

The Lone Ranger -created by Geo. W. Trendle

"Like Father, Like Son"

by Ralph Goll

Number: 2554-1779

Date: ~~June~~ July I. 1949

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Ranger and Tonto

- Reb Walker ..... Texan, 25-30, hanged unjustly by Vigilantes
- Gene Walker ..... His son, Eastern college education, 20-25
- Judge Tucker .... One-Time head of Vigilantes, now Judge, 50-60
- Steve Jurgens .... Smart crook, responsible for all Walker trouble, 50
- Soapy Hall ..... His partner, confidence man
- Malachi Barr ..... Banker friend of Judge, 50-60
- Bess Tucker ..... Judge's daughter, 20, well educated
- Sheriff ..... Western, 30-40
- District Atty .... Straight
- Doctor ..... Bit
- Deputy ..... Bit
- Voice ..... Bit
- Voice 2 ..... Bit
- Voice 3 ..... Bit

The Lone Ranger

"Like Father, Like Son"

Number: 2554-1779

Date: ~~May 30~~, 1949

JUNE 1,

(USUAL OPENING)

(RAIN ON ROOF - WIND)

Annex; Rain lashed the roof of the old cabin in which the Lone Ranger and Tonto had taken refuge just before a stormy night closed over the mountains. Serpent tongues of lightning forked out of the ink-black sky, and thunder commanaded through the nearby peaks.

(THUNDER)

Inside the hut it was warm and light. Logs burned in a crumbling fireplace, and a candle burned on a makeshift table. As the Indian prepared a meal, the masked man inspected a placard that was tacked on the wall.

Ranger; Tonto, it says this place is the property of the Jurgens and Hall Mining Company of Tuckerville.

Tonto; Same feller who got new claim notices stuck on places we pass by.

Ranger; Yes, they've restaked a lot of claims that were worked out and abandoned years ago.

Tonto; Maybe somebody make new strike?

Ranger; Geologists say it wouldn't pay to dig for what little gold is left around here.

Tonto; Then why anybody want old claims?

Ranger; Maybe Jurgens and Hall have laid the groundwork for some kind of fraud. We'll look into it.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

Gene; (OUTSIDE) Hello in there!

Ranger; Someone at the door!

Tonto; Me see!

(DOOR OPENS, STORM)

Gene; I'm lost! I saw your light and -(BREAKS) -what is this?

Ranger; Come in and close the door.

Gene; Masked! Well - I guess I'll have to get in out of the storm no matter who you are.

(DOOR CLOSES, CUT STORM)

Ranger; Don't worry about it. I'm not an outlaw. Take off your wet clothes. While they dry and you eat, we'll talk.

Gene; (GAINING CONFIDENCE) Thanks.

Ranger; Did you have a horse?

Gene; I tethered it under a nearby ledge when I saw the cabin.

Ranger; You're an Easterner?

Gene; I grew up in Boston, but Tuckerville is my birthplace. I'm bound there.

Ranger; You're off the main trail. The old diggings around here make travel dangerous even by daylight.

Gene; They must be the mines where my father was killed in an accident twenty years ago. I don't remember him. My mother, who died recently, never told me much about him. I'm curious about their early years and mine.

Ranger; Is that why you're out here?

Gene; It's one reason, Mister. Another is that I'm just out of law school. I hope to open an office in Tuckerville. My name is Gene Walker.

Ranger; Well, Gene, I wish you luck. Tomorrow we'll see that you reach your destination.

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; That same night gray haired and dignified Silas Tucker, Judge of the Circuit Court, and founder of the town which bore his name, conferred with Malachi Barr, head of the People's Bank.

Mal; Judge, it will strain the resources of the bank if you withdraw all of your big special account at this time.

Judge; But Mal, it won't wreck the bank, will it?

Mal; We'll make the money available, but I fail to see the necessity for your action. I never figured you'd need it all on short notice.

Judge; Mal, I think I'd better tell you the story of that "Special" account of mine.

Mal; Story?

