

The Lone Ranger
(CREATED BY GEORGE W. TRENDLE)

The Adventure of
THE MISSION BELLS

Tab 1
2659-1854

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CAST

Ranger
Tonto
Padre Felipe.....elderly priest in charge of mission in Southwest
Steve Dunn.....Crooked land agent; middle-aged
Scrap.....crook, young
Gus.....crook, young
Sheriff.....Bit
Pedro.....one line, Mexican dialect
2 voices

BILLBOARD FOR "THE MISSION BELLS"

HOOFS HALTING AS

Ranger: Tonto, we recovered the old book that was stolen from Santa Maria Mission, but I can see now that the case isn't ended.

Tonto: What you mean?

Ranger: There is something else at the mission that the crooks want and will murder in order to steal. The padre is in danger! We're going back!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

Ranger: Come on, Silver!

HOOFS STARTING AS

Annecr: Yes, the padre was in danger. Killers prowled the ancient mission where early Spaniards had cast bells of gold. In the lofty bell tower the Lone Ranger fought one of his most desperate battles. Be sure to listen.. etc.

(USUAL OPENING)

Annex: The Mission of Santa Maria stood at the edge of a desert. Clustered around the main building were the house of Padre Felipe, the cabins of a few servants and Indians and a lofty tower, the bells in which could be heard even farther than ^{THE TOWER} could be seen.

(BELLS)

It was the hour of vespers when the Lone Ranger and Tonto turned their horses into the mission courtyard.

(HOOFS)

Seeing no one around, they reined up near the bell tower.

AD LIB: WHOAS, DISMOUNTING EFFORTS

Ranger: This is our destination, Tonto.

Tonto: It plenty old place.

Ranger: It is the oldest mission in this part of the country. It also has the finest bells. Notice their tone.

Tonto: Them sound good.

(BELLS STOP)

Ranger: There's the padre.

Tonto: Him and bell-ringer come out of tower.

Pedro: (BACK) Run, Padre Felipe! One with a mask and an Indian have come!

Padre: (BACK) I do not run, Pedro.

(STEPS APPROACHING)

Ranger: Don't be frightened, Padre Felipe.

(STEPS STOP)

Padre: (UP) This is a mission. Why are you here in a mask?

Ranger: This letter will introduce me. Please read it.

Padre: Very well.

(PAPER RUSTLING)

Ranger: It is from another padre whom I need not name. You know him well.

Padre: So I do. He calls you a good friend. That is enough for me.

Ranger: He told me that you asked his advice and help in the matter of a missing book.

Padre: Ah, now I understand your presence.

Ranger: What was the nature of the book?

Padre: It was the journal of the founder of this mission—a hand-written manuscript bound in horsehide. I discovered it only recently among the many old documents in the mission archives. Indeed, I had not found time to read it before it disappeared.

Ranger: Could it have been mislaid again?

Padre: No, my son. Much as I regret to say so, it must have been stolen by a man I trusted.

Ranger: I see.

Padre: He is Stephen Dunn, a land agent with an office in the town of Casa Grande. I often let him do research work in the mission archives. He alone had an opportunity to remove the journal.

- Ranger: What was the purpose of his research?
- Padre: He has been engaged in clearing titles to certain ranches that date back to the old Spanish land grants. Many of the mission documents deal with those grants.
- Ranger: In that case, the missing manuscript may have great value as evidence in a law suit. He may have destroyed it to protect some client's interests.
- Padre: That's my greatest fear. When I told him the manuscript was missing, he vowed that he had never seen it. Yet it lay in plain sight and must have attracted his attention.
- Ranger: We'll see that man, padre.
- Padre: Thank you, my sons. But use no violence, I beg you.
- Ranger: We won't, if it can be avoided. Steady, Silver. (MOUNTS)
- AD LIB: ADIOS, GETAWAY
- MUSIC: Interlude
- Annccr: As the masked man and Indian set out for Casa Grande, which was some fifteen miles from the mission, Stephen Dunn opened his office door to two burly men in rough clothes.
- (DOOR OPENS)
- Dunn: Howdy, Scrap. Howdy, Gus. Come in and grab some chairs.
- (SEVERAL STEPS)
- Scrap: We heard you wanted to see us, boss.
- Dunn: I sure do, boys.
- Gus: Want us to help you fleece another tenderfoot?

