

THE L(NE RANGER
(Created by George W. Trendle)

"PRINTERS' LEAD"
RALPH GOLL

NUMBER 2650-1875

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CAST

- TOM LINTON.....middle-aged, Eastern, editor and crusader against crooked politicians.
- HOLLY.....his daughter and helper; nice; about 20
- BOSS CALVIN....middle-aged political leader; crooked and murderous; Western.
- WAXEY OSBORN...middle-aged editor of opposition paper and henchman of Boss Calvin; scheming type; Western
- SHANK.....25-30; Western; not too smart; muscle man in political gang.
- DR. SPRINGER...elderly; county coroner; Western.
- SHERIFF JACK MOORE...25-30; Western.

- Voice 1..... 2 lines
- Voice 2..... 2 lines
- Voice 3.....2 lines
- Voice 4..... 2 lines
- Voice 5..... 1 line

BILLBOARD FOR "PRINTERS' LEAD"

Ranger: Tonto, a crooked political boss in San Felipe has been killed by shotgun fire. The gun was loaded with type from a printshop.

Tonto: Who kill him?

Ranger: The sheriff is holding Tom Linton, the editor of the Weekly Herald, for the crime. But I know from the letters on the type that he's innocent. He needs our help. (MOUNTS) Come on, Silver!

Tonto: (MOUNTS) Get-um up, Scout!

HOOFS UP AND LEAVING

Annrcr: Yes, Tom Linton needed help. Every circumstance was against him/ ^{until} the Lone Ranger ^{turned} ~~turned~~ printer himself and a coroner's jury learned from him that there is no letter "w" in the Spanish language. Hunted by lawmen and crooks alike, the masked man played hide-and-seek with death . Be sure--etc.

(USUAL OPENING)

- Annecr: The Weekly Herald occupied one of the dingiest buildings in San Felipe. High on its false front was a faded sign which read, "La Prensa", indicating that a Spanish language journal had once been printed there. It was that sign which Tom Linton, editor of the Herald, and his daughter, Holly, had under discussion as they folded newspapers. Holly was saying—
- Holly: Dad, you should have it painted out. A big sign saying that this is the home of the Herald would look fine up there.
- Tom: I can't afford a new sign, Holly. What we need is new type.
- Holly: Oh, I know you believe that the world beats a path to your door if you're good enough, but it would help if it knew the way.
- Tom: (CHUCKLES) My enemies all know how to get here.
- Holly: You've made a lot of them.
- Tom: They're all crooks from Ham Calvin, the political boss, on down.
- Holly: Look coming in!
- Tom: Well, if it isn't Waxey Osborn, the opposition editor?
- Holly: What do you suppose he wants?
- Tom: I don't know, but I'm going to have my sawed-off shotgun handy.

DOOR OPENS, CLOSES: SEVERAL STEPS UP TO HALT

- Waxey: (COMING UP) Howdy, Linton!(UP) Don't look like you ran off many papers this week.
- Tom: It's the truth I print that counts. What do you want?
- Waxey: It isn't trouble. You can put that gun away.
- Tom: Then speak your piece.
- Waxey: I want to buy you out. This town is too small for two English language papers. Too many people are Mexicans.
- Tom: I print a column for them.
- Waxey: What does it get you? Most of your subscriptions are paid for in firewood, cow hides and second-hand stuff like that old shotgun. No business place will advertise in your sheet since you started that crusade against Ham Calvin.
- Tom: Let me worry about that.
- Waxey: I'll give you five thousand dollars for your broken-down outfit. That's a lot more than you paid Manuel Lopez.
- Tom: Maybe so, but I'm not selling at any price.
- Waxey: Linton, you're on dangerous ground. And you have a daughter to think about.
- Holly: Leave me out of it, Mr. Osborn. I'm with my father in anything he does.
- Waxey: You're sacrificing a lot of money.
- Tom: It's no sacrifice to turn down a bribe. You're one of Boss Calvin's men. He's putting up the money.

Waxey: What of it?

