

by Fran Striker

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(USUAL OPENING)

ANNER: The election campaign had been one of the bitterest in the city's history.

HOLLAND: My opponent is a crook, in league with crooks! A schemer, conniving to turn criminals out of our jails to prey on the tax-payer. He points to his record as a member of the parole board. Well, I'll give you the truth about that record. The truth that will show what Lucas really is. (FADING) Listen to these facts - listen to them!

anner; John Holland, the incumbent, had conducted a mud-slinging campaign that reeked of libelous charges; but the real fireworks had been promised for a radio talk on the eve of the election. A man named Wilson was to speak. Mitchell and a friend approached the hotel elevator -

SOUND: HOTEL LOBBY B.G.

BOY: Tenth floor, Mr. Mitchell?

MITCH: Yes.

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOOR AND MOTOR

JERRY: How long'll it take you to dress, Mitchell?

MITCH: Call for me in half an hour, Jerry.

Jerry: All right. That'll give me time to dress. You're not scared, are you?

Mitch: Because of those threats from the Green Hornet?
(LAUGHS) Don't make me laugh.

Jerry: You're still going to throw the book at Lucas?

Mitch: You bet I am.

SOUND: ELEVATOR STOP, DOOR

Walk down to my door with me, Jerry. I'll tell you something.

Jerry: All right.

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOOR

Mitch: Tell you what I'm doing. I'm telling the world that I've had a warning from the Green Hornet.

Jerry: Yeah?

Mitch: I'm making it look as if the Hornet's tied hand in glove with Lucas. That'll bear out the statements Holland's made that Lucas is in cahoots with the criminals.

Jerry: Not bad.

Mitch: I'm not stopping there. I'm passing the warning letter and the Hornet's seal in lieu of a signature over to the newspapers for publication tomorrow morning.

Jerry: Good stuff.

Mitch: You Don't catch me backing down, (SLIGHT LAUGH)

Jerry: (NOTE OF WARNING) You won't, if you know what's good for you.

Mitch: I know.

Jerry: If Holland's defeated, some of us will be out of jobs -- but you -- well Mitchell -- you had the ultimatum.

Mitch: Sure. I know.

SOUND: UNLOCKING DOOR

You'd better go on to your floor and get into the black tie. We've got to go to Holland's party after the broadcast.

Jerry: See you later. (FADING) Half an hour.

Mitch: Yeah.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

Mitch: (MUTTER) Wonder who turned the lights on?

Britt: (SLIGHTLY BACK) I did.

Mitch: (STARTLED GASP)

Britt: Lock the door, Mitchell.

Mitch: The Green Hornet!

Britt: Lock it.

SOUND: LOCKING DOOR

Mitch: H-how d-did you get in here?

Britt: That's not difficult in a hotel with fire escapes and old fashioned locks. You got my warnings, didn't you Mitchell?

Mitch: Y--yes --

Britt: But you haven't cancelled your broadcast!

Mitch: No. No I haven't. I - I can't - I can't cancell!
I MUST go on -

Britt; Well you're not going to broadcast! You're not going to leave your rooms!

Mitch; I - I -

Britt; (CHANGE MANNER-MILDER) Look here, Mitchell. You used to be a pretty good guy. Why are you backing a crook like Holland?

Mitch; You're a fine one to complain about anyone backing a crook -

Britt; You and I both know that Lucas is on the level. You used to throw your influence behind men like Lucas. What changed you? Why're you helping Holland spread a lot of lies about Lucas? What's Holland got on you?

Mitch; Who said he had anything on- (BREAK)

Britt; It's pretty obvious, Mitchell.

Mitch; I - I don't get it. The Green Hornet's the biggest crook that ever ran loose. Yet you talk like- -

Britt; Never mind that. What's Holland got on you?

Mitch; Wh- what's the difference? () Listen - I've got to broadcast! I'll pay you, if that's what you want.

Britt; Your money doesn't talk.

Mitch; (GETTING PANICKY) I've got to do it! Look- I'll level with you! I got mixed up in some deals and Holland found out. He's got enough on me to send me to the big house for the rest of my life! That's why I backed him! It was that or Alcatraz!

