

Capt Pa - put him on sled -
take him to canyon -
throw him over -

Pa. fugitive means - chance to act -

The Challenge of the Yukon

by Fran Striker

Fugitives from Bald Rock

Number: 830

Date: 10/16/50

King left where? why?
with Jim
Pa. doesn't want at
with Paulsen etc.

Will # THEME

(USUAL OPENING)

& the town of Dawson - SP & his pit dog

WILD
DOGS
BCK
PRESTON

Sergeant Preston and his great dog Yukon King were walking in Dawson to report to the Inspector at the end of a patrol. They were walking down the town's Main street when an old friend whom the Sergeant hadn't seen for some time came out of the cafe.

Preston; Jim Harper!

Jim; (STARTLED) Huh -? Oh! Well, as I live and breathe!

It's Sergeant Preston! Glad to see you, Sergeant!

GLAD TO SEE YOU JIM.
(WHIMPER)

You, too, King.

Preston; _____ How's your daughter Penny?

wife?

Jim; She's fine.

Preston; How long have you been in Dawson?

Jim; Just got in this morning.

Preston; Did you finally give up the search for gold at Bald Rock? mountain?

we're still lw' there.

Jim;

~~Nope. No siree. I'm starting back there this afternoon. Penny's been there alone since yesterday. I just came ^{to 10} ~~in~~ to transact a little business with Andy Jenks -- he runs the cafe, y'know.~~

Preston;

I heard that you'd done business with the pawah.
Yes, I know. *A* I can see him in there examining a heavy gold watch and chain.

Jim;

Huh
Oh -- uh -- is he?

Preston;

Got money on your wife's ring + your gold watch.
By the way, Jim -- what time is it?

Jim;

99 -
All right, you guessed it. It's my watch he's got.

Preston;

That watch meant a lot to you, Jim. The last time I saw you, you said you'd starve before you'd part with it.

Jim;

I didn't sell it permanent, Sergeant Preston. Andy's just holdin' it as security for the cash he loaned me. I'll be able to pay him back inside of a few months.

Preston;

Will you get the money to repay him at Bald Rock?

Jim;

(SQUIRMING) Well -- I -- uh --

Preston;

The gold mine up there is played out, isn't it?

Jim;

Well -- uh -- yes. ~~That's~~ you might say so.
(QUICKLY) I've got to get goin', Sergeant Preston. Penny's home alone. I promised her I'd start back right away.

Preston;

Just a minute, Jim. What's going on at Bald Rock?

watch

*DOGS
BCK*

Jim; I -- uh -- I -- What do you mean?

Preston; I've been in Dawson less than an hour. I've ~~heard~~ heard about two men ~~from~~ Bald Rock who came here to raise cash. You're the third.

Jim; I -- I've got to get goin'. Besides, I promised I wouldn't say anything. (FADING) So long, Sergeant Preston. So long, King.

(KING, SHORT BARK)

Preston; King, there's something going on at Bald Rock. I wonder if the Inspector has heard anything.

WIND
WUP+OUI

(KING BARKS, FADING OUT)

Annrc; A few minutes later, Sergeant Preston was in the office of his superior. When he had finished the report of his recent patrol, he spoke of Jim Harper and the others from Bald Rock who had come to town to raise cash.

Preston; -- -- Have you heard about them, Inspector?

Inspector; Yes, I have, Sergeant Preston. ~~Pete Jackson borrowed cash on a gold locket and a diamond ring that belonged to his wife. Sitty raised a hundred dollars on some family heirlooms. And there were others -- --~~

Preston; Bald Rock is not on my patrol. I don't know much about the community.

Insp;

~~well,~~
A lot of people went there when gold was found in the mountain. They staked claims and started work, but they soon learned that the ore was of a very low grade and was practically worthless.

Preston;

Worthless -?

Insp;

I mean to say there wasn't enough gold in the ore to pay the costs of mining and transportation. The people who had gone there with their families and built houses have been able to make a poor living by panning the streams, so they've stayed on.

Preston;

That doesn't explain why they're risking their most treasured possessions to raise quick money.

Insp;

No, it doesn't, and I'm curious.

