

THE LONE RANGER  
Created by George W. Trendle

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"THE SECRET SIX-GUN"  
Ralph Goll

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CAST

Ranger

Tonto

Judd Mason.....young rancher

Marha.....Judd's wife, young, nice

Cale Hammond.....elderly banker

Rusty Jackson..... middle-aged, tough bank robber and killer

Slim Trent.....young crook, partner of Rusty

Sheriff Marlin.....elderly, Western

Dac Lewis.....gunfighting coroner, elderly

Bill Haven..... posseman

Hank..... posseman

Voice

NEW PROMO - Secret Six Gun

(HOOFS HALTING AS:)

Ranger; Tonto, did you tell Cale Gammond that two outlaws plan to rob his bank?

Tonto; Me tell him, but me think him not believe me.

Ranger; He may be in danger even though he doesn't think so. We'll try to catch the crooks before they can attempt the robbery. Come on, Silver!

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout!

(HOOFS STARTING AS:)

Annrcr; Yes, the banker may be in danger, but the Lone Ranger may face equal perils for one of the outlaws is Rusty Jackson, a notorious killer. He may have to meet the desperado in a hand-to-hand battle in a raging thunderstorm! He may have to use his forty-fives against a secret six gun. Be sure to listen - ETC.)

## (USUAL OPENING)

Anncr:

Cale Hammond, who operated a one-man bank in Sage City, Montana, had the reputation of being honest, which he was. Nevertheless, the banker kept two kinds of books. In a big ledger which reposed on his desk he entered accurate records of sums deposited and withdrawn. Another bulky account book which always lay on his exchange counter appeared to be equally innocent. But it held Hammond's protection against holdup men. The centers of its leaves had been cut out, making it a box in which he kept a Colt forty-four.

It was there when Tonto entered the bank.

(DOOR, OPENS, CLOSES)

Hammond eyed the Indian suspiciously--

Cale:

Redskin, you've strayed into the wrong place!  
This is a bank! Savvy?

Tonto:

Me savvy. Me got something to tell you.

Cale:

YOU have! Well, it can wait. I see Mr. and Mrs. Mason coming in.

Tonto:

(FADING BACK) Me wait outside.

(DOOR OPENS)

Cale:

Howdy, Judd! Howdy, Martha! Let the Injun out, will you?

NEW PAGE 2

Judd: (BACK A LITTLE) Sure thing!

(DOOR CLOSES:SEVERAL STEPS)

Cale: I haven't seen much of you young folks recently.

Judd: Martha and I have been working hard on our ranch, trying to earn money enough to pay off the mortgage. I think we've made it!

Cale: Good for you!

Judd: With the interest to now,how much do we owe?

Cale: Fifty-six hundred dollars.

Judd: Martha, that's just what we've saved! We have it all in gold, Cale.

Cale: I like to deal in gold.

Judd: Could we have some coin wrappers and a bag to put the money in before we bring it in to you?

Cale: Why, of course. I have some right here under the counter that I give to customers. Here you are.

Martha: Thank you, Mr. Hammond!

Cale: Don't mention it!

Judd: We'll have the money here on time, Cale. Come on, Martha!

SEVERAL STEPS AS

Cale: Good day, folks!

Judd: (BACK) Bye!

Martha: (BACK)Bye, Mr. Hammond!

NEW PAGE 3

(DOOR OPEBS)

Cale: Hey, Injun! Come back in!

Tonto: (COMING IN) Me coming!

(DOOR CLOSES)

Cale: We're alone now. What do you want to say?

Tonto: (UP) Me want to warn you. Two outlaws plan holdup here.

Cale: How do you know?

Tonto: Me and white friend come from town in Wyoming. There we meet Indian boy who work in livery stable. Him tell about outlaws.

Cale: Um. Go on.

Tonto: Outlaws keep horses in stable. Boy sleep in hay. Them not know him there. Him wake up. Hear them talk of robbing you.

Cale: I see. All right, Indian. Thanks for telling me.

Tonto: Me look for sheriff. Not findum. Then come here.

Cale: (CHUCKLES) None of the townfolks see much of the sheriff these days. It's near election time and he's doing a lot of campaigning out in the county. Thanks for coming here.

Tonto: Um. You welcome. Me go now.

