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CHESTERFIELD

Presents
"GUNSMOKE"

MONDAY - JULY 12, 1954 6:00 - 6:30 PM PDST

1 SOUND: HORSE FADES ON TO FULL MIKE...ON CUE: RECORDED SHOT

2 MUSIC: HOLD UNDER - RECORDED - CUT 1 (7 SECONDS) DISC 1

3 PENNEMAN: "GUNSMOKE" brought to you by Chesterfield - America's most popular two-way cigarette. What a pair!

4 Chesterfield king-size at the new low price....

5 Chesterfield regular.

6 MUSIC: FIGURE AND UNDER - RECORDED - CUT 2 (4 SECONDS) DISC 1

7 WALSH: Around Dodge City and in the territory on West -- there's just one way to handle the killers and the spoilers -- and that's with a U.S.Marshal and the smell of -- "GUNSMOKE"!

8 MUSIC: THEME HITS: FULL BROAD SWEEP AND UNDER - RECORDED - CUT 3 (19 SECONDS) DISC 1

9 WALSH: "GUNSMOKE", starring William Conrad. The transcribed story of the violence that moved West with young America -- and the story of a man who moved with it.

10 (MUSIC: OUT)

11 MATT: I'm that man...Matt Dillon...United States Marshal -- the first man they look for and the last they want to meet. It's a chancey job -- and it makes a man watchful....and a little lonely,

12 MUSIC: MAIN TITLE - RECORDED - CUT 4 (21 SECONDS) DISC 1

DH
"TEXAS COWBOYS"

SOUND: STREET B.G.... FS ALONG BOARDWALK.

CHESTER: Here's a couple of chairs, Mr. Dillon—couldn't we
set here and let our dinner work down awhile?

MATT: No reason why not, Chester. There's nothing for a
Marshal to do around here today.

SOUND: They sit...

MATT: Mr. Dillon...

CHESTER: I wonder what Dodge'd be like if there wasn't always a
crowd moving up and down Front Street? Look at them,
where's everybody going someplace...

MATT: There's a lot of them aren't going anywhere at all,
Chester...just drifting ---

CHESTER: Yessir...

MATT: /I guess you're right, at that, Mr. Dillon. I know when
I first come to Dodge, I sure didn't have nothing in
mind. Leastwise working for a U.S. Marshal like you.

MATT: You must've had some reason to come here, Chester.

CHESTER: Well...a backwards-like reason, maybe---

MATT: What do you mean?

CHESTER: Well...it's like it wasn't to come here, as much as
it was to leave there. MATT: What? CHESTER: I saw, it's like
it wasn't to come here, as much as it was to leave there.

MATT: Texas? Oh...you mean Texas....Ohhhh!

CHESTER: Yes sir.

MATT: But why?

CHESTER: Mr. Dillon, Texas is mostly populated by my family.
I got relatives, thick and thin relatives, all over
Texas.

MATT: What's wrong with that, Chester?
GUNSMOKE -2-

1 CHESTER: Why, it's like having someone looking over your shoulder all the time. It makes a man spooky. No, sir. I choose don't to do my sinning where nobody knows me.

4 MATT: People know you here.

5 CHESTER: That's different—a lot different—Say, here comes Doc Adams...

7 MATT: Yeah... Doc doesn't look like he's going anywhere, either...

8 SOUND: FS FADE ON

9 DOC: (FADES ON) Hello, Matt. Chester.

10 CHESTER: How are you Doc?

11 MATT: Where you headed for, Doc?

12 DOC: No place, Matt. I'm just walking around.

13 MATT: See, Chester.

14 CHESTER: Yes sir.

15 DOC: Well, what's the matter with walking around? Does a man have to be going someplace every minute? Anyway, you're sitting here like a couple of fat hornet-toads in the sun.

19 MATT: Slow down, Doc—you're burning up all your fuel.

20 SOUND: FS FADE ON

21 CHESTER: Who's this fellow?

22 GIL: (FADES ON) Which one of you men is Doc Adams?

23 DOC: I am.

24 GIL: Come on. I got a job for you.

25 DOC: That so? You don't look very sick, mister.

26 GIL: It ain't me. It's a man in camp.

27 DOC: Camp?

28 GIL: Couple of miles up the Arkansas. We're holding a trail herd there.
CHESTER: What part of Texas you from, mister?

GIL: You'll be asking me my name next.

