

SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON, CREATED BY GEO. W. TRENDLE

BOOMERANG DEAL

by Fran Striker

Number

Date

Striker

Preston

King

Don Andrews25. Straight.

Jane Andrewshis wife. Straight.

Lem Carslakeheavy

Jake Peavyheavy

PROMO Boomerang Deal

Annex;

as
Sergeant Preston and his young friend, Don
Andrews, rode toward ^{along} a death trap on a
narrow ledge on the steep side of Bald ^{HILL} mountain.
On the opposite side of the mountain, the
killers who had set the trap, waited with
increasing impatience. Suddenly -

DISTANT EXPLOSION AND LANDSLIDE

hill
The mountain seemed to rock from an explosion,

Jake;

That's it!

Lem:

And listen, Jake! A landslide! Just as we
figured! That's the end of Don Andrews!

Annex;

Is it also the end of Sergeant Preston?

~~Well - you'll have to hear our next thrill-~~
~~packed adventure to find out. Be sure etc~~

Sergeant Preston of the Yukon

by Fran Striker

BOOMERANG DEAL

Number

Date

USUAL OPENING

Annex;

and

The sun of late Summer bathed the mountainside, the entrance ^{to} of a tunnel into the mountain ^{here}. ~~A~~ sign ~~that~~ read, "Bonanza Mine. ^{DON} ~~Jake~~ Andrews, Owner." The sign was weatherbeaten and ^{DON} ~~Jake~~ Andrews was discouraged. He had not been near his property since Spring, and to the best of his knowledge, no one was within miles of the Bonanza. He hadn't the slightest suspicion that Jake Peavy and Lem Carslake had worked secretly inside the mine every day for several weeks.

SNEAK IN DIGGING.

They ^{had} worked with pickaxe and shovel, deepening a side tunnel.

STOP DIGGING.

Lem; Jake, hold the lantern close to the wall.

Jake; D'ya think yuh see somethin' interesting?

RATTLE LANTERN

Lem; Maybe. Hold the light steady.

Jake; Carslake, that rock looks different from the rest - there's color in there - see it?

Lem; I see it. I'll test a chunk of it.

LIGHT TAPS WITH PICK

Jake; (TENSE AND EAGER) Is it gold, Lem?

Lem; (ABSORBED) I don't know yet-

Jake; You said this was a likely lookin' claim when you were workin' here for Andrews. How's it look now, Lem? D'you think --

Lem; (CUT IN) Shut up, Jake. Stop chatterin' while I'm testin' this stuff.

Jake; Sure thing, Lem. () I remember you sayin' that Andrews gave up work here too soon. You said he--

Lem; (BREAK IN, SLOWLY) Jake--

Jake; (TENSE) Yeah?

Lem; We got it!

Jake; Pay dirt?

Lem; Yes!

Jake; Lem - don't make a mistake. Be sure of what yer sayin' - we don't want to be wrong--

Lem; I know gold as well as any man in the Yukon, and this is it. Look at this nugget. It's as pure as any gold I've ever seen.

Jake; ~~see it--~~ Then we're rich, Lem! We're rich!

Lem; Now hold on, Jake, we're not rich. Not yet!
This claim still belongs to Don Andrews.

Jake; Yes, but he thinks it's worthless. We c'n
buy it from him for almost nothin'.

Lem; Think so?

Jake; Sure! He an' his wife want to go back to
the States before the freeze-up, and they
need cash. They've been tryin' to sell
the restaurant they own in Oxville.

Lem; Maybe someone else could buy the claim -
but not us.

Jake; Why not?

Lem; D'you think he'd do business with you,
after the way you swindled him when he
first came to the Yukon?

Jake; No - I reckon not. He was mighty sore
when he found out I'd sold him salted
land - . He wouldn't do business with me.
But you, Lem -

Lem; I worked for him here. He knows I'm a
minin' man. If I tried to buy this claim,
he'd suspect somethin' an' come here to
look it over.

Jake; We could cover the gold so he couldn't
see it-

Lem: He'd see that a lot of diggin' had been done since the last time he was here, and he'd suspect I did it. He'd be mighty sure that I'd found the pay dirt.

Jake; Maybe we c'n get someone to buy the claim for us.

Lem: Who's there we could trust?

Jake; I don't know--

Lem: Neither do I.

Jake; Lem, you must've thought it over before we started workin' here. You must've had in mind some way we c'n get title to this property.

Lem; As a matter of fact, Jake, I've got it all worked out.

Jake; Why didn't you say so?

