

The Lone Ranger -created by Geo. W. Trendle

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~~Stripes~~

"Treasure Trail."

by Ralph Goll.

Number: 2608-1833

Date: Oct. 5, 1949

Ranger, Tonto, Dan Reid.
Patch Denton 60, 70 consumptive ex-convict
and former outlaw. (name page
1449 Winston Dictionary.)
Tom Carson 25, editor of western weekly,
poor, generous -name from page
1444 same book
Hilda 20, Tom's sweetheart - type-
setter in printshop
Inky 14, printer's devil -orphan,
taken in by Tom and Hilda:
Enthusiastic, imaginative.
Tige 30 - 49 gambler, crook
Sheriff Bit
Mrs. Fox 50-60, head of Ladies Aid -
name from page 1452

PROMO: "TREASURE TRAIL"

RALPH COLL

(HOOFS COMING IN & STOPPING)

Ranger; (AD LIBS WHOA'S) Tonto, I have just talked to Dan Reid. We've got to go to Modoc City.

Tonto; What happen there?

Ranger; The lawmen have left town to investigate an Indian raid. And they couldn't have left at a worse time. There's an old man in the City with information that is worth a fortune. We'll hurry there and try to protect him from a pack of crooks!

Annor; Yes, the criminals were in control at Modoc City -- and they capture Dan Reid, the nephew of the Lone Ranger! Be sure to listen to the next thrill-packed adventure --

The Lone Ranger

"Treasure Trail."

Number: 2608-1833

Date: Oct. 5, 1949

(USUAL OPENING)

Anncr; It was press day at the Modoc City News. Dan Reid, the fourteen year old nephew of the Lone Ranger, had called there to buy a copy of the weekly for the masked man. Previous visits had made him acquainted with the staff and as the paper run had not started, he was busy helping Inky, a printer's devil, clear the littered floor. Hilda, a typesetter, worked at a nearby case while in the backroom, Editor Tom Carson fought to keep an old Hoe press in operation.

(PRESS NOISES)

As the machine clattered and thumped, a shadow fell on the glass in the street door. Inky lifted a smudged, impish face-

Inky; Dan, there's a tramp outside. Tom never turns one down.

Dan; He's certainly generous.

Inky; Didn't he take me in when my folks died?

Dan; I know. () That fellow's coming in all right.

Hilda; (A LITTLE BACK) I'll tell him Tom's out - (GASPS) Oh!

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Inky; Jiminey whillackers! Look at him!

(SHUFFLING STEPS & CANE TAPS COMING IN)

Annor; Advancing slowly with the aid of a cudgel-like cane, the caller revealed an almost fleshless face. A black patch dangled over one sunken eye. Fixing the other on the boys, he croaked--

Patch; (COMING IN) Where's the editor?

(STEPS AND CANE TAPS STOP)

Inky; (CALLS) Tom! (LOW) I hope he's got his gun!

(PRESS NOISES STOP, STEPS COME IN AS:)

Tom; (COMING IN) Well, Inky? Oh, I see. What is it, friend?

Patch; Mister, I need some help.

Tim; If this will do you any good -

Patch; (COUGHS) Wait. I'm not begging, even if I haven't eaten lately. I'd like to have you run a want ad.

Tom; A want ad? For what?

Patch; A shaving mug. (LOW) A hundred thousand dollar shaving mug.

Tom; (SOOTHING) Easy friend, easy!

Patch; Don't out your gun! I'm not crazy!

Tom; (SOOTHING) Of course not. Who are you?

Patch; Patch Denton, that's who I am! I got papers here from San Quentin pen to prove it. See?

Tom; I see.

