

The Lone Ranger, created by Geo. W. Trendle

Cancel the Five Numbers - Goll

Number 2529-1754

Date April 4, 1949

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Ranger and Tonto

Ed Baron.....young publisher.

Cindy.....ingenue

Sheriff.....straight.

Judge Bolt...pompous jurist

Ham Marker...cafe owning politician

Two.....crook

Three.....crook.

Four.....crook.

Agent.....bit. (double)

Engineer..bit. (double)

The Lone Ranger

Number 2529-1754

"CANCEL THE FIVE NUMBERS"

Date APRIL 4, 1949 Goll

(USUAL OPENING)

Annex: Slumped in a chair, Sheriff Joe Hayes looked out of his office window into the Mountain City square where business places were just beginning to open for the day. The lawman, grown gray in service, was exhausted after a hard night on the trail, but neither age nor fatigue weighed upon him as heavily as his sense of failure. Once more he had been outwitted by the Five Numbers, a gang of outlaws whose name derived from their habit of addressing one another as numerals during ~~holdups~~ holdups. Chewing savagely on the stem of a cold pipe, the sheriff noted the approach of his daughter, Cindy, and her employer, Ed Baron, the youthful editor of the Weekly Observer. He scowled as the door opened and Cindy greeted him---

Cindy: Dad! You're here!

Ed: What happened last night, sheriff?

Sheriff: Howdy, youngsters! What makes you act so surprised like?

Ed: We found a note under the door when we opened the office. It was signed, "The Five Numbers."

Sheriff: A note from them ornery varmints!

Cindy: Yes, Dad, and it said to ask you how you liked to walk. What did it mean?

Sheriff: I...er...well, I reckon I better tell you. They stole my horse last night while I was scouting on foot in Crooked Canyon.

Ed: (LAUGHS) Well, I'll be dogged!

Sheriff: What's funny about it? When I catch up with those ~~ex~~ critters I'll hang them higher'n a kite.

Cindy: Dad, don't you think you'd better have help?

Sheriff: Help! Why, durn it, girl, I've made a special deputy out of every business man in town, I've got posses ready to ride at a minute's notice.

Ed: It looks to me as though those owlhoots have connections right here in town. They seem to know every move you make.

Sheriff: I reckon that's so.

Ed: Some private agent should be working with you, someone who's not known.

Sheriff: Who'd pay a feller like that? Not this county.

Ed: He might undertake the job for the reward the railroads are offering.

Sheriff: I don't want outsiders mixing in this. It's my job.

Ed: Sheriff, you've got to swallow your pride for the good of the community. I'm going to print a full-page appeal for help. Other newspapers all over the West are bound to pick it up. Somewhere it should reach the right man.

Sheriff: Ed, you'll get me laughed out of office!

ED: People are going to laugh at you anyhow, now that you've lost your horse.

Sheriff: You can't print that!

Ed: I'll print it!

Sheriff: I'm going to print a full-page appeal for help.

Sheriff: What's the reward?

Ed: I'll have to. It's news. I owe it to the paper and its readers.

Sheriff: Ed, just think! You aim to have me for your daddy-in-law. You know I've had a mighty good record as a peace officer up to now. But you're going to ruin me!

Cindy: Ed, darling, it WILL spoil everything for dad. People will forget how often he risked his life to protect them. They'll only remember him as the sheriff whose horse was stolen.

Ed: I'd like to overlook it, but I can't.

Sheriff: You can't! Thunderation! You own the Observer. You can do as you please.

Ed: No, sheriff. I serve the public same as you.

Sheriff: Cindy, are you going to let this whippersnapper pull a deal like that on your own father?

Cindy: I can't help it, dad!

Sheriff: You can tell him you won't marry him--and you won't if he makes a fool out of me and I can stop you. No back-stabbing polecat can have a daughter of mine!

Cindy: Dad! Don't talk about Ed like that!

Sheriff: So you're siding with him!

Ed: Be reasonable, sheriff! Don't you see that it wouldn't do any good if I kept the story out of the paper? Those bandits want it to get around and they can find other ways of spreading it!

Cindy: That's right, Dad.

Sheriff: Get out! Get out, both of you! I never want to see either one of you again!

