

THE LONE RANGER
Created by George W. Trendle

"TERROR TRAIL"
Ralph Goll

NUMBER 2761-1985

DATE 9/27-10 1

CAST

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Ranger

Tonto

Carlos Shelby alias Don Diablo....intellectual crook with a Hitler complex, about 30.

Mort..... Don Diablo's top gunman, young

Trent.....,gunman, BIT

Togan..... gunman

Manuel Martinez..... SP DIALECT, young vaquero

Rosita Hermoso.....SP DIALECT, young sweetheart of Manuel

Sheriff..... Western, elderly

Storekeeper..... elderly, BIT

Goatherd..... Old, BIT, SP DIALECT

Caliban..... Don Diablo's valet, BIT

7-29-50

Lasso Trail Ranger

NEW PAGE 1

(USUAL OPENING)

9-27-50

24nd

Amner: *kill* **FIRE** Sitting beside a campfire in one of the territories of the Southwest, the Lone Ranger read a message which had been relayed to Tonto by an Indian runner. As he finished, he said—

Ranger: *N.N.* Tonto, this note came from our old friend, the Padre. He wants us to look into conditions in the Murado Valley.

Tonto: That long way from his mission.

Ranger: True, but the Padre learns many things from travelers. ~~in some~~ ~~source~~ he has heard that a man called Don Diablo is terrorizing the valley.

*fire
babeep*

Tonto: What that feller's real name?

Ranger: The Padre wasn't able to find out. In fact, he wrote rather skeptically about the rumor.

Tonto: Ugh!

Ranger: Don Diablo can be translated as Sir Satan. The alias suggests a Spaniard or Mexican, but it may well be that the man is an American if he actually exists.

Tonto: What we do?

Ranger: Prepare to ride. We're going to the Murado Valley.

*CUT CUT
N.N. FIRE*

MUSIC: ~~OVERLID~~ # ~~8~~ 3rd

Annex:

After several ^{days} ~~weeks~~ of hard travel, the Lone Ranger and Tonto rode into the vast and fertile lowlands where Don Diablo was supposed to hold sway.

(HOOFS)

Walled in by almost impassable mountains, the Murado Valley was a little world of its own, rarely visited by outsiders. At first view it appeared to be a purple paradise. The masked man gestured for a halt—

(HOOFS HALTING AS)

AD LIB:

WHOAS

Ranger:

Our map indicates that the town of Rosario is several miles ahead. We'll begin our investigation there.

Tonto:

It good place to start. It county seat.

Ranger:

We can use additional supplies, so you'd better ride on into Rosario while I make camp here. While you're trading, try to learn whether there is any such person as Don Diablo.

Tonto:

Me savvy. Get up, Scout!

(HOOFS AWAY)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annex:

A short time later Tonto was in Rosario's chief business place, a cantina called the Cinco del Mayo. The place, which served both as a cafe and store, was crowded.

(CAFE NOISES)

Dividing his time between provision buyers and a group which lined the bar, the proprietor, a fat, jolly American, managed at length to fill the Indian's order.

Anncr: When Tonto returned to camp he told the Lone Ranger how the people in the cantina had reacted to his question. He asked--

Tonto: What you think about it, Kemo Sabay?

Ranger: It means there is something to the story the Padre heard. Apparently, the folks of Marado Valley are so much afraid of Don Diablo that they dare not speak of him in public.

Tonto: Where we go now?

Ranger: We'll cut around Rosario and continue toward the next town. From now on we'll confine our questions to people who are alone.

MUSIC INTERLUDE

(HOOPS)

8 2nd

Anncr: It was that afternoon when the masked man and Indian approached a waterhole well beyond Rosario. Tonto

~~SHEEP AD~~ Tonto pointed--

Tonto: Look! Feller over there got herd of goats!

Ranger: We'll have a talk with him. Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

(HOOPS FASTER)

Tonto: Him old man with gray beard!

Ranger: So much the better! Old men speak more freely than young ones.

Tonto: Me make peace sign!

AD LIB WHOAS

(HOOPS HALT: GOATS BLATT)

APP SHEEP
AD LIB
2

Goatherd: Silencio, chivos!

Ranger: Bueno dias, amigo!

Goatherd: Bueno dias, senior! It is always the good day when the sun does not hide his face.

Ranger: (CHUCKLES) That seems to be an oblique reference to my mask. Don't let it frighten you.

Goatherd: Senior, I am too old to fear death, too poor to fear bandidos!

Ranger: We're not bandits. We are strangers in a strange land. Do you know this valley well?

