

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

FILE

COLD CASH
By Fran Striker

Number: 1235-

Date: ~~5/5/55~~

3-15-55

Preston

King

Bill straight

Hanson straight

Yates elderly banker

Red crook

Martie crook

CASHIER — STRAIGHT

Hank — small part, straight

Voice bit

Voice — "

FILE

COLD CASH

Unconscious, bound and gagged, Sergeant Preston was wholly at the mercy of gold thieves who were prepared to kill him to insure their escape. Then - () What happened? Well, you'll want to hear all of this fast-moving, thrill-packed adventure in the frozen Yukon! Be sure - (ETC.)

Sergeant Preston didn't suspect that
the routine questioning of strangers
would result in his capture by killers!
When Preston lay helpless, what happened?
Well - you'll want to hear all of this
fast-moving, thrill-packed adventure.
Be sure (ETC)

Sergeant Preston of the Yukon
By Fran Striker

COLD CASH

Number:

Date:

(USUAL OPENING)

(DOGS & SLED)

Annor; After a five mile trip from his cabin in the mountains, Bill Cummings reached the town of Cederville, in the gold hills north of Dawson.

Bill; (AD LIB HO'S)

(DOGS STOP)

Annor; As he halted his dogteam in front of the office of John Hanson, who dealt in investments, he heard a familiar voice call from the Constable's office next door.

Preston; (BACK) Hello there, Bill!

Bill; Sergeant Preston!

(BARNS BACK)

(STEPS APPROACHING AS:)

Bill; And Yukon King!

Preston; (COMING IN) I haven't seen you since you and your wife left Dawson. That was over a year ago!

Bill; That's right, Sergeant. How've you been?

Preston; Fine. Have you and Sally been well?

Bill; Oh yes! Well and busy! I staked a gold claim about five miles east of here and it looks mighty good!

Preston; I'm glad to hear it.

Bill; What are you doing in Cederville, Sergeant?

Preston; The Constable had to go to Dawson to testify at a trial, so I'm taking his place for a few days.

Bill; Oh--

Preston; You in town for supplies?

Bill; Yes -- and also to raise ten thousand dollars.

Preston; Phew! That's a lot of money.

Bill; With that much cash I can develop my gold claim. I'll install some simple machinery and in no time at all, I'll be digging out real paydirt.

Preston; Going to borrow the money?

Bill; No. I can't borrow it. I talked to Ezra Yates last week and the old tightwad turned me down flat. He said his bank couldn't risk lending money on gold claims.

Preston; Most bankers have that policy.

Bill; (CUT IN) I told him there was no risk in this case! I showed him samples of the ore - and the assay, but he wouldn't lend me a dime! So then I called on John Hanson.

- Preston; Ho's a speculator.
- Bill; Yes. Ho was mighty interested in my property. He spent the past week investigating it. Yesterday, he sent me a letter offering ten thousand dollars for half interest in my claim.
- Preston; Are you going to accept his offer?
- Bill; Yes. Sally and I talked it over. We figured it'd take me a couple of years, workin' alone, to get enough gold to pay for machinery. With Hanson's cash, I can get goin' right away.
- Preston; If the claim is operated by machinery, half interest will probably be worth more to you than the whole claim worked by hand.
- Bill; That's what Sally and I decided. When the big money starts rollin' in, Ezra Yates will see that he made a mistake turnin' down a chance to lend me money at the high rate of interest I offered him. That penny pinchin' old --
- Preston; (SLIGHT LAUGH) Don't hold it against him, Bill. A banker is responsible to the depositors. He can't speculate like John Hanson.
- Bill; Well, I must go inside and see Mr. Hanson.
- Preston; I'll probably see you again before you leave town, but if I don't good luck to you.
- Bill; Thanks.
- Preston; Come on, King. (FADING)

(BARKS FADING)

(FEW STEPS AS:)

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

Bill; Hello, Mr. Hanson.

Hanson; (BACK) Come in, Bill. (FADES IN) Have a chair.

Bill; Thanks.

(CHAIR MOVES)

Hanson; Did you consider my proposition?