CHESTER: All right—where your cattle from then?

GIL: We got 3,000 head of San Saba Longhorns. And it's been a plumb miserable drive, all the way, and I ain't in no temper to answer any more fool questions. All right then, don't going, Doc! young

DOC: Now hold up a minute, fellow. What's the matter with this man of yours?

GIL: You'll see when you get there. else

DOC: Tell me now—how'll I know what to take...

GIL: Look, Doc, it wasn't my idea to come get you—Kin Talley made me come.

DOC: And who's Kin Talley?

GIL: The Trail boss. Now you ready to go?

DOC: You tell me what's wrong with the man and I'll go.

MATT: Doc....

DOC: What?

MATT: I think I'll ride out with you.

GIL: Who're you?

MATT: My name's Dillon.

GIL: (BEAT) Oh. You're the Marshal here, aint you?

MATT: That's right.

GIL: Well, we don't need no Marshal out there.

MATT: Go get our horses, Chester. We'll ride out with Doc.

CHESTER: Yes sir.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

FS FADE ON

SOUND: HORSES FS TO STOP

TB
GUNSMOKE -4-

1 GIL: Which one's Kin Talley?
2 MATT: Right there. Coming this way.
3 GIL: Which one's Kin Talley?
4 SOUND: They resume the pose.
5 GIL: I brought the Doc, Kin.
6 KIN: (FADES ON) How many doctors they got in Dodge anyway,
7 Choate?
8 GI: (POINTS) That's the Doc there, Kin.
9 KIN: Well, who're these other two?
10 MATT: My name's Matt Dillon, Talley. And this is Chester
11 Proudfoot.
12 CHESTER: How do you do, Mr. Talley---
13 KIN: Dillon, huh? Well, I didn't send for you, Marshal.
14 MATT: Yeah, I know you didn't.
15 KIN: Then what're you doing here?
16 MATT: That the sick man, lying in the blanket over there by
17 the fire?
18 KIN: You can get mounted and ride back to Dodge—all three
19 of you. We don't need Doc no more.
20 DOC: No you don't, mister. If that man's sick, I'm going
21 to take a look at him.
22 KIN: He's all right, Doc. Forget him.
23 MATT: Come on, Doc.
24 SOUND: Matt takes a couple of steps.
25 KIN: Wait a minute....
26 SOUND: Kin comes up to him.
27
28 TB
29
I Kin: The man's dead. Marshal—he took sick the other day—and he died about a half hour ago. Now leave us be—we want to get him buried.

Matt: Doc.


Sound: They all walk over to body...Doc gets down by him...

Fusses with blanket, etc.

Matt: Well, Doc?

Doc: ( Gets up) He's dead, all right, Matt. Mighty communicable disease, too.

Matt: Oh...

Doc: I've found that when one man gets shot, it usually leads to somebody else getting shot sooner or later.

Matt: Who killed this man, Talley? How'd it happen?

Kin: I don't figure it's none of your business, Marshal—but since you're so nosey, I'll tell you: he shot himself.

Doc: That's a lie. He couldn't have shot himself.

Matt: Why not, Doc?

Doc: Because he was shot in the back, that's why.

Matt: You going to tell me who did it, Talley?

Kin: No, Marshal. I ain't going to tell you nothing.

Matt: (Pause) Talley, you rman Choate here told us you've had a hard drive up from the San Saba.

Kin: Hard!—We've fought Indians and thieving Kansas Jayhawkers and bad weather and stampedes the whole way, Marshal.

But we're still ready to fight Dodge City, if we have to.

TB
You've been through a lot, Talley, and I know how edgey it's made you...all of you. But this man's been murdered, and I've got to have the murderer.

His name's Bud Cowan.

Who's name?

Him--there....

Who killed Bud Cowan?

It's no use, Marshal. I got eighteen Texas cowboys here---uh, seventeen---and they ain't a one of them that'll talk.

Look, Talley--you're a responsible man, or you wouldn't be trail boss. You know what the law means...you know what it's for...

Kansas law ain't for Texans, Marshal. We'll fight our own snakes.

I'm not a Kansas Marshal---I'm a United States Marshal. But the law's the same.

It don't matter---no Texan's going to get hung in Kansas. Leastwise not as long as I'm around. And there ain't a thing you can do about it, Marshal.

