

THE LONE RANGER: "FEAR"

Cast:

LONE RANGER

TONTO

DAN REED

SHERIFF JIM BARNES

EVERETT BARNES

BARKEEP

BANKER THOMAS

JUDY MASON

MONK SAVAGE

TRIG

SLIM GLETCHER

BILLY

JOHNNY

U.S. MARSHAL

MUSIC:WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE - HORSE GALLOPING

LR:"HI HO, SILVER, AWAY!!!"

FX:SHOTS (6)

ANNOUNCER:A FIERY HORSE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE CLOUD OF DUST AND A :HEARTY "HI HO SILVER" -- THE LONE RANGER!

FX:WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE (THE WHOLE THING)

ANNOUNCER:With his faithful Indian companion Tonto, the daring and resourceful masked rider of the plains led the fight for law and order in the early western United States. No where in the pages of history can one find a greater champion of justice. Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear.

FX:GRADUALLY BRING UP HOOF BEATS

ANNOUNCER:From out of the past come the thundering hoof beats of the great horse Silver. The Lone Ranger rides again! FX:LOUD HOOFBEATS

LR (from a distance):Come on, Silver! Let's go, big fella! Hi Ho, Silver -- AWAAYY!!

FX:HOOFBEATS FADE TO MUSIC - BRING MUSIC UP (KEEP MUSIC UNDER ANNOUNCER)

ANNOUNCER:There was death in Piute Basin that afternoon. It's ugly pattern was in the ugly swoop of a single buzzard that hovered high overhead. Its ominous threat was in the stifling heat of a relentless sun and its certainty was in the eyes of a man who lay mortally wounded at the foot of Indian Bluff. His eyes now dimming rapidly saw three horsemen rein up their mounts a short distance from where he lay. BARNES (DYING):(MOANING IN BACKGROUND)

FX:HORSES RIDING UP

LR/TONTO/DAN:"Whoa -- whoa!" "Steady, big fella" "Whoa, Scout"

FX:(HORSEMEN DISMOUNT, AND WALK QUICKLY TO THE MOANING MAN ON THE GROUND.)

LR:You were right, Tonto, there is a man here. Looks like he's badly wounded.

(FX:LOW GRUNT AS HE KNEELS DOWN TO THE MAN ON THE GROUND.)

TONTO:Uh huh. Buzzard in sky always give sign.

DAN:Golly.

LR:Go back to the horses, Dan. Bring a blanket and a canteen of water.

DAN:Sure.

FX:QUICK FOOTSTEPS, FADING OUT

LR:He's wounded all right - badly wounded. Help me turn him over, Tonto.

FX:SOUNDS OF TURNING OVER MAN, WITH EFFORT.

TONTO:Uh huh

BARNES:(moans)

LR:Well, he's still alive, even with bullet wounds like these.

FX:FOOTSTEPS COMING BACK

DAN:Here's the blanket and the canteen.

LR:Good, now while I give him a drink of water, you fold the blanket into a pallet.

TONTO:Ahh, me fix.

LR:Steady!

FX:MAN GULPING WATER

LR:There, I think he's coming to.

TONTO:His wounds plenty bad. We fix 'em?

LR:At least we can try.

BARNES:More. More water.

LR:Here. Take it easy, fella.

TONTO:Me have clean bandana. Tear up for bandage.

LR:Good. Dan, get us a some wood and build a fire. We'll need plenty of hot water.

DAN:I'll do it right away.

BARNES:Thanks. Thanks for all you're trying to do, Stranger, but I won't live long enough to see that water boil.

LR:You'll pull through. Steady now. I'll have to rip off your shirt so we can bandage your shoulder.

FX:RIPPING CLOTH

BARNES:Than...OOH OH

LR:Now, lie still for a few moments till we get some hot water.

BARNES:Why, this doesn't make sense. You, the Injin... and the kid,... part of Monk Savage's gang... helping me.

LR:You mean Monk Savage, the outlaw? We're not part of his gang.

BARNES:But you're wearing a mask.

LR:It doesn't mean I'm an outlaw. Neither are my friends. You're a lawman aren't you? I noticed the star on your vest.

BARNES:Barnes is my name. Jim Barnes.

