

Sergeant Preston of the Yukon
Created by George W. Trendle

By Fran Striker

SCARFACE

Number: 1240

Date: 3/31/55

(NAMES FROM WORLD ATLAS)

Preston

King

Dave Ferguson trapper

Tom Humphreys trapper

Trader trading post owner

Slim heavy

Steve heavy

Voice bit

Voice 2..... bit

PROMO

On the trail of fur thieves, Sergeant Preston found one of his strangest adventures! If you like thrill-packed action at a mile-a-minute pace, you'll enjoy every minute of this drama in the wilderness.

Be sure (ETC.)

Sergeant Preston of the Yukon
By Fran Striker

Number:

SCARFACE

Date:

(USUAL OPENING)

Annrc; Returning from a patrol in early spring,
Sergeant Preston and his great dog Yukon King
stopped overnight at the cabin of Dave Ferguson,
a trapper who lived near the Pelly River, some
distance east of Selkirk.

(SNEAK IN RIVER B.G.)

The next day, Preston and his dog went hunting
with Ferguson to help the trapper replenish his
supply of food. Walking along the riverbank on
~~supply of food. On their way back to the cabin~~
their way back to the cabin, they noticed
~~they were walking along the riverbank and noticed~~
the big cakes of ice floating downstream...

Dave; I'm sure glad to see the ice broken. It means
that Spring's here for sure.

Preston; That's right, Dave. Spring's my favorite time
of year. I - (BREAK AS:)

(KING BARKS, THEN WHIMPERS AD LIB)

Preston; What is it, King?

Dave; Maybe he's caught the scent of game.

Preston; No. It's not that. He's looking toward the river.

Dave; Yes. So he is. He-

Preston; (CUT IN) Dave. Look upstream-

Dave; Where?

Preston; Right where I'm pointing. () There's something on that cake of ice.

Dave; Oh ye s! It's an animal of some kind.

Preston; Looks like a puppy -or a wolf cub.

Dave; Poor critter. It'll be carried downstream an' swept over the falls.

Preston; That cake of ice will soon be near us. Maybe King will be able to rescue that animal.

(EFFORT) Here, King. Steady, boy.

(AD LIB WHIMPERS)

Dave; What're you doing?

Preston; Tying a rope to his harness so I can pull him to shore after he rescues the pup or cub - whatever it is.

Dave; You going to send King out to that cake of ice?

Preston; Yes. It's not far from shore. Out there, boy! Get him!

(WHIMPERS)

Preston; Understand, King? Bring him in!

(BARKS)

Preston; On your way, King!

(BARKS FADE, SPLASHING)

Annrcr; Sergeant Preston paid out the long rope as King swam upstream and out toward the cake of ice, ~~swam at an angle upstream. The powerful dog intercepted the floating cake of ice, climbed~~
 CLIMBED onto it, and gripped the small, frightened animal gently but firmly-

Preston; (SHOUTS) That's it, King! Bring it here, boy!
 Come on, King!

Annrcr; Again the big dog plunged into the river and held his head high so the rescued animal would be above the water. Sergeant Preston pulled on the line to help King reach shore.

Dave; Want me to help, Sergeant?

Preston; No, Dave. I can manage. (CALL) Hold him, King!

Dave; That dog of your's is a wonder.

Preston; (CALIS) Almost to shore, King! (EFFORT)
 There you are, boy!

Dave; Good for you, King!

Preston; Let's have that little bundle of fur, King!

(SOFT WHIMPERING AD LIB)

Dave; Is it alive, Sergeant?

Preston; Yes. It's a wolf cub. Poor little fellow. He had a bad scare.

Dave; A wolf cub! That's a fine thing! Wolves are trapper's worst enemies!

Preston; This little fellow's had a rough time. Look at this cut on his nose.

Dave; Um- might've got hit by a jagged edge of ice.

Preston; Bad cut. We'll take care of it when we get back to your cabin.

Dave; (GRUMBLES) Rescuin' a wolf -- a trap robbin' wolf-

Preston; (LAUGHS) This cub's never robbed a trap.

Dave; Well he will, if we let him live to grow up.

Freston; He's cold. Here, Dave, take him. Put him beneath your parka.

Dave; But I-

Preston; I'll take this rope off King's harness and coil it up.

