

The Lone Ranger -created by Geo. W. Trendle

"DEAD MAN'S CHEST"

by Ralph Goll

Number: 2628, 1853

Date: Nov 21, 1949

Ranger, Tonto, Dan Reid

Hamlet Jones 70, prospector and shakespearean
scholar. Name -page 1218 Winston

T. C. Tyler 50, millionaire rr builder and
collector of rarities:
Name -page 1487 -same.

Peeble 30, prissy sec'y to Tyler
Name -page 1474

Huey 40-50, talkative telegraph operator.

Frisco 30, crook.

Shag 30, crook.

Brakeman Bit.

The Lone Ranger

"Dead Man's Chest" --Billboard

(HOOFS STOPPING)

Ranger; (AD LIBS WHOA'S) Tonto, there's a fortune in that murdered prospector's chest, but the killers who carried it away won't know it even after they open it.

Tonto; Why you say that?

Ranger; They'll expect to find money. The chest contains books, some of the most valuable books in existence. And they'll be destroyed unless we find them at once. Come on, silver!

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout!

(HOOFS START AND FADE AS:)

Annrc; There was danger at every turn on the strange trail of the Dead Man's Chest. The Lone Ranger's nephew, Dan Reid, was captured by the killers. A millionaire's life was at stake as his private railroad car ran wild, and the masked man rode to head it off. Be sure to listen to this next thrill-packed adventure. (ETC.)

The Lone Ranger

"Dead Man's Chest"

Number:

Date:

(USUAL OPENING)

Annor; It was nearing train time when Dan Reid, the fourteen year old nephew of the Lone Ranger, called at the depot in Skyline to send a telegram for the masked man. He found the dingy building deserted except for Huey, the agent-operator, and two roughly clad men who appeared to be asleep on the waiting room bench, their heads pillowed on bedrolls, their faces hidden by their arms. As Dan passed the message through the ticket window, a telegraph instrument began to click.

(CLICKS)

Huey cocked an ear - -

Huey; Number Two's on time for once! No wonder! It's pulling. T.C. Tyler's private car!

Dan; Do you mean Mr. Tyler, the railroad builder?

Huey; I sure do, lad. This is one of the lines he owns.

Dan; What's bringing him here?

Huey; Listen!

(CLICKS)

- Huey; The River Junction operator says that T. C. has heard about the world's biggest grizzly being seen in the mountains hereabouts. He aims to get it.
- Dan; He's coming all this way to get a grizzly?
- Huey; Right. Anything that nobody's got or is hard to get, T. C. hankers to have. Animals, pictures -- things like that. He collects them.
- Dan; I see.
- Huey; Guess it never rains but it pours! Look coming 'cross the street!
- Dan; All I see is an old prospector.
- Huey; Son, that's Hamlet Jones with his burro and his box! They're right famous in these parts.
- Dan; Oh.
- Huey; For twenty years he's been traipsing 'round the mountains looking for gold and quoting Shakespeare to his burro.
- Dan; He must be quite a character. What's in the box?
- Huey; It's one of them teakwood boxes, all studded and bound with brass. He's always got it handy and nobody's ever seen inside.
- Dan; What do you think he carries in it?
- Huey; Money, of course! He's likely found a lot of gold sometime and turned it into greenbacks.
- Dan; He's coming in here with his burro! It's packing the box!

Huey; The critter follers him everywhere.

(STEPS AND HOOFS FADING IN)

Hamlet; (FADING IN) Hold, good Horatio!

(HOOFS AND STEPS HALT)

Dan; Horatio? Is that your burro's name, Mister?

Hamlet; It is, lad. Horatio was Hamlet's friend, (QUOTES)
more antique Roman than a Dane.

Huey; That critter's antique all right. () What you
doing in town, Ham?

Hamlet; I heard there was a letter for me at the postoffice.
Now I want to know how much the fare will be for a
youngster between Philadelphia and Skyline.

Huey; 'Round sixty dollars. Why're you askin'?

Hamlet; I got a granddaughter in Philadelphia I want to
send for.

Huey; A granddaughter! I never figured you had any relatives.

