

The Lone Ranger

Number 2294-1519

Date 10/3/47

CITY OF MASKS

(GOLL)

37

Ranger and Tonto

Travis.....Easterner. Pres. of R.R.

Yardley.....Phoney Colonel. Easterner. Schemer.

Gregg.....~~Westerner~~ Hot-headed mine super.

Brady.....~~straight~~. Sheriff. Straight.

Biff.....crook

Ace.....crook

Voice

Voice 2

Voice 3

Masters...one line bit.

The Lone Ranger

"The City of Masks"
Ralph Goll

Number: 2294-1579

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annor; It was seldom that J. C. Travis, president of Consolidated Gold Mines, left the comforts of New York to visit his holdings in the West. But a summer night in 1876 found him pacing the floor of his company's office in Lodeville.

(PACING STEPS)

Although three men were with him he seemed less interested in their presence than in a big Seth Thomas clock that ticked on the wall. Travis' companions, seated at a table, watched his movements in uneasy silence. Then as the clock started to boom the hour --

(CLOCK STARTS STRIKING TWELVE)

-- he halted, and faced them.

(STEPS HALT)

Travis; Midnight. He's late.

Brady; How's that, Mr. Travis? Is somebody else supposed to show up?

Travis; Yes, Sheriff Brady. I'm expecting John Masters.

Brady; You mean that private detective I've heard tell so much about?

Travis; That's the man. He promised to make a report tonight. That's why I called this meeting.

Yardley; Look here, Travis, you didn't say anything about bringing a detective along with you from the East.

Travis; I didn't bring him, Cal. Yardley. He's been here for weeks.

Yardley; As vice-president in charge of operations, I should have been advised.

Travis; Masters has been working for me alone - working in his own way.

Yardley; To smash the Black Hundred gang, I suppose.

Travis; Of course. It's high time somebody did something to break up that criminal combination.

Brady; I've done my best as Sheriff, Mr. Travis, but I can't work like this Masters fellow.

Travis; (SARCASTIC) That goes without saying, Sheriff.

Brady; Everybody in Lovewille knows me. They'd know me in a set of green whiskers. And people are so scared of the gang that they won't even pass the time of day with me anymore.

Yardley; The Sheriff's right, Travis. You haven't been here long enough to understand the situation.

Travis; I understand enough. This Black Hundred gang as you call it, has been extorting five thousand dollars a week from our mine here. Now they want ten!

Brady; Ten thousand dollars!

- Travis; Just ask Gregg there. They made the demand on him as mine superintendent.
- Gregg; That's right. And I know what it means if we have to pay. Bankruptcy!
- Brady; I've got my life's savings tied up in Consolidated stock.
- Yardley; I'm in deeper than you, Sheriff. So is Gregg.
- Travis; Gentlemen, that stock won't be worth the printer's ink on the paper if we go on paying tribute to the Black Hundred.
- Yardley; I'll be ruined!
- Travis; Colonel Yardley it doesn't appear that you've done anything to protect your investment.
- Yardley; You're wrong, Travis. I've organized a vigilance committee.
- Brady; All they've done is capture a couple of petty crooks who couldn't any more get into the Black Hundred than I could.
- Travis; Explain yourself, Sheriff.
- Brady; The Black Hundred isn't any ordinary gang of owlhoots. It's kind of like a lodge, if you can savvy that.
- Travis; I've heard of secret societies of criminals.
- Brady; There's supposed to be a hundred outlaws in the gang and each one has a number. The Big Boss is number One.
- Travis; Go on.

Brady; This is hear-say, but as I get it, nobody can join the gang unless he's proved himself to be a killer. Then he has to cross blood.

Travis; Cross blood?

Brady; That's an old prison trick, Mr. Travis. I've seen convicts do it. Instead of swearing an oath of allegiance, they mix a couple of drops of blood.

Travis; That sounds fantastic.

Brady; Maybe so, but it seems to be binding with fellows who wouldn't keep their word otherwise.

Travis; So they're all loyal to Number one?

