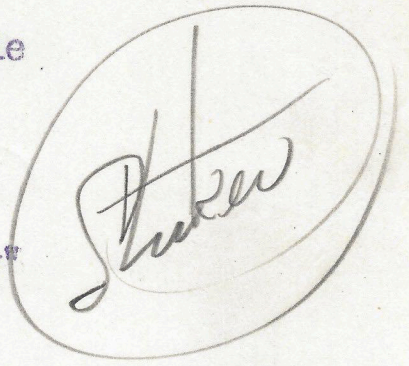


The Lone Ranger - created by Geo. W. Trendle

"A Barrel of Money"

by Ralph Goli



Number: 2550-1775

Date: May 23, 1949

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Ranger and Tonto
Maw Hank Tough, generous landlady of a
frontier hotel
Rob Osgood ; Underdog type, nervous, weak,
frightened
Sligo Western badman.
Panface Crook
Slim Jim Crook
Doctor Straight
Hob Porter Cafe keeper, hotheaded, tough
but honest.
Swamper Bit

AGENT ——— BIT

Voice

page 3 - out

4 - ok

10 - 90 further - gain
swab no choice

24 - What hap to Tonto.

The Lone Ranger

"A Barrel of Money"

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(USUAL OPENING)

(HOOFS)

Annrcr; For an hour, the Lone Ranger and Tonto, riding toward Modoc City, had known that there was a horseman on the hilly trail not far ahead of them. The masked man and his Indian friend breasted a rise and saw just below them the dead horse.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger; That horse has been ridden to death! There are boot tracks leading toward that pile of rocks.
(DISMOUNTING)

(STEPS)

Ranger; (SOTTO) Tonto, slip around behind the rocks. I'll divert that rider's attention if he's still there.

Tonto; Me savvy.

Ranger; (CALLS) Come out of those rocks. We won't harm you!

Rob; (BACK, WEAK AND DESPERATE, CALLS) Get back
or I'll shoot!

Ranger; (CALLS) Steady there. I know from your voice
that you need help.

Rob; (BACK) You're not fooling me, you owlhoot!

Ranger; Don't let my mask mislead you. What's your trouble?

Rob; (A LITTLE BACK) I'll show you!

(SHOT, RICOCHET)

Tonto; (A LITTLE BACK) Me got you, feller! You drop
gun, pronto.

(FAST STEPS)

Ranger; Hold onto him, Tonto.

(STEPS STOP)

Rob; Let loose of me! Oh-h-h (GROANS)

Ranger; Looks as though you haven't eaten or rested for
days.

Rob; (FAINTING) Don't - don't kill me!

Ranger; Easy, man! We're friends. We'll have something
for you to eat shortly.

Rob; Food! You really mean it? I haven't had any
chuck for a week.

Ranger; Are you a fugitive from justice?

Rob; The law doesn't want me. Turn me over to the
Sheriff for all I care. I'm broke, hungry and sick.

Ranger; Who are you?

Rob; Smith - Joe Smith, from over around Denver.

Ranger; I doubt that you're telling everything, Smith -- if that's your name. But you can ride double with me to town.

~~Rob; Mister, you're all right!~~

Ranger; I have a friend in Modoc City, a Mrs. Henry who keeps the hotel. She'll board and lodge you until you're able to work and pay her back.

MUSIC Interlude

Annccr; Several nights later the ragged and unshaven wretch who called himself Joe Smith became a guest of Mrs. Henry's hotel. After providing him with a room and one of her famous steak dinners, the huge landlady, familiarly known as Maw Hank, rejoined the Lone Ranger and Tonto in the privacy of her kitchen. Fondling a double-barreled derringer which she always carried in an apron pocket, she said - -

Maw; That poor critter isn't only wore out and ga'nted, he's spooked - high scared to death, it 'pears. I've never seen a gun-shy horse more fidgety than him.

Ranger; I know, Mrs. Henry.

Maw; Maybe he'll tell me his trouble after I feed him up and gentle him.

Ranger; I hope so. Come on, Tonto.

Maw; You moving on?

Ranger; We're ⁴ *going up into the hills* ~~bound for my silver mine~~, but we'll be back to check on your frightened lodger. Adios.

