

The Green Hornet
by Fran Striker

Number:

801

Date:

4/8/47

Stolen Identity
~~"The Green Hornet Strikes Twice"~~

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Britt, Kato, Case, Axford, Gunnigan

Sergeant Burke

Jimmy Anderson 28. Veteran
Mary Anderson 25. His wife.
Andrew Blake 50. Stuffed shirt, pompous.
Wiggins 50. Councilman. No good.
Voice Bit
Voice 2 Bit
Man Bit
Waiter Bit

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~~The Green Hornet Strikes Again~~

Stolen Identity

(USUAL OPENING)

(FAINT STREET NOISES)

Annrc; The parking lot behind the Civic Club was dark. The attendant had gone off duty and the man who waited behind Andrew Blake's heavy car with a handkerchief over his face was quite alone. Then he heard footsteps on the gravel --

(FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING)

He knew his vigil was finished.

Anderson; (MUTTERS) That's Blake all right.

(STEPS FADING IN AS:)

Annrc; Andrew Blake drew a leather key case from his pocket as he neared his car.

(STEPS HALT)

(UNLOCKING AND OPENING CAR DOOR)

Annrc; He unlocked and opened the car door.

Anderson; All right, mister! Get 'em up!

Blake; (GASP) Wh-what is this?

Anderson; Keep quiet and hand over your wallet.

Blake; Oh, a robbery, eh? (FORCED LAUGH) You'll find the pickings rather slim. The cards weren't running my way tonight.

Anderson; I'll take that chance.

Blake; You're taking quite a chance when you rob me.
Here's the wallet. (SUDDENLY) And here -- (EFFORT)

Anderson; (SUDDEN EFFORT) Fool!

Blake; (START YELL BUT CUT IT WITH:)

(BLOW)

Anderson; There -

(BODY CRUMPLING)

It was your fault, Blake. I hope I haven't fractured
your skull. (EFFORT, GETTING INTO CAR)

(CAR DOOR SLAMS)

(STEP ON STARTER)

But if I have, you had it coming.

(CAR INTO LOW GEAR, SPEEDING UP FAST)

Annex; The assailant pulled the handkerchief from his face
as he drove the car from the parking lot. He shot
into the street without looking and then --

(CRASH OF CARS) (CAR IDLING)

Axford; (BACK) Hey! Look out!

Burke; (BACK, SHOUTING) Of all the crazy goons! Come on,
Axford.

(CAR DOOR OPENING, BACK)(STEPS IN)

Axford; (APPROACHING) What's the matter wit' yez, anyhow?

Anderson; I - I - I lost control of my car.

Burke; Let's see your driver's license.

Anderson; Th-that's a police car.

Axford; That it is, an' this is Sergeant Burke.

Anderson; (MUMBLES) License somewhere in this wallet --

Axford; Say, was you comin' from the Civic Club?

Anderson; Well, uh -- uh - yes, I was.

Axford; By golly, you must know my boss, Britt Reid. He's owner o' the Daily Sentinel.

Burke; Quiet, Axford. () what about that operators license?

Anderson; I -- I'm looking for it.

Burke; You must have some identification in that wallet.

Anderson; Oh yes - yes, of course. Here. Here you are.

Burke; Thanks.

Axford; Let me see it, Burke. Hold your flashlight closer. Let's see what his name is --

Burke; Blake --

Axford; I wonder if Reid knows the guy.

Burke; --Andrew Blake. Say, he's a big name around town, Axford.

Axford; Sure I've heard o' him but I - (BREAK OFF AS:)

(CAR INTO GEAR, SUDDENLY - START FAST
& FADE AS:)

Burke; (SHOUT) Hey!

Axford; (YELLS) Come back here!

Axford; By golly, Burke, the spalpeen's done a "hit an' run"!

Burke; Get in, Axford. We'll chase him.

(BOARDING CAR)

Axford; Will yer car run all right?

Burke; Sure., We only got a crumpled fender.

