

The Green Hornet
by John Hunter Lay

"Packaged Plunder"

Number: 803

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FILE

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Reid, Kato, Case, Axford, Gunnigan

Betty Scott About 26

Jim Watford Smooth crook

Man (Italian Accent) Bit

Watchman Bit

Cop 1 Bit

Cop 2 Bit

Number: _____

Date: _____

(USUAL OPENING)

Anncr; The gold lettering on the window of a small shop read: "Transoceanic Incorporated -- Food Shipments to all parts of the world". Inside, a man of foreign appearance, in worn, but neatly mended clothes stood at the counter, speaking to the clerk ...

Man; (ITALIAN ACCENT) But I don't understand. It is now two months since I order a package of food sent to my mother in Italy, and she write again today she no receive food. See. Here is the letter. And here is the receipt you give me.

Betty; I see. Just a minute, and I'll look up the slip.

(FILE DRAWER SLIDE OUT)

Yes. Here it is. Giuseppe Pelegrino --

Man; Si - that's me.

Betty; Your package was sent on the fifteenth of last month. It should have been received by now.

Man; Si - but she write it not yet arrive.

Betty; (COMFORTING) Well, sometimes there are delays - and then, of course, sometimes the packages are stolen. But don't you worry about it. All our packages are fully insured.

Man; But I do worry. My mother - she need the food.

Betty; I understand just how you feel. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put a tracer through on that package right away and if something has happened to it, we'll send a duplicate shipment immediately. That won't cost you a penny because all our packages are insured as I told you. Fair enough?

Man; Si. That is fair. Grazie. Thank you. Only, hurry please. I worry about my mother.

Betty; I'll put it thru just as fast as I can.

Man; (FADING) Grazie. Thank you. Good day.

Betty; Good day.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE, BACK)

Jim; (AFTER SLIGHT PAUSE) Betty --

Betty; What? Oh, what is it, Jim?

Jim; What was that? Trouble?

Betty; Yeah. Ordered his shipment two months ago. He's getting impatient. I stalled him.

Jim; O.k. When he comes in again, order him a replacement. That'll keep him quiet for another two months. Until it doesn't arrive either.

Betty; We've been getting quite a lot of complaints recently Jim. Don't you think it's about time we pulled out of here? Some of these people are getting suspicious.

Jim; Sure they are. But we're good for another month yet. I've got this racket figured out mathematically, Betty. It's strictly a six-month business. Then we disappear, and open up under a new name in another city. It's fool-proof!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc; Meanwhile, on the other side of town, wealthy young Clubman Britt Reid, owner and publisher of the Daily Sentinel was in his office. In the outer office, his secretary, Lenore Case heard Michael Axford's heavy steps approach the door.

Case; (SIGHS) Now the day is officially begun.

(SLIGHT OVERLAP: DOOR OPEN)

Axford; (COMING IN) Mornin', Casey. The Boss in?

Case; Yes, Michael and he's terribly busy!

Axford; Busy, is it? Humph! He'll be seein' me, by golly! I got to report on my assignment.

Case; Well don't stay too long! And don't talk too much!

Axford; Sure an' maybe there's others that don't talk enough where it would do the most good.

Case; Oh, go on! Go in and see Mr. Reid!

Axford; Right yez are, Casey.

(DOOR OPENS)

Mornin', Reid.

Reid; (BACK) Good morning, Axford. Come on in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Axford; Casey told me you was busy, but I thought I'd better give yez what I got on the new assignment yez gave me, Reid.

Reid; Oh yes, the Transoceanic food outfit. What did you get?

Axford; Well, there's two of 'em runnin' the place. Jim Watford, a fat, prim little galoot. Guess he's the boss. An' then there's the secretary or clerk, Betty Scott - an' pretty she is, too.

Reid; What did you do?

Axford; I planted meself outside the door an' I asked questions o' each customer leavin' the place. About half o' them was placin' their first orders.

Reid; What about the others?

Axford; The rest was there tuh make a complaint.

Reid; Did any of them suspect that something was wrong?