Maw; Adios, gents.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; For a week the strange guest remained in his room, gradually recovering his strength. Then he appeared in the hotel office at a moment when Maw Hank was there alone. She looked up from a newspaper, startled-

Maw; Well, if it isn't Mr. Smith! You fit to be out?

Rob; I'm feeling some better, M'am.

Maw; I'd like it better if you called me Maw or Maw Hank.

Rob; All right, Maw Hank. What's in the paper?

Maw; I been reading how the lawmen killed Black Bill Devlin the train robber over in Pittsford.

Rob; But that happened a couple of weeks ago -(PAUSE)
-I thought.

Maw; Yep, but the particulars are just coming out. Seems that Black Bill and three other owlhoots called Sligo, Panface and Slim Jim were trapped in a livery stable after a stable hand informed on them. Sligo and the other two shot their way out.

Rob; What else does it say?

Maw; It even gives the stable hand's name -- Rob Osgood. He collected the bounty on Black Bill and vamoosed. You don't need to guess why.

Rob; (PANICKED) I -- I don't savvy.

Maw; You sure must be in a fog if you can't see that Black Bill's partners will try to get him.

Rob; They promised -- I thought they promised not to give out the name of the feller who turned those outlaws in.

Maw; They couldn't keep it secret very long even if they wanted to, which they likely didn't. Few people in the West like an informer or a bounty hunter, and that goes for the peace officers who use them.

Rob; I --I guess that's so.

Maw; If that Osgood was half smart, he'd grab the first train East. With all that reward money to live on, he'd be safe there.

Rob; Maybe he didn't want to leave the west.

Maw; If that's the case, I'm glad I'm not in his boots. You can be glad, too.

Rob; Glad -- yeah.

(MUSIC: Interlude)

Annrc; Meanwhile, three bearded men who appeared to be miners, had taken a table in a secluded corner of the big Paris Cafe.

(CAFE NOISES)

- Annex; They had been loafing around town for several days, asking few questions, but listening and watching much. One was saying **
- Sligo; Boys, there's no question about it. Rob Osgood is holed up in Modoc.
- Panface; Sligo, I don't see it that way. Maybe that feller we've been trailing isn't him a-tall.
- Slim; You said something, Panface. The last place we heard anything about the hombre he was begging grub. Nobody with a lot of bounty money would do that.
- Sligo; Slim Jim, it was talked around that the state paid him off in hundred dollar bills. I reckon he wanted it that way so's it'd be easier to carry or hide.
- Panface; Yeah, but -
- Sligo; (CUMS IN) Listen! It's hard to break a hundred dollar note in this country. People are suspicious of any kind of paper dinero and a man trying to pass money that big would leave a mile-wide trail.
- Slim; Sligo's right about that.
- Panface; Then it must be that the rat has run out of other money and is scared to show what he got for blabbing.
- Sligo; That's how I figure it.
- Slim; Suppose we find him. If we drill him here in town we'll be risking our necks just to square accounts for Black Bill. And he's dead.

Sligo; We got to plug him on our own account, if not Bill's. If he gets away with this, the next hombre who finds out who we are will figure it's safe to go running to the law.

Panface; That's so. And another thing, we can use that reward money he's got. Our roll's getting mighty thin.

Slim; What's our next move?

Sligo; We're not moving. We keep on watching and waiting.

MUSIC: Interlude

Rob; You the ticket agent, Mister?

Agent; That's me.

Rob; I want to buy a ticket to New York.

Agent; Jerusalem! A hundred dollar bill! You didn't come by that honestly! It's stolen or counterfeit!

Rob; It's good money. It was paid to me.

Agent; You look it.

Rob; Please sell me a ticket. It's a matter of life or death.

Agent; It'll be death if you move. I've got a gun on you.

Rob; You can't hold me!

(RUNNING STEPS, DOOR OPENS)

Agent; Stop! Stop there!

(SHOTS, RUNNING STEPS FADING OUT)

Agent; Missed him! He's running down the tracks and
I can't leave the telegraph now!

(MUSIC: Interlude)

(CAFE NOISES)

Annrcr; Hob Porter, the proprietor of the Paris Cafe,
wiped off the table at which the surviving
members of the Devlin gang were seated.
He grinned..

Hob; Anything else, gents?

Sligo; Nope. Say, who's that busting in here?

