

The Green Hornet

by Fran Striker

Turban of Jarpur

Number 136

Date 1/1/46

(29)

Britt, Case, Kato, Axford

Dreck.....smooth crook. Also plays
Jarpur...in oriental style

Mason.....middle aged gentleman

Abdul.....small part. Straight.

Burke.....as before

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annrcr: Michael Axford had a desk in the same office with Britt Reid's secretary, Miss Case. He was sitting there at ease when Miss Case came in.

Axford: Oh -- hello Casey!

Case: Axford, take your feet off that desk!

Axford: Oh golly, Miss Case, yuh got back from lunch early! Here, have a gum drop!

Case: Thanks, I don't like gum drops.

Axford: I knew a guy one time what couldn't eat them because they stuck his false teeth tuhgether an' he had tuh take his plate out tuh --

Case: I don't have a plate!

Axford: Well I ain't sayin' that yuh have, Miss Case, I was only --

Case: Has Mr. Reid come in yet?

Axford: Naw, it ain't likely he'll be down till late this afternoon some time -- he was goin' tuh the Civic Club fer lunch.

Case: The one place you can't follow him! I'd live there if I were he.

Axford: Did yuh see the story about the Prince?

Case: The Prince?

Axford: Yeah - an oriental guy o' some sort, named Prince Jarpur.

Case: Mr. Reid won't publish stories about fakes like that.

Axford: I don't blame him! It burns me up tuh think of all the society dames that pay money to talk to a lug like that.

Case: Say-y-y! How did you know about that story?

Axford: Why I seen it on yer desk!

Case: Snooping eh?

Axford: Now I'll have yez know I don't snoop. It was layin' there in plain sight an' I seen his pitcher wit' that bath towel wrapped around his head an' looked tuh see what it was all about. That's all.

Case: Hurmph!

Axford: Say, I wonder what he looks like without that thing on his head?

Case: I wouldn't know.

Axford: D'yuh think he's bald?

Case: I don't know!

Axford: Maybe that's why he wears it!

Case: Michael I want to ask you something.

Axford: (CHUCKLE) Well go ahead, youngster.

Case: Who is Jonathan Dreck?

Axford: Dreck? Sufferin' Snakes, where'd you meet that guy?

Case: You know him?

Axford: There ain't a cop or G-Man in this part o' the country that don't know him! Why?

Case: Who is he?

Axford: Now let me think a minute - I want tuh git this straight. He's a ruthless blackmailer that's left a trail o' ruined lives behind him wherever he went.

Case: Huh?

Axford: I read that somewheres! All I know is that he has a record a mile long an' that he's caused some suicides. He should o' bin put behind the bars years ago, but there never is anyone that'll testify against him. Where did you hear about Dreck?

Case: I'm surprised you didn't see this note on my desk. Mr. Reid wants information about him.

Axford: Why didn't Britt ask me? I coulda told him plenty!

Case: Is Dreck in town?

Axford: Yeah, he lives here. Someday someone is goin' tuh pay him off wit' a bullet instead of wit' cash! Mark my words.

Case: You'll mark your desk if you don't take your feet off it!

Axford: Oh no I won't - that's why I got the glass top on it. I wonder why Reid wants the lowdown on Dreck?

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

Britt: Hello everyone.

Case: Mr. Reid!

Axford: I thought yuh was goin' to the Civic Club, Reid!

Britt: A little later, Axford. Miss Case, have you anything to report?

Case: Plenty, Mr. Reid. I went to see that phoney Prince.

Axford: Hey Casey - yuh didn't tell me -

Case: Axford, must I tell you everything?

Britt: Go on, Miss Case. Did you find out anything?

Case: Yes, Mr. Reid. He's a fake, all right. I had an appointment with him this noon. The place was full of prominent women all waiting to see him.

Britt: Just how does he operate, Miss Case?

Case: He preaches self-expression - individuality - urges women to develop their ego - to assert themselves and to prepare their soul for greater things.

Axford: Holy Crow!

Britt: Go on.

Case: And women like Mrs. Henry Mason just love it!

Axford: Mrs. Mason! Hey - her husband's a big shot!

Britt: She believes what Jarpur tells her?