Tom: I'm not selling out my paper or my principles either. Now get out before I print an editorial on your hide with this scattergun. It's leaded with type.

Waxey: (FADING BACK) You'll regret this!

SEVERAL STEPS BACK: DORR OPENS, CLOSES

Tom: Holly, I've got the gang on the run. Just wait until Boss Calvin reads today's paper!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annrcr: That night Boss Calvin and his chief aides met in club rooms which the political machine maintained near the Herald office. The Boss had a copy of the paper spread out on a table. He pounded it as he spoke--

Boss: Waxey, I told you to buy up this rag!

Waxey: I couldn't, boss! Linton turned me down cold!

Boss: Did you fellers see what he printed this time?

Waxey: I didn't, but I can imagine.

Boss: He says here that I'm a menace to all decent people and ought to be shot like a mad-dog!

Shank: What difference does it make what he prints?

Waxey: A lot of difference, Shank. He can work folks up to where they'll explode. I know. I print a paper, too.

Shank: We've got the law on our side. The county officials all belong to our party.

Boss: They sure do, Shank, but there's one feller who won't stay hitched. He's Sheriff Jack Moore.

Waxey: He's soft about Linton's girl, Holly.

Shank: Boss, I kept telling you to make me sheriff.

Boss: What would Linton be saying now if I had. He knows you you've served time for murder.

Shank: You promised me something good for stealing the ballot boxes last election.

Boss: You'll get it if you wait.

Shank: I'm plumb sick of waiting. Suppose I go to that editor with what I know about you.

Boss: Why, you dirty--

BLOW

Shank: Hold it, Boss! I didn't mean--

Boss: That's for just thinking of turning on me. This is to help you forget it.

BLOW:BODY FALL

Shank: Don't hit me again!(GROANS)I'll stay in line!

Boss: You'll all stay in line! Now getting back to Linton--

Waxey: (INTERRUPTS) Boss, it's you he's after. He'd let up if you resigned as county chairman. Then we could save the party organization.

Boss: Resign! Waxey, you're asking for what Shank got!

Waxey: You lay a hand on me and you'll have another newspaper lambasting you.

Boss: I've run this county for ten years. I aim to run it twenty more.

Waxey: You could do it under cover.

- Boss: No, by thunder! When I walk down the street I want people to know I'm boss!
- Waxey: They've started talking about you in the state capitol. The Governor might investigate.
- Boss: That's all the more reason for getting rid of Linton.
(PAUSE) He's got to be plugged!
- AD LIB: STIR
- Boss: I can't. I'd be the first one blamed.
- Voice: 1 So you're putting the job onto us.
- Boss: Why not? I still hold the whip and the feed bag.
- Waxey: Who's going to do it?
- Boss: You'll draw lots. There are ten of you, so I'm putting nine white poker chips and one red one into my hat. I'll hold it high enough so nobody can see inside. The feller who pulls out the red chip drills Linton.
- Voice: 1 Shake them up, Boss!
- CHIPS RATTLING
- Boss: Come on and draw! Who's first?
- Waxey: It might as well be me. (PAUSE) I got one!
- MUSIC:INTERLUDE
- Annrcr: As the crooked politicians engaged in their murderous lottery, the Lone Ranger read a copy of Linton's newspaper beside a camp fire a short ride from San Felipe.
- NIGHT NOISES
- Tonto, who had brought the paper from town, was saying--
- Tonto: That editor got plenty nerve.

- Ranger: Yes, he has great courage, even though he has few means.
- Fonto: Why you think him poor?
- Ranger: Any newspaperman who could afford to do it would have better type than Tom Linto uses.
- Fonto: Me notice type is hard to read.
- Ranger: Wherever he needs a letter "w" he sets an "m" upside down.
- Fonto: Him got office in shack where old Spanish paper was.
- Ranger: Did you find out where Boss Calvin and his gang hang out?
- Fonto: Them got club near paper office.
- Ranger: After reading what Linton printed about them today they're likely to meet tonight. We'll try to learn their plans. Steady, Silver! (MOUNTING EFFORTS)
- AD LIB: GETAWAY
- MUSIC: INTERLUDE
- Annrcr: Shank was the eighth man to put his hand into Boss Calvin's hat. He withdrew it slowly, then opened his fingers. The red disc lay on his palm.
- AD LIB: EXCITEMENT
- BOSS: Shank, you're elected!
- Shank: You don't have to tell me.
- BOSS: Waxey, you've got business reasons for wanting Linton out of the way, so I'm giving you the job of watching this varmint. See that he goes through with the killing.

