

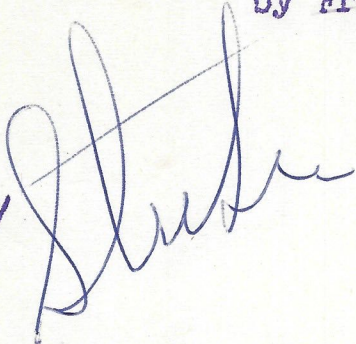
The Challenge of the Yukon -created by Geo. W. Trendle

*Guardian to Jack*  
"Father of the Heir"

by Fran Striker

Number: 940

Date: 10/28/51



Preston and King

Will Clayton ..... Heavy #1

Joey Clayton ..... Boy of ~~9~~ - 10. ||

Jake ..... Heavy #2

Scar ..... Heavy #3

Cal ..... Old man (small part)

Clyde ..... middle aged - kindly.

Flora ..... his wife.

Inspector ..... as before

**FILE**



The Challenge of the Yukon

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(USUAL OPENING)

~~WIND & DOGS -~~  
Returning from a patrol with his sled & dog team, S.P.

Annor;

~~With his dogteam, Sergeant Preston was returning to  
was a few miles from Dawson when he saw  
Dawson after a patrol when he saw a small boy running  
Jack Clayton, the 11 yr old grandson  
toward him. He recognized him as little Joey Clayton,~~

~~the grandson of a rich old miner named Cal Dorset.  
The boy was running toward toward Prest  
& shouting~~  
(WIND & DOGS)

~~Joey; Jack~~

(BACK) Sergeant! Sergeant Preston!

Preston;

~~Whoa there!~~ <sup>King</sup> Whoa, you huskies!

(TEAM HALTS)

Preston;

~~Joey~~ <sup>Jack</sup> - what's wrong?

~~Joey; Jack~~

~~(FADING IN)~~ <sup>Comin'</sup> It's grampa! I'm afraid he's dying!

Preston;

Where is he?

~~Joey; Jack~~

Back there - in the house.

Preston;

What happened?

~~Joey; Jack~~

I don't know. He just fell to the floor. I was  
going to get help from the neighbors when I saw  
you coming

Preston;

Sit on my sled.



Joey; Yes sir. (EFFORT) *I was alone in the house with Grampa and —*

Preston; *(contin)* What about the couple who work for your grandfather — Mr. and Mrs. Winfield?

Joey; They went to town this morning.

Preston; All right, *Jack* ~~Joey~~ — we'll get there as fast as possible. On King! On you huskies!

(TEAM STARTS, FADE)

Annrc; A few minutes later as Sergeant Preston entered Cal Dorset's big log house, he saw the old man lying on the floor — his face pale and drawn.

Joey; *Jack* Grampa — I've brought Sergeant Preston —

Preston; Steady, Dorset — I'll help you.

Cal; (DYING) No use, Sergeant. I — I reckon I'm done for. M — My heart's been bad for a long time.

Preston; Take it easy.

Cal; Listen to me — You too, *Jack* Joey. I — I never made a will — but *Jack* Joey's my — my only relative. So the mine will go to him. I — I want everything to go to — to my grandson.

Joey; *Jack* (SOBS) Grampa! Grampa!

Cal; *(Fading)* Y — you'll be rich — Jack — rich —

\*\*\*\*\*

Annrc; That evening, in Dawson, Sergeant Preston reported to <sup>the</sup> Mounted Police Headquarters, ~~and~~ told the Inspector ~~what had happened.~~ about Cal Dorset's death *then added —*



3.  
*Jack*

Preston; *80* I stayed with *Jack* Joey until the Winfields returned from town.

Insp; The Winfields?

Preston; They're *MM* a married couple who worked for Cal Dorset. The husband - Clyde Winfield - helped Cal work the mine, and his wife Flora kept house. She's been *like* a second mother to *Jack* Joey.

Insp; You say Dorset left no will?

Preston; That's what he told me. *Jack* Joey is his only relative so he's the natural heir.

Insp; Are *the bump* Joey's parents dead?

Preston; His parents separated five years ago when Joey was six years old. His mother took the boy and went to live with her father - Cal Dorset. She died last year.

Insp; What about *MM* the boy's father?

Preston; His name is Burt Clayton. He may be alive - somewhere.

