now!
Detail...halt!
The first three ranks will fall out
and act as pallbearers.
Our sister who lies here...
...in her last breath...
...asked that a sermon be preached
at her funeral.
Upon me, who has never attempted
such an undertaking...
...devolves the privilege
of speaking a few words...
..above her.
I thought of certain words
from the Gospel...
...of Saint Mark...for my text...
Wherein he says...
The Lord and master
took a child in his arms...
...and he said
"Whosoever receives a child in my name..."
"...receiveth me."
What I would rather read you...
A story from the Gospel of St John...
...the best beloved of Christ's disciples.
You'll remember the occasion.
The Lord had visited the Mount of Olives...
...to pray, and then he had returned
to the temple.
And the scribes and Pharisees
brought unto him...
...a woman taken in sin.
And when they had set her in the midst...
...they say unto Him...
"Master...this woman was taken in sin."
"Now Moses commanded us in the law,
that such should be stoned."
"But what sayest thou?"
And Jesus didn't say anything.

He simply stooped down and wrote
with his finger on the ground...
...as if he hadn't heard.
But they kept after him.
They tried to trap him.
And finally, he raised himself up...
And he looked them in the eye.
And this is what he said...
Sir...I believe you have
my rightful place.
You remember Jesus raised himself up.
And he looked those accusers
in the eye...
And this is what he said.
"He that is without sin among you..."
"...let him first cast the stone at her."
Then again he stooped down...
...and wrote upon the ground.
And bye and bye,
he raised himself up...
And they were ALL gone.
Every last one of them common scoundrels
were gone!
And only the woman herself, stood there.
And he said to her...
"Woman, where are those...
thine accusers?"
"Hath no man condemned thee?"
And she said...
"No man, Lord."
And he said unto her...
"Neither do I condemn thee."
Brother Ashby Corwin...
Do you think you can say a prayer?
Yes sir.
I think I remember one.
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild...
Look upon a little child.
Pity her simplicity...
Suffer her to come to Thee.
Amen.
Judge Priest...
My sympathies, sir.
You're a gallant foe.

Mighty fine band music.
Good marching music!
The Honourable William Pittman Priest...
1,638 votes.
The Honourable Horace K. Maydew...
1,700 votes.
It would be a gracious act indeed...
...for Your Honour to concede the election
at this point.
I don't concede anything...
just yet...Horace.
I trust Your Honour recalls
I conceded the last election?
And I trust you'll have to repeat
your gracious act again.
The election ain't over yet, Maydew.
The Tornado boys ain't voted yet.
Not by a jugful, it ain't!
You mean the lynching boys
from the Tornado District?
Them Tornado boys are comin' into town!
Good evening, Mr Ramseur.
Evenin' Mr Maydew.
Evenin', Billy Priest.
Evenin', Rufe.
Do you concede now, Judge Priest?
I ain't conceding nothing, Horace.
Well, then perhaps you'd like
to make a sporting proposition of it?
Yes...I'll make a little bet with you.
The sum of 50 cents...
The sum of \$100!
Oh, no, no...
I haven't got a hole in my head!
I have lived through a revolution
in Europe...
A heart's breaking war in America...
And I know a cunning and unscrupulous politician
when I see one.
Thank you, Hermann.
Professional compliments
are always pleasing.
I'd like to take 50...I bet Billy!
Judge...

I done exactly what you told me...
I put them ladies on the steam-packet...
The general paid for fares...
And they're gone now.
The lady Mrs Cramp told me to tell you
she never will forget.
That the Lord will provide.
Yes...
Judge...you ain't voted for us yet.
Ain't got but about 3 more minutes!
Bless my sould, Jeff,
I nearly forgot!
The Tornado District returns 62 votes
for Judge William Pittman Priest.
It is now tied at 1,700 to 1,700.
Horace, if you will permit me
to drop my innate modesty...
Boys...the band will now play "Dixie"!
Oh the sun shines bright
in my old Kentucky home...
'Tis summer, the children are gay...
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
Jeff...I gotta take my medicine.
I gotta get my heart started.
We will sing one song
for my old Kentucky home...
For my Old Kentucky Home far away.