

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

*Striker*

*Moby Cam*  
"The Green Bottle"  
by Fran Striker

Number: 878

Date: 5/20/51

Preston and King

Tom Longwell ..... young Constable, straight  
Jane ..... about 20 - 21  
Greg ..... Heavy #1 - middle aged  
Sam ..... Heavy #2 - Greg's partner  
Joe ..... English speaking Eskimo

PROMO (Y) "The Green Bottle"

AnnCR; Sergeant Preston stood before the desk of his superior, Inspector Maynard.

Insp; Sergeant Blake who has patrolled the northern part of the Territory is ill, so I am sending you on his patrol.

Preston; That's north in the Herschel Island area.

Insp; Yes, and you may run into trouble. It is generally known that Professor Lamson and his daughter went up there some time ago to look for buried treasure. They've disappeared. Something must have happened to them. Be on guard, Preston. Because whatever happened to Lamson may happen to you.

AnnCR; To secure the Herschel Island treasure for themselves, there are many crooks prepared to kill the finder. And they would kill any lawman who came to threaten their security. Sergeant Preston may find his regular patrol tame by comparison to the grim perils in the northernmost part of the Yukon.

Be sure to listen (ETC.)

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THE  
GREEN BOTTLE

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annex; Sergeant Blake became ill so Sergeant Preston was given Blake's assignment to patrol the northernmost part of the Yukon territory. With his great dog Yukon King, Preston arrived in a small settlement not far from the narrow strip of Arctic ocean that separated Herschel Island from the mainland. Constable Longwell greeted the Mountie warmly.

(BARKING)

Tom; Glad to see you, Sergeant Preston! You don't look a day older than the last time we met.

Preston; I might say the same for you, Tom.

Tom; About ten years, isn't it?

Preston; At least that.

Tom; And this is Yukon King. Hello there, King.

(BARKS)

Sergeant Blake has told me about your dog.

Preston; Shall we go inside your office?

Tom; Oh yes. Yes, of course. Come in. (LAUGHS)

2.

(DOOR OPENS)

(STEPS IN)

Preston;        Want to come in, King?

(WHIMPERS)

Preston;        Come along, then.

(STEPS IN)   (DOOR CLOSES)

(CUT WIND)

Tom;            Throw off your parka and make yourself at home.  
Frankly, I'm particularly glad you're here to share  
the responsibility of Professor Lamson and his daughter.

Preston;        Is Professor Lamson here?

Tom;            You speak as though you knew him.

Preston;        I've heard of Lamson. He's made a study of the Eskimos.  
Written a couple of books. I didn't know he was in  
this part of the country now.

Tom;            He is - and his daughter is with him. And I'm worried.  
More worried than I care to admit.

Preston;        Why?

Tom;            The Professor may have trouble. He might be killed  
before he can leave this country.

Preston;        How's that?

Tom;            Have you ever heard of the ship called Pegasus?

Preston; Yes. The Pegasus was a trade ship. She was caught in a freeze-up near Herschel Island. The crew perished. The ruins have been lying off shore for fifty years or more.

Tom; It is rumored that the Skipper had a chest full of gold and jewels on board. It was treasure he had collected from all parts of the world.

Preston; Has any such treasure been found?

Tom; No. And neither has the body of the Skipper. The bodies of crew members were found on board, but Captain Marsden seemed to have disappeared.

Preston; What has the story of the Pegasus to do with Professor Lamson?

Tom; According to Professor Lamson, Skipper Marsden left his ship carrying the treasure chest and crossed the ice to the mainland in the hope of finding friendly Eskimos who'd provide food and shelter.

Preston; I see.

Tom; Apparently the chest was heavy to carry so he hid it and marked the place with a pile of rocks. When he died he left a chart showing the location of the hidden treasure.

Preston; That is Professor Lamson's story, eh?

Tom; Yes.

Preston; Has he any substantiation?

