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# Whispering Smith

By Frank Butler

Come on. Let's get.

Hi, Murray.

Hello, Sam.

Well, hiya, Bill.

Hiya, Murray. Hiya, Captain.

How 'bout a splash of hot java?

Coming up. Hiya, Doc.

How are you, Baggs?

Why, you old ticket puncher, I thought you'd pulled the pin on us and left.

Sure have, Murray. Got myself as pretty a piece of land as you ever saw.

Say, who's the new brakie?

Him? Oh, that's Willie Figg.

Willie, meet Mr. Murray Sinclair, our wrecking boss. Glad to know ya, Willie.

And don't forget, Willie. When you pile 'em up, there's a poor goat that's gotta clean up the mess

What are you doing out this way,

Murray? There was a wreck, wasn't there?

Nah. Just a rock slide and a broken arm. Lost a couple of empties.

- Hardly worth the trip, was it, Doc?

- No. Hardly. Hardly.

- You sound disappointed, Murray.

- Yeah. The bigger they are, the better I like 'em

It ain't like the old days, Bill.

The roadbed's as flat as a pool table.

All this new equipment, inspections every time you turn around...

In a few years, we'll be railroading in a dress suit, the way things are goin;

**Get this:**

personnel, Rocky Mountain division.

"Barton Brothers held up Cheyenne Express last week. Guard murdered.

Barton's heading your vicinity. "

Why, the dirty, murdering snakes.

Yeah, but look what else it says:

"Luke Smith detailed to case.

'Give him every cooperation.

Luke Smith?

Signed, P.L. Bucks, President."

Let me see that.  
Good old Smitty.  
Now, there's a guy.  
You know him?  
You hear that?  
He asked me do I know him. Why, we were  
practically weaned off the same bottle.  
Came west, started railroading together  
right here on this division.  
Yes. Smith rode shotgun for  
us in the payroll car. Sure.  
A couple of years, me and Smitty  
roomed together at Emmy's. Remember?  
Yeah. Yeah. That was before  
Marian and I were married.  
Now he's way up there...  
Whispering Smith.  
Trouble-shooter  
for President Bucks himself.  
Guys like Smitty  
they don't make anymore.  
What's he like? Well, he's  
sort of quiet and gentle-like.  
Till somebody spits in his  
eye. Then he's like a rattler.  
He just naturally unwraps himself.  
Why, I've seen him toss six slugs into a gent's  
belly button and never even seen him draw his guns  
Yeah, but why do they  
call him "Whispering Smith"?  
Sonny boy, if you ever run off  
with the company payroll...  
and you hear somebody behind you talkin' low and  
quiet, it's Whispering Smith and you're in trouble  
What in the blazes? What does  
he think he's doing up there?  
Hey, you, Willie. Get forward and  
tell that hogger to keep rollin'.  
Maybe somebody's trying to flag us  
down. Yeah. Maybe the Barton Boys.  
Better get back.  
Looking for someone?  
Smitty! Smitty, we were  
just talking about you.

How are ya, anyhow? Get away  
from me, you big buffalo.  
What have you been doing  
with yourself? Hello, Baggy.  
Hiya, Cap. Well, Doc, this  
is just like coming home.  
Come here, sweetheart. Let me look  
at you. Boy, it's good to see you.  
You too, Murray. Here. Let me  
help you off with these wet things.  
Get him a cup of coffee, Cap. You  
sure picked a fine night for a walk.  
Sit him down. What's the matter with  
you? Don't you like horses anymore?  
Sure. I had one,  
but they shot it out from under me.  
The Bartons?  
Yeah. The Bartons.  
How do you know?  
This wire.  
They won't get very far in this weather. The  
way I see it, they'll hole up in Williams Canyon.  
Then maybe you'll be around  
for a spell, huh? Maybe.  
That's great. Boy, when I take you home, Marian's  
gonna just naturally fall flat on her face.  
How is Marian? Wait till you see  
her, and wait till you see my ranch.  
I've got a spread  
that'll knock your eyes out.  
- Where's the next open telegraph station?  
- An operator at Coyote Creek, but we don't stop.  
I guess we have to. I gotta wire  
the sheriff at Medicine Bend.  
Yes, sir.  
Coyote Creek it is.  
When's the next train?  
Which way?  
- Either way.  
- There's one due about now, but she don't stop.  
She'll stop.  
Get out your lantern.  
Well? Get out your lantern.  
Get movin;

Looks like she's stoppin'.  
Sure enough is.  
You and Gabby unhook the engine.  
I'll see nobody gets off.  
Come on. Let's go.  
All right, hogger.  
Back her up.  
I said back her up.  
Gabby, stand by to unhook her.  
What's the matter, Barton?  
Did your horses play out on ya?  
Drop that gun on the seat.  
Come on.  
Get over here.  
You hold him.  
Smitty.  
Smitty, you all right?  
Get Barton. The operator...  
They've shot him.  
Go get Doc. Don't just  
stand there. Go get him.  
Doc can't do anything.  
The poor guy's dead.  
Hey, Doc! Doc!  
They got him!  
What? Are ya a crazy fool?  
Why didn't you call for help?  
Always tryin' to fight the  
whole world single-handed.  
Marian.  
Hello, Luke.  
Hello, Marian.  
The doctor said  
to keep you warm.  
This your place?  
Yes. Murray brought you.  
Oh.  
It's good to have you here, Luke,  
even if it did take a bullet to bring you.  
How bad is it?  
You're lucky. By rights,  
you oughta be dead. Look.  
Oh. Oh, I should've  
had this in my side pocket.

Remember?

Yes, if it's the one

I gave you.

It's the same one, all right.

It was such a long time ago.

Five years is a long time.

Where's Murray?

Asleep.

Oh.

You'd better get some sleep too.

It's almost daylight.

The doctor said the only thing  
to worry about was fever.

You're gonna be just fine.

Good night, Luke.

Good night, Marian.

Marian?

