

The Lone Ranger-created by Geo. W. Trendle

"LAWMAN'S LEGACY"

by Ralph Goll

Number: 2490-1715

Date: Jan. 3, 1949

39

Ranger and Tonto

Sally Logan Young, spirited

Jim Young newspaper publisher

Hack Killer

Lanky His partner

Sheriff Straight

Doc Bit

Lobo Killer-small part

Guard Bit

Driver Bit

Voice Bit

Voice 1 Bit

Voice 2 Bit

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(USUAL OPENING)

(NIGHT NOISES) (COYOTE)

Annrc; The Lone Ranger was camped in the hills overlooking Ledgeville. He sat beside a fire cleaning the dust of a long journey from his six-guns and waiting the return of Tonto from a mission to town. As night deepened the Indian rode up.

(HOOFS TO HALT)

Tonto; (AD LIBS WHOA'S)

Annrc; The masked man rose to meet his friend.

Ranger; Well, Tonto, did you see Sheriff Logan?

Tonto; Him dead, kemo sabay.

Ranger; Dead!

Tonto; Him long time sick. Die last week.

Ranger; I'm sorry to hear it. Logan was one of the best lawmen I ever met.

Tonto; S'eller named Lafe Thomas take his place. Me not know him.

Ranger; Neither do I. Did you tell Thomas that we have traced two bandits into the old mining district north of Ledgeville?

Tonto; No. Me think me better let you know about Logan first.

Ranger; Um. Perhaps you acted wisely.

Tonto; Me hear old Sheriff died plenty poor.

Ranger; That's too bad. He had a child, didn't he?

Tonto; A girl. Her grown up now.

Ranger; Here, Silver.

(HORSE NICKERS, HOOFS UP)

Ranger; Wait in camp for me, Tonto.

Tonto; Where you go?

Ranger; To call on Logan's daughter. Come on, Silver!

(HOOFS AWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; Young Jim Brant, the editor of the Ledgeville Weekly Sentinel, stood at Sally Logan's side as she turned up a lamp in the room where her father had died. The light disclosed a horsehide-covered box on a table. The girl pointed.

Sally; Jim, that's what I wanted to show you.

Jim; That box, Sally? What's in it?

Sally; Dad's souvenirs. All the things he had accumulated during his thirty years as a peace officer. He didn't leave much else.

Jim; Sally, he left a record we're all proud of.

- Sally; I know, but that won't pay the doctor bills and funeral expenses. And the house is mortgaged for all its worth.
- Jim; The people in this town would raise a benefit fund if you'd let them.
- Sally; I won't take charity.
- Jim; No, you've got your father's pride. He should have taken that big reward when he killed Lobo McLane the outlaw.
- Sally; Dad said he was only doing his duty. I'll do mine, too. With what I can earn and what I can sell, I'll pay every cent that's owing.
- Jim; I'll take the responsibility, for paying. After we're married-
- Sally; Jim, you're a darling! But I won't saddle you with my obligations. You're having trouble enough keeping your paper going.
- Jim; (DISAPPOINTED) Then we'll have to wait, I suppose.
- Sally; Yes, dear, unless that box solves our problem.
- Jim; I don't see how it can.
- Sally; There are a lot of guns in it -- outlaws' guns. They should be worth something and I want you to sell them.
- Jim; Let's see. How does the thing open?
- Sally; Like this. There you are.

Jim; Jumping jackrabbits, look at the six-shooters!
Each one has a tag on the trigger guard telling about
it. And there's an envelope. There's something heavy
in it.

Sally; Open it.

(PAPER TEARS)

Jim; Why it's only a forty-five cartridge. Now I wonder--
say, it's loaded with a silver bullet! Real silver!

Sally; Oh the silver bullet! I'd forgotten it.

Jim; Where'd your father get it, Sally?

Sally; It was a present from a mysterious friend. Dad
valued it a lot so I'll keep it.

Jim; Let's get the guns out. Item one: A Cold Peacemaker
in fine condition. Pearl handle. Gold inlay in the
shape of a wolf head.

Sally; That was Lobo McLane's gun.

