

# Lux Radio Theater

## “Destry Rides Again”

*Originally aired November 5, 1945*

Transcribed by Ben Dooley for “Those Thrilling Days of Yesteryear” old time radio recreations. [www.ttdyradio.com](http://www.ttdyradio.com)

### **CAST:**

Announcer  
 Commercial Announcer  
 William Keighley  
 Frenchy  
 'Wash' Dinsdale  
 Destry (Jimmy Stewart)  
 Lily Belle  
 Clerk  
 Coach Driver  
 'Callahan' (Russian accent)  
 Johnny Kent  
 'Gyp' Watson  
 'Bugs' Watson  
 Mayor  
 Janice Tyndall  
 Jack Tyndall  
 Sam Claggett  
 Mrs. Claggett  
 Eli Claggett  
 Clara

### **SFX:**

Birds chirping  
 Saloon commotion: chairs breaking  
 Gunshots  
 Horse and wagon  
 Dog barking  
 Stagecoach door open  
 hitting  
 Footsteps on wood  
 Opening satchel  
 Door open  
 Strike match  
 Cell door open  
 Opening envelope  
 Tapping on window  
 Window open  
 Window close  
 Dynamite explosion

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**ANNOUNCER:** Lux... presents “Hollywood.”

**(MUSIC:** “Lux Theme”)

**ANNOUNCER:** The radio theater brings you Jimmy Stewart and Joan Blondell in, “Destry Rides Again.”

**(MUSIC ENDS)**

**ANNOUNCER:** Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. William Keighley.

**(APPLAUSE)**

**KEIGHLEY:** Greetings, from Hollywood, Ladies and Gentlemen. We welcome back to the airwaves, and to the Radio Theater, a gentleman we’ve missed, Jimmy Stewart. He appears in one of his favorite roles, as the soft spoken gentlemanly guardian of the law, in Universal’s western melodrama, “Destry Rides Again.” Co-starred with Jimmy is another favorite of this theater, Joan Blondell, for whom I’ve always felt a warm regard, since Joan acted in the very first play that I produced on Broadway. Now, our story tonight takes us to the early West—those halcyon, boom-town years—when life was

lived from day to day, and gold slipped easily through the fingers. When a fine toothed comb cost seven dollars, and a sewing needle, twice that much. While a cake of soap, if you could get it, was worth it's weight in gold dust. The curtain now rises on our first act. Starring Jimmy Stewart, as Tom Destry, and Joan Blondell as Frenchy. With Leo Cleary as 'Wash' Dinsdale.

**(SFX:** Birds chirping)

**(MUSIC** begins)

**KEIGHLEY:** It lies on the prairie like a glittering jewel, the tranquil little town of Bottleneck. Here, the honest, god-fearing, cattle-man, tends his lowing heard. And after a day of his honest toil, repairs to Johnny Kent's Tavern for a friendly glass of ginger beer, and a round or two of checkers. Yes, all is peaceful and serene on this typical Bottleneck evening.

**(SFX:** gunshots)

**(SFX:** wild Saloon commotion, bottles and chairs breaking, loud people. Barroom brawling.)

**(MUSIC:** Saloon Piano.)

(NOTE: Song is from the original movie, but is not part of the Lux version. It's been added for this production. Also, the first section of lyrics are questionable.)

**CROWD:** *He was Little Joe, the wrangler, he will wrangle nevermore  
For his gang with the holdup they all roamed.  
Bout a year ago last April when he rolled up to our camp  
Just a little Texas stray and nothing more.*

**WASH:** *And nothing more.*

**FRENCHY:** (singing) *Little Joe.*

**CROWD:** *Little Joe.*

**FRENCHY:** *Little Joe.*

**CROWD:** *Little Joe.*

**FRENCHY:** *Oh whatever became of him, I don't know.*

**CROWD:** *She don't know.*

**FRENCHY:** *Oh, he sure did like his liquor, and it would a' got him sicker,  
But the Sheriff got him quicker. Yeee-Hoo!*

**CROWD:** *Yee-Hoo!*

**FRENCHY:** (singing) *Little Joe.*

**CROWD:** *Little Joe.*

**FRENCHY:** *Little Joe.*

**CROWD:** *Little Joe.*

**FRENCHY:** *Oh wherever his body lies, I don't know.*

**CROWD:** *She don't know.*

**FRENCHY:** *When the yellow moon was beamin' he could wrangle like a demon.*

*And you'd always hear him screamin'. Yee-Hoo!*

**CROWD:** *Yee-Hoo!*

**FRENCHY:** (singing) *Little Joe.*

**CROWD:** *Little Joe.*

**FRENCHY:** *Little Joe.*

**CROWD:** *Little Joe.*

**FRENCHY:** *Oh wherever he's doin' now, I don't know.*

**CROWD:** *She don't know.*

**FRENCHY:** *He had women by the dozens, and he swore they were his cousins,*

*Till he met up with their husbands. Yee-Hoo!*

**CROWD:** *Yee-Hoo!*

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

**WASH:** (startled awake) *Little Joe. Little Joe.*

*Oh, whatever happened to him, I don't know.*

*But I sure do like my liquor, (hic) but I see you got it quicker*

*And I hope it makes you sick, you buffalo.*

(MUSIC CONTINUES AND ENDS)

**MAYOR:** Hello, Frenchy.

**FRENCHY:** Oh, hello, Mayor. What are you doing in my dressing room.

**MAYOR:** Seeking sanctuary. That's quite a brawl.

**FRENCHY:** A convenient brawl.

**MAYOR:** Oh?

**FRENCHY:** Bugs and Gyp started it so no one'll hear the shots upstairs.

**MAYOR:** Oh, I see.

**FRENCHY:** Clara?

**CLARA:** Yes Ma'am?

**FRENCHY:** Stay where you are, I'll change later.

**CLARA:** Yes, Ma'am.

**MAYOR:** Eh, did Kent come down with you, Frenchy?

**FRENCHY:** Uh-uh, he's still upstairs, doing a little arithmetic.

**MAYOR:** Arithmetic?

**FRENCHY:** Yeah. *He* owns Claggett Ranch now.

**MAYOR:** Well, well. That gives him a solid strip o' land right across the valley.

**FRENCHY:** Right straight across. And from now on, every time the cattlemen drive their herds across the valley, it's gonna cost 25 cents a head.

**MAYOR:** Hm. Sounds reasonable to me. You know, that's what I like about Johnny Kent—he's not greedy.

**FRENCHY:** No. All he wants is everything.

**MAYOR:** Well, now, let's see. Four hundred thousand steers, as 25 cents a head...

**FRENCHY:** (OVERLAPPING) Don't knock your brains out, Mayor. Kent'll figure it out.

**MAYOR:** Oh. Well I trust he'll *also* figure out a way of removing the body of the... uh... unfortunate Mr. Claggett.

**FRENCHY:** Claggett's not dead, he's only mad.

**MAYOR:** Huh? What are you talking about?

**FRENCHY:** Well, shut up and listen. They had a poker game up there. Claggett bet everything he owned including his ranch. Naturally, he lost.

**MAYOR:** Naturally.

**FRENCHY:** When he started yelling he was framed they threw him out.

**MAYOR:** Then who *was* shot?

**FRENCHY:** The sheriff.

**MAYOR:** Sheriff Watson?

**FRENCHY:** Claggett went running to Watson, Watson accused Kent, and, well, the boys resented him.

**MAYOR:** He was a fine man, the Sheriff. Fine man.

**FRENCHY:** Well, start thinking about a new appointment.

**MAYOR:** I've got just the right man in mind. If he happens to be sober enough to get on his feet I'll...

**FRENCHY:** Who?

**MAYOR:** Why, "Wash" Dinsdale, of course.

**FRENCHY:** The town drunk? Are you out of your... (SHE GETS IT). Oh. Oh, I see what you mean, (FADES OUT) Mayor. I see what you mean.

(SCENE CHANGE)

**(MUSIC:** Piano bar music fades in.)

(NOISY BAR CROWD COMMOTION.)

**BUGS:** Quiet! Quiet, everybody! Will you shut up?

(CROWD QUIETS, BUT MUSIC CONTINUES)

**BUGS:** OK, now. Johnny Kent. here's, got something to say.

(CROWD CHEERS)

**KENT:** Having a good time, everybody?

(CROWD CHEERS)

**KENT:** That's what I like to see in my place. Well folks, we got some important news from Mayor Slade.

**MAYOR:** Uh, fellow citizens, our esteemed Sheriff Watson has suddenly been called out of town on... uh... urgent business. He'll be gone permanent. Therefore, I hereby appoint as out new Sheriff, that paragon of courage, the pride of our community, Mr. Washington Dinsdale.

(CROWD LAUGHS)

**KENT:** All right, somebody, get him up here.

**BUGS:** Here he is, Johnny. Under the table.

**GYP:** He's comin', Johnny. Here comes the new Sheriff.

**WASH:** (GETTING CAUGHT UP IN THE MERRIMENT.) Hooray! (sings)  
"Little Joe. Little Joe. Oh, whatever become of him..." Oh, hello, Frenchy.  
What are we cheerin' fer?