Waxey: I'll watch him.

Boss: If he shows any signs of double-crossing us, shoot him!

Waxey: I savvy. Come on, Shank.

Boss: All of you, vamoose! I'm staying here a while to burn any papers that could be used against us.

AD LIB: MURMUR, FADING BACK

STEPS FADING BACK: DOOR OPENS, CLOSES

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

STEPS ON BOARDS

Shank: The boss didn't have any call to knock me down.

Waxey: He's plenty tough... Say, there's a light in Linton's shop!

STEPS STOP

Shank: He's alone!

Waxey: You could get him now!

Shank: I'd rather plug Boss Calvin!

Waxey: Between you and me and the gatepost, shooting him might be a good idea. If there's a state investigation and he goes to trial, everything will come out. We'll all go to the pen for fraud and graft.

Shank: You wouldn't like it in the pokey, Waxey.

Waxey: Come on before Linton sees us.

STEPS SUSTAINED

Waxey: He's mighty handy with his scattergun. Keeps it loaded with type, you know.

Shank: Everybody knows that. Reckon he can't afford buckshot.

Waxey: Say, that gives me an idea how to get rid of Linton and the boss both with one shot.

Shank: Yeah?

Waxey: I've got a shotgun in my own office. We'll load it with some of my type and bushwhack Boss Calvin when he leaves the club.

Shank: That'll hang the deadwood right on Linton! He'll get hung!

Waxey: Hurry up!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anner: A few minutes later the two crooks were inside Waxey's printshop. While Shank held a double-barreled shotgun upright, the owner of the opposition paper poured small rectangles of lead into it.

SHOT DROPPING INTO GUN BARREL

He was explaining--

Waxey: Those are "w's" that I'm using. I've got more "w's" than I need. Never have to use as many of them as I do lots of other letters.

Shank: The letters don't matter just so they're type. That's enough!

Waxey: Right! Now I'll ram in some wadding.

RATTING NOISES

Waxey: I want to save enough of this stuff for a cleaning rag.

Shank: Who's going to look at this gun?

Waxey: Nobody, I hope. But the sheriff's going to look at Linton's. Likely he'll find it loaded and clean, which

SHANK: That's so.

WAXEY: Soon as we snuff out the boss we'll duck behind those boxes next to Linton's office. Like any editor, he'll tear out to cover the shooting.

SHANK: Sure he will.

WAXEY: Then I'll run the cleaning rag through the barrel and hide the gun. The rag we'll toss into Linton's office.

SHANK: Waxey, you've got a head on you.

WAXEY: When that's done, we'll join the crowd that'll be running to the club house. Now come on.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

ANNCR: Meanwhile the Lone Ranger and Tonto had dismounted in an alley beside the political club. The Indian sniffed the warm night air.

TONTO: (SOTTO) Kemo Sabay, smoko come from chimney.

RANGER: (SOTTO) It smells like burning paper.

TONTO: (SOTTO) Me see light through crack in window curtain.

RANGER: (SOTTO) Let me take a look.

TONTO: (SOTTO) What go on in there?

RANGER: (SOTTO) There's only one man inside. He just put a big batch of papers on the stove.

TONTO: (SOTTO) Now light go out.

RANGER: (SOTTO) He's leaving by the front door.

TONTO: (SOTTO) What we do?

Ranger: (SOTTO) As soon as we're sure he's gone we'll go in.
Maybe we can save some of those papers.

DOOR CLOSES BACK

Tonto: (SOTTO) There! Him close door. (FADING BACK) He watch him.

SHOT BACK

Tonto: (SOTTO, A LITTLE BACK) Ugh! me hit!

