

Series: Jack Benny Show
Show: High Noon
Date: Sep 28 1952

MUSIC: "LOVE IN BLOOM/YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

DON: The Lucky Strike Program, starring Jack Benny! With Mary Livingstone, Rochester, Dennis Day, Bob Crosby, the Sportsmen Quartet and yours truly, Don Wilson.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

SFX: SWITCHBOARD BUZZES; CLICK

GERTRUDE: Hello, this is CBS, the stars' address. May I help you?

BROOKLYN BLANC: Yes, operator. With the change of time from daylight back to standard, could you tell me what program is on at four o'clock?

GERTRUDE: Just a minute. Say, Mabel, what program's on today at four o'clock?

MABEL: I dunno, Gertrude, I'll look it up in this Radio Guide.

GERTRUDE: Hold it, Mabel, hold it.

MABEL: Huh?

GERTRUDE: Look whose picture's on page eight.

MABEL: Well, take off my glove and dial with my naked finger - if it ain't Jack Benny! He's not only handsome, but look at that strong chin! What character!

GERTRUDE: Some character. One night last week he drove me up to Mullholland Drive, pulled over to a lonely spot, turned off the ignition and said, "Well, what do you know, I'm out of gas."

MABEL: No.

GERTRUDE: Yeah. So I said I'd be very happy to buy some.

MABEL: I'll bet that embarrassed him.

GERTRUDE: "Embarrassed him" nothin' - he siphoned a gallon out of his tank and sold it to me. Now, Mabel, you can't stay mad at a man like Jack Benny. Just look at that picture. The way he's standin' there so casual and nonchalant, with his coat thrown over his arm...

MABEL: Yeah, and just look at those muscles.

GERTRUDE: Muscles? Where?

MABEL: On the floor - they fell out of his sleeve.

GERTRUDE: Oh, yeah...

SFX: SWITCHBOARD BUZZES; CLICK

GERTRUDE: Yes?

JACK: Operator, this is Jack Benny.

MABEL: (LONG PAUSE) Gertrude, whatsa matter?

GERTRUDE: He's waiting for applause.

JACK: I'm not waiting for applause. I'm in my dressing room. Now, operator, with the change of time today, I'd like to check my watch. What time it is, please?

GERTRUDE: Uhh... it's twenty minutes to four.

JACK: Twenty minutes to four? That's funny, I've got twenty minutes to three.

GERTRUDE: Hold on. Mabel, what time have you got?

MABEL: Twenty minutes to five.

GERTRUDE: No, no, honey - you moved your watch ahead an hour and you're supposed to move it back. Gee, are you dumb!

MABEL: Well, I'm not as dumb as Jack Benny. He didn't move it at all!

GERTRUDE: How could he? His muscles fell out of his sleeves.

JACK: Operator - Operator, I heard that and I'm going to report you.

SFX: JACK HANGS UP PHONE

JACK: Hmm... that Gertrude thinks she's smart. That's the last time I give her Ethyl for the price of Regular. Now let's see... where did I put my...

SFX: DOOR OPENS, SHUTS

JACK: Oh, so you finally got here.

ROCHESTER: Hello, boss!

JACK: Rochester, you know I'm always nervous before doing a program. Why do you have to be late?

ROCHESTER: Late? I got twenty minutes to two.

JACK: Well, no wonder our watches are all mixed up, and it's your fault.

ROCHESTER: My fault?

JACK: Yeah. What were you supposed to do at two o'clock this morning?

ROCHESTER: What I always do: tiptoe into your room and put a hot water bottle on your feet.

JACK: Was that all you did?

ROCHESTER: Well, I must confess, boss, I tickled your toes a little.

JACK: Oh, was that you?

ROCHESTER: Yeah; when I saw the way you had your arms around that pillow, I figured you were expecting something.

JACK: Rochester, I always sleep with my arms around a pillow.

ROCHESTER: I know, but last night you looked at it and said, "Don't you think two can live as cheap as one?"