(STEPS COMING UP)

Jim; Who's coming in?

Sally; It's a masked man!

Jim; Don't shoot! This gun isn't loaded!

Ranger; (COMING IN) Don't be frightened. I intend no harm.

Sally; What are you doing here?

Ranger; First let me identify myself as a friend of your
father, Miss Logan.

Sally; You -- a friend!

Ranger; You'll find that the silver bullet you're holding matches those in my gunbelt. Look.

Sally; (GASP) Oh!

Ranger; I had the honor of working with your father once. I'm here to offer my sympathy and help.

Jim; Who are you?

Sally; Jim, he's a friend! That's enough.

Ranger; May I see that gun, Jim?

Jim; Look it over..

Ranger; So this is the Angelmaker!

Jim; The Angelmaker?

Ranger; That's what Lobo McLane called this Colt. He boasted of having shot more than twenty men with it.

Jim; What is it worth?

Ranger; It's a beautiful weapon in spite of the purpose to which it was put. It has considerable value as a curio, too. But I wouldn't sell it if I were you.

Jim; Why not? Sally needs the money.

Ranger; I know, but there's a way of making this gun bring in far more than you could get out of a sale.

Jim; How's that, Mister?

Ranger; Offer it as a prize in a shooting match and charge sizeable entry fees. There are scores, perhaps hundreds of men who'd take part in the contest if only to be able to say they'd shot the Angelmaker.

Jim; That's an idea! I'll fill my paper with stories about the match. I'll get out handbills. We'll have the biggest contest that's ever been seen around here!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; A few days later, two bandits, whose trail of robbery and violence had led the Lone Ranger and Tonto to the Ledgeville area, prepared to strike again. Mounted on fast horses and armed with new Winchester and Colt forty-fours, they peered from a clump of willows that hedged the stage route some miles from town. The taller of the pair was saying--

Lanky; Say, Hack, isn't Ledgeville the place where Lobo McLane wound up his career?

Hack; I don't know, Lanky. I was in the pen when it happened so it didn't matter to me. But I sure would like to find his gun.

Lanky; The Angelmaker, eh? That must have been some shooting iron. When was it you rode in Lobo's gang?

Hack; Three years ago. I'm the only one of the bunch who's still on top of the ground. Listen!

(HOOPS, WHEELS FADING IN)

Lanky; It's the stage coach! She's coming fast, Hack!

Hack; Let's get our neckerchiefs over our faces.

Lanky; There, I'm ready!

Hack; So am I. Come on.

Ad lib; (GIDDAP'S)

(HOOFS, WHEELS UP, SHOTS, YELLS)

Hack; (CALLS) Pull up there! Pull up!

Guard; (A LITTLE BACK) It's a hold-up!

Driver; (A LITTLE BACK) No use of fighting! Whoa! Whoa!

Guard; (A LITTLE BACK) We give up!

(HOOFS, WHEELS STOP)

Hack; Reach, you buzzards! Reach!

Driver; (A LITTLE BACK) We're reaching! Go easy with that shootin' iron!

Hack; (CALLS) Cut their horses loose!

Lanky; (BACK) I'm unhooking them!

Hack; Say, driver, where are your passengers? Where's the Wells-Fargo box?

Driver; (A LITTLE BACK) You picked the wrong day for the box. As for passengers, nobody's leaving Ledgeville now. (CHUCKLE) Everyone's going there for the big shooting match.

Hack; Of all the confounded luck! I ought to plug you fellers.

Driver; (A LITTLE BACK) Hold on! We got a mail bag up here!

Hack; Then kick it off pronto.

Guard; (A LITTLE BACK) Here she comes!

Hack; I got it!

Lanky; (BACK) I'm ready to stampede their horses!

Hack; Then let's go!

(SHOTS, BELLS, HOOFS)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annor; The outlaws rode furiously, goading their horses thru canyon and coulee until they reached a region of bleak hills and worked-out mines. There, beside the sagging walls of an abandoned smelter, they drew rein.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(H OOF'S STOP)

Hack; Well, Lanky, we're back in camp.

Lanky; Come on and light. (DISMOUNTING EFFORTS) I want to see what's in that sack.