Case: Mr. Reid, he practically hypnotizes women like Mrs. Mason!

Britt: Hm!

Case: He gets them talking and they tell him anything he wants to know - not only about their own business - but their husband's.

Britt: He could make a lot of trouble.

Case: He's dangerous, Mr. Reid.

Axford: He's worse than a swoon-crooner!

Britt: Come into my office, Miss Case. I want you to tell me all you know about this fellow. He might bear investigating.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annccr: While Britt Reid learned about Lenore Case's interview with Prince Jarpur - Jonathan Dreck sat in the office of Henry Mason.

Mason: Please be brief, Mr. Dreck - I have a luncheon appointment at the Civic Club.

Dreck: I'll get right to the point, Mason. Certain blocks of real estate are being bought up outside of the city.

Mason: Indeed?

Dreck: The owners have no idea who the real buyers of the land might be. If they knew that you and two other gentlemen were buying the land to re-sell to the city for an airport, the prices would go sky high.

Mason: Where did you get such an idea?

Dreck: Please don't waste your time and mine.

Mason: How did you learn of this?

Dreck: That doesn't matter -

Mason: What are you after?

Dreck: You'll make at least fifty thousand dollars on the deal.

Mason: I know nothing of any real estate deal such as you mention, I -

Dreck: Please! I am certain of my facts. I'll give you two days to think it over and decide how much you can afford to pay to salvage your plans.

Mason: Granting that you are correct - what is your proposition?

Dreck: You think it over for two days and I'll do the same. Naturally, I can benefit financially by taking my information to the people from whom you will buy land. It would interest them to know that you must have that land at any price! However, I'm going to give you the first opportunity to bid. If the proposition you make suits me, I'll go no further.

Mason: Dreck, I will pay you one thousand dollars cash right now if you'll tell me how you got your information.

Dreck: My dear Mr. Mason - (LAUGHS) - I must protect my sources -

Mason: Two thousand! If there is a leak in my office -

Dreck: I'm sorry -

Mason: Just a moment!

Dreck: Yes?

Mason: I have three thousand in cash in this office right now. It is yours if you tell me where you learned of this!

Dreck: All right Mason. I'll buy it. Where's the cash?

SOUND: DRAWER

Mason: (CUE) Right here! () Who told you about my - er - plans?

Dreck: The Green Hornet!

Mason: The Green Hornet?

Dreck: (SOFT LAUGH) Thanks for the three thousand!
Now I'll leave so you can keep your appointment
at the Civic Club.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

SOUND: RESTAURANT BG

Britt: Mason, you say this man, Dreck, came to you just
before you left your office?

Mason: Yes, Britt.

Britt: Then you could hardly have known his intentions
when you phoned and asked me to meet you here
at the club for luncheon.

Mason: No. No, I didn't know about Dreck at the time
I called you. I wanted to meet you and tell
you what Hendricks, Fletcher and I were doing.

Britt: Buying up the real estate?

Mason: Yes.

Britt: Why did you want to let me in on your plans?

Mason: Because I thought it wise to deal with you,
just as I did with your father when he ran the
Daily Sentinel.

Britt: Oh.

Mason: I was always perfectly frank with him. He knew
that I gave him the straight facts. The point
is simply this. We - the three of us - are
buying up land that is to be used for an airport.
We are doing it simply because this city needs
an airport - needs it badly.

Britt: That's very true.

Mason: On several occasions a site has been considered. In every case, the owners of the property learned about it and the prices of the land went up. The cost of the land became prohibitive. Condemnation proceedings would be too long-drawn out and costly. The sites under consideration had to be rejected.

Britt: I see.

Mason: In this case, we three thought we'd secure the land before any news of the site leaked out. In that way, we could make it available to the city at a price within reason.

Britt: Then you three are motivated by civic interest?

Mason: Precisely.

Britt: Not by a desire to make a profit.

Mason: Oh Reid - (SLIGHT LAUGH) - did you say profit? The three of us are in the eighty percent tax bracket. How could we make a profit? I wanted you to know what we were doing because I thought **you might get distorted facts and publish something that would spoil everything.**

Britt: I appreciate your frankness, Mason. Have you told anyone else?