Bill; Yes. My wife and I talked it over. You said you'd pay ten thousand dollars in cash for half interest in my gold claim.

Hanson; Yes -with the understanding that you use the money for the purchase and installation of certain equipment subject to the terms of our agreement.

Bill; Right. I'll accept your offer.

~~Hanson; Good. I'm sure you're doing the wise thing, Bill. I'll prepare the agreement and take it to your home tonight so both you and your wife can read it -- and sign it.~~

~~Bill; Will you bring the cash?~~

~~Hanson; Cash? () Couldn't it be better if I brought a bank draft?~~

~~Bill; No!~~

~~Hanson; (SLIGHT LAUGH) Are you angry because you had words with Ezra Yates?~~

~~Bill; Oh you heard about that?~~

Hanson; Good. I'm sure you're doing the wise thing, Bill. I'll prepare the agreement and take it to your home tonight for you and your wife to read and sign. And I'll bring a bank draft for ten thousand dollars.

Bill; A bank draft?

Hanson; Yes. I'll get it from Banker Ezra Yates-

Bill; (CUT IN) No! I don't want anything to do with Ezra Yates! When I tried to borrow money, he as much as called me a fly-by-night wildcatter! He said I didn't have the collateral to justify a loan! I told him I'd get along without him and his bank.

Hanson; But -

Bill; (CUT IN) I'll call off the deal before I'll accept any checks or drafts from Ezra Yates.

Hanson; But, Bill, there's no other bank within miles -

Bill; Then let me have the ten thousand dollars in cash. I'll give you an accurate report of just how every dollar is spent-

Hanson; (DUBIOUSLY) Um-m- It's not the way I like to do business -

Bill; As far as I'm concerned it's the only way we can do business.

Hanson; Well, all right, Bill. I'll have the cash with me when I bring the agreement.

Hanson; Of course.

Bill; He as much as called me a fly-by-night wildcatter. He said I didn't have the collateral to justify a loan. I told him I'd get along without him and his bank.

Hanson; Oh.

Bill; So I don't want any checks or drafts. I want cash.

Hanson; Just as you say, Bill. I'll have the money with me when I bring the agreement.

(CHAIR BACK)

Bill;
~~Exit~~ Good. Now I'd better be going. I have some things to buy while I'm in town. (FADING) I'll see you later.

Hanson; Right.

(DOOR OPEN, CLOSE)

Annor; A short time later, John Hanson left his office and walked down the street to the bank. He made out a withdrawal slip for ten thousand dollars and handed it to Ezra Yates.

Yates; Ten thousand! Um-m. That's a lot of money, Hanson.

Hanson; Sure is, Ezra.

Yates; Step over to the cashier's window.

(STEPS AS:)

Yates; Big deal?

Hanson; Yes. I'm buying half interest in Bill Cummings' claim.

Yates; Oh yes.

Hanson; It looks like a good proposition.

Yates; I think you're right. I hated to turn down that young man's request for a loan, but it's against our policy to loan money on undeveloped claims.

(STEPS HALT)

Yates; Give your slip to the cashier.

Hanson; Right. () Hello, Joe.

CASHIER:
~~Yates;~~ Hello, Mr. Hanson. () Ten thousand dollars, eh?

Hanson; (FADING) Yes. Please give it to me in gold coins.

Annex; A tall man with red hair stood near enough to overhear John Hanson and the cashier. While the money was being counted, he left the bank.

(DOOR OPEN, CLOSE)

(SLIGHT WIND B.G.)

Annex; Outside, he joined a short, hard-faced man who said—

Martie; (LOW) What's up, Red? You couldn't size up the bank in the short time you were inside.

Red; (LOW, TENSE) Listen, Martie, for the time bein' we'll forget about robbin' the bank!

Martie; (LOW) Why?

Red; (LOW) We got a chance to make a clean up with less risk. () Come with me. I'll tell you about it while we walk down the street.

(STEPS ON SNOW, SUSTAIN AS:)

Martie; What's up?

Red; John Hanson just drew ten thousand dollars in gold out of the bank.

Martie; Ten thousand!

Red; Yes. All we gotta do is wait for him in his office. When he comes in, we'll take the cash.