Yes there is.

Like what?

Your men are kinda hankering to buck the tiger in Dodge, aren't they?

Course they are. For three months they've talked of nothing else.

So if they don't get to Dodge, they're going to be mighty unhappy--and maybe one or two of them'll decide to talk.
KIN: (LAUGHS) Marshal, how you going to keep seventeen juiced-up Texas cowboys out of Dodge? They'll ride right over you...

MATT: No...I can't keep them out, Talley. But I can fix it so there won't be anything for them when they get there.

KIN: What do you mean?

MATT: I'll close Front Street....every saloon, every gambling table, every store. I'll close them up tight.

KIN: (PAUSE) You'd do that?

MATT: Well, if you knew me well enough, you wouldn't ask. Come on, Doc...Chester. (THEY START TO WALK) You think it over, Talley.

MUSIC: FIRST ACT CURTAIN
(FIRST COMMERCIAL) 7:55

FENNEMAN: What a pair! (PAUSE) What a buy! (PAUSE) King-size now Chesterfield/at the new low price -- and Chesterfield regular. They're the quality twins. The same highest quality -- the same low nicotine. Either way you like them, you get the same wonderful taste and mildness ... a refreshing smoke every time. Change to Chesterfield -- America's most popular two-way cigarette. Yes, the Chesterfield you smoke today is the best cigarette ever made. What a pair! Chesterfield regular and king-size. They satisfy millions ... they're best for you. (:43)

LIVE MUSIC: SECOND ACT OPENING
SOUND: FS ALONG BOARDWALK UNDER:

CHESTER: It sure didn't take long for the word to get around, did it, Mr. Dillon?

MATT: Kin' Talley followed us to town yesterday, Chester. He's smart enough to know how the business men would react.

CHESTER: You mean he came in here and told them all about it?

MATT: Of course he did. Here's the Dodge House, Chester.

CHESTER: You'd better wait out here.

MATT: Okay, sir. (FADES) Mr. Green said they'd be waiting for you right in the lobby.

SOUND: MATT WALKS TO DOOR...OPEN...ENTERS

CAST: A FEW VOICES MUTTERING IN BG.. FADE ON..AND STOP AS MATT GOES UP TO THEM

GREEN: (FADES ON) Here's the Marshal, gentlemen. I'm glad you came, Marshal.

MATT: What can I do for you, Mr. Green?

CAST: THERE'S PLENTY YOU CAN DO, ETC.

GREEN: (UP) Quiet, gentlemen...please. I'll do the talking.

CAST: QUIETS
GUNSMOKE -S-

GREEN: Marshal Dillon, as you can see, most of Dodge's leading businesspeople are present here... Mr. Tompkins, Mr. Jonas, HARRY: Messir. Mr. Botkin, Mr. Teeters—And I'm here as owner of the Dodge House. And, Marshal, you know why we're here as well as we do...

MATT: Because I told Kin Talley I'd close Front Street.

GREEN: Exactly. And we won't stand for that, Marshal. We need that Texas money... and we're going to get it.

MATT: Gentlemen...

GREEN: He was just some Texas cowboy, Marshal. The prosperity of Dodge is certainly more important than him. Don't you agree, gentlemen?

CAST: AGREES

MATT: Now wait a minute—You mean you so-called good citizens of Dodge, putting a few dollars above the value of the law, even above the value of a human life.

GREEN: Don't preach to us, Marshal Dillon—all the men you've killed...

MATT: Mr. Green— I've never killed a man in my life except in the performance of duty or in self-defense.

GREEN: All right... all right... that's not important now...

MATT: We're wasting time, gentlemen. I'm hired to enforce the law and I'm going to do it—anyway I see fit. Is that clear?

GREEN: Then we'll complain about you, Marshal. We'll all write letters to Washington and have you fired.
MATT: You will, huh? Good. I can get a little sleep for a change... and start walking around like an ordinary man instead of jumping at shadows thinking somebody's about to shoot me any minute. Go ahead -- then maybe I can afford to have a few friends again, instead of everybody looking at me sideways like I was some kind of rattlesnake. Gentlemen, I might not have to kill anybody again as long as I live. I'm great big, you know. Go on and write your letters -- you'll be doing me a favor. Just one more thing -- there's just about enough money in this job to pay for my ammunition. But I'm going to lose Front Street. (WALKS RAPIDLY OFF...)

