

MARK TRAIL

PERMANENT  
FILE COPY

SERIES 4, Program #116

MONDAY, JUNE 9, 1952

ABC

5:15 - 5:20 PM

"THE COILS OF DANGER"

CAST

NARRATOR

MARK

JOHNNY MALOTTE

CAPTAIN BARNEY

JACQUES LE CLAIR

DR. ARMSTRONG

LORENZO

A ROCKHILL PRODUCTION

DIRECTOR:

DREX HINES

SUPERVISOR:

LEN CARLTON

("Mark Trail" is based on the nationally-syndicated comic strip by ED DODD, distributed by the POST HALL SYNDICATE)

ABC

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PROGRAM #116

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5:15 - 5:30 PM

JUNE 9, 1952

MONDAY

ANNCR: The American Broadcasting Company presents - Mark  
Trail!

(CLAP OF THUNDER...ROLLING...SUSTAIN)

NARR: Battling the raging elements.

(HOWL OF WOLF)

NARR: Fighting the savage wilderness.

(HORSES HOOVES IN WILD GALLOP)

NARR: Strking at the enemies of man and nature.

(MUSIC: . . . CHORD. . .)

NARR: One man's name resounds from snow-capped mountains  
down across the sun-baked plains...(ECHO) MARK TRAIL!

(MUSIC: . . . THEME UP AND UNDER. . .)

NARR: The sun sparkles on the dancing waves of the Atlantic Ocean, off the east coast of Florida. A tramp steamer appears on the horizon. It makes its way slowly northward, the funnels forming a thick smudge of smoke against the sky. And then, suddenly.. a fast little motor launch dashes out from the shore to meet it. There are two passengers aboard the launch -- Mark Trail and Johnny Malotte.

(MOTORBOAT ENGINE AND WAVES IN BG)

MARK: That's the Maytown, all right, Johnny. I can read the name now...painted on the bow...

JOHNNY: Is pretty unfancy boat, by gar, Mark.

MARK: She's no floating palace. A regular tramp steamer. But then you wouldn't expect them to use the Queen Mary for shipping a collection of wild animals from Africa.

JOHNNY: I guess so you are right...She ain't far off no more...

(BOAT ENGINE SLOWS. SOUND OF TRAMP STEAMER COMES ON.)

MARK: Yep. We're coming alongside... (BEAT) Might as well give it a try now. (UP) Ahoy there...Ahoy Maytown...

CAPTAIN: (OFF) Ahoy. Be you Mark Trail?

JOHNNY: Ho-ho...he expects us all right.

MARK: Must have gotten my wireless message. (UP) Mark Trail and Johnny Malotte. All right to come aboard?

CAPTAIN: Cap'n Barney speakin'....We'll drop you a ladder right away, Trail.

MARK: Thanks, Captain. Very much.

CAPTAIN: Doc Armstrong's waitin' for you. Says to tell you he's real happy you've come.

MARK: Likewise. Now if you'll let us have that ladder... we'll be right with you...

(MUSIC: . . . BRIDGE. . .)

(SHIP NOISES IN BG. WALKING FEET ON DECK)

CAPTAIN: Real glad to have you aboard, gentlemen. Gits sorta tiresome lookin' at the same ol' faces when you're on a long trip like this un's been...

JOHNNY: Sacre bleu, Captain. To look at Mark is O.K. maybe. But to look at Johnny Malotte... is no pleasure.

CAPTAIN: I seen worse. Got some worse right on board, matter o' fact... and I don't mean the animals, either.

MARK: Speaking of the animals, Captain...

CAPTAIN: Doc Armstrong's the man t' tell you 'bout them. Here's his cabin now.

(FEET OUT. KNOCK ON DOOR)

ARMSTRONG: (MUFFLED) Yes...

CAPTAIN: (SL. UP) Got Trail here to see you, Doc...

ARMSTRONG: Oh!

(DOOR OPENS)

ARMSTRONG: Welcome, gentlemen. Delighted to see you. Really delighted. Now which of you is...

MARK: I'm Mark Trail, Dr. Armstrong. And this is my friend, Johnny Malotte...

ARMSTRONG: Come in. Please do... Will you join us, Captain?

CAPTAIN: Thanks. But I got work to do. (FADES) Be seein' you at dinner, though.

