

The Green Hornet
by Fran Striker

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The Murder Gas.

Britt Reid cracks the axis agents
who try murder as a means to get
a priceless secret.

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Bill

(USUAL OPENING)

Anncr; Britt Reid sat in his office. Lenore Case stood
at the side of his desk.

Case; If someth ing isn't done about him- he's going to
think he really IS a reporter, Mr. Reid! He's
traveling with Lowry today!

Britt; But Miss Case, I told Axford to locate doctor
Lockhart!

Case; I know you did. That's something he MIGHT be able to
do if he put his mind on it, his expereince as a cop
might help him on locating a missing person, but no-
not Axford! He came in w th a negative report and
then rushed out to go on something with Lowry!

Britt; What did Axford report on Doctor Lockgart?

Case; The doctor has closed hislaboratory and left the
city.

Britt; Whom did Axford speak to? Lockgart's secretary?

Case; Yes. He reported that Lockhart's secretary wuldn't
tell where he was, then he went out in a rush!

Britt; A rush eh?

CASE: Yes. Lowry had a call on a suicide. Axford went to help him cover it.

BRITT: I see. Did Axford express any curiosity about Doctor Lockhart?

CASE: No.

BRITT: He didn't even wonder why I wanted him located?

CASE: No. Axford's curiosity is slipping.

BRITT: So it seems.

CASE: Mine however, is not.

BRITT: No?

CASE: I thought you'd want whatever we had on the doctor. I took his file from the morgue. There's even an obit written for him.

BRITT: The Doctor is an old man.

CASE: Mr. Reid, he's been working on a gas. You knew that?

BRITT: Yes.

CASE: Several years ago, he was interviewed. He announced at that time that he was working on a new gas. He felt that it was a variation of the gas that is used by the Green Hornet.

BRITT: I remember. That was when my father got steamed up and kept the long distance phone humming with his calls of insistance that we keep in close touch with the doctor and enlist his help in combating the Hornet.

CASE: Well - following your instructions at that time, someone kept close contact with the doctor. He was interviewed about every two weeks. He reported progress, but slow progress. We used only a few of the interviews, the rest never saw daylight, but they are all here in this sheaf of papers.

BRITT: I'll read these ~~many~~ ^{OLD ARTICLES} ~~pieces~~.

CASE: Mr. Reid, shortly before the United States entered the war, we felt that Lockhart was close to discovery. Do you remember?

BRITT: Clearly.

CASE: Then he turned clam. No more interviews, no more pictures, no more visitors in his lab.

BRITT: Pictures -I see we have quite a few of them.

CASE: Mostly taken in his lab. Several of them show the people who worked with him there.

BRITT: So I see.

CASE: Mr. Reid, is it terribly important that you locate Dr. Lockhart?

BRITT: Why?

CASE: His secretary knows where he is.

BRITT: Will she talk?

CASE: Not under ordinary circumstances, but--

BRITT: But what?

CASE: Well ~~do you remember~~ that time your father wanted you on the phone? He ~~had~~ ^{had the} long distance operator follow you on a tour of seven night clubs before you were located.

BRITT: Miss Case - Get my father on the phone!

CASE: B-ut I thought you wanted Doctor Lockhart? Your father-

BRITT: Father is at this moment in Washington. HE can call the secretary -what's her name?

CASE: Nora Benham -

BRITT: Nora Benham- HE can call her by Long Distance - whereas if I call it is just a matter of a few blocks ~~HERE I DO NOT NEED THESE ACTING~~ ~~blocks - get ahead in my office~~

CASE: *Alright Mr. Reid I'll get him on the phone right away*
SOUND: ~~PHONE HOOK~~

~~PHONE HOOK~~ *B* DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE
STEPS
PHONE HOOK

CASE: Hello, Operator. Mr. Reid wants to speak to his father. Try the Mayflower Hotel in Washington.

SOUND: PHONE HOOK,

B DOOR OPENS HARD

AXFORD: Casey, is-

CASE: Axford -don't slam that door!