MUSIC: BRIDGE

CHESTER: Mr. Dillon...

MATT: What is it, Chester?

CHESTER: What'd you say to Mr. Green and them other men yesterday?

MATT: Why?


MATT: Well, I said the same thing you'd say, Chester -- or at least I hope you would.

CHESTER: Why, of course I would. And I sure do thank you, Mr. Dillon. I'm mighty proud to have you say that.

MATT: But you don't know what I told them, Chester.

CHESTER: Oh, it don't matter. I trust you, sir. You know what you're doing.

MATT: Well, I'm glad somebody thinks so. Well, of course I've seen you make mistakes sometimes -- I mean, nobody ain't perfect, much... it's a simple thing for anyone to...
I MATT: Why don't you go down to the depot and pick up the mail, Chester?

CHESTER: By golly, that's right, sir. The Santa Fe come in over an hour ago.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS...TWO FS ENTER -- THEY'RE ON POGO STICKS

KIN: (FADES ON) (IN GOOD SPIRITS) Good morning, Marshal.

MATT: Well...Kin Talley.

KIN: Marshal, this here's Sam Peeples I brought with me.

MATT: Hello, Peeples.

SAM: Hello.

KIN: Marshal, I done a lot of thinking the last day or so...

MATT: Oh...

KIN: Yes sir. And I've decided you're right. About the law and all. So I done brought Sam Peeples in.

CHESTER: You mean he killed that man Bud Cowan?

KIN: He sure did. And they's five cowboy who witnessed it, Marshal -- including myself. We'll all be glad to testify at the trials anytime you say.

MATT: Is that right, Peeples? Did you kill Bud Cowan?

SAM: Yes sir.

MATT: Okay. What happened to your face? Fall off a horse or something?

SAM: Yes sir. I come loose off'n a bronc yesterday.

MATT: /Lock him up, Chester.

Alright

CHESTER: Yes sir.

KIN: Everything all right now, Marshal?

MATT: I'll let you answer that, Talley.

JF
KIN: Well, there's no hard feelings on my side.

CHESTER: Come on, Peeples--The cells are out back here...

SOUND: They start to walk off.

KIN: Don't let him get away now. One murderer is all I can produce for you. (Laugh) See you later, Marshal. (Sound: Door open)

SOUND: KIN'S PC TO DOOR--EXIT--CLOSE-DOOR

CHESTER: Come on, Peeples, the cells is out back here....

MATT: Wait a minute, Chester.

CHESTER: (Off) Yes sir?

MATT: Bring that man back here.

CHESTER: Okay, sir. Go on, Peeples.

SOUND: They walk back

MATT: Peeples, tell me something -- are you a Texan?

SAM: No sir, Marshal. I ain't, Marshal.

MATT: Then what're you doing with that San Saba outfit?

SAM: Well, sir, I run into 'em when they was bringing their cattle across the Cimarron. They hired me on just for grub.

MATT: I see. That bronc you fell off of yesterday, Peeples--did he tramp on your face?

SAM: Well, yes sir. Sort of.

MATT: I'd sure like to see that horse.

SAM: You would?

MATT: Yeah. It'd be kinda interesting to see a horse that's got hooves like a man's fist.

SAM: (Pause) Yes, sir.

MATT: Not much you can do about this, is there, Peeples?

SAM: No, sir. They're all going to swear I done it.

JF
KIN: Well, there’s no hard feelings on my side.

CHESTER: Come on, Peeples — take this back here...

SOUND: THEY START TO WALK-OFF.

KIN: Don’t let him get away now. One murderer is all I can produce for you. (LAUGH) See you later, Marshal. (SOUND: DOOR CLOSE)

SOUND: KIN GO TO DOOR — EXIT — CLOSE DOOR.

CHESTER: Come on, Peeples, the cells is out back here...

MATT: Wait a minute, Chester.

CHESTER: (OFF) Yes sir?

MATT: Bring that man back here. Yes.

CHESTER: Sorry, sir. Go on, Peeples.

SOUND: THEY WALK BACK.

MATT: Peeples, tell me something — are you a Texan?

SAM: No sir, Marshal. I ain’t, Marshal.

MATT: Then what’re you doing with that San Saba outfit?

SAM: Well, sir, I run into them when they was bringing their cattle across the Cimarron. They hired me on just for grub.

