

The Lone Ranger -created by Geo. W. Trendle

"Fugitive from Injustice"

by Ralph Goll

Number: 2502-1727

Date: Jan 31, 1949

Ranger and Tonto

Tom Wade Young, straight
Red Tough, but good gal
Dutch Landers..... crook
Sheriff Straight
Hill Governor
Swamper Old - whining voice
Turnkey straight
Voice Bit
Voice 1 Bit
Voice 2 Bit
Voice 3 Bit
Voice 4 Bit

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annrc; Two men faced each other across a paper-littered desk in the executive office at the state capitol. One was Governor Hill, the other the Lone Ranger who wore the clothing of a business man and a disguise in place of his familiar mask and riding outfit. It was a disguise with which the Governor, an old friend, had become familiar. Claspng his caller's hand, he exclaimed---

Hill; The Lone Ranger! This is indeed an honor!

Ranger; The honor is mine, Governor Hill. How can I help you?

Hill; I called you here because I want to find a fugitive.

Ranger; That is a job for your state Rangers.

Hill; Not in this case. The law enables me to send officers anywhere to track down an outlaw. But it makes no provision for remedying its mistakes. The man I want is a fugitive from injustice.

Ranger; Please explain, Governor.

Hill; Several years ago a young fellow named Tom Wade was convicted of killing a rancher during a feud in the Pipe River Valley. Just before he was to have been executed he broke jail. He never was recaptured.

Ranger; I see.

- Hill; Recently the chief witness against Wade made a death bed confession, admitting that he himself committed the crime. I immediately signed a pardon for Wade, but I lack means of locating him and delivering it.
- Ranger; I take it that Wade has nothing to fear from the law now.
- Hill; That's true, but it must be assumed that he doesn't know it and is still living the tortured life of an escaped convict for whom the executioner waits.
- Ranger; Do you have his description?
- Hill; Here's an old wanted notice, but it's too vague to be of any help in finding a man who's probably changed his name and appearance.
- Ranger; What about his relatives?
- Hill; I was coming to that. He has a mother who was in to see me as soon as she heard about the pardon. She couldn't tell me much.
- Ranger; Even a little will help in a case like this.
- Hill; Well she said she had heard from her son but once, and then indirectly. Several months ago a strange young woman whom she described as having red hair, called on her. This girl gave her a sack of gold dust and a message from Wade, but didn't disclose his whereabouts.
- Ranger; Gold dust suggests a mining camp.
- Hill- Yes, but there are mines from Montana to the border.
- Ranger; A red headed girl traveling alone in this country would be noticed. Give me the pardon.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; Thunderstone was a community where food and entertainment were in demand both day and night. The restaurant known as Slim and Red's Place had been locked up just long enough to allow the proprietors to clean the floor, reset the tables and chalk a new bill of fare on the blackboard. The girl was known as Red because of her flaming red hair. Her partner Slim wore a full beard which contrasted with the youthfulness of his eyes.

Slim; Red, this place is better than a gold mine. I struck it rich when I found you.

Red; I'm the lucky one, darling. I'd still be working in the Lady Fair dancehall if you hadn't come along.

Wade; We could be riding double on top of the world, only I'm Tom Wade.

Red; Yes, Tom Wade. Sometimes I wish you'd never told me that.

Wade; I had to, feeling the way I do about you, Red.

Red; Tom, I know you never drygulched anyone.

Wade; The law says I did and that's what counts. I never can go home, never see my mother. I wish you'd brought her here when you went to see her.

Red; Your Maw wouldn't come. She was afraid of being followed. It was dangerous enough for me to come back.

Wade; How so?

Red; I got too much attention. I could be trailed. Maybe the law is tracing you right now.

Wade; I'll never be any safer than I am in Thunderstone. With gun fights and robberies going on every day, Sheriff Madden isn't checking up on fellows who keep out of trouble. Anyhow he's my friend.

Red; Friend or not he'd arrest you if somebody told him your real name.

Wade; Look, Red! There he is now!

Red; He's coming here!

Wade; What for? He knows we're locked up.

(KNOCKING AT DOOR)

Red; Quit shaking so! Let him in.

Wade; (CALLS) Just a second, Sheriff.

(STEPS, DOOR UNLOCKS) (DOOR OPENS,
CLOSES)

Sheriff; Howdy, Red. Howdy, Slim.

