

THE LONE RANGER
Created by George W. Trendle

"DEADLY SILVER"
Ralph Goll

DATE 12-11-50

NUMBER 2793-2017

Mr. Shaker

CAST

Ranger

Tonto

Jim.....elderly keeper of the Lone Ranger's silver mine

Padre.....elderly priest

Pony Jim Mills...young outlaw

Rawhide Norton...young outlaw

Sheriff.....Western, BIT

Driver.....stage driver, WESTERN, BIT

Hostler.....stage station employee, BIT

Bill..... idler at station, one line

NEW PROMO FOR "DEADLY SILVER"

HOOFS HALTING AS

Ranger: Tonto, the Argentado stage has been robbed! The two holdup men escaped with a box of silver bullets and horseshoes which I had asked Jim, the keeper of my mine, to make and send to me through the Padre.

Tonto: That plenty bad!

Ranger: I don't know who the outlaws are or what they look like, but there's a chance that we can head them off. Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

HOOFS STARTING AS

Annecr: Yes, the Lone Ranger may head off the stage robbers, but it is one thing to capture them, another to hold them. The outlaws are vicious killers. Circumstances unforeseen by the masked man may conspire with them to place him in the jaws of death, for silver is as deadly as it is precious. Be sure to listen, etc.

12-11-50
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(USUAL OPENING)

Annecr: It was near twilight when the Lone Ranger and Tonto
drew rein at the mission.

(HOOFS COMING TO HALT)

AD LIB: WHOAS

Annecr: Their old friend, the Padre, who had been told of
their approach by one of his Indian converts, met
them at the door with a greeting--

Padre: Welcome, my sons!

Ranger: It's good to see you again, Padre!

Padre: Will you not dismount?

Ranger: Thank you. (DISMOUNTING EFFORTS)

Padre: What brings you back to my humble mission? Not
trouble, I hope.

Ranger: No, Padre. I'm in need of silver bullets and
horseshoes. I expected Jim, the man who makes them
for me, to send you a supply so I could pick it
up without going out of my way.

Padre: I received a letter from a man named Jim last
week. He wrote that he would send a box of such
supplies to the mission and asked me to hold it
for you. The shipment should arrive on today's
stage coach.

Tonto: Look! Dust cloud on trail!

Padre: The stage is coming!

(HOOFS, WHEELS FADING IN)

Ranger: The driver isn't sparing his horses!

Tonto: We see feller lying on top!

Ranger: That must be the shotgun messenger!

AD LIB: EXCITED GIDAPS FADING IN

(WHIPCRACKS)

Tonto: Something wrong!

Padre: Is the coach going to stop?

Ranger: Yes, the driver is setting his brakes!

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS, WHEELS STOP)

Driver: (A LITTLE BACK) (CALLS) Padre! Padre—(BREAKS) say, who is that masked man?

Padre: Do not be alarmed! He and the Indian are friends of mine! What ails your guard?

Driver: He's dead!

Padre: Dead?

Ranger: What happened?

Driver: Two road agents plugged him! They held us up at the Tecalote Creek bridge!

Ranger: Tonto, climb up and take a look at the guard!

Tonto: Me do that pronto!

Ranger: Driver, where is the Tecalote bridge.

Driver: Five miles west of here! The owlhoots headed south along the creek bank after the holdup?

Ranger: Can you describe them?

Driver: All I'm sure about is that they had bandannas over their faces.

Ranger: Where are your passengers?

Driver: I wasn't carrying any. No gold either. Just mail and express. The road agents took all of that, including a heavy wooden box addressed to you, Padre.

Ranger: That must have been the box from Jim!

Padre: In the hands of outlaws, it's contents may prove dangerous, my son!

Ranger: You're right, Padre!

Tonto: (A LITTLE BACK) Guard dead, kemo sabay!

Ranger: Then jump down and we'll mount!

Tonto: Me come!

