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OPERATION EAGER BEAVER
by
Palmer Thompson

CAST

MARK TRAIL

JOHNNY MALOTTE
NARRATOR

PHIL RAMSEY
NICK ARNOLD

JASPAR LAMAR

NARRATOR: In Northwestern Wyoming over the town of Coronet the skys are grey and heavy with threatening rain clouds. Farmers and Livestock men, plodding through the muddy streets, peer heavenward, in their hearts a silent prayer that the thick clouds will be blown inland, away from their already overflooded county. Suddenly.....

(LOUD CRACK OF THUNDER)

(TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR)

A peal of thunder rips the grey mass and the rains come down. The men in the streets scatter, seeking cover. One of them, Nick Arnold, races down the sidewalk, steps, and darts into the sheltering dryness of a small store, with the words "Lamar Estates" lettered on the window.

(RAIN IN BG)

(STORE DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(FOOTSTEPS)

NICK: Wow!

JASPAR: Hello, Nick.

NICK: Mr. Lamar. Boy! Look at that rain.

JASPAR: Beautiful, isn't it.

NICK: I swear, Jaspar, the way nature works for you, I'm beginning to think you're in league with the devil.

JASPAR: Perhaps I am.

NICK: I wouldn't doubt it if you said so.

JASPAR: Then I'll say so, just to make sure you won't be disloyal to me.

NICK: That isn't fair, Jaspar. I've done everything you've

NICK: (CONTINUED) wanted me to do.

JASPAR: Did you get those options?

NICK: On the Burton and the Hendricks places. Yes.

JASPAR: What about Logan's farm.

NICK: He wasn't home. Down by his riverbottom land trying to improvise a levee against the water.

JASPAR: Well after this rain I guess it will be no trick to get an option from him.

NICK: When do you figure on taking up these options and buying the places.

JASPAR: Within the year.

NICK: A few more downpours like this and you'll own the whole valley.

JASPAR: Yes. The population in the valley is getting pretty disgusted.

NICK: Except for Phil Ramsey.

JASPAR: The weather will wear him down eventually.

NICK: I wouldn't be too sure about that. You know he's been in touch with the Federal Government about flood control measures.

JASPAR: I do.

NICK: The farmers and ranchers are backing him up with an association.

JASPAR: You're talking to one of the leading members of it.

NICK: You?

JASPAR: That's right.

NICK: You sure believe in playing both sides of the street, don't you?

JASPAR: It's more interesting that way.

NICK: Well suppose they find out I'm optioning and buying all

NICK: (CONTINUED) this land for you.

JASPAR: They'd better not. If you want to stay healthy.

NICK: There won't be any leak from my end.

JASPAR: I'm glad to hear that.

NICK: But I'll give you another supposing.

JASPAR: All right. Give it.

NICK: Suppose Ramsey and this association, which you're so proudly a member of, are successful. Suppose they get that flood control project.

JASPAR: Oh, they are getting it. I've used my influence in Washington for it.

NICK: You've used your influence. Are you crazy.

JASPAR: Not at all, we're going to have a flood control project here, but they won't begin working on it for at least five years.

NICK: Oh.

JASPAR: You begin to get the picture?

NICK: Sure. With your dough you can hold out easy for five years.

JASPAR: Even ten.

NICK: But most of the other ranchers around here can't.

JASPAR: That's right.

NICK: So through me you buy up their land when it's cheap and eroded, then in comes flood control and gradually the land becomes valuable and heavy with topsoil again.

JASPAR: Right, Jasper, so bright of you to figure it out.

NICK: A beautiful long range scheme. Particularly with the weather in this country.

JASPAR: Even if we had half the rainfall it would still work

JASPAR: (CONTINUED) Our mountain watershed is so bare of timber and wild life, it can't retain any of the water.

NICK: I don't think a jungle could contain this downpour. Look at that rain.

JASPAR: Beautiful, eh. Uh, oh.

NICK: What is it?

JASPAR: Phil Ramsey. He's heading this way. You'd better go out the back. I'd prefer not to have it known that we're so chummy.