Martie; Sounds like a good deal.

Red; Sure it is! There's his office.

Martie; Yeah, an' there's a sled and dogteam in front of the office. Maybe someone's inside waitin' for Hanson.

Red; We'll soon know.

(RATTLE DOOR)

Red; Door's locked. You've got a set of skeleton keys, Martie.

Martie; Right here.

Red; One of them oughtta unlock this door.

Martie; I reckon so. Here's one that looks like it'll fit.

(KEY IN LOCK)

Red; Hurry. We want to get inside before Hanson comes out of the bank and sees us.

(DOOR OPENS)

Martie; There! Step in. I'll lock the door.

(DOOR OPEN, STEPS IN, DOOR CLOSE & LOCK AS:)

Annor; Red and Martie had only a short time to wait. They were crouched behind a big desk for less than five minutes when they heard John Hanson unlock the door.

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE, STEPS IN AS:)

Red; Get yer hands up!

Hanson; (STARTLED) Eh -what --

Red; Quiet or I'll shoot!

Hanson; If this is --

Martie; It's a stickup! Hand over that sack of gold!

Hanson; You can't get away with this!

Martie; (EFFORT) Hand it over!

Hanson; (SUDDEN EFFORT) No! I'll -- (CUT WITH:

(BLOW, FALLING BODY)

Red; That got him!

Martie; Red -- you hit him mighty hard!

Red; I had to. He would've yelled for help!

Martie; B --but hittin' him like that -- with your gun barrel. Maybe you've killed him! If you did, we'll hang --

Red; Not unless we're caught, and I don't intend to be caught.

Martie; We'd better clear out of town in a hurry.

Red; Yeah. (SUDDEN IDEA) Martie! We'll use that sled and team out in front! We can be miles from town before anyone finds Hanson! Bring that bag of gold.

Martie; I got it!

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

(STEPS IN SHOW AS:)

Red; Don't let anyone see that bag. Keep it hidden -

Martie; I'm tryin' to.

Red; Put it on the sled and cover it with that robe. I'll line up the dogs! () Come on, you critters. Line up there.

(DOGS AD LIB Y IPES AND LIGHT BARKS)

Annor; Martie quickly hid the gold beneath the heavy fur robe while Red got the dogs ~~on their feet and in~~ **LINE UP** ~~line for~~ traveling. They were about to start when Sergeant Preston, who had heard the sled dogs, came out of the Constable's office with King at his side.

(DOGS AD LIB)

Preston; (FADING IN) Just a moment -

Red; Huh -? Oh - uh -- howdy, Sergeant.

Preston; What are you doing with that outfit?

Red; The sled an' dogs? My - uh -- we're just leavin' town --

Preston; That sled and team belongs to a friend of mine!

Martie; We bought it, Sergeant. Just a few minutes ago.

Preston; From whom?

Red; Uh - we -- we didn't get his name.

Preston; Can you prove you bought the outfit?

Red; Well - uh -- no -

Preston; Then you'd better come into the office with me.

Martie; But we're in a hurry. We're goin' to --

Preston; (CUT IN) You're not going anywhere until Bill Cummings confirms your statement that you bought his sled and team.

Martie; But Sergeant--

Preston; As a precaution, I'll take your guns. Turn around and hold your hands above the shoulders. () Watch them, King.

(LOW CROWL)

Red; We'd better do as he says, Martie.

Anner; Realizing that resistance or an attempt to run away would be futile at this time, Red and Martie stood quietly while Sergeant Preston took their guns.

Preston; Now we'll go into the office.

Red; Sergeant, those dogs are lined up and ready to travel. If they run away, we'll hold you responsible.

Preston; King will watch them. () Stay, King. Watch the dogs, boy.

(BARKS)

Preston; Now, walk ahead of me, right into the office.

(STEPS ON SNOW, DOOR OPENS, CLOSES -

(CUT WIND AS:)

Annex; The crooks knew that their exposure was just a matter of time.

Preston; The cell door is unlocked. Open it.

Red; You're goin' to lock us behind bars?

Preston; Yes. Open that door.

(OPENING STEEL DOOR)

Preston; Now go on in.

