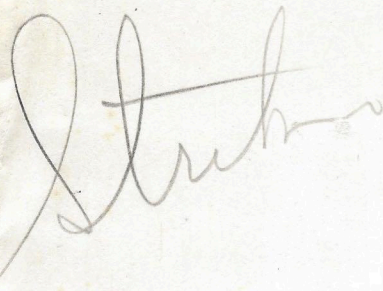


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C.R. O.L.  
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eksh

The Lone Ranger -created by Geo. W. Trendle



"Loot and a Boot"

by Ralph Goll

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Number: 2946-2170

Date: 12/3/51

Ranger and Tonto

Sheriff Moss Enright ..... elderly

Bill ..... turnkey, middle-aged

Tom Scott ..... Wells-Fargo agent -young

Dobe Anderson ..... condemned murderer

Lucky Barrows ..... crooked cafe keeper

Trump Wilson ..... crook

Speed Henshaw ..... crook

Sandy ..... 14 year old boy

Voice

PROMO (R)

"Loot and a Boot"

Annex;                   The Lone Ranger stood in the jail office with his hands up. He had been disarmed by Tom Scott, a Wells-Fargo special agent, and Bill the turnkey. At his feet, his friend Sheriff Moss Enright lay seriously wounded. Bill was saying...

Bill;                    Moss - Moss - it's me -- Bill! Who shot you?

Sheriff;                (WEAKLY) Man -- man wearing mask --

Ranger;                Sheriff, you don't mean me! I didn't shoot you!

Sheriff;                (MOANS, GASPS)

Bill;                   He's unconscious! And if he dies, you'll hang for his murder!

Annex;                Yes, circumstance has placed the Lone Ranger in the shadow of the gallows. To escape the rope, he may have to face the guns of both lawmen and killers as he seeks to solve the shooting and prove his innocence!

Be sure to listen - (ETE)

The Lone Ranger

"Loot and a Boot"

Number: 2946-2170

Date: 12/3/51

(USUAL OPENING)

Annrcr; It was late afternoon when the Lone Ranger and Tonto drew rein at a fork in the Rapid River.

(HOOF'S COMING TO HALT)

Adlib; (WHOA'S)

Annrcr; Dismounting and loosening the saddle girths, they allowed Silver and Scout to drink. The masked man surveyed the surrounding hills and remarked - -

Ranger; Tonto, even though we're not far from Trail City, it would be hard to find more desolate country than this.

Tonto; Me remember Trail City. Once we help Sheriff there catch killer.

Ranger; Moss Enright was the Sheriff.

Tonto; Him still Sheriff?

Ranger; I don't know. I haven't had news from Trail City for months.

Tonto; Better we go there. Our provisions soon run out.

Ranger; Then we'll head for town.

Tonto; Look, kemo sabay - plenty holes been dug around here.

Ranger; I noticed them.

Tonto; Maybe prospectors make test holes.

Ranger; They don't seem to be deep enough for that. Let's look around.

(STEPS)

Annrc; After inspecting several of the strange excavations the Lone Ranger pointed to the ashes and litter of many camp sites.

Ranger; A lot of people have been here.

Tonto; (LOW) Somebody still here. Listen.

(STEPS STOP, DIGGING IN B.G. AS:)

Ranger; (LOW) Dirt's being thrown out of ~~the~~<sup>av</sup> hole over there. Come on, Tonto.

(SLOW CAUTIOUS STEPS)

Annrc; As the Lone Ranger and Tonto approached the hole, a boy's face, sweat-streaked and grimey, appeared over the edge.

Ranger; Hello, son.

Tonto; Watch out! Him got gun!

Sandy; (BACK) Keep away or I'll shoot.

Ranger; Hold it! We'll not hurt you.

Sandy; I told you to keep away!

(SHOT)

Annex; A bullet ripped thru the brim of the Lone Ranger's hat. Before the lad in the hole could pull back the hammer of his heavy Colt for another shot, the masked man dove over the excavated earth and grasped his hand.

Sandy; Let go of me!

Ranger; I'll take that gun for safe keeping. (EFFORT)  
There.

Sandy; You - you owlhoot!

Ranger; I'm not an outlaw.

Sandy; You're wearing a mask.