Lem; Because I wanted you to understand the problem.

Jake; I do!

Lem; Then maybe you'll go along with my plan -- without any argument.

Jake; Sure I will, Lem! Whatever you plan is all right with me. What'll we do?

Lem; We're goin' to kill Don Andrews.

Jake; (GASP) Murder -

Lem; Well, what's tha matter?

Jake; Lem, listen to me. I've still got the thousand dollars Don Andrews paid me for that fake gold claim. I've saved it all this time, an' I'm willin' to spend it to get the title to this property - but I'm dead set against murder!

Lem; You squeamish?

Jake; It's not that, Lem. It's just that I don't want to hang!

Lem; No one'll ever suspect there's been a murder. It'll look like an accident.

Jake; Yuh never can tell -

Lem; I've had this thing planned since the first day we worked here, Jake. That's why I wanted to save the keg of blastin' powder Don Andrews left in the tunnel.

Jake; But, Lem - I don't see how murderin' Don Andrews will give us the Bonanza claim -

Lem; Sit down, Jake. I'll tell you what I've got in mind. (FADING) You'll see for yourself that it's a foolproof plan -

Amner; Lem outlined his plan and convinced Jake Peavy that there was little chance that it would fail. A short time later, the two men left the claim and rode to Peavy's cabin near the town of Oxville. That evening, by lantern light, ^{LEM} ~~Caroleke~~ wrote a letter to Don Andrews. He read it aloud, then signed the name -

WRITING

Lem; (WRITING) John - Snodgrass. That's as good a name as any.

Jake; Lem, that letter's supposed to come from Rock City.

Lem; That's where it's goin' to come from.

Jake; You goin' there to mail it?

Lem; Yes. And you keep your eyes and ears open in Oxville, so you'll know what Andrews plans to do after he receives it.

Jake; I c'n tell you right now what he'll do. He'll go to Rock City to meet John Snodgrass and sell him the restaurant.

Lem; As soon as you know when he plans to leave, join me on the South side of Bald Mountain. I'll wait there for you, in that old hunters shack near the summit.

Jake; Right.

BREAK

HOOFS SUSTAINING

Annecr; It was mid-morning two days later when Sergeant Preston guided his big black horse named Rex along the main street of Oxville. Yukon King, running beside the Mountie's horse, began to bark when Preston drew rein in front of the small restaurant owned by Don Andrews and Jane, his wife.

BARKS AS HOOFS STOP

Preston; (WHOAS) (BIZ OF DISMOUNTING AS -)

Annecr; Don called from the restaurant door-

Don; (BACK) Hi there, Sergeant Preston!

Preston; (CALLS) Good morning, Don! () King, you stay here with Rex.

WHIMPER

STEPS SUSTAIN AS

Don; (FADING IN) Bring King inside if you want to. He's always welcome.

Preston; He'd rather stay at the hitchrail. He considers it part of his job to keep an eye on Rex.

STEPS IN AND DOOR CLOSE AS

Don; Sit at this table near the window, Sergeant Preston.

Preston; You alone here?

Don: Yes. We don't serve food between meals. ~~It's~~
late for breakfast and early for lunch. But
I'll see that you get anything you want -

Preston; I'm not hungry now, Dan. I'll be back later
to eat. Sit down for a minute.

Don: Sure thing. (SITTING AS -)

BIZ OF CHAIRS

Don: Jane'll be here in a few minutes to start
cookin' for the noon trade.

Preston; I'll be glad to see your wife again.

Don; And she'll be mighty glad to see you! We
often talk about all the help you gave us
when we first came to the Yukon.

Preston; Just part of my job- () Don, I saw an
article in the paper saying you'd like to
sell this restaurant.

Don: That's right, Sergeant. D'you happen to
know anyone who'd buy it?

Preston; No -

Don; Neither do I. Trouble is, we're askin' too
much money for it. Y'see, there's no use
selling it unless we get enough to pay our
debts and take us back to the States.

Preston; So you're planning to go back to the States.

Don: Yes.

- Preston: I'm sorry to hear that, Don. The Yukon needs young, energetic people like you and your wife.
- Don: We've had enough of the Yukon, Sergeant. Maybe some folks strike it rich here, but we're not that lucky. We're broke and in debt.
- Preston; Don't you make money with this restaurant?
- Don: It keeps us going - but we can't pay our debts and we can't get ahead. We're just hoping and praying someone'll buy it so we can leave before the freeze-up. I don't think Jane could stand another winter here.
- Preston; What about your gold claim?
- Don: The Bonanza? (BITTER LAUGH) I've had enough of gold mining. I've been swindled twice!
- Preston: Twice?
- Don: Once by Jake Peavy and once by Joe Green.
- Preston; I knew that Peavy had sold you a salted claim, but I thought you got a square deal when you bought the Bonanza from Green.
- Don: That claim's no good. I used up all the cash I had, tryin' to strike paydirt. I even hired Lem Carslake to help me.
- Preston; He knows gold mining.