JACK: Gee, I do the silliest things in my sleep. I can understand putting my arms around a pillow, but talking to it... Rochester, why didn't you wake me up?

ROCHESTER: I hated to cut in, boss. You were dancing.

JACK: Oh. Well, Rochester, I'm going down the hall to Miss Livingstone's dressing room. I'll see you later.

SFX: DOOR OPENS, SHUTS. FOOTSTEPS

JACK: (SINGING TO HIMSELF) Gee, but it's great, after staying out late, walking my pillow back home... ("La las" the rest of the verse)

SFX: DOOR KNOCK

JACK: Mary? Are you in there?

MARY: (OFF-MIKE) Just a minute, Jack. I'm not dressed yet. (ON-MIKE) Oh, Pauline...

PAULINE: Yes, Miss Livingstone?

MARY: Mr. Benny wants to come in. Help me into my dress, please.

PAULINE: Yes, ma'am. Miss Livingstone? How long has he been on your program?

MARY: Well, Pauline, it isn't my program, it's Mr. Benny's. Mr. Benny's the star. I just work for him and he pays me a very nice salary. (BEAT) Not as much as I pay you, but a very nice salary. Pauline, how does my dress look?

PAULINE: Well, it looks all right, Miss Livingstone. But if I were you, I'd wear it a little shorter. You have such good legs.

MARY: Well thanks, Pauline...

PAULINE: It's too bad you only have two of them!

MARY: What?

PAULINE: Well, what I mean is, when you've got something so nice, it's too bad you can't have more of it.

MARY: Well, believe me, Pauline, every girl who has nice legs is perfectly satisfied with just two of them. After all, who'd look at a girl with three legs?

PAULINE: Everybody.

JACK: Mary! Mary, how about it?

MARY: Just a minute!

JACK: I don't know why it takes women so long to get dressed. Men don't take that long. Rochester throws me together in five minutes. Sometimes quicker...

BOB: Oh, Jack! Jack!

JACK: Oh, Bob! Bob, I thought you were onstage rehearsing the band.

BOB: Well, I stood it just as long as I could.

JACK: What do you mean?

BOB: Well, Jack, when I agreed to take over the same orchestra that you always had, I didn't know what I was getting into.

JACK: What?

BOB: These guys are driving me nuts!

JACK: Why? Why, what's wrong?

BOB: Well, look. In the first place, I'm stuck with an electric guitar player whose nose lights up.

JACK: I know.

BOB: Yeah, but there's a trombone player who's chained to the guy sitting next to him.

JACK: Look, Bob...

BOB: And a drummer with a candle on his head because it's his birthday.

JACK: Bob...

BOB: And I'm not even gonna mention the accordion player who cracks peanuts in the pleats.

JACK: Well, Bob, Bob, just have patience. I'm sure...

BOB: That Harris fellow sure assembled a strange bunch of coconuts...

JACK: Oh, they're not that bad....

BOB: How did you ever manage to find him in the first place, Jack?

JACK: Who Phil? Phil Harris? Well, you know Bob, that's a very interesting question. Yes sir, I remember it as if it were yesterday. You see, it was 10 years ago that I first met Phil Harris. I remember the day well because it was Mary's birthday-- and I wanted to show her a nice time. So I got all dressed up and went over to her house and- let her make dinner for me. And then I took her to this new club in town where I heard Phil was playing with his band.

MUSIC SEGUE

SFX: CAB PULLING AWAY?
JACK: Here it is Mary, this is the place.

MARY: Holy smoke, what a nightclub! This is an awful joint!

JACK: Well, Mary you can't tell anything about it from the outside.

MARY: Yeah, but look at the name of it- the Rewes Club.

JACK: So what?

MARY: "Rewes" spelled backwards is "sewer"!

JACK: All right, what's the difference?

MARY: And look Jack, you have to go down these stairs!

JACK: Yeah. OK, let's go down. Watch your step, Mary.

SFX: DOWN A LOOOOONG FLIGHT OF STAIRS. CREAKY STEPS. IT SOUNDS CAVERNOUS. MAYBE 20 SECONDS WORTH.

