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The Lone Ranger - created by Geo. W. Trendle

"Word of Honor"

by Ralph Goll

Number: 2594-1819
Date: ~~Sept 12, 1949~~
~~Sept 12, 1949~~

Striker

Ranger and Tonto

Jeff Hope young rancher, gun fighter

~~Ma Hope His mother - Bit~~

Clara Wells His sweetheart.

Doc Wells Clara's father, coroner & acting sheriff

Shell Harper Sheriff

Abel King Prosecutor

Arne Mason crooked gambler, murderer.

Hilo Jack His houseman

Rusty Gunman

Voice Bit

Voice 2 - Bit

Voice 3 - "

*OK
sep 5*

The Lone Ranger

"Word of Honor"

Number: 2594-1819

Date: ~~August 21, 1940~~

Sept 1, 1949

(USUAL OPENING)

Amner; Jeff Hope, the deadliest man with a six-gun ever known in La Colina, listened tensely as footsteps approached.

(STEPS FADING IN)

Roused from a light sleep by their sound, his instinctive reaction had been to strike a gunfighting stance, legs well apart, knees slightly bent. The fingers of his right hand curled and closed, gripping, not the comforting butt of his favorite forty-four, but a cell bar in the county jail. For the first time in his young, stormy life, Jeff was a prisoner. His tension gave way to a surge of bitter anger.

(STEPS HALT)

Then the friendly, mustached face of Sheriff Shell Harper appeared outside the grating and he managed a grin.

Jeff; Howdy, Sheriff. How's the weather tonight?

Sheriff; Tolerable, Jeff. You doing all right?

- Jeff; Well, it gets mighty lonesome back here.
- Sheriff; You'll soon have company less'n Arne Mason closes up his crooked gambling den and leaves town. I give him till tonight to pack his gripsack.
- Jeff; How come?
- Sheriff; I don't calculate to let any polecats like him bide in LaColina while I got to hold you in jail.
- Jeff; You're sure het up about me being charged with murder.
- Sheriff; Why shouldn't I be, son? All you did was plug that no-good Bill Hazen for dirtying the name of a decent gal.
- Jeff; I gave him a chance to apologize for insulting Clara Wells. He wouldn't take it. He went for his gun, and so - -
- Sheriff; So the town ought to be plumb proud of you, same as it used to be when you was my deputy and had to protect the people from border owlhoots.
- Jeff; Times have changed, Sheriff.
- Sheriff; La Colina is ruined! It's full of gun-shy Easterners and ~~suck~~ like who don't give a hoot in a holler what's said about women folks.
- Jeff; They aim to civilize us Texans, they say.
- Sheriff; Yep, and stop our gunplay. That's why the fellers in the courthouse won't let me drop this case.
- Jeff; Me being jailed is going to hit my mother hard. Ma's been poorly.

Sheriff; I come back here to talk about that. You see,
Jeff - - (HESITATES)

Jeff; See what?

Sheriff; I ran into Old Doc Wells and Miss Clara a bit ago. She's her Dad's driver, you know, and they'd been on a call to your ranch.

Jeff; A call!

Sheriff; Your Ma's been taken mighty bad. She wants to see you before -- well, before it's too late.

Jeff; Sheriff, I've got to go to her! Can't we fix up a bond or something?

Sheriff; You can't get bail on a murder case. But if you'll promise --

Jeff; (INTERRUPTS) I'll promise! I'll be back in a day or two if you let me go! You know I don't lie or break my word.

Sheriff; I know, son. So I'm unlocking your cell.

(CELL DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Go out the back way and ride my roan mare. She's saddled and waiting. Just try not to be seen, (cause I'm staking my badge on this play.

Jeff; Here's my hand, Sheriff.

Sheriff; All right -- now vamoose pronto!

(STEPS FADING BACK)

Jeff; (BACK) Adios, amigo.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Arne; (A LITTLE BACK) Well, Sheriff.

Sheriff; Arne Mason!

(STEPS UP TO HALT)

Arne; (COMING IN) You're covered! Don't move a muscle!

Sheriff; You pussyfooting tinhorn! You snuck up on me!

Arne; I was coming in to talk peace when you let Jeff go.
Now I'M top man.

