

THE LONE RANGER
Created by George W. Trendle

"TRAIL TO DEATH"
Ralph Goll

JRC
J.B.
H. P. G.
RSC

Used as basis
for TV script
by D. Sheppard

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Striker

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CAST

- Ranger
- Tonto
- Martha Clayton.....young, nice, wife of man in prison
- Tommy Clayton.....son of Martha, about ~~eight~~ ^{six} x
- Silk Harper.....middle-aged crook, swindler type
- Lippy Thornton.....middle-aged crook, swindler-type
- Marshal Jim Casper.....federal marshal, Western
- Chief Iron Lance.....Commanche chief, 2 lines of gibberish

NEW PROMO FOR "TRAIL TO DEATH"

- Silk: Lippy, we have enough evidence to free Frank Clayton from his life term in prison, but his wife will have to pay for it before we turn it over to her.
- Lippy: That's right, Silk. Why do something for nothing?
- Silk: We've cashed in plenty on what we learned while we worked as trustees in the warden's office.
- Lippy: Yes, and we'll cash in more. Now let's hit the trail for the Clayton homestead on Bitter Creek.
- Anncr: Yes, Silk and Lippy have made money through fraud and extortion, but the Lone Ranger and Tonto may be on their trail. Their scheme of selling evidence may bring death to them and grave danger to the masked man. Be sure to listen, etc.

NEW PAGE 1

(USUAL OPENING)

Annrcr: The Lone Ranger and Tonto had halted their horses high on a hill. From the valley below them rose the ominous sound of gunfire, drum beats and yells.

(SHOTS, DRUMS, YELLS IN BG)

For a moment they listened in silence. Then the masked man spoke--

Ranger: Tonto, that noise is coming from the village of the Commanche chief, Iron Lance.

Tonto: It sound ~~like~~ like them celebrate victory.

Ranger: Victory over what? Iron Lance has been at peace since the Government imprisoned his son, Bear Claw, several years ago.

Tonto: Me friend of chief. Better me find out what goes on.

Ranger: Yes, learn what is happening. I'll wait here for you.

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

(HOOFS AWAY)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrcr: Later Tonto rejoined the Lone Ranger. There was a serious look on his face as he said--

Tonto: Chief Iron Lance tell me that his people celebrate because him make deal to buy son out of prison.

Ranger: A deal for a pardon?

NEW PAGE 2

- Tonto: That right. Iron Lance say him give hundred ponies to two men him badges and papers with the eagle seal of the Great White Father on them. Them fellers promise to fix it so Bear Claw soon come back.
- Ranger: The chief was swindled by crooks carrying forged credentials. Only the President has the power to pardon an Indian convict in a territorial prison.
- Tonto: Chief not know that. Him think government men all cheats who sell anything.
- Ranger: Did the chief describe the crooks?
- Tonto: From what him say, me take it that they are the ex-convicts we trail across territory.
- Ranger: You mean Silk Harper and Lippy Thornton?
- Tonto: That right.
- Ranger: Our old friend, Federal Marshal Jim Casper, is also hunting them. They appear to be capitalizing on information they obtained while serving sentences in the territorial penitentiary.
- Tonto: What them do in prison?
- Ranger: One worked in the mail and record room. The other was a trusty employed in the property room.

Tonto: That make it easy for them to learn plenty.

Ranger: Did you tell Iron Lance that he had been cheated?

Tonto: Me tell him, but maybe it was mistake to do that.

Ranger: A mistake?

Tonto: Him get plenty angry. Maybe him jump reservation now.

Ranger: Harper and Thornton are a menace to the security of the entire Southwest. Any crooked activity which makes the Government appear to be dishonest is a serious matter.

Tonto: What we do?