NICK: Right, Jasper. I'll check back with you on that Logan option.

(FOOTSTEPS FAED OFF)

(OFF DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

(PAUSE)

(DOOR OPENS)

(RAIN IN BG)

JASPAR: Come on in, Phil. Don't stand there getting doused.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(RAIN OUT)

(STAMPING OF FEET)

PHIL: Sorry to get your floor all wet, Mr. Lamar.

JASPAR: What's the difference? You can't keep anything dry around here anymore.

PHIL: Seems like it.

JASPAR: Something special on your mind, Phil.

PHIL: Yeah. Just came from the post office.

JASPAR: Oh?

PHIL: Heard from Washington.

JASPAR: And?

PHIL: They'll build a flood control project....five years from

PHIL: (CONTINUED) now.

JASPAR: That's a big help.

PHIL: Isn't it? Three quarters of the ranchers in this valley would be broke if they tried to hold out that long.

JASPAR: Well what is there we can do? We can't build our own flood control system. Not even I have enough money for that.

PHIL: I know, a thing that expensive is strictly a long range government project.

JASPAR: So it looks like the water is going to wash away this community as well as it's topsoil.

PHIL: I haven't given up yet Mr. Lamar.

JASPAR: No, Phil?

PHIL: Have you ever heard of Mark Trail?

JASPAR: Of course. A naturalist and a conservationist like him. Who hasn't heard of him.

PHIL: Well I met him about two or three years ago. Made a big impression on me.

JASPAR: What's that got to do with.....

PHIL: I don't know yet. But if any man can come up with some cheap means of flood control, he should be the one. What with all his background and knowledge.

JASPAR: 38?

PHIL: I was thinking the association could invite him out here. Have him look over the lay of the land, and see if he can come up with something we can do that isn't too expensive.

JASPAR: It's worth a try.

PHIL: How much could you afford to pledge to the project, if Mr. Trail comes up with an idea.

JASPAR: I guess I could manage three or four thousand dollars.

PHIL: Okay Mr. Lamar, I'll put you down for that.

JASPAR: Then you're going to get in touch with Trail?

PHIL: Yes. I know it's got the elements of a wild goose chase, but....

JASPAR: Don't be silly, Phil! Trying to do something, anything, is a lot better than just sitting still and watching land and livelihood wash away.

PHIL: Glad you feel that way, Mr. Lamar.

JASPAR: Couldn't feel any other way, Phil. You'll let me know if Trail accepts?

PHIL: You bet, Mr. Lamar. I'll call you the minute I hear from Mark Trail.

MUSIC: --- BRIDGE

(PHONE RING)

(PICK UP)

JASPAR: Hello? Yes, this is Jaspar. Hello, Phil. Well, did you hear from him. He did? Good. Wonderful. When and how's he coming? I see. Well when you meet him, tell him if he can do anything at all he'll have the lifelong gratitude of every man in this valley. Right. Good bye, Phil.

(HANG UP)

JASPAR: Well, he's coming, Nick.

NICK: This guy Trail?

JASPAR: Yes.

NICK: So he's just one guy. What's he going to do? Suck all the water up in his gut and spray it out as they need it.

JASPAR: Don't be silly.

NICK: I don't see why you're getting so ~~###~~ upset over one guy.

JASPAR: He's a brilliant man. If anything can be done in the flood #control field, he's the one to do it.

NICK: Then why'd you chip in dough to help the association out.

JASPAR: With my known wealth I couldn't very well refuse.

NICK: So what do we do?

JASPAR: We, nothing. You plenty.

NICK: Oh?

JASPAR: You know the bridge over Coronet River off old highway forty nine.

NICK: Yeah?

JASPAR: Well that's the way Phil is bringing Mark Trail and a friend of his named Johnny Malotte in. Trail's landing by plane at Laramie, and forty nines a short cut.

NICK: Why give me a travel talk?

JASPAR: Because of the bridge. It's an old one. A wooden one.

NICK: I told you I know it.

JASPAR: And the Coronet River is at flood level.

NICK: Yeah?