Dave; (GRUMBLING) If any other trapper could see me babyin' a wolf cub. (FADING) But ~~it~~ doggone it, he is a cute little critter.

(RIVER UP & FADE OUT)

Snnvt; Later that day, Sergeant Preston smiled as he saw Dave seated on the cabin floor in front of the fireplace feeding canned milk to the tiny animal.

(AD LIB CUB WHIMPERS)

Dave; The little critter sure has a lot of spunk.

(KING WHIMPERS)

Dave; What's the matter with you, King?

Preston; King's as interested in the cub as you are, Dave.

Dave; Can't help feelin' sorry for anything so small
 an' helpless. I reckon he'd starve if I didn't
 feed him.

Preston; Yes, and he'd die if you turned him out.

Dave; But I can't keep a wolf cub, Sergeant! I'm a
 trapper! If Tom Humphrey or any of the other
 trappers near here learned about this, they'd
 want to lynch me.

Preston; (KAUGHS) I doubt that they'd go that far.

Dave; Here, Scar -have some more milk.

Preston; What'd you say?

Dave; Oh- I -I just called this critter by the name of
 a man I once knew. He had got a cut on his nose-
 about the same as this cub has -an' it left a
 scar. So that was his nickname.

Preston; So you have a name for the cub. (CHUCKLES)
 Dave, I think you're going to keep this animal.

Dave; I- uh- I wonder if he'd grow up tame.

Preston; A lot of men have tamed wolves, Dave. And taught
 them to pull a sled.

Dave; Well, I guess it won't hurt to keep Scar here for
 a little while- at least until he's big enough to
 take care of himself. (FADING) Then I c'n turn
 him loose---

Annex; By the next day, when Sergeant Preston left the cabin to return to Dawson, the tiny cub had won the affection of Dave Ferguson. During the warm months of summer, Scar walked at Dave's side on hunting and fishing trips and sat close when the trapper worked in his cabin.

(FADE IN WHIMPERING AD LIB)

It was autumn when Sergeant Preston made his next call on Dave Ferguson. In the cabin, King seemed to remember Scar and the partly grown wolf responded to the big dog's friendly manner.

Dave; He's waggin' his tail, Sergeant! I never heard of a tail-waggin' wolf!

Preston; Dave, I think one of Scar's ancestors was a dog.

Dave; Yeah?

Preston; Yes. Notice his fur. There's considerable black in it.

Dave; I noticed that.

Preston; I'd say he's about one-eighth dog and seven-eighths wolf.

Dave; Well whatever he is, he's a lot of company for me.

Preston; He certainly likes you, Dave. He hardly takes his eyes off you. How is he toward strangers?

Dave; He's friendly with you an' King, but you're the only ones. He won't make friends with anyone else.

Preston; The cut on his nose left quite a scar.

Dave; Yep. (CHUCKLE) Maybe it's just as well. If the cut had healed without leavin' a Scar I'd've had to change his name. (FADING) And I kinda like the name o' Scar - it seems to fit him-

Annecr; When the winter closed in, isolating trappers in the lonely wilderness, Dave was more than ever grateful for the companionship of the wolf. Then, when spring came again, Scar became increasingly restless.

FADE IN WHINING, ADLIB

On a warm evening when a full moon lighted the clearing around the cabin, the year-old wolf paced the floor, whining and looking at Dave-

Dave; What's the matter, Scar? Want to go for a walk?
(GETS UP) All right, fellow - come here, boy, while I fasten the leash to your collar -

SNAP LEASH

Dave; There. Now we'll go out.

STEPS, DOOR OPEN, CLOSE.

NIGHT NOISES.

Dave; Hm. It's a mighty fine night. Gettin' warmer.

(WOLF HOWL IN DISTANCE) (SCAR WHIMPERS)

Dave; Wolf howlin'.

(WOLF HOWLS IN DISTANCE, ONE)

(CLOSE HOWL)

Dave; Hold it, Scar! Stop pullin' at this leash!

(WOLF HOWL IN DISTANCE)

(CLOSE WHIMPERS)

Dave; (PAUSE) You want to go to that wolf, don't you, fella? You want to join your kind.

