

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

Murder by the Compass

by Fran Striker

Number 1191

Date 10-12-54

Striker

Preston

King

Tommiddle aged, straight.

Peteheavy

Jimheavy

Constablestraight.

FILE

PROMO. COMPASS

In the desolate wilderness, Sergeant Preston lay unconscious on the snow while two armed killers discussed they manner in which they would take his life. With no help at hand, it appeared that the Sergeant had at last reached the end - but suddenly-- well, you'll be thrilled by the exciting climax. Be sure (ETC)

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{USUAL OPENING}

(WIND)

Annex; After a short summer, the first snow of the season, driven by a high wind, beat against a small cabin near a tributary of the Yukon River, some distance east of Dawson. Inside the cabin, Tom Conlon, a pleasant-faced man of middle age, and two younger men had just finished eating their breakfast. As Conlon refilled his coffee cup, he said-

POURING. ADLIB THRU

Tom; We can't work the gold claim in weather like this, so we may's well relax. More coffee, Pete?

Pete; Yeah, I'll have more.

Jim; While you're at it, Tom, you might as well fill my cup - If there's any left.

Tom; Plenty, Jim.

Pete; I didn't figure we'd have snow this early in the year. I wonder if this is the beginning of the freeze-up.

Tom: Don't ask me, Pete. I'm new to the Yukon. I'm just a tenderfoot - (LAUGHS)

Jim; Luckiest tenderfoot I've ever seen. Blame few men have come here on the first boat in the Spring an' struck gold within a month.

Tom; Maybe it was because I had two good men to help me prospect.

Jim; You mean - Pete an' me?

Tom; That's right, Jim.

Pete; We had a hunch there was gold here. All we needed was someone like you to grubstake us. () But I was speakin' of the weather-

Jim; Pete, I don't think this snow'll last. It's too early. We should have another two or three weeks to work the claim.

Tom; Um. That'd mean we c'n take out another five or six hundred dollars worth of gold.

Jim; That's right, Tom.

Pete; If we're goin' to stay here another two or three weeks we'll need supplies. One of us'll have to hike to Dawson.

Jim;
~~Jim;~~ I've made the trip twice -

Pete; So've I! () Tom, you haven't gone for supplies. It's about time you -

Tom; I'd be glad to go, if I was sure I could find the way.

Pete; If you follow compass directions you can't get lost, Tom.

Tom; I never used a compass -

Pete; It's simple. I'll lend you mine an' show you how to use it. All you've gotta do is go through the woods, then travel straight west.

Tom; I can do that, if I don't get lost in the woods.

Pete; I'll take you through an' get you started right. You should reach Dawson by tonight.

Tom; Um. I'll spend the night there an' start back in the morning.

Pete; Good idea. While you're gettin' ready for the trip, we'll go out an' get some firewood. Come on, Jim.

Jim; Right.

ADLIB CHAIRS SCRAPE. STEPS.

Tom (FADING BACK) I'll make a list of the things we need..

DOOR OPEN & CLOSE. WIND STRONGER.

Jim; (CUE) Pete, I don't mind goin' to Dawson if you think Tom's likely to get lost.

Pete; I know Tom's goin' to get lost.

Jim; (SURPRISE) Huh?

Pete; (CHUCKLES) That's why I talked him into makin' the trip. () Brush that snow off the woodpile-

Jim: Right.

BRUSHING SNOW AS -

Tom: Jim, as things stand now, Tom owns half interest in the gold claim.

Jim: That's right.

Pete; You and I split the other half. That means he owns twice as much as either of us.

Jim: What's wrong with that, Pete? Tom put up all the cash for grub an' supplies, and we all signed the agreement that he'd own half of anything we found -

Pete; Why should we settle for half interest in the gold claim when we can own it all? Accordin' to the agreement, if one of us dies, his share goes to the survivors.

Jim; Um. I savvy. You - you're thinkin' of killin' Tom Conlon -

Pete; No, Jim. I wouldn't murder a man! The law would hang us for that! But the law can't hold us to blame if Tom, bein' a tenderfoot, gets lost in the wilderness an' dies of starvation or freezes to death.

Jim: What makes you think he'll get lost between here an' Dawson?

Pete; I'm goin' to lend him my compass for the trip -

Jim; But, Pete, I don't understand -

Pete; You heard him say he didn't know how to use a compass. Well I'll show him how to use one - only I'll tell him the needle points to the south instead of to the north.

Jim; Will he believe you?