- Tom; Yes, Sergeant Preston, he has. On his last expedition he met an Eskimo called Joe. Among Joe's prize possessions was a green glass bottle. Lamson saw a rolled up paper inside the bottle. He fished it out. It proved to be the Captain's chart and a letter explaining it.
- Preston; Where did Joe get the bottle?
- Tom; Joe's father found it years ago.
- Preston; It sounds exciting, Tom. Does Professor Lamson intend to search for the place where the treasure is hidden?
- Tom; Sergeant Preston, he has found the place. It's within two hours of here.
- Preston; Great scott!
- Tom; The Professor and his daughter have been up here for several weeks. Yesterday Lamson came into the trading post. I happened to be there. He announced that he had found the pile of rocks that marked the treasure.
- Preston; He announced it in the trading post?
- Tom; Yes.
- Preston; Were many people there?
- Tom; Too many. Word spread thru the settlement like wildfire.
- Preston; Has he found the treasure?

5.

Tom; No one knows. I think not. In any event, Sergeant Preston, he and his daughter are in mortal danger. The settlement is filled with hard men -- men who'll stop at nothing to get that treasure.

(RAP ON DOOR)

(KING BARKS)

Jane; (MUFFLED) LET ME IN! Let me in!

Tom; That's Jane Lamson!

(STEPS CROSS FLOOR)

Preston; Quiet, King. Quiet down, boy.

(DOOR OPENS)

Jane;- Constable Longwell, I can't stand it any longer! I'm so worried, I - (BREAK OFF ABRUPTLY) Oh!

Tom; Come in, Miss Jane!

Jane; I - I didn't know someone was here.

Tom; This is Sergeant Preston.

Jane; Oh.

Tom; Sergeant, this is Miss Jane Lamson. I was just telling you about her father the Professor.

Jane; How do you do.

Preston; I'm very glad to know you, Miss Lamson.

(WHIMPERS)

This is King, my partner.

(WHIMPERS)

Jane; Oh he's a beautiful dog! Hello, King.

Preston; You said you were worried. Is it about your father?

Jane; Y -yes — yes, it is. But I —

Tom; I've told Sergeant Preston about the treasure.

Jane; Oh. Then you know my father found the stones that  
hide it?

Preston; Yes.

Tom; Why are you worried, Miss Jane? What happened?

Jane; Father left here this morning to break away the  
stones and bring back the treasure. He expected  
to return by noon.

Tom; By noon?

Preston; Four hours ago?

Jane; I - I've tried not to worry. But I —

Preston; We might go looking for him. Do you know how to  
reach the cairn?

Jane; No, I don't. Father has the chart with him.

Tom; Sergeant Preston, we might follow his trail.

Jane; There can't possibly be any trail tracks. There was  
snow and wind this morning just after he left.

Tom; It's been calm since noon.

Jane; But by that time the tracks would have been blown over.



Tom; Sure enough.

Preston; King may be able to follow the scent, Miss Lamson. If you'll loan me a piece of your father's clothing and show me where he left town, we'll see what King can do.

Jane; I don't know just where he left town. He said goodbye to me at the house where we've been living. You were with him, Tom.

Tom; Er -- y-yes. I was.

Preston; Do you know where he left town, Tom? Can you start us on the trail?

Tom; I - uh - that is --

Preston; Well, what's the matter?

Tom; You - you might as well know it, Sergeant Preston. I went with him.

Preston; How far?

Tom; All the way!

Jane; You did?

Tom; I saw the pile of rocks that mark the treasure, but the professor made me ~~promise~~ leave before he took the cairn apart,

Preston; Why didn't you say you'd been there?

Tom; Lamson made me promise not to. I guess he didn't want to take a chance that people would question me. But he wanted me to know where to look for him in case he didn't come back.

Jane; Father must have known he might be in danger.

Tom; The professor asked me to look for him if he were not back here by six o'clock.

Preston; We'll not wait until six, Tom. We'll start at once.

(BREAK)

(STEPS IN SNOW) (SOFT WIND B.G.)