(CLOSE WHIMPERS)

Dave; I reckon you've wanted to go for a long time.
() I -I - I keep tryin' to think you wanted to stay wth me, but I know that's not so.

(HOWL IN DISTANCE)

Dave; All right, Scar. I'll let you go.

(CLICK OF LEASH)

Dave; There you are, fella. Go on - you'll be happier. (PAUSE) (CALL) So long, Scar.

(CLOSE WOLF HOWLS FADING)

(WOLF HOWL IN DISTANCE)

Dave; (PAUSE, LOW) I'll miss you, boy.

(AD LIB HOWLS FAINTER AS:)

NITE NOISES UP AND UNDER

- Annor; With a feeling of loss Dave stood near the door for some time listening to the distant wolves. Then he saw a man enter the moonlit clearing from the nearby woods and heard the familiar voice of Tom Humphries, his nearest neighbor -
- Tom; (BACK) Hi there, Dave!
- Dave; (CALL) Hello, Tom!
- Tom; (COMING IN) It's such a fine evenin' I felt like takin' a walk, so I thought I'd pay a neighborly call.
- Dave; Glad to see you. Come on inside.
- Tom; Is that wolf tied? I don't want him to attack me--
- Dave; Scar's gone.
- Tom; Gone, eh? That's good.
- DOOR OPENS, STEPS, DOOR CLOSE, CUT NITE NOISE)
- Dave; Sit down, Tom.
- Tom; Glad you finally got rid of the wolf. Those critters are bad. They raid our traps an' ruin lots of pelts.
- Dave; Scar never did that.
- Tom; No, but he was a wolf an' all wolves are bad. How'd you get rid of him. Did yuh shoot him?
- Dave; No, Tom.
- Tom; Poison?
- Dave; No. I turned him loose.

Tom; What? Yuh mean to say you let him fun free
so's he'll be one more trouble maker for the
trappers? Why didn't you shoot him?

Dave; He was a friend, Tom. I thought as much of
Scar as you do of your dogs.

Tom; My dogs are useful! They work! If it weren't
for my sled and dogteam, neither you nor I
could get our furs to the tradin' post!

Dave; (SIGHS) Well, I can't say Scar did any work,
but I'm sure goin' to miss him. (FADING) Next
winter, it'll be mighty lonely in my cabin.

(FADE IN WIND UP, THEN UNDER:)

Annrcr; The short summer passed quickly and again the
Yukon winter brought howling winds, deep snow
and bitter cold. Dave Ferguson missed the
companionship of Scar, but kept busy all day
on his traplines, and spent his evenings pre-
paring pelts for market. The season was nearing
its end when he heard a dogteam stopping outside
his cabin.

(DOGS BARKING OUTSIDE AS:)

Preston; (OUTSIDE, AD LIB #HQA'S)

Dave; That's Sergeant Preston's voice!

(FAST STEPS, DOOR OPENS, WIND)

Dave; (CUE) Hi there, Sergeant!

Preston; (BACK) Hello, Dave! Can you put me up for the
night!

Dave; You know I can!

Preston; I'll come in as soon as I take care of the dogs.

Dave; I'll have a hot meal ready for you!

BREAK

SNEAK IN BG OF TABLE BIZ & EATING

Anber; After tying and feeding ^{HIS} ~~the~~ dogs ~~of his team,~~
Sergeant Preston took King with him into the
cabin. During a hearty meal, Dave told how he
had seen the wolf's growing desire to be free
and had finally released it . . .

Dave; (FADING IN) .. and since I let him go, I saw him
just once, Sergeant. That was about a month ago.
I opened the door an' saw him at the edge of the
clearing. I called him an' he came close - looked
up at me - then turned an' went away. (SIGHS) I
guess he's gone for good.

Preston; Um. Too bad he's no longer with you, Dave.
You might need his protection.

Dave; Protection? How's that, Sergeant?

Preston; There are fur thieves in this area. They've robbed
several trappers.

Dave; Yeah?

Preston; Yes. I've just come from talking to one of their
victims. His name is Jake Reeves.

Dave; I know him. He lives about thirty miles north
of here.

Preston; That's right. He was packing his furs to take them to the trading post when two men entered his cabin, knocked him out and stole his furs. They also took his sled and dogteam.

Dave; That's bad; Could he describe the crooks?

