

THE LONE RANGER
Created by George W. Trendle

"THE IRON DEER"
Ralph Goll

NUMBER

DATE

STRIKER
2734 CAST

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Ranger

Ma Hank, also known as Mrs. Henry.....middle-aged, Western.

Waxy.....young, clever crook

Buzz..... the same

"Colonel"..... elderly auctioneer, Western

Porfio..... boy, Spanish Dialect

Marshal..... young., Western

J. C. Holcomb.....elderly banker, dignified

14 - LR must be
seen

16 - } not clear
17 - }

can do something
also for jwp.

18 - Broken shoulder

19 -

27 -

New Pages 1, 2 and 8 in first act
all new in 2nd act from 15 on

BILL BOARD FOR "THE IRON DEER"

HOOFS COMING TO HALT AS

Ranger: Tonto, the false statements made by two crooks about financial conditions may bring about a money panic in the West.

Tonto: Why them tell lies?

Ranger: Whenever they can persuade a wealthy man to withdraw his money from a bank and hide it in his home they rob and murder him. All ~~THE~~ anyone knows about them is that they pose as drummers and stay in the best hotels.

Tonto: Ma Hank run good hotel in Modoc City.

Ranger: That's where we're going. Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

HOOFS STARTING AS

Annecr: Yes, the Lone Ranger has pitted himself against some very cunning and deadly criminals. Not knowing their names or descriptions, he himself may well become the next victim of their campaign of terrorism and death. Be sure to listen, etc.

(USUAL OPENING)

Annex:

Ma Hank, the 275-pound landlady of the Henry House in Modoc City had but one weakness. She was addicted to auction sales and the so-called colonels who cried them usually managed to sell her something particularly useless. So it was that the crowd gathered around a furniture-cluttered porch on Main Street greeted her boisterously when she rode up on the big percheron she called a saddle horse.

(HOOFS APPROACHING)

AD LIB:

LAUGHTER:GOOD HUMORED GREETINGS AND COMMENT

Ma:

(COMING UP)Howdy, folks! Whoa, Puddinfoot!

(HOOFS HALT)

Colonel:

(BACK) Ma Hank, I'm sure glad to see you! I couldn't hold a sale without you being on hand!

Ma:

Then get on with it, colonel! Only don't try to knock something off to me that I don't want!

AD LIB:

LAUGHTER

Ma:

Steady, Puddingfoot, you horse-haired ox! I'm getting down!(STRONG DISMOUNTING EFFORT)

Annex:

As the huge landlady dismounted, two men in city clothes who had been standing nearby doffed their derbies. Ma turned to them--

Ma:

Well, bless me if the colonel hasn't roped you Eastern drummers into coming here!

Waxy:

It's your fault, madame! After eating the tremendous breakfast you served at the hotel this morning we were incapable of selling anything ourselves.

Ma:

(LAUGHS) You soft-scaper! Well, keep your ears peeled. As the feller says, you might learn something.

Buzz:

(SIGNIFICANTLY) We hope so!

Colonel:

(BACK) Gather in closer folks... That's it!
 (A LITTLE BACK) Like you all know, we're about to sell Calbb Brewster's earthly property. It's the fashion these days to figure a feller's standing by what's in his yard. So we all reckoned old Caleb was well-to-do on account of all the ornamental ironwork you see around here. Now it 'pears like he didn't leave anything but his house and ~~some~~ goods when he died of a heart attack a couple weeks back. Caleb was orphaned as ^a baby and died an old batch without anybody knowing it till the next day. But he had a big heart. His will says his estate is to go to start a Modoc City orphanage. So bid high, folks, and help the motherless and fatherless kids...Clerk, what's first on the list.

Clerk:

(A LITTLE BACK) It's that cast-iron deer. After that we'll have a pack of five cast-iron dogs.

Colonel:

(CLAPS HANDS) A cast-iron stag! Folks, what am I offered for this noble critter?