(DOG AD LIBBING BARKS)

Annrc; Sergeant Preston and the constable made good time across the wind swept snow with King trotting at his master's side. Tom knew exactly where to go. They had been on the trail for half an hour when a dogteam pulling a sledge came from the opposite direction. King barked a greeting.

(KING BARKS)

The oncoming man, still some distance away, suddenly changed his direction, turning his dogs sharply to the side.

Preston; That's odd. He acts as if he's trying to avoid us, Tom. That isn't the professor, is it?

Tom; No. He didn't have a sled.

Preston; Stop for a minute.

(STEPS STOP)

Preston; I'll put binoculars on him.

Tom; I wonder where he's coming from?

Preston; Don't know.

Tom; What can you see?

Preston; Looks like a big man - heavily bearded. I think he's looking over this way. Here, Tom, you look thru the glasses. See if you know him.

(KING ADLIB GROWLS)

Tom; Right.

Preston; Steady, King. Quiet, boy. Quiet down. ( ) Anyone you know, Tom?

Tom; Never saw him before in my life.

Preston; He must be heading for the settlement.

Preston; I wonder if he cut to the side to avoid meeting us?

Tom; Can't tell. Want to question him?

Preston; Not now. We'll shove on.

Tom; Here are your binoculars.

Preston; Thanks.

(STEPS RESUME)

Come on, King.

- Tom; If that fellow with the dog team has been traveling in a straight line, he passed the place where the treasure's hidden.
- Preston; How soon will we be there?
- Tom; Twenty or thirty minutes.
- Preston; If it's so close to the settlement, it's curious that it hasn't been discovered before this.
- Tom; It's in a rather obscure place, a sort of a gully. Most of the time the snow fills that gully, and buries the cairn. And then, of course, hardly anyone ever comes this way.

## KING WHIMPERS

- Tom; What's the matter with King?
- Preston; I don't know. What is it, King?

## (KING WHIMPERS SOME MORE)

- Tom; Acting mighty strange.
- Preston; Tom, the last time King behaved like this, he pointed toward a dead man!
- Annex; Silence fell after Sergeant Preston's surprising announcement. The two men proceeded on their way, both watching King who registered increasing tension. Presently the big dog stopped abruptly. The fur was bristling on his back and he uttered a low growl.

## (GROWLS)

Preston; All right, King. Quiet down now. You've warned me.

(KING SUBSIDES)

Tom, how far away is that cairn?

Tom; See that big boulder a hundred yards ahead?

Preston; Yes.

Tom; That marks the edge of the gully. The cairn is at the bottom of the gully.

Preston; Um. I see.

Tom; Incidentally, the trail of the evasive stranger comes directly from there.

Preston; I'd noticed that.

Tom; He must have seen the cairn.

Preston; And the Professor.

Tom; Yeah - if the Professor is still there.

(KING, SHARP GROWL)

Preston; King knows something is going on in that gully. ()  
King, I wish I could talk your language.

Tom; (TENSE) I think something moved - Watch the left side of that big boulder.

(RIFLE CRACK, BACK)

Tom; (SHARPLY) Sergeant Preston!

(KING BARKING)

Preston; That shot came from behind the rock!

Tom; If someone wants gunplay, I'll accomodate him!  
(EFFORT)

Preston; Hold it, Tom! Quiet, King! (SHOUTS) Hold your fire!

Tom; (MUTTERS) I don't know how close that bullet came.

Preston; (SHOUTING) This is the law! Hold your fire! (!)  
Come on.

(LOW GROWLS) (STEPS SUSTAINING)

Tom; (MUTTERS) We're mighty easy targets - out here<sup>in</sup> the  
open.

Preston; If there's another shot, we'll return the fire.

Tom; Now I see a man peeking around the side of that rock.

Preston; So do I.

Greg; (BACK) (SHOUTS) You'd better keep your distance.

Tom; What did he say?

Preston; Warned us to keep our distance.