Insp; Does *Joey* Joey know where he is?

Preston; No sir. After the separation, he disappeared.

Insp; In that case the court will appoint a guardian for the boy.

Preston; If *Jack* Joey has anything to say about it, his guardians will be Mr. and Mrs. Winfield. They're both very fond of him.



*Mr. Jack's* 4.

Insp;

Joey's wishes will be considered by the court. Unless his father turns up, I see no reason why they *Winfield's* shouldn't be <sup>made the guardians</sup> given charge of him.

(BREAK)

Annecr;

*quite the same as that - Burt knew*

Will Clayton, the brother of *Jack's* father, was in Dawson, where he and two pals occupied a <sup>small</sup> ~~dirty~~ cabin. Two days after the death of Cal Dorset, Clayton looked up suddenly from his newspaper.

Will;

Hey ~~Jack~~ <sup>Pete</sup> - Scar - - listen to this!

Jack;

*Pete*

Listen to what?

Will;

(READ) Calvin Dorset, owner of the Half Moon mine died Tuesday of a heart attack. His grandson, eleven year old <sup>Jack</sup> ~~Joe~~ Clayton, is named as the heir.

Scar;

What about it, Will?

Will;

Scar, that kid - ~~Joey Clayton~~ - is my brother's son. He's my nephew.

Jack;

*Pete*

I never knew Burt had a ~~kid~~ *son*

Will;

Sure. When Burt and his wife split up back in the States, his wife took the <sup>boy</sup> ~~kid~~ and went to live with *her father, Cal* ~~old man~~ Dorset.

Scar;

She must be dead now.

Will;

She died a year ago - accordin' to the rest of this story. And listen to this - (READS) It is reported that Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Winfield may be appointed the boy's guardians.

*Pete:*

*That means they'll probably control the goldmine*

Scar;

That'll sure be a nice deal for them.



Will; Maybe -- maybe not!

Jake; *Pete* What do you mean?

Will; We're the only ones who know that the boy's father is dead. What's to stop me from sayin' I'm Burt Clayton.

Scar; The kid's father!

Will; Yeah! And I'll be the guardian - with control of the Half Moon mine!

Scar; Can you get away with it?

Will; Why not? We just arrived in Dawson so no one knows me. The kid hasn't seen his father for five years. It's not likely he remembers his face very clearly. Besides, I always resembled my brother.

Jake; *Pete* Yeah -that's true.

Will; What's more, I have Burt's personal papers, and his ring.

Jake; *Pete* By thunder, Will - ~~maybe~~ <sup>might</sup> your plan would work!

Will; (CHUCKLES) You just wait and see. Just wait and see!

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

(COMMERCIAL)



Annex; ~~And now to continue~~ ... In the evening - a few days after Cal Dorset's death, Sergeant Preston drove his <sup>dog</sup> team to the Dorset house to talk to <sup>Jack</sup> ~~Joey~~ and the middle-aged couple Clyde and Flora Winfield. After a few words, the Mountie <sup>said</sup> ~~came to the point~~ —

Preston; This afternoon I talked to the judge who'll preside over the settlement of Calvin Dorset's estate.

Clyde; ~~What's going to happen to Joey?~~ <sup>Jack will get everything, won't he?</sup>

Preston; ~~I'm sure he'll appoint you and Mrs. Winfield as Joey's guardians.~~ <sup>I think there's no doubt of that, Clyde. And I think the judge will.</sup> ~~Jack~~ <sup>Jack</sup>

Joey; <sup>Jack</sup> Oh golly, that'll be fine!

Flora; ~~I - I'm glad to hear that.~~ <sup>Jack</sup> I - I guess it's what I prayed for, Joey!

(KNOCKING)

Clyde; Someone's at the door.

Joey; <sup>Jack</sup> I'll ~~go~~ see who it is.

(STEPS, DOOR OPENS, WIND OUTSIDE)

Will; <sup>Jack</sup> Joey! I reckon you are <sup>Jack</sup> ~~Joey~~, aren't you?

Joey; <sup>J</sup> (PUZZLED) Yes sir - but how —

Will; You've sure grown!

Clyde; (BACK) Who is it, <sup>Jack</sup> ~~Joey~~?

Joey; <sup>Jack</sup> I - I don't know.

