

The Lone Ranger -created by Geo. W. Trendle

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"Toll Bridge"

by Ralph Goll.

*Geo. W. Trendle*

Number: 2604-1829

Date: Sept. 26, 1949

40

Ranger and Tonto

- Sandy Crawford ..... 25, emigrant from East, educated
- Lottie ..... 20-25 his wife. educated.
- (Eph) Mull ..... 30-40 crooked collector on toll  
bridge
- Bill ..... His helper
- Lem Jordan ..... 30-40 overseer - educated
- Marshal ..... 60 - western
- Cap ..... 60 - wagon master in emigrant  
train
- Voice ..... Bit
- Voice 2..... Bit
- Voice 3 ..... Bit
- Voice 4 ..... Bit
- Voice 5..... Bit



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(USUAL OPENING)

Annrcr; Drawn by four gaunt mules, a Conestoga wagon lurched into a settlement on the banks of the Barrier River.

(RAIN, HOOFS, WHEELS IN MUD)

Rain pounded on the wagon's patched cover and mud clogged the wheel spokes. The driver was Sandy Crawford, a California-bound emigrant, whose young wife sat beside him, a spare piece of canvas drawn about her shoulders. Peering ahead she exclaimed —

Lottie; Look, Sandy! There's the river! The worst is over.

Sandy; Yes, Lottie. And there's a bridge.

Lottie; It's the first bridge we've seen since we left St. Joe.

(HOOFS, WHEELS ON BOARDS)

Annrcr; As they spoke, the wagon rolled up the ramp of the log bridge. The mules, testing the flooring with cautious hoofs, came to a voluntary halt beside a watch tower.

(HOOFS, WHEELS HALT)



- Annecr; At the same time two men emerged, one wearing an open oilskin coat. He clutched the butt of a holstered six gun as he growled -
- Eph; You folks belong to the wagon company that just crossed?
- Sandy; Yes, we're trying to catch it before dark.
- Eph; Got any money?
- Sandy; Money! What is this? A hold up?
- Eph; (CHUCKLES) There's some as calls it that. But when you stand and deliver to me, the law's behind me.
- Sandy; Just who are you?
- Eph; Eph Mull's the name. And I collect for using this toll bridge.
- Sandy; What's the charge?
- Eph; Five dollars for a wagon.
- Lottie; But Mr. Mull, we haven't five cents!
- Bill; Look here, Eph, if these folks -
- Eph; (CUTS IN) Keep out of this, Bill. The pilgrim must have something worth the price of crossing.
- Sandy; We had to sell everything we could spare along the trail.
- Eph; You got a good rope hanging there beside you.
- Sandy; That's the same as a life line. I've got to keep it.
- Eph; Well, if you won't part with anything, it's no use talking.



Lottie; What'll we do?

Eph; You can go back where you came from, or try the ford up river.

Sandy; That river's rising. I can't risk fording it with my wife along.

Lottie; I'll share the danger, Sandy.

Sandy; No, Lottie. I'm crossing this bridge.

Eph; Try it and I'll shoot your mules. I've done the like before.

Lottie; Sandy, don't make trouble. Go to the ford.

Sandy; All right, dear. (CALLS) Back! Back up, you critters. Haw there - Giddap.

(WHEELS ON BOARDS, FADING OUT)

Bill; Eph, I thought those other emigrants paid for those folks.

Eph; They did, but I couldn't tell the pilgrim that, not after trying to collect from him, too.

Bill; They might drown.

Eph; What's the difference? We're working our game for all we can get.

Bill; We're making as much as the bridge company by overcharging on wagons, but I'm scared of that new supervisor, Lem Jordan.

Eph; Jordan's due to check the cash and toll books today.

Bill; Do you suppose - (HESITATES)



Eph; Bill, we're safe. Those emigrants don't know they're being rooked. And anyhow, they never come back.

Bill; That's so.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr; Meanwhile, the Lone Ranger and Tonto, bound down river to investigate reports of Indian trouble, had halted midway between the ford and the toll bridge. As their horses drank from the swollen river, the masked man pointed.

Ranger; The current's carrying a lot of driftwood.

Tonto; Look like river wash out plenty trees along bank.

Ranger; They may pile up against the bridge.

Tonto; Fellers on bridge must savvy danger.

Ranger; Even so, we'll watch here, and warn them if conditions get worse.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr; As the masked man and the Indian took up their vigil on one side of the river, Sandy Crawford turned his reluctant mules into the ford from the other bank.

