

THE LONE RANGER
Created by George W. Trendle

"AS THE ARROW POINTS"
Ralph Goll

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CAST

Ranger

Tonto

Cap Keller young, Western, wagonmaster and outlaw leader

Clay Rogers young, Eastern, honest, second in command of wagons

Ellen Sayre... .. young, nice, Eastern

Pedro.. ... (SP DIALECT) middle-aged outlaw

Sam.... elderly emigrant, BIT

Captain..... .. young, cavalry officer

Apache. one line of gibberish and two yells

PROMO FOR "AS THE ARROW POINTS"

HOOFS HALTING AS

Ranger: Tonto, the wagon train now on Drybone Flats is in serious danger from two quarters.

Tonto: How that happen?

Ranger: The Apaches plan to attack it at Sweetwater Springs. If the emigrants and freighters escape from them, they may be ambushed by outlaws in Broken Wheel Pass.

Tonto: What we do?

Ranger: We'll try to persuade the leaders of the train to turn back. Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

HOOFS STARTING AS

Annrc: Yes, the wagon train is in great peril, but the Lone Ranger and Tonto may be riding into even greater danger themselves. The double jeopardy of the ~~emigrants~~ emigrants may become triple jeopardy for them, for they do not know that the wagonmaster is the leader of the outlaws. Be sure to listen, etc.

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annecr: The Lone Ranger and Tonto had turned their horses into Drybone Flats, a stretch of desert which lay east of the Black Mountains in Arizona Territory. They were headed for the Apache Indian reservations where rumor had it that Chief Cochise was again making war medicine.

(HOOFS)

Scanning the desolate landscape, the masked man observed--

Ranger: Tonto, it would be like Chief Cochise to go on the warpath now.

Tonto: Why you say that?

Ranger: Most of the soldiers who were on guard at the reservations have been sent south to the border to protect the towns there against a gang of outlaws known as the Zapalotes or Vultures.

Tonto: Better them watch Apaches.

Ranger: It's a question whether the Indians are a greater menace than the bandits. Some of the Zapalotes are Americans, some Mexicans. All are as murderous as any pirates who ever sailed the Spanish Main.

Tonto: How many fellers in gang?

Ranger: No one knows definitely, but more than thirty are said to have taken part in a recent raid on a border settlement. After looting the place and killing many of the inhabitants, they scattered.

Tonto: Where them go?

Ranger: It is assumed that they fled into Old Mexico.

Tonto: Maybe them stay there.

Ranger: The Zapalotes have been too successful in their crimes to remain disbanded and in hiding. It's possible that they have gotten together for a new outrage.

Tonto: It be plenty bad if Apaches and outlaws both make raids.

Ranger: Pull up, Tonto!

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Tonto: What you see?

Ranger: Look at the hoof prints just ahead of us.

Tonto: Ugh! Two riders go by here couple days ago. Head for Black Mountain foot hills.

Ranger: We cut into several other trails like that this morning. All lead in the same general direction.

Tonto: Apaches not leave trails. All horses shod.

Ranger: So I've noticed. I thought the other trails had been left by prospectors, but now I wonder why so many horsemen have ventured out here.

Tonto: Maybe gold rush going on!

Ranger: If there is, it will be next to impossible to forestall an Apache outbreak. Nothing angers Indians as much as a gold rush into country they claim.

Tonto: What we do?

Ranger: The men who are trailing into the foothills should be warned of their danger. We'll follow the two who left these tracks. Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

(HOOFS)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anner: Several hours later the Lone Ranger and Tonto reached a point where the hoof prints mingled with those of many other horses headed in the same direction. A little farther on all of the tracks vanished into a small basin known as the Red Kettle from the color of the surrounding rocks. Seeing in the circumstances an indication of a pre-arranged and secret meeting in the basin, the masked man and Indian became suspicious. They dismounted, crawled to the edge of the rimrock and peered down. After a brief silence Tonto spoke--

Tonto: (SOTTO) Big camp down there! Big gang around, but maybe some fellers sleeper. Better we count horses.