Will; (CHUCKLES) ~~You~~ <sup>step</sup> let me <sup>where it's</sup> ~~come~~ inside ~~into~~ the light and see if you don't recognize me.

Joey; <sup>Jack</sup> Yes sir - ~~Come in~~



(STEPS ENTER) (SHUT DOOR) (CUT WIND)

Will; Now - look close, *Joey*. *Don't you*

~~Joey; *Jack* (GASP) You - you -~~

~~Will; (LAUGHS) Good for you, son. I knew you'd remember your dad.~~

*J*  
Adlib;

(SURPRISE)

*Jack*

*Y - You - my - my father? -*

Clyde;

You mean you're Burt Clayton?

Will;

Yep. That's what I mean.

Clyde;

Well - this -- this is a surprise. My name's Clyde Winfield. This is my wife Flora.

Adlib;

HOW DO YOU DO'S)

Clyde;

And this is <sup>*our friend*</sup> Sergeant Preston of the Northwest Mounted. *Police*  
~~He's an old friend of our's and Joey's.~~ *Jack*

(CHAIR SCRAPES)

Will;

Howdy, Sergeant.

Preston;

How do you do, Clayton.

Flora;

Won't you sit down?

Will;

Thanks.

(CHAIR SCRAPES)

Preston;

How did you find out about *Jack* Joey?

Will;

In the newspaper. I read about Mister Dorset's death and about *Joey* going to inherit his claim. ~~Right away I realized it was my son the story referred to.~~



Preston;

Hadn't you known that <sup>Jack</sup> Joey was living here with his grandfather?

Will;

Well, I knew that my wife had gone to live with her father, but I didn't know until recently that old Dorset had left the States to come to the Yukon. I came here to find my wife and son. (SIGHS) I traveled many a weary mile before I came to Dawson. Then I happened to see the newspaper. ( ) It's the end of a long trail, son. I'm mighty glad to find you.

Joey; <sup>Jack</sup>

Y - y -yes sir.

Clyde;

Now that you're here, I -- I suppose <sup>Jack</sup> Joey will not need my wife and me to take care of him.

Will;

I've neglected my duty/<sup>too</sup>long ~~Mr.~~ Winfield. From now on I'll take care of my own son.

Preston;

The Judge may require proof that you are Burt Clayton.

Will;

Here. (EFFORT) Take a look at this ring. <sup>Jack's</sup> ~~Joey's~~ mother gave it to me on our first wedding anniversary. Read what's engraved inside it.

Preston;

(READS) To Burt from his ~~loving~~ wife Elsie - 1890.

Will;

Also, I have some personal papers here that should establish my identity. Look these over.

(RUSTLE OF PAPERS)

Will;

And there's my picture on the wall! <sup>That's when I</sup> ~~wore a mustache~~ —

Clyde;

Well-l-k -- you've aged a bit, but <sup>you do</sup> the picture ~~does~~ look like you all right. ( ) What do you think, Flora?



Flora; I reckon this gentlemen must be Burt Clayton - as he says he is.

Preston; These ~~letters~~ and papers seem to be authentic. You should have no difficulty proving your identity in the court. For <sup>Jacks</sup> Joey's sake, I hope everything works out for the best.

\*\*\*\*\*

Anncr; A week later at the court proceedings for the settlement of Calvin Dorset's estate, Will Clayton succeeded in establishing himself as <sup>Jacks</sup> Joey's father, and the boy was officially turned over to his care. Will immediately moved his belongings to the Dorset house. That evening, after supper, he remarked to Mrs. Winfield --

Will; Mrs. Winfield, that was a mighty satisfying meal.

Flora; I'm glad you enjoyed it.

Will; I certainly did, but I'm afraid it's the last meal you'll be cooking for <sup>Jacks</sup> Joey and me.

Flora; Why - wha -what do you mean?

Will; I'll have to dispense with the services of you and your husband.

Clyde; You mean you're firing us?

Will; If you want to put it that way --yes. In lieu of notice, you'll receive two weeks' pay.

Joey; <sup>Jacks</sup> But - but Dad, I don't want them to go! They're my friends!



Will; Son, I know what's best.

Joey; *Just* But you can't fire them! Grampa left this house to me, and the mine, too!

Will; Until you're twenty-one, I'm in charge ~~around here~~. I'm sorry, but the Winfields must leave. I have other plans for running this place.

