

Nov 15

The Green Hornet

KATZ WITH NINE LIVES

by Fran Striker

Number 729

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Britt Kato Case Axford Burke  
 Len Forrester.....friend of Britt's. Classmate.  
 Mintz .....smooth crook.  
 Wattles .....smooth crook.  
 Katz.....ratty sort of guy  
 Doc.....quack doctor  
 Brad .....middle aged lawyer. Small part.

THE FOLLOWING BITS ARE NEARLY ALL JUST ONE LINE.  
SUGGESTED DOUBLES.

Voice            } .....by Kato  
 Voice 4        }  
 Voice 2        .....by Doc  
 Voice 3        .....by Axford  
 Voice 5        .....by Burke  
 Cop .....  
 Newsboy .....by Brad

ALSO 3 lines for different girls.  
If Case can't take them all, cut a couple.  
Merely atmospheric.

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KATZ WITH NINE LIVES

(USUAL OPENING)

Annccr: As a loyal alumnus, Britt Reid attended the big game of the year and took Michael Axford with him.

SOUND: FOOTBALL CROWD, WILD CRIES

Axford: (HOWLING WITH CROWD) Run, yuh spalpeen! Leg it!  
That's the stuff!

Britt: (YELLING) He's in the clear! He's going to make it!

Axford: (YELLING) He's crossin' the gool! He made it Reid!

Britt: (SHOUTING) Touchdown!

CROWD: (ADLIB WILD CRIES OF TOUCHDOWN, WE WON, ETC.)

SOUND: GUN SHOT

Axford: Hey Reid, the game is over! That's the works!

Britt: Come on Axford! Let's get out ahead of the mob!

MUSIC: COLLEGE BAND BURST, FADE OUT

SOUND: FADE IN CROWD, CARS STARTING, ETC.

Axford: Sufferin' snakes, I never seen so many cars in one parkin' lot.

Britt: (LAUGHS) It's some parking lot, Axford.

Len: (BACK) Hey Britt - Hi there Britt!

Britt: There's Len Forrester! (CALL) Hi Len!

Len: (APPROACHING) Gosh, wasn't that a game?

Britt: Sure was! But how've you been, Lennie? Haven't seen you since your father died.

Len: I've been all right Britt. We should get together once in a while.

Britt: Oh, pardon me - Lennie, This is Mike Axford. Axford, Lennie Forrester is a fraternity brother.

Lennie: Glad to know you, Mr. Axford.

Axford: Sure an' it's glad I am tuh make yer acquaintance.

Britt: You've heard about Forrester, Axford. He's the son of Iron Jim.

Axford: Oh-h. So you're the lad that come intuh all that money a couple of years ago.

Len: Yes -

Voice: (CROWDING BY) Pardon me, sorry to crowd you.

Len: S'all right. Say Britt, we're blocking the traffic here, are you going to the grill tonight?

Britt: No, I can't make it Lennie.

Len: I wish you could. All the old gang'll be there.

Britt: I'd like to, but I've got a job to take care of. Drop in at the office when you get a chance. We'll rehash old times. Or phone and we'll have lunch together-

Len: I'll do that.

Mintz: (BACK) Hey Lennie - you coming?

Len: (CALL) Be right with you.

Voice 2: (CROWDING BY) Pardon if I seem to crowd - why don't you shove on?

Len: (LAUGHING) All right, I'll drop in Britt.

Britt: I'll be looking for you.

Len: (FADING) In a day or so.

Britt: Our car's over here, Axford.

Axford: Say, he's a nice lookin' young fella.

Britt: Swell guy, Axford.

Axford: Why ain't you goin' tuh that grill, or whatever it is?

Britt: It'll be too much of a party, Axford. I don't feel up to it.

Axford: Hey - that guy that called tuh him - yuh see him?

Britt: Yes. What about him?

Axford: He ain't one o' yer frat brothers is he?

Britt: No.

Axford: I didn't think so! That guy's no good.

Britt: Do you know him?

Axford: Yeah - his name is Mintz - Shady Mintz, we used tuh know him as -

Britt: Oh - Shady Mintz, eh?