- Dunn: (LAUGHS) Not this time. I've hit on something a lot bigger than selling worthless land.
- Scrap: Well, spring it.
- Dunn: See this thing?
- Gus: We'd be blind if we didn't. It's just an old notebook.
- Dunn: It's the journal of the padre who built Santa Maria Mission. He wrote it better than two hundred years ago.
- Scrap: What of it?
- Dunn: Right here he tells of coming to these parts with a bunch of Spanish soldiers. They'd been to a mine somewhere and had a heap of gold.
- Gus: Do you aim to sell a worked-out mine on the strength of that?
- Dunn: Let me go on. The Spaniards lost most of their horses, so they couldn't pack all the gold or get all the men back across the desert to Mexico. The old padre and some others stayed behind and started the mission.
- Scrap: What happened to the gold?
- Dunn: They couldn't use it to buy anything, so the padre made it into the five bells at the mission. There was no iron around and the gold worked up easy.
- Scrap: (LAUGHS) You can't stuff us, boss! Gold won't ring.
- Dunn: Won't it? Listen to this gold piece?
- (COIN FALLS ON TABLE) - 17 RINGS
- Dunn: Hear that?

- Gus: That's hard gold. It's mixed with something.
- Dunn: So was the gold used in the bells. Maybe copper or nickle that can be picked up off the ground around here.
- Gus: The whole country would know it if those bells were really gold.
- Dunn: This book got lost for a long time. Padre Felipe, who's at the mission now, found it, but I got away with it before he had a chance to read it.
- Scrap: Maybe he's right, Gus. I don't reckon anybody but Injuns and Mexicans have been up in that bell tower since the bells were hung.
- Dunn: Well, I was up there last night. The bells are black with age, but when I dug into one with a knife I got gold. Look at the parings on that paper.
- Gus: Scrap, that IS gold!
- Scrap: Five gold bells! They're worth a couple fortunes!
- Dunn: They're mighty heavy, but we can get them down with rope and tackle and haul them off in a wagon. If we're careful, we won't even wake up the padre and his Injuns.
- Gus: We can melt them down at that old smelter you've been trying to sell.
- Dunn: That was my plan.
- Scrap: When do we go after the bells?

- Dunn: Tonight. I've got a wagon waiting at the corral. It's loaded with all the gear, provisions and water that we'll need.
- Scrap: There's one thing I want to know before we start. What do Gus and me get of of this?
- Dunn: Why, the usual ten per cent.
- Gus: That isn't enough for a big job. We want equal shares for equal danger.
- Dunn: So that's how it is!
- ~~Gus: Is it a deal, or do I have to whittle you down to your right size?~~
- ~~Dunn: Put that knife away!~~
- Scrap: Gus, he's drawing!
- Gus: No, you don't!
- (BLOW)
- Dunn: (GROANS) Don't...don't stab me again...
- (BODY FALL)
- Gus: I don't need to! You're finished.
- Scrap: Let's get out of here!
- Gus: No need to hurry. Nobody comes to this office at night.
- Scrap: I've got the book.
- Gus: Leave it. Dunn stole it and when the sheriff finds it he'll figure that anybody low enough to rob a padre needed killing. (CHUCKLES)

Scrap: But it tells about the bells!

Gus: Tear those pages out and we'll burn them later.

Scrap: I savvy.

(PAPER TEARING)

Scrap: That's that!

Gus: Now we'll go after those bells!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Amcr: Meanwhile, the Lone Ranger and Tonto had arrived in Casa Grande. Standing in an alley which ran beside the land agent's office, they studied the place. The masked man was saying---

Ranger: There are no windows on this side.

Tonto: It look like light come out of street windows.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES IN BACK)

Ranger: (SOTTO) Somebody came out.

(STEPS COMING UP)

Tonto: (SOTTO) Two fellers. Maybe him one of them.

Ranger: (SOTTO) No, they're too roughly dressed and hard looking.

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Tonto: It good time to go in now.

Ranger: Come on.

(STEPS)

Ranger: Here's his door.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Tonto: It not look like anybody here.

