

THE LONE RANGER
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Masked Lady - Coll.

Number 2641-1866

Date Dec 21, 1949

Striper

Ranger and Tonto
Clair Traynor.....25. Concert singer.
Biddy.....50. Irish maid.
Curly Red.....30. Train robber. Tough.
Waco30. crook.
Shell..... same.
Doctor...bit
Conductor..bit
Capt. of r.r. police...bit.
Voice bit.

3 - see
13 - see
18 -
26

MASKED LADY

BILLBOARD

HOOFS COMING TO HALT AS -

Ranger; Tonto, a young woman known as the masked lady is ~~singing~~ singing in the Nugget Dance Hall.

Tonto; Her wear mask like you?

Ranger; Yes. I think she's a former concert singer who was wounded in the face by Curly Red - the crook we've been trailing.

Tonto; Her go 'way with Curly Red and gang this morning.

Ranger; You're sure of that?

Tonto; Me sure!

Ranger; We've got to follow them. The masked lady is in danger! Come on, Silver.

Tonto; Gittum up Scout.

HOOFS

Annex; Yes, the Masked Lady WAS in danger. So, too, was every man, woman and child who rode the train to Gold Crest. The Lone Ranger himself faced death as he fought with a desperate gang of outlaws on a falling railroad trestle. Be sure to - - etc.

The Lone Ranger

"The Masked Lady."

Number: 2641-1866

Date: December 21, 1949

(USUAL DINING)

Annex; A group of wealthy ranchers, who were on their way home from a cattlemens' convention in Chicago, filled the rear seats of the Denver-bound train.

(TRAIN RUNNING UNDER:)

The only other passengers were two women. They sat well ahead of the boisterous Westerners. One, the young and lovely Clare Trainer, was a concert singer scheduled to appear at the Denver Opera House at the opening of the season. With her was her maid. Clare had her eyes fixed on the sparks which streamed by the window as she said - -

Clare; Biddy, we're in Colorado now.

Biddy; Sure and it's none too soon, darling.

(FOUR WHISTLE BLASTS)

Clare; It blew four times. The conductor says that's a warning that there's something on the track ahead.

(TRAIN SLOWING -BRAKES SQUEALING)

Biddy; 'Tis a sin how those ugly buffalo beasts stop the train.

Clare; It's a greater sin to shoot them from the windows the way those cattlemen have been doing.

(TRAIN STOPS, DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

(RUNNING STEPS FADING IN)

Conductor; (FADING IN) The train's being robbed!

Ad lib; (EXCITEMENT)

(STEPS STOP)

Conductor; Three masked men just boarded the car ahead!

Biddy; Saint Christopher preserve us!

Voice; (A LITTLE BACK) Get out your guns, boys! We'll show those owlhoots!

Conductor; Easy, men! Don't forget there are women here!

(DOOR OPENS)

Clare; (LOW) There they are! Stay down, Boddy!

Curly; (BACK) Up with your hands, all of you!

Waco; (BACK) Careful, Boss. They've all hit the floor!

(DOOR CLOSES, STEPS FADING IN)

Curly; (FADING IN) Get up and reach, you critters!

(SHOTS, STEPS STOP)

Curly; (CALLS) We mean business!

(SHOTS)

Shell; There's a feller down the aisle shooting back!

Biddy; (SCREAMS) You spalpeens! Stop it!

Shell; Look, Boss! Women!

Waco; Grab the gal for a shield! I'll cover you!

(SHOTS)

Curly; I've got her! (EFFORT) Come on, you!

Conductor; (BACK) Hold your fire, everybody!

Clare; (SCREAMS) Help me, Biddy!

Biddy; 'Tis helping I am! (EFFORT) Let go of her, you blackguard!

~~Curly; They're clawing me! They'll get my mask off!~~

~~Biddy; Let's see the looks of your face!~~

Curly; Why you - (EFFORT) I'll shoot you both!

(SHOTS)

Clare; (GASPS) Biddy, I - I'm shot!

Conductor; He shot the girl! Let them have it!

(SHOTS)

Shell; Boss, we're in for it!