\*\*\*\*\*

Anner; The following day, Will went to the cabin of his partners, Jake and Scar. The two men looked up as he entered the cabin.

(CLOSE DOOR)

Scar; Well, Will, how does it feel to be boss of a rich gold mine?

Will; Feels fine, boys. Mighty fine. (SITS DOWN AS:)

(CHAIR SCRAPES)

Scar; *when* ~~where~~ do we cut in?

Will; *Right away.* I've fired the couple who used to work for Dorset. You two are going to take their places.

Scar; *Don,* what's the idea?

Will; With the Winfields gone, and you to taking their places, it'll be smooth sailing. About one-tenth of the gold we take out of the mine will show up in the kid's bank ~~balance~~ *account*. The rest will go to us. Savvy?

Adlib; (CHUCKLING APPROVAL)



Will; Scar, you'll work as cook. Jake and I'll work the mine.

Scar; Suits me.

Jake; *Pete* Sounds good to me.

Will; We'll clean up a hundred thousand dollars inside of a year.

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Annrc; In the weeks that followed, *Jack* ~~Joey~~ was practically a prisoner in the house. He was forced to do menial chores and heavy work that was beyond his strength. The slightest infraction of discipline was swiftly and sternly punished. One day an argument was going on between Scar and ~~Joey~~ *the boy* as Will and ~~Jake~~ *Pete* entered the house.

(WIND, DOOR OPENS, STEPS ENTER,  
CLOSE DOOR, CUT WIND)

Scar; (BACK) ~~By thunder, if you ain't the laziest brat I ever laid eyes on!~~ *and I say again - you're lazy!* <sup>Now</sup> Get ~~up~~ out of that chair an' get busy before I clout you!

Joey; *Jack* All right, all right - you don't have to hit me -

Will; What's going on here?

Scar; (FADE IN) I told this kid to go to the shed and split some firewood! I came back from the kitchen and find he's ~~curled up~~ <sup>asleep</sup> in this chair ~~asleep~~.

Will; Oh. So you've been loafing again, eh *Jack* Joey?



Joey;

I haven't, Dad - honest, I haven't. I've been working all morning. I just sat down in this chair to rest a minute and I fell asleep.

Will;

Fell asleep! You have plenty of time to sleep at night. Maybe what you need is a good thrashing to keep you awake.

Joey;

No, <sup>plus</sup> don't lick me! I haven't done anything wrong. I'll bet if the Judge knew how mean —

Will;

Shut up! I wasn't going to lick you, but now that you're so smart-alecky, you're going to get what you deserve!

Joey;

No no! Please, Dad - I'll work harder!

Will;

(GRABS HIM) Come here! By thunder, I'll teach you not to talk back to me!

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

Jake;

Someone's at the door!

Will;

See who it is, Jake. I'll take this brat back to the kitchen and teach him a lesson ~~he'll never~~ forget.

(FADING) Come on, Scar. You might have to hold him.

Scar;

(BACK) Right.

DOOR CLOSSES. BACK.

RAP ON DOOR. CLOSE.

DOOR OPENS.

Jake;

Oh - a- a Mountie.

Preston;

I came to see Joey Clayton.



Jake; He's busy.

Will; (MUFFLED) Let this be a lesson. (EFFORT)

MUFFLED BLOW)

Joey; ((MUFFLED)(PAIN) Dad- please, don't hit me again!

Preston; I'll see what's going on. Come along, King.

(FAST STEPS SUSTAIN AS-

*Pate*  
Jake; (BACK) Now wait- hold on -

Annex; Without pausing to argue with Jake, Sergeant Preston crossed the room and opened the door to the kitchen.

JERK OPEN DOOR.

*held a leather belt in his upraised hand*  
~~Clayton's hand was lifted, and in it, there was~~  
a stick of firewood.

*Joey*  
Joey; (STRUGGLING) Let me g-go-

Will; Preston! You!

*Pate*  
Jake; (COMING IN FAST) I couldn't stop him, Boss.

Preston; That'll do, Clayton. What's going on?

Will; I'm teachin' my son a lesson!

Preston; *belt?*  
With that ~~stick?~~ Drop it. ( ) You. mister, let the boy go!

Scar; The Boss told me to hold him!

Preston; I said, let go! And you, Clayton, drop that stick. *Belt.*



Joey; Don't let him hit me again!