Ranger: We'll try to catch the crooks in time to avert a Comanche outbreak. Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

(HOOFS AWAY)

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anncr: As the Lone Ranger and Tonto set out to hunt the swindlers, a young woman and her small son discussed a goldfish in a lonely homesteader's cabin a day's ride from the reservation. The fish, which Mrs. Martha Clayton had bought for little Tommy, was the one bright thing in the drab shack. As it swam languidly around in its bowl on the mantelpiece, Tommy watched with wonder and affection--

Tommy: Mother, why do you call Fliptail a goldfish?

Martha: Because he is yellow like gold, Tommy.

Tommy: What is gold?

- Martha: It is a precious metal used to make money and jewelry. We never see any because we are poor.
- Tommy: I'll bet we'd be rich if my daddy would come home. Why has he been gone so long?
- Martha: He--(BREAKS,SOBS)--he can't leave the work he is doing for the government.
- Tommy: You're crying,mother!Did something hurt you?
- Martha: Yes, but it hurt me in a way that you don't understand, you poor child.
- Tommy: I'll make you rich some day. Please don't cry.
- Martha: All right. (RECOVERS COMPOSURE) Let's talk about Fliptail.
- Tommy: Look! He's standing on his head with his nose on the bottom of the bowl! (LAUGHS)
- Martha: Perhaps he should have some small stones in his bowl.
- Tommy: I know where I can find some the very color of Flip tail.I've seen them along the creek only a little way from here. May I go and get some for him?
- Martha: Yes, Tommy, but you must stay on the shore where I can watch you from the window.
- Tommy: I'll be right back!
- (RUNNING STEPS:DOOR OPENS,CLOSES)
- MUSIC
- Anner: Tommy soon returned from his excursion along the shallow waters of Bitter Creek. Proudly, he displayed a half dozen pebble-shaped objects which he ~~had~~ had found--

Tommy: See here, mother! Aren't these stones pretty?

Martha: Mother hasn't time to look now. Climb up on a chair and drop them into the bowl.

(CHAIR SLIDES)

Tommy: Here I come, Fliptail! (CLIMBING EFFORT) Look at the nice presents I brought you! They're little stones just as yellow as you are! And they're all yours! Watch out now! I'm dropping them!

(STONES FALL INTO WATER)

Mother!

Martha: What now, child?

Tommy: Fliptail just winked at me!

martha: You just imagined it! Fish have no eyelids.

Tommy: I don't care if they haven't! He winked just the same. I'll bet he has some kind of a secret!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anner: Meanwhile, Silk Harper and Lippy Thornton had sold Chief Iron Lance's pony herd at the shipping yards in the town of Broken Wheel. As they rode away, Silk said--

Silk: Well, Lippy, we cleaned up a neat thousand dollars on that deal.

Lippy: It wasn't hard to trim the Indian, but he may go on the warpath when he finds out how we fleeced him.

Silk: By the time he gets wise we'll be out of these parts.

Lippy: How many more people have we got lined up as easy marks?

- Silk: Enough so that we should be able to leave the Southwest with thirty or forty thousand dollars.
- Lippy: Education pays, Silk! (CHUCKLES) Aren't we cashing in on what we learned in the pen?
- Silk: I'm not so sure our next call will pay off. We're heading for Frank Clayton's homestead on Bitter Creek. He has a wife and kid living there.
- Lippy: I never got to know Clayton in the pen.
- Silk: Neither did I. Being a lifer, he was always in solitary confinement. But I learned all about his affairs by reading his mail before I passed it to the warden.
- Lippy: He was sent up for robbery and murder, wasn't he?
- Silk: Right! A cattleman named Kingston was killed in a holdup. Clayton was arrested, principally because he had this homestead in cattle country. A jury of big ranchers gave him the works.
- Lippy: Well, we know he's innocent.
- Silk: Of course, we do! Zig Bascomb, the fellow who really murdered Kingston is still doing time in the pen for horse stealing.
- Lippy: Silk, the way I figure it, this Bascomb always was a thief and killer. He happened to get caught with a stolen horse right after the Kingston murder. He was still carrying the cattleman's watch, but the sheriff who arrested him never looked inside the case.
- Silk: But you did!