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

## NEW PAGE 4

Annecr: When Tonto rejoined the Lone Ranger, who had been waiting outside the town, he reported his conversation with Cale Hammond, then added--

Tonto: Me not think banker believe me. Him ready to shoot while me talk.

Ranger: Do you mean that he carried a holstered gun and kept a hand on it?

Tonto: No, him not carry gun. Him keep it inside big book on counter.

Ranger: Inside a book?

Tonto: That right. Him lift up cover of book a little way. Put fingers under it. Hand open, thumb back, same as feller fixed to draw gun from holder.

Ranger: Did you actually see a gun in the book?

Tonto: Him try not to let me see it. But way him act make me watch close. Me get peek at forty-five muzzle.

Ranger: He must have cut the centers out of the pages to make a place for it.

Tonto: That so.

Ranger: Well, if he has taken that precaution against bandits, it's likely that your warning will put him further on his guard.

Tonto: What we do now?

12-29-50

NEW PAGE 5

Ranger: We'll go on looking for Rusty Jackson and Slim Trent. Those Texas outlaws have left a trail of robbery and murder which now extends from the Mexican border through most of the Rocky Mountain states and territories.

Tonto: You think them same fellers Indian boy tell about?

Ranger: Jackson and Trent, as well as the four horses they have been riding and leading, answer the descriptions the boy gave us.

Tonto: It too bad them fellers leave stable two days before we talk to boy.

Ranger: Luck has favored them more than once. Except for a heavy rain we might have found their trail in Wyoming.

Tonto: We rode hard on way here. Maybe them close now.

Ranger: The badlands are also close. Outlaws wouldn't want a better place to hide while waiting a favorable opportunity to rob the Sage City bank.

Tonto: It be plenty hard to find anyone there.

Ranger: Hard or not, the job must be done. Only one stream of water flows out of the badlands in this area. That's the Bear River.

Tonto: Thatso.

Ranger: The outlaws need water for themselves and their horses. So we'll start by searching along the river.

## NEW PAGE 6

Ranger: (CALLS) Here, Silver!

Tonto: Here, feller!

(HORSE NICKERS:HOOFS COMING UP)

AD LIB: MOUNTING, RIDEAWAY

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annrc: On the following day the Lone Ranger and Tonto reached the headwaters of the Bear River, which had its source in a series of springs. There they halted--

(HOOFS COMING TO HALT AS)

AD LIB: WHOAS

Ranger: Tonto, we haven't found a single hoof print along the river.

Tonto: Maybe outlaws give us slip again!

(HORSE SNORTS)

Tonto: Silver snort! Him prick up ears!

(HORSE NICKERS IN B. G.)

Ranger: (SOTTO) Quiet, Silver! Tonto, there are other horses in the thicket over there! Get down!  
(DISMOUNTING EFFORTS)

Annrc: Drawing their guns, the masked man and Indian crawled through a dense growth of alders. Beyond the screen of stunted tree they found a huge overhanging rock which provided shelter from the weather. Under it two horses were picketed. After assuring themselves that the place was otherwise deserted, the Lone Ranger and Tonto moved in for a close inspection of the animals.



NEW PAGE 7

Ranger: Tonto, we've found two of the horses the stable boy saw! This one has the scarred fetlock he told about. The other has the color formations he described.

Tonto: Me see tracks of two other horses here! Two fellers ride them away.

Ranger: How long ago?

Tonto: Tracks look three, four hours old.

Ranger: Then the outlaws may be in Sage Sity right now!

Tonto: Ugh! What we do?

Ranger: You ride into town! I'll wait here!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annecr: Meanwhile, an election had been in progress in Sage City. Taking advantage of excitement, Rusty Jackson and Slim Trent, the Texas outlaws, had ridden into town without attracting attention. They drew rein in an alley beside the bank, dismounted leisurely and stretched. But for all their show of indolence their eyes were busy. Rusty was saying--

