

PALMER THOMPSON  
HOLMES, NEW YORK

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FORTY YEAR FREEZE  
by  
Palmer Thompson

CAST

Mark Trail

Scotty

Johnny Malotte

Matty Brook

Lafe Brook

Kate Somerset

NARRATOR: Deep in the glacier country of Northwestern Montana Mark Trail, Johnny Malotte, and Scotty wend their way on horseback through a narrow, arid canyon. As the trail winds around a jagged outcropping of vari-colored rimrock, the canyon widens and blends into a rich green lush valley.

(HORSES HOOFBEATS, WALKING)

Mark raises his hand and signals the others to halt as he eyes a long, low ranch house about a mile down the valley from where they are.

(HOOFBEATS STOP)

MARK: Guess that's the ~~Brook~~ ranch, Scotty.

SCOTTY: Looks like the one they described back in town, Mark.

JOHNNY: Last house we going to see for one long time, eh Mark?

MARK: Right, Johnny.

SCOTTY: Beautiful spot. Nothing for miles in front of them but sage brush and scrub grass and they're in the middle of a green heaven.

MARK: They get the water run off from Big Bear Glacier, then the streams go underground below this arid country we crossed.

(HOOFBEATS MILL AROUND)

JOHNNY: I theenk the horse she understand you when you say water, or maybe she smell heem.

MARK: They must be pretty dry. Let's get going. We'll water them at the ranch, rest up for awhile and then push on to the glacier.

(HOOFBEATS UP)

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(HOOFBEATS ON)

(HOOFBEATS STOP)

MARK: Hello.

KATE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Hello.

MARK: Miss Brook?

KATE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) No. My name's Somerset, Kathy Somerset.

MARK: Oh, I thought this was the Brook ranch.

KATE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) It is. Mr. Brook's my guardian. Is there anything I can do for you.

MARK: Well, we'd like to water and rest our horses. My name's Mark Trail. This is Johnny Malotte, and that's Scotty 66.

KATE: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Wait til I open the gate.

(GATE OPENS)

KATE: (ON) There. You'll find water and feed down by that grove of cottonwoods.

MARK: Thanks. Take the lead on my horse, Scotty. I'd like to talk to Miss Somerset.

JOHNNY: She's one theeng I like to do to.

MARK: Go on, Johnny. You take care of the pack animals.

JOHNNY: Thanks for such a fancy job, Mark.

SCOTTY: Come on, Johnny. Let's go.

(HOOFBEATS START)

JOHNNY: (FADING OFF) Okay, but I be back, Miss Somerset...and don't believe anything thees fellow Mark Trail he say about me. I am really one fine fellow.

MARK: Get out of here, Johnny. (CHUCKLE) Sorry, Miss Somerset, Johnny thinks himself something of a Casonova.

KATE: It was very flattering, and this is a place where a girl doesn't get very much of that.

MARK: It looks rather lonely, tho lovely.

KATE: You on a hunting trip, most visitors here are.

MARK: No. Our little expedition is more in the nature of an exploration. I was wondering whether your spread has any range corrals farther up the valley.

KATE: Certainly, Mr. Trail. Theres.....

MATTY: (OFF MIKE) Kate! Kate!

KATE: That's my guardian, Mr. Brook now. (UP) Yes, Uncle Matty?

MATTY: (OFF MIKE, SLOW FADE ON) Who you talking to? What's he want?

KATE: This is Mr. Trail, Uncle Matty. He's some kind of an explorer and he wants to.

MATTY: (ON FULL) Never mind girl. I'll handle this. You git back to the kitchen.

KATE: Yes, Uncle Matty.

MATTY: Now, Mr. Trail whats on your mind?

MARK: I was asking your...er....ward, if....

LAFE: (OFF, FADING ON) Paw, paw there's some fellers down by the cottonwoods watering their horses, want I should chase 'em. I'll....

MARK: Those are my companions, Mr. Brook, the girl said they water the animals.

MATTY: Least she could say, I guess. This is my boy Lafe, don't mind him. He ain't bright in the head. Wuz there anything more you wanted, Mr. Trail?

MARK: Yes. I was asking Miss Somerset whether you had any range corrals farther up the valley.

MATTY: Five of them, why?