Goatherd: (CHUCKLES) I am that one they call Chivo Padre. Goat Father, you sabe? Like a goat I know ~~THE~~ El Valle Murado from end to end.

Ranger: Did you ever hear of anyone called Don Diablo?

Goatherd: Por Dios, do not speal that name! Jamais!

Ranger: Why not?

Goatherd: Do not ask! I have not seen you! I have not heard you. Vamos, chivos! Vamos!

(GOAT BLEATS AND STEPS FADING OUT)

The old goatherd made the sign of the cross and habbled away in a panic, swinging his staff at his bleating flock. The Lone Ranger stared after him--

Ranger: Tonto, if Don Diablo were Satan himself he couldn't strike more terror into the hearts of the valley men.

Tonto: Maybe him not man at all, only superstition like evil spirit that scare Indians.

(Lone Ranger)
FADE SHEEP
 AMBER

Ranger: Whatever he is, we can be sure of one thing. We're riding on terror's trail. Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

(HOOFS AWAY)

MUSIC INTERLUDE

Annrc: The following morning found the masked man and Indian deep in the valley.

(HOOFS)

With each mile they traveled, their sense of danger grew though they had seen nothing thaty seemed to threaten them. The haciendas which they passed in the distance appeared inviting. Cattle grazed peacefully in lush meadows. Birds caroled in the trees. But the malign name which no one wanted to hear was ever in the minds of the two friends.

They rode in thoughtful silence until--

Ranger: Tonto, there's a rider coming this way!

Tonto: Something wrong with him! Look how him ride bent over!

Ranger: He may be hurt! (CALLS) What's the matter, friend?

Tonto: Him not even look up!

Ranger: Grab his reins!

Tonto: Me gotum!

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger: Tonto, this man is dead!

Tonto: How dead man ride horse?

Ranger: His legs have been tied to his saddle girth !
Hold onto his horse. I'll get down and take a closer
look!(DISMOUNTS)

(HORSE SNORTS)

Tonto: Steady there, feller! Nobody hurt you!

Ranger: This man was shot in the head!(PAUSE) He was a
deputy sheriff!

Tonto: Me not see badge on vest.

Ranger: It's fastened to his back and holds a note. I'm
unpinning it now. There, I have it!

Tonto: What note say?

Ranger: It reads: (READS) Sheriff Pembroke, Rosario...
I am returning your spy con mucho gusto.

Tonto: What that mean?

Ranger: With much pleasure. But that's not all. The message
is signed...DON DIABLO!

Tonto: Ugh!It look like him figure horse would go home with
dead man and note.

Ranger: That was it! He wanted to show his contempt for law!

Annecr: Repinning the badge and note to the murdered deputy's
back, the Lone Ranger searched his pockets and
saddlebags. He found nothing of any significance.
Then he noted that the dead man's hat had been
pulled on so tightly that it could not fall off.
Removing it with some difficulty, he looked inside
and exclaimed--

Ranger: Tonto, the deputy was carrying the rowel of a
Chihauhau spur in the sweatband of his hat!

Tonto: What you make of that?

Ranger: My guess is that it had something to do with his murder. Certainly, he considered it valuable or he wouldn't have taken such pains to conceal it.

Tonto: Me never see American wear Chihauhau spurs.

Ranger: Few, if any do. Some Mexican vaqueros use them while riding vicious horses, but under ordinary circumstances the wearer of such spurs betrays himself as being insanelly cruel.

~~Tonto: That ~~is~~ right!~~

~~Ranger: This rowel is gold-plated. The spikes are needle-sharp and more than an inch long. You can imagine what they would do to a horse's flanks.~~

~~Tonto: Maybe Don Diablo lose it and deputy find it.~~

~~Ranger: That's a possibility to be considered. Chihauhau spurs fit his character as we know it now that we've seen his handiwork. I'll keep this rowel for the time being.~~

Tonto: What we do about dead man?

Ranger: We'll let the horse take him on into Rosario and back-track it while the trail's fresh.

Tonto: Get along, feller!

(SLAPS HORSE: HOOFS START)

Tonto: Him head in right direction!

Ranger: (MOUNTING EFFORT) Steady, Silver!

AD LIB: RIDEAWAY

~~MUSIC: INTERLUDE~~

18 3rd

Annrcr:

As the masked man and Indian took the back trail of the dead rider, Carlos Shelby, the wealthiest man in the Murado Valley, pulled down one of the books which lined the walls of his hacienda library a few miles away. The owner of a score of big ranchos, Shelby was a small, effeminate-looking man of mixed blood, noted for generosity and hospitality. His semi-annual fiestas lasted for days and were attended by everyone within a hundred miles.