Curly; Shoot out the lights! Get the door open!

(STEPS, SHOTS, FADING BACK)

Waco; (BACK) Come on, fellers! Jump and run!

Conductor; Follow them, men!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; While the infuriated trainmen and passengers pursued the outlaws, only to find they had mounted waiting horses and were beyond gunshot, Biddy discovered that her mistress was still alive. Wounded in the upper part of the face, Clare had been the only casualty of the raid.

Annex; (CONTINUED) A few hours later she was in a hospital and an account of the hold-up had been printed in a Denver newspaper. A copy of the paper reached the Lone Ranger the next day, for he was camped in the nearby hills and Tonto had been in town. Reading the story quickly, the masked man observed - -

Ranger; Tonto, it's too bad about Miss Trainer.

Tonto; Paper says her soon get well.

Ranger; She was shot in the face. A beautiful and talented woman might consider such a mutilation worse than death.

Tonto; That so.

Ranger; Did you hear any news more recent than what was printed?

Tonto; Me hear posse get close to crooks before them lose trail. Crooks leave pack horses behind.

Ranger; How did the bandits escape?

Tonto; Them fellers ride in Kiowa Creek. Water cover trail.

Ranger; If they were so hard pressed, they probably went north toward the juncture of the Creek and Platte River.

Tonto; That way they make better time. Have current with them.

Ranger; Get mounted! Steady, Silver! (MOUNTING)

Tonto; Where we go?

Ranger; To the Platte. From there we'll work back along the creek toward the scene of the hold-up.

Ad lib; (GET AWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr; It was a difficult search which the masked man and Indian had undertaken. Days passed into weeks as they combed the broken country along the creek without finding any trace of the outlaws. Meanwhile, Clare Trainer had received the care of a former Army surgeon who was widely noted for his successful treatment of gunshot wounds. She endured her lot patiently and finally a morning came when Biddy brought her street clothes into her room. Peering at her faithful maid through the bandages which still swathed her face, Clare smiled - -

Clare; Biddy, the doctor hasn't been in yet. Maybe - -

Biddy; (CUTS IN) 'Tis today he promised to take off those bandages. He'd better do it, or he'll be a-wearing of some himself.

Clare; He's been wonderful. I don't feel as though I'd ever been wounded.

Biddy; The curse of Cain be on those outlaws' heads for hurting you.

Clare; Are the police still looking for them?

Biddy; They don't know where to look, 'nor whom to look for.

Clare; I'd know the bandit leader if I ever heard his voice again.

Biddy; 'Tis a fine ear you have for voices, I know.

Clare; If we had only seen his face - -

Biddy; One thing there was I did see. The villain's hair was red and curly.

Clare; Did you tell the officers?

Biddy; Not till this minute did I remember it.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Doctor; (FADING IN) Good morning, ladies.

Biddy; 'Tis the doctor with his scissors!

Clare; Then you're really going to let me go!

Doctor; Yes, Miss Trainer. Just relax and I'll have those bandages off in a jiffy.

(SCISSORS CUTTING CLOTH)

Clare; Please, hurry!

Doctor; There you are.

Clare; Biddy, get my mirror!

Biddy; Sure and I've got it for you now, darling - (GASPS) Oh!

Clare; What is it?

(GLASS BREAKS)

Biddy; I broke the mirror! 'Tis seven years of bad luck I'll be having!

Clare; You didn't want me to see myself!

Doctor; Miss Trainer, there will be a scar. It would be better if you saw it while I'm here.

Biddy; My poor darling!

Doctor; Here's a piece of the mirror big enough to serve the purpose. Take it, and be brave.

Clare; I'm not afraid. I - (PAUSE) Oh - no - no! Not that!

Doctor; I did my best.

Clare; This is the end of my career! I can never face an audience looking like this!

Doctor; But you're a singer. You still have your voice.

Clare; People wouldn't hear my voice! They'd only see my face! I won't be stared at! I won't be pitied!

Doctor; Now, now, Miss Trainer -

Clare; I'll never show my face to anyone again! I won't even look at it myself!

Doctor; There's just a chance - -(HESITATES)

Clare; A chance that it will disappear? No, Doctor, don't offer me that false hope.

