

The Lone Ranger -created by Geo. W. Trendle

"Bullets on Boot Hill"

by Ralph Goll

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35

Ranger and Tonto

Epitaph Smith 70-80; Boot Hill gravedigger and epitaph maker; rather childish, but smarter than anyone believes. (Winston Dic. Gazeteer -p. 1457)

Little Bill Troy ... 30; assayer employed at mine; furnishes inside information to gang of hold up men. Eastern. (Winston Dic. p. 1459)

Butch 30; mine boss. Accomplice of Little Bill. Western.

One-eye Barstow 30; leader of gang, Western crook. (Winston Dic. p. 1430)

Dusty 20-25; member of gang. Western

Sheriff Steve Billings.. 25; disabled lawman, Western. (Winston Dic. p. 1432)

Becky Smith 20; granddaughter of Epitaph; engaged to marry Sheriff Billings; Western.

Voice _____ Bit
Voice 2 _____ "
Voice 3 _____ "
Voice 4 _____ "

Billboard -Bullets on Boot Hill

(HOOFS STOPPING AS:)

Ranger; Tonto, I was on Boot Hill a short time before Epitaph Smith, the old grave digger was murdered.

Tonto; Who kill old man like him?

Ranger; I'm under suspicion. Silver's hoofprints were found there.

Tonto; Maybe you better pull off shoes.

Ranger; He'll need them in the hard travel that lies ahead. We'll go back to Boot Hill.

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout.

Ranger; Come on, Silver.

(HOOFS START, FADE AS:)

Annecr; It was a long and dangerous trail back to Boot Hill. Tonto was made a prisoner, and before the Lone Ranger could manage his release from jail, he had to learn why the head boards on the hill had been moved, and for whom old Epitaph Smith had dug a five-foot grave. The answers came when guns blazed in the burial ground of men who had died with their boots on.

Number:

Date:

(USUAL OPENING)

Annrcr; It was late afternoon when the Lone Ranger turned Silver up the side of a flat-topped hill west of the Antler Mountains.

(HOOFS, ROLLING STONES)

Ranger; Watch your step, big fellow. The rocks and sand are loose here!

Annrcr; In the next valley lay Unity, a gold mining town, to which Tonto had gone to get a rifle repaired while the Lone Ranger sought a suitable camping place. As the white stallion gained the hilltop, and sank his hoofs into firmer ground, the masked rider found himself facing an old man whose spade showed that he had been at work among a half dozen nearby holes. Beyond was a long row of mounds, each marked by an upright board. The Lone Ranger drew rein.

Ranger; (AD LIB WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Eph Howdy, Mister! And welcome to Boot Hill!

Ranger; Hello, old timer! You don't seem frightened by my mask.

- Ep; I don't spook easy. (CHUCKLES) Too old to be scared of getting killed. Too poor to be scared of getting robbed.
- Ranger; I'm not an outlaw.
- Ep; Reckon not. (CHUCKLES) Owlhoots don't come here 'til it's time to plant them.
- Ranger; I take it you're the grave digger.
- Ep; That's me, Mister. Ep Smith, Ep being short for Epitaph. Steve Billings, the Sheriff, pays me ten dollars a hole. I furnish those boards you see myself. That's on account I like to whittle rhymes on them.
- Ranger; That's one way for a poet to get his verses before the public.
- Ep; You can't see what's on those headboards from here, but I'll tell you what's on the first one. It goes- (RECITES) "There's nothing much to be said Of Denver Pete, who lies here below. This is the land of the quick and the dead And his draw was a mite too slow."
- Ranger; That says plenty Ep! That's a fitting epitaph for a Boot Hill grave.
- Ep; Thanky mister. I aim to make my graves fit, too.
- Ranger; For whom are those new graves?
- Ep; The varmints who've been robbing the stage. Twice now when it carried gold they've held it up in Piute Pass.
- Ranger; You speak as though they're still at large.