Preston;

I have a week before I'm supposed to start out on patrol again. In that time I could go to Bald Rock and look around.

Insp;

I'd appreciate that, Sergeant.

Preston;

I'll overhaul my gear and start out ~~with my gear~~
~~in the morning.~~

(BREAK)

Anner;

Jim Harper left Dawson that evening ^{and it} ~~1 3~~ was the following morning when Sergeant Preston set out on the trail along the rim of Williwaw Canyon, toward the community called Bald Rock. The Mountie's dogs were big and strong, and paced by the great dog King. They covered ground much faster than Jim Harper's aged team, ~~which had been~~

Late afternoon found Sergeant Preston within sight of Bald Rock when Jim Harper reached his home. ~~Jim~~

took the dogs out of harness then went inside to greet his eighteen year old daughter.

DOOR OPEN
(DOOR CLOSES: STAMPING FEET)

Penny;

Glad you're back, Pop. You made good time.

Jim;

Not bad, considering the age of my dogs.

Penny;

How'd you make out?

Jim;

Fair, Penny. Fair to middlin'. 'Course the dogs aren't used to workin' much --

Penny;

I don't mean the dogs.

Jim;

I got the cash I wanted. I told you Andy'd let me have it.

Penny;

Andy Jenks is a mighty shrewd man. If he loaned you cash to invest in Mr. Martin's syndicate, it must be all right.

Jim;

Uh -- y-yeah -- Martin's got a good thing there.

Penny;

What did Andy Jenks say about it?

Jim;

Well I -- I -- that is, Penny, I didn't tell him what it was --

WIND
DOOR
CUT WIND

Penny; You mean to say he loaned you money without knowing what it was for?

Jim; Uh -well, Penny. I -I let him hold my gold watch as security.

Penny; Oh, Pop - you were going to ask Andy's advice --

Jim; I -I couldn't do it, Penny. I had to promise Martin I wouldn't breathe a word of his plan. It's got to be kept secret.

Penny; Why -?

Jim; Sakes alive, Penny, if word got around that Martin and his partner were goin' to bring machinery here an' refine the ore from the old mine - it'd spoil everything!

Penny; Why?

Jim; Because the company he's organizin' has to buy up control of all the claims. We got to control the whole mountain. As it stands now, the claims are worthless an' can be bought cheap. But let word get around that we aim to refine that low grade ore right here on the spot an' make some money on it, an' folks'll hold out for better prices.

Penny; I - I do hope Mr. Martin's on the level.

Jim; 'Course he is! He's a fine man! What's more, he knows gold minin' ! Had a lot of experience in California! Why you said yourself you liked the gent.

Penny; Y - yes -

(STEPS SUSTAINING)

- Martin; Start talking.
- Curly; We must get out of here as fast as we can. We've got to travel fast and hide our tracks.
- Martin; Why?
- Curly; Sergeant Preston of the Mounties just came into town.
- Martin; Preston! I've heard of him! What's he doing here? This is off his patrol.
- Curly; I don't know why he's here, but that's beside the point. The point is it won't take him long to learn that we're selling stock on the promise of building a gold refinery. He'll blame soon find out that we have no intention of setting up any machinery or giving these people any return on their cash.
- Martin; How can he know our intentions? After all, Curly —
- Curly; Listen, Martin, I had trouble with the law in Whitehorse. I'm wanted for a couple of robberies and a shooting.
- Martin; You never told me that.
- Curly; It didn't matter until now. If Preston sees me, I'm a gone goose. And if he knows you're workin' with me, he'll find reason to hold you until he can check up and learn that you haven't ordered any machinery to keep your promise to these people.
- Martin; Well — we've collected a tidy bundle of cash. It was pretty near time to leave town anyway. It won't take us long to throw our gear together and get moving.

~~Remove it~~
get rid of P.

Curly;

First we've got to take care of Preston's dog.

Martin;

I've heard about that dog. He's named King.

Curly;

Yeah. I'd never have escaped from Whitehorse if King hadn't been wounded. He can track down any man who ever lived.

Martin!

What'll we do? Shoot the dog?