- Rusty: I see the banker through the side window. He's standing at the counter alone.
- Slim: Then let's take the place!
- Rusty: Not so fast, Slim! He's looking toward the street and would see us before we could get in. We'll wait until he moves away.
- Slim: He's moving now! He's going to his desk!
- Rusty: Then here we go! Turn your head away from the street and slip your neckerchief up over your face. Then keep your hat pulled down and your head low.
- Slim: I'm ready! LET'S GO  
(STEPS)
- Rusty: ~~He's at the front door!~~ He's still at his desk!
- Slim: I'll go in first!  
(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)
- Slim: Reach, feller! Reach!
- Cale: (BACK A LITTLE) I'm reaching! Don't shoot!  
(STEPS STOP)
- Rusty: Get behind the counter, pardner! I'll stand here and cover you and the door both!
- Slim: Right!
- Anner: Scurrying behind the counter, Slim Jackson ran his hands over the banker's clothes. Finding no weapon on his person, the outlaw snarled—
- Slim: Haven't you got a gun, feller?

NEW PAGE 10

Cale: You haven't found any.

Rusty: (A LITTLE BACK) Take a look around.

Slim: He hasn't a weapon within reach that I can see.

Rusty: Then make him come up this way and open the safe!

Slim: You heard the order, feller! Move!

Cale: I'll open it! Just give me time!  
(SEVERAL STEPS)

Slim: We'll give you one minute!

Annrc: Kneeling before the safe, which stood close to the counter, the banker unlocked and opened it.  
(SAFE DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

For the moment he had the use of his hands and was hidden from Rusty's sight by the counter. As Slim peered into the safe, Hammond partly ~~was~~ straightened himself and attempted to slip the six-gun from its hiding place in the ledger. He had the cover partly open when Rusty saw the <sup>MOVEMENT</sup> ~~movement~~ and caught a glimpse of the gun. The outlaw sprang to the counter--

Rusty: (UP) No, you don't!  
(SHOT)

Cale: GROANS  
(BODY FALL)

Rusty: Is he dead?

Slim: Right! You plugged him between the eyes! But why did you do it?

NEW PAGE 11

Rusty: He tried to sneak out a six-gun!

Slim: I don't see any!

Rusty: It's inside that big book! What's in the safe?

~~AN OPEN SACK OF GOLD MONEY!~~  
Slim: ~~A sack of gold money!~~  
AN OPEN SACK OF WRAPPED GOLD MONEY

Rusty: Grab it and let's get out of here! That shot'll rouse the town!

Slim: I'm bringing it!

(RUNNING STEPS:DOOR OPENS)

Anncr: Great as was the election day hubub in Sage City the shot in the bank had been heard by several businessmen. Doc Lewis, the county corner, looked out of the window of his office on the second floor of a nearby building, saw the masked men and snatched up a Sharps rifle which he had kept handy for just such an occasion. Just as the fleeing outlaws rounded the corner into the alley, the doctor fired.

(SHOT)

The shot staggered Slim.

Slim: I'm hit!  
(RUNNING STEPS)

Rusty: Give me the sack!

Slim: (GROANS) Here, take it!

Rusty: Keep going! I'll cover you!

(SHOTS)

Anncr: Firing into the window from which the doctor had shot,Rusty followed Slim into the alley.

New Page 11-A

(STEPS STOP)

Amcr:

There they found momentary security. Rusty helped his partner into the saddle, shoved the sack of money into one of his own saddlebags and mounted. At the same moment bell on the town hall began to ring.

## (ALARM BELL IN B. G.)

AD LIB:

EXCITEMENT IN B. G.

Rusty:

Slim, head your horse away from the street!

Slim:

(GROANS) Lead him, Rusty! I'll have to hold to the saddle horn!

Rusty:

I've got the reins! Gidap! Gidap!

(HOOFS)

Anncr:

As the outlaws fled down the alley, Sheriff Marlin, who had previously been engaged in safeguarding his own interests at the voting place, led a sortee of citizens to the alley's mouth.

Sheriff:

(BACK) They're getting away!

(SHOTS IN B. G.)

Sheriff:

Lead won't stop them that far away! Bill, round up a posse while I see what happened in the bank!

Bill:

(BACK) Get your horses, fellers!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anncr:

Several hours after the bank robbery Judd Mason sat at a table in his ranch house on Bear River. He had been putting gold coins into the wrappers and bag provided by Cale Hammond. As the last roll disappeared into the sack, Martha leaned over his shoulder and smiled--

Martha:

We're starting a new life, dear! From now on we'll have no worries.