Don: That's what everyone told me. So - when he said it was no use tryin' to find gold after we'd worked for weeks - I quit. I haven't been back to the claim since.

Preston; Have you tried to sell it?

Don; The Bonanza? Sure I've tried to sell it. But I can't even get an offer. There are at least a dozen men right here in Oxville who own worthless tunnels they'd like to sell. If you - (BREAK) Here comes Jane!

Preston; Good!

DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES AS -

Don; Hi, Jane, look who's here!

Jane; (COMING IN) Sergeant Preston! How are you?

Preston; Fine, thanks, and you, Jane?

Jane; Oh, I'm all right.

Don; You're late, Honey.

Jane; I stopped at the postoffice to see if there was any mail.

Don; Was there?

Jane; Yes. One letter for you. Here it is.

Don; Thanks.

OPENING LETTER AS -

Jane; I suppose Don's told you we'd like to sell out?

Preston; Yes. I -

Don; (BREAK IN) Jane! This letter's from a man who might buy the restaurant!

Jane; Really?

Don: Yes. I'll read the letter. (READS) I might be interested in buying your restaurant if it is still for sale. I'll be at the Rock City Hotel for the next week or ten days, and would like to meet you here for a preliminary discussion. If we can agree on the price, I'll go with you to Oxville to examine the property with a view to closing the sale. Signed, John Snodgrass.

Preston; John Snodgrass -

Jane; Do you know him, Sergeant?

Preston; No. I've never heard of him.

Don; He sounds as if he means business! I'll rent a horse at the livery stable and leave here early tomorrow morning. I should be in Rock City by noon.

Jane; Don - I've heard that it is a dangerous trip.

Preston; It's dangerous in winter, Jane. There's one bad stretch along the North side of Bald Mountain.

Jane; How is it at this time of the year?

Preston; It's safe in summer when there's no ice to make the ledge slippery.

Jane; Ledge? What ledge?

Preston; It's a natural shelf on the stretch of trail I mentioned. There's a steep upward slope on one side and a sharp drop on the other.

Jane; Oh, Don- do be careful.

Don; Sure thing, Jane. I'll start early in the morning and travel easy. Might be a good idea if I go to the livery stable right now, so I'll be sure of havin' a good horse. (FADING) I'll be back in a few minutes.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

Annrc; From the livery stable, word spread rapidly and by noon nearly everyone in town - including Jake Peavy, knew Don Andrews' plans.

SNEAK IN HOOFS AS

Annrc; That afternoon Peavy followed a winding route to the wooded Southern slope of Bald Mountain. Then he rode uphill through the trees and brush to a small shack near the mountain top. Lem Carslake was waiting there - at the open door.

HOOF'S STOPPING

Lem; (BACK) Hi, Jake -

Jake; (DISMOUNTING) Hi -

Lem; (COMING IN) I'll help you unsaddle the horse. What's the word on Andrews?

Jake; He got his letter this morning.

Lem; What's he goin' to do about it?

Jake; Just what we figured. He's goin' to Rock City, expectin' to see John Snodgrass.

Lem; When?

Jake; He's leavin' Orville early tomorrow morning.

Lem; Good! I hope you didn't forget to bring the blastin' powder.

Jake; It's in my saddlebags. Did you get the other things we'll need?

Lem; Yep. Got 'em in Rock City.

Jake; I sure hope nothin' goes wrong -

Lem; Nothin'll go wrong! We'll set things up tomorrow morning. Then all we gotta do is wait for the report of Andrews' death.

Jake; Lem - I- I've been thinkin' -

Lem; (SHARPLY) What?

~~Jake;~~

Jake; Someone might ride along the ledge on the other side of the mountain an' set off the blast before Andrews gets there.

Lem; Not much chance of that. Hardly anyone travels from Oxville to Rock City

Jake; Well- at least we c'n watch and make sure it's Andrews who gets killed.

Lem; Can't even do that. The blast'll loosen a ^{tons} ~~lot~~ of big boulders, and ^{Bury him & his work} ~~some of the biggest~~ ^{forever} ~~are at the top of the mountain.~~ Unless we stay on this side, ^{away from} we might get caught in a rockslide.