Curly;

No. A gunshot would bring Preston on the run! We'll take King along with us. ~~He might follow us~~ ^{THEN HE CAN'T FOLLOW} ~~OUR SCENT~~ ^{OUR SCENT} ~~HOSTAGES~~.

Martin;

Talk sense, Curly. King's a one-man dog. He'd never go along with us!

Curly;

If he's locked in a wooden crate, he won't have much choice. We'll just put the crate on our sled.

Martin;

Very smart, Curly. But how'll you get the dog inside a crate?

Curly;

Sergeant Preston wears his ^{OFFICIAL} police whistle on a cord around his neck. ^{IN AN EMERGENCY HE USES IT TO CALL} King knows that whistle. He'll come when he hears it. FOR
HELP

Martin;

Yes, but--

Curly;

Preston doesn't know you, does he?

Martin;

No.

Curly;

Then you can get close to him in a crowd - maybe in the cafe. With a sharp knife it won't be hard to cut the cord and take the whistle.

Martin;

If Preston goes to the cafe!

Curly; He'll go there because that's the best place to get information. When you get the whistle, don't waste any time. Bring it to me at the cabin.

FADE

(~~SCENE FADE. FADE IN CAFE ROOM NOISES.~~)

CAFE

watch cafe

Curly's reasoning was logical and accurate. Sergeant Preston had gone to the crowded cafe for information, leaving King to watch the dogteam ~~behind~~ behind the building. When Martin arrived, he saw the Sergeant and noticed particularly the cord around his neck, and correctly surmised that it was attached to a whistle in a pocket of Preston's tunic. He waited for over half an hour before he had an opportunity in the jostling crowd to cut the cord and deftly remove the whistle with the skilled touch of a pickpocket. Then he hurried to rejoin Curly in the shack.

FADE OUT

(FADE OUT ROOM NOISES, STEPS IN, DOOR OPEN DOOR CLOSES) (~~THE DOOR~~)

WIND

CUT WIND

Ready Curly yuck!

Curly; Our team's hitched and waiting out back. I just finished the crate. Did you get the whistle?

Martin; Yeah. Here.

Curly; Have any trouble?

Martin; No, but I had to wait for a good chance to steal it.

Curly; Is the Mountie still in the cafe?

Martin; He was when I left a minute ago. His dogs were around in the back.

wind #2

see middle photo

Curly; Open that door an inch or so.

*WIND
BOK*

~~(OPENING DOOR)~~

Now.
(EFFORT) I'll push the crate over close.

There! (MOVING CRATE)

Martin; How are you going to get the dog inside?

Curly; That's easy. You blow the whistle hard, and the dog will come on the run. I'll watch him thru this crack in the door, and when he gets close I'll give the door a shove. *EVERY IT OPENS OUT* it'll swing out wide. The dog will come bounding thru the opening and be right inside the crate. Then I'll drop this gate and we'll have him.

Martin; He's likely to raise an awful commotion when he finds he's trapped.

Curly; It won't matter once we're clear out of town. Now blow the whistle.

*CUT
WIND*

(WHISTLE)

~~MIDDLE INTERLUDE~~

Annor; We'll continue our story in just a moment.

~~(COMMERCIAL)~~

~~THEME~~

Annor; King was with the other dogs of the team behind the cafe when he heard the whistle of his master.

WIND

(DISTANT WHISTLE)

Annor;

He couldn't understand it. He thought Sergeant Preston was still inside the cafe, but the whistle sounded from a shack a hundred yards or more away.

(WHISTLE AGAIN, DISTANT)

King had been taught to obey that whistle and after only a brief hesitation, he bounded thru the snow toward the door of Curly's shack. As he came close the door swung open and the whistle sounded again inside the building. King saw a crate in the doorway. Inst~~ant~~ warned him of a trap, but it was too late to check his leap.

(MOVEMENT IN CRATE)

He knew instantly that something was wrong. As he turned in the small space a board dropped into a slot and blocked the exit.

(DOOR DROPS, KING SNARLING, BARKING AND CLAWING)

Curly;

We got him!

Martin;

All right, now let's get out of here!