Preston; No. He said their faces were covered by bandannas. But he gave me a description of the dogs and the sled, and a list of the stolen furs.

Dave; Are the furs marked?

Preston; Yes. Jake wrote his initials on the inside of each pelt. If I can find those furs in a trading post, the trader might be able to identify the men who sold them.

Dave; If you aim to call on all the traders in this area, you'll have to cover lots of ground.

Preston; I expect to. First I'm going to the Glenn River trading post.

Dave; Southeast of here.

Preston; Right. From there I'll head straight ^{WEST} ~~east~~ to the post at Cross Landing.

Dave; That's almost directly south of this cabin. That's where Tom Humphries and I sell our furs.

Preston; I know it is.

Dave; You goin' west from Cross Landing?

Preston; Yes. If I don't find the stolen furs at Glenn River or Cross Landing, I'll go west to the posts between Cross Landing and the town of Selkirk.

Dave; Then you'll probably be at Cross Landing in a couple of days. Tom Humphreys and I might meet you there. We're planning to set out tomorrow with our furs.

Preston; Then we may meet. Meanwhile, Dave, keep your eyes open.

Dave; Yes siree. (FADING) And I'll tell Tom to do the same.

(BREAK)

(COMMERCIAL)

(SNEAK IN SLED & DOGTEAM)

Anncr; After leaving Dave Ferguson's cabin, Sergeant Preston drove his dogteam southwest to the trading post at Glenn River. Finding no trace of the fur thieves or the property they had stolen from Jake Reeves, he headed west to the community of Cross Landing. There, in front of the trading post, he saw a number of sleds and dogteams.

Preston; (AD LIB WHOA'S)

(SLED & DOGS STOP)

Anncr; As he halted his team, the Sergeant noticed a team of dogs with a pure white Siberian in the lead position.

Preston; King, Jake Reeves owned a lead dog like that.
We'll examine the rest of the dogs in that team.

(KING BARKS, FADING)

(FADE IN ROOM NOISES)

Anner; Meanwhile, the fur thieves who had reached Cross
Landing from the opposite direction, stood inside
the crowded trading post. They were looking
through a window at Sergeant Preston examining
the stolen dogs and sled.

Steve; (LOW) Slim, that's Sergeant Preston.

Slim; (LOW) Um. He's makin' a mighty close examination
of that sled.

Steve; (LOW) Yeah!

Slim; (LOW) D'you think he knows the outfit was stolen
from Jake Reeves?

Steve; (LOW) I don't know, but there must be some reason
why he's lookin' over that particular sled and
dogteam.

Slim; (LOW) If he knows it was stolen from Reeves,
he'll come in here for us.

Steve; (LOW) We're getting out.

Slim; (LOW) what about the furs we brought in here?

Steve; (LOW) Leave 'em. we already sold most of the
furs at that tradin' post west of here. (FADES)
Come on, Slim.

(CROWD NOISES UP & UNDER:)

Anncr; A short time after Steve and Slim left the building through the back door, Sergeant Preston finished comparing the sled and dogs ~~to~~ ^{with} the description he had written in his notebook and concluded that it was unquestionably the outfit that had been stolen from Jake Reeves. Then he entered the trading post.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

Adlib; (GREETINGS TO PRESTON)

Preston; Hello, everyone!

Trader; Hi, Sergeant! Glad to see you!

Preston; Glad to see you, Joe! You seem to be doing a big business.

Trader; Yes siree.

Preston; (RAISE VOICE) Men, please listen to me.

Adlib; (SUBSIDE)

Preston; I'm looking for the owner of one of the dogteams outside. The team with the white Siberian lead dog.

Adlib; (MURMURS) That's not mine.
My lead dog's black! (ETC.)

Preston; Someone must have driven that outfit here.

Voice; I noticed the men who own it when they came in. There were two of them. Right there on the floor is the bundle of furs they brought in.

Trader; These furs?

Voice; Yes. They were on the sled that had the white Siberian dog leadin' the team.

Trader; The two men who brought in these furs were standin' right over there near the window just a few minutes ago.

Preston; Where are they now, Joe? Do you know?

Trader; No, but I remember tellin' them they'd have to wait their turn to sell their furs. A lot of these other men were here ahead of them.