MARK: We'd like your permission to use one of them for our horses. Whichever one is nearest the base of Big Bear glacier.

MATTY: Big Bear! What you aim to do around her?

MARK: We're making a survey for the American Geological Society. Charting the movements and examining the structure of the Big Bear ice pack.

LAFE: You going t~~h~~~~o~~~~s~~ to cross it, mister?

MARK: We intend to and the only way we can do it is on foot with ice mattocks, that's why.....

LAFE: You got a big job, mister. The only man who's ever corssed Big Bear is pop here and he near to died.

MATTY: Shet up, son. Sure, Mr. Trail. You can use my range corrals. Nearest one to Big Bear is about six miles from the base, mostly up.

(HOOFBEATS FADE ON)

MARK: Thank you, Mr. Brook.

MATTY: It's all right, and don't mind our manners, we ain't used to strangers around here so we're kinda rough on 'em.

LAFE: Sure. Pop usually drives 'em off with a.....

MATTY: Shet up, Lafe.

JOHNNY: (OFF) Hey, Mark. Thee horses she's all ready.

MARK: (UP) Right with you, Johnny...Scotty. Good bye, Mr. Brook. See you in a couple of months, after we've crossed the glacier.

(FOOTSTEPS FADE OFF)

MATTY: (LOW, ALMOST TO HIMSELF) You mean if you cross the Big Bear, Mister.

LAPE: Don't you think they'll do it, Pop. You done it.

MATTY: Yeah. Long time ago.

LAPE: How was it pop, you.....

MATTY: I don't talk about it, Lape. You know that.

MARK: (WAY OFF) 'Bye, Mr. Brook.

(OFF HOOFBEATS UP AND FADE OFF)

MATTY: (UP) Bye. (DOWN) I'll tell you one thing, Lape, I'm a man who likes money.....

LAPE: Heh, heh, I know pop.

MATTY: And you could offer me all the money in the world, but I wouldn't cross that man killing pack of ice again for anything.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(CHIPPING OF ICE)

MARK: Okay, Scotty. There's another good foothold in the ice.

SCOTTY: I'm following right in your steps, Mark.

JOHNNY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Me too, Mark. But she's sure one slow way to travel.

MARK: You need plenty of patience crossing an ice pack Johnny. This is treacherous stuff.

JOHNNY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) This I can see myself, Mark. She's slippery like glass.

(CHIPPING OF ICE)

MARK: This is solid enough for another foothold.

SCOTTY: Following right along, Mark.

JOHNNY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) By gar, Mark, you chop so much ice soon you be best iceman in ### whole country.

MARK: Could come in handy if I ever need a job, Johnny.

JOHNNY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) I weel geeve you the personal recommendation of Johnny Malotte, best recommendation in the world.

(WAY OFF A LOW OMINOUS RUMBLE)

SCOTTY: Mark! Listen! What's that?

MARK: Sounds like it might be.....

(RUMBLE LOUDER AND CLOSER TO MIKE)

JOHNNY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Mark! Look! Up there.

MARK: A fissure in the ice. Part of the glacier is cracking!

SCOTTY: Look at the way it's zigzagging, Mark! Growing wider!

JOHNNY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Hey, Mark! That crack she's comeing to us. Fast like the wind.

MARK: Quick, Scotty! Over here. Johnny, hurry up! We don't want to be seperated on this ice pack.

JOHNNY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) You bet, Mark. I come queeck, now.

SCOTTY: No, Johnny! Look, Mark the crack is.....

(TERRIFIC RUMBLE ON MIKE)

(ROARING AND CRACKING OF ICE)

MARK: Look out, Johnny! Get back.....

(ROARING AND CRACKING FULL ON MIKE)

JOHNNY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Mark, I.....Help! Help! (FADE SCREAM OFF MIKE)

(NOISE RISES TO A CRESCENDO AND THEN GRADUALLY DIES DOWN)

SCOTTY: Look, Mark. Johnny, he's disappeared into that huge crack in the ice!

