

THE LONE RANGER  
Created by George W. Trendle

"THE RIBBON OF HONOR"  
Ralph Goll

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Ranger

Ponto

Art Carey.....young, discharged soldier and D. S. M. holder  
Card Wilkins..... middle-aged cafe keeper and crook  
Spud..... Young, crook  
Rip..... young, crook  
Colonel Esterly..... elderly, Army officer  
Captain Hoyt..... young, provost marshal  
Major Hayes..... Army paymaster-- 2 or 3 lines  
Corporal..... 3 lines



PROMO FOR "RIBBON OF HONOR"

HOOFS HALTING AS

Ranger: Tonto, we are being hunted by the United States cavalry. With our friend, Ex-sergeant Carey, we are suspected of having murdered an Army paymaster.

Tonto: What we do?

Ranger: I believe the crime was committed by three civilians who are riding with the troops. We may be able to draw them away from the soldiers and bring them to justice by offering a reward for ourselves!

Tonto: Mabe that be plenty dangerous.

Ranger: We're already in serious danger. Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

HOOFS STARTING AS

Annecr: Yes, the Lone Ranger and Tonto<sup>are</sup> in a desperate plight! They and the ex-sergeant have been framed, but their position may become even more desperate when the real killers take their trail. Be sure to listen, etc.



## WRITER'S NOTE

TO BE ATTACHED TO SCRIPT "RIBBON OF HONOR"

In case there is a question about the authenticity of the Distinguished Service Medal angle in this script, I should like to cite the fact that my friend and the hero of my book "Shoot and Be Damned" Sergeant Ed Halyburton, won this commissioned officer's medal under similar circumstances. It was awarded to him for gallantry, not on the field of action, but behind the enemy's line in World War I.

As for the slowness of the soldiers in getting their guns out when the LR and Tonto appear near the First Call Cafe, that is also an incident based on fact. As late as 1916 we carried Army Colt revolvers in flap holsters hung on the right side with the butt forward. This necessitated a cross-body, left-handed draw or a twisted-wrist draw with the right hand. The holsters were made of sole leather and were hard to open. Texas Rangers never failed to laugh at our clumsy efforts to get our guns out when we were on patrol.



(USUAL OPENING)

- Anncr: Three men lounged on the porch of the First Call Cafe just outside the limits of the Fort Wade military reservation. One was the barrel-chested proprietor, Card Wilkins. His companions nondescript characters generally known as Spud and Rip. The cafe keeper scowled at them as he said---
- Card: Fellers, this cafe isn't worth the powder it would take to blow it up.
- Rip: You used to trim the soldiers out of plenty of money on paydays.
- Card: They're getting suspicious of my poker games. A lot of them won't play here any more. Of course I DID slick-ace Bill Evans and Hank Parrish out a hundred dollars last night, but that don't happen often.
- Spud: Even so, Card, this place makes good cover for us between stage holdups.
- Card: Spud, we've overplayed our hands in the holdup game. too. The Wells Fargo company says it isn't going to ship any more gold out of Valley City by stage.
- Rip: Then we'll try something else. When is the next payday at the fort?
- Card: Next Friday. A dispatch rider stopped here yesterday and told me that Major Hayes, the paymaster for this military district, is at Fort Hobart now. He's due here late Thursday.



Rip: Let's hold up the pay wagon!

Spud: Why not?

Card: It would take more than the three of us to pull that kind of a job. There's always a cavalry escort with the wagon. But I think--yes, I'm durn sure that we could get to the money after it reaches the fort.

Rip: Blazes! There are a thousand men there!

Card: That's why the paymaster figures the money is perfectly safe. I've heard the soldiers say that he stays overnight in the quartermaster's office, keeping the cash with him and checking the payroll. He only has one guard-- a sentry who stands point duty outside the office.

Spud: What about the other sentries?

Card: They walk posts outside the fort. Up until 10 o'clock at night they don't halt any soldiers because all the fellers at the fort who are off duty have liberty until taps.

Rip: Then we could slip in and out between dark and taps if we had soldiers' uniforms on!

Card: Right! And I've got some uniforms stored away. I bought them from discharged soldiers or took them in on debts.

Spud: Then we're all set!

Card: Not so loud! Here comes Sergeant Art Carey!

(STEPS FADING IN)



Spud: Looks like he's got his dander up!

Card: Howdy, Sarge!

Art: (COMING UP) I'm not a sergeant any longer. I was discharged today.