Ranger; Do you think that gives you a right to shoot at me?

Sandy; I sure do! I can't savvy why I missed!

Ranger; This gun has the name of Deputy Bob Price engraved on it. How did you get hold of it?

Sandy; Bob Price was my father! He's -- (BREAK)

Ranger; Yes?

Sandy; He's dead! Killed because he didn't shoot quick enough!

Ranger; I'm sorry. I met your father once. He said he had a son named Sandy.

Sandy; I'm Sandy. Say - Dad once told me of being with a masked man! A man who used silver bullets. Are you - - (HE SITATES)

Ranger; Here's a silver bullet.

Sandy; Gee gosh, Mister! I ought to pull this hole in on me for shooting at you!

Ranger; Give me your hand. I'll help you up.

Sandy; Coming out! (CLIMING EFFORT) Thanks.

Ranger; Sandy, what were you digging for?

Sandy; I thought everyone knew. All the folks in Trail City have been out here looking for it at one time or another.

Ranger; We've been far away.

Sandy; Well the hundred thousand dollars Dobe Anderson and his gang of train robbers took from a Wells-Fargo express box is buried around here somewhere.

Ranger; Are you sure?

Sandy; Sure as shooting. After the holdup, Sheriff Enright and Dad took after the owlhoots with a posse. They caught up with the gang downriver and there was a fight.

Ranger; I see.

Sandy; All the owlhoots but Dobe Anderson got killed. So did Dad. Anderson shot him and got away with the money.

Ranger; Then what happened?

Sandy; About an hour later the posse captured Dobe Anderson right here at the fork. He didn't have the money, and wouldn't tell where he'd hidden it. ~~But~~ But he hadn't had time to take it far.

- Ranger; If you found the loot, you'd have to return it to Wells-Fargo.
- Sandy; Yes, but the company will let the finder keep a fourth of it. Just today I talked to a Wells-Fargo man who was out here.
- Ranger; Twenty-five thousand dollars is a lot of money.
- Sandy; It would mean a lot to Ma. She's sickly, and I have kid sisters to take care of. On top of that, the house is mortgaged. But Dobe Anderson is going to get what's coming to him.
- Ranger; How's that?
- Sandy; Sheriff Enright is going to hang the pole cat in the morning.
- Ranger; Then the secret of the buried loot is likely to die with him unless he talks tonight. The odds are all against anyone finding it by digging at random in this broken country.
- Sandy; I reckon you're right. Well, it'll soon be dark. So I'll mosey along home.
-

Ranger; Very well, Sandy, here's your gun. Where do you live?

Sandy; In town. Right across the street from the jail.

Ranger; I don't care to go into town wearing this mask, but I'll give you a ride behind my saddle to the edge of town.

Sandy; Oh golly, that'll be fine!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrc; As the Lone Ranger and Tonto headed for Trail City with the son of the murdered deputy, Sheriff Moss Enright sat in his jail office. Before him stood Dobe Anderson in handcuffs and leg irons. Glaring into the mocking eyes of the condemned outlaw, the Sheriff said --



Sheriff; Dobe, this is your last chance to tell where you hid that hundred thousand dollars. You'll never have a chance to use the money.

Dobe; Why should I tell?

Sheriff; If you'd tell me where to find it, I'd fix it for Deputy Price's widow and kids to share the reward. They're hard up, Dobe.

Dobe; Sheriff, you're making me cry! (LAUGHS)

Sheriff; It'll be a pleasure to hang you!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr; After being returned to his cell, the condemned man eased himself into a bunk.

(CHAINS RATTLE)

His cellmate Trump Wilson looked at him curiously.

Trump; What'd the Sheriff want, Dobe?

Dobe; The same old thing. He tried to make me tell where I hid the Wells Fargo cash.

Trump; Did you come thru for him?

Dobe; Blazes no!

Trump; Look here, Dobe - do you trust me?

Dobe; Why should I? You're just a cow thief, Trump.

Trump; That's why I'm getting out.

Dobe; Did you make bail?

Trump; My relatives are putting up a bond right now.  
I got word while you were in the office.

Dobe; You're lucky.

Trump; I'm smart and nervy, too - even if I never robbed  
a train.

Dobe; So what?