Voice 2; (BACK) They went to the cafe, Sergeant.

Preston; How do you know?

Voice 2; (BACK) I was standin' near the back door when they left. They said they'd be back later.

Preston; Did they go out the back door?

Voice 2; (BACK) Yes. They said they had to sneak away so their dogs wouldn't see them and raise a ruckus.

Preston; Joe, I'd like to examine the furs they brought in.

Trader; Go ahead, Sergeant.

Preston; While I'm doing it, describe those men as well as you can...

Annex; In the bundle, Sergeant Preston found a number of pelts marked with the initials of Jake Reeves and many bearing the initials of other men who had been robbed. Then he turned to the trader and said-

Preston; Joe, I want to talk to those men.

Trader; They're probably in the cafe right down the street. Want someone to go and get them?

Preston; No. I'll go myself. I'm sure I'll be able to identify them from your description. (FADES)
I'll see you later.

(ROOM NOISES UP AND OUT)

Annex; Sergeant Preston lost valuable time searching in vain for the fur thieves before concluding that they had abandoned the furs as well as the stolen sled and dogteam and fled from the community. By the time he finally set out on their trail, Steve and Slim had a lead of several miles.

(STEPS IN SNOW)

Darkness had gathered and the snow fell in big soft flakes as the thieves made their way north through a forest.

Steve; Slim, I figure we're safe enough now.

Slim; I don't know about that. That policeman might trail us.

Steve; He can't trail us in the dark!

Slim; Just the same--

Steve; (CUT IN) We're a long way from town and this snow will cover our tracks by morning. ()
Let's stop and rest a while.

(STEPS HALT)

Slim; I could do with a rest.

Steve; Of all the rotten luck--havin' that policeman come to the tradin' post just as we were there.

Slim; Good thing we happened to be ~~XXXXX~~ looking out the window when he examined the team and sled. Do you think he knew the outfit was stolen?

Steve; Even if he didn't, we couldn't afford to take any chances.

Slim; I hated to leave those furs.

Steve; I don't mind losin' the furs. We'd already sold most of the loot at that trading post west of Cross Landing. But I sure hated to leave the sled and dogteam.

Slim; So'd I!

Steve; We'll have to get another dogteam and some supplies.

(WOLF HOWLS IN DISTANCE)

Slim; Steve! Hear that? It's a wolf!

Steve; What of it? We've got our guns.

Slim; I don't want to tangle with wolves! Come on, let's get goin'!

Steve; Take it easy! Sit still and rest a little while.

(START BARKS, BACK, APPROACHING AS:)

Slim; Steve! If those wolves close in on us--

Steve; (SHARPLY) Quiet! Listen a minute!

(DOGS APPROACHING)

Slim; (CUE) Hear 'em?

Steve; That's a dogteam!

Slim; Dogteam?

Steve; Yes! And comin' this way!

Slim; D'you think it's the Mountie, catchin' up to us?

Steve; No! He'd come from the south. The team we hear is comin' from the north! And a dogteam and sled are just what we need!

Slim; But--

Steve; It'll probably come right along this trail! Get your gun ready and step back among the trees! Here's where we get the outfit we need.

(DOGS AND SLED APPROACHING AS:)

Anner; Dave Ferguson and Tom Humphries, heading south with their big load of furs, had no suspicion that outlaws waited in ambush with guns drawn.

Steve; (LOW) I'll do the shootin', Slim.

Slim; (LOW) Not much moonlight gets into this forest.
Can you see well enough to shoot?

Steve; (LOW) Yeah, there's light enough.

Slim; (LOW) There's the outfit.

(SHOT)

Tom; (BACK, YELL OF PAIN)

Dave; (BACK, YELL) Tom! What-

(RUNNING STEPS IN SNOW AS:)

Steve; (YELL) Stick 'em up!

Slim; (YELL) You're covered!

Dave; (FADING IN) You murdering polecats! You shot
my partner!

Steve; H'ist yer hands or you'll get the same!

Dave; (SUDDEN EFFORT) I'll show-

Steve; (OVERLAP) (EFFORT) Hit him, Slim! Use yer
gunbarrel!

(BLOW)

Slim; (EFFORT)

Steve; That did it!

Slim; He's unconscious.

Steve; So's the man I shot.