(MUSIC:INTERLUDE)

Annrc: That afternoon a special edition of the Observer came off the press, carrying the headline appeal, "Cancel the Five Numbers!" It's ink was still damp when a committee of citizens, led by Judge Quincy Bolt and Ham Harker, a cafe-keeping politician, filed into the sheriff's office. Like a wounded grizzly, the veteran lawman faced them growling--

Sheriff: Well, gents!

Judge: Sheriff Hayes, it's my painful duty--

Sheriff: (INTERRUPTS) Cut that high-faluting lingo, Judge Bolt. What do you want?

Judge: Your resignation, sir?

Sheriff: Then you came to the wrong place. Nobody can take my badge.

Ham: Somebody took your horse, it seems.

Sheriff: Ham Harker, I've stood all the hurrahing I'm going to. I'll---

Judge: He's drawing his gun!

Ad Lib: STIR

Ham: Put that revolver back, you old fool! You shoot one of us and you'll hang on your own scaffold!

Sheriff: Then you keep your chops closed, Harker.

Judge: Sheriff, it must be apparent to you that you've failed in the performance of your duties. Besides that, you've made this town and county ridiculous.

Sheriff: Was it my fault someone sneaked away with my horse?

Judge: Perhaps not, but that call for outside help which appears in today's Observer brands you as incompetent.

Sheriff: That confounded editor got that ~~thing~~ thing up!

Judge: You are aware that if you won't resign we can prefer charges and have you removed from office.

Sheriff: I savvy what you're up to. You want to get Ham Harker appointed in my place. He's been after my badge ever since I licked him at last election.

Judge: Mr. Harker has every qualification for the office.

Sheriff: Sure! He wears a white silk shirt and a broadcloth suit!

Judge: That's immaterial and irrelevant to the issue. Will you resign with dignity or--

Sheriff: (INTERRUPTS) Dignity, be hanged. I'm sticking to my guns

(MUSIC:INTERLUDE)

Annrc: In one of the rooms in the Palace Hotel across the square four hard-eyed men played cards. Leaning against the wall were a surveyor's rod and a tripod-mounted transit which they frequently packed around as an excuse for activities. Actukally, the guns which rode low on their thighs were the instruments of their trade.

Two: Fellers, we sure set this town on it's ears by rustling the sheriff's horse!

(LAUGHTER)

Three: Cut the noise! There's somebody at the door!

Two: (SOFT) It must be Number One!

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Three: Howdy, Ham! How'd you make out on the sheriff deal?

Ham: Old Hayes is too mule-headed to quit, but I'll soon be in. I got Judge Bolt and a lot of others working for me.

Two: Well, if they can't push the old feller out now, they sure ought to be able to do it after we rob the P and K train. That'll make the honest Johns howl to Hight Sierra!

Ham: That'll be our last holdup in this county, boys. I aim to keep it right pranceable around here after I'm sheriff.

Two: We savvy, Ham. No fox ever makes a kill around his own hole.

Ham: We'll use Mountain City as headquarters and build up four or five big gangs. Then we'll raid the rest of the country.

Three: Yeah, all the way from the Missouri to the Rio Grande!

Two: Say, I've been wondering about that piece in the paper. Do you reckon it'll bring any private detectives to town?

Ham: Suppose it does? We're too slick to be caught. Now let's go over that train job again...

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

Annex: On a press night several weeks later Ed Daron and Cindy were at work in the Observer printshop.

(MACHINE NOISES)

A small steam engine puffed in a backroom, turning the rollers on a battered Hoe press. As Cindy stacked papers, the editor examined a copy for legibility. Suddenly he crumpled it and pulled a lever.

(NOISES BLOW TO STOP)

Cindy: What's the matter, darling?

Ed: It's the ink, Cindy. I can't read a word of the print, but I guess that's as it should be. Newspapers are cowardly, heartless monsters!

Dindy: That's no way to talk.

Ed: I should be kicked from here to Timbuctoo for running that story about your dad. He's going to lose his job. And he's broken with you, much as he loved you.

Dindy: Dad's a grand man in spite of his stubbornness. We'll make up again. But he'll never get over it if he's driven from office.

Ed: I know; It's a dirty shame!