ARMSTRONG: Fine.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

ARMSTRONG: Priceless character, Captain Barney. Priceless. (BEAT)  
But now, gentlemen...from the brief wireless message  
I received...I assume you're connected with the  
Clearfield Zoo.

MARK: Well...I'm working for them on this assignment.

ARMSTRONG: Ah-ha.

MARK: As I understand it, sir...you're a zoologist and  
professional animal hunter.

ARMSTRONG: That's about it.

MARK: There's a load of animals on the ship which you've  
captured...

ARMSTRONG: In Africa, sir. In the veldt. Many of them quite  
rare, if I may say so.

MARK: And you've sold the shipment to the Clearfield Zoo.

ARMSTRONG: Exactly...

MARK: Which is where I come in. The zoo asked me to come  
on board...look them over...make sure there's no  
sickness or other complications when we get to port.

ARMSTRONG: In other words...the zoo wants to make sure that  
they're getting good value...

MARK: Just about. I hope you don't mind...

ARMSTRONG: Why should I? Particularly since you'll find  
everything in first-rate order. You'll have no  
problems whatever with this shipment, I assure you.

JOHNNY: Then we have one nice joy ride, eh Mark?

MARK: Could be, Johnny. May I look the animals over,  
Doctor Armstrong.

ARMSTRONG: Certainly. It's a little late today, but right after breakfast tomorrow, we'll go below for a detailed inspection.

MARK: I'd like that.

ARMSTRONG: And if I do say so myself, Trail...what you'll see will amaze you. The Clearfield Zoo is getting a very real bargain...

(MUSIC: . . . BRIDGE. . .)

(SHIP NOISES IN BG AS HEARD FROM HOLD OF SHIP..  
OCCASIONAL ANIMAL CRIES AND ROARS)

MARK: Professor...that was no idle boasting yesterday. This is a remarkable collection.

ARMSTRONG: And all hunted, trapped, caught by myself.

MARK: Congratulations. (SL. UP) Where you going, Johnny...?

JOHNNY: (SL. OFF) Just to take a look. Come on, Mark...very funny fellas over this way...

ARMSTRONG: Go ahead, Trail. I'll wait over here where the air's a little better.

MARK: Right. (UP) Coming, Johnny...And watch yourself. Don't get too close to that hyena.

JOHNNY: (COMING ON) Don' worry. I won't...

(HYENA CRY)

JOHNNY: Hey - I always think hyena is animal what laughs...

MARK: This one certainly hasn't much sense of humor. (BEAT)  
Over this way, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Jus' one minute. (FADING) Look at the monkey. He's real cute little feller...

MARK: Careful, Johnny. That's no ordinary...

JOHNNY: (OFF) Look. He want to play wit' me. I give him my hand and he...

MARK: Johnny...don't...

JOHNNY: (ROAR OF PAIN) Hey...he bites...bites hard...  
(FAST FOOTSTEPS)

MARK: Pull, Johnny...get your hand out of there.  
(MONKEY CHATTER)

JOHNNY: (ON) He holds on to it...I cannot... (YELLS) Hey,  
you stop this biting...

MARK: Let go...you little *Rascal* devil...

(ANGRY CHATTER. MONK BEATS ON CAGE BARS)

JOHNNY: O.K., Mark. Ees O.K. But this is van tough feller...

MARK: Are you hurt, Johnny?

JOHNNY: I weel live. But Sacre Bleu...what ees it?

MARK: A young baboon, and they can get very nasty. Remember,  
these are wild animals, and...

LORENZO: (COMING ON) What are you doing here? You have no  
business in this place...

MARK: Why...we were just...

LORENZO: You annoy the animals. This instant -- you go!

JOHNNY: By gar...down here is all kinds strange things!

MARK: Johnny! (BEAT) Take it easy, friend. Don't get  
excited. We're not harming the animals.

LORENZO: You do not hear so well, eh. I say to leave.

MARK: We came down here with Dr. Armstrong. And if you'll  
just let us find him...

LORENZO: You leave. Quick...Or...

ARMSTRONG: (COMES ON) Just a moment, Lorenzo.

LORENZO: Ah! Doctor -- these people. They bother the animals.