- Judge; Yes. Years ago I was the head of the Vigilantes in this town. I'd studied law, so the vigilance committee made me judge of its proceedings. I passed many death sentences. Then -- (HESITATES)
- Mal; What happened?
- Judge; Then they brought before me a young Texan, David Walker, better known as Reb. A lot of men hated him because he was handsome, hot-tempered, boastful, quick on the trigger, and had served in the Confederate Army.
- Mal; I know how they felt about every Texan.
- Judge; Well, nothing criminal had ever been found against him until he shot Steve Jurgens, who kept a cafe and was very popular.
- Mal; Steve Jurgens?
- Judge; Reb shot him three times. A doctor said Jurgens couldn't live, but a little while. The vigilantes seized Reb, charged him with murder, and found him guilty. I'll never forget (FADES) how he looked when he came before me in court.
- MUSIC: Interlude
- Judge; Prisoner, before I pass sentence, have you anything to say for yourself?
- Reb; Judge, I'm not guilty.
- Judge; A dozen witnesses swore that you provoked a quarrel with Jurgens, then shot him without giving him a chance to draw.
- Reb; That polecat went for his gun first. Those witnesses were all hostile to me.

Judge; That may be, but the committee has voted you guilty.  
I can't change the verdict or the penalty.

Reb; I know I've got to swing. I'd like to make just  
one request.

Judge; I'll honor any request within reason. What is it?

Reb; I got a wife and little boy at my cabin in the diggings.  
I've written a bill of sale to my claim. Here it is.  
It's yours if you'll tell them I was killed in an  
accident and send them East before they find out  
different.

Judge; I promise, Reb. Boys, take him away.

MUSIC: Interlude

Judge; Reb Walker was hanged, and Steve Jurgens, in spite of  
his wounds, has lived to become one of the worst  
scoundrels who ever went unchanged. He runs the Pay  
Streak Cafe, and is mixed up in all kinds of shady  
deals.

Mal; (DRYLY) I hold some big notes against him —secured  
by all he owns.

Judge; Years after the vigilantes disbanded and it was safe  
to talk, Jurgens bragged that he started the quarrel,  
and was the first to draw.

Mal; So Walker was entirely innocent! Did you keep your  
promise?

Judge; I did. I told the widow he had been buried in a cave-in  
and sent her and the boy to Boston before she could  
learn the truth. I didn't suppose Reb's claim was  
worth a cent, but when I tested it, I struck it rich.

Mal; Well of all things!

Judge; That explains the special deposit. I wanted Reb's family to get all the benefit possible from what I made out of that claim, but I couldn't explain. I didn't want to be questioned.

Mal; So that's why you had me send monthly allotments to those attorneys. They paid it over to the family.

Judge; Yes, and they also kept me informed about the widow and son. Now Mrs. Walker is dead. The boy is supposed to finish a law course this spring. I want him to receive the rest of the account as a graduation gift.

Mal; Judge, I know how you feel. You'll get the money at once, though I'll have to force payment on some loans.

Judge; Don't ruin anyone.

Mal; If it ruins Jurgens, that will only be justice.

Judge; So it will!

Mal; Then I'll make him pay.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; The next day, Soapy Hall, a professional confidence man who had helped Jurgens promote the so-called mining company, joined the cafe owner in the office.

Steve; Soapy, that old Malachi Barr has ordered me to pay up pronto.

Soapy; What! I thought you said he'd renew your notes.

- Steve; He always did before. We wouldn't be in this hole if it hadn't taken so much cash to bribe those politicians into letting us incorporate a mining company.
- Soapy; Can't we put the banker off for a couple of months? By that time the mining stock will be floated, and we'll be on our way to making a million. We can buy his bank.
- Steve; He won't wait. And I've put up everything I got in my name as security — even that worthless mining property.
- Soapy; Then we are sunk! Did you tell him you couldn't pay?
- Steve; I said I'd try to raise the money. I'm to see him again tonight.
- Soapy; Maybe I have an idea. Have you got a money bag around here?
- Steve; A couple of them — both empty.
- Soapy; Well, you take one of them and stuff it with damp rags. Then put a gun in it. Tonight we'll wait 'til old Mal is alone in the bank. Then we'll go in and tell him —(FADE)

MUSIC: Interlude

- Annrc; Meanwhile, Tonto and Gene Walker had left the masked man at a new camp close to Tuckerville, and were riding into town.

