

Sergeant Preston of the Yukon
Created by Geo. W. Trendle

EXPRESS ROBBERY -
by Fran Striker

Number: 1227

Date: 2-15-55

Striker

Preston

King

Poterson heavy - middleaged

Rod down and outer - middleaged

Hank straight

Baake policeman

Voice bit

Voice 2 bit

NALES FROM WORLD ATLAS

FILE

Sergeant Preston expected to find danger in the wilderness, but in the police headquarters he felt secure. Yet - it was there that he suddenly faced death at the hands of a half-crazed outlaw. He saw murder in the man's eyes - saw his finger tighten on the trigger of a gun - and then - --but you'll want to hear all of this thrill-packed adventure. Be sure (ETC)

Number:

Date:

(USUAL OPENING)

Annex; It was nearly midnight when John Peterson, Dawson City agent for the express company, left the cafe and made his way against the wind-driven snow along the deserted street.

(WIND B.G.)

He was passing the express office when he noticed that a window shade was drawn. He halted.

Peterson; (MUTTER) I know that shade was up when I left the office.

Annex; Moving close to the window he peered through a small hole in the shade and saw a man preparing, by the light of a carefully shaded candle, to blow open the big iron safe.

Peterson; (MUTTER) Lucky I spent the evening in the cafe. Otherwise I'd have missed this --

Annex; Peterson drew a gun and stepped to the door. The lock had been broken. He entered quickly-

(DOOR OPENS, STEPS IN)

Peterson; Put up your hands!

Rod; (STARTLED) Huh -- what --

Peterson; You're covered. Put up your hands an' turn around!

(DOOR CLOSE, CUT WIND)

Rod; All right, Peterson. You got me.

Peterson; Rod Barton! I thought you were prospecting in the hills!

Rod; You can see that I'm not.

Peterson; Keep your hands up and face the wall while I see if you're packin' a gun.

Rod; I'm not armed.

Peterson; I'll make sure.

Rod; I swapped my gun yesterday for a square meal.

Peterson; When did you turn safe-cracker?

Rod; Tonight. This is my first job - (SIGH) - an' I reckon my last.

Peterson; Now you c'n lower your hands an' face me, but don't try any fast moves. I'm still holdin' a gun --

Rod; Don't worry. I know when I'm through. Call in the law.

Peterson; No hurry about that. I want to talk to you. Why'd you try a thing like this?

Rpd; Because I needed money. After two years of nothin' but hard luck, I decided to give up prospectin'. I'd rather go to jail than spend the rest of the winter half-starved an' half frozen in the gold hills.

Peterson; Maybe you won't have to go to jail.

Rod; Huh -?

Peterson; Y'know, Rod - I've been wonderin' where I could find a man to do a special job for me. I've been makin' plans for this job for the past two weeks. I've had everything ready -- except that I didn't have the right man.

Rod; Wha -- what d'you want me to do?

Peterson; Pose as Moose Miller.

Rod; Miller! He's wanted by the law! His picture an' description are on a handbill in the postoffice--

Peterson; Right. You're about his size and with a black beard and ^{A COAT} ~~clothes~~ like he wears in the picture, you could pass for him -- especially if people didn't get a close look at you.

Rod; But the beard an' ^{COAT} ~~clothes~~ --

Peterson; I've got 'em. I told you I had everything ready an' was just lookin' for the right man.

Rod; Wha -- what'm I supposed to do besides pose as Moose Miller?