(JUMPS)

Ranger: Now into the saddle! Steady, Silver!(MOUNTS)

Tonto: (UP) Where we go? (MOUNTS)

- Ranger: It's probable that they're now riding downstream in the creek, trying to cover their trail.
- Tonto: Why you say "downstream"?
- Ranger: Tecalote Creek flows rapidly down from the mountains. It is very hard to ride against a swift current, as all Westerners know.
- Tonto: That so. Them fellers bound to be in hurry.
- Ranger: The creek winds toward the mission. By taking a short-cut we may be able to head them off. Driver, you'd better go on to San Marco and notify the sheriff.
- Driver: Right! I'll be in San Marco within an hour!
- AD LIB: GIDAPS
(HOOFS, WHEELS, WHIPCRACKS FADING OUT)
- Ranger: Adios, Padre!
- Tonto: Adios!
- Padre: God protect you, my sons!
- AD LIB: RIDEAWAY
MUSIC: INTERLUDE
- Anncr: As the Lone Ranger and Tonto galloped away from the mission, the stage robbers examined their loot on the banks of the creek several miles below the bridge. They were Rawhide Norton and Pony ^{Joe}~~Joe~~ Mills, both wandering outlaws who had no criminal records in that part of the west. While Norton attempted to open a wooden box, Mills shook out the contents of a letter. He was saying---

- Rawhide: Maybe there's some gold in this box!(EFFORT) It weighs plenty! (EFFORT)
- (PRYING SOUNDS)
- Joe: Let me give you a hand!
- Rawhide: Never mind! I'm getting part of the top off!(EFFORT) There it comes! (PAUSE) Well, skin me alive!Just look inside!
- Joe: Nothing but cartridges and horseshoes! And we don't need either!
- Rawhide: That holdup was a bust, but it'll cost us our necks if we're caught!! Let's get going before it's too dark to see!
- Joe: Hold on! Heft this horseshoe and take a closer squint at it!
- Rawhide: Thunderation! It's silver!
- Joe: So are the bullets in those cartridges! Where was that box being sent?
- Rawhide: It was addressed to the Padre of a mission down the valley.
- Joe: Why would a padre want silver bullets and horse shoes?
- Rawhide: Why would he want bullets of any kind?
- Joe: Whoever expressed the stuff must have figured on him holding it for somebody else.
- Joe: I reckon you're right, but that only makes it tougher for us. The "somebody else" you mentioned may come after us as well as a posse.

Rawhide: What'll we do, Joe? We're almost broke and I don't know of another holdup job in these parts that we'd be able to pull.

Joe: Well, the bullets and horseshoes should be worth something.

Rawhide: We can't sell ~~the~~ ^{the} stuff while it's in that shape! It would be a dead give-away!

Joe: We'll stow it in our saddlebags and melt it into a bar as soon as we find time.

Rawhide: Right! You hold the bags open and I'll dump part it in each one. (EFFORT)

Joe: Go ahead!

Rawhide: There go the shoes!

(DULL METALLIC NOISES)

Rawhide: Now for the bullets!

Joe: Say, Rawhide, where'd that box come from?

Rawhide: The sender's name isn't on it. But the thing must have been expressed from Argentado. That's where the stage line starts. Between there and the bridge the coaches only stop to change horses...Here goes the rest of the bullets.

(DULL METALLIC SOUNDS)

Joe: You know a feller who can make bullets and horse shoes out of pure silver must have a scad of it around. He'd make rich picking!

Rawhide: Blamed if he wouldn't! But how are we going to find him?

Joe: That may not be so hard. We're not known hereabouts and the stage driver can't identify us. So we'll go to Argentado and listen to what's being said about the holdup.

Rawhide: Good idea! There'll be plenty of talk about who lost what! We'll soon find out about this box!

Joe: Now we'd better get back into the saddle again!

Rawhide: Right! (MOUNTING EFFORTS)

Joe: We'll take to the water and ride downstream a few miles, then circle back to town. Come on!