Greg; (BACK) Come any closer and I'll fire again.

Tom; That's not Professor Lamson.

Preston; (SHOUTS) Hold your fire! We are policemen!

Greg; (BACK) You heard what I said! Don't come any closer!

Preston; (SHOUTS) You're talking to the law!

Greg; (BACK) Who are you?

Preston; (SHOUTS) Sergeant Preston.

Tom; He's stepping out into the open.

Preston; Maybe he didn't hear me the first time I told him who we were.

Tom; -- still holding his rifle ready.

Greg; (BACK, BUT NEARER) How do I know you're tellin' the truth? How do I know you're the law?

Tom; Better open your parka so he can see your uniform.

Preston; Good idea. (EFFORT) (SHOUT) Do you recognize this uniform?

Greg; (COMING IN) You are the law. Sakes alive, I'm glad you're here.

Tom; (MUTTERS) Coming to meet us.

(KING GROWLS)

Preston; Calm down, King. Take it easy now.

Greg; (COMING IN) That shot I fired -I wasn't aiming at you. It was a warning shot. I didn't know who you were. There ~~was~~ no way to tell you were a Mountie. Your uniform was covered.

Preston; I'll accept your explanation.

(STEPS HALT)

I'm Sergeant Preston, and this is Constable Tom Longwell. Who are you?

Greg; Me, I'm Greg Bascomb. Maybe you met my partner on the trail.

Preston; We saw a man on the trail. He had a dog sled.

Greg; Must have been Sam. He was on his way to the settlement. He was going for the law.

Preston; He went out of his way to avoid meeting us.

Greg; Likely didn't know who you were any more than I did. Maybe he thought you were the killers coming back.

Tom; Killers?

Greg; Yes. There's a dead man in the bottom of that gully!

Tom; King called it.

Preston; We'll go there.

Greg; I don't know who he is, Sergeant.

Preston; Come along, Bascomb.

(STEPS START)

Annrc; In the bottom of the gully there were countless boulders of all sizes. A number of rocks about the size of a man's head, had been piled up to mark the location of the treasure, but Sergeant Preston found them unplied and scattered. Nearby, the lifeless form of a man sprawled on the snow.

(STEPS HALT) (KING WHIMPERS)

Tom; It's the Professor!

Greg; That's just the way we found him, Sergeant.

Preston; Have you moved the body?



Greg; No. Sam and I came here about half an hour ago.  
There's the tracks of the sled and dogs.

Preston; Um.

Greg; We felt the man's wrist to see if there was a pulse, but we didn't move him. He was on his side just as you see him now.

Tom; Look here, Sergeant Preston.

Preston; A knife in his back.

Greg; I don't know how long he's been dead.

Preston; Hard to tell.

(KING, LOW TENSE GROWL)

Preston; What is it, King?

(GROWLS)

Tom; He sees or hears something over there near that mass of big rocks.

Preston; All right, King; Go!:

(KING BARKS HARD) (FADES FAST)

Greg; What did he see?

Tom; I don't know. He's making a beeline for those rocks.

Greg; Is someone there?

Joe; (BACK) (WILD CRY OF FEAR)

Preston; There's your answer.

Tom; Sounds like an Eskimo.

Joe; (BACK) (LOUDER CRY) (CHANGE TO TERROR)

Preston; King has him! (SHOUTS) Hold him, King! (NORMAL)  
I'll go, Tom. You watch Greg.

(RUNNING STEPS SUSTAINING AS:)

(FADE IN KING'S MENACING GROWLS AS:)

Joe; (FADE IN, AD LIBBING PANIC AS:)

Annecr; Sergeant Preston ran across the snow. When he rounded the mass of rocks he saw a panic stricken Eskimo lying face-up on the ground. King stood poised with his powerful jaws close to the Eskimo's face. His fangs were bared. When the Eskimo saw the Mountie, he spoke in surprisingly good English.

(KING GROWLING)

Joe; Go 'way, Dog! Go 'way, dog! Help!

