

The Lone Ranger -created by Geo. W. Trendle

"Guns for Hire"
by Ralph Goll.

Number: 2562-1787

Date: June 20, 1949

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- Ranger and Tonto
- Red HarrisHotheaded young gunman. Okay
- Brig Wallace Cafe owner -small part.
- Dinah Lake Boss lady of ranch, young.
- Scotty Murdock .. Foreman of ranch, straight
- Chad Martin Killer
- Dude Morgan Killer
- Voice Bit
- Voice 1..... Bit
- Voice 2 Bit
- Voice 3 Bit

Mr. Struber

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annrcr; Kiowa City was a way point on the notorious Robbers Trail, an escape route linking the Canadian border with the Rio Grande. There fugitives from justice, saddle tramps, tinhorn gamblers and killers with guns for hire mingled briefly before drifting on in search of sanctuary or easy money. And there, on a summer afternoon, the Lone Ranger, disguised as a professional gunman and accompanied by Tonto, sauntered along a row of false-front buildings.

(STEPS)

They were bent on finding the Red Kid, a young redhead, about whom they had heard all along the trail.

Reputedly, the youth was a wizard with a gun and usually traveled alone, appearing and disappearing mysteriously. As the two friends reached a section of cafes and gambling dens, the Indian asked --

Tonto; Kemo Sabay, why we look for this Red Kid? Nobody say him ever rob or kill anyone.

Ranger; That's why I want to find him. It's more than strange that a young fellow said to be lightning fast with a gun should prowl the Robbers Trail without using it for a criminal purpose.

Tonto; That so. Me not savvy what him up to.

Ranger; Tonto, notice that window ahead.

Tonto; Somebody put help wanted signs on it with soap.
Nobody here take honest job.

Ranger; That's not a regular employment agency. It's the
Catamount Cafe and the proprietor is Brig Wallace,
a former gunman.

Tonto; Maybe we better see what signs say.

(STEPS HALT)

Ranger; Listen to this. (READS) Wanted: Gunfighters to
protect miners and claims at Comstock Lode - forty
dollars a day. And this: (READS) Three men for
guard duty on big ranch. Only experts need apply --
() The others are similar.

Tonto; Them all jobs for gunmen!

Ranger; This is a hiring hall for killers. We'll look it over.

(STEPS) (DOOR OPENS) (CLOSES)

(CAFE NOISES)

Amner; Pausing just inside the door, the Lone Ranger and Tonto
glanced around swiftly. Along the bar, a line of hard-
faced idlers froze, hands close to guns. At a table, a
slim youth with fiery red hair and the proprietor
broke off a heated conversation.

(CAFE NOISES STOP)

For a moment all remained silent. Advancing slowly,
the Lone Ranger spoke to the man who sat with the
redheaded youth.

(STEPS)

Ranger; Are you Brig Wallace?

Brigg; (A LITTLE BACK) That's me, feller, but I'm busy.

(STEPS HALT)

Ranger; We'll wait.

Brig; Suit yourself. () Now, Red, it's like I told you. I've sent you to three different jobs lately. You won't stay anywhere.

Red; What do you care as long as I pay the hiring fee?

Brig; Fellers like you could spoil my business. It might get told around that the gunnies in my stable are quitters.

Red; (SLOW, DEADLY) You hinting that I'm yellow?

Brig; (HASTILY) No no, nothing like that! You're the Red Kid, and I've seen some mighty bad men back down from you. Just the same -- (HESITATES)

Red; Brig, I want a fling at that ranch job. It sounds like a range war's on.

Brig; People don't tell me what's on when they order gunslingers. If I place you there, it'll cost you twice the regular fee.

Red; I've got the money.

Brig; You'll have to wait 'til I round up two more top gun hands.

Ranger; You've found them now.

Brig; People don't tell me what's on when they order gunslingers. If I place you there, it'll cost you twice the regular fee.

Brig; Yeah? Well, I don't know you fellers. Got any recommendations?

Ranger; These guns.

(SHOTS)

AD LIB: (EXCITEMENT AS:)

Anncr; The Lone Ranger fired at a stuffed animal which was fastened to the back wall of the room.

Brig; You shot up my stuffed catamount!

Voice; (BACK) He put every slug plumb into the critter's right eye!

Red; And he did it from the hip!

