**CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES**  
*Present*  
**GUNSMOKE**  
"JOE PHY"  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SUNDAY, JULY 25, 1954</th>
<th>MONDAY, AUGUST 9, 1954</th>
<th>PRE-CUT</th>
<th>AIR</th>
<th>1:30 PM - 2:00 PM PDT</th>
<th>6:00 PM - 6:30 PM PDT</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>DIRECTOR:</strong></td>
<td><strong>NORMAN MACDONNELL</strong></td>
<td><strong>AS BROADCAST</strong></td>
<td><strong>CAST:</strong></td>
<td><strong>SUNDAY - JULY 25, 1954</strong></td>
<td><strong>MONDAY - AUGUST 9, 1954</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ASSISTANT:</strong></td>
<td><strong>FRANK PARIS</strong></td>
<td><strong>9:00 AM - 11:30 AM</strong></td>
<td><strong>SOUND:</strong></td>
<td><strong>AND</strong></td>
<td><strong>3:30 PM - 6:00 PM</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ENGINEERS:</strong></td>
<td><strong>BOB CHILWICK</strong></td>
<td><strong>12:30 PM - 1:30 PM</strong></td>
<td><strong>MUSIC:</strong></td>
<td><strong>SUNDAY - JULY 25, 1954</strong></td>
<td><strong>MONDAY - AUGUST 9, 1954</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SOUND:</strong></td>
<td><strong>GENE TWOMBLY</strong></td>
<td><strong>11:30 AM - 1:00 PM</strong></td>
<td><strong>STUDIO:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>4:00 PM - 5:00 PM</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>TOM HANLEY</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>AMPEX:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>#1</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MUSIC:</strong></td>
<td><strong>REX KOURY</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>ASSISTANT:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>CAST:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ANNCRS:</strong></td>
<td><strong>GEORGE FENNEDER</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>REPLACEMENT:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>3:30 PM</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>GEORGE WALSH</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>ENGINEERS:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>- 6:00 PM</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>STUDIO:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>ANNCR:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>4:00 PM</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>STUDIO:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>- 5:00 PM</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ASSISTANT:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>#1</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>WILLIAM CONRAD</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>AS BROADCAST</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>as</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>CAST:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>MATT DILLON</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>SUNDAY - JULY 25, 1954</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**CHESTER**  
**KITTIE**  
**DOC**  
**Phy**  
**Cicero**  
**Bartend**  
**Post**  

**DG**  

**CAST:**  
Parley Baer  
Georgia Ellis  
Howard McNear  
Vic Perrin  
Ralph Moody  
John Dehner  
John Dehner
CHESTERFIELD
presents
"GUNSMOKE"

MONDAY, AUGUST 9, 1954 6:00 - 6:30 PM PDT

SOUND: HORSE PADES ON TO FULL MIKE...ON CUE: RECORDED SHOT

MUSIC: HOLD UNDER - RECORDED - CUT 1 (6 SECONDS) DISC A

PENNMAN: "GUNSMOKE" Brought to you by Chesterfield - America's most popular two-way cigarette. What a pair! Chesterfield king-size at the new low price...Chesterfield regular.

MUSIC: FIGURE AND UNDER - RECORDED - CUT 2 (4½ SECONDS) DISC A

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"!

MUSIC: THEME HITS: FULL BROAD SWEEP AND UNDER - RECORDED - CUT 3 (18 SEC.) DISC A

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.

(MUSIC OUT)

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.

MUSIC: MAIN TITLE - RECORDED - CUT 4 (21 SECONDS) DISC A
SOUND: FS ALONG BOARDWALK...HORSE AND BUGGY PULL UP ALONGSIDE
Kitty: Hey
DOC: (OFF) - Whoa there... whoa boy... (UP) Matt - Hey, Matt...
SOUND: FS STOP... THEN INTO STREET AND UP TO BUGGY