Will; Preston, you mind your own business !

Preston; King!

SHARP SNARL

Will; (QUICKLY) All right, I'll drop it!

*belt* STICK FALLS.

Will; (GRUMBLING) I'm the boy's father. It's my duty to teach him that--

Preston; It may be your duty to punish the boy, if punishment is needed, but that doesn't mean you have the right to <sup>whip</sup> beat him with a <sup>belt</sup> club while someone holds him.

*Joey; Jack* (SNIFFLING) D-dad, you- you've got to believe me, I - I wasn't loafing. I've been workin' hard all morning. I just fell asleep in the chair for a couple of minutes--

Will; Go to your room, *Joey; Jack*

*Joey; Jack* Joey; B-but-

Preston; Go ahead, *Joey; Jack* Joey. Obey your father.

*Joey; Jack* Joey; (FADING) Yes sir -

Scar; The kid was loafin'. He's lazy an' good for nothin'.

Will; What goes on here, Preston, is none of your business.



That's a matter of ~~15~~ <sup>15</sup> opinion!

Preston; ~~It's always my business when two men use a club to punish a boy Joey's age. Any more of that and you'll be removed as the boy's guardian.~~

Will; ~~Aw-w-w-~~ well, I don't want trouble with you, but -

Preston; Where are the Winfields?

Will; We didn't get along. They resented my comin' here and I had to fire 'em. I hired these men to take their places.

Preston; I see. *oh,*

Will; *Pete* Jake works the claim with me, and Scar does the cookin' an' the chores.

Preston; Scar, eh? What's your last name?

Scar; Brady.

Preston; Do you have a police record?

Scar; Me? Why uh-no, No, of course not! I used to be a ship's cook. I-uh- I just came to the Yukon a month ago.

Preston; *Um.* I see. *Wink* ( ) Clayton, I'll be on my way.

Will; Why'd you come here?

Jake; *Cite* He said he came to see *Jack* ~~Joey~~ -

Preston; I'll be back to talk to him. Just remember this, Clayton, the law can intervene at any time to protect Joey and his inheritance. (FADING) ~~No more beatings!~~ Come on, King.



STEPS FADING AS

Will; (SARCASM) Thanks, Mountie.

Preston (BACK) You're welcome.

DISTANT DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.

Scar; (LOW) Did you see the way he looked at me?

Will; (LOW) Yes. ( ) <sup>Pete</sup> Jake, close that door so the kid wont hear us.

~~Jake;~~ <sup>Pete</sup> (MOVING BACK) (LOW) I'm wondering if Preston saw a handbill on Scar.

DOOR CLOSE. (NEAR)

Will; (LOW) If not, he will as soon as he checks the records at headquarters. And he'll check 'em! That's why he left here so sudden. Then he'll know Scar is wanted in Selkirk for that shooting of a year ago.

~~Jake;~~ <sup>Pete</sup> (LOW)(ANGRY) Why'd you let him see you?

Scar; (LOW) I didn'g have a chance to hide.

Will; (LOW) He'll come here, Scar, to arrest you. Then, in the hope of winning a lighter jail term, you'll squeal!

Scar; (LOUDER) No, No, Boss-

Will; (LOW) Keep your voice down. I say you'll squeal. You'll tell that I'm not <sup>Jade</sup> Joey's father. I can't risk that, Scar, so you'll have to clear out of the vicinity.



Scar; (LOW) Clear out?

Will: (LOW) Yes. I'll tell Preston you skipped ~~clearing~~ <sup>AS SOON</sup>  
~~AS HE LEFT~~ <sup>if Preston tells me</sup> ~~and I'll act real surprised to learn~~  
 you're wanted by the law.

Scar; (LOW AND UGLY) Now hold on, Will! If you think you're goin' to do me out of my share in this claim. . .

Will: (LOW) There's about ten thousand in gold in the safe. I'll give you that.

Scar; (NASTY LAUGH) Ten thousand - for my share of a claim that'll pay off at a hundred thousand a year! I'm goin' to be paid off in full!

Will: (LOW AND COLD) So you want to be paid off, in full, eh, Scar? (EFFORT) All right!

Scar; (STARTLED) Hey - put down the gun -

Will: (LOW) Grab his arms, Jake.