Doctor; It isn't a false hope, though it may be slight. Wait and see.

Clare; From now on, I have just one purpose. I'm going to find the man who shot me!

Doctor; That's the spirit. (FADING) Now I must see another patient.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES)

Clare; Bidy, put these clothes back in my wardrobe, and bring me that red velvet gown and those red slippers with the silver heels.

Biddy; Sure and I will, darling.

Clare; Then go out and get me a black domino mask and a derringer pistol.

Biddy; My soul! A mask and a pistol!

Clare; We're going to find the man who did this to me!

Biddy; Then with you I am. But how will we do it?

Clare; I'm going to sing in dancehalls and variety theatres. I'll be the masked lady of the cattle towns and mining camps. And where ever we go, we'll watch and listen!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annor; As the young singer embarked on her career of vengeance, the man she sought squatted on a box in a trapper's shack less than a hundred miles away. He was Curly Red Higgins, a Wyoming bad man. With him were the others who had taken part in the hold up. Curly Red ran a hand through his hair as he said -

Curly; Fellers, we can't hide out here any longer. We're short of chuck.

Waco; Think it's safe to go back to Denver now? The chase must be over.

Curly; Waco, you and Shell and the others can go anywhere. You're not known like me.

Shell; Nobody saw any of our faces on the train. Those crazy women didn't get your mask off.

Curly; No, but somebody might have seen my hair.

Waco; The West is full of redheads.

Curly; There's only one Curly Red riding the owlhoot trail, that I know about and the law knows about. That's me. No matter what I call myself, people start calling me Curly Red.

Shell; (CHUCKLES) The gals, too. You always cut a figure in the dancehalls.

Waco; Even if you got arrested on account of your hair, that wouldn't convict you of the hold up.

Curly; I'd never get to court. Shooting a woman is a ticket to the nearest hangman's tree.

Shell; Then you'd better do something about your hair before we move on.

Curly; I sure hate to do it, but - oh well, look in my saddlebags for horse clippers and some of that stuff we used to change the looks of our nags.

Shell; Sure, Boss.

Curly; Waco, I want you to cut my hair so no curls show below my hat. Then dye it black.

Waco; That'll be plenty easy, but where are we heading?

Curly; For the mining camps where I'm not known. There we can pick up some easy money.

MUSIC: Interlude

Anner; Less than two hours after the outlaws had abandoned the cabin, the Lone Ranger and Tonto stood at its open door. The Indian was saying - -

Tonto; Plenty fresh horse sign here.

Ranger; The place may have been occupied by hunters. Let's have a look inside.

(STEPS ON BOARDS)

Tonto; Dirt all over floor except by box here.

(STEPS STOP)

Ranger; Something was brushed into the fireplace to burn, probably with a bandana. Here's a piece of it.

Tonto; Look at hole in it. That not burned!

Ranger; No, it was cut. It's the eye-hole in a mask.

Tonto; That mean train robbers been here!

Ranger; Tonto, there's something under your moccasin. It looks like a tuft of hair.

Tonto; That hair all right. Man's hair,

Ranger; So that's what was brushed away from the box! Someone had his hair cut?

Tonto; That hair plenty red; plenty curly.

Ranger; H-m-m. I've heard of a crook with hair like that. He's called Curly Red. Come on!

(STEPS ON BOARDS, HORSE NICKERS, STEPS STOP)

Ranger; It's snowing!

Tonto; Sky full of snow.

Ranger; Into the saddle! Steady, Silver! (MOUNTS) We may still have time to catch them!

Ad lib; (GET AWAY)

MUSIC: Interlude

(HOOPS IN SNOW)

Annrcr; The masked man and Indian rode furiously. But even the best efforts of their gallant horses failed to keep pace with the storm. In a matter of minutes, the clear trail of the outlaws was buried under a white shroud. Caught by the down-drafts of the mountains, the snow engulfed the two riders in blinding swirls. Unable to see beyond Silver's nose, the Lone Ranger called a halt.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

Ranger; It's useless to go on, Tonto. We might get snowed in for the winter.