(HOOFS, WHEELS ON GRAVEL, FOLLOWED BY  
SPLASHES, WHIPCRACKS)

Sandy; (CALLS) Gee there! Gee! Giddap! Giddap!

Lottie; Sandy, the wheels are in to the hubs already.

Sandy; We'll be all right if the bottom's solid. Giddap, you critters.



Lottie; Look at the logs out there.

Sandy; They're dangerous. I'm turning back. Haw! Haw!  
Giddap!

(SPLASHES STOP, WHIPCRACKS, FLOOD  
NOISES)

Lottie; The mules are balking.

Sandy; We're stuck in some soft sand.

Lottie; There's a tree headed straight for us.

(THUD)

Sandy; It hit the wagon! We almost upset.

Lottie; The limbs are tangled in the wheels.

Sandy; (EFFORTS) I can't get it loose. It'll catch more  
driftwood.

Lottie; Sandy, what are you doing?

Sandy; Steady, dear. I'm cutting the mules loose.

Lottie; But what about us?

Sandy; I'll swim to shore with the rope and pull you over  
there.

Lottie; Anything you say, Sandy.

Sandy; 'Bye, sweetheart. Here I go.

(SPLASHES)

MUSIC: Interlude

(FLOOD NOISES)



Annrcr; As Sandy plunged into the river, a mass of debris hit the wagon broadside. Diving and dodging, he strove to keep himself and the rope free from the swimming miles and the rafting driftwood.

(SPLASHES)

Sandy; (CALLS) I'm making it! (EFFORT) Hold on, Lottie.

Lottie; (BACK) Hurry, Sandy.

Sandy; (CALLS) I'm touching bottom. (EFFORT) Tie the rope under your arms.

Lottie; (BACK) I can't! The wagon's upsetting! (SCREAMS)

Annrcr; Turning, Sandy saw the big ship-shaped wagon overturn like a swamped schooner. He had a glimpse of his wife's body as she hurtled from the driver's seat into the mass of debris. Then the heaving snags and branches hid her. Desperately, he shouted --

Sandy; (CALLS) Lottie!

Annrcr; No answer came back, for although a branch had snagged the young woman's dress, and she lay momentarily safe on a tree trunk, her fall had left her stunned and speechless. An instant later the driftwood swept over the wagon, bearing shreds of its cover like flags off victory. Then it vanished around a bend. Overcome by horror and exhaustion, Sandy sank to his knees sobbing --

Sandy; (SOBS) Lottie! Gone! Gone!

(FLOOD NOISES UP)

MUSIC: Interlude



- Annrcr; A little later, Lem Jordan, the overseer of the bridge, arrived at the toll house. A big man, he wore a beard and oilskins which gave him a close resemblance to Eph Mull. Eph and his assistant greeted their boss warmly.
- Eph; It's sure good to see you again, Lem.
- Lem; Never mind that. How much is the river rising?
- Bill; About an inch an hour, boss.
- Lem; What about driftwood?
- Bill; It hasn't bothered yet.
- Lem; Break out your pike ~~poles~~ poles and lanterns. Keep watch tonight.
- Eph; Now wait, Lem. We don't get paid for working nights.
- Lem; All right, I'll watch things myself. As for your pay (PAUSE) I hear you fellows are spending far more than you earn.
- Eph; Do you think we're cheating the company?
- Lem; There had better be nine thousand and twenty-seven dollars in the cash box. That's what the three dollar toll on three thousand and nine wagons adds up to.
- Eph; (CHUCKLES) Looks like you've had a spy counting the wagons. Well, you'll find every cent here.



Lem; Yes, I guess you're too smart to rob us, but you've certainly been over-charging the emigrants.

Eph; You can't prove it.

Lem; Didn't a wagon company heading west cross today?

Eph; Sure.

Lem; Well, I'm going that way in the morning. I'll overtake those people and find out what they paid.

Eph; Suit yourself, Bill, let's go to the cafe and eat.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES, STEPS)

Bill; Eph, we better get out of town pronto.

Eph; And lose all that easy money? Not much!

Bill; Lem'll sic the marshal on us.

Eph; No he won't! He's going into the river tonight.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annor; As the crooked bridge tenders laid a murderous plan, Sandy reached the other wagons which his fellow emigrants had parked for the night a mile beyond the ford. Friendly hands led him to a campfire where he poured out the story of Lottie's disappearance in the river. After a moment of grim silence, Old Cap, the wagon master spoke.

Cap; Sandy, we paid the toll on your outfit.

