

The Lone Ranger -created by Geo. W. Trendle

"A Dog Named Deuce"

by Ralph Goll

Number: 7561-1786

Date: June 17, 1949

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Ranger and Tonto

Brad Clark 20,25, Eastern, intelligent

Martha 20 - his bride

Dodd 50-60, crooked lawyer

Gila 40-50, crook

Stub Same

Sheriff 40-50, Western

Tincup 70, old prospector, owner of Deuce

Voice _____ Paul

Voice _____ Paul

Mr. Stuber

The Lone Ranger

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annrcr; Furrow Creek threaded the wastelands between the Plow Point Mountains and the town of Windfall, its flow swift, its gravel banks steep and high. Once its headwaters had yielded a little gold, making its upper reaches the scene of a short-lived rush. Telling the story of that futile search, rusty pans, broken shovel handles and washed-out claim stakes littered the bed of the stream for miles. Yet at one point fresh prospect holes appeared and the relics of old failure and despair were covered by a profusion of new and poorly chosen tools and camp supplies. Obviously it was tenderfoot equipment, but the two men who lurked nearby had every mark of being desert-wise. Each carried a sawed-off shotgun. As one pointed to a soft spot in the bank, the other aimed his weapon at it and fired.

(TWO SHOTS)

Gila; Well, Stub, that makes a couple of thousand dollars worth of gold we've shot into the gravel here.

Stub; What of it, Gila? Old Lawyer Dodd said to salt her plenty. He's the Boss, and it's his dust.

- Gila; I reckon we can pan it out again if his scheme goes wrong. Pour a couple more loads into my scattergun.
- Stub; Sure. Mine's still loaded. Say when.
- Gila; That's enough. Now I'll ram in some wadding.
- Stub; The Boss must figure on cleaning that young Easterner and his wife out of all the cash they're inheriting from their uncle Pete Givens.
- Gila; Pete likely left fifty or a hundred thousand dollars. He hit it rich in the Superstition Mountains once.
- Stub; How come they started prospecting out here when they've got that much coming to them?
- Gila; They never knew anything about Pete 'til he died and the lawshark sent for them. He made them believe that they're only inheriting a few hundred bucks.
- Stub; I savvy.
- Gila; Then he talked them into hunting gold, saying it would be a good way to kill time while the court settled the estate.
- Stub; That shyster's plenty foxy.
- Gila; Well, here goes both barrels again!
- (TWO SHOTS)
- Gila; The greenhorn ought to find that dust the first thing when him and his wife get back from town and start digging again.

Stub; Just the same, we better save the gold that's left in my gun. He might take a notion to move on up creek without looking here any more. Then we'd have to salt another place.

Gila; That's so. Guess I'll reload with shot. Might see a jackrabbit on the way back to that cave where we're staying.

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; Several days later the Lone Ranger and Tonto, returning from the scene of an Indian uprising beyond the desert, rode up the creek.

(HOOFS)

The dry edge of its bed made a natural roadway and by following it they were able to keep out of sight.

Ranger; We'll make camp at the first place where we can get a good view both up and down stream.

Tonto; We come to bend now. Look! Man and woman there!

Ranger; There's something wrong with the woman! He's trying to get her on a burro. Come on, Silver.

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout.

(HOOFS FASTER)

Ranger; (CALLS) Wait, friend! We'll help you!

(HOOFS STOP AS:)

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

Brad; A masked man! Oh, Martha! Martha!

Ranger; Never mind my mask. What ails the young lady?

Brad; My wife is so badly sunburned she's out of her head.

Ranger; (DISMOUNTING) Put her back on those blankets.

Brad; But I've got to take her to a doctor!

Ranger; That won't be necessary. Tonto, bring the medicine kit.

Tonto; Me got it.

Brad; No you don't! Stay away from her!

Ranger; My Indian friend knows what he's doing. His herb medicine will relieve your wife's pain and reduce her fever.

Tonto; You sunburned, too, feller. Me put some on you.

Brad; Say, that's wonderfully cooling.

Martha; (DELIRIOUS) Gold! Gold! We're rich, Brad!
Keep digging!

Brad; Hush, Martha! The poor kid's delirious!

Ranger; She'll be all right as soon as her temperature goes down.

Martha; Gold! The ground is full of it!

Ranger; You've been prospecting here.