Sheriff; Maybe you can get me thrown out of office, but
before I lose my badge, you'll be out of business.

Arne; So that's how you want to play it?

Sheriff; I'm still the law, and you're too yeller to risk
shooting me.

Arne; Not when the set-up's like it is. I can plug you
and let Jeff take the blame!

Sheriff; Why you lowdown - -

(SHOTS)

(GROAN)

(BODY FALL)

MUSIC: Interlude.

Annrc; Several hours later Jeff Hope was at home with his
mother. Ashe knelt at her bedside, the neighbors who
had been in attendance quietly withdrew. The stricken
woman was gasping - -

Answer

Ma; Jeff, I knew you'd come.

Jeff; The Sheriff let me out, Ma. Now you just hurry and get well.

tell Clara

Ma; I'm going, son. Nobody can do anything for me except you.

at promise

Jeff; Tell me what you want! I'll do anything.

Ma; Just make me a promise.

Jeff; Sure, Ma!

Ma; Don't ever ... kill anyone again.

Jeff; Cross my heart, I won't!

Ma; That's good, Jeff. I feel better - (GASPS) (DIES)

Jeff; Ma! (LOUDER) Ma!

(DOOR OPENS BACK, STEPS COME IN AS:)

Clara; (SOFTLY, COMING IN) Jeff! Jeff!

Jeff; You, Clara?

Clara; Yes, and here's Dad.

Jeff; Doc, look at Ma! She don't answer me!

Doc; It's all over, Jeff. She's gone.

Jeff; No!

Doc; That's for the best! Now she'll never know - -

Jeff; (CUTS IN) Know what? (PAUSE)

Clara; Jeff, how did you get here?

- Jeff; The Sheriff let me go on my word that I'd come back.
- Clara; Dad, I told you Jeff didn't kill Mr. Harper and break jail.
- Jeff; Kill Sheriff Harper! You mean he's dead?
- Doc; He was shot to death tonight. Some stray Indian heard the gunfire and gave the alarm.
- Jeff; It happened after I left. It had to!
- Doc; Jeff, when I got there a cigarette was still smoldering in your open cell. Warm slavers were found where the Sheriff's horse had stood. That horse is outside now.
- Jeff; He lent it to me. He was my best friend.
- Doc; Oh, I don't suppose you meant to kill him. You were desperate to see your mother and tussled with him. Maybe the gun went off accidentally.
- Clara; Dad, what are you saying? Jeff isn't armed!
- Doc; He's had plenty of chance to get rid of the gun. So you see - -
- Jeff; I see plenty, Doc. I'm good as hung right now!
- Doc; Under state law, the county coroner becomes acting Sheriff when a sheriff dies. I'm coroner, Jeff. I'll have to arrest you.
- Jeff; It's all right. I was going back to jail anyhow.
- Clara; You can't go back to LaColina now! You'd be lynched! Even the native Texans have turned against you! You've got to make a run for it!

Jeff; No, Clara.

Doc; Boy, I'm just an old sawbones who doesn't carry a gun. If you don't want to stay arrested, I can't do much about it.

Jeff; What chance would I have against the posses that'll be riding?

Clara; Jeff, if you won't do anything for your own sake or mine, think of your mother!

Jeff; I'm thinking.

Clara; You'll shame the memory of a good woman if you let yourself be mobbed for something you didn't do!

Jeff; Yes - - yes, that's so!

(SLOW STEPS)

Doc, I'm going. Goodbye, Clara. Goodbye, Ma. (SOBS)

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

MUSIC: Interlude.

(STEPS)

Annecr; As Jeff Hope stumbled from the ranch house, stunned by his misfortunes, Tonto, who had been waiting outside the door, emerged from the shadows. Stepping behind the fugitive, the Indian thrust a gun against his back.

Tonto; You keep going, Jeff.

Jeff; What's this? Who are you?

Tonto; Me Tonto. Me hear shooting in jail - trail you here.

Jeff; You must be the Indian Doc mentioned. And I reckon you been spying on me. But it don't matter.

Tonto; It matter plenty. Maybe me save you.

Jeff; You mean you're not a tracker for a posse!

Tonto; Me alone. Not know if you kill Sheriff - but one thing plenty sure. You not get fair trial if you get caught.

Jeff; Where you taking me?