(FAST STEPS COMING IN)

Hob; It's the agent from the depot.

Agent; (COMING IN) Hob, have you seen the Marshal?

(STEPS STOP)

Hob; He's out of town. What's wrong?

Agent; Some tramp tried to pass a hundred dollar bill
on me. Then he run down the tracks and I threw
some lead his way. Likely he'll jump the next freight.

Sligo; You don't need the Marshal, Mister. We'll catch
that feller for you just for fun!

Panface; Sure! We been craving excitement. Come on, boys!

MUSIC: Interlude

(HOOFS)

Sligo; You don't need the Marshal, Mister. We'll catch

Annrcr; A little later the masked man and his Indian friend, back from their visit to the silver mine reached the stables behind the hotel and drew rein.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS STOP)

Annrcr; At the sound of their voices Maw Hank appeared outside the stall in which she kept a near-ton of horseflesh called Puddinfoot. She hailed them-

Maw; Howdy, gents. You're just in time?

Ranger; For what, Mrs. Henry?

Maw; The spooky feller has disappeared and there's talk that somebody who looks like him has got into trouble and is being chased down by the railroad tracks.

Ranger; What was the trouble?

Maw; I didn't hear. I was going to saddle Puddinfoot and find out.

Ranger; Never mind. We'll look into it. Come on, Silver.

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout!

(HOOFS FADING)

MUSIC: Up and down

(HOOFS)

Tonto; Me hear shooting down by loading pens.

Ranger; Someone has been cornered there.

Tonto; That look like Smith feller.

Ranger; Three men are shooting at him.

(SHOTS)

Tonto; That Smith all right. Him wounded.

Ranger; Take care of him.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOF'S HALT)

Ranger; (CALLS) You three men! No more shooting!

Sligo; (BACK) Look! A masked man and an Injun!

Panface; (BACK) Where'd they come from?

Slim; (BACK) They're going to help that polecat.

Sligo; (BACK) Mow them down.

(SHOTS)

Ranger; (CALLS) Hold it, I said!

(SHOTS)

Panface; (BACK, YELLS) He shot my gun out of my hand!
Get him!

Ranger; (CALLS) That's only a warning!

Sligo; (BACK) You're protecting a crook!

Ranger; He's wounded and helpless. We're taking charge
of him.

Slim; (BACK) The Injun's loading him on a horse!

Sligh; (BACK) He's done for. We might as well let that
masked hombre have his way.

Panface; (BACK, CALLS) Where you taking that feller?

Ranger; To the hotel. You notify the marshal.

Sligo; (BACK) Okay, feller. Come on, boys.

Ranger; They're going to their horses.

Tonto; This feller unconscious. Hurt plenty bad.
We better hurry.

Ranger; Come on, Silver!

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout!

(HOOFS FADING)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; The wounded man lay on his bed with Doc Davis,
the town's physician-surgeon bending over him
and Maw Hank holding a basin of water and bandages.
The Lone Ranger and Tonto stood by, thoughtfully
waiting the doctor's verdict. He looked up -

Doc; I could save this man's life if we had a hospital
in Modoc City, but as it is he'll die within an
hour or two.

Maw; It would take twelve hours to get him to the
nearest hospital, wouldn't it?

Doc; All or that.

Ranger; Doctor, what was it you removed from his body?

Doc; I don't know you, masked man. What is your
interest in him?

Maw; The masked man is my friend. The Injun, too.

Doc; Well, there's what I took from him. A money belt.

Ranger; Let me examine it.

Doc; Take it. As long as Maw Hank vouches for you -

Ranger; (CUTS IN) That's strange! It's filled with greenbacks.

Tonto; You got hundred dollar bill there.

Ranger; They're all hundreds.

Maw; It just can't be! He was starving.

Tonto; Him must be crook after all.

Ranger; Doctor, is there any chance that I can get him to speak?

Doc; You can try. I've done all I can for him, and he may rally for a while.

Ranger; Smith, this is the masked man -- your friend. Answer me if you can.

Rob; (FAINTLY) Masked man -

Ranger; Where did you get that money?

Rob; Money - no good - couldn't spend cent of it -

Ranger; Who are you?

Rob; Nobody - no kinfolks - nothing - just stable hand - always kicked around by crooks - bullies - like Black Bill Devlin. Always scared to fight back - scared to talk - always scared - scared-

Ranger; I understand. But what is your real name?