Ranger: (SOTTO) I've already counted them. There are thirty two!

Tonto: Some fellers Americans, some Mexicans! None got prospecting tools! But all got two-three guns!

Ranger: They may be the Zapalotes!

Tonto: Why them hide here?

Ranger: I doubt that they're hiding from pursuit. After doubling back into the United States from Old Mexico, they probably met here for the purpose of making another raid.

Tonto: What them raid? All towns long way off. No wagon trains pass here.

Ranger: I'm not so sure about the wagon trains. A cut-off trail crosses Drybone Flats and connects with the main route to California, shortening the distance by several hundred miles.

Tonto: Me not think anybody use it lately.

Ranger: Freight and emigrant trains led by experienced wagonmasters and captains have avoided the cut-off since the Apaches massacred a party of pioneers at Sweetwater Springs last year. But not all trains are well guided.

Tonto: What we do about fellers down there?

Ranger: If they're the border outlaws, it would be suicidal for us to ride in on them. The odds are more then fifteen to one against us.

Tonto: Better we wait for night, then creep down and listen to what them say.

Ranger: We've waited too long as it is! Look across the Kettle!

Tonto: Them guards! Them ride around this way on rimrock!

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Ranger: They see us! Back to the horses!

(RUNNING STEPS)

Tonto: Now them aim rifles!

(SHOTS IN B. G.: BULLETS RICOCHET)

Tonto: Better me shoot back!

Ranger: No, they're beyond revolver ranger! Get mounted!

(STEPS STOP)

Ranger: Steady, Silver! (MOUNTS)

Tonto: Steady, Scout! (MOUNTS)

(SHOTS, YELLS IN B. G.)

AD LIB: FAST RIDEAWAY

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(HOOFS)

Annrcr: Riding hard across the Flats for the better part of an hour, the Lone Ranger and Tonto made sure that they had outrun pursuit, then drew rein.

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger: Tonto, we had a narrow escape!

Tonto: It make me sure them fellers are outlaws.

Ranger: There can be no doubt of that now. But it's a question whether we should center our attention on them or the Apaches.

Tonto: Me think outlaws more dangerous.

Ranger: So do I! Heavily armed and savage as they are, the bandits have the capacity to kill more innocent people than several hundred Indians.

Tonto: Better we tell soldiers at Apache Agency about gang.

Ranger: No! The few who haven't been sent to the border to hunt the outlaws are needed at their post right now.

Tonto: Ugh! What we do?

Ranger: We'll ride to the cut-off trail and watch for wagon trains.

Tonto: It soon be dark. Wagons not move at night.

Ranger: That's true, but we'll be in a position to head off any we see on it tomorrow. Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

(HOOFS)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE.

Annrc: That night a combined train of freight and emigrant wagons stood in a circle at a point where the cut-off trail entered Drybone Flats.

(NIGHT HOISES)

As camp fires were being kindled, Cap Keller, the hired guide and captain of the train, rode away from the corral of heavy vehicles.

(HOOFS)

Keller had said that he intended to scout around for signs of Indians, but he headed his horse straight into a cottonwood grove. From the shadows a low voice hailed him--

Pedro: (BACK) Senor el Capitan!

Cap: Whoa! Whoa!