Brad; (HESITANTLY) Yes, Martha and I -- I'm Brad Clark from New Jersey -- thought we'd try our luck.

Ranger; Expert prospectors have been over every foot of this ground.

Brad; Experts have been wrong before. But I - I guess we never really expected to find gold. We've been sort of - honeymooning.

Ranger; I see. Well, if you want an opinion about gold prospects around here, see Tincup Smith when you go back to Windfall.

Brad; Tincup Smith. Is he a friend of yours?

Ranger; No, but I've heard enough about him to know that he'll give you an honest opinion. He's a famous prospector, and owns an equally famous dog named Deuce.

Tonto; Woman be all right in morning. But not good for her to be in sun for couple weeks. Better you travel at night.

Brad; I understand. Thanks, gentlemen. You've been very kind.

Ranger; We may see you again, Brad. Adios.

Ad lib; (GET AWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; Sitting in a shabby office which was part of his pretense to honest poverty, Lawyer Dodd contemplated the cracked ceiling with a thin smile. His plan for swindling Brad and Martha Clark was working out well. One of his henchmen, Stub, had returned to Windfall with a report that the couple had found the gold deposited in the creek banks by shotgun blasts and would be in town shortly. They would come to him as their attorney - and then --

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Brad; Are you busy, Mr. Dodd?

Dodd; Well, well, if it isn't Mr. and Mrs. Clark! My soul, you look like a pair of boiled lobsters!
(CHUCKLES) Sit down, please.

Brad; Thanks. My wife had a touch of the sun. A masked man and an Indian happened along and helped her with some kind of plant juice.

Dodd; A masked man and an Indian! H-m-m. Did they say anything about your prospecting venture?

Brad; Yes, they said there wasn't any gold along the creek.

Dodd; I didn't tell you there was. (CHUCKLES) In fact, if I thought that gravel would show the slightest color, I'd be working placers myself. You see, I own the old diggings and all the land around them.

Martha: You do?

Dodd; Yes ma'am. It was a foolish investment, I grant you. But I once thought it possible to dam the creek and irrigate those five sections.

Brad; It might still be possible. What will you take for your holdings?

Dodd; Well now, I never thought of selling them. But I'll tell you what! I like to see young people get on when they're starting married life. I'll make you a bargain.

Brad; You know we're not coming into much money.

Dodd; I don't want much. If you assign your inheritance to me, I'll deed you that property on the creek.

Brad; Why that's just a few hundred dollars! It's a deal!

Dodd; Come back tomorrow and I'll have the papers ready to sign.

MUSIC: Interlude

(STEPS)

Brad; Well, Martha, how does it feel to be a millionaire?

Martha; I don't know, Brad.

Brad; You don't! Didn't we pan out a couple of hundred dollars worth of dust in one day? And isn't all that land as good as ours now?

Martha; I suppose so, but I don't feel right about it. We're taking advantage of that old lawyer.

Brad; We're not cheating. He's getting all the land itself is worth.

Martha; I know - but - - (HESITATES)

Brad; It's just business.

Martha; That still doesn't make it fair. We ought to give Mr. Dodd a half interest in whatever's there. He's been so nice and looks so poor.

Brad; I guess you're right, dear. On second thought, I don't feel so good myself about the deal.

Martha; What'll we do?

Brad; We'll make him a partner after we take legal possession. He might not be so generous with us if we let him in before hand.

Martha; Darling, I knew you couldn't be greedy.

Brad; What's that crowd doing in front of the cafe?

Martha; They're watching an old fiddler with a dancing dog.

(CROWD NOISES FADING IN)

Brad; Maybe he's the fellow the masked man spoke about.

Voice; That dog can do everything but talk, and I reckon old Tincup savvies what he means at that.

Voice 2; He sure does everything the old feller tells him.

Brad; Is that Tincup Smith, Mister?

Voice; That's him, stranger. And that dog is named Deuce.

Martha; Deuce? Oh, I see! He's named from the two heart shaped spots on his back.

Voice 2; Come on, Tincup! Fiddle some more for your dog!

Tincup; Nope. Deuce is getting too old to be dancing so hard.

(DOG BARK)

Voice; These strangers hanker to see him do some tricks, Tincup.

Tincup; Well now, I spect they're the heirs of my old pardner Pete Givens.

Martha; That's right, Mr. Smith. Mr. Clark and I are both glad to meet a friend of our uncle.