Brig; Feller, that's fancy shooting!

Ranger; We'll pay you for placing us on that ranch.

Brig; You got the jobs! Just take that Red Harris here and report to Zeb Morse, the boss of the Ninety-Six Ranch down in Mescalero County. I'll send him a telegram that you're coming.

MUSIC: Interlude

(HOOFS)

Ranger; Red, we're close to the Ninety-Six spread. It's time for an understanding.

Red; About what, Mister?

Ranger; From what I heard at Brig Wallace's place, and you've told me on the trail, I know that you're not a killer, and don't like killers. So why do you hunt gunfighting jobs?

Red; I'm wondering the same thing about you and Tonto.

Ranger; We want to help you as well as settle whatever trouble lies ahead.

Red; I don't need help to get the sidewinder I'm after.

Ranger; Who is he?

Red; Dude Morgan, the gunslinger who killed my brother without giving him a chance for his life. It happened during a cattle war and Morgan had hired out to the big fellers, so the law let him get away with it.

Ranger; When did it happen?

Red; Five years ago. I've been practicing with a gun ever since, and now I'm looking for Morgan.

Ranger; So that's it!

Red; It sure is. I go wherever they're taking on gun hands and when I don't run into that varmint I dust out. But I've heard he's still alive and living by his gun. And sooner or later I'll line a sight on him.

Ranger; Red, I sympathize with you, but personal vengeance is wrong.

Red; Wrong! It can't be when the law lets a feller like Morgan go free. Anyhow I'll give him an even break.

Tonto; Look, kemo sabay. Fellers hide in rocks up ahead.

Red; I saw something flash in the sun up there!

Ranger; A brass-bound Winchester! There's another! Stop here in the chapparal!

Ad 11b; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT, SHOTS, RICOCHIETS)

Tonto; Them fellers shoot at us!

Red; We're out of sight now!

Ranger; Don't shoot back! They may be riders from the
Ninety-six ranch.

Tonto; Listen. Riders coming up behind us.

Red; There they are -- a whole passel of them!

(SHOTS)

Ranger; They're drawing the bushwhackers' fire now.

Red; We're caught between two fires!

Tonto; We not know which side is which.

Ranger; The men behind us are stopping.

Tonto; One horse not stop. Shooting scare it.

Red; It's out of control.

Ranger; The rider's a girl.

Red; That horse is headed straight into the ambush.

Ranger; I'll head it off! Come on, Silver!

(SHOTS, HOOFS)

(CALLS) Hold on, Miss!

(HOOFS FASTER)

Dinah; (BACK A LITTLE, CALLS) My reins are broken! Whoa!

Whoa!

Ranger; I've got hold of the bridle. Grab your saddle horn.
Keep down.

Dinah; Whoa!

Ranger; I'll turn him into the chapparal! Whao there! Whoa!

(HOOF'S SLOWER, BRUSH CRASHING)

Red; (BACK) He's done it! He's bringing her into this
thicket!

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOF'S HALT)

Ranger; We'll be safe here with my friends.

Red; I'll help you down, Miss.

Dinah; Thanks, gents. (DISMOUNTING) I didn't know this
cayuse was gun-shy.

Ranger; Who are those men in ambush? They fired on us first.

Dinah; That's the Ninety-six outfit. They must have figured
you were my men.

Red; What's going on, Miss?

Dinah; That's what I'd like to know myself, Red - if that's
your handle.

Red; Everybody calls me that.

Dinah; Well, I'm Dinah Lake and I own the Half Moon spread.
Right now we're on the line between my ranch and the
Ninety six.

Ranger; Are you fighting over your property line, Miss Lake?

- Dinah; No, I get along fine with Zeb Morse, the Ninety-Six Boss. But someone's been making trouble between our riders and trying to kill him.
- Ranger; Tell us about it.
- Dinah; It started a few weeks back with my boys reporting that some feller shot at them across the line, using a rifle. Zeb's riders told the same story, and now each bunch blames the other.
- Ranger; I see.
- Dinah; I've locked up every rifle and six gun on the Half Moon. And I've been keeping my riders away from the line except when I'm with them. All they carry are scatterguns for self defense. That's why they couldn't help me.
- Ranger; I wondered at that.
- Dinah; My boys are as loyal and brave as any. And I know that they're in the clear because somebody kept on firing rifle shots at Zeb and his men after I limited them to shotguns.
- Ranger; What about the attempts on Zeb Morse's life?
- Dinah; A forty-four bullet was fired thru his bedroom window one night. Another time a drygulcher shot off his hat.
- Ranger; Who told you about it ?