Annex; Standing at the cell door, Red wondered if a sudden turn might catch Preston by surprise. It was a desperate gamble, but he decided to try it -

Preston; I said go into that cell.

Red; (SUDDEN EFFORT) No!

(SLAP)

Preston; (AD LIB SURPRISE)

(MILLING FEET)

Red; (OVERLAP) Grab him!

Martie; (EFFORT) I got him!

Adlib; (GRUNES & STRUGGLE)

Annor; Preston was taken wholly by surprise. His gun was slapped aside and the next instant, both men attacked and throw him to the floor.

(FALLING BODY)

Red; Hold him, Martie. I've got his gun.

Martie; (STRUGGLING) Can't hold him - - hit him!

(BLOW) (STOP FIGHT)

Martie; That put him to sleep.

Red; He's out cold. Get that rope in the corner. We'll tie and gag him, then lock him in this cell. Before he comes to we'll be out of town with that dogteam.

(BREAK)

(FADE IN WIND B.G.)

Annor; While Red and Martie were inside the Constable's office, Bill Cummings returned to his sled with a number of packages. He saw King standing near his dogteam -

Bill; Well, King! Looks like you've lined up the fellows for me! Good for you. Thanks a lot!

(WHISPERING)

Annor; King wagged his tail and whimpered in response to the kind words and a pat on the head.

Bill; Have to hurry, King. I'll see you soon. ()
Come on! (SHOUT) Come on you fellas! Gitup!

(DOGS & SLED START, FADE IS:)

Annor; King watched the dogs and sled leave town, then sat down in the place where he'd been told ~~stay~~ ^{BY SERGEANT PRESTON TO STAY.}

(WIND UP & OUT)

Annor; Soon after Bill drove away, a townsman rushed into the bank -

(DOOR OPENS FAST)

Voice; (SHOUTS) Hey, fellers! John Hanson's been murdered!

Adlib; (STIR)

Voice; I just saw him lyin' on the floor of his office!

Yates; Did you tell Sergeant Preston?

Voice; I stopped at the Constable's office, but a man there told me Preston had gone out on business! Then I didn't know what to do, so I came here--

Yates; Come on, boys! We'd better go see about Hanson!

Adlib; (AGREEMENT)(FADING)

(BREAK)

(COMMERCIAL)

Annor; In the Constable's office, Red and Martie finished tying and gagging Sergeant Preston. They dragged him, still unconscious, into the cell - then Red slammed and locked the iron door.

(DOOR SLAMS) (LOCKS)

Red; There. That'll hold him.

Martie; Good thing he wasn't spotted by the man who came here lookin' for him.

Red; Yeah. Sure is. Got your gun?

Martie; Yes.

Red; Let's get out of here.

(STEPS CROSS FLOOR)

Martie; I hope that dogteam is plenty fast.

Red; So do I.

(DOOR OPENS)

Martie; Red, the sled an' dogs are gone!

Red; (SURPRISE) Huh -?

Martie; See for yourself.

(CROWD NOISES BACK)

Red; There's Preston's dog - but the others are gone all right!

Martie; Lookat all the men come down the street. ~~I wonder~~

~~what's going on.~~

(CROWD NOISES COMING HEAR AS:)

Annex; Red and Martie, standing in the door of the Constable's office, saw the townsmen hurry down the street, then turn into Hanson's office.

Martie; Let's stick our heads in the door an' find out if Hanson's dead or alive.

Red; But ~~he~~ if he's alive, an' sees us --

Martie; We'll be careful. Let's go.

(FADE CROWD NOISES IN AS WIND FADE OUT)

Annex; As the crooks entered Hanson's office, they saw Ezra Yates, the banker examining the still form on the floor. Presently Yates said --

Yates; He's not dead, but he has a bad head injury. Hank, go get Doctor Sanders.

Hank; (FADING) Right. I'll go get him right away.

Voice; Who d'you suppose did this to John Hanson?

Adlib; (MURMURS)

Yates; Did you see anyone near here?

Voice; Just as I approached the office, I saw Bill Cummings drivin' away from in front of the door.

