

The Lone Ranger

created by Geo. W. Trendle

Date 11/13/50

No. 2781-2005

*Mr. Stuber*

THREE MONTHS TO LIVE

This file is part of the  
Joe Hehn Memorial Collection  
hosted at the Internet Archive  
<https://archive.org/details/joe-hehn>

Ranger

Tonto

Tom Rossford. .... young consumptive. Intelligent.

Fatal Smith..... Middle aged outlaw

Lil..... Stranded actress

Louie..... Heavy.

Miguel..... spanish heavy

Doc...bit

Dance caller...bit

Swamper..... bit

PROMO

HOOFS STOP

Ranger; Tonto, the newspapers report that Fatal Smith,  
the worst killer in the west, is at large again  
although he was to have been hanged in three months.

2781-2005  
Tonto; Where we look for him?

Ranger; He is so well known that the most logical  
place to look is Hardscrabble, a mining camp  
where so many marshalls have been murdered  
that law no longer exists. We'll go there.  
Come on, Silver.

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout.

HOOFS.

Anner; Fatal Smith has been appropriately nicknamed.  
Many men have died when his six-guns blazed, but the  
Kone Ranger may not realize that the killer can be  
equally dangerous without a gun. He is a tricky  
criminal, but Fate itself can be tricky. Be sure- etc

(USUAL OPENING)

Annex; From his high bench in the San Bernardino courtroom Judge Cicero Tate, reputedly the most eloquent speaker in California, looked down on the prisoner who stood for sentence.

CROWD MURMUR)

A murmur of anticipation ran through the crowded room. The judge thumped the bench with his gavel.

gavel

Judge; Fatal Smith, you've come to the end of your trail of murder. In three months Spring will return with all its beauty, but you, Fatal Smith, will not know it. You will be dead. It is the sentence of this court that you be hanged three months from this date. Take him away, Sheriff.

CROWD MURMURS STEPS FADING

Datal; )FADING) The rope hasn't been made that'll hang me.

MUSIC

Annex; The three months of life allotted to the outlaw was near its end when Tonto rode into the Lone Ranger's camp in the High Sierras with provisions purchased in a nearby village.

HOOFS HALT

Ranger; Tonto, you made that trip in a hurry.

Tonto; Me come fast to tell you Fatal Smith is loose.

Ranger; Loose! He was to hang on Friday.

Tonto; Last nite gang break into San Bernardo jail,  
Kill sheriff. Get Smith out. Stage driver  
bring news to town.

Ranger; Then we have work to do. Fatal Smith is a killer  
of the worst type. As long as he and his gang are  
at large, no one in the west is safe.

Tonto; It long way to San Bernardo. Trail cold when we  
get there.

Ranger; The outlaws may be headed this way.

Tonto; Why you think that.

Ranger; If I were a fugitive, I'd try to reach Hardscrabble,  
here in the mountains. It's the most lawless mining  
camp in the west.

Tonto; That so. Me hear four marshalls get killed there  
in last year. No none will take job of lawman.

Ranger; So that's where we'll look for Smith and his gang.  
(CALLS) Here, Silver.

HOOFS IN. STOP.

Ranger; (MOUNTING) Come on, Silver.

Tonto; Gittum up Scout.

HOOFS

MUSIC

Annex; Several days later, Tom Rossford, a former New York policeman, sat at a table in the Gold Eagle dancehall, with biggest and toughest place of entertainment in Hardscrabble.

(CAFE BG)

During his service on the police force in an eastern city, Tom had contracted tuberculosis, but a year in the high Sierras had halted progress of the ailment. However, his spirits remained low because he knew he would never be able to return to his old comrades. As he brooded over his fate a bearded miner approached with a question . . .

Miner; Want to buy my gun, Pilgrim? I'll sell it for thirty dollars.

Tom; I don't believe in private citizens carrying a gun.

Miner; Maybe not, but I do. I wouldn't sell mine if I wasn't broke and ready to leave this infernal camp.

Tom; Didn't you strike pay dirt?

Miner; Yeah, but claim ~~jumpers~~ <sup>jumpers</sup> grabbed the place I staked out.

