

OFFICE COPY

THE LONE RANGER
(Created by George W. Trendle)

"SWORD OF HONOR"
Ralph Goll

2645-1870

Dec 30

Cast

Read by

JHM
JHP
ES.

Ranger and Tonto

Marcus Milo.....elderly money-lender and crook

Turk.....Army deserter and gun runner ,young

Joe..... same , young

Captain Hillyard.....cavalry officer, middle-aged.

Colonel Morrow.....commander of fort, elderly

Walking Horse.....Indian Chief

Martha Hilliard..... captain's daughter, young.

Voices

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BILLBOARD FOR SWORD OF HONOR

HOOFS HALTING AS

Ranger: Tonto, Chief Walking Horse and his braves have jumped their reservation.

Tonto: Them not have guns.

Ranger: There's a wagon headed into the bad lands that may be loaded with rifles. I'll stop the wagon. You ride to the fort and notify the cavalry.

Tonto: Get-um up, Scout!

Ranger: Come on, Silver!

HOOFS STARTING AS

Annrcr: There was danger at every turn on the trail of the gun runners. The Lone Ranger was captured by Chief Walking Horse. Carried into the bad lands, he was compelled to make the famous leap of death which the Sioux Indians believed was the supreme test of strength and courage. Be sure --etc.

(USUAL OPENING)

- Ammer: Marcus Milo had been a trader among the Sioux tribes before he found that it was even easier to cheat the Government and the soldiers than the Indians. As a pawnbroker and money-lender in the garrison town of Fort Adams, he made short-term loans to service men at interest rates so high that repayment was almost impossible. Often suspected of being a receiver of stolen Army property, he always had been able to account for the guns, saddles and gear that cluttered his dingy shop on Main Street. It was there that he faced two men in the blue blouses and yellow-striped trousers of the United States Cavalry. A thin smile twisted his lips as he said—
- Milo: Turk, you and Joe didn't come in last payday. You're two months behind in your interest.
- Turk: You old buzzard, you've kept us broke for a year because we were fools enough to borrow a few dollars from you.
- Milo: Did I ask you to borrow it?
- Joe: We're tired of soldiering when we have to turn every cent of our pay over to you.
- Milo: So maybe you're going to desert?(CHUCKLES) You can't beat me that way.
- Turk: Oh, we know about your hook-up with the Injuns. When a man goes over the hill, you sic your redskins on him. When they catch him, you collect the fifty dollar bounty on deserters.

Milo: (CHUCKLES) I get you coming or going.

Turk: Never mind that. Joe and me are here to make a deal.

Milo: You have somthing to sell?

Turk: Right. Today we were detailed to burn up a lot of old rifles that Chief Walking Horse and his tribe surrendered when they went back to the reservation last year.

Milo: So?

Turk: So we hauled them way out on the target range and set fire to a couple cases. But soon as the officer in charge went back to the fort we put out the fire. There are still enough cases left to fill wagon.

Milo: What makes you think I want those guns?

Turk: Everybody knows you're friendly with Chief Walking Horse.

Milo: (CHUCKLES) He adopted me into the tribe.

Joe: He sure didn't know what kind of a varmint you are.

Turk: That's not the point. The Injuns just got a heap of annuity money, but it didn't satisfy them. They don't like being agency Injuns. They'll buy the guns back.

Milo: H-m-m.

Joe: You could rook them out of every cent they've got. Just let us off on what we owe you and give us half of what you get for the rifles and they're yours.

Milo: Listen!