Axford; (GRUNTING) I'm in.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS)

(STEPS ON STARTER)

An' tuh think he's a member o' the Civic Club!
Sufferin' Snakes, Burke, wait 'till Britt Reid
hears o' this!

(CAR STARTS FAST)

Burke; Hang on, Axford!

Axford; Let 'er go, Burke! An open the siren!

(SIREN UP FULL & INTO:)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc; It was nearly noon the next day. Britt Reid, owner
of the Daily Sentinal had just reached his office.
Miss Case, his secretary, sat near his desk, her
pencil poised to take dictation or instructions but
Britt was scanning the newspaper.

(TURN PAGE OF PAPER)

Britt; (LAUGHING) This is good, Miss Case. The stuffed shirt's in a jam.

Case; I - I beg your pardon, Mr. Reid?

Britt; Look at this. Andrew Blake collided with a police car last night.

Case; Andrew Blake? Mercy!

Britt; He drove away. The police are still looking for him. I wonder what the bloated hypocrite was up to.

(DOOR OPENS SUDDENLY)

Axford; (BACK) Hey, Reid, did yez see the article I called in last night?

(DOOR CLOSES)

Britt; What article, Axford?

Axford; (COMING IN) About Andrew Blake.

Case; Did you ^{REPORT IT} ~~get this~~, Michael?

Axford; That I did. I was wit' Sergeant Burke when Blake ran intuh him.

Britt; Why did Blake run away?

Axford; I dunno, Reid. He was sittin' quiet with his motor runnin' then whil'st me an' Burke was lookin' at his identification he took off like a rocket. By golly that car o' his is almost as fast as the Green Hornet's

Britt; Are the police still looking for Blake?

Axford; That they are.

Britt; (CHUCKLING) I wonder why he ran away. That's not like Blake. He's always been a stickler for law and order. Something curious about this, Axford.

Axford; By golly, Reid, that's just what I was tellin' Burke. I --

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

Blake; (BACK) I want to see you, Reid.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Britt; Andrew Blake. Well, this is a surprise.

Axford; (HOLLOWLY) Huh---??

Britt; I understand you're being hunted by the law.

Blake; (VIOLENTLY ANGRY) I am not. I just came from police headquarters and now I propose to deal with you, sir. This article has made me a laughing stock! It's libelous!

Britt; Libelous? What do you mean, Blake? Isn't it true?

Blake; There's not a word of truth in it! Who wrote this story?

Britt; What about this, Axford?

Axford; Uh---?? What story is that?

Blake; This --

(SHAKE PAPER)

--- this story marking me, Andrew Blake as a fugitive from justice!

Case; (DRILY) Think fast, Michael.

Britt; What about it, Axford?

Blake; Yes, what about it?

Axford; Well, golly, Reid, there's a mistake somewheres.
This isn't the guy that smashed intuh Burke's car.

Blake; Indeed I'm not!

Britt; I thought you identified the man as Andrew Blake.

Axford; Well golly - he showed us his wallet! We saw his
membership card in the Civic Club an' some other cards.
You c'n ask Burke! He's still got the wallet!

Blake; I have the wallet right here. The police returned
it to me.

Britt; Just a minute.

(CLICK OF DICTOPHONE)

I'll have the City Editor come in here. () Gunnigan,
will you come into my office right away?

(CLICK OF DICTOPHONE)

Just what did happen, Mr. Blake?

Blake; I'll tell you what happened. I went to the parking
lot behind the civic Club to get my car. A man was
waiting for me. He knocked me out, stole my wallet,
stole my car.

Axford; Then he was the one that drove away!

Blake; Yes. And while you were chasing him, I lay unconscious in that dark parking lot. I didn't recover until about three o'clock this morning. Then I called a cab and went home. I reported my car stolen and went to bed. This morning my phone began ringing. People calling up -- laughing at me. Then the police came --

Britt; I'm sorry, Blake.

(DOOR OPENS)

Case; Here's Gunnigan.

Gunnigan; (BACK) What's the trouble, Boss?