Tom; This camp needs a good marshall.

LAUGHTER)

Annex; Tom's remark brought laughter from a party of camp toughs at a nearby table.

Tough; Hear that, boys. The skinny greenhorn thinks we need another marshall - not shooting irons.

Tom; Citizens have no right to take the law into their own hands.

Tough; We've planted four marshalls in this camp, and they were all quick on the trigger. Maybe you'd like to try your luck as marshall number five.

Tom; Maybe I would.

Tough; You wouldn't last as long as a snowball in Death Valley. You'd be plugged before this, only the killers around camp figure that a consumptive easterner wouldn't rate a notch on their gun butts. Let's get out of here, boys.

LAUGHTER. CHAIRS PUSHED BACK STEPS FADING

tough; (FADING) See you later. .... Marshall.

Tom; I'll buy that gun, Mister. Here's your money.

Miner; And here's the gun. It isn't much to look at, but it works.

Anner; A short time later, <sup>As</sup> Tom examined the battered old Colt, a girl entertainer slipped into a chair at his side. Knowing her casually, Tom forced a smile...

Tom; Hello, Lil.

Lil; I'm tired of being at the mercy of bullies and outlaws.

Lil; You're inviting trouble. It's better to stay out of a bad man's way than cross him, even though you have a gun.

Tom; I know how to use one. When I was on the force in New York - -

Lil; (CUTS IN) Tom, you ought to quit thinking about the past. Your health has improved a lot since I first met you, but you'll always have to stay in the West. Why not make the best of it?

Tom; Believe me, Lil, I'm grateful to this country of yours. It's done wonders for me physically. Why I've found I can take long rides, and I've even done a little mountain climbing.

Lil; Oh I'm glad. But this Sierra country is mine only by adoption. I am, or was, as much of a New Yorker as you are.

Tom; You are!

Lil; I was a member of a theatrical troupe which became stranded in Hardscrabble. So I took a job as a singer here in the Gold Eagle. At first I hated the work. Now I love it!

Tom; Do you mean you actually like to sing to a lot of toughs and crooks?

Lil; Most of the men who come here are honest miners. When I appear before them I'm playing a better role than I ever had on the stage.

Tom; That's a little over my head, Lil.

Lil; Don't you see I'm taking part in a living drama - one of the greatest dramas in American History?

- Tom; Well, that's one way of looking at it?
- Lil; Sometime the right man will come along and tame Hardscrabble and open the way for religion and education. They say there isn't a single book in this camp.
- Tom; Well, I have one right here in my breast pocket. It's the manual of the New York Police Department ---
- Lil; Tom, Tom. Must you always think of that?
- Tom; Police work was life to me. I'd like to give the people here the same kind of service, but they'll never accept me. Even if I regained all of my health, I'd always be a consumptive Easterner to them.
- Lil; I must go now, Tom. But be around tonight. I'd like to talk to you some more.
- Tom; And I'd like to listen. I'll be right here, Lil.

MUSIC: Interlude

- Annrcr; At that moment, in nearby Broken Arm Gulch, Fatal Smith and three other outlaws lounged in a miner's cabin of which they had taken possession. Smith was saying --
- Fatal; Fellers this is Friday, the day they figured to stretch my neck.
- Miguel; Is good thing we bust you out when we do.
- Fatal; Right you are, Miguel. They had the gallows all set up for me.

Bill; We'll all swing now if we're caught. We shouldn't have shot the Sheriff.

Fatal; Forget him, Bill. We're going to celebrate.

Louie; Celebrate where?

Fatal; In Hardscrabble, of course. There's no law there and this is my night to howl!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; Meanwhile the Lone Ranger and Tonto had reached a point from which they could look down on the roaring camptown. They drew rein.

(HOOFS TO HALT)

Ad lib; (WHOA)

Tonto; This look like good place to camp.