AXFORD: Ohohoh... *X*

B SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

Top

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CASE: Someday you're going to splinter it!

AXFORD: By golly, Casey, me an' Lowry bumped into a sad suicide tuesday! I thought I oughtta tell Reid about it. He might want - oh I see yuh got a pitcher already. Who got this?

CASE: Axford, I wish you'd learn not to paw things on my desk.

AXFORD: I'm not pawin'; I'm only lookin'. This pitcher is-

CASE: That PITCHER is five years old. It is Doctor Lockhart-

AXFORD: Like fun it is, it's Jason Filbert the guy that's dead.

CASE: Huh?

AXFORD: Right here!

CASE: Axford, is this coincidence?

AXFORD: This, Casey, is Filbert! Jason Filbert. Wouldn't I know after seein' the camaver? I got a photographic eye!

CASE: Wait -let me look at this. Yes -you're right, Axford! Filbert was an assistant to Doctor Lockhart! He's dead you say?

AXFORD: As dead as they come an' it's suicide that done it. The poor guy couldn't take the duration, I guess. He left a sort of a note.

CASE: Look big fella, give me the facts on that suicide.
The boss might be especially interested.

B SOUND: PHONE RINGS

CASE: Write 'em down while I take this.

B SOUND: PHONE HOOK

CASE: Yes? Oh () Oh all right. Just a moment.

SOUND: HOOK

CASE: Mr. Reid, ready with your father in Washington. ()
Go ahead.

SOUND: HOOK

BRITT: (FADING IN) Everything is all right Dad. I'd tell
you if there was anything wrong. () Of course I'm
attending to business! () Yes, Axford's all right
too. () No, the Police haven't a line on the
Green Hornet yet, but they're optimistic. () Dad,
look here, this call's not on my personal account.
It's on the office and I can't waste time on things
that can be said in a letter. Keep calls to three
minutes, or haven't you heard that in
Washington? () Well, here's the point. I'm trying
to locate a doctor Lockhart. Yes, that's the man.
And I don't want to use the authorities to find him.
He's left the city. His secretary knows where he
can be reached, I think. But she won't tell ordinary
mortals. If you put in a long distance call for him
tell the operator he can be reached thru his
secretary. Long distance will do the rest.

W 8

AXFORD: (APPROACHING) Sufferin' Snakes, Reid, I been waitin' tuh tell yez the news. It's about the suicide.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES

AXFORD: You was wantin' to get in touch with Doc Lockhart this mornin'.

BRITT: Yes, Axford.

AXFORD: Well -whilst I was wit' Lowry on a suicide story, we found it was one of the guys that used tuh work fer Lockhart that had done away wit' himself, an' wit' the gas that Lockhart invented, too!

BRITT: What makes you think it was a suicide?

AXFORD: Why golly, Reid. It was easy tuh see. The cops had it all worked out. In the first place, there wasn't any way that anyone else could o' done it, an' there was the note, too-

BRITT: A suicide note?

AXFORD: Sure thing. The guy was despondent, or somethin'.

BRITT: Axford, look at this one picture.

AXFORD: Yeah, I saw one like it on Casey's desk. It's Lockhart an' his helpers when they was workin' on the secret gas.

BRITT: Isn't this the dead man?

AXFORD: That's the guy. Filbert is his name.

BRITT: Do you know this other man, Or this woman?

AXFORD: No. On yeah -that came is Nora Benham wit' her hair done different. I talked wit' her whilst I was tryin' tuh find Lockhart fer yez.

BRITT: That's right. This is an old picture.

AXFORD: I don't know the other guy though.

BRITT: Asher Varden.

AXFORD: Asher --now there's an odd name.

BRIT : Axford, I'm going to tell you something confident-ially.

AXFORD: Sure, you c'n count on me tuh keep it secret.

BRITT: Lockhart DID invent a new gas. A deadly gas!