~~Voice:~~

~~Si si! Señor Shelby is one good man!~~

~~Voice:~~

~~His heart is big like his ranchos!~~

Annrcr:

When Shelby appeared in public he wore English tweeds and gold-rimmed spectacles. He always carried a book, never a gun. The book which engaged his interest at the moment was a German-language copy of Nietzsche's latest work, "Also Sprach Zarathustra".

(BOOK SOUNDS)

He turned the pages idly until a line caught his eye and he translated to himself--

Carlos:

Thus spoke Zarathustra, the criminal is the type of the strong man... How true! This Nietzsche is a man after my own heart!

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

Carlos:

(IRRITABLY) Come in!

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES)

Carlos:

Oh, it's you, Mort... You know I dote upon that name, Mort. In French it means death!

Mort:

(COMING UP) I've done a lot of killing for you.

Carlos:

What do you want?

Mort:

Just to tell you that I sent the deputy back with your Don Diablo note like you ordered. But I'm thinking it was a mistake to do it.

7-29-50

NEW PAGE 10

- Carlos: Yours not to reason why, as Tennyson so aptly put it.
- Mort: I know. I'm just your top gunslinger, but I don't want my neck stretched.
- Carlos: Please explain that statement, my dear fellow.
- Mort: For two years now you've been working your Don Diablo game on the people in this valley. You've had me and the other boys kill ranchers, burn buildings and rustle cattle. Everyone in the valley is scared. You're buying up the land for a song.
- Carlos: (CHUCKLES) In another two years I'll own the Murado. It once belonged to a maternal ancestor of mine, a Spanish conquistadore who won it from the Indians with sword and fire, rope and whip. I'm following in his footsteps.
- Mort: You're mighty sure of yourself.
- Carlos: Why shouldn't I be? I'm above suspicion. People believe that Don Diablo is a Mexican bandit who has a stroghold in the mountains. They're afraid to speak his name!
- Mort: That doesn't explain why that lawman was spying on your hacienda. He was watching it through field glasses when I plugged him.
- Carlos: The hoi-poloI is always curious about the way in which its betters live. Still, it was just as well that you removed him.
- Mort: I think he was sent out to investigate the raid we made on the Hermoso ranch the other night. Maybe he found something there that pointed to you!

Carlos: What could he have found?

Mort: I don't know. We plugged Old Man Hermoso and that ~~vaquero~~ vaquero, Manuel Martinez. You've got the Hermoso gal, Rosita, shut up here. So that accounts for all the witnesses unless somebody like the cook got away.

Carlos: What could a witness tell? We were masked.

Mort: All right, boss! Have it your own way!

Carlos: I always do. Bring Rosita Hermoso to me

Mort: (FADING BACK) Right!!

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc: As Mort left the room, the man who was both Carlos Shelby, highly respected ranchero, and Don Diablo, the terror of the valley, took a quirt from a desk drawer. The whip had a loaded handle and many knotted throngs which he drew through one hand with a caressing motion until the door opened again.

(DOOR OPENS)

Mort: (BACK) In you go!

Rosita: (BACK) Perro! Let go of me!

Mort: (BACK, EFFORT) There she is, boss!

Carlos: Stay outside the door, Mort!

Mort: Right!

(DOOR CLOSES)

Rosita: (COMING UP) You-- you are Senor Shelby!

Carlos: Does that surprise you, my dear?

Rosita: (UP) Senor, this is not possible! That unspeakable one, Don Diablo, and his bandidos, killed my padre and my Manuel! They carried me off, but here I am in your hacienda!

Carlos: Senorita, I am Don Diablo!

Rosita: Es verdad? No, you make the joke! You are the good senor, the rich rancharo! Much times I have dance at your fiestas.

Carlos: So I noticed. That's why you are here.

Rosita: Pero, let me out of this place.

Carlos: My dear girl, are you stupid enough to think that I would let you go alive? You will stay alive only so long as you please me, so be pleasant. Here--

Rosita: (CUTS IN) Do not touch me, beast!

Carlos: Nietzsche has a chapter on women. Let us see what he advises.

(BOOK SOUNDS)

Ah, here it is! He likens women to cats and concludes with this line--Also sprach Zarathustra, forget not the whip!... Ah, the whip!

Anncr: As the book-minded killer continued to ~~outpourings~~^{SCAM} outpourings of the insane German philosopher, Rosita grabbed up another volume from the desk.