LR:Sheriff of Cahill County. I've heard of you.

BARNES:But, not for very much longer. Monk Savage and his crew changed all that when they put this lead in my back.

LR:Are you sure it was Savage who shot you?

BARNES:Him and his gang of sneakin', murdurin', cattle-rustlin'...

LR:When did this happen?

BARNES:About 30 minutes ago. I trailed em from the Sawtooth Range. They split up here in the basin and I rode into their trap. They got me in the back.

LR:They won't get away with it.

BARNES:It's already done. See, Stranger, even if I was goin' to stick around, which I'm not, I couldn't prove that it was Monk and his gunslingers that nailed me.

LR:Why not?

BARNES:They were all wearing masks, just like you.

LR:Oh, I see.

BARNES:But I think I could have proved a case against them in court. Proved who the real boss is behind Monk's gang and all their robbing and cattle stealing.

LR:You can still prove it.

BARNES:Not from where I'm going.

LR:Your deputies. Give the evidence to them - they can..

BARNES:There's only one deputy, my brother, Everett. Everett's kind of hard to explain. I don't think he'd..

LR:Why not?

BARNES:Well, see Everett's my kid brother. But he's not like me. We're as different as night and day.

LR:What's the evidence you have against Savage and whoever's behind him.

BARNES:Nothing really. I had one of Monk's gunny's in jail a while back. An hombre named Slim Fletcher. Slim did a lot of talkin'. If I could have got him and Monk in court...

LR:Did Slim say anything you could use as evidence?

BARNES:No. That's the trouble. Before I could get him to do that Monk broke him out.

LR:Did he mention any names that would help?

BARNES:Only one that's important and that'd be hard to prove.

LR:Who is it? Tell me and I'll see if ..

BARNES:ohhhhhhhh (groans)

LR:Steady.

BARNES:That's funny - it's getting real chilly out here - even when the sun 's beatin' down.

LR:Hang on, Jim!

BARNES:I'm worried about Ev. He never wanted to come out West . Never wanted to be my deputy. Now I'm leavin' him all alone.

LR:Don't worry about your brother, Sheriff. I promise you he'll get along all right.

BARNES:You - you promise?

LR:That's what I said.

BARNES:I don't know why, stranger, maybe it's the way you talk or somethin'. This is the first and I guess the last time in my life I'll ever believe a man wearing a mask....
...uhhh. (dies)

DAN:The water's ready, it's boiling.

LR:Never mind, Dan, we won't need it now.

TONTO:Lawman dead?

LR:Yes, Tonto. He's dead.

DAN:Gee, there's no way of finding out who killed him.

LR:Yes, there is.

TONTO:We trail outlaw?

LR:No. First we'll take Jim's body home, back to the town of Cahill.

DAN:Then what?

LR:Then I have a promise to keep. I want to see Everett, Jim Barnes' brother.

FX:MUSIC UP - INTERLUDE

ANNOUNCER:Everett Barnes had long been a mystery to the town of Cahill. The quiet, soft-spoken brother of the Sheriff was an amateur entomologist. He collected and classified insects. Naturally such an occupation seemed utterly without rhyme or reason to most of the town's cow punchers and horse wranglers. In fact only two people really understood Everett. One was his brother and the other a very pretty young woman named Judy Mason.

FX:FOOT STEPS ON WOOD

EVERETT:I, aww, I might as well admit it, Judy. I'm scared, scared to death.

JUDY:No, you're not. And the best way to prove it is by going right into the Longhorn Cafe and arresting Monk Savage.

EVERETT:I - I'll try.

JUDY:And you'll put it over. I'll wait for you over at the bank. Mr. Thomas wants me to help him work on the books tonight. Remember Everett, I'll be waiting for you.

FX:FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY

EVERETT:All right. Oh - oh - I'd just as soon try to pick up a black widow spider as arrest Monk Savage.

FX:BAR SOUNDS - VOICES, HONKY TONK PIANO-

BARKEEP:Well, good evenin', Everett. What's ya drinkin'

EVERETT:I, er, Nothing. Thanks just the same.

BARKEEP:Oh, excuse me, kid, didn't see the badge you were wearin'. You the new sherriff?