- Inky; (LOW) Gee whiz! He's the last of five outlaw brothers who used to raid around here.
- Tom; Now what about the shaving mug?
- Patch; Mister, about fifteen years back, my oldest brother Buck, took a hundred thousand in gold pesos from some Mexican revolutionists and stashed it in these parts.
- Tom; A nice piece of change.
- Patch; Right afterward, the law closed in on us. Three of my brothers got killed, and I was sent to California to do time. (COUGHS)
- Tom; And Buck?
- Patch; They caught him before he could get to that gold and gave him life in this territory.
- Tom; When were you released?
- Patch; Just a few months ago. I'd got consumption, so they turned me out to die. Then I started figuring on how to find that money.
- Tom; Wouldn't Buck tell you where he hid it?
- Patch; He couldn't - not with guards reading his letters and listening to our talk when I finally was able to visit him. Now this is where the mug comes in.
- Tom; (SIGHS) Ah, yes, the mug!
- Patch; Buck's cell mate was a trusty who painted things on shaving mugs - lodge emblems, cattle brands, animals, stuff like that. On visiting days they let him sell the mugs outside the gates.

Tom; I've seen those convicts stands.

Patch; One day I got in to see Buck, and he told me that he'd had the trusty put a picture of our old homestead on a mug and asked me to buy it. He said the picture even showed the old red bull in a pasture lot, and then he winked. Then I savvied. (COUGHS)

Tom; Savvied what?

Patch; That the picture told where the gold was. We never had a homestead.

Inky; Gee whiz!

Patch; Before I could pick up that mug at the trusty's stand, some other visitor bought it, not knowing what he was getting. The next day or so Buck died. (COUGHS)

Tom; Who was the visitor?

Patch; A drummer who traveled in these parts. I lost his trail in this town, and I can't go it alone any farther. I'm sick and broke.

Tom; Why did you come to me?

Patch; I heard you were a square-shooter, and I figured if you run an ad for a mug with a red bull on it, saying it was a keepsake, and offering a reward, it might turn up.

Tom; Well, Patch, I'll think about it.

Patch; Mister, if we locate the money, it's all yours but a few thousand. All I want is a last fling. (COUGHS)
It won't be long now.

Tom; Here's five dollars. Get yourself something to eat,
and see a doctor.

Patch; Thanks, Mister.

(STEPS, CANE FADING BACK)

(FADING) I'll be back. You just get the mug. (COUGHS)

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Tom; The old fraud!

Dan; Don't you believe his story, Tom?

Tom; Not at all, Dan. He probably tells it to the editor
in every town he hits. Oh well.

Hilda; Tom Carson, you gave him money you need for your rent!

Tom; Now dar!

Hild; Don't "Dear" me! If you think I'll marry a fool
like you (SOBS)

Inky; Don't cry, Hilda. I'll work for nothing to make up
for that money. Anyhow, we'll find that gold! Then
Tom can buy a big new press and a steam engine and--

Hilda; (HALF SOBS, HALF LAUGHS) Oh, Inky, if that's how
you feel about Tom, I'll bear with you!

Tom; Hilda, we're rich right now, having a boy like him!

Hilda; Yes, Tom. I'm sorry I begrudged a gift to a dying man.

(DOOR OPENS)

Sheriff; (BACK, CALLS) Hey, Tom. I got news for you.

Inky; It's the Sheriff.

Tom; Come in, Sheriff.

Sheriff; (BACK) No time. Just got word some Modoc Indians murdered a ranch family about fifty miles down the Colorado. Riding now.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Tom; That's real news!

Hilda; I'll start setting type right away!

Tom; We're lucky that old outlaw held up the press run!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr; A little later Dan was back with the Lone Ranger and Tonto in a nearby mountain camp. He had told of the Indian raid, and as the men prepared to leave for the scene, repeated Patch Denton's story. Dan was saying - -

Dan; It all sounded true to me in spite of what Tom said.

Ranger; Tom seems to have had a lot of experience with beggars, but I'll talk to Denton if he's still around when we return.

Dan; Aren't you going to take me along?

Ranger; No, Dan. We don't know what lies ahead. Put up at the hotel.

Dan; All right. I can help Inky at the printshop.

Tonto; Horses all ready, kemo sabay.