JACK: Whew! Let's rest. If we go down any farther, I'll get the bends here.

MARY: I think we hit bottom, Jack, here's the door.

JACK: Oh, yes....

SFX: CREAKY DOOR OPENING,
MUSIC: A DIXIELAND SONG JUST ENDING.

APPLAUSE

JACK: Well, that guy Harris knows all the new tunes, doesn't he?

MARY: Yeah, but how can people dance on that bare ground?

JACK: They probably sprinkle water on it to make it slippery. And it helps keep the dust down, too, you know. Let's find a table.

MARY: Uh- maybe that man will get us one.

JACK: Oh, yes, uh—oh, mister.....

WAITER: (Big) Yeeeeeeeeesssss?!!

JACK: Pardon me, are you a waiter?

WAITER: Well, what do you think I am with this napkin over my arm, a clothesline?

JACK: Oh, I'm sorry, but you're dressed too nice to be working a joint like this, you know.

WAITER: Oh, you mean these striped pants and this Prince Albert coat? Well, you see, I where these clothes at my other job.

JACK: Other job?

WAITER: Yes, I'm an undertaker's assistant.

JACK: Oh.

WAITER: It was my idea to put the candles on the table.

JACK: Hmmm.

WAITER: And now, would you like to try to find a table and lay you out?... I mean, seat you?

JACK: Yes, yes please. C'mon, Mary.

WAITER: Ah, here we are.

SFX: CHAIR BEING MOVED.

WAITER: Now, what would you like to eat?

JACK: Nothing, thanks, we just came in to hear the band.

WAITER: Well, you might as well order something, there's a minimum charge of 35 cents.

JACK: 35 cents? Well, I'll have a chicken sandwich and a combination salad.

MARY: And I'll have a steak sandwich and French fried potatoes.

WAITER: Anything to drink?

JACK: No.

WAITER: You might as well, you've got 15 cents to go.

JACK: Well, bring us coffee. (Sotto voce) Imagine that waiter, an undertaker's assistant.

MARY: Jack look, the show is about to start.

JACK: Good, I'm anxious to hear this guy Phil Harris.....

SFX: DRUM ROLL AND CYMBAL CRASH!

PHIL: Hiya folks and a good, good evening to each and every one of yas.
(Clears throat). Now, welcome to our little club. This is your orchestra leader and master of the ceremonies, the one and only Phil Harris, are you glad to see me?

APPLAUSE

PHIL: Yes sir, thank you, thank you and we have a very lovely crowd here tonight....

JACK: Hey, Mary, he's got a nice personality, you know...?

MARY: We'll see.

PHIL: And speaking of crowds, folks, a funny thing happened to me on my way to the club tonight. Panhandler stopped me and said, "Pardon me, mister, can you let me have a thousand dollars and 5 cents for a cup of coffee?"

So I said to him, I said "Look, coffee only costs a nickel. Whaddaya want a thousand bucks for?"

So he says to me..... eh, this is gonna kill ya, folks....." He says to me, "Well, I gotta pay my income tax, don't I?!" (Laughs)

Ha ha ha! No lady, don't explain it to him, if he don't get it, just let him suffer, let him lay there. Don't wake him up.

JACK: (laughs) Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Hey, Mary, hey Mary, did you get it?

MARY: I got it all over me.

JACK: Quiet. This guy's good.

PHIL: And, uh, here's another one, folks. This'll em-balm ya!

JACK: Ha ha ha ha ha! Embalm ya!

WAITER: Uh, did somebody call for me?

JACK: Quiet, quiet!

PHIL: Get this, folks. A guy walked up to me today and said, "Hey Harris, uh, where'd ya get the black eye?", so I told him it was a birthmark and he said, "A birthmark?" and I said "Yeah, I got it in the wrong berth!"

(laughs) Ha ha ha ha ha, oh, ho, yes, folks, it's just natural with me, just natural, yes sir, yes sir, yes, yes....

