

The Lone Ranger, created by Geo. W. Trendle

Number 2516-1741

Date Mar 4, 1949

THE HOLE IN THE WALL

Goll

35

Ranger and Tonto

Sheriff.....straight.

Bert.....his deputy.

Ephriam Stone...sour old man.

Jimnice young guy.

Steve.....crook

Curly.....crook

Lippy.....crook

The Lone Ranger

"THE HOLE IN THE WALL"

Number 2516-1741

GQLL

Date MAR 4

(USUAL OPENING)

Annex: Curly Dick Moore and the Kane brothers, Steve and Lippy, were the only prisoners in the Modoc City jail. Confined in one of the cells at the rear of the stone lockup, they waited impatiently for the nightly check-up when Sheriff Howard would turn them over to the keeping of a deputy. Curly was at the cell door, peering through the bars at a second, solid door that led to the sheriff's office.

(DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS IN BACK)

Curly: Here he comes, fellers!

(STEPS FADING IN)

Curly: Let me do the talking if there's any done.

Sheriff: (COMING IN) Well, I see you birds are still in your cage.

(STEPS STOP)

Curly: You're not expecting us to bust out, are you, sheriff?

Sheriff: Nobody ever busted out of this calaboose yet.

Curly: Got time to play some cards? We need a fourth hand.

Sheriff: What do you horse thieves want to do?—get me in there and slug me?

Curly: We wouldn't think of it!

Sheriff: Oh, no!...Well, blow out that lantern and hit the hay.

Curly:- It's sure nice to be tucked in bed this way...Here goes the light.

(STEPS FADING OUT: DOOR CLOSING,
LOCKS IN BACK)

Lippy: You got nerve, Curly--asking him in here!

Curly: (CHUCKLES) That was one sure way to keep him out, Lippy. Now let's get busy on that wall.

Steve: Yeah, we almost got through it last night.

Curly: Steve, pull out that bread ~~wax~~ wadded up and stuck in the crack.

Steve: Okay...You want this spoon to dig out the mortar?

Curly: It's too short now. I'll use the wire handle off the water bucket.

(SCRATCHING NOISES)

Curly: This mortar's nothing but lime and sand, and it's so old it's rotten.

Steve: I'll keep an eye on the door to the office.

Curly: Do that, Steve. Lippy, you watch out the window.

Lippy: There's a light in Eph Stone's bank down the alley.

Must be they do their book-keeping at night...And there's the deputy's horse. I can see a Winchester in the saddle scabbard.

(SCRATCHING NOISES)

- Curly: There, by jing! The wire went through! I can feel air coming in!
- Steve: You sure?
- Curly: One good shove and that big rock'll break loose! We'll have plenty of room to crawl out!
- Lippy: Then let's go!
- Curly: Take it easy, Lippy! This isn't half of it! To make our getaway good we'll have to have horses, guns, grub and money.
- Lippy: We can grab what we need on the run.
- Curly: You're loco! At best we won't have much of a start. I want everything handy when we make our break.
- Lippy: Yeah, but how we going to fix it to be that way?
- Curly: Look, fellers. There's no rush. We can get in and out of this jail whenever we want to. See what I mean?
- Steve: Thunderation! We can raid this town any night and have a perfect alibi!
- Lippy: We can't wait too long. One of these days they'll be packing us off to the pen on that horse stealing charge. What's more, there's a chance we'll be ~~seen~~ identified for that killing in Texas. If they take us back there--(BREAKS)
- Curly: We'll know about it before hand. We can still run for it the hard way if we have to.

Steve: Let's make a sashay outside tonight just to see howw it works.

Lippy: Fellers, I got an idea! That bank is full of money- and there's the deputy's rifle!

Curly: Yeah...yeah! It looks like luck's with us, so we'll play her to the limit! Steve, you stay here.

Steve: Me stay! What for, Curly?

Curly: Somebody's got to be in the cell to answer up in case one of the lawdogs comes back and says somethin g. Fix up our bunks so it'll look like we're in them and then start snoring.

Steve: I savvy.

Curly: Lippy, get your shoulder against this stone! We're going to hold up that bank right from the jailhouse!