Adlib; (STIR)

Yates; By thunder! Cummings did this!

Adlib; (STIR)

Voice: Why d'you ~~say~~ say Cummings did it?

Yates; Look at this document on Hanson's desk. It's an agreement between Hanson and Cummings. Hanson came into the bank a little while ago and drew out ten thousand dollars in gold to close this deal.

ADLIB: (STIR)

Voice; The agreements not signed.

Yates; Right! And the sack of gold seems to be gone! I think I know what happened! Cummings is hot headed. He got into a row with me, and he probably got into another row with Hanson! Then Hanson changed his mind about dealing with Cummings - so Cummings knocked him out and took the gold.

ADLIB: (STIR)

Yates; He made his big mistake in leaving that unsigned agreement!

Voice; Let's go to Cummings place and see if he has the gold!

ADLIB: (AGREEMENT)

Voice; If he has it, we'll know he's the one who tried to kill Hanson! You comin' with us, Mr. Yates?

Yates; Yes. But someone had better stay here with Hanson until the doctor arrives.

Voice 2; I'll stay with hin.

Yates; Good. We'll see what Cummings has to say for himself

Adlib; (AGREEMENT, FADE)

(SWEAK IN WIND B.C.)

Annor; Rod and Martie quickly withdrew to the street and stood unnoticed by the townsmen who hurried from Hanson's office and started in the direction Bill Cummings had taken.

(CROWD FADING OUT AS:)

Red; Martie, that feller they mentioned -- Bill Cummings -- he's the one Preston named as the owner of the sled.

Martie; Yeah. And without knowin' it, he made off with the ten thousand dollars in gold.

Red; When the men find it, they'll be sure he's the one who slugged Hanson. He may be lynched!

Martie; We're the ones who may be lynched if we're around when Hanson's able to talk -- or we'll be jailed when Preston gets free. Let's get out of town while we got the chance!

Red; (SUDDENLY) Did you notice the men goin' down the street on their way to Cummings' place?

Martie; Yeah. What about 'em?

Red; They were joined by most of the other townsmen.

Martie; What's that got to do with us?

Red; There's hardly anyone left in town. Ezra Yates is in Hanson's office, an' I'll bet the cashier is alone in the bank!

Martie; You still thinkin' about robbin' the bank?

Red; Yes! That was our original idea, an' now's the time to do it! We'll grab all the cash we can get our hands on and clear out! (FADING) Come on, Martie.

(WIND B.G., UP & UNDER:)

Anner; As they headed toward the bank, Red and Martie didn't notice that King had moved to the closed door of the Constable's office.

(WHINES, WHIMMERS, CLAWING)

Sensing that something was wrong with his master, he whined and clawed at the door in an effort to get inside. And then he saw Doctor Sanders and Hank hurrying by. He barked to attract their attention.

(BARKS)

Hank; What's the matter, King?

(BARKS HARDER)

Hank; Doc, he wants to get into the Constable's office. You go on and take care of Hanson. I'll see if that door's unlocked so I can let King in.

Voice 3; (FADING) Very well, Hank.

(WHIMPING)

Hank; All right, King. Take it easy, boy.

(DOOR OPENS)

Hank; There.

(SHARP BARKS, FADE FAST)

Annor; Hank was surprised at the way the big dog dashed across the office to the barred door of the cell in the rear.

(WHINES, WHIMPERS, BARK)

And then he saw the reason!

Hank; (SURPRISE)

(DOOR CLOSE, CUT WIND) (FAST STEPS)

(FADE IN WHIMPERS)

Annor; Preston, now fully conscious, lay bound and gagged on the floor, inside the cell.

Hank; I'll get you out of there, Sergeant. () Here's a key on the desk. Maybe it'll fit--

(UNLOCKING DOOR)

Hank; It does.

(OPEN DOOR)

Hank; There. () Got a knife right here. I'll have you free in a jiffy. () Get rid of the gag first. () There.

Preston; Thanks, Hank. Now the wrists. () Quiet, King. I'm all right.

(KING SUBSIDES)

Hank; (EFFORT) There you are.

Preston; Good. Now give me the knife. I'll do the rest.
(EFFORT)

Hank; Who tied you?