JACK: I don't know, Mary, this guy Harris has a great personality....

CIGARETTE GIRL: Cigarettes, cigarettes, also Kewpie dolls, gardenias, and razor blades.

JACK: Imagine, razor blades. Oh, miss, give me a pack of cigarettes, please.

GIRL: Yes sir, what kind?

JACK: Oh by the way miss, what's that you've got on your tray there, tied up in pink ribbon?

GIRL: That's a lock of Mr. Harris' hair, 20 cents.

JACK: Well, I don't want it.

GIRL: You better take it, this is the last one left and we don't shear him again until the first of the month.

JACK: No, no thanks just the same. Say Mary, she's kinda cute, isn't she?

MARY: Oh, you fall for any.....

JACK: Now wait a minute, wait a minute, here comes Phil Harris. Now Mary, I want to make an impression on him and I want you to help me sign him for my show. Tell him what a good boss I am and how swell it is to work on the radio. And above all, what a wonderful guy I am personally, you know?

MARY: Aw, but Jack....

JACK: Shh, here he comes....

PHIL: Hey, uh, I understand one of you characters wanna see me.

JACK: Uh, yes, uh, yes. Sit down, this is Miss Livingstone.

PHIL: Hiya, sweets.

JACK: Hmm. And my name is Jack Benny.

PHIL: Look bud, I ain't got much time. Whadya wanna see me about?

JACK: I wanted to talk to you about a job.

PHIL: A job?

JACK: Yeah.

PHIL: Well look fellah, I know things are tough but- uh- I can't use ya, I don't want no new help, kid.

JACK: No no, I don't mean that, you see I have a radio program and I'd like you and your band to be on my show.

PHIL: Weeeelll....I don't know....you see, I've been here.....

MARY: Oh, he's a wonderful man to work for, he's the nicest boss I ever had, he's just a ginger-peachy boss, so pleasant, so generous, I

JACK: Mary, you're overdoing it..... and STOP LICKING MY HAND! Now Mr. Harris.....

PHIL: Uh, just call me Curly.

JACK: Oh.

PHIL: 'til the first of the month.

JACK: Oh..... Oh yes, the cigarette girl told me. Now, Mr. Harris, radio is a different type of work. You read music, of course?

PHIL: Huh?

JACK: Music, notes, arrangements. What's that on your music rack?

PHIL: (overlapping) Termites! The joint's lousy with 'em!! HA HA HA! Ha ha ha ha!! Oh, Harris, how could you be so young and bright when it's so dark down here?

JACK: You see Mary, this guy is terrific.

PHIL: Aw, look, I'm only kiddin', I been studyin' music since I was a baby, why, when I was 6 years old, my parents used to take me the concerts at CARNEGIE HALL!

JACK: A 6 year old kid interested in Carnegie Hall?

PHIL: Well, they told me it was a burlesque show!

JACK: A burlesque show?!

PHIL: Yeah, how I used to whistle when they took the cover off of the bass fiddle! (He laughs it up big again)

JACK: (Laughing with him) Say Mary, this guy's got a terrific sense of humor, he'll probably be able to write my gags for me.

MARY: I'll settle if he can just write!

JACK: Now look Harris, I want you on my program, so if you'll meet me Sunday morning, we'll....

PHIL: Uh, wait, excuse me a minute, the second floor's show about to start and I gotta introduce the singer.

JACK: Well, I'll wait 'til you're through.

PHIL: OK..... Jackson!

JACK: You hear that, Mary? He called me Jackson! No one ever called me that before.

PHIL: All right folks, here's a brand new number I wrote myself called—"That's What I Like About the South".

MUSIC BEGINS UNDER "THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH"
WON'T YOU COME WITH ME TO ALABAMA
LET'S GO SEE MY DEAR OL' MAMMY
SHE'S FRYIN' EGGS 'N BROILIN' HAMMY
AND THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SOUTH!

MUSIC AND SINGING ENDS.

(AND WE ARE BACK TO JACK AND BOB)

JACK: And that, Bob, is how I met Phil Harris.

