

The Lone Ranger, created by Geo. W. Trendle

Number 2549-1774

Date MAY 20

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Rustlers of Redstone (Goll)

40

CAST

Ranger

Tonto

Edna.....school teacher

Nate Cartwright.Easterner

Sheriff.....straight

Tom Avery.....crook, cruel, shrewd

Cork.McCool.....crook, straight

Dusty York.....crook, straight

Butch.....crook, straight, bit part

Voice 1.....bit part

The Lone Ranger

Number 2549-1774

"Rustlers of Redstone"

Date May 20, 1949

Goll

(USUAL OPENING)

Annrc: The Apache reservation-jumper known as gato and three of his followers were at large again. While scores of possemen and soldiers beat the badlands in search of the renegades, the Lone Ranger and Tonto conducted an independent hunt, reasoning that lack of food would drive the Indians from cover. During the second week of the chase, they rode into open range near the Bar Z Ranch.

(HOOFS)

Ahead of them a half dozen buzzards glided in narrowing circles. Tonto pointed to the birds of death.

Tonto: Kemo Sabay, that bad sign when Apaches loose.

Ranger: As yet, there have been no reports that gato and his braves have murdered anyone.

Tonto: Something on ground over there!

Ranger: It looks like the remains of a cow or horse. We'll stop and dismount.

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Tonto: Them cow bones! (DISMOUNTING EFFORTS) Gato and men butcher it! Me see prints of four ponies' hoofs.

Ranger: When did they kill the animal?

Tonto: Maybe yesterday. Tell better from how dry this piece of hide is.

Ranger: There's a Bar Z brand on it. H-m-m. Look at the under side!

Tonto: Brand changed!

Ranger: The bottom hook on the Z was added after the first branding. The original brand was the French Seven--- that is, a figure seven crossed like "7."

Tonto: Must be Bar Z fellers rustle French Seven cattle.

Ranger: The French Seven Ranch isn't far west of the Bar Z. It's strange that the rustlers were able to cover up their thefts.

Tonto: What we do?

Ranger: We'll investigate later. Which way did the Apaches head?

Tonto: West.

Ranger: Come on. (MOUNTS)

AD LIB: GIDDAPS

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annex: The French Seven was one of the biggest ranches in the Territory, numbering its longhorns by tens of thousands. Owned by the Great Western Cattle Company, a New York syndicate, it was managed by Tom Avery, a small man, who wore high boot heels to increase his height and bitterly resented any referendes to his size. Sitting on the ranch house veranda, his ridiculous boot heels hooked in the rungs of a chair, he watched with narrowed eyes as Cork McCool, his six-foot foreman, came up from the corral with long strides.

(STEPS COMING UP)

Cork: (COMING UP) Hey, boss! Got a telegram for you I picked up in town. Here.

(STEPS HALT)

Tom: Telegrams always mean trouble.

(PAPER RUSTLING)

Cork: What's it say?

Tom: It's trouble all right. The company is sending me an accountant.

Cork: You mean a feller who goes over the books?

Tom: That's it. He's someone who's related to a company bigwig and needs a change of climate, so they're saddling us with him.

Cork: Then you don't think the company's suspicious?

Tom: No, the French Seven's been showing a neat profit in spite of the cattle we've rustled off to the Bar Z. But we can't let that accountant see the books.

-4-

Cork: We can fool any greenhorn when it comes to cattle counts.

Tom: Maybe, but we had to have the BarZ as an outlet for ~~KK~~ rebranded cattle and I had to lift company cash to buy that spread. I can't hide the shortage so that feller won't find it.

Cork: So that's how it stands?

Tom: I aimed to put the money back this fall when we sold the rustled stock to the Apache Injun agency.

Cork: Fall is a long way off. When's this Easterner coming?

Tom: Nate Cartwright's his name and I'm to meet him in Redstone Saturday.