**FRENCHY:** You, "Wash". You're the new Sheriff.

**WASH:** Hooray for the new Sher... (CATCHES HIMSELF) What?!

**KENT:** That's right, "Wash". Congratulations.

(CROWD CHEERS)

**KENT:** Drinks on the house, everybody! And a fresh bottle for the new Sheriff!

(CROWD CHEERS)

**FRENCHY:** Yeah, come on, "Wash", won't you have a drink?

**WASH:** Let's see here. Am I really the sheriff?

**FRENCHY:** Sure you are.

**WASH:** Then, no, I'm not gonna drink. No sir. Man's gotta choose between the bottle and the badge. D'you hear that, you pack o' no good scoundrels?

(CROWD CHEERS)

**WASH:** Listen to me! There's gonna be law and order in bottleneck, or I'm puttin' the whole town in jail.

**KENT:** And if you need any help, I'll be a deputy.

**WASH:** No, I wouldn't have ya'. I want a deputy like I used to be.

**KENT:** What? When were you ever a deputy?

**WASH:** (DEFENDING) When was I...? Why, when Tom Destry was Sheriff, that's when. You think you're tough and ornery. You ain't nuthin' like there was when Destry was my boss.

**FRENCHY:** But Destry's been dead for five years, "Wash".

**WASH:** Well, maybe so, but *young* Tom ain't dead. And his daddy brought him up to be the toughest fightin' man that ever growed up in the west. I'm sendin' fer him right now. And when he gets here, Destry'll ride again!

(CROWD CHEERS)

(MUSIC)

(SFX: horses and wagon)

**JACK:** Hey driver! How many times do I have to tell you? Take it easy on those bumps!

**DRIVER:** Ah, pull your head in.

**JACK:** Just wait till we get to Bottleneck, that's all.

**JANICE:** Jack, please. The trip'll be over soon, I don't mind the bumps, really.

**JACK:** Well I do. And if he don't take it easy, I'll...

**JANICE:** Mr. Destry?

**DESTRY:** Yes, Miss?

**JANICE:** Please don't mind my brother, Mr. Destry. He's always threatening to do something.

**DESTRY:** Y'know, I had a friend once, his name was Stubbs. He was sorta like you, Tyndall.

**JACK:** Huh?

**DESTRY:** He was always threatening to fill somebody fulla holes.

**JACK:** Well?

**DESTRY:** Well, folks say now that Stubbs is holding up one of the prettiest tombstones in the cemetery.

**JACK:** Very funny. This gun here ain't no ornament. And I'm pretty good with it.

**DESTRY:** Yeah. So was my friend, Stubbs.

**JACK:** Meaning what?

**DESTRY:** Well, just you ought to be careful about who you meet up with, that's all.

**JACK:** For a deputy sheriff, mister, you got some mighty peculiar ideas.

**JANICE:** But they do make sense, Jack.

**DESTRY:** Well, maybe you ought to take up a hobby, Mr. Tyndall, like me. See here? Woodcarving. You'd be surprised the genuine rage you can work off just by whittling away at a little piece of wood.

**JACK:** Wait. Are you sure you're name's Destry?

**DESTRY:** Yeah, folks're always asking me that.

**JANICE:** Your father was a wonderful man, Mr. Destry.

**DESTRY:** Yes, he was. Yes, he was. I guess I'm different.

**JACK:** I'll say, you're different.

**DESTRY:** Yeah, my father got shot in the back. And there are a lot of things I do, Mr. Tyndall, just to avoid getting shot in the back.

**(SFX:** horses and wagon rise and fade out.)

**(FADE IN)**

**(SFX:** dog barking)

**(GENERAL COMMOTION)**

**WASH:** It's comin'! It's comin'! The stage is comin'!

**ELI:** Gosh, is he really comin'? Is Destry really comin'?

**WASH:** Course he is. He is my new deputy.

**ELI:** By Jiminy, Wash, you sure look like a real sheriff.

**(CROWD LAUGHS)**

**WASH:** Thank you, son. **(CALLING)** Lily Belle! Lily Belle!

**LILY BELLE:** **(APPROACHING)** What do you want, Wash?

**WASH:** The coach is a-comin', you got his room ready?

**(SFX:** stagecoach approaching)

**LILY BELLE:** Sure I got it ready.

**WASH:** Good. Get ready, everybody! Here it comes! Destry's a-comin' to Bottleneck!

(CROWD CHEERS)

(**SFX:** horses and stagecoach arrive and stop)

(**SFX:** Stagecoach door opens)

**JACK:** All right, driver, I warned you. I said, "Wait till we get to Bottleneck."

**DRIVER:** Yeah? What're you gonna do about it?

**JACK:** Just this!

(**SFX:** hitting)

(CROWD REACTS)

**CLERK:** Hey, look out, he's pulling a gun! Duck, stranger, he's going to...

(**SFX:** gunshot)

(CROWD REACTS)

**JACK:** Gonna what?

**WASH:** Ha Ha! D'you see that? D'you see that? Knocks him down, then shoots the gun right out of his hand. (LAUGHS)

**JACK:** Maybe that'll teach you to drive a little slower.

**DRIVER:** Sure, mister, sure.

**WASH:** Well, folks? That's just a small sample of what yer gonna get from now on! Tom Destry! Welcome to Bottleneck, Tom! I'm Wash.

**JACK:** Sorry, partner. My name's Tyndall.

(CROWD COMMOTION)

**WASH:** You... you ain't Destry?

**JACK:** He's still in the coach, (IN A MOCKING TONE) You can come out now!

**WASH:** Tom! Tom!

**DESTRY:** Hello, Wash. You haven't changed a bit.

**WASH:** Well, git outta there, Tom.

**DESTRY:** I'll be right with you, Wash, soon as I help the lady, here.

**JANICE:** Now, if you'll just hold my birdcage, Mr. Destry? Oh, and my parasol.

**DESTRY:** Yes, Ma'am.

**WASH:** Oh, no, no!



(CROWD LAUGHS)

**BUGS:** Look at him. A canary bird!

**GYP:** A pary-sol!

**WASH:** Tom, will you put down that durned bird?

**JANICE:** Thank you very much, Mr. Destry.

**DESTRY:** Not at all, Ma'am.

**LILY BELLE:** Well, you must be *Mrs.* Destry. How do you do?

**DESTRY:** No, no, wrong again, there.

**JANICE:** I'm Janet Tyndall.

**LILY BELLE:** Oh. Well, you'll be needin' rooms, too. Come on, I'll show you across.

**JANICE:** Oh, thank you very much.

**LILY BELLE:** You come on too, Mr. Destry. You'll be wantin' a cup of *tea* or somethin'.

(CROWD LAUGHS)

**WASH:** Hey! You crazy...! Come on, Tom, we're gettin' over to the saloon.

**(MUSIC)**

**(SFX:** footsteps on wooden walkway.)

**WASH:** Now, look here, Tom. You are makin' an impression on this town that's got to be radicated right now.

**DESTRY:** Now don't you think first impressions are darned fool things to jump at?

**WASH:** Round here, you got to jump first or you don't live long.

**DESTRY:** You know, what you're saying reminds me of a friend of mine. And he woke up in the middle of the night and he saw a great big hand coming at him.

**WASH:** A hand?

**DESTRY:** Yeah. Yeah. So he got out his gun, and he aimed, and he shot a hole right through his own foot.

**WASH:** No.

**DESTRY:** Yes, he did. Now... he shouldn't have gone by that first impression, should he?

**(SFX:** crowd and piano FADE IN)

**WASH:** Well, he was just a durned fool, you... (CATCHING ON THAT THERE IS A LESSON AND NOT LIKING IT) Oh, come on in. This here's the saloon.

**(SFX:** loud crowd and piano)

**WASH:** Shut up, everybody and pay attention!

(CROWD SETTLES)

**WASH:** Well, here he is. I want you all to meet m'new deputy, Thomas Jefferson Destry.

**DESTRY:** Hello there. Howdy.

**KENT:** Destry, my name's Kent.

**DESTRY:** Howdy.

**KENT:** And this is Hiram Slade, our Mayor. And, uh... (CALLING) Frenchy? Frenchy?

**FRENCHY:** (OFF MIC) Coming!

**KENT:** Here's a girl you gotta meet, Mr. Destry. Frenchy, meet the new deputy.

**FRENCHY:** A deputy or a beanpole? (KENT CHUCKLES) Say, Mr. Destry, how's the weather up there?

**DESTRY:** (MUMBLING OVER HE COMMENT) How's the weather up there. Yes. Everybody says that when they see me.

**FRENCHY:** Come on, everybody, let's have a drink to the new deputy!

(CROWD CHEERS)

**KENT:** Oh, uh, Destry, I think, you and me ought to have an understanding right off.

**DESTRY:** Oh, good. I'm all for folks understanding each other.

**KENT:** I'll start by telling you that I've got a hobby.

**DESTRY:** You have, huh? Well, mine's carving napkin rings. What's your hobby?

**KENT:** Collectin' guns. Deputy sheriff's guns. Whenever I meet one, I ask him for his gun. I ask him real nice.

**DESTRY:** Uh-huh. Well, I'm afraid this here's one time when you're gonna be disappointed.

**KENT:** (GETTING AGGRESSIVE) You mean I have to take 'em from ya'?

**DESTRY:** (CALMLY) If you can.

**KENT:** (READY TO DRAW) If I can!

**DESTRY:** Hold it. Now, hold on, now. Hold on. Don't get excited. I'm just trying to tell you I ain't got any guns. See here?

