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Dodge City

By Robert Buckner

There's the 23rd marker, sir.
Twenty-three miles in
one hour and 14 minutes.
Gentlemen, that is moving.
Our engineer is trying to
set a record on the first run.
But I doubt if we can maintain
this speed on our regular schedule.
Why not? If this train can
do it, the rest of them can.
Providing Col. Dodge's new
town is worth speeding to reach.
Worth it? You wait and see.
Now it's just the end of the
line, but in a few years...
it'll give your railroad more
business than any town west of Chicago.
I hope you're right, Colonel. You've
stuck to that argument for five years.
Why shouldn't I?
I've raised that town from two
hog pens and a buffalo waller.
How big is it now, Colonel?
Well, at the last census, gentlemen,
they had three buffalo wallers.
Look, there goes the
stagecoach from Wichita.
We'll be carrying the mail from now on.
Listen to that snorting
teapot. She's already winded.
By Jove, we'll run her into the ground.
Better put your whip to them.
- Willie?
- Yes, sir, boss?
You go up and tell our engineer...
if that stagecoach beats us to
the end of the line, he's fired.
Yes, sir. And if this
train go any faster...
I'm gonna get off and walk...
'cause I don't like
this zest of the Lord.
By George, he's making a
good showing, you know it.

- We'll get him.
- We'd better get up some speed here.
- There he goes.
- We've got him.

Gentlemen, that's a symbol
of America's future: progress.
Iron men and iron horses.
You can't beat them.
Lucky devils. Nothing
to do, but eat and sleep.
That's right, hardhead.
The only difference between
you and them is a pair of horns.
Hush.

Say, Wade, let's cut
out a couple of them.
No. We've killed our last buffalo, boys.
The railroad's finished
and so is our contract.
Besides, we've a little
appointment to keep, you know.
Come on.
Here comes our meal ticket
for the last six months.
So that's what a steam engine

looks like:

Come on, let's pay our
respects to the Colonel.
- Hello, Colonel. How are you?
- Fine, son. See you soon.
We'll be there.
By golly, Dodge, you
know everybody in Kansas.
Not quite. Those boys
have been working for us...
hunting buffalo to feed
our construction gang.
The young Irishman is Wade
Hatton. I met him during the war.
He fought for the rebels
in Jeb Stuart's cavalry.
Been everywhere, done
everything. Sort of a rover.

Well, it takes all sorts
of men to build a railroad.
No, sir. Just a couple of us Irishmen.
On your toes, men!
We're gonna start moving.
Watch those hides they don't slip.
Keep on your toes.
We're gonna start moving.
You drivers keep close together.
Ready to start whenever you say, Jeff.
All right, let's move fast!
- Which one of you men is Jeff Surrentt?
- I am. Why?
I'm John Barlow, Commissioner
of Indian Affairs, from Kansas.
- You're under arrest. All three of you.
- For what?
For the illegal killing of
buffalo and selling their hides.
We got those buffalo on free
land, just the same as he did.
He has a government permit to kill
buffalo for the railroad workers.
- You got any such permit?
- No.
- Is this some of your business, Hatton?
- I made it my business.
As soon as I found out you were
shooting buffalo on Indian territory...
stealing the hides, and
letting the meat rot in the sun.
When any Indians protested, you
shot them down in cold blood.
This has been going on all winter.
It took you till now
to catch up with us?
We didn't want to. We just watched
you and counted the animals you killed.
You're lying. You'd have made them
stop us before, if you'd known.
Why? It seemed a better idea to let
you and your pals work your head off...
packing and curing those
hides until they caught you.

So that's why you waited so long?
The Indians might just as well get
the hides in good salable condition.
All right, Hatton.
But I hope you stick around
Kansas for a long time...
because we're gonna collect for
every one of those hides in full.
Right. If you're ever
around our way, look us up.
All right, boys.
- Congratulations, Colonel.
- Thanks, Rusty.
Wade, you've been a great
help in building this railroad.
Now the real work begins.
We've got to make it pay.
That's up to you.
No, it isn't. I've got other work to
do. We're looking further westward.
I want you to take charge
here, help build up this town.
- Organize trade for our road.
- No, thanks, sir.
We're on our way back to Texas. We'll
drive cattle up to meet your railroad.
If we keep hanging around here, these
two galoots are gonna get civilized.
We better leave here before old fog
head starts eating with a knife and fork.
A knife, anyway.
You couldn't keep Wade here, Colonel.
He's the most moving-on
man you ever saw.
First off, he was in the
English Army over in India.
Then he got mixed up in some kind of
a hooray revolution down in Cuba way.
Then he started punching cattle in Texas.
That was before he enlisted in the war.
So he's either the greatest
traveler ever lived...
or else he is the biggest liar.
And now, it gives me great

pleasure to introduce to you...
the man who made this
progress possible: Col. Dodge.
Ladies and gentlemen...
today a great chapter of
history has been written...
and we take justifiable pride...
in bringing this railroad to the
terminal furthest west in this country.
Someday, and I believe it
will be in the near future...
a great city will spring from this
very spot upon which we now stand.
A city which will represent
all that the West stands for:
honesty, courage, morality, and culture.
For all the noble
virtues of civilization.
I can see a great metropolis
of homes, churches, schools.
A fine, decent city, which will
become the flower of the prairie.
A city whose name...
Yeah, Colonel. Just what do you aim
to call this here perfect metropolis?
What are we going to call it?
Why not call it after the man
who made it possible? Dodge City.
That's right. Dodge City it is.
Be sure to give those
cattle plenty of salt.
The more water, the more weight.
Cattle is sure some business.
They must come to Dodge City from
all over the world, don't they, Pop?
Almost, son. Hold my horse.
Wait, Surrectt. You can't ship
those cattle. Where's my money?
You'll get it, Cole. Why
don't you stop worrying?
You've got no right to ship
those cattle until I'm paid.
\$15,000 dollars, cash in hand.
Those were the terms we agreed on.

Take it easy. I can't be running to
the bank every time a train leaves town.
If you don't trust me,
other cattle brokers will.
Maybe they used to, Surrectt...
but not since what happened
to Sam Chapin and Kit Sproull.
They trusted you, too,
didn't they? But not me.
I'm coming to your place tonight
to collect for these steers.
You have the money waiting for me,
or I'm slapping a warrant on you.
You gotta get what's yours
when dealing with men like that.
They're no good.
Sure, Pop, but we can handle them.
Hold my horse, son. I
won't be but a minute.
Take your time, Pop, but
get all that's coming to us.
- Come along, boys, this is the place.
- Here's the Texan!
You look great tonight, Ruby.
I sure like that new dress.
- Thanks, darling.
- Just for luck.
You don't need any more luck.
That's right, I don't, not
as long as I've got you.
That's me.
- Hello, Surrectt, I was looking for you.
- Hello, Matt.
You ready to see me?
- I was on my way up to get your money.
- I'll go with you.
Mind waiting a few minutes?
I got some business first.
I don't mind. But don't
try and run out on me.
This is the last chance I'm giving you.
Don't worry. I'm gonna take
care of you in a minute.
Come on over and wet your whistle.

- Hey, Jack.

- Yes, sir?

Give Mr. Cole anything

he wants, on the house.

Yes, sir. What'll it be, Mr. Cole?

- A glass of beer, please.

- Yes, sir.

Nice-looking bunch of steers

we shipped today, Cole.

Yeah. They'd look a lot better

if I'd been paid for them.

What do you mean?

Haven't we always paid?