Ranger: Look there on his desk!

Tonto: Old book!

(SEVERAL STEPS)

Ranger: It's the journal of the old padre!

Tonto: Look behind desk! Man on floor!

Ranger: That must be Dunn!

Tonto: Him dead! Stabbed!

Ranger: He hasn't been dead more than a few minutes!

Tonto: Maybe we saw killers!

Ranger: Come on!

(RUNNING STEPS: DOOR OPENS: STEPS HALT)

Ranger: They're not in sight!

Tonto: What we do?

Ranger: We'll take a quick look along the street, then notify the sheriff.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrcr: Sheriff Mark Mason was an old and daring lawman, but he had the faults of being impulsive and jealous of his authority. Maintaining that he could keep order in the county without assistance, he had long since fired his deputy and dispensed with the use of posses. Sitting in the jail office with a month-old newspaper in front of his face, he heard the door open.

(DOOR OPENS)

Without lowering the paper, he growled—

Sheriff: Well, what is it?

(SEVERAL STEPS)

Ranger: (COMING UP) I want to report--

(PAPER RUSTLES)

Sheriff: A masked man! And an Injun!

Ranger: Steady, sheriff! We're on your side of the law.

Sheriff: Then what's that mask for?

Ranger: Let's talk about that after I report a murder.

Sheriff: Muder! Who's been murdered?

Amner: The masked man quickly told what he and Tonto had seen and found, explaining about the old manuscript. The sheriff's shaggy eyebrows contracted as he listened. Then he exploded--

Sheriff: What business did Padre Felipe have a--sending for a masked feller to look into a stealing case?

Ranger: I was sent to him by another padre.

Sheriff: If h e'd told me, I'd have jailed that Dunn pronto.

Ranger: Maybe that's why he didn't tell you. He wasn't sure of Dunn's guilt.

Sheriff: Looky! I'm the law in this here county. I don't let my own people mix in the sheriffing business and I sure won't let any outsiders horn in.

anger: I neither ask nor take credit for any help I give the law. But that's beside the point. While we're talking, the killers are escaping.

Sheriff: I'll get them in my own good time. I know from your descriptions just who they are.

Ranger: You do?

Sheriff: Sure. They're a couple of polecats called Scrap and Gus who hole up on a run-down ranch on Squaw Creek. Been helping Dunn on some shady deals, so I reckon they killed him over dividing the money.

Ranger: In that case, we'll be going.

Sheriff: Freeze where you are!

Tonto: Him pull gun when we turn backs!

Sheriff: Now I'll take your guns.

Ranger: What for?

Sheriff: You and the Injun are material witnesses. When I catch Scrap and Gus I want you around to testify.

Ranger: We'll make depositions that can be used against them.

Sheriff: No, I want you fellers to appear in person. There's only one way to make sure that you do. That's to hold you in jail.

Ranger: Are you serious?

Sheriff: Serious as this six-gun! Now turn around again.

Annrc: As the sheriff reached for the Lone Ranger's guns, Tonto used his hips to give a violent shove against a table beside which the lawman stood. Jolted, the sheriff swung his gun toward the Indian. At the same instant the Lone Ranger whirled and grasped his gun hand.

Sheriff: Let loose of my arm!

Ranger: (EFFORT) Twist that gun out of his hand, Tonto!

Tonto: Me get it!

Ranger: I'm sorry about this, sheriff. But you gave us no choice.

Tonto: Him disarmed now!

Sheriff: (PANTING) Taking a sheriff's gun--that's worse than murder!

Ranger: We'll leave it in front of Dunn's office.

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Sheriff: You'll pay for this!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Armer: Mounting their horses outside the jail, the Lone Ranger and Tonto took the trail to the mission just a few minutes before the killers headed a wagon toward the same destination.

(HOOPS: WHEELS: WHIPCRACKS)

Gus, who held the lines, was saying--

Gus: We've got a long trip ahead of us and it'll take time to get those bells down.

Scrap: Think we can get the wagon up to the bell tower without waking everybody up?

Gus: That shouldn't be hard. Seems like Dunn thought of everything.

Scrap: How's that?