Preston; Two men who claimed they'd bought Bill Curnning's sled. (EFFORT) There.

Hank; I'll help you to your feet.

Preston; (EFFORT) I'm all right, Hank.

(A FEW STEPS)

Preston; Those men took my gun. () I hope the extra one's still here in the desk.

(DESK DRAWER)

(MUTTER) Good. () Hank, one of those men is a tall red head. The other is short and stocky. Have you seen anything of them?

Hank; No, Sergeant. But I'd better tell you about Bill Cummings--

Preston; (CUT IN) Just a minute. () Here, King. Try to get the scent, boy.

(MOMENTS)

Hank; Do those mittens belong to one of the men who tied you?

Preston; Yes. They fell out of his pocket during a ~~scuffle~~ scuffle. Guess he didn't notice.

Hank; I want to tell you about Cummings.

Preston; Is he still in town?

Hank; No. He's gone and most all the townsmen have gone after him. He tried to kill John Hanson!

Preston; What -?

Hank; At least that's the way it looks - (FADING)
Hanson was hit on the head and ten thousand in gold - (OUT)

Anner; Hank talked rapidly while King followed the scent from the mittens to the office of John Hanson. There, with Yates and the Doctor, Preston found Hanson conscious and able to talk. In the meantime, inside the bank, Red and Martie had easily overpowered the cashier and were gathering up the money they planned to take with them.

Red; Don't bother with gold, Martie. Just take the currency. We've got to travel light.

Martie; Right.

Cashier; You won't get away with this!

Red; No? (CHUCKLES) I guess we're ready, eh Martie?

Martie; Yeah, but what'll we do with the cashier?

Red; Lock him in the vault.

Martie; Why not shoot him?

Red; If we lock him in the vault, folks'll be a long time findin' him.

Cashier; I'll smother to death!

Red; That'll be too bad.

Cashier; Please don't lock me up! Don't kill me!

Red; Inside the vault, Mister!

Cashier; No, no, - please-

Red; (EFFORT) Move!

Cashier; (DESPERATE) You can't do this. It's murder! You'll hang! (SUSTAIN ADLIB PLEA)

Annrc; Meanwhile Yukon King, following the scent of the outlaws, led Sergeant Preston and Hank to the door of the bank.

Cashier; (PLEAD) I don't want to die- please don't lock me in the vault- (ADLIB AS)

Annrc; The cashier was pleading desperately when -

DOOR OPENS, BACK.

BARKS.

Martie; (STARTLED) Red! Look!

Preston; (BACK) Get your hands up!

Red; (OVERLAP) The Mountie!

Cashier; (OVERLAP) Help!

Red; I'll get him!

Preston; (OVERLAP) At 'em, King!

TWO CLOSE SHOTS.

Red; (CRY OUT IN PAIN)

KING SNARLS, ATTACKS

Martie; (OVERLAP) (WILD CRY, APLIB STRUGGLES AS:)

Annex; Red and Sergeant Preston fired almost at the same time. The outlaw's shot drilled Preston's hat, narrowly missing his head, but the Sergeant's bullet struck Red in the shoulder. Meanwhile, Martie had no chance to fire. Before he could bring his gun to bear, King leaped and gripped his right arm in jaws like a steel trap.

Annex; Red and Sergeant Preston fired almost at the same time. The outlaw's shot went wild, but Preston's struck Red in the shoulder. Meanwhile, Martie had no chance to fire. Before he could bring his gun to bear, King leaped and gripped his right arm in jaws like a steel trap.

(AD LIB KING)

(SCUFFLING FEET)

Preston; (COMIC III) You're covered!

Red; (PANIC) Don't shoot again! You already smashed my shoulder.

Cashier; (OVERLAP) I have his gun, Sergeant!

Preston; Keep him covered!

Martie; (WILDLY) Call off this dog - help me -- help me--

Hank; (OVERLAP) I have this crook's gun!

Preston; Down, King. Quiet, boy. On guard.

(KING SUBSIDES)

Martie; (GASPING) Tha - that dog --

Cashier; Sergeant, their pockets are full of stolen money and they were goin' to lock me in the vault!