Judd:

I'm glad this is honest money! I--(BREAKS)--Listen!

(HOOFS FADING IN OUTSIDE)

Somebody's coming!

Judd:

Our riders wouldn't come back this early. When I gave them the afternoon off to go to town I figured they'd stay for the election night celebration.

(HOOFS STOP OUTSIDE)

Martha:

The hoofs stopped right outside the door!

Judd:

Quick! Hide the money bag under the couch while I get my gun and see who it is!

Martha:

I'll have it out of sight in no time!(EFFORT)

There, it can't be seen!

Rusty:

(BACK,CALLS) Hello, the house!

Judd:

(CALLS) What do you want?

Rusty:

(BACK) Let me bring in a wounded man! He was shot by Injuns!

Judd:

Just a moment!

(DOOR UNLOCKS,OPENS)

Rusty:

(A LITTLE BACK) Put your gun away,mister! Can't you see my pardner is ba@ off?

Martha:

Yes, Judd, put it away and help him inside with the poor fellow!

Judd:

Here, I'll give you a hand!

Rusty:

(COMING UP) I can tote him. Just tell me where to put him.

Martha:

There on the couch! Let him down gently!

Rusty:

I'm trying to.(EFFORT) There he is!

Judd:

I'd better lock the door again.



(DOOR CLOSES, LOCKS)

Rusty: What do you think about him, ma'm?

Martha: I...I'm afraid he's dying! But I'll do all I can for him.

Judd: Where'd the Injuns attack you, stranger?

Rusty: Down by the Bear River bridge. There were five or six of them and they looked like renegade Sioux. My horse is tuckered or I'd ride on to Fort Layton and tell the soldiers.

Judd: Turn both of your horses into my corral and take my roan mare. She's fast. Tell the colonel to send the post surgeon here to the Judd Mason ranch.

Rusty: Thanks, Mister Mason! You'll never regret what you're doing.

Judd: We have to help one another in this country. Did the Injuns follow you?

Rusty: No, but anyhow they wouldn't try to attack a ranch in a gang that small.

Judd: I reckon not, but I'm going to be careful. Now I'll let you out.

(DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Rusty: (FADING BACK) So long, pardner! Adios, friends!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: 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

Anncr:

The murderous bank robber, Rusty Jackson, had left his wounded partner at Judd Mason's ranch house. Then he had continued his flight with a bag of money, using a horse furnished by the unsuspecting rancher. A half hour later a furious storm broke over the Bear River valley, hastening the fall of night.

(THUNDER:WIND:RAIN)

As thunder shook the house and wind-driven rain lashed the windows, the wounded outlaw drew a last labored breath. Covering his face with a blanket, Martha turned to Judd, who had been standing by with a lamp--

Martha:

I wonder who he was.

Judd:

In the excitement I forgot to ask the other fellow who they were or where they came from.

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Martha:

More horsemen! Maybe the soldiers--

Judd:

(CUTS IN) They couldn't get here so soon. Maybe the Injuns are coming! Stand back from the window!

Martha:

They're white men! They have lanterns!

(HOOFS STOP OUTSIDE)

Martha:

Now they've stopped! One lantern is going toward the corral. The others are coming this way!

Anncr:

A few moments later a fist thudded on the door--

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

Sheriff:

(OUTSIDE) Judd Mason, open up!

Judd:

Who's out there?

Sheriff:

Sheriff Marlin and a posse!

(DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Judd: Come in, men!...

Annrcr:

With the sheriff in the lead, a half dozen men hurried in out of the storm, stamping muddy boots on the threshold and shaking water from sodden hats.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Judd: Yreckon you're out after those renegade redskins.

Sheriff: Redskins? What are you talking about?

Doc: The soldiers wiped out the last of the renegades out in the badlands weeks ago.

Judd: Oh! I didn't know. I've been sticking close to the ranch.

Sheriff: Then I don't suppose you heard of the bank robbery.

Judd: Bank robbery? Where?

Sheriff: This afternoon two owlhoots killed Cale Hammond and carried off a sack of gold pieces.

Martha: Poor Mr. Hammond!

Sheriff: Doc Lewis here plugged one of the varmints before they got away.

Doc: You're darn tootin, I did!