AXFORD: Yeah?

BRITT: He was aided in the discovery by Asher Varden, Nora Benham and this man who just died -Filbert.

AXFORD: But what'd he do after he discovered the gas?

BRITT: Closed his laboratory, swore those who shared the secret with him to secrecy and went away.

AXFORD: What about the gas?

BRITT: It has been turned over to the government. Whether or not it will be used depends on the performance of Hitler and Tojo.

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AXFORD: If they want tuh start somethin', Doc Lockhart's gas will finish it, eh?

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ SOUND: ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ PHONE RING *very short*

BRITT: Just a minute.

B SOUND: ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ NOISE OFF

BRITT: Yes? () Oh, all right Miss Case. I'll take it on the private line. () Axford, Miss Case wants to say something to you.

AXFORD: Huh? Oh, outside, eh?

*Other room
~~sound~~
sound*

BRITT: Um.

AXFORD: I'll be back Reid. (FADES)

SOUND: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

BRITT: Hello. Hello ~~Doctor~~ Lockhart. I'm glad you phoned. I think you remember me. We met several times. () You do? That simplifies matters. Have you heard of the Green Hornet? () Well, I have a letter here, signed with the mark of the Green Hornet. It is of particular interest to you. I want you to see it. () Doctor Lockhart, I'd sooner show it to you direct. () It isn't that I don't trust your secretary. () Yes, Doctor Lockhart. () Very well -I'll send it to her.

MUSIC: BURST, FADE DOWN

BRITT: Axford, Doctor Lockhart will telephone Nora Benham and tell her what to do with this letter when she receives it.

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(2/2)

AXFORD: Okay, Reid. But what am I supposed tuh do wit' it?

BRITT: Simply deliver it to Miss Benham. That's all.
Kato will have the car at the curb. He'll take you to her home.

AXFORD: Yeah -that's where she could be found. She won't go to Lockhart's Lab no more since he closed it up. But Reid, I don't need Kato tuh take me, I got me own car-

BRITT: It's possible that I might want someone to swear the letter was delivered. In which case, Kato would be handy.

AXFORD: Oh, all right. What's in the letter?

BRITT: It's sealed.

AXFORD: Oh. Well, alright. I'm on me way.

MUSIC: UP THEN DOWN
SOUND: CAR IN BG

AXFORD: I'd sure like tuh know why this letter is so important, wouldn't you, Kato?

KATO: Importance is thing of relative value. What might be of great importance to Doctor would be of no importance to us.

AXFORD: That's where she lives, Kato. That little cottage over there.

KATO: Yes, Mr. Axford.

AXFORD: Pull up tuh the curb an' I'll go in.

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12/1

MUSIC: UP, CUT
START SOFT AGAIN
SOUND: RAP ON DOOR

KATO: You tried bell?

AXFORD: Yeah -before you come up the stairs an' they was
no answer. Maybe it don't work -so I'm rappin'.

SOUND: RAP ON DOOR

MUSIC: UP * CUT

AXFORD: No answer. I'll telephone Reid an' see what he says
tuh do now.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

BRITT: I came as quickly as I could, Axford! I had to
call the police.

AXFORD: The cops? Holy Crow.

KATO: Are they on the way?

BRITT: Yes.

AXFORD: Why'd yuh call the cops in just because Nora Benham
don't answer her door? Maybe she ain't .. she
isn't at home.

BRITT: I checked back with Doctor Lockhart. He was still
at a camp in the mountains. He said he had talked
to Miss Benham by phone. He told her the letter
was on the way and gave her instructions about it.

AXFORD: Oh-

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~~(14)~~

BRITT: So it isn't likely she'd leave the house, knowing the importance of the letter.

AXFORD: She did know that?

BRITT: Yes.

AXFORD: Golly.

KATO: There is police car.

BRITT: God. Now we'll get inside.

AXFORD: Reid, you suspect foul play, don't yez?

BRITT: Frankly, I do.