Brady; It works out that way. But Number One don't take chances. He doesn't let anybody in his outfit know who he is.

Travis; How is that possible?

Brady; When the gang gets together everyone wears a mask same as the vigilantes do.

Travis; Where do these hooligans meet?

Brady; (LAUGHS) Right under our feet! In the old mine shafts that run under the streets of this town. The gang's got some secret way of gettin' in.

Travis; Now I've got a question for you, Gregg. How have you been paying over the blackmail money?

Gregg; I just drop it down one of the old vertical shafts that hasn't been sealed.

Travis; Suppose we stationed a posse there?

Gregg; We tried that. Nobody cares after the money and the next day we had an explosion in the new mine.

Travis; That explosion killed a lot of miners and cost the company two hundred thousand dollars!

Gregg; It was just what the gang had threatened. And now the workers are scared. They're quitting every day. If we have another explosion -- (HESITATES)

Travis; I see. We either have to pay or close up.

Gregg; That's about it.

Travis; In either case Consolidated goes to the wall. Everything depends on Masters.

Gregg; I sure hope your special detective can do something.

(SHOWN OUTSIDE)

Travis; What's that?

Gregg; Some drunken miner, I suppose.

(GROAN OUTSIDE, TRUMPING ON DOOR)

Yardley; Somebody's been hurt! He's trying to get in!

Brady; Easy, gents. I'll handle this. It may be a trick.

Gregg; I'll cover you, Sheriff. Open the door!

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES)

(SEVERAL PANTERING STEPS)

Brady; Hey -- what the --

Travis; It's Masters --

Masters; I'm shot - get Travis -- tell Travis --

Travis; Catch him! He's falling!

(SHUFFLE OF FEET, BODY FALL)

Travis; Masters, it's me! Travis! What do you want to tell me!

Brady; It's no use, Mr. Travis.

Travis; He's got to talk! He's our only hope!

Brady; Then there isn't any hope. He's dead!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc; Several weeks later, the Lone Ranger and Tonto turned their horses into the last stretch of the trail that led to Lodeville.

(HOOFS AT TROT)

They had ridden hard and far and now as they reached the top of a steep ridge, they halted to rest their mounts.

AD LIB: (WHOA'S)

Annrc; Below them lay the gold mining center, its crooked streets and ugly buildings blending perfectly with the scarred and rock-strewn landscape.

Ranger; Tonto, there it is - the town where the Black Hundred murdered our friend, John Masters.

Tonto; Me see, but me not savvy how you get-um letter from a dead man.

- Ranger; Tonto, you remember how we helped Masters find the missing English nobleman two years ago,
- Tonto; Me remember.
- Ranger; at that time I gave him the address of a mail drop thru which he could reach me if he needed help again.
- Tonto; Ugh.
- Ranger; When he found he was likely to be murdered in Lodeville, he wrote to us and left the letter with his landlady, instructing her to mail it only in event of his death. The fact that the letter was mailed tells the rest of the story.
- Tonto; It seem strange him not call for help when it do-um some good.
- Ranger; Professional pride, Tonto. Masters liked to work alone.
- Tonto; Him not tell much in letter.
- Ranger; At least he let us know that the gang has its headquarters in the Gold Nugget Cafe and uses the place to mask a secret entrance to the old mines.
- Tonto; What we do in Lodeville?
- Ranger; There's only one way of breaking up an organization like the Black Hundred. I've got to join it.
- Tonto; Masters' letter make that sound plenty hard. Him say only killer get into gang, become blood brother of leader.
- Ranger; ! I have a plan that'll make the gang want me to join.
- Tonto; Um.

Ranger; As a first step, you'll become the Lone Ranger, wearing my clothes and mask and riding Silver.

Tonto; Me, kemo sabay?

Ranger; (LAUGHS) I thought that would surprise you.

Tonto; Ugh. What you do?

Ranger; I'll dress as a tinhorn gambler, wearing the outfit we picked up before we started.

Tonto; That outfit not fool smart man.

Ranger; That's part of the plan.

Tonto; Me not savvy.