Dindy: I've heard him say that he'd a thousand times rather die with his boots on than lose his badge. (SOBS) And he would!

Ed: Cindy, dear ..don't! Crying won't help. We've got to-- (BREAKS) Say! There's somebody in the engine room!

(STEPS FADING IN)

Cindy: It's ~~the~~ a masked man!

Ed: My gun!....It's up in front!

Ranger: (COMING UP) Never mind the gun. I'm a friend.

(STEPS HALT)

Ed: What do you want?

Ranger: I read your call for help some days ago. Since then my Indian friend and I have traveled fast and far to get here.

Ed: We certainly need help, but I'm not sure you can be trusted.

Ranger: I'm handing you a silver bullet. Does it identify me?

Cindy: Ed, I've heard my father tell of a masked man who carried silver bullets and fought for the right. But Dad never believed he really existed. He wouldn't, of course---but this must be the man!

Ed: Have you called on the sheriff, mister?

Ranger: I didn't think it wise.

Cindy: And you're right. Dad would take you for an imposter or outlaw. But he's in serious trouble.

Ranger: I anticipated that, Miss Hayes. Now tell me all you can about Mountain City, its people, and the Five Numbers gang.

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

Annex: While the Lone Ranger gathered information at the printshop Tonto scouted the town, listening to cafe gossip. They heard much about the crimes of the Five Numbers, but the talk gave them no inkling that the gang was about to strike again. The outlaws stood around a kerosene-soaked tie pile on the P and K railroad track a few miles from town. Each wore dark clothes and a black mask which made him almost invisible in the shadows. As they fingered their guns impatiently, the leader snarled---

Ham: That train is 'way late!

Two: Seems like we been waiting hours, Ham.

Ham: Don't any of you use another's name again! We're on a job now!

Two: We savvy, Number One.

Ham: Don't forget what you're to do either. Two and me'll get the Wells Fargo box. Three'll watch the engine crew, Four the passengers and Five the horses. Three'll also fix the engine so it can't move before we're back in town.

Three: Okay, One.

(TRAIN WHISTLE FAR BACK)

Two: She's coming!

Ham: Start the fire!

Three: I got it going! That'll stop her!

(TRAIN NOISES FADING IN)

Ham: There's the headlight rounding the curve!

(WHISTLE A LITTLE BACK)

Two: They see the fire! They're stopping!

(TRAIN NOISES SLOWING TO STOP)

Engineer: (A LITTLE BACK, CALLS) What's wrong? Is the track out?

Four: (CALLS) You and your fireman, come out of that engine cab with your hands up!

Engineer: (A LITTLE BACK) It's holdup. (COMING UP) We're coming! Don't shoot!

Ham: Two and Three, come on!

(RUNNING STEPS TO HALT)

Ham: Here's the express car.

(HAMMERING)

Two: Hey, you express agent! Open that door or we'll burn the car!

(DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

Agent: Train robbers!

Ham: Get your hands up, feller! Two, give me a boost inside. (EFFORT) There! Now hop in yourself!

Two: Coming in! (EFFORT) Where's the strongbox?

Ham: Right there.

Two: That's the biggest, toughest-looking box I ever saw!

Ham: Dig up the keys, agent!

Agent: Wells Fargo don't let us fellers carry them any more!

Ham: Dig them up, I said....No, you don't!

(SHOT:GROAN:BODY FALL)

Two: You got him!

Ham: The crazy fool was going to jump out... See if he's got the keys on him.

Two: I'm looking...Nope, they're not in his pockets.

Ham: Can we chisel that box open?

Two: No ~~chance~~ chance! It'll have to be blasted! ~~open~~

(SHOTS, BACK)

Three: (BACK, CALLS) Hurry it up, Number One! The passengers are shooting.

Ham: We haven't time to blow it. We'll have to carry it off. (EFFORT) All Friday, but that's heavy!

Two: So heavy we can't get it to town. No pack horse can carry it that far. If we could only use the engine.

Ham: Four has put it out of commission by this time. We'll just have to pack the box as far as we can, then bury it.

Two: (CALLS) Five, bring up the horses!

