

Sergeant Preston of the Yukon - created by Geo. W. Trendle

Striker

"Frame-Up Victim"

by Fran Striker.

Number:

956

Date:

12/4

Preston and King

Jack Martin young constable.

Travis; young miner straight 25 - 30

McDuffy mine r - young - heavy

Millie 25 - 30

Hendricks elderly, crotchety

Vic Heavy

Mrs. O'Doyle elderly housekeeper

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PROMO

"Frame up Victim"

Preston; Sergeant Preston reporting for orders, Inspector.

Insp; Sergeant, a killer named Travis has escaped from the jail in Big Ridge. Go after him at once - and bring him back!

Preston; I'll do my best sir!

Annrc; In spite of the fact that he is not a killer, Travis is wanted for murder. He knows he's been framed - but he doesn't suspect that he was betrayed by a partner he trusted. As Sergeant Preston begins the manhunt, the betrayal is incomplete - - for the treacherous partner has plans to frame Travis for still another murder - the murder of Sergeant Preston!

Be sure to listen - (ETC.)

- Preston; It was late, Jack, and I knew you'd be asleep, so I went to the hotel. King stayed with me in my room.
- Jack; If you talked to the hotel clerk, you probably heard about the murder of Nate Hendricks.
- Preston; Yes. Have you a line on the killer?
- Jack; I know who he is. His name is Travis.
- Preston; You seem sure of that.
- Jack; There's no question of his guilt, and I'm sorry.
- Preston; You're sorry?
- Jack; Yes. I've always liked young Travis. I can't believe he'd kill a man, but this is one case where we have an eye witness!
- Preston; You haven't talked to Travis?
- Jack; No. He ran away. He knew he'd hang if we caught him.
- Preston; Have you looked for him?
- Jack; I went out with a posse, but wind and snow had blotted out the tracks. Now that you're here with King, perhaps we'll be able to track down the killer.
- Preston; We'll arrest Travis this morning.
- Jack; You're certainly confident of King's ability to follow a scent.
- Preston; There's no need for that. I know where Travis is hiding.
- Jack; You do? How do you know?

Preston; The waitress in the hotel told me where to find him.

Jack; Mildred Taylor?

Preston; Wes.

Jack; Why she's his girl -- his sweetheart! She's engaged to marry Travis!

Preston; Yes, so I've been told.

Jack; Why that little double crosser! Travis probably trusted her, and told her where he'd go, and now she's turned squealer! I don't care if she is helping the law. She's a squealer.

Preston; (CHUCKLE) Just a minute, Jack. Do you know why she wants her sweetheart captured?

Jack; She probably figures on collecting a reward.

Preston; No. She is convinced Travis did not kill Hendricks. And she doesn't want him to be a fugitive from justice for the rest of his life. She wants him brought back and cleared of the murder charge.

Jack; But it's an open and shut case!

Preston; That remains to be seen. If you're ready, Jack, we'll start for Dogleg Canyon where Travis is hiding in a cave.

Jack; I'll be ready as soon as I get into my parka.

(STEPS SUSTAINING)

Annex; Sergeant Preston and the Constable were side by side with King trotting at his master's heels. As they turned into Dogleg Canyon a few miles north of Big Ridge, they were met head-on by stinging particles of icy snow driven by a high wind. For protection they pulled the hoods of their parkas forward to shield their faces. Presently the Sergeant pointed to an opening in the western wall of the canyon.

(WIND B.G.)

Preston; There's the cave.

Jack; I see it.

Preston; If Miss Taylor told the truth, we'll find young Travis hiding there.

Jack; Sergeant - I see him! He's watching from behind that big rock at the mouth of the cave --

Preston; I see someone's head --

Jack; That's Travis.

Travis; (BACK) You crooks keep away from here!

(KING GROWLS)

Jack; Did he call us crooks?

Preston; Yes! Steady, King. Hold it, boy.

Travis; (BACK, BUT NEARER) Stop I tell you! If you scheming killers come any nearer, I'll shoot!

Jack; He's calling us killers! He must be crazy!