Ranger; Yes, it's neither too far from Hardscrabble nor too close ot it to suit our purpose. Tonight we'll scout around. If we see Fatal Smith we'll know him. We've read his description on reward posters often enough.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; That night the Gold Eagle Cafe was packed. A so-called professor hammered a battered piano. Several volunteer musicians, whose red shirts and ragged beards marked them as miners, sawed at fiddles. Lil, the stranded actress, sang Camptown Girls, then joined Tom Rossford at a table while a square dancer called - -

Caller;           Fill up the floor for a quadrille, folks! Four  
more couples over here! Four more!

Ad lib;           (STIR)

Annrc;           Soon heavy boots thumped the floor with a violence  
that shook the walls of the dancehall.

(SQUARE DANCE MUSIC)

Lil, who had turned her attention to the long bar,  
was saying - -

Lil;           Tom, I don't like the looks of a lot of men in this  
town, but the two standing over there look specially  
rough.

Tom;           They certainly are heavily armed.

Lil;           They came in separately. Now another man has joined  
them.

Tom;           Look at the fellow who followed him in. He does  
look like a desperado.

Lil;           He's joined the other three.

Tom;           But he's not turning his back to the crowd.

Lil;           He's staring at me!

Annrc;           As the newcomer continued to watch Lil, an old  
swamper who had been standing behind the table  
squealed with terror -

Swamper;       There's Fatal Smith, the killer! I've seen him before!

Annex; At the old man's words the music died and the dancers froze.

(DANCE MUSIC STOPS)

Fatal; (BACK A LITTLE) All right, I'm Fatal Smith. But if you people don't want something fatal to happen to you, you won't try to be heroes! Cover them, boys.

Louie; We've got our guns on them! Up with your hands, all of you!

Fatal; (A LITTLE BACK) Now all of you dancers get back against the wall! Professor, you and the fiddlers stay where you are!

Ad lib; (STIR)

Annex; As the dancers rushed to obey his command, Fatal Smith advanced on the stranded actress and tubercular Easterner.

(STEPS COMING IN)

Fatal; (FADING IN) I aim to dance with you, gal!

Lil; I'm not dancing.

Fatal; That's what you think! The law figured to make me dance on air today, but instead, I'm going to do a polka with you. Come on!

Tom; Don't touch the lady, fellow.

Fatal; Look, pipsqueak! You're an Easterner, so maybe you don't know who I am. I do as I please!

Tom; You won't, if I can help it!

Fatal; (LAUGHS) Feller, you're so near dead, it waldn't be any fun to kill you!

Lil; Tom, you'll get yourself killed! Keep out of this! I'll dance with him.

Fatal; Then let's do our steps. Professor, strike up a tune and make it good or it'll be your last one.

(POKA MUSIC)

Annrc; So great was the outlaw's contempt for the Easterner that he discounted the possibility of his being armed and in a mood to welcome death. He reached out to sieze the girl, but before he could reach her Tom was in front of him. Loosening the newly acquired gun which he had thrust into a pocket, the former New Yorker called --

Tom; Draw, you killer!

Fatal; (LAUGHS) Where do you want it, greenhorn?

Lil; (SCREAMS) Tom, sit down!

Fatal; Here it comes thru the heart!

(SHOT)

Annrc; The impact of the outlaw's bullet hurled Tom against the table, but even as he collapsed against it his own revolver blazed.

(SHOT)

Annex; Fatal Smith dropped his guns and clutched an arm with a groan -

Fatal; (GROAN) Boys, I'm winged!

Ad lib; (STIR)

Lil; (SOBS) Tom, oh Tom!

Louie; Steady, folks! Steady, or you'll get what the Easterner got!

Miguel; Is time we vamoose, Fatal.

Fatal; Wait 'til I pick up my gun. I'm only nicked but now I'm going to plug that skinny varmint again.

Lil; No!

Louie; Holster your gun, Fatal. No one lives after you pull a trigger on him. So let's get out the back door to our horses.

Fatal; All right, but I'm taking the girl along for a shield. Get away from that tenderfoot's carcass and come on.

Lil; Let go of me, you murderous beast! (STRUGGLES)

Louie; Drag her along, Fatal. Miguel, open the back door.

(STEPS)

Miguel; There, I have open it!

(DOOR OPENS)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex;                   Meanwhile the Lone Ranger and Tonto had arrived at the edge of the mining camp in time to hear the shots and trace their origin to the dancehall.