- Dinah; Zeb himself. When he found out no one from the Half Moon could have been guilty, he decided he had a snake in his own nest. But Chad Martin, Scotty Murdock and the riders couldn't see it that way.
- Ranger; It's hard for a decent man to believe that one of his friends is a traitor.
- Dinah; Scotty, the top cutter, is decent enough, and so are the ranch hands. I don't believe any of them would have shot at me a while ago, even though they wanted to kill my boys.
- Ranger; You have a lot of faith in the code of the West as it applies to women.
- Dinah; Well, I doubt that Chad Martin finds it very binding. He's Zeb's step son and a ladykiller. He got fresh with me once — just once.
- Ranger; I don't suppose Zeb is with those men in ambush.
- Dinah; Of course not! He wouldn't have let them shoot. And anyhow, he promised me he'd stay away from his ranch people and hire some good gunfighters from outside to protect his life.
- Red; (PROUDLY) That's us, Miss. We're going to guard him.
- Dinah; You are! Well do a good job of it. I want this trouble stopped.
- Ranger; We'll do our best.
- Tonto; Nobody shoot anymore. Fellers from Ninety-six ranch all pull out.

Dinah; My horse has quieted down, so -

Red; (CUTS IN) Say, Miss! You haven't hired anyone called Dude Morgan, have you?

Dinah; No, and I'm sure Zeb hasn't either. But I'll inquire around. If you ride over to the Half Moon in a day or so I'll let you know what I find out.

Red; I'll be there!

Dinah; Now I'll be getting back to my boys.

Ad lib; (ADIOS)

MUSIC: Interlude

(HOOFS)

Ranger; There's the Ninety-six ranch house.

Red; Look there by the corral. The riders are all back.

Scotty; (BACK, CALLS) Ride in slow, you fellers. Don't move your hands.

Ranger; (CALLS) Brig Wallase sent us.

Ad lib; (WHOA 'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Chad; So you're the gunslicks Zeb Morse sent for. I saw a telegram about you that he got from Brig Wallace.

Ranger; Where's the boss?

Chad; Zeb went down to Sackville early this morning. I'm in charge here when he's gone. Chad Martin's my name.

Ranger; Well, Martin -

Scotty; Here comes Zeb now!

(HOOFS, WHEELS FADING IN)

Chad; That's his buckboard, Scotty. But where is he?

Scotty; Stop them horses, somebody!

Voice 1; I got them. Whoa there, whoa!

(HOOFS, WHEELS STOP)

Ad lib; (STIR)

Scotty; Chad! Look here in the wagon box!

Chad; It's Zeb! He's been shot! Is he -- (BREAKS)

Scotty; He's dead!

Chad; Those Half Mooners finally got him!

Scotty; I don't know about that. This must have happened while we were swapping lead with them ten miles from the Sackville trail.

Chad; All of us were in on that shooting, but what about Dinah Lakes men? It would have only taken one of them to drygulch Zeb.

Scotty; That's so. What're we going to do?

Ranger; If you want the killer, why don't you look for the place where he waylaid Zeb?

Scotty; It would take an army and a month of Sundays to do that.

Voice 1; The Sackville trail runs for twenty miles thru rocks and brush. We'd have to hunt both sides of it inch by inch.

Chad; By the time we found the place, if we ever did, the killer's trail would be cold. Anyhow, we know right now it leads to the Half Moon.

Ranger; Do you? I figure Zeb was killed by a rifle bullet.

Scotty; He must have been. Another slug burned that off horse's hip, went thru the front of the wagon and hit the tail gate.

Voice 1; Looks like it came from a Winchester forty-four.

Chad; What of it? All the Half Moon riders carry saddle guns.

Scotty; Let's get Zeb's body into the house. Here, some of you men!

Voice 1; I'll help.

Voice 2; Me, too. (EFFORT) There, we can carry him now.

(STEPS FADING)

Chad; Scotty, we got to square this murder! That Lake girl---

Scotty; (CUTS IN) She couldn't have been behind it! She's a woman!