(STEPS STOP)

Card: What are you aiming to do now?

Art: Something I couldn't do before without blackening my Army record.

Card: What do you mean?

Art: Card, you cheated two of my soldier friends out of every cent they had last night.

Card: You can't prove I cheated them!

Art: I know your tricks! I've seen you deal cards from the bottom of the deck!

Card: So what?

Art: So I'm here to get their money back for them or knock your ears down! Shell out or square off!

Rip: Look here, feller! You can't--

Card: (CUTS IN) Rip, you and Spud stay out of this! I want the fun of lambasting this smart aleck alone! Watch this! (EFFORT)

Annrcr: As he spoke, Card Wilkins swung a wild right at Art Carey's head. The ex-sergeant ducked and the cafe keeper's fist slid over his shoulder. Then they grappled.



Card: I'll tear you apart!(EFFORTS)

Art: Fight with your fists, you buzzard! (EFFORTS)

Anncr: The two men swayed back and forth across the porch with the cafe keeper clawing, gouging and kicking. Rip was yelling--

Rip: Kill him, Card!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anncr: At that moment the Lone Ranger and Tonto turned their horses into the military road a short distance from the First Call Cafe.

(HOOFS)

They had skirted Fort Wade and were headed for the neighborhood of Valley City, intending to investigate the many recent stage holdups. As they approached the cafe, Tonto pointed--

Tonto: Look! Two fellers fight! One is soldier!

Ranger: Pull up!

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

AD LIB: FIGHT IN BACKGROUND

Tonto: What we do?

Ranger: Nothing unless there is an attempt at gunplay. The soldier is getting the best of the other fellow in spite of his foul way of fighting.

Rip: (BACK) Sink your teeth into him, Card!

Spud: (BACK) Go for his eyes!

Art: (BACK) Don't try it!



Anner:

Breaking away from the cafe keeper, Carey drove a hard uppercut to his jaw.

(BLOW:GROAN:BODY FALL IN BACK)

Wilkins measured his length of the porch floor. The ex-sergeant stepped back, giving him a chance to get to his feet and renew the battle. But the crook only lifted himself on one hand. With the other he jerked a six-gun from inside his shirt.

Card:

(BACK) Now, you polecat, die!!

Ranger:

Drop that gun!! Come on, Silver!

Tonto:

Getum up, Scout!

(HOOFS)

Rip:

(FADING IN) Look! A masked man and an Injun!

Spud:

(UP) Don't shoot, Card! They've got all of us covered!

AD LIB:

WHOAS

(HOOFS HALT)

Ranger:

Drop that gun, I said!

Card:

There it goes! If this is a holdup--

Ranger:

(CUTS IN) It isn't. My mask doesn't make me an outlaw. I simply wanted the sergeant to get fair play

Art:

Thanks, mister. You and the redskin got here just in the nick of time.

Ranger:

You two by-standers! Keep your hands frozen! Sergeant you'd better take all of their guns and give them to me. I'll leave them a hundred yards down the trail.

Art:

I'll get them!



Ranger: What caused the trouble here?

Card: Art Carey tried to rob me!

Art: I only tried to recover some money two of my friends lost to him in a crooked card game. Now that I have their guns, I'll take it!

Ranger: Hold on, sergeant! Whether that fellow is a crook or not, you'll risk arrest for robbery if you take any money from him.

Art: I reckon you're right, mister. Anyhow I had the satisfaction of licking him.

Card: You'll pay for it, Carey!

Art: Keep still or I'll punch you again! Here, mister, take their guns!

Ranger: I have them. Where are you going?--to the fort?

Card: No, I'm out of the Army. I was headed for Valley City when I stopped here. I intend to outfit in town, then prospect on Caravan Creek.

Ranger: Caravan Creek?

Art: I reckon I shouldn't have told that in front of Card Wilkins and his plug-uglies. I never mentioned my plans before. So if I get drygulched, you tell the sheriff who to look for.

Ranger: I'll tell him. Now if you want to ride double with me I'll take you most of the way to Valley City.

Art: Thanks, mister! Being an old cavalryman, I'd rather ride any fashion than walk. (MOUNTING EFFORT) I'm ready!

AD LIB: RIDEAWAY



Anner:

As the Lone Ranger dropped the guns on the trail and passed from sight with the ex-sergeant and Tonto, Card Wilkins got to his feet. Rubbing his jaw, he rasped--

Card:

Why didn't you fellers help me?