Trump; Listen, Dobe - (LOWER VOICE) for half of that  
money, I'll come back and break you out of this  
pokey.

Dobe; You and who~~x~~ else?

Trump; My partners. They're right here in town.

Dobe; H-m-m.

Trump; You need a new gang. We'll ride with you.

Bill; (BACK, CALLS) Trump Wilson!

Trump; (CALLS) Yes, Bill?

Bill; Gather up your things. You're going out.

Trump; (YELLS) Hooray! Hear that, you jailbirds!

Adlib; (STIR)

Trump; (LOW) Make up your mind, Dobe.

Dobe; (LOW) It's a deal. Get me out of here before  
morning and I'll take you to the money!

Annrc; It was after dark when the Lone Ranger and Tonto  
reached the outskirts of Trail City with young  
Sandy Price. Dropping the boy, they said good-bye  
and watched him walk away. Then the masked man said

Ranger; Tonto, I've decided to call on Sheriff Moss Enright.

Tonto; It good to see old friend again.

Ranger; With his help, we may be able to work out something to benefit the murdered deputy's widow and children.

Tonto; It dark now. Good time to go see Sheriff?

Ranger; I'd rather wait until the town is quiet. You go and buy provisions. I'll meet you at eleven o'clock in the alley behind the jail.

Tonto; Me savvy. Gittum up, Scout!

(HOOFS FADING OUT)

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr; Meanwhile Trump Wilson had gone to the Busy Bee Cafe after his release from jail. In the backroom he talked to Lucky Barrows, the proprietor of the dingy establishment, and Speed Henshaw, a professional gunman. He told of the deal he had made with Anderson. Lucky exclaimed - -

Lucky; A hundred thousand dollars! Count me in on it, Trump.

Speed; Me, too.

Trump; Speed, even if we wear masks, we may have to plug the Sheriff. He's tough.

Speed; I'd plug President Grant for that kind of money!

Lucky; Fellers, we'd be fools if we split the boodle with Dobe.

Trump; That's what I've been thinking, Trump.

Speed;           Just leave him to me. Soon as we dig up the money, I'll give him the half you promised -- half the bullets in my gun!

Trump;           (CHUCKLES) That's a fair split.

Lucky;           What'll we need for the job?

Trump;           Something to cover our faces - and four horses. One for Anderson.

Speed;           We'll need a shovel, too!

Lucky;           I'll have everything ready!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex;           It was nearly eleven o'clock that night when the Sheriff completed the details of the execution scheduled to take place at sunrise. Tom Scott, a Wells Fargo special agent who had tried in vain to find the stolen money, was the last of many callers to leave the jail office. With the detective gone, the Sheriff sent the turnkey to a nearby hotel for a few hours sleep. Himself worn out by overwork, the elderly lawman soon began to doze in a chair. Then a commanding knock sounded on the rear door.

(KNOCK ON DOOR BACK)

Rousing, the Sheriff drew his gun and moved heavily across the room.

(STEPS)

Sheriff;         (CALL) Who's out there?

Lucky;           (OUTSIDE) I'm Reverend Golightly Harper from Shellville.

Sheriff; What's the trouble, Preacher?

Lucky; (OUTSIDE) I want to pray for the poor sinner you're going to hang.

Sheriff; Well, every condemned man is entitled to the benefit of clergy. *Just a minute - I'll unlock the door.*

(DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Sheriff; Preacher - you (BREAKS) You're masked!

Lucky; Drop that gun!

Annor; Lucky's trick had taken the Sheriff completely by surprise. He dropped his gun to the floor.

(GUN FALLS)

Lucky; Come on, fellers! Take that ring of keys from his belt!

Sheriff; (EFFORT) Of all the --

(STRUGGLE)

Trump; (EFFORT) I have them!

(KEYS JINGLE)

Sheriff; (BREATHLESS) Dad-ratted crooks! ( ) What're you going to do?

Trump; Let Dobe Anderson out of your jail! Now lead the way to the cells!

(STEPS)

Sheriff; You can't get away with this!

Speed; No one has stopped us yet! Is the turnkey in the cellblock?

Sheriff; No, he's off duty.

(STEPS STOP)

Trump; Stay in front of me while I open the door.

(KEYS JANGLE, DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Speed; The Sheriff told the truth. The turnkey is gone.