Pete; Sure he will! And his directions'll be reversed. When he travels in the direction he thinks is east, he'll actually be goin' west! He'll be goin' toward the Ogilvie range, an' you know what a desolate region is west of here-

Jim; Yes-

Pete; When he finally has to stop an' make camp, he'll find that his matches are wet -

Jim; He has a waterproof match case-

Pete; Yes, but somehow, his matches will be wet. He can't build a fire without matches, so he'll freeze to death.

Jim; Um-m. The plan'll work, Pete, unless he realizes that he's readin' the compass wrong.

Pete; How'd he realize that?

Jim; Well - if he happens to see the sun or the stars-

Pete; In a storm like this?

Jim; No, but-

Pete; This storm's goin' to last all day, an' probably most of the night. I tell you, Jim, there's nothin' to worry about

Jim; We'd better get back inside before Tom wonders what's keepin' us so long.

Pete; Yeah. Grab an armful of wood.

HANDLING WOOD.

Pete; (CUE, EFFORT) While I'm showin' Tom how to use the compass, you get hold of his matchcase an' see that the matches are spoiled.

WIND UP AND OUT.

FADE IN WIND AS

Annrc; It was shortly after noon when Tom Conlon and Pete reached the far side of a dense woods. Standing with his back to the wind, Pete held out the pocket compass and said-

Pete; Now, Tom, look here-

Tom; You showed me how to use it, Pete. It's simple.

Pete; Sure it is. There's nothin' to it. See, I just turn the compass so's the letter S - for south, is beneath the needle point..

Tom: If I wanted to go south, I'd go in that direction.

Pete; That's right, an' if you wanted to go north, you'd go in the direction the other end of the needle is pointin'. But you have to go west -

Tom; So I go that way. Um-m. That's odd.

Pete; What is?

Tom; (SLIGHT LAUGH) I thought it was just the opposite. That just goes to show how a man can get his directions mixed in goin' through a woods.

Pete; You're right, Tom. That's why a compass is important. (CHUCKLES) A compass don't lie. () Now put this intuh your pocket. You got everything else you need?

Tom; Yes. I'm all set.

Pete; Tomorrow when you get back here, just follow the trail we blazed through the woods an' you'll reach the cabin without trouble.

Tom; All right, Pete. 'bye.

Pete; Bye, Tom!

Tom; (FADING) See you an' Jim tomorrow.

Pete; (MUTTER) Like fun you will -

WIND UP AND UNDER

STEPS IN SNOW SUSTAIN AS

Anncr; During the afternoon Tom looked repeatedly at the compass which indicated that he was heading toward Dawson. But actually he traveled in the opposite direction and each stride took him farther from civilization. As darkness began to gather, he looked again at the compass -

Tom; (WALKING) I'm goin' toward Dawson all right - thought sure I'd see some cabins before this - must be farther'n I thought.

WIND UP AND UNDER

STEPS SUSTAINING

Anncr; Soon after that it became too dark to see the misleading face of the compass.

STEPS HALT

Anncr; Tom paused at the sheltered side of a big boulder. He needed light to see the compass, so he took off his mittens and drew his matchcase from a pocket.

Tom; (MUTTERS) I'll have a light in - (BREAK) What's this - -

Anncr; The heads of the matches felt soft and crumbled as he touched them -

Tom; Wet! How in tarnation did that happen? This case is supposed to be waterproof!

WIND UP AND UNDER

Annrcr; The doomed man resumed his journey, but soon realized that he had lost all sense of direction. His legs ached from the miles of heavy walking in the deepening snow, but he kept going in the hope of finding a cabin that would shelter him until daylight.

Tom: (TIRED) Can't stop in the open - no fire - I'd freeze to death -

WIND UP AND UNDER

Annrcr; It seemed as though lead weights were attached to his feet - every muscle in his body ached, and only will-power kept him going.

Tom; (WEAK) G-got to - keep goin' - g-got to- keep - (PAUSE) Keep - (FALL)

Annrcr; He fell, and tried to rise -

Tom: Got - to - get up- (EFFORT) g-got to- g@get- Get - (SIGHS)

Annrcr; Unconscious, he lay on the snow.

WIND UP. FADE OUT.

Annrcr; Only a short distance away, Sergeant Preston of the Northwest Mounted Police slept in a cabin that had been abandoned by a trapper.

SNEAK IN WIND, OUTSIDE.

Yukon King slept on the floor nearby. Suddenly the big dog wakened. He moved to the door, stood there for a moment, then whimpered -

WHIMPERS.