Yes?

Nothing.

I just want to say thanks  
for... everything.

Hi, Marian,

how 'bout that hot water?

Coming.

All right. All right.

So one of these days,  
you'll stop a couple of bullets  
with your teeth, and you'll end up...

I know. I know. I'll end up probate, with  
coyotes chewing the buttons off my pants.

Luke, such talk!

It's not me. It's Murray.

That's all he's been saying  
the last two days.

I wish you'd  
think up some other words.

Now, on the level, Smitty. When  
are you gonna give up riding herd...

on express car bandits and  
get somethin' for yourself?

Such as what? Well, for one thing, you  
could quit the railroad and throw in with me.

Huh? Sure. I've got more ranch  
than one man could ever handle.

You put in with me, you can write your own ticket. We'll run the Circle "Z" 50-50.

What do you say? Well?

Nice offer, Murray.

It just isn't in the cards.

- Why not?

- Well, l... For the first thing, I've got my job.

Job. You call that thing you've

got a job? A railroad cop?

I like the railroad, Murray. It's

in my blood just like it's in yours.

- You talk to him, will you, Marian? Tell him he's

crazy. - I think Luke should decide for himself.

Well, how about it, Smitty?

- Sorry, but thanks just the same.

Well, I'm not begging'.

- You must be out of your mind, though.

- Look out, Murray. You'll cut his throat.

Well, maybe I should.

Let some sense into him.

There.

Now you can pretty him up.

Thanks for the shave.

But next time, use a pair of pliers.

They'll pull out easier. Say, what are you whacking into this skirt for, honey?

I'm shortening it. Ho, ho,

ho. You see that, Smitty?

You haven't been here five minutes, and already, she's wanting to show off her legs.

Murray, please!

- All set, Murray?

- Yeah. I'll be right with you.

Where you goin'? Into town. I'm three days late with my report on that wreck.

Old shiny pants'll be bawling'

like a stuck calf. "Shiny pants"?

Yeah. The new division superintendent,

George McCloud. You know him? No.

He's a college guy. Got a little book called How to Run a Railroad. Bye.

Take good care of him,

Marian.

What's the trouble, boys? It's that sheepherder,

Rostro. He's back up in the North Flats again.  
Yes, and them stinking', woolly maggots has grazed  
off better than a half section of good cow feed.  
- What did you do about it?  
- Nothing'. We...  
Nothing'? Why, you dumb beef heads,  
what do you think I'm paying you for?  
Go on. Get back up there. Take the dogs and  
run those blasted sheep clear into the river.  
But, Murray, the North Flats don't  
belong to us. That's government range.  
- Rostro has as much right to graze there...  
- You keep out of this, will ya?  
The trouble with Marian, she been mixing in things  
that are none of her business and I'm stopping her  
Go on! Get goin'!  
Don't feel badly, Marian.  
He didn't mean it.  
You know, sheep'll  
make any good cattleman edgy.  
Thank you, Joe. Cigars in  
the back. Thanks, Murray.  
Hi, Murray.  
Hello, Bob.  
Hello, Murray.  
Hey, George.  
Hi there. Hiya, Chief.  
What's been keeping ya?  
Hello, Murray. How's Smitty?  
Doing fine. Just his arm was nicked.  
- The doc said it was mostly exhaustion.  
- Oh, that's great.  
- Why don't you drive back with me and see for  
yourself? - That's a deal.  
- Is all that equipment back from Frenchman's  
Flats? - Just checking in now.  
Good. Hey, out in the buckboard,  
fellas, there's a whole mess of cigars.  
The crate's a bit mashed,  
but the smokes are fine. Help yourself.  
Thanks a lot, Chief.  
Thanks, Murray. Thanks.  
Don't thank me. Thank the  
insurance company. Hey,



you'd better get your report in  
to McCloud.

- He's been yelling his head off.

- Let him yell.

- Good morning. - Well, come on in, McCloud.

Save me a trip to your office.

I suppose you want that report.

Yes.

As a matter of fact, I was rather  
expecting it day before yesterday.

Oh, you did? Well, I've  
had a sick man on my hands.

Smith. Yes, I know.

Here it is. And it's all there,  
unless you'd like it in violet ink.

No, Sinclair. All I'm  
interested in is its accuracy.

And hereafter, I shall expect these  
reports immediately you come off a wreck.

Get your hat and coat  
and let's go.

Rebstock, huh?

Yeah.

Four-X. That's his brand.

Hello, Barney! Hi, Whitey!

Well, hello, Murray.

If this ain't something, huh?

And old Bill Dansing.

How're ya, Bill?

Hello, Rebstock.

You remember Whitey Du Sang.

Yeah. I know him.

- You going to town?

- Oh, just shipping another bunch of cattle.

Say, what's this I hear about Whispering  
Smith? Got himself shot up or something, huh?

Yeah.

Pretty bad, huh?

No, no, no, no.

Nothing at all.

Oh, uh.

Well, I'll be seeing ya.

Say, why don't you take a ride out to  
Williams Canyon some night for a hand of poker?

Been a long time since me and the  
boys seen any of that railroad money.  
Yeah, I'll do that, Barney.  
Well, so long. So long, Whitey.  
Giddyap.  
Fine.  
What's the matter with you, Bill?  
I don't like your friends, Murray...  
Rebstock, Du Sang.  
I know that Whitey. He's as  
cruel as a soft-nosed bullet.  
He'd shoot a dying man  
just to see him squirm.  
He's a beauty.  
Did Murray raise him?  
No. He's a present from  
Barney Rebstock. Rebstock?  
You remember him.  
Yeah. I remember him.  
Quite a spread Murray has  
here. He's very proud of it.  
I'll bet he is.  
Luke?  
Yes?  
It's just a woman's curiosity,  
but why haven't you ever married?  
Well, I never thought  
I had enough to offer,  
at least to one girl  
I had in mind.  
Then you did  
have someone in mind?  
Yes. I... I had someone  
in mind, all right.  
Was she attractive?  
I thought so.  
Then you never got around to  
asking her... to marry you, I mean.  
No, I never did.  
Do you think  
that was fair to the girl?  
Maybe she was just waiting  
for you to ask her.  
Why didn't you let her decide,

Luke?