Lippy:

I examined it right after Bascomb was dressed into prison and his property was turned over to the office for safe-keeping. Kingston's name is engraved in it.

Silk:

That's evidence enough to free Clayton and put Bascomb in his place. It's too bad we couldn't get anything out of the real killer for keeping our mouths shut.

Lippy:

Oh, he'd have paid if he'd been able to raise the money. After I let him know that I'd seen the Kingston watch he sent me a note promising to pay off after his release. He wanted me to get rid of the watch. I still have the note.

Silk:

(LAUGHS) Never do anything on the promise of a crook.

Lippy:

I wonder whether Mrs. Clayton will be any better fixed for money than he was?

Silk:

I gathered from her letters that she'll give anything she has to get Frank out. The drawback is that homesteaders are usually hard up.

Lippy:

Well, we're not going to give her something for nothing.

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

ANNCR:

As Silk and Lippy continued on their way to Bitter Creek, the Lone Ranger and Tonto reached Broken Wheel. There they discovered the Indian ponies in a loading pen, but lost the trail of the crooks as a rainy night closed in.

(RAIN)

Annecr:

They were unaware that Chief Iron Lance and a large party of warriors had jumped the reservation for the purpose of killing the swindlers and recovering the pony herd. Riding through mud and darkness, the masked man and his companion picked a cottonwood grove several miles beyond the town for a camp site. In the meantime, the Comanches, following close behind them, had found and freed the ponies. While several of the braves headed the herd back to the reservation Iron Lance dismounted and examined the space around the loading pen by crawling through the mud and feeling for the prints of ~~the~~ shod hoofs with his fingers. At length the chief rose to his feet with a satisfied grunt--

Iron Lance:

(GRUNTS) GIBBERISH

AD LIB:

GIBBERISH

Annecr:

Iron Lance had felt out two sets of hoof prints, but he had mistaken the tracks of Silver and Scout for those of the crooks' horses!

Iron Lance:

GIBBERISH

Annecr:

Bidding his braves to follow him on their mounts, the chief set out on foot to trace the tracks.

(HOOFS AT WALK IN MUD)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr:

It was an hour later when Tonto, who had just brought a pot of coffee to a boil over a small camp fire, sprang to his feet.

Tonto:

Listen, kemo sabay!

(HOOFS IN MUD FADING IN AT WALK)

Ranger

(SOTTO) UNSHOD HOOFS!

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Tonto: (SOTTO) Plenty Indian ponies come this way through trees!

Ranger: Tramp out the fire!

(TRAMPING:HOOFS HALT IN BG)

Tonto: Now ponies stop!

Ranger: The riders have dismounted and are moving in on us! Did you hear that twig snap?

(SHOTS:YELLS IN BG)

Ranger: Get mounted, Tonto! (MOUNTING EFFORTS)

Anncr: Knowing that it would be suicidal to wait and attempt to parley with the Indians in the darkness, the masked man and his companion flung themselves into their saddles as bullets clipped twigs and chipped tree trunks around them.

Ranger: This way, Tonto! Follow me!

AD LIB: FAST RIDEAWAY

(SHOTS,YELLS, HOOFS)

Anncr: The dismounted Indians ran back to their ponies and gave chase, but the delay gave the Lone Ranger and Tonto a lead. Aided by the black night and the superior speed of their horses, they raced out of rifle range and headed toward Broken Wheel. Apparently believing that their quarry intended to seek shelter in the town, the Indians turned back. As they did so, the masked man and his friend drew rein—

(HOOFS COMING TO HALT)

AD LIB: WHOAS

Tonto: Me hear Iron Lance's voice when Indians charge us.