- Poterson; Just what you planned. Blow open the safe. There's about a hundred dollars in gold inside it. Take it an' clear out.
- Rod; I can't savvy why you -- (BREAK) Maybe I do savvy! Maybe you've been stealin' money!
- Peterson; That needn't concern you.
- Rod; That's it! You've been stealin' money from the company. I bust the safe an' take a hundred dollars, but you report that a lot more than that was stolen. I get the blame for all you stole!
- Peterson; You don't get the blame for anything. Moose Miller's the one who'll be charged with the robbery.
- Rod; (LAUGHS) So you're a crook, eh Poterson.
- Poterson; No! I just borrowed the money! I sent it to a friend of mine in Whitehorse to buy shares in gold claims. I expected one of the claims would pay off so I could replace the cash. But there isn't time to replace it. The company examiners are due next week. They'll find the shortage.
- Rod; So I'll be savin' your neck by crackin' the safe.
- Peterson; You'll be well paid for it.
- Rod; A hundred dollars worth of gold. I ought to get more than that.
- Peterson; That's all there is.
- Rod; What if I turn down your proposition?

- Peterson; You fool! D'you realize the spot you're in?
I caught you red-handed preparing to blow the safe. I could kill you and claim it was self-defense. The law wouldn't blame me for it.
- Rod; (STUNNED) Kill me! You wouldn't --
- Peterson; (FRIENDLIER) I don't want to do it, Rod.
That wouldn't help either of us. You'd be dead and I'd be caught for embezzlement.
- Rod; Y - y -yeah.
- Peterson; If you go along with my plan, we'll both be better off.
- Rod; Where'll I go after I leave here? I've got no sled for travel, and I can't go far on foot.
- Peterson; You don't have to go far -- just a couple of miles south to that old abandoned cabin on the land ~~which was the old cabin on the land those men~~ the Hudson's Bay company own. ~~from the States bought.~~
- Rod; I know the place.
~~The Klondike Big Inch Land Company?~~
- Peterson; Yes. You'll be able to reach the cabin without any trouble. Mind the whiskers and the ^{COAT} ~~clothes~~ that make you look like Moose Miller. Stay in the cabin overnight, and come into town in the morning with your hundred dollars worth of gold.
- Rod; Um-m. It sounds all right --
- Peterson; Everyone thinks you're prospectin'. Who'll doubt it when you say you found the gold?
- Rod; But when I run south from here, I'll leave tracks in the snow.

Peterson; On a night like this, they'll be filled in in no time. I'll see that no one starts after you before your tracks are covered.

Rod; Just one thing more, Peterson. There's no point disguisin' myself to look like Moose Miller unless I'm seen by someone.

Peterson; I've even got that part of the plan worked out. I'll go back to the cafe next door. (FADING) I'll be standin' near the door, talkin' to a couple of the men —

(SNEAK IN CAFE B.G.)

Annor; A few minutes later Peterson returned to the cafe. Just inside the door one of his acquaintances said —

Hank; Back again so soon, Peterson?

Peterson; Yeah, Hank. I forgot about my cat. () Hey, Joe—

Voice; (COMING IN) Yes, Mr. Peterson?

Peterson; I meant to take home some food for my cat. Will you see if the cook has some scraps of meat?

Voice; Sure thing. He's always got a supply on hand. (FADING) I'll get somethin' for you —

Peterson; (LAUGHS) If I didn't take home some grub, that cat would yowl all night.

Hank; (LAUGHS) I know how the critters are. (FADE) We used to have one —

(SNEAK OUT CAFE D.C.)

Annex; While Peterson waited in the cafe, Rod Barton worked fast in the express office next door. Acting on instructions, he put on the disguise Peterson had provided. With false whiskers on his face and his ^{OWN} clothes covered by a ^{BIG} black coat, he returned to work on the safe. When the blast was ready for firing, he unlocked and opened the back door, lighted a lamp, then lighted the fuse leading to the blasting powder, and took shelter behind a desk --

(SNEAK IN CAFE D.C.)

Annex; In the cafe, John Peterson was saying --

Peterson; Yes sir, Hank -- cat's are mighty interesting critters and smart --

(EXPLOSION OUTSIDE)

Adlib; (STIR) What's that?
Sounded like an explosion! (ETC.)

Hank; (OVERLAP) Somethin' happened!

Peterson; (OVERLAP) Come on, Hank! Let's go see!