MATT: Hello, Doc... Kitty.
KITTY: Hello, Matt.
DOC: How do you like my new buggy, Matt?
MATT: Nice rig.
KITTY: 'Nice'? It's a beauty.
MATT: Sure it is.
KITTY: Doc took me for a drive up the Arkansas a ways, Matt.
And this buggy rides about as easy as anything I was ever in.
MATT: Yeah /It's okay for summer.
DOC: Sure it's okay... /What do you mean -- for summer?
MATT: You can't drive that thing around in the snow, can you,
Doc? You wouldn't even get out of Dodge in it.
DOC: Come snow, I'm not leaving Dodge.
KITTY: I never saw weather stop you yet, Doc. But don't pay
any attention to the Marshal -- he's just talking cause
he'd like to have one.
MATT: I wouldn't even get into one of them unless I had a
busted leg.
DOC: /I don't know why we stopped to talk to him at all, Kitty.
And besides, I thought you were supposed to have left
town, Matt.
MATT: I'm leaving right now, Doc.
KITTY: What? Where're you going, Matt?
MATT: Chester and I are riding over to a place called Elkadei.

KITTY: What for?

MATT: Word came in that Cary Post is holed up over there.


MATT: He's a killer from the Dakota Territory. Elkader's as far south as he's ever come. I don't know him, Kitty.

JOHN: Oh, hello, Marshal. MATT: Hello, John.

DOO: I was in Elkader once, Matt. It's a nice little town.

MATT: So I've heard.

DOO: At least if you've never been there, nobody knows you, and you can ride in free and easy.

KITTY: That oughta help some.

MATT: It will, Kitty. A lot --

KITTY: Good luck, Matt.

MATT: Thanks, I'll see you when I get back.

DOC: So long, Matt.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

CHESTER: I swear, Mr. Dillon, this Elkader's dustier than Dodge couldn't is. I can't hardly see to breathe out there in the street. couldn't

MATT: You can't what?

CHESTER: I can't do nothing but think about a glass of beer.

MATT: Then let's tie up in front of the -- Alamo Saloon over there, Chester. -- It looks like a good place to get -- acquainted-as-anything.

CHESTER: I don't need no persuading.

SOUND: RIDE-ACROSS-STREET... STOP... DISMOUNT... TIE-UP... FS TO... SADDON-UNDER...
CHESTER: What if they don't sell beer, Mr. Dillon? They said pieces don't.

MATT: Then you can drink soda water, Chester.

CHESTER: Soda water! After two days' pounding across the prairie in the hottest weather this country's ever seen.

SOUND: THROUGH SWINGING DOORS INTO SALOON...GROSS TO BAR

BAR: (FADES ON) What'll you have, gentlemen?

CHESTER: You got beer?

BAR: Course we have.

CHESTER: (BIG-SIGH) Well that's a delight to hear.

MATT: Make it two, bartender.

BAR: (FADES) Okay.

CHESTER: Who's this fella coming over Mr. Dillon.

CICERO: (FADES ON) You fellas are strangers here, ain't you?

MATT: We are.

CICERO: Course you are. I've lived here all my life - man and boy - and I ain't never seen neither one of you. I guess that explains our never having met.

MATT: Grimes is my name. Cicero Grimes. (FAST) I ain't asking yours, don't get me wrong.

CICERO: Now.

MATT: We've got nothing to hide -- my name's Dillon, and this is Chester Proudfoot.

CHESTER: How do you do?

CICERO: Welcome to Elkader, gentlemen. And I'll tell you something else -- you buy me a beer and I won't ask you no questions but I'll talk to you. Providing you're honest, of course -- I won't talk to no crooks.

MATT: We're pretty honest, Grimes.
CICERO: Cicero'll do.

MATT: Okay. (UP) Bartender -- make that three beers.

CICERO: Well /I thank you, Dillon. And you, too...uh....

CHESTER: Chester.

CICERO: Chester.

MATT: Elksader a pretty lively town, Cicero?

CICERO: It was and it ain't.

MATT: What —?

CICERO: It was lively and it ain't no more.

MATT: Oh...Why's that?

CICERO: Joe Phy. He done it. Come here two weeks ago and there ain't been a fight since.

BAR: (RAISES-ON) Three beer.