- Mark: Somebody's coming to the back door!
- Milo: It's an officer! Get into the side room!
- SEVERAL STEPS BACK TO HALT:DOOR OPENS
- Milo: Well, well, if it isn't Captain Hillyard!
- DOOR CLOSES:SEVERAL STEPS UP TO HALT
- Captain: Milo, how much am I behind on my interest payments?
- Milo: A hundred dollars. Have you got the money?
- Captain: You know I won't have it until next month.
- Milo: Then I'll do as I said. I'll go to your colonel.
- Captain: You leech!
- Milo: (CHUCKLES) Oh, I know how to bring you officers to time! I wonder what the colonel will say. I wonder--
- Captain: (INTERRUPTS) Stop it, Milo! I've brought something you can hold as security.
- wrapped up
- Milo: What's/in that paper?
- PAPER RUSTLING
- Captain: It's a sword! My sword of honor!
- Milo: (CHUCKLES) Honor's cheap. What's the sword itself worth?
- Captain: It cost the people of my state several thousand dollars. They gave it to me for what I did at the Battle of Antietam.
- UNSHEATHES SWORD
- Milo: People are fools.
- Captain: The scabbard's silver, the hilt's gold and the blade is made of Damascus steel.
- Milo: Very pretty! But it has your name on it. That will keep the price down if I have to sell it.

Captain: I'll redeem it!

Milo: What makes you so sure?(SLYLY) Maybe there'll be another Indian outbreak and you won't come back.

Captain: I'd have better fallen into the hands of hostile Indians than yours. Do you want it?

Milo: Oh, sure! I can always melt down the gold and silver.
~~and use the money to buy more silver.~~

Captain: I ought to cut you down where you stand! Take it before I do!

SHEATHES SWORD

Milo: (CHUCKLES) Thank you, captain! Here's your receipt. Now if I can do you any more favors--

Captain: (INTERRUPTS) Let me out into the air!

SEVERAL STEPS BACK; DOOR OPENS, CLOSES

Milo: All right, fellers! You can come out now.

SEVERAL STEPS UP TO HALT

Turk: Mark, how'd you get Captain Hillyard hooked?

Milo: Never mind that. Let's get back to our business.

Turk: Do you think you can handle those guns?

Milo: Yes, but I have no men I'd trust to move them.

Joe: Get us ^a ~~the~~ wagon and horses and we'll do that.

Milo: I've got an outfit in my stable across the alley. The guns will have to go directly to the Indians.

Turk: How you going to manage that?

Milo: There's a young buck here in town that I can ahead to notify Walking Horse. I'll follow you tomorrow and collect from the chief.

- Joe: Where'll we find Walking Horse?
- Milo: He'll have to take delivery off the reservation, so I'll have my messenger tell him to meet you at Standing Rock.
- Turk: Now give us the papers we signed when we borrowed that money from you.
- Joe: We want an advance on our share of the gun money, too.
- Milo: You'll get nothing until you deliver the rifles.
- Turk: What are you figuring on doing?—turning us in as deserters after you collect?
- Joe: If that's your game---
- Milo: Now wait! I wouldn't cheat you boys!
- Joe: I wouldn't trust you as far as I can throw a buffalo by the tail!
- Turk: Come on, Mark! Kick in or I'll---
- Milo: Turk, put that gun back in your holster! You don't dare shoot! The marshal would hear you at the jail next door. (CHUCKLES) That's why I've got my shop here.
- Turk: Here's something that won't make any noise!
- UNSHEATHES SWORD
- Milo: (CHUCKLES) I'm not scared of that sword either.
- Turk: You've laughed once too often, you polecat!
- Milo: Put it down!
- Turk: Sure...sure...I will...just like THIS!

BLOW:BODY FALL

MUSIC - STING

Joe: Turk, you killed him!

Turk: He had it coming! Now we'll sell those rifles ourselves.

Joe: How we going to get word to Walking Horse?

Turk: I know the Injun messenger old Milo meant. We'll work it just like he planned it.

Joe: Wonder if he's got any money around.

Turk: We can't waste time looking for it. Somebody'll be coming in.

Joe: I'm taking that fancy sword anyhow. It's worth plenty.

Turk: Then grab it!...Now we'll get some civilian duds off those hooks and dodge across into the stable.

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annor: It was that evening when the Lone Ranger and Tonto, riding hard, turned their horses into a trail that led from Fort Adams to the Dakota badlands.

HOOFS FAST

They had grave news for the cavalrymen at the fort. Several hours earlier they had seen a large party of Indians in war paint leaving the Walking Horse reservation, apparently bent on a raid. Tonto was saying--

Tonto: ~~Them~~ Indians not have rifles.