- Doc; Speak the truth, man. You're dying.
- Rob; I - I'm Rob - Rob Osgood. Black Bill - he booted me once too often - I told on him - Law got him - I got bounty - Sligo - Panface - Slim Jim - they got me -
- Ranger; Do you mean you were shot by members of the Devlin gang?
- Rob; Yes. They followed me - you get them, masked man-
- Ranger; They'll pay.
- Tonto; Me thought them fellers possemen.
- Maw; Here, Rob, try to drink this.
- Rob; You -Maw Hank, good to me - you keep money - ten thousand even - all there - all yours - thanks - (GASPS)
- Doc; That's all. He's dead.
- Maw; Poor feller. He must have had a dog's life as stable boy in a tough livery. And it didn't do him no good to turn on the crooks.
- Ranger; Here's the money, Mrs. Henry.
- Doc; I suppose you'll retire now.
- Maw; Like fun I will. Say Doc, about how much would it cost to build a hospital here? One that'll be good enough so nobody else has to die like him?
- Doc; I can tell you right off because I've been dreamin' about it. Around forty thousand dollars.

- Maw; Ten thousand is subscribed right now. Other people around town ought to be able to kick in the rest with that much in the kitty.
- Doc; Maw Hank, you'd be an angel if angel's packed guns.
- Maw; Well, Doc, it's like the feller says, I always aim to do good, even when I aim a pistol.
- Ranger; Mrs. Henry, it may help us get those killers if nothing is said about Rob Osgood or what he told us.
- Maw; We savvy, don't we, Doc?
- Doc; As far as I'm concerned, he was Joe Smith, fatally wounded by parties unknown.
- Tonto; Look! Somebody outside window!
- Ranger; It's one of the gang! Watch out, Mrs. Henry!
- Maw; Down, Doc!
- (SHOTS, GLASS BREAKING)
- He's smashing the window.
- Sligo; (BACK) Reach, all of you! There's three of us covering you!
- Sl'im; (BACK) Look, we got the rat who told on Black Bill! There he is - Rob Osgood! Deader'n a doornail!
- Sligo; (BACK) You, old woman! Fetch that bounty money here.
- Maw; That's going to a hospital, you polecats.
- Ranger; Back, Mrs. Henry!
- Panface; Watch out! The masked man's drawing!

Sligo; Get him!

(SHOTS)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; The curtain falls on the first act of our Lone Ranger story. Before we continue with the next exciting scenes, please permit us to pause for just a moment.

(COMMERCIAL)

Annrcr; Maw Hank, the hotel keeper, had pledged the reward money given to her by the dying Rob Osgood to a hospital fund. As she stood beside his body, in company with the Lone Ranger, Tonto and a doctor, the outlaws responsible for his death attempted a hold-up. As they fired thru a window, the masked man backed toward the door, exchanging shot for shot-

(SHOTS)

Ranger; Come on, Tonto.

(DOOR OPENS, FAST STEPS FADING)

(FADING BACK) I'll go out the front way.

Tonto; (FADING) Me run around back.

Sligo; (BACK) The masked man and Injun are coming after us!

Slim; (BACK) Let's get out of here!

(TWO SHOTS)

Maw; There, you killer's! I got in my two shots' worth.

Doc; Maw Hank, get away from that window!

Maw; It's okay, Doc. They're running for their horses.
But my friends will get them.

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; Late that nite the Lone Ranger and Tonto returned
to the hotel, meeting Maw Hank in the kitchen.
To her questioning look, the masked man replied-

Ranger; They separated and doubled back to town.

Maw; The tricky varmints! They must be stayin' here in
Modoc.

Ranger; No doubt they are, but we may not know them now
if we find them.

Maw; How's that?

Ranger; We've seen three bearded men who look like miners,
but they never showed themselves long enough or
close enough for accurate observation. It's
probably that they'll change their appearance.

Tonto; How we catch them?

Ranger; They want that reward money. They also want the
world to know why and by whom Osgood was killed
or they wouldn't have told us.

Maw; I reckon they want him to be an example.

Ranger; We'll set a double trap for them. I'll explain.

MUSIC: Interlude

(HAMMERING)

Doc; Good morning, Maw Hank. Why on earth are you
pounding on that powder keg?

