

The Lone Ranger, created by Geo. W. Trendle

Number 2533-1758

Date APR 13, 1949

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^{CALLED}
"A LADY ~~CALLED~~ CANNONBALL"

Goll

Cast of Characters

- Ranger
- Tonto
- Cannonball.....woman who can play part of man, Western, 50
- Clem.....her husband, prison-broken, bitter, 50
- Marshal.....officer, Western, 30
- Doc.....physician, mayor, intelligent, 50-60
- Collins.....express agent, arrogant, Western, 30
- Porky.....cafe keeper, crook, cunning, Western, 30
- Joe.....crook
- Hash.....crook

Mr. Straker
P14 - others would shoot *Fig P 22*

The Lone Ranger

Number 2533-1758

"A Lady Called Cannonball"

Date 4-13-49

Goll

(USUAL OPENING)

Annrcr: Cannonball McKay, owner and driver of the fastest stage in the Territory, swept the main street of Orient with a backward glance, then turned the knob of a door lettered, "Office of the United States Marshall."

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Marshall Jim Hanley lifted grave eyes from the papers on his desk and for a moment the lawman, bearded and burly, and the slim, smooth-faced driver in the battered Stetson and dusty jeans studied each other. Cannonball was the first to speak---

Cannon: Howdy, marshal. I heard you wanted to see me.

Marshall: That's right, amigo. Sit down.

Cannon: I get plenty of that on the box and I'm in a hurry to go home.

Marshall: Cannonball, you're the ^{MOST CURIOUS} ~~quickest~~ stage driver in the West.

Cannon: What makes you say that?

Marshall: You're as hard as they come in a lot of ways. You've out-shot or out-run all the Injuns and road agents who ever tried to stop you. Yet I've never knowed you to chew, smoke, drink or cuss. I don't savvy it.

Cannon: Marshall, you sure didn't call me in here to explain why I try to live decent-like.

Marshal: Nope, your life's your own business, but there's ²~~some~~ something else I don't understand. And it needs explaining.

Cannon: What do you want to know?

Marshal: Just tell me why you took that one-armed feller, Clem, in as your pardner when he blew into Orient a few weeks back.

Cannon: Has Clem made you any trouble?

Marshal: Not exactly, but he's quarrelsome and insulting.

Cannon: Clem's soured on the world. He's had a lot of tough luck.

Marshall: Tough luck, was it?...Cannonball, I hate to tell you this, but he did ten years in the Montana pen for holding up a stage.

Cannon: Who told you that?

Marshal: I got a notice from the warden up there. He says Clem was the meanest prisoner he ever had. Always trying to break out. The guards finally had to shoot ^{HIM IN} ~~his arm~~ ~~THE~~ THE ARM.

Cannon: I can tell you something more. After Clem was wounded, those fellers broke his jaw and knocked his teeth out with gun barrels. The prison sawbones could have saved his arm, Instead, he whacked it off.

Marshal: So you know what happened! And you took him in just the same!

Cannon: Listen, marshal! Clem and me teamed up long before they sent him to the pen. He couldn't have been in on that holdup. I was with him at the time, so I know. But my word didn't count in court.

Marshal: It counts with me. If you say Clem was innocent, he was. But he's making it bad for you.

Cannon: How so?

Marshal: The Wells Fargo and postoffice people know about Clem and his record. They say you've got to get rid of him or they'll cancel their hauling contracts.

Cannon: Let them do it! Clem's my pardner! He always will be!

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

Annrc: Several days later the Lone Ranger, disguised as a mining engineer, rode into Orient.

(HOOFS)

He had left Tonto at a nearby camp, intending to mail a letter to his nephew, Dan Reid, who was back in school. In front of a large frame building which housed the ~~the~~ Wells Fargo office, postoffice and Wheel Cafe, he drew rein.