Britt; Um-m.

Mitch: If I don't appear for that broadcast, he'll use it!
I'd sooner be dead!

Britt: And so - to save your own neck, you're going on the
air and tell a pack of outlandish lies about John
Lucas. You're going to tell things that he'll have
no time to refute. The old game of the last minute
speech before election. You'll keep an honest man
out of office and let a rat like Holland stay in!
No, Mitchell. That's out.

Mitch: I've got to broadcast! I've got to! (STRUGGLE) Let
me out of here.

Britt: (EFFORT) Take it easy.

Mitch: (STRUGGLING) No, no, no -

Britt: Sorry about this - (EFFORT)

SOUND: BLOW, FALLING BODY

Now relax. You're not going to leave this room.

Mitch: (GASPING) Y-you -

Britt: Make any more breaks like that and I'll use this
gas gun on you.

Mitch: I - I'd sooner die - th-than let Holland throw me
in jail -

Britt: I'm sorry, but the choice isn't yours.

Mitch: W-well - (GETTING UP) I - I guess you win - (SIGHS)
May I phone to cancel the appointment?

Britt: Go ahead, but be careful what you say. Make any break
and I'll make you regret it.

Mitch: D-don't worry.

SOUND: PHONE HOOK

Girl: (PHONE) Yes sir..

Mitch: (FAST) Help! Police! The Green Hornet!

Britt: Why you -

SOUND: SLAM HOOK

Mitch: (LAUGHS) Put it over on you, eh?

Britt: Not for long! You've asked for a dose of gas from this gun! Now you'll get it. (SUDDENLY) Give me that!

Mitch: Too late! (LAUGHS) Put it over on you again, Hornet.

Britt: You fool!

Mitch: I told you I'd rather be dead than take what Holland'll hand out! I've swallowed a pill - like the Nazi's used - quick - easy - effective -

Britt: You -

Mitch: (GASPING) I - I beat you - Hornet - beat you -

SOUND: FALLING BODY

Britt: (MUTTERS) Fine thing! Got to get out of here fast.

SOUND: UNLOCK AND OPEN DOOR

Annrc: The Green Hornet dashed into the corridor and streaked for the stairs.

SOUND: STEPS RUNNING UP STAIRS

As he dashed up one flight after another, he tore off the mask that concealed his identity. He stepped into the corridor two floors above the Mitchell suite. Then it was Britt Reid who strolled nonchalantly to the elevator and pressed the button

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOOR

Boy: Down.

Britt: (CASUAL) Take me to the grill.

SOUND: ELEVATOR DOOR, ELEVATOR FADING OUT

SOUND: FADE IN RESTAURANT B.G.

Axford: Well Reid, I hope yez feel better now that you got on yer tuxedo.

Britt: At least I can relax over my dinner, Axford. I'll not be so pressed for time.

Axford: It was a slick idea of rentin' a room in the hotel so's you wouldn't have tuh go all the way tuh the apartment tuh change.

Britt : Haven 't our steaks come yet?

Axford: I told the waiter to take his time. I figured you'd be longer'n you were.

Britt: Well, there's no hurry now.

Axford: By golly, I wish I was goin' to the party Mr. Lucas is havin'.

Britt: It won't be much of a party. Just a few friends to keep his courage up on the night before election.

Axford: What d'you think of his chances?

Britt: It all depends upon whether or not the public believes the lies that Holland's told.

Axford: Yeah. I expect there'll be a flock more lies told when Mitchell talks tuhnite.

Britt: Mitchell?

Axford: Sure. You know - that loud-blabbin' galoot from the Clarion newspaper.

Britt: Oh - oh yes.

Axford: Hey look - there's me friend Sergeant Burke - what's he doin' in a swank eatin' place like this?

Britt: Seems to be looking for someone.

Axford: Maybe it's me. () By golly, Reid, it is me. He's comin' over here.

Britt: I wonder if something's happened?

Axford: He always does his best tuh give me an inside track on a big story - Hello there Sarge - how's tricks?