Annrcr; He glanced toward his master, then hurried to the side of the sleeping Sergeant -

LOUDER WHIMPERS

Preston; (WAKING) Eh- what - (AWAKE) What is it, King?

LOW BARKS

Preston; What're you trying to tell me, boy? Someone outside?

LOW BARKS AND WHIMPERS

Preston; All right, just a minute.

Annrcr; Throwing back the blankets, Preston pulled on his boots, then stood and strapped his gun in place as he said -

Preston; (EFFORT) I don't know why you want me to go outside with you, King, but I've learned that it's wise to follow your suggestions -

DOOR OPENS. WIND LOUDER.

Go ahead, King!

BARKS, FADE BACK AS

Annrcr; With backward glances to make sure the Sergeant followed, Yukon King hurried across the fresh snow. Presently he stopped and pawed at an unconscious man -

WHINES, WHIMPERS. FADING IN AS

Preston; Good for you, King. Move aside, boy. Let me see if he's alive.

WHIMPERS

Preston; (GUE) He is. () I'll carry him to the cabin.
(EFFORT) I wish I knew how you do it, King.
I wonder if any man can understand the working of a dog's instinct.

WIND UP & OUT

Annrc; Before daybreak the wind died down and the snow stopped falling. And soon after daybreak, Tom Conlon wakened to find himself beneath warm blankets in a snug cabin. Looking across the room he saw a man in uniform crouched at the fireplace cooking food.

Tom: Who- who are you?

Preston; Oh- good morning. I'm Sergeant Preston.

Tom; I- I'm glad to know you, Sergeant. I'm Tom Conlon.

Preston; Yes, I know you are. I took the liberty of going through your pockets. I found papers that identified you.

Tom: How did I get here? Did you -

Preston; (SLIGHT LAUGH) Guess you don't remember when I brought you here.

Tom; No -

Preston; My dog found you unconscious. I carried you here. You regained consciousness, but you were only half awake so I didn't question you. You fell asleep while I was bandaging your feet.

Tom; My - my feet?

Preston; Yes. They were partly frozen.

Tom; I didn't know that.

Preston; Don't try to get up. You can't do any walking for a while. I've sent my dog to Dawson with a note to the constable. He'll bring a sled and dogteam.

Tom; I - I guess you saved my life.

Preston; Not I, Conlon. It was Yukon King who found you. () Here's a cup of coffee. Drink it while I'm preparing food.

Tom; Thanks. (DRINKS) Sure hits the spot.

Preston; Feel like answering a few questions?

Tom; Yes. Sure thing -

Preston; How did you happen to be so far from civilization without any food or camp gear?

Tom; I expected to be in Dawson before I needed food -

Preston; In Dawson?

Tom; Yes. I left my gold claim yesterday at noon and-

Preston; Where's your gold claim?

Tom; Near Indian Creek-

Preston; Indian Creek!

Tom; Yes. Why are you surprised?

Preston; You say you left there yesterday at noon?

Tom; Well, it may have been a little after noon. I walked due west all afternoon, and when it got dark I -

Preston; (CUT IN) Conlon, Indian Creek is west of here!

Tom; West of- of here?

Preston; Yes. You were not traveling west. You were traveling east. You were traveling toward the Ogilvie range.

Tom; But, I - I -

Preston; I just finished a patrol of that area. I stopped at this cabin for the night on my way to Dawson.

Tom; I don't see how I could have traveled in the wrong direction. I

Preston; Neither do I. I found a compass in your pocket. Did you use it?

Tom; Of course I used it! I used it just the way Pete showed me -

Preston; Who is Pete?

Tom; Pete Benbow. He and a man named Jim Martin are my partners in the gold claim.

Preston; Tom, show me how you used your compass.

Tom; All right.

Preston; Here it is.

Tom; I held it flat, like this, then turned it so the letter "S" was beneath the pointer of the needle.

Preston; Is that the way your partner told you to hold do it?

Tom; Yes.

Preston; Tom, are you sure?

Tom; Yes, of course I'm sure. Why?

Preston; You were misinformed.

Tom; I - I was?

Preston; Yes! The needle always points North - when you held the compass so the pointer of the needle was over the letter "S". you held it upside down!

Tom; Oh -

Preston; Do you see what that means?

Tom; Y-yes. But Pete must have known I was going in the wrong direction! He knew I went east instead of west.

Preston; That's right.

Tom; B-but why would he want me to come this way?

Preston; I don't know, unless he wanted you to die in the wilderness. Is there any way he'd benefit by your death?