AD LIB: WHOA, DISMOUNTING EFFORT

Annrc: As he dismounted and pulled the letter from a pocket, a group of idlers at the hitchrack turned with curious stares. An old swamper in a stained apron leaned over the rail and grinned---

Bottles: Stranger, there won't be any mail going out of this town.

Ranger: Why not, old timer?

Bottles: Bosses is my handle. I work for Porky Evans in the Cafe there.

Ranger: All right, Bottles. Now what about the mail?

Bottles: The postoffice and express company won't send their stuff out on the stage any more on account of the driver being thick with a crook.

Ranger: I understood that Cannonball McKay drove the stage.

Bottles: That he does, mister. You know him?

Ranger: Only by his reputation for courage and clean living. Who is this man you call a crook?

Bottles: Clem something-or-other. That's him standing 'cross the street. That one-armed feller with the bleached-out face and twisted mouth.

Ranger: He seems to be watching for someone.

(STEPS UP ON BOARDS)

Bottles: Here comes Collins, the express agent. My boss, too!

Porky: (COMING UP) Bottles, get inside and spread some fresh sawdust!

(STEPS HALT)

Bottles: Sure, boss, sure....Say, that Clem hombre is heading this way!

Porky: Collins, you'd better watch out! He might have it in for you!

Bottles: He's packing a gun in his pants pocket. See how that gallus is stretched.

(STEPS FADING IN)

Collins: I'm not scared of any one-winged buzzard.

Clem: (COMING UP) Just a minute, Collins.

(STEPS HALT)

Collins: What do you want?

Clem: You can give your hauling back to Cannonball. I'm leaving town.

Collins: You can't leave too soon! They shouldn't have ever ~~ta~~ turned a crook like you loose on honest people.

Clem: You can't ~~ta~~ call me a crook!

Collins: What are you going to do about it? ~~On~~

Clem: I'll show you!

AD LIB: (EXCITEMENT)

Porky: He's going to shoot!

Ranger: Get behind me, Collins...Clem, give me that gun!

Clem: Stand back, stranger!

Ranger: I want that gun!...Don't make me hurt you!

Clem:- Let go of my hand!

(SHOT)

Bottles: He shot into the ground!

Ranger: There, I've got it!....Now Clem, stand still and cool off.

(STEPS FADING IN)

Bottles: Here comes Cannonball and the Marshal!

Marshal: (COMING UP) Let us through!

(STEPS H ALT)

Cannon: (UP) Clem! What they doing to you?

Collins: Doing! That pen-crazy critter tried to gun me!
The stranger disarmed him!

Clem: He called me a crook and I never took a cent in my life!
I never hurt anyone! But look what the law done to me!
Took the best years of my life! Made me a cripple!

Cannon: Come on, Clem. Let's go home.

Ranger: Here's his gun, Cannonball. ~~To~~ You'd better keep
it away from him.

Marshal: Not so fast there! Don't you gents want Clem arrested?

Ranger: I don't and Collins shouldn't. He provoked the gunplay.

Marshal: Well, Collins?

Collins: I suppose I'll have to give him another chance to kill
me.

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

Annecr: As the crowd broke up and the Lone Ranger started back
to camp, Porky Evans caught the eyes of two hard-faced
bystanders and nodded. Silently, they followed him
to the backroom of the cafe.

(DOOR CLOSES, LOCKS)

Joe: Well, Porky, what's up?

Porky: Joe, you and Hash here have been figuring how to get the
gold dust Wells Fargo ships out by stage every month.

Hash: Yeah, but we decided it was too risky for us to monkey with that Cannonball. He's put a couple fellers in Boot Hill.

Porky: You can get the dust without tackling him. For a third cut out of it I'll tell you how.

Joe: You'll get your share. Spill it.

Porky: It's about time for that stuff to leave. But with Cannonball and the express company on the outs, it'll have to lay over in the office.

Joe: We can raid that place at night as easy as a hen coop.

Hash: Hold on! Won't Collins be guarding it?

Porky: Probably. But you can fool him to the door and plug ~~him~~ him.

