

The Challenge of the Yukon -created by Geo. W. Trendle

A SLIGHT CASE OF POISON

by Fran Striker.

Number:

770

Date:

4/17 28

Preston and King

Eben <sup>Grawley</sup> ..... Old Timer -runs trading post

<sup>Jake</sup> Garson ..... Sharp, mean - middle aged.

<sup>Scan Martin</sup>  
Breed ..... Half breed.

Pete ..... Middle-aged prospector

Tom <sup>Blake</sup> ..... Young man -small part.

Doctor ..... Straight

PROMO:

Preston;

I was trying to learn who poisoned the food of a prospector named Pete Bloomer. I finally persuaded a half breed to admit that he had been hired for the job by a greedy money lender. I didn't suspect that as he talked, the money lender was standing with a gun pointed at my back! I might have been able to handle him, but when the breed decided to kill me, the situation was critical. I saw the Breed fire point blank - and I was sure my end had come!

Annor;

Be sure to listen - (ETC.)

12/9/54 = Grubstake

The Challenge of the Yukon

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Number: 770

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Date: 4/17/50

(USUAL OPENING)

Annor;

Sergeant Preston and his great dog Yukon King had <sup>visited</sup> ~~not been in~~ the town of Ten Strike for <sup>the first time in</sup> over a year.

~~As they came down from the hills into the valley~~  
~~As they entered the small community in the~~  
~~and saw the community, Sergeant Preston registered~~  
~~Central part of the Yuk Terr., Sergeant Preston~~  
~~surprise. There was a brand new store in Ten Strike.~~  
~~was surprised to see a new store~~  
~~Closer investigation showed that it was owned and~~  
~~and trading post. As he walked toward~~  
~~operated as a trading post by Eben Frawley.~~  
~~the building he noticed the sign that named~~  
~~Eben Frawley as the owner.~~

Preston;

Our old friend, King. I wonder what in the world has happened to make Eben expand his place of business.

(KING BARKS)

A year ago he had a tiny corner in the assay office. Now he has a regular store.

(DOOR OPENS) (STEPS IN AS:)

Eben;

(BACK) Great day, it's Sergeant Preston!

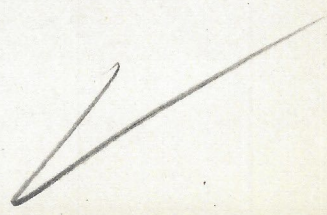
(KING BARKS)

And King!

(DOOR CLOSES)

Preston;

Hello, Eben.



Eben;

Doggone it, Sergeant Preston, you're a sight for sore eyes. ~~You too, King. You're gettin' better lookin' everyday.~~ *and King are*

(KING WHIMPERING)

*Eben* There, there now. (LAUGHS) Down, King. Looks like you're as glad to see me as I am to see you. How <sup>we</sup> things been, Sergeant Preston?

Preston;

Very good, Eben. I needn't ask how they've been with you. *you've certainly expanded your* You have quite a place of business here. *business since the last time I saw you.*

Eben;

(CHUCKLING) Yes siree, ~~first things you know I'll be runnin' competition to the Hudson's Bay outfit.~~ *company*

Preston;

*How did you do it?*  
What about the big expansion?

Eben;

*Oh,* I grubstaked a couple of ~~old timers~~ *prospectors* and one of them struck paydirt. I took my share to open up this store.

Preston;

Maybe you can outfit me with ~~shirts~~ *mukluks.* I need some new ones.

Eben;

If I can't find a pair to fit you, then they just don't come that size. ~~That's all there is to that.~~

(CHUCKLING)

Preston;

Did you say you had grubstaked a couple of men?

Eben;

That's right.

Preston;

How did Garson like that?

Eben;

Well, to tell the truth he didn't like it. *Gate* ~~Old~~ Garson *used to think he had* figures he has a sort of exclusive rights in the money lendin' and grubstakin' business, but I've been changin' his ideas since a year ago. ✓

Preston; You have?

Eben; Yes siree. When I saw how it <sup>paid</sup> ~~could pay~~ off when someone struck it rich, ~~I~~ I grubstaked ~~some~~ other men. I'm grubstakin' 'em all the time - (CHUCKLING) ~~Garson don't like it a bit.~~ ~~and steppin' on old Garson's toes.~~ *don't like it*

Preston; What about those mukluks, Eben?

Eben; I got a brand new shipment in the back room. Tom <sup>a young</sup> ~~Evans~~ <sup>Blake</sup> is back there now pickin' <sup>feller I'm grubstakin</sup> (some) out for himself.

~~Preston; Do I know Tom Evans?~~

Eben; ~~Can't say you do.~~ <sup>now.</sup> ( ) Here he comes ~~from the rear.~~  
(CALLS) Well Tom, did you find what you wanted?

Tom; <sup>yes Mr. Fawcett. Now I have</sup> (COMING IN) Guess I've got <sup>I need,</sup> ~~everything, Eben.~~

Eben; Shake hands with Sergeant Preston; Sergeant - this is Tom ~~Evans~~ <sup>Blake</sup>,

AD LIB: (ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS)

(BARKS)

Eben; ~~Oh yes.~~ And this here is Yukon King.