Not from what I've heard.

Maybe you've been

listening to too much talk.

Maybe. Maybe not.

Are you calling me a liar?

I'm not calling you anything, Yancey. In

fact, I'd rather not talk to you at all.

- Keep your hand off that gun!

- Why, I...

"... in sure and certain hope
of the resurrection of the dead.

"Our Father which art in
heaven, hallowed be thy name.

"Thy kingdom come, thy will be
done, as in heaven, so in earth.

"Give us day by day our daily
bread, and forgive us our debts...

"as we also forgive everyone
that is indebted to us.

"And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil. Amen. "

To have him go this way.

It's so cruel, so useless.

You promised you wouldn't cry, Mom.

John, will you look after Mrs. Cole?

You don't have to, Mr.

Orth. I can take care of her.

That's right, Harry. You're
the man of the family now.

Funeral's over.

There's your man, Marshal.

Serve your warrant.

It's about time those
guerrillas were taken in hand.

What are you waiting for? Go on.

Don't push me. I know my duties.

Hello, Marshal.

Yancey, I've got a warrant here
to arrest you for the murder of...

Matt Cole.

Why don't you go ahead and serve
it? What are you waiting for?

- Mind riding back into town with me?

- Yeah.

That's all right, Yancey. You go
ahead and ride in with the Marshal.

Why, sure, Marshal. Come along.

Come on, boys. Come on, Al.

After all, the law's the law.

Now, just a minute, Marshal.

- This is your...

- Now, hold on there, boys.

- Wait a minute.

- Get him in there, boys. Hurry up.

Come on, boys. We'll ride
him out of town in style.

What's the use of trying to make
an honest town of Dodge City?

Surrett's crowd scares off the
honest, law-abiding settlers.

They're all going on to
Wichita and Kansas City.

I tell you, Ellen, we're the
public disgrace of America.

You know what the New
York newspapers are saying?

There's no law west of Chicago,
and west of Dodge City, no God.

I'm afraid they're not far wrong.

It's becoming unsafe for a woman
to walk on the streets in this town.

And as for children...

I almost wish Lee and Abbie
weren't coming to live with us.

They'll be all right, unless they're

as bullheaded as their father was.
We haven't had a word from
them since they reached Texas.
When do you suppose
they're gonna get here?
I kept a record somewhere.
- I always used to...
- They're on the table.
Yeah, the dates.
They left Fort Worth three weeks
ago with a cattle-drive party.
Now, let's see.
Yeah, they must have crossed
the Red River about here...
then on up the Chisholm Trail
into the Indian territory.
I'd say they'd be about
Broad Plain by now.
Tex.
- Have you seen my brother?
- Yes'm.
He's over yonder somewhere
hotfooting it around.
He swiped one of the boss's horses
and I reckon he sure is drunk again.
I consider that a very
impertinent remark.
Yes'm, I guess maybe I
shouldn't have said he's drunk...
even if he is drunk.
I don't know what I'm
going to do about you.
Broad Plain, huh?
This is where the Indians
are supposed to be?
Yes. If you keep up the
fuss you're making...
you'll have them right on our doorstep.
I wish they would attack us.
It's dull plugging along
like this day in and day out.
It's dull, but that's no reason
for you to act like a lunatic.
Maybe they don't even know

we're here. Let's tell them.

Stop it!

Was that you who fired
those shots, Mr. Irving?

- Sure it was him.

- Sure it was. What about it?

Nothing, except it seems like
a silly waste of ammunition.

He won't do it again. He was just bored.

Faith, now, that's a great shame.

- So am I.

- Really? Well, I'm sorry.

Perhaps things will get enlivened for
you if that shooting stampedes the cattle.

Since you seem to know
what troubles him...

I'd suggest you see he drinks less.

Them two youngsters is more
trouble than they're worth.

I'll certainly be glad to hand
them over to their uncle in Dodge.

She sure is pretty, though.

Yes. I'd still trade the two
of them for one good cigar.

All right, this is it! Tex! Rusty!

Tex, get the steers watered.

Rusty, line up the wagons
at the bottom of that slope.

- Get moving, flat neck.

- Hush, I'll get moving.

All right, folks, we're bedding down.

Watch your cook fires,
now. The grass is awful dry.

- Don't you wander off.

- Ma, I'm hungry.

All right, get your teams
hooked up. We're pulling out.

- Move as soon as you're ready.

- Tex, get the herd started.

Wade, you better watch
old bullet head here.

I caught him riding
in the wagon yesterday.

- Hush. I was...

- Hush up.

Good morning, Mrs.

Harper. Did you rest well?

- Thank you. Fine.

- Good.

Be sure you boil that
water before you drink it.

I'll bet two minutes after you were born,
you were telling the doctor what to do.

Think so? I'm sorry, Miss Irving.

You know, it's really
no fun playing boss...

but someone's gotta say what's
to be done, haven't they?

You know, out here...

a trail boss has sometimes got
to take the law into his hands.

Yes. "Pioneering," I believe
you call it, don't you?

That's right. You don't
seem to be enjoying it much.

Enjoying it?

Can anyone enjoy being jolted
along week in and week out...
through a nightmare of heat and dust...
with sand in your teeth, eyes, and hair?

Faith, now. If you didn't like sand,
maybe you shouldn't have left home.

I wouldn't have.

But we didn't have much
choice after Father died.

I see. I'm sorry.

Here, can I take that?

It looks heavy for you.

No, thanks. I can manage it.

I'm sure you can manage a bigger
one in each hand, if you wanted to.

But why should you?

- Because I happen to be in a hurry.

- We'll wait for you.

There. See?

If everyone in the camp obeyed orders
as willingly and charmingly as that...
we wouldn't have any trouble at all.

My brother and I seem to be causing
you a great deal of trouble, Mr. Hatton.

No, just your brother.

You know, I think you spoil
him by mothering him, don't you?

Maybe I do.

May I make a suggestion?

Why don't you go...

Look here, Mr. Irving! This
ain't no picnic grounds.

Put up that gun before
you stampede them cattle.

Get down off your high
horse, will you, cowboy?

Watch me shoot the handle
right off of this one.

- Are you out of your mind?

- Hiya, Abbie.

You're just in time to witness an
exhibition of some real fancy shooting.

Put up that gun before
somebody takes it away from you.

Who's gonna take it away from me?

You're drunk, you don't
know what you're doing.

Don't start to lecture me.

I've had enough of that for now.

Lee, don't!

It's a run!

Tex, head in those leaders
and keep them milling.

See what you've done.

I hope you're satisfied.

I've been waiting to see some
action since this trip started.

You crazy galoot! You
saw what nearly happened.

What? Just gave you lazy cowhands
a little exercise, that's all.

Irving, you're giving us
a great deal of trouble.

- You're gonna force me to be unpleasant.

- Let me alone.

I'm not on your payroll,

and I'll do as I please.
No, you'll do as I please.
You people in the wagons
came to us for protection.
You paid for it, and you're getting it.
You'll obey orders until
we reach Dodge City.
You may not realize it,
but the Civil War is over...
and you're no longer
in the Army, Mr. Hatton.
I'm not gonna argue with you.
Sober up and stay sober, or
I'll confiscate your liquor.
If you lay a hand inside
our wagon, I'll blow it off.
Look, Irving...
we've got a very special treatment
for bad little boys like you.
You behave yourself or you'll ride
into Dodge City backwards on a mule.
You'll look very silly.
Now we're moving. You
better get started.
- Lee, be sensible.
- Let me alone.
I can hardly wait to see you on
that mule. You sure will look funny.
Take that stupid grin off
your face, you big hyena.
Drop that gun, Irving!
Drop it, I tell you!
You've killed him.
Here you are, Tex.
That's for Dr. Irving.
Take the shortcut into Twin Forks.
Bear left from there. It's
three hours to Dodge. Understand?
Sure I do, Wade.
I tried to explain in it. Tell him
I'll call on him when we get there.
I sure hope that doctor is more
understanding than his niece.
- Good luck. Get going, Tex.