MATT: I wanted to get to Dodge real bad.

SAM: Yes sir. That bronc you fell off of yesterday, Peeples —

MATT: I see. That bronc you fell off of yesterday, Peeples —

SAM: Well, yes sir. Sort of.

MATT: I’d sure like to see that horse.

SAM: You would?

MATT: Yeah. It’d be kinda interesting to see a horse that’s got hooves like a man’s fist.

SAM: (PAUSE) Yes, sir.

MATT: Not much you can do about this, is there, Peeples?

SAM: No, sir. They’re all going to swear I done it.
MATT: Do you know who did?

SAM: No, I don't, Marshal. I was out riding hard when it happened. And none of them fellas ever talked much to me anyway.

MATT: You're in a tough spot, Mr. Major.

SAM: Yes, sir.

MATT: Unless I can find out who did kill Bud Cowan, you'll have to stand trial. But I'll do what I can for you, if that happens.

SAM: Thank you, Marshal. But I don't guess there's much anybody can do, with all them fellas testifying.

MATT: Well, we'll see...

SAM: I been tired and hungry for so long, Marshal...I been awful hungry...They wouldn't even let me eat much...just scraps and such like...

MATT: Go get him something to eat, Chester? I'll be out on the Street. Kin Talley's men are going to be feeling free to do anything from now on.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO B.G.
I could picture Talley and his men when he got back to camp, laughing at how they'd put it over on me and on the rest of Dodge. I figured Mr. Green and his businessmen had talked to Talley, but I was sure they didn't know Sam Peeples was an innocent man. And neither did they understand the kind of trouble that tampering with the law could lead to. For the Texans, the lid was off now. They felt they were running the town, that nothing could touch them. And all I could do was wait. So I went over to the Texas Trail Saloon and sat with Kitty for a while, watching the crowd.

SOUND: SALOON BG

I'm glad you're here, Matt. Otherwise I'd have to be drinking at the bar with one of those beat-up cowboys. I hope I'm not costing you money, Kitty. Anyway, it's better than trying to grin back at those cowboys. Those men had a rough time coming up the trail, Kitty. Nobody asked them to come. You know, Matt, I've worked in a lot of places... even the gold camps... But Dodge is worse than any of them.

That so? Why?

I don't know -- maybe the sun and the prairie take too much out of everybody. It seems like every man that comes to Dodge is out to get his own back somehow. Even if he has to kill somebody to do it. I guess I follow you, Kitty.
1 KITTY: All I'm saying is that maybe a hard life makes men kinda angry.
2
3 KITTY: So they want to fight all the time.
4 MATT: Well, something sure makes them want to fight. Or at least get drunk...
5
6 KITTY: Look at them. Who's that coming this way, Matt?
7 MATT: That's Kin Talley. The San Saba trail boss.
8 KITTY: Well, he sure looks like he wants to fight.
9 MATT: Yeah. Maybe he does Kitty....we'll soon see.

MUSIC: SECOND ACT CURTAIN
SECOND COMMERCIAL

We will return for the last act of "GUNSMOKE" in just a moment.

SOUND: (BALL PArk CROWD NOISE UP AND UNDER)

Fenneman: Tomorrow afternoon, almost a hundred thousand cheering people will pack Cleveland's Municipal Stadium for that great annual baseball classic ... The All-Star Game. I guess there isn't a fan in the country who wouldn't like to be there. And you folks who are going will notice -- towering above center field -- the mammoth Chesterfield scoreboard.

Now, if you visited the American League dugout tomorrow ... you'd want to say hello to the Yankee's famous catcher .... Yogi Berra. He's a Chesterfield smoker -- has been for seven years -- and he puts it ...

They're mild and they taste great. Yogi likes the regular size. Across the field in the National League dugout, there's another man you'd want to meet ... the fabulous Stan-the-Man Musial of the St. Louis Cards. It's Stan's eleventh all-star game and his eleventh year with Chesterfields. Now, he likes a long smoke so he buys Chesterfield king-size.

What a pair they are ... Musial and Berra. And what a pair these are -- Chesterfield king-size at the new, low price and Chesterfield regular. It's America's most popular two-way cigarette. Try Chesterfields yourself.