(HORSE NICKERS)

Ad lib; (MOUNTING EFFORTS, ADIOS'S, GET AWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude

- Annex; It was the following day when Patch Denton stood at the lunch counter in Tige's Place, a Modoc City cafe. From within a glass-partitioned office, two men watched him. One was the proprietor, the other a crooked gambler called the Deacon or Deek. Tige was scowling as he asked --
- Tige; Deek, what put a smart gambler like you on a treasure hunt?
- Deek; Well, Tige, I was in the territorial pen, working around the hospital when Buck Denton died. I heard him muttering about buried money, and a shaving mug.
- Tige; A shaving mug? That's silly!
- Deek; I thought so myself 'til I got out and found old Patch was traipsing around asking questions.
- Tige; About what?
- Deek; A feller who'd bought a mug at the pen. Patch wants it mighty bad.
- Tige; How could it tell him or us anything?
- Deek; By what's painted on it, of course.
- Tige; H-m-m. That could be. My own barbershop mug has got a tiger on it.
- Deek; I trailed Patch to the newspaper office yesterday.
- Tige; What was he doing there?
- Deek; Making a deal, I reckon. Leastways he's got money today. We'll have to act fast or somebody'll beat us out.

Tige; Well, deal me in. What's our play?

Deek; We got to make the old owlhoot talk.

Tige; He's standing close to the cellar door. We can get him down there without anyone being the wiser.

Deek; Then let's do it!

MUSIC: Interlude

(PRESS NOISES)

Tom; Well, boys, have you found the fabulous mug yet?
(LAUGHS)

Inky; I've looked at everything on the barbershop racks. There were horses galore, but no red bulls on any mug.

Dan; Has Denton been in, Tom?

Tom; No, and I haven't seen him around town. But don't let that spoil your fun. I'd like to join you.

Hilda; Tom Carson, I do believe you would!

Tom; Everybody likes to rummage around. Which reminds me that the Ladies Aid is holding a rummage sale down the street.

Hilda; Mrs. Fox was here collecting. I gave her some stationary.

Tom; Inky, suppose you and Dan gallop down there and see what else they've collected.

Inky; I can guess -- Dishes and doilies.

Tom; I want to write a story about what's being offered for sale. This is an assignment.

Inky; An assignment! Oh boy! Come on, Dan!

MUSIC: Interlude

(CROWD NOISES)

Dan; Inky, have you got everything down in your notebook?

Inky; Sure. Look! Here comes Mrs. Fox, the uppity old critter.

Mrs. F; (COMING IN) What are you young jackanapes up to?

Inky; We're reporters, m'am.

Mrs. F; Reporters! (SNIFFS)

Dan; Mr. Carson sent us here to find out what you have to sell. He's going to print a piece about it.

Mrs. F; Well, that's very nice of him. Please note that Mrs. Fox has charge.

Inky; It's noted, m'am.

Fox; Now have you young gentlemen seen everything?

Inky; All but what's in this box here.

Fox; That horrible stuff! The Sheriff sent it over, and believe me I'll give him a piece of my mind for doing it!

Dan; What sort of stuff is it?

Fox; (SHUDDERS) He mentioned that much of it had been left by a drummer who was killed in a runaway a few months ago, but the rest of it - (HESITATES)

Dan; You were saying?

Fox; (SOTTO) The rest must have been left by criminals he hanged!

Dan; Then you're not going to sell it?

Fox; Mercy no! You boys can have the whole box for taking it away.

Onky; Thanks, m'am. Grab a-hold, Dan!

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; In the meantime, Patch had fallen easy prey to the cafe keeper and gambler. He lay on the cellar floor, barely conscious. Tige was shaking him - -

Tige; Come out of it, you bag of bones!

Patch; (GROANS) Water! Water!

Tige; Tell us what that mug looks like!

Patch; (COUGHS) Give me water!

Deek; I'll give you this fist!

(BLOW)

Now what were you doing in the newspaper office?
Answer me!