Preston; He can't tell who we are while we wear these parkas.

(YELL) Hold your fire, Travis.

Jack; He's raising his gun!

Preston; (YELL) We're lawmen!

(RIFLE SHOT, BACK)

Jack; (GASP) That - that -

Preston; Take him, King!

(CLOSE SHOTS AS:)

(BARKING, FADES FAST)

Annrc; As the Constable fell, Sergeant Preston gave King the word to charge and at the same instant opened fire. The first shot from his pistol smashed Travis' rifle. Unarmed and helpless, the fugitive ducked behind the ~~the~~ rocks. In scant seconds, King was over the rocks and on top of the fugitive.

(KING ADLIB SNARLS & GROWLS)

Travis; (ADLIB) (EFFORT) Get away - get off me! Let me go - let go - - (SUSTAIN ADLIB AS:)

Annrc; Travis, knocked to the ground by the charge of the powerful dog, found his arm gripped in jaws of steel. A moment later, Sergeant Preston closed in.

Preston; That'll do, King. Down, boy! I'll take over! On guard.

(KING SUBSIDES)

Travis; (GASPING) That - that dog --

Preston; Stand up, Travis!

Travis; (EFFORT) I - I ~~guess he hurt me~~ ^{DON'T THINK HE HURT ME MUCH.}

Preston; Not nearly as badly as you did the Constable!

Travis; The - the Constable?

Preston; The man you just shot!

Travis; No no - I - I didn't shoot the Constable!

Preston; No?

Travis; You -you mean to say - that man - out there - is Jack Martin?

Preston; Yes!

Travis; He - he's walking toward us - I - I didn't kill him, thank goodness! I - I didn't know. () Who are you?

Preston; Sergeant Preston.

Travis; You? A - a lawman?

Preston; There's a uniform beneath this parka.

Travis; (MOANS) Now I'm in deeper than ever! I didn't know you were lawmen. I swear I didn't know it!

Preston; Watch him, King. () (CALLS) How are you, Martin?

Jack; (COMING IN) Not bad. The bullet nicked my shoulder and knocked me down - that's about all. I think it's only a scratch --

Preston; I'll handcuff this man, then we'll look at your wound.

Jack; I'm sure it's trivial.

Preston; ~~Hold~~ ^{HOLD} out your hands, Travis.

(HANDCUFFS)

Jack, you take off that parka.

- Travis; I - I didn't know it was you, Constable. I - I thought you two were killers -
- Jack; A likely story! It's an open and shut case, Travis. You killed Hendricks, then came here to hide. When you saw Sergeant Preston and me you opened fire. But you didn't count on Sergeant Preston smashing your rifle - or on King!
- Travis; That's not true!
- Preston; Why did you think we were killers?
- Travis; I - I thought the Constable was someone else.
- Jack; (THREATENING) Oh you did, eh?
- Preston; Hold still, Jack. I'm trying to dress your wound!
- Travis; I - I suppose everyone who's caught says he was framed, but in my case it's true.
- Preston; Tell me what you know about Hendricks' murder.
- Travis; Did you know Hendricks, Sergeant Preston?
- Preston; I've heard of him. He owned a share of the general store - and a share of the cafe -
- Jack; He owned a share of almost everything - including Travis' gold claim.
- Preston; Is that so?
- Travis; Y -yes. He grubstaked McDuffy and me.
- Preston; McDuffy? Who's he?
- Jack; He and Travis were partners.

- Travis; That's right. McDuffy and I each had a quarter interest in the gold claim, and Hendricks owned the rest, because he grubstaked us. He owned half interest.
- Preston; I see.
- Travis; McDuffy and I lived in a little cabin at the edge of town. We spent most of our evening time in the cafe next to the hotel.
- Preston; The hotel - where Miss Taylor works?
- Travis; Y -yes. She waits on table in the hotel, and she sings every evening in the cafe.
- Preston; Go on, Travis.
- Travis; About ten days ago, McDuffy broke his arm. He had to carry it in a sling. He couldn't work with a pick and shovel on the claim, so he spent most of his time in the cafe. Hendricks saw him there every day and thought he was shirking his work. Mildred told McDuffy and me how Hendricks felt one evening when she saw us together in the cafe.
- (FADE IN CAFE B.G.)
- Mildred; (FADE IN) Of course, it's none of my business, boys, but Mr. Hendricks figures you two are letting him down, and after grubstaking you on that claim, he's mad about it.
- Travis; We're not letting him down, Millie.
- Millie; McDuffy isn't working.
- Mac; I can't work with a broken arm!