Cork: Maybe you could cover the shortage by destroyin' the account books an' ledgers —

Tom: That wouldn't help. He'll bring records with him... The reports I've had to send east. We gotta kill him!

Cork: You can plug him on the way back to the ranch.

Tom: Don't be an idiot, Cork! I'd be seen leaving town with him and he'd be missed. The company would get suspicious—the sheriff, too.

Cork: I guess the less talk there is, the better off we'll all be.

Tom: I want to fix it to look like Gato and his Apache renegades did for Cartwright.

Cork: Now that's a smart idea!

Tom: You and three of the boys will rig up like Apaches and lay in ambush at Crystal Spring. When we stop there to water our horses you'll drill him.

45

Cork: You'll be the one to report the killing, so why not just say we were Injuns and save us a lot of bother?

Tom: I told you the thing has to look right. I don't want anyone questioning my work.

Cork: But look—

Tom: (INTERRUPTS) I'll have a good witness along and you let that witness get a glimpse of you.

Cork:— I'm not showing myself to somebody who might shoot.

Tom: Don't worry about that. It'll be the school teacher I have along.

Cork: Well, if it's Miss Bana, I'll play the game.

Tom: Get Dusty York and a couple boys from the Bar Z to help you and do your dressing up over there. Another thing, I want you to use unshod ponies so the trail will look like Injuns made it. But don't leave signs that can be followed too far.

Cork: Okay, boss, that Easterner is as good as dead right now.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: The following Saturday, Nate Cartwright rode out of Redstone ~~to Stirrup~~ to Stirrup with the pretty school teacher who had been picked to witness his death.

(HOOFS)

Ahead of them Avery set the pace, ignoring the accountant. But Miss Edna, recognizing the pale, bespectacled stranger as one of her kind, had been quick to take a friendly and protective interest in him. She was saying--

Edna: Relax, friend! Your horse won't throw you.

Nate: That's good news, Miss Edna. I know about the tricks that are played on tenderfeet and I thought he might buck.

Edna: (LAUGHS) I rode that sorrel when I first started teaching out here. He's gentle as a lamb.

Nate: I understand you stay at the ranch house but where do you teach?

Edna: There's a company school. Most of my pupils are children of Mexican laborers. The American riders are all single, thank Heaven!

Nate: They aren't the kind who make decent husbands and fathers. Some are professional gunmen.

Nate: Do you mean that our company hires killers?

Edna: Every big cattle company does. They're needed to fight off Indians, rustlers, nesters and sheepmen...Tom's slowing up.

(HOOFS SLOWER)

Tom: We'll turn here and cut over to Crystal Spring. The horses need water.

Edna: Tom, it's dangerous to leave the trail with those broncho Apaches around.

Nate: Apaches!

Tom: Don't get spooked, mister, There's only four renegades and the Army is after them. This way!

MUSIC INTERLUDE

Annrc: Meanwhile, the Lone Ranger and Tonto approached a hill top ~~which~~ which overlooked the spring, holding their horses in check.

(HOOFS)

Annrc: After losing the Apaches trail less than a mile from the remains of the rustled longhorn, they had spent days in futile search, only to come upon the tracks of four unshod ponies again. As Tonto studied the prints, the masked man said--

Ranger: The trail is leading toward the spring.

Tonto: : Gato plenty bold to go there. Maybe this track of friendly Indians.

Ranger: All friendlies have been warned not to travel. Soldiers might shoot them on sight.

Tonto: Them tracks only few minutes old!

Ranger: We can see the spring from this hill top. Rein up!