AXFORD: Why?

BRITT: Because, Axford, I happen to KNOW the contents of that letter.

AXFORD: Oh- wha...maybe if you was to tell me what they was, I could deduce somethin'.

BRITT: The letter had the signature of the Green Hornet.

AXFORD: Sufferin' snakes, that does it!

BRITT: Does what?

SOUND: HEAVY STEPS APPROACHING ON STAIRS

AXFORD: That gits ME in it! I'm goin' tuh git that Hornet if it's the last thing I do! Hi, Doyle, how are yez?

*had much
all over*

Doyle; Hello Axford! What's up?

Axford; Doyle! It's the Green Hornet!

Doyle; WHAT?

Britt; It's a letter from the Hornet, Doyle! But before we go into that, see if you can find a key to open this door!

Doyle! Why so? It's not accordin' to-

Britt; Confound it Doyle! Open the door! I have reason to think Miss Benham's in trouble! She was WAITING for this letter! She would answer the bell, IF SHE COULD!

KEYS.

Doyle; This skeleton key might do the work- but first I'll have tuh get rid of the key that's in the lock on the inside. Maybe I can poke it out.
LOCK.

Doyle; There! That does it! Now I'll have the door open in no time.

DOOR OPENS.

~~MUSIC~~ tension *B-J-B* d.g. *slow*

Doyle; (AFTER PAUSE) Windows all closed and locked- Better open a few, it's stuffy in here.

Axford; Maybe if we called again - (CALL(Miss Benham-

Britt; Try the next room.

A-A.

DOOR OPENS.

B-J-B ~~steps~~

Axford; Maybe she's-- HOLY CROW!

Other room studio

Doyle; Stand back! Let me examine her!

Axford; Sprawled on the floor- like filbert was!

15-~~12~~

BRITT: What about it Doyle ?

DOYLE: Reid! She's dead! And no mark of injury -so far.

AXFORD: Just like Filbert! Holy Crow, Reid, look! Another note!

DOYLE: Let me see that!

AXFORD: A suicide note, just like Filbert left. An' here's another one of the same kind o' containers that held gas!

BRITT: This is no suicide!

DOYLE: But Reid, the way the house was locked-

BRITT: This is murder! Here's a letter from the Green Hornet to prove it!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

ANNCR: The curtain falls on the first act of our Green Hornet drama. Before the next exciting scenes please permit us to pause for just a moment.

COMMERCIAL

ANNCR: Britt Reid was in his office the day after the tragic deaths of Filbert and Nora Penham. His visitor was the famous scientist, Doctor Beckhart.

LOCK: I knew, Mr. Reid, that foreign agents were after the formula for that gas. That is why I called my three associates together and told them we would turn one copy of the formula over to the government and destroy all other written data.

BRITT: Yes, Doctor Lockhart. Did you do that?

LOCK: We did. There were several small containers of the gas which we made up for test purposes. These were locked in a vault in my lab. I find that they have been taken.

BRITT: One container, empty, was found in Filbert's home.

LOCK: Yes, and another in Nora Benham's.

BRITT: What's the nature of the gas?

LOCK: Colorless and odorless. Deadly for a short time but quickly dissipated. The containers are harmless in a fair sized room, unless someone took a direct breath of the gas when the container was opened.

BRITT: Here Doctor Lockhart, is a copy of the letter I turned over to the police. As you see, it is signed with an insignia of the Green Hornet.

LOCK: This is the letter you wanted to deliver to me?

BRITT: Yes.

~~BRITT~~ LOCK: Where did you get it?

BRITT: You can see by the envelope that it was addressed to the Daily Sentinel. Read it.

LOCK: To the Daily Sentinel! It might be of interest to you to know that I overheard conversation that might imply trouble. The subject of discussion was a gas perfected by Doctor Lockhart. Enemy agents secured samples of this gas but found it impossible to analyze. They planned therefore to compel those who knew the formula to reveal it to them. I don't know who the people are. Perhaps if you warn the doctor it will be in time to prevent the loss of an important secret. I am, after all an American even though I am -The Green Hornet.