Ranger; You will, because tomorrow night in front of the Gold Nugget you are going to help me murder myself!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(CAFE NOISES)

Anner; Biff Harris, proprietor of the Gold Nugget Cafe stood at the end of his bar, his hard eyes fixed on a poker table in a far corner of the crowded room. As he stared a heavily armed man with the wolfish face and white, well-muscled hands of a professional killer edged up to his elbow. The gunslick spoke without moving his lips.

Ace; I got some news you maybe ought to pass along to Number One.

Biff; Let's have it, Ace.

- Ace; Col. Yardley has posted a bunch of vigilantes in the corral up the street. They're ready to ride at the drop of a hat.
- Biff; "Colonel Yardley!" He got that titled killin' Injun squaws an' kids!
- Ace; I know he isn't dangerous, but I still think Number One ought to let us hang him on his own cottonwood.
- Biff; Anything else, Ace?
- Ace; Yeah. A masked man is hidin' out up at the old powder house on the ridge. Wears a white hat and rides a big white stallion.
- Biff; Must be some road agent on the dodge. Look him over.
- Ace; Sure will, but say - just what are you lookin' at?
- Biff; See that big fellow in the flashy get-up over there?
- Ace; Yeah.
- Biff; He's trying to pass himself off as a gambler. He plays worse poker than a sheepherder.
- Ace; Biff, he must be another private snoop like Masters.
- Biff; Can you figure anybody else trying a dumb trick like that?
- Ace; He's my meat.
- Biff; You can take him. Do the job outside but steer clear of the vigilantes.
- Ace; Look! He's quittin' the game. He's heading this way.

(STEPS UP)

Biff; What luck, stranger?

Ranger; I guess poker isn't my game.

Biff; So I noticed. (LAUGHS) It's not smart to over-play your hand.

Ranger; I'll be back.

(STEPS FADE)

Biff; Let him get thru the batwings before you start after him.

Ace; He's thru.

Biff; Go after him. Put one in his gizzard for me, Ace.

~~Biff;~~ (STEPS FADE)

Biff; Bartender, the drinks are on the house.

(SHOTS OUTSIDE, HOOFS UP AND AWAY OUTSIDE)

AD LIB: (EXCITEMENT)

Ace; (BACK) Biff!

(RUNNING STEPS COME IN)

AD LIB: (EXCITED B.G.)

Biff; What happened, Ace? You didn't gun him down out there, did you?

Ace; Somebody beat me to it!

Biff; What do you mean?

Ace; It was that fellow I told you about - the one in the mask. He rides up, mows down that fake gambler, and then goes galloping off with the fellow's carcass.

Biff; Why the son-of-a-gun!

Ace; He must have been layin' for that detective! But why'd he bother to carry off the corpse?

Biff; Probably wants to search it or keep it from being ~~found~~ identified. Smart work, I say.

(HOOFS COME UP OUTSIDE)

AD LIB: (CONFUSION OUTSIDE)

Ace; Now what? Come on, Biff, let's go see.

(RUNNING STEPS, HOOFS CLATTERING)

Biff; It's the vigilantes! They're out to get the masked man!

AD LIB: (YELLS OF GET UP'S)

MUSIC: BURST

(HOOFS SUSTAIN, ONE HORSE FAST)

Annrc; Silver easily outdistanced the vigilantes despite the fact that he carried both the Lone Ranger, disguised as a gambler, and Tonto wearing the Lone Ranger's clothes. The powerful stallion was brought to a halt near the old powderhouse where Scout had been left.

(HOOFS HALT, HORSE NICKERS,)

AD LIB: (DISMOUNTING)

(NIGHT NOISES)

Tonto; What we do now?

Ranger; Get out of my clothes and into your own while I strip
off this gambler's get-up.

Tonto; Me do that plenty quick.

Ranger; (CHANGING CLOTHES) Take this fancy mustache and give
me my mask. I'll wear it over the rest of my
disguise.

Tonto; (CHANGING CLOTHES) What me do after we change-um
clothes?