Hamlet; I lost track of my family years ago. You know how it
is when you wander around by yourself, sort of living
in a world of your own.

Huey; I reckon so. How'd you find out about the kid?

Hamlet; Her father and mother died and she was sent to the
Quaker orphanage. The Quakers finally located me.

Huey; You sure ought to be able to provide for her.

Hamlet; She won't want. I'm going to quit prospecting.

Huey; Now you're showing sense.

Hamlet; (QUOTES) I am only mad north-northwest. When the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Dan; Mister, I heard Edwin Booth speak that line when he played Hamlet in San Francisco a few months ago.

Hamlet; Lad, I saw his father, Junius Brutus Booth, play the same role once. That makes us kin, don't it?

Dan; (LAUGHS) In a way, it does!

Hamlet; Where are you staying?

Dan; I'm camping with friends in the mountains.

Hamlet; My own camp is on the mountain trail, but close to town. I'll go a piece with you and we'll talk.

Dan; All right.

Hamlet; Come, Horatio!

(HOOFS, STEPS, FADING OUT)

(FADING, QUOTING) To be or not to be, that is the question.

MUSIC: Interlude.

Annrc; As the operator resumed his seat at the telegraph instrument and Dan followed the old prospector out of the depot, the two men on the bench got to their feet and slipped out a side door. From the cover of a tie pile they watched the pair cross the street. One was asking - - -

Shag; 'Frisco, did you hear that talk in there?

Frisco; Every word of it, Shag. That crazy old coot is packing plenty of cash.

Shag; It'll be ours tonight!

Frisco; Now wait! This country's strange and we're not fixed for a fast getaway.

Shag; We won't need to run! That depot feller and kid didn't see our faces, and don't know we overheard them. A couple of forty-five slugs'll keep the old buzzard from talking.

Frisco; That's so. Let's foller along and locate his camp.

Shag; Come on!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; It was dark when Dan rejoined the Lone Ranger and Tonto at their camp. He told of the coming of T. C. Tyler, and his own meeting with Hamlet Jones, then continued - -

Dan; The old man became very friendly. When we reached his camp, he opened that mysterious box for me.

Ranger; What was in it?

Dan; The works of Shakespeare, all wrapped up in batting and oiled silk. They're in old English print.

Ranger; Did you notice the date of publication?

Dan; A copy of the play, Hamlet, was dated 1602. An Othello was printed in 1607.

Ranger; Those books are a real treasure!

Dan; What do you mean?

Ranger; They're first editions. A big library or a rich collector would pay many thousands of dollars for them.

- Dan; Golly, old Hamlet doesn't know that!
- Ranger; Are you sure? He seems to have taken good care of them.
- Dan; That's only because he values what's in them. But he doesn't read them any more. He knows every line by heart.
- Ranger; He's been hunting gold for years, never knowing that he packed something worth a gold mine.
- Dan; He never found more than enough gold to pay for his grubstakes.
- Ranger; What's he going to do about his granddaughter?
- Dan; He plans to sell poor old Horatio and take a job as a swamper in a cafe in order to pay her fare and take care of her.
- Ranger; Dan, you and Tonto saddle your horses.
- Tonto; Where we go?
- Ranger; We'll call on Hamlet Jones.

MUSIC: Interlude

- Annecr; Old Hamlet was hunkered down beside his fire. As he fried flapjacks, he quoted to his burro - -
- Hamlet; (DECLAIMS) There are more things in heaven and earth, Horation, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
- (BURRO BRAYS)
- Hamlet; Well spoken, good Horatio!
- Frisco; (COMING IN) Freeze, you old buzzard!
- Shag; You're covered from both sides.

Hamlet; What do you want?

Frisco; That box there beside you.

Hamlet; There's nothing in it that'll do you any good. I'll show you.

Shag; He's up to some trick! Plug him!

Hamlet; You'll hang if you do! (QUOTES) Murder, though it has no tongue, will speak --

Frisco; You've said enough!

(SHOT)

Hamlet; Horatio, I - (GROANS)

(BODY FALL)

Shag; I got the box, Frisco! What're you after?

Frisco; His pick. We'll need something to open it.