MUSIC:        STING

NARRATOR: As Mark and Scotty stare into the black maw of the yawning crevice in the ice they wonder if Johnny Malotte could have lived through that horrible fall and if he did, can they get him out. We'll learn in a moment when we return to Mark Trail, but now.....(COMMERCIAL)



NARRATOR: Now back to MARK TRAIL. Mark, Scotty and Johnny Malotte are on a mission for the American Geological society. They had been examing the movements and charting the structure of the Big Bear Glacier in Northern Montana, when a fissure in the ice created an enormous crevice into which Johnny Malotte fell. As Mark and Scotty stare into the bottomless abyss of the huge crack. Mark calls out.

MARK: (ECHO) Johnny! Johnny Malotte!

SCOTTY: (NO ECHO) Mark, do you think he's still alive after that.....

MARK: (NO ECHO) Quiet, Scotty. (ECHO) Johnny!  
(OFF MIKE ICE PARTICLES FALLING)

JOHNNY: (OFF, NOT TOO FAR, ON ECHO) 'Allo, Mark!

SCOTTY: Mark, he is alive! Thank God!

MARK: (ECHO) Johnny, are you all right.

JOHNNY: (ECHO) Yes. Some scratch and bump, but all pieces in one part.

MARK: (ECHO) Can you see me up here?

JOHNNY: (ECHO) The top of your head. I guess you about forty fifty feet above me. She's plenty dark down here.

MARK: (ECHO) Are you on some kind of a ledge?

JOHNNY: (ECHO) Yes. How big I don't know. So I don't move until you send me down flash light.

MARK: (ECHO) We will, Johnny. Right away, and then we'll get a heavy rope down to you.

JOHNNY: (ECHO) Okay. I can climb out myself.

MARK: (ECHO) Good. (NO ECHO) Scotty, that climbing rope.

SCOTTY: I've got it right here, Mark.

MARK: Start knotting it. Make a knot about every foot along the rope so that Johnny can get a good hand hold.

SCOTTY: Right, Mark.

MARK: I'll help you as soon as I get this flashlight down to Johnny. I'll use this fishing line.

SCOTTY: Okay, Mark. I've already got three knots in the rope.

MARK: Good boy. (ECHO) Johnny!

JOHNNY: (ECHO) Yes, Mark.

MARK: I'm sending down a flashlight. Can you see it.

JOHNNY: (ECHO) Yes. You got to let him down about thirty feet more.

(FISHING LINE OVER ICE)

JOHNNY: (ECHO) Okay, Mark. Now try to swing him into me.

MARK: (ECHO) Like this.

JOHNNY: (ECHO) Just leettle beet more. Ah. I got heem Mark.

MARK: (ECHO) How's the edge you're on, Johnny.

JOHNNY: (ECHO) Pretty good. She's plenty big. I can even move around.

MARK: (ECHO) Well don't. Just stay there, Johnny. We'll have a rope down to you in five minutes.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(HAMMERING ON METAL)

SCOTTY: Already, Mark?

MARK: One more swing, Scotty. I want to get this mattock securely in the ice.

(BLOW ON METAL)

MARK: There. Okay scotty. Now give me the end of the rope.

SCOTTY: Here, Mark.

MARK: Now I'll wind it around the mattock a couple of times. There. Now toss the knotted end of the rope down to Johnny.

SCOTTY: Right, Mark. (ECHO) Johnny!

JOHNNY: (OFF ECHO) Yes, Scotty.

SCOTTY: (ECHO) The ropes coming down.

JOHNNY: (ECHO) I watch for heem.

(ROPE OVER EDGE OF ICE)

SCOTTY: (ECHO) Got it, Johnny?

JOHNNY: (ECHO) Swing heem in a littâ closer. Good, Scotty. I go heem

SCOTTY: He's got it, Mark.

MARK: Okay. Now wait til I wind this rope around my waist and brace myself. There. That does it. I'm set. Tell Johnny to start climbing up.

SCOTTY: (ECHO) Johnny, start climbing.

JOHNNY: (ECHO) Skre theeng, Scotty. I take one last look around thees place I never want to see again and.....Sacre bleu!

SCOTTY: (ECHO) What is it, Johnny.

JOHNNY: (ECHO) Devil! By gar, I see devil....I never think.... I get out of here fast. Diabâo! Hold tight, Mark. I'm comeeng.

MARK: What's he saying, Scotty.

SCOTTY: Something about a devil, Mark. I don't know.

MARK: Devil, what.....