ARMSTRONG: Lorenzo...come now. These gentlemen represent the  
Clearfield Zoo. They're buying this shipment.

LORENZO: You must not sell to them.

JOHNNY: Huh! Mark ... this is crazee fella...

ARMSTRONG: Will you please explain...?

LORENZO: The monkey. Trail attacked the monkey. With my own eyes I saw it.

MARK: Only to make him let go of Johnny's arm.

JOHNNY: Here...you want to see scratch this leetle ~~devil~~ *RABBIT* give me...

ARMSTRONG: No explanation is necessary, Malotte...

MARK: But I'd like to make him understand that...

ARMSTRONG: Let's go up on deck, gentlemen, if you've seen enough.

(WALKING FEET)

ARMSTRONG: And as for Lorenzo...please forgive him. He is my assistant and a very faithful fellow. But after being with wild beasts so long...you can't entirely blame him if he sometimes acts like one.

(MUSIC: . . . BRIDGE . . .)

(WASH OF WAVES AND CREAK OF SHIP. OCCASIONAL CRY OF SEA BIRDS)

CAPTAIN: (COMING ON) Hey there, Trail. Mark Trail...

(FOOTSTEPS ON DECK)

CAPTAIN: Well if he ain't the sleepin' beauty, now... Trail!

MARK: Wha...? Oh, Captain Barney...guess I must have dozed off.

(FOOTSTEPS OUT)

CAPTAIN: Good a way o' workin' as any...

MARK: Captain, you can quote me any time you want to. Sleeping in the sunshine on the deck of the Maytown... is the life.



CAPTAIN: Guess that means everything's O.K. with the animals, eh!

MARK: They're in fine shape. Doctor Armstrong certainly knows his business.

CAPTAIN: Wal now...that guy Lorenzo's got a lot to do with it...

MARK: OH!

CAPTAIN: Wonderful with them animals. Loves 'em, Trail. Treats 'em like they was human.

MARK: But a strange character...

CAPTAIN: That he is. (BEAT) And speakin' o' strange characters...where 's Malotte?

MARK: (LAUGHS) Somewhere below. Johnny's struck up a great friendship with one of your crew. That big Frenchman.

CAPTAIN: Oh, LeClair, you mean?

MARK: Uh-huh, that's the fellow, Jacques LeClair. He and Johnny have found a few things in common.

CAPTAIN: They have -

MARK: Yes....they both like to stretch the truth a little out of shape once in a while. And each of them is sure he's the strongest man in the world.

(MUSIC: . . . BRIDGE. . .)

(POUNDING OF ENGINE ROOM BG)

JOHNNY: (STRAINING) Now, Regardez, Jacques. Watch closely. I take thees big crate, it weigh three hundred pound, if it weigh one ounce!

JACQUES: Bah - it is nothing!

JOHNNY: Nothing, eh? I pick it up, AHHHHHHH...I lift it... I raise eet ovair my head....Soooooo --

JACQUES: I do that with the other crate --

JOHNNY: Yes - but watch now - I (STRAIN) make it to spin  
in the air - so!

(SHUFFLE OF FEET UP FAST...THEN SLOWS AND STOPS)

JOHNNY: Now I am putting eet down. Voila.....

(HEAVY CRATE DROPPING)

JOHNNY: So, Jacques - I snap my finger at you. (SNAP) you've  
seen what I do with this crate!

JACQUES: You make the jest the joke... The spinning in the air--  
she is nothing -- and the crate I pick up she is  
heavier-

JOHNNY: (DISGUST) Ah-- there is no use to talk to you -....

JACQUES: You know, Johnny - Eet is too bad you were not weeth  
us when we cross the ocean from Africa. One day is  
following us one beeg shark. Twenty five feet long  
eet was. So I -- Jacques LeClair -- I leap into the  
sea. I fight. Weeth these two arms I take the shark!  
I take him and I break heem in half! So - what you  
think of that?

JOHNNY: Twenty five feet this shark was?

JACQUES: Maybe even more. Maybe thirty!

JOHNNY: Hmm - is big fish. Very big. But ees not nearly so  
big as thees fish story!

(MUSIC:..... BRIDGE. ....)

(SEA AND SHIP SOUNDS)

JOHNNY: (COMING ON) Hey, Mark. Mark! By gar, he is asleep  
again! (UP) Mark!