Hack; Here - take my knife. Cut a hole, then rip her wide open.

Lanky; There!

(CLOTH TEARING)

(GROANS) Hack, look at that stuff. Just look at it.

Hack; What's in there?

Lanky; Newspapers! Nothing but newspapers!

Hack; No wonder those stage fellers wouldn't fight.

Lanky; We can swing for this stuff the same as if it was money.

Hack; I'm taking one of the papers. Now touch the match to the rest.

Hanky; Here goes.

(STRIKING MATCH -- FLAMES)

Hack; Lanky, it says here that they've got the Angelmaker
in Ledgeville!

Lanky; You and Lobo's gun. You better be thinking of a
way to grab some dinero.

Hack; They're giving it away for a prize in that shooting
match the stage driver told about.

Lanky; What of it?

Hack; Well, Lanky, old boy, that gun's worth a cool fifty
thousand dollars!

Lanky; You must be locoed. How could a gun be worth that
much.

Hack; It isn't the gun, Lanky. It's what's in it.

Lanky; I don't savvy that.

Hack; You know Lobo was slick at playing cards. He cleaned
the rest of the gang after every job and he saved the
money.

Lanky; I've heard he was miserly.

Hack; Well, just before I got caught and sent up I was with
Lobo in Frisco. One day, I went to his hotel room--

MUSIC: Interlude

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Hack; Hi, Lobo! What you got there?

Lobo; Diamonds, Hack. I just turned my cash into these five rocks. Paid ten thousand a-piece for them.

Hack; You going to wear them?

Lobo; Yeah, but not where they'll be seen. Look here.

Hack; You got the grip plates off your gun!

Lobo; I'm packing these pocks in cigarette papers and putting them inside the butt of the old Angelmaker. They'll be my ace in the hole.

MUSIC: Interlude

Hack; And that's how it was.

Lanky; Judas priest! Do you think they're still there?

Hack; Sure. The way this paper reads the old Sheriff who had the gun died poor. So he didn't find them.

Lanky; What'll we do, Hack?

Hack; Go to Ledgeville. Nobody's seen our faces around here. We'll be just two more strangers in a town full of strangers.

Lanky; How do you figure to get hold of the Angelmaker?
Pull a stick-up?

Hack; Not if we can help it. That shooting match is made to order for me.

Lanky; ! You think so?

Hack; Nobody can beat me with a gun. I'll shoot for the Angelmaker and win it!

MUSIC: Interlude

Ann cr; Meanwhile the Lone Ranger and Tonto had resumed their search for the outlaws in the old mining area. Unaware of the stagecoach robbery, they penetrated the dripping depths of deserted mine shafts, explored ruined buildings and scouted thru countless piles of quartz.

(H OOFS)

Tonto; Kemo sabay, it look like them fellers fool us.

Ranger; They came in here. They can't get out without leaving some trace.

Ann cr; The hunt went on. Then, as darkness approached-

Ad lib; (WHOA 'S - DISMOUNT)

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger; Tonto, somebody has been camping here by this old smelter.

Tonto; Them fellers we want. Me see same horse tracks we follow before.

Ranger; Where do they lead?

Tonto; Come from east - go south toward town. Look like them three, four hours old.

Ranger; Then the bandits are already in Ledgeville.

Tonto; (GRUNTS) That make it plenty hard for us.

Ranger; The town must be crowded. And all we know about those fellows is that one has drooping eyelids.

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Tonto; Here come two horseman.

Ranger; They've seen us, Tonto. They're riding in hard.

Tonto; One feller wear-um badge.

Ranger; It's the Sheriff.

Tonto; Him ready to shoot.

Ranger; Steady, Tonto.

(HOOF'S STOPPING)

Sheriff; (AD LIB WHOA'S) Get 'em up, you two.

Voice; You're both covered.

Sheriff; Masked, eh?

Ranger; Sheriff, what do you want of us?

Sheriff; Mail robbery.

Ranger; Mail robbery?

Voice; Hey, Sheriff, right over there is where they burned the mail pouch.

Sheriff; We've got you dead to rights, Mister.