Ranger: (SOTTO) Tonto, come back!

Tonto: (SOTTO, COMING UP) It nothing. Only sting arm.

Ranger: (SOTTO) Are you sure?

Tonto: (SOTTO) Me feel shot loose in sleeve.

Ranger: (SOTTO) Who fired?

Tonto: (SOTTO) Me only see gun flash when me get to corber.

RUNNING STEPS FADING IN

Voice: 2 (BACK, CALLS) Hey, Linton! Where was that shot?

Tom: (FADING IN, CALLS) Here by the club! Hurry up, sheriff!

Sheriff: (FADING IN) I'm coming!

STEPS STOP IN BACK

Voice: 2 (BACK)
Who's that on the walk?

Tom: (BACK) It's Boss Calvin!

Sheriff: (BACK) He's dead! Did anyone see who did it?

Tom: (BACK) I didn't and I ran out of my office right away.

Sheriff: (BACK) What about you Waxey?

Waxey: (BACK) Shank and I just got here. But don't let Linton string you. He said in his paper that the boss should be shot.

Tom: (BACK) Why, you polecat! I'll—

Sheriff: (BACK) Hold it, you fellers!

Tonto: (SOTTO) Me better see what happen.

Ranger: (SOTTO) Wait! Somebody's coming from the corral down the alley!

RUNNING STEPS FADING IN AND OUT

Ranger: (SOTTO) I think they saw us!

STEPS STOP IN BACK

Voice: 3 (BACK) Sheriff, we saw two men in the alley!

Voice: 4 (BACK) One's got a mask on!

Sheriff: (BACK) Must be the killers!

Ranger: (SOTTO) Get mounted, Tonto! Steady, Silver! (EFFORTS)

STEPS COMING UP

Sheriff: (COMING UP) Come on, boys!

Voice: 2 (COMING UP) They're on horses!

Sheriff: (COMING UP) Stop, you varmints!

AD LIB: GETAWAY

STEPS STOP:HOOFS FADING OUT:SHOTS

Voice: 3 We can't see to shoot from here!

Voice: 4 They're getting away!

Sheriff: Get your horses! We'll ride them down!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annrcr: It was several hours later when the masked man and Indian completed a wide circle of the town and drew rein.

HOOFS COMING TO HALT

AD LIB: WHOAS

Tonto: You think we lose posse?

Ranger: No one could follow our trail over hard ground on a dark night like this. How is your arm now?

Tonto: Not hurt. He got shot out of sleeve. Feel plenty flat.

Ranger: It was a blast from a scattergun that killed Calvin. You must have been struck by a stray shot. Strike a match and let's see it.

MATCH STRIKES

Tonto: (GRUNTS) That not shot!

Ranger: It's a piece of type! It has the letter "w" on it!

Tonto: Who you think use load like that?

Ranger: I have no idea, but I believe that whoever fired it is worried.

Tonto: Why you say that?

Ranger: The killer or killers don't know that we didn't witness the actual murder.

Tonto: What we do now?

Ranger: We'll slip back into town and talk to Editor Linton.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc: In the meantime, Tome Linton had been busy setting type for an extra about the murder. Holly, who had been at home at the time of the shooting, was with him. The girl ~~NUCKEX~~ was saying—

Holly: Dad, are you sure you won't be blamed?

Tom: Why should I be? I wanted Calvin brought to justice and his criminal activities exposed for the public good. His death will cover^{up} a lot of things.

Holly: Maybe your stories scared his gang of crooks so badly that they killed him themselves.

Tom: That's just what I'm suggesting in this piece.

DOOR OPENS,CLOSES:SEVERAL STEPS UP

Holly: Why, it's Jack!

Tom: Did you get that masked man, sheriff?

Sheriff: Howdy, Holly.(PAUSE) No, Tom, I haven't got anybody... yet. The masked man and his pardner gave us the slip, but that don't worry me none.

Holly: You certainly look worried.

Sheriff: Holly, you're going to hate me for this, but I can't help it.

Holly: Why, Jack, what do you mean?