Mason: No!

Britt: Then how did this fellow, Dreck, learn that you were buying up that land?

- Mason: He says he got his information from the Green Hornet! It cost me three thousand dollars to learn that, and having learned it, I know nothing!
- Britt: The Green Hornet's been in headlines. Perhaps Dreck named him just to get your three thousand.
- Mason: I don't know. The fact is - Dreck knew my plans! I'd give anything to know how he got them!
- Britt: Do you think Fletcher or Hendricks told anyone?
- Mason: No. Those men are too smart. They've spent a lifetime learning the importance of a silent tongue!
- Britt: Mason - did you tell your wife what you were doing?
- Mason: Edith? Yes. I tell her everything. But she wouldn't talk. Why, good heavens, she's known about my affairs for thirty years! She's never divulged a thing! She'd hardly start at this late date!
- Britt: Do you think you'll have to pay Dreck off?
- Mason: I'll have to! Much as I hate to be the victim of extortion, I'll have to do it -
- Britt: You might tell him to go fly a kite -
- Mason: And let our plans blow up in our face. We'd be stuck with what real estate we've already bought and the city would lose another chance to get a desirable airport.
- Britt: I wish I could help you, Mason -

Mason: Oh you can help, Britt! You can help in two ways -

Britt: Yes?

Mason: You can suppress any news about our plans -

Britt: That's one way.

Mason: -- and you can increase the intensity of your campaign against the Green Hornet!

Britt: (MUTTERING) Um-m - it's too bad -

Mason: Eh?

Britt: You're not the first of Jonathan Dreck's victims - and unless something is done, you'll not be the last. It's too bad someone can't fight that crook with sharp weapons!

Mason: Sharp weapons? What do you mean?

Britt: People who fight him have nothing but the law with which to fight.

Mason: Oh -

Britt: -- and against a man like Dreck - the law doesn't have sharp enough teeth. In fact, he uses the law as a protective armor!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr: Britt Reid spent the rest of the day quietly gathering facts about Jonathan Dreck - facts that could be used to fight the crook by the Green Hornet. That evening he called his valet, Kato, to his bedroom -

Britt: Tonight we are going to check a few facts Kato, and see if my supposition is correct.

Kato: Yes Mr. Britt.

Britt: There is one way this man Dreck might have learned of Mason's activities. That is, thru Jarpur.

Kato: You think they are acquainted?

Britt: At least acquainted! You see Kato, I am the only one who knows that Dreck lied to Mason when he said his information came from the Green Hornet.

Kato: Yes sir.

Britt: I have the addresses of both Dreck and Jarpur. They live near each other. I'm going to try to find out if they're working together.

Kato: You will want the Black Beauty tonight?

Britt: Yes Kato.

Kato: Mask and gas weapon -

Britt: Tonight I also want a real weapon. I'm taking a thirty-eight revolver!

Anner: 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.

SOUND: STEP INTO CAR. STARTER

Annex: 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

MUSIC: BURST

SOUND: FAINT STREET NOISES

DISTANT CLOCK STRIKING TEN. FADE UNDER

Annex: A clock in a steeple near Jonathan Dreck's home struck ten as the Green Hornet and Kato approached a rear window.

Kato: (SOFT) Window is locked?

Britt: (SOFT) I'll know in a second - (EFFORT) Yes - it seems to be.

Kato: We try other window?

Britt: No. Give me that thin piece of steel -

Kato: Yes sir -

Britt: (SLIGHT EFFORT) This is just a standard latch - I think I can force it - (EFFORT)

SOUND: SLIGHT CLICK

There. Unlocked.

Kato: I will open window -

Britt: Just a couple of inches -

SOUND: MOVE WINDOW SLIGHTLY

Britt: That'll do. Just need room enough to get my hand and a gun inside -

Kato: You have gun?

Britt: (SLIGHT EFFORT) Yes. Get ready to travel, Kato.

SOUND: SHOT

Britt: Now - get to the car.

SOUND: RUNNING STEPS SUSTAIN AS -

Britt: (RUNNING) (CUE) That should start something!

Kato: (RUNNING) Is likely.