Why didn't you?

Well, don't blame the girl  
too much, Luke.

You can't blame her.

The years pass so quickly.

I know.

Well, there's nothing  
can be done about it now.

No.

Hiya, Hank. Hello, Smitty!

Am I glad to see you.

Hello, Bill. How are you?

Got yourself another touch  
of lead poisoning, huh?

Sure look good on you,  
though. You certainly do.

How's Emmy?

Oh, Emmy's just fine.

Said for me to tell you your old  
room's all ready and waiting'.

Ah. Having you two kids together  
again, I could spit nickels.

Go ahead, Bill. Here, Smitty.

Here's a present for you.

And always carry it in your shirt  
pocket. Oh, well, thanks, Murray.

Well, look at this.

Ready, boys?

Let's go.

Acquaintance be forgot  
And never brought to mind  
Should auld acquaintance  
be forgot

In the days

of auld lang syne

Met a friend of yours coming  
out, Smitty. Barney Rebstock.

Uh, Barney heard you'd been  
shot up. He asked after you.

Yeah. He seemed mighty disappointed  
when he heard you wasn't buried yet.

Was he headed for town?

Shipping a bunch of steers.

I'll drive back to town  
with ya, Bill. What for?  
A word with Rebstock.  
Why don't you keep your big  
mouth shut? Yeah, why don't I?  
Now, wait a minute, Smitty. What's the  
rush to see Rebstock? I want Barton.  
What? Are you crazy? You think he's got  
Barton in his hat or somethin'? Yeah.  
Why? I got a hunch he's got  
Barton holed up in Williams Canyon.  
Come on, Bill. Now, look, Smitty.  
Let me handle this, will ya?  
If your hunch is right, maybe I can  
persuade Rebstock to turn Barton in.  
What are you mixing in this for?  
Well, you're certainly in no shape to.  
Any other reason?  
I don't want any trouble  
with Rebstock.  
Since when has a man like Rebstock, a thief  
and a cattle rustler, meant anything to you?  
If a man's railroading or in the cattle business,  
he's gotta be friendly with his neighbours.  
All right, Murray. Take it  
easy. This is my job, remember?  
This is what Bucks  
pays me for.  
- Good-bye, Murray. Tell Marian thanks  
for everything. - Yeah. I sure will.  
Well, hello, Smith.  
Hello there.  
Hopping around again, huh? Well, I'm  
certainly happy it's nothing serious.  
- I'd like a word with you, Rebstock. - It'd be a  
real pleasure, son, but I'm a little busy now.  
I wanna get the cattle loaded before...  
All right. When?  
Well, how 'bout Pete's  
right after supper?  
I'd esteem it a privilege to  
buy you a drink. I'll be there.  
Fine. Come on.  
I don't like it, Smitty.

I don't like any part of it.  
That Whitey. Did you see his eyes?  
They were cutting your liver out.  
I'm telling ya, Smitty, you're walking  
right into it. You, with only one arm.  
Aw, take it easy, Bill. Sweet suffering  
Moses, boy, why don't you get the sheriff?  
Mac? By the time he got on a  
horse, Barton'd die of old age.  
Oh, Mr. McCloud!  
Mr. McCloud, I'd like you to meet  
Luke Smith. So you're the great Smith.  
I don't know about that. Glad  
to hear it was nothing serious.  
Well, thanks.  
Heard a lot about you, Smith.  
All of it good, I hope.  
Good?  
Well, according to President  
Bucks, you're practically a legend.  
He just sent me a wire. He seemed pretty happy  
about the way you handled the Barton business.  
You can tell him the score on the  
Bartons is still two down and one to go.  
I certainly will.  
Luke.!  
- Luke!  
- I'll be seeing you.  
Well, well. How's my boy?  
Hello, Emmy.  
Ohh.  
Oh, Luke, it seems  
you're always in trouble.  
One of these days, you're  
gonna... Don't worry about me.  
The important thing is how are  
you? Oh, I'm fine, Luke, just fine.  
And still got her looks, huh,  
Smitty, even if she is falling apart.  
Falling apart? You, with your store  
teeth and your hair coming out.  
Say, Emmy, if you've got a horse, I could eat  
half of it. Supper'll be right on the table.  
The sooner, the better, on account

of tonight, I gotta see a man...  
about a dog.  
Put him away, Seagrue.  
Say, I was down the south meadow.  
We'd better get those cattle out of there tomorrow  
Take care of it first thing in the morning.  
Hi there, honey!  
Mm.  
Oh, Murray,  
won't you ever grow up?  
If you'll call Luke now, we'll  
eat. Luke's gone into town.  
What for? He had some crazy  
idea he could nail Barton.  
Barton?  
Mm-hmm.  
Murray, he's in no condition to do that.  
That's what I told him, but you know Smitty.  
But Barton's dangerous.  
He's a killer.  
Oh, Murray, why did you let him go? Why?  
Anybody'd think Smitty was still in knee britches.  
Well, I wouldn't worry about him  
if he was all right.  
Murray, if anything should happen to  
him, we'd never forgive ourselves, never.  
All right, honey. If that's the way you  
feel about it, I'll drive you into town.  
And if you can talk him out of it,  
I'll buy you a new hat.  
Howdy, Mr. Rebstock. What'll it be? Oh,  
I'll take a little of that special...  
I thought I told you  
to stay out of town.  
So you did.  
So I'm in town.  
So what about it?  
So you'll be picked up,  
that's what.  
Picked up?  
I'm getting out of here.  
Did you hear him, Whitey?  
He's getting out of here.  
Where'd you think

you'd be going, son?

There's lots of states  
in the Union, ain't there?