(STEPS)

Trump; (CALLS) Dobe, we're coming to break you out. Get ready!

Dobe; (BACK) I'm all set. Just open the cell and get the irons off me.

(STEPS STOP)

Adlib; (EXCITEMENT)

Trump; You fellers in the other cells, keep still! Now and later!

Lucky; If you don't, you'll get plugged.

Trump; I'm getting this door open.

(CELL DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Dobe; Hurry it up.

Annrc; As Trump bent over the prisoner's fetters with the key ring, Sheriff Enright jerked loose from Trump and ran toward his office.

(RUNNING STEPS, FADING BACK)

Sheriff; (FADING) Help! Help!

Trump; Stop him, Speed! Shoot him!

12.

(SHOT, STEPS STOP BACK)

Sheriff; (BACK, GROANS)

(BODY FALL BACK)

Trump; You dropped him!

Speed; Should we see if he's dead?

Trump; We can't waste<sup>the</sup>/time. Besides, it doesn't matter.  
There, Dobe. Your handcuffs and leg irons are off.

(CHAINS RATTLE)

Dobe; Now give me a gun, fellers.

Speed; You'll get a gun after you show us the money!

MUSIC: Interlude.

Annrc; At that moment, the Lone Ranger and Tonto met in the  
jail alley as they had planned. The Indian was saying.

Tonto; (SOTTO) Better we get down and look thru windows.

Ranger; (SOTTO) First we'll hide the horses.

Tonto; That weedy lot beside jail make good place.

(DOOR OPENS, BACK)

Ranger; Somebody's coming out the back door of the jail!

Tonto; Four men!

(STEPS IN B.G.)

Annrc; At that moment, one of the four men sighted the Lone  
Ranger and Tonto. Without a word he fired.

(SHOT)

Annrcr; A bullet fanned the Indians face. Then one of the quick-triggered gunman's companions grabbed his arm and hurried him along.

(RUNNING STEPS IN BACK, FADING)

Trump; (FADING) You'll wake up the town! Come on!

Annrcr; As the four men ran on, hugging the walls of the buildings adjoining the jail, the Lone Ranger singled out the man who had fired at Tonto, aimed at the calf of the right leg and triggered his Colt.

(SHOT)

Lucky; (BACK) I'm hit! Give me a hand!

Trump; (BACK)  
/ Here you are! This way, fellers! Don't stop to shoot!

Ranger; After them, Tonto! Come on, Silver!

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout!

(HOOFS)

Annrcr; At that instant the four men dodged into a space between the hotel and a cafe. The passage between the buildings was too narrow for the Lone Ranger and Tonto to ride through, so they drew rein.

(HOOFS HALTING AS:)

Adlib; (WHOA'S)

Ranger; They're out of sight! I'll follow them on foot!

Tonto; Maybe someone see you with mask on face. Ask many questions.



Ranger; That's so. Well, Tonto, you follow them, and I'll stay with the horses.

Anncr; Soon the Indian was back with a disappointing report.

Tonto; Them gone, kemo sabay.

Ranger; Gone where?

Tonto; Not know.

Ranger; They might have gone to any one of a dozen places.  
~~They might have gone to any one of a dozen places.~~ I didn't see their faces, did you?

Tonto; No, but me find these in passage. Look.

Ranger; Three masks!

Tonto; What we do?

Ranger; ~~We can't do anything about them now.~~ First we'll ~~do~~ <sup>HURRY</sup>

*OVER TO* the jail and see if we're needed there. *THEN WE'LL FIND OUT ABOUT THOSE MEN.*

MUSIC: Interlude

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

(COMMERCIAL)

Anncr; The Lone Ranger and Tonto entered the jail from the alley and found the wounded Sheriff lying on the floor.

Tonto; Sheriff shot in back!

Ranger; I think he'll live.

Tonto; Um! Me think so. Must be one of men we see who shoot him.

Ranger;           There are prisoners in the cells. Ask them what happened while I give the Sheriff first aid.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES BACK)

Annrcr;           As Tonto vanished thru the door leading to the row of cells, the Lone Ranger knelt beside the Sheriff. He was in that position when a lock clicked and the street door flew open.

(DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Bill;             Reach, feller! Reach! I'm the turnkey!