Tom: Well - he an' Jim would get my share of the gold claim -

Preston; Is it a good claim?

Tom: It sure is. We've taken out a lot of gold durin' the past summer. I - () By Thunder!

Preston; Eh?

Tom: I'll bet that's it! Those two wanted me to die in the wilderness! Pete lied to me about the way to use a compass, and Jim gave me wet matches!

Preston; Wet matches?

Tom: Yes! Jim filled my waterproof match case an' handed it to me. But when I tried to use the matches they were no good. They were wet! The murderin' pole-cat wanted to be sure I couldn't build a fire to keep from freezin' to death!

Preston; Um-m.

Tom; Sergeant, how can I prove those crooks tried to murder me?

Preston; I don't know, Tom. But I'll have a talk with them on our way to Dawson.

Tom; How soon d'you think a sled'll be here?

Preston; King should have reached Dawson by daybreak. If Constable Blake read my note and started out without delay, he'll probably be here with a sled and dogteam by nightfall. (FADING) Now, Tom, how about breakfast?

BREAK

STEPS ON SNOW

Annrc; Meanwhile Pete and Jim had left the cabin near the gold claim. Carrying packs and rifles they walked rapidly along the route that Tom had taken. . . .

Jim: (WALKING) It may be a waste of time, Pete, but I'll feel a lot more secure when I know for sure that Tom is dead.

Pete; (WALKING) H_umph! We might search for days without findin' his body.

Jim. ~~If he kept goin'~~ *IF HE USED THE COMPASS AND KEPT GOIN' WEST* until the snow stopped fallin' we might find his tracks -

Pete; I doubt if he could've kept goin' that long. He wasn't used to travelin' in this country. Chances are, he gave out soon after dark. In that case, he'd be buried by the snow.

Jim; Nevertheless, Pete, I'll feel a lot safer -

Pete; (CUT IN) Forget it! Save your breath for walkin'. We've got a long way to go.

STEPS FADE OUT, THEN IN

Annex; Walking in silence the conspirators maintained a steady pace across the blanket of fresh snow. After several hours of travel, Pete pointed ahead and said -

Pete; Hey, Jim - look over there -

Jim; The woods?

Pete; No! Don't you see that cabin near the edge of the woods?

Jim; Sure enough! And there's smoke comin' from the chimney!

Pete; Yeah. That means someone is inside.

Jim; I didn't know anyone lived in this wilderness.

Pete; Must be a trapper's cabin. () Stop here.

STEPS HALT

Jim; Pete, if Tom got this far durin' the night an' saw a light in that cabin - he'd go there.

Pete; Just what I was thinkin'.

Jim; He might be there right now!

Pete; We've gotta find out.

Jim; If he's learned you told him wrong about the compass - an' sees us comin' -

Pete; (CUT IN) He wont see us comin'!

Jim: He might - if he just happened to open the door-

Pete; We'll cut to the right an' get out of sight in the woods. Then we'll sneak close to the cabin an' try to find out who's there.

Jim: Good idea.

Pete: Let's go.

STEPS SUSTAIN AS

Annrc; Jim and Pete soon reached the shelter of the trees. As they made their way cautiously toward the cabin, they heard someone chopping wood -

CHOPPING, FADE IN SLOWLY AS

Jim; (SOFT) If this underbrush wasn't so thick we could see who's choppin' wood.

Pete; (SOFT) We'll soon be close enough to see him. One thing's sure - it's not Tom usin' the axe.

Jim; (SOFT) That's right. The critter who's choppin that wood is no tenderfoot.

Pete; (SOFT) He's probably a trapper. Some old galoot who lives alone - (BREAK) (TENSE) Hey-

Jim; (SOFT) I see him!

Pete; (SOFT)(TENSE) A mountie!

Jim; (SOFT) Pete, if Tom's in that cabin, he'll have told the Mountie he was tryin' to reach Dawson - the Mountie'll ask questions - and learn you lied about the compass -

Pete; ((SOFT)(CUT IN) If Tom's in there, we'll have to finish him off.

Jim; (SOFT) B-but what about the Mountie?

Pete; (SOFT) Have to get rid of him, too.

Jim; (SOFT) (AGHAST) Pete! Y-you don't mean - to kill a Mountie?

Pete; (SOFT) If Tom's there, we'll have to kill the Mountie, if we kill Tom.

Jim; (SOFT) Maybe we'd better leave Tom alive...