(DOOR OPENS FAST)

(WIND, D.C.)

Annex; With a firm grip on his friend's arm, Peterson rushed out of the cafe with a number of other townsmen following --

Peterson; (EXCITEDLY) Look! There's a light in my office!

Hank; The door's open, Peterson! Smoke's comin' out!

(RUSHING STEPS AS:)

Peterson; (EFFORT) (RUSHING) Come on, Hank!

Adlib; (STIR IN D.C.)

Annex; Peterson had planned things very well. He kept Hank at his side as he rushed to the open front door of the express office and cried —

Peterson; (CRY OUT) A man!

Hank; (OVERLAP) Goin' out the back door!

(FAST STEPS ON FLOOR AND SOFTEN MIND
AS:)

Peterson; (SHOUTS) Come back here, you!

Hank; The safe's blown open!

Peterson; (YELL) Come back or I'll fire!

(STEPS HALT AS:)

Hank; Peterson! He's not stoppin! Shoot him!

(TWO SHOTS AS:)

Adlib; (VOICES COMING IN AS:)

(SHUFFLING STEPS COMING IN AS:)

Annex; (OVERLAPPING) Peterson purposely fired over the head of the man running away from the building —

Peterson; No use shootin' anymore, Hank. I can't see him in the darkness —

Adlib; (FADE IN) What happened?
 Who were you shootin' at? (ETC.)

Peterson; He got here just in time to see a feller run out
 the back door! He got away!

Voice; Lookat yer safe, Peterson!

Voice 2; The door's blown open!

Hank; That was the blast we heard!

Peterson; Dad-rat it! If I'd just been here a little
 sooner -- Did you get a look at that man, Hank?

Hank; Yes! He glanced over his shoulder as he ran out
 the back door! He has a big black beard --

Peterson; That's what I thought. And did you notice the
 size of his shoulders?

Hank; They were mighty big.

Peterson; I'd better see what he got from the safe.

Voice; Maybe he's Moose Miller.

Hank; Moose Miller! That's who he is! I remember seein'
 his picture on the handbill.

Voice; Did he get anything out of the safe?

Peterson; He emptied the cash box.

Adlib; (MURMURS AS:)

Peterson; And there was a lot of money in it.

Hank; You better report this to the police.

Poterson; I'm goin' to.

Hank; There'll be a Mountie at headquarters. Want me to go and get him?

Peterson; I'd appreciate it, Hank. I'll wait here an' keep an eye on things.

Hank; (FADING) I'll go right away!

WIND, FULL UP THEN FADE OUT

Annor; At the headquarters of the Northwest Mounted Police, Sergeant Preston was working late. He completed the last report then spoke to his great dog Yukon King who lay on the floor beside the desk.

Preston; Well, King -- it's about time to turn in.

(SHORT BARK)

Preston; We'll make a cup of tea and -- (BREAK AS:)

(DOOR OPEN, WIND)

Hank; (BACK) Officer --

(DOOR CLOSE, CUT WIND, STEPS IN AS:)

Hank; Oh, Sergeant Preston! I'm glad you're here !

Preston; What's wrong, Hank?

Hank; A robbery -- the express office.

Preston; Be with you as soon as I put on my parka. When did it happen?

Hank; Ton - fifteen minutes ago. Just the time it took me to walk from there. Peterson and I saw the robber run away. He's Moose Miller.

Preston; (SURPRISE) Moose Miller?

Hank; Yeah. We both recognized him from the hardbill in the postoffice. He blew open the safe and stole all the cash and gold.

Preston; Where's Peterson?

Hank; In the express office waitin' for you.

Preston; I'm ready. Come on, King.

(BARKS) (DOOR OPENS, WIND B.C.)

Preston; Let's go, Hank.

(WIND FULL UP, OUT)

Annor; Hurrying through the wind and snow, Sergeant Preston, King and Hank soon reached the express office where Peterson pointed out the broken safe and the empty cash box.