Ranger; Ride into Lodeville and keep an eye on the Gold
Nugget.

Tonto; Ugh.

Ranger; I expect some of the Black Hundred to be coming this
way soon, so stay off the trail.

Tonto; Me almost ready.

Ranger; Take that gambler's outfit and get rid of it.

Tonto; Somebody coming now -

(HOOFS APPROACHING)

Ranger; Adios! Get going!

Tonto; (MOUNTING) Get-um up, Scout!

(HOOFS START)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(HOOFS APPROACHING)

Annex; The Lone Ranger finished dressing while the oncoming horsemen drew nearer. In the moonlight he could see that they were masked. He thought they were members of the outlaw gang. But he was wrong. They were the vigilantes.

(HOOFS COME IN AND STOP)

AD LIB: (WHOA'S)

Voice 1; Keep him covered! There he is!

Voice 2; One move and we'll riddle you.

Voice 1; Tie his hands behind his back.

Voice 3; I'm doin' that -

Ranger; If you men belong to the Black Hundred -- (HESITATES)

Voice 1; He thinks we're some of his own bunch because we're masked! (LAUGHS)

Voice 3; No wonder he let us ride right up on him! (LAUGHS)

Voice 4; We're vigilantes!

Ranger; Vigilantes!

Voice 2; Right. And we aim to hang you ~~from~~ that tree over yonder.

Ranger; Who's the head of the vigilance committee?

Voice 1; Col. Yardley, but he's not here.

Ranger; Men, you're making a mistake. You can't ~~none~~ prove a murder has been committed.

Voice 2; Listen to him now!

Voice 3; Everybody saw you gun down that gambling agent.

Ranger; Where's the body?

Voice 1; You ditched it along the trail. We'll find it tomorrow.

Voice 2; I'm taking your mask off, hombre. There!

Voice 1; Anybody ever seen his face before?

AD LIB: Don't know him. Never saw him before! He don't belong around here!

Ranger; Listen to me! That gunplay in front of the Gold Nugget was all a hoax. I'm actually the man you saw fall.

Voice 2; Hear that, fellows? (LAUGHS) He murdered himself!

(CROWD LAUGHTER)

Voice 1; Let's get it over with.

Voice 2; Get over to that tree.

Voice 1; I got a rope all ready.

Voice 2; Bring it along. Get goin' mister --

Voice 1; Walk to that hangman's tree or we'll carry you!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE
Annrc; The curtain falls on the first act of our Lone Ranger story. Before we continue with the next exciting scenes, please permit us to pause for just a moment.

(COMMERCIAL)

Annrcr; In accordance with his plan to join the criminal band known as the Black Hundred, the Lone Ranger assumed the role of a murderer. As such he was captured by the vigilantes. They were leading him toward a tree, intending to hang him --

(FOOTSTEPS)

(NIGHT NOISES)

AD LIB: (CROWD)

Annrcr; Then the vigilantes heard hoofbeats --

(HOOFS APPROACH FAST, A LOT OF HORSES)

AD LIB: (STIRE, YELLS) It's the Black Hundred!

(SHOTS AND HOOFS COMING IN)

Voice 2; We're outnumbered!

Voice 1; We've got to get out of here!

(AD LIB SHOTS)

(CLATTERING HOOFS)

AD LIB: (CONFUSION)

Annrcr; The vigilantes quickly abandoned their plan to hang the Lone Ranger and ran for their lives as the masked members of the Black hundred charged upon them.

AD LIB: (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS STOPPING)

Annrcr; In a moment, the Lone Ranger was surrounded by the outlaws!