JASPAR: Just suppose an explosive were wrapped around one of those wooden piles supporting the bridge, say a foot or two under the water.

NICK: Wouldn't that make it a little too obvious that he's not wanted?

JASPAR: Not at all. With the Coronet river at floodtide the blast would sound like nothing more than the sharp crack of the wooden pile.

NICK: Could be.

JASPAR: Will be. Because you're going to do the job. For a bonus of course.

NICK: Of course.

JASPAR: The one thing for you to make sure of, is that when the bridge goes out, Mark Trail and his friends are on it.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE

(CAR MOTOR IN BG)

(FADE ON ROARING RIVER AT FLOODTIDE)

(CAR SLOWS DOWN AND STOPS)

PHIL: There's one of our headaches, Mr. Trail. The Coronet River, above flood level.

MARK: Quite a current, Mr. Ramsey.

JOHNNY: By gar! She sure got plenty water.

PHIL: And look at the color of it.

JOHNNY: Brown lake bear's fur.

PHIL: Yes. Tons of topsoil being washed away every day. Years of work. Our whole livelihood. I hope you can help us Mr. Trail.

MARK: So do I. I've got an idea, but I want to examine the topography and natural cover of your watershed before I voice it. So shall we get started again.

PHIL: Right. Just wanted you to see for yourself through the Coronet River how desperate our situation is.

(CAR STARTS)

(CAR ROOLS OVER BRIDGE WITH LOOSE WOODEN PLANKING)

JOHNNY: Hey. Thees one bridge could use repair.

PHIL: Yes. Unfortunately the community hasn't got the money to.....

(MUFFLED EXPLOSION)

(SHARP LOUD CRACK OF WOOD)

(CREAKING AND SPLINTERING OF BRIDGE)

PHIL: What the.....!

JOHNNY: The bridge! She's breaking.

MARK: Stop the car, Phil. Open the doors. We've got to get out of this tin coffin or we'll be drowned like rats in a trap.

(TREMENDOUS CRASH OF WOOD AND SPLASH OF WATER)

MUSIC: -- STING TO COMMERCIAL

NARRATOR: Mark Trail and his friends on a splintering bridge above a raging torrent of water. As the car plunges down in the maelstrom below them Mark and his friends struggle frantically to escape. What will happen? We'll learn in a moment when we return to Mark Trail, but first.....(COMMERCIAL)

NARRATOR: Now back to Mark Trail. Mark and Johnny Malotte are on their way to Coronet, Wyoming, at the invitation of Phil Ramsey, head of a Ranchers Association in that Area. The ranchers are facing bankruptcy and ruin because of lack of Flood control measures there. Ramsey has hopes that Mark will come up with a cheap but effective way of controlling the water run off. As Ramsey was driving Mark and Johnny across the old wooden bridge spanning the flood swollen Coronet river, the bridge gave way.

(ROARING OF RIVER)

(SPLINTERING AND CRACKING OF WOOD)

MARK: Johnny, open that car door! Get out fast!

JOHNNY: You bet, Mark!

MARK: Phil....

PHIL: The door's jammed on this side, Mark. I can't get out.

MARK: The other door, come on! Grab my hand!

JOHNNY: Mark, the car's nosing into the water! Quick out.

MARK: Come on Phil!

(BIG RUSH OF WATER ON MIKE)

JOHNNY: Mark! Mark!

(BREAK WATER)

MARK: Okay, Johnny! Give me a hand with, Phil. He got a lungfull of water.

JOHNNY: Here! I grab heem! Hang on to the bridge!

MARK: Got him!

JOHNNY: Yes. By gar! Thees current. She pin you right against bridge.

MARK: Lucky for us. Let the current pin you against the bridge

MARK: (CONTINUED) while we work our way to shore.

JOHNNY: Right.

MARK: How's Phil?

JOHNNY: Unconscious.

MARK: Keep him between us and stay next to the bridge. Don't let the current pull you under and below it.

JOHNNY: Right, Mark.

MARK: Now come on. Let's try to make shore.

MUSIC: -- BRIDGE

(ROARING OF WATER SLIGHTLY OFF)

PHIL: (CHOKES, COUGHS)

MARK: Easy, Phil.