Joe: The marshal sleeps in his office just down the street. He'll hear the shooting.

Porky: Suppose he does? It'll be after my closing time and one of you can slip the dust in here. The other can ^{MOUNT} ~~take~~ a horse, head for the mountains and then double back into town.

Hash: That's so. The marshal will go chasing after a man he thinks is on the run. (LAUGHS) Maybe he'll hang it on that crazy Clem!

Porky: We'll see that he does. We'll fix it so Clem hasn't got an alibi.

Joe: They'll hang him!

Porky: All the better. That'll end the case.

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

Hash: Hold on! Won't Collins be guarding it?
 Hash: That's so. The marshal will go chasing after a man
 Hash: Suppose he does? It'll be after my closing time and one of you can slip the dust in here. The other can

Anncr: Back in camp, the Lone Ranger told Tonto about his adventure while stripping off his disguise and resuming riding clothes and mask. The Indian commented--

Tonto: It look like that Clem feller is plenty dangerous.

Ranger: He is in his present stat^o of mind. He came out of prison a physical and mental wreck, but I doubt that he's a crook or ever was one.

Tonto: His must have been bad prisoner.

Ranger: The most desperate convicts are those who have been, or believe they have been victims of injustice.

Tonto: That so.

Ranger: Cannonball McKay believes in Clem. That faith is not to be taken lightly.

Tonto: What we do?

Ranger: For the time being, I want you to hang out around the express office and Wheel Cafe. Get acquainted with the old swamper. He hears everything and tells everything. And keep Clem away from Collins.

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

(CAFE NOISES)

Anncr: The cafe was packed with a roistering crowd the following Saturday night. Tonto had seen Clem enter the place and after making sure that Collins was still in the express company office, had followed. But the ex-convict was already gone. Puzzled, the Indian questioned Bottles--

Tonto: Where that feller, Clem, go?

Bottles: Him? Why, the boss just hired him to take a letter to the postoffice in Rushville. Give him ten dollars to do it! And that's right peculiar!

Tonto: Why you say that?

Bottles: Clem's been acting meek as a week-old ~~worm~~^{LAMB} of late and I reckon he can be trusted to mail a letter, but Porky isn't one to write letters. Nor give away gold eagles. He's a money hog.

Tonto: Me savvy.

Bottles: Come to think of it, I heard him saying to Joe and Hash just ~~this~~ afternoon that he was ready to hang the deadwood on Old One-Wing---that's what he called Clem. How'd you figure that, Injun? (PAUSE) Why, dad burn it, he's vamoosed! A right peculiar redskin, I must say.

(MUSIC:INTERLUDE)

Anncr: It was the hour just before daybreak, the one still hour in Orient. The cafes and dancehalls had closed their doors and the streets were dark except for a dim light in the Wells Fargo office and a lantern which burned every night outside the marshal's office. The ~~black~~ silence seemed to deepen until, packed like powder, it exploded into roaring gunfire.

(SHOTS)

Anncr: Roused from sleep, Marshal Hamley jerked on his boots, grabbed a gun and bolted to the street. In front of the express office a shadowy figure appeared running toward an even more shadowy horse. He shouted.---

Marshal: (CALLS) Stop or I'll fire!

(RUNNING STEPS:SHOTS)

Hash: (BACK, AD LIBS (HIDAYS))

(SHOTS:HOOF'S FADING OUT FAST:STEPS STOP)

Marshal: (CALLS) Collins, where are you?

(DOOR OPENS)

Porky? (XXX A LITTLE BACK) What's wrong, marshal?

Marshal: Come here, Porky! The Wells Fargo door's open!

Porky: Come on, Joe!

(STEPS UP TO HALT)

Marshal: There's Collins on the floor! (PAUSE) He's dead!

(STEPS FADING IN)

Voice: (BACK) This way, boys!

Voice: (COMING UP) We're fetching your lantern, marshal!

(STEPS STOP)

Voice: (UP) What happened to Collins?