Jake; D'you think we'll start a slide when we go down the other side to the ledge, to set the blast?

Lem; Not if we're careful. Leave it to me.

BREAK

ADLIB HOOFCLUMPS

Anner; Early the following morning when Don Andrews went to the livery stable for his rented horse, he was greeted by Sergeant Preston.

Preston; Hello, Don.

Don; Sergeant! I didn't expect to see you here!

Preston; I thought you might like company.

Don;

To ~~Oxville~~ *Rock City*

Preston;

Yes.

Don;

You mean - you'll go with me?

Preston;

That's right. I'm supposed to go there once or twice a year to check with the constable. I thought this might be as good a time as any.

Don;

Golly, that'll be fine! Where's your horse? And King?

Preston;

Behind the building at the water trough. I'll wait there for you. (FADING) Your horse is being saddled.

BREAK

FADE IN HOOPS SUSTAINING

ADLIB, BARKS, BACK

Annrcr;

Don and the Mountie rode side by side and Yukon King ran ahead of the horses. About an hour after leaving Oxville, they reached the Northern side of Bald Mountain -

Preston;

The worst stretch of trail is just ahead of Don.

Don;

I see it. It doesn't look dangerous to me. The ledge is wide enough for a big wagon.

Preston; It's not dangerous, but we'll keep our eyes open for the start of a landslide. We'd better ride single file. Drop behind me.

Don; Right.

HOOFS UP AND UNDER

Annor; A few minutes later, at a point where the uphill slope was particularly steep, Sergeant Preston saw King stop abruptly and stand tense and motionless with his head lowered and his eyes fixed at something near the ground -

Preston; (CALL) Rein in, Don! (WHOAS)

HOOFS STOP

Don; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Whoa! () What's the matter?

GROWLS AND WHIMPERS, SLIGHTLY BACK.

Preston; I don't know. But I've learned to pay attention when King behaves like that.

Don; (SLIGHTLY BACK) He seems to have found something on the ~~edge~~ *trail ahead*

Preston; (DISMOUNTING) I'll dismount and investigate.

Don; (SLIGHTLY BACK, DISMOUNTS) I'll join you.

FADE IN WHIMPERS

A FEW STEPS AS -

Preston; What's the trouble, King? What've you found there? You seem to - (BREAK)

LOW GROWL

Preston: What's this?

Don: (COMING IN) What is it, Sergeant?

Preston; Look here -

Don: I don't see anything.

Preston: It's almost invisible unless you're close. Thin, black fishline - stretched across the ~~ledge~~ a few inches from the ground.

path

Don: Now what d'you make of that?

Preston I don't know - but don't touch it.

Don: The end near the drop-off is tied around a rock -

Preston; (SHARPLY) Look at what this end is tied to!

Don: What?

Preston; The trigger of a gun!

Don; Great Scott!

Preston; Be careful! Don't touch anything! Let me examine this!

Annex; Concealed by a boulder, the six-gun was bound to a stake driven into the ground, and arranged so pressure on the fishline would discharge the weapon into the open top of a saddlebag filled with blasting powder.

Preston: There's enough powder to blow both of us off the ledge - enough to start a landslide that would bury all evidence of ~~of~~ murder!

Don: How long do you suppose it's been here?

Preston; Not more than a couple of hours. The stake was cut from a living tree. There are a couple of leaves on it, and they haven't withered -

Don; Then - someone wanted to kill us!

Preston; Not us, Don! You! No one knew that I'd be on this trail.

Don: B-but who'd want to kill me? And why?

Preston; I don't know.

Don; Maybe we can find out who owns the gun and saddlebag.

Preston; That would prove nothing. The owner would say they'd been stolen from him.

Don; That's right -

Preston; The man who set this death trap went uphill.

Don; How do you know?

Preston; There's one footprint - and there's where a small rock was moved -

Don; Sure enough. Maybe we can follow his trail - King could get the scent and -

Preston; No, Don. We'd have to leave the horses here - and if we started a rockslide they'd be killed. I've another plan.

Don; What is it?

Preston; We'll make the killer think his plan succeeded - then see what happens!

Don; You mean - we'll fire the powder?

Preston; Yes. But from a safe distance. I've plenty of fishline in my saddlebags. (FADING) I'll tie it to this line, then we'll go back as far as possible -

Annor; In the old shack on the opposite side of the mountain, Jake and Lem sat waiting. Time dragged heavily. . .