AD LIB: RIDEAWAY

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrcr: Soon after the outlaws turned their horses into the creek and began following its bed, the Lone Ranger and Tonto reached a point much farther down-stream. Their strategy had been well planned, but as darkness closed upon them an overcast hid the moon. During the tar-black night Rawhide and Pony Jim took to dry land again without being detected or learning that they had been headed off. With the return of daylight, the masked man and Indian, who had been riding slowly against the current, pulled up.

(HORSES IN WATER COMING TO HALT)

AD LIB: WHOAS

Tonto: Outlaws not come this far, kemo sabay.

Ranger: Perhaps we missed them by reaching the creek too late.

~~Nothing~~

Tonto: ~~Nothing~~ here show them not pass. Water clear, shallow. Me not see where hoofs turn stone or scratch it.

Ranger: Then they must have left the creek somewhere ahead of us.

Tonto: Banks here plenty low. Make good place to turn out.

Ranger: Look at the upsteam bank I'm pointing to!

Tonto: Hoof prints there! Where them go?

Ranger: They lead out of the creek and into a ravine!
Head your horse out of the water and we'll follow them!! Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

(HOOFS OUT OF WATER ONTO LAND)

Ranger: The sides of the ravine are covered with dwarf cedar!

Tonto: It make good place for ambush! But me not think outlaws know we trail them.

Ranger: They'll expect to hunted by a posse. They may circle around and watch their back trail to learn whether they're being followed.

Tonto: What we do?

Ranger: I'll keep on tracking them through the open ground. You ride through the cedar brakes. Stay well back and keep pace with me.

Tonto: Me savvy!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annex: A few minutes after Tonto disappeared on one side of the ravine, the outlaws circled back on the other, executing the maneuver which the Lone Ranger had foreseen. Reaching the edge of the evergreen screen, they halted their horses.

(HOOFS COMING TO STOP)

AD LIB: WHOAS

Joe: See anything, Rawhide?

Rawhide: No, but listen!;

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Joe: (SOTTO) Somebody's coming! There he is!

Rawhide: A masked man!

Joe: Maybe he's an owlhoot like us!

Rawhide: He acts like he's following the tracks of our horses!

Joe: What'll we do?-- plug him?

Rawhide: No, let's take him alive and find out why he's trailing us!

Joe: He's getting close!

Joe: We'll rush him! Come on!

(HOOFS STARTING)

Rawhide: (CALLS) pull up there, feller! You're covered!

Joe: (CALLS) Get your hands up!

Annrcr: The Lone Ranger, who had anticipated just such an attack, had been riding with his right hand on the butt of a loosened gun. As the stage robbers broke from cover, he drew and fired with a single swift motion.

(SHOT)

Rawhide's gun fell from his hand as he squawked--

Rawhide:

OW! Joe, he shot me!

Ranger:

You, behind him! Drop your gun or you'll get the same!

Joe:

Don't shoot! I'm dropping it!

Ranger:

Now dismount and get your hands up!

Joe:

Anything you say! (DISMOUNTS)

Rawhide:

Oh, my wrist! (DISMOUNTS)

Ranger:

(DISMOUNTS) That's only a scratch! Leave it alone and it'll heal fast. Now I want to know-- (BREAKS)

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Joe:

Look coming!

Rawhide:

A posse!

Joe:

The sheriff's in the lead! There's a star on his vest!

Sheriff:

(COMING UP) Another holdup! Drop that gun, you masked owlhoot!

AD LIB:

WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger:

Sheriff, you're making a mistake! I've caught--

NEW PAGE 11

Sheriff: You're caught, you mean! Caught in the act! Now drop those guns or we'll riddle you!

Ranger: Very well!

(GUNS FALL)

Sheriff: Let's get down, boys!(DISMOUNTING EFFORTS) Hank, kick those six-shooters out of the owlhoot's reach!

Hank: Right!(KICKING EFFORTS)There they go!

Ranger: Sheriff, these two men you found me holding at gun point are the stage robbers!

Joe: Don't let him string you, sheriff! My pardner and I are just a couple of cowpokes heading south for the early roundups. This hombre waylaid us!