**KENT:** Just what kind of a deputy are you?

(HIS BOYS CHIME IN)

**DESTRY:** Now, if I had a had a gun on me, why, uh... one of us might have got hurt. And it might have been me. And, uh... I wouldn't a liked that. Would I?

(KENT AND THE BOYS PAUSE, THEN BREAK INTO LAUGHTER)

**BUGS:** (MOCKING) Look at me, fella's, I'm a canary. Tweet-Tweet.

**GYP:** Oh goodness, where's my pary-sol.

**KENT:** Now cut it out! (TO DESTRY) If anybody starts picking on you, Mr. Destry, just you come to Uncle.

**DESTRY:** I'll remember that, Mr. Kent.

**KENT:** Good.

(KENT AND THE BOYS LAUGH)

**FRENCHY:** Here's a present for you, Mr. Destry.

**BUGS:** (MOCKING) A bucket of water.

**GYP:** And a mop.

**FRENCHY:** Sure. He wants to clean up Bottleneck, doesn't he? (WITH A TONE OF INSULT) Here you are, Deputy. And don't forget the corner.

(MUSIC)

**DESTRY:** (FADING IN) So this here's our office, huh, Wash?

**WASH:** Yeah. Yeah, this is it. (EMBARRASED) Oh, Tom, Tom.

**DESTRY:** What's the matter?

**WASH:** Tom Destry's boy, the laughingstock of the town.

**DESTRY:** Looks bad, huh?

**WASH:** I told Lily Belle you won't be needin' that room after all. You're leavin' on the next stagecoach.

**DESTRY:** But I sort of like it here, Warren.

**WASH:** How're you gonna face anybody after what you took from Kent? And from Frenchy?

**DESTRY:** Well what did you expect me to do?

**WASH:** I expected you to be like your Paw. To roar in blastin' behind yer shootin' irons. What happened? Didn't have any. Why?

**DESTRY:** Well, I don't believe in 'em. Say, Wash, open that bag, there.

**WASH:** Huh?

**DESTRY:** Go on, go on, open it.

**(SFX:** opening satchel)

**DESTRY:** You'll find two guns in there.

**WASH:** You mean you... Tom! (EXCITED) Well, here! Strap 'em on, boy, strap 'em on...

**DESTRY:** No, no, no, no. My Paw had these on, Wash, the day he got shot in the back. They didn't seem to do *him* much good, did they? That's one reason why I don't believe in them.

**WASH:** What, in tarnation, *do* you believe in?

**DESTRY:** Law and order.

**WASH:** Without guns?

**DESTRY:** Without 'em!

**WASH:** Well, if that don't beat all get out. Aw, Tom, don't'ch'a see? The only reason they made me sheriff was to have somebody they could kick around. But I was aimin' to fool 'em. To do things right. That's why I sent for you. Instead you fooled me.

**DESTRY:** Now, you *will* fool 'em, Wash. We'll fool 'em together. Now, don't'ch'a see? When you shoot it out with them, some... somehow or other they get to look like heroes. But if you put them behind bars they'll look little and cheap, the way they ought to look. And it serves as a warning to the rest of them.

**WASH:** Oh, go on home, Tom. And I'll get back be bein' the town drunk. It's all I'm good fer.

**DESTRY:** No, you're not going back to being the town drunk, and I'm gonna stay here and do this job I come for. My paw did it the old way, and I'm gonna do it a new way. If I don't prove to you I'm right, I'll get out of town quick enough. But first you got to give me a chance.

**WASH:** No.

**DESTRY:** You gotta give me a chance.

**WASH:** (OVERLAPPING) No, no.

**DESTRY:** (OVERLAPPING) Now, come on, come on. Swear me in.

**WASH:** (GIVING IN) Oh... all right. Raise your right hand. Do you, Thomas Jefferson Destry, swear to uphold the law and do your duty and everything else that goes with it?

**DESTRY:** Yep, yep, I do. Yep.

**WASH:** All right, then. Here. Here's your badge. Just don't let anybody see you wearin' it. (DISGUSTED) No guns.

**DESTRY:** Uh, where are you going?

**WASH:** I'm taking a walk. I'll probably get drunk.

**DESTRY:** I think I'll go along with you.

**(SFX:** Door opens)

**WASH:** You'll just get into trouble, Tom, I'm warning ya'.

**DESTRY:** This, uh, this here's the main street, here?

**(SFX:** walking on wooden walkway)

**WASH:** Yes. (IDLE CHIT CHAT) Nice hardware store over there.

**DESTRY:** Yeah, yeah, it is.

**WASH:** Got some mighty fine bowie knives in stock. (HINTING) Bowie knife's and elegant weapon.

**DESTRY:** Wash. No.

**WASH:** No.

**DESTRY:** No.

**WASH:** Naw, I was afraid you wouldn't be interested. Tom, look here. You see this hitchin' post? (DRAMATIC STORYTELLING MODE) Soaked through and through with the blood of "Sawtooth" McGee. He objected to a petticoat his neighbor's wife was wearin' and they fit to a draw. Both buried in the same grave.

**DESTRY:** "Sawtooth" and the petticoat?

**WASH:** "Sawtooth" and the neighbor.

**DESTRY:** Oh. I see.

**WASH:** Also four innocent bystanders. You've got to listen to reason, Tom, or git outta town.

**DESTRY:** You know, I had a friend once, used to... collect postage stamps. And he always said the one good thing about a postage stamp it always sticks to one thing 'til it gets there. Well, I'm sort of like that.

**CLERK:** (CALLING FROM OFF) Hey Wash, wait a minute! I been lookin' all over for yeh.

**WASH:** What is it?

**CLERK:** This here crate, Wash. Come to the express office day before yesterday. To Sheriff Watson.

**WASH:** Well, what's in it?

**DESTRY:** Appears to be rabbits in it.

**CLERK:** Uh-huh, and I got to get 'em off my hands. When that crate come, there was only two of 'em. Now look.

**WASH:** Well, rabbits is like that.

**DESTRY:** Yeah. Say, uh, where did Sheriff Watson go?

**(SFX:** horses and commotion in background approaching)

**CLERK:** I don't know nuthin' about nuthin'.

**WASH:** Well, you better start learnin' about rabbits because I just give you these. Now git.

**(TWO RUSTLERS APPROACH ON HORSES WHOOPING AND HOLLERING)**

**(SFX:** Gun shots.)

**BUGS:** Fellas, that there's young Tom Destry!

**WASH:** Tom run! Get out of here.

**DESTRY:** Now, wait a minute, wait a minute. Hold on, now. Hey! Hey!! Wait a minute, now!

**(THEY START TO SETTLE DOWN)**

**DESTRY:** You guys are getting' pretty playful, aren't you?

**BUGS:** Yeah, we're fulla liquor and fulla fire. Hold my horse, here, Drippy.

**GYP:** Yeah, that's right.

**WASH:** Now, he didn't mean nuthin' by it. Don't start no trouble.

**BUGS:** Trouble? Why we just want to see the new deputy dance. Come on, Destry. Dance.

**(SFX:** 4 gunshots)

**(THE RUSTLERS LAUGH)**

**BUGS:** I said dance.

**DESTRY:** Now, wait a minute, hold on now. Say, uh... Buggy, those look like pretty good guns you got there. You mind if I heft them a little?

**BUGS:** (LAUGHING) Well, I guess you can't hurt yourself, sonny, just heftin' 'em.

**(THE RUSTLERS LAUGH)**

**DESTRY:** Yeah. It's a nice weight there. Yeah. Y'know, aside from being pretty ornaments, a fella can have a lot of harmless amusements out of these here

toys. Now take f'rinstance them knobs on the top of that sign down the street there.

**BUGS:** Eh? Where?

**DESTRY:** Down the block there, right there. Now watch it.

**(SFX:** 5 gunshots)

**DESTRY:** Don't see 'em any more do ya? Yes, sir. These guns are all right. They're all right.

**WASH:** Tom! Tom, we ain't seen nuthin' like that since...

**DESTRY:** (GETTING AGGRESSIVE) Now the next time any of you fella's start any of this promiscuous shooting around the streets you're gonna land in jail! You understand?

**BUGS:** Yeah, sure. Sure.

**GYP:** But Deputy, we was just...

**DESTRY:** All right, just so you understand. Now you heard me. Come on, Wash. (THE RUSTLERS WANDER OFF IN COMMOTION)

**(SFX:** footsteps on wooden walkway)

**WASH:** Can't believe my eyes. And you walking around here condemnin' the use of firearms.

**DESTRY:** Now, Wash, listen. Where did you say Sheriff Watson went to?

**WASH:** Well, I didn't say.

**DESTRY:** He certainly left your office in a mess. And those rabbits. Appears he clean forgot about the rabbits.

**WASH:** What about him? Rabbits is easy to ferget.

**DESTRY:** I know, but there's something wrong here. I don't understand.

**WASH:** (OVERLAPPING) Oh, you *don't* understand, you *don't* understand. Green snakes and pink elephants, them I *can* understand. But you... you gotta listen to me, Tom.