- Goodbye.

Miss Irving.

I know how you must

feel about all this...

and I know how you must

feel about my part in it.

My shot was unavoidable.

I'd never have fired it

except to defend myself.

I've no words to tell you

how badly I feel about it all.

Will you leave me alone, please?

Well, so this is Dodge City, huh?

It sort of smells like

Fort Worth, don't it?

That's not the city

you smell. That's you.

We'd better get you to a bathtub before

somebody shoots you for a buffalo.

Gentlemen, can I hold your horse?

Lady, can I carry your basket?

Gentlemen, can I hold your horse?

Gentlemen, can I hold your horses?

I'll watch them real careful.

- What's the idea, sonny?

- I'm in business.

I'm the man of the family now.

You're certainly making an

early start. What do you charge?

A quarter just for keeping

an eye on your horses.

50 cents for watching them extra good.

All right, then. We'll take

\$1 worth of the extra good.

Didn't Shakespeare

begin by holding horses?

- Who?

- Hey, stranger, where's the money?

So you don't get any

credit here, either?

Here you are.

- Thanks, mister. Much obliged.

- You're welcome.

William Shakespeare.

I never heard of him. What part of Texas is he from?
Stratford-on-Avon.

- Good morning, boys.
- Good morning.
- You fellows look pretty dusty.
- We certainly are.

It's on us about an inch thick for each state in the country.

What's the news in Dodge?

Just about the same as always: gambling, drinking, and killing. Mostly killing.

Had one here just the other night. Coldest-blooded thing I ever heard of.

Man named Yancey shot Matt Cole over at the Gay Lady.

Matt Cole? I used to know him in Texas. What was the trouble?

What was the trouble? How long since you been in Dodge?

Quite some time. We always ship up through Wichita.

This town is run by a man named Jeff Surrett.

Cole was trying to collect for some cattle he sold.

\$15,000, Surrett owed him.

Good morning, gentlemen.

How long before you'll be through with this fellow?

In about 10 minutes, Mr. Surrett.

All right, hurry it up. I'm gonna take a bath. Yancey.

I'm sorry, there's somebody in there already.

Hey, shut that door!

There's a draft in here.

What's the idea, Charlie?

You know I always take a bath on Saturday mornings.

Get that fellow out of there.

I'm sorry, I can't do that, Mr. Surrett.

He ain't been in there half an hour.

He's been in there long enough.

You tell him to get his clothes on.

All right.

- Wait a minute.

- What did you say?

My friend in there paid for that tub.

Much as you undoubtedly need
a wash, he needs it even more.

If it ain't our old friend Hatton.

Right. Quite a coincidence, isn't it?

You figuring on being
around Dodge City long?

No, just as long as it
takes me to finish my job.

Maybe longer, if I find it
interesting. Any objections?

No, I think we can make it
pretty interesting for you.

Yes, I'm sure you might.

I hear you made it pretty interesting
for Matt Cole the other night.

You always did hear a little too much.

It's possible you boys were
always a little too noisy.

Come on there, Charlie. Finish me up.

Put some of that green stuff on.

Make me smell like a geranium.

- Say, Wade.

- What?

You know, it just come
to me who that fellow was.

It did? Marvelous.

Naturally, our nephew's
death was a great blow to us.

But now, since your explanation,
I can understand how it happened.

There's no sense in holding
any grudge against you.

Thank you, sir.

We're used to death here
in Dodge City, Mr. Hatton.

Even of the people we love.

That's hard to say, but it's true.

Yes, I suppose so.

Thanks again, Doctor.

I wonder if I might pay my respects to Mrs. and Miss Irving on my way out?

No, my boy. I wouldn't advise that.

Walter, Mr. Evans wants you to come as soon as you can.

- Excuse me.

- Ellen, this is Mr. Hatton.

- How do you do, Mrs. Irving?

- He's come to tell us about Lee.

It's regrettable that we have to meet under these circumstances, Mrs. Irving.

I'm sorry, my boy.

But, you see, we never had any children of our own.

And to my wife, Lee was...

Well, you can understand how she feels about it.

Yes, of course.

Anyhow, it was very gracious of you to receive me, sir.

Don't bother about that thing, sir. I can...

Miss Irving.

I'll not be troubling you with any further apologies.

But I would like you to know that if ever I can be of any service to you...

- I shall be only too happy.

- Thank you.

The only way you can be of service to me is to keep out of my sight.

I wouldn't take that too seriously, my boy.

Women's logic and emotions are often very confusing.

I think I've heard my father say the same thing.

I'm sure that Miss Abbie has a more biting tongue...

than my mother ever had.

All right, gentlemen, let's begin the auction.

One thousand six hundred and

nineteen head of prime Texas steer.

Grass-fed, fat, frisky,
fresh off the Chisholm Trail.

Is that correct, sir?

Go ahead. But don't make
any sale until I tell you.

Right. The agent reserves
his right to refuse all bids.

Now then, who'll start
us off? What am I offered?

\$25 a head.

\$25 from Mr. Surrett. I'm going to \$28.

\$28 for the finest herd of steers
that ever come out of Texas.

- Who'll say \$28? Mr. Cagle?

- No, sir.

Mr. Orth?

Here's a cash profit of
\$50,000 begging to be picked up.

- All right, \$28.

- Thank you, sir.

\$28 is bid. Who'll say \$30?

- Nobody will raise it?

- \$30.

\$30 from Mr. Surrett. Anybody
raise that? Anybody say \$32?

How about you, Mr. Orth?

Going to Mr. Surrett for
\$30. Once. Going twice.

Hold on.

Will Mr. Surrett and Mr. Orth
be kind enough to step up here?

Mr. Surrett, Mr. Orth, will
you come over here, please?

You offered \$30. Was that cash?

What's that to you? Do
you own those cattle?

I'm the agent for them. I'm
protecting the owner's interest.

I see.

I'll give you part of it in cash
tonight and the balance in 30 days.

I see. How about you, sir?

I could've paid the full

amount in cash today.

- You could have? Right. They're yours.

- Mine?

- But he offered...

- I said, sold.

What are you trying to do? I made the high bid on those steers.

I heard you. But I prefer to make my deal with cash buyers...

who don't pay off in the back rooms of saloons.

I'm at the Drovers Hotel, Mr. Orth.

If you care to meet me at 3:00 in Room 15, we can close this deal.

- I'll be there.

- Right.

Deal is made, Mr.

Auctioneer. Thanks. Good day.

Sold to Mr. Orth.

- Joe, did you hear that?

- I'll put it right on the front page.

- Who's that fellow?

- I don't know.

But you can bet I'm gonna find out.

- How are you, Harry?

- Hello, Mr. Orth.

- I'll hold your horse for you.

- Good.

- For a quarter.

- Well, that's fair enough.

- Here.

- Thanks.

How are you, Frank?

- Fine. How are you, Mr. Orth?

- Just fine.

- Howdy, Mr. Orth.

