

The Lone Ranger  
created by George W. Trendle

The Adventure of  
THE PHANTOM STEED  
Ralph Goll

2700-1925

5/8/50

Stripes

Cast

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Ranger

Tonto

Clint Collingwood.....young, wealthy Eastern sportsman

Dave Hilton.....Middle-aged Western rancher

Laura Hilton..... young, educated, Collingwood's fiancée.

Tex..... middle-aged, tough horse thief

Butch..... horse thief

Hank..... horse thief

Rusty..... horse thief

Colonel Grayling..... elderly Army officer

Voices

April 25-50

NEW BILLBOARD FOR "THE PHANTOM STEED"

HOOFS COMING TO HALT AS

Ranger: Tonto, a big band of horse thieves has raided an Army remount herd and killed some soldiers. It is a serious matter for the West.

Tonto: That so. West need Army. Army need horses.

Ranger: Colonel Grayling and his cavalry are pursuing the thieves. He has asked us to meet him at the Cross-O ranch.

Tonto: Where that place?

Ranger: It's in the mustang country-- the country of the phantom steed called Thunderhoof. Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Get--um up, Scout!

HOOFS STARTING AS

Annrc: Yes, the Lone Ranger is headed for a strange country and even stranger adventures. He will keep a rendezvous with death before he meets the colonel. He will be hunted for the horse he rides. And for once he will even abandon the great Silver to serve the ends of justice. Be sure, etc.

2700-1925

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annex: Clint Collingwood was one of the most famous sportsmen of his time. Young as he was, he had hunted big game in many lands. He had climbed mountain peaks on which no other man ever had put foot. The stable of fast horses which he maintained at his Eastern home was beyond compare. But young Collingwood's great ambition had not been satisfied. He wanted to capture a fleet white stallion which was reported to rove the plains, outrunning all pursuers and evading all traps. It was of this so-called phantom steed that he talked as he rode across the vast Cross-O spread in Texas, accompanied by Dave Hilton, the ranch owner, and Hilton's daughter, Laura. Collingwood was saying---

(HOOPS SUSTAINED)

Clint: I'm sure there is ~~ow~~ was such a horse. There's a basis of truth in all legends.

Dave: Maybe so, Clint. They say there's always fire where there's smoke. But I'll bet my bottom dollar that you never find your ghost horse.

Clint: Dave, the wild horse hunters I've hired to look for him say that he's wintering around Mesa Grande.

Dave: They're just stringing you. They want to keep their jobs.

Laura: Dad, you can't be sure of that. Washington Irving and Herman Melville believed there was a phantom steed and wrote about him.

Dave: Who are those fellers, Laura?

Laura: Two great authors whose works I read in school back East.

- Dave: Those writing fellers are like professional horse hunters. They'll tell anything for money.
- Clint: What about the Mexicans and Indians around here? They believe in the horse. The vaqueros call him Son of the Wind. The Apache name for him is Thunderhoof.
- Dave: They're just plain superstitious!
- Clint: Just the same, I'm going to find out what's behind so many stories.
- Dave: That's your right, Clint. I'll help you all I can, seeing as how you're going to be my son-in-law. But I sure hate to see you spending so much money and getting nothing back but a horse laugh.
- Clint: You're a practical man, Dave. I suppose you think I've got too much imagination.
- Dave: Nope. That's why I like you.
- Laura: So do I!
- Dave: The trouble with the West is that it hasn't got enough men with imaginations. 'Pears like all folks want to do is get rich and then go gallivanting off East or to the Old Country. Course, you've already got all the money you can spend.
- Clint: That's no credit to me. I enherited it.
- Dave: Now I've got a dream, too. It's about starting a big horse ranch. The country needs better saddle stock. And the day's a-coming when it'll need draught horses even worse.
- Clint: Yes, I can see that.