They satisfy millions -- they're best for you. (1:07

MUSIC: THIRD ACT OPENING

CL
MATT: I sure have, Kitty... But it's not on my account.
KITTY: Oh? Whose?
MATT: An innocent little fella called Sam Peeples.
KITTY: Sam Peeples?

CAST: OFF... COUPLE OF GUYS STARTING FIGHT AT BAR... "NO... YOU DON'T CALL ME THAT... GO ON, DRAW" ETC.

MATT: Wait a minute...
KITTY: Looks like a fight starting...
MATT: Yeah. (GETS UP) Stay here, Kitty.
KITTY: (FADES) I'll be on the floor in a minute.

SOUND: MATT CROSSES TO BAR UNDER.
MATT: (UP) Hold it, there...

CAST: QUIETS SOME

GIL: What's the trouble, Marshal?
MATT: You and this man settle your differences some other way, Choate. I won't have any gunplay here.

GIL: Gunplay? Why, we wasn't fighting, Marshal. Was we, Jim?
JIM: Naw. We was just haranguing each other some.
GIL: Me and Jim we always talk like that, Marshal. Don't we, men?

CAST: SURE THEY DO, ETC. AND LAUGH

KITTY: (OFF) Let go of me... let go, I'm telling you...

GIL: Why, look there, Marshal -- Kin Talley's running off with your gal.

CAST: GRAB HER, KIN... GIVE IT TO HER, TALLEY... ETC

SOUND: MATT CROSSES TO THEM UNDER:

KITTY: Stop it...
KIN: Aw, come on, Kitty. Let's go outside and look at the moon, huh...
KITTY: Sure...let's...

SOUND: SHE SMASHES BOTTLE OVER HIS HEAD...HE FALLS TO KNEES

KITTY: And I'll rub the rest of this bottle around in your face when you get up.

MATT: Get out of the way, Kitty.

KITTY: (MOVES) Gladly, Matt.

KIN: (GETS TO FEET) Fooled you, didn't I, Marshal?

MATT: Yeah...you sort of fooled me, Talley --.

SOUND: MATT STEPS UP TO HIM AND SMACKS HIM DOWN FOR SURE...FS

FADE ON

CAST: MEN FADE ON...HERE NOW, MARSHAL, NO CALL FOR THAT...ETC

MATT: Shut up!

GIL: Marshal...there's eight of us here. You think you can whip all of us?

MATT: No...No, I don't, Choate. Not eight of you.

GIL: Well, then, you're going to get whipped. Come on, men.

MATT: (STEPS BACK) Stay where you are...all of you. I'd be a fool to mix in a brawl with all you men, and I don't aim to try it --.

GIL: Looks like you ain't got much choice, Marshal. And we're going to beat you about half to death.

MATT: No, you're not.

GIL: No? What's to stop us? It don't look like nobody in here's going to help you out.

MATT: I'm carrying a gun, Choate.

GIL: Oh, that... Why, that don't bother us none, Marshal.

MATT: Does it, Men?

CAST: NAH, COURSE NOT, ETC.

RP
GUNSMOKE -17-

GIL: See, Marshal? We don't care about your gun...They's too many of us --

MATT: You're forgetting something, Choate.

GIL: Am-If What?

MATT: I don't wear this gun to kill snakes with, the way you men do. And I'll have bullets in at least three of you before you get off a shot. And you'll be the first, Choate...

CAST: MUTTERS: BY GOLLY, HE COULD, ETC

GIL: What's the matter with you men? He's just bluffing. He's scared half to death right now.

CAST: LEAVE HIM BE, CHOATE...I AIN'T MIXING IN THIS, ETC.

GIL: Then I'll fight him. I ain't so bad with a gun.

MATT: Don't try it, Choate.

GIL: You shoot me, the boys'll take care of you.

MATT: Don't do it, Choate...I'm telling you...

GIL: Agh...what's a Kansas Marshal...

MATT: No...

SOUND: GIL DRAWS...MATT SHOOTS TWICE...HE GOES DOWN

CAST: HE DIDN'T EVEN GET A SHOT OFF, ETC, AND QUIET AS:

SOUND: MATT STEPS FORWARD

MATT: Well - who's next? (PAUSE) Any more of you men want to die in this place? (PAUSE) Then get out of here -- go on back to camp. Move...

SOUND: AS THEY RETREAT...

CAST: MUTTERS...

SOUND: MUTTERS...