Curly;

Grab that side of the crate! We'll take it out the back. The sled's all ready and the team is hitched. You have the cash?

Martin;

Yes. Right here in the pouch. *WHERE DO WE GO?*

WIPED
TO
BCK

14 A

crate #6

Curly;

South.

Martin;

There's a route thru the canyon alongside the river. That's the shortest.

Curly;

There's soft snow in the canyon. We might get stuck. ~~but~~ we'd leave tracks. We'll take the longer route - it's safer. The trail's like ice, ~~it~~ wont show tracks of our sled. Now Grab that Crate. (EFFORT)

WIND
UP
OUT

15

(CLAWING & BITING OF WOOD WITH
INTERMITTENT HOWLS AND SNARLS)

*WIND
UP - SKI-*

King felt the crate picked up and carried from the building. He clawed at the strong slats with his paws, and tore at them with his fangs fighting desperately, but hopelessly while the crate was placed on Curly's sled. ~~-----~~

Curly; (BACK) You ready, Martin?

Martin; (BACK) Yes!

Curly; Get up!

WIND UP & OUT / DOGS START SCREAMING
(KING'S HOWLING & WHINING, FADING OUT)

Annery; It was not until some time later that Sergeant Preston discovered the loss of his whistle. He mentioned it to the owner of the cafe.

CAFE

Owner; What do you suppose happened to it, Sergeant?

Preston; I can't imagine, but I'll investigate the loss of the whistle later. First I want to talk to those men you told me about -- Martin and Curly.

Owner; I saw Martin here a little while ago, but he left. That was before I knew you were checking up on his proposition.

Preston; Where does he live?

Owner; Come with me. I'll show you.

(STEPS, ROOM NOISES FADING BACK)

*FADE
OUT
TO BACK*

Annex:

**FADE
WIND**

He found both the front and back door of the cabin wide open. There was no sign of either Curly or Martin. Behind the shack no tracks were visible on the icy snow. ~~Meanwhile, Martin and Curly maintained a steady pace thru gathering darkness.~~

WIND

(WIND)

DOGS

KING, SNARLING AND CLAWING

King had worked ceaselessly on the slats of the crate that imprisoned him. The wood was ~~gouged~~ gouged and splintered from his strong fangs. When the sled reached the rim of a canyon, Curly called a halt.

Curly;

**DOGS
STOP**

Whoa! Whoa!

(KING SNARLING & CLAWING) (SUSTAINED)

(CLAWING ON BOX)

Martin;

Why are we stopping?

Curly;

That dog has been workin' on the crate. I want to see if there's any chance of him gettin' free.

Martin;

(NERVOUSLY) Maybe we should keep goin'. Every second might count.

Curly;

We have a good start.

Martin;

But if Preston follows us --

Curly;

He won't know what direction we took. This trail's been packed down until it's like ice. We didn't leave any tracks.

Rapids

Martin: But if he knows we took this trail -

Curly; How could he? There's a dozen trails leadin' out of Bald Rock. Without his dog to follow our scene, he hasn't a chance of followin' us.

ANGRY SNARL

Curly; Shut up, you!

Martin; Curly! See how he's chewed away those slats.

Curly; Yeah. I didn't figure on anything like that. Guess we made a mistake bringin' him along.

Martin; He'll get free. He'll attack us.

Curly; We'll take the crate off the sled. Grab hold of one side.

Martin; Right. (EFFORT)

Curly; Careful you don't get your fingers inside -

SNARLS

That's it- just set 'er down at the edge of the ravine. () Right there. That'll do.

Martin; We can leave it here. By the time the dog gets free we'll be miles away.

Curly; Can't take chances on that dog gettin' free.

Martin; What're you going to do?

Curly; I'll kill the mutt! ~~We~~

Martin; No, no -

Curly; I'll just shove the crate over the edge of the ravine. Bald River's down below. It's fast an' deep. That'll take care of King.

Martin; No, Curly. You can't just kill the dog. He's-

Curly; (SNARLS) I'll handle this! (EFFORT) T here!

AN ALANÇHE (KING SNARLING, FADING FAST)

Martin; (SHARPLY) Curly! You- you did it!

