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THE LONE RANGER
Created by George W. Trendle

The Adventure of
THE MILLION DOLLAR WALLPAPER
Ralph Goll

2691-1916
4/17/50

Read by

CAST

H.P.P.
Adapted into screenplay
"Million Dollar Wallpaper"
by Harry Poppe, Jr.
June 3, 1950

- Ranger
- Tonto
- Flapjack.....old prospector, stubborn and contrary.
- Mosshorn..... same
- Silk..... middle-aged confidence man, educated
- Foxy..... same
- Drift.....another confidence man, but younger and tougher
- Sheriff..... elderly, Western
- District Attorney... young, educated
- I Voice

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BILLBOARD FOR "THE MILLION DOLLAR WALLPAPER"

HOOFS COMING TO HALT AS

Ranger: Tonto, that old prospector called Flapjack has been arrested for murdering his partner, Mosshorn.

Tonto: Me not think him guilty. But him sure to hang.

Ranger: Three men, one of them barefooted, left Mosshorn's cabin shortly before it burned. I'll follow their trail while you report to the sheriff. Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Get-um up, Scout!

HOOFS STARTING AS

Annrcr: It was a strange and perilous trail that the Lone Ranger took, for he was to be entombed alive and Mosshorn was to come back from the ^{DEAD} ~~dead~~ with a million dollar roll of wallpaper under his arm. Be sure to listen...etc.

2691-1916

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(USUAL OPENING)

(HOOFS)

- Anncr: It was late afternoon when the Lone Ranger and Tonto, returning from a mission in the Apache Indian country, came within sight of the mining town of Starville. Turning their horses off the trail, they began to look for a place to camp. Soon their new course took them into a gulley where a few miners' cabins appeared, dilapidated and scattered. The Indian pointed--
- Tonto: It look like them shacks are deserted. Maybe this makegood place to stay.
- Ranger: I don't see any signs of water. We need it more than shelter. Our horses-- (BREAKS)
(SHOTS IN BACKGROUND)
- Ranger: Pull up, Tonto!
- AD LIB: WHOAS
(HOOFS HALT)
- Tonto: Where them shots come from?
- Ranger: The slope up there! Look at those two men!
- Tonto: Them not shoot at us! Them shoot at each other!
- Ranger: They haven't seen us! They're facing each other in the open as though they were fighting a duel!
- Tonto: Them fellers both old. Got gray beards.
- Ranger: Let's stop them! Come on, Silver!
- Tonto: Get-um up, Scout!
(HOOFS)

Tonto: Them ready to shoot again!

(SHOTS IN B. G.)

Ranger: (CALLS) Hold your fire, men!

Mosshorn: (BACK) Look! A masked man!

Flapjack: (BACK) An Injun, too! Plug them, Mosshorn!

Mosshorn: (BACK) I can't! My gun's empty!

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger: Now drop those guns and come here.

(STEPS UP TO HALT)

Mosshorn: (COMING UP) Sure...sure. There goes mine.

Flapjack: (COMING UP) Mine, too. But you haven't got any call to be horning in on a private ruckus.

Ranger: There's a law against dueling.

Flapjack: Now that's right funny, coming from an owlhoot in a mask.

Ranger: Don't let my mask mislead you. I'm not an outlaw. All I want from you is an explanation of your gunplay.

Mosshorn: I caught that sidewinder sneaking up on my shack.

Flapjack: Don't believe the varmint! I was only looking for a stay burro. He shot first.

Ranger: Those old cap-and-ball revolvers you were using don't seem to have been very effective.

Mosshorn: Those are Navy Colys--the best six-guns ever made!

Flapjack: That's right! I'd rather have one of them than a dozen of those new-fangled ca'tridge guns.

Ranger: If the guns are good, you must be poor marksmen. You were less than fifty feet apart when you fired.

Mosshorn: Flapjack, did you hear what he said?

Flapjack: I sure did, Mosshorn! He's belittling us!

Mosshorn: Either one of us could hit the nail heads in my shack over yonder!