Rosita: (EFFORT) Read this!

Anncr: As she spoke, she hurled the book straight into Shelby's face, smashing his glasses.

(THUD: GLASS BREAKING)

Carlos: I'll kill you for that! (EFFORT)

Annrcr: He lashed at her with his quirt, but she nimbly dodged him and retreated to the door just as it opened.

(DOOR OPENS)

Rosita: Let me out! Por Dios, let me out!

(STRUGGLE)

Mort: I've got her, boss! What did she do?

Carlos: (COMING UP) ^{Last pair of} She broke my glasses! I can hardly see without them! And only an optical company in San Francisco can supply the kind I need!

Mort: Want I should hold the vixen while you lay the lash on her?

Carlos: That will come later! Lock her up and keep her locked up until I can get new glasses. I want to see her writhe in pain! I want to see... see.

(FADING OUT)

MUSIC IN EPISODE

Annrcr: 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

Annrcr: As Carlos Shelby raged in the library of his hacienda, the Lone Ranger and Tonto reached the end of the murdered deputy's back trail on a rock-strewn ridge a mile away. They drew rein--

(HOOFS COMING TO HALT AS)

AD LIB: WHOAS

Ranger: Tonto, this is where he was shot! We'll dismount and look around. (DISMOUNTING EFFORTS)

Tonto: Me only see ~~only~~ scratches deputy's horse make on rocks!

Ranger: No boot prints are visable!

Tonto: Me crawl around, take closer look! (PAUSE) Must be killer shot from long way off with rifle, then walk up on rock.

Ranger: In that case we may never be able to trace him.
(STEPS)

Ranger: I'll go farther down the ridge.

Anncr: Before the masked man had taken more than a half dozen steps a rifle cracked.

(SHOT IN BACK:STEPS STOP)

The bullet fanned his forehead. As he flattened ~~XXXXXX~~ himself, the hidden rifleman fired again.

(SHOT IN BACK:RICOCHET)

Glancing from a rock above his shoulders, the slug screamed off, narrowly missing the horses.

(HORSE SNORTS)

Ranger: ~~WHISTLE~~ (SOTTO) Keep down, Tonto! ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ you!

Tonto: (A LITTLE BACK, SOTTO) What we do?

Ranger: (SOTTO) I'll fire into the air to hold his attention while you slip around behind him.

Tonto: ~~WHISTLE~~ (A LITTLE BACK, SOTTO) Me savvy.

(SHOTS)

Anncr: Stealthily working his way through the rock, the Indian soon reached a point from which he could see the bushwhacker kneeling behind a boulder. He was a haggard young man with a stained rag tied around his head. Tonto crept forward. Just as the youth was about to fire again, he sprang.

RIFLE SHOTBACK

RICO

5 SHOTS

184th under

Tonto: Drop rifle pronto!

Anncr: Taken completely by surprise and feeling Tonto's revolver against his back, the bushwhacker let go of his weapon.

Tonto: Now stand up! Stand still!

Manuel: I am too much wounded to run!

Tonto: (CALLS) Me got him, Kemo Sabay! Bring medicine kit!

Ranger: (BACK) I'll be right with you!

Anncr: Several minutes later the masked man appeared with a first aid outfit. He gave the youth a look of compassion—

Ranger: Why did you shoot at me, young man?

Manuel: You know why, Don Diablo!

Ranger: I'm not Don Diablo! Tonto, here is the kit. Take care of his wound.

Tonto: Me fix you up, feller!

Manuel: Mille gracias, Senor Indio! I have made the big mistake. But that evil one, Don Diablo, wore a mask on the night of Tuesday when he and his bandidos raided the Hermoso ranch, stole Rosita, killed her father and left me for one dead.

Ranger: You say he carried off a girl?

Manuel: Si, Senor! Mia Rosita, the beautiful one I, Manuel Martinez, wished to marry.

Ranger: How did you happen to be here on the ridge?

- Manuel: I wished to find the deputy who came this morning to the ranch. I told him what Don Diablo did. We looked for the trail of the evil one and his bandidos but after two days it was gone. But we found a gold rowel from a Chihauhau spur.
- Ranger: Was this it?
- Manuel: Si, senior! The very one! You took it from the deputy, no?
- Ranger: Yes, Manuel. But he was dead. He was shot here on this ridge and tied to his horse.
- Manuel: Ai, ai! Don Diablo killed him!
- Ranger: Did you ever see anyone around here wearing Chihauhau spurs?
- Manuel: Spurs, no. But on this ranch which is own by the good Senor Shelby I have seen horses that someone use them on. They were hurt much bad. This I told the deputy and he came here to watch.
- Tonto: Me got your head dressed, feller. How it feel?
- Manuel: Bueno!
- Ranger: Do you have a horse?
- Manuel: Si, si! Is on other side of ridge.
- Ranger: If you think you can stand it, I'd like to have you go to Rosario and tell the sheriff all you know. Give him this silver bullet.
- Manuel: Remplago! Is only the four-hour ride!