Axford: By golly, that lug has been investigated by the cops more times than you c'n shake a stick at. He's been in a lot o' confidence games an' things.

Britt: Strange company for Lennie Forrester.

Axford: Yeah - I wonder where he picked up wit' a guy like that?

Britt: Axford - (LAUGHS) Lennie is probably wondering the same thing about you.

Axford: Oh - is that so now! Well, Reid, I'll tell yez this much! If Lennie goes tuh that blow-out tuhnite an' has Mintz along wit' him - he better watch his step! If he gets too much tuh drink, Mintz'll take the gold out o' his teeth!

SOUND: FADE CARS & CROWD NOISES UP, THEN OUT

SOUND: FADE IN NIGHT CLUB

Wattles: (LOW) Hey Mintz - how's your playmate?

Mintz: (LOW) He tossed off the highball with that stuff in it, Wattles. It'll hit him any minute now -

Wattles: Good. I'll be waiting near the door.

Mintz: I'll pick you up on the way out. I'd better get over to Forrester - he looks as if he's about to pass out -

SOUND: ROOM NOISES UP AND DOWN

Mintz: What's the matter, Lennie?

Len: I - I don't know, Mintz - I feel light headed -

Mintz: That drink you had -

Len: But just one drink -

Mintz: Maybe it's the smoke -

Len: It - it might be - the Grill's terribly smoky tonight -  
I - I'd better get out - fresh air -

Mintz: That's a good idea. Come on. I'll take you out.

Len: Y-you needn't leave --

Mintz: I've had enough of this place anyhow. ( ) Here, I'll  
leave this to cover our check. Come on, Lennie.

Len: (GETTING UP) Phew! Dizzy!

Mintz: Let me help you.

Len: I - I guess I need it -

Mintz: This way - (WALKING) Lean on me -

Voice: (BACK) Hi, Lennie - ( ) One too many?

Mintz: Don't pay any attention to 'em.

Girl: (PASSING) Oh look at Lennie Forrester! Mercy!

Len: (MUTTERS) D-don't like this -

Mintz: Here's the check room. Give me your hat check.

Len: (THICKLY) Here - somewhere -

Wattles: (APPROACHING) Hello Mintz, what's happened to your  
friend?

Mintz: Oh hello Wattles. Stick with me. I may need some  
help.

Len: Here - check - ~~HAT CHECK~~

Mintz: Here baby - get Mr. Forrester's hat an' coat.

Girl: 2 Didn't take him long -

Mintz: Lay off the cracks, sister. Mr. Forrester don't like 'em.

Len: Hat - coat -

Girl: Here you are sir. Shall I ~~take~~<sup>help</sup> him with them?

Mintz: *DON'T BOTHER.*  
You carry the hat and coat, Wattles.

Wattles: Sure thing.

Mintz: This way Lennie - right outside! You'll feel better when the air hits you.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE, STREET NOISES  
IN, ROOM NOISES OUT

Voice 3: (BACK) Mr. Forrester's car.

Len: Whew. I..I'll be glad to get home.

Mintz: Steady now, they're bringing your car around.

Brad: (APPROACHING) Hello Mintz. Leaving early?

Mintz: Carl Bradford! Hello... ~~hello~~ I'm taking my friend Len Forrester home, he's ill.

Brad: Oh... what a shame.

Mintz: Len, this is Carl Bradford the attorney, good friend of mine.

Len: Um.

SOUND: CAR APPROACH AND STOP - IDLES

Mintz: Len's hardly in condition to drive a car, but he insists on it.

Brad: Rather risky, driving in that condition. You know how the law is about drunken drivers.

Len: I - I - I'M NOT -

Mintz: Here's the car Len... See you later Bradford.

Brad: Um.

SOUND: BIZ OF GETTING INTO CAR

Len: (EFFORT) I - I don't feel -

Mintz: You'll be all right Len. Driving will clear your head.

Len: B-but...I - I -

Mintz: There now - in you go. Come on Wattles.

Wattles: Right.

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS

Len: Mintz...I...wouldn't you... drive..I..

Mintz: Easy old man, you'll be better for driving. Go ahead now.