SOUND: GLASSES ON BAR, ETC.

MATT: Here you are sir, er...your three beer...

CICERO: (PUTS GLASS) Here's how...

MATT: Right.

CHESTER: (DRINKS) My....now I can start thinking about something else.

CICERO: Well, don't start thinking about making trouble, Chester.

CHESTER: Not here; not no more.

MATT: Tell me about this Joe Phy, Cicero.

CICERO: Oh, Joe Phy don't bother me, Dillon. I'm a peaceful man. I don't even carry a gun. It's the wild ones -- fellas like Cary Post and such all, that Joe Phy gets after...

CHESTER: Did you say Cary Post?

MATT: Easy, Chester.

BR
CICERO: It's all right. Cary Post ain't here no more. Joe Phy run him out of town right off. He run three other fellas out, too.

MATT: What for?

CICERO: Cause he won't stand for no disorder, that's why. And too -- yessir... they was all gunmen. Bad. But Cary Post he said he'd wait till somebody shoots Joe Phy, and then he's coming back.

MATT: This Joe Phy must be quite a gunman himself.

CICERO: Ain't none better. They ain't a man in the whole country that'll stand up to him.

MATT: That so?

CICERO: Been here two weeks and nobody's faced him yet.

CHESTER: If nobody's faced him, how do you know he's such a good gunman...?

CICERO: You'll find out, Chester, when you see him.

CHESTER: Well, it don't make sense to me.

MATT: What's his game, Cicero? Why does he want to run Elkader?

CICERO: It's his job, Dillon.

MATT: His job?

CICERO: Why, sure...that's what they sent him here for.

MATT: Who sent him?

CICERO: The government.

MATT: What -?

BR
("JOE PHY")

1 CICERO: Didn't I tell you Joe Phy's a United States Marshal.
2 CHESTER: He's a what...
3 CICERO: He's a U.S. Marshal. What's wrong with that?
4 CHESTER: Cicero, maybe you don't know it, but there's only one
5 U.S. Marshal in this whole territory... and he's standing
6 right....
7 MATT: Hold it, Chester. We'll find out what's going on here
8 soon enough...
9 CHESTER: Yes sir...
10 MATT: Meantime don't worry about Joe Phy. He isn't after you.
11 CICERO: Naw... he won't bother you none, Chester. But Dillon here
12 -- that's different.
13 CHESTER: What do you mean?
14 CICERO: Well, Dillon looks like a gunman to me. And if there's
15 one thing Joe Phy won't stand for around here, it's a
16 right
17 gunman. Yes sir, he's going to run Dillon out of town
18 first time he lays eyes on him.
19 MUSIC: CURTAIN
THE QUALITY IS HIGH IN EVERY CHESTERFIELD YOU BUY.

THE NICOTINE IS LOW ... AND WE CAN SHOW THE REASON WHY.

WE ANALYZE TOBACCOS - WE EXPERIMENT AND TEST.

SO WHEN YOU'RE BUYING CHESTERFIELDS

YOU KNOW YOU BUY THE BEST.

CHESTERFIELDS FOR ME

CHESTERFIELDS FOR ME

YOU JUST SAY IT'S CHESTERFIELDS FOR ME.

FENNEMAN: Your best cigarette buy today is Chesterfield. There's

Chesterfield king-size at the new low price ... and for

your convenience - Chesterfield regular. What a pair!

Either way, you get the taste and mildness you want ... 

A refreshing smoke every time. Either way, you get

highest quality ... low nicotine. Buy a carton of

Chesterfields. They're best for you.

MUSIC: SECOND ACT OPENING

RP
MATT: Chester was right -- I was the only U.S. Marshal in that part of the country at the time, and who or what Joe Phy was I had no idea. But I figured if I kept quiet and waited around while I might find out. So Chester and I went over to the one restaurant in town and filled up on hogback and pinto beans, and then found ourselves some shade on the boardwalk facing the main street and sat down. We hadn't been there long when a man dressed in a fine suit of buckskin and wearing a big white Stetson crossed the street and came up to us. He had one gun tied to his hip and another one stuck in his belt.