Tom; Howdy, King.

Eben; (CHUCKLING) Look at him stickin' his paw out. Shake hands with him, Tom.

Tom; (LAUGHING) I've heard about you - and you, too, Sergeant Preston.

Preston; You have?

Eben; You <sup>sure you</sup> got everything you need, Tom? ~~You sure about that?~~ ~~Now don't you travel too light.~~

Tom; I have everything, <sup>Mr. Hawley</sup> Eben. It's all stowed on ~~the~~ sled <sup>behind</sup> ~~in back~~ of the store.

Eben; Well, good luck to you.

Tom; Our agreement still stands, doesn't it?

Eben; If it's all right with you, Tom.

Tom; It sure is. You get half of everything that comes out of the claim, and if anything happens to me, you get it all. That's the way we signed the agreement.

Eben; Suits me, Tom, as long as you're satisfied.

Tom; (LAUGHS) It's sure a <sup>fine</sup> relief to do business with you, <sup>Mr. Hawley,</sup> Eben, after Garson's way of doing things.

Eben; That ~~old~~ skinflint. () You know the kind of deals he made, don't you, Sergeant Preston?

Preston; ~~What was it?~~ <sup>No, but I've heard that he drives hard bargains.</sup>

Eben; <sup>He sure does,</sup> When he grubstaked <sup>S</sup> a man he wanted <sup>S</sup> seventy-five percent of all that man discovered. What's more, he wanted <sup>S</sup> all sorts of agreements in writin' with witnesses and all that tommyrot!

Preston; <sup>Well - that's his way of doing business, that</sup> Money is very important to Garson.

Tom; I'd better be getting along, <sup>Mr. Hawley,</sup> glad to have met you, Sergeant

Eben; ~~I don't know why it should be. He's got more'n he'll ever spend.~~

Prest. Glad to have met you, Blake good luck to you.

Tom; shawkes, Well I'll be getting along, Eben - glad to have met

Eben; Good luck to you, Tom. Good luck to you. ~~Go on up~~ <sup>When you reach the hills -</sup> into them hills and strike it rich for both of us.

Tom; Shawkes Glad to have met



*I'd try!* 5.

Tom; ~~Thanks~~ again. (FADING) I'll go out the back way.

(STEPS GOING BACK)

Preston; I'll go into the back room, Eben, and see <sup>if</sup> ~~what~~ I can find <sup>a pair</sup> ~~in the way~~ of mukluks.

Eben; Look 'em over, Sergeant Preston. <sup>you're sure to</sup> ~~you'll~~ find some that'll do first rate.

Preston; (FADING BACK) Come on, King.

Eben; (CALLS) Close that door, will you, Sergeant Preston? I got trouble enough keepin' the front part of the store warm without havin' cold come in from the rear.

Preston; (BACK) Very well.

(DOOR CLOSES BACK)

Eben; (TO HIMSELF) Now I'll get to sweepin' up the floor and - - -

(DOOR OPENS FAST)

~~Well - -~~

Garson; (BACK) Frawley, I ~~want to talk to you!~~

(DOOR SLAMS BACK)

Eben; *Hells, Garson, what d'you and Scar Fenton want?*  
(STEPS COMING IN AS:)

~~Eben; What do you want to talk about, Garson?~~

Garson; *I told you to stop interfering with my business! I've warned you repeatedly!*  
~~You've been grubstaking men.~~

Eben; *what about it?*  
~~Did you have to bring the half breed to talk about that?~~

Garson; *You've paid no attention to my warnings.*  
~~I brought the half breed because he might come in handy in case I have difficulty making you see my side of the argument.~~  
*show you that I'm not fooling!*

Eben; ~~There's no argument, Garson.~~ If I want to grubstake a man, I <sup>will</sup> can do it. There's no law sayin I can't!

Garson; You're cutting into my business!

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Eben;

Eben; Garson, if I want to grubstake a man, I'll do it!

Garson;

And you nor anyone else c'n stop me.

Garson; You're cutting into my business.

Eben; That's your worry. You're a skūnflint and everyone knows it. It's not my fault if men don't want to deal with you!

Garson;

Garson; They had to deal with me before you began to interfere-

Eben; Yep. I know they did!

Garson; I was in the money lendin' business for five years before you came here, and I intend to stay in business! I've given you fair warning, Frawley - and now, this is your last chance to promise to stop takin' ~~cuttin'~~ clients away from me.

Eben; What if I don't make such a promise?

Garson; You'll regret it, Frawley. Scar Fenton is handy with a knife-

Garson;

Eben; So that's why you brought him with you!

Garson; He might cut you up a bit -

Eben; Get out of here, you ornery pole-cat. Get out an' take ~~that/ugly/crook/~~ Scar Fenton with yuh!

Eben;

Garson; Go ahead, Scar. Take over.

Scar; (EFFORT) Yeah -

Eben;

Eben; Put down that knife, yuh ugly lookin'

Scar; I'll ~~fix/yu/~~ Ugly lookin', eh? Well wait'll yuh see yourself after I -

Eben;

Preston; (BACK) Take him, King!

Eben;

Eben; (EFFORT) There.