Ranger: BUT They were well armed with lances, bows and arrows and war clubs.

Tonto: Them too smart to fight soldiers with such things.

Ranger: That's so, but they may be able to murder settlers and travelers with the weapons they have.

Tonto: Look on trail!

Ranger: Fresh wheel tracks!

Tonto: Wagon head for bad lands!

Ranger: The Indians may ambush it!

Tonto: What we do?

Ranger: You ride on to the fort! I'll follow it!

AD LIB: ADIOS

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annor: As the masked man and Indian parted, Captain Hillyard met Colonel Morrow and the Officer of the Day, a young lieutenant, in front of regimental headquarters. The lieutenant handed him a telegram.

Lieutenant: For you, sir.

Captain: Thanks, lieutenant.

PAPER RUSTLING

Colonel: No bad news, I hope.

Captain: It's from my daughter, Martha! She's due to arrive here tomorrow morning!

Colonel: I'll be glad to see her again, though I expect she's so much of a lady now that she won't care for us.

Captain: Why do you say that, colonel?

Colonel: I understand that you've had her in one of those fine finishing schools in the East. I wonder that you could afford it on a captain's pay.

Captain: It has been rather expensive.

Colonel: Was there something else, lieutenant?

Lieutenant: Yes, sir. The two men who were detailed to burn those old rifles failed to report at retreat.

Colonel: They probably sneaked off to town. Post them as absent without leave.

Lieutenant: They may not have done a good job of destroying the rifles.

Colonel: That hardly matters. I had the firing pins pulled from all of them when the Indians turned them in.

Captain: What was your object in doing that?

Colonel: I didn't want the boys who are in the clutches of that scoundrel, Marcus Milo, to steal any of them for him. Their destruction hadn't been authorized then.

STEPS FADING IN

Lieutenant: Here comes the sergeant of the guard with a civilian.

Colonel: That's the United States Marshal. Hello, marshal!

STEPS STOP

Marshal: Howdy, colonel! Is that Captain Hillyard there?

Colonel: It is.

Marshal: I want to ask him some questions.

Captain: What do you want to know, marshal?

Marshal: Everything about the murder of Marcus Milo.

Captain: Milo!

Marshal: He was killed today... with a sword. And you, cap, were seen going in the old man's back door with something wrapped in paper that could have been a sword.

Captain: I never touched him!

Marshal: I've got another witness, a tamale peddler, who says he heard an Army officer threatening to cut Milo down.

Captain: It was only talk! I swear it!

Colonel: Then you were there, Captain Hillyard?

Captain: Yes, sir. I went there to--(HESITATES)

Colonel: To do what?

Captain: I...I pawned my sword of honor.

Colonel: (SHOCKED) Your sword of honor!

Captain: I was in debt to him. He threatened to come to you. So--

Marshal: (INTERRUPTS) So you sabered him. Where's the sword?

Captain: He still had it when I left. I didn't lift a finger against him.

Marshal: Cap, there's enough evidence against you to swing a dozen civilians. Us Westerners don't take kindly to the sword killing of an old man.

Colonel: Marshal, the Army will make its own investigation of the case. I'll be responsible for Captain Hillyard.

Marshal: Guess I'll have to let it go at that, but let me tell you one thing, colonel. If you Army fellers try to cover this thing up, Congress is going to hear plenty about it!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annrcr: It was the following morning when the Lone Ranger, riding over the top of a hill, caught sight of the wagon he had been following.

HOOFS

The heavily loaded vehicle had stopped and the occupants appeared to be engaged in a friendly conversation with a mounted Indian. Surprised, the masked man drew rein.

AD LIB: WHOAS

HOOFS HALT

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annrcr: Meanwhile, Turk and Joe, who were dressed in civilian clothes, had encountered a scout from the war party which the Lone Ranger and Tonto had seen leaving the reservation. The Sioux tribesman told the two killers that their message had been received and that Walking Horse would soon arrive. Representing themselves as Milo's agents, the pair assured the scout that the former trader was also on his way to the rendezvous. As the Indian galloped away, Turk grinned---

HOOFS FADING OUT

Turk: Everything's working out like we planned!