Shag; There's the pick. Now let's get going.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr; It was a few minutes later when the Lone Ranger, Tonto, and Dan trotted their horses down the slope on which the old prospector had made camp.

(HOOF'S)

His fire had died down, but a rising moon made his prostrate body visible. Dan exclaimed --

Dan; There he is! ~~He's~~ sleeping!

Ranger; Without blankets? Pull up.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Dan; (CALLS) Mr. Jones! Hamlet!

Ranger; There's something wrong. (DISMOUNTS)

Tonto; Him shot!

Dan; Is he -- (HESITATES)

Ranger; Yes, Dan. Hamlet has quoted his last line (QUOTES)
The rest is silence! () I'll cover him with his
blanket.

Dan; The box! It's gone!

Ranger; He must have been murdered and robbed by someone
who thought there was money in it.

Dan; Everyone knew and talked about the box.

Tonto; We find tracks of two men. Them head toward railroad!

(BURRO BRAYS)

Ranger; Dan, go back to camp and wait for us.

Dan; I'd better look after old Horatio. He's hobbled.

Ranger; Take him along. Tonto and I will follow these tracks.

Ad lib; (GETAWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; In the meantime, the killers had reached a railroad
sidetrack where a string of empty boxcars stood.
Hoisting themselves inside one of the cars, they
closed the sliding door.

(DOOR SLIDES SHUT)

Frisco; This makes a good place to crack that box.

Shag; It's mighty dark in here, Frisco. Where's that candle stub you carry?

Frisco; I'm lighting it.

(MATCH STRIKES)

Frisco; There! Now we can see.

Shag; Let me swing on the box with this pick.

(POUNING)

Shag; The lock's giving! (EFFORT) There, she's open!

Frisco; Whew! If that's all money in that packing - -

Shag; (CUTS IN) It isn't! We been fleeced!

Frisco; What is that stuff?

Shag; Books! Just books.

Frisco; Why was he toting them around?

Shag; He was plumb loco, that's why.

Frisco; Maybe there's money between the pages.

Shag; There's not a single shinplaster there.

Frisco; It says there that this book was written by a feller name of Shakespeare way back 'round 1600.

Shag; They're so old they're not worth the match it would take to burn them.

Frisco; Let's leave the junk here and go back to the old man's camp.

Shag; What for?

Frisco; He must have had some gold or cash around. We didn't search his carcass for a poke.

Shag; We're too near broke to pass up anything. Come on.

Frisco; Listen! I hear horses!

(HOOFS FADING IN OUTSIDE)

Shag; (Low) Snuff that candle!

Frisco; (Low) It's out!

Ad lib; (WHOA'S) BACK)

(HOOFS HALT BACK)

Shag; There's two of them! I can see them thru this crack!

Frisco; Who are they?

Shag; A masked man and an Injun! Listen!

Ranger; (BACK) Tonto, we've lost their trail!

Tonto; (BACK) Maybe them walk along switch track here on ties. Head for town.

Frisco; (Low) They been follering us!

Ranger; (BACK) It will be next to impossible to find them there.

Tonto; (BACK) Look! Car by depot! Got plenty bright lights.

Ranger; (BACK) That must be Tyler's private car standing on another switch track. Come on, Silver!

Tonto; (BACK) Git tum up, scout!

(HOOF'S BACK, START, FADE)

Shag; They went on toward the depot!

Frisco; Now's our chance to get out!

(DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

Shag; Where'll we go?

Frisco; Back to the old man's camp like we figured to do.

Shag; That's taking a big chance.

Frisco; Not if we're careful. Nobody's got anything on us.

Shag; Right! Come on!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; Meanwhile, the burro had escaped from Dan when he took off the hobble. Frightened by the slaying of its master, it dodged and doubled around the camp. Unable to catch it on horseback, the boy tried to approach it on foot.

(STEPS, HOOFS)

Dan; Here, Horatio! Come on, boy! I won't hurt you.

(BURRO BRAYS, BACK: STEPS HALT)

Dan; All right for you, fellow. I'm giving up.

Annrc; Satisfied that the aged animal was still active enough to shift for itself until later, Dan turned back toward the camp and his horse, Victor.