Wade; Howdy, Sheriff.

Sheriff; Say, what's been going on here? You two look guilty of something.

Red; (LAUGHS) We been fixing to jack up our prices.

Sheriff; (LAUGHS) That's robbery all right. But what I come to say is that from now on I can't send anybody after that chuck you've been cooking for my prisoners.

Red; You mean we'll have to deliver it?

Sheriff; I reckon so. That trusty who's been getting it finished his stretch today.

Wade; We're mighty busy at meal time.

Sheriff; Well fetch it over when you can. Figure on bread, beans and coffee for twenty tonight.

Red; All right, Sheriff. You leaving now?

Sheriff; Yep. I'm keeping an eye on the Lady Fair dance hall.

Wade; That place is always getting shot up.

Sheriff; From now on everyone who has a hand in a ruckus there goes to jail. Well, so long.

Wade; So long.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Red, I don't like the idea of taking chuck to those prisoners. I've seen enough jailhouses.

Red; I know, but we have to keep the Sheriff from getting suspicious. He had me scared for a minute.

Wade; It'll always be like that if you stick with me.

Red; Just the same, I'm sticking.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; Some weeks later, the Lone Ranger, accompanied by Tonto but still disguised, rode into Thunderstone.

(HOOPS)

They had painstakingly traced the red headed girl by following stage routes and making inquiries among the drivers and agents, but one glance at the crowded streets of the gold-mad town told them their search might yet be futile. As they headed their horses toward a corral, the Lone Ranger said-

Ranger; Tonto, there's only one thing to do — that's visit every place in town.

Tonto; Me savvy.

Ranger; We'll have to be careful about asking questions. If the girl and Wade are here together and learn we're looking for them before we can make our purpose known, they'll dodge us.

Tonto; Me go with you?

Ranger; No, we'll work separately, then meet at this corral.

MUSIC: Interlude

(CARE NOISES)

Annrc; The Lady Fair dancehall was packed to the doors. Mingling with the crowd, the Lone Ranger watched and listened as he had done in other places of entertainment along the street. He saw several professional gamblers and gunmen whose names he knew, but nothing that he could connect with his search came to his attention. Then an aged swamper with a scrawny body and watery eyes sidled up to him and tugged his sleeve.

Swamper; (WHINING) Mister, let me get behind you.

Ranger; What's the trouble, old timer?

Swamper; See that feller holdin' an empty glass?

Ranger; Yes, he's headed this way.

Swamper; He's been riding me ever since he hit town. Now he's after me again.

Ranger; I know him. Just stand still.

Dutch; (COMING IN) Vamoose, stranger. I want that old swamper.

Swamper; What for?

Dutch; I'm going to shoot this glass off the top of your head. Stand over against the wall.

Swamper; Don't make me do that!

Dutch; Get over there, I said.

Ranger; Put that gun back!

Dutch; You keep out of this or I'll drill you!

Ranger; No you won't!

(SCUFFLE)

Dutch; Let go my arm! You're twisting it off!

Ranger; Let loose of that gun!

(SHOT)

Dutch; I'm shot!

Ad lib; (EXCITEMENT)

Sheriff; (BACK) Let me through!

Voice; Here comes the Sheriff!

Sheriff; What's goin' on here?

Dutch; That feller shot me! He grabbed my gun and shot me!
Oh, my leg!

Ranger; Sheriff, he only has a scratch. He got it by triggering his gun while I was disarming him. Here's the gun.

Sheriff; What was the idea of jumping him?

Ranger; He's a Texas badman known as Dutch Landers, and he was bullying an old swamper.

Dutch; That's a lie!

Sheriff; We'll see about that. Where's the swamper?

Voice; He lit out.

Sheriff; Did any of you gents see how this ruckus started?

Voice 1; We didn't see nothing.

Sheriff; All right, come on you two! You're going to jail.

Ranger; You're making a mistake by arresting me. I can find that swamper.

Sheriff; I'll do the findin', mister. 'Til then, I'm holdin' you for disturbin' the peace.

Ranger; Sheriff, I came here on business for Governor Hill.

Sheriff; Business in a dancehall! (LAUGHS) You're just gettin' yourself in worse with that kind of malarkey!

Dutch; What about me? I didn't do nothin'.

Sheriff; If you're Dutch Landers like he says, you've done plenty. The Federal Marshal wants you for shootin' a soldier. That means the rope.