(HOOFS HALT)

- Cap: Is that you, Pedro?
- Pedro: (COMING UP) Si, senor. Is good to meet you here. For many nights I have waited.
- Cap: I couldn't tell you the exact day that the wagons would reach Drybone Flats. Is the gang ready for the job?
- Pedro: Is ready. We camp now in Red Kettle. But this day a caballero who wears a mask and a big Indio spied on us.
- Cap: A masked man and an Injun? Who were they?
- Pedro: Quien sabe? They escaped from us.
- Cap: They must be owlhoots themselves. It isn't likely that they'll tell what they saw. But even if they do, it'll then be too late for anyone to stop us.
- Pedro: Es vardad!
- Cap: Are you sure that you and the other fellers savvy what you're to do?
- Pedro: Si, si! We are to roll boulders into the far end of Broken Wheel Pass, then attack the wagons from the sides and rear. What is in them?
- Cap: Some are chock full of trade goods that will be worth thousands of dollars in the mining camps. The others are carrying emigrant families.
- Pedro: What is it you want done with them?
- Cap: I'm leaving that to you.
- Pedro: Dead ones tell no tales.

- Cap: Right! Let the Apaches take the blame! But be careful that you don't shoot me or a girl in a red bonnet.
- Pedro: (LAUGHS) Ojala! A senorita!
- Cap: When the attack starts I'll carry her off and make her think I saved her.
- Pedro: Is good trick! You are the smart hombre!
- Cap: One thing more, Pedro! I'll arrange to have my second in command lead the train into the pass. Kill him first of all!
- Pedro: I myself will kill the segundo! When will the wagons be there?
- Cap: The day after tomorrow.
- (HOOFS FADING IN)
- Pedro: (SOTTO) Somebody comes!
- Cap: (SOTTO) That may be Clay Rogers, my second in command, and the girl, Ellen Sayre!
- Pedro: What shall I do?
- Cap: Hide! Then slip back to the gang as soon as you can!
- Pedro: (FADING BACK) I go! Adios!
- AD LIB: WHOAS
- (HOOFS HALT)
- Clay: We heard your voice, cap. Who was here with you?
- Cap: Nobody, Clay. I was just praying out loud for the folks in the wagon train. I do it every night.
- Clay: H-m-m.

- Ellen: Captain, I believe you even if Clay doesn't!
I think it's just wonderful how you've managed to lead us so far without having a bit of trouble!
- Clay: Ellen, there's nothing wonderful about it. Cap happens to know the country and is being well paid for seeing that we reach California alive.
- Ellen: You're jealous, Clay! Just think of it! We haven't seen a single hostile Indian!
- Clay: (SOURLY) You don't see hostile Indians until they attack.
- Ellen: (PEEVED) Where did you learn about them?-- from James Fannimore Cooper's novels?
- Clay: (LAUGHS) Of course he did! That's why the other pilgrims elected him to help me get the wagons through!
- Clay: Come on, Ellen! Let's go back to the wagons!
- Ellen: I'll ride with the captain!
- MUSIC: INTERLUDE
- Annrc: At sunrise the next morning the wagon train rumbled into Drybone Flats.
- (HOOFS, WHEELS, WHIPCRACKS, OXEN BAWLING)
- AD LIB: GIDAPS
- On the western skyline, toward which the long column of ox-drawn and canvas-covered Conestags was headed, loomed the forbidding Black Mountains. Behind it a vast cloud of desert dust hung in the still air.
- (FADE OUT WAGON TRAIN NOISES)

(HOOFS)

- Annrc: Riding abreast, Cap Keller, Clay Rogers and Ellen Sayre led the train by half a mile. From time to time the girl turned her red bonneted head and looked admiringly at Keller who made a romantic figure with his close-cropped mustache, fringed buckskin jacket and hand-tooled boots. Then she asked--
- Ellen: Captain, how far is it to the mountains?
- Cap: (CHUCKLES) Maybe Clay can tell you from his book-learning.
- Clay: I know that beyond them lies California and the end of your job.
- Ellen: Oh, look ahead! Two riders!
- Cap: A masked man and an Injun!
- Clay: They're headed this way!
- Cap: Pull up!
- AD LIB: WHOAS
(HOOFS HALT)
- Clay: Ellen, go back to the wagons!
- Ellen: No! I'm safer here with Captain Keller!
- Clay: Let's halt them, Cap!
- Cap: Rogers, I'm running the outfit. I want them to come in close so's I can find out who that masked hombre is and what he wants.
- Ranger: (COMING UP, CALLS) We're friends! Don't fire!
- Clay: They're making the peace sign! I've read of it!