- Dave: Why don't you put some of your money to work building up the West. You could be raising the flesh-and-blood horses we need instead of chasing a ghost horse. We could be partners.
- Clint: (LAUGHS) The horse ranch of Hilton and Collingwood has now been founded.
- Laura: Do you mean that, dear?
- Clint: Of course I do. But I don't like to give up hunting Thunderhoof just yet.
- Dave: I savvy, son. A feller's dreams die hard.
- Clint: Dave, you're a sympathetic man.
- Laura: He's a dear!
- Dave: (EMBARRASSED COUGH) Where in tarnation do you figure to find those wild horse hunters of yours.
- Clint: They had a camp in the cedar brakes along the Rio Rojo when I visited them before.
- Dave: Well, here's the river. The brakes are upstream.
- MUSIC: INTERLUDE
- Annecr: As Clint Collingwood and his companions turned their horses upriver, a dozen hard-bitten men whom he had employed on their own word that they were professional wild horse hunters, rose from a scanty meal at a camp in the cedar thickets. Two of them climbed into a chuck wagon which stood nearby, ready to roll. Tex Harper, the leader of the outfit, called to them--

NEW PAGE 4

Tex: Rusty, you and Hank had better cut straight across the range to the Cross-0 headquarters. I want some chuck back here by supper time.

Rusty: (BACK) Right, boss!

Tex: Tell Collingwood we want plenty of bacon and coffee.

Rusty: (BACK) We'll work him for all we can get. Gidap!

(WHIPCRACKS: HOOFS, WHEELS FADING OUT)

Butch: (LAUGHS) Tex, that Collingwood feller must be loco, hiring us hoss thieves as mustangers and setting us to hunting a hoss that don't exist!

Tex: Butch, you'd better not talk out of turn when he's around. We've got to keep him thinking that we're honest horse hunters and that there IS such a critter as Thunderhoof. We need this job to hide behind.

Butch: That's so. We're wanted and wanted plenty bad for raiding that herd of Army remounts.

Tex: It was the wrong play for us, but it looked easy. The Army hadn't put the "U.S." brand on those hosses yet, and there were only a few soldiers on guard.

Butch: Yeah, but we had to plug some of them and now the whole Army's after us!

Voice: 1 And that's not all! In order to get away we had to turn loose every hoss except that white stallion.

Butch: Tex, we'd better get rid of him, too.

Tex: There are lots of white hosses. He can't be traced.

Butch: Then how comes you keep him hidden all the time.

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ADD NEW PAGE 4

Tex:

I don't want Collingwood to see him around camp.  
Dumb as that Easterner is, he's bound to start  
wondering pretty soon why it's always us who see the  
ghost hoss, never him.

Butch: So what?

Tex: If he shows signs of giving up the hunt and firing us, we'll let him have a look at the Army hoss from way off. Anything that's white will look like Thunderhoof to him.

AD LIB: LAUGHTER

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Voice: 1 Somebody's coming!

Tex: It's the Easterner! He's got the Cross-O boss and his gal with him!

AD LIB WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Tex: Howdy, folks!

Clint: Hello, Tex! I brought Mr. Hilton and his daughter along to see how things are going.

Tex: And I just sent Rusty and Hank to the ranch to see you. We're out of provisions.

Clint: We didn't meet them, but they won't have any trouble getting supplies at the ranch commissary.

Laura: Did anyone see Thunderhoof today?

Tex: No, ma'am. We've been busy building a hoss trap down the river.

Laura: I'm going to take a look around through my field glasses

Dave: Watch the high places, Laura. That's where mustangs go to look ~~around~~ for danger.



Clint: Tex, I've been wondering why Thunderhoof is never seen in the company of other mustangs.

Tex: I reckon he's a kind of lone wolf. But we'll get him if you give us time enough.

Clint: How big do you think he is.

Tex: He's a good seventeen hands high and silver white.

Laura: Clint!...Dad!...I see a big white horse! Get out your glasses!

Clint: Where is he?

Laura: On top the big mesa there across the river!

Dave: By thunder, she does see a horse! But he's no mustang! He's got a saddle on!

Clint: There's a man on the other side of him! Now he's stepping around in front! He's--

Laura: He's wearing a mask!

Dave: An owlhoot!

Clint: Whoever he is, he has the finest horse I've ever seen!

Dave: I wouldn't believe there was such a horse if I wasn't looking at him!

Clint: Tex, take a look!

Tex: I've got my glasses on him!