Marshall: Somebody killed him and got away on a horse. Take that lantern and look around in the street. I might have hit him or he might have dropped something.

Voice: We'll look.

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Marshal: Collins told me he was keeping a big bag of gold dust here.

Porky: If he was, it's gone. Looks like that Clem feller DID fix him.

Joe: He said he would, remember?

Marshal: I know. It sure looks bad for him, but I reckon he's been home with Cannonball.

voice: (BACK, CALLS) Hey, marshal! We found some empty forty-ones. That's all.

Porky: Clem had a forty-one Colt the other day. He reloaded on the run.

Marshal: (CALLS) Come here and we'll form a posse!

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

Annkr: Meanwhile, the Lone Ranger had remained awake at his camp, waiting for Tonto to return.

(HOOF'S FADING III)

xxxxxx At the sound of hoofs, he drew back from the fire, aware that two riders were approaching. A moment later the Indian appeared in the light with Clem.

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOF'S HALT)

Tonto: (CALLS) Kemo Sabay!

Ranger:- Here I am, Tonto.

Clem: Who's that masked man? Why'd you make me come here?

Ranger: Never mind the mask, Clem. What happened?

Tonto: That Porky who keeps cafe send Clem to Rushville with letter. From what old swamper tell me, it look like Porky want to put blame for something on Clem. Me go after him, catch him, make him come here.

Clem: Here it is, but listen→

Ranger: (INTERRUPTS) This envelope isn't addressed!

Clem: I didn't look at it.

(PAPER TEARING, RUSTLING)

Ranger: It's filled with blank paper. Whatever Porky was up to, he made sure that you wouldn't have any evidence to support your word that he sent you out of town.

Clem: You're right, mister. That varmint aimed to get me in dutch somehow. But what---(BREAKS)

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Tonto: Listen! Plenty riders come this way!

Clem: They must be possemen! Porky fixed it so they're after me!

Ranger: Clem, take your horse and get behind those rocks.

AD LIB: (WHOAS)

(HOOFS HALT)

Joe: Look there, marshal!

Marshal: A masked man and an Injun! Cover them!

Porky: Wait! I've seen that Injun around my cafe. He's all right.

Marshal: What about the feller in the mask?

Ranger: You must have more important things than that to ask about or you wouldn't be riding with a posse.

Marshal: That's so. We were looking for a one-armed ex-convict when we saw your fire, so---

Ranger: (INTERRUPTS) What do you want him for?

Marshal: Murdering the express agent and stealing a bag of gold dust.

Cannon: Clem didn't do it! All you've got against him is that you didn't find him at home.

Marshal: Cannonball, you keep out of this! I shouldn't have let you come along even after you surrendered your guns to me.

Cannon: I still say he's innocent!

Porky: He had a forty-one pocket Colt the other day when he tried to kill Collins. Them guns are scarce and the empty shells the boys found strung along the street were forty-ones.

Ranger: Why were those shells in the street?

Marshal: I don't see as it's your business, but me and the killer traded shots. 'Pears he only had one gun and started reloading while he dusted out of town.

Ranger: (REFLECTIVE) I see.

Porky: Yeah? Well, you haven't said whether you've seen that one-winged crook.

Clem:- (A LITTLE BACK) Who's a crook, you sidewinder?

Cannon: Clem!

Joe: There he is!

Marshal: He hasn't got a gun! Grab him, Porky!

Porky: I've got him! Stand still, you!

Marshal: Clem, you're under arrest!

Ranger: Don't be hasty, marshal!

Marshal: Stand back, masked man! You're covered and I'm holding you for harboring this fugitive.

Ranger: I can explain!

Marshal: Joe, disarm him and the Injun!

Clem: Porky, you put up a job on me! You're behind that murder!

Porky; Why, you—

Cannon: He's going to shoot Clem!

Marshal: Cannonball, you're in my way!

Ranger: Drop your gun, Porky!