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

Annrc: Meanwhile, the Lone Ranger, camped in the chapparal just outside the town, had been reading a copy of the Modoc City Star by the light of a small fire. Suddenly he jerked himself erect.

Ranger: Tonto, when you were in town getting this paper, did you hear anything said about Curly Mobre and the Kane brothers?

Tonto: Only hear talk about horse thieves. No one much interested.

Ranger: Moore and the Kane brothers are those thieves, according to the Star. It states that they once lived in Modoc City and only recently returned, but makes no mention of the fact they're wanted in Texas for bank robbery and murder.

Tonto: Maybe sheriff not know that.

Ranger: It's an old trick for wanted murderers to allow themselves to be jailed for a lesser crime in another state. In that way they often save their lives.

Tonto: Crook should go back to Texas.

Ranger: Get the horses while I put out the fire. We're going to send a telegram to the Rangers, then see the sheriff!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc: In the jail office Sheriff Howard had jammed on his Stetson and was ready to leave for home. He turned for a last word to his deputy--

Sheriff: Bert, don't let those horse rustlers get you inside their cell.

Bert: I savvy, sheriff.

Sheriff: They're just too friendly for any godd.

(HOOF'S FADING IN)

Bert: Sounds like those riders are coming here.

Sheriff: I'll wait a bit.

AD LIB: (WHOAS--RANGER, (TONGO OUTSIDE)

(HOOF'S HAAT: DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Bert: Look there!

Sheriff: A masked man and an Injun!

(STEPS UP TO HALT)

Ranger: (COMING UP) Steady, there! I'm a friend!

Sheriff: Then what's the idea of hiding your face?

Ranger: Let's talk of a more important matter, sheriff.

Sheriff: Such as what? You talk. I'll decide what's more important.

Ranger: Those three men you're holding for horse stealing are wanted ~~xxx~~ by Texas lawmen for bank robbery and murder.

Sheriff: What makes you think so?

Ranger: My Indian friend and I just came up from the Rio Grande. On the way we were told about Moore and the Kanes.

Sheriff: Then you don't know them?

Ranger: No, we've never seen them.

Sheriff: This is their home town, but they were gone for a long spell, so maybe you're right.

Ranger: You should have received a wanted notice about them.

Sheriff: If I did, I missed seeing it. Just wait and I'll look through my files.

Ranger: Go ahead. My sole interest is in seeing justice done.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrcr: As the Lone Ranger and the sheriff examined a huge stack of circulars, Curly Moore and Lippy wiggled through the breach in the back wall of the jail.

(EFFORTS:SCRAPING NOISES)

Lippy: (SOFT) Well, Curly, we're out!

Curly: (SOFT) Yeah, but just wait...H ey, Steve! We're putting the stone back. Be ready to push it out again when we tap on the window.

Steve: (BACK, SOFT) I savvy.

(STONES RUBBING TOGETH ER)

Lippy: (SOFT) There! She's in place again! Now for that rifle!

(CAUTIOUS STEPS)

Lippy: (SOFT) Don't scare the horse!

Curly: (SOFT) Whoa, boy@...Steady!...I got the Winchester!

(GUN CLICK)

Curly: And she's loaded for bear!..But we've got to put it back after the job. We don't want the deputy getting curious.

Lippy: (SOFT) Sure not. Now put the bandanna over your face and we'll see how things stack up in the bank.

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

~~ANNRXX~~

curious.

Annecr: Ephriam Stone, president of the Peoples' Bank, sat in his office in the rear of the building. His full grey beard hid all of his face except a nose like the beak of a falcon and a pair of ageless and inscrutable eyes. Across a table from him the cashier, young Jim Holly, bent over a ledger. As Jim finished summing up a long column of figures, old Eph blew out one of the lamps.

Eph: (BLOWING) We've been wasting oil, James. One lamp is enough.

Jim: But Mr. Stone---

Eph: No buts about it. A penny saved is a penny earned. Now you'd better do those figures over again.

Jim: You know I don't make mistakes in simple addition.

Eph: James, everyone makes mistakes but me.

Jim: I promised my wife I'd be home early.