- Tex: I've got my own glasses on him!
- Clint: That must be Thunderhoof! He looks just like I always pictured him!
- Dave: Then why hasn't he been seen with a rider before?
- Tex: That's easy to answer. A masked owlhoot like him would ride at night mostly and let his horse graze in the daytime.
- Laura: There's another rider up there now! And Indian!
- Clint: I see him, but it's that white stallion I'm interested in. I'd give ten thousand dollars for him!
- Tex: Ten thousand! Then us boys'll get him for you!
- Clint: Hold on! I'm not hiring you to steal him!
- Tex: It isn't stealing to take something from an outlaw.
- Dave: That's so, Clint. It's an old custom out here for a feller who captures or kills an owlhoot to take his horse and gear, providing nobody else has got a better claim to it.
- Clint: That mask doesn't make him an outlaw.
- Laura: It certainly makes him a suspect. He should be captured and questioned.
- Tex: Well, Mr. Collingwood.
- Clint: Capture both the rider and horse, but don't harm either. If it turns out that I can claim the horse, you and your men will get the money.
- Tex: Suits me. We'll wait until they pull back from the edge of the mesa and then go after them.

Clint: I'm going along!

Laura: Then so am I!

Clint: No, Laura! It may be dangerous!

Laura: Danger is fun!

Dave: Now you listen to your dad, girl! You're syaing right here in camp and I'm staying with you!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annrcr: Unaware that they were under observation, the Lone Ranger and Tonto looked down from the mesa top and discussed a letter which had been fowarded to them by a certain padre several weeks ~~KK~~ before. In it their old friend Colonel Grayling, of the United States Cavalry, had asked their help in apprehending the horse thieves responsible for a murderous raid on a government herd. The masked man was daying---

Ranger: Tonto, that kind of a crime threatens the future of the whole West. The frontier must have the Army and the Army must have horses.

Tonto: That so.

Ranger: Colonel Grayling is determined to make an example of the horse rustlers. He is moving his command into the Rio Rojo valley with the utmost secrecy.

Tonto: When hãm say for us to meet him?

Ranger: Today. He wrote that he expected to reach Cross-O ranch this afternoon. He'll establish headquarters there.

- Tonto: Me not savvy why him come here.
- Ranger: The horse thieves were headed in this direction when the first pursuit party lost the trail. This is mustang country, so the colonel suspects that the thieves have assumed the guise of wild horse hunters.
- Tonto: Maybe plenty hunters around. How anybody know who are guilty fellers?
- Ranger: He hopes to catch them in the possession of the one horse which wasn't recovered. It's a white horse the colonel had picked out for himself because he admires Silver so much.
- Tonto: Him not find horse like Silver.
- Ranger: (CHUCKLES) He acknowledged as much, but said he would have been satisfied with it. In examining it, he naturally looked in its mouth. The horse had perfect teeth except for a slightly chipped front tooth-- an incisor.
- Tonto: Horse got six front teeth, three up, three down.
- Ranger: The chip was broken from the right corner of the upper middle tooth.
- Tonto: That good way to know him.
- Ranger: Let's get back into the saddle. (MOUNTS)
- Tonto: Where we go?
- Ranger: Now that we've had a view of the country, we'll go back down to the valley and head toward the ranch house, scouting those cedar brakes on the way.

Annecr: Meanwhile, Dave Hilton and Laura had dismounted and walked to the edge of the thicket which concealed the camp, hoping to get a better view of the hunt. As Clint and the killers he had innocently hired disappeared at the base of the mesa, the rancher lowered his field glasses.

Dave: They'll be lucky if they catch the masked man.

Laura: Why do you say that?

Dave: The mesa is a big place and it's getting on toward night. Look where the sun is.

Laura: I see.

(HOOFS, WHEELS FADING IN)

Dave: That must be the chuck wagon coming back.

Laura: The horses are running!

Dave: Wonder what the hurry is.

(HOOFS, WHEELS STOP)

AD LIB: WHOAS A LITTLE BACK

Hank: (A LITTLE BACK, CALLS) Come here, fellers!

Rusty: Hurry up! We've got to make tracks!

Laura: (SOTTO) Should we tell them where the men went?

Dave: (SOTTO) Wait! I want to know what scared them.

Hank: (A LITTLE BACK) The horses are all gone except the white one we rustled.

Rusty: (A LITTLE BACK) Maybe the gang pulled out and left us.

Hank: (A LITTLE BACK) They might have done that if they'd heard about the soldiers being at the ranch.

Laura: (SOTTO)  
Soldiers at the ranch! What do they mean?

Dave: (SOTTO) S-h-h! They're getting out of the wagon!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: As the two horse thieves descended from the chuck wagon and continued their discussion of the whereabouts of their companions in crime, the Lone Ranger and Tonto drew rein on the opposite side of the Rio Rojo.