Curly; Sure I did it! That dog'd kill me if he got the chance! Now, while we're here, get rid of Preston's whistle. I don't want anyone to find you carryin' a police whistle.

Martin; Here it is -

whistle #6

Curly; Toss it into the canyon.

Martin; There.

~~gun #1~~

Curly; Now there's one more thing, Martin -

Martin; Curly! What's the gun mean? Don't point it at me.

Curly; It's about time I carried our money.

Martin; All right, if you want to. You don't have to pull a gun on me -

Dog heads

Curly; Toss that money to me.

Martin; See here, Curly, if this is-

Curly; The money!

Martin; (SLIGHT EFFORT) There you are.

Curly; That's better. I'm sorry, Martin, but there isn't enough cash for both of us.

Martin: (PANIC) What're you going to do? Curly! Curly! Wait! Don't shoot me!

SHOT

SHOT

Martin; (SCREAM FADING FAST)

~~Annrc; Curly looked over the edge of the canyon as his partner hurtled down to the water, but it was too dark to see more than the vague outline of a wooden crate floating downstream not far from the splash where Martin struck the water.~~

Curly; (CHUCKLES) ~~That was some of both Martin and his dog.~~

Annrc; Curly picked up the money pouch, stepped on the runners of his sled, and shouted to the dogs...

Curly; (CHOUTING) Git along there!

DOGS START AND FADE.

SNEAK IN RUNNING STREAM.

**WIND DOGS
UP START
& FADE
RAPIDS WIND**

~~Annrc; Curly didn't suspect that King had escaped from his recent prison. The crate, weakened by the powerful fangs of the great dog, had broken on impact with the water. King was free and swimming toward shore when Martin struck the water.~~

RUSHING WATER UP AND UNDER

Annor;

King's instincts and training directed that he save human lives wherever possible. He knew that Martin's weak struggles were futile - knew that the nearly unconscious man would drown. The dog swam to Martin. His strong teeth found a grip on Martin's parka. Then he set out for the ice crusted shore.

KING WHIMPERING AND WHINING.

Annor;

FADE RAPIDS BACK

Martin clung desperately to a slender thread of consciousness. With the aid of King, pulling on the shoulder of his parka, he was able to crawl to the narrow strip of shore between the river's edge and the base of the sheer cliff. In the cliff he saw a shallow cave that offered some protection and shelter.

Martin;

(WEAK) G-get there - m-maybe find drift wood - b-b-build fire -

Annor;

He crawled toward the cave while King stood watching - wondering - was this man an enemy? He had tried to stop Curly when Curly decided to kill King. Did this make him a friend? As he stood there, King saw Martin fumble for a match box, open it with trembling fingers and try to make a fire. He smelled blood that seeped from a wound in the chest - Finally King announced his decision.

BARK

KING

He left Martin and started upstream on the narrow beach at top speed.

CUT RAPIDS WIND UP * OUT

(BARKS & WATER FADE OUT)

Annex; Sergeant Preston had spent hours questioning the various people of Bald Rock without finding any trace of Martin, or Curly or his great dog King. He was with Jim Harper and his daughter. They could tell him nothing about Yukon King, but they went into great detail about the plans of Martin.

Jim; And here's the stock certificate, Sergeant Preston.

Penny; Doesn't the idea sound like a good one?

Preston; (SLOWLY) Yes - yes it does. There is gold in the mountain.

Jim; It's there, only trouble is it's low grade ore.

Preston; If the ore could be refined here those mines could operate at a profit. I - (BREAK OFF)

(BARKING OUTSIDE, APPROACHING)

Penny; I hear a dog!

(SCRATCHING AND CLAWING ON DOOR)

(CHAIR SCRAPES FAST, QUICK STEPS)

(SNATCH DOOR OPEN)

It is King!

DOOR OPEN
(WHIMPERING FRANTICALLY)

WIND King! King old fellow - where in the world have you been? You're ~~all wet~~ - what happened to you?

Penny; Oh what a beautiful dog!

Preston; Here, fellow. Steady there! What's the trouble?

Jim; He's tuggin' at your leg.

Preston; Want me to go somewhere, eh?

