

GUNSMOKE COMPILATION

A compilation of two episodes
"Billy The Kid" and "Young Man with a Gun"

Written by

John F. Barber

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International

Re-Imagined Radio
Season 12, Episode 02, February 19, 2024

Final draft

GUNSMOKE

Two gunslingers. Two classic stories. One new adventure.

Re-Imagined Radio
Season 12, Episode 2
Final Draft

Premier broadcast: February 19, 2024

Written, produced, hosted by John F. Barber

Sound design, Music composition, Post-production by Marc Rose

Graphics by Holly Slocum

Synopsis

Re-Imagined Radio presents a compilation from two episodes of *Gunsmoke*, "Billy The Kid" and "Young Man with a Gun." Two young men aspire to be gun fighters. Both meet U.S. Marshall Matt Dillon (William Conrad) in Dodge City, Kansas, late 1870s. One changes his dream. The other lives it, and dies by it as "Billy The Kid."

Credits

Samples from "Billy The Kid." Episode #1, S1E1, April 26, 1952. Written by Walter B. Newman

Samples from "Young Man with a Gun." Episode #123, S2E52, August 23, 1954. Written by John Meston
Roy Rowan Announcer

Don Diamond, Harry Bartell, with Richard Beals, Paul DuBov, and Mary Lansing, Vivi Janiss

The entire nine-season run of *Gunsmoke* was produced by Norman Macdonnell

Music composed and conducted by Rex Koury

Characters

William Conrad as Matt DILLON
ANNOUNCER
Mr. HIGHTOWER
Parley Baer as CHESTER Wesley Proudfoot
Peter ZIEGLER
Georgia Ellis as Kitty
Howard McNear as DOC Charles Adams
BOY (12 years old)
ADAM Richards
FRANCINE Richards
Larry Dobkin as Sam Kertcher
Sam Edwards as Peyt Kertcher

Mrs. Jonas
John Dehner as Rynning
MRS. BONNEY

Color Code

Yellow highlighted text = sound effect(s), either pre-recorded or created for episode. Pre-recorded audio is used as content in this episode.

~~Magenta highlighted text with strike through~~ = text deleted for episode timing

MUSIC = pre-recorded

MUSIC = bespoke, created for this episode

TEXT = breaks

TEXT = content from "Young Man With a Gun"

TEXT = content from "Billy The Kid"

References

Norman McDonnell's Stock Company on Gunsmoke
http://www.mwotrc.com/rr2016_12/Gunsmoke.htm

COLD OPEN

SFX: HOOFBEATS FADE IN AND CONTINUE
FOR A FEW SECONDS

SFX: SINGLE GUNSHOT

MUSIC: THEME BEGINS, PLAYS FOR
SEVERAL SECONDS, THEN DUCKS UNDER.

ANNOUNCER Around Dodge City, and the territory out
West, there's just one way to handle the
killers and spoilers and that's with a
U.S. Marshal and the smell of . . .
Gunsmoke!

MUSIC: THEME UP, THEN UNDER FOR

ANNOUNCER 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.

DILLON 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.

THEME AND ANNOUNCER

MUSIC: RIR THEME

ANNOUNCER Welcome to Re-Imagined Radio, a program
about radio storytelling. I'm Jack
Armstrong. With each episode we combine
dialogue, sound effects, and music to
engage your listening imagination. This
episode is no different, and here to

tell you about it is John Barber,
producer and host.

HOST OPEN

HOST

Hello everyone. Thanks for joining us.

This episode of Re-Imagined Radio celebrates the radio drama series *Gunsmoke* with a compilation from two episodes.

Heard on the Columbia Broadcasting System 1952 to 1961, *Gunsmoke* was one of the longest running radio dramas, a defining radio drama in the Western genre, and arguably, radio's last great dramatic series. 480 episodes were offered.

We use two in this compilation: "Billy The Kid" (Episode #1, broadcast April 26, 1952) and "Young Man with a Gun" (Episode #123, broadcast August 23, 1954).

In both, a young man seeks to mark his life with gun violence. One wants to revenge the killing of his brother. The other embraces killing as a form of notoriety. Both meet U.S. Marshal Matt Dillon with different outcomes.

Listen now as Re-Imagined Radio presents our *Gunsmoke* compilation.

MUSIC: GUNSMOKE THEME FOR
TRANSITION

ACT 1: ROBBERY, GAMBLING, A RUNAWAY
KID

DILLON Wanted for murder . . .

SFX: PENCIL WRITING UNDER THIS
DIALOGUE

HIGHTOWER (Repeating after Dillon) Wanted for
Murder . . .

DILLON Clay Richards . . .

HIGHTOWER Clay Richards

DILLON Age 31 . . .

HIGHTOWER 31 . . .

DILLON Height six feet, eyes brown, hair red .
. .

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

DILLON Very thoughtful.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS COME IN

HIGHTOWER Yeah. Ah, I'll take it, Ernie. And then
I propped it up in front of me and

carved me this woodcut. Ain't she prime?
Ain't she just elegant?

DILLON (Sarcastically) Real elegant

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

DILLON Yeah, it's a good likeness.

HIGHTOWER Hair was shorter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SFX: DOOR OPENS

CHESTER (Way off by the door) Mr. Dillon.

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

**SFX: DURING LAST LINE, FOOT STEPS
SLOWLY ENTER**

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

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

HIGHTOWER Ah, eyes brown, hair red.

**SFX: PENCIL SCRATCHINGS THROUGHOUT
NEXT THREE LINES.**

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

HIGHTOWER No. That's what they called him.

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

HIGHTOWER Mmm, hmm.

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

HIGHTOWER Ah, this afternoon.

DILLON Good mornin', Mr. Hightower.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS BEGIN AND CONTINUE

DILLON Chester.