Son, you can hit the trail from here  
to China, and every mile of the way,  
Whispering Smith'll be breathing  
down the back of your neck.

Smith?

Yes.

The guy that as long as you  
live'll be keeping you on the jump.  
Hiding out in back rooms. Afraid to walk  
up to a bar and take your liquor like a man.

Yeah. Smith.

Maybe Blake likes to run.

Who's running'?

You are.

And that's something I've gotta see. A growed-up  
running from the guy that killed his two brothers.

Why, if you had the guts of a  
grasshopper, son, you'd call Smith's hand.

You're better off dead than  
sweating every time a door opens.

And it's gonna open  
pretty soon now,  
because Smith's on his way  
over here.

Where ya goin', son?

Outside.

Me and Smith are gonna  
need plenty of elbow room.

Say, Blake...

What?

If you need any help...

You wait out here.

Smitty, why don't you listen to  
reason? You wanna help me, don't you?

You know I do. You stay out  
here and keep your eyes open.

Well, well. So here you  
are. Sit you down, son.

Sit down.

Well, you see, Whitey and  
me's all ready for you.

There we are.  
Now then, son,  
just what's on your mind?  
Any favour me and Whitey  
can do for ya'll be a real pleasure.  
- Won't it, Whitey?  
- Rebstock, I'll not waste your time,  
and I'll thank you  
not to waste mine.  
You've got Blake Barton.  
I want him.  
Well, that's just fine, son,  
just fine and dandy.  
And how would you like him wrapped up...  
fancy-like, with pink ribbons, or just plain?  
Don't be a clown, Rebstock.  
- Ain't you got enough troubles?  
- Yeah. You want part of 'em?  
Keep your hands on that table, or I'll blast you  
out of the chair. Now, boys, boys, boys. Listen.  
Listen, son. You got me all wrong. If we had  
Barton, it'd be a pleasure to turn him in.  
I know enough polecats  
without hiding out one of his stripe.  
No, sir. You certainly  
have got me all wrong.  
I'll tell you what I'll do, Rebstock.  
I'll give you 48 hours  
to run Barton out of Williams Canyon.  
If you don't,  
I'm coming in after him.  
And that might not  
be too good for you.  
Give me three cards.  
Hello, Bill.  
Hello, Doc.  
Smitty, just saw him walking' down the  
track... looked like Barton. Don't look.  
Get under cover.  
Smitty.  
You heard me.  
I said get under cover.  
Good night, Doc.  
Hey, come on! This way!



You got him.! Good boy.!  
Nice goin', Mr. Smith.  
I heard the shooting', and l... Yeah, we  
know. So you stopped to shine up your badge.  
Take over, Sheriff. I  
certainly will, Mr. Smith.  
And don't fall  
down no gopher holes.  
What's the matter, Du Sang?  
Are you losing your touch?  
Quit worrying', Marian.  
Quit worrying'.  
Did you see them?  
That's Rebstock and Du Sang.  
Aw, stop acting like  
you were his nurse or somethin'.  
Hi there.  
Luke! Luke!  
Luke. Why, Marian, what's the matter?  
Oh, I was so afraid. I was so worried  
that... There's nothing to worry about.  
I'm all right.  
See? I'm all in one piece.  
Hiya, Smitty.  
So long, Luke.  
Oh, where have you been  
Billy boy, Billy boy  
Oh, where have you been  
charming Billy  
I have been to seek a wife  
She's the darling of my life  
She's a young thing  
And cannot leave her mother  
- Emmy, what's the time? - It's an hour  
past breakfast, that's what time it is.  
He could stay  
in bed all day.  
Can she bake a cherry pie  
Billy boy, Billy boy  
Can she bake a cherry pie  
charming Billy  
She can bake a cherry pie  
quick as cat can wink its eye  
She's a young thing

And cannot leave her mother  
You shouldn't have bothered, Emmy. I've  
gotta make the most of ya while I got ya.  
Ohh, bless you.  
Drink your coffee  
before it gets cold.  
Good morning, Doc.  
Emmy.  
Hello, Doc.  
How are you, Smitty?  
Hello, Baggs.  
How's that flipper coming along?  
Oh, good as new, thanks.  
Fine. Fine.  
You know, that's four slugs I've dug  
out of him. Sort of saving them up.  
Bobby, shake hands with Mr.  
Smith. Bobby's my grandson.  
He's been batching with me out at the  
ranch a spell. Oh. Glad to meet you, Bobby.  
Say, are you Whispering Smith?  
That's what they tell me.  
Aw, gee.  
Is this your dog?  
Yeah. That's Holy Moses.  
Hmm. What's he got in his mouth?  
Huh? Well.  
You oughta take a lesson  
from your dog, learn to save your money.  
Smitty, we've gotta be  
running along. All right, Doc.  
So long, Luke.  
Bye, Baggs.  
Take it easy, boy.  
Good-bye, Bobby.  
Bye, Mr. Smith.  
Come on, Bobby.  
We'll try again later.  
Hiya, boy.  
Good morning, Bill.  
You still thinking' about  
leaving town today? I think so.  
Oh, Bill?  
Yeah?

Before I go, there's something I've been meaning to ask you. What is it?  
It isn't easy. It's...  
Well, it's about Murray.  
Since when's there ever been anything about Murray that wasn't easy?  
- Now, don't get sore.  
- I ain't sore. I'm just asking'.  
How do you explain his friends? Rebstock, Du Sang... the Williams Canyon outfit?  
Murray's a growed man, ain't he?  
- Or we still gotta pick his playmate?  
- Look, Bill. This is your house. You don't have to listen if you don't wanna. I'm listening.  
All right. How much do you figure he makes railroadin'?  
I don't know.  
I never seen his paycheque. 120 a month, maybe 200, but not any more.  
- What are you getting at?  
- His ranch.  
How do you figure he can build up a spread like that?  
- Not on what the railroad's paying him.  
- Smitty,  
I ain't sore and I ain't mad, but I'm telling ya, see...  
Whatever Murray's doin' or ain't doin', I don't think it's any of your business. You're wrong, Bill.  
He's the best friend I've got, the greatest guy that ever pulled on a boot. When I see him heading' for an open switch, that's my business. And it's yours too.  
Yeah. Yeah,  
I guess you're right.  
Here. Quit loafing and get to work.  
Well, Smitty, if I don't see ya... I'll see ya before I leave.