Garson; That was a mistake, Eben. You shouldn't have hit the Breed. He don't like it.

Breed; (SNARLING) I fix you for that!

Preston; (BACK) Go on, King!

ADLIB (STIR AS)  
(DOG COMES IN FAST SNARLING & BARKING)

Breed; *Sean* (CRY OUT IN FEAR)

Garson; (YELL) Lookout for that dog!

Preston; (COMING IN) Disarm him!

Breed; *Sean* (AD LIB) Let go! Let go! Let go of me! (*Sustain Adlib*)

(SCUFFLING)

Eben; ~~Don't do it, King!~~ Take the <sup>apart</sup> ~~breed~~ apart! *King!*

Preston; (COMING IN) Drop that knife and he'll release your arm!

*Sean* *I've chopped it!*

Garson; ~~It's~~ a Mountie!

Preston; All right, King. Down, boy. Let him go. That does it.

(KING SUBSIDES)

~~Part~~ On your feet, you!

Breed; *Sean* (WHINING) He - he - that dog -- he - he grabbed my arm!

Preston; You went for <sup>Frankie</sup> Eben with a knife. Now get out of here or I'll jail you for assault with a deadly weapon. *TO 7A*

Breed; *Sean* My knife --



Preston; ~~I'm keeping that. Garson - you too, clear out!~~

Garson; (FADING) Come on, ~~Breed~~. *Sean*

(STEPS GOING BACK AS:)

Eben; (CHUCKLING) ~~Dad-rat~~ it, Sergeant Preston, you and King sure surprised those critters.

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE BACK)

Preston; I heard what Garson said, Eben. *He may try something else.* You'd better watch yourself.

Eben; Don't you worry about me.

Preston; You must have cut <sup>deeply</sup> into Garson's money lending business ~~very substantially~~. *heavily*

Eben; (CHUCKLING) Serves the ~~old~~ crook right.

Preston; He came here with that ~~half breed~~ prepared to make trouble for you. He'll try again. You --(BREAK OFF AS:)

(STIRRA IN STREET OUTSIDE)

Ad lib; (OUTSIDE, EXCITEMENT)

Eben; Great day! What's going on outside!

Preston; There seems to be a crowd coming this way.

Eben; Yeah. ( ) Hey that's Pete Bloomer.

Preston; Whom?

Eben; Pete Bloomer. I grubstaked him a couple of months ago.

Preston; ~~I see~~ *Oh,*

Eben; He's the old timer in the middle of the crowd --  
the one with the dog sled.

Preston; He's coming here.

(DOOR OPENS FAST) (CROWD B.G.)

Pete; (BACK, SHOUTING) Eben! Eben! We got it! I've  
struck it rich! I've found paydirt!

Eben; Pete, you sure of that?

Pete; Dead sure! I know it! I struck it rich! We're  
both going to be rich -- you and me!

Preston; Congratulations, Bloomer.

Pete; Thanks, Sergeant.

(COUPLE OF STEPS AS:)

Eben; (FADING BACK) I better close this door. (CALLS)  
I'm closing the trading post for a <sup>little while</sup> ~~time~~. You fellows  
all keep out. We got business to talk over in here.

(DOOR CLOSES) (CUT CROWD)

*Eben*  
(COMING IN) Now then, Pete. Where did you find  
the gold?

Pete; Just beyond Big Bear Creek.

Eben; Did you bring in some samples?

Pete; I got 'em right here.

(ROCKS TO TABLE)

Pete; (CUE) I stopped at Rock City and had an assay made.  
*Here's the report. Gts rich ore!*  
 (LAUGHING) Doggone, Eben, I'm sure glad it was  
 you who grubstaked me and not ~~old~~ Garson.

Eben; So'm I.

Preston; Did you stake a claim?

Pete; Sure thing. Staked it and filed it. Don't catch  
 me nappin' -- no siree. *I'm goin' right back*  
*to start workin' the claim as soon as I get*  
*some grub and supplies.*  
 Eben; ~~Pete, you better get right back to that claim.~~

Pete; Huh --? Get back? For what?

Eben; So we don't lose control of it. *the property to claim jumpers!*  
~~staking it is one~~  
~~thing. Holding it is something different.~~ You get  
~~back there and stay on the premises~~ *land* with a rifle  
 loaded and ready. I'll send some men to join you  
 just as soon as possible.

Pete; I'll need some grub and supplies.

Eben; *I'll provide everything you need, I( ) Sergeant Preston, - What's*  
~~I'll fix you up - ( ) What're you looking at Sergeant~~  
~~Preston? *fain, on outside? Why're you lookin*~~  
~~thru the window? What d'ya see?~~

Preston; *Scar*  
 Garson and the half breed have their heads together.

Eben; Yeah?

Preston; They're down the street apart from everyone else.  
 I'd like to know what those two are talking about.

(CROWD NOISES UP AND UNDER, FADE BACK AS:)

Annrc; *Jake* *Scar* *was*  
 Both Garson and the half breed were more bitter than  
 ever when ~~they~~ *he* learned that one of the men whom Eben  
 had grubstaked had struck it rich. *He was*

*saying to Scarfentor*

Garson; If it hadn't been for ~~Eben~~ <sup>Frawley</sup> cutting in on my business, I'd be holding seventy-five percent of Bloomer's claim. I've got an account to square with Eben.