(STEPS)

Amor; A moment later, the killers who had been watching from the shadows, closed in on him.

Frisco; Keep walking, kid.

Shag; I got a gun on you.

Dan; What do you want?

Frisco; We figure you belong to that masked man's outfit, and we aim to find out who he is.

Dan; You won't find out from me.

Frisco; We'll see about that. Now stop.

(STEPS STOP)

Shag; I'll hold him, Frisco. You go thru the old feller's pockets and gear.

Frisco; I'm looking. () Here's something.

Shag; What's that you found?

Frisco; His poke.

Shag; What's in it?

Frisco; Just a few greenbacks - maybe thirty, forty dollars.

Shag; Even that'll help. See anything else worth taking.

Frisco; Not a thing. What're we going to do with that kid?

Shag; He's seen our faces.

Frisco; That isn't answering my question.

Shag; The answer is this gun!

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: Hamlet Jones, an old prospector, had been murdered and robbed of a mysterious box which the killers thought was filled with money, but actually contained a first-edition set of Shakespeare's plays. Unaware that the books in themselves were worth a fortune, the crooks discarded them in an empty box car. Evading the Lone Ranger and Tonto, who had lost their trail near the private car of T. C. Tyler, a millionaire railroad builder, the killers captured Dan Reid, the masked man's young nephew. They debated the boy's fate - -

Frisco; Don't shoot him, shag!

shag; Why not?

Frisco; I still think we' better find out about that masked feller.

shag; This button is as stubborn as that burro.

Frisco; He'll soften up.

shag; It's not safe to question him here.

Frisco; We don't have to. We'll just take him down to that empty box car where we dumped the books. We'll tie and gag him and leave him there for a while.

shag; That might loosen his tongue.

Frisco; Yeah, he'll be ready to talk after he goes a day or so without eating or drinking.

Dan; You can't get away with it.

Shag; That's what the old prospector said, and look at him now.

Frisco; Get going.

(STEPS)

MUSIC: Interlude

Ann-cr; The killers took Dan to the freight car some distance away from the Lone Ranger and Tonto who had halted their horses in the shadow of the depot. As they looked at Tyler's private car, the masked man said --

Ranger; Tonto, there's only one way in which we can identify the killers and make a case that will stand up in court.

Tonto; How that?

Ranger; We've got to catch them with the books.

Tonto; Maybe them fellers destroy books.

Ranger; It's more likely that they simply threw them aside as being worthless. Tyler's car has given me an idea of how to capture them.

Tonto; What we do?

Ranger; You notify the Sheriff of Hamlet's death, but say nothing about the books. Then return to camp.

Tonto; Me savvy.

Ranger; I'll see you there later.

MUSIC: Interlude

- Abner; T. C. Tyler and his secretary were alone in the office end of his car. Leaning back in a gilt and plush chair, the railroad builder fired orders at his prim bespectacled assistant.
- Tyler; Peeble, wire my taxidermist to be ready to mount that grizzly.
- Peeble; If I may say so, sir, you haven't yet acquired the creature.
- Tyler; If I don't get it, I can always have something else stuffed -- maybe you.
- Peeble; Really sir!
- Tyler; (CHUCKLES) Now going from a bear to a bear market, make a note of this. I want my office to unload twenty thousand shares of Consolidated stock.
- Peeble; (REPEATS) Twenty thousand shares --
- (DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)
- (GASPS) Mercy goodness!
- Tyler; A masked man!
- Ranger; (FADING IN) Steady, men. All I want is a talk with you, Mr. Tyler.
- Tyler; Y-You're not a hold up man?
- Ranger; By no means. Mr. Tyler, I want you to cooperate with me in catching two murderers and recovering a first edition set of Shakespeare's works.
- Tyler; Peeble, make a note of this for my memoirs!

Ranger; This is anything but a joke. The murdered man was an old prospector. He didn't know the value of his books as collector's items. He was poor and left a young granddaughter who's in an orphanage.

Tyler; Hm-m. I believe you are serious.

Ranger; Those books should be worth a great deal to a man like you.