Eph: (SNOOTS) Promises are only good on notes backed by security.

Jim: I know how you regard a man's word, including your own. You said you'd raise my salary if I got married. I'm a family man now---

Eph: You shouldn't expect me to pay a premium on duty. It's the duty of every bank employee to be a family man. It gives the bank a measure of protection against the possibility that he'll steal money to spend in dancehalls and gambling dens.

Jim: Youx never married.

Eph: James, I own the bank. (CHUCKLES)

Jim: And you run the town. You think you're king of all creation. You even forced me to name my baby after you!

Eph: (CHUCKLES) I want my name to live after me. You should be proud of being the father of Ephriam Stone Holly.

Jim: Proud! I'm going to quit this job and change his ~~name~~ name! It's bad enough for him to be the child of a starving cashier without being the godson of a slave-driving old miser!

Eph: Tut, tut, James!

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

Curly: (OUTSIDE, CALLS) Hey, Eph! Your roof's on fire!

Eph: Fire! Oh, my money! The safe isn't fire-proof!

Jim: Get it open! I'll go outside and see about the fire!

((RUNNING STEPS:DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Curly: Get back in there with your hands up!

Jim: It's a holdup!

Eph: (BACK) What's this mean?

Curly: Shut that door, pardner!

(DOOR CLOSING:STEPS TO HALT)

Lippy: Stand away from that safe, you old goat! Don't try to close it.

Eph: Don't shoot.

Curly: See what's in it! I'll cover them!

Lippy: Criminy, look at the greenbacks and bonds!

Curly: Leave the heavy money. Take the paper, then look for guns.

Lippy: How'm I going to carry this stuff?

Curly: Make a sack out of your shirt!

Eph: No, no. Please go! You can't rob my bank! (EFFORT)
I won't let you!

(SCUFFLE)

Curly: (STRUGGLE) Let loose of my rifle barrel!

Eph: (EFFORT) Run, James! He can't shoot now! Run!
Get help!

Curly: (EFFORT) You old fool!. I'll show you! (AD LIB STRUGGLE)

Jim: (STRUGGLE) Hang on to the rifle, boss. I'll grab his arm.

Eph: (STRUGGLE) No...ho, save yourself!

(SHOT:GROAN:BODY FALL)

Jim: You--you shot him!

Curly: The miserly polecat asked for it! And you'll get the same!

Lippy: No more shooting! I've got the cash. Let's get out.

Curly: Don't try to follow us, feller!

(STEPS: DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Jim: Mr. Stone! Mr. Stone!

Eph: James...don't...don't change...baby's name.
(GASPS, DIES)

music: INTERLUDE

(PAPERS RUSTLING)

Sheriff: Well, masked man, that finishes the file and there's nothing here. Say, what's the Injun doing at the door?

Tonto: (BACK) Me hear-um shot.

Sheriff: Don't get excited. (CHUCKLES) If I run every time I heard somebody burning powder in this town I'd have my legs wore off plumb up to my knees.

Ranger: I don't suppose you receive all the wanted notices that are sent out in other state s.

Sheriff: Nope.

Ranger: Well, I've taken it upon myself to wire the Rangers in Austin.

Sheriff: I don't mind, mister. You've convinced me you're on the side of the law and I'll be right glad to have you're help.

(RUMMING STEPS FADING IN)

Tonto: (BACK) Some feller running this way!

Jim: (BACK, CALLS) Sheriff!

Sheriff: Sounds like Jim Holly, the bank cashier!

Jim: (COMING UP, PAINTING) The bank's been robbed!... two men!....They killed Mr. Stone!

Sheriff: Killed him!...Let's get over there!

(RUNNING STEPS)

Ranger: Come on, Tonto!

Sheriff: Going along, mister?

Ranger: No, we'll look for the bandits' trail!

Sheriff: Good! I'll send posses out later.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Curly: (SOFT) Well, Steve, we're back in jail again. Now let them look for us!

Steve: (SOFT) What did you get?

Lippy: (SOFT) Ten or twenty thousand in cash, a lot of valuable paper and three guns.

Steve: (SOFT) You can't keep the stuff in here!

