

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

FILE

The Winner
By Fran Striker

Number: 1233

Date: 3-8-55

Striker

Preston

King

Dick Martin twenty - straight

Nancy ingenu

Sedgewick middle-aged publisher

Scar heavy

Jake heavy

Parnell heavy

Voice/..... straight

Voice 2 straight

FILE

The Winner

From ambush, a hired gunman sighted his rifle at the oncoming driver of a dogsled. He didn't suspect that he aimed at the wrong man -- that his sights were fixed on Sergeant Preston.

SHOT

What happened? Well, you'll want to hear all of this thrill packed adventure, so be sure - (ETC.)

Sergeant Preston of the Yukon
By Fran Striker

THE WINNER

Number:

Date:

(USUAL OPENING)

Annex; In all of the Northwest, men looked forward to the year's biggest event -- the annual race of dogteams. Dog lovers from Alaska, from British Columbia and even from as far away as the States went to the Yukon town of Dawson to watch the dogteams and drivers compete for the many cash prizes. There were rich prizes for the driver and the owner of the winning dog team -- prizes for the man who built the sled, and for the one who trained the dogs that pulled it, and there was glory for the town that provided the winner!

(SNEAK IN CAFE D.C.)

Annex; On the street and in the Dawson stores and cafes, people talked about the coming contest. In one cafe, a hard-faced man named Parnell said to his two companions --

Parnell; Dick Martin's got the same dogs he had a year ago. He won last year and the year before. He'll probably win again this year.

Jake; I wouldn't say that, Parnell. Martin's not the only one with good dogs.

- Scar; Jake's right. There's plenty of good dog teams to be entered in the race this year -- including mine.
- Parnell; Your's! (LAUGHS) Scar, your huskies may be strong and fast, but they're not in a class with Dick Martin's team.
- Scar; A lot can happen before the race is finished. I'm countin' on a few things besides the speed of my dogs. I'm goin' to count on you and Jake to help me win the five thousand dollars in cash!
- Parnell; Are you tryin' to kid us?
- Scar; I meant just what I said. On top of winning the big prize, I'm going to make a clean up in bets.
- Jake; Everyone expects Martin to win. Anyone bettin' against him could get big odds.
- Scar; I know.
- Sodgewick; (COMING IN EXCITEDLY, BUT STAYS SLIGHTLY BACK) Hey, boys! Boys! Everyone!
- AdLib; (STIR)
- Parnell; (CLOSE) Scar, you must have some kind of plan in mind. What is it?
- Scar; Wait 'til we hear what's goin' on over there.
- Sedge; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Fellows, I've got some news and it's news none of you're goin' to want to hear!
- Scar; (CLOSE) Who's that feller?

- Parnell; His name is Sedgewick. He runs the newspaper — the Klondike Nugget.
- Voice; (BACK) What is it, Sedgewick?
- Sodge; (BACK) Dick Martin's not entering the race!
- AdLib; (BACK, UNBELIEVING AND EXCITED)
- Scar; (CLOSE CHUCKLES) Looks like maybe I can win without using my plan.
- Sodge; (FADING IN) Boys, boys - don't crowd me so. I don't know why Dick refuses to enter the race. I've told you all I know. He's not going to race and that's his final word. I got it from Dick himself less than twenty minutes ago. He's at my house right now calling on my daughter.
- AdLib; (STIR, FADING OUT)
- Annex; At that moment, in the home of the publisher, Dick Martin had a solemn expression as he sat with Nancy Sedgewick.
- Nancy; (FADING IN) Dick, there must be some reason why you won't enter this year's race.
- Dick; Nancy, please - I - I don't think I can explain it so it'll make sense - even — even to you.
- Nancy; Please tell me, Dick. I'll understand if anyone will.
- Dick; Well - do you remember last year when I won the race for the second time?
- Nancy; Of course I do! You were just about the most important man in town!

Dick; That's right. And if I win the race this year, it'll be even more so.

Nancy; (SURPRISED) You object to that?

Dick; Everyone's betting on me, Nancy. Betting on me to win. They're betting heavily. What if I don't win?

Nancy; Oh, Dick.

Dick; Some time -- maybe not this year, maybe not next year -- but sometime I'll be beaten, and then what? Then everyone will turn against me, just as fast as they "hurray'd" me when I won.