- Ep; So they be, but here's where all crooks end up.
(CHUCKLES) I figure to be ready for them -
specially One-Eye Barstow and the feller who's
tipping off him and his gang.
- Ranger; I've heard of the Barstow gang, but what about the
inside man?
- Ep; I could name him, too, if I was a mind to. (SOTTO)
I heard him talking in a cafe one night when I was
supposed to be sleeping.
- Ranger; Have you told the Sheriff?
- Ep; Nope. He'd only laugh at me. Treats me like a
kid, he does. And I'm the grandpappy of Becky
Smith, the girl he bespoken to marry.
- Ranger; Ep, I know how you feel, but you're making a mistake.
- Ep; I'll tell him, but not 'til I figure out how the
double-crossing polecat gets word about the gold
to the gang.
- Ranger; Perhaps the stage was marked or someone on it
signalled the gang.
- Ep; Steve thought of that. When the second shipment went
out no one was on board but lawmen, and they all got
plugged. Steve Billings, the Sheriff, is still
crippled.
- Ranger; Was there time for anyone to ride into the mountains
ahead of them?

Ep; Nope. What's more, Steve had some friendly Injuns watching the Pass for riders and the hills around here for signals like smoke, lights and looking glass flashes. They didn't see a thing. What do you say to that?

Ranger; Apparently the tip-off man has discovered a new way of sending a message. Who's that coming?

Ep; Becky! She'll be wanting me to go home and I've still got one more grave to finish. Howsomever, it's a small one.

Ranger; Perhaps I'll see you again. Come on, Silver!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; A few hours later all was silent on top of Boot Hill. A full moon cast its eerie light over the unhallowed graves of Unity's bad men, revealing nothing that moved. But on the slope which faced the town, two men climbed steadily.

(STEPS ON GRAVEL)

One was Bill Troy, sometimes called Little Bill. An assayer employed by the Horseshoe Mine, he was conspicuous in a community of husky men for his small stature. His companion was a burly drift boss known as Butch. Dodging around a boulder, Little Bill observed--

Troy; I wish I had a connection at the Sheriff's office like I have at the mine.

Butch; Why so, Bill?

- Troy; It would help protect us, and right now we need all the cover we can get. The mine's offered a reward that'll bring private detectives and bounty hunters swarming into these parts.
- Butch; You think they might find Barstow and his boys?
- Troy; Well, they're known. We're going to warn them to lay low.
- Butch; What's the signal for that?
- Troy; Instead of pulling out three headboards as we did when we wanted the gang to know that gold was going out, we'll pull six.
- Butch; Does Barstow savvy the sign?
- Troy; Of course. He and I worked out a code to cover a lot of things. The first thing every morning, he takes a look at this hill top thru field glasses.
- Butch; Want me to wait up here and put them back?
- Troy; Right. Have them in place again an hour after sunrise. Old Ep never gets up here before that time and nobody else pays any attention to the graves.
- Butch; Here are the three markers we pulled before.
- (STEPS HALT)
- Troy; Start with them.
- Butch; Sure. (EFFORT) Here comes Number One!
- Troy; (LOW) Butch! Something's crawling out of that grave over there!

Butch; (SOTTO) A ghost!

Troy; Easy! It's only old Ep.

(STEPS FADE IN AS:)

Ep; (FADING IN) What you fellers doing?

(STEPS HALT)

Troy; Just taking the air, Ep.

Ep; You -You're that runt from the mine, Little Bill Troy.

Troy; What of it?

Ep; What did you do to that headboard?

Troy; Butch leaned on it, and it fell over. Seems you stayed up here mighty late.

Ep; I got tuckered out and took a nap. Now I better set up that board again.

Butch; What for? Nobody cares about the critter buried here.

Ep; I reckon you're right, but that board at his head - it's got to stand up so my verse can be read!

(CHUCKLES) Hear how that rhymed? I'm good I am, but I can't figure a rhyme for polecat.

Butch; He's dotty, Bill. Let's get out of here.

Ep; Hold on! I can tell from the hole where this board stood that it wasn't pushed over. You varmints pulled it out.

Troy; Suppose we did?

Ep; You sawed-off scalawag! It's just like I suspicioned!
You been tipping off those hold up men!

Troy; You're crazy!

Ep; You came up here to send them a message! I savvy
your ~~system~~ now!

Troy; Then you savvy too much!

Ep; Don't you pull a gun on me!