<sup>Sean</sup> Breed; Yeah, an' because of him, I lost my knife ~~--- an' my~~ <sup>g'd like</sup> ~~wrist is lame where that dog held me.~~ <sup>to get square with him</sup>

Garson; Maybe we can both get square.

<sup>Sean</sup> Breed; You got an idea?

Garson; ~~Yeah~~ <sup>Yes</sup> (SLOWLY) I think I have. Do you ~~way~~ know what sort of an agreement Eben made with Pete?

<sup>Sean</sup> Breed; ~~Me? How me know?~~ <sup>No. I don't know</sup>

Garson; Well I'll tell you. If it's <sup>the same as</sup> ~~like~~ the other agreements he's made, it's like this. The two of them share fifty-fifty in whatever a man discovers, and if one dies, the survivor gets the whole ~~business~~ <sup>claim</sup>.

~~Breed;~~ (GRUNTS)

Garson; My idea is taking shape. Maybe people say I drive a hard bargain, but they can't say I'd try to murder a man.

~~Breed;~~ What do you mean?

Garson; That's what they're going to say about Eben. <sup>Frawley</sup>

~~Breed;~~ Eh?

Garson; The more I think about the idea, the better I like it. When I get through Eben Frawley will be out of business and he'll be lucky if he isn't lynched!

~~Breed;~~ <sup>re</sup> What you do? <sup>join</sup> to do?

Bloomer

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Scan

Garson;

First of all, ~~Breed~~, I've got to know what Pete is going to do. He may stay in town for a while and celebrate, or he may ~~go back~~ <sup>return at once</sup> to his claim. I've got to know which it's going to be. You find that out, then I'll know how to plan.

(CROWD NOISES, UP & UNDER:)

Bloomer

Annor;

A moment later Pete came out of the trading post and guided his sled and dogs around the building to the rear door. ~~The half breed~~ <sup>Scan Fenton</sup> mingling with the admiring crowd found it easy to learn Pete's plans. He reported these to Garson.

Scan  
Breed;

~~He loaded his sled with food and supplies. He's~~  
~~He got food and supplies. He go back to claim.~~  
~~planning to leave town in a little while to go back to~~ <sup>the claim</sup>

Garson;

~~(SHUCKLES) That's just right. It fits in perfectly~~  
~~with what I had in mind. It's going to be easier than~~  
~~way out of town. I'll be in front of the cafe. I'll~~  
~~I expected. Now listen, Breed, before Pete leaves town~~  
~~stop him - congratulate him - and insist that he~~  
~~I'm going to invite him into the cafe. I'll offer to~~  
~~be my guest in the cafe - just to show there are~~  
~~no hard feelings. He'll~~  
~~leave his loaded sled outside.~~

Scan  
Breed;

What of it?

Garson;

You watch your chance. ~~You go to the sled and fix up~~  
~~food supplies on Pete's sled.~~ <sup>When to tamper with the</sup>  
~~Pete's grub.~~

Scan  
Breed;

What if I am seen?

Garson;

~~You won't~~ <sup>if not</sup> be seen if you're careful. It'll be dark in another half hour. <sup>Now listen carefully.</sup>

Breed;

~~What will I do with Pete's grub?~~

Garson;

~~Here's my idea. I'll tell it to you so you'll know~~  
~~just what you're to do!~~

~~I have in mind -~~

(CROWD NOISES UP AND TRAIL OFF:)

Annrcr; Sergeant Preston remained alert after Pete Bloomer left the trading post with his freshly loaded sled. The Mountie saw Garson stop Pete, and saw the two men enter the cafe. He followed.

(CAFE ROOM NOISES)

From a corner table he watched unobtrusively until Pete shook hands with Garson and said good-bye.

Pete; - - - and thanks for the treat, Mr. Garson.

Garson; That's all right, Pete. I just wanted to show you I didn't hold any grudge because you let old Eben grubstake you. I don't like to have hard feelings.

Pete; I'm sure glad to hear that.

Garson; Look me up when you come back to town.

Pete; Sure will.

Garson; Good luck to you.

Pete; Thanks. (CALLS) Good-bye, boys.

Ad lib; (GOOD BYE'S)

(COUPLE OF STEPS, DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

Pete; (CUE) (SHOUT) Line up!

(DOGS WHINING)

Annrcr; Before Pete had his dogs in line, Sergeant Preston came from the cafe.

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

Preston; On your way, eh, Pete?

Pete; Yep.

Preston; You don't mind starting out in the darkness?

Pete; 'Course not. I'm used to travelin' at night in this part of the world.

Preston; You have good weather.

Pete; And I'm going to make the most of it. So long, Sergeant.

Preston; Good-bye.

Pete; (SHOUTS) Git up there! Mush! (AD LIBBING)

(DOG TEAM STARTS AND FADES AS:)

MUSIC:

Anncr; We'll continue our adventure in just a moment.