Sandy; You - - you did!

Voice; Sure. We all chipped in. We knew you were broke.



- Cap; That miserly toll-taker figured to collect twice.
- Voice; He the same as murdered your wife.
- Voice 2; You ought to plug the polecat.
- Sandy; I will. By all that's holy, I'll kill him.
- Cap; Sandy, you don't know the country, and we can't hide you. You'd get caught and hang.
- Sandy; Let them hang me. It doesn't matter with Lottie gone.
- Voice; We all thought a heap of your woman.
- Sandy; Then help me square accounts.
- Cap; Well - (HESITATES)
- Sandy; Cap, my mules got ashore. Round them up, and they're yours. Just get me a saddle horse and gun.
- Cap; Mules or no mules. I'll do it.
- MUSIC: Interlude
- Tonto; Driftwood raft up, kemo sabay.
- Ranger; Something caught a lot of it and held it up.
- Tonto; Look! Big bunch coming.
- Ranger; There are rags hanging from the branches of one tree.
- Tonto; Me see someone on trunk.
- Ranger; It's a woman. Get mounted! (EFFORT) Come on, Silver.
- Tonto; Gittum up, Scout.

(HOOFSON GRAVEL)



Lottie; (CALLS) Help! Help!

Tonto; (CALLS) We help you! Hold on!

Ranger; We'll get ahead of that driftwood, then swim our horses out.

Tonto; Here good place to go in.

(HOOFS INTO SPLASHES)

Ranger; Come on, big fellow. Swim.

Annrc; Breast deep in the river, the mighty stallion launched himself from the bottom with neck outstretched and hoofs kicking furiously against the pull of the current. At the same moment the Lone Ranger flung himself from the saddle and grasped Silver's mane with one hand. The rafted trees and brush shot toward them.

Ranger; Don't move, Miss!

Lottie; (BACK A BIT) I won't!

(FLOOD NOISES, HORSE SNORTING AND BLOWING)

Ranger; This way, Silver. Put your shoulder to this log.

Annrc; A sudden eddy caught the driftwood. Whirling it threatened to entrap and drag both horse and rider to death in the depths. One tree rolled away from the others, rolling the woman toward the open water.

Tonto; (A LITTLE BACK) Me coming. Stop-um log, Scout.



Annecr; Striking into the eddy, the Indian's paint horse got his weight against the disintegrating raft. Its gyrations grew slower. Then Silver shook himself free from the entangling limbs and joined in the struggle.

Ranger; Come on, Silver. Keep it going.

Annecr; The driftwood swung into quieter water. There it lodged on a jutting sandbar. Seconds later, the masked man had the young woman in his arms.

(SPLASHES)

Ranger; Are you hurt, m'am?

Lottie; No - no I'm all right.

Tonto; Me get blankets for her.

Ranger; Don't let my mask frighten you. Who are you?

Lottie; I'm Lottie Crawford, and I'm too grateful to care about your mask.

Ranger; What happened?

Lottie; Our wagon upset at the ford while Sandy, my husband was trying to get me to shore with a rope.

Ranger; Were you with a wagon company?

Lottie; The others crossed the bridge. We couldn't pay the toll.

Ranger; I see.

Lottie; Please help me find Sandy and my friends.



Ranger;           The others must have made camp by this time.  
We'll take you there.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr;           Night had fallen and though it continued to rain at intervals most of the emigrants were too excited over Sandy's mission of vengeance to desert the campfires for the shelter of their wagons. As they discussed the case, a guard outside the wagon corral called -

Voice; 2-       (BACK, CALLS)   Somebody coming.

(HOOF'S FADING IN)

Voice;           Cap, that must be Sandy.

Cap;             Or someone hunting him.   Sounds like two horses.

Ranger;         (FADING IN)   We're friends.

Ad lib;         (WHOA'S)

(HOOF'S HALT)

Cap;            Look'.   A masked man and Injun!

Voice;          They got a woman!   She's getting down.

Lottie;         Where's Sandy?

Cap;            Thunderation!   It's Lottie!

Voice;          She's alive!

Lottie;         These men rescued me from the river.   We thought Sandy would be here.

Cap;            Sandy was here.