PHIL: (COUGHS)

JOHNNY: I theenk you pump all the water out of him, Mark.

MARK: How do you feel, Phil? Can you talk now.

PHIL: Yeah. Feel like I swallowed the whole Coronet River.

JOHNNY: You almost do I theenk.

PHIL: Guess I owe my life to you two.

MARK: Not to us, Phil. Just a lucky break.

PHIL: Lucky?

MARK: Yes. The bridge pile snapped on the upstream side, so when we went in the water the broken bridge acted as a dam. Kept us from being washed away.

JOHNNY: Eef she snap on the downstream side, none of us be here now.

MARK: As it is you can kiss your car good bye.

PHIL: Rather that than my life.

MARK: How far is it from here into town?

PHIL: About three miles.

JOHNNY: I theenk we got walk in front of us.

MARK: You feel up to it, Phil.

PHIL: Oh, sure.

MARK: Well then let's mount shank's mare and get started. The sooner we get there the sooner we'll find out whether we can do anything about controlling flood waters like we just escaped from.

MUSIC: -- BRIDGE

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

(FOOTSTEPS FADE ON)

NICK: Been waiting for you Jasper. Where've you been?

JASPAR: In a meeting, Nick.

NICK: Well, just wanted to tell you you don't have to worry about Mark Trail anymore.

JASPAR: Don't I?

NICK: No. Your idea worked beautifully. Trail, Ramsey and that other guy who was with them. They ain't no more.

JASPAR: Then I guess I've been talking to ghosts for the last hour.

NICK: What?

JASPAR: My meeting was with Trail, Ramsey, and the other guy... Johnny Malotte.

NICK: Just now?

JASPAR: That's right.

NICK: But I blew the bridge. I saw the car plunge into the water.

JASPAR: You should have stayed around a little longer, because they got out of it.

NICK: But how. Nobody could have lived in that current.

JASPAR: Nobody but Trail.

NICK: Jaspar, I swear.....

JASPAR: Forget it. To make a bad pāny on words, ## it's water under the bridge. The important thing is to make sure our next bry stops him.

NICK: What's he going to do?

JASPAR: Hasn't said yet. He and Malotte are going upland for a couple of days to survey the watershed. See if some idea he's got will work.

NICK: What do we do?

JASPAR: Wait. If he thinks it will work he's going to have a meeting with Ramsey and me to tell us the idea. That's why I want you to stand by, because we go to work on ruining whatever his plan is the minute I leave that meeting.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE

PHIL: Well, Mark. You ad Johnny have been out on the watershed for three days. Come up with anything yet.

MARK: I think so, Phil.

JASPAR: I hope so, Mr. Trail.

JOHNNY: Don't you worry, Mr. Lamar. Mark got one peachy scheme.

PHIL: Not too expensive I hope?

MARK: Shouldn't be, Phil

JASPAR: What is it?

MARK: Beaver.

JASPAR: Beaver.

PHIL: What about them, Mark?

MARK: Well according to what I know about this part of the country, this was good beaver hunting ground years ago.

JASPAR: Yes, but they're practically extinct now.

JOHNNY: Still some around. Mark and me we find spoor, few beaver pond way up land.

PHIL: So?

MARK: The fact that they were hunted so vigourously is one of the reasons for your present troubles, Phil.

JASPAR: We want to know how to get out of these troubles, Mr. Trail. Not the reason for them.

MARK: What got you in will get you out. Beavers are the best damn builders in the world. If you import between a thousand and fifteen hundred pairs of beaver, release them in the upland watershed, they'll start building your dams for you right away.

JASPAR: That's a great idea, Mr. Trail.

JOHNNY: I know where you get beaver too. Got friend in Canada, Northern Idaho send you all the live beaver you want.

MARK: And the country around here is pretty good in natural cover and forage for them. They should thrive providing you enact and enforce vigourous laws against trapping and hunting them.

PHIL: Mark, you've hit it, but how expensive will it be?

MARK: Shouldn't cost more than five, maybe seventhousand dollars.