Tige; It's no use, Deek! He's out again!

Deek; This isn't getting us anywhere. We can't hurt him enough to make him talk without him passing out.

Tige; What'll we do now?

Deek; Wait 'til after dark and dump him in the street. Then we'll watch every move he makes.

Tige; He might go to the Sheriff.

Deek; No Denton ever called the law. He'll keep after that mug 'til he tips his hand.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; It was after working hours that night when Dan and Inky opened the box from the rummage sale. Tom and his sweetheart had gone, leaving them to enjoy the thrill by themselves. And thrill it was, for as they delved into the contents such amazing things as a pepperpot pistol with four barrels and a broken trigger, and a set of dominoes jail-made from beef ribs came to light. Inky squealed with delight --

Inky; E-e-e! Here's a Joe Miller joke book, Dan!

Dan; And here's a pearl-inlaid mouth organ!

Inky; Look at this! A shaving outfit!

Dan; What's on the mug?

Inky; The mug -- I -- Dan -- (AWED) This is it! The very one!

Dan; You're right, Inky! There's the red bull and the scenery in the background.

Inky; The drummer Mrs. Fox told about was the one who bought it!

Dan; And he was killed.

Inky; Maybe there's a curse on it like there always is on pirate maps.

Dan; Listen! I thought I heard a noise outside!

(DOOR OPENS)

Inky; It's the old outlaw!

Dan; He 's going to fall! Grab him!

(STEPS)

Inky; I've got him. Steady, old timer.

Dan; Let's get him into this chair. There you are, Mister.

(STEPS HALT)

Patch; (GROANS) Water -- water -

Inky; I'm getting him some. Here, drink this.

Patch; Good - good -

Dan; Inky, you'd better run for a doctor. He's in bad shape.

Patch; No doctor - too late - I - I'm at the end of trail -

Dan; Brace up! We've found the mug.

Inky; Look at it! See the red bull!

Patch; (COUGHES) Boys - watch - watch out -- danger - leave me -- go - you go -

Inky; He wants us to go -

Dan; Fan him with his hat! He's gasping for breath!

Inky; Hold his head up!

Patch; Go a-a-a- (GASPS, DIES)

Inky; Is he - (HESITATES)

Dan; Yes, he's dead!

Inky; Somebody helped him die! Look at the marks on his head!

Dan; I see. () And all the lawmen are hunting Indians.

Inky; Let's get Tom.

Dan; Bring the mug and come on.

(RUNNING STEPS)

Inky; This way, Dan.

Tige; Stop, you sprouts.

Deek; Give us that mug.

(STEPS HALT)

Tige; I've got one of them.

(SCUFFLE)

Dan; (STRUGGLING) Let loose of me! (EFFORT) Run, Inky!
Save the mug!

(RUNNING STEPS FADING)

Inky; (FADING) Help! Help!

Tige; That printer's devil is getting away!

Deek; (FADING) Stop or I'll shoot!

(SHOTS)

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; Now to continue our story. In the absence of the Lone Ranger and Tonto, Dan Reid and his friend Inky, had discovered a shaving mug bearing symbols which told the location of the Denton gang's treasure. Old Patch Denton, beaten by crooks who sought the gold, had died in the newspaper office. As the boys ran for help, the killers surprised them. Dan was a prisoner. But Inky, dodging down the dark street like a rabbit, still had the mug. Deek was firing at him.

(SHOTS)

Dan; You'll pay if you hurt him!

Tige; Better think of your own hide, button.

(STEPS FADING IN)

Deek; (FADING IN) That little varmint gave me the slip.

(STEPS HALT)

Tige; We got to get out of sight.

Deek; What about that kid you're holding?

Tige; We'll shut him in the cellar. Come on, Sprout.

(STEPS)

I got use for you.

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; A few minutes later Inky had wakened Tom and Hilda and was back in the printshop with them. As the editor stood staring at the dead man in the chair, Hilda exclaimed - -

Hilda; Don't stand there, Tom. Do something! Anything!