- Biff; (YELLING) Let those vigilantes go! We don't want them!
- Ranger; You men saved my life! Now if you'll untie my hands --
- Biff; Yeah, right away. You're sure a cool customer.
- Ace; Those critters aimed to hang you, eh?
- Ranger; Yes.
- Biff; Good thing we come when we did.
- Ranger; Why did you come?
- Biff; We need hombres like you in the Black Hundred.
- Ranger; I've heard of the Black Hundred.
- Biff; All owlhoots have, but mighty few get to join. You showed you had what it takes when you gunned that detective and saved us the job.
- Ranger; I savvy. You followed the vigilantes.
- Biff; Sure. And now we're taking you back to town and into the gang.
- Ranger; You don't know me.
- Biff; I don't care who you are or why you shot that spy. Your name don't mean anything because from now on you'll be a number.
- Ranger; A number?
- Biff; Like me. I'm Biff Harris who runs the Gold Nugget but when I put on a mask I'm Number Two.
- Ranger; I see.

Biff; Nobody's using the number six right now. So it's yours.

Ranger; Is that all there is to it?

Biff; Not quite. The Black Hundred will meet tonight and you, Number Six, will cross blood with Number One.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annex: Several hours later the Lone Ranger and Biff Harris entered the dark maw of a lateral shaft linking the rear room of the Gold Nugget Cafe with the netherworld of the Black Hundred. Behind them a cleverly concealed door slid shut.

(DOOR CREAKING SHUT)

Harris played the beam of a miner's lamp over the walls of the tunnel.

Biff; This is it, Number Six. An old lateral. The mouth was caved in when I built the cafe. Later I reppened it.

Ranger; Is this the only way in and out?

Biff; It's the only lateral shaft left open. You can't get out thru the verticals without help from on top. The ladders are rotted out.

Ranger; The Black Hundred would be trapped like rats if the law found that door.

Biff; Oh we'd get out. Number One comes and goes thru a hole of his own. He'd lead us out if we got trapped.

Ranger; Who is Number One?

Biff; None of us ever saw his face. Not even me, and I'm Number Two. But he must be a mining man.

Ranger; Someone connected with Consolidated?

Biff; Figure it out for yourself. My guess is that he's found a fault in the rock that lets him go back and forth between these old diggings and the new Consolidated mines.

Ranger; Where is he now?

Biff; He and the others are up ahead waiting. Come on.

(STEPS CONTINUED)

Anncr; As the two men penetrated deeper into the labyrinth the air grew damp and foul. Huge rats scampered around their feet and the wings of squeaking bats fanned their faces. A makeshift bridge took them across the inky waters of a subterranean river. They scrambled around masses of fallen rock. Then a voice challenged them from the gloom.

Voice; (ECHO) (BACK) What's the word?

Biff; (PROJECT, ECHO) ^{Two and} /Six coming in. The word is Ninety-nine and One."

Voice; (ECHO, BACK) Come on in, Two and six.

Anncr; A moment later they came out into a vast chamber formed by the intersection of many laterals. The place was lighted by scores of miners' lamps, bringing into bold relief the masked faces of the men who lined the walls. Harris motioned to the Lone Ranger and they halted -

(STEPS STOP)

Annor;
(con'td.)

- just as a cloaked and hooded figure stepped out into the center of the assemblage. Although the members of the Black Hundred did not know it, their leader also headed the vigilantes. He was Col. Yardley.

Biff; (SOTTO) That's Number One! He's going to say something.

Yardley; (ECHO, BACK) Brothers of the Black Hundred! I have just heard that the Molly Maguire outfit in the Pennsylvania coal fields has been broken up. It was an organization like our own. But it made the mistake of letting a Pinkerton detective join its ranks.

Voice; (ECHO, BACK) They'll never get us.

Yardley; (ECHO, BACK) We've got to be more than ever careful about our rule. A wolf who wants to run with our pack must come straight from the kill.

Voice; (ECHO, BACK) That's what keeps the dogs out.

Yardley; (ECHO, BACK) We've also got to be careful about talking to anyone outside the Black Hundred. Two detectives have tried to track us lately. There will be others.

Voice; (ECHO, BACK) The more the merrier.

Yardley; (ECHO, BACK) I see now that our new member is here. Number Two, bring him forward.

(STEPS)

Biff; (SOTTO) Number One knows all about you.

(STEPS HALT)

Yardley; So you're the lobo who flashed his fangs in Lodeville tonight? That was good work. You won't regret it.