Sheriff: I've been at Doc Springer's office. He's got the body and he says Calvin was shot in the back with a load from a scattergun. That load--(HESITATES)

Tom: What was it, sheriff?

Sheriff: Type, Tom! Type!

Tom: Are you accusing me?

Sheriff: No one else in these parts ever loaded a gun with that kind of lead.

Holly: Jack, you know dad wouldn't hurt anyone!

Sheriff: I know he hated Boss Calvin plenty. Where's the gun?

Tom: Right there. It hasn't been fired in months.

Sheriff: H-m-m. It's loaded all right. And it don't smell of burned powder.

Tom: Of course not!

Sheriff: Where were you at the time of the shooting?

Tom: Right here.

Sheriff: Can you prove it?

Tom: Why...no. I was alone. But you saw me at the club right after the shooting. I had that gun.

Sheriff: I saw you, but I didn't examine the gun.

Tom: Do you think I'd have been one of the first on a murder scene if I were the murderer?

Sheriff: You might. It would be a nervy play, but a right smart one. And it could explain why no one was seen running away.

Holly: Jack Moore, don't talk like that about my dad!

Sheriff: Sorry, Holly. But we got to thresh this business out.

Tom: You're right, sheriff.

Sheriff: I'll take charge of this gun. I've got to look around, too.

Tom: Go ahead.

Sheriff: Where do you keep your cleaning cloths?

Tom: They're all on that hook. And all covered with ink.

Sheriff: What's this rag in the waste basket?

Tom: I don't know.

Sheriff: Well, I do! It was used to swab out a gun. It's rank with powder smell.

Tom: Somebody's put up a job on me!

Sheriff: Don't say anything more to me. I might have to use it against you.

Tom: So that's the way it is!

Sheriff: It's my duty to—

Holly: You're making a terrible mistake!

Sheriff: I sure hope so, but what else can I do?

Tom: Holly, can you keep the paper going?

Holly: (SOBBING) I...I'll try!

Tom: Print all the news. Print the truth. Print it even if it breaks your heart. Now sheriff, speak your piece.

Sheriff: Tom Linton, you're under arrest for murder! I'm taking you to jail!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annrcr: The curtain falls on the first act of our Lone Ranger story. Before we continue with the next exciting scens, please permit us to pause for just a moment.

COMMERCIAL

Annecr: Boss Calvin, a crooked political leader, had been killed by a charge of newspaper type fired from a shotgun. Editor Tom Linton, who was known to use such loads in his gun, had been jailed, leaving his daughter, Holly, to run the Weekly Herald. Meanwhile, the Lone Ranger and Tonto, original suspects in the case, had slipped back into town for a talk with the editor, unaware of his plight. As Holly sat at a case trying to pick out type with tear-filled eyes, the back door of the printshop opened. She turned her head--

DOOR OPENS, CLOSES: STEPS COMING UP

Holly: (GASPS) A masked man and an Indian!

Ranger: (COMING UP) Don't be frightened, miss.

STEPS STOP

Holly: What do you want?

Ranger: We're looking for Mr. Linton. Where is he?

Holly: Dad's in jail for the murder you committed!

Ranger: I haven't killed anyone, Miss Linton.

Holly: Then what were you doing around the political club when Boss Calvin was shot?

Ranger: My friend and I became interested in Calvin's activities after reading what your father printed about him. We wanted to help bring him to justice.

Holly: I wish I could believe that.

Ranger: Tell us why your father was arrested.

Amner: Somewhat reassured, by the masked man's gentle manner and persuasive voice, Holly reported what had happened while he examined the type case. As she concluded, he asked---

Ranger: Why are there only twenty-five boxes each of lower and higher case type here? There are twenty-six letters in the English alphabet.

Holly: There are no boxes ~~XXB~~ for "w's". They skip from "v" to "x". This was a Spanish language paper when my father bought it. We didn't get any "w" type with it.

Ranger: Has he ever had any "w" type in the office?

Holly: Never! We've been too poor to buy new type, but dad said he could make out with the old type as long as we had paper. We DID get a big stock of paper with the place.