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

- Tonto: Look! Four riders down there! Wearum breech clout and Apache head bands!
- Ranger: Yes, but they're not Indians! They don't ride with their heels to their horses, toes out.
- Tonto: Them fellers white men used to stirrups! Only fool put on disguise like that!
- Ranger: They've stopped and dismounted!
- Tonto: Now they hide in rocks above spring! What we do?
- Ranger: **Get** down! We'll close in on them afoot!
- Anncr: Unaware that they themselves were being stalked, the masquerading killers settled themselves in their hiding place. Cork McCool was armed with a forty-five-seventy Sharpe—a type of single-shot rifle that the renegades were known to use. Examining the sights, he said--
- Cork: I'll do the shooting, boys. We don't want the greenhorn riddled.
- Dusty: Why not?
- Cork: Them Apaches haven't got ammunition to waste. We're playing this smart, Dusty.
- Dusty: I savvy.
- Cork: I'm out of practice with this shoulder-buster, but I won't miss.
- Butch: (SOFT) Not so loud! They're coming!
- (HOOF UP TO HALT, BACK)
- AD LIB: WHOAS, BACK

Cork: (SOFT) They're lighting. I got the tenderfoot in my sights!

Tom: (BACK) Miss Edna, look up there!

Cork: (SOFT) That's the signal to shoot! Here goes!

(RUNNING STEPS COMING UP)

Ranger: (COMING UP) Don't pull that trigger!

(STEPS HALT)

Dusty: Look behind us!

Butch: A masked man and an Injun!

Cork: Hold them off! I'm getting that Easternner!

(SHOT:WOMAN'S SCREAM IN BG)

Ranger: You missed! Don't try that again!

Tonto: Get-um hands up, all of you!

Dusty: Don't shoot!

Butch: We're not set to draw.

Cork: My rifle's empty!

Ranger: Watch them, Tonto! (CALLS) Wait, you people down there! We've captured this gang!

Edna: (BACK) It's a masked man! He got the Apaches!

Ranger: Come here and look at them!

Tom: We're coming!

(STEPS UP TO HALT)

Edna: (UP) They're not Apaches! That's Cork, our foreman!
The others are Bar Z riders!

Ranger: Why are they dressed as Indians?

Tom: Let me explain. I'm Avery, manager of the French Seven
spread. I planned this as a joke on our Eastern frænd
here.

Cork: Sure, that's it! (LAUGHS) We just wanted to scare the
pilgrim.

Nate: You shot a hole through my hat!

Ranger: Who are you?

Nate: Nate Cartwright, a company accountant, just in from
New York. And this is Miss Edna Stone, the school
teacher. She had no part in this affair.

Edna: Of course, I didn't! I think it's an outrage.

Ranger: Avery, how do you explain that bullet hole?

Tom: The slug ricocheted! I heard it!

Cork: 'Course it did! I aimed twenty feet from the
Easterner's head.

Nate: Let's all forget it.

Tom: Now, masked ^{MAN} ~~MAN~~, suppose you put away your guns and do
some explaining yourself. You look like an owlhoot to
me.

Ranger: My actions speak for themselves. Come on, Tonto.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(HOOPS)

Tonto: It look like joke is on us, Kemo Sabay.

Ranger: Attempted murder is no joke, Tonto.

Tonto: Why you say that?

Ranger: Cowboys don't go to the trouble ~~of~~ of riding unshod ponies just to put over a hoax. Another thing, that bullet was aimed at Cartwright.

Tonto: How you know?

Ranger: After a heavy Sharpe bullet ricochets from a rock it's so badly battered that it tears a large, ragged hole in anything soft that it hits, The hole in Cartwright's hat was clean-cut.

Tonto: Why them fellers want to kill him before he reach ranch?

Ranger: Avery must be engaged in some criminal activity that an accountant would discover.

Tonto: Maybe him steal ~~the~~ French Seven cattle.

Ranger: It's a possibility. I couldn't warn Cartwright without putting Avery and his gunmen on guard and I doubted whether I'd be believed. They'll try again to get rid of him.

Tonto: Me think school teacher like him.

Ranger: Her presence should protect him until tonight. Then we'll get him out of Avery's hands.

Tonto: Maybe Apaches get away if we help Easterner.

Ranger: The Apaches are the lesser of two evils.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: That night Avery and Cork McCool met by prearrangement at the corral fence. Behink them in the ranch office, which occupied part of the commissary building, lamps burned brightly. The foreman glanced over his shoulder---

Cork: Boss, is that Easterner going over the books already?