Joe: Watch out! The masked man—

(SHOT)

Porky: He shot my gun out of my hand!

Ranger: Don't move, any of you! Into the saddle, Tonto!

AD LIB: GETAWAY

(HOOFS FADING)

Joe: The masked man and the Injun are getting away!

(SHOTS)

Marshal: I'll take charge of Clem. The rest of you, follow them!

AD LIB: GIDAPS

(HOOFS FADING:SHOTS)

(MUSIC:INTERLUDE)

CONFIDENTIAL

Annrc:- Suspected of complicity in a murder for which one innocent man was already under arrest, the Lone Ranger and Tonto had escaped from Marshal Hanley and his posse, including the real killers. As day broke they reached an elevation from which a view of their back trail was possible. The masked man signalled a halt.

ADLLIB: Whoas

(HOOFS HALT)

Tonto: Me not see anybody back there.

Ranger: We have a big lead.

Tonto: It too bad we have to leave Clem behind. Him feller who always does wrong thing.

Ranger: If he'd remained hidden a little longer, I might have been able to convince the marshal of his innocence and expose the real killers.

Tonto: It going to be plenty hard to convince marshal we are innocent after what happen.

Ranger: That isn't our biggest problem. Clem is in less danger from the law than he is from the men who built a false case against him.

Tonto: What we do about him?

Ranger: We'll circle back toward Orient. I want to see Cannonbe

AD LIB: GIDAPS

(HOOFS)

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

Annex:- Accompanied by Cannonball, the marshal had taken Clem back to town immediately after his capture and the one-armed man was a prisoner in the ramshackle jail when the possemen returned from their futile chase. They were thirsty, hungry and angry, and as Porky had promised them free refreshments, all of them swarmed into the Wheel Cafe. Other citizens soon joined them. As the crowd grew bigger and more turbulent, Porky and his partners in crime conferred in the backroom. He was saying--

Porky: Fellers, if that masked man hadn't shot my gun out of my fingers we'd be setting party now.

Hash: We are anyhow. We've got the dust and the marshal's got Clem. He'll never suspect us.

Joe: I'm not so sure of that. Clem said right out that Porky jobbed him, so he must know something. If he does the masked man knows it too.

Hash: But that feller and his Injun are on the run.

Porky: We've got to keep them on the run and keep Clem from saying anything more.

Hash: How'll we get to Old One-Wing into the jail?

Porky: Hash, that crowd out there is plenty sore. All we've got to do is start some lynch talk and a mob'll do the rest.

Joe: Then let's start the ball rolling!

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

Annecr:-

As the killers launched another plot against Clem's life, Cannonball took down an eight-guage shotgun from the wall of a cabin which stood at the edge of town with a stage shed and stables nearby. Into the yawning mouths of the sawed-off barrels the stage driver poured handfuls of black powder and horseshoe nails. A tattered silk dress which lay on the floor furnished wadding for the deadly loads and caught a flow of tears. For Cannonball, reputedly the toughest whip who ever rolled a Concord on the western trails, was weeping, unaware that the Lone Ranger and Tonto watched from the doorway. The masked man spoke softly---

Ranger:

That's a terrible weapon Cannonball!

Cannon:

The masked man! What do you want?

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Ranger: We're here to help Clem. We're sorry--

Cannon: (INTERRUPTS) Now wait, mister! Just because you caught me crying like some wishy-washy woman, don't get wrong ideas. I'm hard as the nails I'm going to use on any mob that tries to lynch Clem.

Ranger: Do you think that's possible?

Cannon: If you knew this town, you wouldn't ask. I've got my best horses hooked to the stage and Old Bottles is watching what goes on downtown.

(STEPS FADING IN FAST)

Tonto: Him come now!

Bottles: (COMING UP) Cannonball!

(STEPS HALT)

Bottles: A feller in a mask! That's right peculiar!

Ranger:- Never mind that! What's happening?