Britt; You'd better get in on this, Gunnigan. Axford has a case of mistaken identity.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(COMING IN)

Gunnigan; /I see. You're Andrew Blake, aren't you?

Blake; I am, and your newspaper has damaged my reputation far beyond anything that can be compensated by money, but I'll have damages. I'm a prominent man and I know my rights.

Britt; Gunnigan, we'll have to publish a retraction of this article.

Gunnigan; Um-h.

Blake; I demand a retraction and I'll have damages! I'm going to give you a lesson you'll never forget. I know the laws of libel!

Britt; The laws of libel don't enter into this at all, Mr. Blake. Axford made a mistake but it was a natural one and we'll correct it in the next edition. As for damages --

Blake; (FUMING) I'll sue you for one hundred thousand dollars.

Britt; Don't be a fool.

Blake; You'll see. I have an appointment with my lawyer right now and you'll hear from him before the day is out. (FADING BACK) I'm going to sue you, Reid and I'm going to collect.

(SNATCH DOOR OPEN)

Britt; Just a minute, Blake. If you start a libel suit, the case will rest on the extent of damage to your reputation. To defend ourselves, we'll have to show that we did not damage your reputation. Don't start anything you'll regret.

Blake; (BACK) I'll not regret it but you will!

(DOOR SLAMS)

Axford; (DAZED) Holy Crow!

Case; Is he mad!

Gunnigan; Axford got someone else mixed up with Blake, eh?

Axford; I sure did, Gunnigan. Oh golly.

Gunnigan; You'd better call your legal couns~~el~~ on this, Boss.

Britt; You heard what I told him, Gunnigan. Print a retraction in a box on page one. We'll give him that and if he wants any more he'll have a fight on his hands. I think Blake is a smug hypocrite, a stuffed shirt and a phoney. No man can possibly be as good as he pretends to be. He didn't get where he is without a lot of conniving and scheming and we're going to find out all about him. Get hold of Lowry and a couple of other sharp reporters. Tell them to dig into Blake's past life. Investigate everything he's ever done -- every deal he's ever made. Cover that suburban neighborhood -- talk to the neighbors about him. Find out about him before he moved into that neighborhood.

Gunnigan; Now you're talkin', Boss! By thunder, that's the way your old man used to talk!

Axford; Reid -- what about me?

Britt; You too, Axford. Get on the job and bring me facts about Andrew Blake.

Axford; (EAGERLY) That I will, Reid. That I will.

(DOOR OPENS SLOWLY)

Axford; Sufferin' Snakes -- now who's comin' in here?

Case; I'd better get back to the outer office and direct traffic.

Axford; It's Sergeant Burke.

Burke; (BACK) Uh - Mr. Reid -- uh --

Britt; Come in, Burke. Come on in.

Burke; (COMING IN) I was lookin' for you, Axford. I thought you'd like to know we located Mr. Blake's car.

Axford; Yeah?

Britt; Where?

Burke; It was in a smash up near Centerville. The guy that stole it is in the Centerville Hospital.

Britt; What's his name?

Burke; Anderson. Jimmy Anderson. He was out of his head for a while an' he kept sayin' Blake had swindled him.

Britt; He did, eh? What else did he say?

Burke; That was all, Mr. Reid. When he was conscious he wouldn't say anything.

Britt; Has he a criminal record?

Burke; Gosh no, Mr. Reid. He's had some tough luck since he got out of the Army. Had a lot of trouble an' sickness. He's got a wife an' youngster.

Britt; A veteran, eh? How's his army record?

Burke; Good. The la^d was with the engineers an' decorated several times.

Axford; Reid, how'd it be if I went out tuh see him?

Burke; He's really up against it. In fact, he's worried about his hospital bill.

Gunnigan; I might send a sob sister out.

Britt; I'll go and see him. Maybe he'll have a story for the Sentinel that will be good enough to pay his hospital bill.

Case; You have a luncheon appointment at the Civic Club Mr. Reid.

Britt; Cancel it and have my car brought around. I'm going to Centerville.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Jim; I was a fathead, Mr. Reid. I should have known I couldn't get away with anything as crude as that. I - I guess I deserve whatever the police want to dish out.