SFX: A FEW MORE FOOTSTEPS, THEN DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. FOOTSTEPS FROM WOOD TO GRAVEL.

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

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

SFX: FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE

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

CHESTER Why, that's alright, Mr. Dillon. Out all night with a posse, no sleep, a man's bound to get touchy.

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

SFX: FOOTSTEPS CHANGE BACK TO WOOD.

DILLON What, what was it you wanted to tell me?

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

DILLON Who's is he?

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

SFX: FOOTSTEPS FINALLY STOP

DILLON Alright, we'll send a telegram to the mother to come and fetch him.

CHESTER You headed to the Depot?

DILLON Ah, no I'm not, Chester. I'm looking for a cup of coffee. Thought I'd go into Delmonico's here. You wanna join me?

CHESTER Well, sir, I'd like to but maybe I better go on down to the Depot.

DILLON Oh? What for?

CHESTER The mail. I never got there at noon. That's why I thought you was goin' now.

DILLON Oh, I don't care about the mail, Chester. Ah, but come to think of it, you did start out at noon, didn't you? (LAUGHS) What happened?

CHESTER I got robbed.

DILLON Got robbed?

CHESTER Yes sir. Over at the Alafraganza.

DILLON Oh . . . you've been gambling all afternoon, uh?

CHESTER Not all afternoon, Mr. Dillon. I watched the game for about an hour before I sat in.

DILLON You should have gone on watching it.

CHESTER Oh, yessir, you're right. Absolutely right. Cost me my last ten dollars. But I thought sure I'd win this time.

DILLON Oh, why?

CHESTER 'Cause it was my last ten dollars for the month. I had to.

DILLON Well, that's about as good a reason for winning as any, I guess.

CHESTER Yes sir. You know, there's just too much month for my pay, Mr. Dillon. Anyway, I might've won if I hadn't got cheated.

DILLON Ah, was a crooked game.

CHESTER The fella dealing was crooked. I know he was. But I sure didn't want to start an argument with him . . . no sir . . . not him.

DILLON Well why? Who was he?

CHESTER I don't know. Some stranger . . . calls h'self Sam Kertcher.

DILLON What?

CHESTER Sam Kertcher. Do you know him?

DILLON I've heard of him.

CHESTER Who is he?

DILLON He's a gunman, Chester.

CHESTER Oh, ho. I recognized that. That's why I didn't make as fuss about his crooked dealing.

DILLON You were smart. Kertcher's the kind of man who enjoys killing. He's got a big reputation for it out in Arizona.

CHESTER Well what's he doing here, I wonder?

DILLON I don't know, Chester, but let's go find out.

ACT 2: SAM KERTCHER, GUNSLINGER

MUSIC: TRANSITION

SFX: SALOON DOOR OPENS, NOISE, CONVERSATION, GAMBLING

CHESTER That's him, Mr. Dillon . . . just getting up from the table over there. I guess the game's finished.

DILLON Funny he'd tell you his name, Chester. A man like that usually doesn't talk so much.

CHESTER No sir . . . but I didn't think nothing about it at the time. He's coming over here to the bar Mr. Dillon.

DILLON Yeah.

KERTCHER (FADING IN, COMING UP TO THE BAR) Glass of whiskey, bartender.

DILLON Hello, Kertcher.

KERTCHER Where you been, Dillon?

DILLON What?

KERTCHER Took you long enough to get here. It's been a half hour since I cheated your friend here out of his money.

CHESTER Cheated me! You see! I told you he did. (BEAT) But how'd you know I was a friend of Mr. Dillon's?

KERTCHER I asked. Smart of me, wasn't it?

CHESTER What'd you ask for? What difference does it make?

DILLON Never mind, Chester. What're you doing in Dodge, Kertcher?

KERTCHER I got tired of Arizona.

DILLON Why?

KERTCHER Nobody left worth bothering about there.

DILLON You mean there's nobody left worth your killing, is that it?

KERTCHER A man can get rusty facing down bums and greenhorns, Dillon.

DILLON What's the matter with Tombstone? Wyatt Earp wrote me it's a lively town these days.

KERTCHER Oh, too many of them Earps. And they got Doc Holliday with them too. A man'd be a fool to ride into that camp.

DILLON Well, you draw a line somewhere, don't you?

KERTCHER One man at a time's good enough for me, Dillon. I ain't greedy.

DILLON You're kind'a greedy about money.

KERTCHER What do you mean?

DILLON You admitted cheatin' Chester out of his ten dollars.

KERTCHER I had a reason for that, Dillon.

DILLON Oh, did ya?

KERTCHER Yeah. He was hanging around watching the game, and I found out who he was, so when he sat down I took him. I can deal faster'n that. I wanted him to know and run tell you about it.

DILLON Why?

KERTCHER I wanted to meet you, Dillon. Always like to get to know the leading citizens of a place.

DILLON You've got your own way of going about it.

KERTCHER You objecting?

DILLON Ordinarily I object to cheating at cards yeah . . . but with you, I don't think it matters much. Now, what're you doing in Dodge, Kertcher?

KERTCHER I was nearby . . . up in Colorado. I heard about you there, Dillon. You've got quite a reputation.

DILLON I'm a lawman, Kertcher . . . not a gunman. I don't care about my "reputation."

KERTCHER I do. Yeah.

DILLON You came here to kill me, huh?

KERTCHER That's what I came for, Dillon.

DILLON Kertcher, I'm gonna tell you something

KERTCHER What?

DILLON Men like you are as useless as wolves. I hate every one of your kind.

KERTCHER Why that'll make it easier for you to fight me, Dillon. I'll meet you out in the plaza. . . sundown tomorrow.

MUSIC: FOR A TRANSITION

HOST You're listening to Re-Imagined Radio. Our *Gunsmoke* compilation where we combine two episodes from the *Gunsmoke* radio series, "Billy the Kid" and "Young Man with a Gun."