Tom: He sure is. I tried arguing him out of it, telling him he was tired and upset and ought to rest a few days, but he had his head set on seeing what his job would be like.

Cork: Did you give him the key to the safe?

Tom: I couldn't refuse without making him and Edna suspicious. She was in the office at the time.

Cork: Is she still theré??

Tom: No, she went to the house later. Everyone but us and Cartwright is asleep, I reckon.

Cork: It looks like the schoolmam has put her brand on the greenhorn.

Tom: All she sees in him is that he's bigger than me! But she won't be seeing that tomorrow.

Cork: What we going to do about ~~how~~ him now?

Tom: Just follow me.

(STEPS)

Cork: Where we heading?

Tom: Into the office.

(DOOR OPENS; CLOSES)

Tom: Still working, Cartwright?

Nate: (BACK A LITTLE) Oh, hello there!

(STEPS HALT)

Tom: I see you're counting the cash. Is anything wrong?

Nate: (UP) Why, (HESITATES) I guess not. You haven't been using a standard bookkeeping system and I'm a bit puzzled. No doubt, you--(BREAKS) You're drawing your gun!

Tom: That's my equalizer, feller!

Nate: Don't!

(BLOW:BODY FALL.)

Cork: Boss, you knocked him cold with your gun barrel!

Nate: That's what I figured to do. Now we'll put out the lamps and pour coal oil over the floor.

Cork: Okay, but what's the idea?

Tom: I want it to look like he fell asleep and burned to death by accident. The books'll burn too and nobody'll be the wiser.

Cork: What about that money?

Tom: I'm taking the currency. We'll have to leave the gold to be found in the ashes.

(STEPS)

Tom: What you doing, Cork?

Cork: Making a trail of lamp oil back to the commissary. It's stocked with more oil, blasting powder and all kinds of stuff that'll explode or burn like fury.

(STEPS HALT)

Tom: The moment we touch her off we'll beat it to bed and let somebody else discover the fire.

Cork: I'm through here.

Tom: Then I'll light this pile of papers.

(MATCH SCRATCHES)

Tom: There she goes! Come on!

(FLAMES: RUNNING STEPS FADING)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

COMMERCIAL

Annrc: Nate Cartwright, the new bookkeeper at the French Seven ranch, had been knocked out and left to burn to death by the manager and a confederate. As the crooks fled from the flaming office, the Lone Ranger and Tonto, who had forestalled a previous attempt on Cartwright's life, rode out of a cottonwood grove near the ranch buildings.

(HOOFS)

The Indian was explaining—

Tonto: When me scout around place this evening me hear—um ~~talk~~ talk that Cartwright got room in this end of house.

Ranger: Where is that light coming from?

Tonto: That where office and commissary are. Maybe somebody working there.

Ranger: It isn't lamp light! The place is on fire! Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Get-um up, Scout!

(HOOFS FAST)

Ranger: There's someone inside! I saw him through the window!

Tonto: Him on floor!

Ranger: Around to the door! Whea, Silver! (JUMPS)

(FLAMES, STEPS, RATTLE DOOR)

Ranger: (CUE) The door is locked.

Tonto: Me help you break it! (JUMPS) We hit it together!

(HOOFS HALT A LITTLE BACK)

Ranger: Now, Tonto! Into it!

(DOOR CRASHES OPEN:FLAMES)

Tonto: Look! Him Carwright!

Ranger: I'll get him! Tonto, you grab those ledgers!

Tonto: Me got-um.

(RUNNING STEPS TO HALT)

Tonto: Him not burned! Him knocked out.

Ranger: (EFFORT) We've got to get him away! I'll take him on my horse!

((HORSE NICKERS)

Ranger: Steady, Silver!

* (RUNNING STEPS FADING IN)

Edna: (BACK, SCREAMS) Fire! Fire!