Axford; Not so's ye'd notice. They all said the firm was fair as could be. They'd either re-order the shipment or return the money - whichever the customer preferred.

Reid; I see.

Axford; Reid, do yez think it's a racket?

Reid; Don't you think it's strange that so many customers are complaining that relatives and friends haven't received the food they ordered.

Axford; That I do, but who tipped yez off?

Reid; Kato.

Axford; Kato? How'd the little guy know?

Reid; A couple of months ago he ordered some stuff from Transoceanic for his relatives in the islands. They never got the food. When he told me about it, I thought the Sentinal ought to make a little investigation.

Axford; Is that right now? I'd say yez have the right hunch! We ought tuh bust the whole thing wide open in the Sentinal.

Reid; I'm afraid we can't do that yet, Axford -- not until we have more to go on.

Axford; But, Reid -- I -- uh -- I sort o' counted on gettin' a big story. One that'd run on page one -- wit' me name -- Michael Axford on it.

Reid; You will Axford. I promise you. Page one. But not until we get more dope. We don't want to tip off the Transoceanic crowd that they're being watched until we're ready to strike.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE, FADE UNDER

Anncr; That evening in his apartment, Britt Reid discussed Transoceanic with his faithful valet Kato, the only person in the world who knew that Britt was also the dreaded Nemesis of the underworld .. the Green Hornet!

MUSIC: STING - AND OUT

- Britt; You see how it works, Kato. The people pay their money and trust Transoceanic to send food abroad. And then they wait to hear from their friends - just as you did. Six weeks or two months go by before they get worried. Then Transoceanic soothes them down and promises to reorder the shipment without charge. The customer isn't suspicious, because no one seems to be losing any money. All the packages are insured.
- Kato; And then - something happen to second package, too.
- Reid; Yes, and that's when the firm begins to get in trouble. They can't afford any complaints to the authorities, so, if a customer seems really suspicious, they simply refund his money. They can afford that as long as new business is rolling in.
- Kato; So firm reorder once more for other customers --
- Reid; That's it. But it's the beginning of the end. When the volume of complaints reaches a certain figure, they start thinking of disappearing before something breaks. We've got to catch them before that happens.
- Kato; Is very mean racket, Mister Britt. Relatives need food I send very bad.
- Reid; Yes, the very meanest kind of racket, Kato. Those food shipments may mean life or death, literally, to the people abroad. That's why it's so vital that racketeers be kept out of the picture. And it would be easy enough for the public to check up on who they do business with, if they only would.

Kato; Ask Better Business Bureau, perhaps?

Reid; Yes. You see ninety-nine percent of the firms sending packages overseas today are honest and reputable. They're doing fine and vitally important work. It's only one percent that are crooked and those crooked ones couldn't exist, if the public were on its toes.

Kato; I know better next time, but what we do about Transoceanic?

Reid; First of all, I've got to get evidence. I've got Axford working on the story, but that's too slow. He gets just a few names a day. If I could get hold of the Transoceanic's files, I could write each person listed, asking if the packages they had ordered had been received overseas. If I got negative answers from most of them, we'd have enough evidence to act.

Kato; You think they keep files on crooked business?

Reid; I'm sure of it. It would look too suspicious if Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith came in and they had no record of his order. Watford and Company has got to appear respectable, so they've got to keep records on all their customers orders. And tonight - the Green Hornet is going to get those files!

MUSIC: BIT AND UNDER

Annccr; It was eleven o'clock that night when Britt Reid and Kato stepped thru a secret panel in the rear of a bedroom. They went along a narrow passageway, built within the walls of the apartment itself.

Anncr;
(cont'd.)

This passage led to an adjoining building, which fronted on a dark side street. Though supposedly abandoned, this building was the hiding place for the sleek, superpowered Black Beauty - streamlined car of the Green Hornet!

(STEPS INTO CAR - CAR STARTING (BACK))

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!

(CAR UP & LEAVING)

MUSIC: CUT

Kato; I don't like stay here, while you go inside alone, Mr. Britt. You take all of risk!