SOUND: CAR START, SUSTAIN A SHORT COUNT

MUSIC: TENSION BG

Wattles: How is he Mintz?

Mintz: Just about out.

Wattles: You got the wheel?

Mintz: Sure, everything's just swell. Here, I'll pull over to the curb and stop, ~~and take the wheel~~. He's out cold now. *I'LL DRIVE.*

Wattles: Great. ~~And~~ Everyone saw him take the wheel when we left the grill. *IT'S WORKIN' SLICK.*

Mintz: Including Carl Bradford the attorney. (LAUGHS) What could be sweeter?



Wattles: Did you know he'd be on hand?

Mintz: No, that was just a lucky break.

SOUND: CAR STOPS - IDLES

Wattles: Slide him over here, and take the wheel.

Mintz: (GRUNTING) I got it. There now.

SOUND: CAR START

Mintz: The Tumbler will be on hand, won't he?

Wattles: Right. *KATZ HAS HIS ORDERS. SO HAS DOC.*

Mintz: Okay. And there's sure to be witnesses on that corner!

SOUND: CAR FADES OUT

MUSIC: TENSION UP AND UNDER

SOUND: FADE IN STREET NOISES

Boy: (ADLIBBING) Sentinal Paper....football scores....read all the latest....Sentinal Paper...

Voice 4: Hey, look at that car coming... zigzagging from one side to the other.

Voice 5: Another one of those college guys.

Voice 4: They oughtta be jailed.

SOUND: CAR APPROACHING

Voice 5: Lookout, he's going to turn..

SOUND: CAR CLOSE, HORN (WITH CAR HAVING CRIES FROM MINTZ AND WATTLES

Boy: <sup>YELL</sup>  
(~~YELL~~) Lookout mister..

SOUND: CAR SKIDS, WHEELS TURN, BUMP

Voice 4: (SCREAM)

SOUND: CAR ZOOMS AWAY

ADLIB: Get the number.  
They ain't stopping.  
That man's hurt bad.  
The car went right over the curb.  
Get a doctor.  
Hit-run driver.  
I got the number of that car.

Doc: Let me through there, I am a doctor.

SOUND: FADE CROWD NOISES BACK

~~Turner~~ Katz  
~~Turner~~: (MOANS)

Doc: Some of you keep the crowd back. Give this man air.

Voice 5: Let the doctor see him.

Doc: (SOFT) It was perfect, <sup>Katz</sup>~~Turner~~..

~~Turner~~ Katz  
~~Turner~~: (SOFT) How'd I do, Doc?

Doc: (SOFT) Great. Now we'll get you out of here and make you look seriously injured. Just remember to insist that I take care of you.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anncr: On Monday, Michael Axford perched on the edge of Miss Case's desk while he tried to tell Britt Reid's preoccupied secretary about the football game.

Axford: The guy's just about tuh get knocked fer a gool by a couple o' red shirted guys, an' then he fools 'em. He throws that pigskin - ( ) Casey, are yez followin' me?

Case: (MUTTERING) Hit and run - hit and run -

Axford: Hit an' run my eye! I'm tryin' tuh tell yez about football! That's baseball.

Case: It's murder in some cases - Michael, do you want to do me a million dollar favor with trimmings on it?

Axford: Huh?

Case: Sit down and be quiet for a few minutes.

Axford: Well now -

Case: I'm trying to whip up an editorial for Mr. Reid. Did you see this morning's story in the Sentinel?

Axford: What about?

Case: Hit and run drivers. The Sentinel's starting a campaign for stiffer penalties when they're caught. Do you have any ideas?

Axford: By golly, there's somethin' they should get when they are.

Case: Uh - wha - what was that?

Axford: Stiffer penalties when they're caught! That's what them hit an' run guys should get! *BUT WHAT'RE YOU WRITIN'?*

Case: Gunnigan had an editorial in the last edition. Mr. Reid wants a stronger one in the next.

Axford: What's that got tuh do wit' you?

Case: Mr. Reid told Gunnigan he'd show him exactly what he meant!

Axford: Good for Reid! That's the stuff.

Case: Yes - but he then turned to me and said, "write it," and went to luncheon at the Civic Club. That was three hours ago!