SOUND: STEPS HALT

Britt: (CUE) Here we are.

SOUND: CAR DOOR

In with you! Slide over. I'll drive.

Kato: (GETTING INTO CAR) Now where?

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS

Britt: Now we'll keep an appointment with Prince Jarpur!

SOUND: CAR START. FULL UP.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annor: We'll continue tonight's adventure in just a moment.

COMMERCIAL

MUSIC: ORIENTAL BG

Annrcr: The headquarters of Jarpur, the mystic, was filled with heavy draperies, deep rugs, oriental trappings and a thick cloying odor of incense.

SOUND: ORIENTAL GONG

Jarpur: Ah-h, the signal. One who seeks admittance awaits outside. Go, Abdul, and pass the stranger thru the portal --

Abdul: That's the guy that made that ten o'clock date with you, Boss.

Jarpur: (LOW) Shut up, you moron. Let him and don't talk. You'll give yourself away.

Abdul: O.K. (FADING BACK SLIGHTLY) I hope he don't stay long. I want to get out of this outfit.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

Britt: Back up!

Abdul: (GASP) Masked!

Britt: Get back in there, Mohammed. I want to talk to your boss!

Abdul: The Hornet!

Britt: Close the door.

Jarpur: Ah, my friend, one need not come to Jarpur with the face concealed. The mask before my eyes is like the mist before the sun which makes it fade away --

Britt: Save that for the cash customers! I came to make a deal with you.

Jarpur: You are the one who called a few moments ago to see if I would give an interview?

Britt: I called to make sure you were here! Now listen to me. There was a shooting tonight - just a few minutes ago -

Jarpur: A shooting?

Britt: Yes. Someone fired a shot in the rear window of Jonathan Dreck's house. I don't know whether he got Dreck or not.

Jarpur: Um-m! Who is this - this assassin?

Britt: I'm not telling any more until I know what's in it for me.

Jarpur: My friend -

Britt: I'm not your friend, Jarpur - and tell your friend to forget any idea he has of reaching for a gun.

Jarpur: Abdul would harm no one, sahib. You misjudge -

Abdul: (SUDDEN EFFORT) I'll show -

Britt: (EFFORT) You -

SOUND: BLOW

Jarpur: Sahib!

SOUND: FALLING BODY

Britt: I should've said a gun or a knife!

Jarpur: You have hurt Abdul!

- Britt: He'll come to in a few minutes. Now Jarpur, if you have any tricks, get thru with them so we can talk business.
- Jarpur: You hit hard, sahib.
- Britt: Shall we continue our talk where we left off?
- Jarpur: Why do you think I'd buy information?
- Britt: Don't stall, Jarpur. I know you and your game.
- Jarpur: I do not understand.
- Britt: Yes you do. If there's a murder, it would be worth a lot to you to know the killer's name.
- Jarpur: I do not see how!
- Britt: Jonathan Dreck planned to collect from a certain man for keeping a secret. This man would pay a lot more to save himself from a murder rap than he would to save a real estate investment.
- Jarpur: Why, then, do you not act? Why do you come to me? I am a student of the philosophy and teaching of the far East. I am Prince Jarpur!
- Britt : That's all right to tell your customers, but I know you're running a blackmail and extortion game.
- Jarpur: I am not interested in your proposition, my friend with the green mask. Good evening. May the peace of Allah abide with you. Selah.
- Britt: Suit yourself. We may meet again some time!

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE. STREET NOISES
FOOTSTEPS ON WALK

Britt: All right Kato, we'll wait here and watch. If Jarpur is working with Dreck, he'll make a bee-line to Dreck's place to see how badly he's been hurt.

Kato: Mr. Britt -

Britt: Yes Kato?

Kato: There was no sound in the home of that man after the shot.

Britt: I didn't notice.

Kato: Perhaps you did kill -

Britt: I doubt it Kato. The room was dark. I don't even know that Dreck was at home.

Kato: It would have been better if there had been sounds from the house.

Britt: There's no way Jarpur could see us from his place while we wait here, is there?

Kato: No sir.

Britt: I thought he'd be coming from the house at once! I'm sure he and Dreck are partners.