Ranger: Then I take it that you both aimed to miss.

Mosshorn: Well...now--

Flapjack: Mosshorn-- why, drat my hide, I've been talking to you, you ornery critter!

Mosshorn: 'Pears like I've been making the same mistake. It's been a year since I sunk low enough to swap words with you.

Ranger: (CHUCKLES) Your exchange of words doesn't seem to have hurt you any more than your exchange of bullets. What started your feud?

Flapjack: Well, mister, it's like this. Mosshorn and me prospected together until I heard he said I ran off and left him in the desert with a broken leg.

Mosshorn: I never said no such thing, Flapjack. I knew you went for help. But somebody told me you claimed I'd stolen your poke.

Flapjack: We've both been lied to!

Ranger: It's strange that you let trouble-makers break up your friendship.

- Mosshorn: Not so strange. Us old prospectors have got a lot of mule in us. We're stubborn and contrary.
- Flapjack: Yes, but our feuding was always sort of friendly even if we wouldn't admit it. Do you savvy that, mister?
- Ranger: I think I do.
- Flapjack: Then you're the only feller around here who does. The sheriff put us under bonds to keep the peace. (CHUCKLES) But now we're through burning powder on each other.
- Mosshorn: Let's shake on that, Flapjack!
- Flapjack: Here's my paw, pardner!
- Ranger: I'm glad that you old-timers have come to an ~~understand~~ understanding.
- Mosshorn: It was your doing, mister. How can we pay you back?
- Ranger: You owe me nothing, but I need information. Where is the nearest place where we'll find grass and water?
- Mosshorn: You'll find good grass a few miles farther on. The water there is all right for hosses, but I don't figure it's fit for a man.
- Ranger: Our canteens are empty.
- Mosshorn: Then I'll fill them in my shack. I've got a keg of spring water I packed in on my burro this morning. Come on.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex:

The shack into which the old prospectors led the Lone Ranger and Tonto was remarkable for nothing except its wallpaper. Over the flour sacking which served to cover the cracks in the ceiling and walls hundreds of green and gold stock certificates had been pasted. As Mosshorn filled the canteens, the masked man inquired--

Ranger:

Where did you get that stock, old-timer?

Mosshorn:

Won it in a poker game. A feller staked it against a dollar bet. Course it isn't worth even a dollar, but it looks mighty pretty. (CHUCKLES)

Ranger:

I see that it was issued by the Red Gap Mining Company.

Mosshorn:

Yep. That's a mine in the hills yonder. It closed down a couple of years ago. The ore on it wasn't rich enough to pay for the digging.

Flapjack:

Maybe the Red Gap will come back some day. You got a legal title to that paper?

Mosshorn:

Sure. The feller I got it from sold mining machinery. The company owed him and he had to take that stuff on the debt...There, the canteens are full.

Ranger:

I'll take them. Thanks.

Flapjack:

If you gents ever get back this way, look us up. You won't find us feuding the next time.

Mosshorn:

We've made up for good. You'll come back some day. You

Ranger:

I hope so.

AD LIB:

ADIOS

MUSIC: Interlude

Anncr:

As the Lone Ranger and Tonto left the cabin, two men swung from their horses at the Red Gap mine. Although they wore riding clothes, their faces showed few signs of exposure to wind and weather. For a moment they surveyed the tumble-down buildings and rusty ore cars which surrounded a tunnel entrance in the side of a hill. Then one called--

Silk:

(CALLS) Hey, Drift! Where are you?

Drift:

(BACK:TUNNEL EFFECT) I'm coming!

Foxy:

He's in the mine.

Silk:

(CALLS) Hurry up!

(STEPS FADING IN)

Drift:

(COMING UP) Howdy, Silk! Howdy, Foxy!
I reckon you got my telegram.

Foxy:

We wouldn't be here if we hadn't.

(STEPS HALT)

Silk:

What was the idea of telling us not to unload any Red Gap stock until we saw you?