Tom;             Bill, he's shot the Sheriff!

Ranger;          Hold your fire! My hands are up!

Tom;             Look, he's wearing a mask!

Bill;             Take his guns, Tom.

Tom;             (EFFORT) Here comes one! (EFFORT) Here's the other.

Ranger;          I didn't shoot the Sheriff. He's my friend.

Tom;             Look feller! I'm a Wells Fargo special agent. You can't pull the wool over my eyes.

Bill;             Nor mine. You probably shot him thru the window from the alley, then came in to see if he were dead.

Tom;             The shooting woke us up over at the hotel.

Sheriff;          (GROANS)

Bill;             Keep the owlhoot covered, Tom! I'll take a look at the Sheriff.

Ranger;          He's not dead. I was about to treat his wound. You'd better call a doctor.

Bill; Moss, Moss - it's me - Bill. Who shot you?

Sheriff; (WEAKLY) Man - man with mask --

Tom; Did you hear that, feller?

Ranger; Sheriff, look at me! I didn't shoot you, did I?

Sheriff; (GROANS, GASPS)

Bill; Poor old Moss! He's unconscious again.

Tom; Now what <sup>do</sup> ~~do~~ you ~~say~~ say, Killer?

Anner; With the Sheriff unconscious, the Lone Ranger realized that nothing he could offer in his own defense at the moment would do any good. He remained silent.

Tom; Bill, take his mask off!

Bill; Just let me get hold of it. Stand still, feller.

(SCUFFLE)

Anner; Just then Tonto, who had been watching thru a peephole in the door that led to the cellblock, called out --

Tonto; (BACK) Turnkey, come pronto!

Tom; Who's that, Bill?

Bill; Must be one of the prisoners in the cell block.

Tonto; (BACK) Dobe Anderson has got away! Come look!

Tom; Maybe there's been a jailbreak. Go and see!

Bill; (FADING BACK) Reckon I'd better.

(STEPS FADING BACK, DOOR OPENS)

Tonto; (BACK) Now me got you!

Adlib; (STRUGGLE BACK)

Bill; (BACK) Let go of my arm!

Tonto; (BACK) Drop gun!

Bill; (BACK, YELLS) Help, Tom! Help!

Tom; I'm coming! Keep ahead of me, owlhoot.

(STEPS)

Bill; (FADING IN) Plug that redskin!

Tom; I'll drill him!

(STEPS STOP)

Annrcr; Taking the muzzle of his six-gun away from the Lone Ranger's back, the express company detective aimed over his shoulder at Tonto. Like lightning, the masked man's right hand went up, clatching Scott's wrist, and forcing it upward. Then, whirling, he crashed his fist against the agent's jaw.

(BLOW)

Tom; (GROANS)

(BODY FALL)

Annrcr; Scott fell in the corridor. At the same instant, Tonto disarmed the turnkey and sent him reeling along the row of cells. As the Lone Ranger retrieved his guns from a table where Scott had left them, the Indian leaped into the office and slammed the cellblock door.

(DOOR SLAMS, KEYS JINGLE)

Tonto; Me find jail keys in Anderson cell. Me lock them in.

Bill; (BACK) You'll pay for this!

Ranger; (CALLS) Sorry we had to do it, Bill, but you'll not be there for long. We'll leave the keys beside the Sheriff so the doctor can release you when he comes.

Bill; (BACK) Who's going to notify the doctor?

Ranger; (CALLS) We'll see that he's notified.

Tonto; (CLOSE) Prisoners not tell what happen. Then plenty scared.

Ranger; Then it's up to us to catch the fellows who freed Anderson and shot the Sheriff. ~~WE~~ If we don't <sup>he</sup> we'll be hunted as murderers and perhaps <sup>h</sup>anged.

Tonto; Where you think gang go?

Ranger; They'll go to the Rapid River fork where <sup>THEY UNDOUBTEDLY</sup> ~~they will be~~ <sup>hid</sup> ~~looking for~~ the money. With that loot and a new band of criminals to work with, Dobe Anderson will be in a position to spread terror throughout the west.

Tonto; Better we get out of here before whole town comes.

Ranger; Yes, we'll have to move quickly. Come on!

(STEPS

Tonto; Where we go?