Tom; What can I do with the Sheriff and his men away?

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Hilda; Riders in the street!

Inky; They're headed here!

Tom; Hilda, Inky - get back.

Ad lib; (WHOA, S OUTSIDE)

(HOOFS HALT OUTSIDE, STEPS COMING IN)

Tomto; (FADING IN) Place got lights burning - door open.

Ranger; Put down that gun! We're friends!

(STEPS STOP)

Hilda; (GASPS) Oh, a masked man.

Inky; An Injun, too! Maybe they got Dan!

Ranger; What do you mean? Where is Dan Reid? I'm his friend! Tell me what happened.

Inky; Mister, Dan and I found a (FADING) --shaving mug and --

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; The Lone Ranger quickly won the confidence of Inky, then listened to the story of Patch Denton and the shaving mug.

Inky; So I don't know where they took Dan, but here's the mug.

Ranger; Will you trust me with it?

Inky; Yeah. Sure thing. Take it.

Hilda; Let's rouse the town and start searching for Dan.

Ranger; No, a big search would add to Dan's danger.

Tonto; Me think fellers still got him here in town.

Ranger; That's probably. At the time of Dan's capture, we were approaching town from the mountains. We noticed nothing suspicious.

Tom; If only the Sheriff wasn't chasing Indians.

Tonto; Renegades all captured. But Sheriff not come back for couple days.

Ranger; We'll handle this our own way. While Tonto watches inside the town, I'll scout the trails leading out.

Tom; What about the rest of us?

Ranger; Wait here for word from the abductors.

Tom; Maybe -- (HESITATES)

Ranger; You'll hear from them. They want this mug.

MUSIC: Interlude

(PRESS NOISES)

Tom; Inky, stop the press.

(NOISES STOP)

Inky; What's the matter, Tom?

Tom; I can't print advertising stickers at a time like this.

Inky; I wish I'd busted that mug.

Tom; Another night's coming on and we still haven't heard from those crooks.

Inky; I wonder where the masked man is.

Ranger; (BACK) Here, Inky.

(STEPS FADE IN)

Inky; Gee gosh, you came in quietly!

(STEPS HALT)

Tom; You heard what we ---

Ranger; Yes, Tom. But there's still time for a letter.

Tom; Hilda's waiting at the postoffice. Did you find anything?

Ranger; Nothing on the trails, but I discovered what the picture on the mug means.

Tom; You did!

Inky; Who cares about that old gold with Dan gone!

Ranger; Well spoken, Inky. I only hope to use what I know against the crooks who captured Dan.

Tom; I thought that puzzle would be hard to solve.

Ranger; It's simple — so simple that it's deceptive. Without knowing that it has a hidden meaning, no one looking at it would notice anything unusual. Look.

Tom; Um-m. All I see is a red bull standing against a typical western background. I see three mountains and a creek that flows down from them to where the bull stands. His horns point toward a cabin.

Ranger; The Red Bull means the Colorado River.

Tom; Of course !

Ranger; Knowing that, it's easy to see that the three mountains are the peaks known as the three Angels, and the creek that flows from them to the Red Bull is Scorpion Creek.

Tom; Then the gold is buried in a cabin only a few miles away!

Ranger; So it appears.

Tom; If those crooks get the mug, they may learn the secret too.

Ranger; It will do them no good if they harm Dan.

Tom; We could fix up a substitute mug or scrape some of the scenery from this one.

Inky; Don't try it! Those fellows were outside when the old outlaw died. They must have heard Dan and me talking about the picture.

Ranger; Inky's right.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES, STEPS COME IN AS:)

Hilda; (FADING IN) Tom, here's a letter for you!

(STEPS STOP)

Tom; It's postmarked Modoc City.

(PAPER TEARING RUSTLING)

And signed "Dan Reid!" Take it, Mister.