Nancy; But --

Dick; I'll be the one who lost all the money that was bet on me. Everyone'll turn against me just as quick as they cheered me. I don't want that. I'd rather quit as a winner.

Nancy; You're a quitter!

Dick; There are other good dog teams, Nancy -- and other good drivers. Someone else can represent Dawson, and probably win.

Nancy; You know better than that.

Dick; Well -- I've told you how I feel and why I'm not going to race. I said it wasn't a reason that'd make much sense to people, but I -- I hoped you'd understand.

BUT, DICK

Nancy;

~~I understand just this, Dick Martin.~~ The people of Dawson have been mighty kind to you. They've looked up to you because you're a champion. You're a hero to young boys. They copy your style of driving a team and your mannerisms. You've had glory, and you have an obligation that goes with the glory. You can't let people down.

Dick;

I - I wish you'd try to understand. I - I've been haunted by the thought of how people will act when I'm finally beaten. I have nightmares. I see myself an outcast, scorned by everyone. I see my best friends pointing at me -blaming me for losing what they've bet on me. I tell you it's gotten so I think about it night and day - and it's got to happen sooner or later.

Nancy;

~~You're afraid to face defeat.~~
Dick, I thought you had more spunk than that! Don't tell me you're afraid to face defeat -

Dick;

I - I guess I am. I guess that's what you'd call it. I - I'm afraid of defeat.

Nancy;

You'd rather have everyone say - "Quitter." ~~W~~
Oh, Dick, I can't believe it.
~~I'll have you know Dick Martin,~~ I can admire and respect a man who puts up a good fight, even though he's defeated, but I have no time for a quitter or a coward!

Dick;

But Nancy --

Nancy;

I- I'm sorry, Dick-
Please go.

(BREAK)

Annor; Dick Martin's head was bowed as he made his way home from the house of the girl he loved.

(DISTANT BARKING, FADING IN AS:)

Presently he heard the barking of two big dogs and a moment later, realized with surprise that the dogs were in his own house. And someone else was there. Someone who owned the sled and team that stood near the door.

(FOOTSTEPS)

Dick; (MUTTER) Wonder who it is.

(DOOR OPENS)

Preston; (BACK) Hello, Dick.

(DOGS HUSH)

Dick; Sergeant Preston, it's you!

(DOOR CLOSES, CUT WIND)

(KING, A COUPLE OF SHARP BARKS)

Dick; And King! Golly, I'm glad to see both of you.
(EFFORT) How are you, King old fellow? You look as fit as ever.

(WHISPERS)

Preston; I've been waiting for you, Dick. I've brought your lead dog inside. Hope you don't mind.

Dick; Of course not.

Preston; He and King have always been pals.

Dick; They sure have.

Preston; As soon as King got inside the house, he began pacing the floor and tugging at my trousers, trying to tell me he wanted to see Tundra. (LAUGHS) He wouldn't give me any peace until I brought your leader in from the kennel.

Dick; That's all right.

Preston; By the way, I looked over the rest of your dogs. They seem to be in fine shape for the race the day after tomorrow. Too bad you're not going to give them a chance to run.

Dick; (SURPRISE) How did you know --

Preston; I was in the cafe when Sedgewick announced you weren't going to compete. There's a lot of talk, Dick --

Dick; I - I suppose there is.

Preston; A fellow named Scar Lafferty has a fast team entered in the race. He's counting on winning, now that you're out of the running.

Dick; I've heard of Scar Lafferty.

Preston; Some people think you made a deal with him.

Dick; That's a lie! I have no deal with anyone! I just don't want to compete -that's all.

Preston; Why -?

- Dick; Aw, what's the use? No one would believe me. If - if they think I've got a deal with Lafferty -- let 'em think so.
- Preston; Sit down there, Dick. You're mighty bitter about something.
- Dick; They turn against me if I don't race - and they'll turn against me if I race and lose.
- Preston; How about trying to win?
- Dick; I can't win all the time! Some day I'll be beaten. () Look here, Sergeant, I - I thought for sure my girl would understand, but she didn't. She called me a quitter and a coward!
- Preston; Nancy Sedgewick usually knows what she's talking about, but I can't believe you're either a quitter or a coward.
- Dick; I'll tell you just what I told her. (FADING) Maybe you'll understand. Maybe you'll see things my way.
- Anner; Dick Martin gave Sergeant Preston the same faltering explanation he had given Nancy Sedgewick. When he had finished, the policeman said --
- Preston; Let's walk over to the cafe. I think Nancy's father is still there.
- Dick; If he is, he'll not welcome me. He told me what he thought of me, and he didn't mince words.