BRITT:

Now you have it.

put earphones on

LOCK:

But Reid, why doesn't the Hornet name the people he overheard?

BRITT:

He says he doesn't know who they were.

LOCK:

But I-

BRITT:

Perhaps he was in a position where it would have been disastrous to him to show himself, he might have been without his mask or weapons-

LOCK:

Y-yes-

BRITT:

Yet in such a position that he would be known as the Hornet if he were seen. There are many possibilities you see.

LOCK:

To think that I, who started out trying to determine the gas the Hornet used in the hope of trapping him, would be helped by the Hornet-

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BRITT: He's been of little help, so far-

LOCK: I know but his intentions were good. But Reid, I've talked to the police-

BRITT: They favor the suicide angle.

LOCK: Yes, and they do it in spite of the letter you showed them -this letter.

BRITT: Axford is outside. He may have some late word from the Police.

B-9-18
CASE:

B SOUND: CLICK

(DICTO) Yes?

BRITT: Send Axford in.

CASE:

YES SIR

B SOUND: CLICK

LOCK: Of course, it IS possible that Filbert and Nora preferred death to torture. They may have been contacted by these -these enemy agents. Threatened.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

AXFORD: (APPROACHING) Yeah Reid

BRITT: Axford, this is Doctor Lockhart -

AXFORD: Oh, it's glad I am tuh know yez, Doc. I heard about you.

BRITT: Mr. Axford, doctor.

Lock; How do you do!

Britt; What's the latest report, Axford?

Axford; Reid, the cops went over the Benham place wit' a fine tooth comb. Then they went back an' went over the Filbert place again. The two deaths was as much alike as peas in a pod. The cops think the inquest will come to call it suicide.

Lock; But in view of -

Axford; They's the suicide notes, yuh see, an' the doors an' windows was all locked

Britt; A clever criminal can leave a place and make it look as though it had been left locked on the inside.

Axford; But keys was all in the doors..on the inside. Remember how Doyle had tuh fiddle around before he could get his skeletin key in?

Britt; Axford, a key can be turned from the wrong side, with finem powerful pliers - designed for the purpose-

Axford; But the writin' on the notes was done by the victims, an' there wasn't any other fingerprints around-

Britt; Lockhart, these killers are clever!

Lock You still say - murder?

Britt; I do.

LOCK: Because you believe the Hornet's note?

BRITT: There are other reasons. You talked to Nora Benham on the phone. Even if she were contemplating suicide, is it likely that she would do so, knowing that an important letter would arrive any moment?

LOCK: Well -n-no.

BRITT: You knew these people. Was either one a suicide type

LOCK: No.

AXFORD: But Reid, the handwritin' --

BRITT: Clever forgery.

LOCK: It took brilliant execution to enter my laboratory and take those vials of gas from the vault, -yet that was done by someone.

BRITT: The next attempt might be on YOUR life, Lockhart.

LOCK: The First attempt, Mr. Reid, was on my life.

AXFORD: Holy Crow.

LOCK: That is why I went away. I didn't dream these agents would transfer their attentions to my assistants!

BRITT: How long ago?

LOCK: A couple of months. I had a telephone call. I was told that I should prepare a copy of the process for making the gas and signify that it was ready by an ad in the classified section of the Sentinel.

BRITT: Did you report the threatening phone call to the police and telephone company officials?

LOCK: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~. No.

~~BRITT~~ BRITT: You should have. The next time a call came to your house it could have been checked.

LOCK: There was no other. I didn't insert the ad, so I was fired at as I was about to enter my home one evening. Rather than take further risks, I went away.

BRITT: So the agents then took the samples of the gas from the vault?

LOCK: Yes. Miss Benham reported that to me. Probably they were looking for a copy of the formula when they found the samples.