EVERETT:I guess I'll have to be until election time comes up again.

BARKEEP:Bein' a lawman is no job for you, Everett. And you know it.

EVERETT:Maybe not, but my brother wanted it this way, so I'm going to carry out his wishes.

BARKEEP:Uhh, Sorry to hear it. Mighty sorry. You're sittin' on a keg of blastin' powder. Here it comes, right now.

EVERETT:What do you mean?

BARKEEP:Monk Savage, headin' this way.

EVERETT:Good, that's why I'm here.

MONK:Ho Ho!! Well, if it ain't little Everett Barnes, the bug chaser. Ha ha. Up kinda' late, aincha?

FX:FOOT STEPS

EVERETT:No, Monk. I'm here for a particular reason. To see you.

MONK:Yeah? What do you want me to do, help you catch some caterpillars? Ha ha!

FX:LAUGHTER FROM OTHERS IN BAR - BAR NOISES UNDER

EVERETT:My brother was murdered this afternoon. Shot from ambush.

MONK:Is that so? That's too bad. Leaves Cahill without a sheriff.

EVERETT:No, it doesn't. As Jim's only deputy, I'm taking his place.

MONK:You? Why, I never figgered Ha Ha Ha Did ya hear that, gents? Our little fly boy's gonna be a lawman. HA ha ha ha.

FX:LAUGHTER

EVERETT:It was you who killed my brother. He who sent me that message so I know it's true.

MONK:What's that?

EVERETT:I said you killed him. You're under arrest for murder.

MONK:Arrest? HAH! Did you hear that, gents, the butterfly kid is arresting me!

FX:GROUP LAUGHTER

EVERETT:It's not funny, Monk. Hand over your guns.

MONK:Why, you! Listen, you young whelp! Nobody arrests Monk Savage. You're packing a gun. You'd better go for it 'cuz I'm shootin' that tin star off your vest and makin' you dance while I do it.

FX:BAR NOISES ERUPT (I.E. "PULL YOUR GUN!")

MONK:This is a pretty good size town kid, but it's too small to hold you and me. NOW DANCE!!

FX:GUN FIRE - LAUGHTER

EVERETT:Wait! Don't! ...Stop!

FX:GUN FIRE MONK:The new Sherriff can't handle a gun folks, but he sure does a mighty fast toe dance!

FX:LAUGHTER

EVERETT:I - I -

MONK:You heard what I said, bug-catcher! Get outta my sight! Climb on one of your butterflies and get out of town.

EVERETT:I - I

MONK:I mean - git!

FX:BAR NOISE --- DOOR CLOSING

Barkeep:That's a shame. Poor kid.

JOHNNY:Poor kid, nothin'. He's the new sherriff and he's yellow all the way through.

MONK:Head for the bar boys, the drinks are on me.

FX:YAHOO, WHOOPEE, MUSIC INTERLUDE

FX:FOOT STEPS

EVERETT:(heavy breathing, sobs, muttering) Get outta town. I'll get...

FX:DOOR OPEN, FOOTSTEPS, DOOR CLOSED, FOOTSTEPS

EVERETT:I knew I couldn't do it. I knew that. What I need is a lamp. Here it is.

FX:LIGHTING AN OIL LAMP

LR:That's much better, Everett. I don't like to sit in the dark.

EVERETT:What? (gasp) Mask ! An outlaw! How did you get in here?

LR:Through the back door, when the coroner came to take Jim's body.

EVERETT:And you knew that Jim was... Who are you?

LR:Someone who wants to help you, if you'll let me.

EVERETT:How could a masked outlaw? Oh, it doesn't make any difference. I don't care who you are. I'm leaving town.

LR:Is that so? When?

EVERETT:Right now. Just as soon as I can pack some clothes.

LR>You're the sheriff of Cahill. Who'll take your place if you leave?

EVERETT:Oh, I don't care.

LR:Everett, your brother was killed this afternoon. Killed in the line of duty.

EVERETT:You mean he was murdered. Just because he was unlucky enough to be a sheriff.

LR:On the contrary. I think Jim Barnes was proud of being a lawman.

EVERETT:Sure, that's the only law this country knows. Kill or get killed. I'm sick of it. Now that Jim's gone, I'm gonna leave.