Preston; Come on. We'll leave King in the kennel with your dogs.

Dick; Well, all right. I'll go with you. I'll have to face the men sooner or later. It might's well be now.

(STEPS)

Preston; Come on, King. You too, Tundra.

(BARKS) (DOOR OPENS, WIND AS:-)

Preston; Dick, you'll not like the talk that's going around.

(DOOR CLOSSES) (STEPS IN SNOW AS:)

(WIND FULL UP & FADE OUT) (FADE IN
CAFE B.G.)

Annor; Meanwhile, in the cafe, Sedgewick, the publisher, stood at one end of the lunch counter. ~~He~~ He felt disappointed and angry at Dick Martin, but even more angry at the unkind things that were being said by two men who stood nearby--

Voice; I think Dick Martin sold out.

Voice 2; Yeah! He's got money in his pocket for not competin'!

Sedge; (HARD) Jus't a minute!

Adlib; (MURMURS)

Sedge; What did I hear you say?

Voice 2; What's the matter with you, Sedgewick?

Voice; If you're talkin' about my last remark, I said
Dick Martin sold out!

- Sedge; That's a lie!
- Voice; You callin' me a liar?
- Sedge; Yes! You've no reason to say Dick sold out! He's on the level. I'll say that for him, even if I don't like his backing out of the race!
- Voice; I say he's got Scar Lafferty's money in his pocket!
- Sedge; That's a lie!
- Adlib; (STIR AS:)
- Voice; Call me a liar, will you! (EFFORT)
- (BLOW) (FALLING BODY)
- Voice; (LAUGHING) Come on, Sedgewick! On your feet! Let's see you defend the good-for-nothin' double crosser you ~~was~~ picked for a son-in-law!
- Voice 2; Stay down, Sedgewick! Stay down where you won't get hit again! (LAUGHS)
- Sedge; (EFFORT) I -- I'll show you - you can't say Dick Martin's selling out!
- Voice; I said it and I'll say it again! Thanks for gottin' up - (EFFORT)
- (BLOW) (FALLING BODY)
- Adlib; (STIR)
- Dick; (FADING IN FAST) Stand back, Moose!
- Voice; 2- Here's Dick Martin!
- Voice; The skunk that sold out all his pals in Dawson!

Dick; Is that so? (EFFORT)

(BLOW) (FALLING BODY AS:)

Adlib; (STIR)

Sedge; Good for you, Dick!

Dick; Get up, Moose! Get on your feet! If you want to fight ~~some~~ - fight someone your own age and weight!

Preston; (COMING IN) That's enough, Dick. No more fighting.

Dick; Sergeant, this man -

Preston; I said no more fighting!

Dick; Mr. Sedgewick, are you hurt?

Sedge; Those punches hurt, Martin - but they don't hurt near as much as thinking of you backing out of the race.

Dick; I've changed my mind about that.

Sedge; Eh -?

Dick; (PROJECT) Listen, all of you! I don't want to enter that race! I had personal reasons for not wanting to go into it, but ~~they~~ ^{APPARENTLY} they don't count. If any of you think I've sold out, you're wrong and I'll prove it. My team's already entered, and I'll not withdraw! My dogs will run!

Adlib; (EXCITED STIR)

Sedge; That's the ticket! () You hear that, boys? I guess you fellows who said Dick had taken a bribe to withdraw can eat your words!

Voice; I still say Dick Martin sold out. He can run his dogs, but run 'em so's someone else will win.

Dick; My dogs will be in that race to win! () Come on, Mr. Sedgewick, let me help you home.

Adlib; (STIR, UP & UNDER:)

Parnell; (CLOSE) Well, Scar - it looks like you'll have some competition after all.

Scar; That being the case, Parnell - we'll have to carry out the plan I had in mind. It's up to you to see that Dick Martin's dogs don't win.