- Travis; That's right, Millie. Mac can't work, but I'm workin' that claim every day.
- Millie; Mr. Hendricks said he went out to the claim the other day to see how things were coming, and instead of working, you were practicing with your throwing knife.
- Travis; Is that what he said?
- Millie; Yes - and he said you wasted most of the afternoon!
- Travis; Why that - - () Millie, I'll tell you what really happened. Hendricks came to the place where I was working and saw that I'd rigged a target against a timber. He asked about it, and I told him how I'd practised throwing a knife that a Mexican gave me years ago when I was in the States. Hendricks was interested - so I showed him how to hold the knife and how to throw it. We did waste a lot of time, but only because he wanted to!
- Millie; He said you're an expert with the knife, and you couldn't be so good unless you spent all your time practising.
- Travis; Millie, the next time you see Hendricks, tell him not to worry. We're working the claim.
- Millie; He just came into the cafe.
- Mac; He sees us. He's coming over to the table.
- Hendricks; ~~WEL~~ (COMING IN) Well! Wasting more time, eh?
- Mac; Hello, Hendricks.
- Travis; We're not wasting time, Hendricks. I can't work on the claim at night!

Millie; Sit down, Mr. Hendricks.

Hendricks; Thanks.

(CHAIR SCRAPES)

You two may as well know that I'm tired of the way you waste time.

Travis; But —

Hendricks; I financed you with the understanding that half the claim was mine, and the other half was divided between you two. You were to do the work. But you're not doing it.

Mac; Do you think I broke my arm on purpose?

Hendricks; Travis should be working.

Travis; I'm working every day.

Hendricks; You can't do a day's work without a good night's sleep. Right now you should be in bed!

Travis; But Hendricks —

Hendricks; You listen to me. If that claim doesn't start to pay off by the first of the month, you're through. Both of you!

Travis; Thru?

Mac; What do you mean?

Hendricks; Read our agreement. I reserved the right to cancel the agreement and take over the property lock, stock and barrel if you didn't strike paydirt by the first of the month.

Travis; But you - you promised to give us all the time we needed! You said that deadline was just a matter of form.

Hendricks; I didn't suspect you'd fritter away your time! You've heard my ultimatum. Now you'd better get to work.

(FADE OUT ROOM NOISES)

(FADE IN WIND)

Travis; ... Hendricks left the cafe. Then Mac and I looked over our copy of the agreement. It was legal. Hendricks could take over on the first of the month unless we hit paydirt -- I knew we'd find the real paydirt sooner or later - but hardly by the first of the month.

Jim; You see, Sergeant Preston, there was a strong motive for the murder of Hendricks.

Preston; Go on with your story, Travis. What do you know about the murder?

Travis; Well, Hendricks left the cafe - and I left a few minutes later. McDuffy stayed there to talk to Millie Taylor. I went to our shack and went to sleep. I woke up with McDuffy shaking me by the shoulder. He was mighty excited.

(FADE OUT WIND)

Mac; Wake up - wake up, Travis, you doggoned fool!

Travis; (WAKING) Hey - Mac -- wha - what's the matter?

Mac; You fool! Why did you kill Hendricks?

Travis; What's that? Kill Hendricks?

Mac; And why'd you use that throwin' knife? Of all the
 stupid - -

Travis; (DAZED) Th - throwin' knife --

Mac; Especially with Vic Daggart as an eye witness to
 the murder!