Voice 3; Her rannies must have plotted it. She wouldn't know what they were hatching in their bunkhouse.

Chad; Scotty, you and your cowpokes are fools! Now unhitch that team and take care of the buckboard.

Ranger; You'd better save the evidence for the Sheriff.

Chad; We'll settle this thing without the help of any lawmen or hired gunslingers either. You've got no job here now, so take your pardners and clear out.

Ranger; Now wait--

Scotty; (CUTS IN) You heard Chad. This ranch is his now.
What he says goes.

Ranger; If he's taking over the ranch, he's taking over Zeb's
debts, too. We want expense money for our trip here.

Red; We sure do. What about it, Martin?

Chad; I'll pay you in lead!

Ranger; Don't draw that gun, Martin!

Red; The rest of you fellers freeze where you are!

Scotty; They got us covered.

Ranger; Red, you collect their guns.

Red; Right!

Scotty; You'll pay for this!

Chad; Just wait! We'll get them.

Red; (EFFORT) Give me that gun!

Ranger; We'll leave the guns on the ground a hundred yards away.

Ad lib; (GRUMBLING)

Ranger; Tonto, jump into that buckboard and grab the lines.

Tonto; Me savvy!

(JUMP FROM SADDLE TO BUCKBOARD)

Scotty; You going to take that outfit?

Red; It'll settle our bill!

Chad; I'll see you hanged, you horse thieves!

Ranger; We'll take the chance. Red, Tonto - come on!

Adlib; (GET AWAY)

Chad; They're getting away!

(HOOFS WHEELS, FADING OUT)

Scotty; Get after them.

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; 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)

Anncr; Together with Tonto and Red Harris, the Lone Ranger, disguised as a professional gunman, had been ordered off the Ninety-six ranch after the murder of their prospective employer, Zeb Morse. Apparently determined to collect expenses for their futile trip in any way possible, the three supposed gunslingers had fled with the slain rancher's buckboard and horses.

(HOOFS, WHEELS)

Ad 11b; (GIDDAP'S)

Anncr; After several miles the dead man's team began to labor for breath and the Lone Ranger signalled for a halt.

Ad 11b; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS, WHEELS, HALT)

- Ranger; There's no sign of pursuit. Chad Martin and his men must be less concerned about losing this property than avenging Zeb's death.
- Red; They're blaming Dina Lake and her outfit. They may raid her place.
- Ranger; Red, I want you to cut across to Miss Lake's ranch. Tell her what has happened and advise her to notify the Sheriff and prepare for a fight.
- Red; Right.
- Ranger; Tonto and I will go on toward town with the buckboard and team.
- Red; Suppose the law gets you? Our claim on that outfit isn't any too good.
- Ranger; We didn't take it as payment for expenses. I wanted to divert the Ninety-six bunch from making an immediate attack on the Half Moon.
- Tonto; It not look like that plan work. Maybe we better leave-um team and wagon.
- Ranger; I have another plan now. Drive on, Tonto. Adios, Red!
- Adlib; (ADIOS - GET AWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude

(HOOFS, WHEELS)

Anncr; Late that afternoon, Tonto guided the murdered man's team into a stretch of trail so uniformly lined with matted bushes and heaps of rocks, that even his keen eyes failed to pick out a landmark.

Tonto; Giddap there - Giddap!

Anncr; The Lone Ranger had discarded his disguise for riding clothes, and a mask along the way. He rode beside the buckboard while Tonto's faithful paint trotted behind.

Tonto; Kemo sabay, me thought you want to find place where Zeb got shot - but you not look.

Ranger; We can't hope to find it ourselves in time to do any good.

Tonto; Look at sun. Soon night come and --

(HORSES NEIGH, HOOFS, WHEELS MUCH FASTER)

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

Ranger; Hold them, Tonto. I'll get to their heads!

Tonto; Horses run away!

Ranger; Come on, Silver! There - I've got them.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS, WHEELS HALT)

Tonto; What ail horses? Nothing here to scare them that way!

Ranger; Jump down and tie them. Here is where Zeb was shot!

Tonto; How you know that?

Ranger; That team just told us. Horses that have been fired at remember where the bullets came from!