Dodge City, Kansas, in the late 1870s was a volatile mix of cowboys, drifters, criminals, and psychopaths. U.S. Deputy Marshal Wyatt Earp (1848-1929), Sheriff Bat Masterson (1856-1921), and other lawmen worked to keep Dodge City under

control until civilization could take hold.

Marshal Matt Dillon (voiced by William Conrad) is modeled after these lawmen. He's hard as worn saddle leather. A loner. Isolated.

As the U.S. Marshal in Dodge City, Kansas, Matt Dillon is all that stands between civilization and frontier violence. The violence he encounters daily must be met with violence and this is destroying his soul.

In our story, Marshal Dillon's day is not half finished and already, he's involved with attempted bank robbery, two murders, a runaway young boy, and now a gunfighter has challenged him to a duel.

Sounds fantastic, but that's the nature of *Gunsmoke*, an adult Western radio drama series based on the hard, and violent realities in and around Dodge City, Kansas, in the 1870s. Let's continue listening . . .

ACT 3: A MOB GATHERS

MUSIC: SAMPLE FOR TRANSITION, FADE OUT AT END, BEFORE THE SAMPLE ENDS COLD.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

DILLON Well, come on in, Chester, and shut the door.

CHESTER Mr. Dillon

DILLON You're lettin' in every horsefly in Kansas.

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

DILLON What?

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

SFX: A FEW FOOTSTEPS AS DILLON STEPS OUTSIDE.

DILLON (Speaking to audience) Like a sack of wheat across the saddle.

SFX: CROWD NOISES BEGIN, SOFTLY AT FIRST—THEY ARE FOLLOWING THE HORSE WITH THE BODY.

DILLON (Speaking to audience) Last time I saw him, two days ago. He was standin' at the bar laughin' his head off. A sack of wheat across the saddle. And followed by half the saloon bums and loafers in town.

SFX: CROWD NOISE GROWING.

DILLON Alright Chester, make 'em keep back.

CHESTER (Shouting over the crowd) All right, stand back you fellas. Go on now . . . back. Stand back.

CAST Crowd noises continue in background

DILLON Ziegler! How'd it happen Ziegler?

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

DILLON Forget your goat. What about Clay?

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

VOICE (Off) Dirty Dutchman. Ya no good dog. Clay was your best friend. He helped ya buy your farm so you killed him for the reward.

SFX: EXCITED NOISES DROWN OUT THE VOICE.

DILLON Alright! All of you. Keep back everybody.

ZIEGLER Kill Clay? Me? Oh, no. My brothers he was like. We was in the war together.

VOICE You killed him for the reward.

SFX: AGAIN, VOICES DROWN OUT DIALOG.

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

SFX: CROWD VERY AGITATED NOW.

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

SFX: NOISES STOP.

DILLON I will not tolerate a disturbance. You know me.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS BEGIN

DILLON (Struggling with the body.) I've got him Chester. Take his legs.

SFX: SUBDUED NOISE.

DILLON AND CHESTER (Lots of grunting over footsteps as they take body inside the office.)

DILLON Alright, kick the door shut.

SFX: DOORS SLAMS SHUT.

SFX: NOISES STOP.

ZIEGLER Marshal, I don't kill Clay.

DILLON On this table, Chester.

SFX: MORE GRUNTING NOISES AS THEY PUT DOWN THE BODY.

DILLON What did you do with Clay's gun? His holster's empty.

ZIEGLER Gun? Clay's? I ain't got it. I don't even own one.

DILLON Chester, see if it slipped off when we were . . .

CHESTER His holster was empty comin' up the street.

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

ZIEGLER By the ford. This side by the ford.

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

ZIEGLER I did not shoot Clay.

DILLON Sure.

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

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

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

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

ZIEGLER Trial? Me?

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

ZIEGLER Please, I am permitted to go, now?

DILLON Go? Are you crazy?

ZIEGLER My farm, the stock, I must look after it.

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

ZIEGLER Adam would not believe I shot . . .

DILLON What difference does it make whether he believes it or not? His brother's been killed and everybody's lookin' to him to do something about it and he knows it. You want me to guess where he is right this minute? He's in one of them saloons lappin' up enough courage to come here and ask me to give you to him for a

present. You wanna know who's with him? Every loafer, every bum, every slob in town slapping him on the back and telling him what shame it is. Egging him on to kill ya so they can have some excitement and some fun. Maybe you deserve killing. But it's my job to uphold the law and I'm not lettin' you out of here.

ZIEGLER But, I, I . . .

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

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

DILLON Alright Chester, lock him up.

CHESTER Yes sir, Mr. Dillon.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

CHESTER Come on, Ziegler.

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

CHESTER Step out, sonny. This cage is bespoke.

DILLON Who's in there, Chester?

CHESTER

That little ole' runaway from
Cottonwood.

DILLON

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

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ENTERING FROM
ANOTHER ROOM

BOY

I know who you are.

DILLON

You do, do ya.

BOY

You bet. You're Matt Dillon.

DILLON

He he. Guilty.

BOY

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

DILLON

Wyatt Earp wouldn't be awful interested
to hear that, I'm afraid.

BOY

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

DILLON

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

BOY

Not me. Someday I'll be famous like you
and for every fella I kill I'll put a
notch on my gun. People'll see those
notches and they'll know they better not
try.

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

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

DILLON Well . . .

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

DILLON Where are ya off to in such a sweat?

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

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

BOY I'll shake on that.

DILLON Good. Good. Ah, Chester, I want ya to go look for Clay's gun.

CHESTER Yes, Mr. Dillon.

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

CHESTER Hmm? Oh, THAT telegram. Yes, sir, Mr. Dillon. I'll get on . . .

SFX: DOOR OPENS

ADAM Where's Ziegler?

DILLON It's alright, Chester. Go ahead.