Travis; I didn't kill anyone. I came straight home from
 the cafe and went to bed. My throwin' knife is --(BREAK)
 It was there on the table, but now it's gone! Someone
 took it!

Mac; Travis, there's no need to lie to me. I'll take
 care of Daggert. I'll pay him to keep his mouth
 shut. But you'd better get out of town and go into
 hiding.

Travis; Me? Hiding? But I didn't do anything! I didn't
 kill Hendricks!

Mac; If the law catches you, you'll hang! I'll pack
 grub and blankets for you while you dress. Go hide
 in the cave in Dogleg Canyon. I'll be in touch
 with you. (FADING) Hurry now - pull on some clothes
 and get moving!

FADE IN WIND)

Travis; (FADING IN) I - I didn't know what to do. I was
 confused - I realized that if McDuffy thought I'd
 killed Hendricks, everyone else would think the
 same. There was no time to ask questions, so I
 cleared out.

Preston; Jack, was Hendricks killed by Travis' knife?

Jack; Ye s, it was found in the body.
Travis; Someone took it from our cabin while I slept! I tell you
 I was framed for the murder of Hendricks! And I know
 who framed me!

Jack; Yes, Sergeant Preston, no doubt of that. And Daggert said he saw the murder. Moreover, Travis and McDuffy were the only ones who'd benefit by Hendricks death.

Preston; That makes McDuffy a suspect.

Jack; He has an alibi. He was with Miss Taylor. Furthermore, there's the word of the witness who saw Travis throw the knife thru a window.

Travis; I was framed for the murder of Hendricks, and I know who framed me.

Preston; You do?

Travis; Yes! That's why I shot at the Constable!

(BREAK)

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

(COMMERCIAL)

Annrc; Sergeant Preston and Constable Jack Martin were surprised when Travis said he knew who had framed him for the murder of Hendricks.

Travis; Vic Daggert framed me. He and the constable are built about the same. When I saw you two coming thru the Gap, I thought it was Daggert and a friend coming to get me.

Preston; (CUT IN) Daggert is the eye witness to the murder of Hendricks?

Travis; He's the one who said he saw me throw my knife! He lied!

Jack; Daggert is a bad type, Sergeant Preston. I'd say he came to the Yukon to dodge the law in the States.

Preston; What was Daggert's story?

Jack; He said he called on Hendricks just after Hendricks left the cafe. Suddenly glass was knocked out of the window. He looked up and saw Travis throw his knife straight across the room. It went into Hendricks' heart. Daggert rushed to the window, and saw you - Travis - running away!

Travis; But that's not true, Constable. Daggert has hated me ever since I knocked him down for molesting Miss Taylor. He swore he'd get even with me and this is his way of doing it. Do you think I'd be stupid enough to use my own knife to kill Hendricks - - and before a witness?

Jack; A man who's stupid enough to commit murder is stupid enough to do anything.

Travis; Aw-w-w

Preston; We'd better return to town.

Travis; (SIGHS) Yes sir.

Preston; You'll be locked up on the strength of the evidence, Travis. But we'll make a complete investigation, and you'll have a fair trial.

Travis; With Daggert testifying as an eye witness?

Preston; I intend to talk to Daggert. If he's lying, I think I'll find it out.

Travis; Just one thing, Sergeant -

Preston; Yes?

Travis; How'd you know where to find me?

Preston; Mildred Taylor doesn't believe you are a killer, and she doesn't want you to remain a fugitive. She asked me to bring you back.

Travis; Oh. I - I suppose Mac told her where I was hiding.

Preston; She is sure that the truth will clear you. Now let's start to town.

Travis; To town - - and to jail!

(WIND UP AND FADE OUT)

Annrc; The short day had ended and darkness had fallen by the time Travis had been locked in jail. Then Sergeant Preston and King, accompanied ~~by~~ Jack Martin home for a splendid dinner cooked by the Constable's good natured housekeeper.

(TABLE B.G.)

Jack; Have you had enough to eat, Sergeant?

Preston; Indeed I have. And it was a wonderful meal.