(HOOFS)



Annrcr; While the young law graduate surveyed the main street of the former mining camp, Tonto studied the false-front buildings, looking for the office of the Jurgens-and Hall Company. He failed to locate such an establishment, but noted Jurgens' name on the window of the Pay Streak Cafe. At the hitch-rack he pulled up-

Ad lib; (WHOA 'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Tonto; Me go into cafe. Where you go?

Gene; I'll check into the hotel. Then I've got people to see -- questions to ask and things to buy.

Tonto; (GRUNTS)

Gene; I'm going to start in being a Westerner right away. I'll get a pair of boots, a Stetson, a gun --everything that's worn here.

Tonto; Maybe see you later. Adios!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; It was night again before Gene could muster enough courage to show himself on the streets in a newly purchased outfit which included a huge white sombrero, a black silk neckerchief, shiney boots with roweled spurs and a six-gun from which he fired a test shot in the seclusion of a ravine behind the hotel. A side door enabled him to slip out of the lodging place without being seen. Then he hastened to the bank where Malachi Barr, never one to keep conventional business hours, was still behind the cage. As Gene entered --

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Annex; (CONTINUED)— the old banker peered over his steel rimmed glasses and smiled—

Mal; Well, son, when did you get in from the East?

Gene; I --I - well, I just got in today.

Mal; Now what's on your mind?

Gene; I thought maybe you could help me --that is, I need information.

Mal; Yes?

Gene; You see, I'm Gene Walker from Boston.

Mal; Walker? Boston?

Gene; I was born and my father died here. For years my mother received allotments thru some Boston lawyers --money which I think came from Tuckerville. She couldn't, or wouldn't explain its source, and since her death, I've been receiving it. The lawyers won't explain anything because for --ethics.

Mal; A banker has no more right to give out information than a lawyer.

Gene; But consider, Mister, I don't know whether I'm entitled to that money/

Mal; I'm letting you inside the cage. We'll go back to the director's room where we can talk without being overheard or disturbed.

MUSIC: Interlude

- Annex; As the banker argued with the young Easterner, beating around the bush in an effort to keep him from learning the tragic secret of his father's death, Tonto rejoined the Lone Ranger. He quickly reported what he had learned about Jurgens and Hall during a long surveillance of the cafe.
- Tonto; Me not think them fellers ready yet to use old mines for swindle. They use-um cafe office. No strangers visit them. Only little mail come for them.
- Ranger; That's good. It's always difficult to recover losses for the victims of such frauds.
- Tonto; Me not savvy one thing me see.
- Ranger; What was that?
- Tonto; Jurgens have sack same as banks give stores to put money in. Him put lot of wet rags in it. Then put in gun!
- Ranger; A gun! (PAUSE) I've heard of that trick! The sack and rags would conceal the gun and muffle its report. Dry ones might catch fire from the powder flash — as he used wet ones—
- Tonto; Him call on banker tonite!
- Ranger; Tonto! It sounds like a plan for murder! Get mounted!
- Tonto; (MOUNTING EFFORT) Maybe we already too late!
- Ranger; We'll have to ride hard. (MOUNTING EFFORT)
- Ad lib; (GET AWAY)

(HOOPS)

## MUSIC: Interlude

Mal; Son, you'd better take an old man's advice. Don't ask questions. What you don't know won't hurt you.

Gene; You intend well, Mr. Barr, but what you've said has made me more than ever determined to get to the bottom of this.

Mal; That money —(BREAKS) Say, I hear somebody out front. You stay here.

Gene; I'll wait.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES, STEPS)

Mal; Well, gentlemen?

Steve; (BACK A LITTLE) I've got the money for those notes, Mal.

(STEPS STOP)

Mal; So you raised it! Well your notes are right here in this drawer. I had them out to total them—

(DRAWER OPENS)

Steve; Put the sack on the counter—

Soapy; Here it is.

Steve; Just put the notes down here and I'll take the cash out of this sack for you.

Mal; Well, Jurgens, what's the delay?

Steve; I like the feel of what's inside.