Sheriff: We were close onto them when the storm broke and washed out their trail. At that time they were headed straight for this place. I figured maybe you'd seen them.

Judd: Maybe...maybe--

NEW PAGE ~~16~~ 17

- Doc: Judd, who's that on the couch?
- Judd: A dead man, doc! He was dying when another feller brought him here. He said they'd been bushwhacked by redskins.
- Doc: I'm uncovering him!(EFFORT) There!(PAUSE)  
Well, I'll be cow-kicked!
- Sheriff: Know him, doc?
- Doc: I'll swear ~~that~~ he's the varmint I plugged at the bank even if he did have a mask on then.
- Judd: I had no idea that he was an owlhoot!
- Doc: (SARCASTIC) Oh, you didn't!  
(DOOR OPENS,CLOSES)
- Hank: (COMING UP) Sheriff, I found the owlhoots' horses in Mason's corral!
- Judd: What of it? I was taken in by that story about the Injuns and let the other feller have my mare to ride to the fort for help.
- Hank: I didn't find any tracks out there except our own.
- Judd: How could you? He rode away while the ground was hard. Since then it has been raining pitchforks.
- Sheriff: Men, search this house!

Anner:

A few minutes later the possemen who had been searching the house reported that they had found no one hiding in it.

Sheriff:

I didn't think you would, fellers. There wasn't any other outlaw except Judd Mason himself!

Judd:

Why, you--

Doc:

(CUTS IN) Look here, sheriff! I was going through the dead polecat's clothes and happened to look under the couch. This is what I found!

Sheriff:

A money sack with Cale Hammond's name on it!

Doc:

It's filled with gold pices with <sup>BANK</sup> ~~his~~ wrappers on them! ~~The rolls are just like those the owlhoets lost when the bag dropped!~~

Judd:

Doc, that money belongs to Martha and me! We saved it to pay off a mortgage that's due ~~NEXT~~ tomorrow! Cale Hammond gave us the wrappers and bag!

Martha:

It's the truth! You must believe us!

Sheriff:

Mason, can you account for your movements this afternoon.

Judd:

I was right here! Martha will tell you the same!

Sheriff:

She would! She's your wife! If she's your only witness, you're in a bad fix!

Doc: Sheriff, you know I figured right from the start that we'd find some local fellow had a hand in the holdup.

Sheriff: How so, doc?

Doc: Two strangers wearing masks wouldn't have had any reason to shoot Cale. We all know that he never carried a gun or had one around.

Sheriff: That's so. He must have recognized Mason's voice! Was that the reason that you plugged him, you buzzard?

Judd: I've said all that I'm going to say.

Sheriff: You've already talked yourself into a noose! I'm arresting you for bank robbery and murder!

Martha: No! No!

Sheriff: I'll have to take you, too, Mrs. Mason. You're a material witness and I may charge you with being an accessory.

Martha: (SOBS) Judd, why did this have to happen just when everything looked so bright!

Judd: Never mind, darling! Something is bound to happen to clear us!

Doc: Well, let's get started back! Sheriff, load your prisoners and the dead man on a buckboard and bring the horses and money! I'll hold an inquest tonight right in Cale Hammond's bank !

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anncr:

Meanwhile, Rusty Jackson, riding furiously through the storm, had reached the source of the Bear River. Possessed of the cunning of a wild animal which always circles its den before entering, he dismounted some distance from the camp and scouted through the thicket.

(THUNDER:WIND:RAIN)

With the noise of the storm dinning in his ears, the Lone Ranger, who was crouched under the overhanging rock, failed to hear the outlaw's approach. Rusty was equally ignorant of the masked man's presence. Only a few feet separated the two when a lurid flash of lightning revealed each to the other.

(HEAVY THUNDER PEAL)

A fraction of a second later total darkness engulfed them again. The Lone Ranger sprang and the outlaw collided with him. Then they were locked in a struggle as fierce as the war of elements which raged around them!

Ranger:

I have you now!!

Rusty:

Guess again!

(BLOW)

Ranger:

(GRUNTS) Take this!

(BLOW)

Rusty:

(GRUNTS) I took it!

Anncr:

Unable to break away from each other or deal anything but short jabs, they grappled and punched until a loose stone threw both of them. Then they rolled, tumbled and twisted, clawing for guns and striving to prevent each other from drawing them.