**DESTRY:** All right, Wash. Go ahead.

**WASH:** So I ain't been telling ya. You gotta behave like a spect ya to behave.

**ELI:** (FROM OFF IN THE DISTANCE) Where's the sheriff? Where's the sheriff?

**WASH:** (SHOUTING BACK) He's outta town! When... Wait a minute, that's me.

**ELI:** (APPROACHING) Wash, you gotta help us, you gotta come to the ranch, now.

**WASH:** Sure, boy, sure.

**EIL:** Hey, you're Thomas Jefferson Destry, ain't 'ch'a?

**DESTRY:** Yeah, that's right.

**ELI:** I'm Eli Whitney Claggett.

**DESTRY:** Well, glad to know ya.

**ELI:** (QUICKLY) Well, gosh I heard about yer paw. Whenever we play sheriffs and injuns, well.. I'm always yer paw.

**DESTRY:** Well, you couldn't do better, son. Now, what's the matter here?

**ELI:** Oh, they come to take our ranch away, Johnny Kent and his gang. We've been holdin' 'em off so far, but we ain't got much ammunition left. Paw sent fer me to sneak into town and get the sheriff.

**WASH:** Good work, son. That murderin' thief, I'll fill him so full a lead, that...

**DESTRY:** (OVERLAPPEING) Hold on, Wash. Wait a minute. How come Kent's trying to take Claggett's Ranch?

**WASH:** Cause he won it from Claggett in a crooked poker game.

**DESTRY:** Uh- huh. I see. Well. Seems to me like we're wasting time, here. Come on, Sheriff, we've got some work to do.

**(MUSIC)**

**KEIGHLEY:** In just a minute, we'll bring you Act II of "Destry Rides Again," starring James Stewart and Joan Blondell.

**COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER:** One of America's treasure houses of culture is The Library of Congress. A three minutes walk from the capital building in Washington. Established in 1800, it was originally just for Congress. But today one and one half million visitors a year pass through it's imposing Italian Renaissance structure. There are two buildings now, but in another five or six years, we'll have a third, with a total building investment of \$84 million. But preserving the rare items of history makes any cost worthwhile. In the library is the Gutenberg bible, printed on vellum and dating back to the 15<sup>th</sup> Century. Also the first rough draft of the Declaration of Independence in Thomas Jefferson's own handwriting, and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, scratched out and rewritten on White House stationary. Visitors also come to see Ben Franklin's diagram of the bifocals he invented. Or more recently, the entire score of Porgy and Bess, in composer George Gershwin's own hand. It's all part of America's historical wealth at the Library of Congress.

**(PAUSE)**

**ANNOUNCER:** Mr. William Keighley now presents our second Act.



**KEIGHLEY:** We continue with “Destry Rides Again,” starring James Stewart as Tom Destry, and Joan Blondell as Frenchy.

**(MUSIC)**

**(SFX:** many gunshots volleying back and forth and continue under scene)

**KEIGHLEY:** Johnny Kent and his men have come to take over the Claggett ranch, and they’re doing it in the usual Kent manner. But behind the stout walls of the ranch house. Sam Claggett and his wife have managed, thus far, to hold their own.

**(SFX:** Horses approaching.)

**WASH:** (FROM OFF MIC) Stop that shootin’! D’y’hear me, Kent? Stop that shootin’!

**KENT:** Hold it, boys! Hold it!. (SHOOTING STOPS) (To Wash.) Well, hello, Sheriff. And Mr. Destry.

**WASH:** (CALLING OUT) Put down yer guns, Claggett, I’m takin’ over here!

**SAM:** (FROM WITHIN THE HOUSE) Thanks, Wash. You got here just in time.

**WASH:** And stay in the house! (TO KENT) Kent, I said we was to have law and order around here.

**KENT:** Certainly. So do your duty and get those people out of my house.

**WASH:** *Your* house?

**KENT:** Maybe you better look at this paper.

**WASH:** I ain’t interested in no documents. You mosey on out of here before I start blastin’.

**DESTRY:** Mr. Kent, uh... can I see that paper?

**KENT:** Certainly.

**DESTRY:** Hm. This signature here, is that Claggett’s?

**KENT:** You don’t think I’d forge it, do ya?

**DESTRY:** All right, come on, Wash. We’ll go inside and talk to Claggett.

**WASH:** (FADING OFF) Thunderation, Tom, who’re you tryin’ to protect around here?

(SCENE CHANGE)

**DESTRY:** (FADING IN) So you see, Mrs. Claggett, it’s like I just told your husband...

**MRS. CLAGGETT:** Deputy or no deputy, we ain’t givin’ up our ranch.

**DESTRY:** I'd sooner hang that crowd out there, than let them have this ranch, but your... your husband signed the paper, ma'am, and it gives Kent a perfect legal right to the property. Doesn't it, Wash?

**WASH:** Sure it does. Way we're operatin' now...

**SAM:** I told you about that poker game. I was winning when that Frenchy girl spilled a pot of coffee in my lap. While I was cleanin' it off, they switched cards on me.

**DESTRY:** I don't doubt that, but it's your word against theirs.

**WASH:** They'd swear themselves blue in the face again' ya', Sam.

**DESTRY:** Mm-hm. Yes, I'm afraid you folks're over a barrel.

**MRS. CLAGGETT:** Fine goin's on, when the law takes the side of cheats.

**DESTRY:** Naw, I'm sorry, Mrs. Claggett, but you folks stick around town. Now we'll figure out some way to get this ranch back.

**SAM:** That's what Sheriff Watson said the night he disappeared.

**WASH:** Watson couldn't do nuthin' bout it. Ever'body knows that he left town sudden.

**DESTRY:** (SUSPICIOUSLY) Yeah. I'll bet he did. I'll bet he did.

**WASH:** Huh?

**DESTRY:** Oh, nothing, nothing. (FADING OUT) Now, help these folks get their stuff together, Wash. I'm gonna have a talk with Mr. Kent.

(SCENE CHANGE)

**KENT:** (FADING IN) All right, what about it, Destry?

**DESTRY:** The ranch is yours. They're packin' up now.

**KENT:** (PLEASED) Well, good. I can see you and me are goin' to get along fine.

**DESTRY:** Well, have to enforce the law, don't we?

**KENT:** (PLEASED HE'S GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT) We sure do. We sure do. Y'hear him, fellas? And I thought he was dumb.

(THE MEN LAUGH)

**(MUSIC)**

**(SFX:** knock on door)

**CLARA:** I'm comin', I'm comin.

**(SFX:** Door open)

**CLARA:** My goodness, if it ain't the law.

**DESTRY:** Uh, would you tell Miss Frenchy I'd appreciate seeing her on official business, please?

**CLARA:** Yes, sir.

**(SFX:** door closes)

**CLARA:** (CALLING) Miss Frenchy?

**FRENCHY:** (CALLING BACK FROM OFF MIC) Yeah? What is it?

**CLARA:** Hey, Miss Frenchy, that tall drink of water is here. On 'ficial business.

**FRENCHY:** He is, is he? You tell him from me that I...

**DESTRY:** Hold on, hold on, Ma'am. Hold on, now. I just come over to apologize.

**FRENCHY:** Apologize for what?

**DESTRY:** Well, for not realizing who was the real boss of Bottleneck.

**FRENCHY:** (TO THE MAID) My coffee, Clara.

**CLARA:** Yes'm.

**DESTRY:** Don't let me interfere with your dinner, Ma'am.

**FRENCHY:** It's breakfast.

**DESTRY:** Oh.

**CLARA:** Does he get some too, miss?

**DESTRY:** Oh, I don't mind if I do join you in a cup.

**FRENCHY:** So you found out what's good for yourself, huh?

**DESTRY:** Yes, I sort of figured out I'd better use a little common horse sense. Now of course I could'a come bargain' in here with all sorts of rumors. Like a couple rumors I just heard 'bout you.

**FRENCHY:** (UNIMPRESSED) I'm supposed to say, "What rumors?"

**DESTRY:** Yeah, you were supposed to do that. And if you would say that, why... I'd say the talk is that you do more than sing down in Kent's Saloon—takes part in crooked poker games, cheatin' folks outta their ranch.

**FRENCHY:** (VERY DEFENSIVELY ) Who said that?

**DESTRY:** Oh, just a rumor, just a rumor. Of, course, you wouldn't have anything to do with anything like that.

**CLARA:** Here's your coffee.

**DESTRY:** Oh, thanks, thanks. I'd better be careful with this, too. Wouldn't want to have it spilled in my lap, would I?

**FRENCHY:** (OVERLAPPING) Get out. Get out, you here? Get out!

**DESTRY:** Now, hold your fire, hold your fire. I'll go. Just put that lamp down. There. That's fine, now. And just one more thing. Y'know, uh... I've seen hundreds like you, all the way from Jacksonville to Sacramento. You all think easy pickin's'll last forever.

**FRENCHY:** You better mind your own business, Mr. Destry. Yer headin' for trouble.

**DESTRY:** Trouble is my...

**FRENCHY:** (OVERLAPPING) I do what I like in this town. Anyone who gets in my way is taken care of.

**DESTRY:** Like they took care of sheriff Watson?

**FRENCHY:** (OVERLAPPING) Yeah, just like they took ca...

**DESTRY:** (PAUSE) That's just what I thought.

**FRENCHY:** I don't know what you're talking about. You better keep your mouth shut and get out of town before it's too late.

