

# GUNSMOKE

**“START OF A LEGEND”**

April 26, 1952

This is the first broadcast show of the series. The character of Miss Kitty had not yet been created.

## Cast

Matt Dillon  
Announcer  
Mr. Hightower  
Chester Wesley Proudfoot  
Peter Ziegler (the Dutchman)  
Dr. Charles Adams  
Boy (12 years old)  
Adam Richards  
Francine Richards  
Mrs. Bonney

## SFX

Hoof beats  
Gunshots in two places  
Pencil scratchings  
Footsteps throughout  
Door opens, closes throughout  
Crowd noises throughout  
Gun being cocked  
Church bell  
Cell door unlocked  
Badge dropped on floor

**GUNSMOKE**  
**“Start of a Legend”**

SFX: Hoofbeats fade in and continue for a few seconds

SFX: Single gunshot

Music: Theme begins, plays for several seconds, then is under for–

Dillon: Around Dodge City, and the territory west, there’s just one way to handle the killers and spoilers and that with a U.S. Marshall and the smell of – Gun smoke!

Music: Theme up, then under for–

Anncr: Gunsmoke! The story of the violence that moved west with young America, the story of a man who moved with it, Matt Dillon, United States Marshall.

Music: Strident music plays, then out–

Dillon: Wanted for Murder–

SFX: Pencil writing under this dialogue

Hightower: (Repeating after Dillon) Wanted for Murder–

Dillon: Clay Richards–

Hightower: Clay Richards–

Dillon: Age 31–

Hightower: 31–

Dillon: Height six feet, eyes brown, hair red–

Hightower: Eyes brown, hair red. Hey, how would like me to print his picture on these notices. I got a woodcut – let me show ya. (Calling) Ernie! Fetch the Marshall a copy of that front page. Interviewing Clay’s wife yesterday I noticed a tin-type on the mantle. Their weddin’ photograph. So, first thing ya know I snitched it.

Dillon: Very thoughtful.

SFX: Footsteps come in

Hightower: I'll take it, Ernie. And then I propped it up in front of me and carved me this woodcut. Ain't she prime? Ain't she just elegant?

Dillon: (Sarcastically) Real elegant

Hightower: A good likeness don't ya think? Of course he was 7 or 8 years younger on the tin-type.

Dillon: Yeah, it's a good likeness.

Hightower: Hair was shorter.

Dillon: Doesn't show what makes a law-abidin' man like him try to rob a bank. Doesn't look like a man who murdered an old cashier and a Chinese cook who just happened to be there. But, it's a good likeness.

Hightower: A picture like this sure dresses up the front page, don't it?

Dillon: Yes, it's a little masterpiece, Mr. Hightower. A notable contribution to the culture of Dodge City.

Hightower: Well, thank you, Marshall. Does fetch the eye, don't it? I'm printing an extra 500 copies of the weekly and I bet I sell 'em all. Too bad the cashier's shot went wild. If he'd managed to kill Clay, or even wing him, why I bet I could sell a thousand extra copies.

Dillon: We must be thankful for the blessin's we do receive, Mr. Hightower.

Hightower: Oh, I am Marshall, I am. Why just afore it happened yesterday afternoon I didn't know what I was gonna fill my columns with and then, like manna from heaven two murders and a bank robbery...

Dillon: (Quick to correct) Attempted bank robbery, Mr. Hightower. He turned an ran before he got his hands on so much as a dollar.

SFX: Door opens

Chester: (Way off by the door) Mr. Dillon.

Dillon: (Firmly) I'm talkin' business! (Pause) (Softly) What is it, Chester.

SFX: During last line, foot steps slowly enter

Chester: (Meekly) Well, it can wait, I guess, Mr. Dillon.

Dillon: Yeah, print Clay's picture on those notices, Mr. Hightower. Now, where were we?

Hightower: Ah, eyes brown, hair red.

SFX: Pencil scratchings throughout next three lines.

Dillon: Oh, yeah. Also known as Red, Brick top and Sorrel. (Pause while Hightower writes) He didn't answer to no other nicknames, did he?

Hightower: No. That's what they called him.

Dillon: Alright then, in big letters, \$400 dollars reward (pause) dead or alive. And at the bottom, apply Matt Dillon, Marshall, Dodge City.

Hightower: Mmm, hmm.

Dillon: Print 200 copies. How soon can I send Chester over for 'em?