Jake; (CHUCKLES) And when he's lost the race, people will be sure he lost on purpose!

(COMMERCIAL)

Annor; On the morning of the race, there was a hard crust of snow to support the sleds and give firm footing to the dogs and drivers.

(WIND B.G.)

Annor; Early in the morning, the crowd began to gather in Dawson's main street, and the contestants appeared at the starting line in front of the newspaper office about an hour before starting time. Indians, Eskimos and French Canadians were among the drivers. Scar Lafferty and his companions, Jake and Parnell were slightly apart from the others. Scar said ---

- Scar; (LOW) Dick Martin's just brought up his sled and team. It's over yonder. Take a good look so's you'll know the outfit.
- Parnell; The trouble is, Scar - there's more than a dozen sleds of the same type, and as for Dick Martin, when he comes along the home stretch, he'll probably have his parka hood over his head so we can't see his face. He'll look like lots of other drivers.
- Scar; It'll be easy for you to pick out his team. He's about the only one who'll use a big malamute for a lead dog.
- Jake; That is unusual.
- Parnell; Yeah - most lead dogs are either Eskimos or Siberians.
- Scar; Tundra's the biggest lead dog in the race. Here's all you've got to do. Go straight north for about two miles and you'll find a couple of big boulders near the trail. Stay behind those boulders until we're coming in on the home stretch for the finish. If you see that Martin's in the lead, you know what to do.
- Parnell; I wish we didn't have to shoot him!
- Scar; There's no other way to stop him. If you do anything to slow him up or turn his dogs aside, he'll see you and report it.

Jake; But if he's found - with a Mountie on hand-

Scar: He's not to be found. Take his body to the shack we once used for a hideout an' we'll get rid of it later so no one'll ever know what happened. It'll look like Martin turned yellow an' ran away.

Parnell; ~~But what if someone else in the race sees us~~
But what if another team in the race is so close that we can't carry out your plan?
~~move the body?~~

Scar; Hardly any chance of that. I've studied every team that's entered in the race an' there's none that's in a class with Martin's an' mine. You know how the teams are strung out near the end of a forty mile race.

Jake; That's right, Scar. After you an' Martin ~~pass~~ there'll be at least five minutes before the next teams comes around the bend near the rock-

Scar; Yeah. You'll have plenty of time to move the body.

Parnell; But if another team should happen to come -

Scar; That's the chance we'll have to take, but I figure it's a small risk. Now start for the rock and remember to watch for the leadin' team on the home stretch. If it's led by my white Siberian, lower your rifle an' go to the shack. But if the big malamute huskie's in the lead, shoot!

FADE SOUND UP THEN OUT.

Annrc; Scar Lafferty was not the only one who had secret plans-

FADE OUT NOISES

SNEAK IN KING, AD LIB

Annex; Sergeant Preston had plans of his own in regard to the race. Behind the publisher's home, which was near the starting line, Preston and King were lining up the dogs and hitching them to Preston's sled. Sedgewick and his daughter stood nearby, watching and wondering —

Sedge; Need any help, Sergeant?

Preston; (BACK) No thanks, we're all set. Now King, I must put you in harness as the lead!

(WHISPERS)

Nancy; Does Dick know you're going to enter the race?

Preston; No. As a matter of fact, no one knows it.

Sedge; But if no one knows it, Sergeant Preston—

Preston; I'm not going over the course to win a dog race. I want to see that there's no underhanded business and — (PAUSE)

Nancy; And what?

Preston; Well, I'm going to try to beat Dick Martin. I think ~~Nancy, I have another reason for entering the race. I think he should learn what it is like to be a loser. fact, but I think I'll keep it to myself for~~

Nancy; Sergeant, I — I think you're right.

Preston; No man's a real champion until he's learned to take defeat.

Sedge; You'd better hurry. It's almost time for the face to begin.

Preston; I'd rather wait until after the start. But you two had better get over to the starting line. I think Dick Martin would like to see you there.

Sodge; Yes of course. Come on, Nancy. We'll be watching for you, Sergeant Preston.

Nancy; (FADING) Indeed we shall.

(KING FADES IN BARKING)

Preston; (SLIGHT LAUGH) What's the matter, King? Anxious to get going? () Well, we haven't long to wait.