**DESTRY:** Oh, come on, now. I don't think you're half as bad as you make out to be.

**FRENCHY:** Well, never mind what I am.

**DESTRY:** I'll bet you got kind of a pretty face underneath all that paint. Look, I'll, uh... show you what I mean.

**FRENCHY:** (IMMEDIATELY) Take your hands off!

**DESTRY:** Sure, sure. All right. But why don't you wipe it off, someday, and have a good look? That's a wonderful face.

**(SFX:** door open)

**DESTRY:** Figure out how you can live up to it. So long.

**(SFX:** Door close)

**FRENCHY:** (AFTER A MOMENT) Clara?

**CLARA:** Yes'm?

**FRENCHY:** Bring me a mirror. (PAUSE) And a towel.

**CLARA:** Yes, Ma'am. Well, that's the most peculiar actin' man I ever did see. He's got personality. Woo-hoo! He sure has.

**(MUSIC)**

**(SCENE CHANGE)**

**LILY BELLE:** (FADE IN) Now don't you and Sam worry one bit, Mrs. Claggett. Y'can stay here long as ya want.

**CLARA:** Well, I sure appreciate it, Lily Belle. Still and all, if we could've kept on shootin' this afternoon instead of sending for them...

**WASH:** Now, Meg, they had the law on your side, like we...

**JACK:** (CUTTING OFF) The law. I've got something to say about that.

**JANICE:** Oh, Jack, please. It's none of your affair.

**JACK:** It is my affair, Janice. That rat, Kent, is charging me two bits for every head of cattle going through this valley.

**CLARA:** It's time decent people joined up and got rid of those cutthroats.

**JACK:** You'd better start in with this watery-eyes sheriff, here and that gun-shy, lady-fingered deputy of his. Come on in, Destry. I saw you standin' there.

**DESTRY:** I wouldn't have said that, Tyndall.

**JACK:** Turn your back on me, you...

**JANICE:** Oh, Jack. Please.

**JACK:** You heard me, Destry. I ain't payin' one cent to move my cattle. Now what do you aim to do?

**DESTRY:** Well, at present, nothing.

**JACK:** That's what I thought. But I'll do something if I have to take the law into my own hands.

**DESTRY:** Nobody's gonna set themselves up above the law around here, y'understand? (CALMLY) Listen, I've... I've got something to say to you. I think maybe I could illustrate it better if I told you a story. I used to have a friend...

**WASH:** Oh, another one, Tom?

**DESTRY:** Yep, another one. He was an opera singer. But he went into the cement business. And one day he fell into the cement. And now, instead of singin' in the new Opera house at St. Louis, he's just part of the cornerstone. He should'a stuck to his trade. You better stick to yours.

**WASH:** Tom, where're you goin'?

**DESTRY:** Oh, up to my room. Time to get ready for supper.

**WASH:** Tom, how can you talk of eatin' at a time like this?

**DESTRY:** (OFF MIC AS SCENE FADES OUT) Because I'm hungry. Come on!

(FADE OUT)

(FADE IN NEW SCENE)

**(SFX:** walking up wooden stairs)

**WASH:** Welp, that's yer room. Open...

**DESTRY:** (OVERLAPPING) Sh, sh. Listen. There's somebody in there.

**WASH:** Huh?

**DESTRY:** Step aside.

**(SFX:** door opens)

**CALLAHAN:** (WITH ITALIAN ACCENT) Oh! Good evening.

**DESTRY:** Good evening.

**CALLAHAN:** Doubtlessly you are wondering what I am doing in your room.

Well, uh... you may believe this or not, but... I'm waiting for a stagecoach.

**DESTRY:** Look, uh... aren't you Lily Belle's husband?

**WASH:** Sure, Tom, that's just Callahan.

**CALLAHAN:** Callahan! Callahan! I'm a-Stavrogine-Valdechev.

**WASH:** Ever'body calls him Callahan, Tom. It's easier to day.

**DESTRY:** Yeah. Well, I don't mind who y'are, but, uh... what are your legs doin' in my pants?

**CALLAHAN:** I find this all very awkward.

**WASH:** Oh, he loses his pants regular, Tom. They win 'em off him at poker. Then Lily Belle locks him up in his room. (CHUCKLES)

**CALLAHAN:** Ahhh, this time I outsmart Lily Belle. I climb through the window, across the roof, (EXCLAMATION) Zoff! I find some pants.

**DESTRY:** Yeah, but they're *my* pants, so, uh... come on, off with them now.

**CALLAHAN:** You mean, now?

**DESTRY:** Now. Yeah.

**CALLAHAN:** Oh, the whole world is against me.

**DESTRY:** Now, wait a minute, now. I might be able to make a deal with you. How well do you know this country, round here?

**CALLAHAN:** (DRAMATICALLY) Like a field mouse. There isn't a twig, a tree, a bush...

**DESTRY:** All right, that's good enough. All right, the pants are yours if you do a little job for me.

**CALLAHAN:** Agreed. What can I lose? Only a job. Command me.

**DESTRY:** I want you to find something.

**CALLAHAN:** Ahhh! I'm a weasel. Oh-ho! I've the memory of an elephant, the strength of a...

**WASH:** (CUTTING OFF) Thunderation! He's not askin' fer a zoo.

**DESTRY:** Only a bloodhound who can keep his mouth shut.

**CALLAHAN:** I shall be a bloodhound—sniffing and silent. What is it?

**DESTRY:** The body of Sheriff Watson.

**CALLAHAN:** Pardon me while I give back your pants.

**WASH:** Tom. Wha'd'ya want to find Watson's body fer.

**DESTRY:** Because you can't prove a murder without a corpse. And I sorta think Callahan'd make a pretty good second deputy.

**CALLAHAN:** A deputy? (**PROUDLY**) Deputy Stavogine! Order me where you will. To Siberia.

**DESTRY:** Come on, then. We're goin down to Kent's saloon.

**(MUSIC)**

**(NEW SCENE)**

**(SFX:** Bar crowd)

**KENT:** It's me, Frenchy. Open up.

**(SFX:** Door opens)

**FRENCHY:** Make it snappy, Johnny, I got a song comin' up.

**KENT:** I know that.

**(SFX:** door close)

**KENT:** Look. Did ya have any callers at your house today?

**FRENCHY:** Men, women, or children?

**KENT:** You start actin' smart with me and I'll start slappin' you around. Did you or didn't you?

**FRENCHY:** Who, for instance?

**KENT:** Destry, for instance.

**FRENCHY:** Why not.

**KENT:** That's better. What was the conversation?

**FRENCHY:** All of it?

**KENT:** All of it.

**FRENCHY:** Well, let me see. I said, "Hello?" Uh, no... he said, "Hello?" And I said...

**KENT:** (**CUTTING OFF**) I don't feel like kiddin', Frenchy. What did he come for?

**FRENCHY:** Because he's a gentleman, he came to apologize.

**KENT:** And that's all?

**FRENCHY:** All he had time for. He was in a hurry to go, just like you are now.

**KENT:** OK.

**(SFX:** door open)

**KENT:** But if I ever catch you stackin' 'em on me, I'll personally put out the lights so I don't know you from anyone else in the game.

**(SFX:** door close)

**FRENCHY:** Get my dress, Clara.

**CLARA:** My, my. He just ain't got no personality at all, does he?

(FADE OUT)

(SCENE CHANGE)

(FADE IN)

**(SFX:** Saloon crown commotion)

**(MUSIC:** fiddle music "Little Joe" and crowd enjoying it.)

**DESTRY:** All right, now, Callahan, stay outside here, right outside the saloon. And follow any of Kent's gang that come out.

**WASH:** I wish you'd tell me what yer up to, Tom.

**DESTRY:** Well, we can't find the missing body, can we? Well, the next best thing, have them find it for us.

**CALLAHAN:** Please, let's go home.

**WASH:** You do as yer told. Now wait a minute. Who's that?

**CALLAHAN:** There, on the porch of the saloon.

**DESTRY:** Oh, it's Frenchy, pacing up and down on the boards. Well, here goes.

**WASH:** Git over here, Callahan. We'll wait in the shadas.

(FADE OUT, MUSIC AND COMMOTION CONTINUES)

**(SFX:** footsteps on floorboards.)

**FRENCHY:** Got a match, deputy.

**DESTRY:** Oh, hello. Yeah, yeah. Sure.

**(SFX:** striking match)

**FRENCHY:** Thanks.

**DESTRY:** You been arguing with someone again, huh?

**FRENCHY:** How'd you know?



**DESTRY:** Well, I read a book once that said that women always look their best in the peace and quiet that follows the storm.