Rip:

You told us to stay out of it!

Spud:

Say, what's this thing I just picked up from the floor?

Card:

That?...Why, that's one of those ribbons soldiers wear on their blouses. Let me have it.

Spud:

There you are. You must have pulled it from Carey's coat.

Rip:

What does it stand for?

Card:

This is the ribbon of the Distinguished Service Medal. They say that no enlisted man except Carey ever won that medal.

Rip:

How'd he win it?

Card:

I don't know. but I've thought of a way to make this ribbon hang Art Carey-- maybe the masked man and Injun, too!

Spud:

Then you're thinking too fast for me!

Card:

First off, we'll report to the provost marshal at the fort that Carey and the other two hombres tried to rob us. Then, when we go after the Army payroll, this is what we'll do....

MUSIC:INTERLUDE



Annex: Meanwhile, Art Carey had fast become a friend of the Lone Ranger and Tonto.

(HOOFS)

As the horses trotted along toward town, he told of his adventurous military career. The masked man looked back at him and commented--

Ranger: You wear a good many campaign ribbons.

Art: The one farthest to the left is for the Sioux War. The one next to it means that I was in the Nez Perce Expedition. And-- say, I've lost the ribbon that shows I was decorated with a medal. Of course, I still have the medal so it doesn't matter much.

Ranger: Perhaps you lost it during your fight at the cafe.

Art: Likely I did. It was on my blouse when I was mustered out. But I'm not going back to look for it.

Ranger: What medal do you hold, Art?

Art: The D. S. M.

Ranger: The Distinguished Service Medal! I never saw anyone wear the ribbon or the medal except a few generals. I thought it was an honor only commissioned officers received.

Art: It was, before I received mine through a special order of the Secretary of War. The Distinguished Service Cross is the enlisted man's decoration for doing something above and beyond the call of duty, but it can't be awarded to him unless there are witnesses to what he has done.

Ranger: I see.



Art: I was detailed to scout among the hostile Sioux. No white men saw what I did, but my commanding officer, Colonel Esterly, figured I deserbed something, so he pulled the strings and I was given an officer's medal which doesn't call for witnesses.

Ranger: I congratulate you, Art. The Army needs men like you. You should have remained in the service.

Art: Maybe you're right. But I can always re-enlist.

#### MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Amner: Parting company with the Lone Ranger and Tonto in a gulch outside Valley City, Ex-Sergeant Carey soon reached the town. He was unable to find satisfactory pack animals until the following Thursday. Then, having bought two mules and loaded them with mining gear and supplies, he returned the gulch and found the masked man and Indian still there. At the Lone Ranger's invitation, Carey camped with them. That night, as the three friends sat beside a fire, Card Wilkins and his fellow crooks slipped through the guard lines at Ft. Wade, clad in cavalry uniforms. They cat-footed to the corner of the quartermaster's building, pulling yellow neckerchiefs over their faces. Then Card, who was in the lead and carried an iron stake used to picket horses, halted them.

Card: (SOTTO) There's the sentry! Before I knock him out I want to make sure that he sees and hears us.

Rip: I know what to say.

Card: Then come on!



Spud: The sentry's turning his head!

Sentry: Halt, who--

Rip: Hit him, Carey!

(BLOW)

Sentry: (Groans Slightly)

(BODY FALL)

Tip: That takes care of him! You fellers stay back while I pull down my neckerchief and call the paymaster to the door.

Spud: Right!

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

Paymaster: (INSIDE) Who's there?

Card: (NATURAL VOICE) The sergeant of the guard. I have a message for you from Colonel Esterly.

(DOOR UNLOCKS, OPENS)

Paymaster: (UP) Well, let me have it!

Card: The Colonel's compliments, and there you are!

(BLOW)

Paymaster: (GROANS) You-- you--hit me!

Rip: (BACK A LITTLE, SOTTO) He's still on his feet!

Hit him again!

(SEVERAL BLOWS)

Card: That fixed him! Come on inside!

Spud: (COMING UP) Is he--(HESITATES)

Card: Sure he's dead! I hit him hard enough to kill a bull buffalo! Now grab those sacks of money from the table.



Spud: Right!