Ranger; As soon as we've told the doctor about the Sheriff we'll get the horses and head for the Rapid River Fork.

(DOOR OPENS)

Sandy; (STARTLED) Oh golly - it's you!

Loot

New 18--B

Ranger; Sandy! What are you doing here?

Sandy; I told you I live right across the street. When I heard the gunplay, I jumped out of bed and came to see what was going on.

Ranger; Sandy, there is no time for questions. ~~Run~~ Run and tell the doctor that the Sheriff has been wounded. He's in the jail unconscious.

Sandy; Oh golly! Yes sir! (FADES FAST)

Tonto; Now we not have to go for doctor.

Ranger; No Tonto, we'll start at once for Rapid River Fork.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annecr; A short time later, Dobe Anderson and the crooks who had freed him rode along the moonlit banks of the swift river where he had once tried to hide himself.

(HOOFS)

Anncr; After taking his bearings several times, the condemned murderer pointed out an odd-shaped boulder.

Dobe; There's the place, Trump

Adlib; (WHOA 'S)

(HOOF'S HALT)

Trump; It had better be the place. Let's get down. (DISMOUNT

Adlib; (DISMOUNTING)

Trump; Get the shovel, Lucky. Start digging.

Lucky; You dig, Speed. Those fellers behind the jail just nicked my leg, but I don't want <sup>it</sup> to start bleeding again.

Speed; Who'd you reckon they were?

Trump; Wells Fargo men, likely.

Lucky; Well, we shook them off by ducking into the cafe.

Dobe; Speed, stick your spade in right there.

Speed; In it goes.

(DIGGING SOUNDS)

Speed; The ground's loose. (EFFORT) This must be it.

Anncr; A few moments later, Speed unearthed a grain sack. With trembling fingers Lucky untied it.

Lucky; (EFFORT) There - it's open. Look, fellers.

Speed; Gosh, what a haul!

Trump; Gold, banknotes, government bonds! We're rich!

Dobe; Now count out my share, and give me that gun you said I could have.

Speed; Here's the gun, Dobe!

Dobe; You're aiming it at me!

Speed; (LAUGHS) I' couldn't plug you if I didn't!

Dobe; You double crossers! I'll --

(SHOT)

Dobe; (GROANS)

(BODY FALL, HORSE SNORTS, HOOFS

START & FADE AS:)

Trump; One of the horses got scared! It's running away.

Lucky; That's the nag I furnished for Anderson. Get it, Speed.

Speed; Not me! I'm sticking with the money until we divide it.

Trump; Me too.

Lucky; Well, let the horse go! It'll come back to my stable.

Speed; Where'll we split the swag?

Lucky; At my cafe. It's the safest place.

Trump; Lucky, you'd better not be seen wearing a boot with a bullet hole in it.

Lucky; I'll <sup>PUT</sup> ~~PUT~~ on Anderson's boots. He'll not need them. He's dead as a mackerel!



Annex; Quickly the cafe keeper pulled off his boots, cast them aside and put on the boots of the killer who had himself been murdered. Then the three men, warily watching one another, mounted their horses and headed for town.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annex; In the meantime, the Lone Ranger and Tonto, riding hard out of Trail City in the bright moonlight, had found the tracks of four horses near the Rapid River.

(HOOFS)

They had followed the hoofprints some distance when Tonto called --

Tonto; Look! Stray horse coming this way!

Ranger; Catch it! Come on, Silver!

Tonto; Gittum up, Scout!

(HOOFS FASTER)

Ranger; Whoa there, boy.

Tonto; Me got hold of reins! Steady, feller.

Ranger; It may be one of the horses we've been following!

Annex; A little later the masked man's surmise was confirmed when they found where four horses had stood and three had left in one direction, one in another. Dismounting, they traced four sets of boot prints to an odd shaped boulder beside which yawned a hole, freshly dug and empty.

Tonto; Must be crooks get money!

(STEPS)

Ranger; Look there!

Tonto; Dead man!

(STEPS STOP)

Ranger; He was shot between the eyes and stripped of his boots!

Tonto; Here boots by boulder! Right one got bullet ~~in~~ hole in leg!

Ranger; It's slightly blood stained, but it doesn't belong to the dead man.

Tonto; How you know?