Joe: After we sell these guns let's go to Canada.

Turk: Suits me.

HOOFS FADING IN

Joe: Who's coming now?

Turk: A masked man!

Joe: Don't shoot! He must be some white renegade who's hooked up with Walking Horse.

AD LIB: WHOAS

HOOFS HALT

Joe: He's got us covered!

Turk: What's the idea of throwing down on us?

Ranger: Drop those guns!

Joe: There they go! But you're making a mistake!

Ranger: You made the mistake! You're gun runners! Those are rifle cases in your wagon!

Turk: Sure, but look here--

Ranger: (INTERRUPTS) Get down from that wagon seat!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annrcr: Meanwhile, Martha Hillyard had arrived at the fort. Joining her father in his quarters, she learned what had happened. He was saying--

Captain: Martha, you mustn't blame yourself for this.

Martha: Dad, I never asked you to send all that money to me.

Captain: I know you didn't.

Martha: I thought you could afford to send it. I didn't want it and didn't need it.

Captain: I wanted you to dress as well as the other girls in your school. I wanted you to be able to do everything they did.

Martha: You foolish darling! I saved more than two thousand dollars out of my allowance.

Captain: You did!

Martha: I didn't write to you about it because I wanted to surprise you.

Captain: Oh, Martha, if I had only known! I wouldn't have had to go in debt to Milo! I would^{not}/have pawned my sword. I wouldn't be facing a court-martial!

Martha: If there is any justice in the world, you'll be cleared!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annrcr: As the deserters climbed down from the wagon, the Lone Ranger swung from his saddle and prepared to tie them with rawhide throngs. Suddenly Turk, who had kept behind Joe, gave his partner a violent shove, hurling him into the masked man.

Ranger: Get back there!

Joe: Turk did it! Don't shoot me!

Turk: Grab him, Joe!

Ranger: No, you don't!

BLOW

Joe: GROANS

BODY FALL

- Annecr: Joe went down under the Lone Ranger's fist, but Turk had managed to get one hand into the wagon box. It came out clutching Captain Hillyard's sword. As the long blade slid from the scabbard, the masked man dove for the deserter's legs. Both men crashed into a wagon wheel.
- Ranger: Let ~~loose~~^{GO} of that sword!
- Turk: You're breaking my arm!
- Ranger: Let ~~loose~~^{GO} of it!
- Turk: (GROANS) You've got it! Let me up!
- Ranger: Stay where you are until I tie you!
- Annecr: With the crooks trussed, the Lone Ranger examined the sword, noting Captain Hillyard's name on the hilt and an ominous stain on the blade. He turned to Turk--
- Ranger: Where did you get an officer's sword of honor?
- Turk: None of your business!
- Ranger: It looks as though you used it to kill somebody.
- Turk: I'm through talking.
- Ranger: Maybe your partner will have something to say. He's coming to.
- Joe: (GROANS) What are you going to do to us?
- Ranger: Take you and that wagon load of rifles to Fort Adams.
- Turk: You'll never get out of the bad lands with us!

Joe: The Indians will rescue us!

Ranger: Don't be too sure of that. Here, I'm going to help you into the wagon box.

Turk: You're too late! Look on the hill!

Joe: Here come Walking Horse and his braves!

YELLS, HOOFS FADING IN

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annrcr: The curtain falls on the first act of our Lone Ranger ^{ADVENTURE.} ~~story~~. Before we continue with the next exciting scenes, please permit us to pause for just a moment.

COMMERCIAL

Annrcr: Captain Hillyard had been accused of murdering Marcus Milo with his word of honor. The actual killers were two Army deserters who planned to sell a wagon load of rifles to Chief Walking Horse and his warriors, unaware that the guns were worthless. Shortly after the Lone Ranger captured the deserters, the Indians charged down from a nearby hill .

HOOFS COMING UP FAST:YELLS

Though none of the savages carried guns, nearly all held lances or bows and arrows at the ready as they closed in on the masked man and his prisoners. Walking Horse, a tall, grim war chief, swung from his pony in front of the Lone Ranger.