Preston; All right, King. I'll take over, boy.

(KING SUBSIDES)

Joe; (AD LIB WHIMPERS OF FEAR)

Preston; Get up.

Joe; That - that dog. He - he would kill me.

Preston; Not without orders. Who are you?

Joe; Me Joe.

Preston; Joe? What's your Eskimo name?

Joe; Me Koola. Me come here - look for friend.

Preston; Who is your friend?

Joe; Lamson.

Preston; Oh! Did you give the Professor a green bottle?

Joe; That right - that right. Him tell you me good friend.

Preston; Did you come here looking for him?

Joe; That right. Me see him in settlement last night. Him say maybe find gold today. Maybe give Joe some. Him say meet-um here.

Preston; Did you come here with him?

Joe; No. Me come first. Come early morning. Find good place close to rock and fall asleep.

Preston; That was before the Professor arrived.

Joe; That right.

Preston; Then what?

Joe; Short time ago me hear gun. Wake up. Me climb up - look over rock. See man on ground. See other man with rifle - then see you come with friend and dog.

Preston; Come with me, Joe. We'll join the others. Come on, King.

(SHORT BARK)

(STEPS SUSTAINING)

As I understand it, Joe, you've been asleep since early morning. You wakened just a few minutes ago.

Joe; That right. (SURPRISED) Man still on ground.  
Him look like friend.

Preston; The man on the ground is Professor Lamson ---  
and he's dead.

(STEPS HALT)

Greg; Is he the killer?

Preston; His name is Joe. He's the one who gave Professor  
Lamson the green bottle.

Tom; What's he doing here?

Preston; He saw Professor Lamson in town last night and  
made arrangements to meet him here. He came  
this morning before the Professor arrived, and  
fell asleep behind that rock. He wakened when  
Bascomb fired at us.

Greg; I didn't fire at you, Sergeant! It was just a  
warning shot!

Preston; Whatever it was, it wakened Joe.

Tom; It's a little hard to believe he slept all day.

Preston; I'm sure of one thing, Tom. He hasn't moved  
from his place behind that rock since noon. If  
he had, there would be footprints in the snow.  
The tracks he made before noon have been covered.

Tom; Then he must have been there sleeping when Professor Lamson and I walked here this morning.

Preston; That's right.

Tom; He must have been there behind the rock when the Professor was murdered.

Preston; Exactly.

Greg; Maybe he's the one who killed this man.

Preston; I'm going to search you for weapons, Joe.

(BIZ OF SEARCHING)

Greg; You figure the Eskimo's guilty, eh?

Preston; Not necessarily.

Tom; He's about the only one aside from those in town who knew Lamson was searching for a treasure.

Preston; Um. () Here's a knife.

Joe; You not take knife.

Preston; Take it easy, Joe.

Joe; That my knife. You not take.

Preston; You'll get it back. Now, Bascomb, I'll have to disarm you.

Greg; Me? Now hold on —

Tom; Hand over the rifle, Bascomb.

Greg; If you're accusing me of killing that man —

Preston; Right now I'm not accusing anyone.

Greg; But if you're going to put me under arrest -

Preston; Nothing's been said about an arrest. () Here, Tom. Take charge of Bascomb's knife.

Tom; Right. () Um. About the same size as Joe's. Either one of them might have killed Lamson.

Greg; Yes, and the same can be said for the one in your belt!

Tom; That's true, Bascomb.

Greg; Or your's, Sergeant Preston.

Preston; Our knives are all about the same size, aren't they, Bascomb?

Greg; Yeah.

Tom; Greg hasn't any other weapons, Sergeant.

Greg; I only had the knife and rifle.

Preston; I don't see anything of the treasure. I wonder if Professor Lamson found it under the stones.

Greg; Yes he did!

Adlib; (STIR)

Greg; When me and <sup>SAM</sup>~~Joe~~ came along here, we saw a wooden chest. It was right there alongside the dead man. There was a lock, but it'd been broken open.