MUSIC: Interlude

(STEPS, CRACKLING BRUSH)

Annex; Clambering over boulders and crashing thru brush, the masked man and Indian worked away from the buckboard, and team in widening circles. From time to time they turned and sighted back, thus orienting possible lines of fire until they reached a thick growth of scrubby alders two hundred yards away. Tonto pointed to a pocket in the thicket.

(STEPS HALT)

Tonto; This is place. One feller squat here long time.

Ranger; And here are three empty forty-four cartridges. There are ejector marks on the rims showing they were fired from a Winchester.

Tonto; Him whittle while him wait. Make sticks like big toothpicks, flat on one end - pointed on other. What him use them for?

Ranger; They're sticks for cleaning fingernails. Here's the point of a knife blade.

Tonto; Him not break that making little sticks.

Ranger; The way in which it was broken may hang the murderer.

Tonto; What you mean.

Ranger; I'll tell you later. The killer must have had a horse, so let's find where it stood and take the trail.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; As the two continued their search, Chad Martin galloped up to an old line camp a few miles away and jerked his horse to a skidding stop.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Annrcr; Simultaneously, a slightly built man in spotless clothes appeared at the door of the shack, a rifle in one well-tended hand, a six-gun in the other. Tense and silent, he stared at Martin with cold, almost colorless eyes until the latter dismounted and spoke.

Chad; (DISMOUNTING) Well you finally got old Zeb, but I never figured it would take the great Dude Morgan so long to earn his pay.

Dude; Don't think I liked hiding out in this filthy hole while I laid for him and stirred up trouble between the Ninety six and Half Moon outfits.

Chad; You had three tries at Zeb with a rifle before you scored.

Dude; That's so, Martin, but you hired me on my reputation as a top hand with a six gun. I never claimed to be a good rifle shot. A Colt is part of my right hand, but a Winchester's clumsy.

Chad; You must have been lucky today.

Dude; I found I'd been under-shooting so I reset the rear sight.

- Chad; You drilled him just in time. Three gunslingers showed up to protect him after he was dead. (LAUGHS) They took the loss of their jobs had.
- Dude; Who were they?
- Chad; How do I know? When I wouldn't pay for their trip they lit out with old Zeb's rig.
- Dude; I don't collect that way. I fixed it so you inherited a big ranch. Now pay me.
- Chad; Sure, Dude. I got the money right here. And I'm willing to double it if you'll take care of that little spitfire on the Half Moon.
- Dude; The Lake gal, huh? You trying to grab her land, too?
- Chad; I want her land, sure. But I want her dead even more. She laid a quirt on me once.
- Dude; Why don't you turn your cowpokes loose on her and her bunch?
- Chad; They won't shoot a woman.
- Dude; If I get the gal, you'd better figure out a way to get her men, too. From what I hear, they'll go hog wild if their boss lady is killed.
- Chad; I know that. So here's my plan. I want you to talk your way into her ranch house tonight.
- Dude; Then what?
- Chad; At twelve o'clock I'll have my boys surround the Half Moon bunkhouse. We'll toss fireballs into it, and then we'll have them.

Dude; When do you want me to do my job?

Chad; Right while we're wiping out her rannies. Don't shoot 'til you hear our guns outside.

Dude; Why not?

Chad; If you shoot her before hand you'll wake up her bunch. If you do it afterward, my riders might hear and see you. I don't want anyone to know you've been around.

Dude; In the excitement I can get away without being seen.

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; Meanwhile, the Red Kid had reached the Half Moon ranch house. He stood on the verandah, delivering the Lone Ranger's message. Pale but composed, the girl heard him thru, then shook her head--

Dinah; Red, you know that no one here had anything to do with Zeb's death.

Red; I do, but the Ninety-Six outfit doesn't.

Dinah; Let them come here. There won't be any fighting.

Red; How's that?

Dinah; After that fracas at the line today, I sent all of my men to town, to keep them out of trouble.

Red; Then you're alone!

Dinah; My Chinese cook and Mexican housekeeper are still here.

Red; Then call them and we'll start for Sackville pronto. It's coming night and we haven't a second to lose.

Dinah; I won't run from Chad Martin!

Red; At least you can send your cook after the Sheriff and your boys.

Dinah; My riders are staying out of this. As for the law, well, no outsider interferes in a range war in these parts.