Pete; (SOFT) And knowin' we tried to send him to his death? I should say not!

Jim; (SOFT) He can't prove anything against us.

Pete; (SOFT) Even so, ~~he'll get square somehow.~~
~~Besides,~~ we want his share of the claim.

Jim; (SOFT) B-but - two murders -

Pete; (SOFT) Leave it to me. There'll be nothin' to show that murder was committed.

STOP SHOPPING.

Pete; (SOFT) The Mountie's finished choppin'. We'll go up tp him. You ask him about Tom and I'll be ready with my six GUN

Jim; (SOFT) The Mountie's finished choppin' wood.

Pete; (SOFT) We'll go an' talk to him. You ask the questions an' I'll stand ready to crack him with my gun barrel if it's necessary--

Jim; (SOFT) (SUGHS) I sure hope he hasn't seen Tom...

Pete; (SOFT) Come on.

STEPS

Pete; (CUE) Hi there, Sergeant.

Preston; (FADING CLOSE) Hello there. Where'd you come from?

Pete; That way. We've been lookin' for a friend of ours who got lost in the storm -

Jim; Have you seen anyone around here?

Preston; Yes. Last night I found a man unconscious in the snow. He's inside right now.

Jim; Yuh don't say -

Anncr;(CLOSE) Pete shifted his position so he stood slightly to the side of Sergeant Preston...

Jim; What's his name?

Preston; Tom Conlon.....

Anncr;(CLOSE) Pete's body concealed his right hand as he drew his heavy six-gun -

Preston; ...does that name mean anything to you?

Pete; It sure does. (EFFORT)

BLOW

Preston; (TAKE IT)

FALLING BODY

Pete; That got him. He never knew what hit him.

Jim; Now what?

Pete; Take his gun. Keep him covered and if he shows signs of regaining consciousness, hit him again.

Tom; (SHOUTS)(INSIDE)(MUFFLED) Hey, Sergeant-

Jim; That's Tom!

Tom; (SAME(Who're you talking to?

Pete; I'll take care of him.

DOOR OPENS FAST

Pete; (CUE) Yer covered!

Tom; (BACK) Pete!

Pete; Stay on that bunk!

STEPS AS

Tom; (FADING IN) You murderin' pole-cat! You goin' to shoot me, now that your other plan to kill me failed?

Pete; You'll find out what I'm goin' to do. Roll over so you face the wall an' put your hands behind your back.

Tom: What if I refuse?

Pete; I'll knock you out the same as I did the Mountie! And there's no use lookin' at your gun on that chair. You haven't got a chance of reachin' it.

Tom: If you think you can get away with -

Pete; (CUT IN) I told you to face the wall!

Tom: Even though you hold a gun on me, Pete, I'm not takin' orders. (SUDDEN EFFORT) I'll show-

Pete; (SUDDEN EFFORT) Why you -

BLOW

Tom: (TAKE BLOW)

Pete; That'll show you I mean business!

Jim: (BACK) Hey, Pete, is anything wrong?

Pete; (CALL) No! Tom just made a play to grab my gun so I had to knock him out. () Is the Mountie still unconscious?

Jim: (BACK) Yes.

Pete; (CALL) Keep a sharp watch on him while I tie Tom to the bunk.

Annccr; Though Sergeant Preston had been struck hard by Pete's gun barrel, much of the blow's force had been absorbed by his fur cap. While Pete was tying Conlon to the bunk, Preston regained consciousness - but he remained motionless and kept his eyes closed.

Pete; (COMING IN) How's the Mountie, Jim?

Jim; Just as you left him. He hasn't moved.

Pete; Good.

Jim; How's Tom?

Pete; Unconscious an' tied to the bunk. We'll drag the Mountie inside, hogtie him, then set fire to the cabin.

Jim; Pete, I - I still don't like to get mixed up in the murder of a Mountie-

Pete; We've got no choice. We've gone too far to back down.

Jim; But if we're ever caught-

Pete; We won't be caught! There'll be no reason for anyone to suspect a murder. Lots of cabins catch fire from burning wood that spills out of the fireplace, or sparks that land on the roof. And these weatherbeaten shacks burn so fast that a man's trapped without a chance to get out -

Jim; Yes, but-

Pete; (CUT IN HARD) Stop worryin'! There'll be no way for anyone to prove this cabin didn't catch fire by accident! Now help me drag the Mountie inside-

Jim; Wait-

Pete; (IMPATIENTLY) Now what is it?