Foxy:

That's what I want to know. We've got a sucker in Denver who'll buy all the worthless paper we've got once we're able to show him some good ore in that hole. Haven't you salted it yet?

Drift:

I started to, but while I was digging a hole for a plant of high-grade ore I struck the richest gold vein I ever saw.

Silk: What!

Drift: Come on and I'll show you. I'll light the way with my miner's lamp.

(STEPS)

Foxy: Where did you make the strike?

Drift: Not far from the entrance here. Now watch your step.

(TUNNEL EFFECT THROUGHOUT)

Silk: Foxy, this changes everything. We've got to switch from a confidence game to big business.

Foxy: You said it! Instead of selling stock to easy marks we'll have to get hold of enough shares to reorganize the company and control it.

Drift: The fellers who dug this lateral shaft only missed the vein by a yard. There's where I found it.

(STEPS HALT)

Silk: Talk about luck!

Drift: Now look at this ore sample.

Foxy: (WHISTLES) Whew!

Drift: It'll assay six thousand dollars to the ton. We're all rich!

Silk: Not quite. It's like Foxy said. We need more stock and it may be hard to find.

Drift: I know where there's a lot of it.

Foxy: You do? Where?

Drift: An old prospector called Mosshorn has got his cabin papered with it. Everybody jokes about it.

Foxy: Maybe we can talk him into selling it for a few dollars.

Drift: Not him! He's so cantankerous he wouldn't sell for a million if he thought the certificates would do you any good. They say he scratches his feet when his head itches.

Silk: Then we'll go after him with guns.

Drift: When?

Silk: Tonight.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annor: A few hours later Mosshorn lay snoring in his bunk.

(SNORES)

Following a habit formed during years of hazardous living, he had removed only his socks and boots and had placed his Navy Colt in the bunk. But age had dulled his sense of danger. He failed to hear the cabin door open and close.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Drift: (SOTTO) He's there in the corner! Strike a match!

Silk: (SOTTO) Get ready to grab him! I'm lighting one!

(MATCH STRIKES: SNORES STOP)

Drift: I've got him!

Mosshorn: Hey! What's going on?

Drift: Shut up and get out of that bunk or I'll plug you!

Mosshorn: Let loose of my wrists! I'm getting up!

Foxy: Silk, there's a lamp on the table. Hurry and light it.

Silk: Right... Now we can see.

Mosshorn: What do you fellers want?

Silk: Your fancy wallpaper for one thing...Say, Silk, how are we going to get those certificates off. They're pasted on tight.

Foxy: The paper under them is loose.Run a knife blade in between each row of certificates. Then we can peel off whole strips. Like this.

(PAPER NOISES)

Silk: I see.

Anncr: Working swiftly, the swindlers soon had the cabin stripped of paper. As they rolled their loot into a bundle, the old prospector ventured another protest-

Mosshorn: Look, you polecats! That Red Gap stock is no good.

Drift: Just the same you're going to sign it over to us.

Mosshorn: I'm not signing anything away.

Drift: We'll see about that when we get you to the mine.

Mosshorn: If you're going to take me away, let me put on my boots.

Drift: All right.

Mosshorn: I'll have to sit down on my bunk to get them on.

Drift: Then do it, but don't forget I'm holding a gun on you.

Anncr: Reaching for his boots with one hand, Mosshorn inched the other into the blankets behind him. His fingers closed on the butt of his old Colt. A moment later there was a muffled report.

(MUFFLED SHOT)

Annecr: Drift staggered back with a groan--

Drift: (GROANS) He... he shot me! Help!

Annecr: Before the old prospector could free his gun from the blankets and cock it again, both Silk and Foxy hurled themselves upon him. Unwilling to kill him before they obtained his signature, they broke his grip on the weapon and dragged him from the bunk.

Foxy: I'll take care of him, Silk! You look after Drift!

Annecr: As Silk reached for Drift, the wounded man collapsed against the table, overturning it in his fall.