YES I KNOW

BRITT: How about Asher Varden? He is the only one excepting yourself, who knows the method of making that gas. Isn't he?

LOCK: Yes. He is the only one - *Now* -

AXFORD: Then the cops had better have you an' Varden guarded night an' day! I'll have a talk wit' Doyle. I'll make him see that even if the cops DO think o' the deaths as suicides, there'll be nothin' lost by havin' guards on the job.

LOCK: Guards! Humph! People who are as clever as these crooks won't be stopped by guards! They'll find a way.

BRITT: It would simplify matters if you and Varden stayed together for the next few days,

LOCK: Do you think so?

BRITT: Yes. Your home is closed, Lockhart, why don't you call Varden and tell him you'll stay with him.

LOCK: It mightn't be a bad idea at that. He has a nice little home.

BRITT: Family?

LOCK: No. He lives alone. A housekeeper comes in days.

BRITT: You seem to have made it a point to associate with people without families.

LOCK: Well, when I started my experiments I didn't want to take any risks, so I secured people like Filbert and Varden whose whole life was wrapped in their work. Then you see, there was no likelihood that'd they'd divulge what they learned to a wife.

BRITT: I see.

LOCK: I'll call Varden at once and tell him to expect me.

BRITT: Do so. You may use this phone.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

ANNCR: That evening in the privacy of his bedroom, Britt Reid made careful preparations with his trusted valet, Kato.

BRITT: I made sure Axford would be at Police Headquarters for the next few hours. That will keep him out of our way.

KATO: Yes, Mr. Britt.

BRITT: If only we hadn't been in such a position when we heard that agent speaking on the phone, Kato.

KATO: I know-

BRITT: Just a voice, that's all. By the time we got where we could see the phone -he was gone. If we'd shown ourselves, he would have known the identity of the Green Hornet-

KATO: You learned one thing of importance though.

BRITT: Yes. I learned that there was a deadline. The unknown Mr. X HAS to produce the formula before the end of this week or he will be discredited. There, the weapon's loaded!

~~KATO: But Mr. Britt.~~

~~BRITT: Yes.~~

~~KATO: How can he cause murder and leave all the doors and windows locked to give appearance of suicide?~~

~~BRITT: I don't know, Kato. We're going to try to find that out.~~

~~KATO: How could he forge handwriting so well?~~

KATO:

~~yes!~~ yes!

BRITT:

Now give me those nose plugs, Kato. We may need them as a protection against this gas.

KATO:

Here they are.

BRITT:

Good.

KATO:

It is to be hoped that Mr. X will make appearance tonite at Varden house.

BRITT:

Kato, he HAS to. If he doesn't get the formula tonight, he'll lose his last chance.

KATO:

Here is mask of Green Hornet.

BRITT:

Right. Now we're ready.

ANNCR:

Stepping through a secret panel in the rear of a closet in his bedroom, Britt Reid and Kato went along a narrow passage built within the wall of the apartment house itself. This passage led to an adjoining building which fronted on a dark street. Though supposedly abandoned, this building served as the hiding place for the sleek, super-powered Black Beauty, the streamlined car of the Green Hornet.

B - CND. OPEN & CLOSE

SOUND: STEPS INTO CAR

CAR START .. BEHIND..

other room sound
B-28

ANNCR: Britt Reid pressed a button .. the great car roared into life .. a section of the wall in front raised automatically, then closed as the gleaming Black Beauty sped into the darkness.

SOUND: CAR UP

MUSIC: COVER

~~ANNCR~~

LOCK: I don't see how anyone could get into the house, Varden, with those guards outside--

VARDEN: But as you said, Doctor Lockhart, this foreign agent must be devilishly clever!

LOCK: Let me ask you something.

VARDEN: Yes sir?

LOCK: Let us suppose he did come to you, demanding that you write the formula for him--

VARDEN: y-yes?

LOCK: I -I doubt if I could remember it.

LOCK: You're evading the answer. You could remember enough of it to give him a pretty accurate idea of the process.