Tonto; To friend's camp.

(HORSE NICKERS)

You get on horse, pronto.

(STEPS HALT)

Jeff; (EFFORT) All right.

Tonto; (EFFORT) Follow me! Posse come now.

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Ad lib; (GET AWAY)

Voice; (BACK) There goes somebody.

Voice 2; (COMING IN) Stop or we'll shoot!

(HOOFS IN, SHOTS, YELLS)

MUSIC: Interlude

(HOOFS)

Annrcr; Favored by the moonless night and the speed of their rested horses, Tonto and Jeff soon shook off pursuit by entering a pear-cactus thicket. Deep in the labyrinth of flesh-tearing vegetation, they pulled up beside the embers of a campfire.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Tonto; We get down here, Jeff. (DISMOUNTS) (CALIS)
Kemo Sabay!

Ranger; (COMING IN) Here, Tonto. Who's with you?

Tonto; Him Jeff Hope. In bad trouble.

Jeff; Say, mister, is that just a shadow - or are you wearing a mask?

Ranger; It's a mask, but we needn't go into that now. Tell me what has happened.

MUSIC: Interlude

Jeff; And that's my story, Mister. Of course, you don't believe it.

Ranger; Jeff, I have enough faith in your story to help you all I can.

Jeff; It's going to be mighty hard to find the hombre who done the shooting.

Ranger; That's true. A veteran lawman like Sheriff Harper was bound to have hundreds of enemies, any one of whom might have murdered him.

Jeff; He jailed a lot of crooks in his time.

Ranger; But you were the only prisoner in the jail today.

Jeff; Right. There weren't even any sleepers in the
bum's roost.

Ranger; Sleepers?

Jeff; The Sheriff was big hearted. He fixed up a room
off the cell block where tramps could bed down
without being locked in.

Ranger; That's interesting. Tonto, are you sure that no
one left by the front door after the shooting.

Tonto; Me sure.

Jeff; Maybe the killer lives right in LaColina.

Ranger; If he does, we'll draw him out.

Tonto; What you mean?

Ranger; This is my plan. We'll cover Tonto with a ragged
blanket and send him into town tomorrow morning.
Tonto, you pose as a homeless Indian who needs a
place to sleep. Go to the jail and speak to
Doctor Wells. He has the authority to let you
sleep there. (FADE OUT) While you're in the jail /..

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; The following morning, Doctor Wells was at the desk
on the jail trying to take care of his medical practice
and the new official duties at the same time. To
Clara, who helped where she could, he was saying - -

Doc; Well, the posses are back and Jeff's still free.

Clara; Free to starve. He has no food and no means of getting any.

Doc; He may have a friend with him. Some of the possemen claim that two men rode away from his ranch and escaped into a pear thicket.

Clara; I don't see how that could be -- (HESITATES)

Doc; Unless Jeff lied.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Doc; Now what?

Clara; It's only an Indian in a ragged blanket.

Doc; ~~Tonto;~~ What do you want?

Tonto; (COMING IN) Me Tonto. Good Indian.

Clara; What do you want here, Tonto?

Tonto; Good Indian.

Doc; I guess that's all the English he knows. He's making signs.

Clara; He wants a place to sleep. Now he's pointing to the back room.

Doc; Of course. That's where the Sheriff kept vagrants.

Clara; He seems to have been here before. I wonder -- I wonder if he saw the shooting.

Doc; It could be. No one would have noticed him last night.

Clara; We've got to know! But how can we get him to tell us!

Doc; I'll find a way after I bed him down.

MUSIC: Interlude

Arner; Later that day, Arne Mason and his houseman, Hilo Jack Barnes, put their heads together in a secluded corner of his notorious gambling hall. Hilo had a worried look as he said - -

Hilo; Boss, you told me you pulled a perfect job in the jail.

Arne; Well, wasn't it? No one saw me and the law's barking up the wrong tree. The Commissioners have even posted a five thousand dollar reward for Jeff Hope.

Hilo; It's being talked around that there's an Indian witness.

Arne; An Indian!

Hilo; Yep, a stray who's staying in the bum's roost at the jail.

Arne; Confound it! I never thought of that! I didn't look in there.