Mary; No you don't, Jimmy! Mr. Reid, Jimmy's never done anything wrong in his life. He wouldn't have tried to rob Mr. Blake last night he he hadn't been desperate.

Britt; It was a pretty desperate move, Mrs. Anderson. Jimmy, why did you pick Blake of all people?

Jim; That phoney. He had it coming to him. I wish I'd slugged him harder. I - (WINCE IN PAIN) my head.

Mary; Oh Jim -- let me fix your pillow.

Jim; No, it's all right, Mary. Look, Mr. Reid, I tried to get the doctor to let me go home. Can you fix it up with him?

Britt; Aren't you comfortable here?

Jim; If I could afford a hospital like this do you think I'd have tried to steal pin money from Andrew Blake?

Britt; You might have felt it was your own money you were taking -- that you had a right to it.

Jim; (SHARPLY) What do you mean by that?

Britt; Didn't Blake swindle you?

Mary; Yes he did!

Jim; Mary!

Mary; Well I don't see why we should keep it quiet any longer.

Jim; Aw-w, listen, honey, Mr. Reid's heard all kinds of stories of crackpot inventors who've lost their patent rights. It's no use crying over spilt milk. I was just a sap, that's all.

Mary; I don't care, it's not fair, Mr. Reid, that's all. When Jimmy got out of the Army our baby was sick. It used up all our money. That's why Jimmy got into trouble last night and if Andrew Blake hadn't lied to him about the traffic light we'd have had plenty of money. Blake's going to make a fortune on it.

Britt; Traffic light, eh?

Mary; Councilman Wiggins has the other members of the Council sold on the idea of replacing every traffic light in the city with the Never Fail light and Andrew Blake will make a fat profit on everyone that's sold. And Jimmy invented that light.

Britt; How did Blake get it, Jimmy?

Jim; Oh it's a long story. He did some fast talking before I went into the Army. At the time five hundred bucks looked like a fortune. It meant that Mary could have the best of everything when the baby came.

Britt; Not many people know that Blake's interested in that light.

Jim; Why should I go around blabbing? I'm not a guy to cry over what's gone.

Mary; Jimmy's smart, Mr. Reid. Once he gets on his feet, he'll invent something else. Or he can get a job as a mechanic. He can do a lot of things. Can't you persuade Mr. Blake not to send him to jail?

Britt; I don't know. I'm afraid I haven't much influence with Mr. Blake.

Mary; We'll pay for the damage to his car. We'll pay for it somehow.

Britt; The insurance company will take care of that. The insurance company may press charges against you Jimmy, but I tell you what you do.

Jim; Huh? What's that?

Britt; Maybe we can find a place for you at the Sentinal. It'll be a steady job with fair pay. Meantime I'll have a talk with the insurance company.

Mary; Oh gee, Mr. Reid!

Jim; Look here, Mr. Reid. What's the catch? Why're you willing to help me?

Britt; Jimmy, I didn't get into the service. The War Department said I'd better stay on the job where I was. I've got a sort of a debt to you guys that did the fighting. I'll see you again before you get out of here. I've got to get back to my office.

Jim; But Mr. Reid --

Britt; And don't worry about the hospital bill.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(FADE IN CITY ROOM NOISES)

Gunnigan; Copy!

Voice; Yes, Mr. Gunnigan.

Gunnigan; Take this up to the composing room right away.

Voice; Yes sir.

Gunnigan; (CALLS) Hey Joe, how about that City Hall stuff?

Voice 2; Coming up.

(PHONE RINGS)

(PHONE HOOK)

Gunnigan; City desk -- Gunnigan speaking. () No, he's not back from Centerville yet. Stay where you are, Lowry, and keep calling. () I don't know. ReBd's handling this himself. I'm just going along for the ride.

(SLAM PHONE HOOK)

Britt; Move out of the back seat, Gunnigan.

Gunnigan; Huh? Oh hello, Boss. I didn't hear you come in. Say, you're going to have trouble with Blake.