Jake; *Pete* (LOW) Right. (EFFORT)

Scar: (SUDDEN FRENZY, CUT SHORT) Y ou-

BLOW.

Will; (LOW) Now, Jake, lower him to the floor.

Jake; *Pete* (EFFORT) You sure creased him with your gun barrel.

Will: (LOW) That's what he gets for bein' greedy. He should've taken the ten thousand and been satisfied with it.



Jake; *Pat*

(LOW) Do you think the boy heard anything?

Will;

(LOW)) No.

Jake; *Pat*

(LOW) What'll we do with Scar?

Will;

(LOW) Tie and gag him. Then take him to the mine. We'll hold him there for the time being.

Jake; *Pat*

(LOW) Why not kill him? We could hide the body -

Will;

(LOW) Not yet, Jake. We might have to kill someone else. In which case we could shoot Scar and frame him for the murder -

BREAK

Anner;

Scar was tied and gagged and taken to the mine before he recovered consciousness. Meanwhile, Sergeant Preston and Yukon King hurried back to Dawson. *Prest. went directly to the Inspectors office* ~~As soon as the Mountie reached the city, he went to the headquarters and reported to the Inspector.~~

*(Door close)*

Preston;

I'd like to talk to you about <sup>*Jake*</sup> Joey Clayton, Sir.

Inspect;

What about him, Sergeant?

Preston;

In the first place, I'm not sure that Clayton is a suitable guardian.

Inspectr;

But he's the boy's father!

Preston;

That doesn't make him suitable. Remember, Sir, he had nothing to do with the boy for five years. When I reached the Dorsett house, Clayton was thrashing Joey. *pinning his face with a leather belt.*



Insp; Um-m. Perhaps the boy needed punishment.

Preston; He fell asleep in a chair. He was accused of loafing; Is that cause to <sup>whip</sup> beat him with a <sup>belt</sup> stick ~~of firewood?~~

Insp; He was being <sup>whipped</sup> ~~beaten~~ with a <sup>belt</sup> stick?

Prest; Yes! While another man held him! And that's not the only reason I'm doubtful of Clayton.

Insp; What else?

Prest; The Winfields were a good, hard-working couple. Mrs. Winfield was like a mother to <sup>Jack</sup> Joey. He loved her. But Clayton fired the Winfield's and hired two rough looking men to replace them, <sup>Jack</sup> Joey is not happy, sir. I could see that.

Insp; The situation requires looking into.

Prest; It does, Inspector. And I'd like particularly to check on one of those men whom Clayton hired.

Insp; Why?

Prest; He has a curious V shaped scar on his left cheek. I'm sure that I read a description of a scar like that on a handbill.

Insp; (MUTTERS) V-shaped scar on left cheek - ( ) It does sound familiar.

OPEN DRAWER.

I'll look <sup>them</sup> in the file here in my desk-



Annrc; The inspector frowned thoughtfully as he fingered a number of handbills in his desk drawer. Presently he drew out a sheet, studied it, then handed it to Sergeant Preston.

Insp; There's the man with the V-shaped Scar. Identity unknown. Charged with shooting a man in a cafe brawl in Selkirk last February.

Prest; (READING) Hair, thin and brown. Swarthy complexion. Height, five-ten. Weight one eighty. I think that's the man, Inspector.

Insp; Bring him in! We'll question him.

Prest; Yes sir. Come on, King.

BARKS.

BREAK.

Annrc; It was still daylight when Sergeant Preston and Yukon King approached the log house near the Half-Moon mine. <sup>Jack</sup> ~~Joey~~ was still in his bedroom. Will Clayton and <sup>Pete</sup> ~~Jake~~ were near a window. They heard King's bark and looked out.

*Pete*  
Jake; Look, Boss, it's that Mountie comin' back.

Will; Just as I figured. He's found out about Scar. He's back to arrest him.

*Pete*  
Jake; Do you know what you're going to tell him?

Will; Yes. I'm all set for him. You'd better go to the tunnel and make sure Scar hasn't worked loose from his ropes.



*McCate*  
 Jake;

Good idea. (FADES) I'll go out the back way so  
 Preston wont see me.

STEPS GOING BACK

MUFFLED BARKS FADING IN.

RAP ON DOOR. DOOR OPEN S.

Will;

Back again, eh Preston? Maybe you brought me some  
 more advice.