Cap: Keep your hands where they are!

Ranger: Very well!

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger: Who is the captain of the wagon train?

Cap: I am—Cap Keller. Now YOU explain YOURSEL! Why are you wearing that mask?

Ranger: That has nothing to do with my presence here. Do you know that you're far off the main route to California?

Cap: Yes, but we'll soon be back on it.

Ranger: Why did you lead the wagons into this cut-off?

Cap: That's none of your business!

Clay: Well, it's the business of the people in the train to know. What are you hiding, cap?

Cap: Not a confounded thing! I took you fellers on this cut-off trail because it saves a lot of miles!

Ranger: Then you'd better turn back and save a lot of lives!

Ellen: What do you mean, mister?

Ranger: The wagon train is in serious danger from two quarters!

Clay: Two quarters! How is that?

- Ranger: A large band of outlaws is now camped in Red Kettle. It isn't likely that the bandits would be there unless they planned to attack a wagon train.
- Cap: I don't believe it! You're an owlhoot yourself! You're trying to work some kind of trick on us!
- Ellen: Of course he is!
- Clay: What's the other danger, mister?
- Ranger: The Apaches may attack you before you can be ambushed by the outlaws!
- Cap: (LAUGHS) You're loco! The Injuns have been right peaceable of late.
- Ranger: Apaches never are at peace, as you must know if you're an experienced wagonmaster. They may be off their reservations at this moment. So take my advice and turn back!
- Clay: Cap, we'd better do as the masked man says!
- Cap: Not on your tintype! Tonight we'll camp at Sweetwater Springs and tomorrow we'll go on through Broken Wheel Pass.
- Ranger: Captain Keller, a party of emigrants was massacred at those springs when the Apaches took the warpath last year! Broken Wheel Pass is an equally dangerous place!
- Clay: Cap, listen to the masked man! Don't take us into a trap!
- Ellen: Clay, you're a coward!

Clay: I am, if it's cowardly to think of you and the other women and the children!

Cap: You can go back if you want to, Rogers! Nobody's keeping you here!

Clay: I'm staying! But I'll put the question to a vote of all the men in the train at the first stop. Isn't that the rule in all emigrant companies?

Ranger: It is, Mr. Rogers!

Cap: Looky here, feller! I'm plumb tired of hearing your tall stories! Now take your Injun pardner and clear out!

Ranger: Is that your final word?

Cap: Right!

Clay: Don't worry, mister! We'll be turning back as soon as the other men hear what you told us.

Ranger: I hope so! Come on, Tonto! Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

(HOOFS STARTING)

Annrc: As the masked man and Indian turned their horses and headed back up the trail, Cap Keller suddenly lifted the Winchester '73 which had been resting on the pommel of his saddle. The brass-bound barrel swung into line with the Lone Ranger's back.

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 a moment.

NEW PAGE 14

COMMERCIAL

Annrcr:

The wagonmaster had failed to consider the possibility that the morning sun might reveal his intention. As the rifle came to his shoulder, the shadow which it cast well out in front of him caught the Lone Ranger's eye. Instantly, the masked man drew a gun and pulled Silver into a half turn which the rearing stallion made on his hind legs. The sudden maneuver threw Keller off his aim just as he fired.

(SHOT)

The bullet ~~smashed into~~ ^{MISSED THE LONE RANGER BY INCHES.} the Lone Ranger's ~~saddle~~ ^{THE MASKED MAN'S} ~~horn and ricocheted.~~ ^{THE COLT PEACEMAKER}

COLT spouted smoke and lead.

(SHOT)

Keller's Winchester flew from his hands, its wooden forearm shattered ~~by a half ounce slug.~~ As it fell, the masked man and Indian charged ~~back.~~

(HOOFS COMING UP)

Ranger:

(COMING UP) Get your hands up, Keller!