(HOOFS)

Turning their horses into an alley, they reached the rear of the place just as the outlaws backed out with the struggling girl. In the light which poured thru the open door, they recognized Fatal Smith and brought their guns to bear as they called—

(HOOFS STOP)

AD LIB:               (WHOA(S))

Ranger;               Let go of that girl, Smith! You can't get away!

Tonto;               Drop guns or me shoot!

Fatal;               A masked man!

Louie;               Vigilantes! The alley's full of them.

Miguel;              By this time the hombres inside have drawn their guns.

Louie;               We can't go back! We can't go on! I'm dropping my gun.

Miguel;              Mine I have thrown away!

Fatal;               There goes mine. Now take the girl.

Ranger;              Turn around and go back into the hall with your hands up. My friend and I'll be right behind you!

(DISMOUNTING) Please stand aside, Miss.

Tonto; Me kick guns away!

Annrcr; At that moment it dawned on the miners in the hall that the flight of the outlaws had been halted in some manner. Thru the door poured a hail of bullets.

(VOLLEY OF SHOTS BACK)

Captors and captives alike were driven to take refuge along a dark wall. The masked man was calling..

Ranger; This way, miss. You men inside! Hold your fire!  
The gang has been captured.

(SHOTS)

Annrcr; In the roar of gunfire his words went unheeded. Quick to take advantage of the darkness of the wall and confusion created by the unexpected shooting from inside the hall, the outlaw known as Miguel slipped out a hidden knife and lunged at Tonto.

Miguel; This for you, Indio!

Annrcr; As the Indian whiled to meet Miguel's attack, the outlaw called Bill grabbed his gun hand and tried to wrest the six shooter from it. Twisting and bending, Tonto evaded Miguel's knife, but could not shake off the other outlaw.

Bill; (EFFORT) Get him, Miguel!

Miguel; Keep hold of him!

Annex; Seeing his friend's danger, but unable to shoot into the tangle of writhing bodies without further endangering him, the Lone Ranger holstered his guns and sprang into the fight just as Miguel aimed another knife thrust at Tonto. The masked man caught the descending arm.

Ranger; (EFFORT) No you don't!

Annex; With the Lone Ranger and Tonto locked in mortal combat with two of the gang, Fatal Smith again seized the girl who had stood by dazed. He was yelling...

Fatal; Now I have you! Come on, Louis!

Louie; What about Miguel and Bill?

Fatal; They won't need our help. Give me a hand with this girl and we'll run for our horses.

Louie; Right.

(STRUGGLE, STEPS FADING OUT)

Lil; (FADING) Help! Help!

Fatal; (FADING) Yell all you like! You're our ticket out of this trap!

Annex; Although he realized Fatal Smith and Louie were about to escape with the girl, the Lone Ranger was unable to break away from the knife-wielding Miguel. Tonto's adversary was screaming —

Bill; Wait for us, Fatal!

Fatal; (BACK) Not much!

Ad lib; (GIDDAP'S, BACK)

(HOOF'S BACK, START, FADING AS:)

Lil; (BACK, FADING) Help!

MUSIC: Interlude

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

(COMMERCIAL)

As Fatal Smith and Louie rode off with their captive, the savage hand-to-hand battle in which the Lone Ranger and Tonto had engaged two other outlaws, continued in the alley. The wiry Miguel had his keen edged knife at the Lone Ranger's throat several times before the superior strength of the masked man told.

Ranger; Drop that knife! (EFFORT)

Miguel; For you, never!

Ranger; Then take that! And that!

(SEVERAL BLOWS)

Miguel; (GROANS) The knife, she is gone from my hand! I am finished.

Ranger; Then stand there against the wall and don't move!

Annex; Turning to see how Tonto had fared, the Lone Ranger found that the Indian had concluded his own silent battle by stretching the other outlaw unconscious. At the same time, the miners in the hall began to peer cautiously from the doorway.

Ranger; Here are two members of the gang. But Fatal Smith and another outlaw escaped, holding a girl as hostage.

Caller; (COMING IN) That's Lil - Lily Belle, our singer!