Curly: (SOFT) Where's a better place for it? Quick, Lippy! We'll stash it inside these straw ticks and then turn in for the night.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc: Several hours later Jim Holly was back in Sheriff Howard's office. Pale and nervous, the young cashier had told and retold his story to the puzzled sheriff and his deputy. He was saying--

Jim: Sheriff, you and Bert act as if you doubted my word!

Sheriff: Maybe so.

(DOOR OPENS)

Bert: Sheriff, the masked man and Injun are back!

(DOOR CLOSSES*STEPS IN)

Sheriff: Well, mister, did you cut the outlaws' trail?

Ranger: No, sheriff. We circled the town. We didn't find any sign.

Sheriff: That just about settles it. There were people on every street around this block at the time of the shooting, but no one saw the owlhoots either horseback or on foot.

Tonto: That so.

Jim: Sheriff, I told you they came and went by the alley door.

Sheriff: Sure you did, Jim. But that alley don't go anywhere except by this jailhouse and to the street. I didn't see no tracks there.

Ranger: Jim, can you describe the bandits.

Jim: I don't know who you are or why I should tell you, but they had bandannas over their faces and wore cowhands' clothes.

Ranger: Is that all you noticed?

Jim: Yes--no, wait! One took off his shirt to make a sack and I saw a bullet scar on his back.

Ranger: What did they take?

Jim: The currency, valuable papers and three guns.

Ranger: Guns?...Sheriff, doesn't that strike you as being strange?

Sheriff: It sure does. I never heard of holdup men wasting good getaway time to get guns after they had the dinero.

Ranger: What do you make of it?

Sheriff: I hate to say it, but this wasn't any regular holdup. Someone's covering up and he went a little too far with his faking when he put those guns into his yarn.

Jim: Sheriff, you certainly don't suspect me!

Sheriff: Jim, I've been your friend, but you needed money and Eph Stone treated you like a dog. A feller who passed the bank just before the shooting told me he heard you two having a set-to. You were talking back as if you didn't expect to stay long on that job.

Jim: We had quarrels, yes. But they didn't mean anything. He provoked me, he rode me, but it was his way of showing he liked me. He never minded when I argued. He wanted to be human, but didn't know how; And tonight he took a bullet to save me.

Sheriff: I can't swallow that. Eph was a cantankerous old curmudgeon ^{AS} ~~like~~ everybody knows, and you couldn't help but hate him. Jim, you robbed and killed him... Now where's the money?

Jim: No! No! You're not serious! You can't think that of me!

Sheriff: I'd have to think the same thing about my brother if he was in your boots... Bert, he's reaching for your gun!

Bert: He's got it!

Jim: Stay in front of me, Bert!

Ranger: Tonto, block the door!

Jim: Stand still, all of you!

Ranger: Jim, drop that gun! You can't get away and you're only making things worse for yourself!

Jim: I'd rather be shot than hang!

Sheriff: I'll get him!

Ranger: Hold your fire, sheriff!..Now Jim, I'm coming after you!

(STEPS)

Jim: (H YSTERICALLY) Don't come any closer!

Ranger: I'm coming!

Jim: One more step and I'll--

(STEPS H ALT: BLOW: BODY FALL)

Sheriff: You knocked him out! Good work!

Ranger: I'm sorry I had to do it!

Sheriff: Sorry! In another second he'd have plugged Bert or you!

Ranger: It's more probable that he'd have shot himself.

Sheriff: Maybe you should have let him do it for the sake of his family.

Ranger: I'm not convinced of his guilt. You have no real evidence against him, only circumstances which make it appear that no one else could have committed the crime.

Ranger: I'm sorry I had to do it!

Sheriff: That's good enough for me.

Jim: (GROANS)

Tonto: Him come tol..Here, me help you up.

Sheriff: Bert, take him back to the cells! I'm charging him with robbery and murder!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

COMMERCIAL

Annecr: Although the Lone Ranger doubted that Jim Holly was guilty, the young cashier had been charged with a holdup murder actually committed by jailbreakers who returned to their cell after the crime in order to establish a perfect alibi. As the masked man and Tonto watched, Jim was led to the rear of the jail where the real killers lay laughing at the law.