Bottles: Porky, Joe and Hash are making lynch talk and there's a crowd of two, three hundred fellers around the cafe. Any minute they'll be heading for the jail.

Cannon: We've got to get him out of jail and into my stage!

Bottles: Them varmints figured on you trying to use your stage. Some of them have torn the planks off the bridge jwixt here and Rushville.

Ranger:; Maybe we can use it anyhow. Drive as close to the rear of the jail as you can without being seen. We'll see you there.

Cannon: I'll start right now! Grab a gun, Bottles!

Bottles: I sure will!

AD LIB: GETAWAY, BACK

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

Annrcr: Orient's mayor and physician, Doc Tait, stood in the jail office with a cap-and ball Navy revolver in one hand and a medical kit in the other. He had tucked his ~~flow~~ flowing white beard into his collar, a sign that he was ready to fight or operate, kill or cure. He was x telling the marshal---

Doc: That crowd around Porky's place will soon be worked up to the lynching pitch. There's talk that they've wrecked the bridge to keep you from spiriting your prisoner to Rushville in the stage coach.

Marshal: Doc, we can't stop them!

Doc: You'd better take him out to the hills on horseback.

Marshal: Our horses are fagged and they'd run us down.

Doc: Why not turn him loose?

Marshal: I'd lose my job and he's guilty as sin.

Doc: That may be, but we can't let him hang without a trial.

Marshal: You're right.

(STEPS FADING BACK)

Marshal: (FADING BACK) (CALLS) Clem, I'm turning you loose!

(STEPS HALT)

Clem: (BACK) Is there a mob coming?

(CELL DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

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Marshal: (BACK) The whole town will be here any minute. Maybe Cannonball can save you. If he can get you to Rushville, the lawmen there'll protect you.

Clem: (BACK) I've made my pardner enough trouble. I'll hit out alone.

Marshal: (BACK) Don't think I won't be after you when things quiet down. Now get out the back way.

Clem: (BACK) I'm going.

(DOOR OPENS CLOSSES:STEPS UP TO HALT)

Marshal: (UP) Well, Doc, we're in for it now! That mob'll be plenty sore at us.

Doc: They may try to hang us.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES, BACK:STEPS COMING UP)

Doc: Is Clem coming back?

Marshal: It's that masked man and his Injun!

Ranger: (COMING UP) Hold it, you ren! I want Clem!

Marshal: I just let him loose, Did you see him?

Ranger: No. You'd better not try any tricks.

Doc: He's gone, mister.

Ranger: Cannonball will be out back with the stage in a moment. We could have moved him to safety.

Marshal: There's no use trying to find him. You'd better get out too, before that mob comes. They know you hid Clem and even if you're not guilty---

Ranger: Marshal, Clem is innocent. I wanted to tell you that when we met before but circumstances prevented me.

Marshal: You mean there's something to his story that Porky jobbed him?

Ranger: Porky Evans sent him out of town with a fake letter, thinking that the trip would keep him from having an alibi. But he has one just the same. Tonto was with him at the time of the holdup and murder.

Tonto: That so. Bottles, him know about letter tool

Ranger: Another thing, no one-armed man on a running horse could have worked the ejector rod on a Colt gun fast enough to drop all the empty cartridges on the street.

Marshal: Come to think of it, Clem couldn't have reloaded at all. He'd need strong teeth or a belt to hold the gun barrel. And he hasn't got either.

Doc: No wonder Porky had been stirring up a mob!

Marshal: He didn't pull the job alone. That feller, Joe, was with him right after the shooting. And I'll bet the one I shot at was Hash.

Doc: You'll never prove it! You can't even arrest them now that the mob's behind them.

Ranger: We'll get them! Just do as I say....

(MOB NOISES FADING IN)

Tonto: (A LITTLE BACK) Here come mob!

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

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Annecr:- Some on horses, others afoot, the infuriated townsmen massed in front of jail. Following a line of least resistance like a flood, they failed to surround the building immediately, due to a tight board fence at the rear. At that decisive moment, the marshal and Doc Tait, acting on the masked man's knowledge of mob behavior, appeared on the front steps, guns in hand.