Hightower: Ah, this afternoon.

Dillon: Good mornin', Mr. Hightower.

SFX: Footsteps begin and continue

Dillon: Chester.

SFX: A few more footsteps, then door opens and closes. Footsteps from on wood to on gravel.

Chester: Think those poster's'll do any good? Richards is probably over the line into Oklahoma or Colorado by now. That strawberry roan of his is the fastest in the county.

Dillon: He has no money. He panicked and ran out of the bank before he got a penny. I think he'll try to get from his wife, or sister, or friends the first chance he has. Maybe tonight. I say he's around here somewhere.

SFX: Footsteps continue

Dillon: I, ah, I'm sorry I turned on ya like that, Chester.

Chester: That's alright, Mr. Dillon. Out all night with a posse, no sleep, a man's bound to get touchy.

Dillon: Nah, it's not that. It's the way, the way people use a thing like this. The men riding posse last night, they *enjoyed* it as if they were huntin' fox, or 'possum. Hightower back there, he acts like it was a birthday treat specially gotten up for him. Everybody finds a way to use it.

SFX: Footsteps change back to wood.

Dillon: What was it you wanted to tell me?

Chester: Hmm? Oh. I got a kid. A little boy locked up in a cell. He run away from home back in Cottonwood. Ed turned him over to me when he come through on the stagecoach just now. He's about 12 years old.

Dillon: Who's is he?

Chester: Widder woman. Mrs. Bonney. She runs a boardin' house in Cottonwood. Ed says the kid is always runnin' away. A little wild I guess. He flagged Ed for a stage ride half-way between there and here. Soon as Ed seen him standin' there with his bundle on his shoulder he knowed what he was up to. He told the kid he'd help him, but then turned him over to us.

SFX: Footsteps finally stop

Dillon: Alright, we'll send a telegram to the mother to come and fetch him. (Pause)  
Well, come on in Chester, and shut the door.

Chester: (Outside) Mr. Dillon.

Dillon: You're lettin' in every horsefly in Kansas.

Chester: Mr. Dillon, I think you better cancel the order for them notices.

Dillon: What?

Chester: The Dutchman's comin' up the street and he's leadin' a strawberry roan and Clay Richards is draped across the back.

SFX: A few footsteps as Dillon steps outside.

Dillon: Like a sack of wheat across the saddle.

Cast: Crowd noises begin, softly at first—they are following the horse with the body.

Dillon: Last time I saw him was two days ago. He was standin' at the bar laughin' his head off. A sack of wheat across the saddle.

Cast: Crowd noise growing.

Dillon: And followed by half the saloon bums and loafers in town. Alright Chester, make 'em keep back.

Chester: (Shouting over the crowd) Alright, stand back you fellas. Go on now—back. Stand back.

Cast: Crowd noises continue in background

Dillon: Ziegler! How'd it happen Ziegler?

Ziegler: My goat, my old billy goat, he pushes open the tent last night and runs away.

Dillon: Forget your goat. What about Clay?

Ziegler: I tell you. This morning I go to look for the goat. I walk here, there, and near the river I see Clay. He sits there. I said, "Hello, Clay. Vie gates." And that's when...

Voice: (Off) Dirty Dutchman. Ya no good dog. Clay was your best friend. He helped ya buy your farm and now you killed him...

Crowd: (Excited noises drown out the voice.)

Dillon: Alright! All of you. Keep back everybody.

Ziegler: Clay? Me? Oh, no. Brothers we were like. We was in the war together.

Voice: You killed him for the reward.

Crowd: (Again, voices drown out dialog.)

Ziegler: (Louder) Not so! I killed nobody. Not since Gettysburg. Clay is dead already when I find him. I don't even own a pistol.

Crowd: (Very agitated now)

Dillon: (All said loudly over the crowd noise.) Ziegler—inside, quick. Chester, give me a hand with Clay’s body. Alright all of ya. Listen! SHUT UP!

(Crowd) (Noises stop.)

Dillon: I will not tolerate a disturbance. You know me.

SFX: Footsteps begin

Dillon: (Struggling with the body.) I’ve got him Chester. Take his legs.

Crowd: (Subdued noise.)

Dillon and Chester: (Lots of grunting over footsteps as they take body inside the office.)

Dillon: Alright, kick the door shut.

SFX: Doors slams shut.