Ranger; You're making a mistake.

Sheriff; (DISMOUNTING) Oh no I'm not.

Voice; Just one thing, Sheriff, the stage driver told us the outlaws both rode sorrels.

Sheriff; The chances are they changed horses. I'll keep them covered, deputy. You take their guns and unmask that critter.

Ranger; Just a minute, Sheriff. My friend and I have been hunting the same men you want.

Sheriff; Then you know about the stage robbery?

Ranger; No, we've been after those bandits for a series of other crimes that extend from one end of the territory to the other.

Sheriff; A likely story! We trailed you straight from where you pulled the hold up!

Ranger; Back-track us and you'll find that we rode in here from the opposite direction. The real bandits left here heading for town.

Voice; 'Pears like two fellers did go south from here.

Sheriff; Then there's four in the gang. Take their guns, deputy. We've had enough of this rag-chewin'.

Ranger; Not so fast!

Sheriff; You heard what I said! We're takin' your guns and your mask. You just make one move to resist and I'll open fire!

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; The Sheriff and his deputy had been following the trail of mail robbers. They met the Lone Ranger and Tonto. When the Sheriff thought the masked man and his Indian companion were the bandits. He held his six-gun steady and ordered his deputy to disarm the two. Neither of the lawmen paid any attention to the great horse Silver who stood at one side.
- Voice; Watch 'em careful, Sheriff. I'll take their guns.
- Ranger; Men ~~have~~ tried that before. (SHARPLY) At them, Silver!
- (SILVER WHINNIES)
- (CLATTERING HOOFS)
- Ad lib; (CRIES OF SURPRISE)
- Ranger; At them, Tonto!
- Ad lib; (SCUFFLE)
- Anndr; When Silver charged and knocked the Sheriff to one side, the Lone Ranger and Tonto closed in with lightning speed. In an instant they snatched the weapons from the surprised Sheriff and his equally surprised deputy.
- Ranger; Now I'll take charge.
- Voice; (HOWLING) That doggone redskin! He's got my gun!
- Sheriff; You won't get away with this!
- Ranger; We'll see.
- Sheriff; Go ahead and shoot. Kill us and see how far it gets you.

Ranger; We're not going to shoot you, Sheriff. I tried to tell you we weren't outlaws. Get to your horse, Tonto.

Voice; We'll be after you!

Ranger; Sheriff, we're not even going to keep your guns. We'll keep the cartridges and drop the guns on the trail about a mile from here. You can reclaim them.

(HOOFS CLATTERING)

Steady, Silver. Ready, Tonto?

Tonto; Me ready.

Ranger; (MOUNTING) Come on, Silver!

(HOOFS START)

MUSIC: Burst

Ann cr; The Lone Ranger and Tonto rode hard and made frequent sharp turns to cover ground that showed no tracks. Then the masked man raised one hand to signal a halt.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS STOPPING)

Ranger; The Sheriff and his deputy won't find us for a little while, anyway, Tonto.

Tonto; That so, but we get plenty close to town.

Ranger; I want you to go into Ledgeville at once.

Tonto; (GRUNTS)

Ranger; You can change your appearance so you'll pass as a Ute Indian from this neighborhood.

Tonto; That easy. What me do?

Ranger; See what the situation is. Then get some things
I'll need to disguise myself.

Tonto; Me get ready now.

Ranger; Tomorrow we're going to the shooting match.

MUSIC: Interlude

(CROWD NOISES)

Annecr; It was a colorful crowd that packed the town next day. On boardwalks Indians in gaudy blankets and gamblers with flashing stickpins mingled with professional gunmen. Some of the latter were hard-eyed, thin-lipped silent men. Some were loud-mouthed braggarts. But all had the vanity of their kind and could not forgo a chance to show off their marksmanship. The names of the favorites among them were posted on gaming house walls and the bets ran high. Main Street itself, roped off and cleared of horses, was the range, the targets standing against a pile of sandbags in front of the Empire House. At a table outside the newspaper office sat Jim Brant and Sally Logan, taking in entry fees and giving out numbered tickets. Sheriff Thomas, back from his blundering hunt for the outlaws and wearing a ribbon that identified him as judge was shouting--

Sheriff; Step lively, gents! Have your money ready! The match starts in just a little while!