Butch; Watch out for his spade!

(SHOTS BODY FALL)

Butch; You got him'

Ep; (GROANS) Bill Troy - your grave - is dug! ~~XOXXXX~~
(GASPS) (DIES)

Troy; He's finished, but I can't see what put him onto us.

Butch; Maybe he spilled something to the Sheriff.

Troy; No, I saw Billings today. He was friendly as ever,
and he's not the sort who can hide his feelings.

Butch; That shooting was bound to be heard. We got to vamoose.

Troy; Not 'til we cover our tracks. My shoe prints are a
dead give-away.

Butch; Here's some brush. I'll drag it around.

Troy; Make a good job of it. I'm putting the marker back.

(BRUSHING NOISES)

Butch; Bill, here's some fresh hoof prints.

Troy; Hoof prints?

Butch; Someone was here before us.

Troy; Leave them alone! I have an idea!

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; The killers were back in Unity when, as they had anticipated, a citizen traced the shots to Boot Hill and discovered Ep's body. Joining a rush to the scene, they made sure that the hoofprints came to everyone's attention and remained there. A lantern appeared, and with its aid, Little Bill made a show of using his science to read sign, taking measurements where the prints were well defined, drawing sketches and examining scratched stones. Meanwhile, Sheriff Billings, his wound still unhealed, had managed to get to the jail office where other townsmen were gathered.

(CROWD NOISES)

In the crowd was Tonto, who had been delayed in town by the slow work of a gunsmith. As the Indian watched and listened, a young woman burst thru into an open space where the Sheriff stood using a Ballard buffalo rifle to support himself. She was sobbing -

Becky; (SOBS) Steve! Steve! Is it tru about Granpa Ep?

Sheriff; Becky, darling, I'm afraid it is.

Becky; Why would anyone do that to a harmless old man?

Sheriff; I don't know. I should be up on the hill findout out right now, but I can't walk or ride that far. Who's got a buckboard?

Voice; Take it easy, Sheriff. I just came from there. Little Bill Troy's reading the sign and doing a mighty good job.

Sheriff; But it's my duty -

Becky; No, Steve. You hadn't ought to be out of bed, even.

Sheriff; Becky, what was your granpa doing on Boot Hill at night?

Becky; I was up there just before dark. He was digging graves and wouldn't come home with me. If I'd only -(SOBS)

Sheriff; Don't Becky! It wasn't your fault. He had no call to be digging graves.

Becky; Just as I got to the hill top a tall man on a white horse rode down the other side. It looked like he was wearing a mask.

Sheriff; A mask!

Becky; I asked Granpa about him, but he just acted mysterious. He was so childish.

Sheriff; You must have seen the killer. He must have come back!

Troy; (BACK) Let me thru, boys.

Voice; Here's Little Bill now.

Sheriff; Find anything, Bill?

Troy; You bet we did! Some hoofprints that'll let us identify the killer's horse.

Sheriff; Get mounted, fellers! Take the trail!

- Troy; Wait 'til I show you something. See here!
- Sheriff; That's just a rock.
- Troy; Look at that scratch. A shoe on the killer's horse made that. Now look closer and you'll see some bright specks here.
- Sheriff; H-m-m.
- Troy; Those are particles of silver!
- Sheriff; They can't be. This isn't ore rock.
- Troy; They're silver just the same! I stopped and tested them in my office.
- Sheriff; That means -
- Troy; (CUTS IN) The killer rides a horse with silver shoes! Come on, boys! Let's get him!
- Ad lib; (EXCITEMENT)
- MUSIC: Interlude
- Annrcr; As the posse swarmed out of the jail and mounted, Tonto raced from the town. Knowing that the Lone Ranger would camp close to water, if possible, he followed a creek, cut his trail, and soon found him. Hurriedly he told of the murder and explained the danger. The masked man, who had been saddling Silver as he listened, jerked a girth tight and said - -
- Ranger; Disguise my face so I can remove my mask if I need to. We'll talk as you work.
- Tonto; Me got stains ready now. Maybe you better pull Silver's shoes, too.

Ranger; He couldn't travel without them in this country.

Tonto; You leave clear trail. Easy to follow in moonlight.