LR:Hmmm. What are all these glass jars on the table? Are they empty?

FX:A SINGLE BUZZING, LOUD.

EVERETT:No, they contain specimens from my collection. Live ones.

LR:Specimens?

FX:BUZZING FADES

EVERETT:Wasps and bees. Well, I- I sort of raise them too. You probably noticed the beehives in the front yard. There are several large wasps nests in that tree by the fence.

LR:Wasps and bees, eh. Entomology must be interesting work.

EVERETT:Oh, it is. There are several thousand different varieties of hominoptra insectae in this desert country and so far I've classified only about two hundred.

LR.:Hmm. One of your bees, (FX:SINGLE LOUD BUZZING) the one inside this jar isn't enjoying his new home very much.

FX:BUZZ GETS LOUDER, THEN FADES

EVERETT:Oh, that isn't a bee, it's a black-winged wasp. He's from that nest out in the tree. I just captured him yesterday. He's very vicious.

LR:I'm glad he's inside the jar and not out.

FX:HORSES

EVERETT:Somebody just rode up outside. Did you hear?

LR:Yes. I...

MONK:(calls from outside) BARNES, SHERIFF BARNES!!

EVERETT:It's Monk Savage and some of those men who ride with him. They must be coming to...

MONK:I told you to get out of town, Barnes. I'm here to see that you git. Come on out.

EVERETT:He threatened me earlier tonight. At the Longhorn Cafe when I --

LR:Yes, I know all about that. My friends were there and saw what happened.

MONK:You'd better come on out, Barnes, or we'll riddle that shack with lead!

FX:SHOUTING, GROUP THREATS

EVERETT:They're going to start shooting.

LR:Turn down the light, Everett, Quick!

EVERETT:All right.

FX:BLOWING OUT THE LIGHT, TURNING THE GAS OFF

MONK:DOUSIN' THAT LIGHT WON'T HELP YOU NONE! Let him have it, boys!

EVERETT:He's right. They'll start shooting.

LR:So will I. That'll make it even.

FX:GUN SHOTS , FOLLOWED BY- MUSIC

ANNOUNCERTHE CURTAIN FALLS ON THE FIRST ACT OF OUR LONE RANGER STORY. BEFORE THE NEXT EXCITING SCENES, PLEASE PERMIT US TO PAUSE FOR JUST A FEW MOMENTS.

FX:INTERLUDE MUSIC (SHORTEN)

ANNOUNCER:NOW TO CONTINUE OUR STORY. MONK SAVAGE AND HIS GANG Poured round after round of flaming lead into the darkened house where the lone ranger and Everett Barnes crouched on either side of the shattered window.

FX:GUN SHOTS

LR:Stay back, Everett. Back. You'd better hug the floor. They're shooting high.

FX:GUN SHOTS, SHOUTING

EVERETT:We haven't got a chance. There's a whole gang out there. They'll keep moving up.

FX:BREAKING GLASS, FOLLOWED BY LOTS OF BUZZING

EVERETT:They're breaking all my specimen jars. The wasps will get away and I never be able to...

LR:We can't worry about that. Wait a minute. Didn't you say there was a big nest of them in that tree out there?

EVERETT:Yes, it's hanging from that big limb on the right side. But what good will that do?

LR:Maybe plenty if I can... Oh yes, I can see it now. Those men are right beneath it.

FX:SHOTS

TRIG:Kids slingin' a lot of lead but he's shootin' high. Let's move in and get him.

FX:BUZZING

BILLY:Yeah, we'll get him! --- Ow-oh-ow...I'm bein' stung. There's a million of 'em!
Oww, oww! : FX:HORSES NEIGHING

MONK:Hey! What tha? Slim, what's the matter with you? Hold that horse down!

SLIM:I can't hold him with these things flyin', sting...Ow!

TRIG:Monk, can't you see 'em? There's millions of 'em.

MONK:Keep throwin' lead into that shack! Don't let a few fl...Ow!

TRIG:Now, maybe you know what we're up against!

BILLY:What happened to Slim? Can't he even...

MONK:I don't know! I can't hold this critter either. Come on, let's get out of here!