AD LIB:

MURMUR

Colonel:

(A LITTLE BACK) Adorn your yard with him! Make strangers think you're rich!... Ma Hank, you know a bargain when you see one! Will you offer ten dollars?

Ma:

Colonel, there's nothing I need less'n an iron deer except that broken music box you sold me at the auction last week.

AD LIB:

LAUGHTER

Colonel:

(A LITTLE BACK) Now, Ma, you can make a place for it. You can turn the Henry House into a stag hotel and use it for an advertisement.

Ma:

I've got enough old bucks around there as it is.

Colonel:

(A LITTLE BACK) You can use the critter as a hitch rack or a hat rack. He'll come in handy to hide behind when there's gunplay. And he'll make a lot of fun for the tamfool cowpokes when they come to town to rooster around.

Ma:

He'd get roped and drug off the first thing, unless he's too heavy. What does he weigh?

Colonel:

(A LITTLE BACK) Can't say rightly, but he's hollow. And look here! The head's demountable! If you don't want the whole critter, you can take him apart by turning out a few bolts! You could put the head on your office wall and use the horns for a place to hang your scattergun.

Ma:

(SIGHS) All right, colonel! Ten dollars!

Colonel:

(A LITTLE BACK) Folks, what am I offered for this pack of dogs. I'll give you an iron-clad guarantee that they won't bark, bite, dig up your garden or chase the neighbor's chickens. What am I offered?...

(FADING OUT)

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annor:

It was that night when the Lone Ranger rode into Modoc City.

(HOOFS)

Planning to call on Ma Hank, with whom he had shared several adventures, he had left Dan Reid, his ~~fourteen-year-old~~ nephew, and Tonto at a camp in the nearby mountains. At the kitchen door of the Henry House he pulled up--

AD LIB:

WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

As the masked man swung from the saddle, the door opened and the burly landlady peered out.

(DOOR OPENS)

Then a smile wreathed her broad, red face--

Ma:

Bless me, if it isn't my old friend! Come in!

Ranger:

(COMING UP) Thank you, Mrs. Henry.

(SEVERAL STEPS: DOOR CLOSES)

Ranger:

It's good to see you again.

Ma:

And I say it's a treat to have you here, but I know you too well to think you came for just a sociable visit. What owlhoots are you after now?

Ranger:

Two of the most dangerous crooks in the West. Tonto and I have been hunting for them a long time.

Ma: They must be slick as all get-out or you'd have caught them.

Ranger: They're not ordinary outlaws. They pose as traveling men from the East, operate only in rich communities and live in the best hotels.

Ma: What's their game?

Ranger: They make the acquaintance of retired Westerners with money in the banks. Then they persuade them to withdraw it, saying that they have inside information from Wall Street that the country is on the verge of a money panic.

Ma: H-m-m.

Ranger: After the victims withdraw their deposits the crooks rob them, using torture to make them disclose the places where the money has been hidden and murder to cover the other crimes.

Ma: I'd like to lay hands on the varmints!

Ranger: You may be able to help catch them. You have the best hotel in Modoc City and this is a rich town. The crooks won't overlook it.

Ma: I always have ten or twelve drummers in the hotel. How'd I know the crooks if they stopped here?

Ranger: I wouldn't know them myself. They change names in every town and use various disguises. The reward notices say only that they're men of medium size and Eastern mannerisms.

Ma: Then I don't see how I can help.

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Ranger: I suggest that you watch any traveling men who take more than ordinary interest in old, retired ranchers and miners.

Ma: I sure can do that. I know the easy marks around Modoc City. I'm one myself.

Ranger: That hardly seems possible, Mrs. Henry.

Ma: Just today I got talked into buying an iron deer of all things! It's standing right outside the front door.

Ranger: (CHUCKLES) An iron deer!

Ma: I got it when Caleb Brewster's goods were auctioned off. He was an old, retired miner. Say, I wonder--(HESITATES)

Ranger? What?