Crowd: Noises stop

Ziegler: Marshall, I don’t kill Clay.

Dillon: On this table, Chester.

SFX: More grunting noises as they put down the body.

Dillon: What did you do with his gun, Ziegler? His holster’s empty.

Ziegler: Gun? Clay’s? I don’t got it. I don’t even own one.

Dillon: Chester, see if it lipped off when...

Chester: His holster was empty comin’ up the street. First thing I noticed.

SFX: Door opens, closes, hurried footsteps come in.

Chester: Maybe it’s over on the...

Doc: Hey! Another customer! Why that’s three in less than a day. Oh, bountiful harvest. My fees this month will keep me in luxury. In luxury!

Dillon: Doc, I, ah, I wanna have an inquest as soon as possible.

Doc: As soon as I finish the autopsy. Shouldn't take long with the practice I've had this week, uh? Not at all! Nooo. Late afternoon alright with you? I'll take him over to my office right now.

SFX: Footsteps and sounds of struggling to carry the body.

Doc: No thank ya, Chester. I can carry him all by myself. You just open the door there and I can – oh, oh. There.

SFX: Door opens

Doc: Marshall—tell the city fathers I'd like to make a deal when the corpses are as famous as this one. Ha! Back in '53 in San Francisco fella I knew earned a fortune exhibiting the head of Joaquin Murietta<sup>1</sup> Tell them if they let me keep the remains (fading as he leaves the building) I'll do the autopsies for nothin'.

Dillon: Shut the door, Chester.

SFX: Door closes

Dillon: Ziegler, where is it that you met Clay on the river?

Ziegler: By the ford. This side by the ford.

Dillon: Ride out there Chester and see if you can find Clay's gun. Maybe he dropped it when he was shot.

Ziegler: I did not shoot Clay.

Dillon: Sure.

Ziegler: (Protesting louder with each sentence.) I did not! I had no reason to. I did not! I did not!

Dillon: You listen to me. Maybe you think Dodge has got so big I don't know about everything that goes on here. Well, if you do, you're wrong. You think I don't know about the bank having an overdue mortgage on your farm, you're wrong. \$400 is reason enough for a struggling farmer like you.

Ziegler: No! I would not do such a thing. I am a human being.

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<sup>1</sup>Famous Robin Hood-like bandit of California whose head was displayed for a time in a jar of brandy

Dillon: To a Peace Officer, Ziegler, that's enough grounds for suspicion. But whether you did it or not will be decided at your trial. In the meantime you just stop yammerin' about it.

Ziegler: Trial? Me?

Dillon: Even when I shoot somebody I stand trial. If they find it's justifiable homicide, and they probably will, Clay being a wanted man, they'll let you off. And if not...

Ziegler: Please, I am permitted to go, now?

Dillon: Go? Are you crazy?

Ziegler: My farm, the stock, I must look after it.

Dillon: You sit right down. You wanna be lynched? You trying to get yourself murdered? Have you forgotten about Clay's brother, Adam?

Ziegler: He will not believe I shot...

Dillon: What difference does it make whether he believes it or not? His brother's been killed and everybody's lookin' to him to do something about it and he knows it. He can be mean as a cornered mountain lion. He hangs out in the saloons with a rough crowd. Adam is more and likely lappin' up enough courage to come here and ask me to give you to him for a present. You wanna know who'll be with him? Every loafer, every bum, every slob in town slapping him on the back and telling him what shame it is. Egging him on to kill ya so they can have some excitement and some fun. Maybe you deserve killing. But it's my job to uphold the law and I'm not lettin' you out of here.

Ziegler: But, I, I...

Dillon: You might spend your time trying to think up a better story. That is, if you intend to stay in this town. (Pause) Alright, now think back, didn't Clay go for his gun before you shot him?

Ziegler: I tell you, I didn't. If I'm not under arrest you have no right to keep me here. I have to look after my farm. I go.

Dillon: Alright Chester, lock him up.

Chester: Yes sir, Mr. Dillon.

SFX: Footsteps

Chester: Come on, Mr. Ziegler.

Ziegler: I didn't do it. I didn't do it. (Fading as they move away.)

Chester: Step out, sonny. This cage is bespoke.

Dillon: Who's in there, Chester?

Chester: That little ole' runaway from Cottonwood.

Dillon: (Remembering) Oh! Come over here, son. Come over here to me.