Hilo; This Indian don't talk English, but Doc Wells has sent for an Army scout who knows all the lingoos.

Arne; It'll take a couple of days for him to get here.

Hilo; What are you figuring to do?

Arne; Hilo, we've got to kill that redskin tonight.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex;
The Lone Ranger was ready to spring his trap.
He and Jeff crouched in a dark passage behind
the jail while Tonto waited just inside the unlocked
door of the vagrant's room. As hours passed
uneventfully, the masked man repeated his instructions
to Jeff.

Ranger;
(LOW) Don't hesitate to use that gun I gave you,
but shoot only to wound.

Jeff;
(LOW) I savvy.

Ranger;
I'll cover the door. You cut off any one who
breaks away and tries to climb the fence.

Jeff;
S-s-s-t!

Ranger;
What is it?

Jeff;
Someone just went between us and that lighted
window in the cafe.

(STEPS FADING IN)

Hear that?

Ranger;
Two men are coming.

Jeff;
They're headed straight for the door.

(STEPS HALT A LITTLE BACK)

They're unlatching it.

Ranger;
(CALLS) Hold it, you two! You're covered.

Hilo;
(A LITTLE BACK) I'll hold them off! Go on inside!

Ranger;
(CALLS) Stop, I said.

(DOOR OPENS, ALITTLE BACK)

Tonto; (A LITTLE BACK) You fellers, drop guns!

Arne; (A LITTLE BACK) It's a trap! Shoot your way out!

(SHOTS)

Ranger; We've got them cornered!

(SHOTS)

Arne; (A LITTLE BACK, GROANS) I'm hit. Help me!

Hila; (A LITTLE BACK) Come on! This way!

Ranger; After them, Tonto!

(RUNNING STEPS)

Ranger; Jeff, get to the fence! Head them off!

Jeff; (A LITTLE BACK) Here, you varmints! Get back!

Tonto; Me not see them crooks in shadows!

Ranger; Don't shoot! Jeff's ahead of us!

(SHOTS)

Tonto; Them shoot at us.

Hilo; (BACK) Over the fence, boss! I'll boost you!

Jeff; (A LITTLE BACK) They're getting away!

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; Now to continue our story. In an effort to learn who killed Sheriff Harper, the Lone Ranger had staked out the La Colina jail, using Tonto as a lure. Caught that night in the trap, Arne Mason, a crooked gambler, and one of his hirelings had fought their way to a fence guarded by Jeff Hope. Running to Jeff's aid, the masked man shouted -

(RUNNING STEPS)

Ranger; Use your gun!

Jeff; (A LITTLE BACK) It's too late! They climbed over!

(STEPS HALT)

Jeff; What'll we do?

Tonto; Soon whole town be here - see you.

Ranger; I'm staying in town a while, Jeff. You go back to the pear thicket, with Tonto, but first tell me whether you recognized those men.

Jeff; I couldn't see their faces good enough to tell. One feller's voice sounded familiar, but I can't place it.

Ranger; Why didn't you shoot? You could have stopped them.

Jeff; I had my gun right on them. One had a crippled right arm, and the other was helping him over the fence. A blind man could have hit them - but -

Ranger; What happened?

Jeff; I froze on my trigger, mister. I was afraid I
might kill them!

Tonto; You come, Jeff. You maybe lose own life now.

(STEPS FADING)

Jeff; (FADING BACK) I know. But I made Ma a promise -
a promise never to kill anybody again.

MUSIC: Interlude

Arner; Safe in the gambling den with Hilo Jack, Arne Mason's
first thought was of his wound. As his houseman
worked on his arm, he groaned - -

Arne; (GROANS) Hilo, did you see the hombre who plugged me?

Hilo; He had a mask on.

Arne; A mask?

Hilo; Right, and the other feller was Jeff Hope.

Arne; I can't figure it. It don't make sense.

Hilo; It does to me. They planted that Indian and then
laid for us.

Arne; Well they didn't get us. And they don't know who
we are or where we went, or they'd be here now.

Hilo; We better let things ride as they are and keep low.

Arne; No, I want that masked hombre, whoever he is. He's
dangerous, and he must be hiding Jeff Hope. If we
can get him alive and make him talk, we can get Hope,
too. Then I'll be safe.