Tom: (COMING UP) There's the masked man and Injun!

Cork: (COMING UP) They've got the Easterner!

Edna: (UP) Stop them, Tom!

Tom: (UP) Drop that man and get your hands up!

Ranger: Stand back! Come on, Tonto!

AD LIB: GETAWAY

(SHOTS)

Edna: Tom...Cork, be careful! You'll hit Nate!

Cork: They're getting away!

(RUNNING STEPS, EXCITED VOICES FADING IN)

Tom: Here come the boys from the bunkhouse!

Dusty: (COMING UP) That building's a goner!

Butch: (COMING UP) What happened, Tom?

Tom: The masked man and Injun just rode off, with Cartwright. They must have held up the office and knocked a lamp over fighting him.

Edna: Nate was hurt!

Tom:- Get your horses, boys! We'll fix those fellers!

Cork: Somebody's got to watch the other buildings!

Tom: The Mexicans can do that...get going!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(HOOFS)

Tonto: What this place ahead?

Ranger: It's the schoolhouse. Pull up!

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Tonto: Why we stop here? Them fellers from ranch soon follow us.

Ranger: Cartwright is in no condition to be moved like this. His skull may be fractured.

Tonto: If we leave him Avery kill him for sure.

Ranger: I'll take him into the schoolhouse and make a stand there while you go to Redstone and get a doctor and the sheriff.

Tonto: You got big fight ahead. Me not like to leave you.

Ranger: We have no choice. Adios, Kemo Sabay!

Tonto: Adios! Get-um up, Scout!

(HOOFS AWAY)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(HOOFS)

Tom: Edna, why did you tag along?

Edna: I brought the medical kit, Nate will need it. Others may, too.

Tom: This is no place for a woman! You've got to go back!

Edna: Try and make me go!

(THREE SHOTS)

Cork: Three shots, boss! That means the boys up ahead have found something.

Tom: They're waiting for us.

AD LIB: WHOAS

Cork: What's up, fellers?

Dusty: We just circled the schoolhouse. Two horses went up there and only one left. A paint horse.

Tom: The masked man rode a big stallion, He's the one we've got holed up!

Edna: Nate must be in the schoolhouse too!

Cork: What we going to do?

Tom: Off your horses, everyone! We'll surround the place!

Dusty: Come on, you Bar Z men! We'll cover the back!

Tom: Cork, string our boys out along the front and sides!

Cork: Okay, boss!

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Edna: Tom, you've got to give him a chance to surrender for Nate's sake!

Tom: That milksop is probably dead.

Edna: (CALLS) Masked man, do you hear me?

Ranger: (BACK) I hear you, Miss Edna.

Tom: Shut up, Edna!

Edna; (CALLS) The schoolhouse is surrounded! Come out and give up! Let that man you're holding have a chance for his life!

Ranger: (BACK) We'll both be killed if I surrender. Avery---

Tom: (INTERRUPTS) Fire, men!

(HEAVY FIRING)

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anncr: Before the arrival of Avery and his gang, the masked man had barricaded the doors and windows with benches, knocked loopholes through the chinking of the log walls and place the hapless Cartwright in the safest position possible. As the battle broke in full fury, he circled the room, firing from one side, then another.

(SHOTS:RICOCHETS)

Bullets thudded into the stout walls and shattered window glass. It's cord cut by lead, a picture of President Grant crashed to the floor, Hard pressed to keep the attackers from storming the building, the Lone Ranger was unable to minister to the unconscious man but managed to feel his wrist and forehead at intervals. Toward midnight, Cartwright roused enough to mutter---

Nate: (FAINTLY) Water!...water....Miss Edna.

Ranger: My canteen's empty, friend...But I'll try to get Miss Edna for you.

(SHOTS, STEPS)

Annex: Stumbling through the darkness and gun smoke, the masked man felt for a rope he knew was dangling near the door. He found it and pulled.