BOB Well, that explains everything now, Jack.

JACK: Good, good....

DENNIS: Oh, Mr. Benny, Mr. Benny...!

JACK: What is it, Dennis?

DENNIS: Don Wilson is looking all over for you. You should have started the program fifteen minutes ago!

JACK: Fifteen minutes ago? I've got a quarter after three.

BOB: I've got a quarter after four.

JACK: Dennis - what does your watch say?

DENNIS: Bulova.

JACK: I don't mean that! Anyway, kids, if we're fifteen minutes late, we'd better get out on the stage.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

DON: (APPROACHING) Jack! Jack, where have you been? Hurry!

JACK: Look, Don, this is not my fault.

DON: But the program...!

JACK: Don, Don, daylight saving time got me mixed up. We still have plenty of time to do the sketch. So just take it easy. Dennis...

DENNIS: A quarter after four.

JACK: I know that! Here, take these scripts and give them out to the others.

DENNIS: Okay.

MARY: (APPROACHING) Jack, which sketch are we going to do?

JACK: We're going to do a satire on that wonderful picture, "High Noon", which starred Gary Cooper. I am going to play the leading role.

DENNIS: You don't even know what time it is.

JACK: Oh, quiet. Don, turn to page twelve and introduce our play.

DON: Okay, Jack

JACK: Bob, is the orchestra ready?

BOB: Well, some of the boys are sittin' up.

JACK: Good, good. Take it, Don.

DON: Ladies and gentlemen: for our feature attraction of the evening, we're going to present our version of that epic of the west, the Stanley Kramer production of "High Noon".

MUSIC: "DO NOT FORSAKE ME, OH MY DARLING" - UP AND FADES UNDER

DON: The year is eighteen seventy-five. The place: the little town of Hadleyville. The scene is in the office of the Justice of the Peace.

JACK: **(FILTERED)** I'M THE TOWN MARSHAL. AND MY NAME IS GARY KANE. THIS IS MY WEDDING DAY. YUP. RIGHT THIS MOMENT, I'M A-GETTING' MARRIED TO MY SWEETHEART AMY.

SPORTSMEN QUARTET: (SINGING)

DO NOT FORSAKE ME, OH MY DARLING,
ON THIS OUR WEDDING DAY...
DO NOT FORSAKE ME, OH MY DARLING,
HMMM...

JUSTICE: Do you, Amy, take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?

MARY: I do.

JUSTICE: Do you, Gary, take Amy for your lawful wedded wife?

JACK: (BEAT) Yup.

JUSTICE: Now repeat after me, Amy: "I, Amy, take thee, Gary, to love, honor and cherish."

MARY: I, Amy, take thee, Gary, to love, honor and cherish.

JUSTICE: Now you, Gary: "I, Gary, take thee, Amy, to love, honor and cherish."

JACK: I, Gary, take thee, Amy, to love, honor and cherish.

JUSTICE: "And with all my worldly goods, I thee endow."

JACK: And with... (LONG PAUSE AS JACK LOOKS AT AUDIENCE.)

JUSTICE: Come on - say it. "And with all my worldly goods, I thee endow."

JACK: I, Gary, take thee, Amy, to love, honor and cherish.

MARY: Justice, I even had to buy the ring.

JUSTICE: I now pronounce you man and wife.

MARY: Gary. My husband!

JACK: Amy. My bride! Kiss me.

JUSTICE: Uh uh uh uh! It's customary for the Justice of the Peace to get the first kiss.

JACK: Stand aside, Amy, the man wants to kiss me.

JUSTICE: I mean her!!!

JACK: Oh. Come on, Amy. Let's get goin' on our honeymoon.

MARY: Gee, Gary. I'm so glad you're gonna give up your job as marshall and put those awful guns away.

JACK: Yes, Amy. Now we can have a peaceful life.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

DON: Marshall! Marshall!

JACK: Yeah? What's up?

DON: Terrible news! Frank Miller has been released from jail!

JACK: No!