- Howdy.

Stick 'em up.

Rusty, we're done for.

It's Dangerous Ambrose, the terror of the prairie. He's got us in his power.

Yes, sir. I'm a pretty desperate character.

I can see that.

Would you take ransom
if we offered it to you?
Try it and see.
How's that?
Thanks, mister.
I'll watch your horses better
than they were ever watched before.
That's fair enough.
I sure hope you stay
in town a long time.
I'll bet you do at that.
Mr. Orth come in yet?
He went upstairs a few
minutes ago, Mr. Hatton.
My name is Joe Clemens.
I'm editor of the Star.
I'd like to publish your impressions
of Dodge City, if you don't mind.
Jack Orth. Somebody shot him. He's
laying right outside of Room 15.
That's too bad, Hatton.
I don't think your deal
with Orth will go through.
But I'm still offering you
\$30 a head for those cattle.
Listen, Surrectt. Those cattle
aren't for sale to you at any price.
It's a shame about Jack
Orth being killed, isn't it?
Must have been a big surprise to you.
Excuse me.
Another murder. Four or five a day.
Surrectt's getting to be the
undertaker's best friend.
It's sure getting dangerous
to live around here.
Why don't you get out?
Clemens, I see by that bulletin that
you're looking for trouble again.
What's the matter? We're
just printing the plain facts.
We've put up with you and your paper
long enough. Now we mean business.
Yancey, you're not scared of

that fellow from Texas, are you?
We'll take care of him.
But I'm warning you, don't print no
story about Surrett. Is that clear?
I'm waiting for an answer.
I reckon you get the general idea now.
Rusty, I don't like the
look of those clothes.
They look like you're up to no good.
I ain't had store clothes
on for a long time.
I kind of felt like
I wanted to clean up.
I got a call to make down
here, so you're on your own.
Just try and keep sober
and stay out of trouble.
You know I signed the temperance
pledge before we left Texas.
Sure, I know that. You were
blind drunk when you signed it.
No, you're confusing the
issue. I'm a reformed man.
Even a reformed man can get into
trouble when the boys get paid off.
No, I ain't gonna touch a drop.
I'm just gonna mosey around
and take in the sights.
Look out you don't become one of them.
Wade, don't you worry none about it.
You don't think after me
getting store clothes...
that I'll have anything like
that happen to me, do you?
Hey, mister.
Please help me over,
will you, young man?
Come closer.
There you are, ma'am.
Glad to be of help.
- Hi, Rusty. Come on, have a drink.
- Hi, Rusty.
Come with us and get your feet wet.
- Sorry, Tex. I'm just leaving.

- What do you mean, leaving?
We got a lot of Kansas
dust to wash down. Come on.
Waste my pay on liquor and gambling?
Not me, boys. I'm on the pledge.
You ain't serious, Rusty?
I tell you, boys, I've saw the light.
I'm through with your sinful
ways and your riotous living.
He must be crazy with the heat.
Hey, you old walrus, you!
I don't want that. Give me one of those.
That's more like it.
My gracious!
Howdy, young man. Are
you a stranger in town?
Yes, ma'am. But I sure didn't
know this was just for women folks.
But it isn't. Not at all.
We're mighty glad to have you.
But first of all, let me introduce
our beloved president, Mrs. McCoy.
So delighted to meet you in
this charitable institution.
Ma'am, my name is Hart. Algernon Hart.
Mr. Algernon Hart.
Well, Mr. Hart, you're just
in time for the meeting.
But first, come and have
a cup of tea, Mr. Harvey.
Hart, ma'am.
I'm so sorry. Mr. Hart.
Come, girls. Help me.
Now, here's your tea.
I hope you like it.
- One or two?
- Three, ma'am.
Are you married?
- Hey, Joe!
- Yeah?
How about that Dixie?
That's for the Fifth Kansas Infantry.
He chased those fellows so
far from Fredericksburg...

they ain't stopped running yet.
Yeah? They must have stopped running
long enough to get their picture took.
Nobody ever chased the
Fifth Kansas, mister.
- Do you belong to it?
- All of us do.
So is that a fact?
You must have had to run a
long way to get back to Kansas.
Well, it's gonna be a
longer run back to Texas.
It's that dreadful saloon next door.
Mabel, please close the shutters.
I'm so sorry, Mr. Hart.
And there I was, a poor
orphan, no ma, no pa.
Brung up by Comanche Indians.
No matter where you
go, fighting ain't good.
It ain't no use to fight.
Fighting is a thing I... I don't
like it myself. And now I want...
That's a present from U. S. Grant.
That's for Robert E. Lee.
Yes, sir. And I want to
say to you, sisters...
that when righteousness
flows from the...
It was smooth.
Who's next?
Come get these fleas out of my hair.
Stop it, you fools!
Stop it, I say! Stop it!
Thanks, Rusty. Just in time.
Stop it, you fools!
All right, boys. Looks like we
dusted this place out pretty good.
That's one fight you Yanks didn't win.
But take it easy. We'll
send a veterinary right over.
Come on!
Somebody's gonna pay for this
and it ain't gonna be with money.

When I seen the light, it
come to me sort of vision-like.

And I was saved.

Hey, Jeff, there's one of
them Texas heroes left behind.

- Let me take a sock at him.

- No, I'll handle this.

You boys had a lot of fun, didn't you?

- We sure did.

- That's fine.

I've been waiting a long time for
you and your pal to make a move...

- and this looks like it.

- What are you gonna do?

I'm gonna have some fun now paying
back an old debt with interest.

Come on, boys. Let's
take him out to the plaza.

Bring him along.

- Hey, Doc! Mr. Hatton!

- What's wrong, Joe?

Your men just wrecked
the Gay Lady saloon.

- Anybody hurt?

- I don't know.

They're gonna hang one of your boys.

- Where are the rest?

- They've ridden back to camp.

- Where's the hanging party?

- Right in the middle of the plaza.

You're plum loco.

- I ain't done nothing to be strung up for.

- Shut up.

Hold on, boys.

Be careful, Mr. Hatton. Take it easy.

That rope is strong
enough for both of them.

What do you think of that?

I've no wish to spoil your fun, Surrectt.

But would you be kind enough
to tell those men to let him go?

Sure. We'll let him go just as quick as
he gets through dancing around up there.

You heard what I said, I

think. Tell them to let him go.
All right. String him up, boys.
Put 'em up! Stick 'em up!
Keep reaching high, boys, or
you know what happens to Surrett.
Get over here, Rusty. Get his gun.
We may never be this
close again, Surrett.
I'm anxious to hear what the sheriff
has to say about this hanging.
Start walking.
- What are you gonna do with him?
- No warrant for his arrest.
Did he have a warrant to hang this man?
You can't jail him
without a sheriff's order.
That's where we're going.
To get a sheriff's order.
Wait a bit. What's this?
Where's the sheriff?
Somebody ran him out of town.
Mr. Surrett's the law in Dodge now.
I see.
Why don't you make him sheriff then?
Yeah. That's not a bad idea.
Why not?
And if I can be of any service
to you gents, just let me know.
That's the first jail I've
ever seen you couldn't get in.
Come on. Good day, gentlemen.
- It was all a mistake.
- A mistake?
I thought you promised me you
weren't going to get into trouble.
Shucks, Wade, I really
wasn't in trouble.
I see. You're the sort who
doesn't really get into trouble...
until they start nailing
the lid down on your coffin.
What's that?
"Pure Prairie League of Dodge City. "
Wait till I tell Tex about this.