(HOOF'S COMING TO HALT)

AD LIB: Whoas

Annecr: The masked man pointed to the hoof-torn bank--

Ranger: Tonto, a big party of horsemen crossed here a short time ago. Look at that trail.

Tonto: Me see-um. Where you think they go?

Ranger: It appears that they headed for the west side of the mesa.

Tonto: It good thing we come down east side.

Ranger: Yes, we want to avoid being seen before we contact the cavalry.

Tonto: Where we go now?

Ranger: The back trail of those riders may tell us something about them, so we'll cross here and go on.  
Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Get-um up, Scout!

(SPLASHING SOUNDS)

## MUSIC: INTERLUDE

- Annecr: At that moment Laura's horse nickered.  
(HORSE NICKERS)  
As Hank and Rusty stared into the cedars and drew their guns, the girl clutched her father's arm—
- Laura: (SOTTO) My horse has given us away!
- Dave: (SOTTO) They're looking this way!
- Laura: (SOTTO) Let's find a better hiding place!
- Dave: (SOTTO) No, we'll go in where they are and act as though we hadn't heard them. Come on!  
(STEPS)
- Dave: (CALLS) Howdy, fellers!
- Hank: (A LITTLE BACK) Well, if it isn't the boss of the Cross-O and his gal.
- Dave: Put away your guns!  
(STEPS STOP)
- Rusty: How comes you're out here?
- Dave: We're waiting for Clint Collingwood and the rest of the bunch.
- Hank: Where in tarnation are they?
- Dave: Across the river chasing a masked man on a big white horse. Laura and I were down on the bank watching them.
- Rusty: Didn't you know we were here?
- Dave: Sure. We heard the chuck wagon.
- Rusty: You heard more than that. You weren't fifty feet away.

Dave: What was there to hear?

Hank: Don't try to run a bluff. You called soldiers to your ranch to catch us. You're here as a spy.

Dave: I didn't call any soldiers. And I'm not a spy. I wouldn't have my daughter along if I was.

Rusty: You figured she'd keep us from suspicioning you.

Dave: You ornery hoss thief! You can't say that about me!

Hank: So you did hear us?

Rusty: Plug him, Hank! He's drawing!

Dave: Run, Laura, run!  
(SHOTS)

Dave: (GROANS)  
(BODY FALL)

Laura: Dad!...Oh, dad!

Rusty: That takes care of him! What'll we do with the gal?

Hank: We'll cross the river where the rest of the boys are and take her along.

Rusty: Listen! I thought I heard horses splashing in the river.

Hank: I don't hear anything.

Dave: GROANS

Rusty: That feller isn't dead yet! Finish him!

Hank: Pull the gal away!

Laura: No! no! Don't do it!



Rusty: Come on!(EFFORT) Get away from your old man!

Hank: That's far enough! Now I'll do a good job on him!

Ranger: (BACK) Drop those guns!

Rusty: Look there!

Laura: The masked man!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annrc: 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 moment.

COMMERCIAL

Annrc: Clint Collingwood had innocently hired a gang of murderous horse thieves to capture a fabulous stallion called Thunderhoof. Mistaking Silver for the legendary steed, Collingwood set out with most of the gang to capture the Lone Ranger and his mount. Meanwhile, the masked man and Tonto had reached the outlaws' camp just in time to keep two of them from killing a wounded rancher, Dave Hilton. As the Lone Ranger commanded them to drop their guns, one outlaw yelled--

Rusty: Run for the wagon, Rusty!

Tonto: (BACK) you move, me shoot!

Hank: There's an Injun back of us. I'm dropping my gun!

Rusty: There goes mine!

(STEPS APPROACHING)

Ranger: (COMING UP) Tonto, pick up their guns and tie them. I'll look after the wounded man.

Tonto: (UP) Me savvy.

Laura: Mister, they were going to shoot my father again.

Ranger: I know.(PAUSE)He's not badly hurt. The bullet didn't penetrate his head. I'll help you bandage him.

Tonto: You fellers, put hands up.

Hank: Sure, Injun, sure!

Annecr: Hank's right hand went up only as far as his shoulder. Then with a swift movement born of long practice he snatched out a keen-edged throwing knife which he had carried in a sheath between his shoulder blades. Tonto leaped in to grapple with him, calling a warning--

Tonto: Watch out, Kemo Sabay!