Axford: An' he ain't back yet?

Case: No.

Axford: Did he have a date tuh meet someone there?

Case: Yes. A fraternity brother of his, Len Forrester phoned and made an appointment.

Axford: Oh golly. That's it.

Case: What's what?

Axford: *THAT'S THE DAY SHOT.*  
Them two is old pals. If Reid was tuh meet Forrester fer lunch, the chances are it'll wind up at dinner time. I c'n just see the two o' them (FADING) Sittin' in that swell dinin' room, chewin' the fat -

SOUND: FADE IN DINING ROOM

Len: (FADING IN) So you see, Britt, when I saw that article in your paper - hit and run - I thought I'd call you for some unbiased advice.

Britt: When did you hit this man, Lennie?

Len: Last Saturday night. On the way home from the Grill.

Britt: And you didn't even stop the car?

Len: Oh I don't know. I don't remember anything at all! All I know is what I was told!

Britt: When did you learn about it?

Len: Last evening. You see, there happened to be a doctor who saw the accident. He got my license number. He treated this man - then took him home. He called me last night.

Britt: The doctor did?

Len: Yes. A Doctor Hill. Here is his card.

Britt: Um.

Len: I called Mintz right away, and he confirmed what the doctor had said. Mintz said that a man named Wattles had been in the car with us.

Britt: Have you talked to an attorney?

Len: Yes. Mintz called a lawyer named Bradford -- we'd seen him at the Grill. Do you know Carl Bradford?

Britt: I know who he is. He's a good counsel.

Len: Well, we went to call on <sup>Katz</sup>~~Turner~~ -- that's the man I struck, and he's in terrible shape. Probably crippled for life.

Britt: And you didn't report the accident at all?

Len: N-no.

Britt: Hit and run -- driving while drunk --

Len: (GROAN(S))

Britt: Another thing Len -- your record in traffic court's none too good.

Len: Don't I know it? I've got a string of speeding convictions as long as your arm. If this ever goes into court I'll get a jail sentence.

Britt: Well, Lennie --

Len: Britt, I swear I wasn't drunk! I don't remember a thing that happened, but I had taken just one highball!

Britt: Did you report it to the insurance company?

Len: Good Lord no! I can't! That would mean that the police would know -

Britt: What did Bradford advise you to do?

Len: Report it to the police and take the rap! B-but I - I can't! I know I'm not guilty!

Britt: Guilty or not, there's a strong case against you - witnesses and all -

Len: (MOANING) I know it.

Britt: Did Doctor Hill take <sup>Katz</sup> ~~him~~ to a hospital?

Len: He said that <sup>Katz</sup> ~~him~~ insisted on going home, so he took him there.

Britt: Where does <sup>Katz</sup> ~~him~~ live?

Len: In a cottage at 310 Elm Street.

Britt: Was he conscious?

Len: Oh yes - I talked to him - he - well he said he was willing to keep things quiet - if I paid for the injuries -

Britt: So you paid?

Len: Ten thousand dollars.

Britt: Lennie!

Len: What else could I do? Britt, do you think that'll be the end of it?

Britt: I'm afraid, Lennie, you'll have to ask <sup>Katz</sup> ~~him~~. Now I've got to get back to my office -

Len: Must you go?

Britt: Yes. I've got to write an editorial.

Len: You?

Britt: Yes. We're conducting a campaign, you see - trying to get the courts to hand out stiffer jolts to hit and run drivers.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE, FADE UNDER

SOUND: TYPING

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

SOUND: TYPING STOPS

Axford: Here's Reid now!

Case: Oh Mr. Reid, I have that editorial ready - the one you wrote --

Britt: Send it to Gunnigan, will you Miss Case? I'm going to spend the rest of the afternoon getting acquainted with the morgue.

Axford: Where the cadavers are?

Britt: No Axford. The morgue of the Daily Sentinel!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

Anncr: That evening, Kato, the trusted Filipino valet came into Britt Reid's bedroom --

Kato: Mr. Britt, you said to let you know when Mr. Axford went out.

Britt: Has he gone to police headquarters again, Kato?