Penny; That's what he wants.

File #16

(BARKING FADING BACK A BIT THEN COME IN AS:)

Jim; Look at him. He runs back from the door a few paces, then tries to tell you to follow him.

Preston; Be right with you King, as soon as I get on my parka!

(KING BACK, AD LIBBING)

Jim; Where do you suppose he wants you to go?

Preston; I have no idea, but I've learned from experience that King knows what ~~about~~ about. Thank you for the information, Jim. I'll see you later.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Go ahead, King. I'm following.

(BARKS, FADING OUT)

Annrc; King led the way to the rest of the dog team sleeping in the snow behind the cafe. Without awaiting orders, he roused the team and put them in line.

(AD LIB BARKS & HOWLS)

WIND UP & OUT
WIND & DAGES

Annex; Sergeant Preston asked no questions. He strapped on the harness and hitched the tow line to his sled, knowing he could travel faster on the runners than he could by following King on foot.

Preston; All right, King. . On King! On you huskies!

DOGS START + FADE UP (DOGS & SLED, START AND FADE UNDER AS:)

Annex; King followed his own backtrail into the ravine and along the river bank instead of taking the course followed by Curly's sled which had led to the rim of the canyon. Presently Sergeant Preston saw a gleam of yellow flame and a moment later realized that it was a campfire burning in a shallow cave **IN THE SIDE OF THE CANYON**. King halted the team.

(AD LIB DOGS)

DOGS STOP
Preston leaped from the runners and hurried to the side of Martin who lay close to the fire.

WIND FADE
Preston; Wounded, eh?

FIRE
MARTIN

Martin; You - you - you're Sergeant Preston.

Preston; I'd like to know who you are, but don't talk too much if it hurts.

Martin; I - I'm Martin.

Preston; Who - Who shot you?

Martin; C - C- Curly -the dirty double crossing crook.

(CUTTING CLOTH)

Preston; I'll have to cut away your clothes to look at that wound.

Martin; H --how did you find me?

Preston; My dog brought me here.

Martin; Tha - that dog - he - he saved my life. He -- he hauled me out of the river - in - in spite of what I did to him.

Preston; What did you do?

Martin; Curly and I - we -- we knew you'd learn about our swindle - (FADE OUT) We figured we'd better get away while we had the chance.

AnnCR; (CROSS FADE) While Sergeant Preston dressed the wound which was not serious, Martin told about the theft of the Mountie's whistle, and the capture of King - and the attempted murder - -

Martin; (FADING IN) I - I don't deserve to live after what I did.

Preston; I've heard about you, Martin. You're supposed to be a top notch engineer.

Martin; (SIGHS) I - I used to be good. I know my business, but I - I got off on the wrong foot.

Preston; There - your wound is dressed. I'm going to build up the fire and leave you here with some food while I try to overtake Curly.

Martin; He's heading for Connors Creek. If you go straight on thru the canyon you'll save a lot of time. I hope you get that crook!

*watch
wind*

**FADE
FIRE**

Preston; We'll try. Come on, King.

(SHARP BARK)

**WIND
UP**

DOGS

~~the 'em up, boy, and show the team~~

(DOGS BARKING, FADE OUT)

**WIND
DOGS**

Annrc;

Curly had stayed on the canyon's rim where the trails were hard-packed and would show no tracks, but Sergeant Preston, by going thru the canyon, cut miles from the route. He didn't realize how close he was to Curly until King suddenly gave voice -

(KING SNARLING AND YIPPING)

Then the Mountie saw a vague shape in the darkness ahead.

Preston;

~~It's King! It's King!~~ get him **King!**

Annrc;

King was off like an arrow from a bow, streaking ahead of the team. Curly heard his snarls and turned. He saw the furry shape charging with leaps and bounds.

Curly;

(FEAR) No no! It can't be!

Annrc;

He hesitated - unable to believe that King was still alive.

Curly;

It is! It's King!

Annrc;

Then he went for his gun, but he had waited too long. King was in the air in a final, mighty leap. He struck the would-be killer in the chest and sent him sprawling.

Curly;

(CRY OUT) (AD LIB) No no! Let go! Lemme up!