(SHOTS, HOOFS FADING IN)

(MUSIC:INTERLUDE)

Annecr: It was several ~~hours~~ ^{hours} later. Tonto had joined the Lone Ranger at the printshop and the two were about to leave for their camp in a nearby pass. The ~~editor~~ editor was saying---

Ed: Friends, I'm afraid I've let you in for a lot of trouble, just as I did the sheriff, but--(BREAKS)

(HOOF'S FADING IN AND OUT AT GALLOP)

Tonto: Why them fellers ride like that?

Ed: That must be a posse!

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

Cindy: Somebody wants in from the street!

Ranger: Here, Tonto! We'll stand behind the press.

Ham: (OUTSIDE, CALLS) Hey, Ed! Open up!

Ed: (CALLS) I'm coming!

(STEPS TO HALL: DOOR OPENS)

Ed: Oh, it's you, Ham! What's happening?

Ham: Plenty. The Humpers gang robbed the P and K train tonight. Held it up at the cattle crossing west of town, killed an express agent and got away with the Wells Fargo box.

Ed: No! You don't mean it!

Ham: That's the report from the depot. They say there's sixty thousand dollars in the box.

Ed: What a haul!

Ham: I figured you should know about it, this being your press night.

Ed: Who was it that just went by---the sheriff and his possement?

Ham: Yeah, but they're too slow and dumb to catch a cold.

Ed: I suppose so, but why aren't you riding? You're a special deputy and it looks like you'll soon be sheriff.

Ham: (CHUCKLES) Old Hayes don't like my company any better than he does yours, Ed. I aim to go out with my own little posse---those surveyors who stay at the hotel.. You might put that in your write-up.

Ed: Okay, Ham.

Ham: Say, didn't I see somebody in here with you when I came to the door?

Ed: Cindy's here.

Ham: Now look, if you've got any man-hunters hidden around, bring them out. (CHUCKLES) They can go hunting with me.

Ed: You're an obliging hombre, Ham. Well, thanks for reporting the holdup. Not many people are so newspaper-minded...Of course, there's the bandit who left the note about Sheriff Hayes' horse.

Ham: (CHUCKLES) You've got to be good to and editor. Or shoot him. So long.

(DOOR CLOSES:STEPS)

Ed: Cindy, this'll finish you father!

(STEPS HALT)

Cindy: Poor dad!

Ed: I'll bet those outlaws are here in town right night now, laughing up their sleeves at him.

Ranger: Come on, Tonto.

Ed: Where are your horses?

Ranger: In the alley. We'll go through the engine room.

(STEPS)

Ed: Cindy and I will see you out.

(DOOR OPENS: HORSE NICKERS)

Cindy: What a beautiful horse!

Ranger: Get back! There's somebody at the corner!

(SHOTS: RICOCHETS)

Ed: He's shooting at us!

Tonto: Me get him!

(SHOTS: RICOCHETS)

Cindy: (SCREAMS) Ed...Ed...I'm shot!

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

COMMERCIAL

Annrc: Framed in the light from the printshop door, the Lone Ranger and Tonto had been fired upon by a hidden gunman. As bullets swept the doorway, Cindy, the editor's sweetheart, reeled backward, screaming that she was wounded.

Ranger: Catch her, Ed! She's falling!

Ed: I've got her!....Oh, Cindy, you poor darling!

Ranger: Get her inside! I'll close the door!

(DOOR CLOSES)

Ed: She's dead! DEAD!

Ranger: No, she's only fainted. Get some water.

Ed: Right here's some.

Ranger: ~~A~~ splinter from the door frame hit her but she's hardly scratched.

Ed: Thank Heaven!...

(WATER SPLASHING)

Ranger: She's coming to

Cindy: (FAINTLY) Ed, dear...I thought---(BREAKS)

Ed: You're all right, Cindy! Drink this and take it easy.

Cindy: Someone shot at us!

Ed: Never mind, dear! The trouble's all over.

Ranger: That gunman was after Tonto and me, Miss Hayes. He couldn't have seen you.

Ed: That means the outlaws know about you and Tonto!

Ranger: The man who made the robbery report suspected something.

Ed: But that was Ham Harker! He wants to be sheriff and probably will be.

Ranger: He isn't above suspicion.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

Tonto: (OUTSIDE) Kemo Sabay!

Ranger: It's Tonto. I'll let him in.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Tonto: That feller who shot at us run toward square. Me follow but when me get there him gone.