Britt; Yeah?

Gunnigan; The lawyer phoned. He said it looks bad. Blake swings a lot of weight around this town.

Britt; Gunnigan, what do you know about this Wiggins on the City Council?

Gunnigan; Wiggins? What about him?

Britt; What's this traffic light he's trying to sell the city?

Gunnigan; I don't know much about it. Some new kind of light and it's pretty good, I guess. The chances are the city will adopt it at the next meeting of the council.

Britt; I see. Who gets the gravy?

Gunnigan; Gravy?

Britt; The graft -- the pay-off? Wiggins is one of those men that would never have been elected if people checked up on candidates before they cast their vote. Wiggins is on the council for all he can get out of it.

Gunnigan; Maybe, but why are you asking about that?

Britt; Listen, Gunnigan. We may have something by the tail. That kid in the hospital -- Jimmy Anderson. Do you know why he slugged Blake?

Gunnigan; For dough.

Britt; He invented a traffic light -- the Never Fail traffic light.

Gunnigan; What? Are you kidding?

Britt; No. He sold out for five hundred bucks and who do you think he sold to?

Gunnigan; Don't tell me it's Wiggins?

Britt; Uh-uh. A man by the name of Andrew Blake.

Gunnigan; Holy smoke! Hey! That ties in with what Lowry reported.

Britt; What's that?

Gunnigan; Lowry got next to a maid in Blake's home.

Britt; Leave it to Lowry.

Gunnigan; She told him that Blake had a date to meet Wiggins tonight.

Britt; Tonight - and the council meets on Friday. Gunnigan, maybe it's a pay-off.

Gunnigan; Aw, I dunno.

Britt; Where do they meet?

Gunnigan; I've got ~~it~~ here somewhere. Lemme see, the date's for ten o'clock. They've got a private dining room at the Manhattan Club.

Britt; Okay, Gunnigan. We'll be there.

Gunnigan; Huh?

(FAST STEPS).

Britt; (CALLING BACK) You'll hear from Miss Case.

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE,
CUT CITY ROOM NOISES)

(TYPEWRITER GOING AND STOPS AS DOOR CLOSES)

Case; Oh - Mr. Reid -- there were --

Britt; Skip it, Miss Case. Call the ~~the~~ Manhattan Club and reserve a table. I'm going to have a late dinner party.

Case; Very well.

Britt; I want Gunnigan there and Axford.

Case; Huh? Axford --

Britt; Yes. Also Ed Lowry and -- by the way, you might come.

Case; I?

Britt; Yes. Get the table and extend the invitations. I'll send Axford to your apartment to pick you up.

Case; But I --

Britt; Now you might call Kato for me and tell him I'm on the way home.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE, FADE UNDER

Gunnigan; I don't know what it's all about any more than you do. All I know is what I told you. Britt Reid is taking us to dinner at the old Manhattan and you'd better be there. I thought for a while he was showing a flash of his old man but I guess he's just a playboy after all.

MUSIC: BURST AND UNDER

Axford; Yuh mean I'm tuh call for yez, Casey?

Case; That you are, Michael. That you are.

Axford; And Reid's taking the lot of us to dinner?

Case; Don't ask why. All I know is Andrew Blake and Councilman Wiggins are going to have dinner in the same place.

Axford; Golly, Reid's goin' tuh make a regular playboy out o' me.

MUSIC: BURST TO FIN ISH

(CLOCK STRIKE EIGHT AS:)

Annex; Axford dressed for dinner early. It was only eight o'clock when he left Britt Reid's apartment. It was then that the young publisher called Kato, his faithful valet into his bedroom. Kato was the only living person who knew that Britt Reid was the character that had been long sought for by both police and underworld -- the Green Hornet.

MUSIC: VERY SHORT, SHARP BREAK

Britt; Has Axford left, Kato?

Kato; Yes, Mister Britt.

Britt; (CHUCKLES) I counted on him leaving a couple of hours ahead of time.

Kato; He said he wanted to stop by Police Headquarters.