Hank: Grab the Injun,Rusty!

Rusty: I've got hold of him!(EFFORT) Get that masked man!

Annecr: The knife flashed out of Hank's hand.He had aimed at the Lone Ranger's side, but the masked man's reaction to danger was quick. As he jumped up from the crouching position he had taken in examining the wounded rancher, the blade struck his cartridge filled gunbelt with a clang.

(METAL STRIKING METAL)

Seeing the knife fall harmlessly to the ground, the desperate outlaw rushed the Lone Ranger. He was snarling--

Hank: You'll never take me alive!

Ranger: We'll see about that!

Hank: Look at this!

(BLOW)

Ranger: (GRUNTS) Now I'll show you something.

(BLOW)

Laura: Hit him again!

(BLOW)

Hank: Help me, Rusty!

Rusty: I can't! The Injun's breaking my arm!

Ranger: Hold onto him, Tonto! I'll take care of this fellow!

Like that! (EFFORT) And that!

(BLOWS:BODY FALL)

Hank: (GROANS) I'm down! Don't hit me anymore!

Ranger: Then lie there until you can be tied!

Tonto: You get down, feller!

Rusty: (GROANS) I'm on my knees!

Tonto: Flat down! (EFFORT) That better!

Ranger: There's a rope hanging on that wagon, Tonto. I'll watch these men while you get it.

Dave: (WEAKLY) That's it, mister! Hang the hoss thieves!

Laura: Dad! You've come to!

Dave: My skull's too thick for bullets! But I've got an infernal headache. Maybe it'll cure me to see those buzzards get their necks stretched.

Ranger: We're not taking the law into our own hands. I only want to make sure they don't escape.

(BLOW)

(WEAKLY) That's it, mister! Hang the hoss thieves!

(GRUNTS) I'm down! Don't hit me anymore!

Annecr: After the two outlaws had been trussed and loaded into the wagon Dave Hilton and Laura related what had happened in the camp and explained why Clint Collingwood had crossed the river with the other horse thieves. The Lone Ranger waved aside their apologies for Collingwood and turned to Tonto--

Ranger: Tonto, search the thicket for that stolen horse the thieves mentioned before they discovered Mr. Hilton and his daughter. Bring in our horses.

Tonto: (FADING BACK) Me savvy.

Dave: We'd better get started for the ranch with those two polecats. Then we can tell the soldiers about the others.

Ranger: If the cavalry attempts to capture the other outlaws while Collingwood is with them they'll use him as a shield. And the soldiers will shoot.

Laura: Certainly the commanding officer wouldn't let them kill an innocent man.

Ranger: Colonel Grayling is prepared to sacrifice his own life and the lives of his troopers in the line of duty. He won't reckon Collingwood's life as being more valuable than that of a private in his regiment.

Dave: I reckon he'd be right.

Laura: Maybe I can find the gang and get him away while there's still time.

Dave: You've been in enough danger, Laura. I like Clint, but you're my daughter.

- Annecr: It was a few minutes later when Tonto reappeared. He was riding Scout and leading Silver and another white horse almost as big as the mighty stallion.
- (HOOFS COMING TO HALT)
- AD LIB: WHOAS
- Ranger: Where did you find him, Tonto?
- Tonto: Him staked out in gully. (DISMOUNTS)
- Ranger: Keep hold of his picket rope and I'll take a look in his mouth. Steady, boy! Steady!
- Tonto: What you find?
- Ranger: It's the stolen Army horse. There can be no doubt of it.
- Dave: He'll hang the lot of them if they can be captured.
- Ranger: Mr. Hilton, I'd like to use your saddle and bridle on this horse.
- Dave: Go ahead. I can ride in the chuck wagon.
- Ranger: It's getting dark, so you'd better start back to the ranch at once. Go with them, Tonto. Take their horses along.
- Tonto: What you do?
- Ranger: I have a plan that may cause the outlaws to deliver themselves to Colonel Grayling. I'll keep Silver and the stolen horse here.
- Tonto: That sound plenty dangerous.
- Ranger: It's getting dark, so you'd better start back to the ranch at once. Go with them, Tonto. Take their horses along.

Ranger: The risk is worth taking.

Tonto: What me tell colonel?