Kato: Yes sir.

Britt: Kato, I learned quite a bit when I dug into the old files at the office.

Kato: Yes?

Britt: Mintz has a pretty bad record. Doctor Hills' is worse.

Kato: It is?

Britt: If the Medical Association could prove charges of fee splitting and quackery against him, he'd be out of the association. There seems to me to be too much coincidence about Len Forrester's trouble.

Kato: Coincidence?

Britt: Hill on hand when the accident occurred - Len going stiff on one drink - Mintz just happening to meet Wattles -

Kato: What are you going to do Mr. Britt?

Britt: I'm going to call on this injured man named Katz. I have a few ideas of my own.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anncr: The adventure of the Katz with Nine Lives will continue in just a moment.

COMMERCIAL

Anncr: Britt Reid's investigation of the individuals involved, led him to suspect that his friend, Len Forrester, was the victim of a carefully planned blackmail scheme. With Kato, the young publisher sat in his bedroom, laying the groundwork for the evening's activity -

SOUND: DIALING PHONE, AT CUE, PHONE AT OTHER END RINGS

Britt: Put fresh charges in that gas weapon Kato -



Kato: Am doing so Mr. Britt.

Britt: And get out the rest of the stuff I'll need - there's a list there on the desk.

Kato: Very well.

Britt: I'm going to confirm one suspicion by phone.

Doc: (PHONE) Hello -

Britt: (CHANGE VOICE) Hello, Doc Hill?

Doc: (PHONE) Yes.

Britt: Have you heard from Mintz today?

Doc: (PHONE) Who is calling?

Britt: Skip that, just answer the question.

Doc: (PHONE) I haven't heard from him.

Britt: You'd better be at Katz's place at nine tonight.

Doc: (PHONE) Why?

Britt: I don't know what Mintz has in mind. Just be there. That's all.

SOUND: HOOK

Britt: Suspicion confirmed, Kato. He knows Mintz pretty well.

Kato: You think he will be at Katz place?

Britt: I'm going to count on it. Is that stuff ready?

Kato: Weapon, mask, and other things are ready.

Britt: Come on then. It's time for the Green Hornet to move.

Annrc: Stepping thru a secret panel in the rear of a closet in his 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 car of the Green Hornet.

Britt: Kato - I just had another idea - (CHUCKLE)

Kato: Is funny to you Mr. Britt?

Britt: You said Axford was at headquarters?

Kato: Yes sir.

Britt: I'll take a page one story to him, in person! We'll need the convertible as well as the Black Beauty.

Kato: Two cars?

Britt: You take the convertible. Park a little away from the front of Katz's house and when you see the lights blink, start the car and drive into the side entrance. Is that clear?

Kato: Yes sir.

Britt: Get going.

SOUND: STEP INTO CAR, STARTER

Annrc: 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

SOUND: FADE IN DOORBELL RINGING

Katz: (CALLING) Who is it?

Doc: (MUFFLED) Open the door, Katz. It's Doc Hill.

Katz: Wait a minute.

SOUND: DOOR UNLOCKED, OPENED

Katz: What're you doin' here tonight, Doc?

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

Doc: Did you hear from Mintz or Wattles?

Katz: Not today. Why?

Doc: They sent me word to be here.

Katz: That's funny. I didn't hear nothin' from 'em.

Doc: How d'you feel, Tumbler?

Katz: Punk! Lookat me! I got some real bruises when I jumped in front of that guy's car. I oughtta get a bigger cut - it ain't many guys can take a fall like I can -

Doc: You'll have cash to spend long after the bruises are forgotten.

Katz: How long I gotta stay in the house and play I'm crippled?

Doc: We'll see how young Forrester takes it. Mintz is going to try to shake him down for another ten thousand.  
I -- (BREAK WITH GASP)

Britt: (BACK) Hello Doc.

Doc: You - that mask -

Katz: It's the Green Hornet!

Doc: How'd you get in here?

Britt: (COMING IN) Picked the lock on the back door. You should be in bed, shouldn't you, Katz?

Katz: What're you doin' here?

Britt: Doc and I have business to talk over. Heard from Mintz yet, Doc?