Maw; Don't get scared, Doc. It's empty and I'm fixing a slot in the head so's folks can drop their contributions to the hospital inside.

Doc; A good idea.

Maw; I got it from the masked man. He says to put the keg in the Paris Cafe, that being the biggest, busiest place in Modoc.

Doc; We'll get that hospital yet.

Maw; Sure we will. Everybody's for it.

Doc; Splendid. About the dead man. The shooting didn't stir up much talk with the Marshal still away. We can bury him today without any questions being asked.

Maw; My friend wants the grave marked with a nice white board lettered, "Joe Smith."

Doc; Joe Smith, eh? All right. I'll see to that.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; As anticipated by the Lone Ranger, the outlaws had remained in Modoc City, occupying an old shack, shaving off their beards and discarding their miners' outfits for clothes that marked them as ranch hands. Confident that the masked man and Indian would not know them, they boldly walked the streets and were part of the crowd that poured into the Paris Cafe for the opening of the hospital fund campaign.

(CROWD NOISES)

The contribution keg had been placed in a corner and secured by means of a two-by-four nailed to the walls. Beside it stood Maw Hank.

Maw; Quiet, you folks!

(NOISE SUBSIDES)

Folks, there's a brand new grave marker on Boot Hill today that bears the name Joe Smith. He was a feller who died at my place because we couldn't get him to a hospital. What happened to him can happen to you.

Ad lib; (MURMURS)

Maw; In the name of Joe Smith, I'm starting this thing off by putting ten thousand dollars into this keg. There it is - and there it goes!

Ad lib; (EXCITEMENT)

Maw; It'll take four times that much to build a hospital. But I know you'll follow suit, each according to his ability. This keg'll hold anything from a penny to a poke of gold. Step up and sweeten the kitty! Like the feller says, kick in before you kick off.

Ad lib; (STIR)

Anncr; As the crowd surged forward, almost fighting to reach the keg, the three killers were left by themselves. Sligo scowled.

Sligo; Fellers, that old landlady put the bounty money in that keg.

Slim; Did you hear what she said about that marker on Boot Hill?

Panface; I thought they heard me say who that feller was.

Sligo; Well they didn't or they wouldn't have buried him as Joe Smith.

- Slim; Looks like it didn't do us much good to plug him.
- Sligo; We got to let it be known who he is and why we put him there, or there'll be another tip-off and we'll be pushing up daisies ourselves. We can do that before we dust out of town.
- Panface; What're we going to do for money, Sligo? We'll be broke in a few days.
- Slim; In a few days that keg'll be full of dinero.
- Panface; It could be pried loose with a gun barrel, but we can't hold up a place that's always crowded with fellers packing guns.
- Slim; It closes for a couple hours before daybreak, and then there's only two old swampers around.
- Sligo; (LOW) Careful. That Injun's prowling thru the place.
- Slim; (LOW) Then the masked man's still in town, probably keeping under cover at the hotel.
- Sligo; (LOW) Let's ease out of here. I'll come back tonite and see how the set up looks.

MUSIC: Interlude

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES, STEPS TO HALT)

- Panface; Well, Sligo, how'd you find things?
- Sligo; Good, Panface, so good I don't want any part in a hold up there.
- Slim; What do you mean?

- Sligo; I'm too old a wolf to touch anything that looks as easy as that job. There's too much dinero in that keg for it to be left unguarded. And I didn't spt an armed man anywhere around.
- Slim; You think that keg's a bait?
- Sligo; I'm dead sure of it. I figure that masked man and the Injun are planted in buildings across the street where they can cover the front and side doors with rifles.
- Panface; Isn't there a back door?
- Sligo; No, just a hole where they unload wood into the cellar. I went down there and found we couldn't get upstairs without smashing down a heavy door and making a big noise.
- Slim; Say, I got an idea. If we can get in and out of the cellar without being seen, we can get that money by cutting thru the floor and bottom of the keg. We can locate it easy because it's in a corner.
- Sligo; A saw would be heard, Slim.
- Slim; We don't need a saw. Just get me a brace and some sharp bits, and I can cut a big hole thru to the dinero by ~~boring~~ boring small holes right next to each other.
- Panface; Sure you can. And there won't be any racket.
- Sligo; By gorry, we'll do it. We'll do it Friday nite because Saturday nite they figure to open the keg and count the money!
- Slim; (LAUGHS) We'll sure make a fool out of that masked man!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; As the desperadoes schemed to outwit the Lone Ranger, he, Tonto and Maw Hank conferred in the hotel kitchen. The Indian was saying.