FX:HORSES GALLOPING AWAY

FX:FOOTSTEPS

EVERETT:Golly, you certainly made them turn and run.

LR:Well, I didn't, Everett, it was your wasps that did that.

EVERETT:Wasps?Ohh, you mean the nest in the tree. You broke it open with bullets and golly!

FX:NIGHT SOUNDS (CRICKETS)

LR:At least they've gone. That's the most important part. I don't think Monk and his friends will be back anymore tonight. Well, have you changed your mind, Everett, about staying on as Sheriff?

EVERETT:Oh, what good would it do? Even if I did stay here, I'd still be afraid of guns, and men like Monk.

LR:Afraid?

EVERETT:Sure. I'm just plain scared. I might as well admit it.

FX:MUSIC UP - INTERLUDE

HORSES GALLOPING

LR:Whoa there, Silver. Whoa, big fella! Easy!

TONTO:Kimosabe - you all right? We hear shots.

DAN:Golly, was it a gunfight?

LR:Steady, Big Fella.

FX:LR DISMOUNTS

LR:Not much of a fight, Dan. I was at Everett Barnes' house when Monk Savage tried to run him out of town.

DAN:Gee, I hope Everett didn't back down like he did in the Cafe.

LR:No, he didn't back down. Tonto.

TONTO:Uh.:

LR:I want you to ride to the county seat. There's a United States Marshall's office there. Bring a deputy back here with you.

TONTO:Uh. Here, Scout. That plenty long ride.

FX:HORSE HOOVES , HORSE NEIGHS : LR:I know. I want you to start now and get back as soon as you can.

TONTO:Uh. Me do it. (FX:MOUNTING HORSE) What Tonto tell deputy?

LR:Tell him about Jim Barnes being killed and that Everett, Jim's Brother, wants to present proof identifying the Sheriff's murderer.

TONTO:Uh. Get up Scout.

FX:HORSE GALLOPING

DAN:Golly, does Everett know who killed his brother?

LR:Not definitely. He still has to prove it.

DAN:We all know it was Monk Savage. Everett is sheriff now. Why doesn't he just arrest Monk?

LR:He can't do that for two reasons, Dan. First, there can be no legal conviction without proof. Second, Everett Barnes can't arrest Monk Savage because he's afraid.

DAN:I know. Tonto and I saw what happened in the Cafe tonight.

LR:But even though Everett is afraid, I'm sure he isn't a real coward.

DAN:I don't understand.

LR:Well, in reality, the only thing he's afraid of is fear.

DAN:You mean, like being scared of the dark when you don't know what you're afraid of.

LR:That's it. Fear that's based on nothing. A powerful force unless you can overcome it.

DAN:But what can Everett do?

LR:Quite a bit if we help him

DAN:How?

LR:We're going to use the same force of fear to trap Savage.

DAN:Golly, I don't see how.

LR:You'd better get some sleep now, Dan. Tonto won't be back until tomorrow afternoon and we've got a lot of things to do in the morning.

DAN:Tell me what they are.

LR:First, I'm going back to Everett's house. You'll have two errands to do.

DAN:Two? : LR:Yes. Deliver a news item to the Courier. That's the Cahill newspaper. Then be sure that plenty of copies are distributed all over town.

MUSIC INTERLUDE

FX:VOICES, SILVERWARE (JOHNNY, TRIG, BILLY, SLIM)

BARKEEP:Hey, did you gents see this copy of the Courier? Kid just left it in here.

SLIM:What about it? Anything new?

BARKEEP:Plenty. Big story about Everett Barnes, our new sheriff.

TRIG:What's he gonna do? Chase some more butterflies?

FX:LAUGHTER

BARKEEP:Listen - it says "The prowlers who shot up Sheriff Barnes' house last night may cause instant death for many innocent people."

FX:MUMBLING VOICES

BILLY:What does that mean?

BARKEEP:Shut up and I'll read it to you. It says "While it is a well-known fact that our new sheriff is an amateur entomologist," That means he collects bugs.

LISTENERS:Oh.

BARKEEP:"It is not so well-known that the sheriff's insect collection contains several varieties of poisonous wasps."

LISTENERS:WHAT? POISON?

BARKEEP:"The sting of one of these little creatures, the black winged species, can cause instant death. Even horses are sometimes affected.