(C O M M E R C I A L)

Anncr; ~~And now to continue our adventure.~~ Sergeant Preston <sup>from in front of</sup> watched ~~outside~~ the cafe until Pete and his dog sled disappeared in the darkness of late afternoon. ~~The~~ <sup>He</sup> Mountie remained nearby <sup>long enough to make</sup> ~~for some time longer~~ until he <sup>followed</sup> ~~was~~ sure no one was following ~~Pete Bloomer~~, the prospector who had struck it rich. The next morning, Sergeant Preston and Yukon King were on their way to the trading post when suddenly the door flew open and Eben <sup>Grawley</sup> shouted excitedly.

Eben; (SHOUTING) Sergeant! Sergeant Preston!

Preston; (APPROACHING, SHOUTS) What's the matter, Eben?

Eben; Come here quick! I got some news for you!

(KING BARKS)

Preston; (COMING IN) Quiet, King. () Is something wrong, Eben?

Eben; Looks that way. Come in here a minute.

(STEPS IN)

(KING BARKS EXCITEDLY)

*Eben* I'll close the door.

(CLOSE DOOR, CUT WIND)

Preston; King - quiet, boy. What's the matter with you?

(MUFFLED BARKING)

Eben; It's the other dog. Come in here a minute.

Preston; Quiet, King. (STEPS IN)

(KING SUBSIDES)

(OTHER DOG BARKING, MUFFLED)

*Prest* What other dog? (CLOSE DOOR, CUT WIND)

Eben; In the back room. Come on with me. What's wrong with you?

Preston; King, you stay here. Down. Down, boy.

(KING WHIMPERS)

(STEPS SUSTAINING)

Eben; It's Pete Bloomer's dog. He was at the back door when I opened for business this morning.

(DOOR OPENS, DOG BARKS, SUSTAIN AD LIB)

What other dog?  
(CUE) I tied him back here 'til I could find you.

*Eben*  
Preston; King, you stay here. Down. Down, boy.



Preston; Didn't he leave yesterday evening with Bloomer?

Eben; Yes, but he came back -dragging this hunk of busted line.

Preston; Something may have happened to Bloomer.

Eben; That's what I figured.

Preston; I'll take his dog and follow along the trail. (FADING)  
Quiet down now, boy. Quiet. We're going to see what happened to your partner.

(DOG WHIMPERING, FADES OUT)

Anncr; Sergeant Preston and Yukon King took Pete Bloomer's dog along the trail from Ten Strike toward the gold hills. They made good time on the hard-packed path and it was shortly after noon when they came to a halt at a trail shack.

(DOG ACTING UP, BACKING & WHINING)

Pete Bloomer's dog ran ahead and leaped at the door while he barked and whined. Then Sergeant Preston saw ~~that~~ *the* other dogs ~~were~~ *were* staked ~~out~~ near the shack and a sled ~~was~~ close by.

Preston; King, it looks like Pete Bloomer's inside that shack. We'll investigate. ( ) Move over, fellow, I'll open the door.

(WHINES)

(DOOR OPENS)

Preston

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has pistol

Annor;

The Mountie pushed the door open while he held one hand ~~on the butt of his pistol~~ <sup>readily</sup> in case of a surprise attack. Then he saw Pete Bloomer. The prospector lay on a bunk and moaned - -

Pete;

(BACK, MOANS)

(DOOR CLOSSES) (STEPS CROSS ROOM)

Preston;

Pete, what's the matter?

Pete;

Oh-h-h, I - I been poisoned! I -I'm awful sick. I -- I stopped here last night - tossed some frozen fish to the dogs - then -then fixed my own grub. Before I finished eatin' I felt as if my stomach was tied in knots.

Preston;

Do you think it was the food?

Pete;

What else could it be? I - I feel lots better now. I - reckon the poison is wearin' off. <sup>How - how's it</sup> Did - my - my dog - - ~~happen you're here, Sergeant?~~

Preston;

~~Your dog went to the trading post. That's why Eben~~ <sup>Frankley</sup> ~~suspected something had happened to you.~~ <sup>your lead dog broke loose and returned to town.</sup> ~~When Eben Frankley and I saw the dog we suspected you~~ <sup>were in</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>trouble</sup>

Pete;

Eben -humph. (BITTER LAUGH) I -I reckon I ~~can~~ see <sup>trouble</sup> thru his plan ~~now~~. He can well afford to grubstake me for half interest instead of what Garson charges. He knows he'll get the whole thing if I die. That's why he gave me poisoned food.

Preston;

~~Do you think he intended to kill you?~~ <sup>2 Surely you don't mean that!</sup>

Pete;

~~Well, I --~~ I sure do mean it! And if I live, I'll <sup>make Eben Frankley pay.</sup> <sup>hitch up your team and take you to</sup>

Preston;

~~I'm going to pack the food you have left and take it to the Doctor in Ten Strike. I'll pack you on your sled and take you along. We can be there by early evening.~~ <sup>And I'll also take along the food you have left.</sup>

Prest.

Take it easy, Pete. I'll hitch up your team and take you to the <sup>(BREAK)</sup> doctor in Ten Strike. I'll also take the food you have left. We'll find out if it is poisoned.