Peeble; He is right, Mr. Tyler. There aren't more than a half dozen sets extant. One set recently sold for fifty thousand dollars.

Tyler; Let's get them! I'll pay all they're worth. Peeble, wire the best detective agency in the country to get busy on the case.

Ranger; We can handle it ourselves, Tyler.

Tyler; How?

Ranger; This is what I want you to do.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annccr; As briefly as possible, the Lone Ranger outlined his plan to trap the killers and recover the priceless books. Tyler listened to the end, then nodded and said:

Tyler; That's a good idea! Count on me to do my part!

Ranger; Glad you agree, Tyler. I'll be back when it's time to spring the trap. Meanwhile, I'll keep in touch with you thru my Indian friend. (FADING) Adios.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSES)

Tyler; Peeble, get the editor of the Skyline paper down here at once.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annor; It was late that night when the great horse Silver bore the masked man back to camp.

(HOOFS)

Tonto ran to meet him as he came to a halt.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS STOPPING)

Tonto; Dan gone, kemo sabay!

Ranger; What happened?

Tonto; Me think fellers who killed old man capture him.

Ranger; Where?

Tonto; At old feller's camp. On way back me pass there, find burro. Trail sign show Dan go away with two men.

Ranger; Didn't you follow the trail?

Tonto; Me follow, but me lose it at railroad same as before.

Ranger; Into the saddle, Tonto! We'll go back there!

Tonto; Me ready! (MOUNTS)

AD LIB: (GET AWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annor; The following morning the Skyline Journal issued an extra. In addition to news of Hamlet Jones' murder and the arrival of T. C. Tlyer, it carried a feature story about T. C.'s art and animal collections, stressing the fabulous sums he had paid or was willing to pay for things he wanted. Frisco read the paper as he and Shag breakfasted at a secluded table in the Red Front Cafe.

(CAFE NOISES)

He commented on the news --

Frisco; Says here the Sheriff figures local crooks pulled the job and got a scad of money.

Shag; Any mention of that masked feller?

Frisco; No, but say - What's the name of that feller who wrote them books?

Shag; Shake or something or other -- Shakespeare - that's it!

Frisco; Jumping Jehosophat!

Shag; What's the matter?

Frisco; There's a piece here that says old T. C.'s willing to pay fifty thousand dollars up for Shakespeare books printed around 1600.

Shag; He must be as locoed as old Hamlet was!

Frisco; Maybe, but I'm going to see him right now.

Shag; I'll take a look at that kid and the books.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; Frisco was soon back in the cafe in a jubilant mood. He had talked to the millionaire, promising to deliver the books within a couple of hours and receiving assurance that he would be paid in case.

(CAFE NOISES)

As he treated the house, Shag lurched thru the bat-wing doors and almost collapsed in a chair at the corner table. Frisco hurriedly joined him.

Frisco; What ails you, shag?

Shag; Plenty! The books are gone! So's the kid!

Frisco; Of all the confounded luck!

Shag; The empty boxcars are all gone, too. A train pulled them away while you were in Tyler's car on the siding.

Frisco; Then we're safe at least.

Shag; Yeah, the kid will die, but we'll never get the books back. A switchman told me the train was going straight thru to St. Louis.

Frisco; And old T. C.'s in his car just waiting to shell out the money. He must have a mint on board.

Shag; Then let's hold him up.

Frisco; He's got too many fellers on the car. Even if we could plug them all, the shooting would be heard all over town, and we'd have a posse on our trails in no time.

Shag; I reckon that's so.

Frisco; But there's another way. We can wreck that car.

Shag; Huh?

Frisco; All we need is a couple of horses and some railroad tools.

Shag; They'll be easy got, but I don't see how --

Frisco; (CUTS IN) Listen! The main track runs down-grade from the depot for about four miles. We'll pull a rail at the foot of it.

Shag; Yeah, but --

Frisco; (CUTS IN) Then we'll start old T. C.'s car a-rolling. It'll smash to flinders.

Shag; How're we going to start it? It stands on flat sidetrack with the hand brakes set.

Frisco; Tonight when everyone's asleep we'll loosen the brakes, tie the doors fast and open the switch. Then we'll roll the car to the grade with crowbars.