RP

LG 0072750
GUNSMOKE -18-

1 KITTY: (FADES ON) --Matt...Matt...I thought they were going to--
2 kill you sure...
3 MATT: They could have, Kitty. Easy.
4 KITTY: I know.
5 MATT: But a man's got to be willing to die himself, before
6 he can kill anybody else.
7 KITTY: I don't like it. I hate it.
8 MATT: Yeah -- So do I, Kitty. Go fetch me a glass of beer, will
9 you?
10 KITTY: Beer? Wouldn't you rather have a whiskey or something,
11 Matt?
12 MATT: It's not for me. I want to throw it on Kin Talley here.
13
14 MUSIC: BRIDGE
15
16 SOUND: BACK DOOR OPENS...FS ENTER...CLOSE DOOR
17 CHESTER: (FADES ON) Here he is, Mr. Dillon. But he ain't singing
18 very loud this morning.
19 MATT: How's your jaw, Talley?
20 KIN: Busted. Doc said you busted it...on this side right
21 here...
22 MATT: I'm sorry. I guess I kinda lost my temper.
23 KIN: You sure did, Marshal. But the fight's out of me now.
24 I'm plumb sober.
25 MATT: You heard about Gil Choate?
26 KIN: Chester told me. Choate shouldn't've gone up against
27 you.
28 MATT: No...he shouldn't.
29 KIN: Well, now he's dead, it don't matter none, I guess.
GUNSMOKE -19-

1 MATT: What doesn't matter?
2 KIN: Choate's the man that killed Bud Cowan, Marshal. That's why I made him come to town for Doc. Kinda punish him that way...
3 MATT: Oh...
4 KIN: Shot Cowan in the back...but I had to protect Choate anyway. You know how it is...
5 MATT: What about Sam Peeples, Talley?
6 KIN: Oh, him -- Well, I'd of wrote you a letter from Texas Marshal, saying it was a lie. Anyway, I'm selling them cattle and I aim to be out of here in two days, Marshal.
7 MATT: Okay, Talley. Get going.
8 KIN: We can be friends now, can't we, Marshal?
9 MATT: You ever hear of a lawman with friends?
10 KIN: Well, you must have a couple...
11 MATT: Yeah, yeah...
12 KIN: / I have -- a couple. So long, Talley. I'll tell Sam Peeples you didn't mean it.
13 MATT: Sure...Well, see you.
14 KIN: CURTAIN
Here is George.

CONRAD: Thank you, /SOUND: LIGHTER - EXHALE - BEAT/ You know, it's a wonderful cigarette we've been telling you about tonight. I mean Chesterfield, of course. My cigarette. King-size or regular -- Chesterfields gives you the taste and mildness you want every time you light up. So, give 'em a-try. They satisfy millions ... you'll like 'em, too.

MUSIC: THEME -- RECORDED -- CUT 6 (17 SECONDS) DISC I
GUNSMOKE -E-
7-12-54

WALSH: "GUNSMOKE", transcribed under the direction of Norman Macdonnell, stars William Conrad as Matt Dillon, U.S. Marshal. Tonight's story was specially written for "GUNSMOKE", by John Meston, with music composed and conducted by Rex Koury. Featured in the cast were: (MUSIC: SNEAK CUT?) Harry Bartell, Vic Perrin, John Dehner and Lawrence Dobkin. Parley Baer is Chester, Howard McNear is Doc and Georgia Ellis is Kitty. Join us again next week, as Matt Dillon, U.S. Marshal fights to bring law and order out of the wild violence of the West in "GUNSMOKE"!

MUSIC: SWELL AND FADE OUT UNDER (40 SECONDS)

BH
L & M HITCHHIKE - M-167

ANNCR: Filter tip smokers...this is it. L & M Filters...at last, a filter tip cigarette with much more flavor - much less nicotine. L & M's miracle tip contains alpha cellulose for effective filtration. It's the filter that counts - and L & M has the best. Yes, this is it. As Patricia Morison puts it...L & M Filters are just what the doctor ordered. Buy L & M Filters...the light and mild smoke.

MUSIC: THEME HITS - RECORDED CUT 6 (17 SECONDS) DISC I

WALSH: Next week, at this same time, Chesterfield will bring you another story of the Western Frontier on..."GUNSMOKE"!

This is the CBS...RADIO NETWORK. (29:30)