Hilo; Yeah, and we can collect the reward. There - your arm's fixed.

Arne; Now get Rusty and the boys. Watch old Doc, his gal and the jail. That masked man will turn up again.

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; Meanwhile, Doc Wells and Clara, summoned from their home by excited citizens, had reached the jail. As a crowd searched the grounds, they hurried toward the vagrants' room.

(STEPS)

Doc; (CALLS) Hey, Indian. Where are you?

Clara; (CALLS) Tonto!

Doc; Clara, hold that lantern over here.

(STEPS HALT)

Clara; There's his old blanket.

Doc; Yes, but he's gone. The door's open.

Clara; Look - there are bullet holes in it.

Doc; The killer came back and got him. I'm an old fool! I should have seen to his safety.

Clara; (CALLS) You boys outside! Have you found anything?

Voice; (BACK) Nothing, Miss Clara. We figure some cowpoke was just celebrating.

Voice 2; (BACK) Come on, fellers, let's get back to the cafe.

Voice; (BACK) That's what I say.

(HUBUB FADING OUT)

Clara; Dad, call them back. Organize a posse.

Ranger; (A LITTLE BACK) Let them go. Tonto is all right.

Clara; A masked man!

Doc; What are you doing here?

(STEPS COME IN)

Ranger; I'm a friend.

Clara; You? You're the killer!

Ranger; Steady, miss. I'm trying to help Jeff Hope.

Clara; How? By silencing the only witness who could clear him?

Ranger; Tonto wasn't a witness. He was here to draw the murderer into a trap.

Doc; So that was it? What happened?

Ranger; Two men appeared. Jeff left them get away rather than risk killing them.

Clara; Now that they've been frightened off he'll never get out of his trouble.

Ranger; There's still a way of identifying one man. I wounded him in the right arm.

Doc; You don't expect him to come to me, do you?

Ranger; No, doctor, but I know how you can call him in. Here's what we'll do --

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; Riding away from his conference at the jail, the Lone Ranger turned his great white horse into a dimly-lit alley in order to avoid the main street. Several hundred yards down the dove-walled passage a covered wagon loomed up, standing crosswise ahead of him. Instantly on the alert, he loosened his six-guns and whirled Silver almost in his tracks.

(HOOFS)

Ranger; Back, silver - come on, big fellow.

Annex; Just as the big horse straightened out the loop of a lariat dropped noiselessly out of the shadows, pinioning the masked man's arms below the elbows, and making it impossible for him to raise his guns. Before he could be jerked from his saddle, he brought Silver to a skidding stop.

Ranger; Whoa, Silver - steady, boy.

(HOOFS HALT, HORSE NICKERS.)

Annex; Leaping from the wagon and nearby walls, a half a dozen men closed in, led by Hilo Jack who was shouting...

Hilo; We got him.

Ranger; What do you men want?

Hilo; Your guns for one thing.

Ranger; You've got them.

Rusty; Strike a match, Hilo. I'll take his mask off.

Hilo; There's no time for that, Rusty. Keep your lariat on him and tie him to his saddle.

Rusty; Right.

Hilo; (FADING BACK) Here, the rest of you. Move that wagon and get your horses.

Ranger; Where are you taking me, Rusty?

Rusty; To the boss, I reckon. He thinks you're hiding Jeff Hope.

Ranger; What of it?

Rusty; Feller, Jeff is worth five thousand dollars - dead or on the hoof.

Ranger; (LOW) You're a fool if you let your boss get the whole reward.

Rusty; (LOW) I know it, but - say, would you tell me where Jeff is?

Ranger; (LOW) Why not? He's in the big pear thicket.

Rusty; (LOW) That jungle! You'll have to guide us.

Ranger; (LOW) I can do it! But I'm going to keep my mask on.

Rusty; (LOW) All right - at least for the time being. And if we get Jeff Hope, I'll give you a break.

Hilo; (COMING IN) I heard that, Rusty. You're fixing to double cross the boss.

Rusty; Why not? He'd double cross us! And so would you!

Hilo; You sidewinder! I'll --

(SHOT)

(GROAN)

(BODY FALL)

Voice 3; (COMING IN) Rusty! You shot Hilo!

Rusty; He pulled rist! Are you boys backing me?

Voice 3; Sure, sure.