Jake; Lem - d'you think anything's gone wrong?

Lem; No!

Jake; Andrews planned to start early in the morning. He should have reached the ledge by now -

Lem: Maybe he was late starting.

Jake; I wish we could've watched the ledge so we'd know when -

DIST. EXPLOSION AND LANDSLIDE
STARTING AND BUILDING AS -

Lem; Jake!

Jake; That's it!

Lem; Just as I figured! The blast started a landslide! Now we'll go to Oxville and wait until Jane Andrews gets the news that her husband is dead!

LANDSLIDE, BUILDING FULL UP- FADEOUT.

BREAK

Annor; That night, after dark, Sergeant Preston rode secretly to Oxville and called on Jane Andrews. He told her what had happened on the ledge -

Preston; -- and now we want to find out who set the trap, and why!

Jane; Sergeant, are you sure Don is not hurt?

Preston; He's perfectly all right, Jane. But he's going to stay in hiding for a couple of days. When we bring him here - supposedly dead - you'll have to help expose the wound-be killers!

Jane; I'll do anything you say.

Annor; At noon a few days later, Sergeant Preston was seen riding into Oxville with a blanket-wrapped figure across the back of his horse. He stopped at the coroner's office and carried the motionless form inside.

ADLIB CROWD NOISES, SNEAK IN

Annor; Later the coroner made a statement and soon everyone was talking about the death of Don Andrews.

Voice; As I understand it, Preston brought Don's body from the foot of Bald Mountain--

Voice 2; Yeah. Andrews was caught in the landslide.

Voice 3; Too bad. He was a fine young gent--

Voice; It's a hard blow for his wife. (FADING) She'll be hit mighty hard --

Annor; That evening Jake Peavy called at the Andrews home. Jane, wearing a black dress, opened the door--

DOOR OPENS.

Jake; Evenin' Mrs. Andrews. I - I called to tell yuh how sorry I am about yer husband.

Jane; Oh.

Jake; I'm mighty sorry! I'd like to do somethin' to help you out --

Jane; That's what you said to Don when we first arrived in Oxville. You wanted to "Help him out." Instead, you swindled him.

Jake; I'm sorry about that ma'am. I- I've wanted to make amends, but don'd never give me the chance. That's why I came here tonight. D'you mind if I step inside for a minute?

Jane; It doesn't matter.

Jake; Thanks.

STEPS IN AND DOOR CLOSE

Jake; (CUE) I - I don't hardly know where to begin, Mrs. Andrews - I know yuh hate me for that swindle -

Jane; (SIGHS) I don't hate anyone, Mr. Peavy.

Jake; I - uh- I know you need money -

Jane; Money's unimportant - now.

Jake; But just the same, you'll have a lot of expenses - and if you want to go back to the States -

Jane; Mr. Peavy. This is not the time to discuss money.

Jake: I know it ma'am. I didn't like to come here tonight, but I've got to work fast if I'm to help you. How'd you like to sell that worthless tunnel?

Jane: The Bonanza?

Jake: I reckon that's the name of it.

Jane: Why do you want it?

Jake: Me? Sakes alive, Mrs. Andrews, I don't want it! But there's a newcomer in Oxville, an' I know blame well I can sell it to him.

Jane: Don's the owner of the claim- (BREAK) I -
I mean @ he was -

Jake: But you're the owner now.

Jane: Mr. Peavy, I don't care to discuss business at this time -

Jake: I know that, Mrs. Andrews. But this is a chance to make some cash out of that old worthless tunnel -

Jane: I don't want to take advantage of a newsomer- the way you took advantage of Don -

Jake: This is different ma'am. I've already talked to him an' he's willin' to gamble on the property - He'll buy somethin' else instead if we don't work fast. (FADING) Now let me explain -

Jake: I know that, Mrs. Andrews. But this is a chance to make some cash out of that old worthless tunnel -

Annecr; Jane played her part well, and seemingly allowed Peavy's persuasive manner to break down her reluctance. At one point she said wistfully -

Jane; I -- I would like to have cash enough to return to the States - and take (SNIFFLE*) Take Don with me.

Jake; Sure you would, Ma'am. Yuh wouldn't be happy leavin' him buried in this country - () Now as I was sayin' - I've got the cash right here - (FADING) And I've had a paper drawn up -

Annecr; In the end, Jane Andrews signed the paper and accepted Peavy's money. Peavy hurried to his cabin where Lem Carslake waited -

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE AS

Jake; Lem! I put it over!

Lem; Good. Let's see the paper!