Tonto; Them crooks plenty lucky.

Ranger; That remains to be seen.

Tonto; What we do now?

Ranger; We'll turn our evidence over to the law, and move south into the Indian country. There has been talk of trouble there.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; As a dancehall entertainer, Clare Trainer was an instant success, her rask and clear, sweet voice making her both mysterious and charming. From Deadwood to Tombstone men began to speculate about her identity. A famous frontier marshal taught her how to shoot, and how to carry a derringer in her sleeve and shake it into firing position with one swift motion. --MORE--

Annex; -CONTINUED- She saw crooks by the hundreds and listened to their voices, but none had the same vicious tone that she remembered. Never remaining long in one place, Clare and Biddy eventually arrived in ~~the~~ Gold Crest for engagement at the Nugget Dancehall. As Clare dressed for her evening appearance, Biddy made bold to ask -

Biddy; Darling, won't you be taking a bit of a peek at your face now? It has been a long time and the Doctor said -

Clare; (CUTS IN) Never speak of that again, Biddy!

Biddy; 'Tis sorry, I am.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; It was that night when Tonto returned to the camp of the Lone Ranger in the nearby mountains. He told about the arrival of the masked lady and her maid in Gold Crest. The masked man mused - -

Ranger; I've heard a lot about her lately.

Tonto; Why you think her wear mask like you?

Ranger; It could be a theatrical device - or - Tonto - - are you sure her maid is Irish?

Tonto; (CHUCKLES) Her plenty Irish.

Ranger; As I remember, that newspaper story about the Denver train hold up. There was an Irish maid who tried to protect Miss Trainer, the concert singer. And Miss Trainer was wounded in the face.

Tonto; Maybe that explain who masked lady is and why her cover face.

Ranger; It doesn't explain why she should endure the hardships of mining camps and sing in honky-tonks.

Tonto; That Nugget place plenty bad. Me look it over. See worst crooks in West there.

Ranger; Is that so?

Tonto; Me look for Curly Red. Not see anyone with hair like his.

Ranger; He probably dyed it as soon as he could after getting that hair cut in the shack. Get ready to ride.

Tonto; Where we go?

Ranger; // To town. I want you to send a telegram to Denver asking whether a complete description of Curly Red is now available.

Get copy of travelled from some office

Tonto; Me savvy.

Ranger; While you're doing that, I'll scout around the dancehall. I want to hear the masked lady sing.

(HORSE NICKERS)

Ad lib; (MOUNTING, GET AWAY)

(HOOFS)

MUSIC: Interlude

Ann cr; The masked lady had sung the closing number on her night's program, leaving the dancehall in an uproar.

(LOUD CROWD NOISES)

Perched on top of a piano, she flashed her fixed smile and threw kisses to the crowd. -MORE*

Annor; -CONTINUED- Men surged around her yelling for one more song. One of them pushed the professor from his place at the keyboard and mounted the stool. Hands hovering over the butts of his low-slung guns, he shouted--

Curly; Stop your howling, you critters!

(NOISE SUBSIDES)

Now, gal, you got to sing my song - Bully of the Town.

Clare; You - (CATCHES BREATH) You're no gentleman or you'd take your hat off when you speak to me.

Curly; Huh? Oh, I savvy. Well there you are. Now how about it?

Clare; Yes -- yes, I'll sing it.

Curly; Back on your stool, professor.

(JUMPS DOWN)

Hit them keys and make it good or you'll be playing a harp! I mean business!

MUSIC: Interlude

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Clare; (BREATHLESS) Biddy! Biddy! I've found him at last!

Biddy; Is it sure you are, darling?

Clare; He has that awful voice I've listened for for so long. He's dyed his hair black, but I'm sure it's the same man?

Biddy; Will you be telling the Sheriff?

Clare; Not yet. I've talked to a lot of lawmen in our travels and they all say a man couldn't be sent to prison on a witness' word about his voice.

Biddy; Then 'tis a lot of misery you've had for nothing.

Clare; He'll pay!

Biddy; 'Tis not for you to be taking justice into your own hands.

Clare; Once I thought I could shoot him, but now I know I can't.