Anncr; At nine o'clock that night Doctor Brady was alone in his cabin at the edge of town when Sergeant Preston rapped on the door.

(RAP ON DOOR) (DOOR OPENS)

Doc; Why Sergeant Preston!

Preston; Good evening, Doctor Brady. *This is Pete Bloomer -* ~~Pete Bloomer is on my sled.~~

Doc; *Pete! Are you ill?*  
~~Is he ill - or -~~

*Pete*  
Preston; *Doc, I -*  
He's better now, but he was ill, *and it may have* Here, take this package. *been caused by the food in this package.*  
*(cut in)* ~~It contains food. Find out if there is anything in it~~  
~~Can you find out if this food has been poisoned?~~  
~~that would poison a man. () I'll take your arm, Pete.~~

*Doc: I'll try to. Come in.*  
*Prest: I'll help you, Pete.*

Pete; I -- I can make it all right. I -- I'm feelin' better all the time -- still a little weak --

(STEPS IN, DOOR CLOSSES)

*Please sit down.*  
Doc; ~~Come into my office.~~ I'll have a look at you, Pete. Then we'll see about the food.

Pete; (FADING) If anyone tried to poison me, by thunder I'll square things if it's the last thing I do.

Anncr; It was <sup>nearly</sup> one hour later when Doctor Brady came from a small ~~room~~ *laboratory* where he compounded his medicines, ~~with a report on~~ ~~the food.~~ Pete was sleeping on a couch.

Doc; Let him sleep. Do him good.

Preston; What about the food?

Doc; It wasn't exactly poisoned - - -

Preston; No?

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Doc; It had been sprinkled with a powder generally used on dogs to get rid of parasites. Taken internally, it would make a man very ill, but it would be most unlikely to cause death.

Preston; Bloomer <sup>thinks</sup> ~~thought~~ <sup>Frawley</sup> Eben tried to poison him.

Doc; Eben? (SLIGHT LAUGH) Preposterous! If Eben wanted to poison a man he'd use something more deadly. He has an ample supply of poison for wolves in his trading post. He could have used that or - - -

Preston; Doctor, do you know of anyone who'd benefit by making Bloomer ill?

Doc; No I don't. <sup>I know that Eben would inherit Pete's</sup> ~~Knowing the terms of Eben's agreement with share of the gold claim if Pete were to die - Pete, I can see where Eben might benefit if Pete died,~~ but Eben couldn't possibly benefit if Pete were simply made ill.

Preston; <sup>Doc: I don't see how that could happen. I'm sure it was done on purpose.</sup> Could the food have been contaminated by accident?  
 Preston; Let's look at it another way. Who could benefit if Pete thought Eben tried to murder him with poison?

Doc; Well -off hand I can't think of anyone who - - -

Preston; Pete spent some time in the cafe with Garson before he left town. While his loaded sled was outside someone could have sprinkled his food with powder.

Doc; Garson!

Preston; What about him?

Doc; Well Garson would like to ruin Eben Frawley. If Pete came back and killed Frawley, or made charges that would cause you to arrest Frawley - - -

Preston; I hoped you'd reach the same conclusion I did.

Doc; Then you think Garson - - -

Preston; It will be hard to prove, Doctor, but perhaps with your help we can do it.

Doc; How can I help?

Preston; You're the coroner as well as the doctor. I want you to keep Pete Bloomer here tomorrow and issue a statement to the effect that he is fighting for his life with very little chance of winning.

Doc; What are you going to do?

Preston; Put Eben Frawley in jail!

(BREAK)

Anncr; There was a great stir in town the following morning when word spread that Pete Bloomer was fighting for his life in Doctor Brady's office. There was more excitement with the announcement that Eben Frawley was in jail, and that he had been placed there by Sergeant Preston on charges made by Bloomer. That night, after dark, Sergeant Preston unlocked the door of the jail. No one saw the trader leave town with Sergeant Preston and the great dog Yukon King and move across the snow toward a small shack where ~~Garson's half breed friend~~ <sup>Gear Fenton</sup> lived.

Preston; Do you understand what you're to do, Eben?

Eben; You're doggoned right I do. <sup>but I don't like</sup> Only thing is, I don't like the part of your plan where King takes after me.

Preston; King won't hurt you, Eben. He's a friend.

haven't King chase

Eben; Yeah, but after I shoot thru the Breed's window and you tell King to chase me - -

Preston; ~~(SLIGHT LAUGH)~~ Take my word for it, he'll not hurt you.  
*He knows you're a friend.*

Eben; I sure hope your plan works out.

Preston; If I can convince <sup>Stall</sup> ~~the Breed~~ <sup>Scar</sup> that Garson made an attempt to kill him, he may start talking. () There's ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~Breed's~~ cabin just ahead. <sup>We'll separate here. You go</sup> You ~~go~~ <sup>go</sup> to the right and ~~come around~~ to the side window. I'll signal when you're to shoot and start running.

Eben; Right.

(WIND UP & UNDER:) (RAP ON DOOR)

Annrc; A moment later Sergeant Preston rapped on the door  
*Scar Anderson's*  
of ~~the half breed's~~ cabin.

(DOOR OPENS)

Breed; You!