SFX: Footsteps entering from another room

Boy: I know who you are.

Dillon: You do, do ya.

Boy: You bet. You're Matt Dillon.

Dillon: Hehe. Guilty.

Boy: I knowed ya right off. You're pointed out to me one day back home. Feller said you were the fastest gun thrower in Kansas.

Dillon: Wyatt Earp would be awfully interested to hear that, I'm afraid.

Boy: Feller said you were faster than old Earp, faster than Wild Bill Hickok, Bat Masterson or any of 'em. How many fellers have you killed?

Dillon: You don't keep score, son. It's something you try to forget.

Boy: Not me. Someday I'll be famous like you and for every fella I kill I'll put a notch on my gun. People will see those notches and they'll know they've been in a...

Dillon: Why did ya runaway from home, bub? Don't you know your mother's likely to worry about ya?

Boy: Ah, she won't worry. She's too busy workin'. You ain't gonna make me go back, are ya? Ya wouldn't do that, would ya?

Dillon: Well...

Boy: Because it wouldn't stop me for long. I'd only run away again.

Dillon: Where are ya off to in such a sweat?

Boy: Ah, Texas, California, Mexico. A feller can accomplish things there. Not like livin' in old Cottonwood. If ya let me go, someday when I'm famous you can tell people you helped get me started.

Dillon: Well, that's a pretty strong inducement. Hmm, I'll have to think about it for awhile. And, ah, look, while I'm making up my mind I want ya to give me your word, the word of a man who'll be famous some day, that ya won't try to run away from me. Otherwise I'll have to have Chester lock ya up again.

Boy: I'll shake on that.

Dillon: Good. Good. Chester, I want ya to go look for Clay's gun.

Chester: Yes, Mr. Dillon.

Dillon: And on the way stop off and send that telegram. Ya know?

Chester: Hmm? Oh, *that* telegram. Yes, sir, Mr. Dillon. I'll get on...

SFX: Door opens

Adam: Where's Ziegler?

Dillon: It's alright, Chester. Go ahead.

Chester: Yes, sir, Mr. Dillon.

Adam: Where's that murderin' dog? Oh, there you are, you...

Dillon: (Loudly) Not a single step further, Adam.

Adam: I want him, Dillon. He murdered Clay. Shot him down without giving him a chance.

Dillon: How do you know?

Adam: Because Clay wouldn't have let anyone catch him off-guard except a friend.  
(Pause) A friend. Now Dillon, give me that Dutchman!

Dillon: Try to take him.

Adam: It's like that?

Dillon: It's like that.

Adam: So, it's true what the fellas say – ya made a deal with the Dutchman to give him the reward and protect him if he killed Clay for ya.

Dillon: That was the deal, was it?

Adam: Yeah!

Dillon: The fellas say why I'd make such a deal?

Adam: Dillon, it ain't no longer a secret around town that you and Francie want each other. But Clay was in the way. Ya had him killed so you can get his wife. Do you deny it?

Dillon: No. No. It will serve as well as any other crazy story to work you up.

Adam: You think you're safe behind that star, don'tcha. Well Clay had friends. Lots of 'em. I'm comin' back with them friends and we'll get the Dutchman and you and anyone else who tries to stop us.

Dillon: Alright, Adam. I'll be waitin'

Adam: Yeah. You wait.

SFX: Footsteps, followed by door opening and slamming.

Pause

Boy: Whew. I almost seen something pretty bad just then, didn't I Mr. Dillon?

Dillon: Yeah. Almost. About another pint of whiskey oughta do it.

Music: Segue to next scene.

Dillon: Son.

Boy: (Off) You say something, Mr. Dillon?

Dillon: Yeah. Open that drawer in front of you there. You'll find a small bottle of oil in there. No. No. The one to the right. Yeah, that's it. Now bring the little brush, too.

SFX: Footsteps

Boy: Here it is.

Dillon: Thanks, bub.

Boy: That's a right nice gun ya have there.

Dillon: It's not bad, but a little stiff. Just a little stiff.

Boy: Don't it have a trigger? I never seen no gun without a trigger before.

Dillon: Oh, you remove the trigger, or tie it back against the guard. All you have to do is thumb the hammer.

SFX: Gun being cocked.

Dillon: There. Like that. It's faster. Hmm. That's better now.

Boy: (Thoughtful) Remove the trigger. I'll remember that.

Dillon: What in the world for?