Ranger; That's Dan's writing. () He says that he is being treated all right and will be released when the men who hold him receive the mug.

Tom; How are we to get it to them?

Ranger; They want you to take it and walk alone along the south side of Main Street at two o'clock tomorrow morning.

Tom; They certainly don't expect to meet me on the street, take the mug and calmly walk or ride away.

Ranger; That's how the instructions read.

Tom; There won't be much moonlight at that hour. We can have men posted all ~~at~~ around to trail or stop them.

Ranger; They're not taking that chance.

Tom; Then what's their dodge?

Ranger; Tom, I've looked down on Modoc City from the mountains, and it appears as a one street town.

Tom; Yes, all the buildings are about the same height. There's a solid row of them along each side of the street for half a mile.

Ranger; And they all have flat roofs?

Tom; That's right.

Ranger; A man could walk along the roofs from one end of the town to the other.

Tom; Yeah.

Ranger; Is it possible to enter anyone of the buildings from the roof?

Tom; Sure thing. Every building has a flight of stairs or a ladder that leads up to a trap door in the roof.

Ranger; I see.

Tom; Why are you asking these questions?

Ranger; I think I know how those abductors planned to get the mug.

Tom; Well I don't. And another thing I can't see is how they'll release Dan without running the risk of being identified later.

Ranger; We have only the word of men who've already committed one murder that he'll be released.

Hilda; Tom, they'll kill you too if you go out with that mug!

Ranger; I'll take it to them.

Tom; But tell me -

Ranger; First, let me look at one of those stickers you've been running thru your press.

Inky; Here's one, mister. It'll stick on anything after it's wet.

Ranger; Can you ink out all the white on it so it won't show in the dark?

Inky; Sure. I'll get my roller right now.

Ranger; Fix up a big bunch of them.

Tom; How will those stickers help?

Ranger; This is what we'll do... (FADES)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; As the masked man outlined his plan, Dan sat on the sandy floor of the cafe cellar, his back to the wall, his hands and feet tied. Deek squatted on the bottom step of the stairs with a lantern. He was saying --

Deek; It's no use looking at me, Kid.

Dan; Why not?

Deek; You won't be seeing me again tonight. Fact, you won't be seeing anyone ever again.

Dan; You told me you'd let me go when I wrote that letter.

Deek; You know too much. You know we killed old Denton.

Dan; Killing me won't help you. You'll have more than the law to beat.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES BACK)

Deek; Well, Tige, it's about time.

(STEPS DESCENDING STAIRS)

Tige; (FADING IN) Everything is working out fine.

Deek; Did the letter go thru?

Tige; I saw the editor's girl get it at the postoffice.

Deek; What's that you brought down with you?

Tige; A spade and a pick.

(TOOLS RATTLE)

It's way after midnight now.

Deek; Aren't you going to help me dig?

(STEPS ASCENDING STAIRS)

Tige; (FADING BACK) I got to scout around up above.

Deek; You put all the work onto me.

Tige; (BACK) It won't take a very big hole for the kid.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES BACK)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; As the hour for the delivery of the mug approached, a hatch in the roof of Tige's cafe opened noiselessly. Deek emerged, a darker shadow against the dark sky. He called in a low voice --

Deek; Tige, where are you?

Tige; Right here. Got your boots off like I have?

Deek; Sure.

Tige; Then follow me.

Deek; Where we going?

Tige; Over to the roof of the stage station.

Deek; Have you looked things over good up here?

Tige; Good enough to know there's no one planted to see where we go.

Deek; Then the editor didn't figure out our game.

Tige; How are things in the cellar?

Deek; I left the kid as he was. The hole's dug.

Tige; This is the station roof. We'll wait here where we can see down.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; At exactly two o'clock in the morning, the Lone Ranger stepped out of the newspaper office.