Rawhide: Yes, and he shot me! Look at my wrist!

Ranger: Sheriff, I'm not an out law! I'm on the side of the law!

Sheriff: (SARCASTIC) I suppose that's why you wear a mask! Well, I'm going to yank it off your face!

Ranger: One moment, sheriff! Do the silver bullets in my gunbelt mean anything to you?

Sheriff: Silver or lead, they're all the same to me. I know they're made to shoot and kill!

Ranger: The Padre at the mission can tell you about me. We have known each other for a long time.

Sheriff: The Padre doesn't know the world. You could have pulled the wool over his eyes.

NEW PAGE 12

- Joe: That's so, but he isn't fooling you. You're a good lawman.
- Ranger: Sheriff, these two men took a shipment of silver bullets and horseshoes from the stage. I don't know what they did with it, but it was being sent to me through the Padre.
- Sheriff: Where'd the stuff come from?
- Ranger: I'm sorry, sheriff, but that's a secret!
- Sheriff: That means you don't know! If I find out there WAS such a shipment on the stage those silver bullets in your gunbelt will hang you!
- Joe: Now you're talking, sheriff! He has just the same as admitted that he's one of the stage robbers!
- Sheriff: Where's your pardner, feller?
- Ranger: Let me explain---
- Sheriff: I've heard enough from you! Grab him, Hank!
- Hank: I've got him!
- (STRUGGLE)
- Sheriff: Hold onto him!
- Joe: I'll help you, deputy!
- Rawhide: I've still got one good arm! Let me pistol-whip him!
- Sheriff: No! He can't get away now!
- Ranger: Sheriff, you're making a serious mistake!

NEW PAGE 13

Sheriff: I don't make mistakes! Now I'll take that mask off your face and handcuff you!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc: 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 few moments.

COMMERCIAL

Annrc: As the sheriff reached for the Lone Ranger's mask, Tonto, who had been too far away to be of any previous assistance, reached the fringe of the cedar brake. Seeing his friend's danger, he drew back into the evergreens and gave voice to a series of savage warwhoops.

(WARWHOOPS IN B. G.)

At the same time he emptied his six-guns into the ground.

(SHOTS IN THE B. G.)

Startled by the yells and shouts . which seemed to indicate an Indian attack , the sheriff, deputies and outlaws turned their heads from the masked man and scanned the cedar brake. From the cover of the trees came more warwhoops and another burst of firing.

(WARWHOOPS AND SHOTS IN B. G.)

Sheriff: What are we up against?

Hank: I don't know, but even one Injun could pick us all off in this ravine!

NEW PAGE 14

- Annecr: Seeing that Tonto's trick had drawn the full attention of the three lawmen for the moment, the Lone Ranger snatched up his guns and swung into the saddle with a sharp command--
- Ranger: Steady, sheriff! Steady, you deputies! ~~Steady, the~~
I'M TAKING CHARGE.
~~upside down!~~
- Hank: He's covering all of us!
- Sheriff: Why, you--
- Ranger: (CUTS IN) Now drop your guns! That's my friend in the cedar brake!
- Sheriff: Then we haven't got a chance! There goes my gun! You'd better follow suit boys!
- Hank: That's what we're doing!
- (GUNS FALL)
- Ranger: Sheriff, I'm sorry that I have to do this, but you gave me no other choice. I don't think that you'll go to the Padre and I know that I can't establish my innocence myself or convince you of the guilt of the real stage robbers.
- Sheriff: Still trying to throw the blame on these poor cowpokes, are you? Well, I'll see you swing yet!
- Hank: Calm down, sheriff! You'll talk him into shooting us!
- Ranger: I've tried to tell you that I'm on your side. So is my friend. But our lives are at stake. Now all of you had better walk a hundred feet down the ravine!

New Page 15

Annecr: At that moment the horses which the lawmen and outlaws had left ground-hitched stampeded, frightened by Tonto's yells and shots.

(HOOFS FADING OUT)

Sheriff: There go our horses!

Ranger: You'd better head in the same direction!