Card: Now I'll upset some of the furniture real easy and put Art Carey's honor ribbon in the paymaster's hand. I said I'd fix him!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anncr: An hour later the Ft. Wade garrison was under arms. As buglers sounded one call after another and non-commissioned officers barked frantic orders, Captain Hoyt, the provost marshal, reported the murder of the paymaster and theft of the payroll to Colonel Esterly at post headquarters. He was saying--

Captain: After the sentry came to he said that he had been attacked by three men who wore masks and uniforms. He claimed that one of the killers called another one "Carey".

Colonel: Carey!

Captain: Yes, sir. I then investigated the quartermaster's office. It was in a state of disorder, indicating that Major Hayes put up a hard fight for his life. In his right hand he clutched the ribbon of the Distinguished Service Medal!

Colonel: No one holds that honor in this part of the West except Art Carey! It's hard to believe that he would commit robbery and murder. He was a good soldier.

Captain: Good soldiers often turn bad men as soon as they are discharged. I suppose the sudden release from discipline has something to do with it.

Colonel: What has Carey been doing since he was discharged?



Captain: Card Wilkins told me today that Carey and two other outlaws tried to hold up the First Call Cafe on Tuesday. He described one of the others as wearing a mask. The third bandit was an Indian, he said.

Colonel: Probably the same outlaws were with him tonight!

Captain: I have no doubt of it. I told Wilkins that I could do nothing in the case of the attempted robbery because his cafe was outside the military reservation and ~~Carey~~ Carey had been discharged.

(BUGLE CALL, "BOOTS AND SADDLES" IN B.G.)

Colonel: There! Boots and Saddles is sounding!

Captain: The men will be ready to ride in a few minutes.

Colonel: Issue rations for a week! Divide the regiment into fifty patrols! Scour this district from end to end! But bring in Carey and the masked man and Indian!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anncr: Meanwhile, the killers had burned the uniforms and Army money bags after burying the loot back of the cafe. Card listened to the bugles at the fort and grinned--

Card: Fellers, the way those calls sound, the whole garrison is going into action!

Spud: Some of them may come to the cafe.

Card: Let them come! We have nothing to worry about. In fact, we'll join in the hunt as soon as we hear what happened. (LAUGHS)



Rip: Maybe we should tip off the soldiers that Carey figured on prospecting up Caravan Creek.

Card: No, Rip, that might make them suspicious of us. They'll search that creek in time and get Carey. Likely the masked man and Injun will be caught first.

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annecr: It was early the next morning when the Lone Ranger, Tonto and Art Carey broke camp. The ex-sergeant left for lonely Caravan Creek with his pack mules while Tonto rode off to Valley City to buy supplies. Soon the Indian galloped back with news of the Army payroll murder which he had heard in town. Without dismounting, he gave the Lone Ranger the details, including the fact that a masked man and Indian were wanted as accomplices of Carey.

Tonto: That mean us, kemo sabay! Me hear that fellers at cafe say Carey and us tried to rob place.

Ranger: Tonto, Art was with us last night, so we know that he's as innocent as we are. His honor ribbon was planted in the murdered man's hand. We're all victims of a frame-up.

Tonto: Ugh!!

Ranger: Did anyone question you in town?

Tonto: No. Plenty Indians around there. Nobody pay attention to me.

Ranger: Here, Silver!

(HORSE NICKERS:HOOF UP TO HALT)

Tonto: What we do?



Ranger: Card Wilkins has a grudge against Carey and us. It's likely that he tore off Carey's honor ribbon during the fight and built the frame-up around it. We'll go after him and his men and try to get the truth out of them.

Tonto: Me ready!

Ranger: To the First Call Cafe! (MOUNTS)

AD LIB: RIDEAWAY

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annrc: The curtain falls on the first act of our Lone Ranger adventure. Before we continue with the next exciting scenes, please permit us to pause for a few moments.

COMMERCIAL

Annrc: Suspected to takeing part in the murder of an Army paymaster, the Lone Ramger and Tonto had headed their horses toward the First Call Cafe near Fort Wade.

(HOOFS)

As they neared the cafe, Tonto pointed--

Tonto: Look, kemo sabay! Plenty horses in front of place!

Ranger: Most of them are Army horses! Notice the McClellan saddles, scabbarded carbines and sabers! Pull up!

AD LIB: WHOAS

(HOOFS STOP)

Annrc: As the masked man and Indian drew rein several hundred yards from the cafe, a corporal stepped from behind one of the horses. Seeing the two riders on the trail, he shouted--

Corporal: (BACK) The masked man and Injun are here! <sup>Everybody, out!</sup> Out! Out! Out!