(AD LIB SNARLING)

**DOG
BARK
STOP**

Preston; (COMING IN) All right, Curly, it's the end of your trail! I'll take over, King!

Curly; G- g-get this dog off! Get him off! He's a ghost dog!

(KING SUBSIDES)

Preston; He's no ghost, Curly, but that's not your fault. You tried hard enough to kill him. Now get to your feet. We'll pick up Martin and go back to Bald Rock.

Curly; M - M - Mar - tim?

Preston; Mes. He, too, is alive. And he'll be a witness for the Crown against you.

*wind
UP
OUT*

Annrc; It was the following morning when Sergeant Preston brought his prisoners into Bald Rock. Word of the swindle quickly spread throughout the community - also the word that Sergeant Preston wanted everyone who had bought stock to assemble in the cafe. Jim Harper and his daughter, and many others were there with their stock certificates. Disappointment was stamped on their faces.

(CROWD NOISES)

*wind
OUT
wind*

When Sergeant Preston arrived, ^{DOOR OPEN} he was accompanied by Martin. A hush swept the assembly.

(HUSH)

Preston; All of you people were defrauded. You know that by this time.

Ad lib; (AGREEMENT)

Preston; I have your money here intact. I can redeem all the stock certificates. First, I want to tell you one thing. Martin had a plan - and it's a good one. He intended to swindle you, and so did Curly. However, Martin has the know-how and there is cash enough to do exactly as he promised.

Ad lib; (HOPEFUL MURMURS)

Martin; Folks, I want a chance to redeem myself. I want to build the refinery and go ahead, ~~just~~ as we planned. If you people can see your way clear to give a darned old fool another chance - -

Jim; What about Curly?

Preston; Curly's in jail. And he'll stay there. He's wanted for a number of crimes in addition to the attempted murder of Martin and of King. Martin, however, has made just one mistake - and he regrets it.

Jim; D'you think we should give him another chance?

Give up chance

283

Preston; Yes I do. And just to safeguard your interests, you handle the money.

Martin; I'd rather have it that way. One of you men handle the money - just let me work.

Jim: Sounds fair enough. What do you say, boys?

ADLIB: (AGREEMENT)

Jim; Then that's settled. We'll build a refinery!

ADLIB: (AGREEMENT FADING OUT)

Ann r; It was some time after the affair in Bald Rock when Sergeant Preston reported to the Inspector after a regular patrol. There was a curious expression on the Inspector's face.

Ins; Sergeant, I have a surprise for you. It came from Bald Rock.

Preston; Bald Rock, eh? The best surprise I could have would be news that the refinery is established and in operation.

Insp; I have more than news - I have proof of it.

Preston; Proof?

Insp; (CHUCKLES) You lost your official whistle in Bald Rock.

Preston; Yes.

Insp; Try this one.

(TOSS WHISTLE TO DESK)

Preston; Why that - - this looks like gold.

Insp; It is. All but the cord. That's made of silk.

Preston; And it has my name engraved on it!

Insp; That's right. It's made of the first gold to be refined at Bald Rock, ~~and it's a duplicate of our official whistle -~~ EXCEPT THAT IT IS MADE OF GOLD. IT IS A GIFT TO YOU FROM THE PEOPLE OF BALD ROCK.

Preston; A - a gift - for me -

Insp; They seem to think that you're the one who saved their money and their future - and made it possible for them to start a new life - and a prosperous one. Try your whistle.

(WHISTLE)

(KING BARKING OUTSIDE)

Preston; (LAUGHS) It must be official! King heard it!

(SCRATCHING ON DOOR)

KING BARKS

King Barks
#1
35
Stop Table

Insp; Let him in.

(DOOR OPENS)

(KING BARKING)

~~WSP~~
Preston; You recognized it, eh King? Well, by rights, you earned this whistle.

Insp; (CHUCKLING) Guess you were a little premature when you said the Bald Rock situation had been concluded when you put Curly into jail.

Preston; Yes, I seem to have been premature. I didn't suspect anything like this when the Bald Rock case was closed.

~~WSP~~
(KING BARKS)

~~WSP~~ # THEME