Tin; Deuce, tell the lady the color of her hair. Speak once for black, twice for brown, three times for red and four times for yellow.

(DOG BARKS THREE TIMES)

Voice; He called it! Her hairs red!

Martha; But I thought dogs were color blind! I read that everything looks gray to them.

Tin; I reckon that's so. Some folks think I sign to Deuce or tell him how to speak by the way I say things, but I don't. He knows what I know.

Brad; Do you mean he reads your mind?

Tin; Who knows? For ten years Deuce and I traipsed around the desert, so we've got plenty close to each other. The desert does things to us critters. Out there where there's only the sky and sand, you don't have to talk or listen to understand. You're part of something that makes dogs and humans the same. Maybe it's what the Injuns call the Big Mystery. That's all, folks. The show's over for today.

Ad lib; (MURMUR)

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Brad; Wait, Martha. I want to ask Mr. Smith something.

Tin; Not Mister, just Tincup.

Brad; Well, Tincup, why is it everyone thinks there's no gold in Furrow Creek?

Tin; 'Cause there isn't. If you struck gold there it would be a heap sight queerer than Deuce knowing colors. Fact is, the place where you found it would have to be salted.

Brad; Salted? I don't understand.

Tin; That means the ground has been fixed by somebody shooting a little dust into it. Greenhorns get swindled that way.

Martha; Brad, do you suppose -- (HESITATES)

Brad; I don't know. But I'd like to have Tincup go out to our camp on the creek and take a look where we've been panning.

Tin; Seeing as how you're kin to old Pete, I'll go out there tonight and take a look-see in the morning. Come on, Deuce.

(BARKS)

MUSIC: Interlude

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Stub; (PANTING) Boss!

Dodd; What's the matter, Stub? I thought you'd gone back to the creek.

Stub; I was hanging around in front of the cafe and I heard Tincup Smith promise those Easterners to take a look over their placer.

Dodd; Tincup Smith! He'll know it's been salted in a second! Is he going alone?

Stub; Yeah.

Dodd; Then see that he never gets back.

Stub; You mean - -

Dod; You know what I mean. And I don't want any evidence left. Here's what you do. Wait 'til Tincup gets out there, and -

(FADE VOICES)

Music; Interlude

Anner; Another sun was red above the eastern peaks of the Plow Point range. Crouching on the brink of the bank which towered above the Clark's camp, Stub and Gila looked down at Tincup Smith and his dog. The old prospector was moving back and forth along the creek bed, kneeling from time to time and sifting gravel thru his fingers. As he reached a point directly below the two crooks, Stub glanced back at a fuse which curled across the rimrock and disappeared into a fissure.

Stub; Gila, are you sure you put in enough blasting powder?

Gila; It'll blow everything this side of the crack right down on him.

Stub; Then get ready to touch it off.

~~Gila;~~ (BARKS, BARK)

Gila; That infernal dog is trying to warn him.

Stub; Tincup's getting up and looking around! Light the fuse.

(MATCH STRIKES)

Gila; There she goes! Come on!

(FUSE BURNING, RUNNING STEPS FADING,
EXPLOSION, LANDSLIDE)

Stub; (PANTING) Holy Mackerel! Look what we done!

Gila; We've buried Tincup under a thousand tons of rock and dirt!

Stub; We didn't get his dog. Listen!

(DOG HOWLS BACK)

MUSIC: Interlude

(DOG HOWLS, BACK)

Gila; (TUNNEL EFFECT) There's that crazy critter again. It gives me the creeps, having to stay in this cave and listen to him.

Stub; He's been at it ever since we got the old man. What did the Boss tell you when you was in town today?

Gila; He said for us to stay here. 'Pears like those Easterners don't want to sign off 'til they hear from Tincup.

Stub; Huh. They'll have to wait a long time.

Gila; Dodd's scared they'll turn him down yet. If that happens and they come back here, we're to tend to them. Then he'll forge their names.

(DOG HOWLS CLOSER)

Stub; That hound's getting closer. He knows where the old man is and us, too.

Gila; Some desert rat might hear him and come snooping around.

Stub; I'll get him. Where are the scatterguns?

Gila; Right here.

(STEPS)

Stub; There he is just outside the cave.

(STEPS HALT)

Gila; Shoot!