Jack; (LAUGHS) Mrs. O'Doyle's the best cook in the Yukon.

Mrs. O; (BACK) Ah, that's the thing a woman loves to hear. It makes housekeepin' a pleasure when there's a kind word once in a while. Here's a fresh pot of tea for you. (FADING IN) And here's a bone, Sergeant Preston - - a special one for that beautiful dog.

Preston; I'll give it to him. () Look at this, King. Say

"Thanks." (BARIC)

Mrs. O; You're welcome, King.

Jack; Mrs. O'Doyle, you'll have to set up a meal for the man we're holding in jail.

Mrs. O; Yes, I know. I have potatoes boiling. It'll be a little while before they're ready.

Jack; I'll take the meal to the jail when it's set.

Preston; Jack, I'm going to call on Daggert now.

Jack; ~~asked~~ you ^{KNOW} where he lives?

Preston; Yes.

Jack; Want me to go with you?

Preston; No, I'd rather go alone. The longer I consider what Travis told me, the more I'm convinced that Daggert lied.

(CHAIR SCRAPES)

(WHINES)

Jack; (EFFORT, CHUCKLES) Look at King. He sees you putting on your parka.

Preston; You stay here, King. I'll not need you this time. I'll be back soon. (FADING) See you later, Jack.

Annrc; Vic Daggert was alone in his one room cabin, when Sergeant Preston rapped on the door, then walked in.

(RAP ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS)

Preston; Hello, Daggert.

Vic; Sergeant Preston!

Preston; Sit down, Daggert. I want to talk to you.

(STEPS IN, DOOR CLOSSES)

Vic; About what?

Preston; The Constable told me you were with Hendricks when he was killed.

Vic; That's right. Hendricks had a glass window in his house. Travis smashed the window, then threw his knife at Hendricks.

Preston; You saw him?

Vic; Yes. I ran to the window and saw him running away.

Preston; Why didn't you go after him?

Vic; I stayed with Hendricks to see if there were anything I could do.

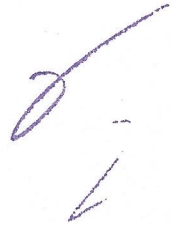
Preston; Daggert, I think you lie!

Vic; What!

Preston; On my way here, I stopped to examine the scene of the crime -- Hendricks' home. I saw the broken window. It happens that Hendricks' house rests on a high foundation so the window is unusually far from the ground. Anyone outside would have to stand on tip-toe to see into the room. It would be very difficult to throw a knife accurately thru the window. Furthermore I found broken glass outside the window which ~~was~~ indicates the glass was broken from inside the room.

Vic; I don't know anything about that. I told the Constable what I saw!

Freston; Daggert, you overlooked something else. If the knife had been thrown, it would have entered Hendricks' body on a horizontal line - - not on a downward slant! I think the Doctor's testimony will show someone held that knife!



Vic; No no!

Preston; By your own testimony, you were the only one in Hendricks house. So you must have held it!

Vic; You can't say I killed Hendricks! I didn't do it, I tell you! I swear I didn't!

Preston; Then you may hang for the man who did. The Doctor will testify to the nature of the fatal wound.

Vic; No no! Listen, Sergeant Preston -

Preston; Hendricks was stabbed! The knife was held - not thrown! You framed Travis and you'll hang for it!

Vic; I tell you I didn't kill Hendricks!

Preston; Who did?

Vic; I -

Preston; (EFFORT) (HARD) Who did?

Vic; L - l - let go of me!

Preston; Let's have it, Daggert. Let's have the truth.

Vic; I'll talk! I'll talk! It was Mac!

Preston; Travis' partner?