(STEPS FADING IN)

Say, you're wearin' a mask? What does that mean?

(STEPS STOP)

Swamper; Maybe he's another owlhoot!

Ranger; My mask doesn't mean I'm an outlaw. If I were, my Indian friend and I wouldn't have captured these prisoners.

Caller; I reckon that's so.

Swamper; By thunder, he an' the Injun have got two of Fatal Smith's gang!

Ranger; What did the gang do here besides capture the girl?

Caller; Smith killed a skinny little Easterner who stood up for Lil. The other owlhoots kept us from interferin'.

Swamper; Let's round up all the miners in camp and go after Smith an' the other feller who got away!

Adlib; (APPROVAL)

- Ranger;           There is nothing you can do tonight except trample out trail signs that may be visible in the morning. It's too dark now to follow a trail, and the outlaws already have a big lead.
- Caller;           The masked man's right. We'd better wait.
- Ranger;           Where can these prisoners be held?
- Caller;           Well, there's no jail here, and we have no Marshal —
- Ranger;           If this section of the Sierras hasn't yet been organized as a county, they can be returned to San Bernardo for the crime of jail delivery. Of course, Fatal Smith will be legally hanged as soon as he's recaptured and returned.
- Caller;           Bring those two varmints into the dancehall. Maybe we can arrange to hold them there.
- Tonto;           Get up, feller. You come to now.
- Ranger;           I'll bring the other one.
- (STEPS)
- Caller;           Mister, I'm still curious about your mask. I've heard of a man like you, but of course he uses silver bullets — or so the story goes.
- Swamper;          Thunderation! Look there!
- Caller;           The Easterner's come to life! He's sitting up on the table!
- Ad lib;           (STIR)

Swamper; It can't be! I saw Fatal Smith aim for his heart when he shot, an' Fatal Smith don't miss!

Caller; He's just what his name says.

(STEPS STOP)

Tom; (WEAKLY) Where's Lil?

Swamper; Looky, feller, this isn't ressurection day. Just lie down again an' be dead like you ought to be!

Tom; Dead? I'm not dead! I just fainted.

Swamper; Now be a little bit reasonable. It isn't that we don't want you comin' back to life, but - - -

Ranger; Tonto, guard the prisoners while I examine him. Sometimes men receive bad wounds without realizing it.

Tonto; You fellers, stand still.

Miguel; Madre de Dios! If this hombre lives, I am dead!

Ranger; Let me open your shirt and vest, Mister.

Tom; Go ahead. But I'd like to know why you're wearing a mask.

Ranger; It sometimes helps in capturing criminals. It may help in capturing Fatal Smith and rescuing the girl he carried away.

Tom; Them he has Lil! Let me up! We've got to do something about it right now!

Ranger; All will be done that is possible. There, I have your vest open.

(BULLET SPILLS TO FLOOR)

Swamper; Lookat what fell out of his vest!

Caller; It's the forty-five bullet Fatal Smith shot him with!

Ad lib; (STIR)

Ranger; Mister --

Tom; (CUT IN) I'm Tom Rossford. I'd rather you just called me Tom.

Ranger; Very well, Tom, all you suffered from that bullet was a bruise over your heart.

Swamper; Hear that, gents?

Caller; The way Smith's gun sounded, there was plenty of good powder behind that bullet.

Swamper; Tom, you must be bullet proof!

Caller; Let's make him Marshal of Hardscrabble!

Ad lib; (CHEERS)

Tom; Men, I'd like to be marshal of this mining camp. But I don't want the job because you think I have a charmed life. I haven't. The only reason I'm alive is that I once belonged to the police force.

Ad lib; (MURMURS)

Swamper; How's that, Tom?

Tom; The thing that stopped Fatal Smith's bullet was a manual of the New York police department which I had in my breast pocket. Here it is.

Caller; Thunderation, a book!

Tom; The bullet went completely thru it, but it's force was spent.

Caller; I reckon you were lucky, but lucky or not, we still want you to be our lawman. It'll take a little time to get you appointed, but you can start bein' Marshal right now an' we'll back you. How about it, fellers?