SOUND: FS FADE ON...STREET BG

PHY: (FADES ON) Good afternoon, gentlemen.

CHESTER: Hello.

PHY: I don't believe I've seen you men in Elkader before.

MATT: We've never been here before.

PHY: Staying long?

MATT: I hadn't thought about it one way or the other.

PHY: Do you know who I am?

MATT: Marshal Phy...isn't it?

PHY: Good. You've already heard of me.

MATT: Yeah...we have.

PHY: Then that'll save us time. I don't like gunmen here.

MATT: I ain't no gunman.

PHY: I was thinking more of your friend than you.

MATT: You move in pretty fast, Marshal.

PHY: I mean business, gentlemen -- you make trouble here and I'll kill both of you.
CHESTER: What!

PHY: Many a man has died who was a little slow believing me, mister.

MATT: You've killed a lot of men, huh?

PHY: Every one that's ever crossed me.

MATT: How many's that?

PHY: I don't keep count. It doesn't matter.

MATT: No - I don't guess it does.

SOUND: COWBOY ON HORSEBACK FADES ON HOOTING AND HOLLERING AND BANGING OFF GUN

CHESTER: Say now, there comes a fellow looking for pleasure.

MATT: He sure is... and he's not even drunk yet.

PHY: I won't tolerate that.

PHY: You going to stop him?

MATT: If I have to kill him.

CHESTER: Aw now, you can't do that... a minute. Wait, Chester...

SOUND: COWBOY PULLS UP ACROSS STREET STILL HOOTING AND THEN QUIETS AS AD LIBS OFF: HOLD IT, JIM... CALM DOWN NOW... YOU CANT DO THAT NO MORE... MARSHAL PHY, HE'LL KILL YOU SURE, ETC...

CHESTER: Must be friends of his. They're shutting him up.

PHY: They'll kill him. You see, they're pointing over here at me. The men doesn't know -- he hasn't been to town since I took over.

CHESTER: Well, he sure calmed down fast enough. There he goes mild as milk.

PHY: He should thank those men for it. They just saved his life.
MATT: Pretty tight town you keep, Phy.
PHY: That's a Marshal's job, isn't it?
MATT: Well - you're the Marshal...
PHY: And don't you forget it. Either of you. I trust you've learned what'll happen if you do.
MATT: Yeah...I've got a pretty good idea, Marshal.
PHY: No man's dared fight me yet.
MATT: I know -- I heard.
PHY: Then don't forget it. Goodday...
MATT: So long.

CHESTER: Well, of all the blowed-up, mean, hog-headed men I ever

MATT: I don't know whether it's his being smart or everybody else around here being stupid, but it's sure working,

CHESTER: How do you mean?
MATT: He's got them all buffaloned. And he hasn't had to fight once. Did you see how he "handled" that cowboy? He let those other men do his work for him. And with us --he waited till he was sure we knew about his reputation before he got tough..

CHESTER: You mean you don't think he's a gunman at all?
MATT: I don't know what he is, Chester. But I've got an idea how I might find out.
CHESTER: How, eh?
MATT: I'll show you. And if I can take care of Joe Phy, then all I'll have to do is sit here and wait for Cary Post to ride back to town.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER

JP
The first thing I did was to go to the General Store and buy an old Navy pistol. It wasn't much of a gun, and for five dollars the storekeeper threw in a worn-out holster and a cartridge belt. He tried to sell me some ammunition, too, but I was afraid the pistol might go off by accident and blow up if anybody was to carry it around. From there, we went back to the Alamo Saloon and spent the next two hours talking to Cicero Grimes. This time I told him who I was, and after I explained the whole deal to him a couple of times, he seemed willing to sit in.

They're only one thing I don't like about it, Marshal Dillon.

Well, Supposing you've guessed it wrong. Supposing Joe Phyes something of a gunman after all....

Don't you worry about that, Cicero. I'll be right there. It could go still wrong -- and if it does I'll get shot. That's a chance you're taking to help the law, Cicero. You don't have to do it, if you don't want to.