Dutch; Let me get at that hombre! I'll break his neck right now!

Sheriff; No you don't! Now get going, both of you! (CALLS)
Clear the way, gents. Open the door!

MUSIC: Interlude

Announcer; With the Sheriff stubbornly refusing to listen further, the Lone Ranger chose to go to jail rather than make a break which would endanger the success of his mission. Shortly after he and Landers had been locked inside the cellblock Tom Wade entered the Sheriff's office burdened with pails of food. The sheriff greeted the restaurant man with a broad grin.

Sheriff; Well, Slim, I haven't found a trusty yet, but I got two more customers for you.

Wade; I've got chuck enough for all. Tell the turnkey to unlock.

Sheriff; (CALLS) Slim's comin' thru!

Turnkey; (BACK) All right, Sheriff!

(STEPS)

Wade; Don't keep me waiting. This coffee's plenty hot.

Turnkey; (A LITTLE BACK) I'm opening the door.

(DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Wade; Anybody shut up in the cells?

Turnkey; No, but make them stand inside and wait their turns.

(DOOR CLOSES, LOCKS)

Voice 2; (BACK) Come on, Slim! We're starving!

(PANS RATTLING)

Wade; Get back where you bunk, boys. I'm startin' at the first cell.

(STEPS STOP)

Wade; Howdy, feller. You're new here.

Ranger; That's right.

Wade; Somehow you don't look like a jailbird.

Ranger; Perhaps I'm not. Innocent men have been jailed before.

Wade; Hombre, you said something. Hand me your pan and cup.

MUSIC: Interlude-

Annrc; For a moment the Lone Ranger and the man he had set out to find faced each other, wholly unaware of the ironic drama of their meeting. Then Wade passed on.

(STEPS)

Voice 2; Hurry, Slim! I'm hungry enough to eat a hard-boiled boulder.

(PANS RATTLE)

Annrc; With shouts and the rattle of tinware marking his progress along the tier, Tom Wade reached the last cell. Seeing that its occupant lay motionless on a bunk, he put down his pails and stepped inside.

Wade; You sick, feller?

Dutch; Beat it! I don't want any of your dry bread and dishwater.

- Wade; It's better chuck than you get in most pokeys.
- Dutch; How do you know? () Say, I've run into you before.
- Wade; Not me.
- Dutch; I remember now. It was in the Pipe River jail.
You're Tom Wade!
- Wade; No no I'm not!
- Dutch; You can't fool me. I'm Dutch Landers and I celled
next to you when you beat the noose by bustin' out.
- Wade; You're loco! I'm getting out of here!
- Dutch; You move and I'll yell for the Sheriff.
- Wade; Don't do that! Don't give me away!
- Dutch; I won't if you help me get out of here.
- Wade; What kind of help do you want?
- Dutch; Look, Wade. You bring the chuck in here. It'll be
a cinch for you to smuggle me a gun.
- Wade; Give me a little time, Dutch.
- Dutch; Time for what? If you're not here tonight with a
loaded six-shooter for me I'm going to turn you in.
It's a gun for me or a rope for you!

MUSIC: Interlude

- Annex; A few minutes later Wade was with his partner in the
back room of the restaurant. Pale and trembling, he
told of Landers' threat, asking again and again--
- Wade; What'll I do, Ned?

Red; Suppose you took him a gun?

Wade; He'd kill somebody - maybe the Sheriff. And I'd be to blame.

Red; Would you rather go back to Pipe River than have that happen?

Wade; It's an awful choice, Red, but I guess I would. After what I've been thru, I couldn't stand to have anyone's death on my conscience.

Red; I know, Tom. You're too good for your own good.

Wade; Everything was looking fine and then this had to happen.

Red; Talk isn't helping. You'll have to make a run for it.

Wade; If I do, Landers will talk tonight. That won't give me enough of a start to beat a posse. I don't know the mountains.

Red; You know the old diggings on Shinbone Creek.

Wade; I worked them before they petered out.

Red; You go there and hide 'til you hear from me.

Wade; Listen! I thought I heard a noise outside the door!

Red; I'll see.

(DOOR OPENS)

Wade; What was it?

Red; An Indian just ducked out of the kitchen. He likely stole a butcher knife.

Wade; Red, I might as well stay here with you until they come knocking on the door.