Cap:

They're up! Don't kill me!

AD LIB:

WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger:

Why did you try to murder me?

Cap:

It isn't murder to shoot a masked owlhoot or an Injun!

Ranger:

If we were criminals, we'd kill you. But we're honest men who want only to protect the wagon train.

NEW PAGE 14-A

Clay: Mister, I believe you! Cap Keller is a treacherous scoundrel. (TURNS HEAD) Ellen, you saw what he did!

Ellen: I saw it all, Clay! I'm sorry I said what I did to you! It is Captain Keller who's a coward!

Cap: Ellen--

Ellen: Don't speak to me! I'm going back to the wagons!

AD LIB: Gidaps

(HOOFS FADING OUT)

Ranger: Keller, ~~your reputation is completely do not speak for~~
~~for your character!~~ You should be dismissed from command of the train, but that is up to the people who engaged you.

Clay: They'll hear all about him!

Cap: Mister, I'll admit I was mistaken about you and the redskin! I'm mighty sorry!

Ranger: I doubt it! Tonto, pick up his Winchester!

Tonto: Me get it!(DISMOUNTS,PICKS UP RIFLE) There!
What me do with it?

Ranger: Bring it along and drop it at the next turn in the trail.

Tonto: Me savvy. (MOUNTS)

Ranger: Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

(HOOFS FADING OUT)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: It was several hours later when the wagon train halted to rest the oxen. Clay summoned the men to a council and repeated what the masked man had said. As he concluded, Ellen pushed her way to his side and corroborated his account of the warning. The hard-bitten bullwhackers from the freight wagons and the inexperienced emigrant drivers remained equally skeptical. Then the wagonmaster addressed them--

Cap: Fellers, there's no sense in getting spooked over what a masked man said. A hombre who has to hide his face isn't the kind who's apt to tell the truth.

AD LIB: AGREEMENT

Cap: What's more, California is right behind the mountains yonder! We can make it to the state where you all want to go in another two days if we keep on this trail! If we turn back, it'll take us six or seven days! Sam, have you got anything to say?

Sam: Plenty, captain! You've taken us this far without a hitch of any kind. I figure we'd be fools to vote again you!

AGREEMENT

AD LIB:

Cap:

Sam, call for a vote!

Sam:

I'm calling for it now. All you fellers who want to follow Captain Keller say "aye".

AD LIB:

LOUD CHORUS OF "AYES"

Sam:

There's no use calling for "noes". Anybody who doesn't want to go on can go back.

Cap:

On to California!

AD LIB:

CHEERS

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrcr:

Soon the wagon train was under way again. Far out on the flats the Lone Ranger and Tonto, who had halted their horses after making a vain search for signs of Indians, watched a plume of dust move westward along the cut-off and knew that their warning had been ~~was~~ futile. There was no hope in Tonto's voice as he said--

Tonto:

Maybe Apaches not know about wagons.

Ranger:

I'd like to believe that, but they have raised is visable for many miles. Even though we have not seen them, Cochise's scouts probably are following the train.

Tonto:

How we save it now?

Ranger:

That seems to be an impossibility at the moment, but we may have a few hours left in which to find a way. Meanwhile, we'll continue to look for Apaches. Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: As another night closed in on Drybone Flats and the moon came up, broad and bright, the Lone Ranger and Tonto turned their horses toward Sweetwater Springs where Keller had said that the emigrants and freighters would camp.

(HOOFS)

A few miles from the springs they sighted a curious rock. Some twenty feet high, it had the appearance of a huge barrel for erosion had left hoops of harder stratum protruding from its rounded surface. Tonto pointed to it--

Tonto: Kemo sabay, there is good place to look over flats.

Ranger: Yes, the rock has a flat top and the outcroppings on the sides make a natural ladder.

Tonto: Look! Indian pony stand by foot of rock!