HOOFS HALT

The Lone Ranger made the peace sign---

Ranger: Great Chief Walking Horse, I am here as your friend.

Walking: Man-Who-Covers-His-Face, this chief does not believe you. Ho-po! Ho-ka hey!

Annecr: At the chief's command several Indians sprang upon the Lone Ranger, snatching his guns and the sword. Realizing the futility of resistance, he remained impassive while his arms were bound. The chief reached for his mask, then hesitated.

Voice: 2 GIBBERISH

Walking: Snake Bones, my medicine man, says that it is bad medicine to touch the cloth on your face.

Ranger: Snake Bones is wise.

Turk: Great chief, you have tied Man-Who-Covers-His -Face. Now set us free.

Walking: Where is my brother, Mi-lo, who sent the guns?

Turk: (SOTTO) Now I'll cook that masked man's goose!(ALoud)
Great chief, the Man-Who-Covers-His-Face killed Mi-lo with the long knife you took from him. He meant to take us and the guns to the fort.

Ranger: Great chief, that man speaks with a crooked tongue. If Milo is dead, it's likely that they killed him.

Annecr: As the parley continued, some of the Indians unloaded and opened the rifle cases.

BOXES OPENED:EXCITED GIBBERISH A LITTLE BACK
They brandished and clicked the guns.

GUN CLICKS

Then their cries of pleasure gave way to furious howls.

Walking: My brothers, what is it?

Voice: 2 GIBBERISH

Walking: Snake Bones says that the guns will not shoot.
Why is that?

Ranger: I can see what is wrong with them. The firing pins
have been taken out.

Joe: (SOTTO) Now we ARE in for it!

Turk: Great chief, it is not our fault that the ~~guns~~ guns
are crippled. We did not know that Mi-lo meant to
cheat you!

Walking: This chief does not understand what has happened.

Ranger: You cannot fight the pony soldiers with useless guns.
Throw them away and go back to you reservation.

Walking: No! I will learn the truth!

Ranger: I have sent a friend to the fort to warn the pony
soldiers that you are off the reservation. They
will soon be here.

Walking: They will not find us. I am taking you and the other
white men into No-go-shan-sin, the land of the Great
Mystery. There we will find out whose tongue is crooked.
I have spoken!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: Meanwhile, Colonel Morrow had called Captain Hillyard and Martha to headquarters for a conference. He was saying---

Colonel: Captain, a newspaper correspondent has been here making ⁿ iquiries.

Captain: He'll drag Martha into the case!

Colonel: I'm afraid the scandal will reach everyone here. Some of the officers want you to resign.

Captain: Then I'll resign!

Colonel: You didn't quit under fire at Antietam and you're not quitting now.

Captain: I've disgraced the regiment!

Colonel: You'll be cleared. I've made a full report to the War Department.

Captain: It may order you to put me under arrest in my quarters until the case is settled. I don't want that!

Colonel: I can't arrest you if you're not here.

Captain: I don't understand.

Colonel: I'm detailing you to map the trails in the bad lands. That'll keep you away from the reporters and trouble-making civilians.

Martha: I'll go with you, dad!

Captain: I guess that's best.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annex: Several days later the Indians marched the Lone Ranger and the two crooks to the top of a butte deep in the bad lands. A narrow canyon split the butte to its bottom, its walls smooth and sheer. Reaching the edge Chief Walking Horse signed for a halt. Then he and his braves faced east, paying tribute to the Father in the Sun with their customary moment of silence. The deserters stared into the mist-shrouded depths of the chasm, turned pale and tried to draw back. But the Indians pushed them forward again. Then Walking Horse pointed into the canyon—

Walking: White men, it was here that Wakan Tanka struck the rock with his tomahawk.

Ranger: I have heard that story, great chief.

Walking: He made this hole to test his children. It is a long jump from one side to the other. It is a long fall to the bottom.

Joe: (SOTTO) What a jump!

Walking: It is here the brothers of the Strong Heart try their courage. Down there the rocks are covered with the bones of warriors who could not jump far enough.

Joe: (SOTTO) It must be five hundred feet down there!