Ranger: He could have dodged into any one of a dozen buildings. Did you see Harker?

Tonto: Him gone too. But plenty people hear shooting. Some coming this way now.

Ranger: Then we'd better leave.

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

Anncr: Meanwhile, the Number One man an the gang of train robbers had burst into the hotel room where his confederates waited. He was panting--

Ham: (PANTING) Look out the window, somebody! See if I was followed.

Three: Okay, Ham...What's the matter?

Two: We heard shooting down the street.

Ham: I tried to plug two hombres behind the printshop. I missed.

Two: Who were they?

Ham: Detectives, I figure. I had a hunch the editor was hiding somebody, so I watched the back door and those fellers came out. One looked like an Injun. The other wore a mask.

Two: A mask!

Ham: That's right... Say, what's going on outside?

Three: Nobody's come near the hotel. But I see people running toward the newspaper shop.

Ham: We've got to get over there ourselves. It won't look right unless we do.

Fonr: Ham, I'm worried about that box. There's big dinero in it and we didn't have time to hide it good.

Ham: In the morning when the posse's back we'lll go out and blow it open. Now let's go see the editor.

(MUSIC:INTERLUDE)

Anncr: A few minutes later Ham and the supposed surveyors were listening with expressionless faces as Ed gave the crowd in the printshop a self-censored version of the shooting. He was saying--

Ed: That's how it was, gents. I'd just opened the back door when the fellow opened fire. One of the bullets almost hit Cindy.

Ham: Ed, it seems right odd to me that anyone would want to shoot her.

Ed: That's so, Ham. Maybe he meant to get me, A lot of editors are shot.

Ham: Gents, as your next sheriff, I'm going to get that hombre!

Ad lib: STIR

Ed: I'm going along with you, Ham!

Ham: What for? You've got a paper to get out.

Ed: My printer's back now. He and Cindy can take care of that.

Cindy: Ed, it'll be dangerous!

Ed: It's a big story, darling. The Observer has got to be in on it!

Ham: All right, Ed. Let's go!

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

(HOOFS)

Anncr: Holding their horses in check, the Lone Ranger and Tonto descended a steep slope just as day broke and revealed just below them the silent, deserted scene of the train robbery. Tonto was saying—

Tonto: Easy, Scout! Here is railroad bed.

Ranger: The sheriff and his men were all over the place last night. I suppose they've trailed the bandits to town by this time.

Tonto: Them posse fellers didn't frample this side of track. Me see where crooks kept horses while they wait for train.

Ranger: Yes, they waited there.

Tonto: Me count prints of six horses.

Ranger: Then they only had one pack horse. That's good!

Tonto: Why you say that?

Ranger: Wells Fargo recently installed new strongboxes in all express cars. They can only be opened by blasting and they're hard to move. A pack horse burdened with one would give out within a mile or two!

Tonto: Now me savvy. Them fellers had to hide box.

Ranger: Let's find it! Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Get-um up, Scout!

(HOOFS)

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

(HOOFS)

Annrc: Riding slowly, the Lone Ranger and Tonto followed the route over which the posse had trailed the outlaws. A multitude of hoof prints made their search for the money chest so difficult that they had been forced to cut and sharpen poles with which to probe the ground. At length, the masked man drew rein.

Ad lib: WHOAS

Ranger: Tonto, the roots of these bushes have been disturbed. The leaves are wilting.

Tonto: He stick pole in there...

(THUDS)

Tonto: It hit something three, four inches deep! Me get down. (DISMOUNTING EFFORT) Now me scrape sand away.

(SCRATCHING SOUNDS)

Ranger: I can see it! That's the strongbox!

Tonto: What we do now?

Ranger: Cover it up. The bandits will be back here as soon as they think it's safe---probably today.

Tonto: We catch-um whole bunch them.

Ranger: They'd lie out of it if we simply captured them here. We've got to catch those outlaws in the act of blowing that safe, and even then we'll need witnesses who can go to court against them.

Tonto: Me not think of that.

Ranger: You stay here and watch. I'm going to town. Come on, Silver!

(HOOFS)

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

Ann cr: As the Lone Ranger galloped away, Ham Harker's party approached the scene from a different direction. The Number One outlaw and the man known as Number Two had slowed their horses.