Kato: What if they are partners?

Britt: If that's the case, we can find a way to discredit Jarpur and get rid of Dreck.

Kato: Look!

Britt: There he goes - good! I'm going to follow him and hear what he and Dreck say!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anncr: Michael Axford, as usual, was in police headquarters with his friend, Sergeant Burke. When the phone rang, Burke thought it a routine call until he heard the voice at the other end identify himself -

Burke: What's that name? You say you're Jonathan Dreck?

Axford: (MUTTERS) Holy Crow! If that guy ain't got the nerve o' Satan himself!

Burke: What's that, Dreck?

Axford: (MUTTERS) Him callin' the cops -

Burke: Murder you? () Be right there!

SOUND: SLAM HOOK

Axford: What's that about a murder?

Burke: Come on Axford! (CALL) Joe - take the board, I gotta go!

SOUND: FAST STEPS

Axford: Where we goin'?

Burke: Dreck's house! He says someone is tryin' to murder him!

MUSIC: BURST

Anncr: The following morning, Axford came into the office in a high state of excitement.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN FAST

Axford: Casey -

Case: Don't slam it!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS

Axford: Oh golly!

Case: There you go again!

Axford: But I got news! It was last night!

Case: What was last night?

Axford: That guy we talked about yesterday - Jonathan Dreck! By golly, he got it!

Case: I read something about it. Did you learn anything new at the police headquarters?

Axford: Where's Reid - I gotta see him!

Case: He's in his office, and you don't gotta see him. He's busy.

Axford: Busy or not, he'll want tuh hear -

Case: Mr. Mason is with him.

Axford: I know but -

Case: Mr. Mason just arrived. They're in conference -

SOUND: DOOR SNATCHED OPEN

Case: Keep out of there.

Axford: Reid -

Britt: (BACK) What's the matter?

Axford: Reid - somethin' about that guy Dreck!

Britt: Do you know Mr. Mason, Axford?

Axford: It's glad I an tuh meet yez Mason -

Mason: How do you do.

Axford: I just come from the cops headquarters, Reid -
an' yuh know the cops had a mysterious phone
call durin' the night?

Britt: Yes. They heard Dreck saying that he was about
to be murdered. They rushed to his place - found
signs of a struggle - a bullet hole in the wall -
and no sign of Dreck!

Axford: Yeah!

Mason: Oh Lord -

Britt: That was all in the first edition. What have
you to add?

Axford: One of the squad cars seen the Green Hornet's
car in that neighborhood last night about the
time o' the phone call -

Britt: Yes?

Axford: There was a guy named Lambert what was sort of
a house man fer Dreck, an' he said he seen the
Green Hornet leavin' the place!

Britt: Indeed?

Axford: So the Green Hornet is bein' hunted fer the
murder!

Britt: What murder?

Axford: Dreck's!

Britt: Have they found the corpus delicti?

Axford: Yuh mean the cadaver? No they ain't - not yet!

Britt: Then how do they know there's a murder?

Axford: The cadaver must o' bin done away wit'. That's the only way I can see it - but it'll turn up, the chances are. Should I write up a story about the Green Hornet?

Britt: Write one - then let me check it. Now please close the door.

Axford: Oh golly - I fergot the door, an' there is Casey listenin' tuh the hull thing.

Britt: From the outside.

Axford: Oh - all right.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

Mason: Lord! Britt, do you see where this puts me?

Britt: Not exactly Mason, you didn't kill Dreck did you?

Mason: Heavens no! But I'll be questioned if it is known that he came to me. I have no alibi for last night. I was home alone, but I can't prove it.

Britt: I understand.

Mason: But if the facts come out, I'll certainly be held and that would ruin me.

Mason: Why should the facts come out?

Mason: That- that is why I came to you. This- this man my wife calls on - Jarpur -

Britt: Yes?

Mason: He called me on the phone. He said that I should see him today. He said he would be able to help me remain a free man!

Britt: Oh-h. He can, eh?

Mason: He must know of - of what happened last night.

Britt: What time are you going to call on him?

Mason: This evening.

Britt: What time?

Mason: About- about nine o'clock.

Britt: Let me know what he says.