Ma: Old Caleb was supposed to have a lot of money in the bank, but they say he died without a cent.

Ranger: Tell me about it.

Ma: Far as I know, this is what happened...

(FADING OUT)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anner: As Ma Hank told her story, the two hotel guests she had met at the auction were engaged in a discussion in a third-floor room. Their talk also centered on Caleb Brewster's vanished wealth. The man called Waxey was saying--

Waxey: Buzz, we played in hard luck this time. After scaring old Brewster into drawing his money from the bank, all we managed to do was scare him to death.

Buzz: It would have been a perfect job if we could have made him talk before his ticker stopped. As it is, we're safe.

Waxey: I'd risk another murder charge to find his money. We saw him take it home in a sack, but it wasn't there that night when we walked in on him with our guns and he keeled over dead.

Buzz: He didn't have time to fix up a fancy hiding place.

Waxey: No, but he fooled us just the same. We went over his house inch by inch. We examined all his stuff then and again today at the sale. Where else could he have stashed it?

Buzz: I'm beginning to think he didn't hide it in the house.

Waxey: We looked for signs of digging without finding any.

Buzz: We didn't look at the trees in his yard. He could have stuck it in one that was hollow.

Waxey: Hollow?...Buzz, we're a couple of prize block-heads! That auctioneer just as good as told us where to look!

Buzz: Where?

Waxey: Inside that iron deer the landlady bought! It's hollow and the head comes off!

Buzz: Let's take a look at the thing right now!

Waxey: Come on!

Amcr: Several minutes later the crooks were outside the street door of the Henry House. For the benefit of any other person who happened to be around Waxey put a hand on the cast-iron stag and laughed loudly—

Waxey: (LAUGHS) Here's the thing Ma Hank bought at the sale!

Buzz: (LAUGHS) It makes a handy place to strike matches. Like this!

(MATCH STRIKES)

Buzz: (SOTTO) This is it!

Waxey: (SOTTO) What makes you so sure?

Buzz: (SOTTO) Look at the fresh wrench marks on the bolts! They were tightened until the wrench rounded the heads!

Waxey: (SOTTO) Now they can't be turned out!

Buzz: (SOTTO) No, but a couple of licks with a sledge hammer would knock the head off.

Waxey: (SOTTO) We can't work on it here. The town marshal is one of the roomers and somebody's going out or in at all hours. We'll have to move it.

Buzz: (SOTTO) Maybe we can buy it from the old girl.

Waxey: (SOTTO) Use your head! What would two drummers want with an iron deer? She'd get suspicious. I've got a better idea.

Buzz: (SOTTO) What?

Waxy:

(SOTTO) We'll drag it away with ropes and horses. That's what she expects the cowboys to do. We've got range clothes in our luggage. We can rent horses and gear and buy what tools we need.

Buzz:

(SOTTO) Waxy, that's an idea! Even if we're seen pulling the thing away, people will think we're playing a joke. When'll we do it?

Waxy:

(SOTTO) Just as soon as we can get things ready. First off, we'll change our clothes.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anner:

It was nearly an hour later when Ma Hank finished her account of the life and death of Caleb Brewster. Over a cup of coffee the Lone Ranger observed---

Ranger:

Since Brewster's death was natural, it doesn't appear that he was a victim of the crooks I want. He may have lost his money through unwise investments.

Ma:

Not Caleb! He was so set on leaving his money for an orphanage that he wouldn't have risked it on anything.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

Ma:

Somebody's at the hall door!

Holcomb:

(ENTRANCE) Mrs. Henry!

Ma:

(SOTTO) That's J. C. Holcomb, the banker! Him and you are the only ones who call me "Mrs. Henry". Want to slip out?

Ranger:

(SOTTO) No, I'll stay.