(TABLE OVERTURNS:BODY FALLS:GLASS BREAKS)

The lamp shattered on the floor, spilling kerosene on the tinder-dry boards and igniting them.

(FIRE SOUNDS)

Silk: The shack's on fire!

Foxy: Get Drift out!

Silk: He's dead!

Foxy: Then let him go! Grab the paper!

Silk: I've got it! Come on!

Mosshorn: My cabin-- (BREAKS)

Foxy: Get going, you old fool!

(SEVERAL RUNNING STEPS:DOOR OPENS)

Silk: This way to the horses!

MUSIC:Interlude

Annecr: Although Flapjack, asleep in his cottage across the gulley, had not heard the shot, the mounting flames soon wakened him. He pulled on his boots, grabbed a gun and ran out, shouting and shooting---

(RUNNING STEPS)

Flapjack: (CALLS) Fire! Fire!...Mosshorn, wake up!

(THREE ALARM SHOTS)

Annecr: As he neared Mosshorn's cabin, flames burst from the open door. Seeing that he could not gain an entrance there, he halted at a window.

(STEPS HALT:FIRE NOISES)

For a moment the smoke inside the shack lifted, giving him a glimpse of someone lying on the floor. Believing that Mosshorn had been overcome, he smashed the glass with his gun barrel and yelled---

(GLASS BREAKS)

Flapjack: Mosshorn, I'm coming! Get up!

Annecr: His only answer was the roar of the fire.

(FIRE NOISES LOUDER)

Flames shot through the opening into his face. He fell back with a cry of despair---

Flapjack: My pardner!...He's a goner!...I can't help him!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annecr: Meanwhile, the Lone Ranger and Tonto had made camp. Remaining up in order to repair some trail-worn gear, they noticed a red glow on the horizon. The Indian observed---

Tonto: That fire must be in Starville.

Ranger:

It looks small, but you'd better investigate.

I'll stay here and finish this work unless I see that it's spreading.

Tonto:

Me go pronto.

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anncr:

As Tonto headed for Starville, Sheriff Matt Brady and a group of citizens, who also had seen the reflection of the fire, spurred their horses into the gulley. One townsman was shouting---

Voice: 1

Sheriff, that's Mosshorn's shanty!

Sheriff:

We couldn't save it even if we had water!

Voice: 1

Mosshorn must have got out! Somebody's standing outside!

Sheriff:

That's old Flapjack!

AD LIB:

WHOAS

(HOOPS HALT) FIRE NOISES

Sheriff:

Flapjack, where is Mosshorn?

Flapjack:

He's in there, sheriff!

Sheriff:

Then he's dead! (DISMOUNTS) What are you doing here?

Flapjack:

The fire woke me up. I tried to get him out.

Sheriff:

How comes he couldn't get out himself?

Flapjack:

I don't know.

Sheriff:

I think you know plenty. An old desert rat like Mosshorn wouldn't burn himself up by accident.

Voice: I Sheriff, I heard shooting from this direction just before I noticed the fire.

Sheriff: Flapjack, I'm taking your gun. (EFFORT) There! Now stand still!

Flapjack: What's the idea?

Sheriff: This old shooting iron smells of fresh burnt powder.

Flapjack: Sure, it does! I shot it to give an alarm.

Sheriff: I had a report that there was some shooting in the gulley this afternoon. I couldn't get away to see, but I figured then and I figure now that you and Mosshorn had another run-in. What about it?

Flapjack: Well... we did burn a little powder on each other, but nobody got hurt. A masked man and an Injun stopped ~~MM~~ us.

Sheriff: (SARCASTIC) A likely story!

Flapjack: It's the truth! Mosshorn and me buried the hatchet after that. We aimed to be pardners again.

Sheriff: That don't wash down either. You fellers feuded too long ever to make up. You were always threatening to kill each other.

Flapjack: That was just talk! We didn't mean it!

Sheriff: You had a lot of shooting scrapes.

Flapjack: Yes, but we aimed our guns so's we'd miss.