(HOOFS)

As they dropped behind the others they talked in low voices.

Two: Ham, we can't do anything with that editor tagging along.

Ham: We'll have to plug him, but first I'm going to take a look through my field glasses at that place where we buried the box.

Two: What do you see?

Ham: There's somebody down there! He's hiding behind a boulder!

Two: What!

Ham: It's an Injun--the same one who was with the masked man!
(CALLS) Ed, come back here!

Ed: (BACK A LITTLE) Sure, Ham!

Ham: (CALLS) Everybody, pull up!

Ad lib: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Ed: (UP) What's the matter? Did you sight something?

Ham: Yeah...yeah, I did. Take my glasses.

Ed: Thanks...Say, what did you grab my gun for?

Ham: Feller, that redskin who was in your shop is down there watching where we cached the Wells Fargo box.

Ed: So that's it! You fellows are the Five Numbers!

Ham: You catch on. Now you and I are going down and see the Injun.

Three: Why don't we drill the redskin with a rifle?

Ham: Dead men don't talk and I want to know things. By riding in with this editor I'll take the Injun off guard. You boys wait out of sight till I call.

Two: We savvy.

Ham: Now, Ed, I'm covering you with a pocket gun, so you'd better act right when the Injun sees us. Get going!

(MUSIC:INTERLUDE)

(HOOFS FADING)

Annex: At the sound of hoofs, Tonto peered from his hiding place. He recognized the riders but saw nothing that indicated the editor was a prisoner. Thinking that his own presence was unknown, he remained motionless. A moment later the two were upon him. Harker feigned surprise.

Ham: Look, Ed! An Injun!

Ad lib: WHOAS

(HOOF'S HALT)

Ham: You, feller! Do you savvy English?

Tonto: (GRUNTS)

Ham: Get down, Ed. (DISMOUNTING) I'll talk to him in sign language.

Ed: Tonto; watch out!

Ham: Don't move, or I'll kill you both!

Tonto: Why you point gun at me? Me friend.

Ed: He's a bandit! He forced me into this!

Ham: (CALLS) Come here, boys!

(HOOF'S UP TO HALT)

Ad lib: WHOAS

Ham: Light and get hold of these fellers.

Two: Sure! (DISMOUNTING EFFORTS) We got them!

Ham: Now, you red varmint, who are you? Where's the masked man?

Tonto; Me not talk.

Ham; Then I'll gun-whip it out of yuh. () Like This!

(BLOW. GROAN. BODY FALLS)

Three; You hit him too hard. He's out cold.

Twii; What's the difference? We can get at the box now.

Ham: All right. Let's crack it.

MUSIC INT.

Annccr; Meanwhile, the trail-weary sheriff stood at the hitchrail in front of his office. His posse had deserted, leaving him to explain his latest failure to the indignant citizens gathered there. It was a situation that Judge Bolt relished. In his best courtroom manner, he pronounced--

Judge; Sheriff, you no longer have the slightest claim to consideration.

Sheriff; (WEARILY* All right, Judge. I've had enough. Here's my badge.

ADLIB: (MURMURS)

Cindy; (COMING UP) Don't do it, Dad. Don't give up now.

Sheriff; You stay out of this. I told you once --

(HOOFS APPROACHING)

Judge; Look! A masked man.

Sheriff; It's one of the five numbers! He's covering us.

Ranger; (COMING IN) Steady there, all of you. (WHOAS)

HOOFS STOP

Sheriff; What do you want?

Ranger; Get mounted, Sheriff. You too! And you, and you -

ADLIB: (STIR)

Cindy; Do as he says, Dad. Please!

Sheriff; All right, feller. I don't want my daughter hurt.

Judge; He's abducting us. Forcing us to go with him at the point of a gun.. What an outrage.

Ranger; Get mounted, I said.

ADLIB: (MOUNTING EFFORTS)

Ranger; Now head west and ride hard.

ADLIB (GETAWAY)

HOOFS
MUSIC

Annccr; As the masked man herded his witnesses along the trail thru the mountains, the number Two of the outlaw gang tossed a shovel aside and announced-

Two; There. I got the charge tamped in against the box lid. The fuse is ready to light.