Boy: Oh, I remember everything you told me. About the Texas holster and the spring holster and the double roll and filing off the sight.

SFX: Door opens, closes.

Chester: It's just me, Mr. Dillon.

SFX: Footsteps come into room.

Dillon: Oh, any luck, Chester?

Chester: No, sir. Not any. I went to the store first and asked Mr. Denton what kind of ammunition Clay Richards used to buy and he told me Clay had a double-action .44. I scoured that river bank a half-mile each way from the ford and not a sign of it.

Dillon: Hmm.

Chester: I got that telegram off. You-know-who oughta be here pretty soon. It's only seven or eight miles from here.

SFX: Church bell way off in distance

Dillon: Is there a fire in town?

Chester: Funeral services for Mr. Grinnel, the cashier.

Dillon: So soon?

Chester: It's awful hot weather.

Dillon: Yeah. Umm, any of your guns need oiling, Chester?

Chester: I don't think so.

Dillon: You sure? When Adam left he said he'd be coming back with some friends.

Chester: I know. I stopped at the Long Branch just now to rinse out my mouth. Adam was there talking mighty ugly and mighty big. He's got a sizeable following.

Dillon: Yeah. When, do you think?

Chester: Any minute, now, Mr. Dillon. Want me to take Bub outta here, to one of the hotels, maybe?

Boy: I wanna see it...

Dillon: No. I think he'll be safer here, Chester, behind stone walls than knocking about the streets rubber-neckin'.

Chester: You keep your head down, sonny, ya hear?

SFX: Door opens (it does NOT close)  
Footsteps enter during following line

Francine: (Entering) Matt. Matt, I gotta talk to you.

Dillon: (Quietly to Chester) She oughta be in mourning if she cared for Clay at all anymore, she oughta be in black.

Francine: Matt!

Dillon (Still quietly aside) Oh, lord, I find her more beautiful all the time.

Francine: Matt! Have you heard what they're sayin'?

Dillon: What are they sayin', Francie?

Francine: That you and me – that you made Pete Ziegler kill him because...

Dillon: I'm sorry that got back to you, Francie.

Francine: It's all over Dodge. Adam almost strangled me before they dragged him off.

Ziegler: (Off-from cell) Francie, I didn't shoot Clay. I beg you believe me.

Dillon: Shut up, Ziegler! Shut up or I'll plug you to death!

Dillon: Francie, it's just one of those crazy stories. They needed one and they made one up.

Francine: But, Matt, everyone believes it. On my way over here people were pointing, whispering, old women clucking their tongues at me. They believe it!

Dillon: They'll forget it. And soon as this is over they'll remember that even if we once did go with each other, it was finished and done with even before the war ended. Before you even met Clay.

SFX: Footsteps enter.

Francine: No, they won't forget it. For the rest of my life, as long as I stay here...

Dillon: Hold it, Francie. Yeah, Doc, what is it?

Doc: Oh, ah, am I interrupting?

Dillon: What is it, Doc?

Doc: The autopsy's finished. I examined his liver and...

Dillon: This is Mrs. Richards, Doc.

Doc: Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am. I'm sure I meant no disrespect for the departed.

Dillon: Well?

Doc: Clay was shot, alright. But from the nature of the wound and the coagulation of the blood, I'd say it happened sometime yesterday. I'd say the cashier's bullet didn't go wild after all?

Dillon: How could a dead man gallop away?

Doc: Well, that wound wasn't what killed Clay. The bullet hit the rib cage and bounced off. .22 caliber, it was. What did kill him was the stab in the back. Right through the spine. Inflicted sometime this morning. Near as I can tell by a small blade, maybe two or three inches long. It could have been a Barlow knife.<sup>2</sup>

Dillon: Thanks, Doc.

Doc: Please accept my condolences, Mrs. Richards.

SFX: Footsteps fade off during next line

Doc: You call the inquest anytime you're ready, Marshall.

Dillon: Chester, close the door.

SFX: Door closes

Ziegler: (Off, from cell) You see! You see, I didn't do it. I didn't shoot him.

Dillon: Alright, so you stabbed him, maybe. You said you never carried a gun. (Pause) Look, Francine, go home and give matters a chance to simmer down.

Francine: Matt, I, ah, I'm going to have you ask something.