Ranger: Pull up!

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Annecr: As the masked man and his companion reined up and drew their guns, a movement on top of the rock caught their eyes. Then a naked arm and rifle barrel appeared, glistening in the moonlight.

Tonto: Apache up there!

Ranger: He's going to fire!

Tonto: Better we shoot first!

(SHOTS)

Tonto: You hit him! Him drop rifle to ground!

Ranger: I aimed for his arm!

Tonto: If it broken, him not able to get down! Feller need both hands for climb like that!

Ranger: We can't leave him up there to die! We'll go up after him! (DISMOUNTS) Bring your lariat and come on!

Tonto: Me get rope! (DISMOUNTS)

(STEPS)

Ranger: Tell him that we want to help him!

Tonto: (CALLS) GIBBERISH

Ranger: He doesn't answer!

Tonto: Ugh! It do no good to talk to Apache!

Ranger: Even if he only has the use of one arm, he may still be dangerous. We'll climb up on opposite sides

Tonto: Me savvy!

(STEPS STOP)

Ranger: (EFFORT) Up we go!

(SCUFFING SOUNDS ON STONE)

Annex: Several minutes later the Lone Ranger reached the top of the rock and flung himself over the edge. The Apache was on his knees. His left arm dangled uselessly at his side, but he had drawn a knife with his right hand. Defying the masked man's guns, he lurched to his feet with a yell--

Apache:

YELLS

Ranger:

Stand back or I'll shoot!

Annor:

Not for an instant did the wounded warrior hesitate. Closing with the Lone Ranger, he aimed a murderous thrust. The masked man parried the blade with the barrel of a gun.

(STEEL HITS STEEL)

As steel rang on steel and the duel continued with the masked man still withholding his fire, Tonto ~~swung~~^{CLIMBED} over the edge of the rock behind the savage Apache and grasped his good arm.

Tonto:

Let go of knife, quick! (EFFORT) Let go!(GIBBERISH)

Apache:

GIBBERISH

Ranger:

Hold onto him, Tonto! I'll break his grip on the knife!

(STRUGGLE)

Tonto:

Him jerk loose! Watch out!

Annor:

Stepping backward, the Apache flung the knife at the Lone Ranger. The blade lanced into one of the masked man's holsters and stuck there. Then, as Tonto tried to grasp him, plunged from the rock.

Apache:

YELLS--YELL FADING BACK A LITTLE

(THUD IN B. G.)

Tonto:

Look! Him land on head! Hit stone!

Ranger:

The position of his head indicates a broken neck.

Tonto:

Him look plenty dead!

Ranger:

I didn't want that to happen! He was a brave man!
Let's climb down!

Tonto: Wait, kemo sabay! Better you look here first!

Ranger: H-m-m. An arrow lying on the center of the rock!
The Apache wasn't armed with a bow.

Tonto: That signal arrow! It got rañg and bunch of hair
tied to shaft!

Ranger: Why did the warrior leave it here?

Tonto: Him scout for war party that come along behind.
Him put arrow here so it tell war party where to
go, what to expect.

Ranger: What is the meaning of the rag and hair?

Tonto: Rag mean plenty loot. Hair tell number of white
people to be killed. It look like bunch got more
than hundred hairs in it.

Ranger: Then the scout must have seen the wagon train!

Tonto: Him did! Arrow point straigh^t toward Sweetwater
Springs! That where him want war party to attack.

Ranger: I see.

Tonto: Better we take arrow away!

Ranger: No, Tonto, we'll leave it here and then dispose
of the dead brave and his pony.

Tonto: Me not savvy.

Ranger: This is my plan....

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annex:

A short time later the Lone Ranger and Tonto were ready to ride again. They had buried the Indian and stampeded his pony, leaving the arrow to be found by Chief Cochise and his braves. As the masked man swung into the saddle, Tonto put an ear to the ground. After listening for a moment he bounded to his feet--

Tonto:

Kemo sabay, me hear plenty horses coming!