- Ranger: Then it must be that he is looking for the crooks and mistook our trail for theirs.
- Tonto: Comanches ask no questions before they shoot.
- Ranger: A lot of innocent settlers may be killed.
- Tonto: What we do?
- Ranger: You ride into Broken Wheel and alert the citizens. Then send a telegram to Marshal Jim Casper. If I know him, he'll organize a big posse to round up the Indians and bring the men and horses here on a special trail. He may want you to be his tracker.
- Tonto: Me savvy!
- Ranger: It will soon be daylight, so I'll ride out into the hills and try to pick up the swindlers' trail when the dawn breaks.
- AD LIB: ADIOS, RIDEAWAY
- MUSIC: INTERLUDE
- Anner: It was the following day when Silk and Lippy reached Bitter Creek and turned their horses toward the cabin on the Clayton homestead.
- (HOOFS)
- Silk scanned the shabby home and unpromising land, then grimaced his disappointment--
- Silk: There's nothing here for us, Lippy! I wouldn't have this place for a gift.
- Lippy: We've come this far. Let's have a talk ~~with~~ with the woman. There's smoke coming from the chimney, so she must be at home.
- AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Silk: (DISMOUNTING EFFORTS) The cabin isn't much to look at but it's built strongly.

(STEPS)

Lippy: Yeah, look at this plank door with a big lock and key in it.

(STEPS STOP: KNOCK ON DOOR)

Silk: (CALLS) Mrs. Clayton, ma'am!

(DOOR OPENS)

Martha: What is it?

Silk: We have something to tell you. It's about Frank.

Martha: (SOTTO) Come in, but don't say anything in front of our boy. He doesn't know where his father is.

Lippy: Then run him out.

(SEVERAL STEPS)

Martha: Tommy, why don't you go down to the creek and hunt some more pretty stones for Fliptail while mother talks to these gentlemen?

Tommy: I'll go right away!

(RUNNING STEPS FADING OUT)

Martha: Now what is it that you want to tell me?

Silk: Mrs. Clayton, we know that your husband didn't kill that cattleman and we're in a position to free him.

Martha: Oh, thank Heaven!

Silk: Not so fast, m'am! This is going to cost money.

Martha: But I have none! There isn't a dollar here!

Silk: Surely you have friends or relatives who'll help you.

- Martha: I'm from the East. I have no close relatives back there and no friends among the ranchers here.
- Silk: In that case it appears that we've wasted our time.
- Martha: Wait! Tell me why you need the money. If it's for a lawyer --
- Silk: (CUTS IN) You may as well know. We want it ourselves. We deserve it for being smart and finding out that Frank is innocent.
- Martha: I'd gladly pay anything you asked if I could, but you certainly don't intend to let my husband die in prison just because I have nothing.
- Silk: It's no skin off our legs if Frank never gets out of the pen. Either you pay for the evidence that will clear him, or he stays where he is.
- Martha: Haven't you a heart? Didn't you see our little boy?
- Silk: I saw the button. What of it?
- Martha: Think of what it will mean to him if his father is cleared and can come home.
- Lippy: Lady, you're breaking my heart! (LAUGHS)
- Annex: As Martha continued to plead with the unfeeling ex-convicts, Tommy dashed back into the cabin with more of the glittering pebbles for Fliptail. He was shouting--
- Tommy: I found a lot of them this time! Just look!
- ~~Silk:~~
ANNEX:
SILK: Silk glanced contemptuously into the child's open and outstretched hand. Then a look of wonder came into his hard face.

Silk: Of course I'll look at them, son! Let me take them!

Tommy: I'll pour them into your hand, mister. There!

Annecr: With pretended playfulness, Silk weighed the boy's discoveries and scartched them with a thumbnail. Then he and his partner exchanged knowing looks.

Tommy: Aren't they pretty, mister?

Silk: (LAUGHS) Mighty pretty-- mighty pretty!

Lippy: Where did you find them, Tommy?

Tommy: Down along the creek! There are bushels of them in the gravel!