**FRENCHY:** Very good. It would have been a lot nicer if you'd've thought of that yourself.

**DESTRY:** Well as a matter of fact, I did.

**FRENCHY:** You won't take my advice, will you?

**DESTRY:** You mean, leave town? No. No.

**FRENCHY:** Here, I got somethin' for you.

**DESTRY:** What's this? A rabbit's foot.

**FRENCHY:** Yeah. Take it. And keep away from dark corners. I'll see you inside, maybe, huh? Gotta do my number.

**DESTRY:** Yeah. Sure, sure. I'll be right in.

**JACK:** Wait a minute Destry. I see now why you don't need guns.

**DESTRY:** You do?

**JACK:** Yeah. Why I can't get my cattle through. I'm takin' them through, spite of you, Kent, or anybody else.

(**MUSIC:** "Boys in the Backroom" in the background)

**DESTRY:** I'd think twice if I were you, Tyndall, fore I started tresspassin'.

**JACK:** You're cuttin' in on Kent two or three ways, aren't you?

(**SFX:** hitting)

(**SFX:** body falling to floor)

**DESTRY:** Sorry you made me do that, Tyndall. Mighty sorry.

(**MUSIC** SWELLS TO INDICATE SCENE CHANGE)

**FRENCHY:** (singing to music. NOTE: bold and in parenthesis are in the movie but not the LUX radio version.)

*(See what the boys in the backroom will have, and tell them I'm having the same.)*

*(Oh,) See what the boys in the backroom will have, and give them the poison they name... (CONTINUES UNDER DIALOGUE)*

*And when I die, don't spend my money*

*On flowers and my picture in a frame.*

*Just see what the boys in the backroom will have,*

*(and tell them I sighed,*

*And tell them I cried.)*

*And tell them I died of the same.*

*(And when I die, don't buy a casket of silver with the candles all aflame.*

*Just see what the boys in the backroom will have,*

*And tell them I sighed,*

*And tell them I cried.*

*And tell them I died of the same.*

*And when I die, don't pay the preacher for speaking of my glory and my fame.*

*Just see what the boys in the backroom will have,*

*And tell them I sighed,*

*And tell them I cried.*

*And tell them I died of the same.)*

**DESTRY:** Oh, good evening, Mayor Slade.

**MAYOR:** Evening, son. Eh, sit down. Frenchy sure sings a song, doesn't she?

**DESTRY:** Aw, she sure does. I was kinda hopin I'd find you here, Mayor. I want to talk to you.

**KENT:** Not a private talk, Mr. Destry, or is it?

**DESTRY:** Oh no, no, no. Why don't you join us, Kent.

**KENT:** Thanks, I will.

**DES:** I'll, uh... tell you fellas what was on my mind. I just don't think we're getting the kind of cooperation around town we should be getting.

**MAYOR:** No?

**DESTRY:** No. No, it seems every time the Sheriff or me asks a question folks just shut up or walk away like they never heard it.

**KENT:** Well, my guess is they just don't cotton to sheriffs around here.

**DESTRY:** Well, you're probably right. Yeah. Sheriff Watson wasn't very popular either, was he?

**KENT:** Meanin' what?

**DESTRY:** Oh, nothing special.

**KENT:** (CALLING) Frenchy! Over here!

**FRENCHY:** (APPROACHING) You like my number, Mr. Destry?

**DESTRY:** Oh, yeah, I liked that.

**FRENCHY:** Good, then you can buy me a drink, huh?

**DESTRY:** Sure, fine.

**FRENCHY:** That's the idea of the song, you know. Gets me free drinks.

**DESTRY:** Oh, I sort of get it, then.

**KENT:** About what's on your mind, Destry, I'm tellin' you now. Watson left town.

**DESTRY:** Well, that's what *I* say. That's what I say. But, uh... we thought he might have left something behind. Like a body. Maybe.

**KENT:** Hm, I see. Hm, I see. Eh, you couldn't prove a case without one, could you?

**DESTRY:** That's right. And, uh... suppose we knew where there was one?

**FRENCHY:** (IMPATIENT AND BORED) Oh, this is a lively conversation when a lady wants a drink. Come on, Deputy. Let's go to the bar.

**KENT:** Wait a minute. I haven't settled with Destry yet about that very good favor he did me out at Claggett's ranch. That calls for some champagne. The best.

**DESTRY:** Well, in that case, I better stay right here, huh, Frenchy?

(CROWD NOISE SWELLS AND FADES SLIGHTLY)

**KENT:** Gyp. Come here.

**GYP:** Yes, Johnny?

**KENT:** Tell Eddie to ice up some champagne and send it over to the table.

**GYP:** Sure boss.

**KENT:** Wait a minute.

**GYP:** Yeah?

**KENT:** Then ride out to the place and see if it's gone.

**GYP:** Huh?

**KENT:** Mm-hm.

**GYP:** What's gone? Oh, you mean...

**KENT:** Yeah.

**GYP:** Well if it is, then Destry's done it. If he did, can I personally slap him in the mouth with my pistol?

**KENT:** Hit Destry? Heh. You wouldn't want to hit a dead man, would ya', Gyp?

**GYP:** Huh? Ohh, I see what'cha mean.

**KENT:** Now get goin.

(CROWD SWELLS AND FADES)

(MUSIC RESUMES)

**DESTRY:** You know, Mayor, that fella, Johnny Kent, reminds me of a friend of mine in Kansas City, drinks nothing but wine. Every time he comes to town...

**FRENCHY:** I had a friend in New Orleans like that. Only he was crazy about clams. Every time *he'd* come to town, he'd rush to the nearest restaurant and order a hundred clams. Oh, I'm sorry, I interrupted you.

**DESTRY:** Oh, that's all right. I don't think there's much point to my story. What about the clams?

**FRENCHY:** Yes. This particular time, they didn't have any clams. So they got him oysters and he just about tore the place down, he was so mad.

**MAYOR:** Eh, what's the point to that?

**FRENCHY:** Well the point is, he found a pearl in one of them, that big.

**MAYOR:** That's good.

**FRENCHY:** No, no, it was bad. The oyster, I mean. It killed him.

**DESTRY:** Who got the pearl.

**FRENCHY:** I did.

**KENT:** Well, here it is, Destry. Champagne.

**DESTRY:** Hey, I'd better go easy if I want to do any sheriffing tomorrow.

**KENT:** You might take the day off, huh, Mayor?

**MAYOR:** Hmmm. Might at that.

**DESTRY:** Well, if I'm gonna make an evening of it, how bout you and ma havin' a dance, Frenchy? All right with you, Kent?

**KENT:** Sure, go right ahead.

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

**FRENCHY:** You won't listen, will ya? Well, I'm not gonna warn you again.

**DESTRY:** Well, that's all right. I still got your rabbit's foot.

**FRENCHY:** You're gonna need it. Say, uh, isn't that our fearless sheriff rushing over?

**DESTRY:** Yeah, I believe it is.

**WASH:** (WHISPERING) Tom! Tom! Tom, come here, quick!

**DESTRY:** Oh, sorry, Frenchy.

**FRENCHY:** I'm sorry, too, Tom. In more ways than one.

**(MUSIC CONTINUES, CROWD QUIETS DOWN)**

**DESTRY:** Oh, that's fine, Wash, fine. Now get back to the jailhouse with Callahan. I'll handle things here.

**WASH:** Sure, Tom. Woo-Hoo! (EXITING OFF MIC) Woo-Hoo!

**(MUSIC CONTINUES, CROWD RESUMES COMMOTION)**

**DESTRY:** Stop the music! All right, hold it down, folks Hold it down everybody! Stop the music!

**(MUSIC AND COMMOTION STOPS)**

**DESTRY:** Uh, sorry to interrupt, folks, but I got a little official business. You know, uh, Wash and me's been pestering you folks with a lot of questions about the former Sheriff Watson.

**(CROWD GRUMBLES)**

**DESTRY:** Hold on, now! Hold on!

**(CROWD SETTLES)**

**DESTRY:** We ain't gonna ask any more questions because Wash just found the answer. And, uh, one more thing. All relatives and friends of Gyp Hiller are hereby notified that he's in the jail house charged with murder. That's all.

**(CROWD COMMOTION)**

**BUGS:** Hey, wait a minute, wait a minute. My brother didn't have nuthin' to do with that murder.

**DESTRY:** Now, don't get excited, Buggy. Gyp ain't hanged yet.

**KENT:** And he's not gonna be. You get over there and turn him loose.

**DESTRY:** I'm afraid I can't do that, Kent. Not till after a trial. Maybe by then he'll explain what he was doing just now when Callahan and the Sheriff found him with Watson's body.

**MAYOR:** Now, now, I'm sure Mr. Kent had no idea you had evidence like that.

**DESTRY:** Yes, Mayor. I think we got a pretty good case. Darn near air tight, I'd say.

**MAYOR:** Ah, good work, son. Good work. And just to make sure there won't be any miscarriage of justice, as Chief Magistrate of Bottleneck, as well as Mayor, I'm going to try this here case myself.

**DESTRY:** (CAUTIOUSLY) Uh-huh. Oh. I see what you mean.

**KENT:** (SMILING LIKE THE CAT WITH THE CANARY) So do I. Sorry I got so upset.

**FRENCHY:** How about finishing our dance, Deputy?

**DESTRY:** Uh, thanks, Frenchy. I believe I've danced at Kent's tune long enough.  
Good night.

**(MUSIC TAKES OVER)**

**(MUSIC: "Lux Theme")**

**KEIGHLEY:** In a minute we'll bring you the third act of "Destry Rides Again," starring James Stewart and Joan Blondell.