Mason: I had to tell someone Britt - you're the one man I can trust.

Britt: If the Green Hornet has disposed of Dreck for you, you owe him a debt of gratitude.

Mason: Not if I'm accused of murder!

Britt: You can't be charged with anything unless Jonathan Dreck is found.

Mason: But this man Jarpur - I wonder why he wants to see me?

Britt: You'll find out if you call on him.

Mason: Britt, would you like to go with me?

Britt: No, Mason. You go alone and let me know what happens.

Mason: (GETTING UP) Britt, it means a lot to have someone like you in whom I can confide.

Britt: I'm glad you have such confidence in me.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

PECKING AT TYPEWRITER

Mason: (FADING BACK) You'll hear from me.

Britt: Good.

Mason: (BACK) Good day, Miss Case.

Case: 'Bye Mr. Mason.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

Mason: 'Bye, Axford.

SOUND: STOP TYPING

Axford: Oh - uh - so long, Mason.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

Axford: (CUE) Reid, I'm workin' on that story -

Britt: Make it strong where the Hornet's concerned, Axford.

Axford: That I will, by golly!

Britt: If you do a good job, I'll see that you get a credit line!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE. FADE UNDER

Newsboy: Sentinal paper! Green Hornet at large!
Sentinal writer charges Hornet with murder!
Read all about it -

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

Axford: (ENTRANCED) Sentinal writer - by golly -

SOUND: RUSTLE PAPER

That's me, Reid! Sentinal writer charges
Hornet with murder!

Britt: Axford, why don't you put the paper down and
finish your dinner?

Axford: Y'know Reid, when I see somethin' like this in
print, I wonder how I could write so smooth!

Britt: (DRYLY) A few revisions were made in your story -

Axford: Hey Kato, who was it at the front door?

Kato: A special messenger Mr. Axford, with a letter
for you.

Axford: Yeah? By golly - (LAUGHS) -- maybe I'm gettin'
fan mail.

SOUND: TEAR ENVELOPE

Britt: You might as well clear the table, Kato. Axford
won't eat any more dinner.

Kato: Is most unusual.

Axford: Holy Crow!

Britt: What's the matter with you?

Axford: Reid! This is from the Green Hornet! Look!
It's got his seal on the botton!

Britt: The Green Hornet - writing to you?

Axford: It's on account of my name bein' on this article
in the Sentinal!

Britt: Does the Hornet object to your accusations?

Axford: Yeah! He says he won't take the blame fer what
he don't do! He says my alley - gations are all
wrong! An' that ain't all!

Britt: No?

Axford: He says fer me to take some cops an' go see
this guy called Prince Jarpur an' tuh do it
tuhnright!

Britt: Axford - take me with you!

Axford: Huh? Reid - you?

Britt: Yes! Why not? You're always telling about the
adventures you have when you travel with Burke
and the other policemen. Let me in on some of
the fun.

Axford: Oh now Reid - I might be gettin' mixed up wit'
the Green Hornet before the night is out!

Britt: What of it?

Axford: A criminal like that is dangerous! It wouldn't
do fer you to risk yer neck!

Britt: Nonsense! What risk would there be, with you along? Can't you protect me from the- the Green Hornet?

Axford: W-well -

Britt: Besides - you may not even see the Hornet. You're going to call on Jarpur, aren't you?

Axford: All right, Reid. I'll take yez wit' me! But remember - if we see the Hornet, you get outta the way! You keep out of things an' let me go intuh action!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE. CHANGE TO
ORIENTAL TRAIL OFF

Anner: In accordance with the request made by Jarpur, Henry Mason called at the house of oriental splendor and faced Jarpur across a small, inlaid table. He was amazed at the coolness with which Prince Jarpur made an amazing suggestion -

Jarpur: - and it will be possible for you to avoid much trouble. I will see that the body is never found.

Mason: Le- let me get you straight, Jarpur. You say - you saw in the stars that Dreck was to be killed last night?

Jarpur: Among other things, sahib, I am an astrologer and Dreck was one of my pupils. I cast his horoscope some time ago. It was in the stars that last night he would meet with violence. I went to his home - intending to warn him - but alas - I was too late.