(THUNDER)

Anncr:

Another bolt of lightning lanced into the nearby hills, giving the Lone Ranger just time enough to place the position of his adversary's head. Jerking his right arm free, the masked man put all the force he could summon into a piston-like punch to the jaw.

(BLOW)

The outlaw went limp with a groan—

Rusty:

GROANS

After disarming the stunned man and making sure that he was incapable of moving temporarily, the Lone Ranger lit a lantern he had found among the camp supplies. Its light enable him to search and study the crook as well as a saddlebag he had dropped at the start of the fight. The storm was beginning to subside when the outlaw stirred and sat up.

Ranger:

Stay just where you are, Rusty Jackson!

Rusty:

You— you know me!

Ranger:

I read your description often enough in Texas.

(HOOFS FADING IN)

Ranger:

I think my friend, Tonto, is coming!

Rusty:

Tonto!

Ranger:

Does the name mean something to you?



NEW PAGE 22

Rusty: Plenty! It's the name of an Injun who rides with a masked man called the Lone Ranger. Now *I* know who you are!

(HOOFS HALT)

AD LIB: WHOAS, DISMOUNTING EFFORTS

Tonto: You need help, kemo sabay?

Ranger: No, Tonto. What happened in Sage City?

Tonto: Outlaws hold up bank, kill banker. One get shot. Other one leave him at Judd Mason ranch. Him die. Now sheriff think Mason is other outlaw. Him arrest Mason and wife.

Ranger: We have the other outlaw here!

Rusty: Try and prove it!

Tonto: Coroner going to hold inquest in bank tonight.

Ranger: Then we'll go there. Take this saddlebag and guard the prisoner while I call Silver and round up the other horses.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrcr: Later that night the coroner's inquest was in session ~~was~~ at the scene of the crime. The bank building had been taken over for the hearing because the town hall, which was Sage City's only public building and served ordinarily for legal proceedings, was being used by the election board to count votes. An attempt had been made to keep the inquest from the citizens who were already excited over the outcome of the election. <sup>A</sup> guard stood outside the door as the coroner addressed the jury--

NEW PAGE 22-A

Doc:                    You gents on the jury have seen all the  
evidence and heard all the testimony. What's  
your verdict?

AD LIB:                MURMER.

Bill: Doc, as topcutter of this here outfit, I want to say that Cale Hammond came to his death at the hands of a polecat named--

(DOOR RATTLES)

Doc: Sheriff, what's going on outside?

Sheriff: The guard's coming in!

(DOOR OPENS)

Doc: His hands are up?

Bill: Look behind him!

Sheriff: A masked man!

(STEPS COMING UP)

Ranger: (COMING UP) Steady all of you! Keep your hands where they are!

(STEPS STOP)

Sheriff: What do you want here?

Ranger: Justice!

Sheriff: Then why are you wearing a mask and holding guns on us?

Ranger: Sheriff, I'm on the side of the law except when it makes mistakes. My Indian friend and I learned that this bank might be robbed and warned Cale ~~Hammond~~ Hammond.

Sheriff: If you did, he never told me!

Ranger: Perhaps, he couldn't find you, but that's beside the point. Tonto, bring in the other outlaw!

(DOOR CLOSES:STEPS COMING UP)

Tonto: (COMING UP) Him coming!

Judd: Sheriff! Doc! There's the feller who was at our house: He's the dead crook's pardner!

Martha:

It's true! It's true!

Rusty:

I never saw that man and woman before! I've never been in Sage City nor in this bank! I'm just a prospector this masked man and Injun caught and robbed of his money.

Tonto:

Here in <sup>the</sup> saddlebag is money, sheriff!

Ranger:

It's the loot from the bank robbery! The prisoner had it in his possession when captured. He is Rusty Jackson, a notorious Texas bad man. I believe that his partner in the holdup was Slim Trent.

Sheriff:

Never heard of them! Anyhow the money in this saddlebag is loose. There's not a thing to show that it came from this bank. We've got the real loot here, all wrapped up in Hammond's paper and in his bag.

Ranger:

Jackson had plenty of time to dispose of coin wrappers and a sack.