CHESTER Yes, sir, Mr. Dillon.

SFX: BOOTSTEPS ON WOODEN FLOOR

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

DILLON (LOUDLY) Not a single step further, Adam.

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

DILLON How do you know?

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

DILLON Try to take him.

ADAM It's like that?

DILLON It's like that.

ADAM Ah, it's true what the fellas say . . . ya made a deal with The Dutchman to give him the reward and protect him if he killed Clay for ya.

DILLON That was the deal, was it?

ADAM Yeah!

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

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

DILLON No. No. It serves as well as any other crazy story to work you up.

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

DILLON Alright, Adam. I'll be waitin'

ADAM Yeah. You wait.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS, FOLLOWED BY DOOR
OPENING AND SLAMMING.

(PAUSE)

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

DILLON

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

MUSIC: RIR THEME

THE FUSEBOX BREAK

HOST

This is Re-Imagined Radio. I'm John Barber, producer and host. We'll return to our Gunsmoke compilation in just a moment. But first, let me introduce you to The Fusebox Show. This podcast, produced by Marc Rose, offers a different kind of radio storytelling with its commentary and quick wit about current day events and news. Here's a sample.

SFX: THE FUSEBOX SHOW TEASER

HOST

Learn more, and subscribe to the podcast at *The Fusebox Show* website, thefuseboxshow dot com.

MUSIC: RIR THEME

ACT 4: THE SHOOT OUT

HOST

This is Re-Imagined Radio. Our episode is an original compilation of two episodes from the *Gunsmoke* radio series, "Billy The Kid," and "Young Man with a Gun."

So far, U.S. Marshal Matt Dillon--given life through the unmistakable voice of William Conrad--has faced down the violence in Dodge City, Kansas. But, every day brings new challenges, and new

dangers. Each day could be his last.
Let's continue listening to our Gunsmoke
compilation.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

SFX: DOOR OPENS, CLOSES.

CHESTER It's just me, Mr. Dillon.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS COME INTO ROOM.

DILLON Oh, any luck, Chester?

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

DILLON Hmm.

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

SFX: CHURCH BELL WAY OFF IN
DISTANCE

DILLON Is there a fire in town?

CHESTER Funeral services for Mr. Grinnel, the cashier.

DILLON So soon?

CHESTER It's awful hot weather.

DILLON Yeah.

CHESTER Mr. Dillon. I been thinkin' about sundown all day long. I feel terrible about this.

DILLON Oh, why? It isn't your trouble.

CHESTER Yes, sir, I know . . . but if I hadn't sat in that game yesterday things might be different.

DILLON Ah, Sam Kertcher'd have found me soon enough. That's what he said he came here for.

CHESTER I heard him, but I still feel guilty.

DILLON What's the matter Chester? You're afraid he'll kill me?

CHESTER Is he really good?

DILLON Well, he's beat a lot of men.

CHESTER You're going to fight him, ain't you?

DILLON Ahh, that's the worst part of this job, Chester . . . having men like Sam Kertcher come around looking for another notch on his gun. There's nothing I can do about it.

CHESTER Well you don't have to fight him, Mr. Dillon.

DILLON No, I don't. I could avoid it.

CHESTER

How?

DILLON

Run away.

CHESTER

Oh. (WALKS TO WINDOW) Look out the window here, Mr. Dillon. The plaza's plumb deserted.

DILLON

Sure.

CHESTER

I guess the word's got around. (BEAT) Mr. Dillon . . .

DILLON

Yeah . . . what?

CHESTER

He's coming. Sam Kertcher . . . walking across the Plaza.

DILLON

Well . . . must be . . . sundown now.

CHESTER

Yes sir. It is.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS TO DOOR . . . DOOR
OPENS

DILLON

Ah, don't come out the door, Chester, or you'll be behind me. I'm only going as far as the boardwalk.

CHESTER

(OFF) I won't . . . I'll stay right here. But if anything happens . . . then I'm coming out, by golly . . .

DILLON

Don't be a fool.

SFX: MATT STEPS OUT ONTO BOARDWALK
AND STOPS. WIND IS HEARD IN THE
BACKGROUND.

KERTCHER (OFF) Come on out in the street, Dillon . . . what're you standing there for? (PAUSE) The matter with you . . . you scared? (PAUSE) Why don't you come down here, Dillon. (PAUSE) There's a lot of people hid out watching us. Been a long time since a Marshal was killed in Dodge.

DILLON I don't want to hear your talk, Kertcher. Let's get this over with . . .

SFX: MATT DRAWS AND FIRES ONCE . . .
. KERTCHER REACTS BUT FIRES ONCE .
. . MATT TWICE MORE. CROSS FADE TO

SFX: CROWD NOISE, FOOTSTEPS

CHESTER You did it, Mr. Dillon. Why he didn't hardly have his gun out before you hit him the first time. I was watchin' him.

DILLON I didn't wait for him, I drew first.

CHESTER You did?

DILLON Giving a man a chance to be arrested is one thing. Shooting down a killer is another.

CHESTER Yes sir.

DILLON This is nothing but slaughter . . . brainless slaughter. Like I said, it's the worst part of this miserable job.

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER

ACT 5: ANOTHER YOUNG GUNSLINGER

DILLON (SPEAKING TO AUDIENCE) I guess it helped . . . ridding the country of a man like Sam Kertcher . . . shootin' him down, killin' him. But the trouble was that it made you feel like a part of his own senselessness when you did it. And everybody congratulatin' you afterwards, and lookin' up to you, that didn't help any. That's one thing that got men like Kertcher started off wrong in the first place . . . all the talk . . . all the admiration for gunfighters. Like with a kid I met at the Texas Trail ~~one night a couple of months later~~. He was sitting with Kitty when I came in.

SFX: SALOON BACKGROUND, MATT WALKS UP TO A TABLE.