Walking: Chief Sitting Bull, who is head of the brotherhood of Strong Hearts, made this jump when he was young.

Joe: (SOTTO) Turk, what's he leading up to?

- Turk: I don't know, but it sure sounds bad!
- Walking: White man, I cannot decide which of you has cheated me and lied to me.
- Joe: It wasn't us!
- Turk: Kill that masked man and let us go, great chief. He's a spy for the pony soldiers.
- Ranger: Great chief, that man's words are like mud in the water. He doesn't want you to see to the bottom of this matter.
- Walking: Let the Great Mystery decide!
- Joe: What do you mean?
- Walking: You will make the Jump of the Strong Hearts. If you land on the other side I will believe you.
- Joe: (SOTTO) Did you hear what he said?
- Turk: (SOTTO) I heard! (ALoud) Great chief, no white man can make that jump and live!
- Walking: You will jump or be thrown! I have spoken!
- Joe: Masked man, what are we going to do? You got us into this thing.
- Ranger: You got yourselves into it.
- Turk: Great chief, turn us loose and we will get many good guns for you!
- Walking: This chief will listen to you when you reach the other side.

Ranger: If you men will tell the truth, I'll try to talk the chief out of making you jump.

Joe: Turk, maybe...maybe--

Turk: Shut up, Joe! We're not admitting anything!

Walking: GIBBERISH

Voice: 2 GIBBERISH

Walking: My warriors will now untie your hands. Man-Who-Covers-His-Face, you will jump first.

Ranger: How far will I be allowed to run?

Walking: From the rock over there. That is the rule.

Eanger: Vash-te helo!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

HOOFS

Captain: Martha, this is the highest point on the butte.

Martha: It's a wonderful view from here!

Captain: Nothing looks wonderful to me any more. I keep thinking--

Martha: (INTERRUPTS) Pull up, dad!

AD LIB: WHOAS

HOOFS HALT

Martha: Look down there!

Captain: Indians in war paint! They've got some white captives!

Martha: What'll we do?

Captain: Get down!(DISMOUNTING) It's my duty to learn what they're doing. We'll be safe on this side of the canyon.

Martha: What are they doing to that one man?

Captain: It looks like-- (BREAKS)

Martha: They're going to make him jump over that awful hole!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anncr: Preparing for the leap of death, the Lone Ranger had pulled off his boots, unbuckled his empty gun belt and discarded his hat. He measured the distance to the edge of the chasm with a careful eye, well knowing that nothing short of the best jump of which he was capable would save him from death on the rocks below. He set himself, took a deep breath and glanced upward at Walking Horse. There was a glimmer of admiration in the chief's dark eyes as he gave the command--

Walking: Run! Ho-ka hey!

BARE FOOT STEPS ON STONE FADING BACK

Anncr: Hemmed in on three sides by the Indians, the masked man was off in a swift sprint. So well had he judged the distance to the brink of the void that he did not break his stride. To the momentum given to his body by his dash he added he added all the muscular power he could summon as he reached the edge. His feet left the rock. He was in the air with safety long yards ahead and death waiting below. Behind him rose the excited voices of the red men--

AD LIB: GIBBERISH, BACK

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrcr: Meanwhile,, Captain Hillyard had tried to shield Martha from the terrifying spectacle. Failing in his effort, he exclaimed---

Captain: Don't look, Martha! He'll never make it!

Martha: He must! He must!

Captain: ~~XXXX~~
The canyon's too wide!

Martha: Heaven help him!

Captain: He's running! He's jumping! Farther, man, farther!

Martha: Oh, he's across!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrcr: As the masked man landed safely, the Indians acclaimed his feat with wild yells.

YELLS, BACK

Catching his balance, he shouted back---

Ranger: (CAKLS) Follow me, Silver!

Annrcr: At his master's call the big white horse, which had been standing by with three Indians clinging to his bridle, trumpeted an answer.

HORSE NEIGHS

Shaking off the savages and bowling others over, Silver charged toward the brink of the canyon, then gathered himself for a mighty effort and leaped.