(STEPS)

Bert: I'm locking you in this cell, Jim. You'll be here alone.

Jim: Bert, I'm sorry I made trouble. I wouldn't have shot anyone.

(STEPS H ALT)

Bert: Okay. Just take it easy and I'll bring you some coffee.

(CELL DOOR CLOSES, LOCKS)

Curly: (BACK, CALLS) Hey deputy! What's going on?

(STEPS)

Bert: You fellers still awake?

~~Curly~~

(STEPS HALT)

Curly: You woke us up slamming that cell door. Who's our neighbor?

Bert: The cashier from the bank down the alley. We got him for robbing the place and killing his boss.

Lippy: Well, boil my bones!

Curly: (CHUCKLES) Good thing we got a real alibi or you'd try to blame us. I expect you'd like to hang a bank job on us.

Bert: Maybe we will. A masked man is in the office right now and he claims three fellers with the same names you've got are wanted for a bank job down in Texas.

Curly: A masked man, did you say!

Steve: He's loco!

Lippy: Who is he?

Bert: He must be some kind of bank detective, I reckon. He's wired the Rangers for descriptions of the men they're hunting.

Curly: Yeah?

Bert: He isn't sure about you. And he's not sure about that cashier either.

Curly: He isn't, eh? (PAUSE) Say, I'd like to talk to that masked hombre. Send him back here, will you?

Bert: Okay.

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Lippy: (SOFT) Curly, you'll spoil everything!

Steve: (SOFT) If that feller trailed us all the way from Texas, he's plumb dangerous!

Curly: (SOFT) Yeah, too dangerous to live!

Lippy: (SOFT) You can't shoot him here! The law would be after us in no time!

Curly: (SOFT) There's another way of getting rid of him and covering our getaway at the same time.

Lippy: (SOFT) He's coming

Curly: (SOFT) Get back out of the corridor light!

(STEPS HALT)

Ranger: Did you men want to see me?

Curly: Mister, you're all wrong about us and that Texas business. We're rustâers, not killers. And we don't like killers.

Ranger: Is that so?

Curly: Just to prove it, we're ~~not~~ giving you a tip.

Ranger: Go on.

Curly: In our game we get around and hear things. A while back, before we got jailed, we heard two hombraes talking about holking up Eph Stone's bank. The way they planned it, they were going to hole up right in town till things cooled off a little.

Ranger: Where did they propose to hide?

Curly: In an old hay shed by the hotel stables.

Range r: Is that all you heard?

Curly: It's all I'm telling and it ought to be enough.

Ranger: Very well.

(STEPS FADING BACK)

Jim: (A LITTLE BACK) Mister!

(STEPS HALT)

Range r: (A LITTLE BACK) Well, Jim.

Jim: (BACK) I heard what those fellows told you! It must be the truth!

Ranger: (BACK) It could explain what's happened.

Jim: (BACK) You'll look into it, won't you? (DESPERATE) Won't you?

Ranger: (BACK) I'll investigate.

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Curly: (SOFT) He fell for it, fellers! Grab the swag. Stow it in your pockets, boots, shirts! Fix up the bunks! We've got to move fast!

Lippy: What ~~ARE~~^{ARE} we going to do?—lay for him at the shed?

Curly: We'll get him, rustle horses from the stable and then set fire to the whole shebang.

Steve: What for?

Curly: Use your heads! Nothing scares this town more'n a fire. Nobody'll notice us in the excitement. Likely we won't be missed for hours.

Steve: You're foxy, Curly, but suppose the masked man shows up with the sheriff and a big posse?

Curly: He won't! Bank detectives always work alone so's to get all the glory and reward money.

Lippy: I' guess we got everything, Curly.

Curly: Then here we go through the wall!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc: As the outlaws slipped away to set their trap, the Lone Ranger and Tonto mounted their horses in front of the jail.

AD LIB: (MOUNTING EFFORTS, GIDAPS)

(HOOFS)

Annrc: The masked man gave his companion a brief account of his conversation with Curly Moore. Then the Indian asked-

Tonto: What you think of story?