KITTY (FADES IN) Evening, Matt. Sitdown.

DILLON (SITS) Thanks, Kitty.

KITTY This is Marshal Dillon, Peyt.

PEYT I know. I've seen him.

DILLON Peyt, huh? I never saw you around here before, Peyt.

KITTY He rode in yesterday, Matt. It's his first time. Good thing, too -- he's only sixteen.

DILLON Ehh, that's young. Especially for a town like Dodge. Where're you from, Peyt?

PEYT On West of here.

DILLON Ah. . . cowboy?

PEYT I was.

KITTY That's what I've been arguing with him about, Matt. He says he's through being a cowboy.

DILLON Oh, is that so? Why?

PEYT I got other things to do.

DILLON Like what?

PEYT I'm going buy me a gun, Marshal.

DILLON A gun?

PEYT Sure. And I'm going to learn to use it, too. A man's no good without a gun.

DILLON Oh . . . ?

KITTY Peyt, you start carrying a gun and you get handy with it, and you'll grow up to be a U.S. Marshal or something.

DILLON Now Kitty . . .

KITTY I mean it. I never saw a man start using a gun yet that that he didn't have to go on using it . . . the rest of his life. However long that is.

DILLON Tell me something, Peyt . . . what . . . ahh . . . gave you this idea?

PEYT What's wrong with it. Everybody carries a gun. Course everybody can't use them real good. But I'll learn . . . I'll get good . . . good as you are, Marshal.

DILLON Oh . . .

PEYT Sure . . . maybe even better . . . who knows.

KITTY That's what I mean. It all leads to nothing but getting killed. Who cares how good you are with a gun? There's always somebody better.

DILLON She's right, Peyt. Ahh . . . why don't you forget about this and go find yourself a job out in the country somewhere and go to work . . . huh?

PEYT I'm going to have to, Marshal. I'm plumb broke right now.

DILLON Well good . . . that's fine. You know anybody around here?

PEYT No.

DILLON Well look, I'll tell you. Emmett Bowers is due in town tomorrow. He runs a big outfit and he can always use an extra hand. You meet me in the lobby of the Dodge House tomorrow morning, and well, we'll have a talk with him.

PEYT Okay.(GETS UP)I better be going now. I got to find me a place to sleep.

DILLON Oh Peyt. Ah . . . Here . . . Here's a dollar, Peyt. You can pay me back later.

PEYT No . . . no, I couldn't take it. No thanks. Goodnight. Goodnight, Kitty.

KITTY So long, Peyt.

DILLON Good night.

SFX: PEYT WALKS AWAY

KITTY He's got a lot of pride, that kid.

DILLON Yea. But it's mostly the wrong kid.

KITTY Huhmm. Maybe. But he'll probably forget about this gunfightin' business once he's back out in the country where he belongs.

DILLON Well, I hope so. There're enough gunmen around already.

KITTY Ahh, Peyt's all right. Don't worry about him.

DILLON No, I won't, Kitty. Unless he comes back someday.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

DILLON (SPEAKING to AUDIENCE) Peyt was at the Dodge House the next morning and we found Emmett Bowers there and got him a job right off. They rode out of town together that evening and I watched them go, hoping that a lot of hard work would give Peyt something to think about

besides becoming a gunfighter. Anyway, I'd done what I could, and I forgot about it 'til ~~a couple of months~~ later when I happened to go into Jonas General Store.

SFX: DOOR OPENS, FOOTSTEPS IN, DOOR CLOSSES, FOOTSTEPS FADE ON

DILLON Well, hello, Peyt . . . How are you.

PEYT I'm okay.

DILLON Oh, Peyt, you know Mrs. Jonas here?

PEYT Ma'am.

MRS. JONAS Hello, Peyt.

PEYT Ma'am . . .

DILLON And Doc Adams.

DOC ADAMS Emmhh . . . Howdy do.

PEYT Doc.

DILLON Well, whatcha doin' in town? You come in with Emmett?

PEYT Nope. I come in alone.

DILLON Oh . . . you . . . ahh . . . didn't quit did ya?

PEYT I quit. I drew my time last night.

DILLON Ehh . . . I was afraid so.

SFX: BOOTSTEPS TO STORE COUNTER

PEYT Ma'am.

MRS. JONAS Uhmm . . . humn.

PEYT I want me a six gun and a holster and a belt. And all the ammunition the rest of my money'll buy.

MRS. JONAS Well, now, son . . . ain't you a little young to be carrying a gun?

PEYT I'm sixteen. And if I'm old enough to do a man's work I guess I'm old enough to live like a man.

DOC Live like a man? . . . bah. You mean die like one, don't you, young fella?

PEYT I ain't afraid to die.

DOC Emhh, I don't know . . . I've dug bullets out of all kinds of men . . . young and old. And no matter how they talk, every one of them's been afraid.

PEYT I get good enough, I'll do the killing. If I'm given a decent chance . . .

DILLON Peyt, tell me somethin'. How'd you get started on all this in the first place?

PEYT I don't mind telling you Marshal, now.

DILLON Now?

PEYT Now I got money for a gun and I can start practicing.

DILLON Now wait a minute. Is there some particular man you're after? Is that it?

PEYT Yeah . . . that's it, Marshal.

DILLON Well . . . who is he?

PEYT You.

DILLON Me?

PEYT I'm gonna to fight you, Marshal. And I'm goina to kill you if I can.

DILLON Well, why? I never saw you before in my life 'til you came here.

PEYT Peyt's my first name, Marshal.

DILLON So?

PEYT My last name's Kertcher. I heard about how you shot my brother. So I come here to take his place.

DILLON Peyt . . . Sam Kertcher was nothing but a killer. He was no good.

PEYT You drew first on him.

DILLON What difference does it make? Your brother came after me for only one reason . . . to kill me so's he could be a big man. You think I'm gonna to take a chance being killed for anything as brainless as that?