Britt; Of course he did. He wants to show off his dinner jacket.

Kato; What time you wish to dress, Mister Britt?

Britt; Kato, we're leaving the apartment right now. We have a call to make before I dress for the dinner. Get the mask and gun.

Kato: You mean, Mr. Britt, you go out now as Green Hornet?

Britt; Yes, Kato. And I'll have to watch my voice - change it enough so Blake wont recognize me.

Kato; Is great risk.

Britt; Not so much. We're very casual acquaintances. Come along. I want to call on Andrew Blake before he keeps his appointment with Councilman Wiggins.

MUSIC, TENSION. FADE UNDER

Annrc; Stepping through a secret panel in the rear of a closet in ~~his~~^{the} bedroom, Britt Reid and Kato went along a narrow passageway, built within the walls of the apartment itself. This passage 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, super-powered Black Beauty, streamlined car of the Green Hornet!

(STEPS INTO CAR. CAR STARTING)

Britt Reid pressed a button - the great car roared into life. The wall in front raised automatically then closed as the gleaming Black Beauty sped into the darkness.

(CAR UP AND FADE

MUSIC UP TO FINISH.

Man; Will there be anything else, Mr. Blake?

Blake; No, Fletcher, not at present. I'll want my car at nine-thirty but you may leave it at the door. I'll drive it myself.

Man; Yes sir.

Blake; Until then I'll be in the library but I don't wish to be disturbed.

Man; Very well, sir.

Blake; By the way, there seems to be a draft coming from the library. Are the French doors open?

Man; Oh no, sir. At least they weren't when I was in there a little while ago to set the fireplace.

Blake; Very well. Good night, Fletcher.

Man; Good night, sir.

(FEW STEPS AS:)

Blake; (HUMS)

(DOOR CLOSES)

(MUTTERS) Tonight's pay-off should produce some substantial returns.

(BUSINESS OF SITTING DOWN AT DESK)

(KEYS IN LOCK, DRAWER OPENS)

(MUTTERING) Here in this drawer -- I guess this wallet will hold it.

MUSIC: START HORNET THEME VERY FAINTLY

Blake; Curious. I feel as if someone were in this room with --

Britt; (BACK) Keep your hands on the desk, Blake.

Blake; (STARTLED) Eh!!

(SLAM DRAWER)

Britt; (COMING IN) Stay right where you are and don't make trouble for yourself or for me.

Blake; (GASPING) Th-that mask! Y-you -- the Green Hornet!

MUSIC: TRAIL OFF AFTER SLIGHT BURST

Britt; You probably know why I'm here.

Blake; ! No- No .. I don't. What do you want? If you're here to rob me --

Britt; I wouldn't call it that. It's just the pay-off, that's all, Blake.

Blake; Where did you come from?

Britt; From behind those heavy portieres. You should have them cleaned, Blake. They're dusty. I found myself wanting to sneeze. Move back. I'll see what's in this desk.

Blake; B-but I --

Britt; (HARD) Move back.

Blake; Y-yes. Yes, of course.

(MOVE CHAIR ON ROLLERS)

Don't shoot!

Britt; That depends on what you have here in the desk.

(OPEN DRAWER)

Blake; Th-there's fifty dollars there in that wallet. If it's money you want, take it. Take it and go.

Britt; Pin money. Fifty dollars isn't enough.

Blake; Wh-what do you want?

Britt; I came to collect quite a bit more.

Blake; H-how much?

Britt; Originally, Blake, it was five hundred dollars. That's what you paid young Anderson for my friend's idea.

Blake; (GASPS) Y-young Anderson?

Britt; Sure. You don't suppose that traffic light was Anderson's idea, do you?

Blake; B-but he--

Britt; (LAUGHS, HARD) He's flat, I can't collect from him, so I'll collect from you. You didn't pay enough anyway. A little more won't break you now that the city's going to adopt the light.

Blake; But fifty dollars is all --

Britt; There's a check book in that drawer. Take it out and write a check.

Blake; (INCREDULOUS) A -- a check?