Jake; It's the one we worked out together. Here it is.

Lem; What'd Mrs. Andrews say when she saw that I was becomin' the owner as well as you?

Jake; She never noticed. I don't think she bothered to read the paper at all -

Lem; Now , Lem, we're all set! We'll start takin' out gold first thing in the morning!

DIGGING BG

Annor: The next morning found Peavy and Carslake hard at work in the side tunnel. Sweat tolled down their faces, and their eyes burned with eagerness as they accumulated gold that gleamed in the light of several lanterns. Finally they paused to rest -

STOP DIGGING

Jake; Phew! That's hard work.

Lem: But mighty rewardin' work, Jake. (CHUCKLES)

Jake; Sure is.

Lem; This is goin' to be one of the richest claims in the Yukon.

Jake; Jane Andrews will be mighty mad when she hears about it - she'll know blamed well that I put over another slick deal.

Lem; Well it's legal. There's nothin' she can do about it.

Jake; If she plans to leave the Yukon in the next couple of weeks, it might be a good idea to leave the gold here - not let her know -

Lem; All right, Jake. We needn't be in a rush to take it out -

Preston; (BACK) You'll never take it out!

ADLIB: (SURORISE)

Lem; Sergeant Preston!

Jake; What're you doin' in the tunnel?

Preston; I wondered why you were so eager to buy the Bonanza claim. Now I know. You knew the gold was here. You couldn't do business with Don, but you thought you might buy the property from his wife - and you were right.

Jake; Smart, aren't you, Preston!

Preston; You planned to murder Don.

Jake; That's not so!

Preston; No? Then why did you rig the fishline, the gun, and the blasting powder?

Lem; What're you talkin' about?

Preston; No use trying to bluff, Lem. I know the whole story. The hotel clerk in Rock City identified your picture. He saw you there - on the day a letter was mailed to Don. The same clerk had never heard of a man named Snodgrass.

Jake; Lem - can he prove anything?

Lem; No! (EFFORT) You're covered, Preston!
Put yer hands up!

Preston; You're making a big mistake, Lem.

Lem; Take his gun, Jake.

Jake; Bu- but Lem -

Lem: Take his gun. He knows too much.

Jake: If you say so -

Preston: You'll have to kill me : save your necks -

Lem: We can't hang any higher for two murders than we'd hang for one.

Jake; Lem, I don't want to hang -

Lem; We won't hang!

Preston; You may not hang, but you'll go to jail for a long time!

Lem; Yeah?

Preston; Attempted murder is serious, Carslake.
You're both under arrest! (SHOUT) King!

Jake; (CRY OUT AS -)

BARKS APPROACHING FAST

Lem; (CRY OUT) That dog -

Jake; Shoot!

SHOTS WILD SNARLS

Annrc; Guns barked in the tunnel but Lem Carslake fired too late. Don Andrews' bullet, fired from the main tunnel, struck the schemer's arm - then King closed in and Preston swung his fist at Jake Peavy -

SMASHING BLOW

Jake; (GASP)

FALLING BODY

Annex; As Jake went down, Preston reclaimed his gun.

Preston; Stay where you are, Jake. You're covered!

Lem; (ADLIBBING) Call off this dog - take him away -

Preston; That'll do, King! Down, Boy!

KING SUBSIDES

Don; (COMING IN) You two murderin' crooks -

Jake; (CRY OUT) Andrews!

Lem; You! Alive!

Don; You bet I'm alive! I've been back in
the main tunnel, ^{covering} ~~watching~~ you crooks and
waiting for the word to close in!

Preston; I have handcuffs for both of you!
Stand up, Jake!

Jake; (EFFORT) Andrews - Preston - it was Carslake's
idea -

Preston; You'll both go to jail - and consider yourselves
lucky that you'll not hang for murder!

Don; Maybe I should thank these crooks for findin'
the gold for me -

Jake; Hold on! I bought this tunnel -

Don; Not from me, you didn't! And I'm the only one
with the right to sell it!

Presto That's true, Peavy. The paper Mrs. Andrews
signed is worthless.

Jake; I gave her a thousand dollars!

Preston; Discuss that when you go to court! Now
stick out your hands!

HANDCUFFS.

Preston; That'll hold you. () Your turn for handcuffs,
Carslake.

Lem; (GRUMBLES) I still don't savvy how you knew so
much -

HANDCUFFS.

Preston; I have a smart partner, Carslake. His name
is Yukon King!

BARKS

Preston; Yes, big fella - this case is closed.

theme