(DOOR CLOSSES, STEPS ON BOARDS)

Turning, he followed a boardwalk along the south side of the dark and deserted street. By prearrangement, Tonto kept pace with him on the opposite walk, a gun in one hand, a lariat in the other. The masked man passed a gunsmith's shop, a notion store, and a long line of cafes and dancehalls. But nothing moved in the shadows, and the only sound that came to his ears was the measured click of his own boot heels. He reached the stage station. And then, from above, a voice, knife-sharp, sliced at him --

Tige; (BACK) Hold it, you down there! You're covered!

(STEPS HALT)

Deek; (BACK) We're letting down a line to you. Tie the mug to it.

Tige; (PAUSE, BACK) Have you found the line?

Ranger; Yes, the mug's tied fast.

Tige; (BACK) Stand still 'til we see whether it's the right one.

Deek; (BACK) I got it up.

Tige; (BACK) Duck down and strike a match!

Deek; (BACK) There! I can see the red bull! This is it!

Tige; (BACK) Thanks, Mister Editor. Now put this in your paper!

(SHOTS)

Deek; (BACK) It looked like you got him!

Tige; (FADING FARTHER BACK) Come on! Let's get below!

Tonto; (COMING IN) You hit, kemo sabay?

Ranger; No, I expected those shots. Which way did they go?

Tonto; Over roofs to east.

Ranger; Rope one of those roof beams that stick thru the wall.

Tonto; (EFFORT) There. Me catch it. Rope fast.

Ranger; Then up we go! (EFFORT) Hand over hand! (EFFORT)

MUSIC: Interlude

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES, STEPS DESCENDING
STAIRS)

Tige; Well kid, we got the mug.

(STEPS HALT)

Deek; Take a look at it before we plug you!

Dan; You cowards!

Tige; Cowards, are we? You wait 'til I reload this six
shooter.

Ranger; (BACK) Keep your hands frozen.

Tige; Look, Deek! There on the stairs!

Deek; A masked man!

Tige; Shoot him! My gun's still empty.

(SHOTS)

Deek; (GROANS) Oh my arm! He broke it!

(STEPS DESCENDING STAIRS TO HALT)

Tonto; (FADING IN) Other feller pull knife.

Tige; Keep back or I'll knife this kid!

Ranger; You don't dare! Look at your parther!

Dan; Jump him, Tonto!

Tonto; (EFFORT) Me got him!

Tige; Why you - -

(BLOW)

(GROANS)

(GROAN FADES BACK TO BODY FALL)

Dan; He fell in the hole!

Tonto; Now me cut you loose, Dan. Them fellers hurt you?

Dan; No, but you came just in time.

(STEPS DESCENDING STAIRS)

Tom; (FADES IN, CALLS) It's all over folks! You can come down.

(MORE STEPS, CROWD NOISES)

Dan; Who's coming, Tom?

Tom; Inky, Hilda, and a lot of citizens who helped me smash the street door. We heard the shots.

(STEPS STOP)

Inky; Here's Dan! Are you all right?

Dan; Sure, Inky. But the mug got smashed in the fight. Look at it.

Deek; (GROANS) Now nobody'll ever find the money.

Inky; You're wrong again, crook. We know what that picture means.

Deek; If you know so much tell me this. There was a trap door in the roof of every building. How did the masked man know which one of the buildings we entered?

Inky; We sealed all the trap doors with stickers just after dark. The sticker on the hatch of this building was broken.

Deek; Of all the ---

Ranger; That's how we knew which building you entered. Now, Tom, I'm turning these prisoners over to you.

Tom; They won't get away, but what about the treasure?

Ranger; You know where it is - or was. And I know that
if you find it, you'll put it to good use.

Tom; You hear that, Hilda! We can be married and give
Inky a real home.

Inky; And you can have a steam-driven press!

Hilda; And feed tramps to your heart's content, darling!

Dan; Good-bye, all. Maybe I'll see you again.

Ad lib; (GOOD BYE'S)

Hilda; Does anyone know who that masked man is?

Inky; Sure. Dan told me he's the Lone Ranger!

Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, away!

MUSIC: Theme.