(TWO SHOTS)

(DOG HOWLS, FADING OUT)

Stub; I hit him! I had the gun right on him!

Gila; Then how comes you didn't drop him?

Stubs; Strike a match, Gila.

(MATCH STRIKES)

Stub; Yeah, it's just as I figured. I got hold of the wrong gun!

Gila; How's that?

Stub; We left this one loaded to do some more salting. What I shot at that cur was a hundred dollars worth of gold dust'

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; Meanwhile the Lone Ranger and Tonto had made camp some miles upstream where the banks widened and the water flowed around many tiny islands, each covered with luxuriant grass. As Silver and Scout needed pastureage after their desert journey, and the difficult crossing of the Plow Point range lay ahead, the two men had spent several days mending damaged equipment and reshoeing their horses. (MORE)

Annex; (CONTINUED) As they completed their work, the masked man noted a change in the creek.

Ranger; Tonto, the water is rising.

Tonto; That strange! It not rain in mountains lately.

Ranger; Something has stopped the flow below us.

Tonto; Maybe landslide.

Ranger; If that's the case, the young Easterners may need help. Get mounted.

Ad lib; (MOUNTINGS, GET AWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude

Ranger; Tonto, the water is rising.

T (HOOFS)

Tonto; That strange! It not rain in mountains lately.

Tonto; Water soon cover whole creek bed.

Ranger; Something has stopped the flow below us.

Ranger; We'd better get to the top of the bank. Here's a

Tonto; Maybe landslide.
place where the horses can climb up!

Ranger; If that's the case, the young Easterners may need

(DOG HOWLS)

help. Get mounted.

Tonto; Look! Dog there by rock!

Ad lib; (MOUNTINGS, GET AWAY)

Ranger; He's hurt!

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Tonto; Water soon cover whole creek bed.

Tonto; Me take look at him. (DISMOUNTING) Easy, feller.

Ranger; We'd better get to the top of the bank. Here's a

Tonto; We not hurt you.
place where the horses can climb up!

(DOG WHINES)

(DOG HOWLS)

Tonto; Look! Dog there by rock!

Ranger; He's hurt!

Ad lib; (MOUNTINGS, GET AWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude

Ranger; Tonto, the water is rising.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

Ranger; Lie still, boy. Tonto, the marks on this dog's back are like those which I've been told are on Tincup Smith's Deuce.

(DOG WHINES EAGERLY)

Tonto; Him know that name!

Ranger; Deuce, where is Tincup?

(WHINES)

Tonto; Him get up to show us. But him got bad leg!

Ranger; Examine his right hip.

Tonto; Me find plenty bright stuff buried in hair. (GRUNTS)
Now me find wound, feel-um bullet. Not deep. Me take-um out pronto.

Ranger; Easy, Deuce, easy!

(WHINES)

Tonto; It out now. Look lōke buckshot.

Ranger; Let me see it while you treat the wound.

Tonto; Good dog, Deuce. Me fix you up. Then we find Tincup.

(WHINES)

Ranger; This isn't buckshot! It's a little gold nugget!

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)

Annex; Tincup Smith, the fiddling prospector, had been murdered and Deuce, his dancing dog, wounded by mine salters bent on swindling a young couple from the East. Coming upon the dog as they rode down Furrow Creek to investigate the rising water, the Lone Ranger and Tonto found that he had been hit by a charge from a gold-loaded gun. The Indian was saying - -

Tonto; No one shoot dog with gold but crazy man.

Ranger; Or a mine salter.

Tonto; Me not think of that. What you think happen to

Tincup?

Ranger; I'm afraid he's dead.

Tonto; Maybe Deuce lead us to him.

Ranger; If this rising water means what I think it does now, we can spare him the pain of using his crippled leg.

Tonto; Take him on your horse.

Annex; As the masked man and Indian rode out of the creek

bed, Stub and Gila emerged from their cavern hideout

a short distance above the landslide which had buried Tincup Smith.

(STEPS)

Stub, leading the way as they pushed thru the narrow

mouth with bowed backs, suddenly halted.

(STEPS HALT)

Stub; Gila, look down below us!

Annex; As the masked man and Indian rode out of the creek bed, Stub and Gila emerged from their cavern hideout a short distance above the landslide which had buried Tincup Smith.

Gila; The creek sure has come up a lot since that blast caved in the bank.

Stub; It'll flood this place before long.