(BARKING)

Annecr; The minutes seemed to drag for Sergeant Preston and Yukon King. The Sergeant wondered how his plan would work out - and hoped for the best. He looked at his watch.

(BARKING)

Preston; (MUTTER) It's about time---

(DISTANT GUN SHOT)

Preston; The starting gun! They're underway. Now King, we'll go. On King! On you huskies!

(DOGS & SLED START & FADE)

(FADE IN A NUMBER OF DOGS & SLEDS ON SNOW)

Adlib; (B.G. YELLS OF DRIVERS)

Annecr; When Sergeant Preston reached the starting line, the other dogteams were well underway. King seemed to know what was expected. He led his mates at a fast pace across the icy crust and quickly overtook and passed the rearmost sleds. At the first turn to the left he was just behind an Eskimo driver who chanted to his dogs --

Voice 3; (BACK) Yake, yake! Yake, Yake, Yake!

Annor; King made the turn, then heard his master cry--

Preston; (BACK) On King! On you huskies!

Voice 3; (FADING III) Yake, yake! Yake, yake, yake!

Annor; King came abreast of the Eskimo driver, then passed and went ahead -

Voice 3; (FADING) Yake, yake! (ETC.)

Preston; That's it, boy! Now let's pass the next one!
On, King!

Annor; With King in harness, the other dogs worked much harder than usual to maintain the pace--

Preston; (SHOUT) On, King!

Annor; King cut down the distance to the next sled, passed it, then increased his speed to overtake and pass the others. At the halfway mark, the weaker teams began to falter and drop back despite the cries of encouragement from the drivers. Then King saw that just two teams raced between him and the lead. Scar Lafferty's team was running strong. Once more King increased the pace -

(DOGS FADE OUT)

Annex; Meanwhile, Parnell and Jake crouched behind the boulder north of Dawson and watched the route over which the contestants would pass on the last leg of the race. Parnell looked at his watch -

Parnell; Judging from the time of last year's race, I figure the first team ought to show up within the next half hour.

Jake; You'll do the shootin', Parnell?

Parnell; Yes.

Jake; One shot's gotta do it. There won't be time for a second.

Parnell; I'll not miss.

Jake; You hadn't better! We've got all our cash bet on this race!

Parnell; Move over there, Jake, where you can watch the turn. As soon as the first team shows up, let me know about the lead dog. If it's anything but Scar's white Siberian, I'll shoot.

Jake; Right.

(FADE IN DOG TEAMS)

Annex; King ran alongside the white leader of Scar Lafforty's team and the sleds were side by side. Scar was amazed when he saw the identity of the driver who had caught up with him -

(DOGS & SLEDS)

Scar; (BACK) Sergeant Preston! What are you doin' in this race!

Preston; (SHOUT) I'll tell you at the finish line! ()
Come on, King! Faster, boy.

Annor; Inch by inch, King forged ahead while Scar cried
out -

Scar; (FADING) You've got no business in this race!
You didn't enter! What're you doin' here?

Preston; Come on, King! One more sled to pass!

Annor; One more sled to pass. King saw it less than
fifty yards ahead - and he saw the malamute that
led it - - a big dog like himself - - in fact, one
of his best friends - - Dick Martin's Tundra.

Preston; That's the team we want to beat. King, Come on
King! On you huskies!

Annor; The spirit of competition burned in King's mighty
breast. His great muscles rippled smoothly beneath
his furry coat. He set the pace - - the rest of the
team had to follow.

Preston; On King! On you huskies!

(JINGLE OF BELLS START FADING IN)

Annor; There were bells on Tundra and his teammates.
King heard them jingling -

Preston; You can do it, fellows! A little faster! Pull
there, Donjek! Get into it, Karloo! You too,
Keesh! On, Chickiloo! Set the pace, King! On,
you huskies!

(JINGLING BELLS NEARER)

Dick; (BACK) Come on, Tundra!

(SLED & DOGS SUSTAIN, JINGLING BELLS
FADING NEARER)

Annex; King knew he had to beat his friend, big Tundra.
It was a matter of personal pride as well as a
command from Sergeant Preston.

Preston; On King! On you huskies.

Annex; Dick's eyes went wide in surprise beneath the
hood of his parka when he recognized Sergeant
Preston.