Doc: No! What's the idea of you busting in and -

Britt: Take it easy. I'm showing the boys how to get into the big dough.

Doc: Big dough?

Britt: Sure. Minnie can get about a hundred grand out of Forrester -

Katz: Who's Minnie?

Britt: Your widow.

Katz: What?

Britt: You see, Doc, the fellow Forrester struck, died from the injuries.

Katz: Now wait -

Britt: Shut up, Katz. You've got nothing to say about it.

Doc: B-but I -

Britt: You'll have to go to work on this punk so it'll look convincing when the police medical examiner goes over him.

Doc: P-police?

Katz: Medical examiner - hey - I ain't -

Britt: Are you going to shut up or must I shut you up?

Doc: Y-you mean - he's really to die?

Britt: Of course he has to die! We've got to have a corpse to show Forrester!

Katz: Like fun! That's -

Doc: Now hold on, I didn't agree to get mixed up in murder.

Britt: You're mixed up now, Doc, and there's only one way out.

Katz: Yuh can't do this! It's murder! It's -

Britt: I'll put you to sleep with this gas weapon. You won't feel anything.

Katz: (HOWL) No, no - stop - (COUGHING AND GAGGING)

Doc: I won't stand for this. I -

Katz: (GAGGING) He - go - got me -

SOUND: FALLING BODY

Britt: Doc, you'd better have some too!

Doc: (YELLING) No, no - (GAGGING AND COUGHING)

Britt: Yes, yes, Doctor Hill!

SOUND: FALLING BODY

Britt: (MUTTER) That's just the beginning, you rats!

Annrc: The Green Hornet quickly cut the phone wire, then drew out a case containing a charged hypodermic needle. He shot a colorless fluid into the arm of Tumbler Katz, to counteract the effect of the gas. ~~Then he raised a front shade, switched the lights on and off and left~~

Britt: (MUTTER) That'll bring him around in a couple of minutes.

Annrc: Britt raised a front shade, switched the lights off and on, then lowered the shade. As he left the house by the side door, Kato drove up in the convertible.

SOUND: CAR STOPPING

SOUND: A FEW RUNNING STEPS, CAR DOOR OPENS

Britt: (SOFT AND FAST) All right Kato - I'll take this car.

Kato: Yes sir.

Britt: The Black Beauty is in the alley. Go over there and guard it until I return. Here, take the mask and this topcoat with you. (EFFORT) Hat too.

Kato: Yes Mr. Britt.

Britt: In just a moment I think Tumbler Katz is going to rush out of that side door - get out of sight. I'll walk up the stairs and ring the doorbell.

Kato: (FADING) I will see you later.

SOUND: A COUPLE OF STEPS

SOUND: STEPS UP STAIRS

SOUND: Door BURSTS OPEN

Katz: (PANICKY) Hey - who -

Britt: Hey - what's the matter?

Katz: Lemme out. Lemme -

Britt: Just a minute. I was just coming to call on a man named Katz.

Katz: That's me, only lemme go. I gotta get to the cops and fast!

Britt: The cops?

Katz: Who're you anyway?

Britt: My name's Reid, Britt Reid of the Daily Sentinal. I'm a friend of Len Forrester. Did you say you wanted to go to the police?

Katz: I gotta go right away. He'll kill me!

Britt: Who will kill you?

Katz: The Green Hornet!

Britt: Great Scott! Listen, get into my car. I'll take you to police headquarters in nothing flat!

MUSIC: BURST

SOUND: PHONE RINGS, HOOK

Burke: Just a minute Axford, I gotta get the phone. Police Headquarters. () Doyle? Nope. It's his night off.

SOUND: HOOK

Axford: I was sayin' about that football game, Burke --

Burke: Hey -- look what's coming! Lookat the guy wit' all the bandages!

Axford: Sufferin' snakes, that's Britt Reid that's wit' him! Hey Reid, what're you doin' in the cops headquarters?

Britt: (COMING IN) I brought a story to you, Axford.

Katz: Yuh gotta save me. Yuh gotta help me.

Axford: Where'd yuh get the guy that's fixed up like a mummy?