DON: Yeah, and he's arrivin' in town at high noon!

JACK: High Noon?!

MUSIC: SUSPENSEFUL STING ENDING WITH CYMBAL

DON: Yes, high noon, and three of his henchmen are waitin' at the railroad station to meet him.

JACK: Where are my guns? And I better swear in some deputies. I gotta get Frank Miller before he gets me.

MARY: Gary - tell me. What's this all about?

JACK: Amy, five years ago I arrested Frank Miller and sent him to jail. He vowed he'd kill me when he got out. Well, I've gotta get him first.

MARY: But Gary, you may be killed! I don't want to become a widow on our weddin' day. I want to go on a honeymoon!

JACK: Look, Amy. I can't run away. You wouldn't want to be married to a coward, would you?

MARY: I'd do anything to get out of the May Company.

JACK: **(FILTERED)** IT WAS THEN I REALIZED THAT "AMY" SPELLED SIDEWAYS WAS "MAY". BUT I HAD MY DUTY TO PERFORM, EVEN IF IT MEANT LOSING AMY.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD (CONTINUE UNDER DIALOGUE)

JACK: **(FILTERED)** I WENT OUTSIDE AND WALKED THE HOT, DUSTY, DESERTED STREETS - LOOKIN' IN VAIN FOR MEN TO SERVE AS DEPUTIES.

SPORTSMEN QUARTET: (SINGING)

OH, TO BE TORN TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY,
S'POSIN' I LOSE MY FAIR-HAIRED BEAUTY
LOOK AT THAT BIG HAND MOVE ALONG
NEARING HIGH NOON...
HE MADE A VOW WHILE IN STATE PRISON,
VOWED T'WOULD BE MY LIFE OR HIS'N...

JACK: **(FILTERED)** I WENT EVERYWHERE LOOKIN' FOR DEPUTIES. I WENT TO THEIR HOMES AND THE GENERAL STORE. I WENT TO THE TOWN SALOON. IN FACT, WE HAD A SCENE IN THE SALOON, BUT WE CUT IT BECAUSE PHIL HARRIS IS ON ANOTHER NETWORK.

FINALLY I WENT LOOKIN' FOR DESPERATE DENNIS MCNULTY. A MAN WHO HAD BEEN MY ASSISTANT. SUDDENLY I SAW HIM. HE CAME RIDIN' TOWARDS ME.

SFX: HORSE GALLOPING TOWARD US

DENNIS: (Old Coot voice) Whoa! Easy now, easy!

SFX: HORSE STOPS

DENNIS: Easy, Old Paint!

COW (MEL BLANC): Mooooo!!

JACK: **(FILTERED)** I NEVER HAD THE HEART TO TELL HIM. HE RODE THAT COW EVERYWHERE. FACT, HE WAS THE MAN WHO ORIGINATED THE WHITE LINE DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET. HE DISMOUNTED AND SAID:

DENNIS: Hi, Gary! Congratulations! I heered you just got married.

JACK: That's right, I did.

DENNIS: Who'd you marry? The schoolteacher?

JACK: No - why?

DENNIS: They always do in westerns.

JACK: Look, I haven't time to talk about that. I'm in trouble, Frank. (BEAT) I'm in trouble. Frank Miller's comin' back in town to kill me. (BEAT) I need help. (BEAT) Also a rehearsal.

DENNIS: You sure do! You sure came to the right man - I'll help you!

JACK: You will? You mean you're not afraid?

DENNIS: Of course not. When I see Frank Miller, I'll sneak up behind him.

JACK: Uh huh.

DENNIS: Then I'll stick my gun in his back and say, "Feet up!"

JACK: You mean "hands up!"

DENNIS: No, feet up. Pat him on the Po Po!

JACK: What?

DENNIS: Let's hear him laugh! Ha ha! Ha ha!
(He sings and goes off, a crazy loon, riding his cow)
FEET UP, PAT HIM ON THE PO-PO, LET'S HEAR HIM LAUGH!