(BELLS CLOSER)

Dick; Come on, Tundra! Come on, you fellows!

Preston; On King! On you huskies!

(BELLS FADING)

Annex; The teams were neck and neck for better than a
hundred yars, then gradually, King took the lead.
The jingling bells began to fade and Tundra seemed
to know he was beaten. The pace King set was more
than any other dogteam could long maintain.

(FADE OUT DOGS & SLEDS AS:)

Annex; Neither King nor Sergeant Preston suspected that
Parnell waited with his rifle while Jake watched
the ~~lead~~ —

Jake; I hear 'em comin', Parnell!

Parnell; I'm ready.

Jake; You'll have to shoot fast before the team's out of sight behind those trees to our left.

Parnell; I know.

Jake; It'll be a tough shot. We're about seventy yards from the trail -- (SUDDENLY) I see 'em!

Parnell; The leading dog team! Look sharp, Jake. Is the lead dog white?

Jake; No! And it's not a Siberian! It's a big dog --

Parnell; Must be Dick Martin's team!

Jake; Aim at the hood of the parka -- the head --

Parnell; I've got a bead on the driver --

(FADE DOGS INTO CLOSE)

(SHOT)

Anner; Sergeant Preston felt a blow like that of a sledgehammer on the top of his head. He fell forward, ~~falling~~ over the back of his sled. His fingers clutched the rawhide lacing and hung on, though he was barely conscious. Dick Martin was too far back to know that anything had happened. But King knew. He heard the shot -- and Preston's gasp of pain. He knew instinctively that some thing had hurt his master. The policeman's final words, "On King!" still rang in the great dog's ears -- a last command. So the mighty husky fought down the impulse to charge the man who had fired the shot. He held his place at the head of the team and raced on toward the finish line.

(FADE OUT SLED & DOGS)

Adlib; (CROWD FADING IN) Here comes the first one!
 Look at the lead he's got?
 Who is it?
 Who's the winner?

Annor; At the finish, Nancy and her father were among the crowd.

Nancy; Dad! Whose team is that?

Sodge; Can't tell yet. Can't see much of the driver.
 He's hunched over.

Nancy; The lead dog is a malamute.

Voice; (BACK) It's Sergeant Preston! That's his dog!

Nancy; It's King! There's the second team. It just came into view. That's Dick's team.

Sodge; So Dick Martin is in second place.

(START FADING IN DOGS)

Voice 2; (BACK) Hey! Something's wrong with Sergeant Preston!
 He's fallen over the back of his sled! He's not moving.

Adlib; (STIR & INCREASING CONCERN AS:)

(DOGS COME IN & STOP)

(KING WHIMPERING)

anner; The crowd pressed close as King crossed the finish line and halted. Sedgewick lifted Sergeant Preston, who had lost consciousness and placed him on the sled while King, worried about his master, whimpered ~~and struggled to get out of harness. One of the men released the big dog from harness as Nancy said --~~

Nancy; Look at this! A bullet hole in the hood of his parka.

Sedgo; Push the hood back, Nancy! We'll see how badly he's hit.

Preston; (LOW MOAN)

Voice; He's regaining consciousness.

Nancy; Thank goodness he's alive. () There - now we can see the wound.

(START FADING IN TEAM WITH BELLS)

Preston; My - my head-

Sedgo; Take it easy, Sergeant Preston. I think you're going to be all right. The bullet just grazed your head.

Preston; I - I remember a rifle shot.

(WHIMPERING)

Sedgo; Any idea who shot you?

Preston; No.

(DOGS & BELLS IN & STOP AS:)

Dick; (COMING IN, AD LIE HO'S)

Preston; That - that's Dick Martin.

Nancy; He's just crossing the finish line. You won the face.

Dick; (DACK) What's the matter? What's happened to Sergeant Preston?

Nancy; Dick, he's been shot.

Dick; (FADING IN) Who did it? How'd it happen?

Preston; I - I don't know, Dick. I - () King, what's the matter with you, fellow? Quiet down, now. I'll be all right.

(KING WHIMPERS MORE EXCITEDLY)

Sedge; What ails that dog?

Preston; He seems to be trying to tell me something.