Don't tell Tex.
Well, gentlemen, what's this all about?
You all look as though you
lost a dollar and found a dime.
All right. Go ahead and
tell him, Doctor. Thank you.
Mr. Hatton, we've invited you here
this afternoon with a special purpose.
We want you to help
us clean up our city.
Up to date, our police officers
have not been equal to the job.
They've either got
killed or run out of town.
Won't you take the job?
Gentlemen, I certainly
appreciate your confidence in me.
But I'm afraid a position like
that isn't quite in my line.
You're asking me to turn policeman.
I have about as much qualifications
for that as I have teaching the ballet.
You seemed to be well-qualified
the other day in the plaza.
I had to get that big
hardhead out of that somehow.
Any one of you would
have done the same. No.
We know what we're asking of you
and the chances you'd be taking.
But it's finally come to a showdown.
Who's gonna run Dodge: we or Surrentt?
We're inviting peaceful emigration
here, family men with women and children.
And we meet them with what's
come to be called Hell Street.
I can certainly appreciate
everything you say.
But as far as I'm
concerned, it can't be done.
I'm in the cattle business. That
demands all my time and attention.
I'm sorry.
I wish you'd think it

over, my boy. We need you.
You're asking the
wrong man, Uncle Walter.
He isn't interested in the
lives of innocent people.
Why should he care what happens
to you and your families?
Your struggle to make a
living in a decent city?
What Dodge City needs is a man
with a sense of public pride...
and the courage to back it up by
shooting it out with men of equal skill.
But Mr. Hatton's bravery consists
of gunfights with impulsive boys.
Abbie, stop it.
Well, gentlemen, I don't
think much remains to be said.
Mrs. Irving, thank
you. Goodbye, gentlemen.
Quickly as you can. Come along.
Harry, keep out of that lunch basket.
I can't seem to get my mind
off those pies, Miss Abbie.
- How long before we eat?
- Not till we get to Sycamore Springs.
- Come along.
- I'll do my best to wait.
Everybody in?
Here we go. Come along.
Cross the river here, Russ,
and bear due west on Wichita.
When are you fixing to get started?
First thing in the morning.
I'm sick of this town.
Good morning.
I know that man.
Hello, stranger.
Hello there, Shakespeare.
- Here.
- Thanks.
You'd better watch that riverbed,
too. It's probably gonna be dry.
Steady!

I'll help you! Give me
those reins. Let me drive.
Let me through. Darling!
He was trying to help me.
Get a doctor, quick.
I'm afraid a doctor won't be any use.
Even children.
This has got to stop.
Oh, my darling. My little baby.
Go on.
You're all under arrest.
Take them out, boys.
Get in there.
I wanted to be sure
you'd seen this, Surrectt.
So I paid you a special visit.
I've already seen it.
It looks like you're trying to
run everybody out of Dodge City.
No, not everybody. Just
the undesirable element.
There's no law in Kansas that
prevents a man from carrying a gun...
- or coming or going where he pleases.
- There's going to be one.
Sit down, Hatton.
The merchants are not
gonna stand for this.
Yes, I think they will. The
merchants helped me draw this law up.
They're willing to take their chances.
I just wanted to be
certain about you, though.
- Let's get down to cases, Hatton.
- Right.
What cases?
You and I have had a couple of run-ins.
But I'll forget them if you do,
and see if we can't work together.
If you really mean that,
that'll make my job easier.
- Your job is just what you make it.
- So I hear.
The last few sheriffs here

didn't do so well, did they?
They weren't your type. Just a
bunch of dumb sheep wearing badges.
I never even bothered to talk to them.
I'll bet if you had, you'd
have told them a thing or two.
Not what I'm gonna tell you anyway.
Now listen, Hatton.
There's no reason that Dodge
City can't be run properly.
Just so long as you don't
try to change things too much.
Because this is a cattle
town, the biggest one on earth.
And that's what it's always gonna be.
There's more than \$20 million
worth of beef and hides...
comes through here every year.
You know that because you bring them up.
You've been holding the
wrong end of the sack...
because the real money ain't
working for those Texas breeders.
No, sir. It's right here in Dodge City
because this is where they pay off.
You mean, on your roulette tables.
Sure, coming and going.
If not for the Gay Lady, that
money would go out of Dodge City...
and the trade would
move right on to Wichita.
You know that cattle crowd.
After months of backbreaking
work getting the cattle here...
they want a little fun and freedom.
If it's not here, they'll
go where they can get it.
- And you'd go broke.
- Sure. But I ain't aiming to.
You see, I make \$100,000
a year one way or another.
Frankly, I don't need that much money.
Naturally, I'd be willing to
make a deal with anybody...

that would sort of see things my way.
Make a mighty good deal for both of us.
You mean, a little friendly bribery?
You can catch more flies with
molasses than you can with vinegar.
True enough. I hope
you'll not be offended...
but I don't like the
smell of your molasses.
You'd better get rid of that gun by
Monday. You're north of Front Street...
and that jail's apt
to be a little crowded.
What's the matter? Didn't it work?
He wouldn't listen to reason?
No, he wouldn't.
All right, Russ, let's
go. We've a lot to do.
Don't ever do nothing like
that unless I tell you to.
This ain't the time.
We gotta wait a while.
They sure make a fella
feel at home around here.
Yes. They'll even dig you a
home, if you're nice to them.
One at a time here, fellas. Line up.
There you are.

- Will I get this stuff back again?
- You sure will.
- Disarm me? Not for no man.
- Nobody gets my gun.
- What a leery idea.
- Who does he think he is?
- Bet two.
- I'll call it.
- Raise it five.
- Call five.
- I'm dead.
- Kings up.
- I guess we better quit, boys.
- Quitting because you're winning?
- You read that sign, didn't you?
- We don't believe in signs.

That sheriff's a big four-flusher and
that sign's been bad luck to me all night.
Guess that'll show you
Hatton ain't bluffing.
That's right, gentlemen.
Hatton's not bluffing.
- You're all under arrest.
- For what?
For not believing in signs.
All right, deputies, take them.
- Come on.
- Let go, now.
I tried to warn them, but I guess
they gotta learn through experience.
I don't know what you're
warning people about.
- What do you mean?
- You're north of Front Street, aren't you?
- And you're carrying a gun, aren't you?
- Yeah.
- Right. You're under arrest.
- What?
Come on.
But I'd feel undressed without my gun.
Where you're going, you won't
need any clothes for a few days.
If I was you, I'd rather
arrest my brother than me.
Hey, Rusty, you are a traitor...
I'm sorry, boys, I can't
do anything about it.
Wade, you ain't gonna
keep me in here, are you?
Sorry, Tex. You read that
notice the same as anyone else.
Three days in there won't
do you a bit of harm.
You can't do this to me after
all we've been through together.
We fought the war together,
built the railroad...
we ate, drank, slept,
lived, and died together.
Now we're gonna be in jail together:

you in there and me out here.
Isn't that wonderful? That makes seven families that have moved in this week. That does my heart good. There's the Turner family, moving back from Wichita. And after she said she'd never set foot in Dodge again. Welcome home, Mr. Turner!

- How do you do, Mr. Clemens?
- Hello, Joe.

Isn't that the sweetest bonnet she's got on? It's brown moir. Moir. How do you spell "moir"? M-O-I-R-E?