Adlib; (AGREEMENT)

Caller; Mister, you haven't said anything.

Ranger; I think you've made a wise choice. The West needs trained police officers. Too many frontier marshals are professional gunmen only. My friend and I are placing ourselves at Tom's disposal.

Tom; Thanks, Mister. I'll need your help. (CALLS)  
Men, be ready to ride at daybreak!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; Later that night, Fatal Smith and Louie took over another deserted miner's shack in the mountains. After tying their prisoner and searching the place, they went outside for a conference. Louie was saying.

- Louie; I figured we'd at least find an old shotgun in this shanty. But there's nothin' in there that would be of any use if a posse catches up with us.
- Fatal; I don't think we have to be afraid of a posse. The miners hezeabouts don't dare leave their diggings for any length of time on account of the claim jumpers and highgraders.
- Louie; Then why'd you bring the girl out here, Fatal?
- Fatal; I thought at first that there were more fellers in the alley than the masked man an' Injun. It looked like we'd have a hot time ridin' out of there. In that case she would have come in handy.
- Louie; I can see that, but --
- Fatal; (CUTS IN) Now I figure the masked man an' Injun were alone. Anybody can wear a mask, but only one man does so all the time an' rides alone except for an Injun pardner. He's the Lone Ranger.
- Louie; The Lone Ranger! If he takes our trail, we'll never be able to shake him off.
- Fatal; That's just it! We'll have to get rid of him.
- Louie; We can't do it without guns! Maybe he'll find us tomorrow.
- Fatal; We don't need guns! We have the girl and there's a coil of light cable in the shack, the kind that miners use on their windlasses when they pull up dirt and rocks from prospect holes.

Louie; I saw that, but how's a piece of cable going to help?  
 Fatal; Don't ask questions, Louie. Just listen to me --

## MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; It was late the next day when the Lone Ranger,  
 Tonto and Tom Rossford struck the trail of the  
 outlaws and their captive. A posse of miners  
 had long since deserted them to return to their  
 diggings.

## (HOOFS)

As they rode slowly into the ever heightening  
 altitudes, following the tracks of three horses,  
 Tonto held up a hand --

Tonto; Better we stop! Me hear someone come!

Ad lib; (WHOA 'S)

## (HOOFS HALT)

Ranger; I hear the hoofbeats now!

## (HOOFS FADING IN)

Tom; That's a woman rider! It's - it's Lil!

Lil; (FADING IN) Tom, Tom! Is it really you?

Tom; Yes, Lil! I'm still kicking!

## (HOOFSHALT)

Lil; Thank heaven you're alive!

Annrc; Tom quickly explained what had happened and asked --

- Tom; Did the outlaws release you?
- Lil; A crook called Louie let me go with the understanding that I'd deliver a message to the masked man. He said such a man would be tracking them and that I'd meet him on the trail.
- Tom; He must have meant my friend here.
- Ranger; He probably did, though I can't understand why he was so sure I'd follow the trail. What was the message, Miss?
- Lil; Louie wants to betray Fatal Smith to you. He said he was afraid of being lynched and believed you'd save him if he turned on Smith.
- Ranger; When did he tell you that?
- Lil; Less than an hour ago when Smith went away for a few minutes. Then he set me free and gave me a horse.
- Ranger; Where are the crooks staying?
- Lil; In a deserted prospector's shack two or three miles from here. The last mile of the trail to the cabin is overgrown by tall brush and lined with saplings - lodge poles, I think they're called. Only one horse can pass thru at a time.
- Ranger; I see.
- Lil; Louie said I should tell you to ride in fast because Smith might notice the slightest movement in the brush and escape.
- Tonto; That sound like trap to me.

Lil; I thought of that, but the crooks have no weapons.

Tom; Let's ride in on them.

Ranger; No, Tom. We'll ride as far as the beginning of the brush trail. I want you two to wait there while Tonto and I scout the place on foot.

Tom; Then let's go.

Ad lib; (AWAY)

HOOFS

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; The swift twilight of the Sierras had begun to fall when the Lone Ranger and Tonto left Tom and the girl with the horses and began to work their way toward the shack, keeping to scant growths of stunted trees which grew on high ground several hundred yards from the brush trail. Midway to the shack, the masked man pointed -

Ranger; (LOW) Tonto, look at the top of that sapling along the trail the outlaws wanted us to follow!