- Holcomb: (OUTSIDE) Mrs. Henry!
- Ma: (FADING BACK A LITTLE) Just a second!
(STEPS BACK: DOOR OPENS)
- Ma: (BACK A LITTLE) Come in, J. C!
(STEPS UP: DOOR CLOSES)
- Holcomb: (COMING UP) I've been looking for the marshal.
I heard voices and I thought--(BREAKS, TURNS HEAD)
A masked man!
(STEPS STOP)
- Ranger: Don't get excited, Mr. Holcomb. I'm a friend.
- Ma: He sure is. I've known him since Hector was a pup.
- Holcomb: Well... Any friend of yours is a friend of mine.
- Ma: Why do you want the marshal?
- Holcomb: I just saw the colonel who auctioned off Caleb Brewster's property. He told me--(HESITATES)
- Ma: (LAUGHS) So you want the marshal to lock me up as a looney for buying an iron deer! Is that it?
- Holcomb: No, no, Mrs. Henry! You're a shrewd business woman and one of our biggest stockholders.
I have no doubt that the piece of iron work is worth far more than you paid for it.
- Ma: Then what's eating you?
- Holcomb: The colonel told me that in going over Brewster's papers and invoicing his goods they didn't find a thing that showed what happened to his money.
- Ma: I've been wondering about that.
- Holcomb: On the very day of his death he closed his bank account and withdrew fifty thousand dollars!

Holcomb:

Ma:

Whew! Fifty thousand! That would have helped a lot of homeless kids.

Holcomb:

Of course he had to give the bank advance notice before withdrawing such a large sum. During that time I tried my best to get him to change his mind.

Ranger:

Did he say why he wanted the money?

Holcomb:

He told me that the nation was about to collapse financially. I replied that there was far greater danger that he would lose his cash through robbery or fire.

Ranger:

What was his answer?

Holcomb:

He laughed and said that the money wouldn't burn even if his house did. He said further that he had a better strongbox than the bank because it didn't look like a strongbox.

Ranger:

Do you think he was robbed?

Holcomb:

I do. That's why I was looking for the marshal.

Ranger:

Mr. Holcomb, there are two crooks in the West who make a practice of talking men like Brewster into withdrawing their money from the banks.

Holcomb:

I received a notice about that pair from a detective agency only today. What is your interest in them?

Ranger:

I want them brought to justice, not only because they're confidence men, torturers and killers, but because they may start a real panic.

Holcomb:

A panic would wreck the West at its present stage of development. It's reported that their false statements have already caused runs that closed the doors of two banks.

Ranger:

If they took Brewster's money, they probably left town at once. That means a cold trail.

(LOUD KNOCKING ON DOOR)

Porfio:

(OUTSIDE) Senora Hank!

Ma:

That's my house boy. (CALLS) What's wrong, Porfio?

Porfio:

(OUTSIDE) Two hombres have steal the iron deer! With horses and reatas, they pull him away!

Ma:

(LAUGHS) I figured on that. As the feller says, cowpokes will try to rope anything from a snake to the smoke stack on a locomotive. (CALLS) Never mind, Porfio! They can have the critter!

Porfio:

(OUTSIDE) Senora, I am hurt!

(QUICK STEPS BACK: DOOR OPENS)

Ma:

(A LITTLE BACK) You poor muchacho! What happened to your head?

Porfio:

(A LITTLE BACK) I try to stop them. They hit me with gun barrels.

Ma:

(A LITTLE BACK) The cowardly varmints!... Here, let me fix you up! You'll soon be fit as a fiddle.

(QUICK STEPS)

Ranger:

I'll see you later, Mrs. Henry!

(DOOR OPENS)

Ma:

(BACK) Where are you going?

Ranger:

After those child-beaters! The other case can wait!

(HORSE NICKERS)

AD LIB: MOUNTING EFFORTS, RIDEAWAY

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

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

COMMERCIAL

Amcr: As the Lone Ranger rode away from the Henry House, Waxey and Buzz reached a trail just outside the town.