Mason: Why did you send for me?

Jarpur: To help you - the husband of one of my pupils!

Mason: But I didn't kill Jonathan Dreck!

Jarpur: You admit you had the motive -

Mason: But I -

Jarpur: It is in the stars that you will face trial and conviction! Disgrace and ruin! The stars impell, sahib, but do not foretell! They tell that which is destined, but those who are forewarned can take steps to change their destiny.

Mason: You said you would see that Dreck's body was never found.

Jarpur: There can be no murder charge without the corpse.

Mason: I suppose it will cost me plenty.

Jarpur: Worldly goods, perhaps - but what are these when your life is at stake -

SOUND: CHIME

Jarpur: Abdul - tell he who is without that Jarpur is in consultation. I cannot be disturbed.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS FAST

Abdul: I -

Axford: (COMING IN FAST) Never mind the arguments!

Burke: We're here on business.

Abdul: The law!

Jarpur: This intrusion --

Mason: Britt Reid!

Britt: Hello Mason!

Mason: The police!

Burke: We got a warrant tuh search yer place fer
Dreck's body.

Mason: (SCREAMS) Britt! Don't let them!

Britt: I can't stop them, Mason! It's Axford's party!

Abdul: Stop!

Axford: Try an' stop us!

SOUND: BLOW

Jarpur: I'll not stand for this!

Axford: Take yer hands off me, Jarpur! (EFFORT) I'll
fix yuh!

SOUND: BLOW

Jarpur: (HOWL) You --

Burke: Axford! Yuh knocked his turban off!

Axford: Look -- he's no more a hindoo than I am -- he's
got blond hair! Let's see if this complexion
comes off now.

Jarpur: (ADLIBBING) Stop! Stop! This is assault!
This is mayhem -- this --

Axford: This is grease paint. Look!

Mason: Why he-- he's wearing make-up!

Durke: Swell goin', Axford! Keep it up.

Axford: (EFFORT) Stop yer squirmin' yuh phoney!

Jarpur: Stop this! Stop - stop - stop -

Axford: Good Gravy - lookat the guy now -

Mason: It's Jonathan Dreck!

Axford: The guy that was supposed tuh be a cadaver!
This guy was both Jarpur an' Dreck!

Britt: Axford, now I understand!

Axford: Huh?

Britt: Jarpur got information from women, and then,
as Jonathan Dreck, he'd use the information for
blackmail and extortion!

Mason: So that is how you - Oh, you rat!

SOUND: BLOW

Jarpur: (GRUNT)

SOUND: FALLING BODY

Axford: Ohhh Golly - Mason packs a wallop!

Britt: Just a minute Axford. Maybe the real Jarpur
was murdered.

Axford: Eh?

Britt: Maybe Jarpur killed Dreck and assumed his place.

Jarpur: No, no! I've been Dreck and Jarpur all along!
You can't pin a murder on me!

Britt: It seems to me Axford - that the police should hold Dreck and his servant for as long as possible while a full investigation is made.

Durke: That's the ticket, Mr. Reid! That's what we'll do! Come on you two crooks - there's a wagon waitin' for yuh.

MUSIC: BURST

Mason: Britt, maybe I'm just lucky -

Britt: They'll hold Dreck for a couple of days, Mason. In that time you can complete your real estate deal so Dreck can't make trouble.

Mason: I can . I will.

Britt: Jarpur is finished as Jarpur. Dreck can be held for quite a few charges.

Mason: And I'm rid of the worry! Britt, it was a happy coincidence that motivated last night's events. I still can't understand just where or how this Green Hornet entered into it.

Britt: It seems that he was accused by the papers of a murder. He resented it and sent Axford here with instructions to remove Jarpur's disguise.

Mason: Oh -

Britt: And I wanted to see Axford in action, so I came along. (LAUGHS) I guess he wanted to show off a bit. He certainly went into action, didn't he?

Mason: B-but - now - if this Green Hornet - I wonder if I need worry about him?

Britt: I don't think so!

MUSIC: THEME

Newsboy: Sentinal Paper! Extry Sentinal - Green Hornet
cleared of murder charges - (FADES) Extra
Sentinal Paper!