Who in tarnation gives a hoot what Mrs. Turner's wearing? Just about every blessed woman in town, that's all. What happened in this fight between the Indian and Jim Kendall? I went into that pretty thorough. There wasn't no fight. They called each other names, the Indian throwed a knife at Kendall. Kendall sort of fired a couple of shots. Nobody got hurt. Nobody got... I see. It wasn't a real fight, it was just a sort of friendly argument.

- Hello, Tex.
- Hi, fellas.

Come on in and sit down. What are you doing with that secondhand store around your neck? Where've you been? We ain't saw you for days. Around. Been doing a lot of thinking lately. Thinking?

I hope you're gonna take that job I offered you. We need another good deputy around here. That's what I've been thinking about.

I've decided to go back to Texas.

- What for?

- I don't know.

This place is getting too big,
and calm, and peaceful-like.

You mean, Rusty and I
have stopped all the fun?

It's all right for women and children,
but I've decided to go back to Texas.

If you've made up
your mind, that's that.

There's nothing we can
do to keep you here?

- No.

- So long, Tex.

- So long, Wade.

- Give him back his gun. Number 27.

If you're ever around here, that
job will still be waiting for you.

No, sir. I just don't fit
in a sissy town like this.

I certainly hate to see you go.

I'll miss you fellas, too, a
lot. We had a lot of fun together.

So long, knot head.

If I hung around here much longer,
I'd be riding a side saddle.

Yes, I suppose so.

All right, Rusty. Arrest that man.

- Who? Me?

- What for?

He's carrying a gun, isn't he?

Give him back his old room.

- Morning, Joe.

- Hello, Wade. What's the news?

You ought to know. Haven't
you read your paper?

Got those tax notices ready?

- Hack's just running them off.

- Fine.

- Come on in.

- All right.

Have a chair.

You look as though you're pretty busy...

- Fred?
- Yes, ma'am.
- Would you set this in my copy, please?
- I will, ma'am.
- Joe...
- Good morning.
Did you want something?
I'd like to have my curiosity
satisfied. What are you doing here?
Obviously, I'm working.
Obviously. But at what and why?
The town is growing by leaps and
bounds, and the paper needed somebody...
who would write things that
would interest its women readers.
I see. Tell me, what are the vital
interests of your women readers?
What other women are wearing...
how to make Lady Baltimore
cake with two eggs...
who invited the minister to tea...
and whose baby is going
to be born and when.
- Fascinating.
- Is there anything else you'd like to know?
What do the doctor and
Mrs. Irving think about it?
They made the same stupid objections
that you're making mentally now.
But when I decide on a thing, I
usually manage to carry it through.
Yes, I've noticed that.
You realize that people are inclined
to think that a newspaper office...
is an odd place for a charming lady
like you to be working, don't you?
Are you the delegation
sent to tell me that?
No.
I stop trouble around
here. I don't start it.
- What's wrong with my working here?
- It's undignified. It's unladylike.
You ought to be home doing

needlework. Things like that.
Sewing buttons on for
some man, I suppose.
Buttons come off.
Someone's gotta sew them on.
That's a fine career
for an intelligent woman.
- Here are your tax notices, Wade.
- Thanks.
There will be wailing and gnashing
of teeth when these go out.
Abbie, I know this isn't in your line...
but as long as you
insisted on the job...
will you stop calling them
"cows in the stockyard"?
They're steers. Steers.
I don't see any difference.
"A rise is expected this season
in the price of longhorn cows. "
Never mind. I'll
correct this copy myself.
"Longhorn cows. " I
must be running along.
By the way, may I let
you into a little secret?
What?
You've got a smudge of ink on your nose.
Goodbye. Goodbye, Joe.
Goodbye, Wade...
I'm sorry. Abbie.
Is this showing proper
respect for the law?
I never saw the law
fall on its face before.
I didn't fall on my face.
There's an old saying
in the British Army:
"The law must always save its
face in front of the natives. "
And what if the natives
object to its face?
We just put them across our knee...
and spank them soundly.

You're not suggesting that I'm a native?

No. The only real native
of Kansas is the buffalo.

He's got a very hard head,
a very uncertain temper...
and a very lonely future.

Apart from that, there's hardly
any comparison between you.

- Goodbye, Joe.

- Goodbye, Wade.

Goodbye.

I like that fella.

"Cows in the stockyard. "

Of course, I ain't a man
who believes in taxes.

But I can see they're a necessary evil.

Somebody's gotta pay for schools
and churches and such things.

Especially now that the
town's getting so darn big.

Yes, sir.

They do say there's nothing
certain except taxes and death.

Get up, Hatton.

What for?

A couple of the boys are waiting
outside to have a little talk with you.

I see.

You know, I'm really
surprised at Surrectt.

I thought he had more intelligence than
to send you here on a silly deal like this.

- You haven't got a chance...

- Shut up and get out of that chair quick.

About 10 days for this customer. Five
to cool off and five to think it over.

You bet. I'll take
care of it personally.

Come on, sonny boy.

I'll buy you some candy.

- What were you saying about taxes?

- What taxes?

I don't remember. Shall

I trim your mustache?

No, thanks. I think I can manage.
See that big herd of buffalo grazing
away so peacefully down there?
The trouble with the buffalo is they
had things too easy at the start.
It works the other way around,
too. Take us, for example.
We had such a bad beginning.
We'll have a wonderful future.
That's typical Irish

logic:

You think so?
It may be Irish, but it's not
unconnected, and I can prove it.
Thirty years ago, my father met
my mother at the Londonderry fair.
He'd come down to sell some prize
pigs. Big, fat, lovely pigs they were.
Mother was down there after winning
the grand prize for her roses.
Roses of Sharon, enormous, big things, as
big as your face and nearly as beautiful.
I don't suppose there were ever roses
like that in the whole of Ireland.
What must happen? The very
last day of the fair...
Father's pigs get out and eat up every
single one of Mother's prize roses.
Root, stem, flower and all.
Did any two people ever get
off to a worse start than that?
Look at them now: six big lusty
sons, a score or so of prize pigs...
and the most beautiful rose
garden in the whole of Antrim.
I envy you people who have
kissed the Blarney Stone.
You do?
It's cold on the lips.
I think we'd better be getting back.
I'm afraid it'll be
dark before we get there.
- Are you sure it's the dark you're

afraid of? -What do you mean?

- Maybe you're afraid I might kiss you.

- You wouldn't dare.

I wish I were as sure
of that as you are.

May I?

Thank you.

You know, I was just thinking...
the buffalo wouldn't be so badly off if
the buffalo didn't have a one-track mind.
But then the buffalo wouldn't
be a buffalo, would it?

I suppose not.

You wouldn't be you unless you
thought you might like that kiss.

- You seem very sure of my reactions.

- Oh, no.

That's something you can never be
sure about until you've tried it.

Can you?

Good morning, Abbie.

Good morning, Mrs. Cole. How are you?

So-so.

Won't you come in and sit down?

There. Is there anything

I can do for you?

Yes, I'd like to run this
advertisement in your paper.

That is, if it doesn't
cost too much money.

Our advertising rates are very
low. I'm sure we'll be able to.

You want to sell your house?

No, I don't want to. I have to, Abbie.

Let's get a new lead line
on this church bazaar story.

How do, Mrs. Cole? How are you today?

- Good morning, Joe.

- How much will you charge on this?

One, two, three, four...

You're selling your house?

You're not leaving town, are you?

No, I just... Joe, I
can't afford to keep it up.