Red; You go and get a horse while I rustle you some grub.

Wade; They'll find me sooner or later.

Red; Not if I can help it -- and I can!

MUSIC: Interlude

Anndr; 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)

Anner; The Lone Ranger, wearing a disguise, was a prisoner in the Thunderstone jail. Arrested while trying to deliver a pardon to Tom Wade, he was unaware of events which had forced Wade to leave his red headed sweetheart and take refuge in the mountains. Neither did he know that as night fell Tonto had appeared at the jail. The Indian stood outside the cellblock door talking to the turnkey.

Tonto; Me know you got-um my friend here.

Turnkey; What does he look like, Injun?

Tonto; Him big feller in good clothes.

Turnkey; I know the one you mean. The Sheriff isn't here, but I reckon I can let you see your pard without his say-so.

Tonto; That good.

Turnkey; Give me that shootin' iron or yours and I'll call him out.

Tonto; Here. You take-um.

(DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Turnkey; (CALLS) Hey you in Number One Cell. Come here.

Ranger; (BACK) All right.

(STEPS COME IN TO HALT)

Ranger; Hello, Tonto.

Turnkey; Stand right there. I'll keep the door open a while.

Tonto; Kemo Sabay, me find-um red headed girl.

Ranger; Where?

Tonto; Her partner in restaurant called Slim and Red's Place. Me think Slim feller Tom Wade.

Ranger; Then it was Wade who delivered food here this noon!

Tonto; Him in plenty trouble. Me hear-um girl say for him to hide.

Ranger; That's bad.

Turnkey; If you fellers are talking about Red from the eatin' place, here she comes now.

(STEPS IN TO HALT)

Turnkey; How come you're packin' that chuck, Red?

Red; I. Slim is away.

Turnkey; I don't like lettin' a woman go back to the cells, but I'm busy here.

Red; Don't worry about me. I can handle tough fellers.

Turnkey; All right. Go on. But if anyone gets smart, sing out.

Ranger; One moment, miss. I want to tell you something.

Red; Save it, mister.

(STEPS)

Howdy, boys.

Voice 2; (BACK) Well I'll be jiggered! It's Red!

Voice 3; (A LITTLE BACK) Boys, we got a waitress in our hotel!

(STEPS HALT)

Red; Where's the hombre who got shot? I'll serve him first.

Voice 4; That critter! He's not hurt, but you'll find him bunkin' in the far cell.

(STEPS)

Voice 3; (BACK) Wait, I'll carry your pails.

Red; Thanks but I'll manage.

(STEPS HALT)

(PAILS CLATTER)

Red; Here's your ~~grub~~ grub, feller.

Dutch; Where's that critter who brought it before?

Red; What's the difference?

Dutch; He run out on me! I'll fix him! I'll--

Red; Hold on. I've got what you asked him for.

Dutch; The gun?

Red; You're lookin' at it.

Dutch; Easy, woman! It's pointed at me and the hammer's back!

Red; What's more I'm pulling the trigger, you varmint.

Dutch; Don't shoot!

Red; It's the only way I can keep you from telling on my partner. And I'm not letting him die on your account.

Dutch; I won't tell! Give me a chance!

Red; Get up off your knees and take it.

Dutch; I'm getting up. Now you take this hot coffee!

(SPLASH)

(PAILS CLATTER)

Red; (MOANS) I can't see!

Dutch; Shut up! I got the gun now.

Red; You - you - (BREAKS)

Dutch; You're staying in front of me! Get going!

(STEPS)

Voice 2; (BACK) Look! He's pushing Red! He's got a gun!

Voice 3; He's makin' a break!

(STEPS STOP)

Dutch; We're all goin' out.

Voice 2; All right, but let that girl alone.

Dutch; I'm running this. When I plug the turnkey, rush the door.

Voice 3; We're ready.

Dutch; Put out that lantern!

Voice 2; There it goes.

Turnkey; (BACK) Red, are you all right?

Red; (CALLS) It's a jailbreak! Lock the door!

(SHOT)

Turnkey; (BACK) (GROANS) I'm hit!

Dutch; I got him! Come on, everybody!

(RUNNING STEPS)

Ad lib; (YELLS)

Ranger; (BACK) Stop, you men!

Voice 3; Nobody's stopping us!

Ranger; Tonto, lock us in!

Tonto; Me not find key!