VARDEN: Well I - I think I might give him a fake formula. That would satisfy him for the time.

LOCK: You are scientist enough to know that a fake formula would never get by a man who understood chemistry. He would know, or at least have a fairly good idea, whether or not the reactions would work.

VARDEN: Probably you're right, Doctor Lockhart. I - I would hate to be placed in a position where my life had to be given to protect a formula. I - (BREAKS)

LOCK: What is it?

VARDEN: I heard something.

LOCK: The guards outside.

VARDEN: No. It was here, in the house. I'm sure of it. I - (BREAK) I heard it again. A creaking floor board.

LOCK: But that can't be! I-

BRITT: Please keep your voices down.

VARDEN: (GASP) Masked!

LOCKET: The Hornet! The Green Hornet!

BRITT: I said keep quiet!

LOCK: How did you get in here?

BRITT: A simple matter of creeping up when the guards weren't watching and using skeleton keys. My car, driven past, attracted the attention of the guards.

VARDEN: Then YOU are the foreign agent! The Green Hornet!

BRITT: There is no use trying to convince you that that is not the case. I haven't time. Developments may change your mind!

LOCK: I - I wish you'd lower that weapon.

BRITT: Soon, Lockhart, after I've used it!

LOCK: No! No! (GASPS) Y-y-you-

VARDEN: Doctor! Doctor -you

BRITT: You too, Varden! I want both of you sleeping.

VARDEN: (SOBBING AND COUGHING) Oh-h you ..

~~SOUND EFFECTS~~
~~FALLING BODY~~
~~TENSION INT.~~
~~Sound~~

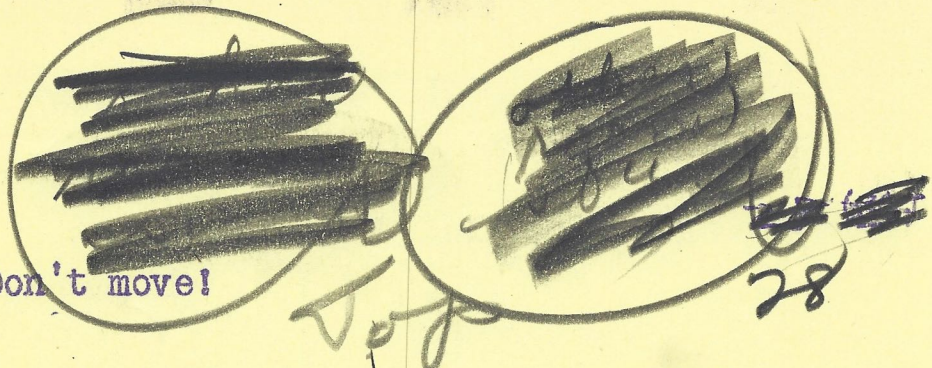
ANNCR: Varden and Lockhart slumped unconscious to the floor. Then the Green Hornet acted with deft fingers and lightning fast movements. He injected a serum into the arm of each man. Then he stripped off his hat, topcoat and mask. He pulled a wig over his head, fixed a beard to his face and applied make-up. He then took his seat in the armchair recently vacated by Doctor Lockhart.

MUSIC: UP THEN DOWN

ANNCR: The minutes reached an hour and then half of another hour while Varden and Lockhart remained unconscious in a bedroom of the house. From time to time Britt Reid went to examine them and check their respiration.

BRITT: (MUTTERING) Sleeping comfortably enough. They'll be good 'till morning.

ANNCR: He resumed his seat and his vigil, breathing thru ^{that} filtering plugs/fitted his nostrils. Then, a dark figure moved through the rooms. A man poked a gun toward the young publisher and spoke in a guttural voice-



BLATZ:

Don't move!

BRITT:*

Well, at last.

BLATZ:

You are covered, Dr. Lockhart! I think you know why I am here, eh?

BRITT:

I assume you came for a formula.