Ranger:

Then the war party is getting close! We'll have to ride hard or we'll be seen!

Tonto:

Where we go? (MOUNTS)

Ranger:

To the wagon train! Come on, Silver!

Tonto:

Getum up, Scout!

(HOOFS)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annex:

As the masked man and his friend neared Sweetwater Springs, Cap Keller held another conference with the courier from the outlaws' camp. Pedro was saying--

Pedro:

Senor el Capitan, the pass is blocked!

Cap:

Good! Go back and tell the gang to be in the pass at daybreak! I'll hurry the wagons along!

Pedro:

Perhaps the masked one has gone for help to fight us, no?

Cap:

He may have gone, but there is no place where he can find help within a day's ride. Forget him!

Pedro: Look there, senior!

(STEPS APPROACHING)

Clay: (COMING UP) Get your hands up, both of you!

Cap: You, Clay Rogers!

(STEPS STOP)

Clay: (UP) Up, I said!

Cap: We're reaching! Don't shoot!

Pedro: Por dios, no!

Clay: So this is how you pray, is it, Keller? I never believed that you left the corral last night for any religious purpose. So I followed you tonight.

Cap: Listen, Clay! I can explain!

Clay: I've heard enough of your lies! I know from what you and this Mexican said that the masked man was right about the bandits and that you're the leader!

Cap: Grab him, Pedro!

Pedro: Si!

Amcr: As Pedro lowered his arms as though to grapple, Clay turned his gun toward him. The diversion gave Keller his chance and he leaped forward. Too late the inexperienced Easterner saw his mistake. His revolver blazed.

(SHOT)

But the bullet ploughed into the sand as the outlaw leader knocked down the gun with one arm and seized him around the body with the other.

Cap: Get that gun, Pedro!

Pedro: I have it!

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Clay: (CALLS) Help! Murder!

Cap: Shoot him! Shoot him!

Pedro: Ah, now I have the gun against his head!

Ranger: (COMING UP) Drop that gun!

Pedro: The masked one!

Cap: I'm getting out of here!

(RUNNING STEPS FADING OUT)

Ranger: (UP) Drop that gun, I said!

(SHOTS)

Pedro: (GROANS) I am shot! My shoulder! Ai, ai, ai!

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Clay: Look, mister! Keller's on his horse!

Ranger: Stop, Keller!

Cap: (BACK) Try and stop me! Gid ap! Gidap!

(HOOFS IN BACKGROUND FADING OUT)

Ranger: Tonto, look after the Mexican!

Tonto: Me fix him up!

Ranger: I'll go after Keller! Come on, Silver!

(HOOFS FADING OUT)

Pedro: Por dios, Indio! I am dying! (GROANS)

Tonto: You not die till you hang!

(RUNNING STEPS FADING IN)

Ellen: (COMING UP) Clay! Clay! Are you all right?

- Clay: Yes, Ellen! The masked man and Indian saved me from being killed by Cap Keller and that Mexican.
- Ellen: Why in the world did they want to kill you?
- Clay: I found out that Keller is the leader of the bandits the masked man warned us about. He planned to lead us into a trap.
- Ellen: Good heaven! And I thought once that I liked him!
- Clay: He fooled all of us for a while. What brought you out here?
- Ellen: I heard your shout and the shots. None of the men would leave the corral, so I came alone.
- Clay: Alone?...Then you must care a little about me.
- Ellen: Not a little, Clay-- a lot!
- Tonto: There, feller! Me got wound bandaged!
- Clay: Bring him along, Indian! We'll all go to the corral.
- MUSIC: INTERLUDE
- Annecr: It was a half hour later when the Lone Ranger appeared inside the circle of wagons where every man stood ready for battle. Noting that he had returned alone, Clay asked--
- Clay: Where did Keller go, mister?
- Ranger: He headed straight for the Red Kettle basin. I took a short cut through a dry wash. When I rode out on level ground again I found a war party of Apaches between us. I could do nothing else than return.
- Clay: Then the cowardly killer has escaped!