(HOOFS, DRAGGING SOUNDS)

AD LIB: GIDAPS

Amcr: Although the way was smooth and brilliantly lighted by a full moon, their progress was slow. Buzz was asking—

Buzz: Isn't this far enough?

Waxey: I guess so. Nobody's going to follow us.

Buzz: The marshal saw us when we dragged the thing by the Spur Cafe. All he did was laugh like the rest of the crowd.

Waxey: Then let's rein up and light.

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS, DRAGGING SOUNDS STOP)

Buzz: Bring the tools, Waxey! (DISMOUNTING EFFORTS)

Waxey: Here they are!

(TOOLS RATTLE} STEPS ON GRAVEL)

Buzz: What'll we try first?— a cold chisel and hammer?

(STEPS STOP)

Waxy: No, I think I can knock the head off with this sledge.

Buzz: Hit it on the neck. It'll break easiest there.

Waxy: Here goes! (EFFORT)

(BLAW ON IRON)

Buzz: You didn't faze it!

Waxy: Yes, I did! Look at that crack by the bolt heads! One more whack will do it!

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Buzz: Hold it! Somebody's coming this way!

Waxy: He's on a white horse!

Buzz: What'll we do?

Waxy: I'll toss the tools into the brush. (EFFORT)

There they go! Now we'll stand pat. If he asks any questions, we'll say it's all a joke on Ma Hank.

Ranger: (COMING UP) Get your hands up!

Buzz: He's wearing a mask!

Waxy: Don't shoot! Our hands are up!

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger: Now I'll take your guns! (DISMOUNTS) There, that takes care of you. (EFFORTS) And you.

Waxy: (AFFECTING WESTERN DIALECT) Looky, pardner, we're just a couple of waddies who've been bucking the tiger! If this is a holdup—

Ranger:

(INTERRUPTS) It isn't. I'm going to take you back to town and turn you over to the marshal.

BUZZ:

(AFFECTING WESTERN DIALECT) Roping that iron deer was just a joke, feller! Don't you savvy?

Ranger:

It's not a joke to pistol-whip a young boy.

Waxy:

We didn't figure to hurt the button.

Ranger:

You fellows can stop play-acting. I have eyes as well as ears. You're not Westerners. You're not ranch hands. You didn't rope that deer. You tied lariats to its hind legs.

Waxy:

All right. We're just a couple of Eastern drummers who wanted to be cowboys for a night. We've been staying at Ma Hank's place for a month.

Ranger:

I'll find out who and what you are. Now get ^{over to} ~~on~~ your horses and start dragging that deer back to the hotel.

(STEPS)

Waxy:

You don't have to keep a gun pointed at my back! ^{didn't mean any harm.}
We'll pay for any damage we've done.

Ranger:

Keep moving! ^{get mounted & and remember this -}
^{we'll be riding right behind you.}

Annex:

Marching his prisoners ahead of him, the Lone Ranger stepped on one of the slack lariats just as a night bird swooped out of the shadows, frightening one of the outlaws' rented horses.

(HORSE NEIGHS:FRANCING HOOF'S SUSTAINED)

It reared and started bucking. The rope snapped taut, catching one of the masked man's boot heels and pitching him headlong into Waxy's back.

Waxey: (YELLS) Don't push! That horse---(BREAKS)

(STEPS STOP: BODY FALL.)

Annor: Both men went down. Buzz, whose wits had been sharpened by years of lawless living, whirled and yelled---

Buzz: Grab him, Waxey!

Waxey: I've got one of his arms!

Buzz: I'll get the other!

Waxey: Twist that gun out of his hand!

Ranger: No, you don't!

Annor: In his efforts to get hold of the Lone Ranger's six-gun Buzz himself became enmeshed in the tangle of arms and legs. As the three men rolled and heaved, the second horse took fright.