**(MUSIC: "Night and Day" and others.)**

**COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER:** (after first half of the instrumental verse, read slow and steady) A good composer is an artist. A good lyricist is an artist. But a good composer and lyricist is a genius. That's Cole Porter. Porter was one of the most successful songwriters of our time, combining skillful and sophisticated verses with languorous tunes and pulsating rhythms. It was not an economic drive which created twenty-five Broadway shows and many screen scores, it was instead, an artistic drive which led to "Kiss Me Kate,"—based on Shakespeare's, "The Taming of the Shrew"—to Silk Stockings, based on Garbo's old movie, "Ninotchka." Cole Porter wrote songs which were standards in their time and which over the years have become song classics. "Love for sale," "What is this thing called love?" "My heart belongs to daddy," "True Love," and dozens more. It must, indeed, have been artistic genius which kept Porter writing during years of pain and surgery for a leg injury. But even a genius cannot last forever. Shortly after he wrote the music for "Silk Stockings," his leg was amputated. Cole Porter never wrote again. And a few years later, he died.

**(MUSIC: CONCLUDES)**

**ANNOUNCER:** Here's our producer, Mr. William Keighley, at the microphone.

**KEIGHLEY:** Out curtain rises on Act Three of "Destry Rides Again," starring Jimmy Stewart, as Tom Destry, and Joan Blondell as Frenchy.

**(MUSIC)**

**KEIGHLEY:** Gyp Tiller's in jail, charged with the murder of Sheriff Watson. But with Mayor Slade presiding over the forthcoming trial, justice in Bottleneck still is just a joke. An hour ago, Tom Destry locked up another prisoner, Jack Tyndall. And now Janice has rushed to the jailhouse.

**DESTRY:** Now, don't get upset, Janice. I had to put him in jail.

**JANICE:** But why? What did he do?

**DESTRY:** Drove his cattle through Kent's property. That's trespassing.

**JANICE:** I see. It's all right for murderers to go free, but trespassers...

**DESTRY:** Nobody's gone free yet, now.

**JANICE:** Oh, Tom. I wish I could understand you.

**DESTRY:** Now, don't worry. I think we got a chance. A good chance.

**JANICE:** A chance for what?

**DESTRY:** I can't say right now. Now, if you want to see Jack...

**JANICE:** (IMMEDIATELY) Oh please.

**DESTRY:** Well, he's down here.

**(SFX:** footsteps)

**(SFX:** cell door open)

**JANICE:** Jack?

**JACK:** Hello, Janice. Well, I told you I was gonna bring our cattle through, and I did. I didn't pay a penny. I ain't gonna pay, nobody's gonna make me pay.

**JANICE:** Jack, you're the most stubborn, ornery, mule-headed...

**DESTRY:** (ADDING) self-opinionated is a good word.

**JANICE:** Oh, I give up. Talking to Jack is like talking to a stone wall.

**DESTRY:** Yeah, Gyp Tiller won't talk and your brother won't listen. Y'know, if he was reasonable and paid Kent the money for moving his cattle, he could turn right around and sue and get it all back.

**JACK:** Sue Kent? With Slade as the judge? (LAUGHING) Why, you must think I'm *really* dumb.

**DESTRY:** All right, all right. Skip it. Well anyway, Janice, thanks for tryin' to help out. Jack'll be here for some time, so if you want to...

**CALLAHAN:** (OVERLAPPING) It's here! It's here! I got it!

**DESTRY:** Callahan.

**CALLAHAN:** Look! It came.

**DESTRY:** The letter?

**CALLAHAN:** Yes, here, from Cheyenne.

**DESTRY:** Oh, thanks.

**(SFX:** envelope opening)

**DESTRY:** (MUMBLING) Let's see now. (READING) Right... Now.... Now here's something you might like to read, Jack. From a friend of mine, he's a federal judge with a hankerin' for travel.

**JACK:** Huh?

**DESTRY:** And now, maybe you can see why I want you to pay Kent. Slade won't be *on* the bench. And if you can just keep from getting your fool head shot off until that Federal Judge gets here, I can get my conviction and you can get your money back.

**JACK:** I see what you mean. OK. OK, I'll pay him. Here. Here's I've got a draft. Wells Fargo'll cash it.

**DESTRY:** Now, that's your job, Callahan. Then take the money over to Kent and get a receipt.

**CALLAHAN:** Yes, commander. I'm a currier, a bolt of lightning but silent as the night. Farewell.

**JANICE:** You'd, uh... better wait for the draft, Mr. Callahan.

**CALLAHAN:** Oh. He, he.

**JACK:** Here.

**DESTRY:** Now, come right back! All right, Kendal, I'm turning you loose in your sister's custody.

**(MUSIC)**

**DESTRY:** Wash, why don't you go home and get a little sleep for yourself? I'll handle things around here at the jail.

**WASH:** Well, I guess I will, Tom. Just wish Callahan'd come back.

**DESTRY:** Oh, it's gonna work out fine, Wash. Gyp's gonna tell us a whole lot soon as he finds out Slade isn't gonna be Judge.

**WASH:** It hardly seems possible, Tom.

**(SFX: door close)**

**WASH:** Eh, who's that?

**CALLAHAN:** Deputy Stavrochine reporting, Excellency. *With* the receipt. See? Kent signed it himself.

**DESTRY:** Good work, Callahan.

**CALLAHAN:** (BEGGING) *Please*, not "Callahan."

**DESTRY:** I'm sorry.

**WASH:** Anything special goin on in the saloon?

**CALLAHAN:** Very little. Mayor Slade is swearing in his jury. Two hundred dollars each for now, three hundred more when they set Gyp Tiller free.

**WASH:** He's wastin' Kent's cash. He could pack a jury for a lot less.

**CALLAHAN:** That's what I told him. I said, "Just wait till the Federal Judge gets here, and then you'll..."



**DESTRY:** (STUNNED) You what?

**CALLAHAN:** I said, just wait till that Federal... (GETS HIS MISTAKE) Oh. Oh, I presume you'll want the pants back with the badge?

**DESTRY:** No. Naw, it doesn't matter, Callahan. Doesn't matter now.

**WASH:** There won't be any trial now, Tom, crooked or no. He'll be down here tearin' this jail apart and turnin' Gyp loose.

**DESTRY:** Now, maybe not. Maybe not. Maybe for once we got him scared.

**(SFX:** tapping at the window)

**WASH:** Tom!

**CLARA:** Mr. Destry? Mr. Destry?

**DESTRY:** Oh, it's all right, Wash, it's only Frenchy's maid.

**(SFX:** window opens.)

**CLARA:** Mr. Destry, Miss Frenchy says she wants to see you right away. She says it's awful important.

**DESTRY:** All right. Tell her I'll be right over.

**(SFX:** window closes)

**WASH:** Tom, you're walkin' into an ambush. They'll spot you out on the street and...

**DESTRY:** Nah, nah, I hardly think so, Wash. Not yet. Now you just hold down the fort here.

**WASH:** (FADING OUT) Now don't worry none about me. I will.

**(MUSIC)**

**FRENCHY:** Glad you decided to come, Tom.

**DESTRY:** Well, your maid said it was important.

**FRENCHY:** Well, it is.

**DESTRY:** Trouble?

**FRENCHY:** Nope. No trouble. I'm leaving town tonight and I wanted to see you before I left.

**DESTRY:** Pretty sudden, isn't it, Frenchy?

**FRENCHY:** Well, I'm like that.

**DESTRY:** Hm. Well did something happen or somthin'? Bit of news, maybe?

**FRENCHY:** Don't be so suspicious. I'm just tired of bottleneck and I'm goin' back to New Orleans. Miss me?

**DESTRY:** Yeah, I guess I will.

**FRENCHY:** Or will Tyndall's sister get me off you mind?

**DESTRY:** Uh, no. Well, well, anyway, I'd like to wish you good luck. Good luck and a nice trip.

**FRENCHY:** You didn't answer my question.

**DESTRY:** Uh, I'd better get back to the job, here.

**FRENCHY:** (QUICKLY) Tom! (THEN CALMLY) You ever been to New Orleans?

**DESTRY:** Nope.

**FRENCHY:** It's a wonderful town. You'd like it there. How bout it?

**DESTRY:** Well...

(SFX: gunshots in the distance)

**FRENCHY:** What's that?

**DESTRY:** Well, listen, that shootin's comin' from the jailhouse.

**FRENCHY:** Tom, no, you can't go out there.

**DESTRY:** Why not?

**FRENCHY:** Kent knows all about the Federal Judge. They'll kill you. They're gettin' Gyp. Now stay here, Tom. Stay here.

**DESTRY:** Oh, so it was all your idea, huh? Yours and Kent's. Get me away from the jailhouse, (FADING OFF) and I was stupid enough to...

(MUSIC)

**WASH:** (DYING) Did'ja... get 'em, Tom? Tom... did'ja... get 'em?

**DESTRY:** No, Wash. They were gone when I got here.

**WASH:** I... fell asleep, Tom. Getting here was just... too late.

**DESTRY:** Now, don't talk, Wash. Callahan's gettin' a doctor.

**WASH:** (GASPING) Too late.

**DESTRY:** Now, don't talk, Wash. Callahan's gettin' a doctor.

**WASH:** (STRUGGLING AND GASPING)

**DESTRY:** Is it bad, Wash?

**WASH:** No. But it just makes me so dog-gonned mad. Shot in the back.

**DESTRY:** That's the way they shot my paw. I didn't dare face him either.

**WASH:** Didn't give... either of us a chance, did they?

**DESTRY:** No.

**WASH:** (SIGHS) Plumb tuckered out. (GASPING AND STRUGGLING) I'm...  
plumb tuckered out. (GASPS)

**DESTRY:** Wash, listen to me. I'm goin' to the rooming house, and I'm coming  
back here wearing my father's guns. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Wash?  
Because it... Wash? (PAUSE) Wash? (SIGHS) Oh, no.