Ranger; I never regret what I do.

Yardley; In the Black Hundred it sometimes happens that a man regrets what he didn't do.

Ranger; What do you mean?

Wardley; When you became Number Six, you took the number of a man who failed us on a job. Failure is fatal. Remember that.

Ranger; I'll remember.

Yardley; Then we'll get on with the ritual. (LOUDLY) Brothers of the Black Hundred! Draw and take aim!

(GUN CLICKS)

Look around, Number Six! Look and remember that you are one and we are ninety-nine.

Voice; (BACK IN CHORUS) One and ninety-nine!

Yardley; Now give me your right hand, Number Six.

Annor; Ringed by menacing gun barrels, the Lone Ranger extended his hand, thumb upturned. The mysterious leader of the criminal conclave pulled a pin from the folds of his robe and made a quick thrust -

Yardley; Number Six, I have drawn your blood! You will now draw mine. Take the pin. Here is my hand - that's right. Now press your thumb against mine.

AD LIB: (BACK IN CHORUS) One and ninety-nine!

Yardley; Number Six, you have now crossed blood with Number One. You ^{are} confirmed in the brotherhood of the Black Hundred. Are you ready to use your guns again?

Ranger; I'm always ready, Number One.

Yardley; There is one man in Lodeville who knows too much about us. He isn't dangerous himself, but we can't have him giving information to private detectives.

Ranger; I understand.

Yardley; I'll give you just twenty-four hours in which to get rid of him. You'll report back when we meet tomorrow night.

Ranger; Give me his name and tell me where to find him.

Yardley; He won't be hard to find. He's Sheriff Brady.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc; Sheriff Brady was alone in his jail office. Too deeply worried to sleep, he slumped over a battered desk, a copy of the Rocky Mountain Record spread out before him. The value of Consolidated Gold Stock had been falling while the Sheriff tried vainly to dispose of his shares. As he pondered the bitter prospect of an impoverished old age, boot heels clicked on the floor behind him. He whirled and saw framed against the open window, a figure which had become a tradition among the lawmen of the west. The white hat - the black mask - the gleaming bullets in the gunbelt could mean but one thing.

- Brady; You -- you're him. The man with the silver bullets!
You've come to help us fight the Black Hundred!
- Ranger; I'm glad you realize who I am, Sheriff Brady. It
saves time when time is short. There's much to be done.
- Brady; Mister, if I'd known what to do I'd have done it long
ago. The Black Hundred --
- Ranger; Has you marked for death, Sheriff.
- Brady; Me! How do you know that?
- Ranger; I just came from the gang's hideout under orders to
kill you.
- Brady; You mean that you got into the outfit?
- Ranger; I crossed blood with Number One less than an hour
ago. With your help I can bring him and his whole
gang to book.
- Brady; I'm a mite old and I don't know how to fight crooks
who won't come out in the open, but you can count
on me. I don't scare easy.
- Ranger; I believe you, Sheriff.
- Brady; I know those snakes den up in the old diggings, but
how can anybody get at them?
- Ranger; They use a secret door in the rear of the Gold Nugget
to get in and out.
- Brady; The Gold Nugget!
- Ranger; Tomorrow night they'll meet again. We can trap them
by storming the saloon and getting command of the
tunnel entrance.

- Brady; I'll deputize every trustworthy man in town. We'll keep them holed up 'till they starve or surrender. But say, maybe they've got another way out.
- Ranger; There is another way of escape, but only Number One knows how to find it.
- Brady; How are we going to stop Number One from being there? Nobody knows who he is unless it's you.
- Ranger; I can't identify him now, but it's certain that he's connected with the Consolidated Mines.
- Brady; I've suspicioned that.
- Ranger; I want you to get J. C. Travis to call a conference of his company officials and mine bosses tomorrow night. Have him intimate that he has an important announcement to make about the future of the mines.
- Brady; That ought to keep Number One away from the old diggings. But it'll keep him clear of the law, too.
- Ranger; Only until I meet him again.
- Brady; But if you can't identify him now, how can you do it later?
- Ranger; (POINT) Strange things can happen when a crook crosses blood with an honest man.
- Ace; (BACK) Stay put Number Six! You too, Brady! I'm holding guns on both of you.
- Ranger; Take it easy, Sheriff.
- Ace; (BACK) It don't look like you're armed, Brady. So you just unbuckle your partner's gunbelt - pronto.