(STEPS FADING OUT)

7-29-50

NEW PAGE 17

Manuel: (FADING BACK) Senor, you are my hombre! You will try to find my Rosita, si?

Ranger: Yes, Manuel, we'll try. Come on Tonto! We'll scout around Shelby's hacienda!

~~MUSIC: INTRODUCTION~~

Annecr: Late that afternoon Carlos Shelby decided to take a ride, being unable to read without spectacles. An aged, ugly and prison-broken outlaw whom he was pleased to call Caliban helped him put on his polished English boots and spurs. The bookish buccaneer of the plains was in the midst of a quotation from "Paradise Lost" when the old ex-convict interrupted--

Caliban: (WHINING VOICE) There you are, boss! Now stomp your feet!

(BOOTS STAMP: SPURS JINGLE)

Carlos: Caliban, what's wrong with the spur on my left boot? It has a harsh sound. I can't see--

Caliban: (INTERRUPTS) I was just going to tell you about it, boss. You lost one of the gold rowels with the long spikes. I replaced it with another rowel from a common pair of spurs. Course, it won't hurt a horse as much, but--

Carlos: (FURIOUS, INTERRUPTS) It was your fault that I lost the Chihauhan rowel! Your job is to keep my things in condition! Maybe this will help you remember your duty. (EFFORT)

(BLOW)

Caliban: No, boss! Don't!

7-30-50

"Terror Trail"

NEW PAGE 18

Carlos: First my glasses, now my Chihauhau spurs!

(BLOW)

Caliban: Boss, I didn't mean---BREAKS

(DOOR OPENS)

Mort: COMING UP) Mr. Shelby, there isn't a horse in the corral that's safe for you to ride.

Carlos: May not?

Mort: The horses you've been riding are in such shape that I turned them out to pasture and heal up.

Carlos: Where are the other saddle-broken animals?

Mort: They're all in the remuda the boys took along when you sent them out on the range for the roundup yesterday. They won't be back for two or three days.

Carlos: So I'll have to stay here! The fates conspire to keep me from my pleasures.

MUSIC INTERLUDE

~~1st~~ 2nd 3rd

3rd act
fact
W
9

Annex: At that moment the Lone Ranger and Tonto were engaged in making a close observation of the hacienda from a clump of cottonwood trees. Like most structures of its kind, the old Spanish ranch house was built like a fort. The flat roof was supported by beams which projected through the walls. A low, slotted parapet surrounded the roof. Taking in those details, the masked man remarked—

Ranger: Tonto, that hacienda was built to be defended. There is certain to be a hatch in the roof.

Tonto: What hatch got to do with Don Diablo?

Ranger: Shelby may well be ~~the~~ Don Diablo!

Tonto: Why you say that?

Ranger: Only a ranch owner is in a position to use Chihauhau spurs on valuable saddle ~~XXXXXX~~ stock with impunity. Shelby's hacienda is the only one for fifty miles around. That makes him a likely suspect.

~~Tonto: Look! Feller on roof!~~

~~Ranger: He appears to be on watch! That will make our task more difficult?~~

~~Tonto: Me not savvy.~~

Ranger: Tonight we'll try to enter the hacienda through the roof!

MUSIC INTERLUDE

19^{5th}

NIN

7-29-50

NEW PAGE 19-A

*fit
musie*

Annor:

During the dark hour just before moonrise, the Lone Ranger and Tonto led their horses as near the hacienda as possible, then crept forward to the base of its rear wall. Hearing no sound from the roof top, the masked man shook a loop out of a lariat and cast it at the end of a beam which was just visable against the sky.

Ranger:

(EFFORT,SOTTO) There, it caught!

Tonto:

(SOTTO) Me got moccasins. Better me go up first.

Ranger:

(SOTTO) Go ahead!

Anncr:

Pulling himself upward hand over hand, the Indian quickly reached the beam. After pausing a moment he silently hoisted himself over the parapet and stood listening until the man on watch stirred enough to betray his position. A moment later he had his gun against the guard's body.

Tonto:

(SOTTO) Better you not make sound!