Ranger; There's no injury on his right leg.

Tonto; That so.

Ranger; I think those boots were worn by the man I nicked from behind the jail.

Tonto; Who is dead feller?

Ranger; That's Dobe Anderson. I know him from the many descriptions I've read.

Tonto; What we do?

Ranger; We'll take these boots and tie the body on the horse you caught. Then we'll trail the killers.

MUSIC: Interlude.

Annecr; Later, the hoof prints of the gang's horses led the Lone Ranger and Tonto back to the edge of Trail City, then disappeared under a multitude of fresher tracks. Examining the sign on foot, Tonto said.

Tonto; It look like plenty possemen leave town!

Ranger; They're hunting us!

(HORSE NICKERS)

Tonto; That horse we catch act like it know way home.

Ranger; Get back to the saddle and let it go! We'll follow it.

Tonto; Me savvy. (MOUNTS) Me give him slap. (SLAP) Go home, feller.

(HOOFS STARTING)

ADLIB: (RIDEAWAY)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr; In a few minutes the Lone Ranger and Tonto again found themselves in the alley that ran behind the jail.

(HOOFS)

When the horse bearing Anderson's body stopped at a stable behind the Busy Bee Cafe, they turned into the tall weeds, where, earlier that night, they had planned to hide Silver and Scout.

Adlib; (SOTTO WHOA'S)

(HOOFS STOP) (SOTTO DIALOG:)

Ranger; (DISMOUNTS) Quiet, Silver.

Tonto; Quiet, Scout! (DISMOUNTS)

Sandy; Mister! Mister!

Ranger; Sandy; are you still around?

Sandy; Yes sir. I went for the doctor as you said. And I returned to the jail with him. After I heard what happened, I was afraid you'd get caught. I've been hanging around ever since waiting for word of you. I just happened to see you and Tonto arrive.

Ranger; Did three men ride into this alley?

Sandy; Yes. Lucky Barrows, Speed Henshaw and Trump Wilson.

Ranger; Where'd they go?

Sandy; Into the Busy Bee. Lucky had a sack. He was limping.

Ranger; Sandy, go into the jail. Find the turnkey and Wells Fargo detective. Tell them the masked man and Indian are hiding in the alley.

Sandy; But you are here! You'll be shot!

Ranger; We'll take that chance.

Sandy; I hate to do this, but I'll go.

(STEPS FADING OUT)

Annrc; As Sandy disappeared, the Lone Ranger and Tonto merged themselves with the shadows close to the jail. Several minutes later, the alley door opened.

(DOOR OPENS, SEVERAL STEPS)

Bill; Where are they, Sandy?

Sandy; I don't see them now!

Ranger; Drop your gun, Tom Scott - and keep quiet!

Tonto;            You do same, Bill!

Bill;             The killers! They're back of us!

Tom;             Don't shoot!

(GUNS FALL)

Ranger;         Pick up their guns, Sandy!

Sandy;          Right!

Bill;             Kid, you tricked us.

Ranger;         He told you the truth. Now come on.

(STEPS)

Tom;             Where to?

Ranger;         We're taking you to the Busy Bee Cafe as witnesses!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annor;           In the backroom of the cafe the three killers sat at a table. Between them the stolen bonds and money lay in a big heap. Tense and suspicious, they watched one another. Speed suddenly moved as though to reach for his gun and stand up.

Speed;          Somebody's outside! Listen!

Lucky;          Don't try to fool us, Speed!

Trump;          Sit still and keep your hands in sight!

Speed;          You'd better do the same!

(DOOR OPENS WITH SPLINTERING CRASH)

Ranger;         Get your hands up!

Adlib; (STIR)

Ranger; Up or I'll fire!

Lucky; Don't shoot!

Annrc; As the three double crossing murderers raised their hands, the Lone Ranger stepped into the room. Bill and Tom followed with Tonto and Sandy at their backs.

(STEPS IN TO STOP)

Bill; Tom, look at that money!

Tom; Where'd you get it, Lucky?

Lucky; Gambling! We broke the bank! It's our's.

Ranger; Sandy, take their guns, but be careful.

Sandy; I'll get them.

Bill; Tom, that could be the Wells Fargo money.