PEYT There's rules to gun fighting, Marshal. He wasn't ready to draw . . .

DILLON Where'd you get all these crazy ideas, kid? Who taught you that killing people is a game of some sort?

PEYT My brother told me all about it a long time ago.

DILLON Yeah, sure. Well for him it was a game. That's what was wrong with him.

PEYT He'd of beat you, if he'd been ready.

DILLON Peyt, do you wait for a mad dog to bite you before you try to stop him? And you're brother WAS ready . . . he rode into Dodge ready.

PEYT Well, I'll be ready for you. In a few weeks, I will.

DILLON You will, huh? Look Peyt, I've been handling a gun for years. What makes you think you can go against me in a few weeks? Unless you're planning something else.

PEYT No Marshal. I'll never shoot anybody in the back. Not even you.

DILLON You're not bad, Peyt. But you've sure got everything mixed up.

PEYT Why? Cause I'm only sixteen? You'll see what I can do, Marshal, you'll see.

DILLON Well what if I won't draw on you?

PEYT I'll kill you anyway. Like you say, what difference does it make . . .

SFX: TWO STEPS

DILLON All right. If you're going to act like your brother, I'll treat you like your brother. And when you come gunning for me, I'll shoot you down as fast as I did him. So go ahead and practice . . . practice all you like. But when you face me, I'll have three bullets in you before you clear your holster. I don't care how old you are!

MUSIC: TRANSITION

DILLON (SPEAKING TO AUDIENCE) If I thought gettin' mad would scare some sense into Peyt Kertcher, I was wrong. He went ahead and bought his six gun, and every day he spent hours down by the Arkansas practicing with it. . . . One evening I was sitting on the porch not far from the Texas Trail, watching the crowd push up and down Front Street.

SFX: STREET BACKGROUND

KITTY (FADES ON) Matt . . . Matt . . .

DILLON Oh hello Kitty.

KITTY Matt, Chester's in the Trail there, and he asked me to come and find you.

DILLON (GETS UP) Oh, why? What's the trouble?

KITTY You know Jack Rynning?

DILLON Yeah, I know him.

KITTY Well, he's at the bar and he's making fun of young Peyt. Chester isn't sure how much Peyt's going to take from him.

DILLON Rynning's more than just a bully, Kitty . . . he's dangerous. You better wait out her, Kitty.

KITTY I aim too.

SFX: MATT WALKS THROUGH THE SWINGING DOORS AND A FEW STEPS INTO THE SALOON.

CHESTER (OFF) Leave the kid alone, Rynning . . . he ain't bothering you none.

RYNNING (OFF) Get out of the way Chester. Everybody else get out of the way, too. (BEAT) I'm giving you one more chance, Peyt . . . you throw that gun away or you start using it.

PEYT (OFF) Go ahead and draw, Rynning . . . I ain't afraid of ya.

RYNNING Okay . . . I will.

CHESTER No . . . don't do it, Rynning . . . No . . .

SFX: MATT DRAWS AND FIRES ONE SHOT . . . RYNNING YELLS AND DROPS HIS GUN . . . MATT WALKS UP TO THEM AS PEOPLE SPEAK, "DID THAT?" . . . "IT'S MARSHAL DILLON" . . . "HIT HIM IN THE HAND," ETC.

DILLON Alright, shut up, everybody. (CROWD QUIETS).

RYNNING My hand . . .

DILLON Shut up.

RYNNING You busted my hand, Marshal . . . what'd you do that for? . . . this ain't your fight . . . it's like shooting a man in the back . . . you've ruined my hand.

DILLON You were about to murder this boy, Rynning. I should've shot you in the head. No go on over to Doc's, if your hand bothers you . . .

RYNNING (FADES) I'm going . . . You've ruined me, that's what you've done. We'll see about this . . .

CHESTER Well, he'd of killed him sure, Mr. Dillon. Peyt never even got his gun out.

PEYT That's true . . . I didn't. I kinda froze. I don't know why.

DILLON Pyet . . . Jack Rynning's the same kind of man your brother was. Always looking to kill somebody. And if you still think it's a game of some kind, go ON wearing that gun. And when the time comes, I'll see you're buried with it. But that's all I'll do for you. All right, come on, Chester . . . let's get out of here.

CHESTER Yes sir.

SFX: MATT STARTS FOR DOOR . . .

CHESTER FOLLOWS.

PEYT (OFF ..UP) Marshal . . . Marshal, wait a minute.

SFX: THEY STOP. PEYT FADES ON AND STOPS.

PEYT Marshal . . .

DILLON Yeah . . .

PEYT Well, you, you could've let him kill me and then I wouldn't be after you no more, would I?

DILLON Not dead, you wouldn't.

PEYT But you saved the life of a man who's sworn to kill you, Marshal.

DILLON Yeah, that's right.

PEYT Well, why'd you do it?

DILLON Because you didn't have a chance with him, Peyt, not a chance.

PEYT Marshal . . . I always could think better when I'm ridin' a horse. I'm goin' back to my job.

DILLON Good. I'm glad to hear that, Peyt.

PEYT Would you do me a favor?

DILLON Why, sure.

PEYT Well, punching cows'll keep me so busy I won't have time to practice much. Would you hold on to my gun for me?

DILLON**What?****PEYT****Here . . . (HANDS IT OVER)****DILLON****(TAKES IT) Yeah. Sure I will, Peyt. Sure I will. I'll keep it for you . . . (LAUGHS) . . . for a long time I hope.****MUSIC: RIR THEME FOR BREAK****THE RIR BREAK****MUSIC: RIR THEME. ESTABLISH, THEN FADE OUT UNDER THE FOLLOWING.****HOST**

You're listening to Re-Imagined Radio. I'm John Barber, producer and host. Re-Imagined Radio explores radio storytelling, its use of voice, sound effects, and music, and provides backstories and additional information about each episode. Here are some examples . . .