Silk: Bushels! (LAUGHS) You're wuite a boy! I've taken a liking to you.

Tommy: Let me show you my goldfish! Isn't he a beauty!

Lippy: I never saw a funer fish.

Silk: Mrs. Clayton, we've changed our minds since getting acquainted with Tommy. I suppose you've guessed where we came from. We're hard, but your youngster has softened us.

Lippy: That's right. We'll make a sacrifice for him.

Martha: Then you'll--(BREAKS)--Tommy, don't you think that you should hunt enough pretty stones to cover the whole bottom of the bowl?

Tommy: (FADING BACK) I'll bring back a whole pocketful this time!

(RUNNING STEPS BADING OUT)

Silk: Now Mrs. Clayton, this homestead isn't worth a plugged cent.

Martha:

I know.

Silk:

Just the same my partner and I crave sunshine and fresh air and a creek where we can sit and fish. So if you'll sign over to us any claim you have on it, we'll not only give you the information and evidence that will free Frank but a couple of hundred dollars so you can start a fresh life with the youngster.

Lippy:

I wish I had a lad like him.

Martha:

The homestead is yours!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annrcr:

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 a moment.

COMMERCIAL

Annrcr:

Now to continue our story...As Martha Clayton bargained with Silk and Lippy and little Tommy hunted yellow pebbles for his goldfish bowl, the Lone Ranger drew rein on a hill overlooking the cabin. He had ridden hard after striking the trail of the crooks shortly after sunrise. Sighting their horses outside the cabin, he concealed Silver in a thicket and stole through the bushes to the open door. There he flattened himself ~~up~~ against the wall and listened as Lippy said--

Lippy:

(BACK A LITTLE) That's the story, Mrs. Clayton. The murdered man's watch, which will free your husband and convict Zig Bascomb, ^{is} right in the property room at the pen! Here's a note that Bascomb wrote, begging us to get rid of it for him.

Martha: Surely, the watch and note are enough to clear Frank.

Lippy: Of course they are! Now here's enough money to take you and Tommy to the territorial capital where you can get action on the case and travel on when it's over.

Martha: I can never thank you gentlemen enough!

Lippy: Shucks, lady, it wasn't much to do for the boy. He showed us the evil of our ways.

Silk: When do you want to leave, Mrs. Clayton?

Martha: This very day! There's nothing that I want out of the cabin except our clothes and a few keepsakes.

Silk: That's dandy. Now here is an assignment paper which I just drew up. It transfers any claim you have on the property to us. Of course, we'll have to go through some red tape at the land office, but we'll be able to clear that up. Just sign your name at the bottom of the paper.

Martha: Give me the pen.

Ranger: Keep your hands on the table, you men! One move and I'll fire!

(STEPS)

Martha: (GASPS) A masked man!

Lippy: Don't shoot! We aren't moving a bit!

(STEPS STOP)

Martha: What do you want here?

Ranger: Don't be frightened Mrs. Clayton! I only intend to see that those two crooks go back to prison.

- Silk: You're in big business, calling anyone a crook, you owlhoot!
- Ranger: Don't let my mask deceive you, Silk! I've been trailing you and Lippy since you defrauded Chief Iron Lance. As he is also looking for you, you may consider yourselves lucky that I reached this cabin first.
- Lippy: Silk, he knows us!
- Martha: Mister, you must be mistaken about these men. They've furnished me with evidence that will free my husband from prison!
- Ranger: They have been preying on the families of men they learned about in the territorial pen.
- Martha: I can't believe it! Their story about the watch and note must be true!
- Silk: It is true, Mrs. Clayton! Every word of it!
- Ranger: It isn't like you crooks to peddle real evidence for a worthless homestead.
- Silk: We aren't bad fellows, mister. Suppose we did trim the Indian. Everybody in the West cheats a redskin when he can.
- Lippy: We really want to help the Claytons.
- Ranger: *I DOUBT IT.*
~~We'll see about that later.~~ Now I'll take that assignment paper and the prison note.
- (PAPERS RUSTLE)
- Silk: You're robbing Mrs. Clayton of her husband's freedom!