Ranger: I doubt it! Listen!

Anner: From far out across the flats came the sound of gunfire mingled with the unmistakable warwhoops of Indians.

(FAINT SHOTS AND WARWHOOPS)

Clay: That sounds as though Indians are making an attack!

Ranger: They are! They'll be occupied with that fight for a while, so you'd better start the wagon train back to the main trail.

Clay: (CALLS) Men, I'm taking Keller's place! Hitch up and head east!

AD LIB: AGREEMENT

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anner: The next morning when the wagon train had put many miles behind it a halt was called. While the oxen rested a detachment of United States cavalry spurred out of the flats from the west and drew rein behind the wagons where the Lone Ranger, Tonto, Clay and others did duty as a rear guard. The young captain in command of the troopers studied the masked man intently for a moment, then smiled—

Captain: Mister, I'm not going to ask you who you are or why you wear a mask. I think I know.

Ranger: Perhaps you do, captain.

Captain: But there is one thing I don't know. That is why the Apaches attacked a gang of outlaws instead of these wagons.

NEW PAGE 26

Ranger: I'll explain what happened, but if you don't mind I'd like to hear first how the fight went.

Captain: It couldn't have had a better outcome! The Indians wiped out the bandits but lost so heavily in the battle that they fled back to the reservation with their dead and wounded. They're not likely to make any more trouble for a while.

Ranger: Did you find among the ~~the~~ dead outlaws the body of a man dressed in a buckskin jacket and hand-tooled boots?

Captain: I did, sir! I identified him as the leader, a notorious criminal known by such aliases as Cap Keller and El Capitan.

Ranger: Are you certain of that?

Captain: I'm positive. I learned much about him on the border where my detachment was on duty until recently. Now, mister, let's hear your story.

Annor: The Lone Ranger quickly related how he and Tonto had found the signal arrow. Then the officer interrupted him with a question--

Captain: Did I understand you to say that the arrow then pointed to the place where the wagon train had stopped for the night?

Ranger;
Captain: That's right!
What did you do?

Ranger: First, we removed from the arrow shaft the rag which indicated loot. Then we reduced the number of hairs in the attached tuft to about thirty, which approximated the number of the outlaws.

NEW PAGE 26-A

Captain: I'm beginning to understand! Please, go on!

Ranger: After that we pointed the arrow away from the wagon train and straight toward the Red Kettle basin where the outlaws waited.

Captain: Now I get it! When Cochise and his warriors came along, following the scout, they knew nothing about the wagon train. They interpreted the changed signal to mean that the scout had located a party of ~~men~~ about thirty white men.

Ranger: Yes, captain. As the arrow pointed^{so}, they rode. And when they found the bandits in Red Kettle basin, they attacked!

AD LIB: MURMER

Clay: Mister, let me thank you for saving the wagon train!

Captain: And I want to thank you on behalf of the Army.

Ranger: My friend and I deserve no thanks. We ourselves are grateful for an opportunity to serve the people of the West.

NEW PAGE 27

Clay:

Captain, we have the one surviving bandit tied up in a wagon. He is called Pedro. Do you want him?

Captain:

Want him! Next to Keller, he was the most dangerous man in the gang. We'll take charge of him.

Ranger:

Tonto, our mission here has been completed. Adios, Miss Ellen! Adios, Clay! Adios, captain!

AD LIB:

ADIOS

Ranger:

Come on, Silver!

Tonto:

Getum up, Scout!

(HOOFS FADING OUT)

Ellen:

Captain, where do you suppose the masked man will go now ?

Captain:

Who knows? I believe that the arrow of destiny points the way for the Lone Ranger!

Ranger:

BACK--HI-YO-SILVER-AWAY!