Anncr:

The man stiffened, but made no outcry. Then the Lone Ranger was beside them.

Ranger:

(SOTTO) I have ropes and a gag all ready for him.

Anncr:

As they worked to keep their prisoner silent and immobile, hoofs drummed into the hacienda grounds.

(HOOFS APPROACHING FAST)

The horseman reined up at the door, which shortly afterward opened and closed.

(HOOFS HALT IN BACK: DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Ranger:

(SOTTO) That fellow rode as though he had important news. I'd like to hear what he has to say.

Tonto:

(SOTTO) We not need more help with this feller.

Ranger:

(SOTTO) Then I'll try to find the way down.

Anncr:

As the masked man crawled around on the roof, feeling for the hatch, a sweating man in range clothes faced Mort and Carlos Shelby in the library. He was saying--

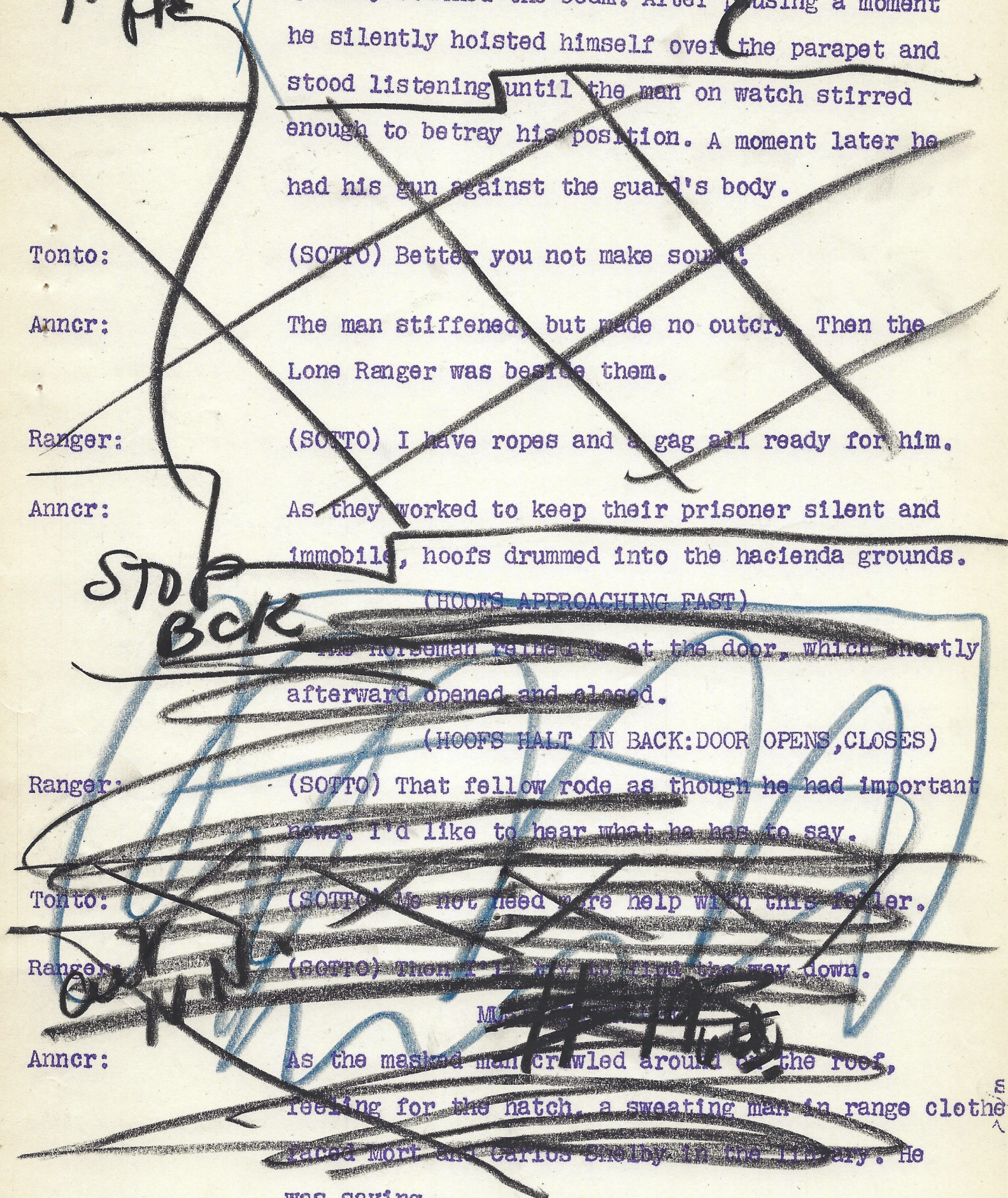
Logan:

I didn't go with the other fellers. I went to town and you can be glad I did.