Sheriff: You must take me for a fool! Now hold out your paws.

Flapjack: What you going to do?

Sheriff: Handcuff you!

(HANDCUFFS RATTLE)

Sheriff: There! Now I'm taking you to jail!

Flapjack: If Mosshorn was alive---(BREAKS)

Sheriff: The rest of you stay here. Get the body out as soon as you can.

Voice: 1 We savvy.

Sheriff: Mosshorn and Flapjack were the only fellers in these parts who used old-fashioned cap-and-ball guns. If there's a round bullet in the body this old varmint will hang!

MUSIC:Interlude

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

COMMERCIAL

Annrcr: Flapjack, an aged prospector, was under arrest for murder and arson in the supposed death of Mosshorn, another old desert man. Actually, a body seen in Mosshorn's burning shack was that of a crook Mosshorn had killed before being abducted by other members of the gang. It was early the next day when Tonto, who had gone to investigate the fire, returned to the Lone Ranger's camp and told of the circumstances under which Flapjack had been jailed. The Indian was saying---

- Tonto: Mosshorn's shack all burned before me get there.
But me see fellers take body out.
- Ranger: Was there any evidence of murder?
- Tonto: Coroner say Mosshorn was shot before fire. Him
find bullet like Flapjack use in body.
- Ranger: It's hard to believe that Flapjack killed Mosshorn
in such a cowardly and deliberate fashion only a
few hours after they had become friends again.
- Tonto: Me wonder bout that.
- Ranger: Flapjack had a chance to kill him when they shot
at each other in the afternoon. The code of the West
would have justified the killing.
- Tonto: Me tell sheriff how old fellers make up.
- Ranger: What did he say?
- Tonto: Him not believe me. Him order me to come back today
to make statement.
- Ranger: You'll have to go, but before you do we'll take a
look at the scene of the fire.
- MUSIC: INTERLUDE
- (HOOFS)
- Annrcr: Riding into the gulley a little later, the masked man
and Indian found it deserted. Only a pile of askes
and charred boards marked the place where Mosshorn's
cabin had stood. There they drew rein.
- AD LIB: WHOAS
- (HOOFS HALT)

- Annex: Dismounting, they made a careful inspection of the debris. When it became certain that the ashes held nothing significant Tonto turned to the surrounding ground--
- Tonto: Plenty tracks all round here.
- Ranger: A lot of people came to the fire. I see hoof prints, boot prints, even dog tracks.
- Tonto: Me see something else.
- Ranger: What?
- Tonto: Look there! Two prints of bare feet. Them point away from place where cabin door was.
- Ranger: The man who made them must have left the ~~WALK~~ cabin before or soon after the fire started. They disappear here where the sight-seers stood.
- Tonto: Maybe we find them again farther out.
- (STEPS)
- Ranger: Yes, there they are!
- Tonto: Two sets of boot tracks go same way!
- Ranger: Wait! Here's a place where three horses stood!
- (STEPS HALT)
- Ranger: How do you read the sign?
- Tonto: Three men in boots get off horses and go toward shack. Two men in boots and barefoot feller come back. All mount, go north. It look like horse barefoot feller ride was led.
- Ranger: That means he was injured or a prisoner. Here, Silver!

(HORSE NICKERS:HOOFS UP TO HALT)

Tonto: What we do?

Ranger: You report back to the sheriff. *AS HE TOLD YOU TO DO.* (MOUNTS) I'll follow those tracks. Come on, Silver!

(HOOFS AWAY)

MUSIC:Interlude

Annrcr: In the meantime, Silk and Foxy had reached the Red Gap mine with Mosshorn. For hours they had tried to force him to sign a transfer of title to the stock certificates, but still he balked. Battered and bruised, he slumped against the tunnel wall while one crook held a gun on him and the other played the beam of a miner's lamp over his face. Silk was saying--

Silk: How much longer are we going to fool with that old mulehead? It's almost noon and I'm hungry.

Foxy: Maybe he is, too. Maybe we can starve him into signing.