Preston; I'll step in if you don't mind. Come on, King.

(STEPS IN)

Breed; What you want? *are here* Why ~~you come to my house?~~

(DOOR CLOSES)

~~I do nothing wrong. I make no crime.~~

Preston; I want to talk to you, Breed.

Breed; *It's about drawin a*  
~~If you still sore about the way I draw knife in~~  
trading post - -

*Fenton's part of*

Preston; Forget that, and listen to me, ~~Breed~~. It's my job to prevent crime, ~~just as it's my job to see that a man pays for a crime he commits.~~

Breed; Well-?

Preston; Can you think of any reason why Garson would want to kill you?

Breed; (STARTLED) What? - - you say Garson -

Preston; I asked if you could think of a reason why he'd try to kill you.

Breed; No no! - <sup>were</sup> ~~we~~ good friends!

Preston; I know you have been friends, and I know you did a lot of work for Garson. Have you told anyone about some of the things you did for him?

Breed; I don't know what you mean.

Preston; Is he afraid you'd sell him out? Has he any reason to suppose you'd go to someone like -well, like Eben Frawley and offer to tell him things about Garson if he'd pay you enough?

Breed; No no! <sup>d'</sup> ~~I~~ - why you ask these things?

Anncr; Sergeant Preston saw a look of fear in Breed's eyes and King, <sup>who</sup> caught the hated scent of fear ~~and~~ growled softly.

(LOW GROWL)

Breed; I don't know why you're asking these things -  
Garson - ~~good friend~~ -

Annex; The Sergeant looked at the window behind <sup>Fenton</sup>Breed's back and moved his hand to signal Eben Frawley who was watching from outside. Then the Mountie moved like lightning! He shoved Breed to one side and drew his gun--

Preston; (EFFORT) Look out!

Breed; (CRY OUT)

(SCUFFLING FEET, TWO FAST SHOTS, GLASS SMASHES)

(KING BARKS)

Breed;

*Hey that shot*  
~~What is this?~~

Preston;

The window!

(TWO FAST STEPS)

(CUE) There he goes, running across the snow! ~~I'll~~  
~~try to get him!~~ *fire* ~~He'll~~

(TWO SHOTS)

Breed; You get him?

Preston; No!

Breed; Who is it? Who is it? Who shoot ~~thru~~ the window?

Preston; Who do you suppose!

(FAST STEPS)

*Pr.* Come on, King!

(JERK DOOR OPEN)

*Pr.* After him! Go on, King! Get him!

(KING SNARLS, FADES FAST)



24 *Gentle, Don't*

Preston; Stay right here, Breed, ~~and don't~~ let anyone in until I get back! ~~and stay away from the window.~~

(DOOR SLAMS)

*Scarf.*

Annex; Breed watched thru the window until Sergeant Preston following the great dog King, disappeared in the darkness. Then he waited, cowering in a corner of his house, for fifteen minutes until the Mountie returned.

(RAP ON DOOR)

*Flut.*

Preston; Open ~~it~~ up, Breed! It's Preston.

(DOOR OPENS)

Breed; *Did* You get him? *Did* You find him?

Preston; The man who fired that shot? Yes of course I got him. I left King with him. Now *Scarf* Breed, you'd better talk, and talk fast!

Breed; *Well* Me, I got nothing to say.

Preston; *Sister to me, Fuster* Get this straight, Breed. *Garson would get a very* ~~Garson would get a very~~ *might* ~~Garson can afford a good lawyer. He might get~~ *only a* ~~short stretch in jail for shooting thru your window.~~ *short* ~~only a short term in jail for shooting thru your window.~~ *term* ~~when he got out, he'd come for you again. He doesn't~~ *trust you.* ~~He might not~~ *trust you.*

Breed; But - -

Preston; If Pete Bloomer dies, the one who poisoned him will hang for murder. Eben Frawley would give anything for evidence to save his own neck and convict Garson. You could give that evidence to Eben - or you could blackmail Garson. Garson knows that. He'll do his best to shut you up.

(Pawicky) 25

Breed;

(WHIMPERING) no no - I - uh - I -

Preston;

Didn't he hire you to poison Bloomer's food?

Breed;

He lie to me! He <sup>told</sup> tell me <sup>the</sup> white powder <sup>wasn't</sup> ~~not~~ kill Bloomer. <sup>poisonous</sup> He said it would just make Bloomer sick. I didn't know it was poison! He say make um sick; not kill. Me not know it poison!

Preston;

What did he tell you it was?

Why did he want Bloomer to be sick?

Breed;

Him say make Pete sick - Pete come back - blame Eben. He figured Pete would blame Frawley - Make plenty trouble for trader - - - maybe shoot Frawley -

Garson;

(BACK) You squealing rat!

Breed;

(CRY OUT)

Garson;

(BACK) Don't go for that gun, Preston! You're covered!

Preston;

Came in the back way, eh Garson?

Garson;

Yeah. Thru the woodshed, and I heard plenty.

Breed;

How'd you get here, Garson? ~~How you get here? What're you doing here?~~

Garson;

I had a hunch you'd squeal, Breed. I figured Preston would try to make you talk, but I thought it would be after Pete Bloomer died.