Gus: He had this wagon greased so there's not a squeak in it. And right here on the seat are some burlap boots we can put on the horses hoofs just before we get there.

Scrap: Smart feller--Dunn.

Gus: We're smarter.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrcr: It was several hours later when the masked man and XM Indian swung from their saddles in front of the padre's house. The aged priest met them at the door, lamp in hand, and lighted their way inside.

Padre: Come in, my sons.

(SEVERAL STEPS)

Padre: You were not gone long.

Ranger: Only long enough to get your manuscript.

Padre: Do you mean--

Ranger: Here it is.

Padre: Yes, that's the journal of the founder of the mission. But how did you recover it?

Ranger: That wasn't difficult. We found it on Dunn's desk. He was dead--murdered by two men known as Scrap and Gus.

Padre: I have heard of that evil pair. Apparently, they didn't share Dunn's belief that the book was worth taking.

Ranger: So it would seem.

Padre: A thousand thanks for recovering the journal, my sons. Will you not rest here tonight?

Ranger: We appreciate your hospitality, padre. But a bright moon and cool breeze makes this a good night to ride and we have a long journey ahead of us.

AD LIB: ADIOS

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anner: As the Lone Ranger and Tonto rode away from the mission, the killers halted their wagon in a cottonwood grove nearby. Gus pointed with his whip---

Gus: There's the bell tower.

Scrap: Yes, and there's a light!

Gus: It's in the padre's house!

Scrap: What would keep the old feller up so late?

Gus: I don't know, but we can't wait for him to go to sleep. I figure we've only got two or three hours left to get those bells.

Scrap: What'll we do about him?

Gus: Get him first of all.

Scrap: You mean like you got Dunn?

Gus: We can't take a chance on him hearing something and yelling for his Injuns. There's always a passel of redskins hanging around here.

Scrap: I don't like it!

Gus: We don't have to snuff him out. We'll just tie and gag him, then put him where he won't be found till we're gone.

Scrap: Well, let's get down and do it.

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annrc: Padre Felipe was deeply engrossed in reading the recovered manuscript. He had discovered that the pages were gone, freshly torn from the others, but he gave that mystery little thought, so great was his interest in what remained. As he traced the faded writing with a finger, there was a knock on the door.

(KNOCKING)

The padre looked up, puzzled--

Padre: Who is there?

Gus: (OUTSIDE) I've got a sick woman in my wagon. She needs your help.

Padre: I'll be with you in just a moment.

(SEVERAL STEPS:DOOR UNLOCKS,OPENS)

Gus: Grab him,Scrap!

Scrap: I've got him!

Padre: Let loose of me!

Gus: Shut up or I'll let you have it with this knife!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annecr: The curtain falls on the first act of our Lone Ranger adventure. Before we continue with our next exciting scenes, please permit us to pause just a few moments.

COMMERCIAL

Annecr: Now to continue-----
 The Lone Ranger and Tonto had left Santa Maria Mission after recovering an old manuscript which had been stolen from Padre Felipe's archives. Shortly after their departure two killers known as Scrap and Gus seized the padre at his door. The padre was protesting---

Padre: Do you men know what you are doing?

Gus: Better than you do. Now stop talking and start walking.

(STEPS)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: Marching the venerable priest into the cottonwood grove at the point of a knife, the killers gagged him and lashed him to a tree. Then they drove their wagon to the bell tower. Swiftly and silently, they unloaded their gear and lugged it up an inside ladder that led through a trap door to the belfry. There Gus draped blankets over the four openings. That done, he struck a match---

(MATCH STRIKES)

Gus: Give me those candles, Scrap.

Scrap: Here you are.

Gus: Now we've got light.

- Scrap: Just so the Injuns don't see it. They're supposed to be tame Christians, but they'd kill us for stealing from the mission.
- Gus: Forget the Injuns. Let's look at the bells.
- Scrap: The five of them must weigh a ton!
- Gus: A ton of gold?
- Scrap: Here's the bell hung out into. It's got some engraving on it, too.
- Gus: There's engraving on all bells.
- Scrap: It's in Spanish. Muerto--that means death...Say, that's a curse-- a curse on anyone that fobls with them!
- Gus: I've been cussed plenty and I'm still alive. How are they fastened up.
- Scrap: They're fastened to this beam with bolts. Or big rivets.
- Gus: Let's get busy with the tools.
- Scrap: I'll rig the tackle around this first bell here.
- Gus: Be sure it don't fall. I'm going to try a hacksaw first. It'll make less noise than anything else.
- Scrap: Go ahead. I'll have the rope on long before the bell's loose.
- (SAWING NOISES)
- Gus: This is going to be tough.
- Scrap: Why?