Peterson; Moose Miller took every cent of cash and every ounce of gold, Sergeant.

Preston; You seem sure of his identity.

Peterson; No doubt about that. Both Hank and I had a good look at him, didn't we Hank?

Hank; Yes.

Preston; Well, we'll try to run him down.

Peterson; (SURPRISE) Tonight?

Preston; Of course. You said he ran out that door --

Peterson; Y -- yes he did.

Hank; That's right, Sergeant. And the last we saw of him he was running south.

(DOOR OPENS, WIND)

Preston; Here, King. Get the scent, boy.

(WHISPERS)

Peterson; The tracks are all blown over by this time, Sergeant. You can't see 'em at all.

Preston; King wouldn't follow the tracks even if he could see them, Peterson. He'll follow the scent.

Peterson; D -- but won't that be covered by the snow -- same as the tracks?

Preston; Not to the extent that King can't follow it.

(BARKS)

Preston; Ready, King? All right, boy! Let's go!

(BARKS FADE INTO)

(WIND FULL UP, THEN UNDER:)

Annor; Sergeant Preston followed King south to a section of land marked by a big sign which read "~~PROPERTY~~ ^{"PROPERTY} OF HUDSON'S BAY ~~Company~~" King hurried past the sign and headed straight toward an old, abandoned cabin --

(WIND UP, FADE TO FAINT)

Anner; Meanwhile Rod Barton had reached the cabin, removed the black coat and whiskers and placed them out of sight in a closet. He was stretched out on the bunk, prepared to spend the night, when he heard a hard rap on the door --

(RAPS)

Anner; and a voice calling --

Preston; (OUTSIDE) You in there -- this is Sergeant Preston of the Mounted Police. Open the door!

Rod; (CLOSE, TENSE) Preston!

preston; (OUTSIDE) Open the door!

Anner; Barton was gripped by panic. He knew there was no way to escape.

Preston; (OUTSIDE) I know you're in there! Open up!

Anner; Then Barton had an idea. He left the bunk, tore open the collar of his shirt and mussed his hair. Then he lay down in the middle of the floor and started moaning --

Rod; (AD LIB MOANS)

Anner; Sergeant Preston waited no longer. He kicked open the door --

(DOOR KICKED OPEN) (WIND UP)

(KING SHARLS, COMING IN)

Preston; Watch him, King!

Rod; Help -- help me -- don't let that dog get me --

Preston; He'll not hurt you unless you try to use a
weap on! On guard, King!

(LOW CROULS)

Anner; Darkness was no handicap to King! He hurried to
the side of the man on the floor and watched --

Rod; Please help me -- I'm hurt --

Preston; Stay right where you are until I get some light!

(WIND FULL UP AND CUT)

COMERCIAL

(WIND FAINE .G.)

Anner; Sergeant Preston closed the cabin door, then
lighted a candle. It's light revealed the face
of the man who lay on the floor --

Preston; (SURPRISE) Rod Barton!

Rod; Y - yes Sergeant. Please call yor dog away --

Preston; First I'll see that you're unarmed. What's the
matter with you?

Rod; I - I was blame near strangled to death.

Preston; By whom?

Rod; A - a big man - with a black coat an' a heavy
black beard. He -- he came here -- lookin' for
grub --

Preston; How long ago?

Rod; I -- I don't know, Sergeant. I -- I guess I was unconscious for a while. I don't know how long.
() You c'n see that I'm not armed.

Preston; (EFFORT) What's this in your coat pocket?

Rod; Just a little sack of gold.

Preston; Um. Less than half a pound. Where'd you get it?

Rod; Panned it outta the streams. It's all I could find in three months of searching!

Preston; All right. Stand up.

Rod; (GETTING UP) Yes sir --

Preston; Tell me about the man with the black beard.