- Vic; Yes, it was McDuffy. He - he asked me to go with him to talk to Hendricks. He said it was just a business deal and he wanted a witness. I didn't know he intended to commit a murder! He stood talking to Hendricks and he was ~~going~~ showing Hendricks the knife which he had in his left hand. Then without warning he stabbed Hendricks! I -- I couldn't do a thing about it. Hendricks was dead before he hit the floor. Then McDuffy told me I should help him frame Travis. He - he said if I didn't help him, he'd see that I was charged with murder!
- Preston; You might have told the Constable the truth.
- Vic; Sergeant, I knew how I stood. I knew that with my past record in the States a jury would be mighty quick to believe I helped kill Hendricks. I knew I was in a bad spot. I knew no one would believe I couldn't have stopped a one-armed man from committin a murder!
- Preston; Didn't McDuffy offer you cash to swear to false testimony?
- Vic; Well he - yes, he did. He said he'd be the sole owner of the gold claim with Hendricks and Travis out of the way. He promised to give me a share.
- Preston; What about the window?
- Vic; I - I smashed it.
- Preston; From the inside.

Vic; Yeah. That was dumb. I should have gone outside to smash it so the glass would be inside.

Preston; Come on, Daggert. I'll take you to jail, then go after McDuffy.

Mac; (BACK) You're not going anywhere, Preston!

Vic; McDuffy!

Mac; Get 'em up, Preston! Don't go for your gun!

Vic; Mac, the Mountie knows the truth!

Mac; Yeah, it's a good thing I came here. Preston, you'll have to die.

Vic; But Mac, it's suicide to kill a Mountie!

Mac; Take it easy, Daggert. Travis will be charged with the murder.

Preston; You can't frame Travis this time, McDuffy. He has an alibi. He's in jail!

Mac; Oh no he isn't. I busted the lock on the jail so he could get out. Right now he's on his way to our cabin to get a gun! (LAUGHS) He thinks he's going to meet me here to get the truth out of Vic Daggert. He'll get here just in time to get the blame for shooting Preston!

Anncr;

Sergeant Preston knew that it would be foolhardy to reach for his gun while McDuffy had him covered from the rear. He decided to mark time and wait in the hope that a break might come. In the meantime, Constable Martin was on his way to the jail with the meal prepared by Mrs. O'Doyle. King trotted at his side. At the door, the Constable paused.

Jack; This lock is busted.

(THROW DOOR OPEN, STEPS ON FLOOR AS:)

Travis is gone!

(WHIMPERS)

King, the prisoner has escaped! I don't know how he broke that lock, but that's what's been done.

(STEPS)

King, maybe you only take orders from Preston, but I'm sure hoping you'll help me follow the trail.
Here, boy!

(WHIMPERS)

Right here on the ground - there'll be a scent here.
Get that scent, King.

(SNIFFING)

Get that scent and follow it. Lead me to Travis, King.

(WHIMPERS)

All right, fellow, now do just as you'd do if Sergeant Preston were here. Follow that trail. On your way, King! Get going!

(WHIMPERS, FADE OUT)

Annex;

In Daggert's cabin, McDuffy held his gun steady, pointed directly at Sergeant Preston while Vic Daggert stood by.

Preston; Daggert, as things stand now, you're going to die. Don't you realize that? McDuffy didn't know I'd be here. He came here intending to shoot you, and he let Travis out of jail so Travis would be blamed for your murder.

Mac; Don't believe him, Vic! That's not true!

Preston; It is true! Think it over, Daggert. Why should McDuffy share the gold claim with you? He planned to kill you. Why else would he let Travis out of jail and come here with a gun?

Vic; Well - I -- I --

Preston; As soon as he shoots me, he'll turn the gun on you, then probably shoot Travis and tell the law that Travis killed us both! Jump him Daggert! Take his gun! It's your one chance to escape death!

Vic; I'm workin' with McDuffy all the way, Preston!

Mac; That'll do, Preston. You've talked long enough. I'm letting you have it right now.

Preston; ~~Daggert, don't you realize that McDuffy came here to kill you? He didn't know I'd be here. He was going to shoot you and let Travis take the blame!~~

Vic; ~~And you were going to take me to jail!~~

Preston; ~~McDuffy, you're not the first man who's drawn a gun on me - -~~

Mac; ~~Don't figure you can talk and stall until Travis gets here, Preston, because ~~xxxx~~ you can't. I'm letting you have it right now.~~

Preston; (SUDDEN EFFORT) Yes?