Silk: That would take too long.

Foxy: He can't stand much more of the rough stuff.

Mosshorn: You fellers would kill me even if I did sign. I know too much. I've seen your faces and know your names. I've seen that high-grade ore you've found.

Silk: There, Foxy! You see?

Foxy: There must be some way of softening him up.

Silk: Say, what's behind that iron door there?

Foxy: A vault where the old company planned to store gold until it could be shipped. It'll come in handy when we reopen the mine.

Silk: Maybe it'll come in handy now. Can it be opened?

Foxy: Yes, the key's still in the lock. I had it open when we were here the first time. But there's nothing inside, not even enough air to keep a man alive more than a few minutes.

Silk: Good!

Foxy: What's good about it?

Silk: We'll put the old desert rat in there. That ought to bring him to time.

Foxy: It's worth trying! Come on, Mosshorn!

Mosshorn: No! Let me be!

Foxy: Come on, I said!(EFFORT) Open the door, Silk!
(SEVERAL STEPS TO HALT:DOOR UNLOCKS,OPENS)

Silk: There, it's open!...What a hole! It looks like a tomb!

Mosshorn: Quit pushing me!

Foxy: (EFFORT) In you go!...When you're ready to sign, yell or knock!

(DOOR SLAMS SHUT) (LOCKS)

Mosshorn: (BACK:MUFFLED) I'll never sign!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr: At that moment the sheriff's office in Starville was the scene of another ordeal with Flapjack as the victim. Surrounded by officials, he too had been pressed to put his name on a paper-- a paper admitting the murder of Mosshorn. And he too was saying--

Flapjack: I'll never sign!

Dist. Atty: You're just making it hard for yourself, old timer.

Sheriff: Listen to the district attorney, Flapjack.

Flapjack: Sheriff, I've been listening to him. And I'm wondering why he's so all-fired anxious to get a signed confession.

Sheriff: It'll save us a lot of trouble and expense.

Flapjack: But I'll get hung-- only quicker!

Dist. Atty: The evidence is all against you. You had the motive, the opportunity and the weapon. You can't hope to beat such a case.

Flapjack: Just the same, I didn't do it!

Dist: Atty: You stubborn old fool!

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Tonto: (BACK) Me come back, sheriff. Me Tonto.

Flapjack: Look! It's the Injun who was with the masked man! He knows me and Mosshorn made up.

Sheriff: So he told me. Come here, Injun. The district attorney wants to question you.

Tonto: (COMING UP) Me ready, but you better hear something else fisrt.

Sheriff: What?

Tonto: Me hear plenty lynch talk around town.

Sheriff: I know. Folks are riled up about the way Mosshorn was killed, but they won't do anything...Go ahead with your questioning, D. A.

Dist. Atty: Now while He's armed!

Sheriff: Freeze, Injun!

Tonto: (GRUNTS)

Sheriff: There, I've got his hardware.

Dist: Atty: Now, Indian, what's that stuff and nonsense about a masked man? Did you and Flapjack invent him or is he a party to your conspiracy to defeat justice?

Tonto: Maybe you find out later.

Dist: Atty: Sheriff, prepare a cell for this fellow! He's staying here until he tells the truth!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anncr: It was noon when the Lone Ranger finally succeeded in trailing the three horses through brush-covered hills to the Red Gap mine. Though he was still uncertain whether the riders had any connection with the events at Mosshorn's cabin, he took the precautions of hiding Silver behind a slag pile and scouting the abandoned buildings. Then he entered the tunnel. There a flickering light told him he was close to his quarry. As the masked man advanced stealthily, Silk consulted his watch—