(ADDED HORSE SOUNDS)

Never had the masked man been closer to death, for a double jeopardy threatened him. While the two desperate criminals sought his life the flailing, iron-shod hoofs of the fear-crazed horses drummed a deadly tattoo on the ground for all of them. Waxey was screaming---

Waxey: Watch out! The horses!

Buzz: I'm getting away from here!

Annor: Breaking away, Buzz staggered to his feet just as one of the horses pivoted and lashed out with hind hoofs. One struck his shoulder, hurling him back to the ground.

BUZZ:

GROANS

(BODY FALL)

Waxey:

Buzz! Buzz! Help me!

Ranger:

A horse got him! Now I'll take care of you!

(BLOW)

Ranger:

Like that!

Waxey:

OW...I quit! Just get me away from those horses!

Ranger:

Then come on!

Anmer:

Dragging the two crooks beyond reach of the flashing hoofs, the Lone Ranger found that Buzz had a broken shoulder. While he attended the injury the horses quieted down. A little later he had both outlaws in the saddle and on the way to Modoc City with the iron deer.

(HOOFS:DRAGGING SOUNDS)

A few minutes later the BR was back in town with his posse
 To avoid attracting the attention of the crowd on Main Street, the *the Lone Ranger escorted his* ~~strange~~ group moved through *the* alleys to the rear of the Henry House and then around it to the front door. There the ~~Lone~~ Ranger called a halt.

AD LIB:

WHOAS

(HOOFS,DRAGGING SOUNDS STOP)

Ranger:

Get down, both of you! (DISMOUNTING EFFORTS)

Waxey:

I want to see Ma Hank!

Buzz:

~~I want a doctor!~~*you'll see her soon enough!*

Ranger:

~~That can wait.~~ Waxey, where was that deer when you took it?

Waxy: Right there by the wall where it is now.

Ranger: I doubt it, but untie the ropes. Then stand it on its legs.

Waxy: (FADING BACK) All right! All right!
(STEPS BACK A LITTLE TO HALT)

Buzz: ~~My shoulder's killing me!~~

Ranger: ~~These who inflict pain on others should be able to take it themselves.~~

(STEPS FADING IN)

Marshal: (COMING UP) I'm the marshal! What's going on here?

Ranger: These men stole Mrs. Henry's iron deer. They've just returned it.

(STEPS STOP)

Marshal: Say, you've got a mask on!

Ranger: That doesn't mean we're on opposite sides of the law.

Buzz: Marshal, you saw us drag that piece of junk right down Main Street. You know we only took it for a joke. But this masked man came after us with guns and almost got me killed by a horse.

(STEPS UP TO HALT)

Waxy: (COMING UP) The deer's standing up. Are you satisfied, masked man?

Ranger: You should be jailed for beating Mrs. Henry's house boy, but you're now the marshal's prisoners.

you're now his

Marshal: Mine! Who said I wanted them? Who said you had a right to wear a mask and make arrests? I ought to jail you!

Ranger: Marshal, there's no law against wearing a mask. As for the power of arrest, all citizens have the right to stop and hold criminals until they can be turned over to the law. I suggest that you detain these men until they can be thoroughly investigated.

Waxey: He's the one who should be investigated! We're honest traveling men. We'll settle with Ma Hank and that kid for any reasonable amount.

Marshal: *Say!* I didn't know you two fellers in those cowpoke outfits, but I mind now that you're the drummers I saw chinning with old Caleb Brewster a couple of times.

Ranger:
Waxey: *So they talked to Brewster!*
We talk to lots of people in our business. Who's this Brewster? *anyhow?*

Ranger: A man who drew fifty thousand dollars from the bank the day he died. Then the money disappeared.

Marshal: That's so. Banker Holcomb just told me about it a little while ago. He said two owlhoots who pretend to be drummers have been working all over the West on old codgers like Caleb.

These two may be the crooks.
Ranger: ~~Waxey, you and Buzz could be these men.~~

Marshal: That's what I'm thinking.

Waxey: You haven't got a thing on us. I'll bet you don't know what the wanted men look like.