(DOOR OPENS IN BACK)

Card: (BACK) There they are! That's them!

Corporal: (BACK) Hold it, you killers! Cover them. men!



Anner: Responding to the corporal's command, the troopers rushed out of the cafe. The Lone Ranger lifted his right hand in the pace sign and called—

Ranger: We're friends! Don't fire!

Anner: Paying the masked man no heed, some of the soldiers drew revolvers while others loosened their saddle rifles. The Lone Ranger motioned to Tonto—

Ranger: Turn back! They're going to shoot! Come on, Silver!

Tonto: Getum up, Scout!

AD LIB: ENCOURAGEMENT TO HORSES AS HOOFS START

Corporal: (FARTHER BACK) They're getting away! Give them some lead!  
(SHOTS IN BACK)

Anner: Bullets ricocheted from rocks along the trail, but the Lone Ranger and Tonto had halted out of the accurate range of revolver fire. Before the soldiers could bring their carbines to bear, both men headed their horses into a ~~thicket~~ thicket. Behind them the corporal was shouting—

Corporal: (FAR BACK) Mount, men! After them!

Card: (FAR BACK) Rip! Spud! Get on your horses! We're going along!

Anner: Riding hard, the masked man and Indian shook off pursuit only to see in the distance ahead the dust clouds raised by other cavalry patrols? They drew rein!

AD LIB: WHOAS  
(HOOFS HALT)



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Ranger: Tonto, we should warn Art Carey of his danger, but we're almost certain to be killed or captured if we try to break through the cavalry patrols before dark.

Tonto: Them fellers at cafe heard Carey say him plan to go to Caravan Creek. Now them ride with soldiers. Maybe them tell soldiers where to look.



Ranger: If they framed us, they'll avoid doing anything that might direct suspicion to themselves.

Tonto: It look like everybody leave cafe. This be good chance to search place.

Ranger: They didn't/<sup>leave</sup>anything incriminating where it would be found easily or they wouldn't have joined the soldiers. Now they're beyond our reach.

Ranger: Better we look for place to hide.

Ranger: Hiding means lost time and we have no time to lose if we're to clear Carey and ourselves. We'll go to fort!

Tonto: That plenty dangeroud! It like sticking head in grizzly bear's mouth!

Ranger: In a desperate situation the boldest course is often the best. We'll put our case before the commanding officer if we can get in and find him.

AD LIB: RIDEAWAY

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Amner: A short time later Colonel Esterly paced the floor of his office. Alone at headquarters in an almost deserted fort, he had been directing the wide-spread search for the suspected killers through dispatch riders. As his restless movements took him toward the orderly room, the connecting door opened. The colonel stopped and stiffened.

(DOOR OPENS)

Colonel: The masked man and Indian!

Ranger: (COMING UP) Steady, colonel! We don't intend to harm you!



Colonel: If you killers think that you can hold me as a hostage---

Ranger: (CUTS IN) We're not killers!

Colonel: You and Carey---

Ranger: (CUTS IN) Art Carey spent the night of the payroll murder with us at a camp near Valley City.

Colonel: Such an alibi is worthless, coming from you!

Ranger: I realize that it will carry no weight as long as we are suspects. We have been framed, probably by Card Wilkins and his men, Rip and Spud.

Colonel: Before you waste any more words you'd better identify yourself.

Ranger: It may not be necessary for me to do that. The sign on your door says that you are Col. Thomas Esterly.

Colonel: Well?

Ranger: A Col. Thomas Esterly commanded the Fifth Regiment at the Battle of the Rosebud. Crazy Horse and his Sioux braves had set a trap such as they later used on Custer. At the last moment General Crook halted the regiment's advance.

Colonel: I know about that. I'm the officer of whom you're speaking.

Ranger: Did the general ever tell you why he stopped you?

Colonel: He did. But-- say, let me see one of your cartridges!

Ranger: Here you are, sir!



Colonel:

It's loaded with a silver bullet! You're the Lone Ranger who reported the Indians' trap to the general. Every man in the regiment owes his life to you, and now you're being hunted by the regiment! You're in grave danger!

Ranger:

So are my friends.

Colonel:

Mister, I owe you the greatest of all possible debts. I accept your word that you and your friends are innocent, but in view of the evidence against you and the Army's regulations I can be of little help.