PHIL: We can raise that easily. A pro rata share among all the ranchers and.....

JASPAR: Pro rata my foot. I've pledge three thousand dollars. You spend every cent of it, Phil before you call on any of the other ranchers. I can affordit better than them.

MARK: Befroe you get to excited remember, this is neither a permenent nor immediate cure for your troubles.

JOHNNY: Sure beaver can do just so much.

MARK: It'll be at least a year before you'll see the effects of the beaver damns down here in the valley.

PHIL: A year, even two is all right. Just as long as the soil can hold it's own until we get a perment system of flood control damns built by the government.

MARK: Then you want to try my plan?

PHIL: You bet. What do we need.

JOHNNY: Beaver first, that's plain as you face.

MARK: You can take care of that, Johnny. Arrange with your contacts to start shipping beaver down here.

JOHNNY: Right, Mark. I do.

MARK: Then we'll need a two and a half ton four wheel drive truck.

JASPAR: I can arrange to get one over at the army surplus depot in Laramie.

PHIL: Good deal, Mr. Lamar.

JASPAR: And I'll throw that in on top of the three thousand.

PHIL: Mr. Lamar, you don't have to.....

JASPAR: Nonsense, Phil. I own the biggest spread in the valley. I stand to gain more from this than anyone else.

MARK: Well, let's not argue about who does what. We'll just go to work and put this scheme over easily as long as we're all one hundred percent behind it.

MUSIC: - - BRIDGE

NICK: (DIP IN) So you're one hundred persent behind the

NICK: (CONTINUED) plan, Mr. Lamar.

JASPAR: They think.

NICK: Well it's a beautifully simple idea. Having it's effect already.

JASPAR: What do you mean?

NICK: That option on the Logan place you wanted me to get. It's no deal. When Logan heard about the Trail plan He decided to try# and stick it out for another year or two, see if it works.

JASPAR: Thought this would start happening.

MARK: And Burton would like to buy back the option I've got on his place. They'll all be wanting to do that unless you do something about Trail.

JASPAR: We're going to do it.

NICK: Exactly what?

JASPAR: First I want you to get five or ten good men who aren't particular about how they make a dollar.

NICK: That's easy.

JASPAR: Then we'll order a large supply of beaver traps. When Trail goes out in that truck to distribute the beavers we'll be right behind him with traps and guns.

NICK: Wonderful. Beaver pelts bring a nice price.

JASPAR: That you and the men can keep, I just want to make sure every imported beaver vanishes from that watershed, so that all Trail will have to show for his trouble will be nice truck ride in the country.

MUSIC: -- BRIDGE

(TRUCK MOTOR IN BG)

MARK: Okay, Johnny. You can stop here.

JOHNNY: Thees where we get rid of thee last of thees load
of beaver.

MARK: Good as any other spot.

(TRUCK STOPS)

(TRUCK DOOR OPENS)

MARK: You climb up on the crates Johnny. I'll prod them out
as you open the doors.

JOHNNY: Right, Mark. Ready?

MARK: Yeah.

JOHNNY: Okay.

(GRATE DOORS OPENED)

(STICK BANGED AGAINST CRATE)

MARK: Get going. Come on. Out of there.

(ANIMALS SCURRYING ON TRUCK FLOOR)

(ANIMALS THUMPING ON GROUND)

(ANIMALS SCURRYING OFF THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

JOHNNY: By gar, look at them little devil go.

MARK: Glad to be free.

JOHNNY: They head for first water they smell.

MARK: And start right in building damns I hope.

JOHNNY: How many this make by your count, Mark?

MARK: About three hundred pair.

JOHNNY: Still lot more work to do?

MARK: Yes. So let's get back in the ruck and head back
for town for another load of eager beavers.

MUSIC: — — BRIDGE —

(TRUCK WHEEL SPINNING IN MUD)

JOHNNY: Hey, we stuck real bad, Mark.

MARK: Looks like it.

JOHNNY: Sorry I don't see this sink hole before I
drive in to heem.

MARK: Put in the four wheel drive. Maybe that will pull
us out.