Rusty; Then hide that carcass and mount your horses.
(MOUNTS) You hombre - in the mask. Don't try
any tricks. I'm keeping a tight rope on you-
and a gun, too.

Ranger; I know.

Rusty; Then get going. Come on, boys.

Ad lib; (GIDDAPS)

(HOOFS AWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; Far from being a solid growth of cactus plants, the
big pear thicket was composed of innumerable small
thickets, each impenetrable to man and beast.
Separating them were natural passages, some comfortably
wide, others too narrow to admit a horse, and all
linked together more intricately than a man-made
puzzle. () Just as day broke, the masked man
still bound and held in leash by Rusty's lariat,
let Silver pick his way thru an opening in the maze.

(HOOFS)

Behind him, his captors, riding in single file,
cursed and grumbled.

Rusty; (A LITTLE BACK) You can't get away by losing us, masked man.

Voice 3; (BACK) I'm lost already, Rusty. Suppose he loses himself.

Ranger; I know what I'm doing. Followme!

Anner; As the cavalcade wound deeper into the wilderness of cacti, the masked man began to make brief halts whenever a sudden turn put him out of Rusty's sight. Each time he kept the lariat taut by twisting and turning in his saddle, and slipping the slack over the horn. By such contortions, he was finally able to put a half dozen turns of the rope around his pommel, stoutly anchoring it. Behind him Rusty was growling --

Rusty; (A LITTLE BACK) How much farther, mister?

Ranger; This is far enough.

Rusty; (A LITTLE BACK) What do you mean?

Ranger; Now, Silver! Come on, big fellow! Come on!

(HORSE NEIGHS, HOOFS PAWING AND POUNDING)

Rusty; What are you doing, feller? Hold it! Whoa! Whoa!

Voice 3; (BACK) What's the matter, Rusty?

Rusty; (A LITTLE BACK) He's got my rope fastened to his saddle somehow! My horse can't hold him! Whoa! Whoa!

Voice 3; (BACK) Let's shoot him!

Rusty; (A LITTLE BACK) No! Throw me your lariat and I'll drop a loop around his neck. Whoa there -- whoa!

Voice 3; (BACK) Here it comes!

Annrcr; As Rusty snatched the second lariat, the masked man bent low in his saddle. Heaving and straining, the mighty Silver threw all of his weight and strength into the strange tug-of-war.

Ranger; Pull, Silver! Pull!

Annrcr; The braced legs of the crook's horse shot out from under it. It slid on its haunches, then rolled over, squealing and hurling Rusty into the spine-armed wall of cacti!

(HORSE SQUEALS)

Rusty; (A LITTLE BACK) Help! Help!

Annrcr; At the same instant Rusty's lariat jerked loose from the fallen animal's saddle. Silver, plunging forward, stumbled, then gained his feet and catapulted into another break in the thicket, the loose rope whipping around the corner after him.

Ranger; Come on, Silver!

Voice 3; (BACK) He's getting away!

(SHOTS)

MUSIC: Interlude

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Jeff; Hear those hoofs, Tonto?

Tonto; Me hear-um. Silver's hoofs. Our friend coming.

Jeff; There he is.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger; Tonto, cut me loose and give me a gun!

Tonto; Me do that pronto. What happen?

Ranger; I'll explain as we ride.

Jeff; Where are we going?

Ranger; Back to the jail, Jeff. This time we'll get the killer.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; After a busy morning, during which they had subpoenaed every man in La Colina to appear at an inquest in the death of Sheriff Harper, Doctor Wells and Clara ~~Wells~~ were back in the murdered lawman's office. Puzzled and angry citizens packed the place, wanting to know why they had been called to testify. Others stood outside.

(CROWD NOISES)

Annrc; While Clara, whom the doctor had deputized, seated a coroner's jury of six, Abel King, the young prosecutor protested.

Pros; Doc, you're making a fool of yourself. People don't like to see a girl handling a man's job.

Doc; Clara's doing all right.

Pros; Even if she is, this inquest isn't necessary. We know the Sheriff was shot to death, and that Jeff Hope shot him.

Doc; It looks that way.

Pros; But that isn't all. You've summoned the whole town here. You're wasting taxpayer's time and money. We'll be voted out of office.