Sheriff: Come on, boys! Come on, you cowpokes!

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Hank: (FADING BACK) He's letting us off easy!

Ranger: I'm leaving your guns here! By the time you find your horses and get back to your weapons my friend and I will be out of bullet range.

Sheriff: (BACK) Even if you are, we'll run you down!

Annecr: As soon as lawmen and self-styled cowpokes were far enough away to assure his escape, the Lone Ranger headed Silver into the cedar brake where Tonto waited.

Ranger: Come on, Silver!

(HOOFS)

Ranger: Follow me, Tonto! The sheriff and his deputies will soon be on our trail!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout! Why you not bring outlaws along?

Ranger: It would have taken too much time to hunt down their horses.

Tonto: Where we go?

Ranger: We'll circle back and go to the mission. Only the Padre can clear me!

NEW PAGE 15-A

Annex:

It was the following day when the Padre returned from San Marco where he had seen the sheriff on the Lone Ranger's behalf. He found the masked man and Indian waiting in the mission stables with their horses. Smiling, the ^{VENERABLE} ~~respected~~ priest reported-

Padre:

My son, it is well that I spoke for you! The sheriff was greatly outraged by the ruse which enabled you to escape from his and his deputies. It was only after ~~and~~ a long and, I fear, a rather heated discussion that I was able to convince him of your innocence.

Ranger:

Thank you, Padre. Is he hold^{ing} the real outlaws?

New Page 16

Padre: They slipped away from him soon after your escape.

Ranger: Then we have gained nothing!

Padre: They cannot evade divine retribution!

Tonto: That good! But ~~THEM~~ maybe them kill more people before them die! Better we go after them!

Ranger: Tonto, we're not equipped to hunt them now. Yesterday's ride almost wore off Silver's shoes! You used up most of your ammunition in the cedar brake and I have only a few cartridges left.

Tonto: What we do?

Ranger: I'll have to use iron shoes on Silver's hoofs for the time being. It isn't far to Agentado, so we'll go there first. I'll wait outside the town while you buy cartridges and have Silver shod. We're not likely to lose much time.

Tonto: Me savvy. When we start?

Ranger: Now! Steady, Silver! (MOUNTS)

Tonto: Steady, Scout! (MOUNTS)

Ranger: Adios, Padre!

Padre: Adios, my sons!

AD LIB: RIDEAWAY

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

NEW PAGE 17

Annex: Meanwhile, Rawhide and Pony Jim had reached Argentado. Boldly visiting the stage station, they drew the hostler and several hangers-on into a discussion of the holdup. An idler called ^{Windy} Bill was saying--

Bill: I hear the owlhoots didn't get away with anything valuable.

Hostler: I'm not so sure of that, Bill.

Bill: Why not?

Hostler: While I was hitching the teams to the coach Old Jim rode up with a pack mule. He had a heavy box he sent out by express.

Joe: Who's this Old Jim?

Hostler: Stranger, that's the only name I know him by. He's a kind of hermit who lives in the hills west of here maybe a hundred miles or more.

Joe: I see.

Hostler: Nobody sees him in town very often. And nobody seems to know where he stays.

Joe: How does the old coot manage to live?

Hostler: How does any hermit manage to live. This is a silver mining country, so maybe he does some digging.

Joe: So you figure he shipped out some silver.

Hostler: That's my guess.

NEW PAGE 18

Joe: Did you ever hear of him making any silver bullets and horseshoes?

Bill: (LAUGHS) What a question, stranger! I'll have to tell Bert Collins, the blacksmith, about that one right away.

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Bill: (FADING BACK) He'll get a big laugh out of it. Silver horseshoes! (LAUGHS)

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

Hostler: Say, who are you two fellers anyhow?

Joe: Prospectors. We aim to go out into the hills ourselves. How do you get there?

Hostler: Well, a trail leads west as far as Medicine Rock. Beyond that the land hasn't been explored much. You'll have to pick your own way.