JOHNNY: All right.

(SHIFT GEARS)

JOHNNY: Here we go.

(SPINNING OF WHEEL)

MARK: What's happening?

JOHNNY: The front wheel drive she don't work.

MARK: Great.

(SPINNING OF WHEEL)

MARK: No use spinning the wheel Johnny. We'll only get in
deeper.

(WHEEL STOPS)

JOHNNY: Guess you right, Mark.

MARK: Come on. Let's get out and cut some brush down. We'll
shove it under the rear wheels and see if that will
give us the traction we need.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

(FOOTSTEPS ON UNDER BRUSH)

MARK: Over this way, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Right weeth you, Mark. I.....hey.

MARK: What's the matter, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Come here. Queek.

(FOOTSTEPS)

JOHNNY: Look. At the base of that tree.

MARK: A beaver trap!

JOHNNY: And brand new.

MARK: Well.

JOHNNY: I guess somebody think we bring the beaver out here just for them to hunt.

MARK: Not so good, Johnny.

JOHNNY: This I can see to. Also ~~this~~ ^{that} fellow who set trap, he's not good trapper.

MARK: What?

JOHNNY: Look, he leave frail heemself.

MARK: Come on, Johnny. We're following that trail to its end.

MUSIC: -- BRIDGE

(FOOTSTPE THROUGH UNDER BRUSH)

JOHNNY: Mark!

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

MARK: What, Johnny.

JOHNNY: I smell smoke. Campfire ahead someplace.

MARK: (SNIFFS) You're right. Take it slow from here on.

(SLOW FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

MARK: Look, Johnny. Down thereat the edge of that beaver pond.

JOHNNY: Campfire. Eight or ten men.

MARK: Skinning beaver. Come on, Johnny. Down on your belly. We'll inch closer through the tall grass of the clearing. I want to be able to recognize those men.

JOHNNY: Me to, Mark.

(CRAWLING ON GROUND)

MARK: Easy does it,

JOHNNY: Yes.

MARK: Make out any faces yet.

JOHNNY: No, I.....hey, Mark. One of them is Jaspar Lamar.

MARK: Lamar!

JOHNNY: Yes. Look he seem to be boss.

MARK: Well, this calls for some.....

(OFF FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

JOHNNY: Hey, Mark. Someone coming behind us.

MARK: We'd better....

JOHNNY: Look. Back there. Fellow with gun. He see us.

NICK: (OFF) Hey, you two!

MARK: Come on, Johnny. Run for it. That clump of woods up ahead.

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

(OFF THREE SHOTS)

MUSIC: _ _ STING

(RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)

JASPAR: Nick, you moron! I told you not to shoot. Trail may be within hearing of that.

NICK: That's who I was shooting at. He was laying right here in the grass spying on you.

JASPAR: He saw me?

NICK: Must have. They broke and ran for that patch of woods over there.

JASPAR: Well that settles it. We flush them out and get rid of them once and for all. Get the# men. Tell them to spread out and go through that patch. And you can tell them there'll be a thousand dollar bonus for whoever gets trail and his friend.

MUSIC: _ _ STING

(FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

JOHNNY: Mark, we don't get out of thees. All those feller
got gun, we got none.

MARK: I know, Johnny.

JOHNNY: They flush us out of this woods pretty soon.

MARK: We'll go out before they do.

JOHNNY: What.

MARK: Yes. Now listen to me, Johnny. When I give the signal
we break and run. Straight for that beaver pond.

JOHNNY: The pond? But we be sitting ducks in the water, Mark.
Don't argue, Johnny. Do as I say. Now get ready!

MUSIC: -- BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS)

JASPAR: If they get away, Nick, we may as well.....

NICK: They won't ~~Jaspar~~. We're twelve to two.

JASPAR: I hope it's enough, I.....

(OFF GUN SHOTS)

NICK: Look. ~~There~~ they go.

JASPAR: They're heading for the pond.

NICK: Wonderful we'll pick them off for sure.

(WAY OFF SPLASH OF WATER)

NICK: Come on, Jaspar. Start shooting. They're dead ducks
now.