Reid; I need you out here, Kato. I can take care of anything that happens inside. You keep watch and sound the horn if you see anything suspicious.

Kato; Yes, Mr. Britt. You be careful.

Reid; I'll be careful.

MUSIC: STING, BACK

Anncr; ~~Carrying an empty valise in his hand, the Green Hornet cautiously made his way to the rear windows of the Transoceanic office. He pulled himself up to the window sill and used a small instrument. There was a slight click as the lock moved back. The masked figure pushed up the window and entered the room. With a small flashlight he located the green metal files of the company.~~

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figure pushed up the window and entered the room. With
a small flashlight, he located the green metal files
of the company. They were locked, but the lock soon
yielded to a special instrument, and the file case
was open.

MUSIC: BUZZ AND OUT

(DRAWER SLIDE OPEN, RIFFLE PAPERS)

Reid; Hm-m. Correspondence --- bills --- not here. Maybe
the next drawer...

(DRAWER SLIDE OPEN)

Yeah - this is it. Dump the whole works in the
bag.

(SOUND OF DUMPING)

And now ---

Watchman; All right - put 'em up!

Britt; (GASPS)

Watchman; Get 'em up fast!

Reid; O.K. They're up. Can't argue with a forty-five.

Watchman; That's right. Keep 'em that way.

Reid; You move quietly. I didn't hear you come in.

Watchman; Learned that in the Commandos, bud.

Britt; Commandos, eh? What are you now?

Watchman; Night watchman. And I don't need to ask who you are. I heard about that mask - Mr. Green Hornet.

Reid; You called it.

Watchman; Yeah. And you stay right here and hold 'em high while I use the phone. There's a big reward on you and I'm going to collect.

(PHONE OFF CRADLE, DIAL 411)

Hold 'em high! That's it. () Hello, operator ---
Get me the police quick. () That's right. ()
Twenty five thousand dollars, isn't it, Hornet? I
can sure use a chunk of cash that size.

(GARBLED VOICE ON FILTER)

Hello - this is the night watchman at the Widner
Building. Get a squad car over here fast! I just
caught the Green Hornet!

(EXCITED GARBLE ON PHONE, FILTER)

That's right. In the Transoceanic office. And hurry.
I've got him covered, but he is the Green Hornet.

(HANG UP PHONE)

Well, I guess that does it, Hornet.

Reid; Yes. I guess it does.

Watchman; That beats me is what you were after. All you got
was a bunch of papers.

Reid; What makes you think that's all I got?

Watchman; I saw what you took.

Reid; (LAUGHS) O.K. Let it go at that.

Watchman; You mean - there was something else?

Reid; I don't play for peanuts. Want to see what I was really after? It's all there - in the suitcase.

Watchman; Yeah, I would like to --- (DOUBLE TAKE) Oh no -- think I'm dumb, huh? I bend over that suitcase - where are my eyes? Where's my gun pointing? Oh no, Hornet. I'm not that dumb!

Reid; O.K. I'll shove it over to you, while you've got me covered - with my foot ..

Watchman; Yeah - you just slide that suitcase this way --

Reid; Here it -- (EFFORT) comes!

(SLIDE SUITCASE FAST, THUD)

Watchman; (STARTLED) You -

Reid; (EFFORT) Sorry!

Watchman; (WILD SNARL) (EFFORT) You confounded --

Reid; (STRUGGLE) Threw you off balance !

Watchman; I'll get you.

(GUN SHOT)

Reid; (STRUGGLING) Missed!

(SIRENS OUTSIDE, COMING IN & STOPPING AS:)

AD LIB: (STRUGGLE)

(SCUFFLING FEET, ETC.)

Reid; (STRUGGLING) Cops got here fast --

Watchman; (STRUGGLING, AD LIB SHOUTING) Help! Help! Come quick! The Green Hornet!

Reid; (STRUGGLING) Can't waste more time. Sorry fella.

(SOCK)

Watchman; (TAKE IT)

(FALLING BODY)

Reid; (WINDED) That'll hold you!

(RAPPING ON DOOR)

AD LIB: (OUTSIDE OF DOOR) Open up! What's goin' on? Open up or we smash our way!

Reid; (MUTTERS) Got to make sure I have everything --

Cop; (OUTSIDE) Smash 'er down! Come on!

(SMASHING DOOR)

Reid; (MUTTERS) Guess this is all. Now to get out of here.

(DOOR GOES DOWN)

Cop; Hold it!

Cop 2; There he goes - the window!

Cop; Come on!

(FAST STEPS CROSS FLOOR)

Cop 2; There! He's going down that alley! (SHOUT) Stop
 in the name of the law!

(SHOT)

That's a warning! Halt, I tell yuh!

Cop; He's got a car there!

(SHOT, SHOT, SHOT)

(HORNET CAR, BACK, START & FADE)

Cop 2; Gettin' away!

(SHOT, SHOT)

Cop; Hold your fire! He's in the clear for the time
 being!

MUSIC: BURST

Anncr; The Green Hornet guided the Black Beauty through the
 darkest streets of the city, going by a devious route
 to the hiding place. Then a few minutes later, Britt
 Reid was in his apartment with Kato, the faithful
 Filipino valet. The order files of the Transoceanic
 Company were spread out on his bed, and the door of
 the bedroom was securely locked.

Reid; Now, Kato, here's the plan. I'll phone some of the
 customers listed in this file.

Kato; That take very long time.

Reid; Oh we can't possibly call all of them, but we'll call
 as many as possible.

Kato; Yes, Mr. Britt.

Reid; We'll see how many calls we have to make before we find a customer who's had satisfactory service from Transoceanic.

Kato; Satisfactory service?

Reid; I mean someone who has proof that the package was received by the overseas consignee.

Kato; Oh yes.

Reid; And Kato, I'll bet we don't find a single person!

Kato; Perhaps Transoceanic be plenty suspicious when they find Green Hornet has stolen files.

Reid; Sure. But they'll think I'm on to their racket and am going to try to muscle in. And meanwhile, their hands will be tied. You see, one of the things I've been afraid of was that they'd pull a disappearing act before I had the evidence. But they won't dare pull out while there's a police investigation of the robbery going on.

Kato; No. Perhaps not.

Reid; And by the time the police are off their necks, I'll have the evidence I need. Meanwhile I'll cover other angles thru the Sentinel.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(TELETYPE IN B.G.)

Reid; I've called this staff meeting today to go over the Transoceanic story. It's going to be page one when it breaks and I don't want any slip-ups.

Gunnigan; I've got a spread ready on the Green Hornet angle.

Reid; O.K., Gunnigan, but remember, we've no proof that there's anything crooked about the Transoceanic set-up. Play it as a straight burglary story, the Green Hornet strikes again, and all that. Don't get us a libel suit.

Gunnigan; Got it, Chief.

Axford; What do yez think he was after, Reid?

Reid; There are two possibilities, Axford. Either he thought they kept the money in the office and he was after that -- or else he's trying to muscle in on a racket. You can take your choice. Only, I don't want any speculations about it in print.

Axford; What do I do? Keep on working on the customer angle?

Reid; No, I want you to sit tight. This Hornet business has changed the whole picture. If he's interested, you can bet there'll be more fireworks soon. And when they come, I want the Sentinal in on the ground floor.

Axford; But it's still my story!

Reid; That's right, Axford. Don't worry about that. Now, here's the plan: I want a twenty-four hour coverage of Police Headquarters .. a man on duty there, night and day, prepared to move with the police the minute there's another flash on the Hornet. I'm betting my chips he's trying to move in on Transoceanic, and if I'm right, there's going to be a beautiful fight that may blow both him and Transoceanic sky high! It's just possible we'll get Transoceanic and the Hornet at the same time and that will be the story of the year.

MUSIC: BURST AND UNDER

- Annex; While Britt Reid was laying his plans with his newspaper staff, Jim Watford, head of Transoceanic, was sitting in the library of the country home he had rented, talking the situation over with his assistant Betty Scott.
- Jim; The question is did the Hornet get what he was after or did the watchman interrupt him before he'd found what he came for.
- Betty; Why would he want a lot of worthless stuff out of the files?
- Jim; Maybe those names and addresses weren't worthless to him.
- Betty; How come?
- Jim; They'll give him the total volume of cash we've taken in, for one thing - and if he does a little checking he'll find out what he can only suspect, now - that no packages have been received abroad.
- Betty; But how did he catch on?
- Jim; I don't know. But I don't think there's much doubt that he is on.
- Betty; Jim, I don't like it. I'm scared. Let's take the money and get out of here - now - today.
- Jim; I'd like to, Betty, but I don't dare do it with the police popping in and out. They'd be after us in no time if we tried to take a powder and we wouldn't have enough start to cover our tracks.
- Betty; Will it be any better later on?

Jim; Sure it will. We close down the shop for the weekend. We have two or maybe three days before anyone begins to check up on us - four or five days, before they get really serious about it. By that time, we're holed up, and they can hunt 'till the cows come home for all we care.

Betty; But what are we going to do in the meantime? The police may uncover something! The customers may get panicky - and want their money back! Or they might start talking to the police. Jim, we're sitting on dynamite!

Jim; I know that. We've just got to play for the breaks, Betty. We'll blow just as soon as the police clear out of the office. But I'm not really worried about them. I'm worried about the Hornet.

Betty; What can he do?

Jim; By this time, the Hornet probably knows we've taken in more than twenty grand, from the Transoceanic racket. Unless I miss my guess, he's going to pay us a visit very soon and when he does he'll try to get that cash - or a big piece of it.

Betty; What are we going to do?

Jim; Well, Betty, some people believe in putting burglar alarms on their doors and windows. I find it's more effective to put them outside - little electric eyes that will flash a warning when anyone is approaching the house. That way you can arrange to receive your uninvited guests on your own terms. I think we'll set a little trap for Mr. Hornet, Betty and unless I miss my guess he's going to walk right into it.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc; Meanwhile in his apartment, Britt Reid and Kato tabulated the results of the phone calls that had been made.

Kato; All are listed here, Mr. Britt.

Reid; (MUTTERS) No word - no word - no word -- () Well, Kato. At least the replies are unanimous.

Kato; Yes sir.

Reid; Not a single person reports that a package was delivered. I don't see any need of making any further phone calls.

Kato; No sir.

Reid; According to these cards, over a thousand people have paid anywhere from ten to fifty dollars to send a package overseas. A lot of those people can't afford to lose the money. They should get it back.

Kato; Won't police take care of that?

Reid; Oh sure. After Watford has paid his lawyers fees and his court fines, the customers can file claims and collect judgements on whatever is left, minus the lawyers fees they'll have to pay. It won't leave much out of a ten dollar claim. And Kato, ten dollars means an awful lot to some of these people.

Kato; I understand. But perhaps getting money not so easy.

Reid; You're dead right there because that's exactly what Watford will expect the Green Hornet to do, to come after the money, and he'll be waiting for us. But we're going to try it ... tonight.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

Anner; At ten o'clock that night, Britt Reid, disguised as the Green Hornet set out with Kato in the Black Beauty for the secluded country home of racketeer Jim Watford. They parked the car off the road and made their way thru the spacious grounds toward the house. Meanwhile, in the study of the house, Watford looked up sharply from his desk.

Jim; Betty, look here!

Betty; What? Why that little light's winking!

Jim; That means we've got visitors, Betty. You know what to do.

Betty; Yes. I've got the pistol. I'm all set.

Jim; I'm going to open the french windows. You hide behind the portieres.

Betty; Here?

Jim; That's it.

(WINDOWS OPEN)

Now, when the prowler looks in, he'll see me working unsuspectingly at my desk. When he comes in, wait until he's walked past you and has his back to you, then shove the pistol in his ribs and if he doesn't drop his gun shoot to kill. I'm expecting the Green Hornet and he's dangerous. Don't take chances.