**Britt:** His name is Katz - Tumbler Katz. It's a long story, Axford. You see, my friend Forrester got into something of a jam. I was going to call on this man Katz, when he rushed from the house -

**Katz:** It's the Hornet!

**Axford:** Sufferin' Snakes! The Hornet!

**Katz:** He's got in wit' Mintz and Wattles! He's goin' to kill me!

**Axford:** What's that about Mintz?

**Britt:** You can get the facts, Axford. I'm going over to Forrester's house.

**Katz:** The Hornet's around somewhere - I got conscious an' seen Doc on the floor an' I ran out -

**Burke:** Now hold everything! Let's get these facts straight!

**Axford:** Reid! Stick around! This might be good.

**Britt:** Len Forrester will be waiting for me, Axford. Phone me there if you get anything sensational.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE, FADE UNDER

**Anncr:** Britt strolled out of the police headquarters, but once in the street, he moved fast.

SOUND: CAR DOOR, CAR START AND FADE OUT

**Anncr:** In his convertible he hurried to the nearest drug store and dialed the number of Mintz's home -



**Britt:** Mintz - get this the first time and get it straight. I can't repeat. Doc wants you to know that the Green Hornet's tried to muscle in! Katz got scared and ran to the cops. He's spilling the works about you! Get ready to lam!

MUSIC: BURST

SOUND: CAR COMING TO STOP

**Anncr:** Britt brought the convertible to a stop a few yards from where he'd parked the Black Beauty in a dark alley -

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS

SOUND: A FEW RUNNING STEPS

**Kato:** (SOFT) Mr. Britt, is everything all right?

**Britt:** It is so far, but time's precious. (EFFORT) Take this coat and hat -

**Kato:** Yes sir.

**Britt:** The other outfit, the outfit I wear with the mask -

**Kato:** Right here - I hold coat for you.

**Britt:** (EFFORT) Kato, here are the plans for the rest of the night! We're going from here to Mintz's house! Now listen!

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH

**Wattles:** Still no answer at Doc's house?

**Mintz:** No. No answer.

**Wattles:** What do you make of it, Mintz?

**Mintz:** Wattles, I don't know what to make of it.

Wattles: No idea who it was that phoned with the warning about the Green Hornet?

Mintz: It wasn't a voice I'd ever heard before.

Wattles: Would you know it if you heard it again?

Mintz: Nope. I don't think so.

Wattles: I don't like the way things stack up. Try Katz again. Maybe Doc's over there.

SOUND: DIALING

Mintz: There's no use, but I'll try it.

Wattles: Told you it was out of order the last time, didn't they?

Mintz: Yeah.

SOUND: PHONE BUZZ AT FAR END

Phone

Girl: (ON PHONE) What number are you calling?

Mintz: Same as before. University 3628 -

Girl: (PHONE:) I'm sorry sir, that line is out of order.

Mintz: Nutz.

SOUND: HOOK

Wattles: Now what?

Mintz: Wattles, I'm takin' no chances. We'll be ready to lam out if the cops show up.

Wattles: Think that'd be smart?

Mintz: Smarter than answering a lot of questions if Tumbler Katz tells all he knows.

SOUND: DESK DRAWER OPENS

Mintz: (EFFORT) Here, open this brief case.

Wattles: Got everything ready to move fast?

SOUND: ZIPPER

Mintz: The dough is right here in the desk. Ten grand!

Wattles: Good thing we hadn't split with Doc and Katz -

Mintz: Yeah.

SOUND: CLOSE DRAWER

Mintz: Gimme the bag, I'll put the cash in - just in case -

Wattles: Yeah -

Mintz: Now, at the first sign of cops - we clear out.

SOUND: ZIP BRIEF CASE

Wattles: Hey - a car has stopped out front.

Mintz: Lemme see.

Wattles: A scout car.

Mintz: Oh oh - that's our cue to move! Come on!

Wattles: Sure we can get out the back way? Maybe they've got that watched.

Mintz: They won't have.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

Mintz: This way, Wattles.