Gila; We got all our gear, so we can camp somewhere else.

Stub; Then let's get up the bank.

(STEPS)

Gila; Yeah, we better see if those greenhorns are back.

(HOOF'S FADING IN)

Stub; There's someone coming up here!

Gila; He's headed right toward us!

Stub; I can see him now. It's Lawyer Dodd and his coat tails are flying!

(HOOF'S HALT AS:)

Dodd; (AD LIBS WHOA'S) (DISMOUNTING)

(STEPS)

Gila; We wasn't expecting you, Boss.

Dodd; (FADING IN) Those clarks won't sign. They're on their way out here.

Stub; We could have taken care of them ourselves.

Dodd; This job has got to be done right. Before they left town, Mrs. Clark notified Sheriff Brady that Tincup is missing.

Gila; The Sheriff won't go hunting an old desert rat who's apt to mosey off anytime without notice.

Dodd; (FADING IN) Those clarks won't sign. They're on their way out here.

- Dodd; He wouldn't ordinarily, but he's the kind who'd do anything for a woman - particularly a young, good looking woman like Mrs. Clark. He'll show up sooner or later.
- Stub; He'll never find Tincup, but even if he should,,it'll look like the old coot got killed accidentally.
- Dodd; What about his dog?
- Gila; It got away when we blew in the bank. Later on we shot at it. Now it's gone.
- Dodd; For good I hope.
- Stub; How do you aim to get rid of those greenhorns?
- Dodd; We'll arrange another accident.
- Gila; A landslide?
- Dodd; Don't be a fool, Gila. We couldn't get away with two of them. I'm thinking about that cave you fellows stayed in.
- Stub; The cave?
- Dodd; There's a big boulder close to the mouth. The three of us can pry it loose and push it over far enough to keep anyone inside from getting out.
- Gila; Yeah, but -
- Dodd; (INTERRUPTS) Let me talk! We'll capture the Clarks, shut them in there and let them drown. If they're found, it'll look as though they were hunting Tincup and got trapped when water loosened the rock.
- Gila; And they call me Gila!

MUSIC: Interlude

(HOOFS)

Ranger; There's dust coming out of that dry wash ahead.

Tonto; Rider in there is coming out!

Ranger; There he is. He's wearing a star on his vest.
We'll stop here.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT, HOOFS FADING IN)

Sheriff; (COMING IN) Howdy, gents.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger; Hello, Sheriff.

Sheriff; You! You got a mask on!

Ranger; Don't let it excite you. I'm not an outlaw.

Sheriff; Outlaw or not, I'm covering you! Freeze!

Ranger; All right, Sheriff, but it might be more to your
advantage if you treat us as friends and tell us
why you're out here.

Sheriff; I'm looking for Tincup Smith and his dancing dog,
DEuce.

Sheriff; You! You got a (DOG WHINES)

Sheriff; Say that Injun's got a dog wrapped in a blanket.
Let's see it.

Tonto; (GRUNTS) You look.

Ranger; All right, Sheriff, but it might be more to your
advantage if you treat us as friends and tell us
why you're out here.

Sheriff; That's Deuce! And you wouldn't have him if Tincup wasn't dead.

Ranger; We know about Tincup and Deuce. We-

Sheriff; (CUTS IN) Sure you know. You know that dog would be a gold mine in a show. So you murdered the old man and stole Deuce. Of all the mean, low-down crimes I ever heard of -

Ranger; (CUTS IN) I can explain.

Sheriff. Do your talking after I take your guns and put you in cuffs. Get off your horses after I dismount.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; Traveling up from Windfall along a stretch of creek bed that was now completely dry, Brad Clark and his bride reached the landslide. For a moment they stared in awe at the vast mass of stones and gravel which covered their camp and prospect holes. Then Martha gasped--

Martha; Brad! That poor old man may be under there! His dog too!

Brad; I'm afraid so.

Martha; (SOBS) It was our fault! He came here for us!

Brad; Now darling, you shouldn't feel that way.

Martha; I can't help it.

Brad; There's nothing we can do and you shouldn't be here. So let's go back to town.

Martha; We can't. The Sheriff told me he'd meet us on the creek. We've got to wait and tell him everything.

Brad; Didn't you tell him what Tincup was doing for us?

Martha; No, I didn't want to cast suspicion on anyone. But now - (BREAKS)

Brad; There's someone behind us!