Rod; I -- I was on the bunk when he came in an' lighted a candle. He was surprised to see me here. He held a gun on me, then picked up my pack an' asked what was in it. I told him it was just grub -- an' he said he'd take it along with him. I -- I recognized him, Sergeant. I --

Preston; (CUT IN) Recognized him?

Rod; He was Moose Miller! I'd seen his picture on handbills and knew there was a reward for his capture. So, when he put away his gun, I tried to capture him. He -- he grabbed me around the neck, an' that's all I remember 'til I heard you outside --

Preston; It's strange that Miller left your gold.

Rod; I - I uh - I reckon he was in a hurry to get away. My pack's gone. He must've taken it. Maybe you can catch him! Maybe his tracks are outside --

Preston; King didn't call my attention to the tracks of anyone going away from here.

(KING WHIMPERS, BACK)

Preston; What's the matter, King?

(WHIMPERS)

Preston; What's in that closet, Barton?

Rod; I - I don't know, Sergeant. I don't know why your dog's standin' at the door that way.

Preston; Open the door.

Rod; No --?

Preston; Yes. Go ahead.

(COUPLE OF STEPS AS:)

Rod; (SCARED) M - maybe Moose Miller's hidin' in there --

Preston; He'll have no chance to make trouble. King and I are watching. Open it up.

(DOOR OPENS)

Rod; (CUE) No one in here, Sergeant. ~~The closet's~~
~~empty.~~

(KING WHIMPERS MORE EXCITEDLY, FADING BACK)

Preston; Just a minute. King's found something on the floor. () What is it, King?

(KING APPROACH WHISPERING)

Amcr; Sergeant Preston reached into the closet and ~~then King came from the closet with a black coat~~ picked up a black coat and false beard that ~~and a false beard~~ ~~grasped in his teeth, Rod Barton~~ lay on the floor. (D) Barton feigned surprise. ~~though frightened, feigned surprise~~

Rod; Wha — what's ^{THAT} ~~he got~~?

Preston; Coat — fake whiskers — () Barton, do these look familiar?

Rod; Y — yes, Sergeant. Moose Miller had a coat like that — an' his beard looked thick an' black like — (SUDDENLY) D'you think he wore those things as a disguise?

Preston; What do you think?

Rod; He must've! Now I savvy! After I was unconscious he got rid of that coat an' the false whiskers before he left —

Preston; Um. () Barton, why did you come here? I thought you were prospecting in the mountains.

Rod; I was, Sergeant, but I didn't have any luck at all. After months of work, I only found about a hundred dollars worth of gold.

Preston; Why did you come here?

Rod;

~~I know this property had been bought by those~~
~~47~~
~~not from the States. I figured that they wouldn't~~
I THOUGHT I MIGHT FIND SOME PRYDIRT
~~come all the way to the station to buy it unless it~~
~~was valuable, so I sold. I thought I might~~
~~find some pry dirt here --~~

Preston;

You knew it was private property.

Rod;

Uh - yeah, but --

Preston;

You had no right to trespass!

Rod;

I reckon you're right, Sergeant, but I - well -
 as long as no one was workin' the land, I thought--

Preston;

Barton, this property is under the protection of
 the law. As a trespasser, you're under arrest.

Rod;

Just because I came here for a place to sleep?
 Aw, Sergeant, I know the folks who own this place
 wouldn't mind. I --

Preston;

Nevertheless, I must take you back to Dawson.
 Put your hands out.

Rod;

(SURPRISE) Yuh -- you're goin' to handcuff me?

Preston;

Yes.

(HANDCUFFS)

Rod;

A fine thing! You waste time takin' me in for
 trespassin' while Moose Miller's gettin' farther
 away with the cash from the express office!

Preston;

With what?