Ranger: It's plausible, but I don't believe it. Moore and the Kane brothers are notorious for their tricks.

Tonto: What you figure them fellers do?

Ranger: I don't know-but I'm going to investigate the hayshed.

Tonto: How we get there?

Ranger: It's on the alley that runs behind the Jail,
but we'll follow the street as far as the depot. I
want you to find out if there's been an answer to
that telegram.

Tonto: Me see light in depot window.

Ranger: Then the telegrapher is still on duty. I'll stop
here and wait for you. Whoa, Silver.

Tonto: Get-um up, Scout!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc: Tonto hurried to the telegraph office and
found that the Lone Ranger's message had
been answered. He secured the reply, then
rejoined the masked man.

(HOOFS COMING IN)

(NITE NOISES)

Tonto: Whoa, Scout!

(HOOFS HALT)

Tonto: You got answer, Kemo Sabay. Here.

Ranger: Good!

(PAPER RUSTLING)

Ranger: I can't see to read it. The moon's going down.

Tonto: Me strike match for you.

(MATCH STRIKING)

22

Ranger: The Texas Rangers want the sheriff to hold Moore and the Kanes. The descriptions they give fit the prisoners. What's this? Tonto, strike another match!

(MATCH STRIKING)

Ranger: H-m-m...Now I know what to expect at that shed!

Tonto: What is that?

Ranger; An ambush! Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Get-um up, Scout!

(HOOFS)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: The three jailbreakers crouched in the shadow of the hay shed. Lippy and Steve fingered their guns as Curly gave them last-minute instructions.

Curly: Now is it all clear?

Lippy: Sure. Me and Steve wait inside the shed and you close in on the varmint from behind.

Curly: Don't shoot unless you have to. The less noise the better until we're ready to ride.

Steve: There's people still awake in the hotel yet.

Lippy: How you going to take care of him?

Curly: I'll crack his head with a gun barrel.

Steve: I wish we'd rustled some horses the first thing.

Curly: I didn't think we'd have time, Steve. We'll get horses. That stable there is full of saddle stock.

Lippy: Listen! I thought I heard a horse!

Curly: Then let's get ready!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrcr: The Lone Ranger and Tonto had dismounted and stood studying the dark alley where the bank robbers waited. The masked man was saying--

Ranger: (SOFT) Tonto, they have the advantage of position, but they may not know there two of us.

Tonto: (SOFT) That so. They never see me.

Ranger: You move in on the shed from this side. I'll approach it from the other.

Tonto: Me savvy.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrcr: Merging himself with the shadows, Tonto inched his way toward the building where the outlaws expected the masked man to keep a rendezvous with death. He gained the open door and paused, straining his senses to detect the presence of others. Then he heard it--the sigh of an escaping breath. He took one noiseless step and froze as a lodger in the hotel crossed his room with a lamp and a beam of light flashed through the window. For an instant the Indian stood in silhouette and in that instant Curly sprang, his gun raised high. The eight-inch barrel slashed down--

~~XXXX~~

(BLOW:BODY FALL)

Curly: Got him!

Lippy: What next?

Curly: Drag him inside and I'll set the hay burning!

(DRAGGING NOISES)

Curly: That's far enough!

Steve: Maybe somebody'll rescue him. He isn't dead.

Curly: I'll fix that! I felt a padlock on the door. It's open, ready to snap.

Lippy: Well, touch her off and let's go!

(MATCH SCRATCHES)

Curly: There she goes! The place'll burn like powder!

Lippy: Come on.

(DOOR CLOSES:LOCK SNAPS)

Curly: (LAUGHS) Adios, masked man!

(RUMBLING STEPS FADING IN)

Steve: Who's that?

Ranger: (COMING UP) Don't move, any of you!

(STEPS HALT)

Curly: It's the masked man! I know his voice! We got the wrong man.

Lippy: Let him have it!

(SHOTS)

Steve: Shoot at his gun flashed!

Curly: I'm out of shells!

(SHOTS)

Ranger: Drop your guns!

Curly: Don't shoot again! We'll give up!