I can't even begin to meet
the taxes on it these days.
I can't understand that.
Matt always made good money.
Just the day he died...
he collected \$15,000
from Surrett. Didn't he?
That's what I thought, too, but
I've never seen a penny of it.
Well, what have you done about it?
I've spoken to Jeff Surrett
about it several times...
but he'll never give
me a straight answer.
It looks to me like Mrs. Cole needs
help, and we might be able to help her.
Yeah, it does look that way.
Mrs. Cole, would you mind if
we kind of looked into this?
Mind? I'd consider
it a very great favor.
There are a lot of accounts in this
town to be settled. Now, let's see.
How's the best way to tackle this?
There you are. The entry, the
date, and the figures. \$15,000.
What Matt Cole did with his money
after that is his business, not mine.
He had \$10 on his body when he was
found. He never left the saloon.
I make it a point not to discuss
the affairs of my customers.
But as long as you force my
hand, I'll give you the facts.
Matt Cole lost that
\$15,000 playing roulette.
Playing roulette? I'd like
you to remember that, Abbie.
Don't worry, I'll remember.
As a matter of fact, we'll all remember it.
He never went near those roulette tables.
He went straight to the bar
and Yancey killed him there.
- According to who?

- You'll find that out in court.
If you've got such a clear case,
why don't you arrest me now?
I think we'll wait a few days.
I want to talk to a few more people...
before we start giving you board
and room at the state's expense.
You're bluffing, Hatton.
You're holding a pair of
deuces. You're bluffing.
Am I?
Munger killed Orth because he
spoiled a cattle deal for you.
Yancey killed Cole because he tried
to collect \$15,000 you owed him.
And more citizens in this town have been
killed trying to do business with you.
That's what the three of us
are going to prove in court.
We'll see if the jury
thinks we're bluffing.
Take that book, Joe. I
want to look at it again.
I can hardly wait to
start writing this story.
Ladies and gentlemen, this is going
to be the most important article...
that's ever appeared
in the Dodge City Star.
There it is. We'll have
it out by noon tomorrow.
How did you find out all these
other things about Surrentt?
Abbie, a good newspaperman has two jobs.
One is to write the news
as it happens, day by day.
The other is to be ready
for it, and write it first...
all but the end.
This is Jeff Surrentt's morgue.
I must be an optimist at heart.
I've been getting it
ready for a long time.
You two, haven't you got any

homes to go to? It's past midnight.
You'd better be running along,
Abbie. The Doc will skin me alive.
We've got Surrett by
the scruff of the neck.
You have? Why not let it go tonight
and resume your grip in the morning?
You two realize what kind of a
target you'd make from out there?
I'm gonna take you home before your
uncle gets after Joe with a shotgun.
Here's your cloak. I'll come back
and stay till you finish, Joe.
The story's all written. You
don't have to worry about me.
I'm just gonna mark it for the
printer, then call it a day. Italics.
Don't hang around, or Surrett
might come in and mark it for you.
They wouldn't try anything
at this stage of the game.
You think not? I hope you're right.
Good night, Abbie.
See you in the morning.
- Good night, Joe.
- Good night, Wade.
Lock this door after us when we go out.
Mr. Hatton, I am accustomed
to being up after dark.
- Lock it.
- All right.
- Good night.
- Good night.
"The laws of Dodge City
must be respected...
"not only by one group of citizens...
"but by all groups. "
Paragraph. I like that.
What was that?
Whoever killed Joe Clemens
ought to be strung up.
And, by golly, I'll furnish the rope.
If he's got enough neck
left to put a rope on.

They sneaked up on him.
Never even gave him a chance.
The bullet went through his heart.
I can only blame myself for this.
But it's one thing they
won't get away with.
Little fella sure was
aces. It's too bad.
I can't understand it.
Everybody knows that Joe didn't have
any enemies except Surrett and his gang.
Who else could have done it?
Isn't it sufficient proof that Joe's story
is gone and the whole file on Surrett?
This door was locked. I know
that because I tried it myself.
It's an old lock. Any key will fit it.
- There's nothing here. You're sure?
- He always left his copy here on top...
so we could set it up
first thing in the morning.
I'm sorry, Sheriff, that's printer's ink.
You can't wash it. It has to wear off.
Did you ever read the contents
of Joe's files on Surrett?
I certainly did, and there
was enough in it to hang him.
Keep that to yourself. I
think you ought to go now.
You're looking tired. Good night.
See the doctor and Miss
Irving home, will you?
Right.
- What's the next move, Wade?
- I suppose we're going to...
Are you sure he isn't
in his office upstairs?
I tell you, Surrett left town

on the 4:

If you don't believe us,
go ask the station agent.
Jeff was halfway to Wichita
when the shooting occurred.

You're barking up the
wrong tree, mister.

Thanks.

Your bet.

- Your bet.

- \$3.

I call.

Who's winning all the money?

Been playing long?

Ask the bartender. He's got a watch.

What do you know about

Joe Clemens, Yancey?

No more than you, except that he's dead.

How did you know he was dead?

I heard some of the boys talking.

People keep dropping in and
out of here all the time.

Bet you \$5.

I call.

Three fives.

- You're under arrest, Yancey.

- For what?

For the murder of Joe Clemens.

Keep my stack, Bud. I'll
be back in half an hour.

I wouldn't count on that if I
were you. Take him along, Rusty.

What's the matter,

Taylor? Are you nervous?

Go ahead. Deal them.

Yancey seemed a little
vague about this game.

Suppose you tell me what happened.

How should I know?

- Why don't you ask one of them?

- I'm asking you.

Did Yancey ever leave this
table after the game started?

No. He never left the room.

I told you a hundred times,
he never went out of the place.

Come on, you're wasting valuable time.

- Answer my question.

- No, he never left the table.

Stop lying. You're bad at it.
Yancey left that room between

midnight and 1:

- No.
- What time was it, then?
He didn't leave.
Let me work on him,
Wade. I can make him talk.
If you can't, I can.
Let him alone. Listen, if
you're too stupid to realize...
you're facing a charge of murder,
you deserve what's coming to you.
What do you mean?
I'm gonna have you indicted for
murder as an accessory after the fact.
I had nothing to do with it.
You're gonna be dancing in
thin air the same as Yancey.
Do you wanna swing, or you
wanna tell me and save your neck?
All right. I'll tell you.
Come on.
He went out about 12:30. Came
back in about half an hour.
That's better.
I'll do you a favor, Taylor.
Lock him up.
- Good morning, Mrs. Irving.
- Good morning.
Morning. Did you get
anything out of Taylor?
I did. Where's the doctor?
- In there. What's wrong?
- What'd he say?
Morning, Mr. Hatton. Won't you join us?
No, thanks. I came to tell you...
it's imperative you get Miss Abbie
out of town as soon as possible.
Why, for heaven's sake?
Because only two people beside
myself heard Surrectt tell that lie...
that he saw Matt Cole lose

his money playing roulette.
One of those people was Joe Clemens.
That's why Surrect killed him.
You're the only other person
who can bear me out in court.
Without you, he can deny it
and the jury might believe him.
That's all the more
reason why I should stay.
I started this, and I'm
going to see it through.
Will you not be a little idiot?
You're life isn't worth a nickel as
long as Surrect stays out of jail.
You're the key to our
case and he knows it.
We can't go to trial for two weeks.
Your life's gonna be in danger till then.
Even in this house, on
the street, everywhere.
I know Surrect and I know what he'd do.
You know I'm right, Doctor. I
want you to get her out of town.
And stay out till I send for you.
- You're right.
- I see what you mean.
Abbie must take the
next train for Wichita.
She can stay with the Merrills.
I'll pack a valise at once.
Come and help me get
it down off the shelf.
I'd never forgive myself
if anything happened to her.
- I won't go. You can't boss me around.
- Can I not, now?
I'm the law in this town
and you'll do as I say.
I don't care what you
are, I'm staying here.
Aunt Ellen, don't pack...
You are the most stubborn
female I ever met in my life.
Can't you understand I'm