(RIFLE SHOTS)

MUSIC: -- STING TO COMMERCIAL

NARRATOR: Mark and Johnny trapped in a beaver pond with twelve
armed men on the banks shooting at them. Why did
Mark insist on diving into such an obvious dead end?
We'll learn in a moment when we return to Mark Trail.

NARRATOR: Now back to Mark Trail. Mark and Johnny are swimming for their lives across a small beaver pond as Jasper Lamar and his men stand on the banks peppering the water with rifle shots.

(SWIMMING)

(OFF RIFLE SHOTS)

JOHNNY: Mark, we never get out of thees. They hit us sure

MARK: Save your breath, Johnny.

(SWIMMING)

MARK: Johnny, take a deep breath and grab my feet as I dive under water.

JOHNNY: Okay, Mark.

MARK: And hang on to them. We've got a long way to swim under water, but we're going to swim out of this mess. Ready?

JOHNNY: Ready.

MARK: Let's go.

(SPLASH OF WATER)

(SOUND OF SWIMMING OUT)

(RIFLE SHOTS)

MUSIC: -- -- **STING**

(FOLLOWING SCENE ON SLIGHT ECHO)

(BREAKING WATER)

MARK: Johnny...you all right?

JOHNNY: BY gar, Mark! I feel like...hey she's dark like night. Where we be,

MARK: In a Beavers den. That mud hole we squeezed through was the under water entrance.

JOHNNY: No wonder I feel Like I been through a needle's eye.

MARK: Now quiet down Johnny. We sit here in silence.
Until Lamar and his men think we're dead.

MUSIC: - - BRIDGE

NICK: We must have hit them, Jaspas. They've been under
for at least ten minutes now.

JASPAR: Looks like it.

NICK: They didn't come out anywhere. Our men are covering
every inch of the bank.

JASPAR: Well, the job was finally done right. Tell them there'll
be a hundred dollar bonus for each of them. They can come
in to town tonight and celebrate, while I sit and hold
Ramsey's hand as he waits for a Mark Trail who'll never
show up,

MUSIC: - - BRIDGE

PHIL: I can't understand it, Mr. Lamar. Mark should have
been back long ago.

JASPAR: I'm beginning to get worried myself.

PHIL: If the truck broke down he should surely have called
in by now.

JASPAR: Perhaps we'd better organize a searching party, I'll...
(OFF DOOR OPENS)

MARK: (OFF) That won't be necessary, Mr. Lamar.

PHIL: Mark!

JASPAR: Trail!

PHIL: What happened to you and Johnny. You're all scratched,
muddy, you.....

(FOOTSTEPS)

JOHNNY: Mark, he try to get away.

MARK: No you don't.

JASPAR: Let go of me!

(FIGHT SOUNDS)

MARK: Here's something to remember.

(BLOW ON JAW)

JASPAR: (REACT)

(BODY FALL)

PHIL: What the....? Why'd you do that? What's this all about.

MARK: Pick, Lamar up Johnny.

JOHNNY: You bet.

MARK: We'll tell you the whole story, Phil. Once we've turned Mr. Ramsey over to the county sherriff.

MUSIC: -- BRIDGE

PHIL: (DIP IN) So all the time Lamar was really sabotaging the flood control idea.

MARK: That's right, Phil. He figured to buy up land at it's present depressed value, then hold out until the government built it's project, and that way profit from the tremendous rise in value the land would take.

JOHNNY: Ees good thing we find him out.

PHIL: That's wonderful, Mark. Particularly the way you escaped from them.

JOHNNY: You bet I never think of such an original way to escape.

MARK: Nothing original about it, Johnny.

PHIL: Don't be modest, Mark.

MARK: I mean it. I remembered the trick from my reading of American history. In the early Indian days many lone trappers escaped in the same way from savages on the warpath.

JOHNNY: This is so, Mark.

MARK: Sure, Johnny. You ought to read history once in a while. Those old timers had a lot of tricks to save their scalps, and I've got no objection to being old fashioned when it comes to saving our lives.

MUSIC: -- -- CURTAIN --