BLATZ:

Exactly. Already two of your stupid hirelings have been stubborn. With you it is different. You have ones whom you love. If I could have death directly with you in the first place, those others need not have died.

BRITT:

I suppose you've brought a sample of the gas to use on ME in the event that I refuse to cooperate, eh?

BLATZ:

To be sure.

BRITT:

^{HARDLY}
The police would accept THREE suicides!

BLATZ@

~~That~~ Bah! The police!

BRITT:

How did you get by the guards?

BLATZ:

My aides made a slight disturbance across the street. It was that simple. I slipped in when their attention was diverted. Now -you will write the formula!

BRITT:

And YOU can go to blazes!

BLATZ:

So! You think because there are two of you here - well I have gas enough to-

BRITT:

And so have I! Try mine!

BLATZ:

You - (coughs) I show you!

SOUND: GUN SHOT

MUSIC: BURST

SOUND: RUNNING FEET CONFUSION

DOYLE:

Go on inside! That shot came from in there!

COP:

The door is locked, Doyle. On the inside! The key's in the lock! We'll have tuh poke it out an' then-

DOYLE:

Smash that door. Stand aside. Let me at it!

K SOUND: SMASHING DOOR

~~AD LIB: (APPROACHING) What's goin' on there?~~

~~The police.~~

~~Maybe it's a raid.~~

~~DOYLE: Keep that crowd back an' come on it!~~

AD LIBBING COPS VOICES

~~SHIT!~~

COP:

Look here -on the floor! That's not Varden!

DOYLE:

Or Lockhart! Go through the house, Jake! Parker, you and Steve look to the rear!

VOICE:

(BACK) Right. Come on Steve! (FADING)

COP:

This guy's not dead!

DOYLE:

Turn him over! (EFF. RT) That's it! Hey -look! It's another one of those gas containers!

COP:

Yeah ...

DOYLE: Only this one's still sealed! Something happened to this guy before he got the chance to use the gas!

COP: LOOK HERE! THE SEAL OF THE GREEN HORNET!

DOYLE: Wow! It WAS the Hornet's car we saw pass!

COP: Must've been!

DOYLE: But where's the Hornet? He couldn't be here! OR COULD HE?

VOICE: (BACK) Doyle! Varden and Lockhart are unconscious in a bedroom back here!

DOYLE: Dead?

VOICE: (BACK) No, I said unconscious!

~~SOUND OF CROWD APPROACHING~~

Doyle

~~DOYLE:~~ Confound it all, get that ~~crowd~~ *guy* out of here! This ain't open house! I-

BRITT: *(APPROACHING)* Sargeant Doyle -

DOYLE: *ITS* Mr Reid!

BRITT: I was passing and saw the ~~crowd~~ *DOOR OPEN!* Have the two scientists been killed?

DOYLE: No! But this bird had a cartridge of gas to KILL 'em if he'd had the chance to use it. But someone got him first!

BLATZ: (MOANS)

BRITT: He seems to be regaining consciousness.

DOYLE Yeah -and we found the seal of the Green Hornet here
Maybe the Hornet got him. But if that's the case,
how did the Hornet get out? We heard a shot -this
bird had a gun with him.

BRITT: Why that man's name is Blatz!

DOYLE: Blatz?

BRITT: Yes! I've seen his pictures as a man suspected of
foreign entanglements!

DOYLE: ~~BY GOLLER!~~
~~GET ALL THOSE PEOPLE OUT OF HERE! Hurry! Hurry! Clear~~
~~'em out.~~

~~SOUND AND LIB SC FADING BACK~~

BRITT: How about Lockhart?

VOICE: He'll be all right. He's drugged that's all.

BRITT: By Blatz?

VOICE: I don't think so!

DOYLE: Stick around Reid, while we investigate! This is
once you'll beat Axford to the story!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

DOYLE: Well, puttin' it all together, it seems the Hornet
gassed Lockhart and Varden.

LOCK: He did Sargeant Doyle.