Tonto; It bend west.

Ranger; In this country trees often grow into bent shapes because of the wind, but the prevailing wind is from the west and they always bend eastward.

Tonto; Now me savvy what kind of trap crooks set for you!

Ranger; A snāre, of course, They pulled down the top and held it in that position with a pole which serves as a trigger. If we cared to look, we'd find a wire noose attached to the top of the sapling.

Tonto; He see animals caught like that. When animal run into noose, trigger falls, tree flies up. Him get hung.

Ranger; It's an old method of trapping deer. Let's move on.

Tonto; Wait, kemo sabay! Two men riding down trail plenty fast!

Ranger; Fatal Smith and Louie! They've seen us!

Tonto; Now them dodge snare! Maybe we better shoot!

Ranger; Shots fired from this distance wouldn't stop them. Let's get back to the horses.

(RUNNING STEPS)

MUSIC: Up and down

(HOOFS, HORSES IN BRUSH)

Annex; At that moment Fatal Smith was telling Louie -

Fatal; We saw the masked man an' Injun just in time.

Louie; You might've known that the masked man wouldn't fall for a trick like a snare!

Fatal; We still hold the high cards!

Louie; I don't know how!

Fatal; They must've left their horses near the end of the brush trail.

Louie; That's so. It'll soon be dark, and if we can rustle them, we'll get a big start.

Fatal; We're coming to the end of the brush trail.

Louie; Here's the clearing.

(HOOFS OUT OF BRUSH)

Fatal; And there are the horses.

Louie; Someone's with them.

Fatal; Likely it's only the girl.

Tom; (BACK) Pull up, you fellows. You're covered!

Louie; Don't shoot!

Ad lib; (WHOA'S)

(HOOFS HALT)

Louie; Fatal! It's the Easterner!

Fatal; It can't be! You saw me plug him! He has to be dead!

Tom; (FADING IN) Get off your horses. This is the end of the trail for you, Fatal Smith!

(STEPS APPROACHING)

Annex; AS Tom who had been standing beside the horses with Lil approached the killer like a vengeful apparition, Smith whirled his mount with a howl of terror -

Ad lib; (YELLS, GIDDAPS)

(HOOFS, FADING OUT)

Tom; (CALLS) Stop or I'll shoot!

Fatal; (FADING) You'll never get me!

(SHOTS)

Tom; I missed him!

Lil; He's getting away.

Tom; There he goes into the brush trail! I'll follow him.

Lil; No, Tom. Guard this other crook. The masked man and Indian can take care of Fatal Smith.

MUSIC: Tension

(RUNNING STEPS)

Tonto; Shots must mean Tom have trouble.

Ranger; Wait, Tonto.

(STEPS STOP)

Ranger; One of the outlaws is riding back up the brush trail. I just caught a glimpse of him.

Tonto; It plenty dark. All me see is tree tops.

Ranger; He must be near the snare now.

Annecr; At that moment, the evening stillness was broken by the sound like the "Twang" of a mighty bow.

(TWANG IN BACK)

Straining their eyes into the gloom, the masked man and Indian saw the bent tree straighten suddenly and shake its budding branches against the sky.

Then all was silent and motionless. The Lone Ranger and Tonto dashed toward the snare, well knowing what they would find.

MUSIC: Burst to finish.

Annecr; Late that evening a strange procession halted at the edge of Hardscrabble. One rider was a masked man, another an Indian. With them were a former New York policeman and a former actress who had found their destiny in the West. Two other horses bore a sardonic prisoner and a dead man. The Lone Ranger was saying.

Ranger; Tom, Tonto and I must leave you here.

Lil; But you haven't explained how Fatal Smith happened to ride into his own snare.

Ranger; It seems the Fates were in an ironical mood. Perhaps the killer was overcome by superstitious terror after seeing Tom. Perhaps it was so dark he failed to see the trap in time to dodge the noose.

Lil; Well it was poetic justice.