FAST
HOOPS
APPR

#6 under

STOP
BCK



Mort: How so, Logan?

Logan: The sheriff is headed here with a big posse and a search warrant.

Carlos: That's ridiculous! On what evidence could he obtain a search warrant?

Logan: All I know is that he's coming!

Mort: Suppose he finds that gal!

Carlos: He won't! In the patio there's an old Spanish well with a plank cover. Indian slaves dug it in the days of the conquistadores. I've been told that it's more than a hundred feet deep, but dry.

Mort: So what?

Carlos: Get the girl and throw her into it!

MISC: INTERLUDE

Annct: *cut N.H.*
When the Lone Ranger finally found the hatch and descended a ladder to an alcove off the library Carlos Shelby was alone. Pacing the floor in high excitement, he recited--

Carlos: Him whom the Almighty Power hurled headlong and flaming from ethereal heights with hideous ruin and combustion down to bottomless perdition--

Ranger: (COMING UP, FINISHES QUOTATION) There to dwell in adamantine chains and penal fires.

Carlos: The masked man!

Ranger: Stand where you are, Don Diablo! Your satanic rule in the Murado Valley is finished!

Carlos: What do you mean by calling me Don Diablo? I am---

Ranger: (CUTS IN) It's useless for you to try to bluff me. The rowels on your spurs are mismatched. One is the original Chihauhau rowel. I have the other. It was found on the Hermoso ranch after your raid.

Carlos: You can't convict me on evidence like that?

Ranger: Where is the girl you carried off?

Carlos: Questions bore me. ~~Let's go back to another scene.~~

~~Tonto: (BACK) Tonto is with fellow on roof.~~

Rosita: (BACK) (SCREAMS) Help! Por Dios, help me!

Ranger: (BACK) Tonto ^{Here Kemo SAIBAY} watch Shelby! I'll see what's going on!

~~MUSIC INTERLUDE~~

Annrc: *M.N.* As the masked man dashed out of the library, Mort half dragged, half carried the shrieking Rosita into the patio.

(STEPS)

He was yelling--

Mort: Logan, get the cover off that well!

Logan: (BACK) I'm trying to!(EFFORTS) There it comes!

(WELL COVER FALLS BACK)

Logan: The hole's wide open!

Rosita: Madre de Dios! Make me brave!

Mort: Give me a hand with this wildcat! She's trying to claw my eyes out!

Logan: (BACK A LITTLE) Hold onto her! If she gets away--

Ranger: (BACK) Let go of that girl!

(STEPS STOP)

Mort: Who's that?

Logan: A masked man! He's coming after us!

(RUNNING STEPS FADING IN)

Mort: Plug him, Logan!

Logan: This'll fix ~~him~~

(SHOT)

Mort: You missed! He's still coming!

Anncr: In the light of the newly risen moon which flooded

the patio, ~~the masked man~~

~~the masked man~~, the Lone Ranger's right hand gun

blossomed red

(SHOT; STEPS STOP)

Logan dropped his revolver and staggered back, clutching his shoulder.

Logan: (GROANS) I'm hit!

Anncr: At the same time Mort whirled to face the masked man. Thrusting Rosita in front of him, he drew a Colt. But before he could fire the girl sank her teeth into his wrist. He let go of her with a yell--

Mort: You little--

(STEPS CONTINUING UP)

Ranger: (COMING UP) I'll take that gun! Rosita, get back from the well! Pick up the other man's gun!

(STEPS STOP)

Anncr: Disarming Mort, the Lone Ranger started to back away, but in his anxiety for the safety of the excitable girl he turned his eyes away from the man for an instant. Mort closed with him.

Mort:

Now I've got you!

Anncr:

Pinning the masked man's arms with a hold that made it impossible for him to use his guns, the hired killer tried to topple him into the pit. Both men tripped over the well cover and fell.

(BODY FALL:GRUNTS)

The Lone Ranger let go of his guns and, straining every muscle, managed to get on top. Then the well lid tilted, rolling both men to the brink of the pit. Rosita was dancing around in a frenzy--

Rosita:

Hold him, senior of the mask! I will put this pistol against his head and shoot!

Ranger:

(EFFORTS) No, Rosita! No!