Tom; I'll soon know whether it is. The numbers of the stolen bonds were on record. I have them in a notebook.

Trump; Lucky was lying. We found that stuff. Maybe it does belong to Wells Fargo.

Ranger; You can't make that story stick! Dobe Anderson is outside on one of Lucky's horses!

Speed; He can't be! He's - -

Ranger; Yes, he's dead. After you shot the Sheriff and delivered him from jail, he led you to the loot. Then you double crossed and killed him. The horse came back here with his body.

- Trump; Then Dobe can't testify! And horses can't talk!
- Ranger; Anderson's boots can!
- Lucky; What do you mean, Mister!
- Ranger; You're wearing those boots, Lucky. The marks of leg irons are on them.
- Bill; You're right, Mister. I know those boots from looking at Dobe's irons every day.
- Ranger; Bill, I suggest you pull off that right boot.
- Lucky; What for? They're mine, I tell you?
- Bill; Up with that leg, Lucky! (EFFORT) There - it's off.  
( ) Say, he has a bullet crease in his leg, but there's no hole in the boot.
- Ranger; There's one in this boot I found at the scene of Anderson's murder.
- Bill; Let me stand it beside his leg.
- Ranger; What do you find, Bill?
- Bill; The hole and the wound match! Who nicked the critter?
- Ranger; I did, as he was making his escape. After Tonto and I left you, we trailed the crooks to Rapid River and back. Sandy saw them return with a sack.
- Bill; Tom, what about that money?
- Tom; The numbers on the bills are those of the stolen money! I positively identify it as being the stolen shipment.
- Bill; Lucky, you and your partners are under arrest!
- Ranger; Sandy, give Bill and Tom their guns.

Sandy; Here they are, gents.

Ranger; We're sorry we had to resist and disarm you men.

Bill; Mister, if you hadn't, you might have swung! Let's get Dobe's body and take these killers to jail!

MUSIC: Interlude

Annrcr; A short time later, the Lone Ranger, Tonto and Sandy were in the jail office, the center of a crowd of amazed and admiring possemen.

(CROWD NOISES)

After explaining matters, Bill had taken the killers into the cell block. Soon he returned.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES, LOCKS)

Bill; Gents, we've enough evidence to hang those sidewinders now?

Ranger; How's that?

Bill; The other prisoners got over their scare after I locked up Lucky, Speed and Trump/ They told me all about the shooting of the Sheriff.

Ranger; I see.

Bill; They're all dead sure Trump led the jail delivery. He'd served time with them, so they knew his voice - build and walk. They identified the others by their clothes.

Ranger; That's good.



- Bill; But here's the clincher. Dobe Anderson suspected he might be double crossed, so he told some of the other prisoners about it, naming Trump, Lucky and Speed as the fellers who were going to break him out. They'll testify to that.
- Ranger; That seems to make the case complete. How is the Sheriff?
- Tom; Doc says he'll be as good as new in a few weeks.
- Ranger; Good. Now Tonto and I must go.
- Tom; Hold on, Mister! You're entitled to a fourth of the money!
- Ranger; When we came to this jail, it was with the intention of talking to Sheriff Enright about helping the Price family.
- Sandy; He knew my Dad!
- Tom; You mean you want the reward to go to Mrs. Price?
- Ranger; Yes.
- Tom; We can't do that, Mister. The reward belongs to you.
- Ranger; Very well, Tom. May I borrow your pencil?
- Tom; Pencil? Sure - sure thing. Here.
- Ranger; Thanks .

(BIZ OF WRITING AS:)

I'll accept the reward - and this note is your authority to pass it on for me to Mrs. Price.

(RUSTLE PAPER AS:)

Loot

New 30

Ranger; Here's the note, Tom. Will you take care of it?

Tom; Yes - I don't see why not.

Ranger; Sandy, what do you plan to do when you grow up?

Sandy; I'm going to take Dad's place, Mister.

Ranger; Then we may meet again. Adios, all.

Adlib; (ADIOS)

Bill; Sandy, from now on ~~you will have~~ <sup>THIS MONEY WILL PROVIDE</sup> good food, good clothes and a good home *for all of your family.*

Sandy; Best of all I have a good friend! He's the Lone Ranger!

Ranger; (BACK) Hiyo Silver, away!

theme