Preston; What was inside the chest?

Greg; There were some jewels and things wrapped in oilskin.

Tom; Where's that chest?

- Greg; By this time I guess it's in the settlement. <sup>SJM</sup> ~~Joe~~ took it with him so's he could turn it over to the law.
- Preston; Um. I see.
- Tom; It's mighty funny the killer would go away and leave the chest.
- Preston; We're not sure he went away, Tom.
- Tom; That's so.
- Greg; You needn't look at me! If I'd been the killer, do you think I'd have stayed here to keep wolves away from the dead man while my partner went to get the law?
- Preston; No.
- Tom; Your partner went out of his way to dodge the law when he saw us coming toward him.
- Greg; He didn't know who you were. He couldn't see the uniform any more'n I could! I thought maybe you two were the murderers coming back to get the loot. Joe likely thought the same thing.
- Preston; Bascomb, you examined the treasure.
- Greg; Well, I -
- Preston; What was it?
- Greg; I'm not one to judge that sort of thing, Sergeant, but from what I saw, it didn't amount to much.
- Preston; No?
- Greg; Some brass belt buckles and fancy glass beads, and a few pieces of California gold.

Tom; California gold?

Greg; Coins. Maybe fifty- sixty dollars worth. You'll see the whole thing when you get back to the settlement.

Preston; The killer may have looked on it as not worth taking.

Greg; Maybe so.

Joe; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Dog!

Tom; Eh? () Oh, look Sergeant?

Greg; Hey, what's the matter with that dog?

(KING WHIMPERING EAGERLY)

Tom; King's digging into the snow.

Preston; What is it, King? What're you after?

(KING WHIMPERING WITH EFFORT)

Greg; It'll soon be dark. Maybe we better start back.

Preston; Plenty of time.

Tom; Look at that snow fly!

Preston; What're you after, King? () Here, boy, let me help you!. (EFFORT) There's something here -

Tom; What is it?

Preston; Cloth of some kind. I'll have it out in a minute -

Tom; Looks like a bandana.

Preston; It is! And there's something wrapped in it.

Tom; Let's see! (GASP)



- Preston; Look!
- Tom; Jewels! Gold! Precious stones!
- Preston; This must be Captain Marsden's treasure.
- Tom; Right. The killer left the inferior stuff in the chest and buried those things, intending to return for them.
- Preston; If it hadn't been for King, we'd have thought the chest held everything. There were so many footprints around here, we'd never have suspected that something had been buried.
- Tom; Um. Footprints.
- Greg; All right, all right, I admit me and Joe made most of 'em! We had to look around here, didn't we? We made the footprints, but that don't mean we killed anyone. I tell you he was dead when we got here.
- Tom; It would help to know how long he's been dead.
- Preston; Might have been three hours - might have been six.  
( ) Let's get the body back to town.
- Tom; How?
- Preston; We'll take turns. Tom, you and Joe carry him for a mile, then Bascomb and I will take over.
- Tom; Right. Come on, Joe.
- Joe; Um. (GRUNTING)
- Tom; (EFFORT) Going to be tough going, but we'll manage.
- Preston; Just a minute. I want to examine the snow where he was lying.

Joe; (GRUNTS) We man -age.

Tom; (EFFORT) That's it, Joe.

Preston; Something - here on the snow - () All right, let's get going.

Greg; What'd you find, Sergeant?

Preston; It'll keep until we get to the settlement.

Tom; Is it a clue?

Preston; May be. In fact, it may hang the killer!

(BREAK)

Annrc; The men had traveled less than half a mile with the dead weight of the Professor when they were met by Greg Bascomb's partner and several townsmen with a sled and dog team.

(SNEAK IN BARKING DOGS)

Adlib; (FADE IN) (VOICES IN B.G.)

Annrc; When the dead man had been wrapped in a blanket and placed on the sled, Greg introduced his partner --

Greg; This is Sam Porter, Sergeant.