(STEPS FADING IN)

Dodd; (COMING IN) It was most considerate of you not to mention me, lady.

Martha; It's Lawyer Dodd! He and those other two men have been hiding and listening! Oh Brad!

Martha; (STEPS HALT)

Brad; Don't point those guns at us! We're not armed and you're frightening my wife.

Dodd; Indeed! (CHUCKLES) Then I apologize.

Gila; Let's get on with the job, Boss. We can't take chances with the Sheriff around.

Brad; What are you going to do to us?

Dodd; Er- a h - remove you, shall we say.

Brad; We know you're a cheat, but we haven't any evidence that would put you in jail. You don't have to - to do anything desperate.

Dodd; I cover my tracks well. There's nothing left to tell why the late Tincup Smith departed this world, or who hastened his departure. It will be the same in your case.

Brad; We know you're a cheat, but we haven't any evidence

Brad; No, I didn't want to cast suspicion on anyone. But

Brad; Did, if it's our little inheritance you want, we'll sign. I wouldn't have you as much as touch my wife for all that Uncle Pete left.

Dodd; Unfortunately it's too late for us to make a deal now. I've told you too much. As for your legacy - it amounts to a fortune. A bit of clever penmanship will put it in my hands.

Stub; Boss, you talk too much. You've said enough now to hang all of us if these two get away.

Dodd; But they won't get away.

Martha; You beast!

Dodd; Come along, my dear young friends.

Gila; Yeah, get moving. It'll soon be dark.

(STEPS)

Brad; Where are you taking us?

Stub; Boss, you talk too much. You've said enough now to drop him. Him wounded.

Dodd; Up beyond the landslide. We'll prepare a place for you there - (CHUCKLES) a very snug place.

Annex; As Sheriff Brady called on the Lone Ranger and Tonto to dismount preparatory to taking their guns and handcuffing them, the Indian, burdened with the wounded dog distracted his attention for a moment by saying --

Tonto; Now me get off horse with dog in arms? Me not want to drop him. Him wounded.

Sheriff; So you hombres shot him, too! (DISMOUNTING EFFORT)

Dodd; I'm down now, so I'll take another look at Deuce for you there - (CHUCKLES) a very snug place.

(DOG WHINES)

Annex; As Sheriff Brady called on the Lone Ranger and Tonto to dismount preparatory to taking their guns and handcuffing them, the Indian, burdened with the wounded

Sheriff; You poor critter. You know me! Many's the time I've patted you. These fellers'll pay and -(BREAKS)

Annecr; At that instant the masked man leaped from his saddle grabbing the lawman's gun arm as he landed.

(JUMP, STRUGGLE)

Ranger; Give me that gun, Sheriff! I don't want to hurt you!

Sheriff; Never! (EFFORT) I - (STRUGGLING)

Tonto; Give-um gun pronto. Me got you covered now.

Sheriff; (PANTING) All right - all right, take it.

Ranger; That's better. You'll get it back in good time.

Sheriff; Getting me to look at that dog was a trick and I fell for it! I'll turn in my badge if I have the bad luck to live thru this!

Ranger; Sheriff, you're a good man, or you wouldn't have allowed your sympathy for an animal to put you off guard. We have no intention of harming you.

Sheriff; By cracky, you sound like you mean that!

Ranger; I do. We're going to help you find Tincup's murderer. But first I want to know the circumstances under which he disappeared.

Sheriff; Well, I sure can't lose anything by telling that. He come out to the creek on some business for an Eastern couple named Clark and never showed up in town again.

Ranger; Is that all you know?

Sheriff; It's all Mrs. Clark told me. I figured I'd find the old coot asleep somewhere. A fiddler and his dog, you know

Ranger; Where are the Clarks now?

Sheriff; Somewhere along the creek, I reckon. They took the creek bed, leaving town, and I cut across the desert to the big bend.

Ranger; Sheriff, there's a mine salting scheme afoot on Furrow Creek. The crooks killed Tincup. They won't hesitate to kill that young couple, too, if they stand to gain by it.

Sheriff; Great Scott! How do you know that?

Ranger; I'll tell you as we ride. Back into the saddle!