Mal; I haven't got all night.

Steve; Here's the pay-off.

(MUFFLED SHOT)

Mal; You - you shot me.

(GROAN, BODY FALL)

Soapy; You got him, Steve. Now grab those notes.

Steve; I'll stick 'em into this sack. We can get rid of all the stuff at one time. Come on.

Soapy; The safe's open and full of money! We can't pass that up.

Steve; That's so, but—

(HOOFS COMING UP TO HALT OUTSIDE)

Ad lib; (WHOA'S, BACK)

Steve; Someone pulled up outside!

Soapy; Who is it?

Steve; I can't see! They've dismounted! We can't get that cash now!

Soapy; N o, let's clear out!

(STEPS, DOOR OPENS)

Ranger; (BACK A LITTLE) Stop you two!

Tonto; (A LITTLE BACK) Get-um hands up!

(STEPS HALT)

Soapy; We're covered from both sides of the door!

Steve; Who are you? What do you want?

Ranger; I'll take that sack.

Steve; No you won't!

Soapy; Hold on to it, Steve.

Ad lib; (FIGHT)

(BLOW, GROAN, BODY FALL)

Tonto; That Jurgens! You know him out.

Ranger; Watch your man! He's drawing.

Tonto; Drop gun feller.

(RUNNING STEPS, SHOT)

Soapy; (FADING) O-o-oh, my shoulder!

Tonto; Me wound him, but him keep on running for cafe.

Ranger; We'll get him later. Let's see what happened in the bank.

Soapy; (BACK, YELLS) Help! Help! Bank robbers!

Tonto; It's too late now to see. Whole town be after us plenty soon.

Ranger; Pick up the sack. I'll hoist Jurgens onto Silver.  
(EFFORT) There.

Ac lib; (EXCITEMENT BACK)

Voice 1; (BACK) Bank robbers! Outside everybody!

Voice 2; (BACK) There they are! They're mounting!

(SHOTS)

Ranger; (CALLS) Stop firing, men! We're not bank robbers.

Soapy; (BACK) He lies! They shot me! They're holding  
Steve Jurgens!

Voice; (BACK, SHOUTS) Let them have it!

(SHOTS)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; 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)

Annrc; Arriving at Malachi Barr's bank too late to prevent  
his murder, the Lone Ranger and Tonto had captured  
one of the killers, only to be mistaken for holdup  
men by excited citizens. They were unaware that  
their young friend, Gene Walker, son of a man unjustly  
hanged by vigilantes, was inside the bank, as they  
swung their horses away from the citizens' blazing  
guns.

(SHOTS)

Ac lib; (GET AWAY)

(HOOFS FADING HARD)

Annrc; With the unconscious prisoner lying like a sack over  
Silver's saddle, the masked man and Indian raced out  
of the light of the street lamps and into a dark alley,  
followed by a wild volley.

(SHOTS)

Annex; As the hoofbeats of their gallant horses died out in the directions of the mountains, some of the citizens mounted and gave chase.

Ad lib; (GIDDAPS)

(HOOFS, FADING OUT)

Annex; Others rushed toward the bank, bootheels clattering on the boardwalk.

(RUNNING STEPS)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; Meanwhile, young Walker had come out of the directors' room to find the safe open, and the aged banker lying on the floor. With no conception of what had happened, he knelt, frightened and confused, beside the body, half drawing his gun as the townsmen stormed thru the door.

(STEPS COMING IN)

Voice; (COMING IN) Look! One of the varmints is still in here!

Voice 2; (COMING IN) Reach, you owlhoot, before we riddle you!

(STEPS STOP)

Voice; (CALLS) Grab him, somebody!

Voice 3; We got him and his gun, too. Stand still, feller.

Gene; Let loose! I've done nothing.

Voice 3; Nothing, he says. And there lies old Mal!

Sheriff; (BACK) Let us thru, men!



Voice; Here comes Sheriff Clay, Doc Baker and Soapy Hall!

Sheriff; (COMING IN) This way, Doc. Back, gents.

Doc; (IN) Poor old Malachi. It looks bad, Sheriff?

Sheriff; Is he dead?