Burke: (COMING IN) Hello Michael. Good evenin' Mr. Reid.

Britt: Hello Burke.

Burke: Axford, I got somethin' for yuh. Somethin' hot!

Axford: Yeah? What is it?

Burke: Mitchell has been bumped off.

Axford: Mitchell?

Burke: The guy that was tuh speak tuhnite! He was murdered in his room!

Britt: Murdered?

Burke: Yeah! An' we found a paper that pegs the crime on the Green Hornet!

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER

Newsboy: (YELLING) Sentinal paper, extry paper, Green Hornet kills broadcaster! Read all about it! Paper, extry

Britt: Murder, Kato! One more murder charged against the Green Hornet.

Kato: Is too bad Mr. Britt.

Britt: And no way to prove that the Hornet didn't force Mitchell to take that poison! I wonder what effect this will have on the election tomorrow?

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

Britt: Any word on the way the election's going, Gunnigan?

Gunnig: Lotta expert experters are predicting, but nothing definite, Mr. Reid.

Britt: What're the predictions?

Gunnig: Be close. Lucas is making a strong bid, but Holland's done a lot of damage with his infernal lies.

Britt: I know he has.

Gunnig: Listen Reid, I've been city editor of this paper for the past thirty years. I've seen a lot of elections --

Britt: You bet you have, Gunnigan.

Gunnig: I've heard things said in the heat of a campaign -- and most of them are forgotten when the thing is over -- but in this case --

Britt: In this case?

Gunnig: If Lucas doesn't bring charges against Holland, he's nuts.

Britt: Has a candidate ever done that?

Gunnig: It's mighty unusual -- but this is an unusual election.

Britt: I'll tell Lucas what you said.

Gunnig: You goin' to see him?

Britt: Yes. I'll be at his home tonight when the returns come in.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

SOUND: STREET NOISES, ELECTION CROWD

Newsboy: Sentinal paper - Election extry - final returns - Lucas wins! Real all about it! Holland machine beaten - (FADE OUT ADLIBBING)

SOUND: FADE OUT STREET NOISES AS

Adlib: (FADE IN) Congratulations! You won, Lucas. You put it over! We licked Holland. Great work! (ETC.)

Britt: Congratulations, Lucas! You'll do a good job.

Lucas: (LAUGHING) Thanks, Britt! Thanks for all your paper has done!

Voice: Can you go on the air in about a minute, Mr. Lucas?

Lucas: Sure thing!

Voice: (FADING BACK) Bring that mike over this way.

Britt: Lucas, I hope you're going to call Holland on some of the statements he's made.

Lucas: I certainly shall, Britt! This is one time when a politician's going to eat his own dirt.

Voice: (SLIGHTLY BACK) Just about ready, Mr. Lucas.

Lucas: All right.

Voice: Quiet down, will you folks?

SOUND: QUIET

Voice: (CUE) They're signing over to you now. Get ready
Mr. Lucas, I'll give you the cue.

Lucas: Right.

Voice: (CUE) Now.

Lucas: Ladies and gentlemen, I want to thank you for going
to the polls in my behalf. I have only this to say.
During the campaign just ended, I made no promise
that I shall not keep. I thank those of you whose
confidence in me could not be shaken by the false
charges of my opponent. To the rest of you, I make
this pledge. I shall try to win your confidence by
taking steps to give the lie to those charges! Thank
you.

SOUND POLITE APPLAUSE (INTO-)
MUSIC: INTERLUDE

SOUND: TYPEWRITER GOING. PHONE RINGS.
STOP TYPING. PHONE HOOK

Case: Mr. Reid's office. () Axford? No he's not in
right now. () Oh. () All right. I'll tell him.

SOUND: HOOK

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

Axford: Hey Casey, I -

Case: Don't slam the door!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

Axford: Oh golly -

Case: Oh Michael!

Axford: I never c'n seem tuh remember when I'm in a hurry.

Case: You just had a phone call. Your pal Burke -

Axford: From the cops headquarters?

Case: How many Burkes do you know?

Axford: What'd he want?

Case: Did you ask him to check up on the parolees who were around town?