- Rod; The cash from the express off --(BREAK) Oh - uh --
- Preston; (SHARPLY) How did you know anyone had cash from the express office?
- Rod; I - I thought -- that is --
- Preston; I didn't mention the robbery.
- Rod; Uh -- Miller said somethin' about it.
- Preston; Let's have the truth, Barton. Where is the stolen money?
- Rod; How do I know?
- Preston; I think you're the one who stole it! You're the one who wore that black coat and the false beard!
- Rod; No no! I told you Moose Miller - -
- Preston; King followed the scent of the thief to this cabin - - and right to that closet!
- Rod; Sergeant, you're all wrong about me. You searched me. If I'd had stolen money, you'd have found it --
- Preston; Unless you hid it.
- Rod; No, I swear I didn't --
- Preston; Very well. We'll postpone further talk until we reach Dawson.
- Rod; But I --
- Preston; Let's go, Barton!

Annex; It was late at night when Sergeant Preston and King returned to headquarters with Rod Barton in custody. Constable Blake, on night duty in the office, recognized the prisoner --

Blake; What's Barton done, Sergeant?

Rod; Nothin'! I didn't do a thing!

Preston; At the present time the charge is trespassing on private property. There may be more serious charges later. Did you hear about the express office robbery?

Blake; Yes. Both Peterson and Hank ^{FRISBY} had a good look at the thief.

Preston; I know. Take a look at this --

Blake; Fake whiskers!

Preston; And this.

Blake; A black coat. Um-h.

Preston; I want Peterson and Hank Frisby to ~~take a~~ look at Barton wearing these things.

Rod; Now listen, Sergeant, I --

Preston; Blake, will you ask them to come here?

Blake; Peterson and Hank Frisby?

Preston; Yes.

Blake; Sure thing.

(CHAIR SCRAPES)

Preston; They may be in bed.

Blake; I'll get 'em out and send them here. I know Peterson planned to spend the night in the office because the lock on the door was broken. I'll send him over, then go on to Hank Frisby's -

Preston; Thanks.

Blake; (FADING) See you later.

(DOOR OPEN, SILENCE, DOOR CLOSE)

(AD LIB HANDCUFFS)

Preston; Now, Barton, I'll remove those handcuffs so you can try on that coat.

Rod; Sergeant, you're all wrong about me!

Preston; Put on the coat and then the whiskers.

Rod; All right, but --

Preston; Then sit down in that chair and wait until the witnesses arrive.

Annex; Rod Barton, wearing the false whiskers and the coat that was large enough to go over his own clothes, sat silent and uneasy while the minutes dragged slowly. Sergeant Preston, seated in a nearby chair, with King on the floor at his side, broke a lengthy silence --

Preston; You know, Barton, the coat and whiskers make you look like an entirely different man.

Rod; I - I can't help how they make me look!

Preston; Your shoulders look huge! I can easily see how someone might give you the nickname Moose -

Rod; No one's ever called me Moose!

Preston; No -?

Rod; Now see here, Sergeant --

Preston; Regardless of whether or not you're identified as the man who robbed the express office, it might be a good idea to send you to Whitehorse.

Rod; For what?

Preston; So some of Moose Miller's victims can look at you.

Rod; I'm not Moose Miller! I swear --

Preston; (CUT IN) It would have been a smart trick to have everyone looking for a black-bearded man with big shoulders.

Rod; (BECOMING PANICKY) But I tell you --

Preston; (CUT IN) If you're identified in Whitehorse as Moose Miller, we'll be spared the trouble and expense of a trial here in Dawson.

Rod; What d'you mean?

Preston; More serious charges are on file in Whitehorse. Charges of murder.

Rod; (GASP) That'd me an hangin'!

Preston; Yes.

(DOOR OPENS, WIND)

Preston; Peterson! Glad you came.

Peterson; (BACK) Hi, Sergeant. Blake said you wanted to see me.

(DOOR CLOSE, CUT WIND)

(STEPS IN AS:)

Preston; Yes. Does this man look familiar?

Rod; Peterson, I'm Rod Barton! You know me.

Preston; Is this the man who robbed the office?

Peterson; Well, I couldn't say for sure. () If you found any of the stolen money in his possession, I'd say he's --

Preston; We found some gold, but no paper money.