Gus: (EFFORT) These old Spaniards built things to last forever.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrcr: Meanwhile, the Lone Ranger and Tonto had interrupted their ride in order to rest their horses. As they stood in the trail, the Indian asked--

Tonto: What time, Kemo Sabay?

Ranger: I'll see. (PAUSE) H-m-m.

Tonto: What wrong?--you lose watch?

Ranger: No, I found something in another pocket when I reached for a match. It's a piece of paper that wasn't there before tonight. It feels like parchment.

Tonto: Me got candle and matches.

(MATCH STRIKES)

Tonto: Now you got light to see.

Ranger: That IS parchment and it's freshly torn. It must have fallen out of that old manuscript while I had it in that pocket.

Tonto: It got words on it.

Ranger: There are four complete words left. One is Santa and another is Maria. That's the mission, of course. Another is campana, meaning bell. The last one is oro, which means gold.

Tonto: What you make of it?

Ranger: The valuable pages in the manuscript were torn out and this scrap is part of one.

Tonto: Now me savvy why we find stolen book in plain sight by dead man.

Ranger: That fact should have impressed us at the time.

Tonto: Must be them fellers after something at mission.

Ranger: Yes, and the padre may be in danger! Get mounted! Steady, Silver! (MOUNTING EFFORTS)

Tonto: Steady, Scout! (MOUNTING EFFORTS)

Ranger: We're going back to the mission!

AD LIB: GETAWAY

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annecr: At that moment Sheriff Mason, gaunt, grey and lonely as a timber wolf on the prowl, was at the entrance to the mission grounds. The injury to his pride which he had suffered when his gun was taken from him was not one he could easily forget or forgive. Doggedly, he had trailed the masked man and Indian, far more intent on shooting or capturing them than in bringing Dunn's murderers to justice. Scorning to ask questions when there was trail sign to be read, he was down on hands and knees examining the trampled sand. After a time he nodded with satisfaction. He knew his quarry had left the mission after a short stop. He knew the direction they had taken. Remounting, he touched the flanks of his horse with his spurs.

HOOFB

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

- Annex. In the tower Scrap and Gus worked furiously, but the bell which they had attacked resisted every tool. Gus was saying--
- Gus: What a man put up, a man ought to be able to get down.
- Scrap: It's the curse that's on them. That's what it is.
- Gus: I'm more scared of that beam than the curse.
- Scrap: What's wrong with it?
- Gus: It's full of dry rot. And us working on the bell hasn't made it any solidier.
- Scrap: There's a lot of heft on it.
- Gus: Well, I'm going to try the hacksaw again.
- (SAWING SOUNDS)
- MUSIC: INTERLUDE
- (HOOFS)
- Ranger: Tonto, there's somebody on the trail ahead of us!
- Tonto: Him pull up!
- Sheriff: (BACK) Stop, you fellers!
- Ranger: It's the sheriff!
- Tonto: What we do?
- Ranger: Cut to the right!
- (SHOTS)
- Tonto: Them bullets come plenty close!
- Ranger: He's following us!
- Tonto: We soon out-run him.

Ranger: That will take time. We'll separate. The one he can't follow will be able to reach the mission quickly.

Tonto: Me savvy. Adios.

Ranger: Adios. Come on, Silver.

Annecr: Looking back a few moments later, the Lone Ranger saw that the sheriff had chosen to pursue Tonto. He turned his big white horse toward the mission again.