Shag; I savvy now! We'll ride down after it and clean the cash from the wreck.

MUSIC: Interlude

Anner; As the crooks laid their plot, the Lone Ranger interrupted the futile search for Dan and sent Tonto to see Tyler. When the Indian returned he brought news that the millionaire expected one of the killers to appear with the books shortly. The masked man's response was grim --

Ranger; Dan's life may depend on capturing that man. We must not fail this time.

Tonto; What you plan to do?

Ranger; All we can do now is watch the car.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr; Meanwhile, the train to which the empty boxcars were coupled had rattled down the long grade.

(TRAIN NOISES)

Unaware of where he was being carried, but glad to escape the killers, Dan lay among the priceless books. Thru the long night hours he had chewed on his gag whenever his aching jaws permitted. At last he was able to spit out the pieces, but the whang leather thongs which bound his arms and legs resisted all his efforts to free himself. As he struggled with his bonds, the train began to slow down.

(TRAIN SLOWS)

Then it came to a jolting stop.

(TRAIN STOPS)

Bringing up his knees, Dan kicked the closed door and shouted - -

(THUDS)

Dan; Help! Help!

(STEPS FADING IN OUTSIDE)

You outside! Help!

(STEPS HALT BACK, DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

Brakeman; Hey bum - (BREAKS) Why you're just a kid! And all tied up!

Dan; Cut these ropes, please!

Brakeman; Soon as I get inside, son. (EFFORT) Now roll over.
There - you're loose.

Dan; Thanks, mister. Are you the brakeman?

Brakeman; Right. And it's a mighty lucky thing we stopped
here for a hot box. Who put you in such a fix?

Dan; Two crooks in Skyline? How far are we from there?

Brakeman; A long walk and your legs must be cramped. We'll
take you where you can get a train back tomorrow.

Dan; I can make better time than that on foot by following
the track. My legs are all right.

Brakeman; Well, you come back to the caboose first. You can
do with some food and water.

Dan; I'll be with you as soon as I pick up these books.

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; It was late that night when the Lone Ranger and Tonto
abandoned their futile watch outside T. C. Tyler's
car and headed their horses back to camp.

(HOOFS)

As they neared it, Tonto asked:

Tonto; Why you think that crook not show up?

Ranger; Either he became suspicious or - (BREAK) Look - coming!

Tonto; That Dan's horse - Victor.

Ranger; Dan's riding him!

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOF'S STOPPING)

Ranger; Dan, what happened?

Dan; Oh golly, it's a long story. I was captured by the men who killed old Hamlet. They locked me in a box car with his books. An engine pulled the cars away, and then the brakeman found me and let me out.

Ranger; But your horse - -

Dan; I was walking back when I met Victor. I guess he must have been trying to follow the train because he knew that I was on it.

Ranger; Dan, you must be tired. You - -

Dan; Wait, there's something you should know. While I was walking along the tracks, I found a place where a rail had been pulled. The train will be wrecked when it gets there.

Ranger; Where is this place, Dan? Take us there at once.

Dan; Come on, I'll show you.

Ad lib; (GIDDAP'S)

(HOOF'S)

MUSIC: Interlude

(HOOF'S)

Tonto; Mine trestle up ahead. It go over tracks.

Dan; It's another mile to the place where the rail's out.

Ranger; Look back toward town!

Tonto; Lights come this way on track.

Dan; I don't see any engine sparks.

Ranger; It's a single car - - - Tyler's car!

Dan; It's running away! It'll be wrecked!

Ranger; You to go on ahead and pile sand on the rails!

Tonto; Where you go?

Ranger; I'm heading for that trestle! Come on, Silver!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; As the Lone Ranger reached the mine trestle, he kicked off his boots and dropped from his saddle without halting Silver. He landed running and dashed to a point directly above the railroad track. There he swung himself over the edge and hung, hands gripping a wooden stringer. Up the grade the free wheeling car gathered speed each second. The yells of the occupants, who had broken out the windows but feared to jump, mingled with the clatter of the wheels.