(SHOT)

(SCUFFLE AD LIBBED AS:)

Vic; (SHOUT) Look out!

Mac; Why you - (GRUNT) (AD LIB STRUGGLES)

Anncr; Though Sergeant Preston ducked and charged like lightning, McDuffy's bullet grazed ~~xxxxxx~~ his shoulder, numbing his right arm. He grabbed the killer by the knees and the two went down. Preston's left hand closed around McDuffy's gun with a grip of steel.

Mac; (STRUGGLING) Vic! Vic! Pull him off so I can use the gun!

Vic; (STRUGGLING) I'm tryin' to!

Mac; (STRUGGLES) One shot - that's all I need. Hit him on the head! Grab him around the neck! Get him away from here so I can fire!

Annrcr; Vic clawed and tore at Sergeant Preston trying to get a grip on the Mountie's throat, but Preston was adept at rough and tumble fighting. He and McDuffy were on the floor, rolling and thrashing. McDuffy was trying to bring the gun to bear, and Preston was hanging on while he did his best to keep away from Vic.

Vic; (CRY OUT) I can't get hold of him!

Mac; (STRUGGLING) One shot - one shot will fix him!

(SCUFFLING, SUSTAIN)

Annrcr; The odds were two against one - and Sergeant Preston's right arm was partially disabled from the bullet that had creased his shoulder.

Vic; (GASPING) I'll get him in a second.

Annrcr; The terrific strain was telling. The Sergeant felt his grip grow weaker, and weaker - and then he heard a shout beyond the door that Mac had left open.

Jack; (BACK) Hang on, Preston! Go on, King!

Preston; (CRY OUT) King!

(KING IN FAST, SNARLING)

Annrcr; The mighty dog charged thru the door. He leaped at the struggling men with the force of a battering ram.

Adlib; (SHOUTS) That dog!

Look out!

Get away! (ETC.)

Preston; (SHOUT) Take him, King!

Anncr; Preston released McDuffy's wrist and rolled aside.
Then King's strong jaws closed -

Mac; (SCREAMS)

Jack; (FADING IN) I have 'em covered!

Preston; All right, Jack, so have I. Down, King. I'll take over, boy. () On your feet, Daggert, and put your hands up. You took McDuffy!

Jack; (SURPRISED) McDuffy?

Preston; That's right, Jim. *He's the killer!*

Jack; Great day, I expected to find Travis here.

Preston; McDuffy let Travis out of jail. He told him to go home and get a gun. Travis ^{WILL BE} ~~was~~ here in a few minutes. McDuffy planned to kill Vic and frame Travis for another murder, but when he found me, he decided I'd be the one to die.

Vic; Listen, Sergeant - let me talk.

Preston; Talk in court, but it'll do you no good. You and McDuffy will hang for Hendricks' murder.

Mac; If that dog hadn't been here -

Jack; These two killed Hendricks? Then Travis was right.

Preston; He was right about Daggert, but he trusted his partner McDuffy. He expects to come here - meet McDuffy and force a confession out of Daggert. He'll be surprised when he learns the truth.

Jack; (CHUCKLES) Looks to me as if it's a good thing King made a mistake.

Preston; Mistake?

Jack; Yeah. You see, I let King walk along with me when I took supper to the jail for Travis. The lock was busted and Travis was gone.

Preston; Yes, ^{McDuffy} ~~Travis~~ broke the lock.

Jack; I didn't stop to figure how Travis got out. I wanted to go after him before he got very far. King sniffed around and acted like he'd found a trail, so I told him to go ahead and follow it. I told him to find Travis for me. (CHUCKLES) Instead he brought me here.

Preston; It was McDuffy's trail he followed.

Jack; That's what I say. You got the wrong trail, King old boy!

(KING BARKS)

Preston; King disagrees with that, Jack, and so do I. I'd say King picked the right trail. And because he did, we'll have good news for Travis when he gets here. We'll tell him he's a free man - and that this case is closed!

(BARKS)

THEME