Voice 1; (BACK) Go catch yourself some stage robbers, Sheriff!

Ad lib; (LAUGHTER)

Annex; The Lone ranger, disguised as an Eastern sportsman,
stood a little apart, talking to Tonto.

Ranger; This town is filled with suspicious looking
characters, Tonto.

Tonto; Me see plenty tough fellers around.

Ranger; The men we want are safe here unless-

Tonto; (INTERRUPTS) (SOTTO) Look, kemo sabay! That feller
coming up to table-

Ranger; (SOTTO) He has drooping eyelids!

Tonto; (SOTTO) Him one of them fellers.

Ranger; (SOTTO) Even if he is, we can't do anything now.

Tonto; (SOTTO) What you mean?

Ranger; (SOTTO) We'll have to hand the Sheriff a fool-proof
case if we want to convict the crooks and clear
ourselves.

Tonto; (SOTTO) Maybe you better watch him anyhow.

Ranger; Right. I'll buy the next ticket.

(STEPS TO HALT)

Pardon me, sir. Is this where one purchases his
ticket to shoot?

Hack; Well, carry me home on a shutter! Here's an
Eastern dude who's going into the match!

Ad lib; (LAUGHTER)

Sally; Take your ticket, mister. You're seventy-seven.

Hack; Is that the Angelmaker you got there on the table?

Sally; That's it. Let him see it, Jim.

Jim; No, Sally. Nobody touches it until it's his turn to shoot.

Sheriff; (BACK) Step along, gents.

Ranger; Well, miss, it appears that I'm next.

Sally; Mister, you don't want to shoot. It'll be humiliating for you. We have a rough sense of humor out here.

Ranger; You're most considerate, but I'll take a chance.

Sally; Then you're seventy-eight. (LAUGHS) And I hope you win!

MUSIC: Interlude

(SHOTS) (CHEERS)

Announcer; Gunfire and cheers shook the town as the match got underway. One by one the contestants took their places on the firing line and emptied the Angelmaker at the targets while their supporters shouted and fired their own guns into the air. After two hours of excitement and tumult, some of the entrants dropped out, and the outlaw, Hack, heard his number called.

Sheriff; (CALLS) Number Seventy-seven, take your place.

Hack; All set. Hand me the gun, feller.

Jim; Here it is, ready to fire.

Hack; Watch this, you jaspers!

(SIX RAPID SHOTS)

Voice 2; (BACK) He scores one hundred!

Sheriff; (CALLS) Gents, number seventy-seven shoots a perfect score!

(CHEERS) (SHOTS)

Jim; It looks like you're the winner, mister.

Hack; I sure ought to be. It looks like everyone's quit but that Easterner.

Sheriff; (CALLS) Seventy-eight, you ready?

Ranger; Quite ready, Sheriff.

Hack; Be a sport, Sheriff. Spot him fifty points!

Ad lib; (LAUGHTER)

Voice 3; Let me hold your arm, pilgrim!

Sheriff; Cut the horseplay! Let the Eastern gent fire peaceable.

Him; Here's the gun, mister. Don't touch the barrel. It's hot.

Ranger; You're thoughtful, sir!

(SIX RAPID SHOTS)

Voice 2; (BACK) Score, one hundred!

Sheriff; (CALLS) It's another perfect score, gents! Every bullet in the bullseye! And the Eastern gent ties Number seventy-seven!

(CHEERS) (SHOTS)

Sally; Congratulations, mister.

Ranger; Thank you, miss.

Hack; I got it from the target changer. Look for yourself.

Hack; What do you aim to do about giving away the gun?

Sheriff; (CALLS) Anybody else want to shoot? (PAUSE) Guess not. Well, Jim, how we going to settle this tie?

Jim; We'll move the firing line back another twenty-five yards and let the two men shoot again.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr; As the new firing line was being measured and marked, Hack joined his confederate Lanky and drew him aside.

Hack; What do you think of that, Lanky?