Britt; Certainly. Make it out to cash.

Blake; F-for five hundred dollars?

Britt; Hardly. I think my friend should have at least a thousand net.

Blake; Y-you mean I - I should write a check for a thousand dollars?

Britt; I said my friend should have a thousand dollars net -- after I deduct my collection fee. Make out your check for two thousand. Go ahead, Blake. Start writing and be sure you spell your name correctly. If there's any difficulty in cashing this check, the price will be doubled.

Blake; (EAGERLY) Yes, yes of course. I'll make out your check.

(WRITING)

Two thousand dollars, eh?

Britt; Make it out to cash.

Blake; (AS HE WRITES) I didn't know Anderson had stolen that idea from someone. () Please stop waving that gun in front of me.

Britt; Finish that check and you'll see the last of this gun.

Blake; Here you are.

(TEAR CHECK FROM BOOK)

Britt; Many thanks, Blake. ~~(READING BACK)~~ Don't look so smug, Blake. If you try to stop payment on this check, you'll regret it.

(DOOR OPENS, ~~BACK~~ NIGHT NOISES.)

Britt; Good evening.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(FAINT DISTANT TRAFFIC B.G.)

Britt; (SOFT) I've got it, Kato. (EFFORT) Here. Take the mask and weapon.

Kato; (LOW) I have them.

Britt; This hat - my overcoat. Take them to the car.

Kato; Here is othe^r hat and coat.

Britt; Good. I'll walk half a mile or so then pick up a cab and go to the Manhattan Club. You know what you're to do.

Kato; Yes, Mister Britt. I know.

Britt; Look in there. Blake's still sitting at his desk. Probably waiting to make sure I've gone.

Kato; Yes sir.

Britt; I'll stay here and watch while you drive away in the car. I've got to know whether he reports this incident to the police or counts on trapping the Green Hornet when he tries to cash this check.

Kato; He not have cash?

Britt; He'll have plenty of cash if he's going to pay off Wiggins. I got what I wanted. I wanted a check! I'll meet you later, just as we planned - at the Manhattan Club. Now get going!

(CAR DOOR SLAMS, CAR START AND FADE)

(MUSIC, BURST.

(BG. ROOM NOISES. NIGHT CLUB*RESTAURANT)

Axford; ~~AXXKXW~~ How'd yuh get here, Reid? Did you drive yer own car?

Britt; No, Axford. I used a cab. I thought you could take me home .

Axford; Sure thing. We can drop Casey on the way.

Case; I like that!

Axford; Gunnigan, would yuh please pass the rolls.

Gunnig; Again? Here. Take 'em.

Axford; Thanks.

Britt; By the way, Gunnigan, did Blake or Wiggins show up before I got here?

Gunnig; We wont see anything of them.

Britt; No?

Gunnig; I checked with the manager of this place and found that they're meeting in a private room. A small room in the rear that has an entrance of its own -

Britt; Then Lowry was right. They are to meet here.

Gunnigan; Yeah. But no publicity about it. Look, Mr. Reid, did you plan this dinner, expecting to see Blake and Wiggins with their heads together over a table in this room?

Britt; Well -- (WRYLY) It would have made a good story --

Gunnigan; You've wasted your money. Men like Blake and Wiggins don't operate that way.

Britt; I guess I have a lot to learn, eh Gunnigan?

Gunnigan; Yeah, I --

Britt; Oh here's the waiter. We might as well order.

Waiter; Mr. Reid?

Britt; Yes.

Waiter; You're wanted on the telephone, sir.

Britt; Oh. All right, thanks.

(CHAIR BACK)

You folks go ahead and order. Axford, you can order for me. You know what I like.

Axford; Yeah, sure thing, Reid.

(STEIS SUSTAINING AS:)

(ROOM NOISES FADE BACK AS:)

Annccr; Britt Reid knew that the call had been made by Kato from
a STORE across the street. He knew also that Kato was not waiting on the line. He paused at the phone booth only long enough to hang up the instrument and make sure he was not observed as he slipped out the side door.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(NIGHT NOISES, FAINT TRAFFIC)

(STEPS RUNNING ON GRAVEL)

Annecr; As he ran to the rear of the building where Kato waited in the shadows, he drew on a pair of thin silk gloves.