(CONTINUE BARKS & WHIMPERS)

Annor; King tugged and tugged on Sergeant Preston's parka, trying to tell his master that he knew where the ambushers might be found, but no one understood. Then, Tundra - still in harness - approached King - bringing the rest of the team and Dick's sled -

(SECOND DOG COMES IN BARKING

FRANTICALLY, ONE BELL JINGLING)

Dick; Tundra, what's the matter with you?

Nancy; Whatever ails King must be contagious.

Dick; Lett~~er~~ go, fellow. Let go. Stop trying to drag me away from here.

Amner; Tundra would not be sidetracked. He tugged at Dick's clothing, then tugged some more and finally Sergeant Preston understood.

Preston; Dick, I think Tundra's trying to tell you to follow King.

Dick; Is that it? Is that it, Tundra?

(BARKS)

Preston; Go on, King. You'll be followed. Show the way, boy. On, King.

(KING BARKS, FADING BACK)

Dick; ~~TAKE CARE OF MY TEAM () GO ON~~ I'll be with you.

Sedge; He too. I'm going along.

Voice; Same here. You may need help to get that ambusher.

Adlib; (STIR & EXCITED SHOUTS AS LENS FADE)

(FADE ALL SOUND)

Amner; It was two hours later. Much of Sergeant Preston's strength had returned. He sat in a comfortable chair in Sodgewick's home with a clean white bandage on his head. Nancy was nearby, waiting impatiently for someone to return from the manhunt. She leaped to her feet when a bark sounded at the door.

(BARK OUTSIDE)

nancy; A dog!

Preston; It's King!

(SNATCH DOOR OPEN)

(KING BOUNDS IN BARKING)

Preston; King, hold on, fellow. What is it? Where are the others!

Nancy; Dick and Dad are here!

Preston; Quiet down, King.

(KING SUBSIDES)

Sedge; (FADING IN) Hi there, Sergeant. How are you feeling?

Preston; I'll be as good as new tomorrow. What did you learn?

Dick; Oh golly, Sergeant Preston, I wish you could have ~~BEEN~~ ^{THERE!} ~~seen the men!~~ King showed us where the men had waited in ambush behind a couple of big boulders, then followed their trail to a shack not far away. We found Jake and Parnell there.

Sedge; They tried to put up a fight, but they didn't have a chance with King leading our attack. (CHUCKLES)

Dick; They told everything. They didn't mean to shoot you. They intended to get me. They thought I'd be in the lead.

Preston; But why did they want to shoot you?

Dick; So Scar Lafferty would win the race. ~~THEY WERE GOING TO GET RID OF ME SO IT'D LOOK LIKE I'D RUN AWAY.~~

Sedge; We got Scar, too. The three of them are in the calaboose.

Preston; About the race, Dick-

Dick; It's all right, Sergeant Preston. You beat me fair and square. (LAUGHS)

Nancy; Dick, you're laughing about it!

Dick; I'm pleased about it, honey. I've always dreaded what would happen if I got beaten. I figured everyone would turn against me because I lost their bets, but no one did.

Sedge; Everyone says Dick made a good run and deserves a lot of credit.

Dick; (LAUGHS) A guess a man ^{WHO'S} ~~is~~ afraid of losing doesn't deserve to win.

Preston; Dick, you won the race. I wasn't even entered. I ~~can't take the prize. I raced only to beat you, so can't take the prize. Then the excitement of capturing~~ you'd see how wrong you were in thinking that ~~those crooks dies down, the judges will make the~~ defeat meant disgrace. ~~official announcement and you'll be declared the~~ ~~winner.~~

Dick; You mean that? You're sure of it?

Preston; Yes. ~~When the excitement of capturing those crooks~~ dies down, the judges will declare you the winner.

Dick; **Golly!** Then with the prize money - well, gosh, Nancy - you and I - we can be married - that is, if you'll still have me.

Nancy; I wouldn't want a quitter, Dick - but you're no quitter.

Dick; Oh golly! Sergeant Preston, this is the biggest day in my life. I not only won the race, but I learned it won't be the end of everything when the time~~s~~ comes that I'm beaten.

Preston; You learned a lot, Dick. We'll take up the matter of the ambushers tomorrow morning - but your case - (CHUCKLES) - yes - this case is closed.

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