Ranger: She has nothing to worry about if your information and this note will establish his innocence. Now get your hands up!

Lippy: They're up, but what's the idea?

Ranger: Neither of you has a belt gun, but I think you're carrying concealed weapons. So get up from those chairs and turn your backs while I search you.

Anncr: Before the two ex-convicts could comply with the masked man's order Tommy dashed up to the cabin door with another handful of yellow pebbles for Fliptail. As the Lone Ranger had his back turned in that direction, the boy did not notice his mask and drawn guns but merely accepted him as being another stranger in the house. Exploding into place, he shouted—

Tommy: I found a real big one this time! Fliptail will like it a lot!

Ranger: Mrs. Clayton, take the child outside!

Martha: Go back, Tommy! Go back!

Ranger: Now get up, you men!

Anncr: As Martha attempted to get the boy out of the cabin, Lippy, who had been seated close to the mantelpiece, lurched out of his chair and swung one upraised hand against the fishbowl. It fell to the floor with a crash.

(GLASS BREAKS)

Seeing his goldfish flopping in the spilled water, with broken glass and yellow pebbles all around, Tommy shrieked—

NEW PAGE 18

- Tommy: Fliptail is on the floor! Let me pick him up!
- Martha: No, Tommy! No!
- Anncr: Darting away from his mother, Tommy attempted to reach the goldfish, In an attempt to catch the boy and pull him back out of danger. Mrs. Clayton rushed between the Lone Ranger and Silk, who had only partly risen from his seat at the table. Grabbing the youngster and using him as a shield, the crook dropped to one knee and drew a pocket gun.
- Martha: SCREAMS) Let go of my son!
- Ranger: Get out of my way, Mrs. Clayton! I'll take care of that crook!
- Martha: Please don't fire! You'll hit Tommy!
- Silk: Drop your guns, ~~masked man~~! Drop them or I'll plug the kid myself!
- Lippy: And I'll shoot the woman!
- Anncr: With Mrs. Clayton standing in the line of fire and clinging to his arms, the Lone Ranger was unable to use his guns without endangering the lives of both the woman and the child. He dropped his revolvers.
(GUNS FALL)
- Ranger: Let the boy go! I'm disarmed!
- Silk: Lippy, kick his guns out of the door!
- Lippy: (KICKING EFFORT) There they go!
- Silk: Now take the mask from his face!

NEW PAGE 18-A

Ranger: You wouldn't know me if you saw my face.

Lippy: I'll be the judge of that. Stand still!

(SCUFFLE)

Tommy: Let go of me, mister! Let me get my fish!

Silk: No, I'm holding you right here until we see what that masked man looks like.

Lippy: If you don't want the brat hurt, you'd better quiet down, feller!

Ranger: Very well! Remove my mask, Lippy! But I doubt that you'll live to tell what I look like.

Lippy: Why not?

Ranger: Chief Iron Lance and his warriors are on the hill out there. Look through the window!

Silk: He's trying to work a trick on you, Lippy. Don't get in my line of fire.

Lippy: You just keep him covered. I'm going to make sure about the redskins.

Silk: All right! Take a look!

Lippy: Silk! They ARE out there!

Silk: The blazes they are! How many?

Lippy: All of a hundred! They've seen our horses outside and they're getting ready to charge the cabin!

Silk: Let's get out of here!

Lippy: If we go for our horses now we'll be seen. They'll run us down.

Silk: Then we'll sneak away on foot. We can get out of the door without being noticed. The brush on that side of the cabin will hide us.

Lippy: What'll we do about the masked man and the woman and kid?

Silk: There's a key in that big lock outside the door. We'll lock them in here and let the Indians think that they have us trapped!