Ranger:

I don't expect you to call off the hunt for us and arrest the cafe gang just because I was once of some service to the Army. We'll have to clear ourselves.

Colonel:

Yes, but how?

Ranger:

First, let me ask whether the stolen ~~money~~ money can be identified.

Colonel:

My officers and I will know it. It amounts to \$15,000 and consists entirely of five and ten-dollar gold pieces, as the rate of pay for privates is \$15 a month. The coins are new, bear this year's date and are marked with a tiny letter "P", meaning that they were minted in Philadelphia. Practically the only Philadelphia-minted coins in circulation in the West reach the public through the Army. Ordinary gold pieces bear the marks of the Denver and San Francisco mints.

Ranger:

Is it possible for you to offer a reward for the payroll killers?



Colonel: I'm sorry, mister, but Army rules do not provide for any rewards except the five-dollar bounties on deserters.

Ranger: If a private individual were to offer a substabtial reward, would you have the notices printed and posted

Colonel: Certainly. But why should such notices be necessary? The cafe gang can be easily captured if any proof of guilt is forthcoming.

Ranger: I want the posters to state that Art Carey and a masked man and Indian are wanted, dead or alive! Say that a citizen who perfers not to make his name known has made the<sup>reward</sup> offer.

Colonel: I don't follow you. Who is offering the money?

Ranger: I am!

Colonel: What! Are you putting a price on your own head and the heads of your friends?

Ranger: Not exactly, but I'll make arrangements for the payment of the money in event worst comes to worst.

Colonel: This is madness!

Ranger: Colonel, I have a plan. Most men become murderers because they want money or revenge. Card Wilkins is both money-hungry and revengeful. Those qualities in his character can be used to establish his guilt if, as I believe, he and his men committed the crime. This is what I expect to do....

## MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anncr: After listening to the Lone Ranger's plan, Colonel Esterly directed him to an abandoned powder magazine at the edge of the military reservation.



Annecr:

There he and Tonto remained through the rest of the day. That night they set out for Caravan Creek to hunt for Art Carey. It was several days later when the crook known as Rip hurried into the First Call Cafe.

(DOOR OPENS:CLOSES:FAST STEPS)

Rip:

Fellers, look at this!

Card:

What is it?

(STEPS STOP)

Rip:

It's a reward notice some soldier just gave me. A citizen who doesn't want his name used is offering a heap of money for Carey, the masked man and the Injun.

Card:

Let me see it?

(PAPER RUSTLES)

Card:

It says they're wanted dead or alive! Boys, this is our chance to square accounts with Carey and get paid for doing it. Pack some grub and saddle up!

Spud:

Where are we going, Card?

Card:

To Caravan Creek! We'll fix that has-been sergeant and collect on his carcass!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Annecr:

Meanwhile, the Lone Ranger and Tonto had found former non-commissioned officer at work on a worthless placer. They explained what had happened and advised him what to do in event the cafe gang appeared. The ever-adventurous Carey readily fell in with the plan. After several uneventful days, the masked man and Indian, who had concealed themselves on the boulder-covered creek bank while Carey panned gravel below them, sighted three riders a short distance downstream. They loosened their guns.



Ranger: Those men are civilians!

Tonto: Me think them are fellers we want!

Ranger: They've stopped and dismounted. Now they're coming on Indian fashion! (CALLS SOTTO) Art, be ready! This may be it!

Art: (BACK, SOTTO) Right!

Annrcr: A few minutes later the crawling men were close enough for the Lone Ranger and Tonto to identify them as Card Wilkins, Rip and Spud. Suddenly the crooks rose as one man, their guns drawn.

Card: (BACK) Freeze, Carey!

Art: (BACK) Wilkins!

Card: (BACK) Come on, fellers! Jump down the bank!

(JUMPS IN BACK)

Card: Now take his gun and hold his arms!

Spud: (BACK) Right!

Rip: (BACK) I've got his gun! (EFFORT) Hold still, feller!

(STRUGGLE)

Card: (BACK) Hang on to him! I'm going to bust his jaw before I plug him!

Annrcr: In their efforts to hold on to the ex-sergeant, Rip and Spud had holstered their revolvers. As Card lowered his six-shooter and prepared to slug the prisoner, the Lone Ranger and Tonto leaped from their hiding place.

Ranger: Wilkins, drop that gun!

(STEPS ON STONE)



Card: (BACK A LITTLE)The masked man and Injun!

Ranger: Drop your gun or I'll fire!