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2

*A barlow style knife has one or two blades, a huge metal bolster, and a comfortable tear-drop shaped handle. The blade or blades are attached at the small end of the handle. Even though the first barlow knife was made in Sheffield England in the 1600's, it was made by several American shops soon after, and has become just as American as "apple pie". George Washington was known to have a barlow knife. Mark Twain referred to a "real Barlow" in his Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn in 1876. Barlows have long been gifts treasured by young American boys.*

Dillon: Yeah.

Francine: Turn Pete Ziegler out into the street.

Dillon: What? Francie, they're itching to get their hands on him.

Francie: Let 'em have him. It'll prove that story is a lie. That you couldn't make a deal with him. Please, Matt, I have to live here. I have to live here! (Pause) Matt? Matt? Don't look at me like that.

Dillon: (After a pause) Go home, Francie. Go home, or leave town, or hang yourself, or anything you like. Just go away!

Francie: Matt...

Dillon: Away! Right now.

SFX: Footsteps exiting hurriedly.  
Door opens and closes

Chester: I bought me as bottle at the Long Branch, Mr. Dillon. Would you care for a drink?

Dillon: No.

Chester: I guess the funeral's over.

Dillon: There'll be others.

Chester: Funny. Now I miss that bell. Awful quiet, ain't it? It just...

SFX: Crowd noises fade in from outside building. They build in intensity and continue through this scene.

Dillon: Just about on schedule. Are you ready, Chester?

Chester: Yes, sir, Mr. Dillon.

Dillon: I'd use a shotgun if I were you. It's more effective when there's a mob to be dealt with.

Chester: Oh yes, sir. I aim to.

Dillon: Ziegler! You, too, son. If problems start, lie down flat on the floor and keep your head down all the time. Don't gawk to see what's happening. You understand me?

Boy: Yes, sir, Mr. Dillon.

Dillon: Alright.

Adam: (From outside) Dillon! Dillon! Come out, Dillon!

Dillon: Chester, I want you stand here in the doorway after I go out so you can cover the back door and me at the same time.

Chester: Yes, sir, Mr. Dillon.

Dillon: Alright, Chester, open the door.

SFX: Door opens. Crowd noise immediately increases.  
Footsteps as Dillon goes outside  
Noises diminish considerably

Dillon: (Off) It's my duty to warn all of you that you are in the breach of the peace.

SFX: Crowd-negative reaction

Dillon: I'm sworn to uphold the law. I've killed men in order to do it and I'm prepared to do so again.

Adam: Give us the Dutchman, Dillon.

SFX: Crowd is in agreement

Dillon: (Shouting) Men!

SFX: Crowd quiets down

Dillon: I asked you to be sensible and leave quietly. But if you refuse to listen to reason, if you insist on being fools, if you've already decided to act like wolves instead humans, then there's nothing I can say to make you change your minds.

SFX: Crowd noises up

Dillon: Alright! You want Peter Ziegler? Well, he's not more than 20 feet behind me so come on and get him, any of ya. One at a time or all at once. Come on! Which one of you wants to die first? You? (Pause) You? (Pause) You, Adam? Well, what do you say, Adam? You led 'em here. Don't let this star on my coat stop you. Come on.

SFX: Drops badge on floor  
Crowd is very silent

Dillon: There, I'm not wearing it now. Well come on, draw, Adam, draw!

SFX: Four or five gunshots.  
Crowd is agitated

Chester: You alright, Mr. Dillon?

Dillon: Yeah. Get his gun.

Chester: Man alive, I couldn't even see your hand move.

SFX: Footsteps running up

Doc: Marshall, Marshall. Oh, don't tell me, don't tell me.

Dillon: Doc, you make one single funny remark and I'll knock you down. You just take him to your office and get to work.

Doc: Well, I, I never do mean to offend, Marshall. In my line of work, well, bodies, they're just so much lumber.

Dillon: Make all the jokes about him you please, but not to me and not in my hearin'. In my line of work there's nothing humorous about this. Give him a hand, Chester.

SFX: Foot noises and grunting and body is lifted and carried off

Doc: I can handle him, Marshall. Thank you, thank you.

Mrs. Bonney: (Entering) Can you direct me to the Marshall's office?

Dillon: Ah, yes, ma'am. Right here. I'm Marshall Dillon.

Mrs. Bonney: I left Cottonwood as soon as I got your telegram. I'm Mrs. Bonney. Where's my boy?