Sheriff:

Humpf! I don't cotton to a masked man and Injun horning in the law in my county. If you fellers didn't have us covered, I'd--

Doc:

(CUTS IN) Masked man, don't let the sheriff rile you up into shooting us. We want to be fair and reasonable, but we've got the other outlaw and aim to return a verdict against him.

Ranger:

Mr. Coroner, do you realize what an election night crowd may do. It may turn into a lynch mob at any moment. You and the others may be the cause of an innocent man losing his life.

Sheriff: Bosh!

Ranger: Sheriff, do you refuse to take Rusty Jackson into custody?

Sheriff: I don't aim to arrest him on your say-so!  
That's final!

Annor: The Lone Ranger had been watching the outlaw closely and had noticed that his eyes often went to the ledger in which Hammond had hidden the gun. Believing that Jackson had learned the secret of the account book during the robbery, he decided to give him a chance to reach the weapon. The masked man turned to sheriff again—

Ranger: Under the circumstances, I have no choice other than to escort Mr. and Mrs. Mason to safety and return Jackson to Texas where he is wanted for several murders and is certain to hang.

Rusty: Sheriff, he's no lawman! He hasn't any right to take me out of your county!

Ranger: The Lone Ranger gave Tonto a meaning glance and both shifted their guns slightly away from the desperate bandit.

Ranger: Steady, sheriff! Don't force us to use violence!  
But Jackson is going to hang here or in Texas!

NEW PAGE 25-A

Annecr:

At that instant Rusty Jackson sprang toward the ledger, flung back the cover and snaked out Cale Hammaond's secret six-gun. The sheriff saw him and yelled a warning--

Sheriff:

Watch out, masked man!

Annex:

But the Lone Ranger had been prepared for just such an eventuality. As the outlaw whirled and cocked the weapon, the masked man swung his right hand gun across his extended left arm and fired.

(SHOT)

The silver slug smashed into the killer's shoulder, spinning him back against the counter as Hammond's gun dropped to the floor. The desperate Jackson groped for it with his left hand, but the masked man kicked it aside.

Ranger:

Do you want a bullet in your other shoulder?

Rusty:

No! No! Don't shoot me again!

Ranger:

Mr. Coroner, there's your case!

Doc:

I see it! That varmint knew that there was a gun inside the ledger! That's something Cale kept secret.

Sheriff:

He lied when he said he'd never been in this place. The only way he could have learned about the hidden gun was by being here and doing something that made the banker go for it! So he's the other outlaw! Mister, I apologize!

Ranger:

I suggest that you offer your apologies to Mr. and Mr. Mason.

Sheriff:

Folks, I'm mighty sorry about all this. I made a mighty bad mistake, but it was an honest mistake.

Judd:

We understand, sheriff!

Sheriff:

You're free to go home. And of course you'll get your money back.

Martha: Judd, isn't that wonderful?

Ranger: Sheriff, I can put you in touch with a stable boy who heard Jackson and his partner plan the robbery. He can identify them and their horses.

Sheriff: With his testimony and that of Mr. and Mrs. Mason we should be able to convict the buzzard.

Ranger: There should be some record here in the bank showing the amount of cash which Hammond had on hand the morning of the robbery. It may tally with amount in the saddlebag, for I doubt that Jackson disposed of any.

Sheriff: That's so. We'll make a strong case against him. There isn't a chance in a thousand that a jury will acquit him, but ~~XXXX~~ if a lawyer gets him off I'll take him to Texas myself!

(DOOR OPENS)

Voice: (BACK) Sheriff, the vote has been counted! You're re-elected!

Ranger: I congratulate you, sheriff!

Sheriff: I haven't any congratulations coming, mister. It's a man like you who should be elected to my office.

Ranger: No, I can serve justice better by working as I do.

Sheriff: I can see that. A feller like me has to spend too much time looking for votes instead of crooks.



Ranger;           There's another way to look at that, Sheriff. If you'll concentrate on catching crooks and doing your job, you'll get the votes without looking for them.

Sheriff;           But —

Ranger;           Come on, Tonto. Adios friends.

(STEPS FADING BACK)

Adios;            (ADIOS)

Sheriff;           Rusty Jackson, I wonder how the masked man managed to catch you!

Rusty;            You can stop wondering! He's the Lone Ranger!

Ranger;            (BACK) Hi yo Silver, away!