Ranger: I think I can prove that your father is innocent.

Holly: Thank Heaven! But how--oh, how can you do it?

Ranger: You'll learn later. Now I want you to add something to your story of the murder and your father's arrest.

Holly: What is it?

Ranger: State that you have been in touch with the masked man who was seen at the club after the shooting and that he will appear at the coroner's inquest with evidence that should free your father.

Holly: Do you really mean that?

Ranger: I do. But there is this to consider. The printing of that information may involve you in some danger.

12/13

NEW
~~page~~ 17B

Holly: It's you who's risking his life! I think you're using yourself as bait for the real killer.

Ranger: There may be more than one killer.

Holly: Do you think they'll come here after you?

Ranger: I hope so. Tonto and I will stable out horses in the lean-to behind this building and stay here.

Holly: Good!

Ranger: Now let's get the paper out. My friend and I can run the press.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc: Throughout the night the masked man and Indian took turns at the wheel of an ancient hand press.

PRESS NOISES

As dawn broke, Holly, who had been folding and counting copies, announced that five hundred had been run off. She called a halt.

PRESS NOISES STOP

Holly: We've got enough printed to plaster the town.

Ranger: See that one reaches every business place.

Holly: I'll even leave one at Waxey Osborn's office. He gets out the opposition sheet.

Ranger: Then you'd better start your deliveries.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc: It was several hours later when Waxey reached his office, accompanied by Shank.

DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS

As he unlocked and opened the door he caught sight of the Herald extra which had been pushed under it. He picked it with an exclamation—

Waxey: Look, Shank!

DOOR CLOSES

Shank: What is it?

Waxey: The Herald's out with an extra about the killing!
~~xxxxxx thought it was for Jack.~~

Shank: I thought Linton was in jail.

Waxey: He is. This headline even says so.

Shank: Then how'd the paper get printed.

Waxey: His girl can set type, but she couldn't run his old hand press without help.(PAUSE)Shank, we're in for it!

Shank: How so?

Waxey: The story starts off by saying that masked man will be at the inquest to give evidence that will free Linton.

Shank: I don't believe it!

Waxey: Linton wouldn't print a lie and I don't think the girl would either.

Shank: Then it must be that he saw us plug the boss!

Waxey: That's the way it adds up.

Shank: How'd you suppose the girl found him?

Waxey: I don't know, but I've got a hunch that she's hiding him and his pardner in the printshop. They could have run the press for her.

Shank: We can't let him go on the stand!

Waxey: How we going to stop him. The sheriff don't want him anymore.

Shank: We don't have to know that. Anyhow if we find him in the shop it'll look like he was in cahoots with Linton on the shooting.

12/13

NEW 20

Waxey: That's so!

Shank: It'll be dangerous to bust into the Herald office if the masked man is there.

Waxey: I'll go in the front way just as though I was making a friendly business call. While I'm talking to the girl you slip into the press room through the side door.

Shank: Suppose the masked man's in there.

Waxey: Don't take chances. Start shooting and I'll help you.

Shank: I savvy.

Waxey: Then come on!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anncr: Meanwhile, Holly had returned to the printshop after distributing the papers. The Lone Ranger gave her last minute instructions--

Ranger: Miss Linton, I want you to admit all callers. Then act naturally.

Holly: I understand.

Ranger: At the first sign of danger, get behind the type case and stay down.

Holly: Will you have to shoot?

Ranger: I hope not, but it's a possibility.

Holly: Where will you be?

Ranger: I'll have Tonto watch outside the building while I stay in the press room.