Good-bye, Emmy.

Bye.

Well, where do you think  
you'll go from here?

Utah, Nevada, California.

- I'll let Bucks worry about that.

- Oh, Luke, why don't you stay?

You know why

I don't want to stay, Emmy.

Never wanted to come here  
in the first place.

A wreck!

Baggs!

Anybody hurt?

Smith, I'm taking a run  
out to the wreck.

I'd consider it a favour if you'd  
come with me. I'd be glad to.

Slack off!

Give me that hook  
over here, Bill.

Okay. Take it away!

It's all yours, boys.

Look out below.!

Check this one,  
will ya, Bill?

How we doin', Seagrue? First rate.

Here, Seagrue.

Here you go, men.

Cigars on the house.

Seagrue.

Thanks.

Now, look. When you get a load, take it over  
to Rebstock's place and come right back here.

Sure will.

Where do you want this barrel?

Let's set it up over here,  
Frank.

Easy, Murray.

That case ain't even damaged.

Well, it is now.

Look, boys! Come and get it!

Hiya, Murray.

Hi, Smitty. Why, you old buzzard,

you. What are you doing out here?

I thought I'd come around and  
kick the lead out of your pants.

Sinclair, is this brandy?

Yeah, sure. Have some.

It'll make a man out of you.

You realize, of course, that drinking  
on the job is against the rules.

Sweating out here in the hot sun like this,  
a man needs more in his guts than plain water.

Isn't that right, fellas?

That's right.

- These cigars. Are they off the wreck too?

- Where else?

Sinclair, I'll give you five minutes;  
then I'll expect these men back at work.

Why, you...

Take it easy, Murray.

He's only trying to do his job.

He's got a lot to learn yet.

Maybe I should learn him  
with a pick handle.

Why don't you try giving him a break?

Maybe he'll learn as he goes along, huh?

What's that you're loading?

Oh, just some stuff that... some stuff  
that got busted up in the wreck, I guess.

You got a match?

Driver?

Yeah?

Whose wagon is this?

- Hey, Murray!

- Yeah!

Fella here wants to know  
whose wagon this is.

It's mine, and these  
men are off my ranch.

What is all this? It's  
just exactly what you see...

damaged merchandise,  
mostly junk.

Where are you hauling it?

What's it to you

where we're hauling it?

Junk, huh?  
Personally, I'd call it loot.  
McCloud, I don't like that word.  
Hauling away about \$2,000 worth  
of perfectly sound merchandise,  
I think loot's the right word.  
As long as there's been a railroad, stuff  
like this has been for the wrecking crews.  
Am I right, boys?  
That's one of the things  
Bucks sent me here to stop.  
Sinclair,  
you'll unload that wagon.  
Dansing, set this stuff  
back on the right-of-way.  
All right, boys... I'll brain the  
first man that lays a hand on it!  
That's right, Murray!  
Murray, I think we can talk this  
over quietly, the three of us.  
Now, you stay out of this, Smith.  
This is between me and McCloud.  
No, Murray, it's between you and the  
railroad. And I'm afraid that cuts me in.  
All right, boys. Clear the tracks.  
And lay off my crew, will ya?  
If you want my job,  
say so, and I'll quit.  
No, Murray. I'm only asking  
to talk this over. Come on.  
Anything you got to say, you can  
say right here, but say it fast.  
That wreck's gonna sit across  
the tracks until this thing's settled.  
You mean, it's either your way, or  
you'll tap the whole line, is that it?  
That's it. Murray, I still  
think we can talk it over.  
Sure, we can,  
but it'll never be your way.  
Bill, you heard what  
Mr. McCloud said.  
Start unloading that wagon. All right,  
Seagrue. Get movin'. Haul that load out of here.

Seagrue, if you move those mules,  
I'll shoot them from between the traces.  
All right, Bill.  
Unload that wagon.  
You want this stuff, huh?  
By Judas, you'll have it!  
Come on, boys! Lend a hand!  
Here's a dress for ya!  
- Sinclair, you're fired.  
- That suits me fine, just fine!  
And me too! And give 'em mine.  
Sure, I'm sticking with Murray!  
You boys were through  
the moment you got on that wagon.  
You know the trouble with you, Smith. You've worn  
a marshal's badge so long, you now smell like one.  
All right, Seagrue. Let's go. We'll  
cool off at the ranch with a few drinks.  
Hyah.! Here we come.! Giddyap,  
there.! Come on.! Giddyap, there.!  
Come on. Break it up!  
All right, men. Get back to work!  
Sinclair's  
a pretty tough customer.  
No, he's not tough.  
Just hog-headed stubborn, that's all.  
Get back to work.! Come on. Clear  
off that track.! Right or wrong,  
once Murray starts something,  
he'll finish it, regardless.  
Somehow,  
we have to fix this up, McCloud.  
He's too good a man to lose.  
That McCloud,  
sticking his big nose in.  
I bet he just about busted his neck  
getting his report into Bucks.  
You know Murray.  
Try shoving him around,  
and he'll beat your brains out  
just for the fun of it.  
McCloud just doesn't  
know how to handle him.

- **It's past 8:**

- Bill should be back.

Do you think he'll have talked

Murray into coming with him?

There's a chance.

Like I said the other day...

Marian!

Hello, Emmy.

Hello, dear. Hello, Luke. Hello, Marian.

I just got in with Murray and Bill.

They stopped off at Pete's

to have a drink.

Poor Murray.

I guess he really needed one.