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Joe: (FADING BACK) Come on, Rawhide! Thanks, feller!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: Acting on the information furnished by the gossips, the outlaws immediately headed their horses for the hills, The trail of the supposed hermit was old and had been trampled out between the town and Medicine Rock, but in the desolate region beyond the rock the hoof prints of a ridden horse and led mule# became clearly visable. As they continued to trail Old Jim. stood in the Argentado blacksmith shop watching Bert Collins pull off Silver's worn shoes. The smithy was saying--

New Page 19

- Bert: This stallion sure needs a shoeing! (EFFORT)
There, I've got one off!
(HORSE NICKERS)
- Tonto: Steady, Silver!
- Bert: So that's the horse's name!...Say, Injun, this shoe is silver, too!
- Tonto: What difference that make?
- Bert: None to me. I shoe horses for all kinds of people and I know how to mind my own business. But I'm going to tell you something I heard from Windy Bill...Here, hoss, give me that other hoof!
- Tonto: What Bill feller say?
- Bert: He said two strangers were at the stage station yesterday when the hostler got to talking about a hermit named Old Jim shipping out a heavy box which the holdup men probably took.
- Tonto: Me savvy.
- Bert: (EFFORT) Off comes another shoe!...Well, ~~the~~ ^{one} stranger wanted to know whether this Old Jim ever made any silver horseshoes.
- Tonto: Steady, Silver! What else Bill say?
- Bert: Nothing then, but later on he came back and told me that the strangers had left town, heading for the hills where Old Jim is supposed to stay. That's the first time I ever heard of silver horseshoes, and this is the first time I ever saw any.

New Page 20

Tonto: Better you hurry job now!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anner: As soon as Silver had been shod with iron, Tonto led him back to the outskirts of the town where the Lone Ranger met him. In a few words he told what he had heard at the blacksmith shop. The masked man swung into the saddle, saying--

Ranger: Tonto, that means the outlaws are trying to Jim and our mine!

Tonto: Maybe Jim in danger!

Ranger: He may be dead even now if the crooks have been able to trail him to the mine!

Tonto: Them have one day start.

We'll have to ride hard! Steady Silver!(MOUNTS)
Come on, big fellow!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anner: It was the following day when Jim's trail led Rawhide and Pony Joe into one of the most isolated parts of the West.

(HOOFS)

Rawhide was saying--

Rawhide: My wrist isn't bothering me a bit anymore!

Joe: Then the masked man was right about it. I'm still wondering who he is.

Rawhide: What's the difference? He's in line to hang for our holdup. Likely the sheriff has caught him again.

New Page 21

Joe: Pull up!

AD LIB WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Rawhide: What's the matter?

Joe: (SOTTO) Keep your voice down! I see a horse and mule over there by that hill! They're staked out!

Rawhide: (SOTTO) Yes, and there's a shack by the side of the hill!

Joe: That must be Old Jim's place! Let's get down and leave our horses behind these rocks. (DISMOUNTS)

Rawhide: Right!(DISMOUNTS) What'll we do?— walk right in on him?

Joe: No, we'll wait for him to come out.

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anner: Old Jim, who had known the Lone Ranger before he donned a mask, was busy in the hillside shack, which served not only as his living quarters and workshop but as an entrance to a rich silver mine which he owned jointly with the masked man.

Along one side of the shack ran a workbench on which the elderly keeper of the mine had neatly arranged many silver bullets and horseshoes cast from refined ore which he had mined. The bench also held a multitude of tools, including cartridge shapers, crimpers and cappers. On the shelf above it were several blue corrugated cannisters labelled "POWDER". A small smelter in which a fire burned brightly occupied one corner of the shack.

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New Page 22

Anner: (CONT'D) Its flames illuminated the place. Opposite the outside door, in which there was a loophole, another portal opened on a lateral mine shaft.

(TAPPING SOUNDS)

As he worked at his bench, Old Jim talked to himself as is the habit of many men who live alone. He was saying--

Jim: Reckon it must be time for supper. First off, I'd better fetch a pail of water from the spring.