Ranger:- Tell him to do nothing tonight except keep a strong force of men posted around the ranch buildings and corral. (EFFORT) There I've got the saddle girth tight. The stolen horse is ready to ride.

Laura: Why do you think the thieves kept him?

Ranger: They didn't know he could be identified.

Dave: For another thing, he could have been used as a ringer for Thunderhoof if he wasn't seen too close.

Laura: Here, dad, let me help you into the wagon.

Dave: (EFFORT) I'm making it all right.

Laura: I'll drive.

AD LIB: ADIOS--GIDAPS  
(WHIPCRACKS: WHEELS, HOOFS FADING)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anner: Soon after the chuck wagon rolled away, the Lone Ranger rode the stolen horse into the gulley where it had been concealed. There he left Silver. The great stallion, sensing that his master was about to ride away on a strange horse, nickered a protest.  
(HORSE NICKERS)

The masked man responded with a reassuring pat--

Ranger: I'm not giving you up for another horse, big fellow. Wait here!

## (HORSE NICKERS)

Ranger: Come on, stranger! We have work to do!

(HOOFS FADING)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(HOOFS)

Annrcr: The moon was up when the outlaws who had been hunting the masked man and his horse approached their camp, led by Tex and Clint Collingwood. Tex was saying--

Tex: I don't know how that owlhoot gave us the slip. Us fellers tried hard enough to get you his horse.

Clint: He could have crossed the river while we were on the other side of the mesa.

Tex: We're coming to the river. The camp's up this way.

Clint: I don't suppose the Hiltons waited this long for me.

Tex: Likely not.

Voice: I I sure hope the chuck wagon's back.

Tex: You'd better stay over night with us, Mr. Collingwood. Maybe we can pick up the big stallion's trail in the morning.

Clint: I don't know--

Tex: (INTERRUPTS) Look across the river!

Clint: The masked man!

Tex: Into the river, boys! Let's get him!

(SPASHING)

Butch: Stop, you owlhoot! Stop, or we'll shoot you!

(SHOTS)

Clint: Don't try to hit him!

Butch: He shot back!

Clint: You heard my orders!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: Meanwhile, the Hiltons and Tonto had reached the Cross-O with the prisoners. Finding Colonel Grayling quartered in the ranch house, they told him what the masked man had requested. He shook his gray head--

Colonel: No one man can bring in ten or twelve desperadoes.

Dave: The masked man has a plan. Give him a chance.

Colonel: A chance to do what, Mr. Hilton? Let the gang escape? No, he has done his part and done it well. Now ~~XXX~~ the Army takes over. I'll use my whole regiment.

Dave: To do what?

Colonel: Why, I'll have the river patrolled. I'll surround the cedar brakes and beat the brush until nothing that creeps, crawls or walks can get away.

Laura: You'll get Clint Collingwood killed!

Colonel: I know Mr. Collingwood. He put himself in danger and he'll have to take his chance.

Laura: But, colonel--

Colonel: Young lady, those horse thieves defied the Army, stole government property and killed good soldiers. They must be wiped out at all costs.



Laura: Wait just an hour before you do anything like that.

Colonel: An hour? It's nine now.

Tonto: You hide men here like my friend say. If nothing happen by ten me go out with you. Me show you where outlaws got camp.

Colonel: All right, Tonto. I'll post guards here and wait that long, but not a second longer.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc: As the colonel made his decision, the Lone Ranger began to circle back toward the outlaws' camp. Some of his pursuers were shooting to kill, but the stolen Army horse was fresher than theirs, enabling him to keep out of bullet range. Tex was shouting—

(HOOFS)

Tex: He's cutting back, Butch!

Butch: I'll head him off! Come on, some of you!

Tex: The rest, whip up your hosses!

(WHIP CRACKS: HOOFS FASTER)

Voice: 1 Keep him out of the cedar brakes!

Tex: We're gaining a little!

Clint: That horse isn't as fast as I thought!

Tex: Don't forget your promise!

Clint: You'll be paid!

Tex: It looks like Butch and his bunch are getting ahead of him!

Voice: 1 Stop, feller! You can't get away!

(SHOTS)

Tex: Somebody drilled him that time!

Voice: 1 His horse is slowing up! He's falling!

Tex: There he goes!

Clint: I told you not to shoot him!

Tex: It was an accident!