SCOTTY: ~~He must have seen something.~~ He's coming up fast enough.

MARK: I can feel the pull on this rope

SCOTTY: Hold it tight, Mark. He's close to the top.

(FINGERS SCRAPING ON ICE)

SCOTTY: Here, Johnny. I give you a hand.

JOHNNY: (BREATHLESS) Thanks, Scotty....I.....

MARK: Is he up, Scotty.

SCOTTY: Yes, Mark. You can let the rope go and turn around now.

JOHNNY: Scotty, nobody ever see what I see down there.

MARK: What are you talking about Johnny.

JOHNNY: Just before I come up I take one last look weeth the light.

MARK: Yes.

JOHNNY: I fläsh heem behind me where I was on the ledge. I see... I see.....laughing devil, hands reach out to grab me.... like nothing I ever see before in my life.

MARK: Don't be silly, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Sill he say. You hear that, Scotty. Silly he say. He don't see it.

SCOTTY: Johnny, you imgnation/.....

JOHNNY: Imagination! You don't see# heem . As close to me like you are now.

MARK: You really saw something down there, Johnny.

JOHNNY: No, Johnny Malotte ~~es~~ beeg liar. Always tell hees friend Mark Trail lie. You bet I see something. You go down maybe you see heem yourself.

MARK: All right, Johnny. I will.

SCOTTY: Mark, you don't mean it.

MARK: Well, Johnny obviously saw something and we're here to chart and explore this ice pack so I may as well start now.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SCOTTY: Brace yourself on the rope, Johnny. Mark's coming up.

JOHNNY: Okay Scotty. He say he see something?

SCOTTY: He## hasn't said anything since he's been down there.

JOHNNY: Must be something. Or maybe Johnny's got weak head.  
That what you theenk, eh Scotty.

SCOTTY: I don't think anything, ##### Johnny. Hold it. He's  
near the top.

(FINGERS SCRAPING ON ICE)

SCOTTY: Here, Mark. Give me your hand.

MARK: (BREATHLESS) Thanks, Scotty.

JOHNNY: Well, Mark, what ees it. Is Johnny crazy or ees something  
down there.

MARK: You're not crazy, Johnny.

JOHNNY: See, Scotty. What I tell you.

SCOTTY: What was it, Mark.

MARK: The most amazing thing I've ever seen in my life. A man.

SCOTTY: What.

JOHNNY: Devil you mean.

MARK: Frozen solid in the ice.

SCOTTY: Frozen.

MARK: Yes. From his clothes I'd say whatever happened to him  
happened forty or fifty years ago. They're the style of  
that period. But he doesn't look much older than you,  
Scotty.

SCOTTY: You mean he's been preserved all those years?

MARK: Yes?

JOHNNY: But the hands, they reach out to grab me.

MARK: Imagination. It was the way he's imbedded in the ice. He must have fallen spreadeagled. There's a rifle to one side of him, a little book at his foot, all frozen solid as if time had stopped for him

JOHNNY: By gar, I never forget that face.

MARK: I don't think I will etither Johnny.

SCOTTY: What will we do about it, Mark.

MARK: Get word back to the geological society. This job will take a lot more men and equipment. They'll want to get him out of the ice for study. I think this will be the first instance of a human being being preserved in a glacier, though there have been lot's of cases of animals.

SCOTTY: Do we all go back.

MARK: No. You and I will stay here, Scotty. Just in case of another shift in the ice pack. We want to keep this spot located. Johnny.

JOHNNY: Yes, Mark.

MARK: You can travel fast and light. Get back to the range corral where we left our horses. Then ride to the Brook ranch and call the society from there.

JOHNNY: Okay, Mark. I do.

MARK: Scotty and I will pitch tent on this ice cap and wait for your return. Perhaps even investigate our new found friend a little more.

MUSCC: BRIDGE

(RATTLING OF DISHES)

MATTY: (UP) Kate.

KATE: (OFF) Yes, uncle Matty.

MATTY: Bring in some warm gravy from the kitchen. This is cold.

KATE: (OFF) Yes, Uncle Matty.

LAFE: Paw, kin I have some more potatoes.

MATTY: Go ahead. Stuff yourself. That all your good for.

LAFE: Thanks, Paw.