Lippy: That's an idea! With these three out of the way, we'll be able to come back later and file on this homestead in the regular way.

Ranger: Silk, leave me here! But take Mrs. Clayton and Tommy with you! Give them a chance for their lives!

Silk: No! You stay here with your old lady, sprout!

Tommy: My goldfish! He's dead! (SOBS)
(YELLS IN BG; HOOFS FADING IN)

Lippy: They're charging down the hill!

Silk: Come on!
(RUNNING STEPS; DOOR CLOSSES, LOCKS)

Martha: Never mind your fish, Tommy! Let mother hold you!

Ranger: Keep him down ~~down~~ on the floor, Mrs. Clayton! Are there any tools in the house that I can use to break down that plank door?

Martha: I had to sell all of Frank's tools.

Ranger: Then I'lla dish cloth to a broom stick and wave it from the window.

Anner: As Martha hovered over Tommy, protecting him with her own body, the Lone Ranger attempted to halt the onrushing Indians by waving a makeshift flag of ~~truce~~ truce. Ignoring it, the warriors split into two parties at the base of the hill and began to ride around the cabin from opposite directions, yelling and shooting.
(YELLS, SHOTS, HOOFS IN BG)

- Annex: Each time they completed a circle of the cabin without drawing fire from the unarmed occupants, the savage horsemen drew closer. Bullets thudded into the log walls and solid door and ripped through the window. The Lone Ranger shouted to them in the Comanche tongue--
- Ranger: (CALLS) GIBBERISH
- Annex: His voice was drowned in the din of rifle volleys and warhoops.
- Martha: Isn't there any hope for us, mister?
- Ranger: Yes, we have a last chance! This stove may save us!!!
- (STOVE DOOR OPENS)
- Martha: Why are you opening the stove door?
- Ranger: I'm going to put bed clothes on the fire. That'll make a lot of smoke! (EFFORT) There, I have two blankets on the coals!
- (STOVE DOOR SHUTS)
- Martha: I don't understand!
- Ranger: There's a damper in the stove pipe. It's closed now. By opening it at intervals I can release puffs of smoke!
- Martha: Smoke signals! You're going to try to talk to the Indians with smoke signals!
- Ranger: Don't pin too much faith on what I'm doing.
- (DAMPER SOUNDS)
- There!! I released the first puff!
- Tommy: What are you going to tell the Indians, mister?

Ranger: I'll say that we are friends and ask them to stop shooting.

(DAMPER SOUNDS)

Annex: Turning the damper off and on, the masked man transmitted signals which he knew the Comanches understood, but the warriors continued to fire at the cabin from their circling ponies.

Martha: They aren't paying any attention to your signals! The shooting and yelling are louder!

Ranger: Yes, they're getting closer! Now I'll try to tell them that the crooks escaped on foot into the thicket!

(DAMPER SOUNDS)

Annex: As the Lone Ranger continued to turn the damper, one young brave rode boldly up to the cabin and fired directly through the window.

(SHOT UP CLOSE)

The one-ounce bullet from the Comanche's Sharps rifle lifted the masked man's hat from his head, smacked through the stove pipe and broke the damper.

Martha: Oh, Heaven, this is the end! Tommy, my poor, poor boy!

Ranger: I'll show myself at the window. Perhaps my mask-- (BREAKS)

(SHOTS, YELLS STOP)

Martha: They've stopped shooting and yelling! What has happened?

Ranger: Chief Iron Lance, who was back on the hill directing the attack, is now riding in. He has given a hand signal for the braves to hold their fire.

NEW PAGE 23

Martha: Maybe he understood your smoke signals.

Ranger: I think he did. Some of the Comanches are watching the cabin. The others are riding off into the brush, apparently looking for the crooks.

(YEELS IN BG)

Martha: Why are they yelling?

Ranger: Those are the yells the Comanches give when they flush game or an enemy. Probably they've sighted the swindlers or found their trail.