doing this because I love you?
All right, you two. Stop arguing.
Don't worry, Mrs. Irving. We've stopped.
What he needs is a rope.
He don't deserve a trial.
Hand him over to us.
We'll give him a trial.
This is more like it.
The last time I saw a mob
like that was in Texas...
when they gave Curley
Hawks a necktie party.
Mr. Grant, I want to talk to you.
There's your man. You got 10 minutes.
- Hello, Yancey.
- Hello.
What's going on here?
What's the mob doing...
Now, take it easy, Yancey.
You might as well
know this now as later.
They wormed it out of Taylor
that you left for a half hour.
They can't hang me on that.
I might have gone anywhere.
Maybe a jury wouldn't hang you...
if you ever get to a jury.
What do you mean by that?
What're you trying to say?
Joe Clemens was a mighty
well-liked man, Yancey.
He had a lot of friends.
Half the city is planning
to break in here tonight...
and take things in their own hands.
Where's Jeff? He's
gotta get me out of here.
I telegraphed him an hour ago. He
got off the train at Spearville.
He got off? For what?
Jeff's smart enough to know this
town's gonna be warm for a few days.
So he's just laying low until
the excitement blows over.

Too warm for him?
So I stay here and get
hung for doing his job.
- If you think that I...
- Shut up, you fool!
- You want to tell the whole town?
- You bet I'll tell them.
I'll tell them who paid me to
shoot Joe Clemens and Matt Cole.
Let them hang me, sure. But
if I go, Jeff's going with me.
You rustle him up and
telegraph him that.
He has to get me out by tonight or
I'm giving the whole story to Hatton.
But how can Jeff get you out of here?
I don't know. That's his problem.
Keep your shirt on, Yancey.
I got an idea how Jeff
and I can handle this.
First I'll see Hatton.
You got the right man, Hatton.
What are you waiting for?
Yeah, what are we waiting for?
If you don't know what
to do with Yancey, we do.
- You bet we do.
- Will you give us some action?
If he won't, we will
give him some action.
What are you stalling for?
You know he killed him.
If you don't turn him over to
us, we'll come get him tonight.
Listen, men, you fellas put me
in this office to enforce the law.
And I'm going to enforce it.
That means a fair trial
for any and all prisoners.
Including Yancey.
And understand this:
There is going to be no mob rule around
this town as long as I am sheriff.
They're bringing up a

pole for a battering ram.
You see? They're right at
the door. Listen to them.
You're in charge, Sheriff.
What are you gonna do?
Wade, what are we gonna do? The
whole town's set on getting him out.
You can't stop them, the
five of you against the town.
They'd burn down the
building to get in here.
We'd save a lot of trouble
if we'd feed him to the mob.
You want to throw my client
to that pack of hungry wolves?
Listen, no one's gonna
get your client but a jury.
- I promise you that.
- There's only one way to protect him.
Yancey's gotta be taken out
of Dodge City before night.
Fat chance we'd have of
getting him to the station.
You can hire a closed carriage,
drive him to Spearville...
and catch the train for Wichita.
Keep him in jail there till
he can be tried legally.
- Yes, that might work.
- It will work.
My client's entitled to a fair trial...
and it's both our jobs
to see that he gets it.
You want me to rustle a carriage, Wade?
Wait a minute. I got a better idea.
But you agree we got to
get him out in a hurry?
Yes, but we'll do it my way.
- This is a sample of your future.
- Get in, Russ. Get in.
Hold them off as long as you
can. I'll send word from Wichita.
- Say, what the... -Keep calm,
it's official business. Come on.

I'm Sheriff Hatton of Dodge City.
I've got a prisoner here for Wichita.
- Is it all right if we ride with you?
- All right, Sheriff.
- Mind shutting and locking this door?
- Not a bit.
Get over there.
You can sit there and
rest your face and hands.
How many stops do you make
between here and Wichita?
- None.
- Good.
Keep going. I'll tell you what to do.
Put 'em up.
- But, gentlemen...
- Take him away, Joe.
Get in there.
Get your hands up.
Get them up, I said!
Now unlock those cuffs.
We've gotta stop. The train's on fire.
Don't slow down till the water tower.
Hold it, Jeff! We're all gonna burn.
Got a friend of yours here,
Hatton. Take a good look.
Throw me those guns!
Pick them up.
Unlock those handcuffs!
Come on! Hurry up!
Close that door.
Rusty, this end.
Look out!
Hurry up!
So the lamb killed the butcher.
Now, listen to that. Singing
hymns and it ain't even Sunday.
No one in sight even friendly drunk.
Doggone, if this place ain't getting so
pure and noble it ain't fit to live in.
I'm sure enough going back to Texas now.
Imagine asking me to lead
the Pure Prairie League.
Why not? You're one of the

leading lights in it, I hear.

First thing you know, they'll be starting a chamber of commerce.

- Faith, it's not possible.

- What?

Look, Col. Dodge.

- Hello, Colonel.

- How're you, Colonel?

Hi, Colonel.

How are you, boys?

By golly, Wade, it's good to see you alive.

- It's good to be alive.

- Come on up.

- Hello, Colonel.

- Wade. By golly, son, it's good to see you.

Hello, Tex. How are you, Rusty?

I couldn't complain,

Colonel. Wouldn't do no good.

Sit down over there, sir.

I've come all the way from Virginia

City, Nevada, just to see you.

I'm building a railroad

there from San Francisco.

It's the richest square mile on earth.

Gold, silver, copper. We've got a solid mountain of the stuff.

But it's a bad town, Wade.

A wild, murderous town.

Worse than Dodge City ever

was before you cleaned it up.

And that's saying a good deal.

- I want you to come back with me.

- I knowed our luck had changed.

We've got 4,000 people out there.

Decent men and women with

families who are living in terror.

Think of them 4,000 poor people.

There might be more by

the time we get there.

We need you, son.

The city is teeming with

crime and corruption.

What law we've tried has failed...

because the men behind it hadn't
the brains and courage to back it up.
You can get plenty of men for
that job out here, Colonel.
I'm getting married next
week. Got tickets for New York.
Shucks, you can get married anytime.
We'll even go on your honeymoon
with you to Virginia City.
Thanks.

Getting married has
ruined a lot of good men.
Doesn't it mean anything
to you to know...
that someplace there's terror and
death that you could put a stop to?
Yes, it does, Colonel. But the
decision isn't as simple as that.
If I were free, it might be different.
I'll soon have a wife to take care of.
Abbie doesn't want to
go pioneering anymore.
We're planning on coming back here
from New York and settling down.
There's a wagon train leaving here
the middle of next week for Nevada.
It'd be a great trip, wouldn't it?
Hello, darling. I was just telling the
boys how we're going to settle down...

- Lemonade?

- Thank you.

- Lemonade?

- Thank you, ma'am.

Darling, I was just telling Col.
Dodge about our honeymoon in New York.
How we're going to see all the shops,
theatres, and Niagara Falls, and things.
Col. Dodge, when do we
start for Virginia City?
Wade, it looks like you're
marrying the right girl.
Virginia City!