Brady; Who're you? What do you want?

Ranger; He's one of the Black Hundred, Sheriff.

Ace; Right. And I heard you fixin' to double cross us.
(LAUGHS) You see, Number One don't trust a new man too far.

Ranger; Number One isn't the only man who takes precautions.

Ace; Huh?

Ranger; You were watched when you sneaked thru that window.

Ace; Want me to turn my head and look at the window, eh?
That's an old trick.

Ranger; I don't care whether you turn your head or not.
Take him, Tonto!

Tonto; (BACK) Me get-um!

Ace; (STARTLED CRY)

(COUPLE OF FAST SHOTS)

(YELLS)

Brady; You got him!

Ranger; (EFFORT) Here's a follow-up.

(BLOW)

(FALLING BODY)

Brady; Good work!

Tonto; (COMING IN) Me ~~shoot~~ shoot-um in arm.

Brady; It was the crack on the chin that knocked him out. I'm goin' to take his mask off and see who he is. (EFFORT)

Ranger; We'll rope him and bandage his wound before he comes to.

Brady; Ace Williams.

Ranger; You know him?

Brady; He's one of the Gold Nugget hooligans. At last we got one of the Black Hundred!

Ranger; Assemble all the men you can trust, Sheriff, and tomorrow night, we'll go after the rest!

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER

Annrc; It didn't take long to throw Ace Williams into one of the cells of the jail. Only trusted men knew of his capture and the next day these men were deputized and instructed by the Sheriff.

(NIGHT NOISES)

At night they assembled to follow the Lone Ranger.

Brady; Now remember boys. We storm the cafe, then into the tunnel entrance.

AD LIB: (AGREEMENT)

Brady; Come on!

AD LIB: (SHOUTS)

(COUPLE OF SHOTS FOLLOWED BY FIGHT) FADE UNDER:

MUSIC: BURST TO COVER, AND UNDER:

(YELLING AND SHOOTING)

Annrcr; Fighting lawmen rushed the cafe --

AD LIB: (Get back against the wall) (Line 'em up!) (Throw
down your guns!) (ETC.)

AD LIB 2; (We give up!) (Don't shoot!) (I done nothin!
Lemme be! (ETC.)

Annrcr; There was little resistance. Those in the cafe were
quick to surrender to the determined aggressors led
by the Lone Ranger.

Brady; All of you line up against that wall!

AD LIB: (B.G. MURMURING)

(SCUFFLING FEET)

Brady; Now where's the entrance to that tunnel?

Ranger; I'll show you.

Brady; Are you sure the Black H^undred will be down below?

Ranger; Yes.

Brady; They'll cut us down like flies if we go thru the tunnel-

Ranger; No they won't! We're going to take them without
firing a shot!

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH

Annrcr; Later the same night, J. C. Travis, President of the
Consolidated Mines again paced the floor of his office-

(PACING)

Annex; Crowded into the room were the company's key men. All showed signs of strain and finally the superintendant became impatient --

Gregg; We been waiting two hours, Mr. Travis. What are we waitin' for?

(PACING STOPS)

Travis; I'm expecting a report. You'll have to be patient until it comes.

Yardley; Have you hired another private detective?

Travis; No, Col. Yardley. Tonight's report will come from the Sheriff.

(DOOR OPENS)

Here he is. Sheriff Brady, what's been keeping you?

Brady; (COMING IN) I had some business --

(STEPS COMING IN)

Travis; You've kept all of us waiting.

Brady; The business was important, Mr. Travis. We've just smashed the Black Hundred

AD LIB: (EXCITED COMMENT IN B.G.)

Travis; What!

Brady; Every man-jack in the gang except Number One is a prisoner.