Biddy; Then what is it you're meaning to do?

Clare; I'll gain his confidence and lead him and his gang into something they'll never get out of.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr; 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)

Annecr; The Lone Ranger and Clare Trainer, the masked singer, were both bent on ending the criminal career of Curly Red, an elusive train robber. At the Nugget Dancehall Clare identified the outlaw thru his voice. Realizing that such evidence would carry no weight in court, she planned to achieve her ends by trickery. Several days later, there was a knock on her door.

(KNOCK)

Motioning her maid into an adjoining room, the masked lady answered the summons.

(DOOR OPENS)

Curly; Say, I want you to sing Bully of the Town for me again.

Clare; Howdy, Bully! Come in.

Curly; Huh? I don't savvy you talking like a regular gal.
But I don't mind squatting a spell.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

Clare; A gal can be herself in her room.

Curly; So that's it! Your high-falutin' masked lady stuff
is all an act.

Clare; I figure you put on an act yourself.

Curly; How's that?

Clare; You talk plenty tough, but it's all talk to me.

Curly; Why you - -

Clare; Steady, Bully. I'm holding a derringer.

Curly; I'm not blind. I never saw a better sleeve gun trick.

Clare; And I never saw a worse job of hair-dyeing than you've
got.

Curly; Huh?

Clare; Don't get spoked. I've been around enough to know an
owlhoot from a preacher. How comes you're on the dodge?

Curly; Ask my six-guns.

Clare; H-m-m. Maybe you are tough.

Curly; And smart! Too smart to gab about myself.

Clare; In a country that's short on women, most gents are short
on sense. You'd be surprised at what they'll do and tell
for a woman.

Curly; That's why a lot of them get hung.

Clare; Back in Granite Bluffs, the Marshal gave me the key to the jail because there wasn't any key to the city!
(LAUGHS) I could have let everyone out of the coop.

Curly; (LAUGHS) You're all right!

Clare; And the other day when I was on my way here the train fellers took me around and explained everything.

Curly; Such as what?

Clare; Why the express agent told me just what was in the Wells Fargo box. He even said when the next big shipment of gold would go through.

Curly; The deuce he did!

Clare; Well, come on, if you want to hear that song.

Curly; You've talked yourself out of singing. Tell me more about that gold.

MUSIC: Interlude

Clare; Biddy, did you hear what was said?

Biddy; Sure, and I heard too much!

Clare; I convinced him that I'm as bad as he is. He's going to try to rob the train tomorrow.

Biddy; 'Tis trouble you're heading for.

Clare; I don't see how. As soon as he's talked it over with his gang and they decide where to stage the robbery, I'll let the Sheriff know.

Biddy; And then?

Clare; The place will be surrounded by officers, of course. There will be guards on the train. Every outlaw will be captured or shot down.

Biddy; I had a dream about -

Clare; Never mind that. You mustn't be seen by anyone from now on. Go out the window and down into the alley from that outside balcony.

Biddy; Never will I leave you alone with those villains.

Clare; That's an order, Biddy! Hire a rig and go to ^(Lodgeville) the ~~next town until this is over.~~ ~~And hurry. I don't know how soon Bully will be back.~~ *until you hear from me how*
early we're going to try to make the train

Biddy; Go I will, but 'tis my heart you're breaking.

MUSIC: Interlude

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Clare; You got back in a hurry, Bully. Who are your friends?

Curly; Just a couple of the boys. Say, I hear you've got a hired woman. Where is she?

Clare; Gone. I packed her off.

Curly; Then let's get down to business.

Clare; Have you figured out a good place for the hold up?

Curly; We had it picked long ago. All we been waiting for was a tip like yours.

Waco; We've even got a cross-cut saw stashed where it's handy.

Clare; A saw? What do you mean?