(SHEEPS HALT: BELL RINGS)

Above him the school bell pealed out, calling a recess from battle. Avery and the foreman, lying side by side Winchester trained on the doorway, heard the sound with exultation.

Cork: Boss, He's going to give up!

Tom: When he comes out I'll pump him full of lead! You be ready to rush in and finish off Cartwright if he isn't dead.

Cork: I savvy.

Ranger: (BACK, CALLS) Hold your fire! I want to talk to Miss Edna!

Tom: (CALLS) Don't answer him, Edna!

Edna: (A LITTLE BACK) Here I am, masked man! What do you want?

Ranger: (BACK) Your friend is asking for you! He wants water!

Edna: (A LITTLE BACK, CALLS) I'll bring it! I've got a canteen!

Tom: (CALLS) No, Edna! It's a trick! He'll hold you hostage!

Edna: (A LITTLE BACK)(CALLS) Open the door!

Ranger: (BACK, CALLS) The rest of you, stay back!

Cork: What if that Easterner tells her you hit him, boss!

Tom: Stop her, Cork!

Cork: [Not me! I'm close enough to that building!

(DOOR OPENS, BACK)

Tom: He's letting her in!

(SHOTS)

Tom: (CALLS) Quit, you fools! You'll hit her!

(DOOR CLOSSES, BACK)

Cork: There! She's inside!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Edna: Where is he, masked man?

Ranger: I'll guide you, miss, This way!

(STEPS)

Ranger: He's here behind a pile of books.

(STEPS HALT)

Edna: I can't see him!

Ranger: Kneel down beside me. There's his hand.

Edna: (SOBS) Nate! Nate! I'm here! Answer me!

Ranger: He's lost consciousness again!

Edna: (SOBS) He's cold! He's dead! You killed him!

Ranger: I haven't harmed him and he's still alive. Feel his pulse.

Edna: There isn't any! Oh, you murderer!

Ranger: You're hysterical, miss. Don't you understand that I saved him from that burning building? Avery is responsible for that fire.

Edna: Don't tell me that! You robbed the office and set fire to it before you carried Nate away as protection!

Ranger: So that's Avery's story! Miss Edna, let me explain--
(BREAKS)...

Edna: Don't move! I'm holding a gun against your back!

Ranger: Listen, miss. I don't want to hurt you--

Edna: (INTERRUPTS) There! I've taken your guns! Now get up and keep your hand behind you where I can touch them.

Ranger: If you turn me over to those men outside, they'll kill your friend as well as me. He still has a chance. I've sent for help.

Edna: We're going to the door!

(STEPS TO HALT)

Ranger: Here we are.

Edna: I'll open it!

(DOOR OPENS)

Edna: (CALLS) Come here, men! I've got the killer!

(STEPS COMING UP)

Tom: (COMING UP) Careful, boys! This don't sound right!

(STEPS HALT)

Cork: She HAS got him! Keep him covered!

AD LIB: EXCITEMENT

Tom: Where's Cartwright, Edna?

Edna: He's dead!

Tom: Are there any lamps in this place?

Edna: You'll find some on a shelf behind you!

Cork: Here they are! I'm lighting them!

Tom: That's better!

Dusty: What we going to do with this hombre?

Cork: We'll stretch his neck!

Butch: There's no tree handy.

Dusty: What's the matter with that bell rope?

Cork: That's it! We'll let him ring for his own funeral!

Butch: Pull it down, Dusty, and I'll make a knot!

Dusty: I got it!

(BELL STRIKES)

Cork: Keep a tight hold on him, fellers!

Voice 1: He won't get away! Say your prayers, hombre!

Tom: Wait, boys! I want to see his face first!

Edna: Tom, you stand back! This man is my prisoner!

Tom: Now listen, Edna. You've done your part right well,
Just leave the rest to us ren.

Edna: This man is entitled to a fair trial and I'm going to
see that he gets it.

Cork: Get her out of here, boss!

Tom: Come on, Edna! Be sensible!