(TAPPING STOPS:PAIL RATTLES)

Jim: There's nothing like fresh water.

(SEVERAL STEPS:DOOR OPENS)

Jim: Thunderation! It's dark already!

Joe: Get your hands up, feller! Pronto!

Jim: What-- what's this all about?

Joe: You heard me! Up with your hands or I'll plug you!

Jim: There, I've got them up!

Rawhide: Now back up into your shack! We're coming after you!

(STEPS)

Joe: That's far enough! Now stand against the wall and stand still! Take his gun, Rawhide!

Rawhide: I've got it. You keep him covered while I search the place...Say, look at the silver stuff on the bench!

Joe: I'll be he's got more than that! Where is it, old man?

New Page 23

- Jim: You see all there is! I only mine and smelt ore when I need it!
- Joe: I don't believe you!
- Rawhide: Joe, look at what he had stashed in one of those powder cans!
- Joe: What is it?
- Rawhide: Silver dust! And it's plenty heavy!
- Joe: I never knew silver came in dust like gold.
- Rawhide: It doesn't! This must be what he ground off the horseshoes!
- Jim: Be careful, feller! Don't drop that can! It's filled with fulminate of silver.
- Rawhide: Ful--what?
- Jim: Fulminate! It's a high explosive I use in the percussion caps I put in cartridges!
- Rawhide: You can't string us, old feller!
- Jim: I'm telling the truth! By hitting or heating that stuff you'll blow this place sky high!
- Joe: (LAUGHS) Who ever heard of silver blowing up!
- Rawhide: We'll melt it down right here in the smelter along with the bullets and horseshoes. Then none of it can be identified!
- Jim: You fools! You'll kill all of us! I'm getting out of here!

New Page 24

Annrcr: In his desperation, the aged keeper of the mine knocked Pony Joe's gun aside and dashed for the door.

(RUNNING STEPS FADING BACK)

Joe: Grab him, Rawhide!

Rawhide : He dodged me! He's getting away!

Joe: I'll stop him!

(SHOT)

Rawhide: You got him! He fell outside by those rocks!

Joe: Let's take a look!

(STEPS)

Noe: I didn't want to kill him so soon! I wanted to find out whether he had any more silver around.

Rawhide: There he is!

(STEPS STOP)

Joe: I only creased his skull! He's still alive!

Rawhide: Then let's keep him alive and make him talk later on. Right now we'd better tie and gag him.

Annrcr: After trussing and gagging the unconscious man, the crooks deliberated the question of what to do with him.

Rawhide: What's the use of lugging him back into the shack. It's crowded in there. And he can't yell or get away.

Joe: That's so! We'll just leave him here in the rocks while we melt down the silver. Come on!

(STEPS)

New Page 25

Annrcr:

After reentering the shack and closing the door the crooks set to work at the smelter, first melting the bullets and horseshoes they had found on the bench and molding them into bars. As they sweated over the fire and molten silver, the Lone Ranger and Tonto neared the shack, riding fast.

(HOOFS)

Ranger:

We're close to the mine now!

Tonto:

Quarter moon coming up. Soon it make light. Better we leave horses here and scout place on foot.

Ranger:

That's what we'll do!

AD LJB:

WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrcr:

As the masked man and Indian dismounted, Rawhide and Pony Joe cast another silver ingot. Rawhide was delighted--

Rawhide:

Joe, we've got enough silver now to see us to Old Mexico even if we don't find any more.

Joe:

~~XXX~~ We still have the bullets and horseshoes in our saddlebags to melt down. Go and get them.

Rawhide:

Let's melt that can of silver dust first.

Joe:

All right! Pour it into the crucible!

Rawhide:

(EFFORT) There it goes!

Joe:

The fire is almost out! I'll throw in more charcoal and pump the bellows.

Annrcr: At that moment the Lone Ranger and Tonto crouched behind the rocks near the entrance of the shack. As they listened to the faint ^{thumping} ~~sound~~ of the foot-operated bellows inside, they were startled by another sound close at hand.