KATE: (FADEING ON) Here you are, Uncle Matty.

MATTY: All right. You can set down and eat now. The desert will keep.

KATE: Thank you, Uncle Matty.

(HOOFBEATS OFF OUTSIDE)

LAFE: Paw, someone's coming.

MATTY: See who it is.

(CHAIR SCUFFLE)

LAFE: (OFF) It's one of them fellers was going up to the glacier. The one that talked funny.

MATTY: Now what in tarnation does he want.

KATE: I'll go out and see, Uncle.....

MATTY: You stay here Kate. And you set down Lafe.

(OFF KNOCK ON DOOR)

MATTY: (UP) Doors open, come in.

(OFF DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

JOHNNY: (FADE ON) Mr. Brook....I would like to....oh, sorry ees bad time to come when you eat.

MATTY: What's the trouble?

LAFE: Paw said Big Bear was a mankiller.

MATTY: Shut up, Lafe. Let the man talk.

JOHNNY: We find wonderful thing there. A man, frozen in the ice.

KATE: A man.

MATTY: Frozen.

JOHNNY: Yes. He look better than you, me, anyone in thees room Except he's dead of course.

LAFE: Dead.

JOHNNY: Thirt, forty year Mark Trail say. He see the clothes.

KATE: Forty years. Mr. Malotte, that picture on the piano up there, look at it.

JOHNNY: By gar! That's heem that's the man. I don't forget that face. Who ees he.

KATE: My grandfather, Frank Somerset.

LAFE: You hear that, paw. Katy's grandpaw, jest like today.

MATTY: Yes.

JOHNNY: Thees is wonderful. You let me use the phone to call the Geologica society. They'll bring him out and.....

MATTY: You can't use the phone.

JOHNNY: Hah?

KATE: Uncle Matty!

MATTY: It's out of order.

KATE: But I called on it.....

MATTY: I tell you it's out of order. I tried it just a few seconds ago.

JOHNNY: Oh. How far is the next phone.

MATTY: About forty miles down the canyon.

JOHNNY: Forty mile. I don't like to leave Mark and Scotty on the ice that long.



KATE: I could ride donw for yous

JOHNNY: Your uncle he.....

MATTY: That's a good idea Kate. Lafe and me could leave with all the work around hear, but I guess we could spare you

JOHNNY: Thank you, Mr. Brooks.

MATTY: It's all right. Take him out to the corral Kate. Give him a fresh horse so he can get back to his friends fast then saddle up yourself and get his message to the phone.

KATE: Thank you uncle Matty. This way, Mr. Walotte.

JOHNNY: (FADEING OFF) Sure. And tanks a lot, Mr. Brook.

MATTY: Welcome.

(OFF DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

LAFE: Paw, I'll give them a hand, I'lll

MATTY: You stay here Lafe.

LAFE: But.....

MATTY: You want something to do, go over to that phone and rip them wires out.

LAFE: Rip....

MATTY: Do as I say, you idiot!

(SOUND RIPPING OF WIRES)

LAFE: Then there warent nothing wrong with the phone.

MATTY: No.

LAFE: I don't understand.

MATTY: I guess it's just the finger of fate.

LAFE: Fate?

MATTY: Now listen Lafe, I know you're not bright.

LAFE: I try paw.

MATTY: But you like this ranch, and you know I got a lot of money

MATTY: (CONTINUED) from gold mineing years ago and you're going to git it all when I die.

LAFE: Yeah, paw?

MATTY: But if those fellers git Frank Somerset out of that Ice Pack you ain't going to get nothing.

LAFE: Why not, Paw?

MATTY: Because forty years ago I kalled Frank Somerset. I knowed he struck it rich and I followed him, when I found his claim I killed him on the Big Bear Glacier....rolled him into the crack in the ice, and took his claim, his land and everything that belonged to him.

LAFE: What you going to do, Paw.

MATTY: Only thing a man can once he's killed. Kill again, Lafe this time for you as much as me.

LAFE: I'll help you paw. I want to keep all this.

MATTY: I know you will Lafe. We'll let that feller get a good start back to his friends. Then you'll go to the supply shack, git some dynamite, and we'll follow him.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS ON ICE)

JOHNNY: (UP) Hallo, Scotty.