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annecr: All seemed peaceful at the mission when the masked man dismounted near the entrance and cautiously made his way to the padre's house. The light which still burned there was reassuring, but he soon learned that the place was deserted though the aged priests outdoor garments hung in their places. Returning to the courtyard, the Lone Ranger was about to call out when a sudden gust of wind from the desert lifted one of the blankets which the crooks had placed over the openings in the belfry. Catching the momentary glimmer of candle light at the top of the tower, the masked man stared upward. Then he tip-toed across the flag stones to the entrance of the tall structure. Faint noises drifted down from the belfry. Guided by the moonlight which poured through the open portal, he found the ladder, loosened his guns and began a stealthy ascent.

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

(SAWING NOISES)

Gus: I'm finally through the last rivet!

(NOISES STOP)

Scrap: We can push that bell loose now!

Gus: Wait! I thought I heard something below. Get your ear down on the trap door.

Scrap: Sure. (PAUSE: SOTTO) Somebody's coming up the ladder!

Gus: (SOTTO) Get back and let him come through! Shooting will wake up the Injuns, so I'll get him with my knife.

Scrap: (SOTTO) He may come shooting at us!

Gus: (SOTTO) He can't! He'll need one hand to hang to the ladder and the other to lift the door.

Scrap: (SOTTO) I'm blowing out the candles! There!

Gus: S-s-sh.

(TRAP DOOR CREAKS)

Anner: The Lone Ranger lifted the trap door just far enough to see that it was pitch black in the belfry. Holding his breath, he strained his ears for further sounds. For a moment there was dead silence. Then from out of the darkness came a faint gasp as one of the killers released the pent-up air in his lungs. The masked man threw the door wide open.

(DOOR OPENS)

At the same time he used his free hand to remove his white hat which he knew would be visible even in the deep gloom of the belfry. Holding it by the brim, he slowly lifted it through the opening.

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Scrap: There he is!

Gus: Down he goes!

Amner: Gus struck! So savage was the downward thrust of his blade that when it sliced into nothing but an empty hat he almost fell headlong through the hole. As he struggled to save himself, the Lone Ranger leaped from the ladder to the floor. Unable to determine the odds against him, the masked man backed toward a wall, drawing and training his guns in the direction of the trap door where scrambling noises indicated that the man who had attacked him was getting to his feet. He hesitated to fire, not knowing the fellow's exact position or the reason for his presence in the belfry. There was just a chance that some of the padre's Indians were in the place. He called--

Ranger: Who are you? Why are you here?

Amner: At the sound of his voice Scrap sprang upon his back, getting one arm around his neck.

Scrap: I got him, Gus! Help me!

Gus: Hold onto him, Scrap! I'm coming!

Amner: Hearing the killers use their nicknames, the Lone Ranger was no longer in any doubt about the situation. He was in a fight for his life. As he attempted to throw Scrap over his shoulders, Gus tackled him at the knees. All three men went down in a tangle of arms and legs.

(BODY FALL)

- Ann-cr: In the close-locked combat the masked man's guns had become useless. He let go of them and fought back with fingers and fists, clutching at hands that sought his throat and pounding at invisible heads.
- Gus: Choke him, Scrap! I've lost my knife!
- Scrap: I (EFFORT) I can't. He's breaking loose!
- Ann-cr: As he struggled to his feet, the Lone Ranger's fingers came into contact with one of the blankets which covered the openings in the tower wall. He grabbed it and jerked it loose, letting in a flood of moonlight. The light revealed that the killers were crouched and ready to charge.
- Ranger: Scrap! Gus. You'd better give up!
- Scrap: He knows us!
- Gus: He's got a mask on!
- Scrap: Mask or not, we're two against one!
- Gus: We'll heave him through that hole!
- Ann-cr: The crooks closed in. The masked man swung a powerful right at Gus.
- (BLOW)
- The blow caught the killer on the side of the head, knocking him backward into the bells.
- Gus: Ow! (FADING BACK)
- His shoulders hit the bells, which clanged as he fell.
- (BELLS CLANG)

Gus: (BACK A LITTLE) Shoot him, Scrap!

Scrap: The Injuns---

Gus: They'll hear that bell! So go on and plug him!

Annex: Scrap was reluctant to take his partner's advice, knowing that the sound of gunfire in the belfry would spoil their last chance of stealing the precious bells. Instead of drawing his gun, he drove at the masked man with his fists, landing a hard body punch.