Card: (UP)There it goes!

(STEPS STOP)

Rip: Our hands are up! Don't shoot!

Art: I'll pick up Wilkins' gun and disarm the other buzzards! (EFFORT) Keep them covered! (EFFORT) There, that takes care of them!

Card: You can't get away with this! There are a thousand soldiers after you!

Art: They're not here! That's why we tricked you into hunting me on this creek.

Card: Tricked us?

Art: That's what I said. The masked man had that reward notice printed just as a come-on. And so-o---(BREAKS)

Card: Art, what are you going to do to us?

Art: You 've tried twice to kill me! You've framed me so I'm liable to hang! What would you do in my boots?

Rip: He's fixing to shoot us!

Art: Shooting's too good for varmints like you! I have another idea! It's something that'll make you fellows confess that you murdered the paymaster!

Amner: Seeing the stark terror in the eyes of his fellow crooks and believing that they were ready to betray him, Card Wilkins was desperate. At that moment the Lone Ranger, who had been holding a gun on the cafe keeper, made a pretense of stumbling over a shovel.



Am cr: Wilkins whirled and ran--

Card: I'm getting out of here!

(RUNNING STEPS FADING BACK)

Ranger: Stop, Wilkins!

Card: (FADING BACK) Try and stop me!

(SHOTS)

Tonto: Him on top of bank! Him run for horse!

(SHOTS)

Ranger: Now he's out of sight among the rocks!

Rip: You let him get away on purpose! You shot way over his head!

Ranger: You're right! I allowed him to escape just as soon as I saw that he was afraid you two fellows would confess.

Spud: I don't savvy that.

Ranger: If I know crooks, Wilkins will head straight for the place where you hid the payroll money. He probably hopes to get across the Mexican border with it.

Rip: I'll tell you where the money is! I'll tell every thing!

Ranger: Save your statements for Colonel Esterly! You'd either lie to us or claim later that we forced you to talk. Even if you led us to the money you'd be in a position to say that we hid it.

Art: Wilkins has to be caught with the goods on him! It's our only way out of this frame-up!



Tonto: Him got big start now!

Ranger: It should be big enough to make him think he's safe. I'll follow his trail while you and Art take the prisoners to the fort!

MUSIC:INTERLUDE

Anner: As the day drew to a close, the Lone Ranger and Colonel Esterly crouched in the chapparal which grew along one side of the First Call ~~WANKWON~~ Cafe. The masked man was saying--

Ranger: I saw Wilkins dig something out of the hill over there. Then he took his saddlebags and went into the cafe. That was just before I reported to you at the fort.

Colonel: He must still be inside. His stallion is at the hitchrack.

Ranger: Colonel, I only need you as a witness. May I suggest that you stay here when he comes out. In all probability he has armed himself again.

Colonel: Mister, this is my fight now as well as yours. You know I'll be courtmartialed if we fail to catch Wilkins with the payroll money and it becomes known that I helped and harbored you.

(DOOR OPENS,CLOSES IN BACK)

Ranger: (SOTTO) There he is!

Anner: Stooping under the weight of two bulging saddlebags which hung over his right shoulder, Card Wilkins crossed the cafe porch to his horse. As he turned his back and took hold of the bags with both hands, the Lone Ranger nudged the colonel--

Ranger: This is our chance!



NEW PAGE 25

Colonel: Let's get him!

(RUNNING STEPS)

Anncr: As the Lone Ranger and army officer broke from cover, Card Wilkins whirled—

Card: (BACK A LITTLE) The masked man!

Anncr: As the same moment he dropped his heavy saddlebags and dove behind a nearby rock. The masked man was shouting—

Ranger: Give up, Wilkins! You can't get away!

Anncr: The outlaw's response was a wild shot. The bullet missed the Lone Ranger, who had reached the horse's head, but creased the animal's neck.

(SHOT:HORSE SQUEALS,FRANKES)

Anncr: Squealing with pain and rage, the big stallion reared, breaking his tie strap and striking out with his front hoos. The Lone Rangre dodged, but one threshing hoof fanned his head and hit his shoulder.

Ranger: (GROANS)  
(BODY FALL)

Anncr: Although the blow was glancing, it stretched the masked man on the ground, half-stunned. Colonel Esterly ran to his aid.

Colonel: I'll help you, mister! Whoa, there! Whoa!

Anncr: Seizing the stallion's bridle, the colonel attempted to quiet him before his deadly hoofs again reached the Lone Ranger's body.