- Voice; He thought you drowned.
- Lottie; Where did Sandy go? () Don't any of you know?
- Voice; (LOW) Tell her, Cap.
- Cap; He - (HESITATES) He's gone to kill the toll-taker.
- Lottie; No! Not Sandy! He wouldn't!
- Cap; M'am, he was plumb locoed over what happened.
- Lottie; We've got to stop him.
- Ranger; Cap, how was he mounted?
- Cap; He was riding my buckskin mare.
- Voice; And he had my spare rifle - a .forty-five -seventy Sharps.
- Ranger; We'll try to find him.
- Voice; Great day!
- Ad lib; (STIR)
- Cap; What's the matter?
- Voice; I forgot to tell him I had a ~~rag~~ rag in the muzzle of my spare rifle to keep it clean and dry. If Sandy tries to use it, it might backfire on him.
- Ad lib; (STIR)
- Cap; He's got a big start.
- Ranger; Tonto, you take a short cut to the settlement. Ride hard.
- Tonto; Me savvy.



Ranger; If you can't find Sandy there, notify the Marshal.

Tonto; Me go pronto.

Cap; Us fellows will follow.

Ad lib; (GET 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. Seeking to avenge his wife whom he believed dead, Sandy Crawford had set out to kill Eph Mull, a crooked toll-taker on a bridge. Actually, Sandy's wife had been rescued by the Lone Ranger and Tonto, who went in search of Sandy to forestall the killing. Meanwhile, Eph and his helper, Bill, sat in a cafe.

(CAFE NOISES)

The two crooks were themselves bent on murdering the bridge overseer, Lem Jordan. Eph was saying:

Eph; Jordan ought to be alone on the bridge now.

Bill; I don't like the idea of slugging him and throwing him into the river. He might get out.

Eph; I want it to look like an accident. There's no other way to get him.

Bill; Well, all right, then, Eph. Let's get going.



Eph; Wait, Bill. That's the marshal coming thru the door.

Bill; He's headed this way.

(STEPS COMING IN)

Eph; Howdy, Marshal.

Marsh; (COMING IN) Mull, there's an emigrant gunning for you.

(STEPS HALT)

Eph; (CHUCKLES) You're joking.

Marsh; No joke about it. An Indian just told me.

Eph; That pilgrim must be locoed.

Marsh; Well, you been warned.

Eph; I can take care of myself, but our Boss - -

Marshal; What about him?

Eph; He's alone on the bridge and might get mistook for me.

Marsh; That's so. You and Lem are hard to tell apart when you got slickers on.

Eph; I'll pass the word to Lem.

Marshal; Good idea. Now I have to get back to hearing a horse thief case.

Eph; Come on, Bill.

(STEPS)

MUSIC: Interlude

(STEPS)

The bridge overseer, Sam Jordan, Eph was saying:

He's alone on the bridge and might get mistook for me.

Jordan pushes to get away from the bridge now.

Eph;



Bill; That emigrant must be some feller you skinned out of money.

Eph; No matter what he's after me for, he comes in handy now.

Bill; How so?

Eph; We'll just drill Jordan from the dark and slip away. The Marshal's sure to hang it on the emigrant.

Bill; That's a better way. It's a lot more certain than slugging Lem Jordan and throwing him into the river.

Eph; Look! Jordan's got the toll house lighted up and lanterns burning outside. He's carrying one this way.

Bill; Must be the driftwood's bad.

Eph; (LOW) Not so loud. Walk where you won't be heard.

(STEPS STOP)

Bill; (LOW) We're almost to the ramp.

Eph; (LOW) Careful of those old boards.

Bill; (LOW) Eph! There's someone across the ramp from us.

Eph; (LOW) I see him! (RAISE) It's that emigrant I sent back to the ford.

Bill; (LOW) He's aiming a rifle.

Eph; (LOW) He's doing the job for us.

(STEPS FADING IN ON BOARDS)

Sandy; (BACK, CALLS) Mull, you buzzard! I'm here to kill you!



(STEPS HALT)

Lem; (A LITTLE BACK) What's that?

Sandy; (BACK, CALIS) You killed my wife. She didn't have a chance and you're not getting any.

MUFFLED SHOT, BODY FALL

Bill; (LOW) Jordan's down.

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Sandy; (FADING FAR BACK) For you, Lottie. For you.

Eph; (LOW) Let's make it sound like we tried to help. Fire some shots.

(SHOTS)

Bill; (LOUD) He's gone. Let's take a look at Jordan.

(STEPS ON BOARDS)

Eph; He's getting up.

Lem; (A LITTLE BACK) Mull, is that you?

(STEPS HALT)

Eph; Weren't you hit at all?

Lem; Never even heard the bullet. I threw myself down for safety.

Eph; Well, I'll be skinned.