SFX: RE-IMAGINED RADIO AUDIO**TRAILER****HOST**

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MUSIC: RIR THEME, RETURN. FADES OUT
AT ENDING.

HOST This episode of Re-Imagined Radio is an original compilation from two episodes of *Gunsmoke*.

So far in our story, U.S. Marshal Matt Dillon, voiced by William Conrad, has dealt with two gunfighters, each intent to make a mark for themselves with their guns. Frontier violence must be met with violence and there's another violent confrontation waiting. Marshal Dillon has been challenged by Adam Richards. Let's continue listening to our story, and hear what happens . . .

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

ACT 6: ANOTHER SHOOT OUT

DILLON Son.

BOY (Off) You say something, Mr. Dillon?

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

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

BOY Here it is.

DILLON Thanks, bub.

BOY That's a right nice gun ya have there.

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

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

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

SFX: GUN BEING COCKED.

DILLON There. Like that. It's faster. Yeah. That's better now.

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

DILLON What in the world for?

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

SFX: DOOR OPENS. CHURCH BELLS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.

DILLON Umm, any of your guns need oiling, Chester?

CHESTER I don't think so.

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

CHESTER I know. I stopped at the Alfraganza just now to rinse out my mouth. Adam was

there talking mighty ugly and MIGHTY big. He's got a sizeable following.

DILLON Ehh. WHEN, do you think?

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

BOY I wanna see it . . .

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

CHESTER You keep your head down, sonny, ya hear?

SFX: DOOR OPENS (IT DOES NOT CLOSE)

FOOTSTEPS ENTER DURING FOLLOWING
LINE

FRANCINE (ENTERING) Matt. Matt, I gotta talk to you.

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

FRANCINE Matt!

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

FRANCINE Matt! Have you heard what they're sayin'?

DILLON What are they sayin', Francine?

FRANCINE That you and me . . . that you made Peyt Ziegler kill him because . . .

DILLON I'm sorry that got back to you, Francine.

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

ZIEGLER (Off-from cell) Francine, I didn't shoot Clay. I beg you believe me.

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

DILLON Francine, it's just one of those crazy stories. They needed one and they made one up.

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

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

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ENTER.

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

DILLON Hold it, Francie. Yeah, Doc, what is it?

DOC Oh, ah, am I interrupting?

DILLON What is it, Doc?

DOC The autopsy's finished. I examined his
liver and . . .

DILLON This is Mrs. Richards, Doc.

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

DILLON Well?

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

DILLON How could a dead man gallop away?

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

DILLON Thanks, Doc.

DOC Please accept my condolences, Mrs.
Richards.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS FADE OFF DURING NEXT
LINE

DOC You call the inquest anytime you're ready, Marshal.

DILLON Chester, close the door.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

ZIEGLER (OFF, FROM CELL) You see! You see, I didn't do it. I didn't shoot him.

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

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

DILLON Yeah.

FRANCINE Turn Pete Ziegler out into the street.

DILLON What? Francine, they're itching to get their hands on him.

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

DILLON (PAUSE) Go home, Francine. Go home, or leave town, or hang yourself, or anything you like. Just go away!

FRANCINE Matt . . .

DILLON Away! Right now.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS EXITING HURRIEDLY.

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

CHESTER I bought me a bottle at the Alafraganza, Mr. Dillon. Would you care for a drink?

DILLON No.

CHESTER Umm. I guess the funeral's over.

DILLON There'll be others.

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

SFX: CROWD NOISES FADE IN FROM OUTSIDE BUILDING. THEY BUILD IN INTENSITY AND CONTINUE THROUGH THIS SCENE.

DILLON Just about on schedule. Are you ready, Chester?

CHESTER Yes, sir, Mr. Dillon.

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

CHESTER Oh yes, sir. I aim to.

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

BOY Yes, sir, Mr. Dillon.

DILLON Alright.

ADAM (From outside) Dillon! Dillon! Come out, Dillon!

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

CHESTER Yes, sir, Mr. Dillon.

DILLON Alright, Chester, open the door.

SFX: DOOR OPENS. CROWD NOISE IMMEDIATELY INCREASES.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AS DILLON GOES OUTSIDE

SFX: CROWD NOISES DIMINISH CONSIDERABLY

DILLON (OFF) It's my duty to warn all of you that you are in the breach of the peace.

SFX: CROWD-NEGATIVE REACTION

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

ADAM Give us the Dutchman, Dillon.

SFX: CROWD IS IN AGREEMENT

DILLON (SHOUTING) Men!

SFX: CROWD QUIETS DOWN

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

SFX: CROWD NOISES UP

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

SFX: DROPS BADGE ON FLOOR. CROWD IS VERY SILENT

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

SFX: GUNSHOTS.

SFX: CROWD IS AGITATED

CHESTER You alright, Mr. Dillon?

DILLON Yeah. Get his gun.

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

SFX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING UP

DOC Marshal, Marshal. Oh, don't tell me, don't tell me.

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

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

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

DOC ADAMS No, no. I can handle it Marshal. Thank you, (STRUGGLES WITH THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY) thank you just the same.

SFX: CROWD GRUMBLES AND MOVES AWAY.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AWAY.

ACT 7: THE RUNAWAY KID BECOMES A LEGEND

MRS. BONNEY (COMING UP IN A BUGGY) Can you direct me to the Marshal's office?

DILLON Ah, yes, ma'am. Right here. I'm Marshal Dillon.

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

DILLON Oh, we have him ma'am, safe and sound. Here, let me help you down. Hitch that horse, Chester. Right this way, ma'am.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

MRS. BONNEY I'm sorry he put you to all that trouble, Marshal. Truth of the matter is he's a wild one. And no mistakes, takes after his Father. One scrape after another.