Slim; Is he dead?

Steve; No. I got him in the shoulder. He seems to have hit his head on this here rock when he fell. (EFFORT) I'll take his gun. Take the other gent's gun.

Slim; I've got it. What'll we do with these two?

Steve; Leave 'em he^{re}.

(WOLVES HOWLING BACK)

Slim; (MUTTER) Those wolves will find 'em--

Steve; Probably. Now let's turn the team and head north! (CHUCKLES) Looks like we got another good haul of furs.

Slim; Let's get goin', Steve.

Steve; Come on. (AD LIB GIDDAP'S) (FADE)

(WOLF HOWLS)

Anner; Soon after the thieves had left, Dave and Tom regained consciousness and quickly understood the situation.

Dave; Those crooks even took our guns' I got nothin' but a knife!

Tom; And I'm bleedin' from this wound. If those wolves get the scent of blood, Dave, we'll have real trouble.

Dave; I'll cut some branches and start a fire. That may keep 'em off, for a while. (FADE) When I get the fire goin', I'll bandage your wound.

(WOLVES AD LIB AS:)

Annex; Dave quickly gathered a limited supply of wood and built a fire close to the place where Tom lay on the snow. By the light of leaping flames he tied a handkerchief around Tom's wound to stop the bleeding. By that time the wolves had become silent.

Dave; Maybe they've gone away-

Tom; More likely they're sneakin' close to us. Those critters are - (BREAK) Dave! Look! See those eyes gleamin' in the darkness?

Dave; Wolf's eyes!

Tom; Start more fires! Get fires on all sides of us -

Dave; I've used up all the wood I gathered -

Tom; There's another wolf!

Dave; And two more over there!

Tom; They're closin' in on us! (SHARPLY) Dave - here comes one of them -

Dave; I - I'll do the best I can with this knife -

Tom; He's comin' nearer! Now he's in the firelight!

Dave; Tom! He's got black fur mixed with the grey! That's my wolf! () Scar! Scar, fella - you remember me!

WHIMPERING COMES IN

Annrcr; For a moment, Scar stood looking at the man who had been his friend while three other wolves - huge, gray mankillers came into the circle of light. Their fangs were bared as they stood tense, as if waiting for Scar to signal the attack.

(LOW SNARLS AD LIB)

Dave; Scar - Scar! You're not all wolf! We were friends, we were partners --

Annrcr; Slowly, Scar turned to face the other wolves who seemed to know that their companion had changed sides and stood ready to defend the men.

(SNARLS)

Annrcr; The wild beasts lowered their heads, snarled, then attacked!

WILD SNARLS, FIGHT AD LIB

Dave; (YELL) Tom! Scar's fightin' for us!

Annrcr; While Tom and Dave watched helplessly, Scar battled furiously against the three big killers. He leaped and sidestepped, trying to evade the deadly fangs.

Tom; (YELL) He can't lick the three of them!

Dave; If I only had a gun to help him!

Tom; (CUT IN, YELL) He's down! They got him down!

Anncr; Lying on the ground, Scar was at a great disadvantage. He fought bravely, but the fight couldn't last much longer. Then-

Preston; (BACK) On, King!

(KING IN, SNARLING)

Dave; (YELL) That's Preston's voice - and here comes King!

Tom; (YELL) Look at that dog come!

Preston; (NEARER) At 'em, King.

Anncr; Yukon King charged into the fight! As the wolves turned to meet the new attack, Scar found the opportunity to regain his feet. With Scar and King battling side by side, the ~~is~~ tide of battle turned. One wolf broke away from the struggling mass.

(SHOT)

Anncr; Sergeant Preston's gun barked.

Dave; You got that one, Sergeant!

(SHOT)

Preston; There's another!

Anncr; An instant later, Preston fired again.

(SHOT)

Anncr; And the third killer wolf lay dead.

Preston; That does it, King!

Dave; Sergeant, you and King saved our lives! And Scar's life too! Come here, Scar - come here, boy.

(AD LIB WHIMPERING)

Preston; Your pet wolf!

Dave; Yes! He was defendin' us against three other wolves!

Preston; So that's why King wanted to get into the fight. He recognized his old friend and wanted to help.

Dave; Poor Scar, you got some wounds, but I'll take care of 'em, boy.