Travis; How did you do it, Sheriff?

- Brady; Well, those Black Hundred varmints had a way of gettin' into the old giggings from the cafe. When we raided the Gold Nugget they were back in the mine waiting for Number One.
- Travis; How did you manage to hunt them down in a place like that?
- Brady; Didn't have to hunt them, Mr. Travis. We just rolled a barrel of blasting powder into the mouth of the tunnel and sent them word to come out and give up - or stay in --- forever. You'd be surprised how quick those tough hombres came out!
- Travis; Remarkable!
- Yardley; Why didn't you call on me for help, Sheriff. I should have been there with my vigilantes.
- Brady; Well now, Col. Yardley, I had to put up with your lynch mob when things were out of control. But from now on there won't be any vigilance committee in Lodeville.
- Yardley; You aren't out of the woods yet, Sheriff, not with Number One still at large.
- Travis; How did he escape you?
- Ranger; (BACK) He hasn't escaped, Mr. Travis.
- Voice; Look! A masked man and an Indian!
- Voice 2; Where did they come from?
- AD LIB; (STIR IN B.G.)
- Ranger; (BACK) Guard the door, Tonto.

(STEPS COME IN)

Travis; What's the meaning of this intrusion, sir?

(STEPS HALT)

Ranger; I'm here to identify the man who organized and led the Black Hundred.

Travis; You mean he's one of us? Impossible!

Greeg; Mr. Travis, you can stay here and have your honesty questioned by this know-it-all in a mask, but I won't!

Ranger; Sit down, Gregg!

Travis; Sheriff Brady, are you going to let this fellow bully us?

Brady; You're President of this here company, but my advice is that you do what he tells you.

Ranger; I want each man to show me his right hand.

Yardley; I won't submit to any such procedure. It's illegal.

Ranger; True, Yardley, but so is lynch law.

Travis; Why do you want to see our hands?

Ranger; I crossed blood with the leader of the Black Hundred. During the ceremony, I switched pins. The pin that pricked the thumb of Number One was dipped in poison.

AD LIB: (STIR)

Yardley; (SCREAMS) Poison!

Ranger; That's right, Yardley! Now show these men your swollen thumb!

Yardley; (SCREAMING) No no! Wait - listen --

- Travis; Yardley! You!
- Brady; Why you ornery -- (EFFORT) Look at him! Look at
this thumb!
- Yardley; Let go! Let me go! Help me!
- Travis; So you're Number One!
- Gregg; You ornery schemer!
- Yardley; (WAILING) I don't want to die! Help me! Help me!
Do something!
- Ranger; So you admit that you headed the Black Hundred?
- Yardley; I'm poisoned! Let me get to a doctor -- quick!
- Ranger; You'll have a doctor if you need one. But first, I
want to know why you were out to break your own
company.
- Yardley; I wanted to break Consolidated Mines. Then I could
have bought up the stock for a little bit of nothing.
I'd have been the sole owner.
- Ranger; What about the Black Hundred?
- Yardley; When the time came for me to cash in, I'd have turned
those stupid fools over to the law.
- Ranger; You were clever, Yardley. Your fake military title,
your vigilantes and your company connections made
you a man above suspicion.
- Yardley; I'm poisoned!
- Travis; Yardley, we won't let you die of poisoning. You
deserve to hang.

Ranger; Tonto used a poison similar to poison ivy. Yardley, your system will throw off the infection. Your thumb will be back to normal by the time you hang. (FADING BACK) He's your prisoner, Sheriff.

Travis; Wait! Don't leave! Come back here!

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

Brady; It kind of looks like you'll be Number One in the line-up when we start hangin' the Black Hundred, Yardley.

Travis; Sheriff, that masked man and the Indian are gone. I want to thank --

Brady; ~~That~~ (CUT IN) They do have a way of turnin' up unexpected and slipping away without bein' thanked.

Travis; Who is that masked man?

Brady; Nobody can tell you that, Mr. Travis. He's just called the Lone Ranger.

Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, Away!

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