He'll be right over.

Bill told us that you'd wired Bucks,

interceding for Murray.

I've been praying all the way into town

that'll it'll work out all right.

Now, don't worry, Marian.

Bucks has never turned me down yet,

and he won't now.

When do you expect

an answer from him?

Any minute.

He... He knows I'm leaving.

Leaving? When?

Tonight.

Come on, Bill.!

Emmy!

W-Well.

How's my sweetheart?

Phew! How many you boys had? We only...

Liar!

Hi there!

Hi, yourself.

I guess I sort of jumped the tracks

a little this morning, Smitty.

I'm sorry.

Forget it, Murray.

Smitty, you're all right.

Same ol' Smitty, huh, Marian?

Always turning the other cheek.

Not always, Murray.



Say, Bill tells me  
you wired Bucks.  
Yes, we should have  
an answer by now.  
See, honey? There's nothing  
to worry about... not a thing.  
Smitty wired Bucks, and what  
Smitty says goes, huh, Smitty?  
Hello, Bill.  
Telegram for Mr. Smith.  
Thanks, Mickey.  
All right.  
Thanks, Bill.  
I'm...  
sorry, Murray.  
Looks like Bucks is getting himself  
quite an education.  
There are some pretty fancy words here.  
"Appreciate your intervention,  
"but am convinced that Sinclair  
has outlived his usefulness.  
This decision is final."  
Well, you didn't do so well,  
did you, Smitty?  
I'm sure  
Luke did all he could.  
Yeah, I'll bet he did.  
Murray.  
Luke is leaving town tonight.  
Oh?  
Yeah?  
I'm afraid Bucks  
has made a mistake...  
a big mistake.  
Luke, that'll be your train.  
I'd better be getting on it.  
Come on, girls.  
Let's go see him off.  
Good-bye, Emmy.  
Good-bye, Luke.  
Sure felt like coming home.  
God bless you.  
Come back soon. Promise, now. Sure.  
All aboard.!

Good-bye, Marian.  
Take care of yourself.  
I'm sorry  
Murray acted the way he did.  
You can't blame him.  
He's disappointed,  
and so am I.  
Tell him I'll try again  
when I get to Chicago.  
Thanks, Luke.  
Please write.  
Sure. You do the same.  
All aboard! So long, Bill.  
So long. Take it easy, boy.  
Oh, Bill!  
Yeah?  
Take care of Murray for me, will  
you? I sure will, Smitty. I sure will.  
If you've got the price, we've  
sure got the thirst! Well, Murray.!  
Come on down here.  
Sit down, son.  
Waiter, another glass here  
for Mr. Sinclair.  
Well, son, I hear you've been  
having your troubles.  
As I always say,  
when a man's having his troubles,  
that's when a man  
needs his friends.  
They fired me, Barney.  
I guess it's somethin'  
I haven't got through my head yet.  
So they fired ya, huh?  
Well, well.  
You know, from where I sit, it looks as  
though that McCloud just did ya a big favour.  
He done me a big favour too.  
'Cause it gives me a chance to speak  
what's been on my mind for a long time.  
Listen, son. I'm getting old,  
kind of stiff in the saddle.  
I need a partner, a man with some  
guts under his belt, like you.

Come on in with me, Murray. What we've made before will be just nothing'.

We can make ourselves a real killing'.

Well, one thing I'll tell you:

Bucks thinks he can run this division without me.

All right. Let him try.

What was it this time?

Same old thing.

Stock train piled up this side of Smoky Creek.

You look a sight. I saw you comin' and put the coffee on.

Fine.

I guess bad luck, like they say, comes all in a lump.

This ain't no "bad luck"...

bridges burned, switches left open,

journals sanded,

freight lost in shipment,

cattle stolen

from right out of the cars.

No. This is something that's all been figured out.

Do we know who's doing it?

Don't ask me that. Of course

we know who's doing it!

And so does everybody

from here to Cheyenne!

If he only had the wit

to realize it, the fool!

Guaranteed

Cherokee Indian snake oil!

Folks, it'll cure anything that

happens to be wrong with you.

I had a woman who come to me not long ago. This woman suffered from insomnia.

I've got a letter from her here.

I want to read you this letter.

It says here,

"Unless you leave town immedia..."

No, that's not it.

That's a personal letter, my friends.

I'll drop you off here, huh? I thought we were going to spend a quiet evening with Emmy and Bill. This genuine Indian snake oil... Maybe that's what you need, honey... a shot of snake oil. You've sure been looking kind of puny. Have I? Yeah, kind of mopey, puttering around the house like a sick hen. I'm sorry, Murray. And stop being sorry so much. Every time I open my mouth, you're sorry. I'm sorry, honey. Now you've got me doing it. Hello, Murray. Hi there! How's my big boy? The wife. Friends of Rebstock's. Yes. I should imagine. Well, if it ain't the little lady herself, slick as a daisy and twice as pretty. I sure am sorry if the boys have been disturbing your sleep these nights. I keep telling 'em, but sometimes they don't realize they're not at home. Well, l... Maybe I'll go and get myself a drink, and, uh, I'll be seeing ya, huh? Yeah. Why didn't you just spit in his eye and get it over with? Marian, what's come over you lately? Nothing. You're not fooling me. A man knows when he's not wanted, when he's being treated like he was poison or something. That's not true, Murray. Yes, it is. Instead of sulking around like a spoiled kid, if you've got something against me, why don't you say so? All right. I'll tell you.