Tonto; Me keep eye on cafe all nite. Not see anything suspicious.

Ranger; Perhaps I underestimated their cunning. But even if they have sensed danger at the cafe, there's a chance that the other trap will lure them.

Maw; Didn't you see anything wether, where you were watching?

Ranger; Nothing, Mrs. Henry. But we'll keep on the alert.

MUSIC: Interlude

~~Sligo~~

(BORING NOISES)

Sligo; (LOW) How you coming with that hole, Slim?

Slim; (LOW) Almost done. There's hardly anything holding the floor board.

(BORING STOPS, STEPS ABOVE BACK,
FADING)

Panface; (LOW) Who's that?

Sligo; (LOW) Just the swamper mopping up. He's passed the keg now.

Slim; (LOW) The floor board's loose. Here, take it.

Sligo; (LOW) What about the bottom of the keg?

Slim; (LOW) It's ready to come out, too. You fellows hold that blanket underneath while I pull it out.

Sligo; (LOW) Tighter, Panface. There's a lot of gold in that keg.

Slim; Here comes the money!

(COINS CLINKING)

Panface; What a haul!

Slim; I'm raking out more. That does it. The keg's empty.

Sligo; Panface, make a sack of that blanket, and let's go.

Panface; We riding tonite, Sligo?

Sligo; Why should we? We're safe and I want to see the fun when they find out they've been robbed.

(LAUGHS)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; It was Saturday nite - time for the contribution keg to be opened and the money counted. Again the Paris Cafe was packed.

(CROWD NOISES)

Hardly able to conceal their amusement, Sligo, Panface and Slim Jim watched from a point of vantage as Tonto appeared near them and Maw Hank approached the key, a crow bar poised in one hand like an orchestra leader's baton.

Ad 11b; (STIR)

Hob; Who wants to bet there isn't forty thousand in it?

Voice; A hundred dollars says there isn't and the winner'll add it to what's there! How about it, Hob?

Hob; I cover it.

Maw; I'm prying the keg loose.

(PRYING NOISE)

There she comes. Now I'll roll her out where everyone can see the count.

(BARREL ROLLING)

Hob; Maw Hank, there's a hole in the bottom!

Voice; And a hole in the floor!
Hob; I cover it.

Maw; The money's gone! Look there, Hob!
Maw; I'm prying the keg loose.

Ad lib; (STIR)

(PRYING NOISE)

Hob; Hanging's too good for the varmints who done this.
They must have cut thru from my cellar.
everyone can see the count.

Maw; Didn't your swampers hear anything?

(BARREL ROLLING)

Swamper; Boss, we never heard nothing but rats chewing
as usual, but we did see that Injun there hanging
around outside.

Hob; Then he was the look out for the gang. Grab him.

Swamper; I got him. Help me, fellers.

(PRYING NOISE)

Tonto; You let go. Me not help steal money. Me guard it.

Sligo; (SNEERS) A likely yarn.

Hob; Didn't your swampers hear anything?
Stand him on that keg and we'll hang him here and

now.
You locoed critters, let loose of that Injun!

He's a friend of mine!

Then he was the look out for the gang. Grab him.

I got him. Help me, fellers.

Sligo; She's swinging that crow bar. Rush her fellows!

Voice; Drop that bar, Maw Hank. Don't make us hurt you.

Sligo; (LAUGHS) Look at them pile into her.

Maw; You polecats listen -

Hob; Easy, Maw. We know you're not to blame.

Sligo; She sure is.

Hob; How do you figure it, stranger.

Sligo; She played you fellers for suckers. That ten thousand she put in the keg was a come-on. It went thru the hole and back to her with the rest of the money.

Voice; By thunder, I think the stranger's right.

Sligo; What's more, she's been hiding a masked man at the hotel. He must have been the inside man.

Hob; You fellers hold onto them two. We'll see about that masked man.

Swamper; Get him, Boss, and we'll settle with all three at one time.