Jim; After the fire there might be evidence to show that the dead men were tied-

Pete; We'll wait till the fire's burned out. Then we'll make sure there's no such evidence.

Jim; All right, Pete-

Pete; Now are you ready to drag the Mountie inside?

Jim; Yep. (EFFORT) I got this foot-

Pete; (EFFORT) Let's go -

DRAGGING AS -

Anncr; The discussion had given Sergeant Preston time to recover fully from the blow on his head. But he remained limp - every muscle relaxed - as the two men dragged him feet first through the door of the cabin.

Pete; This is far enough. Drop his feet **AND KEEP HIM COVERED, JIM**

BOOTS TO FLOOR.

Jim; Where's the rope?

Pete; There's plenty of it right here. I'll cut some hunks off -

Annrcr; Preston, lying on his back, opened his eyes far enough to see that Jim was watching Pete who had moved a few feet back to cut some lengths of rope. The Sergeant made his move! His right leg swung up in a hard, well-aimed kick that landed squarely on Jim's wrist.

BLOW

Jim: (CRY OF SURPRISE)

GUN FALLS

Pete; (ADLIB SURPRISE)

Annrcr; (OVERLAP) Jim dropped his gun with an exclamation of surprise and pain. Pete, holding a knife, turned and saw the Sergeant leap to his feet -

Pete; (YELL) You -

Preston; (OVERLAP) My turn!

~~Annrcr;~~ ADLIB SCUFFLE AND BLOWS AS

Annrcr; (OVERLAP) Before Pete could recover from his surprise, Preston charged, rammcd his right fist into the outlaw's stomach, and, at the same instant, grasped Pete's wrist with his left hand and gave a sudden twist -

Pete; (YELP OF PAIN)

KNIFE FALLS AS

Anncr; Pete dropped the knife as he bent forward from the stomach blow. Preston, still gripping Pete's left wrist, swung the outlaw toward Jim.

BODIES THUD

Jim; (REACT, ADLIB)

GUN SHOT

Pete; (YELL OF PAIN)

Anncr; A gun in Jim's hand roared... a gun Jim had drawn from his belt - the one he'd taken from Preston's holster. The involuntary shot brushed Pete's hip.

Preston; Your turn! (EFFORT)

Jim; (CRY OUT)

BLOW, STAGGER STEPS

Ann cr; Jim, off balance, had no chance to parry the sledge-hammer blow to his chin -

Preston; (EFFORT) Here's another!

BLOW. FALLING BODY AS -

Anncr; Preston's second blow sent him staggering backward into the corner where he slumped unconscious to the floor. Preston, meanwhile, crouched, gripped the gun that Jim had dropped -

Pete; (YELL) I'll kill yuh!

SHOT

Pete; (ADLIB YELL)

Annrcr; Pete, slowed by the blow to the stomach and
the hip wound, was drawing his gun when Preston
fired-

Pete; My arm - my arm is busted-

Preston: Had en ough? Or do you want to go on fighting?

Pete; I quit! Don't shoot. I've dropped my gun.
I'm not armed.

Preston: Then stand over there with your face to the wall !
I'll handcuff you as soon as I make sure your
partner is through.

BREAK

Annrcr; Late that afternoon, Yukon King returned to
the cabin leading Constable Blake who brought
a big sled drawn by a powerful team of dogs.

BARKS, ADLIB.

Annrcr; King came into the cabin with the constable.

Blake; (LAUGHS) Look at King. He's sure glad to be
back with you.

Preston; All right, King. That'll do, boy. Now be
quiet for a minute.

Blake; I see you have a couple of prisoners -

Preston; Yes, Blake.

Blake; Your note said -

Preston; I mentioned one man - here he is. Tom Conlon -
Constable Blake.

ADLIB: (ACK. INTRO)

Presgon; The two men wearing handcuffs arrived after
I'd sent King with the note.

Blake: What'd they do?

Preston: They tried to murder Tom Conlon.

Tom; They're my partners in a gold claim. They
wanted me dead so's they'd own all of the
claim! Twice, they tried to kill me - and
they tried to murder Sergeant Preston, too.

Blake; Phew! They're in real trouble!

Preston; They'll spend a long time in jail.

Tom; Constable, if it weren't for Sergeant Preston,
I'd be dead right now!

Preston; Tom, it was King who found you.

Tom: Yep, I owe my life to King as well as to you.
() Thanks, King-

SOFT BARKS.

Blake; Shall we start for Dawson now, or wait till
morning.

Preston; Might as well start now, Blake. The case is
closed.

THEME