- Curly; Sister, we're going to wreck that train! We aim to cut the supports under the Dry Gulch trestle.
- Clare; You'll kill a lot of people!
- Shell; Dead ones don't shoot. The last hold up we tried, the passengers all started blazing away at us.
- Curly; You're looking kind of white around the mouth, gal. Are you going soft on us?
- Clare; No - no, I'm in it with the rest of you.
- Curly; And you're going in deeper.
- Clare; What do you mean?
- Curly; We're taking you along on the job so you'll hang, too, if any talk gets to the law.
- Clare; Do you think I'd tell?
- Curly; We could kill you now and make sure you wouldn't, but we're square-shooters and you're mighty valuable.
- Waco; A gal who can get jail keys and learn about gold shipments is one in a million.
- Curly; Now that we understand each other, suppose you take off that mask so we'll know each other.
- Clare; Never!
- Curly; What are you hiding?
- Clare; Stay away from me or I'll -
- Curly; No you won't! I'm holding your gun hand!
- Clare; Let go of me!

Shell; I got her other arm!

Curly; Now up comes the mask! Well, you're a right pretty gal. Look kind of familiar, too.

Waco; All gals look familiar to you.

Curly; (LAUGHS) I reckon so. Well, sister, you can pull your mask down. We're satisfied.

Clare; Well I'm not.

Curly; Forget it. We're all going downstairs now and you're going to sing me my song.

MUSIC: Interlude

Anner; Clare was amazed that she had not been instantly recognized and shot. However, it soon became apparent that while the outlaws had not guessed her identity or purpose, they did not fully trust her. Throughout the rest of the day and during the night's entertainment the masked lady found some of the outlaws always at her side, alert to her every move. She could think of no way to get word to the Sheriff. She didn't use her sleeve gun because she knew that even though she shot one bandit, others would kill her before she could escape, and thus end every hope of preventing the wreck. She she sang her songs, hardly hearing her own voice, and retired to her lonely room. Later she peered thru a crack in the door and found it guarded. A look thru the window told the same story. After a sleepless night, she heard the voice she hated outside the door-

Curly; Get your riding clothes on! We're set to go!

- Annex; Numbed by the terror of one condemned, she dressed and joined the desperadoes. () It was an hour later when Tonto rode into the Lone Ranger's camp with a telegram. Without dismounting he handed it to the masked man and announced:
- Tonto; Me read it. Description of Curly Red fit one feller me know plenty close.
- Ranger; Who is he?
- Tonto; Him dancehall bully. Got gang.
- Ranger; What about his hair?
- Tonto; Me get close to him last night. It look like it been dyed.
- Ranger; He must be our man.
- Tonto; If masked lady is girl who got shot, must be him or gang shoot her.
- Ranger; Now that I've heard the masked lady's trained voice, I'm fully convinced that she is Miss Trainer.
- Tonto; That strange. Last night that bully and gang stay 'round her all time. This morning me see her ride off with them.
- Ranger; Steady, Silver! (MOUNTS) We're going after them! The masked lady is in danger!
- Ad lib; (GET AWAY)

MUSIC Interlude

(SAWING)

- Shell; (EFFORTS) Waco, you're riding your end of the saw!

- Waco; (EFFORTS) It's the timber pinching.
- Shell; (EFFORTS) The saw's stuck! We can't pull it and it won't come out!
- Curly; Let it go! You've sawed far enough anyhow.
- Shell; Don't you want any more supports cut?
- Curly; No, the trestle's so wobbly now a handcar would make it fall.
- Waco; What's the matter with the masked gal?
- Curly; (LAUGHS) She's got buck fever. I was kind of shaky on my first job myself.
- Clare; Boys, isn't there some other way to do it? Think of the women and kids on that train!
- Shell; You got to think of yourself in this game.
- Curly; I figured you'd want to renege on ~~an~~ a job like this, sister. That's why we've been watching you.
- Clare; You ought to be satisfied now. Please let me go back where I don't have to watch.
- Curly; You're sticking with us. You've got to get over that soft stuff.
- Waco; My watch says it's getting near train time.
- Curly; Put on your masks, fellers. Then we'll fall back out of danger.
- Shell; What do we want masks for? Ndbody'll be left to see us.
- Curly; You never can tell! If there are any left, I don't want to waste time shooting them.

Shell; You're the boss.