I haven't changed, Murray.  
You have. Something  
terrible has happened to you.  
I knew before you opened your mouth  
it would be my fault.  
I didn't say it was your fault...  
not entirely. It's your friends'.  
My friends? Suppose you leave them  
out of it? But I can't, Murray.  
Because, whatever you're doing,  
and I'm sure it's something terribly wrong,  
I know these men  
are the cause of it.  
They're wicked men, Murray!  
I said, leave them out of it.  
I'll talk to you later.  
Oh, Luke.  
Now, Marian.  
Oh, Luke, I'm such a fool.  
Please forgive me.  
When did you get in?  
A couple of hours ago.  
What brought you back?  
Bucks wired me to come.  
Bucks?  
Is it that bad? I'm afraid the  
division's had about all it can take.  
Murray.  
Oh, Luke, please talk to him.  
You're his oldest friend.  
He'll listen to you. He must!  
Marian! How's my honey?  
Where'd you pop up from?  
I came in with Murray. Is  
Emmy inside? Yeah, go on in.  
She'll be glad to see you.  
Bill, you...  
you doing anything special?  
No.  
Come on. Let's take a walk.  
Mr. Smith.!  
Hello, Sheriff.  
Say, you look a little peaked.  
Well, if I ain't glad to see you.

Since you've been gone this dang  
railroad has been running me ragged.  
We sure have. One time, we  
almost had him on his horse,  
only he'd lost his horse.  
Now, that ain't kindly, Bill.  
It ain't for a fact.  
Have you seen Murray? Murray? Yes,  
he's in Pete's Saloon. I just left him.  
Now, Mr. Smith... Eh... Thanks.  
Well...  
Care for me, care for me  
If we meet in Laramie  
Maybe she'll marry me  
Gotta go and see, whoo, whoo  
- Hello, Smitty.  
- Hello, Murray.  
- So you're back, huh?  
- Looks that way.  
And, boy, it's a sight  
for sore eyes to see ya. Yes, sir.  
- What'll it be, son?  
- Not a thing, Rebstock.  
I'd like to talk to you, Murray.  
This Smith,  
he's gonna start crowding us.  
All right. We'll see who can  
crowd hardest with the most.  
Murray, you've been  
around the railroad a long time.  
You know how powerful they are.  
You can't buck 'em.  
Yeah? Go on.  
Well, a lot of things have happened  
since I've been away.  
What's that got to do with me?  
I, uh... I just came in  
from Crawling Stone Flats.  
Yeah?  
You were there when that last  
trainload of beef was ditched.  
You're crazy.  
No, Murray.  
The sorrel gelding of yours threw

a shoe. I picked it up at the wreck.  
I also talked to the man  
who reshod the horse the next day.  
- Are you figuring' to tie me into that wreck?  
- No. It's a little tougher than that.  
I'm figuring on giving you some advice.  
Well, what do you know?  
Murray,  
this town's gone sour on you...  
Medicine Bend,  
the whole territory...  
and I don't know  
how you can sweeten it.  
You just got off on the wrong foot  
with the wrong people.  
Wrong people?  
So Marian's been crying'  
on your shoulder, huh?  
Marian has nothing to do with it.  
I've had Rebstock  
taped out for a long while.  
He's poisonous... murder.  
Yeah. Go on.  
But keep it funny.  
All right. You and Rebstock  
are in this up to your necks.  
I could pin it on you  
from any angle.  
You know, Smith, I was just wondering why I  
ever thought you were something extra special.  
Well, here's my advice, Murray.  
Pull out. It's a big country.  
Go someplace you like.  
Get a fresh start.  
- Pull out?  
- Yes, pull out. I can cover up for you.  
My old pal.  
Just full of brotherly love  
and charity, aren't you?  
Why, you're trying to frame me,  
that's what.  
You know better than that, Murray.  
Sure, you are.!  
Me out of the way and you have

a clear track with Marian.  
Slipped a long ways, haven't you?  
What's the matter, Smith?  
Does he make you nervous?  
You losing your touch?  
Don't let it worry ya.  
That's only the first round.  
Oh, hello, Bill. Luke.  
Emmy.  
Emmy.  
It wasn't any use, was it?  
No.  
I'm gonna leave him, Luke.  
Marian, you can't do that.  
If you leave him now,  
he's finished.  
What else can I do?  
Every night,  
he's with those unspeakable men,  
here in town, out at the ranch.  
They're destroying him, Luke.  
Marian, I know how you feel.  
Half the time,  
I feel that way about him myself.  
But we can't let him down now.  
Right now, he needs you more  
than he's ever needed anybody in his life.  
But what can I do?  
Take him away,  
make him sell the ranch,  
leave here.  
I've tried and failed.  
Now it's up to you.  
Is that what you  
really want me to do?  
It's more than that.  
It's what you must do.  
It's his only chance.  
Marian.! Marian.!  
Let's finish the game at Murray's.  
I say, do you think  
she's gonna like this?  
We'll wait for you, Murray.  
Okay.



Yes.

Look, honey. Did you really mean what you said on the way home tonight... about us leaving here?

Yes.

You're sure that's what you want?

It's the only way, Murray.

I'm sure of it.

Well, that's all I want to know.

Where are you going?

I'm gonna ride a ways with Barney.

There's a... little deal

I've got to clean up with him.

You better get yourself some sleep.

Let's go.

Come on.

All right. Don't move.

Put 'em up!

Second section of Number Three. They jumped her while she was taking water at Tower "W."

Killed the guard

and got away with all the money.

"They"? Who's "they"? We don't

know. They were all masked.

Sheriff, how long would it take you to

round up a dozen men who can ride and shoot?

Why, uh, you'll have all the men you need in half an hour.

Good. Bill, you get an engine and two stock cars.

Have them spotted at the loading corral. Right away.

McCloud, I want a clear track from here to Tower "W."

Smith, I can ride, and I can shoot.

I wish you'd let me come along.

I feel partly responsible for this.

Sure, I'd be glad to have you.

Thanks.

Got that straight, Sheriff? We ride to Williams Canyon, turn back anybody who tries to get in.

That's right.

We'll pick up the trail at Tower "W."