- Silk: It has been ~~for some minutes~~ ^{QUITE A WHILE} since we locked that door.
- Foxy: I'll see what's happened. Give me the key.
- Silk: I left it in the lock.
- Foxy: Cover me with your gun while I open the vault.
- Silk: Sure.
- Ranger: (BACK) Drop that gun!
- Foxy: Look! A masked man!
- Silk: Don't shoot! I'm dropping my gun!
- (GUN FALLS)
- Foxy: What do you want?
- Ranger: (COMING) I'll take your gun, too. Then we'll have a talk.
- Annrcr: As the masked man disarmed Foxy and picked up the fallen revolver, Silk edged away and took to his heels.
- (RUNNING STEPS FADING OUT)
- Ranger: (CALLS) Stop! Stop!
- Annrcr: Silk ignored the command and vanished in the dark recesses of the mine while the Lone Ranger, ~~held~~ doubtful about the character of the men, held his fire. Then he turned to the fright-frozen Foxy--
- Ranger: What's going on here?
- Foxy: We...we've got a financial interest in this mine.
- Ranger: Give me that lamp!
- Foxy: Here.. What are you looking at?
- Ranger: That roll of paper beside your feet. It came from Mosshorn's cabin. You murdered him!

Foxy: No, we didn't!

Ranger: His body was found in the ruins of his cabin.

Foxy: That was a fellow Mosshorn shot. The old man's locked in that vault. We've got to get him out before he suffocates. I don't want to hang!

Ranger: Unlock the door!

(DOOR UNLOCKS)

Mosshorn: (BACK:MUFFLED) Let me out!

Foxy: He's still alive!

(DOOR OPENS)

Annex: As the door swung open, the Lone Ranger stepped forward, covering Foxy with a gun and turning the miner's lamp into the vault. The light revealed the old prospector stretched on the floor.

Mosshorn: Air...give me air...

Ranger: Take it easy, old timer!

Mosshorn: (DEEP BREATH) A-ah, that's good!

Annex: In his concern for the aged prospector, the masked dropped to one knee in the doorway and gave him a closer look, thus exposing his back to the dark tunnel. As he did so, Silk, who had stolen out of his hiding place, heaved a heavy chunk of ore at him. The missile struck him between the shoulder blades, knocking him into the vault.

Ranger: (GROANS)

Painful as the injury was, he clung to lamp and gun and came up pivoting for a shot. But before he could fire Foxy slammed the door on him and turned the key.

(DOOR SLAMS: LOCKS)

Foxy: (BACK:MUFFLED) We've got them!(LAUGHS)

Mosshorn: Masked man, I was ^{is} paying you'd come, but now we're good as dead!

Ranger: ~~THERE'S A CRACK UNDER THE DOOR. IT WILL GIVE ENOUGH FRESH AIR GET IN WHILE THE DOOR WAS OPEN. US ENOUGH AIR FOR~~
to let ~~us~~ live a little while. Just lie still.

Mosshorn: You got guns. Maybe you can shoot the lock off.

Ranger: ~~BULLETS WON'T SMASH IT.~~
^ The lock is on the inside but it's in a box made of heavy steel. The box is fastened to the door with big bolts. The burrs are on this side.

~~Mosshorn: Try shooting anyhow.~~

~~Ranger: All right.~~

~~(GUNS)~~

~~Mosshorn: What happened?~~

~~Ranger: The bullets didn't even dent the box and we made it worse for ourselves. That powder broke (BREAKS, CRACKS)~~
(CRACKS) Where's that rock I was hit with? I'll try to break the lock with it.

Mosshorn: I've got it right here, but it isn't a rock. It's a piece of rotten quartz that would fall apart at the first lick and its plumb full of gold. This mine is/ rich.

Ranger: So that's why they took your wallpaper!

Mosshorn: They want me to sign it over. And I'm ready to do it now. (CALLS) Listen, you crooks out there! I'll put my name down now!

Foxy: (BACK:MUFFLED) You're too late! We can't let you out while that masked man's in there!

Mosshorn: There goes our last chance, mister. The air's getting bad already.

Ranger: Five minutes more will finish us.

MUSIC:Interlude

Annrcr: In the tunnel outside Silk and Foxy debated what to do. Silk was saying---

Silk: We can't get the old man's signature now, so let's get out of here.