Preston;

King and I'll step in, *pick* if you don't mind, Clayton.

Will;

Doesn't seem to matter whether I mind or not.

DOOR CLOSES.

Preston;

I'm here to arrest Scar Brady.

Will;

Scar Brady? For what?

Preston;

He's wanted in Selkirk for attempted murder.

Will;

So that's it! He must've known you'd be back  
 for him. That's why he lit out in such a hurry.

Preston;

Lit out?

Will;

Yes. As soon as you left, he packed his gear and  
 told me he was quitting.

Preston;

Which way did he travel?

Will;

He headed North. Too bad the trails are all so  
 hard-packed. I guess there'll be no chance of  
 following his tracks.

Preston;

King doesn't need tracks to follow a man. When I  
 saw Brady, he was wearing a white apron. Is that  
 apron still in the kitchen?



Will; Why - uh - I- I don't know. What do you want of the apron?

Preston; It will give King the scent to follow.

Will; Oh - the scent.... so you can follow Brady.  
( ) He may have taken the apron with him. I'll see if it's in the kitchen.

Preston; I'll go with you.

STEPS SUSTAIN AS

Will; Why don't you wait here, Sergeant. No need to bother goin' to the kitchen with me- -

Preston; (CUT IN) It's no bother.

DOOR OPENS.

Will; I don't see the apron. Brady must've taken- -

Preston; (CUT IN) Isn't that it hanging on the wall?

Will; That? Oh uh- no. No, that's a dirty one, it's got things spilled- -

Preston; Things are spilled just as they were when Brady wore it. ( ) Here, King!

WHINES.

Get the scent, Boy!

SHARP BARKS.

Preston; That's it! Now we'll go back to the front door and see if you can find that scent on the trail, ~~that~~ heads north!



Annex; Will Clayton followed as Sergeant Preston led King to the trail that headed north from the log house. King sniffed, then looked at his master and whined -

WHINES

Preston; Can't recognize the scent, eh, King? Then let's try the rear door.

WHINES SUSTAIN AS

Annex; The two men and the dog moved around the side of the house to the hard-packed path that began at the rear door. Here King signalled recognition of the scent-

BARKS.

Preston; Find him, King!

BARKS FADE FAST.

Annex; The great dog streaked along the path to the entrance of the <sup>Half Moon</sup> tunnel that was the Half Moon Mine! Clayton's face was tense. Preston turned and said-

Preston; <sup>Clayton - you said</sup> ~~So~~ Brady headed North, eh Clayton?

Will; (TENSE) He did, I tell you. I saw him! That dog's on a false scent.

Preston; According to King, Scar Brady headed for the mine.

Will; Search it, if you want to †



Preston; I intend to! And just to be on the safe side,  
Clayton, you're coming with me!

BREAK

Annecr; We'll continue the adventure in just a moment.

COMMERCIAL.

Annecr; King waited at the entrance to the Half-Moon  
mine until Sergeant Preston arrived with  
Clayton. ~~A lantern hung on a peg just inside~~  
~~the opening.~~ <sup>while</sup> Clayton lighted <sup>a</sup> the lantern ~~and~~ <sup>that</sup>  
~~hung on a peg just inside the entrance~~ <sup>while</sup> King dashed  
ahead in the dark tunnel.

Preston; I'll take the lantern, Clayton.

Clayton; Very well.

Annecr; <sup>at that moment</sup> ~~Just then,~~ King started barking,

KING BARKS. BACK. ECHO.

Preston; That sounds as though King has found his man!  
Walk ahead, Clayton, and remember, I'm wearing  
a gun.

ECHO EFFECT

STEPS SUSTAIN.

KING FADING IN, WHINING.

Annecr; Presently the rays of the lantern revealed Scar  
Brady on the floor of the tunnel, bound and gagged.

KING WHINING. STEPS HALT.



Preston;

Good work, King! Clayton, it looks as though you were mistaken about Brady heading north.

Will;

~~KEN~~ Well - -

Preston;

Remove the gag and untie him.

Annor;

As Clayton began untying Scar, the Sergeant hung the lantern on a spike projecting from one of the timbers. Suddenly a voice rang out from the darkness.

Jake;

(BACK) You're covered, Preston! Reach!

(KING GROWLS)

Jake;

(BACK) And don't let that dog make any false moves ~~either~~, unless you want me to put a bullet in him.