Ranger: - There's a light coming through the cracks in that shed! You've set it afire!

Lippy: 'Twasn't me that done it!

Ranger: (CALLS) Tonto, where are you?

Tonto: (BACK) Me inside! Place burning!

Ranger: This door--it's locked! Where's the key?

Steve: There isn't any!

Ranger: (CALLS) Tonto, try to break through!

(HAMMERING ON BOARDS)

Tonto: (BACK) That door plenty solid!

(FIRE CRACKLING)

Ranger: Lie down, you bandits! Clasp your hands over your heads!

Lippy: Okay...okay!

(HAMMERING ON BOARDS)

Tonto: (BACK) He can't get through! Fire get worse!

Ranger: (CALLS) I'll get you out! (EFFORT) I think I can pry the hasp off with a gun barrel! (EFFORT) I've got it started!

Curly: (SOFT) Now's our chance!

Lippy: Come on!

(RUNNING STEPS FADING OUT)

Tonto: (BACK) What happen?

Ranger: They're getting away! (EFFORT) But it can't be helped! (EFFORT) There, I've got the staple out! I'm opening the door!

(DOOR OPENS: FIRE LOUDER)

Tonto: That plenty close, Kemo Sabayi

Ranger: Your head! You're hurt!

Tonto: Not much. Maybe we better give fire alarm.

Ranger: It won't be necessary. Listen!

(ALARM BELL IN BACK)

Tonto: Then what we do?

Ranger: We're going after the outlaws. I think I know where they'll hide!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(RUNNING STEPS TO HALT)

Lippy: (BREATHING HEAVILY) Where'll we go Curly?

Curly: We ~~we~~ haven't any horses or guns and that masked man will be right on our heels in a little while. Where can we go?
can we go?

Steve: We're almost back to the jail.

Curly: The masked man didn't see our faces. Our cell is still the safest place for us.

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Lippy: Maybe that's him coming!

Curly: Come on! Let's get back inside!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(HOOFS)

AB LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger: Tonto, you watch the back of the jail while I see the sheriff.

Tonto: Me savvy.

(DISMOUNTING EFFORTS: STEPS: DOOR OPENS,
CLOSES)

Bert: (BACK) The masked man is back!

(STEPS UP TO HALT)

Sheriff: I was just leaving for the fire, mister.

Ranger: Three of your prisoners left for that fire quite a while ago. In fact, they set it!

Sheriff: Now wait a minute!

Rangers Look at this telegram!

Sheriff: From the Rangers, eh? And you're right about Moore and the Kanes.

Ranger: Read the rest.

Sheriff: It says here—well, smoke me down! It says Lippy Kane has got a gunshot scar in his back! (PAUSE) And Jim described that kind of a scar! Now I'm beginning to see!

Ranger: With that fact to go on, all the pieces of the puzzle fall into place.

Sheriff: Bert, you fetch them fellers in here and let Jim Holly out!

Bert: You bet I will!

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Sheriff: How they been getting out, mister?

Ranger: Through a hole in the wall, I suppose.

Sheriff: A hole! Then they might get away from Bert!

(SHOT OUTSIDE)

Tonto: (OUTSIDE, CALLS) You get back! Pronto!

Ranger: My Indian friend seems to have taken care of that, Sheriff.

(STEPS FADING IN)

Bert: (COMING UP) Here they are, sheriff! And look what Jim's got!

(STEPS II ALT)

Jim: It's all the stuff from the bank! They were trying to hide it!

Sheriff: Now you, Moore, and you two Kanes! Texas wants to hang you, but I reckon you'll hang right here. And till you do I'm chaining some forty-pound cannon balls to your legs.

Curly: Go ahead! We know we're licked, but it wasn't you who done it. It was that masked man.

Jim: Sheriff, see what I've found in these papers! It's Mr. Stone's will and he left everything to my baby, his godson!

Sheriff: Well, Jim, I sure have got a lot to apologize for. It looks like I was wrong about everyone but the masked man.

Jim: Who is he?

Sheriff: He's the Lone Ranger!

RANGER: (BACK) ~~HI~~ HI-Y O-SILVER---AWAY!

THEME