SCOTTY: (UP) Hi, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Where ees Mark.

SCOTTY: Down wath our friend.

JOHNNY: Again?

SCOTTY: Yes. He got the book that was at his foot out of the ice. See, this cake of it.

JOHNNY: Hees not going to try to get the man out ees he?

SCOTTY: No, that's too big a job. He just wanted to see what the book says, since it looks like some kind of diary.

(OFF FINGERS SCRAPING ON ICE)

MARK: (OFF) Johnny, back already.

JOHNNY: Yeah, Mark. Mr. Brook, he give me fresh a fast horse.

MARK: (FADING ON) Oh, I didn't expect that of him.

JOHNNY: Hees not bad fellow.

MARK: Well, what did they say at the geological society when you told them the news.

JOHNNY: I don't speak to them.

MARK: What?

JOHNNY: The phone at Brook Ranch ees out of order so the girl there that Kate she ride to next ranch to call. Ees forty miles away, I think better I come back here. Let her bring the news.

MARK: And Brook didn't object?

JOHNNY: No.

SCOTTY: Guess you can't trust first impressions, Mark.

MARK: Guess not. See the prize we got, Johnny. This diary, it may tell us the identity of the man in the ice.

JOHNNY: I tell you that myself.

SCOTTY: You.

JOHNNY: Sure. Hees name is Frank Somerset. He's grandfather to the girl Kate. I see hees picture on piano.

MARK: Well, then she should be interested in this book. Chip it out of the ice, Scotty. We'll have a look at it. It should make interesting reading around the campfire tonight.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

MATTY: See their camp, Yet Lafe.

LAFE: Not yet, paw. I kin just see part of the glacier through this forest.

MATTY: We're coming to a clearing. Keep your eye's sharp.

LAFE: Right, Paw.

(FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

LAFE: Paw! Look, down there....in front of us.

MATTY: Their camp. Three shelterhalves.

LAFE: I kin see 'em walking around.

MATTY: And there...about a half a mile from them that crak in the ice. That's where Frank must be.

LAFE: What'll we do, Paw?

MATTY: Wait. I want to look the land over.

(FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

LAFE: Well, paw.

MATTY: Hush up, boy.

(PAUSE)

MATTY: Yeah. Yeah. I think that'll do right well.

LAFE: What, paw?

MATTY: See where they're camped, jest about fifty yards from edge of the glacier near that rock slide in the mountain.

LAFE: Yeah.

MATTY: Now, son, if we was to give all that loose rack and gravel a little help with some dynamite, I reckon they'd be buried under an avalanche of that stuff till kindom come.

LAFE: They sure would.

MATTY: Well that's what we're going to do, boy.

LAFE: No trees there, paw. Ain't nobody could set ou no dynamite without them seeing him.

MATTY: Then we'll wait, Lafe. We'll wait until it's dark. Then you'll set out the dynamite, string the line back here and we'll bury our trouble under a mountain of Montana rock.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

MATTY: That you, Lafe?

LAFE: (FADING ON) Yeah, Paw.

MATTY: All done?

LAFE: Yes, sireee...here's the wire.

MATTY: Good boy. I'll wire them to this detonator.

(WIRES ATTACHED TO THIS DETONATOR)

LAFE: They look real peaceful down there. Those three shelterhalves around that one campfire.

MATTY: They sure do, boy. It's fitting for a man to have peace in his last minutes of life.

LAFE: They been sleeping for near to an hour now.

MATTY: Yep, the boy, Johnny Malotte, and Mr. Mark Trail. Well son, from now on they're going to sleep forever.

(CLICK OF DETONATOR)

(OFF MIKE BIG EXPLOSION)

(RUMBLING SOUND OF AN AVALANCHE GROWING IN INTENSITY)

MUSIC: SWALLOW

NARRATOR: And as an avalanche of rocks and dirt rolls down the mountain side, the peaceful camp of Mark Trail and

NARRATOR: (CONTINUED) his companions shows no signs of life. Will Mark and his friends escape or will they be the victims of the living burial planned for them by Matty Brook and his half witted sone Lafe. We'll learn in a moment when we return to Mark Trail, but now.....(COMMERCIAL)

NARRATOR: Now back to MARK TRAIL. MATTY Brook and his son Lafe have dynamited a mountain rock slide under which Mark Trail, Scotty and Johnny Malotte were camped. As the last remaining rocks of the avalanche they started tumble down the slide.