MARK: (SLEEPY) Hmm? Oh. 'lo Johnny.

JOHNNY: You know something, Mark. There is something that aggravate me very much on this sheep - (BEAT) Mark - you are listen to me? (BEAT) Mother of the sacred cow - how can one man he sleep so much? I fix him!  
(UP) TIMBER !!!

MARK: Hey!.....what in blazes? Who -?

JOHNNY: (BELLY LAUGH) HOHOHO...You think maybe big tree is going to fall on you?

MARK: Johnny - ! That was a dirty trick.

JOHNNY: Bah - you sleep too much. An' I weesh to talk, Mark. Like I say before - Ees something very aggravating on this sheep.

MARK: All right - Let's have it.

JOHNNY: Thees Jacques LeClair. He begins to get on the nerves of me.

MARK: I thought you liked him, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Oh sure - He is good fellow, in some ways. But one big blowhard, believe me!!

MARK: Yeah - I noticed - he thinks a lot of himself -

JOHNNY: You mus' understand. Bragging I do not mind. Once in a while I even do thees myself a little.

MARK: A little! Oh, Johnny. ----

JOHNNY: But this Jacques. He go too far. Par example, Mark. He say we are in a river which runs through the sea. And such nonsense he expect me to believe!

MARK: He was telling the truth.

JOHNNY: What?

MARK: Yes- We are in a sort of river, Johnny. Haven't you noticed how blue the water is here?

JOHNNY: Well - yes. But 'ow eet is possible for a river to run through the watair?

MARK: You've heard of the Gulf Stream, haven't you? The warm current that runs up the east coast of North America? It's just like a river running through the ocean - and we're in it!

JOHNNY: Well - then by accident he have told the truth. But this liar Jacques, he tells me one more story. HO...I laugh when I think on it.

MARK: What's this one about?

JOHNNY: In his cabin he have a cage -- weeth two little animals, which this crazy fella Lorenzo geeve heem. Little like cats, they are. But Jacques..he insist Lorenzo tells him these fellas are best killers of big poison snakes in the world.

MARK: What?

JOHNNY: Such a liar. He says they even kill that which is the most poison of all snakes. The cobra. Thees is very bad snake, no Mark?

MARK: Yes. That's true. But what does Jacques call these animals, Johnny?

JOHNNY: The name. Eh...thees I have forgot.

MARK: Try to remember. It's important.

JOHNNY: Err - Was name like chicken, I think -

MARK: You mean goose, don't you? Mongoose to be exact!

JOHNNY: That is right - Two of them - Mongooses - or do you say Mongeese -? (LAUGHS) What's the matter? You don't think this is funny?

MARK: No - it's not funny at all. I've got to see your friend Jacques right away.

JOHNNY: Sure. I take you to heed. But you are acting as these little feller are dangerous like people - eating-tiger.

MARK: I almost wish they were...

JOHNNY: What you are saying....?

MARK: I mean it, Johnny. A man-eating tiger is no joke, but in some ways, those little animals your friends has -- are the most dangerous animals in the world!

(MUSIC: -- UP TO CURTAIN...)

NARR: Johnny stands amazed as his friend, Mark Trail utters this strange warning. What danger is connected with the animals in LeClair's cabin. And what will happen when Mark tries to head that danger off.....  
Tune in same time, same station on Tuesday and find out what happens to (ECHO) MARK TRAIL.

(CLAP OF THUNDER)

NARR: Battling the raging elements.

(HOWL OF WOLF)

NARR: Fighting the savage wilderness.

(HORSES' HOOVES IN WILD GALLOP)

NARR: Striking at the enemies of man and nature.

(MUSIC: -- UP AND BEHIND...)

NARR: One man's name resounds from snow-capped mountains down across the sun-baked plains (ECHO) MARK TRAIL.

(MUSIC: UP AND BEHIND.....)

NARR:

This program is entirely fictitious. The resemblance of any name, personality or incident to an actual person or event is merely coincidental. Mark Trail, by Ed Dodd, also appears in the comics of many of America's leading newspapers.

Look for it daily..and in week-end editions.

(TWO SECOND PAUSE)

AMERICA IS SOLD ON ABC...THE AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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