AD LIB: WHOAS



NEW PAGE 26

Annrcr: In his struggle with the horse the colonel dropped his revolver. Then Wilkins rose from behind the rock.

(SEVERAL STEPS APPROACHING)

Card: (COMING IP) Now I'll fix you fellers!

Annrcr: As Colonel Esterly groped on the ground for his fallen gun, the outlaw kicked it out of his reach.

Card: (UP) No, you don't!

(STEPS STOP)

Annrcr: The spinning gun came to rest beside the Lone Ranger who, in the meantime, had shaken off the effects of the blow he had received from the stallion's hoof. Grasping the weapon, he struggled to one knee as Wilkins yelled---

Card: Here's where you get it, colonel!

Ranger: Drop that gun, Wilkins!

(SHOTS)

Card: (GROANS)

(BODY FALL)

Colonel: You took care of that crook, mister! In another second he would have murdered me! Are you badly hurt?

Ranger: No, colonel! Neither is Wilkins. I'll take his gun while you examine those saddlebags.

Colonel: I'll look inside of them at once, sir! (PAUSE, EFFORT)  
There, I have one of ~~the saddlebags~~ flaps open!



NEW PAGE 26-A

(COINS CLINK)

Ranger: Is it the Army payroll?

Colonel: It is beyond a doubt!

Card: (GROANS) Do something for me! My arm's broken!

Colonel: I'll take you to the post hospital shortly. Meanwhile, you'd better make a clean breast of your part in the the payroll robbery and the murder of Major Hayes.

Card: (GROANS) I haven't anything to say!

Colonel: I think your confederates may be persuaded to talk.

Card: So you figure on making a deal with Spud and Rip!

Colonel: Few outlaws refuse to talk when it is a matter of saving thir own necks. The first who tells the truth and agrees ~~me~~ to testify for the Government stands a little chance of getting off with his life.

Card: (GROANS) If you'll promise--(BREAKS)

Colonel: I don't make promises to a ~~murder~~ crook. The decision is up to y ou.

Card: Then I'll talk. Spud and Rip helped me on the job. We put Carey's honor ribbon in the paymaster's hand and lied about the masked man and Injun. They're the kind of fellers who'd ~~murder~~ blab if I didn't. They were in with me on some stage holdups.

Ranger: That's all I want to know.

Card: Then get me to a hospital. My arm--BREAKS,GROANS)

(HOOFES FADING IN)



New Page 26-B

Ranger: Colonel, here comes one of your cavalry patrols!

Colonel: That's the provost marshal's detachment, Captain Hoyt commanding!

Captain: (COMING UP) Detachment, halt!

(HOOFES STOP)

Captain: We heard firing, sir! ...Why, you's caught the masked man! Did he shoot Card Wilkins?



Colonel: I'll ask the questions! What are you doing with Carey and the Indian?

Captain: We just captured them. They had two civilian hostages<sup>s</sup> whom I'm holding as witnesses.

Ranger: Colonel, those civilians are Rip and Spud!

Colonel: Arrest them, Captain Hoyt! Release the other two men!

Captain: Yes, sir!

Colonel: The masked man and I have recovered the payroll money and obtained a confession from Card Wilkins that he and his henchmen, Rip and Spud, committed the crimes at the fort. Carey, front and center!

Art: Yes, sir! (DISMOUNTS)

(SEVERAL STEPS TO HALT)

Colonel: Let me pin the ribbon of your Distinguished Service Medal on your blouse again! I'm sorry that ~~that~~ this proud emblem caused me to doubt your honor.

Art: And I'm sorry that I ever quit the Army. I'd like to re-enlist, sir.

Colonel: Consider it done, Sergeant Carey! Dismissed!

Ranger: (CALLS) Here, Silver!

(HORSE NICKERS: HOOFS UP TO HALT AS)

Colonel: Are you leaving, mister?

Ranger: Yes, colonel. Adios, sir! Adios, sergeant!

Art: Adios, mister! You did a lot for me! You should be wearing this ribbon!

Ranger: No, there is only one place for it and that is a soldier's breast! Are you ready, Tonto?



Tonto: Me ready!

AD LIB: RIDEAWAY

Colonel: Men, give our friends a cheer!

AD LIB: CHEERS

Colonel: Captain, have the bugler sound the recall! I don't want any more mistakes made about the Lone Ranger!

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