Doc; Son, my office was forced on me. I'll do as I please.

Clara; (BACK A LITTLE) Dad, the jury's ready.

Doc; Then we'll call the first witness.

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; For several hours the townsmen paraded to the witness chair, took the oath and were dismissed after answering a question or two. The exasperated prosecutor had turned his back on the proceedings when the doctor called.

Doc; Next witness!

Clara; (CALLS) Arne Mason. Is Arne Mason here?

Pros; He's outside if it matters.

Arne; (COMING IN) I'm coming. Let me thru' fellers.

Doc; Take the oath, Arne.

Arne; Oath? See here, Doc. I don't know anything about the killing.

Doc; That's what everybody says. Raise your right hand. (RAPIDLY) Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?

Arne; Sure - I mean, I do.

Doc; You didn't raise your hand. Have you got a sore arm?

Arne; I - er - well, yes. I had a fall.

Doc; You should have come to me. You may have a fracture.

Arne; It's nothing.

Doc; I'm looking anyhow.

Arne; No you're not.

Clara; He's got a gun.

Arne; Stay in front of me, girl. I'm getting out of here.

(DOOR OPENS)

Ad lib; (STIR)

Ranger; (BACK) Drop that gun, Mason.

Pros; Look back there!

Doc; The masked man and Jeff!

Arne; You! You'll never get me!

(SHOT, HUBUB)

Ad lib; (MORE STIR)

Ranger; (BACK) I can't fire back in this crowd.

Jeff; (BACK) I'll rush him!

Clara; Come on, Jeff. I've got him.

Arne; (HOWLS) (EFFORT) Let go my crippled arm.

Clara; (CRY OUT) He got loose.

Arne; (VIOLENT) Now get back! All of you! You too, girl!

Ad lib; Look out!

He'll shoot!

Get out of the way!

Arne; You bet I'll shoot. I'm going out that window, see. I'll kill the one who tries to stop me.

Ranger; You won't make it, Mason.

Arne; Of yes I will. But before I go, I'm shooting you. If you hadn't drilled me in the arm, I wouldn't have been exposed when I was called here to testify. I'm getting you for that. (LOUDER) Get out of my way! Give me a clear shot at that masked man.

Ad lib; (SCURRYING)

Arne; Hilo Jack and my boys should have gotten you, Mister, but they didn't.

Ranger; Hilo was killed by another gunman. Your gang is lost in the pear thicket, trying to find a way out.

Arne; Yeah? Well I'm finishing you!

Ranger; (EFFORT) Let's both shoot.

(TWO FAST SHOTS)

Arne; (CRY OUT IN PAIN)

Ad lib; (STIR)

ARNE: HOWLS) My leg!

Pros; You got him!

Ranger; (IN FAST) Had enough gunplay, Mason?

- Arne; My - My leg is busted.
- Doc; Stay right there on the floor, Mason. I'll patch you up before we move you.
- Arne; He - He did shoot -
- Ranger; Yes, Mason. When the people got out of the way for your shot, they got out of the way for mine.
- Arne; Y-You - you're fast - fast shooting -
- Pros; Mason, your actions say that you killed the Sheriff.
- Arne; I - I may as well admit it. I - I killed him.
(MOANS) My leg.
- Jeff; You hear that?
- Pros; Yes, Jeff. You're cleared of killing Sheriff Harper. But there is still the other case-
- Jeff; I know. But I - I came back - as I said I would. That ought to be in my favor.
- Clara; In that other case, he was justified. Any jury will say so -
- Pros; Yes, Clara. I agree that a jury will say he was justified. I think, in view of what has happened, Jeff has nothing to worry about.
- Clara; But you're the prosecutor! Do you mean that?
- Pros; I intend to recommend that the charges be dropped.
- Jeff; Clara!
- Clara; Oh Jeff! You hear that? You're going to be free!

Pros; There's a matter of a reward for the capture of
the Sheriff's murderer, Jeff. I think you and the
masked man might be entitled to it.

Jeff; That masked man! Oh golly, if it hadn't been for
him --- Where is he?

Clara; He went out the door, Jeff. Who is he?

Jeff; Tonto told me, Clara. He's the Lone Ranger.

Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, Away!

MUSIC: Theme.