Preston; So you're the one who dodged to the side to avoid meeting the Constable and me.

Sam; Yeah.

Greg; Sam, I guess you made the same mistake I did. (FORCED LAUGH) I didn't know this gent was a Mountie, either. I went so far as to fire a warning shot.

Sam; When I saw you two, I thought maybe you were the killers returning to the scene of the crime.

Preston; It's all right, Sam.

Greg; Everyone looks alike up here. Even Joe the Eskimo has a Hudson's Bay parka like ours.

Preston; We'll talk later. I want to reach the settlement as quickly as possible and look for the killer.

Sam; You expect to find him?

Preston; Yes, Sam, I do.

Greg; Sergeant Preston found a clue under the body. What did you say it was, Sergeant?

Preston; I didn't say. () All set, Tom?

Tom; (BACK) All set. Let's go!

Sam; Mush you huskies! Get along there!

(DOGS YIP, FADING)

Annrc; Jane Lamson had heard the news and had gotten over the first shock of the death of her father by the time his body reached the town. Later in the evening when she came into the Trading Post to meet Sergeant Preston, her grief had given way to a burning desire to see the killer brought to justice.

Preston; If my plans work out, Miss Lamson, he'll be exposed tonight.

Jane; The Constable said it might be any one of three men -- Joe the Eskimo, Bascomb, or Bascomb's partner Sam.

Preston; And it might be Constable Longwell!

Jane; (GASP) Oh!

Preston; He or Joe could have committed the crime before the snow stopped falling. I've asked all four of those men to be here tonight. We'll see what happens.

Jane; What are you going to do?

Preston; I'm going to count on King.

(LOW BARK)

That's right, boy.

(DOOR OPENS) (WIND OUTSIDE)

Jane; Here's the Constable.

Tom; (BACK) Hi there.

Preston; Come in, Tom.

Tom; (COMING IN) Here's Joe.

(STEPS IN) (DOOR CLOSSES)

(CUT WIND)

preston; ~~GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE BOTH ON TIME~~

Joe  
Tom; (~~GRUNT~~) Good evening, Miss Jane.

Jane; Good evening, Constable.

~~GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE BOTH ON TIME~~

~~GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE BOTH ON TIME~~

(KING BARKS)

Tom; What's King barking at?

Preston; He may hear the others coming. Quiet, King.

Tom; Sam and Bascomb?

Preston; Yes.

(DOOR OPENS) (WIND)

Tom; You were right. () Here they are.

(STEPS IN) (DOOR CLOSSES)

(CUT WIND)

Adlib; (GREETINGS)

Greg; Sam and I are hoping this won't take long. We want to get back to the cafe.

Preston; ~~WE'LL BE AS BRIEF AS POSSIBLE~~  
~~WE'LL BE AS BRIEF AS POSSIBLE~~

~~Adlib; (GREETINGS) (GREETINGS)~~

Greg; What're we here for?

Preston; Come over to this side of the room - all of you. You too, Tom.

(STEPS CROSS ROOM)

Preston; Sam, you weren't with us when we picked up the Professor's body. But these other men saw me examine the ground where Lamson had been lying.

Tom;                   Looked like you found something there.

Greg;                   Yeah, Sergeant, you said somethin' about a clue.

Preston;               Yes, I did. Only the murderer could have left anything beneath Professor Lamson's body. Isn't that right, Constable?

Tom;                   Y -y--yeah. That's right.

Preston;               If, for example, I picked up a bandana, or a mitten, or some other article, King could identify its owner by scent. In other words, he could identify the killer.

Adlib;                 (MURMURS)

Preston;               I expect to know who murdered Professor Lamson within a few minutes. Here, King.

(KING WHIMPERS)

(STEPS RECEDING AS:)

Annrcr;               While the four men watched, Sergeant Preston moved to the far side of the room with King. He reached into his pocket, then held out his hand. No one could see what it was that King sniffed.

Preston;               (SLIGHTLY BACK) Now we're ready, King.