Ranger; A storm's coming up. The moon will soon be clouded over.

Tonto; Me finish with face. What we do now?

Ranger; You're not suspected, so we'll separate and try to meet in town.

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Tonto; Posse coming now!

Ranger; You head for that woods! I'll draw them off!

Ad lib; (GET AWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude

(HOOFS)

Annrc; As the Lone Ranger and Tonto parted the moon disappeared behind a thunderhead. Thru a trick of fading light and gathering shadows the great white stallion and his masked rider vanished instead of diverting the posse's attention from Tonto and Scout, who remained for a moment clearly visible.

Troy; (BACK) There he goes! Plug him!

Ad lib; (GIDDAP'S BACK)

(SHOTS)

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout! Them fellers plenty close.

Troy; (BACK) He's heading for that timber!

Butch; (BACK) Use your rifles on him!

Tonto; Gittum up, scout! We soon be safe!

Annrc; As Scout crashed into the underbrush fringing the timber, one of the possemen opened up with a Winchester. Bullets clipped off leaves and twigs around the paint's legs and ricocheted from trees.

(SHOTS, RICOCHETS)

Hoping to throw the rifleman off his aim, Tonto turned in his saddle and aimed over his pursuer's heads and fired.

(SHOTS)

At the same instant a forty-four slug from the Winchester burned Scout's flank.

(NEIGHS)

Squealing with pain and anger, the horse swerved under a tree with low-hanging branches which were all but obscured in the deeper darkness of the woods. A limb caught the side of the Indian's head with a stunning impact. Hurlled from his saddle he fell at the foot of the tree. Seconds later the possemen were upon him.

Ad lib; (WHOA 'S)

(HOOF'S HALT)

Troy; We got him, boys!

Voice; Nice shooting!

Troy; Take a look at him, Butch.

Butch; ((DISMOUNTS) Sure. () Hey - it's an Injun!

Troy; An Indian? Dead?

Butch; Just knocked out. Likely by a limb.

Voice; There's his horse.

(NICKERS)

Here boy. Steady, boy.

Voice 2; What're we going to do with the redskin?

Troy; Stretch his neck, of course.

Butch; I've got a rope and this tree is right handy.

Troy; Then hoist him on his cayuse.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; 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)

Annrc; Now to continue our story. Epitaph Smith, the aged caretaker of Boot Hill had been murdered after telling the Lone Ranger about a mysterious gang of stage robbers. The masked man was suspected of the crime. Tonto warned him of his danger and the two separated. A short time later the Indian was captured by a posse led by Little Bill Troy, the actual killer and inside man in the stage hold-ups.

-MORE-

- Annex; (CONTINUED-) Although Tonto was unconscious from a collision with a tree, Little Bill proposed to hang him on the spot. Then one of the possemen shouted--
- Voice; Hold on, Bill. The Injun's horse isn't shod with silver.
- Voice 2; Bill, either you gave us a wrong steer or we got the wrong man.
- Troy; This Indian must be a confederate of the man with the silver-shod horse.
- Butch; Likely the two camped together and the other'n gave us the slip.
- Voice 2; Maybe so, but we're taking him to town where the Sheriff can question him.
- Butch; How about it, Bill?
- Troy; You heard the boys!

MUSIC: Interlude

- Annex; Early the next morning, the Lone Ranger, unaware of Tonto's capture, dismounted in a thicket on the western edge of Unity. After making sure of his disguise by looking in the bottom of a tin cup, he pocketed his mask together with a spare horseshoe. To Silver he gave a farewell pat.
- Ranger; Stay here, big fellow. Don't show yourself.

(NICKERS)

Annex; Then making his way to Main Street, he joined the crowd in the one open business place -- a restaurant.

(CAFE NOISES)

Most of the men at the counter and tables had ridden in the posse, but none gave him more than a weary glance, seeing only a dark-skinned, dusty stranger. Little Bill, perched on a stool too tall for his legs was saying--

Troy; Butch, we might as well have swung that Indian. He'll never come to.

Butch; Not unless the Sheriff finds a sawbones for him.

Troy; He won't. The town doctor's fifty miles away on a call. The mine doctor won't leave his job to treat a redskin.