Lem; He thought I was you. Did you kill somebody's wife?

Eph; If I did, she wasn't the first critter I've killed nor the last.



Lem; You're pointing your gun at me! You're going to shoot me.

Eph; (CHUCKLES) I'm collecting toll.

(SHOT)

Lem; (GROANS) You'll pay for this.

(BODY FALL)

Eph; I got him dead center.

Bill; This time he's really dead.

(HOOF'S FADING IN ON BOARDS)

Eph; Spmebody's riding across the bridge.

Bill; Let's get out of here!

Eph; No! That won't look right.

Ranger; (COMING IN) Hold your fire, men.

Bill; A masked man.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOF'S HALT)

Eph; What are you doing here?

Ranger; Before I answer you, you'd better explain why you're standing over a dead man.

Tonto; (COMING IN) Me hear shots. Whaþ happen?

Ranger; That's what I'm trying to find out, Tonto. Whose body is that?

Bill; That's Lem Jordan, our bñidge boss.



Eph; Some crazy emigrant who was after me bushwhacked him.

Ranger; So that's it. Where did he go?

Bill; He ran toward the settlement when me and Eph opened up on him.

Ranger; Did you see him, Tonto?

Tonto; No, me down along bank. Look for Sandy's horse there.

Eph; Masked man, how come you and this Indian are mixing in this? It's the Marshal's business.

Ranger; Then we'll all go to the Marshal. Come along.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; Meanwhile, the Marshal who used the front part of a saddler's shop as an office, had resumed hearing the horse stealing case. The settlement had neither jail nor courthouse, Sheriff nor Judge. As its only elected official, the Marshal not only made arrests but tried his prisoners. His simple code admitted only two kinds of crime - big and little - and only two penalties - banishment and hanging. Sentences which he passed were executed forthwith by volunteer citizens, some of whom were in attendance at the trial. The horse thief was making a final plea.

Voice 3; Marshal, I didn't steal that horse. It was a stray and I just used it.

Marshal; Feller, I was minded only to run you out of town, 'til you gave that old excuse. Now you got to hang.

(DOOR OPENS, STEPS COMING IN)



Sandy; (COMING IN) Marshal -

Marshal; Drop that rifle, feller!

(STEPS HALT)

Sandy; I came here to surrender it. I just killed Eph Mull.

Ad lib; (EXCITEMENT)

Marshal; So you're the pilgrim who was after his hide. Why'd you do it?

Sandy; He turned my wagon away from the bridge after the toll was paid. My wife drowned at the ford.

Marshal; Son, if that's so, you done the right thing, according to my lights.

Ad lib; (STIR)

Marshal; You look kind of wild eyed. Better sit down.

(STEPS FADING IN)

Voice 4; Marshal, look out there.

Marshal; A masked man.

Voice 4; He's coming in. Say, who's that with him?

Sandy; It's Mull! Mull! I missed him.

Marshal; Well, dog my cats.

(STEPS HALT)

Ranger; Marshal --

Marshal (CUTS IN) Who are you? What's that mask mean?



- Ranger; We'll talk about that later. I want to report a murder.
- Marshal; What the sam hill's going on? First this pilgrim says he killed Mull and then Mull shows up. Who's dead this time?
- Ranger; Jordan, the bridge overseer.
- Marshal; If you're making a fool of me, I'll - I'll - (BREAKS)
- Ranger; It's the truth.
- Eph; It sure is, Marshal. That crazy emigrant shot him by mistake like I was afraid he would.
- Marshal; Now I begin to savvy. Doc, you better fetch in the body.
- Voice 4; I'll go now.
- Marshal; Eph, did you and Bill see the shooting?
- Eph; We sure did. Just before we could get to the boss and warn Lem, the emigrant fired one shot and ran. Bill and me fired at him, then went to look after Jordan.
- Bill; He didn't give the boss a chance.
- Eph; He said he wasn't going to give him a chance.
- Marshal; Pilgrim, is that so?
- Sandy; Yes — yes, I shot him. I'm sorry I killed an innocent man. I'm sorry I shot at all.



Marshal; That don't help none. If you'd plugged Mull for the reason you said, I'd of left you go. But killing Jordan is murder, even if you got the wrong man.

Sandy; I know - I know!

Marshal; Lem Jordan was a good feller who never hurt anyone. We got two eye witnesses to bear out your confession that you killed him. So you got to hang.

Sandy; I'm guilty. I'm willing to pay. Just get it over with.

Marshal; You're sure an obliging critter. Well boys, he's number two for the cottonwood. Take them out.