Voice 4; Out of the way, you two!

(BLOWS)

Ad lib; (SCUFFLE)

(SHOTS)

MUSIC: Up and under:

Annex; Unarmed as they were, the Lone Ranger and Tonto fought grimly to hold the cellblock door. They beat back the first rush only to be hurled aside by another. Erupting into the jail office and carrying Landers and his captive along in their midst, they gained the street. As they scattered, seizing horses where ever they could, the Lone Ranger sprang to the side of the fallen turnkey while Tonto ran to the front door.

Ad lib; (GIDDAPS BACK)

(HOOFS FADING OUTSIDE)

Tonto; That feller get away with girl. Both on horses.

Ranger; (BACK) The turnkey will live.

(STEPS TO HALT)

Ranger; Which way did Landers head with her?

Tonto; Him go north.

Ranger; I'll leave a note for the Sheriff. Then we'll follow them.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; At the corral, the Lone Ranger stripped off his disguise and put on a mask and riding clothes. As he buckled on his guns, which he had left in his saddle bags, Tonto stood by with the horses.

Tonto; How y0 u think crook got- gun in jail?

- Ranger; The girl called Red must have taken it in.
- Tonto; Me not savvy that. Me hear her give warning to jailer.
- Ranger; Whatever happened, she didn't help him willingly.
- Tonto; Where you think him take her?
- Ranger; There's only one way he can get out of the mountains if he keeps going north. That's by following Shinbone Creek.
- Tonto; Other fellers all head south toward good trails.
- Ranger; Landers probably figured on that. The posces will follow them.
- Tonto; That right.
- Ranger; I'm ready. Steady, big fellow. (MOUNTING EFFORT)
Come on, Silver!
- Tonto; Gittum up, Scout!

(HOOFS START)

M^usic; Interlude

- Annrc; The next day dawned under the menace of a gathering storm. Black clouds dropped over the mountain peaks to the roll of distant thunder.

(THUNDER, RAIN)

- Annex; Like ranging shots from a machine gun, bursts of heavy raindrops churned up the water of Shinbone Creek and splattered the rocks where Dutch Landers and his captive had dismounted. The outlaw surveyed a string of miners' shacks on the creek bank just ahead. He grinned wolfishly-
- Dutch; Red, I'm in luck. This rain will wash out my trail sign and there's a mining camp close.
- Red; What about it?
- Dutch; I need ammunition and grub. I aim to get them there.
- Red; Then you'd better aim again. Those shacks have been empty for months. The diggings have played out.
- Dutch; How do you know?
- Red; I been hearing mine talk every hour of the day.
- Dutch; I'm taking a look anyhow.
- Red; You're wasting time. You'd better ride on.
- Dutch; Seems mighty queer that you're thinkin' about what's best for me.
- Red; Knowin' what you do about Tom Wade, I don't want you caught again, you varmint!
- Dutch; I guess you don't at that, but I'm down to my last cartridge and I got to be sure there's nobody there. You walk ahead of me and I'll lead the horse.

(STEPS) (HOOF'S AT WALK)

Red; Why don't you let me go?

Dutch; You're still good protection from bullets. And if the lawdogs catch up with me maybe I can trade you to them and saved my skin.

Red; I should have plugged you when I had the chance.

Dutch; I smell bacon frying. It's coming from that shanty here.

Red; You're crazy.

Dutch; Knock on the door and I'll do the talking.

(STEPS, HOOFS STOP)

Knock, I said.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

Red; There's nobody there.

(DOOR OPENS)

Wade; Red! What are you doing here?

Red; Watch out!

Dutch; You're covered, mister! Well - if it isn't Tom Wade!

Wade; So it's you again!

Red; He's got me prisoner!

(HEAVY THUNDER)

(HORSE NEIGHS, HOOFS FADE)

Wade; There goes your horse!

Dutch; Let him go. You're not getting the drop on me!

Red; He'll head back to town!

Dutch; By the time he gets there nobody can back track him.

Wade; What do you want, Dutch.

Dutch; Something to eat first. Then you'll hear the rest.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; A little later the Lone Ranger and Tonto found an overhanging rock several miles from the old camp and stopped their horses in its shelter.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

Annrc; The rain was beginning to slacken, but it had left the creek bank a trackless stretch of sand. The masked man pointed-

Ranger; It's useless to look for tracks now.