You get paid for taking chances, Marshal. I don't.

No. you don't. But there's one thing -- you'll be a kind of hero after...

Say, I will, won't I?

Everybody'll be buying you drinks from here on out, Cicero. You'll be famous... like George Washington and all them fellas.

Yeah... Say, that's a getting paid kinda, ain't it?
CHESTER: Sure it is.

MATT: Look, Cicero, I'm a pretty fair gambler. And don't forget, Joe Phy isn't going to be watching what I'm doing, out.

CICERO: Okay, Marshal. But how come you picked me for this job?

CHESTER: I'm a pretty worthless sorta fella.

MATT: No, you're not, Cicero. Sure, maybe you don't do much but sit around in here and sponge drinks off everybody, but ain't you worthless? Right now, you're the most important man in Elkader.

CICERO: Aw, Marshal, you're just talking. They's lot of fellas could help you out.

MATT: No. No, there aren't. You're the one man in town that's least expected to stand up to Joe Phy. You've never even worn a gun before.

CICERO: I sure ain't. I don't believe in guns.

MATT: Don't you see? This way, we're really going to show him up.

CICERO: I guess you're right, Marshal. But I sure hope nothing bad happens.

MATT: Well, I promise you I'll do everything I can, Cicero. But in a deal like this something can always go wrong. I won't try to fool you about that.

CICERO: That's what I like about you, Marshal. You don't try to hide nothing from me.

MATT: You all set, then?

CICERO: I guess so. But I sure feel funny with this gun on my hip.

EH
CHESTER: You look fine, Cicero. If I didn't know you, I'd say you looked just like an ordinary man. I mean... a gunman.

CICERO: Ain't no gunman and I ain't no ordinary man either.

CHESTER: Course you ain't. That's what I was saying.

CICERO: Didn't sound like it somehow. It sounded more like you were saying...

MATT: Never mind, Cicero. Chester gets kinda mixed up once in a while. He thinks you look great.

CHESTER: Sure. I do, Cicero.

MATT: Let's get going. You know what you're going to do now, Cicero...

Cicero...

CICERO: I got it all, Marshal. At least I think I have....

MATT: Don't think too hard. Just let it happen. It'll come to you once you get started.

CICERO: Sure. I'll do that. I'll just let it happen.

MATT: Go ahead then. We'll follow you.

CICERO: Okay.

MATT: Door closes then Matt.

SOUND: Cicero walks out ahead of Matt and Chester...through saloon doors onto boardwalk...

CHESTER: Cicero's quite a fella, ain't he, Mr. Dillon?

MATT: He sure is, Chester. I hope I'm right about this -- I'd hate to see him get hurt.

CHESTER: Or killed.

SOUND: Stop walking.

MATT: Okay -- get up there and do his shooting for him, Chester. And then come on back before anybody sees you.

CHESTER: Yes sir.

SOUND: Chester walks off...on cue, intersperse off shots with:

BH

LG 0188840
(REV)

1 CICERO: (UP) Yipee...yeeow...Joe Phy...Come on out and play, Marshal...Yipee...where are you, Phy...Come on out of your hole...ETC.

2 SOUND: SHOT SHOT

MATT: Allright, that's enough Chester...