Breed;

~~How'd~~ Preston - I thought you'd capt. How him get away? You say you catch - you leave dog on guard. <sup>Scar</sup> I left yr dog to guard um!

Preston;

I tricked you, <sup>Fardon</sup> Breed to make you talk. It wasn't Garson who fired thru the window and it wasn't Garson I chased. It was Eben Frawley. You see he's helping me on this case.

Garson;

<sup>Scar</sup> You thick-headed fool, <sup>I.P.</sup> Breed! Didn't you realize that you're as much to blame for what happens to Bloomer as I am?

*said He wouldn't*  
*kill Bloomer*

Breed; No no! You lie to me! You ~~say~~ powder ~~not~~ kill Bloomer.

Garson; I didn't think it would!

Preston; Let me tell you something, Garson. Pete Bloomer's not going to die. You and Breed will go to jail, but you won't hang for murder unless you use that gun on me.

Garson; I'm not going to jail at all, Preston.

Preston; No?

Garson; It's the end of your trail. Too bad, but that's how it's got to be. You shouldn't have come and ~~trick~~ *trick* tried to trick the simple breed.

Preston; You won't get away with murder.

Garson; Murder? (CHUCKLES) It's the ~~Breed~~ *Gay* who'll get blamed for shooting you, Preston. I'll be a hero for shooting the breed. *Jim*

Annrc; Sergeant Preston remained perfectly composed. He looked over Garson's shoulder toward the door to the woodshed and spoke in a matter-of-fact voice --

Preston; I told you, Garson that Eben Frawley was working with me. () Come in, Eben. Take his gun.

Garson; (SHARPLY) (CRY OUT) Why you --!

Annrc; The Sergeant's speech was so natural and so unassuming that Garson was taken completely off guard. He turned his head for a split second and in that instant Preston charged!

Preston; (SUDDEN EFFORT) That does it!

(CRASH OF BODIES)

Garson; (YELL) You tricked me! (EFFORT) But I'll get you -

(SCUFFLING FEET)

Annex; *while Scar & Garson stood motionless - not knowing who's side to take*  
 1 Preston was locked with Garson. One hand gripped Garson's wrist and twisted - -

Preston; Drop that gun! Drop it, Garson!

(SHOT)

Garson; (STRAINING) Not a chance!

Annex; Garson squeezed the trigger! The shot went into the ceiling. Preston tightened his grip.

Garson; Come on, ~~Breed~~ *Scar*! Help me! He tricked you!

Annex; For a moment Breed stood undecided - - -

Garson; *al* We got to get him or he'll hang us both! Grab him from behind! Pull him off so I can use this gun!

Preston; (EFFORT) Keep out of it, *Scar* Breed! He was going to kill you!

(SCUFFLING CONTINUES AS:)

Annex; - - - the slow thinking *crook* half breed realized that his position was bad at best. The Mountie would jail him and Garson would kill him. Then the gun fell from Garson's hand.

(GUN FALLS)

Preston; (EFFORT) Now I can deal with you!

Annrcr; Preston didn't see the Breed pick up the fallen gun. He released his grip on Garson's wrist and shot a hard left to the stomach.

Garson; (GRUNT)

Annrcr; Garson doubled over. As his chin came down, the Mountie's right fist met it with an uppercut.

Preston; There!

(BLOW) (STAGGERING STEPS)

Annrcr; It was a knock-out punch, and Garson fell.

(FALLING BODY)

Breed; Now I get you!

Preston; Drop that gun, you ---

Breed; (CUT IN) I do what Garson plan. I shoot you! I blame him!

(TWO FAST SHOTS)

(KING COMES IN SNARLING)

Breed; (CRY OUT IN FEAR\*)

Eben; (BACK) I'm comin', Sergeant!

Annrcr; Eben's bullet, fired from the woodshed, struck Breed's arm just soon enough to make Breed's shot go wild. Then King closed in ~~with~~ with two great leaps!

Breed; Take him away! Take him away! Get this dog! Help me! Help me!

Preston; That'll do, King. Down, King. Down.

(KING SUBSIDES)

Breed; (WHINING) My arm - my arm is hurt.

Preston; Glad you got here, Eben.

Eben; You told me to stay in the woods with King, but we heard a shot here and King wasn't to be held. He took off fast with me on the end of the chain. If I hadn't run, he'd have dragged me.

Preston; Get up, Breed. I'll bind your arm before I take you to jail.

Garson; (GROANS)

Eben; Garson's getting conscious.

Preston; I have some handcuffs for him.

(HANDCUFFS)

Garson; Wha --what --

Preston; It's all over, Garson.

Garson; Handcuffs!

Preston; Made to order for men like you. You and Breed are under arrest for poisoning Pete Bloomer's food and the attempted murder of a policeman.

(KING BARKS)

Preston; It's all right now, King.

(KING WHIMPERS)

Eben;           (CHUCKLES) King knows you told him to stay with me in the woods. Looks like he's trying to apologize for disobeying orders.

Preston;       All right, King. It's all right, big fellow. Thanks to the help you and Eben gave me, this case is closed.

(BARKS)

(THEME)