Tonto; Maybe feller double back. Maybe him hide some place while we go by.

Ranger; That's true. We'd better separate.

Tonto; **Me** hear hoofs!

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Ranger; There's a riderless horse coming! We'll head him off! Come on, Silver!

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout!

(HOOFS)

Tonto; Me turn him!

Ranger; I've got his bridle!

Ad lib; (WHOA 'S)

(HOOF'S STOP)

Ranger; That's no miner's horse.

Tonto; Him got three white feet same as horse Landers steal.

Ranger; We can backtrack it if we ride hard. Come on, Silver!

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout!

(HOOF'S)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annccr; Dutch Landers leaned back in a makeshift chair, thoroughly enjoying the cruel turn of events which had made him master of both Tom Wade and the girl named Red. They waited silently until he spoke.

Dutch; That eating place of yours must make a heap of money.

Red; What are you driving at?

Dutch; I want money, Red. Money, a horse, and a lot of other things. Wade's going to get them for me.

Wade; How much money?

Dutch; I'll settle for ten thousand.

Wade; We won't pay it, will we, Red? He can't turn me in without sticking his own neck out.

Dutch; I can write, feller. A little letter to the Sheriff would finish you off without any danger to me.

Red; We'll have to pay the varmint.

Dutch; Where's your horse, Wade?

Wade; Stabled in the next cabin. And it's ready to ride.

Dutch; Then you're going to town, pronto. Don't get any ideas about skipping the country because I'm holding Red here 'til you come back with everything I want.

Wade; So long, Red.

Red; So long, partner.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Dutch; Well, sorreltop, I don't need you any longer.

Red; What do you mean?

Dutch; I mean that when Wade comes back you don't have to be alive - and you won't be.

(HOOF'S AWAY IN BACK)

Red; (SCREAMS) Help!

Dutch; Yell all you want to. He 's gone.

Red; You're getting all you asked for. Why do you want to kill me?

Dutch; Listen, you redheaded hash-slinger! You threw a gun on me. You made me crawl. I got to get square for that.

Red; You can't make me crawl! Go on and shoot.

Dutch; All right, you-

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

Red; A masked man!

Ranger; Drop that gun, Landers!

Dutch; Not for you, mister!

(SHOT)

Red; That was his last shot, masked man!

Dutch; You haven't got me yet!

(AD LIB FIGHT AS:)

Ranger; (AD LIBBING BLOWS)

Red; That put him down to stay!

Ranger; Do you want any more, Landers?

Dutch; (GROANS) I can't get up!

Wade; (COMING IN) Red, sweetheart! Are you all right?

Red; Darling! How did you get here?

Wade; I ran into this Indian and the masked man. They turned me back.

Tonto; Me think Sheriff coming.

(HOOF'S TO HALT)

Red; (LOW) Get, partner. Get going while you can!

Sheriff; (COMING IN) Hold it, all of you!

Ranger; The trouble is over, Sheriff. There's Dutch Landers on the floor.

Sheriff; Hey - you're wearing a mask!

Ranger; Don't let that disturb you. I left the note that brought you to Shinbone Creek.

Sheriff; Now I savvy some things. But how did Landers get that gun?

Landers; Help me up and I'll tell you.

Sheriff; (AD LIB) Well, let's have it.

Dutch; That woman brought the gun to the jail. She tried to plug me because I know about her partner - that critter you call Slim. He's Tom Wade and he's under a death sentence.

Sheriff; You're lyin', Landers!

Ranger; Sheriff, you'll have to accept his story.

Sheriff; Then I've got to arrest--

Ranger; Wait. That isn't all of it. Tonto, did you bring that envelope from my saddle bag?

Tonto; Me got-um.

Ranger; Read this, Sheriff.

(RUSTLE PAPER)

Sheriff; This here's a pardon! (PAUSE) It's for Tom Wade and says he's innocent!

Red; A pardon! Tom, did you hear that?

Wade; It's almost too good to be true!

Sheriff; Now if I could beg a pardon of the critter I arrested in the dancehall with Landers, I'd be plumb happy, too.

Ranger; (FADING BACK) Then you should be happy, Sheriff. You only did your duty.

Red; Who is that masked man, Sheriff?

Sheriff; I found a silver bullet with the note he left. That means he's the Lone Ranger.

Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, Away!

MUSIC: Theme