3 SOUND: A COUPLE OF MORE SHOTS, SHOT SHOT SHOT

That's enough shooting...come on back...SOUND: CHESTER WALKS BACK TO MATT

4 CAST: A FEW MEN, OFF -- WHAT'S GOING ON THERE? WHO IS IT?

5 CICERO GRIMES; HE'LL GET KILLED FOR SURE...ETC.

6 CHESTER: There he comes, Mr. Dillon -- right across the street.

7 MATT: Yeah. Let's-get-a-little-closer, Chester...

8 SOUND: THEY TAKE A FEW STEPS...PHY'S FEET FADE ON...

9 PHY: (FADES ON) What's going on here? What's the matter with you, Cicero?

10 CICERO: They ain't nothing the matter with me, "Marsha" Phy.

11 PHY: What're you doing with that gun? Take it off. Take it off, I said...before I kill you.

12 CICERO: Go ahead, Phy. -- go on, kill me if you think you can.

13 PHY: You didn't know about me, did you? I'll show you who's a gunman around here.

14 PHY: You must be drunk, talking like that.

15 CICERO: It'd be better for you if I was drunk -- but I ain't. I always do my gunfighting plumb sober.

16 PHY: Have you gone crazy?

17 CICERO: I'll tell you something, Joe Phy -- the reason I spend so much time in the saloon there is to forget about all the men I've killed. But sometimes I can't forget -- and then I got to put my gun on and go out and kill me another'n.

18 CHESTER: (LOW) He ain't making much sense, Mr. Dillon.

19 MATT: It doesn't matter, Chester. Let him talk...

LW
PHY: You're lying...you're drunk and you're lying.

CICERO: Am I?

PHY: Get your hand away from that gun, Cicero -- I'm warning you...

CICERO: I can't shoot you without pulling my gun out, can I?

PHY: You're not going to shoot anybody -- especially me.

CICERO: Sure I am. I just told you. I gotta do it, Phy. I'm sorry for you, but I gotta do it.

PHY: I've had enough of this. (STEPS CLOSER) Cicero, you get your hands up, before I kill you.

CICERO: (BACKS OFF) No, you don't...stay away from me.

PHY: I never saw a man so eager to die... Now do as I say...

CICERO: No...no. I won't do nothing you say. You can't hurt me -- you don't know it, but you can't hurt me at all.

PHY: I can kill you. Go ahead.

CICERO: Go ahead -- try it. Go on...draw...

PHY: There's no man in the world can beat me, and you know it.

CICERO: I don't know it. I never even seen you shoot. Nobody has. But you're/about to see me...

PHY: For the last time -- Take your hand off that gun...

CICERO: Watch me, Phy, watch me. I'm/about to draw...(UP FOR MATT)

CICERO: I'm about to draw, everybody... and

CHESTER: (UP) Go on, shoot him, Cicero....get it over with.

CICERO: Okay, I will. Yes sir! I'm going to do it...right now...

PHY: No...don't pull that gun. Don't, Cicero...

CICERO: I'll make it easy for you, Phy. I'll shoot you in the head so's you won't suffer so much. Right in the nose, maybe.
I PAY: No...no...don't...

2 CICERO: Now -- (DRAWS) There -- I got you covered. Why, you didn't even try to draw.

4 PHY: Don't kill me...please don't kill me...I DON'T WANT TO DIE

CICERO: I'm gonna...

5 ...don't shoot, Cicero...don't shoot me./ I wouldn't draw on you...I was only fooling..(WHIMPERS)

Yessir, he

7 CICERO: Sure. /You was only fooling. But you're all through fooling now, Joe Phy. (STEPS UP TO HIM)/ I'll take those guns of yours. First, this one.. (PULLS IT OUT)..and I'll I'll take throw it away. (THROWS IT INTO STREET) And then this one ...

(DOES SAME) There. (UP) Come on out, everybody. I got your lion tamed.

13 CAST: AS THE MEN MOVE UP CLOSE...HOW ABOUT THAT...CICERO GRIMES FACED HIM DOWN...JOE PHY AIN'T MUCH...HE'S BEEN BLUFFING US ALL ALONG...ETC.

16 CICERO: Shut up, everybody. Now looks here...my gun ain't even loaded...see?

18 CAST: REACTS...NO IT AIN'T...WHAT ABOUT THAT...ETC.

19 CICERO: You're all through here, Joe Phy. Go find your horse and ride him out of town. You ain't no U.S. Marshal anyways...

21 you been lying the whole time. Now get going....

22 SOUND: PHY WALKS OFF....

23 MATT: Wait here, Chester -- I'm going to talk to Phy. (FS)
ICERO: (FADES) Wasn't nothing to it, men. You all got taken in by a windbag, that's what.

CAST: (FADES) THAT'S RIGHT. WE SURE DID...BUT YOU SHOWED US,

CICERO...COME ON, MEN. LET'S BUY HIM A DRINK....