HOOFS FADING IN: JUMP:UP SLOWER

Annex: The mighty stallion landed close to the Lone Ranger, who caught the saddle horn and astride him before he could stop.

Ranger: Good boy! Come on, Silver!

HOOFS FASTER

Annex: An arrow whizzed by the masked man's head, loosed by one of the younger braves. Walking Horse and the older braves made no effort to stop him. A moment later he was out of danger.

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

HOOFS FADING IN

Martha: He's coming this way!

Captain: What's that thing on his face?

Martha: I do believe it's a mask!

Captain: He sees us! He's stopping!

AD LIB: WHOAS

HOOFS HALT

Captain: I'm Captain Hillyard. Can I help you?

Ranger: Hillyard! The Indians have your sword of honor. I found it in the possession of two gun runners.

Captain: They say my sword was used to kill a man named Marcys Milo. I've been accused of the murder.

Ranger: Those gun runners must have killed him.

Martha: Oh, dad! You'll be cleared!

Ranger: Not unless we can save those men. Neither one is strong enough to make the jump .

Captain: What will we do?

Ranger: Give me one of your guns and follow me.

Captain: Here you are!(MOUNTING) Martha, you stay back!

Ranger: The canyon ends before it reaches the other side of the butte. We can get around it over there.

AD LIB: GETAWAY

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anner: On the other side of the chasm Chief Walking Horse had turned to the remaining captives. He was daying---

Walking: ~~Man-Who-Covers-His-Face~~ is across! Now you jump!

EXHA Joe: Great Chief, I can't do it!

Walking: Jump!

Joe: It's murder!

Walking: Jump!

Joe: Great chief, hear me! We killed Milo!

Walking: (GRUNTS)

Joe: He wasn't any friend of yours. He wasn't a friend of any man. He cheated us. He meant to cheat you.

Walking: GRUNTS

Turk: Great chief, let the white men have us. They will try us and hang us.

Walking: Ah-yah! All white men are coards, cheats and liars except Man-Who-Covers-His-Face. It must be that he covers his face because he is ashamed of being white.

HOOFS FADING IN

Joe: Look there!

Turk: The masked man's coming back!

Joe: There's a soldier with him!

AD LIB: GIBBERISH

SHOTS:HOOFS HALT BACK

Ranger: (BACK,CALLS) great chief, the pony soldiers are coming!

AD LIB: GIBBERISH

Walking: (CALLS) Man-Who-Covers-His-Face, this chief wants peace.

Ranger: (CALLS) Then tell your braves to put down their lances and bows and arrows.

AD LIB: GIBBERISH

Ranger: (BACK) Come on, captain! Come on, Silver!

HOOFS COMING UP TO HALT

Captain: I know that pair of scoundrels! They're deserters from the fort!

Walking: These white men say that they killed Mi-lo.

Ranger: Where did they get the worthless rifles they tried to sell to the Indians?

Captain: They were under orders to burn them. Apparently they connived with Milo to steal them and then had a falling out with him.

Ranger: Is that what happened?

Joe: Sure! We admit it! Just take us away from these Injuns.

BUGLE CALL, BACK

Ranger: My friend, Tonto, is bringing the cavalry!

HOOFS FADING IN: SHOTS

Captain: (CALLS) Hold your fire!

AD LIB: WHOAS

HOOFS HALT

Colonel: Captain Hillyard, what are you doing here with that masked man?

Tonto: Masked man my friend, colonel.

Colonel: He appears to have everything under control. Not only has he rounded up a Sioux war party but he's captured two deserters.

Captain: They're the murderers of Marcus Milo!

Bartha: Everything has turned out right!

Colonel: Captain, I'll detail a squad to help you take them back to the fort while the rest of us return the Indians to the reservation.

AD LIB: GIBBERISH

Captain: What are the Indians saying, masked man?

Ranger: They're returning some thing they took from me.
Your sword is one of them. Here.

Captain: Thank you. It will never pass from my possession again.

Martha: The masked man's shaking the chief's hand. He's
going to leave.

Captain: Who is he, colonel?

Colonel: His friend, Tonto, told me that he's the Lone Ranger!

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