Axford: Yeah. There was so much hullabaloo about Lucas bein' crooked whilst he was on the parole board -

Case: Mr. Reid told you those charges weren't true.

Axford: Well all the same, I thought I'd do some checkin' up! I asked Burke tuh help me.

Case: Well, he's reported on a man named Malloy - Fingers Malloy -

Axford: Oh! That little runt! He's a safe cracker.

Case: Fingers is living in swank at the Carlton Hotel.

Axford: Ho! Is he?

Case: Just in case you want to do anything about it.

Axford: That I do! I'm on me way! Maybe Holland was right after all!

Case: Michael - listen to me.

Axford: Huh?

Case: The Daily Sentinal backed John Lucas!

Axford: Sure. I know -

Case: Do you think you'd be smart to try and make a case against him?

Axford: Listen Casey - Britt Reid's on the level! I know that lad, an' I'm here tuh tell yez that if he found that Lucas was crooked he'd be the first one tuh publish the fact in spite o' backin' his campaign! If he comes in, tell him I'm on me way tuh interview Fingers Malloy!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN S FAST

Case: Listen, you lug, Mr. Reid's in his office right now!

Axford: Then tell him anyhow! Tell him maybe when I get back I'll have the lowdown on John Lucas!

Lucas:(BACK) Really?

Axford: Huh? Oh golly, I didn't see you come in, Mister. I -

Lucas:(IN) I thought you were holding the door open for me.

Axford: Well, I'll be on me way.

Case: Uh-huh.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

Case: I guess he didn't know ~~was~~ you ~~are~~, Mr. Lucas.

Lucas: Perhaps not. Who is he, Miss Case?

Case: Michael Axford.

Lucas: A reporter?

Case: Well, sort of. You see, when Mr. Reid's father left the city he hired Axford as a sort of bodyguard.

Lucas: Oh.

Case: He was formerly a detective.

Lucas: I see

Case: Mr. Reid keeps the big fellow busy running down news at police headquarters. () I'll tell Mr. Reid you're here.

SOUND: CLICK

Britt: (DICTO) Yes?

Case: Mr. Lucas is here.

Britt: (DICTO) Be right out!

SOUND: CLICK

Case: He'll come out. I'd like to congratulate you, Mr. Lucas.

Lucas: Thanks, Miss Case.

Case: We were all happy to see you shellack the Holland machine.

Lucas: (SICHS) I'm not sure that I have.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

Britt: (APPROACHING) Hello Lucas. Come on inside.

Lucas: All right.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

Lucas: I wanted you to be the first to know what happened when I called on Holland.

Britt: You saw him?

Lucas: Yes. My attorney and I just left him. Britt, he's going to keep fighting.

Britt: I hope you'll fight back. () Sit down there.

(BIZ OF SITTING)

Lucas; He's built up a strong machine and he wants to keep it.
I - I'm frank in saying I don't know what to do.

Britt; What happened?

Lucas; I'll tell you the details. My attorney showed him a list of ~~the~~ charges he'd made against me. We told Holland we'd expect retractions within twenty four hours. Otherwise, we'd start proceedings. Holland heard us through (FADING) And then he leaned forward in his chair and said-

Holland; (FADING IN) I've listened to you. Now it's your turn to listen to me. I expected this call from you, Lucas.

Lucas; Well?

Holland; Let's go over the charges I made. Take this first one, accusing you of collecting payoffs from the men you paroled when you were on the board-

Lucas; That's a direct lie!

Holland; Is it? Well if you start anything, I'll back my statements with proof! Number two! I said that you'd paid a blackmailer five thousand dollars to get certain photographs -

Lucas; That is-

Holland; I can back that with proof!

Lucas; It's not true! There can't be proof!

Holland; Now take the next charge- I stated that you bought real estate for practically nothing, just before the government bought it for a housing project.

Lucas; But I didn't know-

Holland: I'm doing the talking Lucas! Perhaps it's just coincidence that you happened to buy it on the first of the year and sell it three weeks later, but it looks bad. You were in a position then, to know that the city was going to take it! You netted over twenty thousand profit on it!