Preston; They have a lot to answer for! Hold out your hands!

Red; You goin' to handcuff a wounded man?

Preston; I'm going to handcuff both of you!

(AD LIB HANDCUFFS)

Hank; Sergeant, are these the men who tied you?

Preston; Yes!

Cashier; Tied you - Sergeant?

Preston; That's right, and before that they knocked out John Hanson and robbed him of ten thousand in gold!

Red; Who says we did that?

Preston; Hanson himself. He regained consciousness and described you. You're lucky he'll recover. If you'd killed him, you'd both hang!

Red; If we robbed Hanson, where's the gold we stole?

Preston; You tell me!

Martie; We haven't got any gold.

Red; If we had a sack of gold, we'd of cleared out of town. We wouldn't have tried to stick up this bank!

Preston; You were about to leave town when I first saw you. You were taking - (BREAK)

Hank; What is it, Sergeant?

Preston; They were about to steal Bill Cummings' sled! ()
Is that where you put the gold?

Red; We're not talkin'!

Hank; Sergeant! Remember what Yates said? The men have gone to Cummings' place! If they find the gold on his sled, they'll be convinced Bill stole it! They might lynch him!

Preston; I'll hurry to Bill's house as soon as these two crooks are locked up (EFFORT) You two, get going!

(BREAK)

Annex; A short time later, Sergeant Preston and King hurried east from town. As they approached Bill Cummings' small home, they saw Bill and his wife facing a crowd of angry men.

Adlib; (ANGRY CROWD, FADING IN)

Voice; (BACK) We oughtta string you up, Cummings!

Bill; (FADE IN) I didn't steal that gold! I didn't know anything had happened to John Hanson! I swear I didn't!

Yates
~~Voice;~~ Save yer lies!

Preston; (CALL OUT) Hold it, men!

Voice; Sergeant Preston!

Adlib; (STIR)

Yates
~~Voice;~~ Just the man we need!

Voice; (OVERLAP) Bill Cummings tried to kill John Hanson! He stole ten thousand dollars in gold!

Bill; I didn't do it, Sergeant!

Yates; We found it hidden under the blanket on his sled!

Preston; Bill didn't know anything about the gold on his sled. It was put there by the two men who knocked out Hanson.

Yates; Two men?

Preston; Yes, Mr. Yates! And they're both in jail.

Voice; How's Hanson?

Preston; He has a headache. Otherwise he's all right.

ADLIB: (REACTION)

Preston; I'll take the gold back to him. And Bill, Hanson wants you and your wife to come with me. He has the papers ready to sign.

Bill; All right, Sergeant -

Preston; But after what's happened, he's going to insist that you keep your money in the bank.

Bill; (FLAREUP) In Yates' bank? After Yates accused me of robbery and murder?

Yates; I'm sorry, Bill!

Bill; Sorry!

Preston; Yates, you'd be sorrier if your accusations had led to gunplay and bloodshed!

- Yates; Thank goodness it didn't!
- Preston; Maybe this will teach you not to jump to conclusions!
The next time you're about to make a snap decision,
remember this case - and what might have happened if
Bill had drawn a gun in defence against an angry mob!
- Yates; I - I have learned a lesson, Sergeant.
- Voice; So've I!
- ADLIB: (AGREEMENT, ME TOO, ETC)
- Yates; Bill, though the bank cannot loan money -
- Bill; I don't need a loan, now that Hanson's my partner.
- Yates; Please let me finish - () We cannot loan you money
at the present time, but there are many other ways
in which we can serve you and men like you who start
an enterprise. Please accept my apology for what
I've said and done, and use the bank. You'll not
regret it.
- Bill; Well - I'm willing to bury the hatchet.
- Yates; Good! Shake!
- Bill; I'll open my bank account as soon as the agreement's
signed with Hanson. And that'll be today!
- Voice; Boys, we all owe Bill an apology!
- ADLIB: (AGREEMENT) (CROWD NOISES, TALKING ADLIB TO BILL ETC)

CLOSE BARK

- Preston; (~~W~~LOSE) That's right, King. This case is closed.

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