Hob; Come on, the rest of you. We'll raid the hotel.

Sligo; Panface, it's time me and you and Slim Jim hit for other parts.

MUSIC: Interlude

... moon splashed ...

Annex; Remote and impersonal, a bright moon splashed its light over the riotous town as the outlaws rode out of Main Street with two saddlebags bulging with booty.

(HOOFS)

Well satisfied with the results of their evil activities, they made merry.

Sligo; (LAUGHS) I'll bet they have a lynching bee.

Panface; (LAUGHS) We sure squared things for everybody and got a nice haul besides.

Slim; Sligo, what are you heading up Boot Hill for?

Sligo; (CHUCKLES) We got one more job to do and our score will be perfect. See that bright new grave marker there ahead.

Panface; Sure.

Sligo; That'll be where they planted (SNEERS) "Joe Smith!" Pull up and light.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Panface; What're you aiming to do, Sligo?

Sligo; I'm going to put that jasper's real name on the marker and tell the world it don't pay to call the law on us fellers.

Slim; What're you putting it on with?

Sligo; I'm writing with a bullet. There - that finishes it (LAUGHS) --Your epitaph, Rob Osgood.

Ranger; (BACK A LITTLE) Up with your hands.

Sligo; It's the masked man!

Panface; Don't shoot, feller. I know you can be death with a gun!

Slim; How did you get here? How did you know?

Ranger; I thought you'd pay your victim's grave a visit before you left and I was waiting in the shadow of that pine.

Panface; This was a trap that worked. Sligo, you idiot! You put a noose around all our necks with what you wrote there.

Sligo; I'm one who won't hang! I'll --

Ranger; Don't try to draw!

(SHOP)

Sligo; (GROANS) He busted my arm.

Ranger; Do you want the other one broken?

Sligo; No no!

Ranger; Then I'll take all of your guns and search those saddlebags.

MUSIC: Up and down

(CROWD NOISES)

Swamper; Where's that masked man, Hob?

Hob; We couldn't find him. Nor the money, either.

Swamper; What are we going to do with Maw Hank and the Injun?

- Hob; We'll hold her 'til the Marshal gets back. As for the redskin --
- Maw; (CUTS IN) Hob Porter, if you lynch him, you'd better lynch me too, because I'll shoot you on sight!
- Ranger; (BACK) Make way there.
- Hob; Look, coming!
- Maw; Glory be! It's the masked man!
- Hob; He's got three prisoners. And two saddlebags!
- Swamper; And a grave marker under one arm.
- Ranger; (CALLS) What's been going on here?
- Maw; They were fixing up a necktie party. The crazy galoots got sicked on by one of them fellers you've captured. They thought we stole the hospital money.
- Ranger; The money is in those saddlebags. And here are the outlaws who stole it.
- Hob; How do you know that, Mister?
- Ranger; They've admitted it to me, but even if they retract their confessions, here's one on this grave marker that will hang them. Look.
- Swamper; Read it, Hob.
- Hob; It's got Joe Smith carved on it, and under that is written --(READS) This feller was Rob Osgood, who turned in our pardner, Black Bill Devlin to the lawdogs. We put him here. Signed, Sligo, Panface, Slim Jim.

- Swamp r; Well I'll be blowed. They're Black Bill's pardners—the orneriest varmints in the west. And we never knowed them!
- Hob; Why did they write that thing, Mister?
- Ranger; They wanted to boast of Osgood's murder and warn others against giving information against them. Every criminal is an egotist.
- Hob; Maw Hank, I'm downright sorry about this mistake. I should have known you didn't have the makings of a crook.
- Maw; Forget it, Hob. Like the feller says, we all mistake makings.
- Ranger; Mrs. Henry, will you be able to protect these men until they can be safely lodged in jail?
- Maw; Just get me a scattergun and see!
- Hob; They'll be safe, mister. We come too close to hanging this innocent redskin to want any more of that stuff.
- Ranger; Come on, Tonto.
- Hob; Hey, wait! Are you claiming the reward for these varmin's?
- Ranger; (FADING) Add it to the hospital fund.
- Hob; Maw Hank, who is that masked man?
- Maw; He's the Lone Ranger.
- Ranger; (LACK) Hiyo Silver-Away!

MUSIC: Theme