Lucas: Holland, you're the most contemptible..

Holland: You think I'm bluffing? Well I'm not! Proof of every statement is in my safe at home! You come here with a twenty four hour ultimatum for me? That's a laugh! But this is no laugh! I'll give you twenty four hours to resign from your newly elected post! (FADING OUT) Twenty four hours, Lucas, then I'll give my evidence to the newspapers!

Lucas: (FADING IN) I don't know what he has in his safe, Britt, but he obviously has some sort of trumped up evidence that would sound convincing.

Britt: Read this, Lucas. It's a statement from Holland.

Lucas: Oh -

Britt: He says that he will forward sworn affidavits, photostatic evidence and other proof of his statements to all newspapers if you haven't resigned by tomorrow noon!

Lucas: Britt - wha..what's to be done? Can a crooked machine discredit an honest man?

Britt: It's been done, Lucas. I know what my Dad would tell you to do -

Lucas: Step out?

Britt: Not on your life! He'd tell you that you had the backing of the Daily Sentinel because you were a fighter! He'd say fight to the finish and we'll stick with you!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anncr: Our story will continue in just a moment.

(COMMERCIAL)

Anncr: John Lucas left the office of Britt Reid with the promise of backing by the Daily Sentinel if he would fight Holland to a finish. When Miss Case entered an hour later, she found Britt deep in thought -

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

Case: These letters are ready for signing, Mr. Reid.

Britt: Miss Case - I wonder if we've made a mistake?

Case: Mistake?

Britt: I gave Lucas a promise -

Case: That you'd stick with him.

Britt: Yes.

Case: Well I - I hope you've made no mistake.

Britt: There's doubt in your voice.

Case: I didn't have a chance to tell you where Axford went.

Britt: Where?

Case: He thinks he has a line on one of the men that got a parole through Mr. Lucas. A man called Fingers Malloy -

Britt: Oh.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

Axford: (COMING IN) Hey Reid -

Case: Oh, oh -

SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES

Axford: Reid, I got somethin' fer yuh.

Britt: You've been hobnobbing with Fingers Malloy, eh?

Axford: That I have, by golly, an' the little blister is up tuh somethin'!

Britt: Yeah?

Axford: I suspected somethin' was funny when I found out that he was livin' in a high priced joint like the Carlton Hotel. He couldn't live there on what he got honest.

Britt: Where is his money coming from?

Axford: That's what I was wonderin'. It'd look mighty bad fer yer friend Lucas if it come out that a guy he'd let go free from the hoosegow was back intuh crime.

Britt: Well, did you talk to Malloy?

Axford: You bet I did! The little lug was tryin' tuh keep me out of his place. He thought I was still on the cops.

Case: You told him you were a - a reporter?

Axford: Sure I did! Then he let me in an' I closed the door in back of me.

Britt: You didn't slap him around did you?

Axford: Who me? Aw Reid, you know me better'n that! I only held him under control when the phone rang, that was all.

Case: What phone?

Axford: It rang whilst I was wit' him. I used some o' my detective trainin' an' I made him speak tuh the phone whilst I held the receiver. An' Reid, I got somethin'!

Britt: Get to the point, Axford!

Axford: I heard a low muffled voice speakin' - it said, "Are yez all set fer tuhnite."

Britt: What else?

Axford: Then I made Fingers say "Yes." Then the voice said he was just checkin' up, That was all. An' hung up.

Britt: That's curious.

Axford: I tell yuh Reid, Fingers is back in the racket again! He's plannin' somethin' fer tuhnite! ~~an' he'll be~~
IF HE'S CAUGHT
~~he'll go back into the~~ ~~hoosegow~~ ~~fer~~ ~~sure!~~ ~~Then~~ he'll go back intuh the hoosegow fer violatin' his parole an' it'll look bad fer John Lucas! Won't it now?

Britt: Yes, Axford. It might look bad for Lucas - very bad.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anncr; Britt Reid owned the fashionable apartment building in which he lived. Michael Axford made his home with the young publisher. He had just finished dinner, cooked and served by Kato.

Axford; By golly Kato, you sure can do things wit' food!

Kato; Thank you Mr. Axford.

Axford; Say, is Reid still talkin' on the long distance?

Kato; Is right.

Axford; Ah the poor lad. He's hardly touched his dinner.

Kato; Is worried about something.

Axford; Yeah - he's worried fer fear I'll dig up some dirt about Lucas - that's the guy our paper backed in the election.

Kato; You go out tonight, Mr. Axford?

Axford; That I do, Kato. I've got tuh git over tuh the cops headquarters. I'm workin' on a couple o' big things!

Kato; Yes?

Axford; I'll tell yez somethin' Kato. I ain't only workin' on Lucas. I got somethin' else in the fire. (LOW AND IMPRESSIVE) I'm after the Green Hornet.

Kato; Um. Is very exciting!

Axford; By golly, I'm goin' tuh get the murderer if it's the last thing I do!

Britt; (COMING IN) What's the last thing you're going to do, Axford?

Axford; Oh, yuh thru wit' the phone, Reid? I was sayin' I'm workin' on the Green Hornet!

Britt; Oh. Dad will be glad to hear that.

Axford; Was that yer old gent on the phone?

Britt; Yes. He called from Oklahoma.

Axford; Oh golly. He must be steamed up about somethin'!

Britt; You called it. It's the Green Hornet.

Axford; Well you tell him I'm workin' on gettin' that spalpeen! Is he in a lather because the Hornet killed that guy the other night?

Britt; Um-hum. He wondered if the Sentinel is plugging the reward -

Axford; Yuh told him it was boxed on the front page every day didn't yuh?

Britt; Sure.

Axford; Well- I got tuh be goin'.

(BIZ OF GETTING UP)

By golly, I'm that full o' Kato's cookin' I can hardly move!

Britt; Police headquarters again this evening?

Axford; Yeah. You ought tuh go along wit' me sometime, Reid. The cops could tell yuh lots o' things about the Green Hornet.

Kato; Your hat, Mr. Axford.

Axford; Oh - thanks, Kato. (FADING) I'll see yuh later, Reid.

Britt; I'll probably be in bed when you come in.

(DOOR OPENS)

Axford; Good night then.

Britt; Nite.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Britt; Kato! We're moving out!

Kato; Now, Mr. Britt?

Britt; Yes. I've got to see what Holland has in his safe!

Kato; You go as Green Hornet?

Britt; Yes.

Kato; Is great risk in moving at present time, Mr. Britt!
Police most intent in hunt for Hornet.

Britt; I know it. But it can't be helped! Come on!

Kato; Very well.

(DOOR OPEN)

Britt; Close the bedroom door behind you.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Britt; Better lock it. If Axford comes in before we do, he'll
think I'm asleep.

(LOCK DOOR)

Kato; Is locked.

Britt; You can leave your white jacket in the corridor and
get the extra coat you keep there. How about the
mask and gun?

Kato; I have them.

Britt; Good enough. Let's go!

Ann cr; Stepping thru a secret panel in the rear of a closet in the bedroom, Britt Reid and Kato went along a narrow passageway built within the walls of the apartment itself. This led to an adjoining building which fronted on a dark side street. Though supposedly abandoned, this building served as the hiding place for the sleek, superpowered Black Beauty - streamlined ca r of the Green Hornet.

(STEP INTO CAR. STARTER)

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 AND OUT)

(FAINT TRAFFIC IN BG)

Ann cr; Britt Reid parked in a dark alley that ran past the rear of Holland's home.

Britt; His library is in that wing, Kato. That's probably where he keeps his safe.

Kato; There are lights in library, Mr. Britt.

Britt; If Holland's there, I'll have a showdown. You stay with the car, Kato.

(MUSIC SOFT TENSION BG)

Ann cr; The Green Hornet made no sound as he forced the latch on a french door that opened into Holland's library. He opened the door a fraction of an inch and parted the heavy drapes. Then he became tense - Holland entered the library with a small man at his side - Holland was saying - -

- Holland; Are you sure no one followed you here, Malloy?
- Fingers; Oh, there was a couple of cops on my trail when I left the hotel, but I shook 'em off before I came here.
- Holland; The police keep close tabs on paroled men.
- Fingers; Yer tellin' me? They even watch me up in that one horse town where I been workin' since my parole.
- Holland; Yeah?
- Fingers; I don't see what difference it makes if they did follow me here. This job is on the level, ain't it?
- Holland; (HASTILY) Oh it wouldn't matter a great deal.
- Fingers; Where's Mr. Lucas? Ain't he here?
- Holland; He wont be here.
- Fingers; Aw that's too bad. I hoped I'd see him so's I could thank him for tryin' to get me a better job. It sure was swell of him to send me cash to come here from Middleport, an' get me a hotel room and everything - Are you ~~the~~ one that's to tell me what my new job is?
- Holland; Yes. I'll give you all the details. They're in my safe over there. Help yourself.
- Fingers; B-but I've given up openin' safes - I promised Mr. Lucas I wouldn't touch 'em no more-
- Holland; (LAUCHS) This is alright. That one's unlocked. Just turn the handle and open the door-

Fingers: (FADING BACK) Oh - all right then.

Holland; Just help yourself to your instructions while I make a phone call.

(PHONE HOOK)

That's it, open the door wide -

(DIALING PHONE)

Fingers; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Hey, this safe is empty. There's nothin' here.

Holland; Stand back and keep your mouth shut!

Fingers; (GASP) A gun!

Holland; (HARD) Keep your mouth shut, Fingers, or I'll let you have!

Fingers; B-but wha...what -

Holland; Hello, Police headquarters! This is J V Holland!

Fingers; (GASPS) Holland!

Holland; I've been robbed! Come on over and hurry!

(HOOK)

Finger; You - you're Holland!

Holland; That's right, Malloy! J. V. Holland!

Fingers; Yuh made me think yer name was Brown! You ain't no friend of Lucas! You're the heel that's spilled all them dirty lies about him!

Holland; Yeah! That's it Fingers! And I had proof of everything in my safe. Lucas sent you to steal the proof!

Fingers; Oh yuh dirty schemin' rat - Yuh -

Holland; Listen to me, Punk! The cops will be here in about two minutes. They'll find your fingerprints on the handle of that safe- you'll go back to jail for the rest of your life.

Fingers; I'll tell 'em the truth. I'll tell 'em what you done.

Holland; Do you think they'll believe you? Don't make me laugh! The record shows that a man named Lucas wired you the dough to come from Middleport. A guy named Lucas phoned to reserve a hotel room for you!

Fingers; Oh-h you lousy -

Holland; Shut up and listen to me! I can shoot you - kill you - and the police would say I'd done the right thing. I'm giving you a chance to get clear. You've got about a minute to get away. Make the most of it.

Fingers; Then you'll be able tuh stick yuh yer lies that you had proof o' the things yuh said about Lucas! You'll say he sent me tuh steal the proof -

Holland; Are you going or not?

Fingers; I'll stay an' tell the cops the truth.

Holland; You stay and you wont tell anyone anything! I'll plug you and you'll be through talking!

Fingers; Even if the cops find me dead, it'll spike yer story about me makin' off with a lot o' proof against Lucas!

Holland; Like fun it will! I'll say you had a pal with you.
I shot you, but he escaped.

Fingers; (SOBBING IN RAGE) Oh yuh dirty rat - yuh dirty
schemin' rat -

Holland; What's it to be, Fingers? Are you going to take
it on the lam, or take it between the eyes!

Britt; (BACK) Neither one!

Fingers; (GASP)

Holland; Who - (GASP) The Green Hornet!

Britt; (APPROACHING) Drop the gun, Holland!

Fingers; He- he's a killer -

Britt; Drop it!

(GUN FALLS)

Fingers; Lemme out of here! I -

Britt; Pick up that gun, Fingers, and hand it to me.
Be careful how you handle it thought.

Fingers; B-but-

Britt; Hurry! I've a lot to do before ^{the} ~~the~~ police come!

Fingers; H-here y'are -

Britt; Holland- you know what happened to Mitchell!