Dillon: Oh, we have him ma'am, safe and sound. Right this way, ma'am.

SFX: Footsteps

Mrs. Bonney: I'm sorry he put you to all that trouble, Marshall. The truth of the matter is he's a wild one. And no mistakes, takes after his father. One scrape after another.

Dillon: He was no trouble at all. I enjoy children. I like to have 'em around. Bub? Bub, your ma's here. Son! Chester, where's the boy? Di you let him slip past ya?

Chester: No, sir, Mr. Dillon. He never got past me. Look, the back door is open.

Mrs. Bonney: He seen me and he hightailed it, the devil!

Dillon: He-he. We'll round him up for you, ma'am, don't worry.

Mrs. Bonney: Oh, I don't know why I bother hauling him back. If he's runaway once he's runaway a thousand times. This time he ran because I wouldn't buy him a gun. He wanted a real one. That boy is just gun crazy, I swear. I got him a nice Barlow knife, instead.

Dillon: Barlow knife?

Mrs. Bonney: I reckon it didn't satisfy him and off he run.

Dillon: Barlow knife? A kid. Chester, find that kid.

Mrs. Bonney: Marshall, has he done something bad with it? He promised he'd use it careful.

Dillon: Never mind, Chester. He's got Clay's strawberry roan. We'll never catch up to him.

Mrs. Bonney: (Sobbing) I try to bring him up right. I tell him to be good. But he don't listen. He just don't listen.

Dillon: Now calm yourself, ma'am. Just calm yourself.

Chester: Here's his little bundle, Mr. Dillon.

Dillon: Huh? Oh, give it to me. It's pretty heavy. Here, you're better at knots than I am. Open it, will ya?

Mrs. Bonney: The moment he was born he's been nothin' but tribulation.

Dillon: Now please, ma'am. What's he got in it, Chester?

Chester: Hmm—a shirt, stockings, piece of sausage, and this.

Dillon: .44 double action.

Chester: Yes, sir, Mr. Dillon. That's Clay's gun. He didn't manage to keep it long, did he.

Dillon: Well, if he wants a gun that bad, he's bound to get hold of another one somewhere, somehow. Chester, call Mr. Hightower over.

SFX: Footsteps as Chester goes to the door

Chester: (Shouting down the street) Hey! Hey, Mr. Hightower. Come on over, Mr. Dillon wants you.

Ziegler: Marshall, could I have a drink of water.

Dillon: What? Oh, Ziegler. I forgot all about you. Ah, Chester, where are the keys?

Chester: Right there on the desk.

SFX: Footsteps  
Cell door being unlocked

Dillon: Uh, there we are. It will be safe for you to go home now.

Ziegler: I can go back to the farm?

Dillon: Yeah. That's right. I'll send for you for the trial.

Ziegler: Thank you. Thank you. Excuse me.

SFX: Footsteps running off.

Hightower: Yes, Marshall.

Dillon: Mr. Hightower, it appears that we can do business after all. Get some paper and a pencil, I want some notices printed.

Hightower: Fire away!

Dillon: Wanted for murder...

Hightower: (Writing) Wanted for murder...

Dillon: Ah, what's the boy's name?

Mrs. Bonney: (Crying a bit) Bonney. William Bonney.

Dillon: William Bonney.

Hightower: William Bonney.

Dillon: Age, 12. Height about five feet.

Hightower: (Mumbling as he writes) Five feet.

Dillon: Hair light, eyes blue. I don't suppose he's known by any other name.

Mrs. Bonney: No. Everybody just called him Billy. Or, the kid.

Dillon: Also known as Billy, the kid.

Music: Up and play to end.

Announcer: Gunsmoke, under the direction of Norman MacDonald stars William Conrad as Matt Dillon, U.S. Marshall. Tonight's story was specially written for Gunsmoke by Walter Newman, with music composed and conducted by Rex Coury.<sup>3</sup> Featured in tonight's cast were Don Diamond, Parley Baer, Harry Bartell and Howard McNear, with Richard Beals, Paul DuBov, Georgia Ellis and Mary Lansing.

Joins us again next week as Matt Dillon, U.S. Marshall, fights to bring law and order out of the wild violence of the west, in – GUNSMOKE.

Music: Theme plays briefly and then ends.

Announcer: This is Roy Rowan speaking. You're tuned to CBS, The Columbia Broadcasting System.

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<sup>3</sup> Pronounced Cory