Red; If you won't go, I'll stay!

Dinah; I'm going inside.

Red; Not without me!

Dinah; Then take those guns off! It's an unwritten law of the West that you don't go into a friend's house wearing guns. That rule is never broken here.

Red; But I might need them.

Dinah; I told you there wouldn't be any gunplay. I can handle this thing.

Red; Dinah, you know you can wrap me around your finger. That's why you're doing this! But - well, I give up. I'm taking off my gun belts.

Dinah; Hang them on that peg outside the door.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; A moonless, cloudy night had closed over the Mescalero Valley like the lid of a Dutch oven.

(HOOPS)

- Annex; Thru the oppressive gloom rode the masked man and his Indian friend, halting at intervals to read trail sign by match light. They had tracked the killer to the old line camp, discovering that another rider on a heavier horse had joined him there. Farther on, the two sets of hoofprints had separated, the deeper tracks turning toward the Ninety-Six spread, those of the killer's horse, continuing on toward the Half Moon. The Lone Ranger had chosen to follow the murderer. He was saying —
- Ranger; The killer must have a connection with Martin's outfit.
- Tonto; Maybe him rider on Half Moon, and go back there now.
- Ranger; I doubt that a man on either spread uses manicure sticks.
- Tonto; (GRUNTS) All look like common cowboys.
- Ranger; There are two types of men in the West whose lives and living depend on the care they give their hands.
- Tonto; Gamblers one kind.
- Ranger; Professional gunmen are the other. A hang-nail or a fingernail broken to the quick slows up the handling of guns as well as cards.
- Tonto; That mean a hired killer someone on Ninety-Six ranch pay! Maybe him go now to Half Moon to kill someone else!
- Ranger; Give Scout his head! Come on, Silver!
- Tonto; Gittum up, Scout!

(HOOFS FASTER)

Music; Interlude

Annrcr; As midnight approached, the stubborn Dinah and headstrong Red Kid sat in the ranch house kitchen, each hurt and angry at each other; each wrapped up in emotions that dulled the sense of danger. There was a rap on the door.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

Dinah; Someone's at the door!

Red; He must have sneaked up! I didn't hear his steps!

Dinah; (CALLS) What do you want?

Dude; (OUTSIDE) My horse broke his leg and I'm lost! Call the man of the house!

Red; It's a trick! Don't unlock the door!

Dinah; Mind your own business!

(DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Dude; Freeze, you two, or I'll drill you!

Red; If I only had my guns!

Dude; It was nice of you to hang them outside. Now I'll just kick the door shut - lock it and pocket the key.

(DOOR CLOSES, LOCKS)

Red; You! You're Dude Morgan! Dinah, he's here to kill us!

Dinah; And I made you take off your guns! Oh, Red!

Dude; Red, huh? You must be the firetop I heard was after me. Who are you?

Red; What's the difference now?

Dude; You look something like a feller I plugged once.
Name of Harris.

Red; He was my brother! You shot him in the back!

Dude; Well well! (LAUGHS) Maybe you want it in the face,
huh?

Red; Morgan, it isn't like you to put off shooting when
you've got the drop.

Dude; So you've been studying my style, huh?

Red; You're waiting for something that'll make it safer
for you.

Dude; What if I am?

Red; I'll spoil your game. I'll make you shoot me now!

Dude; Get back! Back, I said!

Dinah; (SCREAMS) No Red, no!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; As the young redhead closed with the killer, Chad Martin
and his men crept up to the bunkhouse, carrying balls of
oil-soaked rags as well as guns. It had been easy for
Martin to talk them into an attack on the Half Moon
riders, whom he supposed were asleep inside. All was
still, a lighted window in the ranch house kitchen
being the only sign of life. Then the silence was
shattered by two shots.

(TWO SHOTS BACK)

Chad; (SOTTO) Oh that fool! He wouldn't wait!

Scotty; (LOW) What's that, Chad?

Chad; (LOW) Those shots will wake up everybody!

Scotty; (LOW) They were fired inside the house! I don't like it!

Chad; (LOW) No matter! We've got to act fast! Here's the bunkhouse!

Scotty; (LOW) Light the fire balls, boys! I'm smashing the windows!

(GLASS BREAKING)

Scotty; (LOUD) Toss them in!