(WHIMPERS AS:)

Tom; Where'd you come from, Sergeant?

Preston; Cross Landing. I've followed the fur thieves from there.

Tom; They must've been the ones who ambushed us.

Preston; Tom, your shoulder's bandaged. Are you-

Dave; (CUT IN) They shot Tom, then slugged me. When we came to, our dogs and the sledload of furs were gone. They even took our guns.

Preston; I can see where your sled was turned. () Neither of you seem to be badly hurt-

Dave; Tom's wound isn't serious and I'm as good as new.

Preston; I want to go after those crooks. Do you feel strong enough to walk to Cross Landing?

Tom; I -I reckon we could make it -in a couple of hours.

Preston; Maybe you'd better wait here. You'll be all right if you have my rifle for protection.

Dave; And Scar'll be here with us. () Sergeant, if you want me to go with you-

Preston; No, Dave. I'll make better time traveling alone. () Here's my rifle - and ammunition. (EFFORT) Here are some warm robes - (EFFORT) -food and camping gear. (EFFORT) Keep a good fire going. If I'm not back by morning, go to Cross Landing and report what's happened.

Dave; All right, Sergeant.

Preston; Ready, King?

(BARKS)

Preston; All right, boy. On King! On you huskies.

(SLED AND DOGS START, FADE UNDER:)

Annrc; King ran ahead of the dogteam and the lightened sled skimmed over the trail with Sergeant Preston riding on the runners. The powerful dogs maintained a fast pace for over an hour. Then, when the forest ended, Preston saw another sled, some distance ahead on the moonlit expanse of level snow.

Preston; (SHOUTS) There they are! On King! On you huskies!

Anncr; King increased the speed and the mighty sled dogs held their position behind the leader, rapidly cutting down the outlaws' lead.

Preston; (SHOUT) Come on you fellows -this is the showdown! On King! On you huskies!

Anncr; Slim and Steve saw the oncoming sled. Realizing it was the Sergeant, they opened fire-

(SHOTS BACK)

Anncr; Preston knew that only a lucky shot could be effective at that distance. He ignored the gunfire.

Preston; (AD LIB SHOUTS TO DOGS)

(SHOTS NEARER)

Anncr; The next shots were fired at closer range. One bullet brushed the sleeve of the Sergeant's parka. Preston drew his gun and fired high-

(SHOT)

Preston; (SHOUTS) That's a warning shot! Stop in the name of the Crown!

Steve; (BACK, YELL) You'll never take us alive!

(SHOTS BACK, NEARER)

Anncr; Sergeant Preston aimed at the legs of Steve who rode on the runners, driving the stolen sled.

(TWO FAST SHOTS)

Steve; (BACK, YELL OF PAIN)

Annecr; Steve fell from the sled and rolled on the ground.

Preston; (SHOUT) Get him, King!

(BARKS FADING)

Annecr; Without a driver the dogs of the other sled soon came to a halt. Slim, riding on top of the furs raised his hands and shouted-

Slim; (FADING IN) Don't shoot! Don't shoot! I surrender!

Preston; (AD LIB WHOA'S)

(SLED STOPS)

(KING AD LIB GROWLS)

Steve; (FRANTIC) Call of this dog! Take him away from me!

Preston; If you lie right there and don't move, he'll not hurt you! Guard him, King.

(MORE SNARLS)

Slim; Sergeant, my hands are up! I-

Preston; Keep them up and get off that sled.

Slim; Yes, yes, Sergeant-- anything you say--

Preston; You two are under arrest for assault and robbery!

(BREAK)

Annex; A few minutes later, Steve's wound was bandaged and he lay tightly bound on top of the furs while Slim was handcuffed to the back of the stolen sled.

Preston; You're to drive that sled south along the trail until you reach the men you robbed and remember - I'll be right behind you! So don't try any tricks.

Preston; We'll pick up Dave and Tom -and Scar, then go to Cross Landing. ~~THEY~~ The jail there will be your first stop on the way to prison!

Slim; who'd you say we'd pick up?

Preston; The two men you robbed and a wolf named Scar!

Slim; A -a wolf!

Preston; Yes. A wolf that preferred the friendship of good men to the lawless life of the outcast!
Now get going! This case is closed!

theme