AD LIB: EXCITEMENT

Marshal: (CALLS) What do you men want?
we want that killer
Glen isn't in this jail
Voice: (A LITTLE BACK) Doc, you're lying!

Porky: (A LITTLE BACK) You got to show us!

Joe: (A LITTLE BACK) Seeing'll be believing!

Marshal: All right. You leaders can come in. That'll be you, Porky. You, Joe. And you, Hash.

Voice: (A LITTLE BACK) Go on, Porky!

Porky: (COMING UP) Come on, boys! Let's take a look!

Marshal: The rest of you, stand back! (CALLS) Open the door.

(DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Doc: I'll go in with you delegates.

AD LIB: MURMER

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

(DOOR CLOSES)

Ranger: Get your hands up, you three!

Porky: It's the masked man!

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Habsh: We been tricked!

Doc: One yell and it'll be your last! I'm behind you crooks!

Ranger: Tonto, take their guns!

Tonto: Me got-um.

Porky: What are you going to do with us?

Doc: Take you to the Rushville in the stage.

Joe: You'll never get there! The mob'll catch up with us an' hang you!

Ranger: Where's the stage coach, Tonto?

Tonto: Out back behind sheds. Me told Cannonball what to do!

Ranger: Come on, you fellows!

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

(MOB NOISES)

Marshal: Take it easy, men!

Voice: (BACK A LITTLE) What's keeping Porky and the others?

Voice: (COMING UP) They should be back now! Out of the way, marshal!

Marshal: You rush me and I'll fire!

(HOOFB, WHEELS, BUDAPS, WHIPCRACKS FADING
OUT IN BACK)

Voice: That's Cannonball's stage!

AD LIB: EXCITEMENT

Voice: They're trying to sneak that killer away!

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Voice: You fellers on horses, follow me!

AD LIB: GIDAPS

(HOOFS)

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

(WHEELS, HOOFS, GIDAPS, WHIPCRACKS)

Annrcr: With Cannonball and Bottles on the box, the big red and yellow Concoré streaked out of Orient in a dust cloud, each of the six horses straining in its harness. The old swamper looked back and called—

Bottles: The masked man and Injun are riding behind us!

Cannon: Do you see anything of the mob?

Bottles: Yeah, it's coming! I sure hope we can scare Porky and his pardners into talking to Doc.

Cannon: It's our only chance! I'll scare them plenty!

Bottles: We're on top of Signal Hill!

Cannon: From here it's all down-grade to the bridge. Now we'll really rool.

AD LIB: GIDAPS

(WHEELS, HOOFS HALT)

(FADE STAGE NOISES TO INTERIOR)

Annrcr: Inside the coach Porky and his confederates crouched on a rear seat, their frightened eyes on the old Colt which Doc Tait held with the trigger pulled in and the hammer back under a careless thumb. Porky was protesting—

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Porky: Doc; at the rate we're going your thum'll slip about the next bump we hit.

Doc: So it might. But if I don't kill you, I'll patch you up.

Porky: You're not human!

Joe: We're going down Signal Hill now, Instead of holding in his horses and putting on the brakes, that crazy Cannonball is whipping them up!

Hash: We're going faster every second!

Doc: We'll soon hit the bridge.

Porky: Doc, the planks are off that bridge!

Joe: Don't Cannonball know it?

Porky: How would he know? He'll drive right into the hole and kill us all.

Hash: Doc, get him to stop!

Doc: And let the mob rescue you! I guess not!

Porky: You've got to believe us!

Doc: All you can tell me that I'll believe is that you murdered Collins and stole the gold dust. Admit it and I'll tell Cannonball to stop.

Joe: Go ahead, Porky! Tell him!

Hash: Tell him anything; if he'll keep us from going into the river!

Doc: Where's the dust?

Hash: We buried it under the back steps of the cafe.