Preston; In that case, you must have the wrong man.

Preston; He might have hidden the stolen money. However, it doesn't matter a great deal whether you identify him or not. I think the people in Whitehorse --

Rod; (FRANTIC) I'll be railroaded in Whitehorse! They'll convict me of murder an' hang me! Listen, Sergeant, I'll tell you the truth! I never saw this disguise before tonight!

Preston; No --?

Peterson; Barton, you --

Rod; I gotta tell the Sergeant! Sergeant, I lied about a man comin' to that cabin. I'm the one who ran from the express office!

Peterson; (HARD) Quiet, Barton!

Rod; I'd rather go to jail here than hang for Moose Miller's crimes! You gave me the disguise, Peterson! () It was all his idea, Sergeant --

Preston; (SURPRISED) Peterson!

Peterson; (EFFORT) Hold it!

(KING STARTS)

Preston; Steady, King. () Put down that gun, Peterson.

Peterson; Hold it or I'll shoot. And if your dog makes a move, I'll shoot him!

Preston; You're piling up trouble for yourself, Peterson.

Rod; He caught me tryin' to blow his safe, Sergeant. He saw the chance to use me as a cover for all the cash he's been stealin' from the express company. He made me pose as Moose Miller --

Peterson; Shut up!

Preston; So you're an embezzler, Peterson!

Peterson; Take his gun, Barton! We'll both clear out of town.

Rod; B - but --

Rod; Do as I saw or I'll shoot you! Take his gun, then handcuff him to the chair. That'll hold him while we make our getaway.

Preston; You're not making a getaway, Peterson. You're under arrest.

Peterson; (HARDER) Barton, did you hear what I said?

Rod; Yes, but --

Peterson; Then ~~now~~^{DO AS I SAID} or I'll shoot!

Annex; Preston saw the indecision in Rod Barton's face and the mad determination in the face of Peterson.

King stood close to the Sergeant, tense and poised, awaiting the word to charge --

Peterson; Move, Barton or I'll let you have it!

Annex; Peterson's finger grew tighter on the trigger.

Preston knew the embezzler meant to shoot. ~~He had~~
To save Barton, he knew he'd have to
to act at once -- unexpectedly -- and with lightning
speed --

Preston; (SUDDEN EFFORT) I'll take that gun!

(SCUFFLE, AD LIB)

Peterson; (CRY OUT, SURPRISE AS:)

(GUNSHOT AS:)

Annex; The shot went wild!

Peterson; (STRUGGLING) Leggo my gun hand! I'll kill you --

Preston; (STRUGGLING) Drop the gun! () On guard, King --

(SNARLS AS:)

Peterson; (STRUGGLING) Barton, help me! Help me, Rod --

Rod; I can't! If I move this dog'll get me --

Preston; (SUDDEN EFFORT) There. That does it.

Peterson; Y -you --

Preston; Put your hands up!

(DOOR OPENS, WIND, DOOR CLOSING AS:)

Blake; (COMING IN) Sergeant! What's --

Preston; Just in time, Blake. Handcuff Peterson! () I'll put these cuffs back on Barton!

(AD LIB HANDCUFFS AS:)

Blake; Stick out your hands, Peterson. () What's he done, Sergeant?

(HANDCUFFS AS:)

Preston; The charge is embezzlement.

Peterson; I'll get square with you, Barton. If you hadn't squealed --

Rod; You got me into this, Peterson. It was your idea! D'you think I wanted to be hung for what Moose Miller did?

Preston; You wouldn't have had to pay for his crimes, Barton. You see, I've just received a telegram ~~Barton. You see, Moose Miller was killed two~~ from Whitehorse stating that Moose Miller was ~~days ago.~~ killed two days ago in a gunfight.

Adlib; (SURPRISE)

Rod; But you made me think -- you said I'd hang in Whitehorse! You --

Preston; I didn't say that. I said just enough to give your imagination something to work on.