JACK: **(FILTERED)** AND HE RODE STRAIGHT OFF TO THE LOONY BIN, SINGIN' SOME WEIRD NOVELTY TUNE FROM 1952 THAT WOULD BE UNKNOWN 60 YEARS LATER! ANYWAY, FROM THERE I JUST KEPT WALKIN' ON THROUGH THE TOWN, LOOKIN' FOR HELP.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD (CONTINUE UNDER DIALOGUE)

JACK: **(FILTERED)** THE STREETS WERE DESERTED. IT WAS GETTIN' CLOSE TO HIGH NOON. AND I HAD TO FIND SOMEBODY TO DEPUTIZE. SO I JUST KEPT WALKIN'. WALKIN'. WALKIN'...

JACK: **(FILTERED)** TIME WAS RUNNIN' SHORT, AND STILL I COULD FIND NO ONE TO HELP ME. I WAS A MARKED MAN. NO ONE WOULD EVEN COME NEAR ME. THIS WAS BEFORE THE DAYS OF CHLOROPHYLL. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

IN MY SEARCH FOR HELP, I WANDERED DOWN TO THE MEXICAN QUARTER. I CAME UPON A GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO WERE HAVIN' A FIESTA. NEEDING A DEPUTY BADLY, I APPROACHED ONE OF THE MEN AND SAID:

SFX: FOOTSTEPS OUT

JACK: Pardon me, senor, but do you know who I am?

CY: Si.

JACK: You know there's a man out to kill me?

CY: Si.

JACK: Would you be willing to help me?

CY: Si.

JACK: What's your name?

CY: Cy.

JACK: Cy?

CY: Si.

JACK: Now, you - you, **señorita**. Are you his sister?

SUE: Si.

JACK: Is it all right for your brother to help me?

SUE: Si.

JACK: What's your name?

SUE: Conchita Guadalupe Lolita Hernandez Gonzalez Clarita del Prado Ramona Rosita Ramirez.

JACK: Conchita Guadalupe Lolita Hernandez Gonzalez Clarita del Prado Ramona Rosita Ramirez?

SUE: Si.

JACK: But that name is too long. What can I call you?

SUE: Sue.

JACK: Sue?

CY: Si.

JACK: But I was talking to her. Wasn't I?

SUE: Si.

JACK: What do you do for a living?

SUE: Sew.

JACK: Sew?

SUE AND CY: Si.

JACK: Now, cut that out!

JACK: **(FILTERED)** I APPRECIATED HER OFFER TO HELP. BUT I COULDN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON CONCHITA GUADALUPE LOLITA HERNANDEZ GONZALEZ CLARITA DEL PRADO RAMONA ROSITA RAMIREZ GETTING KILLED.

IT WOULD DRIVE THE TOMBSTONE MAKER NUTS.

NOW I HAD TO MAKE UP MY MIND. I WASN'T GONNA WAIT FOR MILLER TO COME LOOKIN' FOR ME. I DECIDED TO GO DOWN TO THE RAILROAD STATION AND WAIT FOR HIM!

SPORTSMEN QUARTET: (SINGING)
HE MADE A VOW WHILE IN STATE PRISON,
VOWED T'WOULD BE MY LIFE OR HIS'N,
I'M NOT AFRAID OF DEATH, BUT OH...
WHAT WILL I DO IF YOU LEAVE ME?

JACK: **(FILTERED)** I REACHED THE RAILROAD STATION. FRANK MILLER'S TRAIN WAS DUE TO ARRIVE AT HIGH NOON. THERE WAS ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO WAIT. I WENT INSIDE.

SFX: DOOR OPENS.

RAILROAD ANNOUNCER: **(P.A. SYSTEM)**
TRAIN NOW LOADING ON TRACK FIVE FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND
CUC - AMONGA.

JACK: **(FILTERED)** I WAS ALONE IN THE STATION - EXCEPT FOR ONE COWBOY. THINKIN' I COULD MAKE HIM A DEPUTY, I WENT OVER TO TALK TO HIM.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

JACK: What's your name, partner?