- Marshal: Nope, I don't, I guess nobody does. They must keep changing their locks.
- Ranger: Marshal, it might be a good idea to search their room.
- Marshal: That's just what I was thinking.
- Buzz: *go ahead, search it.*
~~You can't do that without a search warrant!~~
- Marshal: *Come on, you fellers.*
~~All we need is Ma Hank's say-so. Get on inside!~~
- (STEPS: DOOR OPENS, CLOSES: STEPS *Next!*)
- Ranger: *Here comes Ma Hank from*
~~Mrs. Henry probably is in the kitchen.~~
- (STEPS STOP) *coming approaching*
- Marshal: ~~I'll call her. (CALLS) Ma Hank!~~
- (DOOR OPENS IN BACK: STEPS APPROACHING)
- Ma: (COMING UP), Howdy, marshal! Howdy, mister!
Who are those fellers you've got? *now* ~~the?~~
- (STEPS STOP)
- Ranger: They stole the iron deer. Have they been staying here?
- Ma: Thunderation, yes! They're the two drummers from the ~~third~~ *second* floor front.
- Waxey: ~~Ma Hank, we're sorry about the trouble we made. Name your price and we'll pay it.~~
- Ma: ~~My price is a hangman's noose, you varmints!~~
- Ranger: We want to see their room.
- Ma: Then come on! I'll show you the way!
- Waxey: ~~This isn't legal!~~
- Marshal: ~~Get going, you buzzards!~~

(STEPS FADING)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Door opens. Man: Here's where they sleep. (Sings) Sleep on their two bunks and then (Sleep! Sleep!)

Annex:

Under Ma Hank's guidance, the marshal and the Lone Ranger herded the prisoners up three flights of stairs and into a room which overlooked the front entrance. A large and pleasant sleeping place, it had two open windows and a four-poster bed to one leg of which was attached the coil of knotted rope which was standard equipment in frontier hotels. Lowered from a window, the rope could be used as a fire escape. Two ~~big~~ big trunks stood in a corner. The masked man looked at them, then turned to Waxey--

Ranger:

Where are the keys?

Waxey:

Right [redacted] let's go get them. Here, open the trunks.
 Try and find them!

Ranger:

~~Mrs. Henry, is there any tool up here that I can use to break the locks.~~

Ma:

~~None that I know of, but I'll go and get one.~~

Ranger:

~~Never mind. I'll shoot them off.~~

(SHOT) Keys jangle! Funds lids cracked.

Ranger:

~~That does for one!~~

(SHOT)

Ma:

~~And that opened the other?~~

Waxey:

~~Ma Hank, you'll answer for this in court. We'll file a suit against you!~~

Ma:

~~That suits me!~~

Ranger:

(EFFORT) There, both lids are up. Mrs. Henry, will you look in the smaller one?

- Ma: I sure will, mister!
- Ranger: Marshal, you'd better keep close watch on your prisoners.
- Marshal: That's what I'm thinking. What have you ~~found~~^{found}, Ma Hank?
- Ma: Clothes! All kinds of clothes! Here's a preacher's outfit! And here's a soldier's uniform!
- Marshal: What's in the other one, masked man?
- Ranger: Grease paint, wigs— everything needed for dozens of different disguises.
- Marshal: No wonder the sidewinders never got caught before!
- Buzz: What does that stuff prove? Waxey and I were in the show business before we started selling.
- Marshal: Where's the fifty thousand they took from old Caleb? That's what I want to know.
- Waxey: ~~(SNEERS) Just keep on looking! You'll find it!~~
- Ranger: The money is not in this trunk.
- Ma: Nor in this one.
- Waxey: You haven't turned up a thing that a smart lawyer won't be able to explain. And we've got that kind of a lawyer.
- Buzz: ~~What could you do if we admitted that we killed old Brewster? Nothing!~~

Ranger:

As the case now stands, you're right. You've been able to conceal your identities and cover your trail by wearing disguises and changing your names. You've murdered the principal witnesses against you. You've spent or hidden the money you stole. You've been clever.