(STEPS COME IN AS:)

Preston;               (COMING IN) You're the first, Constable. Here, King.

(KING WHIMPERING)

Annex; King looked at his master who pointed toward the Constable. Then he nuzzled the Constable's leg and whimpered in a friendly manner.

(WHIMPERING)

Preston; You're next, Joe. Here, King.

Annex; Joe, the Eskimo, stood frozen-faced and motionless while King moved close. Sam, the next in line was tense as King's nose moved to his legs. He fought to keep his guilty fear from showing in his face. In his ears rang Sergeant Preston's words - -

Preston; (FILTER) I expect to know who murdered Professor Lamson within a few minutes.

Annex; King started away, then hesitated and turned back toward Sam. His nostrils quivered as he caught a scent of fear -- the scent that drove all dogs to anger. Sam became more tense than ever. Could it be possible that a dog would betray him? His heart began to pound in terror. His first apprehension had given way to fear that was beginning to approach panic. To King the scent of fear was stronger.

(GROWL)

Preston; (FILTER) - - - who murdered Professor Lamson - -

(KING SNARL)

Tom; Look at that dog!

Anncr; King's hair was bristling. His fangs were bared. His sudden hatred of Sam was obvious.

(WILD SNARLS)

Tom; King has his man!

Jane; Look out!

Sam; (HOWLS) I'll show you!

Greg; (EFFORT) Look out, Sam!

Sam; (EFFORT) I'll kill that dog!

Preston; Take him, King!



(KING CHARGES)

(GUN SHOTS)

Greg; I'll help you, Sam!

Preston; (EFFORT) I'm with you, King!

(SMASHING BLOW)

Sam; (AD LIB) (WILD YELLS) Y - you -- let go -- take  
him off! Get this dog -

(SCRAMBLING ON FLOOR)

(KING AD LIBBING SNARLS & GROWLS)

Amner; Preston's fist stopped Bascomb before he could draw  
his gun. King charged beneath Sam's gun, grabbed the  
gun arm, and pulled Sam to the floor --

Preston; All right, King! I'll take over!

(KING SUBSIDES)

Get up, Sam. You too, Bascomb.

Sam; That dog is wrong, he's wrong I tell you! I didn't  
kill Lamson! It was Greg!

Greg; (HOWLS) You squealing rat!

Sam; It was! You know it was you, Bascomb! You knifed him!

Greg; But it was your idea! You planned everything. You buried the jewels. You suggested that I stay with the dead man while you went to town because it would look good if one of us was guardin' the body against wolves!

Sam; But I didn't knife him. You're the killer, Bascomb!

Gregg; (SOBBING FRANTICALLY) You talked me into it, Sam! You told me we'd be in solid with the law for findin' the body, an' guardin' it an' leavin' it untouched until the law got there to look for clues. I wouldn't be in this jam if it wasn't for you! If I hang, it's because of you. You're just as guilty as I am.

Preston; That's enough. You two will share the penalty for murder.

Tom; A confession, Sergeant!

Preston; That's right, Constable. Put handcuffs on them both.

Tom; Right.

(HANDCUFFS)

Preston; Search them to make sure they have no more hidden weapons.

Tom; We should have searched them when they came. Both of these killers brought guns as if they expected trouble.

Preston; I didn't search them, Tom, because I wanted them to have the opportunity to betray their guilt in an effort to escape.

Tom; There. That'll hold both of you. () Sergeant, I don't see how King could pick the guilty man with nothing to go on but a drawstring from a parka.

Preston; (CHUCKLES) This drawstring, Tom is from my own parka. I found nothing beneath the Professor's body.

Adlib; (STIR)

Preston; I pretended I found something to pave the way for the guilty man to betray himself just as he did. I hoped none of you would notice whether or not your drawstring had been lost.

Tom; But if you found nothing, how did King know —

Preston; Fear betrayed the guilty men, Tom. Sam was afraid he might be caught. King scented that fear.