Butch; I thought he was playing possum.

Troy; So did I til I stuck a blanket pin into his hide. (CHUCKLES) He never budged.

Butch; When's the posse going out again?

Troy; As soon as we eat and get fresh horses. We'll go back where we flushed the Indian and see if there are two trails.

Voice 2; (LITTLE BACK) Hey, you standing at the end of the counter. Want anything?

Ranger; (MEXICAN DIALECT) No, Senor. (FADING BACK) Gracias! Mille gracias!

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr; Tonto lay onthe floor in the jail office. Kneeling beside him, Becky held a cold compress to his head while Sheriff Billings and several citizens looked on. The disabled lawman smiled wryly.

Sheriff; I sure don't savvy women, Becky. You're tending that critter same as you do me.

Becky; Be fair, Steve. I can't just let him lie there and die.

Sheriff; I may have to hang him if he lives.

Becky; He may be innocent. He's not the ~~red~~ man I saw on the hill.

Sheriff; His pony's shoes aren't silver, either. It don't make sense.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Now what?

(STEPS COMING IN)

Ranger; (FADING IN) You are the Senor Sheriff, si?

(STEPS HALT)

Sheriff; Sure. What do you want?

Ranger; I have heard that my friend - (BREAKS) Ojala! There he is! Mio amigo!

Becky; Stay back, please! He's badly hurt.

Sheriff; See here, Mexican! What do you know about that redskin?

Ranger; He is Tonto - bueno amigo! Bueno India!

Sheriff; A good indian, you say. Well, before I believe that, you've got to do some explaining.

Ranger; Most glady, senior! Tonto and I look for outlaws. Hunting bandidos is with us what you call a business. You sabe?

Sheriff; I reckon you mean you're professional bounty hunters.

Ranger; Now will the senior tell me what happened to my friend?

Sheriff; He hurt himself while my boys were chasing him. They mistook him for a masked feller with a silver-shod horse. That feller's a killer, and it looks like your pardner was mixed up with him somehow.

Ranger; Is true Tonto knew about that masked one. I know, too.

Sheriff; Oh, you do!

Ranger; Tonto knows where he was. I know where he will be.

Sheriff; Then spill it, pronto!

Ranger; You take me for one big fool, senior! I will say nothing 'til we make the deal.

Sheriff; What kind of deal?

Ranger; I will find the masked one for you if you will let me take my friend.

Sheriff; You can't run a bluff on me! You're just trying to talk the Injun out of jail.

Ranger; Here is something that will show you I have been where the masked man was. Look!

Sheriff; What kind of deal?

Becky; A silver horseshoe!

Ranger; Now you are satisfied, si?

Sheriff; I still think it's a trick.

Becky; Please, Steve! Take him up on his bargain.

Voice 4; That's what I say. You've got nothing to lose but
an Injun' who's good as dead.

Sheriff; Mexican, you win. The Injun's pony is outside.

Ranger; Now I will take my friend. You will hear from me
manana.

MUSIC: Interlude

(HOOFS, STEPS)

Annrc; As the Lone Ranger left town, walking at Scout's
side with Tonto draped over the saddle, the Indian
suddenly opened his eyes and turned his head.

Tonto; Kemo sabay, me all right.

Ranger; Tonto, I thought - (BREAK)

Tonto; Me all over bump on head. Me play possum ever since
Little Bill try to hang me.

Ranger; It was the thing to do, but you even fooled me.
I - () Wait! Don't move!

Tonto; What matter?

Ranger; The Sheriff is having us shadowed?

Tonto; What we do?

Ranger; The first thing is to pick up silver.

Tonto; Me put you in plenty bad fix.

Ranger; I thought I was bargaining for your life and had no time to spare

Tonto; Maybe you get killed if you surrender like you promise.

Ranger; I have another day in which to clear myself.

Tonto; Maybe you fail.

Ranger; Then I'll still keep my word.

MUSIC: Interlude

(HOOFS)

Annecr; A few minutes later the Lone Ranger and Tonto were again in the saddle and riding hard. Bursting from the thicket where Silver had been concealed, they surprised and shook off the Sheriff's shadow. They took a roundabout course to the Boot Hill cemetery. There they drew rein.