Ranger; Hold on, Marshal. Let's not add a mistake of justice to the mistake already made.

Marshal; Mister, this isn't any high-falutin court, but a case like this would hang anyone anywhere.

Ranger; This man's fellow emigrants will soon be here. They and the doctor may have something to add to what you now know.

Marshal; I know enough as it is.

Sandy; Masked man, you seem to want to help me. But what's the use? I don't want to live without my wife.

Tonto; (LOW) Maybe we better tell him wife alive.

Ranger; (LOW) No, it would be far better for him not to know if worst comes to worst.

Marshal; Get going, boys.



Voice 5;        Come on, you prisoners.

Ranger;        Stand back! No one passes this door.

Voice 5;        The masked man's pulled his guns.

Eph;            Him and the Injun are covering us.

Ranger;        Marshal, I hoped to avoid this, but you forced me to do it. Tonto, collect their guns.

Tonto;         Me get them.

(AD LIB BIZ OF COLLECTING GUNS)

Ranger;        Now, Sandy, did that rifle kick hard when you fired it?

Sandy;         It sure did! It kicked like a mule. I never had anything hit my shoulder like that. It 'most knocked me over.

Ranger;        Where is the rifle?

Marshal;       Here by this box.

Tonto;         Me take it, Marshal.

Ranger;        No, let the Marshal have it, Tonto.

Marshal;       Mister, this Sharps might be loaded and I might --

Ranger;        (CUTS IN) I'm not afraid of you shooting me with it. Open the breech.

(CLICK)

Marshal;       The ejector pulled loose from the shell rim. There's an empty shell in the breech.

Ranger;        Can you remove the shell?



## (WORKING LEVER OF RIFLE)

- Marshal; Can't get it out. The shell seems to be swelled up and stuck.
- Ranger; Try the ~~rod~~ ramrod.
- Marshal; All right. But I don't savvy - (EFFORT)
- Ranger; What's the trouble?
- Marshal; The ramrod won't go but an inch down the muzzle.
- Ranger; Is a bullet lodged there?
- Marshal; Yes there is! I can see it!
- Ranger; It stuck there because the man who gave the rifle to Sandy had put a rag in the muzzle to keep the barrel clean and dry.
- Marshal; How do you know?
- Ranger; He told me. Marshal, don't you see what it means?
- Marshal; Thunderation, yes I do. This Sandy feller couldn't have shot Jordan.
- Ad lib; (STIR)
- Marshal; Eph, you and Bill and Sandy are the only ones who shot. The pilgrim couldn't have killed Jordan - so it must have been one of you.
- Bill; No! No! Why would we kill our Boss?
- Ranger; That isn't hard to guess, knowing how you treated the Crawfords. Jordan either knew, or you were afraid he'd find out that you were cheating toll payers.



Bill; See Eph, I told you - -

Eph; Shut up!

Bill; It was all your idea. You killed the boss. I didn't have any part in it!

Eph; (FRANTICALLY) Will you shut up!

Bill; No! I'm not going to hang for what I didn't do.

Eph; (EFFORT) I'll shut you up!

Ranger; (EFFORT) No you won't!

(BLOW)

Eph; (GASP)

Marshal; That stopped him! Good work.

Ranger; (EFFORT) Now take it easy, Eph. You're all thru.

Marshal; That goes for both of them. I'll take charge of them varmints.

Ranger; They're yours, Marshal.

(STEPS COMING IN)

Lottie; (COMING IN) Sandy! Sandy!

Sandy; Lottie! Are you really - truly there - alive?

Lottie; Of course, darling.

Sandy; But I thought - I thought -

Lottie; Let's not think at all now. Let's just hold to each other.



- Marshal; Masked man, what made you think in the first place that Sandy was innocent?
- Ranger; Jordan lay face down. No man struck by an ounce of lead from a buffalo gun at a short distance ever fell like that.
- Marshal; Well, you've sure righted a lot of mistakes. On account of not wanting to make another, I'm going to ease up on this horse thief and only run him out of town.
- Tonto; Marshal, when we take Mull's gun, we feel money belt on him.
- Marshal; Good. I fine him whatever's in it for the way he treated this young couple. And they'll get the money for a new outfit.
- Eph; You can't do that!
- Marshal; You won't need it where you're going. There are no toll bridges there.
- Sandy; Darling, tell me just one thing now. Who is the masked man?
- Lottie; The Indian told me he's the Lone Ranger.
- Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, away.