Holland; You killed him! You -

Britt; Do you know what's going to happen to you?

Holland; No no no - don't shoot me! Don't kill me. Please
don't do that!

Britt; Why not? What good are you to anyone? You fixed this set up very neat. Malloy's prints on the safe and everything. The cops find you shot-shot with your own gun and they blame Fingers.

Fingers; (WAIL) Not for murder on top of everything else.

Holland; What do you want? I'll give you anything. Name the price. Don't kill me!

Britt; Here - sign this paper, Holland. That's all you have to do!

Holland; P-paper?

Britt; It's the retraction that Lucas wanted from you. A complete retraction of everything you said during the campaign.

Holland; B-but that will ruin me-

Britt; What in thunder do you think this gun will do to you?

Holland; (GROANS) Why are you doing this? I - I thought you were a crook -

Britt; Maybe Lucas got me a parole too.

Fingers; Did he do that?

Britt; I didn't say so! What about it, Holland?

(SIRENS IN DISTANCE)

You've about five seconds left!

Holland; I'll sign. I'll sign! Give it to me!

Britt; Hurry. Malloy, you'd better wipe your prints off that safe. Make it fast. The police are ^{near.} ~~at the~~

Fingers; It won't take more'n two seconds.

Britt; What about that signature, Holland?

Holland: There. I- I've signed.

(SIRENS STOPPING OUTSIDE)

Fingers; The cops are in front of the house!

Britt; Get this, Holland! If you don't stick to that retraction, I'll be back! Get that?

Holland; Y-yes -

Britt; I'll be back! Just remember Mitchell!

(DOOR BELL)

Fingers; The cops are at the door! They'll bust in in a minute - they'll let themselves in - they'll get us-

Britt; Shut up! Holland - you're going to sleep! When you wake up, tell the police whatever you want, but keep me out of it! Is that clear?

Holland; Y-yes - () Wait! Don't shoot me - No No -

Fingers; We gotta get out -

Britt; Take it, Holland! Gas to make you sleep!

Holland; (GAS PING)

Fingers; What'd yuh do tuh him?

Britt; A special gas in this gun!

(FALLING BODY)

Britt; Come on, Fingers! Out this way! (FADING FAST)

(MUSIC BURST)

(FADE IN RAPPING ON DOOR)

Axford; (CALLING) Reid- hey Reid, wake up.
I got somethin' tuh tell yuh!

Britt; (BEHIND DOOR)(SLEEPILY) Hold it Axford -

(DOOR OPENS)

You trying to knock the door down?

Axford; Reid! Listen! I got news!

Britt; What's the idea of waking me in the middle of
the night? If you've got news, take it to the
office.

Axford; But Sufferin' Snakes - this you gotta hear!
I already took it tuh the office an' it's
an eight banner head on page one! Holland
has signed a complete retraction of all he
said about yer friend Lucas.

Britt; I didn't know that Holland kept office hours
all night.

Axford; He don't! It was in his home! The guy must be
nuts or somethin' - he called the cops whilst I
was there an' said somethin' about robbers -

Britt; Robbers?

Axford; I was wit' the lads when they went tuh the house.
We found Holland out cold on the floor an' a
retraction signed on his desk.

Britt; Hollad cold? What do you mean?

Axford; Well it was just like he'd been gassed by that stuff the Green Hornet uses-

Was the Hornet involved?

; I don't know, Reid. If he was, Holland wouldn't admit it. He wouldn't admit nothin'. He just handed the cops the retraction an' that's all there was to it! ~~Why!~~

Britt; What made him pass out?

Axford; He just fainted, I guess!

Britt; Well - as long as you got the story -

Axford; (SIGH) Oh golly, there's just one thing I'm regrettin -

Britt; What's that, Axford?

Axford; It's a good story as it is, but if only the Green Hornet had been mixed up in it- then by golly it would o' had everything!

(MUSIC FADE UNDER)

Boy; Extra Paper- Sentinal Extry - Holland makes retraction - read all about it- police without clues on Mitchell case- Green Hornet still at large.

THEME UP