(RUNNING STEPS STOP)

Britt; (SOFT) Let's have it, Kato.

Kato; Mister Blake is in private room alone. Mr. Wiggins not there yet.

Britt; Let's have the mask.

Kato; Is here.

Britt; Get the coat and hat ready. Where did you leave the Black Beauty?

Kato; Is right over there.

Britt; (PUTTING ON COAT) Good. You're sure Blake's in there alone?

Kato; Yes Mister Britt.

Britt; Put those goggles over your eyes, Kato and stand by the door while I dispose of Blake.

Kato; You go in now?

Britt; Right now.

(DOOR OPENS)

Blake; (BACK) Well Wig - (SUDDEN BREAK) (GASP) You!

Britt; Yes, Blake, again. And there's no time for talk.

Blake; (PANIC) No no! Don't!

Britt; Sorry.

Blake; (GAGGING) G-g-gas.

Britt; Quite painless and in the long run harmless.

(FALLING BODY)

(COUPLE OF QUICK STEPS ON THE FLOOR)

All right, Kato. Come on in and close the door.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Kato; (COMING IN) Yes sir.

Britt; I'll lock the door to the other part of the restaurant.

(LOCK DOOR)

You get that closet door open. We'll put Blake in there.

(OPEN CLOSET DOOR)

Kato; Hope waiter does not come too soon.

(DRAGGING BODY ACROSS FLOOR)

Britt; (EFFORT) These schemers probably made arrangements not to be disturbed. There, he'll be all right in that closet. Now to see what he has in his wallet.

Kato; Here is wallet.

Britt; Good. () Well filled, too.

(HANDLING BILLS)

Britt; Hundreds and five hundreds. Very convenient. I'll just take out two thousand to cash the check he gave me. Here. Put this two thousand in the envelope I gave you. Seal it and drop it in the nearest mail box and be sure you don't touch it without gloves on.

Kato; I know.

Britt; Put this wallet back in Blake's pocket and close that closet door.

Kato; Yes sir.

(CLOSET DOOR CLOSSES)

Britt; I'll put this money in the envelope I took from Blake's desk.

(HANDLING ENVELOPE)

There. Now get out of here and wait where I told you.

Kato; You're going to stay here and wait for Mr. Wiggins?

Britt; Yes.

(UNLOCK & OPEN DOOR, FAINT TRAFFIC SOUNDS)

(CAR DRIVING IN AND STOPPING BACK)

(SOFT) I don't think I'll have long to wait. That looks like his car. Go on, Kato. Get down by the other door.

(STEPS ON GRAVEL FADING BACK)

MUSIC: LOW, TENSION B.G.

Annex; As Kato moved away in the darkness, Britt waited inside the room with the door opened just far enough to watch the approach of Councilman Wiggins.

(STEPS APPROACH ON GRAVEL)

Wiggins; (APPROACHING WHISTLING)

Britt; (MUTTERS, CLOSE) His tune won't be so gay when he leaves here.

Annex; The Green Hornet stepped back against the wall and waited until Wiggins entered the room ---

(STEPS INTO ROOM)

And closed the door.

(DOOR CLOSES, CUT TRAFFIC NOISE)

Wiggins; (MUTTERS) Guess I'm here ahead of him.

Britt; No you're not. You're just a little too soon, Wiggins.

Wiggins; (GASPS) What the! That mask! The Green Hornet!

Britt; Yes. If you'd been a minute later I'd have been away from here with that envelope Blake left for you. As it is I'll have to dispose of you.

Wiggins; No no! (CRY) Help! Help!

Britt; Confound it - this gun didn't work!

(SCUFFLE)

(EFFORT) Have to throttle you!

Wiggins; (CRY FRANTICALLY) Help! The Green Hornet! Come quick!

Britt; Confound you, Wiggins!