(HOOFS HALT AS:)

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

Tonto; Why we come here?

Ranger; I want another look at some graves old Ep was digging for outlaws when I talked to him. (DISMOUNTS) Come on.

(STEPS ON GRAVEL)

Tonto; (GRUNTS) Me not savvy how looking at holes help you.

Ranger; Ep boasted of making his graves fit and mentioned a small one.

Tonto; There small grave.

(STEPS HALT)

Ranger; It's barely five feet long.

Tonto; Who you think him dig this grave for?

Ranger; The tip-off man. None of the regular members of the Barstow gang is known to be small.

Tonto; Bill Troy only little man around. Him work for mine, too.

Ranger; Ep practically wrote Troy's name here when he dug that grave.

(STEPS)

Tonto; Maybe him kill old feller.

Ranger; We can't prove it.

Tonto; Over there me see spade.

Ranger; Yes. That must be where Ep fell.

(STEPS HALT)

Tonto, look at those head boards! Three of them have been pulled out and replaced.

Tonto; Um. That right. Bottoms rotted. Show them been deeper in ground one time.

Ranger; Ep had no reason to dusturb them.

Tonto; Why anyone pull out grave marker?

- Ranger; They could have been used to alert the gang when the gold left.
- Tonto; (GRUNTS)
- Ranger; Pulled and laid flat, they could easily be seen thru field glasses from the Antler Mountains.
- Tonto; That plenty smart trick.
- Ranger; I should have thought of it before. Anything which makes a row is a good means of signalling. Spies and crooks have often arranged clothes on a line, fence pickets and shocks of grain to send messages.
- Tonto; What we do now?
- Ranger; Tonto, we may be able to trap the whole gang. First, let's pull out the three boards.

MUSIC: Interlude

- Annrc; The next morning Sheriff Billings, Becky and Little Bill bent over a letter which lay on a table in the jail office. Little Bill scowled and asked--
- Troy; Where did this thing come from?
- Sheriff; It was stuck under the door last night. It's from the Mexican.
- Troy; He says he wants a posse at this end of Piute Pass at sundown. That's about the time the stage gets into the pass.
- Sheriff; Looks like the masked man aims to hold it up. Maybe he's Barstow! Maybe we can corral the whole gang.
- Troy; H-m-m.

Sheriff; There won't be any gold on the stage, but I'll delay it so it won't be in the way. This letter says for us to move in as soon as we hear shooting.

Becky; Steve, you're not figuring on going along, are you?

Sheriff; I've got to be there even if I can't do much except stop a lynching. I'll go in a buckboard.

Becky; Then I'll drive you'

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; As the sun dropped behind the peaks of the Antlers, the posse reached the mouth of the pass and drew rein.

(HOOFS STOPPING AS:)

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

Anncr; Little Bill and Butch who had been riding a short distance apart from the other horsemen and buckboard which carried Becky and the disabled Sheriff, brought field glasses into play. After a moment, Little Bill turned his glasses back on distant Boot Hill -

Troy; I wonder how well those markers can be seen from here.

Butch; Don't look too long. The Sheriff's watching us.

Troy; Butch, something's wrong!

Butch; Wrong with what?

Troy; The markers! Three of them are down!

Butch; Them the boys must be in the pass waiting for the stage!

Troy; Somebody's tricked us! We've got to warn them!

Ad lib; (GIDDAP'S)

(HOOFS)

Troy; (CALLS) Sheriff, Butch and I are going to scout around.

Sheriff; (BACK, CALLS) Go ahead!

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr; Meanwhile, the Lone Ranger and Tonto had posted themselves in a sheltered position well up the pass. The Indian's face, usually expressionless, bore an anxious look. He was saying.

Tonto; Kemo Sabay, it not look like outlaws show up.

Ranger; We'll wait a while longer. Then I'll call in the posse and give myself up. () Listen!

(HOOFS FADING IN AT WALK)

Tonto; (LOW) Them come now. One of fellers in lead, got eye out.

Ranger; (LOW) That's Barstow! Maybe we can hear what he's saying.