Anncr:

Their legs thrashing the air above the cavity, the two men continued their struggle while some of the stones in the ancient masonry with which the well was faced began to fall into its unmeasured depths. For a moment it seemed that the entire lip of the well would give way. Far, far down the falling rocks drummed hollowly on the bottom.

(STONES FALLING INTO DRY WELL)

Mort's

~~_____~~ broke ~~_____~~ grip.

Scrambling to safety, he dragged his adversary along. The fight had gone out of the gunman. He lay on the flag stones of the patio, eyes closed, as Rosita picked up the Lone Ranger's guns and returned them to him.

Rosita:

Senior, let us now finish these peros who have kill my father and my Manuel!

Ranger:

The law will punish them. Anyhow, your Manuel is alive.

watch
N & N

Rosita: Alive? Es verdad? Oja, Madre de Dios, mille gracias!

Annecr: At that moment Carlos Shelby leaped out of an open window in the library and landed in the patio. Tonto leaped after him.

(JUMPS IN BACK: RUNNING STEPS APPROACHING)

Tonto: (COMING UP) Head him off, kemo sabay!

Ranger: Stop, Shelby! Stop!

Annecr: As the Lone Ranger rushed to intercept him, the would-be conquistadore headed toward the well. Ahead of him both the mouth of the pit and its cover appeared as irregular shadows on the surface of the patio.

(RUNNING STEPS FADING BACK)

Mistaking the hole for the lid, the near-sighted satanist dashed to its brink. Although the well was only eight feet in diameter, he saw his error too late to jump. As he fought to stay himself and regain his balance, some of the weakened stonework gave way. He toppled and plunged headlong into the pit!

Carlos: THREE SECONDS YELL FADING OUT IN B. G., TUNNEL EFFECT Once started, the cave-in of the ancient masonry inside the well continued with tons of stone cascading into the depths which had swallowed the arch-criminal.

(ROCKS FALLING IN B. G.)

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION

Annecr: A short time later, the sheriff, who had been summoned by Manuel, was in the patio with several deputies.

Rock FALLING

YELL ~~22 15-11~~

Rock

(and out) ROCKS FALLING

N.N.

*Shelby
Conroy*

Anner:

The lawmen had put Mert, Logan, Trent and Caliban in irons and had dispatched a strong posse to the range to round up the rest of Shelby's night-riding terrorists. As the excitement abated, the Lone Ranger and Tonto joined the sheriff near the well.

Ranger:

Sheriff, you haven't questioned me about my mask. Did the silver bullet I sent with Manuel identify me?

Sheriff:

Mister, I knew what it meant! And I'm mighty glad you were here to save Rosita from those fiends. Carlos Shelby came close to being a real diablo. (REFLECTIVE) And now he's down there at the bottom of the hole!

Ranger:

Yes, sheriff. If the fall didn't kill him, the collapse of the stonework with which the well was walled certainly did. His body is buried beyond hope of recovery.

Sheriff:

Who'd want to get his carcass out? As I hear it, he had no kin. His home ranch here will revert to the government. And if I have my way, the ranchers he drove out of the valley will get back the rest of the land.

Ranger:

Can you convict Shelby's hired killers?

Sheriff:

There's no doubt of it. Shelby's flunkey, that old feller called Caliban, will testify against them along with Manuel and Rosita.

(STEPS APPROACHING)

Sheriff:

By the tanel, that well is deep-- deep as perdition!

(STEPS STOP)

Manuel: Don Diablo is gone back where he came from, no?

Rosita: Is good he took his book with him! (SHUDDERS)
But for the masked one I might be down there!

Sheriff: Men, let's put the cover back on before some decent person falls in.

AD LIB: APPROVAL:EFFORTS: LID FALLS BACK INTO PLACE

Sheriff: There, the lid is on the infernal hole!

Rosita: Is finish! Remplago!

Sheriff: Masked man, the Murado Valley owes you a heap! What do you think Shelby aimed to do?

Ranger: Establish himself as a dictator here. Had he succeeded, he would have tried to expand his power by terrorizing the whole Southwest. Tonto, it's time that we rode on.

Rosita: You must go so soon, senor?
(STEPS FADING OUT)

Ranger: (FADING) Yes, Rosita. Adios, friends!

AD LIB: ADIOS

Rosita: Senor Sheriff, do you know who the masked one is?

Sheriff: That I do, Rosita! When Manuel gave me that silver bullet and described the man who had sent it I knew right off! He's the Lone Ranger!

Ranger: *Come on silver bullet*
put up with that
(BACK) HI-YO-SILVER-AWAY!

Hi-Yo
THEME
(circled scribble)

Package