(SHOTS:PROLONGED YELL IN BG)

Martha: What does that mean?

Ranger: It's the Comanche victory yell. They must have found Silk and Lippy hiding close by.

Martha: But the shooting--(BREAKS)

Ranger: The crooks have paid for cheating Iron Lance.

Martha: Then the Indians may go away.

Ranger: They're leaving now. They have taken all the revenge they wanted. You and your son are safe.

Martha: Thank God!

Tommy: My fish is dead! (SOBS)There he is by your feet,mister!

Ranger: U-m-m! Were those things on the floor in the bowl with the fish?

Tommy: I put a lot of those yellow stones in with Fliptail. I find ;ots of them along the creek.

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- Ranger: Tommy, those yellow stones as you call them are gold nuggets!
- Martha: No real nuggets!
- Ranger: Yes, Mrs. Clayton! Your son seems to have struck a bonanza. You'll be very rich, I believe.
- Martha: I'm glad for Tommy's sake. But Frank--(BREAKS)
- Ranger: Did the crooks examine those nuggets?
- Martha: Yes, it wasn't until after they had seen the gold that they agreed to tell me about the watch and note in exchange for the homestead.
- Ranger: Then they knew about the gold in the creek. Perhaps their story about Zig Bascomb was true after all.
- Martha: If it is, all of my dreams have come true at one time!
- Tommy: Mother, I told you that I'd make you rich. But it was really Fliptail who did it.
- Ranger: The last Indian has disappeared. Now I'll climb out the window and unlock the cabin door for you.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annex:

It was later that day when a large party of citizens and militiamen led by Tonto and Marshal Jim Casper reached the homestead, and ~~released~~ ~~the Irons Ranger, Mrs. Clayton and Tommy~~ from the cabin. After hearing the masked man's account of what had happened, Marshal Casper and some of the possemen searched the thicket. The federal officer soon returned with a grim announcement--

Marshal:

Well, mister, we found the crooks' bodies and buried them.

Ranger:

Do you intend to charge the Indians with murder?

Marshal:

Killing those varmints wasn't murder as I see it. I reckon that Iron Lance and his warriors are back on their reservation by this time. If they stay there and keep peace, I'll forget they did here.

Ranger:

That may be best.

Marshal:

I recovered the money which the swindlers got out of the Indian ponies. It'll be returned to the dealer who bought them since Iron Lance took the herd back himself. Then there was a little book.

Ranger:

A book?

Marshal:

Yes, here it is. It has a list of all the people Silk and Lippy aimed to flimflam one way or another. Some are marked for the kind of outright ~~swindle~~ swindle that they used in the case of Iron Lance. But the notes show that they aimed to sell real evidence to several people, one being Mrs. Clayton.

- Martha: I knew it! I knew it! Their story had to be true.
- Marshal: Well, I'll send telegrams to the warden and the governor just as soon as we get back to town. 'Twouldn't surprise me at all if Frank got out real soon.
- Tommy: Do you mean that my daddy is coming home?
- Marshal: I reckon so, son!
- Tommy: I wish he'd come while the masked man is here.
- Ranger: Perhaps I'll be able to meet him some day, Tommy.
- Tommy: Why do you wear that mask, mister?
- Martha: Tommy, it isn't nice to ask questions.
- Tommy: But I want to know.
- Ranger: Perhaps the marshal will explain after my friend and I are gone.
- Marshal: Mister, we're beholden to you for what you did today.
- Martha: Tommy and I owe you a debt that all the mines in the world wouldn't pay.
- Ranger: I have only had a part in the drama of life where all creatures are players, even a goldfish named Fliptail. Adios all.
- AD LIB: ADIOS
- Tommy: Mister marshal, he said that you--(HESITATES)
- Marshal: Well, Tommy, he's a man who doesn't want to be known. He's the Lone Ranger.
- Ranger: (BACK) HI-YO-SILVER-AWAY!