- Holly: Is there any place there where you can stay without being seen?
- Ranger: I'll be behind those big rolls of paper that are piled along the back wall of the room.
- Holly: Be careful! Newsprint is heavy and all that keeps the pile together are a few wooden wedges under the rolls.
- Ranger: I noticed that. Now Tonto and I will take our posts.
- MUSIC: INTERLUDE
- Annex: A few minutes later Holly received her first caller of the day. He was Sheriff Moore. The lawman faced her with a forced smile.
- Sheriff: Holly, I know you don't want to see me, but I want to know about that masked man. You said in the paper--
- Holly: (INTERRUPTS) I said he'd appear at the inquest.
- Sheriff: Don't be so hostile! I want to help Tom and you. I want to help the masked man get his evidence before the coroner and the jury.
- Holly: He don't need your help.
- Sheriff: If I don't back his word, the jurors are plumb sure to figure he's lying. They might even turn in a verdict against him, saying he's an accomplice of your dad.
- Holly: They can't do that!
- Sheriff: Nobody knows what a jury or a mule will do. Well, you better tell that feller to show up at Doc Springer's office right away because the inquest will soon start.

1/13

NEW 22

Holly: I thought it was to be this afternoon!

Sheriff: Doc's been called on an operation, so he's rushing this coroner business. I'll tell Tom I saw you.

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anner: A few minutes after the lawman left, Waxey Osborn sauntered up to the front door of the printshop and thumbed the latch.

DOOR OPENS

Waxey: (BACK A LITTLE) Howdy, Miss Linton. All alone?

Holly: What do you want?

DOOR CLOSES:SEVERAL STEPS UP TO HALT

Waxey: (UP) Well, it looks like your dad is in a fix where he'll have to sell out now. I just wanted you to know that my offer still stands.

Holly: He doesn't need your kind of money.

Waxey: You can't get out the paper alone. Who helped you run off that extra?

Holly: I have some friends.

Waxey: I'll bet the sheriff ~~didn't~~ crank the press for you!
(LAUGHS)

DORR OPENS CLOSES SOFTLY IN B. G.

Holly: What was that?

Waxey: I didn't hear anything.

Holly: It was a noise at the side door!

Ranger: (BACK,CALLS) Drop that gun!

Shank: (BACK,CALLS) Waxey, here's the masked man!

SHOT

Annor: As the Lone Ranger backed up his command to Shank with a warning shot, the crook over-turned a ~~SHANKER~~ printer's stone-topped table.

HEAVY TABLE OVERTURNS IN B. G.

Dropping behind the shield, he fired back at the masked man.

SHOTS

At the same moment Waxey jerked a revolver from a shoulder holster and thrust the muzzle against Holly's back.

Waxey: We're going into the press room! Stay in front of me!

Holly: No!

Waxey: Move or I'll shoot you in your tracks!

STEPS

Holly: (CALLS) Waxey Osborn's holding a gun on me!

Waxey: Where is he, Shank?

Shank : (BACK A LITTLE) Behind those rolls of paper!

STEPS HALT

Ranger: (BACK) Don't hurt that girl!

Waxey: Throw your guns out here or I'll kill her!

Ranger: Here they come!

GUNS FALL ON FLOOR

Waxey: Shank, get back where you can see to drill him!

Shank: Maybe he's got a gun left!

Waxey: I'll see that he don't use it! Go on!

Shank: Right!

SEVERAL RUNNING STEPS BACK TO HALT

Annecr: As Shank scurried from the protection of the stone table to a position where he could fire into the space between the corded rolls of paper and the wall, the masked man yanked out the wedges which held the topmost rolls in place. Three of the big cylinders of newsprint broke loose and hit the floor.

HEAVY OBJECTS FALLING

One struck Shank, knocking him from his feet. His gun flew from his hand.

Shank: (A LITTLE BACK) Help me, Waxey!

Annecr: At that moment Tonto, who had seen Shank enter the side door and had been waiting a chance to get into the fight, fired through a window. Waxey clutched his gun arm and staggered away from Holly--

Waxey: (GROANS) My arm! It's broken!

DOOR OPENS

Tonto: (COMING UP) You stand still, feller!

Waxey: Don't shoot me again! I'll drop my gun!

GUN FALLS

Ranger: (BACK A LITTLE) Now Shank, I'll take care of you!

Shank: (BACK A LITTLE) Let loose of me!

BLOW

Ranger: (GRUNTS) You'll pay for that! Like this!

BLOW

Ranger: And this!