MATT: Phy...wait a minute, Phy.

SOUND: HE STOPS...THEY WALK UP TO HIM

MATT: I'd like to talk to you a minute.

PHY: Leave me alone. Haven't they done enough --

MATT: I'm not going to hurt you.

PHY: Yes you are. You're a gunman and I talked rough to you today. And now you're going to...

MATT: Wait a minute, Phy...listen to me -- if I'd taken offense at your talk today I'd have done something about it then. Right now, I only want to ask you a couple of questions... and then you can go.

PHY: Ask me what...?

MATT: About this U.S. Marshal business -- was that your idea? I mean were you alone in this, or did somebody put you up to it?

PHY: All my life, I've wanted to be a lawman.

MATT: Oh..? Why?

PHY: I don't know. Maybe so's everybody'd sorta look up to me. But I knew it couldn't last long. I knew something would happen sooner or later.

MATT: Well, if you wanted to be a lawman why didn't you go be one somewhere? Why'd you have to come here and lie about it?

PHY: You don't understand...I couldn't be a lawman, not a real one.
Why not?

You saw what happened, ...with Cicero Grimes...

Yeah...I saw it.

I'm a coward, mister. That's what I am...a coward. I
always have been. I couldn't be a Marshal, not for long
-- that'd take somebody well, somebody like you maybe...

You could be a Marshal.

Maybe. But you're saying the only reason you came
here and told everybody you were the law was just a kind
of game you were playing - sorts like a kid?

'Like a kid'...I guess you're right. (PAUSE) But what do
you care about me?

I thought maybe you might have some other reason for
wanting to run this town.

Oh, no...no, I'm not a crook, mister. I never did a
anything bad.

I believe you, Phy. Where're you from anyway?

Boston.

A long time ago. I ran away when I was fifteen.

I see.

I want to go now, mister. I want to get out of this place.

Okay...

No offense, but I sure hope I never run into any of you
people again.

I understand. But there's one thing, Phy...

What - ?

You go on wearing guns and somebody's going to kill you
sure.

CB
I never wore a gun in my life till I came to Elkader. I
always wanted to, but I never dared. It was kinda fun...
while it lasted.

Yeah. So long, Phy.

So long, mister.
SECOND COMMERCIAL

22:20

GIRL: What a pair!

WALSH: What a buy!

FENNEMAN: They're talking about Chesterfield king-size, at the new low price...

SOUND: CASH REGISTER

And Chesterfield regular... America's most popular two-way cigarette. Maybe you've noticed in recent weeks how many king-size smokers are changing to Chesterfield. In sizing up the king-size situation, it's a fact that today you get more value from king-size Chesterfield than any other king-size cigarette.

GIRL: What a buy!

FENNEMAN: Chesterfield gives you highest quality - low nicotine.

WALSH: You get the taste you want - the mildness you want...

a really refreshing smoke every time.

FENNEMAN: Chesterfield king-size is the one and only premium quality king-size cigarette. Buy a carton at the new low price.

SOUND: CASH REGISTER

Get highest quality with Chesterfield king-size...

highest quality with Chesterfield regular. They satisfy millions. They're best for you.

MUSIC: THIRD ACT OPENING
CHESTER: Mr. Dillon...

MATT: What, Chester?

CHESTER: We been here most a week and that Cary Post ain't showed yet. How do you know he didn't go back to Dakota Territory?

MATT: Maybe the word about Joe Phy hasn't got to him yet, Chester. But I can't wait much longer.

CICERO: (FADES ON) Morning, Marshal...

MATT: It's Dillon, Cicero.

CICERO: Oh...I'm sorry...I keep forgetting.

CHESTER: How are you, Cicero? Say, you know everybody even strangers been doing nothing but buy me drinks and listen to my story. But don't you worry, Marshal - I mean Dillon -- I'm real careful about what I tell them.

MATT: You're doing fine, Cicero. I'd buy you a drink myself before I leave town.