If it's Rebstock's outfit, we should

have 'em between us this afternoon.  
All right. Good luck, boys. Same  
to you, Mr. Smith. Come on. Hup!  
All set? They've got a three-hour  
head start on us. We've got to travel.  
Luke, take care of him, won't you? Bill, I  
mean. Sure, I'll keep my eye on him, Emmy.  
Look out for yourself  
too, will you? Yeah.  
It's hard to tell, Mr. Smith. It all  
happened so fast. How many were there?  
Not more than six.  
Anyone you know?  
Uh-uh. Anyone you could  
identify if you saw 'em again?  
No. You see, they all had  
handkerchiefs over... Wait a minute.  
Yeah, one of them had  
long hair, sort of whitish.  
Yeah,  
I could nail him anyplace.  
Du Sang. Well, thanks,  
Woody. You've done fine.  
Well, that kind of ties things  
together. Yeah, the Rebstock outfit.  
All right, boys. Get goin'. A little fast riding,  
you can catch up with the sheriff's outfit.  
I'll meet you at Williams  
Canyon. Good luck, Smitty!  
So long, boys! Good luck!  
Good hunting, boys!  
Smitty, is Murray in this? I don't know.  
That's what I gotta find out. Come on.  
Hello, Marian.  
Hello, Luke.  
Murray home?  
No.  
Do you know where he is?  
He rode out with Rebstock...  
last night.  
Where's Karg?  
He went with him.  
And Seagrue?  
Yes.

Have you any idea where they went?  
To Williams Canyon,  
at least I think so.  
You see, last night on the way home,  
I talked to Murray,  
just as you asked me to.  
I finally persuaded him  
that we should go away.  
Then he got the idea  
of selling out to Rebstock.  
What's the matter, Luke?  
Early this morning at Tower "W,"  
Rebstock's outfit held up Number Three.  
Made off with a lot of money.  
The worst of it was they killed a guard.  
Do you think Murray had any part in it?  
I wish I could say no.  
Marian, you'd better go to Emmy's.  
There we are. This is your share,  
Murray, and this is for your ranch.  
There's yours, Whitey.  
Well, boys, I guess that's it.  
What is it, Barney,  
the thin end?  
Barney.! Barney.!  
They're comin', Barney.  
Who's comin'?  
Smith, with a posse! I told you  
they'd be here, you murdering half-wit!  
Well, it's no use talking about that now!  
Get your rifles, men!  
One man behind a rock is worth three  
in the open. Barney, you're crazy!  
I'm getting outta here the  
back way! This is a hanging'!  
I'm with ya, Murray. Me  
too. So you're running, huh?  
Fine thing. A man thinks he's got men  
behind him, but when the chips are down...  
Aw... Aw, well, never  
mind me. Come on, boys.  
Get on your way. I'll tell you what I'll do.  
I'll keep 'em here just as long as I possibly can.  
So good-bye, boys,

and good luck!

Barney.

Whitey, what are you doing here?

You'd better get out of here, son.

It's you they're coming after.

Got it fixed up

all nice and pretty, ain't ya?

For yourself. You stay behind

and give us a nice head start,

then you meet the posse

and throw it all off onto us.

Oh, now, Whitey, son,

you know perfectly well that l...

They got Baggs.!

Give him the best ya got, Doc.

McCloud, you'd

better stay here with him.

All right, boys. Let's go.

Sounds like

somebody got behind us.

Keep pressing 'em, Sheriff. I'm

going on back. Right. Come on!

Come on, Bill!

One of you boys better help me plug up this

hole. I left a trail a blind man could follow.

I'll get it, Murray.

Looks like it went

plumb through.

Come on. Let's get out of here! Yeah.

Ho!

What's the matter?

Out of range.

Out of range, my eye.

You could've hit 'im

with a beanshooter.

Come on.

All right, Marian. Get your things

together. We're getting out of here.

Well, what are you waiting for?

You want me to sell out and go.

You were at Tower "W."

What do you know

about Tower "W"?

Who told you?

Come on. Who told you?  
Was it Smith? Was he here?  
Yes.  
So that's it.  
You were running out on me.  
No, Murray! No, I was only...  
Might as well get this  
through your head, Marian.  
You'll never go with Smith  
or anyone else as long as I'm alive.  
Now, pick up your stuff.  
No, Murray! Don't! If you do, they'll  
never stop until they hang you.  
Then go out there and get rid  
of em. If you don't, I will.  
- Why didn't you go to Emmy?  
- I had some things to do. I had to pack.  
Luke!  
I suppose Murray hasn't  
come back yet.  
No.  
No, not yet.  
If he does, tell him it's best  
he gives himself up.  
Well, that's one time  
you kissed him off fast.  
All right. Now, get the  
buckboard, and hurry.  
Murray,  
you must give yourself up.  
You can't go on...  
Yeah, Smitty'd like that.  
You heard me.  
Get the buckboard.  
Marian.  
Luke!  
Oh, Luke, why did you come back?  
Why? Why?  
Murray's in the house, isn't he?  
Yes, but he's hurt badly.  
You and Bill go get the doc.  
I'll stay here and see if I can help him.  
Oh, Luke, please don't go in there.  
Please don't!

He's crazy.  
He's like a madman.  
Get goin', Bill.  
Get that buckboard out of here fast.  
Watch your step, Smitty.  
Come on, Marian.  
Giddyap!  
Hyah!  
Marian! Marian! Marian!  
I'm coming in, Murray.  
Hiya, Smitty.  
Hi, yourself.  
Is it bad?  
Yeah. Bad.  
Try to take it easy, Murray.  
I sent for the doc.  
You're wasting his time.  
That last one almost cut me in half.  
Here, let me...  
Get your hand away!  
I'm sorry.  
Forget it.  
Well, that's how it goes.  
Ya gotta have the breaks.  
You had 'em all, Murray.  
I had one, anyway.  
I had Marian.  
That's one break you didn't get.  
Get me a drink, would ya?  
It's on the table.  
Sure.  
Smitty.  
Murray, if there'd been any other way,  
I'd have played it differently.  
You know that, don't you?  
The only cards I had  
were the ones you dealt me.