Edna: Don't you dare touch me, Tom Avery!

(SCUFFLE!)

Tom: You're going out if I have to drag you!

(SLAP)

Edna: Take that, you little beast!

Tom: Little, am I! A little beast! Why, you---

Ranger: Don't strike her, Avery! You have enough to answer for without that!

Tom: Shut up! Now, you wildcat---(BREAKS)

Edna: Your clothes! They smell of coal oil!...The masked man was right about that fire!

Ranger: Give me your gun, Miss Edna!

(SCUFFLE)

Voice 1: We can't hold him! He's jerked loose!

Cork: Look out, boss! He's getting her gun!

Tom: Shoot him, Cork!

(SHOTS)

Cork: (GROANS) My arm! He busted my arm!

Ranger: Keep your hands frozen, all of you! Take Avery's gun, Miss Edna!

Edna: I have it!

Cork: You got us into this, boss! Now get us out!

(HOOPS, WHEELS, WHIPCRACKS, GIDAPS FADING IN)

Tom: Keep your mouth shut! Somebody's coming!

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOPS, WHEELS STOP)

Edna: There's Doc Brailey with the spring wagon he uses for an ambulance!

Dusty: The sheriff and a posse are with him!

(STEPS COMING UP)

Sheriff: (COMING UP) What's going on here?

(STEPS HALT)

Tom: Disarm that masked man, sheriff! He's committed robbery, arson and murder!

Doc: (UP) Murder? If the man is dead—

Edna: (INTERRUPTS) Quick, doctor! Over here! (FADING BACK)
Maybe he's still living just as the masked man said.

Tom: Do something, sheriff!

Sheriff: Well, now, Avery, it looks to me like everything's been done.

Tom: What do you mean?

Sheriff: Hasn't the masked man got all you crooks rounded up?

Tom: See here---

Sheriff: (INTERRUPTS) I got you books, Avery. This Injun saved them from the fire and fetched them in.

- Tom: You can't prove anything by them unless you find out how much cash there was on hand. And you'll never know that.
- Sheriff: Maybe not, but he also brought in a piece of cow hide that shows a Bar Z brand made over from a French Seven.
- Tom: You can't blame me for that! Dusty York and the Bar Z outfit must have rustled the critter.
- Sheriff: Since you're here, Dusty, what about it?
- Dusty: That sawed off polecat can't hang it all on us. We ~~just~~ just run the Bar Z ~~xx~~ for him. He bought it with money he stole from his company. Cork McCool told me that.
- Tom: Then Cork's a liar! Likely he's been helping you rustlers raid the French Seven herds.
- Sheriff: You got anything to say, Cork?
- Cork: I sure have! Here I am with a busted wing, and he turns on me! Well, it was him who clubbed the bookkeeper. And he's got all the company's paper money on him right now.
- Ranger: Sheriff, I think you have your case even if Cartwright dies.
- Doc: (COMING UP) He won't, mister! Make way for a stretcher!
- Edna: Mister, I want to thank you and your Indian friend for saving Nate's life. I'm sorry I didn't believe you.
- Ranger: I'm sorry that your schoolhouse has been ~~xxx~~ turned into a shambles. But what happened here should be an object lesson to your pupils that even the cleverest criminal is a fool.

Tonto: Horses ready, Kemo Sabay.

Ranger: Sheriff, what is the latest word about Gato and his renegades?

Sheriff: (SHUCKLES) That sly old redskin sneaked back into the reservation a week ago without us knowing it. 'Pears he only wanted to get some meat for the hungry squaws and kids. We can be thankful he took it where he did.

Ranger: (FADES) Thanks, sheriff. That's all I wanted to know.

Edna: (CALLS) Wait, mister. Wait--come back here.

Sheriff: No use, miss. He won't come back. His job is done.

Edna: But sheriff--who is that masked man?

Sheriff: The Injun told me, Miss Edna. He's the Lone Ranger.

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