Ranger: (GRUNTS)

Meanwhile, Gus had been crawling around in search of the Lone Ranger's guns. Seeing his purpose, the masked man grappled with Scrap, trying to get the crooks revolver from its holster. The two swayed back and forth between the belfry embrasure and the open trap door, at each of which certain death awaited them. Then their desperate contest hurled them into the bells.

(BELLS CLANG)

Hardly had the din of the bells died out when there was another, even more ominous sound,

(WOOD CRACKING)

The beam on which the five heavy bells had hung for two centuries was giving way, weakened by age, the work of the crooks and the fight that was in progress. Gus scrambled to his feet with a yell--

Gus: The beam's breaking!

Anner: Hurling Scrap aside, the masked man leaped for the opening from which he had torn the blanket. At the same instant the beam broke.

(WOOD CRACKS)

A ton of bells craked against the Belfry floor.

(CRASH)

It, too, gave way under the impact.

(TIMBERS BREAKING)

Just as beam, bells and flooring went down, the Lone Ranger got one leg over the bottom of the opening in the stone wall. Scrap gave a despairing yell. Then from below came the jarring thud of wreckage hitting the ground.

(DULL CRASH)

There was a moment of silence. Then excited yells told that the padre's Indian converts were gathering in.

(YELLS IN B. G.)

From his perch in the embrasure, the Lone Ranger looked ^{down} the shaft. He saw that the ladder, which was fastened tightly to the wall, had not been damaged and could easily be reached. He swung himself onto it and began a careful descent.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

And that has caused all this trouble!

In the meantime, one of the converts awakened by the struggle in the bell tower had discovered and released Padre Felipe. The old priest had arrived at the tower just as the bells fell. As he stood there, as much bewildered as the Indians, Tonto rode up.

(HOOFS COMING TO HALT)

Padre, where is my friend?

(COMING UP) Here I am, Tonto!

And that has caused all this trouble!

Kemo Sabay!

What will you do with the bells now, padre?

My son, what happened here?

The bell beam broke while I was fighting two crooks who wanted to steal the bells. I managed to save myself, but they're dead in the wreckage.

I thank God that you survived. But why did those men want to steal the mission bells?

I just looked at one by match light. They're not badly damaged, but a break in one shows that they

have a high gold content in their metal.

Gold!

Enough to make your mission very rich.

That what crooks find out from old book.

And that has caused all this trouble!

What will you do with the bells now, padre?

And that has caused all this trouble!

What will you do with the bells now, padre?

Padre; They have a rich tone. They hung in the tower for many years and should be hung there again, but now that their secret is known, I'm not so sure that I want them at all.

Ranger; The three crooks who knew the bells were made of gold are dead. Here are the pages from the old manuscript which told about them.

Padre; Where did you find the pages?

Ranger; I just took them from Scrap's body. Now only three of us know the secret. It is safe.

Padre; Then you and Tonto will never tell?

Ranger; You have our word for that, Padre.

Padre; Thank you, my sons. The bells of Santa Maria will ring again.

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Ranger; It's the Sheriff.

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Sheriff; So I've finally run you down! Get your hands up!

Padre; Put that gun away, sheriff.

Sheriff; Padre, these fellers are fugitives. I want them for witnesses.

Ranger; You won't need witness now. Scrap and Gus are dead inside the tower. They were killed when they fell from its top with the bells.

Sheriff; So that was the noise I heard! How'd it happen?

Ranger; While you were chasing us they tried to steal the Mission bells.

Sheriff; They did! I reckon I've made a fool of myself!

Padre; They also laid violent hands on me.

Sheriff; While you were chasing us they tried to steal the Mission bells. How'd it happen?

Sheriff: Now I'm right sorry about that, padre. And if I've done this masked man and Injun any wrong, I apologize for that, too.

Ranger: (Fading Back) There is no need of that, sheriff. Adios, padre.

Padre: Go with God, my sons. too.

Sheriff: Now who inarnation might that masked man be?

Padre: I have it from another padre. He's the Lone Ranger.

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

Sheriff: Now who inarnation might that masked man be?

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Ranger: (BACK) HI*YO*SILVER-AWAY! that, padre. And if I've done this masked man and Injun any wrong, I apologize for that, too.

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