Lanky; It was just an accident that Easterner tied you.

Hack; Accident nothing! He's the slickest hand with a gun I ever saw.

Lanky; It don't make sense!

Hack; He'll beat me next time he shoots unless we stop him.

Lanky; Stop him? How?

Hack; I got an idea. You hide in that covered wagon across the street. Cut a hole in the canvas and plug him before he tops my score.

Lanky; That'll be mighty risky.

Hack; No it won't. Nobody'll notice if you shoot while there's a lot of noise. It'll look like a wild shot hit the feller.

Lanky; All right, Hack. I'll get him.

MUSIC: Interlude

(SHOTS) (CHEERS)

Sheriff; (CALLS) Number seventy seven shoots ninety out of a hundred!

Jim; Your turn, Mister Easterner.

Sally; You can do better, I know you can!

Ranger; I can try!

(SIX RAPID SHOTS)

Jim; (GROANS) I'm hit!

Sally; (SCREAMS) Jim's been shot!

Ad lib; (EXCITEMENT)

Ranger; Let me see the wound.

Jim; It's my shoulder.

Sally; Jim! Jim!

Ranger; Easy, miss. He's not badly hurt. (CALLS) Tonto.

Sheriff; If you're wantin' that Indian guide of yours, he ran across the street. Scared, I reckon.

Sally; Here comes the doctor.

Doctor; (COMING IN) Here, Jim. Can you walk?

Jim; I can manage.

Doctor; Then let's go to my office where I can fix you up.

Sheriff; That's what comes of those crazy galoots in the crowd lettin' off their guns every-which-way! I ought to jail the whole mob.

Ranger; That bullet nicked my hat before it hit him.

Sheriff; You sure are lucky. Bet you win the gun. (CALLS)
What's the score?

Voice 2; (BACK) One hundred!

Sheriff; That does it! You keep the Angelmaker!

Ranger; Sheriff, if you don't mind, I'll turn it over to you to keep for me. I'll be gone a while.

Sheriff; Going hunting, eh? Sure I'll hold onto the gun. And I pity the buffalo!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annor; A little later the Lone Ranger and Tonto met in a thicket at the edge of town where they had concealed their horses. The Indian was grim as he reported--

Tonto; Kemo sabay, that bullet aimed at you.

Ranger; I thought so. Did you see who fired it?

Tonto; No. Him shoot from covered wagon. Gone when me get there.

Ranger; What about the man with the drooping eyelids who lost the gun to me?

Tonto; After match end, me follow him to hotel. Him meet another feller there - maybe same feller who try to kill you.

Ranger; It's almost certain that they're the bandits.

Tonto; You think they know you are on their trail?

Ranger; No. They want the Angelmaker. They'll try again to get it.

Tonto; Me not savvy that. Where you got gun?

Ranger; The Sheriff's keeping it.

Tonto; Why you give it to him?

Ranger; I'll explain while I change back to my mask and riding clothes.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annor; Meanwhile, the outlaws, lodged in a room in the Empire House, took stock of the situation. Lanky was saying--

Lanky; Now that the Sheriff's got the gun, it's goodby to the diamonds.

Hack; We can raid the jail, Lanky.

Lanky; Don't be funny, Hack. I've seen that calaboose. It's got bars on all windows. And the door's iron with a peephole in it.

Hack; We can still get in if we work it right.

Lanky; Yeah?

Hack; You know that girl - the old Sheriff's daughter?

Lanky; I've seen her.

Hack; Well she lives all alone in a house right next to the jail. And it's a sure bet the Sheriff would open up if she went to the door.

Lanky; Yeah - yeah, I see what you're figuring on.

Hack; We'll wait here until after dark, then--

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER:

Annrc; It was late that night when Sally returned from visiting the wounded editor. As she approached her front gate--

(STEPS)

Hack; (SOTTO) Keep right on walking, girl!

Lanky; (SOTTO) And no screaming

Lanky; (SOTTO) And no screaming if you want to live.

Sally; (GASPS) What - what do you want?

Hack; (SOTTO) You're going up to the jail door and we're going with you.