Anncr; The moment for which the young singer had been waiting was at hand. As the outlaws, relaxing their vigilance, tied bandanas over their faces and adjusted the eye-holes, she stepped lightly behind the leader and jammed her pistol against his back.

Clare; Keep your hands behind your neck!

Curly; Fellers, she's got a gun in my back?

Clare; If anyone moves, I'll give you both barrels!

Curly; What you up to?

Clare; Just stay in front of me. We're walking backward to the horses, then riding out of this gully and down the track.

Curly; What for?

Clare; We're going to flag down the train. Start walking!

(STEPS)

Anncr; The masked lady had not reckoned on the treachery of the ground or the cunning of the criminal. They had taken barely ten paces before one of her small boot heels sank into a crevice.

(STEPS HALT)

As she staggered, off balance for the moment, her prisoner bumped into her. Both fell. The derringer cracked.

(SHOT)

Annex; The bullet sped skyward. The man was on his feet in an instant, but the girl, whose head had struck a stone, did not move.

(RUNNING STEPS FADE IN TO HALT)

The other outlaws bounded up. Their leader prodded the masked lady with his boot.

Curly; Out cold!

Wago; Going to plug her, boss?

Curly; (PAUSE) No. I still think she's worth a lot to us. As soon as this job is over and she finds out it's her neck, she'll toughen up and come to time.

(HOOF'S FADING IN)

Shell; Somebody's coming!

Curly; Get down!

Waco; It's a masked man and Indian!

(HOOF'S HALT BACK)

Curly; They've stopped out of range of our six-guns!

Shell; They're looking around!

Curly; Let them look, just so they don't spot our horses!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; The Lone Ranger and Tonto had been following the trail of the masked lady and her captors from town. They were but a short distance away when the shot fired from Clare Trainer's derringer reached their ears.

Tonto; That shot come from gully.

Ranger; The trail of the gang with the masked lady leads in here.

Tonto; Look! Horses over there! One feller with them.

Ranger; The other riders must be hiding farther down the gulch.

Tonto; Railroad trestle down there.

Ranger; There's something bright sticking in one of the supports. It looks like - - it is a cross-cut saw!

Tonto; Them fellers want to wreck train! What we do?

Ranger; I don't want to endanger the girl's life. We'll turn back as though we'd seen ~~nothing~~ nothing. Come on, Silver!

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout!

(HOOF'S)

Ranger; As soon as we're out of sight, I want you to slip back, get the horse-holder and drive off the horses.

Tonto; It look like them leave rifles in saddle scabbards.

Ranger; So much the better. Guard this end of the gulch, while I get to the railroad track above them.

MUSIC: Up and down

Curly; They never noticed a thing!

Clare; (GROANS) The train - - the train - has it been wrecked?

Waco; Well! The masked gal's come to!

(TIMBER CRACKING)

Shell; What's that?

Curly; The trestle's cracking!

Shell; If it falls down now the engineer might see it and stop the train!

Curly; Then we'll rob it the hard way!

(SHOTS, YELLS, HOOFS FADING OUT BACK)

Waco; There go our horses!

Curly; Come on! We got to have them!

(SHOT: RICOCHET)

Shell; Down! That horse thief's using a rifle!

Curly; Crawl thru the rocks! We'll try to get back of him!

(SHOT: RICOCHET)

Shell; That shot came from above!

Waco; Look! The masked man's on the tracks!

Ranger; (BACK) Drop those guns!

Curly; Come and get us!

Ranger; (BACK)
/ You haven't got a chance!

(SHOTS, BACK)

Curly; He shot my hat off!

Waco; We can't hit him!

Ranger; (BACK) I'm out of range!

Curly; Waco, our guns won't reach him!

Waco; Maybe we had better surrender!

Shell; That's what I think!

(SHOTS)

Ranger; Give up or I'm coming after you, Curly Red!

Curly; He knows me! (CALLS) We surrender!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annor; Unaware that a train was almost due, the Lone Ranger stood beside Silver, covering the outlaws as they filed up the gully followed by the masked lady and Tonto, who had ridden in as soon as the surrender was announced. Curly Red, his face livid and his eyes desperate, was the first to reach the track. He feigned a stumble, then darted around the big white stallion's flank onto the trestle, his only possible way of escape. Realizing that nothing short of a death shot would halt the fear-crazed bandit's flight, the masked man sprang after him. Out onto the first span, they raced.