One-eye; (BACK, FADING IN A LITTLE) I tell you it was the regular sign. Three boards down.

Voice; (BACK) It don't make sense for the mine to be sending out another shipment so soon. It must be a trick.

Voice 2; (BACK) Maybe Little Bill has blabbed.

One-eye; (BACK, FADING A LITTLE) We'll dismount and take to the rocks. If it don't look right, we'll lay off.

(HOOFS FADING OUT)

Tonto; (LOW) Crooks stopping now!

Ranger; (LOW) They're hiding their horses. One man's staying with them.

Tonto; (LOW) What we do?

Ranger; (LOW) Stampede the horses!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; Slowly worming their way along the side of the pass, the Lone Ranger and Tonto gained the top of a boulder a few feet above the horse-holder's head. In the meantime, the other outlaws had disappeared into seaparate hiding places. At a sign from the masked man, both he and the Indian leaped. The impact of the Lone Ranger's body on the horse-holder's shoulders hurled him to the ground where he lay gasping for breath, ~~unable~~ unable to reach his gun before he was disarmed. At the same time, Tonto had landed in front of the horses, waving his shirt in one hand, firing into the air with the other -- and yelling -

(SHOTS, YELLS)

snorting with terror, the animals bolted back up the pass.

(HOOFS FADING OUT)

From below, One-Eye Barstow roared--

One-eye; (BACK, CALLS) Our horses are getting away! Come on!

Ranger; (CALLS) Stand still! Drop your guns!

Tonto; (CALLS) Posse come from other way! You fellers in trap!

(SHOTS)

One-eye; (BACK) There's only two of them!

Voice; (BACK) We can get them!

(SHOTS, RICOCHETS)

Ranger; Keep them down, Tonto!

(SHOTS)

Voice; (BACK) I'm hit! (GROANS) Oh my shoulder!

Annrc; Outnumbered four to one, the Lone Ranger and Tonto were unable to prevent two of the desperadoes from reaching a pile of rocks above them. The maneuver exposed them to direct fire. Still the posse did not appear.

Tonto; It get plenty bad here.

Ranger; We'll have to fall back!

Annrc; Then, from down the pass came the clatter of hoofs. Holding his own fire for a moment, the masked man shouted to the outlaw leader--

(HOOF'S FADING IN)

Ranger; Barstow, the posse's coming! Give up while you can!

Tonto; That Little Bill and pardner!

(HOOF'S HALT, BACK)

Troy; (BACK) One-Eye, where are you?

One-eye; (BACK) Here, you double crossers! Get them, boys!

(SHOTS)

Ranger; The gang shot Little Bill and Butch!

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Tonto; Here come Sheriff and posse.

(SHOTS)

Ranger; Barstow, this is your last chance.

One-eye; (BACK) We give up.

Anncr; As Tonto marched out the horse holder and the other outlaws emerged from the rocks covered by the Lone Ranger's guns, the possemen pulled up with the Sheriff's buckboard in their midst.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

Becky; (AD LIB WHOA'S)

(HOOFS, WHEELS STOP)

Ranger; Sheriff, here's the Barstow gang.

Becky; It's the masked man!

Sheriff; He and the Indian have got One-Eye and his whole bunch corraled.

Becky; Steve, Little Bill and Butch have been shot!

Ranger; They'll live to hang.

Butch; (GROANS) I won't hang for Bill Troy. He killed old Ep. Then the gang plugged us.

One-eye; Sure we did, you varmints. You crossed us up with that Boot Hill signal.

Sheriff; I don't savvy any of this.

Ranger; You've got the outlaws talking. They can explain later.

Sheriff; But it was you and your silver-shod horse that we came looking for. A Mexican told me --

Ranger; (CUTS IN) Si, si, senor, Sheriff. He said you would find me here.

Sheriff; YOU! You're the same man!

Becky; Wait, mister! You've got a big reward coming.

Ranger; It was Epitaph Smith who put us on the trail of the outlaws. He was wiser than you knew. (FADING BACK) Let the money go to his heirs.

Sheriff; Becky, who do you suppose that masked man is?

Becky; The Indian told me a bit ago. He's the Lone Ranger.

Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, Away!

MUSIC: Theme.