Voice: 1 Get a rope ready!

Tex: I'm making a loop!

Clint: There's where the masked man fell, but I don't see him!

Tex: Forget him! Watch me take that hoss!(Effort) There, how's that for a throw?

Voice: 2 You put the loop right over his head!

Clint: Don't break his neck!

Tex: I'm taking it easy!Whoa there, whoa!

(HOOFS SLOWER)

Voice: 2 I'll put another rope on him and we can lead him between us. (EFFORT) That's stopping him!

(HOOFS HALT)

Tex: There's Butch and his boys!

Butch: I see you got the hoss, but where's the masked man?

Tex: Somewhere behind us.' He stopped some lead!

Clint: Let's go back and look for him.

Butch: What for?

Clint: We can't let him crawl away and die out here.

Tex: Let him die if he isn't already dead.

Clint: I'll go back alone.

Tex: Suit yourself. What'll we do with the hoss?

Clint: Take him to the Cross-O corral. I'll see you later.

Tex: Right!

AD LIB: GETAWAY

## MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: The outlaws were in high spirits as they rode through a cottonwood grove with the captured white horse and saw the lights of the Cross-O ranch just ahead.

(HOOF)

Butch was saying---

Butch: Ten thousand dollars for today's work and no law to worry about!

Tex: It sure beats hoss rustling all hollow!

Voice: 1 Just the same, I wish Collingwood had come along with us. The masked man might have had enough life left to kill the dude. Then we'd be out our money!

Tex: Quit stewing! The way that hombre fell he didn't go far or live long.

Butch: There's the corral! Let's pull up and light!

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOF'S HALT)

Tex: Somebody's coming. (DISMOUNTS)  
(STEPS APPROACHING)

Colonel: (BACK) Who are you men?

Tex: Collingwood's horse hunters. He wanted us to put this white stallion in the corral.  
(STEPS HALT A LITTLE BACK)

Colonel: (A LITTLE BACK) Where is he?

Tex: He'll be along in a little while.

Colonel: (CALLS) Close in, men!  
(RUNNING STEPS APPROACHING)

Butch: Soldiers!

Colonel: One move and we'll shoot you to the last man!  
(RUNNING STEPS HALT)

Tex: We haven't done anything!

Colonel: Disarm them, men! Sergeant, bring the lanterns from the bunkhouse.

Voice: 3 (BACK) Coming, sir!  
(RUNNING STEPS APPROACHING)

Colonel: Did you horse thieves see a masked man tonight?  
(STEPS STOP)

Tex: Masked man? What are you talking about?

Colonel: Don't lie! Only he could have sent you here!  
(HOOFS FADING IN)

Tonto: My friend come now, colonel!

Colonel: Yes, by thunder, there he is.

Tex: Look! The masked man!

Butch: He's still riding his white horse!

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOF'S HALT)

Colonel: There's Collingwood with him!

Ranger: I see you've caught the gang, colonel.

Colonel: Thanks to you! But how did you manage to send them in? And how are we going to prove them guilty?

Ranger: They brought the evidence with them.

Colonel: The evidence?

Ranger: There's the white horse that was stolen. You can identify it.

Tex: He let us catch the critter! He shamed that fall!

Butch: We just the same as hung ourselves!

Colonel: I don't understand this at all!

Ranger: Mr. Collingwood can explain later. I met him on the way here and told him what happened.

(RUNNING STEPS COMING UP)

Laura: (COMING UP) Clint! Thank Heaven, you're safe!

Clint: I'm the better for what happened, dear! I've had my fill of hunting horses, especially ghost horses. The masked man has told me that the legend of Thunderhoof started right after the Mexican War, so the horse died long ago if he ever actually existed.

Laura: So there is no Thunderhoof?

Clint: No, but there is a Silver and he lives on.

Laura: The masked man and Indian are gone!

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- Clint: Gone! And there was so much I wanted to ask them!
- Dave: I never heard of the like! Why, we didn't even get a chance to thank them. And we sure owe them a lot.
- Colonel: So does the Army. But they want no thanks. They have dedicated themselves to the betterment of life in the West. In the achievement of that end they find their reward.
- Laura: Colonel, who is the masked man?
- Colonel: He's almost a legendary figure himself. He's the Lone Ranger.
- Ranger: (BACK) HI-YO-SILVER-AWAY!