Three; It'll make a lot of racket- and we don't know where the masked man is.

Two! I'm muffling it with these bedrolls.

Ham; Let's use the Indian too. Put him on top of the charge.

Two; Why not? Give me a hand somebody.

(DRAGGING SOUND)

Three; (EFFORT) This where you want him?

Two; Yeah. From here he goes straight to the happy hunting ground.

Ed; Harker, you can't do that.

Ham; Mr. Editor, you stuck your nose into this, and you're getting your big story, only you'll never print it.

Two! Get back fellers. I'm going to tough off the fuse.

•MUSIC INT.

Anncr; From the top of a nearby ridge where he had called a momentary halt, the Lone Ranger looked down and pointed.

Ranger; Sheriff, what do you see?

Sheriff; Why there's Ham Harker. And Ed Baron. And those survey fellers!

Ranger; There should be another man. My Indian friend. He's not in sight.

Judge; What are they doing?

Sheriff; One(s holding a gun on Ed. Another is lighting something.

Judge; Butb- but- =

Ranger; There are your five numbers! And they're blowing
the Wells Fargo box. Come on, Silver.

HOOFS.

MUSIC INT.

Two; I got the fuse going. Ham, look at it sputter.

HOOFS FADING IN

Ham; Listen. Someone's coming.

Three; It's the masked man.

Four; He's bringin' a posse!

Ham; Let him have it. Open fire.

SHOTS NEAR AND FAR

Three (GROANS) I'm hit fellers. Help me.

MORE SHOTS.

Ham Get behind those rocks.

Two; Not with that powder ready to let go.

Ranger; (COMING IN) Drop your guns. (ADLIB WHOAS)

Two; Like fun.!

HOOFS STOP MORE SHOTS.

(HOWLS) IN PAIN)

Ranger; Anyone else want to get hurt? Throw down your guns!

ADLIB: (AGREEMENT)

Two; My arm! My arm. I give up. Don't shoot again.

Ranger; Here, Ed. Take this gun. (DISMOUNTS) Where's Tonto?

Ed There! Under those bedrolls. They - () Oh that fuse!
I forgot! It's burned it's way into the ground. Quick.

Ranger; (EFFORT) There's no time to dög for it. I'll get Tonto.

Ed; Harker, stand still. Hurry, Mister.

Ranger; (EFFORT) I'm getting him away. (EFFORT) Down, Ed!

(EXPLOSION)

Ed; (CUE) Mister, are you and your friend all right?

Ranger; The explosion missed us.

Ed; Not by much. Here come the sheriff and the others.
And there's Cindy with them!

HOOPS COMING IN

Tonto; Kemo Sabay, what happen?

Ranger; You'd better not get up yet, Tonto. How do you feel?

Tonto; Head hurt. That all. Water fix me all right.

ADLIB: WHOAS)

HOOPS HALT

Sheriff; I'll take charge of these varmints now. You see, Judge,
I'm keepin' my badge.

Cindy; Ed, Darling! Wont this make a great story for the paper?

- Ed; Yes, Cindy. But how did you get here?
- Cindy; (LAUGHS) I just followed along when the masked man kidnapped the town's leading citizens.
- Judge; You can't print that. You'll make a fool of me—
A Judge!
- Sheriff; (LAUGHS) I said the same thing, Judge, when you was tryin' to get my job for this polecat, Ham Harker. It didn't do no good, and I made a bigger fool of myself by gettin' mad. Cindy, Ed, I'm sorry for what I said.
- Cindy; Dad, we felt pretty badly about what we did, but it has all worked out for the best, thanks to the masked man and his indian friend.
- Judge; Well, I must say that he's given the court as much help as he did the sheriff. With evidence such as this the Five Numbers are bound to be cancelled with a rope. Do you hear that, Harker?
- Ed; The Observer isn't going to be too hard on you, Judge. (CHUCKLES) Cindy and I will be needing you to marry us one of these days.
- Sheriff! See here, Ed. I know you got that masked man to come to Mountain City. But who is he?
- Ed; Well, Cindy?
- Cindy; Dad, he's the man you never believed in. He's the Lone Ranger.
- Ranger; (BACK) Hi Yo Silver, away
theme