Foxy: Not yet! We've got to make sure that they're dead before we leave. And we ought to put their bodies where they'll never be found.

Silk: All right. I'll get the horses while we're waiting.

MUSIC:Interlude

(LABORED BREATHING THROUGHOUT)

Mosshorn: What you looking at, mister?

Ranger: The bolts that hold that lock. They're rusty but the burrs could be turned off.

Mosshorn: If we just had a wrench!

Ranger: I've got one here! I should have thought of that before.

Mosshorn: You're going out of your head! That there's a six-gun!

Ranger: It'll serve the same purpose once I get the butt plates off with my knife.

Mosshorn: I don't see how.

Ranger: Every gun butt is hollow. The butt plates are fastened to a steel frame. Inside of that is the hammer spring.

Mosshorn: Sure.

Ranger: Now look. I've got the plates off. There's just enough space inside the frame for it to fit over burrs that size.

Mosshorn: I'll be durned! You can use the gun barrel as a wrench handle.

Ranger: I can work in the dark, so put out the light. We'll need every bit of oxygen that's left. I CAN FEEL THE BURRS.

Anner: Bracing himself between the door jambs, the masked man felt for the first burr and fitted the frame of the gun butt over it. The frame held fast and he tugged on the barrel. Squealing as its threads cut into rust, the burr began to turn.

Ranger: I've got the first one started! There are only three more.

Mosshorn: Hurry! work in the dark, so put out the light. We'll need every bit of oxygen that's left.

Anner: The first and second burrs came off easily. But he was sweating and gasping as he tacked the third.

His lungs seemed ready to burst and his ~~XXXXX~~ heart pounded hard.

Ranger: There, the third one's off. But I'm burning up a lot of oxygen!

Mosshorn: Hurry! work in the dark, so put out the light. We'll need every bit of oxygen that's left. The first and second burrs came off easily. But he

By a prodigious effort he got the last nut started. Then his knees gave way. For a few seconds he lay on the floor gulping in the slightly purer air. Then he staggered to his feet and resumed his task. The full turns which he had been making with the improvised wrench fell off to half turns and quarter turns, but at long last the nut came off and the lock and bolt fell to the floor.

(IRON FALLS)

The masked man lurched against the door, swinging it wide. Silk and Foxy, who had lit another lamp, fell back in dismay but stayed their flight when a gun thundered a warning shot.

(SHOT)

Foxy: He's out!

Ranger: Get your hands up!

Silk: Sure...sure! We don't want to die!

Foxy: What are you going to do to us?

Ranger: Take you to the sheriff and free an innocent man!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annecr: It was several hours later when the district attorney, weary of questioning Flapjack and Tonto, turned to the sheriff--

Dist: Atty: These fellows can't be telling the truth. It flies against the laws of evidence and nature, but they've half convinced me that there's more to the case than we realize.

Sheriff: What do you want me to do?

Dist: Atty: Lock them up. That's all you can do.

- Sheriff: Come on, fellers!
- (DOOR OPENS, CLOSES: STEPS COMING UP)
- Dist. Atty: Somebody's coming in the back way.
- Sheriff: By the tanel, there's Mosshorn and we thought he was dead!
- Dist, Atty: And there's the masked man we thought never lived!
- Flapjack: Mosshorn, is it really you?
- Mosshorn: It sure is, padner.
- Flapjack: What's that under your arm?
- Mosshorn: My wallpaper. It's worth a million dollars and half of it's yours. That's what all this trouble was about.
- Ranger: Sheriff, you'll find two prisoners tied to horses in the alley.
- Sheriff: Who are they? What did they do?
- Ranger: Mosshorn will explain. Come on, Tonto.
- Mosshorn: That masked man sure got me out of a tight spot.
- Flapjack: Me, too.
- Dist. Atty: I don't suppose we'll ever learn who he is. That close-mouthed Indian--
- Flapjack: (INTERRUPTS) Told me about him. He's the Lone Ranger!
- Ranger: (BACK) HI-YO-SILVER-AWAY!