Ad lib; (GETAWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; Night had fallen and in the dark cave which threatened to become their tomb at any moment, Martha and Brad Clark embraced, weeping silently as Dodd and his hirelings labored with the boulder just outside. With water licking the bottom of the cavern's mouth, the big rock still resisted every effort to dislodge it. The crooked lawyer panted--

Dodd; (PANTING) We'll try once more!

Stub; Then all together - heave! (EFFORT)

Gila; (EFFORT) It moved, Stub!

Dodd; (PANTING) Another heave will roll it where we want it!

Stub; Let's get our breaths first.

(DOG HOWLS BACK)

Dodd; My soul! What's that?

Gila; It's that dog of Tincup's. He won't die!

Stub; The ornery brute's come back again!

Dodd; That horrible howl will carry for miles across the desert! The Sheriff's bound to hear it if he keeps it up.

Gila; Come on, Stub! Let's get him for good this time!

Dodd; Go on, fellows. I'll guard the cave.

(STEPS FADING OUT)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr; In the meantime, the Lone Ranger, Tonto and Sheriff Brady had reached the landslide and were crouched among the rocks with Deuce sitting nearby ~~not~~ mourning his dead master.

(HOWLS)

Annecr; Handicapped by the darkness, they had failed to find any trace of the crooks or the Clark couple except three horses and two burros. These, they had hidden before taking cover themselves. Impatiently the Sheriff asked -

Sheriff; (LOW) What are we doing here, masked man? Deuce has told us what they did to Tincup.

Ranger; (LOW) He's going to bring the killers to us.

Sheriff; I don't savvy that.

Ranger; After he escaped the landslide, they tried to shoot him down, probably because of his howling. They'll try again.

Sheriff; You're using him as bait!

Ranger; He won't get hurt again. And he's serving justice as he'd like to serve it if he understood.

Sheriff; Maybe he does know.

Ranger; Here's your gun. You may need it.

Sheriff; Thanks, mister.

Tonto; Listen. Somebody come.

(STEPS FADING IN)

Stub; (BACK) Do you see him, Gila?

Gila; (COMING IN) No, but he's here somewhere. This time we'll both shoot and give him buckshot.

(DOG HOWLS)

Stub; There's the varmint!

Gila; Let him have it!

Ranger; Drop your guns!

Sheriff; We got you covered!

(SHOTS)

Stub; Help me, Gila! I'm shot!

Gila; My gun's empty! I'm getting out!

Ranger; No you're not!

Ad lib; (FIGHT)

BLOWS, GROAN, BODY FALL)

Gila; Don't - don't hit me again! I'm all in!

(DOG SNAPS, SNARLS, GROWLS)

Stub; That dog! He's tearing me apart! ~~And~~ I'm wounded!

Sheriff; You wounded him and killed Tincup!

Stub; Help! Help!

Ranger; Pull him off, Sheriff!

Sheriff; Here, Deuce! Quit it, wuit it, I say!

(WHINES)

Sheriff; Now talk, you polecat, or I'll let him at you again.

Ranger; What did you do with Mr. and Mrs. Clark?

Stub; Our Boss, Lawyer Dodd figured to shut them in a cave down there and let the creek flood it.

Sheriff; If you've hurt them, I'll -

Martha; (BACK) We're all right, Sheriff!

(STEPS COMING IN)

Ranger; It's the Clarks! How did you get away from Dodd?

(STEPS STOP)

Brad; (COMING IN) When he heard the shooting and yelling he ran off into the desert.

Sheriff; Good! I'll find him -- too late, I hope.

Martha; What do you mean?

- Sheriff; Hanging's too good for that sidewinder, ma'am.
Afoot and without food or water, he'll die a hundred times on the desert.
- Martha; What are you going to do about Tincup and Deuce?
- Sheriff; The old fiddler will have to stay where he is and I don't reckon you can get the dog to leave.
- Martha; I'm going to try. Maybe he won't know my mind, but he can be sure of my love.
- Brad; It won't work, darling. He's Tincup's dog. He'll always be listening for something -- the old man's footsteps - fiddle or voice. He'll always want to come back here and follow him into the Big Mystery.
- Martha; If he does, I'll build a shelter for him here and see that he's never hungry. Come here, Deuce! Come here, old fellow!

(DOG WHINES)

- Sheriff; And to think I accused that masked man of stealing him.
- Brad; Sheriff, who is the masked man anyhow?
- Sheriff; I got it from the Injun. He's the Lone Ranger!
- Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, Away!

MUSIC: Theme