RALPHIE. Now, don't you folks worry none. We'll make short work o' these here polecats, I reckon. What you figure we're up against here?

ESTHER/HELEN. Well, Ralphie the Kid, we sorta figger it's Black Bart and his desperados. They're packin' plastic water pistols, and big rubber daggers!

RALPHIE. Reckon I better have a look-see.

SCUT. Oh no! It's Ralphie the Kid! With Old Blue! His legendary official Red Ryder Air Rifle. Vamoose, boys! Not even plastic water pistols and big rubber daggers can beat Old Blue! You win this time, Ralphie the Kid! I'm a-headin' for the border! But I'll be back!

RALPHIE. Aye-dee-ose, Bart! But I'm warnin' ya, if ya do come back, ye'll find yerself a-pushin' up daisies on Boot Hill, 'cause these here squatters is under my personal protection!