(YELLS, CAR NOISES FADING IN)

Looking over his shoulder, the masked man measured the distance between the trestle and the fast approaching car, well knowing that the lives of the passengers as well as his own depended on exact timing. On came the car, the bright paint on its flat top glimmering in the moonlight. The Lone Ranger swung himself outward and let loose - - -

Ranger; Now -! (GRUNTS)

(CAR NOISES UP)

Annex; Twisting as he fell, he landed on all fours near the front end of the car. It rocked, rolling him sidewise, but he managed to grasp a ventilator. Then he pivoted on his stomach and slid down to the front platform. He clutched the brake wheel, twisting it savagely -

(SOUND: BRAKES)

Brake blocks took hold, smoking and screeching. But the wheels skidded, letting the car continue its mad rush toward destruction.

Ranger; One more turn! (EFFORT) One more!

Annex; Ahead he could see Dan Reid and Tonto. Then the car hit a stretch of sanded rails. Sparks flew from the wheels as it lost speed. Inches from disaster it came to a grinding stop.

(CAR NOISES STOP)

Whirling the masked man slashed the fastenings on the door. Tyler and his aides tumbled out. The millionaire was shouting:

Tyler; (SHOUTS) Someone tried to wreck us!

Ranger; Put out those lights! Get your guns! Dan, stay back! Tonto, you and I will go back up the track a way.

Tyler; What's the idea, Mister?

Ranger; The outlaws will be here soon!

MUSIC: Interlude

Tonto; (LOW) Horses coming.

(HOOF'S FADING IN)

Ranger; (LOW) Wait 'til they pass, then fire some warning shots.

(HOOF'S UP, FADE BACK A BIT)

Frisco; (FADING BACK) Shag, that car isn't wrecked! Turn back!

(SHOTS)

Ranger; (CALLS) Stop you two! You're surrounded!

Annrc; As the masked man's voice rang out, Tyler and his party advanced from the car with guns blazing.

(SHOTS)

Caught between two fires, the killers wheeled their horses. Shag was yelling -

Shag; (BACK) There's only two fellers back there!

Frisco; (BACK) Charge them! Gidap! Gidap!

(HOOF'S FADING IN)

Annrc; In their desperate attempt to retreat, the outlaws bent low in their saddles and fired in both directions.

(SHOTS)

Then they were almost upon the masked man and the Indian. Shag, in the lead, hurled his empty gun at Tonto. It struck scout's nose.

(HORSE WHINNY'S)

Annex; The paint pony reared, throwing the Indian off his aim and making him a target for Frisco's bullets.

At the same instant the Lone Ranger triggered his right-hand gun --

(SHOTS ↗)

-- Frisco rolled from his saddle, groaning ...

Frisco; (GROANS) I'm shot! Help me, shag!

Shag; I can't!

Ranger; stop or you'll get the same!

Shag; The masked man!

Ranger; Stop I said!

Shag; Whoa! Whoa! Don't shoot, Mister! I give up!

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger; Look after them, Tonto!

(STEPS HOOFS FADING IN AS:)

Tyler; (FADING IN) The masked man and the Indian got them.

Dan; (FADING IN) Whoa, Victor.

(HOOFS STEPS STOP)

Frisco; (GROANS) Oh my shoulder.

Tyler; That's the fellow who said he had the books.

Dan; He and his partner killed Hamlet Jones and captured me.

Tyler; But the books! Where are the books?

Dan; I've got them! Here!

Tyler; Peeble, a light!

(MATCH STRIKES)

Peeble; If I may say so, sir, these are authentic first editions.

Tyler; Then wire my office to set aside a fifty thousand dollar trust fund for the old prospector's granddaughter. That should satisfy the masked man.
() How about it?

Ranger; It does. Now we'll leave the prisoners to you.
(FADING) Come on, Tonto.

Tyler; But wait. Hold on. I want to know more about you!

Ranger; (BACK) Perhaps, some day, we'll meet again.

Peeble; There he goes, sir, and we know absolutely nothing
~~about him~~
about him!

~~Ranger;~~
Tyler; We know ONE thing, Peeble - the Indian told me he is called, the Lone Ranger.

Ranger; (BACK) Hi yo silver, away.

THEME.