Preston;

Steady, King.

(STEPS FADE IN SLOWLY AS:)

Will;

I was wondering what had happened to you, ~~Jake~~. *where you were, Pate.*

Jake;

(FADING IN) When I heard you two outside, I hid in the side branch.

Will;

Good thing you did. Preston was about to <sup>ruin</sup> queer the whole game for us.

Jake;

Looks to me as if he's ~~queered~~ it already. *ruined it*

Will;

Not if we get rid of him, he hasn't.

Jake;

Get rid of him! Not me, Clayton! I'll go along on most of your deals, but I don't want any part of killing a Mountie.



Will;

Shut up and listen! I have it all figured out. We'll kill Preston, then shoot Scar with Preston's gun.

*Pate*  
Jake;

I don't savvy.

Will;

Preston came here to arrest Scar. We'll claim Scar ran into the mine tunnel - Preston chased him. They shot it out. Scar shot Preston, but before he died, the Mountie got Scar. Understand?

*Pate*  
Jake;

Yeah - that'll work!

Will;

Let Preston have it *right now*.

*Pate*  
Jake;

It'll be a pleasure.

Anncr;

Jake's back was turned to the mouth of the tunnel. As the crook raised his gun to shoot, Sergeant Preston glanced over his shoulder and gave a startled cry --

Preston;

*Jack*  
~~Joey~~ - go back!

*Pate*  
Jake;

(STARTLED EXCLAMATION)

Preston;

(SHARPLY) Take him, King!

(KING ATTACKS, SNARLING AS:)

Anncr;

King leaped in the split second when *Pate* ~~Jake's~~ attention wavered!

(SHOT)

Anncr;

*Pate*  
Jake's gun went off as he toppled backward from the force of the dog's attack. The bullet went harmlessly into the wall. Preston had already turned his attention to Will Clayton!



*Pete*  
Jake;

(AD LIB CRIES OF FEAR OF DOG)

Preston;

This is for you, Clayton! (EFFORT)

(SOCK)

Will;

(GASP)

Preston;

Stay with that <sup>man</sup> ~~one~~, King!

Anncr;

With his face contorted with rage, Will recovered and rushed at Preston - only to run into a series of smashing rights and lefts.

Preston;

(FIGHTING) Not like beating a child, is it Clayton?

(WIND UP FIGHT WITH TERRIFIC BLOW)

Will;

(GROAN)

(FALLING BODY)

Anncr;

The Mountie's final blow sent Clayton sprawling to the ground unconscious.

*Pete*  
Jake;

(HOWLING) Get this dog off me, Preston! Call him off!

Preston;

All right, King - I have his gun. Let him up now, boy. () On your feet, <sup>Pete</sup> ~~Jake~~. You too, Clayton. You're both under arrest in the name of the <sup>C</sup>rown!

Anncr;

*handcuffed* Sergeant Preston <sup>Pete</sup> ~~led~~ Clayton and <sup>Jank</sup> ~~Jake~~, then as he removed the gag from Scar Brady's mouth, Joey came running into the tunnel.

(FADE IN RUNNING STEPS)



Joey; *Jack*

(FADING IN) Sergeant Preston, I heard shooting!  
What happened?

Preston; *Jack*

I'll tell you about it later, Joey. Right now I  
want to hear what Brady has to say.

Scar;

(GETTING TO HIS FEET) I'll talk all right - and  
talk plenty! Clayton was planning to kill me!  
I'll get square for that, Clayton. () Listen  
Preston, Clayton isn't really the kid's father!  
He's not Burt Clayton!

Joey; *Jack*

He - he's not my father?

Preston;

Who is he?

Scar;

He's Burt Clayton's brother Will. Burt was killed  
in a hold-up a couple of months ago. Will took his  
ring and personal papers, and used them to pass  
himself off as the kid's father.

Joey; *Jack*

I - I'm glad he's not my father!

Preston;

Well, ~~Joey, you'll not have to worry about anything~~  
~~from now on.~~ Now I'm sure the court will appoint  
Mr. and Mrs. Winfield as your guardians.

Joey; *Jack*

Oh golly - that'll be wonderful!

Preston;

In the meantime, these three will go to jail.  
~~XXXXXXXX~~ *Jack* Joey, your troubles are over and this  
case is closed!

theme.