BILLY:Horses? Say, that must have been what was

JOHNNY:The brother ain't such a peaceable gent after all - heh, heh, heh, heh

BARKEEP:Hey, here's another item about the sheriff. It says, "Everett Barnes has obtained a confession from one of gang who bushwhacked his brother.."

TRIG:What's that?

BARKEEP:It's right here in black and white. Says, "Sheriff Barnes is keepin' the evidence under lock and key in his home until he can turn it over to the Federal officers." What do ya think of that?

TRIG:Well, maybe the kid's smarter than we think.

BARKEEP:If he nails the murdering skunk that shot Sherriff Jim - I'm for him.

TRIG:Hey, I wonder if I uh - I mean, where can I get a copy of that paper.

BARKEEP:No trick to that. There's a kid out on the street givin' em away.

TRIG:I'm going to find him. See you all later.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE MUSIC

FX:DOOR OPENING, FOOTSTEPS, DOOR CLOSED

BANKER THOMAS:What's going on out here, Miss Mason? You know I don't approve of employee's having visitors during banking hours.

JUDY:I haven't had any visitors, Mr. Thomas.

THOMAS:Didn't I see a young boy standing by your desk a few moments ago?

JUDY:He just brought me a copy of today's Courier. I - well, I was interested in the story.

THOMAS:Which story?

JUDY:The story about the men who tried to kill Everett Barnes last night.

THOMAS:Everett Barnes. Let me see that paper. (FX:RUSTLING OF PAPER) Well.

JUDY:Isn't it wonderful? That Everett knows who the men are who killed his brother.

THOMAS:Yes, I'm glad to hear it.

JUDY:And I'm sure that a lot of people here in town didn't realize that Everett's collection of insects include...

THOMAS:You're quite right Judy. This is a very interesting news article.
(FX:RUSTLING OF PAPER) Well, I believe I'll go out for lunch now. I'll be back shortly.

FX:FOOTSTEPS

JUDY:Yes, Mr. Thomas.

MUSIC INTERLUDE

FX:DOOR OPENING - FOOTSTEPS

SLIM:Oh, Hi, Monk, Trig.

MONK:Slim, what's this about a confession you made and signed before we took care of Jim Barnes?

SLIM:I never signed any confession. The law dog asked a lot of questions.

MONK:You're lyin'. It says right here in the paper
(FX: RUSTLING OF PAPER)
that you did.

SLIM:Ohhhh. I didn't, Monk, honest, I didn't.

MONK:Listen, Slim, Trig and I have got to get that evidence, whatever it is, to protect ourselves. We'll go out to Barnes house tonight.

SLIM:Why, sure, sure, Monk. I'll go.

MONK:But you won't be with us -- you double crossin'...

FX:SOUND OF GUN BEING DRAWN, OR COCKED?

SLIM:No, Monk. Please don't.

MONK:Boss's orders, Slim, and I agree with him, you sneakin' coyote!

FX:GUNSHOTS

MUSIC: INTERLUDE MUSIC

EVERETT:Here's the little package you wanted me to wrap up. It's all sealed and tied.

LR:Good.

EVERETT:Now what do we do with it?

LR:Leave it here on your desk.

EVERETT:How do you know that anybody will try to steal...

LR:I don't. All we can do is go into the next room, turn out the light and wait.

EVERETT:Suppose somebody does show up. It won't prove that they were the ones who killed Jim.

LR:You're right, so the only thing we can bet on is fear. Fear makes men do and say a lot of things. Sometimes they even tell the truth.

EVERETT:Do you think they'll be afraid of..

LR:They oughta be. They read the Courier. Here, blow out the lamp.

FX:SOUND OF METAL, QUICK BREATH

LR:We'll wait in the kitchen. Come on.

FX:FOOTSTEPS - MUSIC INTERLUDE

FX:TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS

TRIG:The house is dark. Maybe the new sheriff has vamoosed.

MONK:Like as not he's in bed. We can handle him. Keep your gun handy.

FX:FOOTSTEPS

TRIG:Yeah.

FX:CREAK OF DOOR. CRICKETS. FOOTSTEPS

MONK:Door ain't even locked.