**(MUSIC)**

(SCENE CHANGE TO SALOON)

(CROWD COMMOTION)

**JACK:** Now wait a minute, Destry, you can't do this alone?

**DESTRY:** Where's the men that murdered Wash? Where'd they go?

**JACK:** They're in the saloon. Kent's got it barricaded like a fort. Now, these men  
here, Destry, say the word and we'll all go with you.

(MEN CHIME IN AGREEMENT)

**DESTRY:** All right! All right, hold on, now. As long as you're with me, there are  
two things that I want. I want every freight wagon in town and a stick of  
dynamite. We can get closer to the saloon in wagons, and when we do the  
dynamite'll open it up. All right, now, come on, now, let's get down to the  
corral.

(MEN CLAMOR)

**FRENCHY:** Let me through, let me through. Tom, wait! Wait! Kent's got thirty  
men in there, you won't have a chance.

**DESTRY:** I thought you said you were leavin' town. Come on, boys. Come one!

(MEN IN COMMOTION)

**FRENCHY:** (OVERLAPPING) And you women! You women! Those are *your*  
men, and you stand there like a lot of sheep while they walk out to slaughter.  
Why don't you stop 'em?

**LILY BELLE:** Go back where you belong!

**FRENCHY:** Wherever I belong, I don't pretend!

**LILY BELLE:** You shut your painted mouth!

**FRENCHY:** I wouldn't wait around for my man to get killed without doin'  
somethin' about it!

**LILY BELLE:** I'm warning you, Jezebel!

**JANICE:** Wait a minute. Maybe she's right.

**LILY BELLE:** Miss Tyndall?

**JANICE:** You talk about doing something? What can we do?

**FRENCHY:** I'll tell you what you can do! Get every dame in town and follow me!

**(MUSIC)**

(OUTSIDE THE SALOON: COMMOTION)

**DESTRY:** (CALLING) All right, you men on your wagons?

(MEN CHIME IN AGREEMENT)

**DESTRY:** All right! Head down the main street, bring your horses to a gallop, and when I throw in the dynamite, cut in toward the saloon and start shootin'! All right, let's go, now!

(MAN CLAMOR)

**(SFX:** horses and wagons)

(FADE OUT)

(FADE IN)

**(SFX:** horses & wagons.)

**(SFX:** gunshots back and forth.)

**DESTRY:** Light that fuse, Jack.

**JACK:** Throw the dynamite, Tom. Throw it.

**DESTRY:** Head in, boys! Head in!

**(SFX:** explosion)

**(SFX:** wagons and horses)

**(SFX:** gunshots continue)

**DESTRY:** Tip the wagons over! Use them as barricades!

**JACK:** Tom, look! Look! (CALLING) Are you women crazy? Get back there!

**CALLAHAN:** (TO TOM) They're marching down the street between us and the saloon. (CALLING TO WOMEN) Get back! Get back!

**DESTRY:** Hold your fire, now! Frenchy, hold those women back!

**FRENCHY:** You want to get in there, don't you? Then follow us! Not even Kent'd shoot at a woman!

**KENT:** (CALLING OUT) Frenchy! Get those fool women off the street!

**FRENCHY:** We're comin' in, Johnny! Keep the men out here, Tom. Then if you've got to shoot it out, than at least you'll want it to be on the level and face to face.

(WOMEN AND MEN COMMOTION and SFX RAISES)

**(MUSIC SWELLS FOR SCENE CHANGE)**

(IN SALOON. QUIET. OCCASIONAL SOUND OF MEN TALKING IN BACKGROUND.)

**DESTRY:** All right, you better get out of the saloon, Frenchy, we're gonna burn it down. Besides, we've got 'em all. All except Kent.

**FRENCHY:** I saw him run upstairs. He's up there somewhere.

**DESTRY:** All right. Thanks.

**FRENCHY:** Tom, no. There's a dozen places he can hide.

**DESTRY:** Kent's here, I'm gettin' him myself. (CALLING) I'm comin' up, Kent!

**(SFX:** walking up stairs)

**DESTRY:** (FADING AS HE ASCENDS) If your hobby's still collecting Deputy's guns, here's your chance to get a couple.

**KENT:** You're standin' in my light, Frenchy.

**FRENCHY:** Johnny!

**KENT:** Sure, I went upstairs. But I come down again.

**FRENCHY:** Tom, look out! Tom! He's down here!

**KENT:** Too bad, Frenchy, just a might too late to... Frenchy! Come back!

**FRENCHY:** Tom, he's...!

**(SFX:** gunshot)

**FRENCHY:** He's...

**(SFX:** three gunshots)

**FRENCHY:** (SOFTLY) No... not...

**DESTRY:** Frenchy.

**FRENCHY:** John?

**DESTRY:** He's dead, Frenchy.

**FRENCHY:** Had... had to work out like this, didn't it? Maybe this'll make up for Wash.

**DESTRY:** Why did you save me? Why?

**FRENCHY:** Paint's still on my face. Never learned how to take it off, Tom.

**(MUSIC begins.)**

**DESTRY:** It's a wonderful face.

**FRENCHY:** Tom? You're in love with that Tyndall girl. Do you suppose she'd mind it if... if you kissed me?

**DESTRY:** No, Frenchy, I don't think she's mind at all.

**FRENCHY:** \_\_\_\_\_

**(MUSIC ENDS)**

**(SCENE CHANGE)**

**(SFX:** two footsteps walking along wooden sidewalk)

**DESTRY:** So you're all settled down in your ranch again, huh, Eli?

**ELI:** Oh, sure, Tom. Settled now for more than two weeks.

**DESTRY:** Well, that's good, that's fine.

**ELI:** Things sure are quiet around here, now.

**DESTRY:** Yeah, they sure are. Yeah. Hey, you see that hitchin' post over there? D'j'ever hear the story about "Sawtooth" McGee?

**ELI:** Aw, ever'body's heard that one, Tom.

**DESTRY:** (MUMBLING) Yeah, I suppose they have.

**ELI:** Wash, sure could make 'em up, couldn't he?

**DESTRY:** Sure.

**ELI:** Say, did he ever tell you the one about the guy that...

**JANICE:** (APPROACHING AND CUTTING OFF) Tom! Tom, hurry! He's going mad!

**DESTRY:** Janice, what's the trouble?

**JANICE:** It's Lily Belle's husband, Callahan. (FADING OUT) Hurry, Tom, hurry.

**(FADE OUT)**

**(FADE IN NEW SCENE)**

**(SFX:** door opens)

**JANICE:** He's in there, Tom. Behind that door.

**(SFX:** rustling sounds.)

**LILY BELLE:** (FROM BEHIND DOOR) Stop it! Help! Callahan! Don't you dare! Callahan, you're crazy!

**CALLAHAN:** Who wouldn't be crazy!

**JANICE:** Tom, go in.

**LILY BELLE:** Stop it! Quit it!

**DESTRY:** (OVERLAPPING) Aw, I don't think it's really necessary, Janice. I think Callahan's just finding his pants.

**JANICE:** What?

**CALLAHAN:** After five long years, I finally find out why they call me "Callahan." So, you *had* a husband once, huh? And his name was "Callahan." Well the old regime is over. And come the revolution. Boris Stavrochine is now the head of his house. Come here, madam. What is your husband's name?

**LILY BELLE:** Well, um...

**CALLAHAN:** Speak!

**LILY BELLE:** Stavrochine.

**CALLAHAN:** Mmm. See that you don't forget it. Now. How bout a kiss, Lilly Bell-ski?

**LILY BELLE:** (BLUSHING) Why, Boris Stavro...

**JANICE:** I'm sorry, Tom. It sounded like murder, at least.

**DESTRY:** Oh, well, that's probably just the Russian way of expressing somethin'.

**(MUSIC:** Begins)

**DESTRY:** Um... speakin' of marriage, Janice.

**JANICE:** Yes, Tom?

**DESTRY:** I had a friend once, down in Texas, he... he'd been so busy he never had a chance to propose. (FADE OUT) And then one day...

**(MUSIC SWELLS TO END SCENE)**

**KEIGHLEY:** With that well deserved applause, our thanks to Jimmy Stewart and Joan Blondell, who come to the footlights for their curtain call. And Jimmy, I hardly need say how happy we are to welcome you back to the Radio Theater.

**JIMMY STEWART:** Well, thank you, Bill, and I'm mighty glad to have Joan Blondell in the receiving line.

**JOAN BLONDELL:** And we're happy to hear that the welcome mat is out for you, too, Bill.

**JIMMY STEWART:** I'd say you have everything it takes, Bill. You've been actor, director, and producer. I don't know of anyone in Hollywood who's better fitted for the job.

**KEIGHLEY:** Well, thanks for the kind words, both of you.

**JIMMY STEWART:** Good night.

**JOAN BLONDELL:** Nite, Bill.

**KEIGHLEY:** Good night, and come back again, soon.

(APPLAUSE)

**(MUSIC:** “Lux Theme.”)

**KEIGHLEY:** This is William Keighley, saying goodnight to you, from  
Hollywood.

**(MUSIC:** concludes)