Betty; I understand. But what if there's someone with him?

Jim; If there is, shoot anyway. I'll take care of the other guy. Now keep your nerve. He'll be here in a minute.

MUSIC: TENSION B.G.

Anner; Outside, Britt Reid and Kato crept thru the grounds to the house. They circled it once, then paused in the bushes outside the open French windows of Watfor'd study.

(NIGHT NOISES)

Kato; There he is, Mr. Britt. And all alone.

Reid; Yes. Working, apparently.

Kato; You go in - take him now?

Reid; I don't like it, Kato. It's too easy. There's something wrong.

Kato; I look in room carefully from both sides of French window. He is alone.

Reid; There's supposed to be a woman in this with him, isn't there? Where is she?

Kato; Perhaps in other room.

Reid; But there are no other lights on in the house. I smell a trap, Kato.

Kato; Trap not possible, Mr. Britt. He not see us. He not know we here. He can't keep trap baited all time in hope we come.

Reid; It's too easy, Kato. I'm going to get into the study the hard way - thru a window in the back. You wait here 'till you see I'm in the study, then you go into action according to plan.

Kato; Yes, Mr. Britt.

Reid; You've got the smoke bombs and the flares?

Kato; Yes. All set.

Reid; Okay then. Here I go.

MUSIC: BURST AND UNDER

Annecr; Britt crept silently to the rear of the house, noiselessly forced open a kitchen window and eased himself inside. In the library, Jim Watford sat at his desk, pretending to write while Betty hid behind the heavy curtains at the french window. At length, Watford pushed back his chair, strolled casually over to the window and spoke guardedly.

Jim; I don't like it, Betty. He should have come in by now.

Betty; Think he smelled a rat?

Jim; Afraid so. We must have made the trap too obvious.

Betty; What do we do now?

Jim; Got to get out of this room. I'll go to the door casually, and switch off the lights. You start moving when the lights go out. We'll try and make it thru the house to the garage. Understand?

Betty; But what about the money?

Jim; He'll never find it and I can't risk taking it with us now. We'll come back for it. Set now?

Betty; Okay.

(STEPS)

Jim; (TENSE) Now!

(LIGHT SWITCH)

Get moving, Betty!

(DOOR OPEN)

I've got -

(SOCK)

(GROANS)

Betty; Jim! What ...

Reid; Give me the gun!

Betty; Let me go! Let me .. OWWW !!

(GUN DROPS)

Reid; That's better. Now let's have some light.

(LIGHT SWITCH)

That's it! Stand back, Miss and keep your hands up while I frisk friend Watford. That's right.

(SLAPS POCKETS)

Here we are.

Betty; What did you do to him!

Reid; Nothing serious. He's all right now. Get up, Watford.
You can't gain anything by shaming.

Jim; I - I w-wasn't shaming. (GROAN) You knocked me cold.

Reid; Well you're all right now. Get up.

Jim; Okay, Hornet. (GETTING UP) Seems like my little trap
kind of back-fired.

Reid; I didn't make the usual mistake of underestimating
my opponent.

Betty; What do you want?

Reid; You were both expecting me. What did you think I'd
want?

Jim; You're wasting time, Betty. He's on to us. But what
I'd like to know is how did you catch on?

Reid; I didn't come here to swap trade secrets, Watford. I
came for money.

Jim; How much?

Reid; Half. And I've been over your records so I know
just how much you've taken in.

Jim; Yes. And the - er - pressure?

Reid; I've got a telephone report on many of your clients
— They all say the same thing — no packages they
paid for have ever been delivered overseas.

Jim; So?

Reid; If I get my cut, the report stays here on your desk.
If I don't, it goes to the police.

Jim; Very neat. Don't see how I can argue with that.

Betty; Jim! You're not going to give him the mone!

Jim; What would you suggest, my dear? He's holding the cards.

Reid; Glad you realize it. Well, what do you say?

Jim; Well, reluctantly, I'll have to accept your terms. The money is in my deposit box in the Third National. As soon as the bank opens in the morning, I'll draw it out and bring it to my office. We'll make the split there.