(STEPS ON BOARDS)

The Lone Ranger had nearly overtaken the fugitive when he pivoted on one of the ties and lashed out with a fist.

Ranger; (GRUNTS) You'll pay for that!

Annor; Unwilling to retaliate with a blow that might knock the outlaw over the trestle's edge, the masked man closed with him. Locked in each other's arms, they strained and swayed. Then from below came an ominous sound.

(TIMBERS CRACKING)

Tonto; (BACK) Come back, Kemo sabay!

Anncr; The trestle began to sway, gathering momentum with the mounting fury of the struggle on the ties. Stringers and rails pulled apart and a widening gap appeared between the first and second spans. Then Curly Red, with a last mad effort, tore loose from the masked man's grasp. He leaped the gap with a yell-

Curly; Now get me!

Anncr; He lit running, but under the impact of his jump, the slowly disintegrating span fell like the trap in a gallows.

(CRASH OF FALLING TIMBERS)

Curly; (AD LIB YELLS, SCREAMS, FADING OUT)

Anncr; As the outlaw vanished, buried beneath a mass of splintered ties, beams and poles, the first span tilted ladder-wise, leaving the Lone Ranger clinging to the ties as to rungs. Each second its slant increased. The masked man clambered upward where Tonto stood ready to throw a rope. Six ties to go! Then four! Then two! Tonto's strong hands closed on one of his arms. A heave and he was on solid track! An instant later the first span crashed into the gully.

(CRASH OF FALLING TIMBERS)

The group stood in awed silence for a moment. Then the masked lady clutched the masked man's arm --

Clare; The train! We must stop the train!

Waco; It'll be here any second, and we'll swing if it's wrecked!

Shell; Do something, Mister!

Ranger; Steady, Silver! (MOUNTS)

(TRAIN WHISTLE BACK)

Clare; It's coming now!

Ranger; Yes, but that signal means it's going to stop.

(TRAIN NOISES FADING IN)

Tonto; Look! It come round bend plenty slow.

Waco; We'd better wave our hats to make sure.

(TRAIN STOPS, RUNNING STEPS FADE IN
TO HALT)

Clare; There's Biddy! (SOBS) Oh, Biddy!

Biddy; Darling, 'tis a bit of crying we both need.

Capt; I'm Captain of the railroad police. What happened here.

Ranger; Captain, the men we're holding tried to wreck the train. They're now so glad they didn't that they'll tell you all about it. *in spot -*

Capt; But you're wearing a mask yourself.

Ranger; In the interests of justice. Please take charge.

Clare; Arrest me, too! It was all my fault! I led those outlaws into this thing to get revenge.

Capt; And a good job you did, masked lady. If you hadn't tricked them, no doubt they'd have really wrecked a train later, killing a lot of people.

Ranger; You seem to have had some advance knowledge --

- Capt; We did. Miss Bidy came on board at Lodeville to find out if we'd been warned of a robbery. We hadn't, but we took all precautions.
- Waco; Masked lady, before I go to the pen I'd like to know why you had it in for Curly Red and us.
- Clare; He shot me in the Denver hold up. He disfigured my face for life!
- Waco; Now wait! I saw your face when Curly Red lifted your mask. There's nothing wrong with it.
- Clare; No, that' can't be! Look, masked man! I'll show you my face. Now tell me the truth.
- Ranger; Miss Trainer, any scars that's there is not noticeable.
- Clare; It's a miracle! What happened to the scar?
- Ranger; You left it alone and it healed naturally and well.
- Clare; Now I can go back to my concert career! Mister, take my mask as a token of my thanks. The masked lady has come to the end of the trail.
- Ranger; Thank you, Miss Trainer. The masked man rides on.
- Clare; Bidy, I saw you talking to the Indian. Did he tell you who the masked man is?
- Bidy; Sure and he did. He's the Lone Ranger!
- Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, Away!

MUSIC: Theme.