Doc; (PAUSE) He's gone. Shot once in the region of the heart.

Soapy; I told you they killed him. Now patch up my shoulder, Doc.

Doc; All right, Soapy.

Voice 3; Sheriff, here's the polecat who killed old Mal. And here's his gun.

Sheriff; Hold onto him and give me the gun.

Voice 3; Here it is.

Sheriff; H-m-m. It sure smells of fresh burnt powder.

(GUN CLICKS)

And there's just one empty ca'tridge in it. How'd you happen to catch him?

Voice; He was in here. His two partners run out on him.

Sheriff; Soapy, you were close to them fellers. What did they look like?

Soapy; One wore a mask. The other was an Injun. While the redskin was plugging me, the masked hombre grabbed Steve Jurgens for a shield.

Voice 2; It's good-bye, Steve. He was a mighty fine feller.

- Gene; Sheriff, that gun doesn't prove I killed anyone. I fired a test shot behind the hotel right after I bought it this afternoon.
- Voice 3; Feller, I just placed you. You came into town today wearing Eastern clothes, and there was a redskin with you.
- Gene; That's true, but listen -
- Soapy; He admits he! That ought to be enough to hang him.
- Sheriff; I'll take the prisoner now. If he's got anything more to say, he can say it at the jail.
- Voice 3; He's all yours, Sheriff. But you'd better tell Judge Tucker to get the trial over this very night or us fellers will take the law in our own hands.
- Sheriff; The vigilante days are over and you'd better stop that kind of talk. Come on, prisoner.

## MUSIC: Interlude

- Annrc; As the possemen thundered westward, supposing that their quarry would seek the safety of the mountains, the masked man and Indian turned off the main trail not far from town.

(HOOFS)

Guiding their horses over ground on which there was little likelihood that hoofprints could be discovered in the darkness, they reached a gulch and drew rein.

- Ad 11b; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

- Ranger; We'll dismount here. (DISMOUNTING) Now let's put Jurgens on the ground.
- Tonto; Me got him. (EFFORT) There. Me think him coming to.
- Steve; Where- Where am I?
- Ranger; We'll ask the questions, Jurgens. But I want to examine that sack first.
- Tonto; How you do that in dark?
- Ranger; I'll light a candle under the cover of some blankets.
- Steve; There's nothing in that sack you fellers want. Let me up!
- Tonto; You stop moving, or you get same medicine again.
- Ranger; (UNDER BLANKETS) I have light now.
- Tonto; What you find?
- Ranger; (UNDER BLANKETS) A bullet has been fired thru the sack. The gun's in it. And here - what are these?
- Steve; Let my private stuff alone!
- Ranger; (UNDER BLANKETS) Here are two notes for large sums which the bank loaned Jurgens. They're not marked "Paid."
- Tonto; Must be fellers steal-um from banker, then kill him.
- Ranger; (OUT OF BLANKETS) That's how it adds up. Jurgens, this evidence will hang you!
- Tonto; How we turn this feller over to law? Everybody ready to shoot us on sight.

Steve; Now I savvy why you're hiding! They think you robbed the bank. So let's make a deal. I've got a lot of mine stock ready to floah and -

Ranger; (CUTS IN) I know about that swindle.

Steve; You'll be sticking your own heads into the noose if you take me in!

Ranger; We'll risk that. Tonto, get your box of stains and Dyes. I want you to fix up my face so I can wear or discard my mask as I see fit.

Tonto; Me do that pronto. You got plan?

Ranger; No. What we do will depend on the situation in town.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; Meanwhile, Sheriff Clay had been questioning Gene Walker and several witnesses in the jail office which also served as a courtroom. Seated at a desk with him were District Attorney Simms and Bess Tucker, the Judge's daughter. Educated in the East, she did paper work in the county offices and had taken down the statements in the case. The girl was saying--

Bess; Father ought to be here any moment.

Sheriff; There's someone at the door now.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES, STEPS COMING IN)

It's him. () What kept you, Judge?

Judge; The crowd delayed me.

Dist. Atty; What's the situation outside?