Reid; Okay. But get this. You'll be watched every moment. So don't try not showing up for our appointment. And don't think you can get away with a double-cross.

Jim; I think we understand each other.

Reid; Okay then, I'll take your guns with me just in case. Don't mind if I leave by the window, do you? (FADING)
Good night. See you in the morning.

Betty; (AFTER PAUSE) That was darned smart, Jim.

Jim; Sssshhh. He may be watching. Close the windows.

Betty; Okay Jim.

(CLOSE WINDOWS)

Jim; Now get this, Betty. Go up to your room as though you were going to bed. Get your lights out in fifteen minutes or so. I'll putter around here for about half an hour, then turn off the lights. When you see them go out, come down and meet me here and we'll get the money and make a break for it.

Betty; All right, Jim. (FADING) I'll be seeing you.

(DOOR OPEN)

(SCREAMING) Jim! Smoke! (COUGHS) Fire! The house is on fire!

Jim; What!! Maybe we can put it out! (COUGHS) Too thick!

Betty; The flames!

Jim; We'll pass out if we try to go out there. Got to get out of here!

Betty; Get the money! Quick! We can get out the French windows.

Jim; Okay.

Betty; (CHOKING) Hurry! I'm strangling!

Jim; Got to get this panel loose ...

(WRENCH PANEL)

There! That's it! Got it! Come on!

Reid; (OFF A LITTLE) No you don't! Stay right where you are!

Jim; Hornet!!

Betty; You can't keep us here! The house is on fire!

Reid; No it isn't, Betty. There isn't any fire. Just a few smoke bombs and red fire pots. Didn't really believe you'd fall for it, Watford. That seems to be the difference between us. You think I'll fall for anything. I'll take that bag of money now.

Jim; I - I'll divide it.

Reid; No you won't.

Jim; But you said - half.

Reid; And you planned a double cross. Now hand it over.
That's a good boy.

Jim; You -- you ...

Reid; Save it. Now stand close together. That's right.

Betty; What are you going to do?

Reid; It won't hurt a bit. Just a harmless ...

Betty; (SCREAMS) Gas!

Jim; No, don't!

(CHOKING, FALLING BODIES)

Reid; Kato!

Kato; (BACK) Yes.

Reid; Come on in. They're out cold. Got the handcuffs?

Kato; All ready. You want me to fix?

Reid; Yes. Cuff the wrist of one to the ankle of the other.
That'll hold them if they happen to come to. While you're
doing that I'll phone the police, leave this list
here for evidence and the Green Hornet seal on this
panel. Then we pick up the money and call it an evening.

MUSIC: BURST AND UNDER

(SIRENS, UP AND FADE INTO CAR RUNNING
SMOOTHLY)

Reid; Well, there go the police - and Mike Axford with them. Looks like he'll have that page one three column spread he's always wanted!

Kato; But tell me, Mr. Britt, how you know Mr. Watford keep money in house?

Reid; I didn't know it, Kato. But it looked like a good bet. That whole set-up .. the house in the country ... no servants and all the rest. It looked tailor-made for a quick get-away. So I figured Watford would keep the money where he could lay his hands on it in a matter of seconds if he had to.

Kato; I see. But perhaps simpler if we break in while he at office.

Reid; Well, I knew that if Watford dared leave the money in the house while he was away, he'd have an extremely clever and well-concealed hiding place for it. So, it just seemed simpler to get him to show us where it was.

Kato; And it work. Just as you plan. Where we go now, Mr. Britt?

Reid; Home, Kato. We've still got a lot of work to do. We've got to sort out this money and send it back to the people it belongs to... with the compliments of the Green Hornet.

MUSIC; UP

Newsboy; EXTRA! EXTRA! POLICE CAPTURE FOOD RACKETEERS! READ MIKE AXFORD'S EXCLUSIVE STORY IN THE SENTINAL! WATFORD CONFESSES .. READ ALL ABOUT IT ... GREEN HORNET STILL AT LARGE!