Jim: GROANS

Tonto: (SOTTO) Somebody groan!

Ranger: (SOTTO) Where is he?

Tonto: Here in shadow! Him Old Jim! Him shot!

Ranger: Is he dead?

Tonto: No, him tied and gagged! Heart still beat strong!

Ranger: That's good, but the outlaws are inside the shack! Take care of him while I try to find out what they're doing!

Annrcr: As the Lone Ranger wormed his way toward the door of the shack, Tonto freed Old Jim from his bonds and gag and gave him water. The aged mine keeper groaned again and opened his eyes.

Jim: (GROANS) Tonto...you here?

Tonto: Evereything be all right now, Jim!

Jim: Where is our friend?

Tonto: Him crawl to shack to see what outlaws do.

Jim: Tell him to come back! He's going to his death!

Tonto: Outlaws not see him!

Jim: It isn't the outlaws! It's what they're doing!
They may blow the place up any moment!

Tonto: (CALLS SOTTO) Back, kemo sabay! Back quick!

Jim: (YELLS) Come back or you'll be killed!

Anncr: The Lone Ranger was unaware of the danger which threatened him, but he knew his friends well enough to heed their warning. As he turned and came to his feet in a crouched position, preparing to dash back to the rocks, Rawhide, who had been alerted by Jim's yell, rushed to the loophole in the door.

Joe: What's happening out there?

Rawhide: Somebody was right outside! Now he's running back!

Joe: Plug him!

Rawhide: This'll fix him!

Anncr: As Rawhide's finger tightened on the trigger of his six gun, a sheet of flame filled the shack!

(EXPLOSION)

The explosion of the heated fulminate hurled the outlaws against the walls with terrific force, wrecked the smelter and workbench and blew out the door. The shock of the blast, which woke a hundred echoes among the moon-lit hills, and the fierce outward rush of air from the shack, knocked the Lone Ranger from his feet even though he had reached a zone safe from the flying debris. When he rose he found both Tonto and Jim beside him.

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Tonto: You hurt, kemo sabay?

Ranger: Not at all, Tonto. Jim, are you all right?

Jim: I'm fit as a fiddle except for a little headache!

Tanger: What happened in the shack?

Jim: Those owlhoots tried to melt down fulminate of silver!

Ammer: While the Lone Ranger and Jim exchanged stories of the events leading up to the explosion, Tonto went in search of the outlaws' horses. A little later the smoke cleared from the shattered cabin, permitting the masked man to explore it by candle light. He soon rejoined Jim with a grim announcement--

Ranger: The killers are dead! The shack will have to be rebuilt and much of your equipment replaced!

Jim: That's a small price to pay for getting ride of those varmints!

Ranger: Perhaps Tonto and I should remain and help you.

Jim: I'll take care of the bodies and dispose of the horses. I can fix up the shack myself! You and Tonto ride on to places where you're really needed!

Tonto: (COMING UP) Me find horses! Outlaws had stolen bullets and horseshoes in saddlebags! Me put them in our bags!

Ranger: Good! That supply will take care of my needs for quite a while.

Jim: By the time you want more I'll have them.

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Ranger: Jim, you're a true friend! If you have any difficulty in rebuilding the shack, let me know through the Padre.

Jim: I'll drop you a line.

Ranger: ~~With~~ With the two outlaws dead, the secret of our mine is safe again, but there is always a chance that someone *else* may discover it. So be careful.

Jim: You ^{MAY} ~~can~~ depend on that!

(STEPS FADING BACK)

Ranger: (FADING BACK) Then, adios, Jim!

Tonto: (BACK) Adios!

Jim: Adios, amigos! (TO HIMSELF) Well if here is the pail I had when I started to the spring. Blown clear out the shack!

(PAIL RATTLES)

If it doesn't leak, I'll begin right where I left off and fill it. As I was saying, there's nothing like fresh water...And I'm saying now, there's nobody like the Lone Ranger!

Ranger: (BACK) HI-YO-SILVER-AWAY!