Waxy:

Hear that, marshal?

Buzz:

The masked man is smart enough to know when he's licked.

Ranger:

Yes, you crooks have been very clever. I expected to find something inside those trunks that would incriminate you. But no jury in the world would convict you just because you own disguises.

Ma:

Does that mean the buzzards are going free after maybe paying a little fine for hitting Porfio and stealing my deer.

Ranger:

Waxy, it won't be to see that watch you're carrying!
~~On the contrary, they'll hang!~~

Waxy:

What do you mean?

what for? Let him see it give it to him, seller all right, but it's just like any other watch that strikes. See?

Ranger:

You overlooked something when you shipped your trunks.

That looks like the only old Cobb carried!

Buzz:

You just got through saying that there's nothing in them that incriminates us.

let's see to check right now. (Exp. - 17th Street Station) (at times)

Ranger:

The evidence isn't inside them. It's on the outside. On each there are seventeen Wells Fargo Express labels.

Waxy:

What of it?

- Ranger: The authorities have made a list of your crimes. I know where and when they took place. Those labels place your trunks in seventeen different towns when seventeen murders and robberies of the same type occurred. The best lawyer in the world couldn't explain that to a child as coincidence.
- Marshal: That's what I'm thinking.
- Marshal: Marshal, grab Waxey!
- Ma: He's thrown the fire rope out the window!
- Marshal: Stop, or I'll plug you!
- Waxey: (FADING BACK) You'll never hang me!
(SHOT)
- Marshal: I missed him!
- Ma: He's going down the rope!
- Marshal: I'll pull the rope back! (EFFORT) Give me a hand, masked man! We can pull up as fast as he can get down!
- Ranger: Watch the other fellow, Mrs. Henry!
- Ma: He won't get away!
- Marshal: (EFFORT) Keep pulling! We've got half of the rope back inside!
- Ranger: He's still too far from the ground to risk letting go!
- Marshal: It feels likes he's got to the end! We're hoisting him up!
- (YELL BACK FADING OUT)

Ranger: He let go! Let's get down there fast!

Marshal: Come on!

Ma: I'll bring this varmint down to the lobby!

(RUNNING STEPS FADING ON STAIRS)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annex: A few minutes later the Lone Ranger reentered the Henry House. There was a look in his eyes which caused the gruff Ma Henk to drop her voice as she asked--

Ma: What happened out there?

Ranger: Waxey is dead. He fell on the iron deer. Its antlers impaled him.

Ma: That's an awful way to die, but he had it coming.

Ranger: It wouldn't have happened if he had put the deer back where it was when he and Buzz stole it. But he set it up close to the wall.

Ma: Buzz, why did you fellers take it?

Buzz: I'm not talking.

Ranger: You don't need to talk. You pulled it out of town with the intention of breaking it apart. Probably you cracked its neck before I caught you.

Ma: Why did they want to bust it, mister?

Ranger: Caleb Brewster's money--the heritage of the orphans-- was hidden inside it.

Ma: Saints alive!

Ranger:

Waxy's fall broke off the head and the money spilled out.

Ma:

It's like the feller says, a crook can't win for losing.

(DOOR OPENS:STEPS UP TO HALT)

Marshal:

(COMING UP) I've picked up all the cask. It's tied up in my shirt.

Ranger:

Then I'll rejoin my friends. Adios, marshal!

Adios, Mrs. Henry!

(STEPS FADING BACK)

Ma:

Adios!

Marshal:

Adios!

(DOOR CLOSES)

Marshal:

Ma Hank, I sure misjudged that man when I first saw him. Who is he anyhow?

Ma:

(CHUCKLES) You're new on your job or you'd know. He's the Lone Ranger.

Ranger:

(BACK) HI*YO*SILVER*AWAY!