Chad; Pour every bullet you've got into their bunks.

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; Forced to fire before the time set by Martin, Dude Morgan had been a fraction of a second late in triggering his Colt. One bullet grazed the Red Kid's temple, Another ripped into the ceiling as the youth gripped his gun and hand. Half blinded by powder sparks, Red was panting --

Red; (PANTING) You waited too long, Morgan!

Dude; Let go my wrist!

Red; Drop that gun or I'll twist it off!

(GUN THUDS)

Dinah; He dropped it!

Red; Grab it quick!

Dinah; I've got it. Now I'll - Indian!

Red; Don't shoot him! I'll kill him with my bare hands!

Dude; (EFFORT) You haven't done it yet! (EFFORT)

Dinah; Hold him, Red! He's breaking loose!

Dude; Take this. MUSIC: Up and down

Dinah; Red, you've knocked him out. (BLOW, GROAN, FADING BACK)

Red; (BACK A BIT IN PAIN) He kicked me! He's loose!

Dinah; He's getting out the door! But the man I love to be a killer, too!

(DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Red; But he's Dale Martin, the fellow who - (BREAKS)
Red; (UP) No you don't!

(STEPS FADING IN)
(BLOW, GROAN FADING BACK TO BODY FALL)

Ranger; (FADING IN) Miss Lake is right, Red. Let the law deal with him now.
MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; Ignited by the fireballs, the bunkhouse had burst
Dinah; into flames, revealing only rows of empty bunks.
and Scotty; Disconcerted, the raiders fell back.

Ranger; So you found Dale Martin, did you, Red?
Scotty; Chad, there's nobody in the place! You got us into
Red; a trap! you, sister! Yes, that's him! He's coming to.

Chad; They must be lying back, ready to close in! Chad's horse

Voice 1; We're in the light and our guns are empty.
going with you, Martin?

Chad; Shut up!
(HOOFS FADING IN)

Ranger; Martin, you murdered Zeb Hayes.
Scotty; Here they come now! We're done for!

Dude; Prove it!
Ranger; (COMING IN) Halt there! Throw down your guns!

(SHOTS)

Chad; It's a masked man and an Indian!

Scotty; No matter who they are, we can't fight them!

Voice 2; We give up!

Adlib; (WHOA'S)

MUSIC: Up and down

Dinah; Red, you've knocked that killer out!

Red; And now I'm going to finish him!

Dinah; No, he's down! I don't want the man I love to be a killer, too!

Red; But he's Dude Morgan, the feller who - (BREAKS)

(STEPS FADING IN)

Ranger; (FADING IN) Miss Lake is ~~at~~ right, Red. Let the law deal with him now.

Dinah; A masked man! And he's holding a gun on Chad Martin and Scotty!

Ranger; So you found Dude Morgan, did you, Red?

Red; Oh it's you, mister! Yes, that's him! He's coming to.

Dude; (GROANS) What's happening? What's that masked hombre doing with you, Martin?

Chad; Shut up!

Ranger; Morgan, you murdered Zeb Morse.

Dude; Prove it!

Ranger; My Indian friend and I trailed you from the ambush to the line camp and here. We found your manicure sticks, and the point of the knife you broke turning a screw in a Winchester sight.

Red; If you've got a broken knife, and a forty-four Winchester with a scratched sight, you're a gone goose, Morgan. Talk and talk fast!

Dude; Let me alone! You'll find the evidence, so I'll talk.

Chad; Don't be a fool!

Dude; Martin, I'd be a bigger fool if I swung and left you to live off the fat of your step dads land. You hired me to kill him. I was to kill this girl for you, too!

Scotty; Masked man, me and my boys didn't know anything about this.

Ranger; Morgan, is that so?

Dude; Sure. Martin just made fools of them.

Ranger; Red, tie up the two murderers. I'll get word to the Sheriff.

Red; Right.

Ranger; It appears that our trails part here.

Scotty; Masked man, me and my boys didn't know anything about this.

Red; Yes, Mister. If Dinah cares -- (HESITATES)

Dinah; I do, Red! I DO!

Ranger; Morgan, is that so?

Dinah; I do, Red! I DO!
Range r; Adios!

Dinah; Who is that masked man?

Red; He's the man who stopped your horse. He's the Lone
Ranger.

Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, Away!