BLOW:BODY FALL

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Tonto: That fix him!

Waxey: This means plenty of trouble for you varmints!

Ranger: The trouble will all be yours! You practically admitted that you murdered Boss Calvin by coming here to kill me. Get up, Shank!

Shank: I've had enough!

Tonto: That feller look like killer law want in Texas.

Ranger: He answers the description.

Shank: Waxey, they've got us dead to rights. We might as well talk.

Waxey: Shut up! With the case they've got against Linton we can't be convicted.

Shank: I'm talking anyhow. It was all your idea about killing Boss Calvin and using type.

Ranger: Tell the rest at the inquest, Shank. Tonto, take care of that other crook's arm. Then bring both of them to Doctor Springer's office.

Tonto: Me savvy.

Ranger; Come on, Miss Linton. I don't want the coroner's jury to do anything till we get there.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

ANNCR: Doctor Springer's office was crowded. Along one wall sat the six jurors. Tom Linton, the Sheriff and other officials were packed between two medicine cabinets. In a corner a skeleton rattled its bones. Looking up from the vials and pill boxes which littered his desk, the doctor addressed the jury.

DOCTOR: Gentlemen, you've heard the sheriff, the prisoner and all witnesses except the masked man who probably was afraid to appear. What's your verdict?

VOICE 5: Well, doc, we find that Boss Calvin come to his death at the hands of - - (BREAK)

(DOOR OPENS, SEVERAL STEPS COMING UP)

SHERIFF: It's the masked man.

RANGER: (COMING UP) Keep your hands frozen.

(STEPS HALT)

DOCTOR: This is an outrage.

RANGER: It's a greater outrage to find a verdict against an innocent man.

DOCTOR: Tom Linton's guilty as sin. Didn't I find his type in Calvin's body?

RANGER: Did all those type bear the letter "W"?

DOCTOR: Come to think of it, they did. But that's not important.

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Tom: It's mighty important to me. I never had any "w" type in my shop.

Doctor: Don't tell me that! You called Calvin a weasel among other things in your yesterday's paper. You can't spell weasel with an "m" like measles.(CHUCKLES)

Ranger: You can if the "m" is set upside down, doctor. That's how Tom made his "w's"

Doctor: By golly, I never thought of that. But how does it happen that a man who prints a paper doesn't have any "w's" in his type box?.

Ranger: The Herald was a Spanish language newspaper when Linton bought it.

Doctor: What's that got to do with it?

Ranger: The former editor didn't need any "w's". You see... there isn't any letter "w" in the Spanish language!

AD LIB: STIR

Doctor: Well, if Tom Linton didn't kill Calvin, who did?

Ranger: There's another in town and it was always published in English, I understand. It's editor has been named in a confession as the principal in a plot against Tom and the political boss.

Doctor: Look! Waxey's coming in now!

Sheriff: An Injun's got him and Shank!

STEPS COMING UP

Doctor: Waxey, did you shoot Calvin?

STEPS HALT

Shank: He sure did! I was with him!

AD LIB: EXCITEMENT

Doctor: Order in the court! Did you jurymen hear what Shank said?

Voice: 5 We heard enough! We recommend that you hold Waxey and Shank for the grand ~~JURY~~ jury and let Tom Linton go.

Doctor: It's so ordered! Take charge of the prisoners, sheriff.

Tom: Doc, this is a big newspaper story! I've got to go to my office!

Doctor: Run along. And put in your piece that I apologize.

Sheriff: So do I. Nothing ever hurt me as much as arresting you.

Tom: You did your duty, sheriff. I want you ~~KN~~ and Holly to patch things up. Maybe when the time comes I'll have some real "w" type to announce your wedding.

Sheriff: What do you say to that, Holly.

Holly: Jack, I'm too happy to say anything but "yes".

Doctor: Say, masked man--(BREAKS) Why, he and the Indian are gone!

Tom: Holly, who is that masked man who saved me?

Holly: His Indian friend told me! He's the Lone Ranger!

Ranger: (BACK) HI-YO-SILVER-AWAY!