TRIG:That's kinda funny, Monk. Why should the sheriff...

MONK:Shutup. Follow me.

FX:CREAK OF DOOR - FOOTSTEPS

MONK:Jim Barnes used to have an office right off this front room. If the kid's tryin' to hide anything it'll be in there.

TRIG:How about a light so we can see?

MONK:Wait until we get inside that room.

FX:DOOR - OPEN - CLOSE - FOOTSTEPS

MONK:This is it. Now, strike a match.

TRIG:Yeah.

THOMAS:I don't know who you are, but get your hands up, both of you.

FX:GASPS OF SURPRISE

MONK:Strike a match, Trig, that sounds like...

THOMAS:Trig, Monk - what are you doing here?

TRIG:It's the boss!

MONK:Yeah, I thought that voice sounded familiar. There's a lamp on the desk. Light it.

TRIG:Yeah.

MR. THOMAS:What are you doing here? I didn't give anybody orders to come here.

MONK:I know you didn't. But Trig and me are just as anxious to protect ourselves as you are. How long you been here?

MR. THOMAS:Just a few minutes. I used the passkey on the front door and came in quietly. There's no sign of Barnes, unless he's asleep in the back bedroom.

MONK:So much the better. You gone over this room?

THOMAS>No, I haven't.

TRIG:Hey look! Here on the desk, right by the lamp.

THOMAS:What is it, an envelope?

TRIG:No, it's a flat package. It's sealed.

MONK:Let's see it.

FX:RUSTLING PAPER

MONK:I think this is it, Boss. Look what's written on the outside. "Everett Barnes, Personal, Do Not Open".

THOMAS:Give it to me. Open it.

MONK:Don't be so nervous, Boss. There's plenty of time.

FX:PAPER - BUZZING SOUND

MONK:Hey, what the... bugs! (FX:LOUDER BUZZING) Hey, this is full of them!

THOMAS:These aren't bugs, they're wasps! Those poisonous wasps.

MONK:They'll kill ya - let me outta here!

THOMAS:We can't leave without.....

MONK:Not me, I'm not goin to...Hey, who locked this door?

TRIG:It can't be locked, Monk, we just came in.

THOMAS:Quiet, quiet! Want to wake up Barnes and the whole town?

MONK:I don't care who I wake up! I'm not going to stay in here and get stung --- oooh!!

TRIG:Did one of them catch you, Monk?

MONK:I think so. I'm going to break this door down,

THOMAS:No, you fool! Smash that window! (FX:BREAKING GLASS) That will let them out. Now be quiet, we can't afford to attract attention.

MONK:Listen, Thomas, Trig and I'll do your killin' for you, like Jim Barnes, but we won't have it...

LR:That's all we wanted to hear. Isn't that right, Everett?

EVERETT:It sure is.

MONK:Hey, what the... Masked, a masked owl hoot -- I'll....

LR:You'd better not reach for that gun

MONK:I'll show you!

FX:GUN SHOTS

MONK:oOOOOOOOHHH.

LR:That bullet just smashed your shoulder. :Tonto!

TONTO:Uh-uhh.

LR:That Deputy United States Marshal with you?

FX:FOOTSTEPS

MARSHAL:I certainly am. Thanks to you and what I've just heard, I'm arresting three men for murder.

LR:Good.

THOMAS:You fools!

LR:Can't you see now, Everett, how foolish you were to be afraid of cheap crooks like these?

EVERETT:Yes. : LR:Who were so dumb they were scared stiff of some harmless honey bees.

THOMAS:Bees? I thought them things were...

MARSHAL:You'll have a long time to figure that one out the place where you're goin'.

THOMAS:Well, I'll be.

MARSHAL:Get moving you.

LR:I guess our job is finished, Tonto.

TONTO:Uh-uhh.

LR:Adios, Sheriff Barnes.

EVERETT:Wait a minute! Don't go without...

JUDY:Everett?

EVERETT:Judy.

JUDY:What happened? Please tell me what happened?

EVERETT:I'll tell you all about it later, Judy, Right now I -- all I can think of is what a Masked Man and an Indian taught a sheriff about fear.

LR: (off):HI HO SILVER AWAY!!

FX:MUSIC ----(WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE)

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