- Judge; Mr. District Attorney, it's bad. Bad as it ever was in the old days of the mining camp and vigilance committee. The cafes are filled with armed men. The street in front of the jail is packed.
- D. A; You can't blame people for being stirred up when one good citizen has been murdered and another kidnapped.
- Judge; They're demanding a trial tonight. That kind of a trial would be little better than lynch law.
- D. A; If we can avoid violence by hastening the processes of justice, let's do it. We can conduct a trial that's both legal and fair, starting at midnight, at which time I'll have an indictment and be ready to present the case for the people.
- Judge; What about the defense? Is that young man the accused?
- Sheriff; That's him, Judge. A crazy Easterner, as you can see by his outfit.
- D. A; He's dressed like a dime-novel badman. It's my contention that he's gotten his bank robbing ideas by reading books about the wild west. Such books should be prohibited by law.
- Judge; So you want to lynch some books, too. Has the prisoner confessed?
- Sheriff; Nope, but your daughter just took down a statement from him.
- Bess; Father, it's as ridiculous as his clothes, but somehow it rings true with me.
- Gene; Thank you, Miss Tucker. It's good to know that you at least believe me.

Judge; Read his statement, Bess.

Bess; This is what he says. (READS) I am Gene Walker,  
twenty-three years old, a law graduate of Boston.  
I -BREAKS AS:)

Judge; (SOTTO) No no! It can't be!

Bess; What's the matter, Father?

Sheriff; Judge, you look like you seen a ghost!

Judge; (SOTTO) A ghost! .. yes.. a ghost! (LOUDER) It  
was just a sudden pain, Sheriff. Proceed, Bess.

Bess; He says: (READS AND FADES) I came to Tuckerville  
for the purpose of ..

(MUSIC: Interlude)

Bess; That's his story, gentlemen.

Gene; And it's true - every word of it!

Judge; I know it's true! It has to be! This town is making  
another terrible mistake! It can't happen again!  
(GROANS)

Bess; Father!

Sheriff; He's having a stroke! Fetch some water!

Judge; No no -- I'll be all right in a moment.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES, STEPS COMING IN)

Sheriff; It's one of my deputies. What's up?

Deputy; Sheriff, that crowd's getting ornrier every second.  
We can't ride herd on them much longer.

Sheriff; What are they doing?

Deputy; They've built big bonfires all around so's no one can get in or out of here without being seen. They want the trial to start pronto.

D. A; Then we're practically under seige! Judge, pull yourself together. You've got to hold court.

Judge; I disqualify myself! I won't sit on the case!

Gene; Judge Tucker, I'm now as much prepared for trial as I'll ever be. I can defend myself, and with you on the bench, I'll at least have a fighting chance.

Bess; Father, he's right! You're his only hope!

Judge; It's a forlorn hope, but what will be, will be. Sheriff, summon a jury.

Sheriff; Come on, Deputy. We got to rope twelve from that passel out there. Pick fellers that look good and true.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; As preparations for a trial were being made, the Lone Ranger left Tonto to guard Jurgens and slipped into town on foot, his face obscured by stains. Mixing with the excited citizens, he quickly learned that young Walker had been arrested for the murder of the banker. The astounding news gave added impetus to his search for a way to get Jurgens and the evidence into the beseiged jail. For a few minutes he studied the obstacles of torches, bonfires and solid walls of armed townsmen. Then he turned and melted into the darkness as the Sheriff appeared at the jail door and shouted—

Sheriff; The Jury's sworn and court's a-setting! You fellers wait here peaceable and I'll tell you how it's going.

Ad lib; (STIR)

MUSIC: Burst and cut

Sheriff; They've called the first witness. He's Soapy Hall-

MUSIC: Burst and cut

The district attorney has said his say, and now it's the Easterner's turn to sound off--

MUSIC: Burst and cut

The Judge is giving the jury the fine p'int of the law. He's the same as telling them to let the Easterner go...

MUSIC: Burst and cut

The jury's taken a vote. Now the foreman is getting up--

MUSIC: Burst and trail off

Annor; Inside the jail, Gene Walker rose to face jurymen, pale but calm. Impulsively Bess Tucker clasped one of his hands, dropping her pencil and notepad. The Judge passed a hand across his haggard face and asked--

Judge; Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?