CICERO: You will? Say, you know something else -- the bartender at the Alamo has hung that old Navy Pistol I used over the bar. I guess it's kinda famous already.
CHESTER: It oughta be. It made the whole town of Elkader ashamed of itself for getting taken in so.

CICERO: That's what the bartender says. That's why he put it there. To make them remember, he says.

SOUND: HORSE FS FADE ON DOWN STREET...FAST AND PULL UP ACROSS STREET

CHESTER: My goodness, that fella's sure raising a lot of dust.

What's he in such a hurry for?

CICERO: Why, that's...Marshal --

MATT: (GETS UP) I see him, Cicero.

CHESTER: What is it, Mr. Dillon?

MATT: It's Gary Post, Chester. You two stay out of the way now...

CICERO: Not me...I ain't...I'm going to watch this...

CHESTER: Then you ain't right here, Cicero. What he means is, don't follow him.

SOUND: MATT STEPS OFF BOARDWALK AND CROSSES STREET TO WHERE POST IS DISMOUNTING AND TAKING

MATT: Hello, Post.

POST: I don't know you.

MATT: You've been a long time getting back to town.

POST: What're you talking about?

Jr. Phy left a week ago. He had you buffed, didn't he?

MATT: Now, look here, mister... Shut up. This may upset you some, Post -- but I'm a real Marshal --

POST: What!

MATT: Matt Dillon, from Dodge. I've been waiting for you.

POST: No...

MATT: And I'm taking you back with me...
MATT: You're wanted for murder in Dekota Territory. And you
know something else? I don't expect one bit of trouble
out of you.
POST: Now, Marshal...
MATT: (STEPS UP TO HIM) I'm taking your gun, Post... Easy... just
like this -- (TAKES HIS GUN)
sure
POST: Sure, Marshal... I wouldn't make no trouble. Take it...
MATT: I've got it. Now get back on your horse. We're leaving
for Dodge.
SOUND: FS FADE ON
CHESTER: (FADES ON) Mr. Dillon, that was the easiest thing I ever
saw. How'd you know he wouldn't fight?
CHESTER: Well you got him and you got rid of that Joe Phy, too... Him
And-beats-Post-here's-nothing-but-a-murderer... Why, I
pretending to be a Marshal is It was sure worth coming up here.
MATT: I don't know, Chester. Joe Phy ran this town pretty well. But
the lids off now. It's too bad I couldn't have let him alone -
he was doing fine.
MUSIC: CURTAIN
LEFEVRE: L & M goes king-size. Yes - L & M goes King-size. Now ...

L & M is king-size as well as regular. Both have the same low price ... Both have the miracle tip for the effective filtration you need. Yes, it's the filter that counts ... And L & M has the best. You get much more flavor ..., much less nicotine. A light and mild smoke. Yes, this is it! L & M Filters ... just what the doctor ordered. Buy a carton - king-size or regular ... both at the same low price ... L & M Filters! America's highest quality and best filter tip cigarette.

MUSIC: THEME ... REMODED. CUE 6 (8 SECONDS) DISC A
WALSH: "GUNSMOKE", produced and directed by 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: Ralph Moody, Vic Perrin and John Dehner. Parley Baer is Chester, Howard McNear is Doc and Georgia Ellis is Kitty. Join us again next week, as Matt Dillon, U. S. Marshal fight to bring law and order out of the wild violence of the West in "GUNSMOKE"!

MUSIC: SWELL FOR (21 SECONDS)
WALSH: The modern wonders of electronics accomplish a lot—but scientific wizardry alone will not do the job! Take for example the protective radar screen around our country. It's the best and latest technical equipment, and yet it's full of holes. Plugging these holes is the job of the Ground Observer Corps. Today...you are needed for the defense of your country. Teen-agers...men and women of all ages...sign-up for the silver wings of the Ground Observer Corps. Be the "eyes" that guard the "blind-spots" in our aerial defenses. Contact your nearest Civil Defense Center for full information...And remember, next week, at this same time, Chesterfield will bring you another transcribed story of the Western Frontier on "GUNSMOKE"! This is the CBS...RADIO NETWORK. (29:30)