BOB: Tex Crosby!

JACK: Tex, eh? Then you were born in Texas.

BOB: Naw, I was born in Louisiana. But ain't nobody gonna call me "Louise".

JACK: That's an old joke!

BOB: Well, it was new in 1875.

JACK: Oh, yes. What are you doin' here, anyway, Tex?

BOB: Well, I'm a-waitin' for Frank Miller to arrive. We're gonna kill the town marshal!

JACK: Oh you are, eh? Well, I'm the town marshal. And I'm a-gonna kill you!

RAILROAD ANNOUNCER: **(P.A. SYSTEM)**

TRAIN NOW LEAVING ON TRACK FIVE FOR ANAHEIM, AZUSA AND CUC –

JACK: (BEAT) I'll give you a fightin' chance. When I count three, draw and shoot!

BOB: Okay!

JACK: One! Two! Three!

SFX: TWO SIMULTANEOUS GUNSHOTS

BOB: (GOT HIM) Ohhhh!!!

SFX: BODY THUD

RAILROAD ANNOUNCER: **(P.A. SYSTEM)** - AMONGA.

JACK: I got you, Tex!

BOB: Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhhhhhhh!

JACK: **(FILTERED)** AS HE LAY THERE, HE REMINDED ME OF HIS BROTHER. HE WAS A GROANER, TOO. NOW I HAD GOTTEN RID OF ONE OF THE KILLERS.

SFX: TRAIN WHISTLE; TRAIN PULLING IN TO STATION

JACK: **(FILTERED)** THE HIGH NOON TRAIN PULLED INTO THE STATION. IT CAME TO A STOP. FRANK MILLER GOT OFF THE VERY LAST CAR, WHERE HE WAS MET BY HIS TWO REMAINING HENCHMEN. THIS WAS MY DATE WITH DESTINY.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS (CONTINUE UNDER)

JACK: **(FILTERED)** THERE FELL A LONELY SILENCE AS I WALKED TOWARD THE THREE MEN WHO WANTED TO KILL ME. ALONE IN THE BLAZING NOONDAY SUN, MY HANDS ON MY GUNS, AS SLOWLY I KEPT A-GOIN' TOWARDS THEM.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS , THEN A STUMBLE AND THUD

JACK: **(FILTERED)** HMMM. MY CLUMSY SOUND MAN GOT UP AND I CONTINUED WALKING.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS (CONTINUE UNDER)

JACK: **(FILTERED)** MY HAND WAS SWEATIN'. MY THROAT WAS DRY. I KNEW THAT WITHIN ONE MINUTE, EITHER THEY OR I WOULD BE DEAD. AS SOON AS I GOT WITHIN PISTOL RANGE, I DREW MY GUN AND FIRED!

SFX: GUNSHOT/BODY THUD; GUNSHOT/BODY THUD; GUNSHOT/BODY THUD

JACK: **(FILTERED)** YUP. I KILLED ALL THREE OF THEM. WITHOUT GIVIN' 'EM A CHANCE TO TALK. THIS WASN'T THE WAY IT WAS DONE IN THE PICTURE. BUT I KNOW HOW TO SAVE MONEY ON ACTORS.

MUSIC: "DO NOT FORSAKE ME" (UNDER DIALOGUE)

JACK: **(FILTERED)** I WAS SAFE NOW. MY ONLY PROBLEM NOW WAS WHETHER TO ASK MY WIFE TO COME BACK TO ME, OR GO LOOKIN' FOR CONCHITA GUADALUPE LOLITA HERNANDEZ GONZALEZ CLARITA DEL PRADO RAMONA ROSITA RAMIREZ. BUT REGARDLESS OF THE MIXUP IN DAYLIGHT SAVIN' TIME, I AND THE WHOLE TOWN KNEW... IT WAS HIGH NOON!

MUSIC:

"DO NOT FORSAKE ME" (UP, BIG FINISH)

MUSIC: "HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD"

JACK: We're a little late, so good night, folks