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

CHESTER No, sir, Mr. Dillon. He never got past me. Look, the back door is open. He seen me and he hightailed it, the devil!

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

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

DILLON Barlow knife?

MRS. BONNEY I reckon it didn't signify and off he runs.

DILLON Barlow knife? A kid. Chester, find that kid.

MRS. BONNEY Marshal, has he done something bad with it? I told him to use it careful. He promised he'd use it careful.

DILLON Never mind, Chester. He's got Clay's strawberry roan. We'd never catch up to him.

MRS. BONNEY (SOBBING) I try to bring him up right. I tell him to be good. But he don't listen. He just don't listen . . .

DILLON Now calm yourself, ma'am. Just calm yourself.

CHESTER Here's his little bundle, Mr. Dillon.

DILLON What? Here, give it to me. It's pretty heavy. (STRUGGLES WITH KNOT) Here . . . you're better at knots than I am. Open it, will ya?

MRS. BONNEY The moment he was born he's been nothin' but tribulation to me.

DILLON Now please, ma'am.

DILLON What's he got in it, Chester?

CHESTER Hmm . . . a shirt, stockings, piece of sausage, and this . . .

DILLON .44 double action.

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

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

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AS CHESTER GOES TO THE DOOR

CHESTER (Shouting down the street) Hey! Hey, Mr. Hightower.

HIGHTOWER Huh . . .

CHESTER Come on over, Mr. Dillon wants you.

ZIELGER Marshal, could I have a drink of water.

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

CHESTER Right there on the desk.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS. CELL DOOR BEING UNLOCKED

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

ZIEGLER I can go back by the farm?

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

ZIEGLER Thank you. Thank you. Excuse me.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS RUNNING OFF,
COLLIDES WITH HIGHTOWER ENTERING

HIGHTOWER Watch where you're goin' ya dumb . . .

ZIEGLER Excuse . . . Excuse me. Bitter. Bitter.
(RUNS OUT)

SFX: SLOW FOOTSTEPS INTO OFFICE

HIGHTOWER Yes Marshal.

DILLON Mr. Hightower . . . It appears that we
can do business after all. Get some
paper and a pencil. I want some notices
printed.

HIGHTOWER Fire away!

DILLON Wanted for murder . . .

HIGHTOWER (Writing) Wanted for murder . . .

DILLON Ah, what's the boy's name?[]

MRS. BONNEY (Crying a bit) Bonney. William Bonney.

DILLON William Bonney.

HIGHTOWER William Bonney.

DILLON Age, 12. Height about five feet.

HIGHTOWER (Mumbling as he writes) Five feet.

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

MRS. BONNEY

No. Everybody just called him Billy. Or, The Kid.

DILLON

Also known as Billy, The Kid.

MUSIC: UP AND PLAY TO END

HOST CONCLUSION

HOST

You just heard the Re-Imagined Radio *Gunsmoke* compilation, featuring content from two *Gunsmoke* episodes, "Billy The Kid" and "Young Man with a Gun."

"Billy The Kid" was written by Walter Newman.

"Young Man with a Gun" was written by John Meston.

Both episodes were produced and directed by Norman MacDonnell, and featured music composed and conducted by Rex Koury.

MUSIC: SAMPLE FROM GUNSMOKE THEME FOR TRANSITION

HOST

Gunsmoke was created in 1952 by producer Norman Macdonnell and writer John Meston. They wanted to create a Western series that would deal realistically with the hard realities of life in and around Dodge City, Kansas Territory, in the late 1870s.

As conceptualized by Macdonnell and Meston, *Gunsmoke* was for adults, with a level of realism and historical accuracy seldom achieved on radio.

Macdonnell and Meston also wanted to overturn Western fiction stereotypes. So, Marshal Matt Dillon often deals with violent human dilemmas, trying to prevent lawlessness from overtaking the city. Sometimes he finds solutions. Sometimes he does not. Criminals are not always caught. Episodes end unhappily. And people are treated badly.

In this *Gunsmoke* compilation you heard .
. . .

William Conrad as U.S. Marshal Matt Dillon.

Parley Baer as Deputy Chester Wesley Proudfoot.

Georgia Ellis as Francine Richards and Kitty Russell.

Howard McNear as Charles "Doc" Adams.

Lawrence Dobkin as Sam Kertcher.

Sam Edwards as Peyt Kertcher.

John Dehner as Rynning.

Harry Bartell as Mr. Hightower.

as well as Don Diamond, Richard Beals, Paul Dubov, Mary Lansing, Sam Edwards, and Vivi Janiss.

HOST CREDITS/CLOSE

MUSIC: RIR THEME, KEEP UNDER THE FOLLOWING

HOST

This episode of Re-Imagined Radio was written by John Barber.

Sound Design, music composition, and post-production by Marc Rose.

Graphic design by Holly Slocum and Sydney Nguyen.

We produce and broadcast Re-Imagined Radio with support from community radio stations KXRW-FM (Vancouver, Washington) and KXRY-FM (Portland, Oregon). Your contributions to either are much appreciated. They're also tax deductible.

Along with more information and backstories, we archive episodes of Re-Imagined Radio as companion podcasts at our website, reimagedradio DOT FM. You can listen or subscribe there. Our podcasts are also available at the major distribution platforms.

This is John Barber, producer and host. Thank you for listening.

MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, THEN DUCK UNDER THE FOLLOWING

ANNOUNCER CLOSE

ANNOUNCER

This is a production of Re-Imagined Radio. Our radio broadcasts are heard on local, regional, and international community radio stations.

For on demand streaming and podcasts, point your browsers to our website, reimagedradio (all one word, no punctuation) DOT FM.

Thank you so much for listening, and please join us again for another episode of Re-Imagined Radio where we will continue our exploration of radio storytelling.

MUSIC: RIR THEME UP, AND TO END.