Lanky; (SOTTO) Yeah, and when we get there, you tell the Sheriff you're hurt and need help.

Hack; (SOTTO) No tricks, savvy.

Sally; (WEAKLY) Yes, but please don't shoot the sheriff.

Lanky; (SOTTO) Now get up those steps and bang the knocker.

(STEPS, STOP, KNOCKING)

Hack; (SOTTO) Stand to the side, pardner.

(PANEL SLIDES)

Sheriff; (A LITTLE BACK) Show your face, whoever's out there.

Sally; It's me, Sheriff.

Sheriff; Why it's Sally. What's the matter?

Sally; I -- L- (BREKKS)

Sheriff; You look plumb done in! You're sick! Here, I'll let you in.

(DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Sally; (SCREAMS) No, Sheriff, don't!

Hack; Reach you lawdog! Reach!

Lanky; Get funny and we'll drill you and the girl too.

Sheriff; I got my hands up. What are you holding up the jail for?

Hack; Where's the Angelmaker?

Sheriff; If that's all you want, it's right here on my desk.

Hack; I'll get the gun, pardner. You take the Sheriff's keys and lock him and the girl in the cells.

Lanky; Get back there, you two.

(STEPS BACK, DOOR CLOSES, LOCKS IN B.G.)

Hack; (CALLS) It's the Angelmaker all right. And she's loaded.

(STEPS UP TO HALT)

Lanky; (COMING UP) Let's see what's in the butt!

Hack; No time for that now. Let's get going.

Ranger; (BACK) Drop those guns!

Lanky; Look there in the door!

Hack; A masked man and an Indian!

Ranger; (BACK) Drop those guns, I said!

Hack; Try and make us!

(SHOTS)

Lanky; (YELLS) My arm! He busted my arm! Get him, Hack!

(SHOTS)

Hack; (YELLS) He shot my gun out of my hand!

Lanky; I give up!

Hack; (HALF SOBING) The Angelmaker! Where did it fall?

(STEPS TO HALT)

Ranger; (COMING IN) Never mind that. Give me those jail keys.

Tonto; Me get-um guns .

(STEPS)

Ranger; I'll open the cells.

(STEPS) HALT (KEYS JANGLE)

(DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Sheriff; (A LITTLE BACK) It's the masked man!

Ranger; Sheriff, come on out. Bring Miss Logan.

Sheriff; (A LITTLE BACK) So you had a hand in this deal, too?

Sally; (A LITTLE BACK) The masked man is a friend, Sheriff.
Come on.

(STEPS)

Sheriff; What in tarnation has been going on out here?

Ranger; We've captured your mail robbers.

(STEPS STOP)

Sheriff; But they were after the Angelmaker.

Ranger; Yes! They were willing to shoot me so I wouldn't win the contest. I gave the gun to you, Sheriff, to see if they'd break in here.

Sheriff; So that Easterner was you! And those owlhoots walked into a trap.

Ranger; Miss Logan, I'm sorry they forced you into this, but we were close. You were in no danger.

Sheriff; Back to the cells, you crooks. I'll teach you to lock me in my own jail! I've got you for tryin' to steal the gun. That'll do 'til we can get more charges against you.

Tonto; You wait, Sheriff.

Ranger; What is it, Tonto?

Tonto; When you shoot gun out of that feller's hand, bullet smash grip. Now look what me find inside.

Sheriff; Diamonds!

Ranger; Who put them there? I'm speaking to you bandits!

Hack; reckon I might as well tell. Those were Lobo McLane's stones. He hid them there and I knew it.

(STEPS UP TO HALT)

Jim; (COMING UP) Jumping jackrabbits! What a story!

Sally; Jim dear, you should be home in bed!

Jim; Not with guns going off and a newspaper to get out.

Sheriff; Masked man, do you claim these diamonds?

Ranger; No, Sheriff. A court will have to decide the ownership.

Sheriff; Well, if I know the judge, they'll go to a lawman's daughter.

Sally; Jim! Do you hear that!

Sheriff; Looks like the masked man is gone. Who is he, Sally?

Sally; My father knew him as the Lone Ranger!

Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, Away!

MUSIC: There