(OFF ROCKS FALLING DOWN SLIDE)

They look at their handiwork in silence.

LAFE: (GIGGLES) That's one way to put out a fire, Paw.

MATTY: Don't see nothing moving down there, do you Lafe.

LAFE: No. Them tents must be under twenty foot of rock by now.

MATTY: Well I reckon that ends our troubles.

LAFE: What about the ice man. Kate went to tell them geologi people.

MATTY: I know, boy. That's the second part of our job. We're going to dynamite that crack in the glacier so that no one will ever uncover him again.

(OFF FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

LAFE: All right, paw, Ill.....what's that.....?

MATTY: Quiet, boy.

(FOOTSTEPS CLOSER)

KATE: (FADEING ON) Mr. Trail! Uncle Matty! Mr. Trail!

LAFE: (LOW) It's Kate.

MATTY: I hear boy. (UP) Over here, Kate!

(FOOTSTEPS ON)

KATE: (FADE ON) Uncle Matty, what happened. I heard a tremendous roar and.....what was it.

MATTY: Terrible tragedy girl. Lafe and I just saw it.

KATE: Saw it?

MATTY: Yep. We got curious about that man in the ice. Come up to see him. We saw that Trail fellows camp on the ice. Next thing that rock slide over there started to go. They're all buried under it.

KATE: Burried!

MATTY: Yeah. We'd better go back and get help.

KATE: All right, Uncle Matty, I'll go.....

LAFE: Paw, I seen her. She was looking at that detonator.

MATTY: What.

LAFE: She knows.

KATE: You won't....

MATTY: Grab her, Lafe.

(STRUGGLE)

KATE: Let go! Let go!

LAFE: You hold still or I'll break your arm. There.

MATTY: That's the boy, Lafe. Come to think of it Kate. How come you got here so soon.

KATE: You. I knew that phone was working. I waited until you were gone went into the house and saw where the wires had been ripped. I knew by that you were up to something.

MATTY: So you came out here to warn Mark Trail, eh?

KATE: Yes.

LAFE: You're just a mite late, Kate.

KATE: You killed him. You started that avalanche.

MATTY: Yes, Kate and killing just begets killing, 'cause you have to be the next one to go.

MARK: (OFF MIKE) I don't think so, Mr. Brook#.

MATTY: What?



LAFE: Paw, it's him a ghost.

MARK: A pretty substantil ghost.

JOHNNY: Let go of that girl you big ax.

SCOTTY: Mark, the old man's going for his gun!

MARK: Oh, no!

(STRUGGLE)

JOHNNY: I take care of the son, Mark.

LAFE: No let me go.

MATTY: I'll kill you.

(FIGHT)

JOHNNY: There. That's for you.

(BLOW ON JAW)

(BODY FALL)

MATTY: Let me go.

MARK: Not until I get this gun. There. Here, Scotty catch.

SCOTTY: I got it, Mark.

MARK: Now calm down, Brook.

MATTY: That camp under the avalanche. You should be dead.

MARK: No, Mr. Brook. The only death here is forty years old. The man in ice. Frank Somerset. The man you murdered.

KATE: Murdered. My Grandfather.

MARK: Yes, Miss Somerset. Scotty, give Miss Somerset that book.

SCOTTY: Here, Miss.

MARK: That's your grandfathers diary. It's all down in there. How Brook was on you grand father's trail, discovered his gold claim. He says if he was found dead, Brook is his murderer.

KATE: Uncle Matty.

MARK: He apparently took you in as a salve to his conscience.

JOHNNY: Yes, and that book she tip us off to trouble. We read her and mark he say we leave decoy camp just in case this Brook he try something. Well he do but we catch him.

SCOTTY: And that book proves that everything he's got belongs to you Miss Somerset.

KATE: To me.

MATTY: Yes, Kate. Only the lord's vengeance catching up to an old man.

MARK: Forty years it took, certainly proof that murder can't be hidden. Come on Mr. Brook. Let's go. You've got a date with the sherrif.

MUSIC: CURTAIN