Foreman; We sure have, Judge! That dressed-up polecat's guilty as Cain!

Sheriff; (BACK) The verdict is guilty!

Bess; (MOANS) Oh no! I'm so sorry, Gene!



Gene; Bess, your father did the best he could.

Judge; I won't accept that verdict!

D. A; (CALLS) Sheriff, don't tell the mob that!

Judge; Mr. District Attorney, the court has a right—

D. A; Your Honor, you have no right to make all of us victims of the people's vengeance! Remember, you have a daughter here!

Gene; May it please the court, I'm ready to be sentenced.

Bess; Gene, you don't know what you're doing. There won't be any appeals or delays. The moment sentence is passed, the Sheriff will take you out and hang you!

D. A; Judge, do your duty.

Judge; (SIGHS) Gene Walker, you, your father and I share a terrible destiny! Twenty years ago, I sentenced him to hang! Like you, he was innocent!

Gene; My father? You hanged him?

Judge; Yes, boy. We thought he had deliberately killed a man, but that man is still alive and was to blame for the trouble. He is Steve Jurgens!

Ad lib; (MURMUR.)

Judge; It was I who sent you the money you went to the bank to ask about. It came from the sale of a claim that was rightfully yours because it had been your father's. A fortune is still on deposit for you.

Ad lib; (MURMURS)

Judge; I couldn't tell you any of these things before, but now it doesn't matter. Now in the name of justice, I'm about to murder an innocent man twice by murdering his son! God forgive me for what I have to do --- (FADES)

MUSIC: Interlude)

(CROWD NOISES)

Voice; Sheriff, what's holding things up in there?

Voice 2; The Jury's found him guilty, so let's get him.

Sheriff; (BACK) Get back, you fellers.

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Voice 3; Here come two fellers ridin' right into the crowd.

Voice; One's the masked man!

Voice 2; He's got his hands up! The other man's captured him!

Voice 3; Get out of their way!

Voice; They're heading right up to the jail steps.

(HOOFSHALT)

Voice 2; They're getting down! The Sheriff's grabbing the feller in the mask!

Voice 3; Now they're going inside!

MUSIC: Interlude

Judge; Gene Walker, it is the sentence of this court ---  
(CHOKES UP) I - I can't go on -

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Judge; Judge, we got two to hang now! Here's that masked man who plugged Soapy and kidnapped Steve Jurgens! This stranger caught him.

Soapy; What did you do to my pardner, you sidewinder?

Sheriff; I'm taking his mask off. There!

Soapy; Look!

Sheriff; Well I'll be blowed!

D; A; That - why -that's Steve Jurgens!

Ranger; He's the man who murdered Malachi Barr. The proof is in this sack. Look.

Sheriff; I'm looking.

Ranger; He used the sack and rags to silence the gun, and the gun to silence the banker after robbing him of those notes.

Soapy; Sheriff, let me out. I'm thru testifying--

Ranger; Not so fast, Soapy Hall! You were with Jurgens when I shot you in the shoulder.

Sheriff; You shot him?

Ranger; Yes, Sheriff. I was the masked man outside the bank. And now I'd like to have that mask back.

Sheriff; Sure, sure!

Ranger; The only way I could get Jurgens thru that mob and into jail was to put it on him.

Soapy; Judge, I'm turning State's evidence! It was Steve who pulled the trigger!

Judge; Talk to the District Attorney about that. Well, Gene Walker, this clears you, but it's no credit to me. As soon as I see that Jurgens, the evil genius of our lives, pays for his crimes, I'm resigning.

Gene; No, Judge! We'll bury the past and work together for better law and order.

Bess; Gene, you mean you're going to stay in Tuckerville?

Gene; Bess, I have a lot of reasons for staying -- and you're most of them.

Ranger; Adios, Gene.

Gene; Goodbye, Mister.

D. A.; So you do know that masked man! I thought you said--

Gene; I didn't know he was outside the bank. I met him on the way to Tuckerville.

Judge;  $\frac{1}{2}$  Who is he?

Gene; His Indian friend told me. He's the Lone Ranger.

Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, Away!

MUSIC: Theme

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