Porky: Hash, you idiot! If you hadn't told him that we could have denied making a confession! Now we're in it!

Bottles: (OUTSIDE, YELLS) Doc! DOC!

(SHOTS, RICDCHETS)

Doc: The mob's shooting at the stage!

Bottles: (OUTSIDE, YELLS) DOC!

Porky: That's old Bottles yelling!

Doc:- I'll open the door so I can hear him? (PAUSE, YELLS)
What is it, Bottles?

Bottles: (YELLS) Cannonball's been hit! I can't stop the horses!

(SHOTS)

Porky: We'll all be killed!

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

(HOOFS)

Ranger: Tonto, keep shooting back!

(SHOTS)

Tonto: Them fellers using rifles! Plenty bullets hit stage!

Ranger: Something's wrong with Cannonball!

Tonto: Him should be stopping now! Bridge plenty close!

Ranger: We've got to overtake them! Come on, Silver!

(MUSIC: INTERLUDE)

(WHEELS, HOOFS, SHOTS)

Annrc: Foot by foot, the mighty Silver gained on the runaway stage coach but as he closed in, the distance between the swaying vehicle and the damaged bridge shortened.

Ranger: AD LIB ENCOURAGEMENT TO SILVER

Annrc: Then the great white horse was alongside the rocketing coach. The masked man freed his boots from the stirrups and grabbed the metal railing on the Concord's top. K Bottles, holding the wounded Cannonball on the seat with one hand and the lines with the other, was screaming--

Bottles: Hurry! HURRY!

Annrc: The coach pitched and the Lone Ranger lost his hold. But an instant later it rolled back and with the railing again within reach, he leaped, caught it and swung himself to the top. Scrambling to the box, he snatched the lines from the old swamper and set the brakes.

Ranger: AD LIB WHOAS

(BRAKES SQUEAL:WHEELS, HOOFS SLOW DOWN)

Annrc: Scant yards ahead, the bridge loomed up with the fugitive Clem standing in front of the hole and frantically waving his hat at the horses.

AD LIB: WHOAS

(WHEELS, HOOFS HALT)

Bottles: Mister, that was close!

Ranger: (CALLS) Tonto, watch the prisoners! Doctor, get up here

Doc: (BACK A LITTLE) I'm coming, Clem, take my gun.

Clem: Doc, they shot Cannonball! I'll kill every---(BREAKS)

80

Doc: Steady, Clem! (CLIMBING EFFORT) Get back, Bottles!
Now let's have a look...H-m-m...Only a scalp wound here..
If there isn't anything else--(BREAKS)

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Clem: Here comes the nob!

Ranger: (CALLS) Hold your fire, you men! You've shot Cannonball!

(HOOFS HALT)

Voice: We know! We're not shooting!

Voice: We didn't mean to hurt Cannonball. He's the best man
in Orient. But that Clem there--

Doc: (INTERRUPTS) He's innocent! I got a confession from
Porky and his side-kicks when they thought Cannonball
was driving them into the river. I can take you where
they hid the gold.

AD LIB: STIR

Doc: Now all you men but Clem, get down off this stage top.
I've got some fixing to do on this little lady.

Bottles: Lady, Doc? What you talking about?

Doc: I always know and I reckon everyone should know now
that Cannonball's a woman!

AD LIB: STIR

Clem: She's my wife! When they sent me to the pen she cut off
her hair and put on pants and boots and did a man's
work while she waited.

Voice: Take off you hats, you fellers! We're going to pray
that Cannonball don't die.

Doc: She won't. She's coming to right now.

Cannon: (FAINTLY) Clem! Kiss me!

Clem: Sure, pardner!....You're going to be all right.
Everything's all right.

Bottles: A woman stage driver! Now that is right peculiar!

Clem: Doc, you're a knowing sort. Who is that masked man
who helped us?

Doc: He's the Lone Ranger!

Ranger: (BACK) HI-YO-SILVER-AWAY!!