SOUND: DOOR BELL

Wattles: Cops at the door.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

SOUND: FAST STEPS

Mintz: By the time they get in, we'll be gone. My car's in the garage at the corner. We'll take it and scott. Here's the door.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN'S

Britt: Going somewhere?

Wattles: (GASP) The Nornet!

Mintz: The Green Hornet!

Britt: I'll take that brief case! In exchange I'll give you -

Wattles: (YELL) No, no - don't kill us!

Britt: Fool! The cops are out front!

Wattles: (YELL) Help! The H ornet!

Britt: Take it, you fathead!

Wattles: (GAGGING AS)

ADLIB: (DISTANT VOICES OF COPS)

Britt: You can stay and welcome the cops. I've got places to go!

Mintz: (SHOUT) Don't shoot me -

Britt: Just gas - to put you asleep!

Mintz: (GAGGING)

Britt: You'll wake up in the arms of the law.

Cops: (APPROACHING) (ADLIB) I heard yells out here - Me too - Someone said somethin' about the Hornet -

Britt: (MUTTER) So long - rats!

Burke: (COMING IN) Hey - look what's here on the ground.

Cop 2: (COMING IN) That's Mintz!

Axford: Good Gravy! He's out cold. It's the work o' the Green Hornet.

Burke: The Hornet must be around somewhere.

Axford: Burke, we gotta find him! This is the chance o' me life.

Burke: Spread out! Scour the neighborhood!

Cop: It's so dark out here -

Burke: You go inside an' call headquarters. Tell 'em to put the flash out fer the Hornet!

ADLIB: (COPS MILLING AROUND, FADING FAR BACK)

Britt: (CUE) (SOFT AND CLOSE) Kato, here's the hat, coat and mask. Take this gas weapon and the brief case too.

Kato: I have them.

Britt: Get into the Black Beauty, open 'er wide - give the cops a  
~~the~~ run and then when you've shaken them - go home!  
Get going.

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS

SOUND: HORNET CAR START, WIDE OPEN, FADE FAST

ADLIB: (BACK) (YELLING) There he goes. That's him. The Green Hornet. Get the car. Get after him. Come on.  
(FADING ADLIBBING)

Britt: (SOFT LAUGH) (CLOSE) Have a good chase, Axford. I'll see you, after I take a nice leisurely ride to call on my friend, Forrester.

SOUND: CAR START AND MOVE OFF SLOWLY

MUSIC: BURST

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

Axford: Reid! Holy Crow, I've been waitin' here in the apartment fer yez tuh come home! Have I got news.

Britt: I told you I'd be at Len Forrester's, Axford. Did you call there?

Axford: Yeah, but you'd already left.

Britt: Did that phoney accident victim squeal?

Axford: Did he squeal? Oh golly! He spilled everything about a game his gang was workin' on yer friend Forrester. I told yez that guy Mintz was no good.

Britt: Yes, you told me.

Axford: We got the crooked Doctor an' Mintz an' a guy wit' Mintz.

Britt: Len Forrester told me he'd paid those crooks ten thousand dollars. Did you recover that?

Axford: Reid, I was that close tuh gittin' it! Only the Hornet got there first. Mintz said he had the dough in a brief case an' the Green Hornet got away wit' it!

Britt: Well - Forrester deserves to lose it. He's a pretty reckless driver. Perhaps this will be a lesson to him.

Axford: Yeah - if only someone worth while had got the dough, instead o' that Green Hornet.

Britt: Tell me the details in the morning, Axford. I'm tired. I'm going to turn in.

Axford: Ah, go ahead. Kato's in there turnin' yer bed down.

Britt: Good night, Axford.

Axford: Good night tuh yez, Reid.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

Kato: Bed is ready Mr. Britt.

Britt: Kato - where is the ten thousand -

Kato: In Black Beauty.

Britt: In the morning, we must see that it goes to that home for crippled children. Open the window, will you Kato?

Kato: Yes Mr. Britt:

SOUND: OPEN WINDOW

Boy: (OUTSIDE) Sentinal Extry - paper extry -  
Hit-run racket smashed! Green Hornet still at large -  
(FADE OUT ADLIBBING AS)

Britt: That's my lullaby - (SIGHS) Good night, Kato.

THEME: