

The Green Hornet

by Fran Striker

Number 805

Date 5/6/47

CUT RATE CRIME

F STRIKER

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(USUAL OPENING)

Anncr; Britt Reid's secretary, Lenore Case, had returned from lunch to find the mail still stacked on her employer's desk.

Case; (MURMURS) Later than usual today. (SIGHS) Well, I may as well start answering these.

(RUSTLE LETTERS)

(DOOR CLOSES)

Anncr; She returned to the outer office and sat down at her typewriter.

(RUSTLE PAPERS)

(DOOR OPENS)

Case; Oh, good morning, Mr. Reid. I -- I mean good afternoon.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Britt; (CHEERILY) Afternoon it is, Miss Case. And what a day! Spring is in the air.

Case; I didn't know whether you'd be in or not. I was just about to see what I could do with the mail. Now that you're here, do you want to dictate?

Britt; Look it over, Miss Case, and don't bother me with

- Britt; Look it over, Miss Case, and don't bother me with anything that is not urgent. I want to sit and wait. (CHUCKLES) Wait and anticipate.
- Case; Date tonight?
- Britt; (LAUGHS) No, not that. This is the day Paul Norton gets his come uppance.
- Case; Oh, that graft business.
- Britt; Graft is one of Norton's sidelines. It's probably the only thing that can land him in jail and that's where he should be.
- Case; How's that? What's crooked about his chain stores?
- Britt; Have you been in them?
- Case; Mr. Reid, all of us who work for a salary are quite familiar with cut rate stores.
- Britt; Cut rate my eye!
- Case; Huh?
- Britt; Cut throat is the word.
- Case; The price is the thing and Norton's prices are the lowest of --
- Britt; (CUT IN) Confound it, Miss Case, do you know how Norton can afford to sell goods at his price?
- Case; No and I don't particularly care. I --
- Britt; You should care. When you patronize the Norton chain you contribute to slave labor.
- Case; Oh now Mr. Reid --

Britt; I mean it. Joe Bennett is an example.

Case; And who in the name of mercy is Joe Bennett?

Britt; He's that young fellow that Axford's had in tow for the past few days.

Case; But Mr. Reid, the Norton stores have been running big ads. They've offered marvelous opportunities to veterans. Why everyone thinks Mr. Norton has been doing a patriotic service. H e ---

Britt; I'm aware of what people think but I have the case history of Joe Bennett and his case is typical.

Case; The Norton stores do hire veterans, don't they?

Britt; They do.

Case; They offer those veterans an opportunity to learn the retail business and become a store manager.

Britt; Miss Case, the records show that Norton has openings for less than six managers a year. He hires approximately one hundred veterans a week. Figure that out.

Case; Oh.

Britt; He tells the boys they've got to spend a year learning the business. They work in cellars and sub-cellars, in dirty, dusty store rooms. They unpack merchandize, sweep out, trim windows. Their day begins at seven in the morning. The stores stay open until ten at night and after that those boys clean up, sweep the aisles, restock the counters....

Case; Well, that's one way to learn the business.

Britt; But how they pay for their education! Norton pays them twenty-five dollars a week for a job that's worth four times that much. They think they're learning the business but not one in a hundred can stand the gaff. A few months of that job and their health gives out. Those who manage to stick are fired on some pretext before Norton has to make good his promises.

Case; But how can he get away with it?

Britt; He's been getting away with it but he hasn't been satisfied with just that. He wangled a contract for school supplies and wherein lies the graft. Before this day is over he's going to be convicted and will I be glad.

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

Axford; Hey, Reid --

Britt; Come in, Axford. I've been waiting for you. Did you go to the Norton trial?

Axford; That I did, Reid.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Britt; Don't tell me it's over already.

Axford; It is.

Britt; Miss Case, get Gunnigan on the line. I want to be sure this trial gets full coverage.

Case; Yes sir.

(PHONE HOOK)

Case; (FADING BACK) Hello, Sally -- let me have the City Desk.

Axford; Reid, wait 'till yez hear. Mebbe yuh won't want tuh talk tuh Gunnigan.

Britt; Well give out, Axford.

Axford; Norton beat the rap.

Britt; What's that!!

Axford; Oh Reid, it was terrible. He made the district attorney look like thirty cents.

Britt; You mean to say they couldn't hang that graft on him?

Axford; They couldn't even come close. Norton's lawyer was . . . poppin' up like a jumpin' jack -- objectin' tuh this an' objectin' tuh that wit' the Judge sustainin' all the objections.

Case; (BACK) Just a minute, Gunnigan --

Britt; Tell Gunnigan to come in here. Go on, Axford.

Case; (BACK) Mr. Reid wants to see you right away.

(PHONE HOOK AS:)

Axford; The district attorney couldn't git any o' his evidence introduced on account o' the way it had been got together.

Britt; A fine thing.

Axford; It's the same old story, Reid, the red tape o' the law had the district attorney tied up intuh knots.

Britt; Where's Gunnigan?

Case; He's on the way.

Britt; How long does it take him to walk down the hall from the City Room?

(DOOR OPENS)

Axford; Here he is, Reid.

Gunnigan; What's the matter, Boss? Anything wrong?

(DOOR CLOSES)

Britt; Plenty. Norton got away with it.

Gunnigan; Yeah. Lowry just came in with the story. Norton's given the law the old razzle-dazzle.

Axford; I guess yuh c'n forget about my promise tuh give yuh a page one story, Gunnigan.

Gunnigan; I didn't count on it.

Britt; There's a page one story and a streamer at the top. Build up the fact that Norton went free. Lead into his cut rate chain stores and tell the world how he can afford to cut prices and still make a fortune.

Gunnigan; You mean the way he gets veterans to work for peanuts?

Britt; Yes.

Gunnigan; Um-m. I don't know, Boss. Norton's a big advertiser.

Britt; So what.

Gunnigan; Well if you don't want his business --

Britt; I don't give a hand about his business. I'm going to give you some stories about his employees written in the first person singular.

Gunnigan; Yeah?

Britt; Axford, get hold of that veteran you had with you yesterday.

Axford; Joe Bennet?

Britt; Yes. Bring him in here and we'll get his name on a contract. I want him to do a series of articles. I want him to tell just what promises Norton made -- what kind of work he had to do and what he was paid for doing it.

Axford; Golly, Reid, you mean you're goin' tuh give Joe Bennett a job?

Britt; If getting paid top rates for what he can tell amounts to a job, he's got it.

Axford; But mebbe he can't write.

Britt; I'll turn him over to you, Gunnigan. Put Lowry to work on him. Lowry can whip Bennett's facts into a top notch series.

Gunnigan; Right.

Britt; Norton has proved he's bigger than the law. We'll see if he's bigger than public opinion.

Gunnigan; Boss, I think you've got something!

Britt; Here's your lead. "The Jap Army couldn't lick 'em in three years! But Paul Norton did it in three months! Got that?"

Gunnigan; I got it.

Britt; Get the announcement set up and as soon as I get Bennett's name on a contract, I'll give you the word to let 'er roll.

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER

Joe; (COUGHING)

Britt; Sign right there, Joe.

Joe; I don't know if I can write, Mr. Reid, but I can sure tell the facts.

Britt; That's all that's necessary.

(DICTORHONE)

Joe; There. Gosh, I guess I can thank you for this, Mr. Axford.

Axford; Congratulations, Joe. Now yuh're goin' tuh be a newspaper man.

Gunnigan; (ON DICTO) Yeah, Boss?

Britt; Hello, Gunnigan. Is that announcement about Joe Bennett ready?

Gunnigan; (DICTO) It's written up. I'm waiting for the word from you.

Britt; The contract's signed. Send Lowry in to meet Joe Bennett. Put that announcement in a box on page one and let 'er roll!

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH)

Newsboy; (AD LIBBING) DAILY SENTINAL, PAPER! EXTRY PAPER!
READ ABOUT THE TRAFFIC IN VETERANS! EXPOSE ON
NORTON! JOE BENNETT'S PERSONAL STORY! (FADING OUT
AD LIBBING)

Norton; (FADING IN, READING) And tomorrow, Joe Bennett
will reveal the promises which were made and never
kept.

(RUSTLE PAPER VIOLENTLY)

Bah!

Sanders; Is that all there is to the first installment,
Norton?

Norton; Yes.

Sanders; There's nothing much to it. Why do you suppose
the Sentinal is paying out good cash for that
kind of stuff?

Norton; Young Reid was very disappointed when I didn't go
to jail. He probably thinks he's going to hurt me
with drool like this.

Sanders; Norton, I don't like the looks of it.

Norton; What do you mean, Sanders?

Sanders; Britt Reid is no fool. I wonder if he hired Bennett
to write this series or to tell a lot of things that
cannot be written and published.

- Norton; Please explain yourself, Sanders.
- Sanders; Norton, we just missed going to jail on that school contract.
- Norton; ! Bah!
- Sanders; I mean it. The school supplies you delivered were pretty shoddy. If the district attorney had had just a little more evidence, he'd have nailed us both. You know that and so do the sharp newspaper men.
- Norton; What has that to do with Joe Bennett?
- Sanders; When you filled that last order for the school department, which one of your stores delivered the pencils and stationery and other supplies?
- Norton; They were handled by Store fifteen.
- Sanders; Exactly. Now tell me this. Where did Joe Bennet work before his health gave out?
- Norton; Um-m. I see what you mean, Sanders.
- Sanders; Store Fifteen, wasn't it?
- Norton; Yes. But I don't think he knows anything about our transactions. He was in the basement handling stock. He —
- Sanders; He may have overheard things. Or he may have been snooping around while he was in that store. We've got to face the issue, Norton.
- Norton; I'm not worried.

- Sanders; You're the one that had better be worried. I'm in the clear, remember that. I get the orders for various city departments and turn them over to you and my part is legitimate. If you misrepresent the goods you supply, to fill those orders, that's your headache.
- Norton; Don't try that line, Sanders. The profits I made were split with you and you took the cash. Whatever happens you're in it as deeply as I am. Have you any idea how much cash I've paid you?
- Sanders; Down to the last penny. It's all in this notebook.
- Norton; You mean you have a written record of it! You must be mad!
- Sanders; There's got to be some sort of record.
- Norton; But that notebook --
- Sanders; I Don't worry about it. I keep it safe. No one's going to get his hands on this.
- Norton; You don't need any written records of our affairs.
- Sanders; Like fun I don't. Without this record, I wouldn't know what evidence might be brought out. I've got to be prepared for any attack that may come.
- Norton; But the attack has come and we've been exonerated. The district attorney couldn't prove a thing.
- Sanders; There may be other attacks. I'll take care of this notebook. You take care of Joe Bennett. Get him away from that newspaper job.

Norton; Do you think he'd come back to work in my stores?

Sanders; You can sell him the idea. Make him manager of one of the small neighborhood stores. When he's back on your payroll, you can question him. You can find out how much he knows -- if anything.

Norton; He may not talk.

Sanders; If he doesn't, I'll take care of him. If he knows anything, I'll find out. Leave that part to me.

Norton; He may have already talked to Britt Reid.

Sanders; In that case, the sooner we know it the better. You get him back ~~xxx~~ on your payroll, Norton, and you'd better do it right away.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE, FADE UNDER

Norton; I was deeply hurt my boy when I saw your story in the Sentinel. I wish you had come to me personally before you left the Norton chain.

Joe; But gosh - (COUGHS) gosh, Mr. Norton, I didn't think you'd be interested in me.

Norton; Bennett I am interested in everyone of my employees. I'm sorry your case didn't come to my personal attention sooner. However, it is not too late to do something about it. You're coming back into the Norton family. I have a little cottage on the beach where you can go and have a couple of weeks rest. Get fresh air and sunshine and get rid of that cough. Then we'll talk about your future.

MUSIC: BURST, FINISH

Axford; (EXPLOSIVELY) Confound it, Joe! Yuh can't quit!
Yuh've only had three columns in yer series.

Joe; (COUGHS) I - I'm sorry, Mr. Axford. I was wrong
about Mr. Norton. He's all right.

Axford; All right me eye! Here yez get me all steamed up
wit' feelin' sorry for yez an' I get yez lined up
wit' Britt Reid an' what happens? After three days
yuh're quittin'! What's Gunnigan goin' tuh say?
What's Lowry goin' tuh say? What's Reid goin' tuh
say?

Case; There's no doubt about what you're going to say,
is there, Michael?

Axford; You keep out o' this, Casey!

Case; Well keep your voices down. Mr. Reid's in his
office and he's trying to concentrate on an editorial.

Axford; He better concentrate on what tuh do for the rest
o' the Joe Bennett story.

(DOOR OPENS)

Britt; (APPROACHING) What's going on out here?

Axford; Reid!

Joe; Oh, hellow, Mr. Reid.

Britt; Hello, Bennett.

Axford; He's quittin' us, Reid. He's goin' back tuh work
fer Norton!

Britt; Oh.

- Axford; Sufferin' snakes! Is that all yuh've got tuh say?
- Britt; We're sorry to see you go, Bennett. I thought we might make a newspaper man out of you.
- Joe; You've been swell, Mr. Reid, but gosh - (COUGHS) I've had a lot of experience in the Norton stores and if I was wrong about Mr. Norton, there's a nice future there.
- Axford; Future! Hah!
- Case; At least there's a two weeks vacation.
- Axford; Yeah, Reid! Norton is seducin' him! That's what he's doin'. He's bribin' him tuh come back wit' a promise o' a two weeks rest at a beach cottage. He's worried on account o' what Bennet has been exposin'.
- Britt; Nonsense, Axford. Bennett hasn't written a lick that would worry Paul Norton.
- Axford; Then why is Norton bein' so generous? Answer me that! Why is he?
- Joe; I just had him sized up wrong, I guess.
- Axford; Yez had 'im sized up right! I tell yez, he's afraid o' what yez might spill in yer forthcomin' columns.
- Britt; Don't worry about the columns, Axford. We can finish up the series in some way. Go ahead, Bennett, and good luck to you.
- Joe; Thanks, Mr. Reid.
- Britt; Call my apartment will you Miss Case?

Case; Yes sir. What shall I tell your valet?

Britt; Tell Kato I'll be home for dinner a little earlier than usual.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Britt; There was no use arguing with him, Kato. Bennett was determined to go back to work for Norton.

Kato; Perhaps you wrong about Mr. Norton.

Britt; I'm not wrong about him, Kato. Bennett's only one of a hundred veterans right here in the city who've had their spirit broken by that corporation. And there are lots of others in other cities. Norton can't possibly give everyone of them the use of a cottage in which to recuperate and the promise of a store to manage. Why did he treat Bennet that way?

Kato; Perhaps he afraid of what Bennett would say through Daily Sentinel.

Britt; Bennett couldn't say anything to hurt the Norton organization. I was disappointed in his articles. I -- (BREAK OFF)

Kato; What matter, Mr. Britt?

Britt; I wonder if Bennet was pulling his punches. I wonder if he could tell more than he did.

Kato; Is possible.

Britt;

He's moving to that beach house tomorrow, Kato. Tomorrow night I think we'll call on him. He'll be alone out there. It will be a splendid opportunity to make him talk. He wouldn't talk to me in the office. Perhaps he'll talk to the Green Hornet at the beach house.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anncr;

The day after Joe Bennett left the employ of Britt Reid and the Daily Sentinel, he moved to a small but comfortable beach house owned by Paul Norton. That night Britt made preparations to appear as the much sought for Green Hornet!

MUSIC: THEME, FADE UNDER

Anncr;

Stepping through a secret panel in the rear of a closet in the bedroom, Britt Reid and Kato went along a narrow passageway built within the walls of the apartment itself. This 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, 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)

MUSIC: UP TO COVER

(CAR STOPPING)

(WASH OF WAVES BACK)

Britt; There's the house, Kato.

Kato; Is quite deserted ~~at~~ this point on beach.

Britt; Yes.

(CAR DOOR, OPEN, CLOSE)

Kato; I am to go with you?

Britt; You'd better come and stand guard at the door
in case someone comes along.

Kato; Are servants in house?

Britt; No, I don't think so.

Kato; Is light in window.

Britt; We'll take a look in that window before we go in.

MUSIC: TENSION, B.G.

Kato; (LOW, TENSE) Mr. Britt - look at door.

Britt; Eh? Oh. It's open.

Kato; Yes.

Britt; The night is not that warm. I wonder if he's gone
out. I -- (BREAK OFF)

Kato; You see in window?

Britt; Kato, look in there!

Kato; (GASP) Man is on floor.

Britt; Bennett. Come on, Kato, we'll go inside. Keep your gun handy.

(STEPS CROSS PORCH)

(DOOR CREAKS)

Joe; (GROANS)

Britt; (LOW) Close that door.

(DOOR CREAKS CLOSED)

(STEPS CROSS ROOM)

Joe; (WEAK) D-d-don't -- don't hit me again. I - I can't tell y-you anything.

Britt; Take it easy.

Joe; D-d-don't - h-hit me.

Britt; Steady.

Kato; Is badly hurt.

Britt; Only half conscious. This stuff will revive him.
(SLIGHT EFFORT) Here, Bennett - take a deep breath.

Joe; (MOANS) D-don't hit --

Britt; Deep breath now -- that's it. Nobody's going to hit you anymore.

Joe; (MOAN & SHUDDER)

Britt; Turn out that light.

Kato; Yes sir.

(LIGHT SWITCH)

Joe; No - no - wait ---

Britt; It's all right, Bennet. I turned the lights out.
That's all.

Joe; Who - who are you?

Britt; I want to help you. You better tell me what you
know. What happened to you? Who beat you up?

Joe; I don't know. They - they said they were detectives.

Britt; Detectives?

Joe; Th-they tried to make me t-tell a lot of things.

Britt; What sort of things?

Joe; A- about Mr. Norton. (COUGHS) I don't know
anything about Mr. Norton.

Britt; What did they think you knew?

Joe; They - they thought I might be able to - (COUGHS)
to tell them something so the district attorney
could start a new trial.

Britt; That's very interesting. Tell me some more about
them.

Joe; I - I can't t-tell anything. I - I don't know
anything. I - I

Britt; What did they look like?

Joe; I - I don't know.

Britt; You mean you're afraid to talk. Is that it?

Joe; Well, I - I - -

Britt; Did they warn you to keep your mouth shut. ()
Did they?

Joe; Y-yes.

Britt; They told you if you squealed, they'd come back and
knock you around some more. Is that it?

Joe; Well -- yes. Yes they did.

Britt; How did you get that cut on your chin? Did they
give you that?

Joe; One - of them - that is -- I - I

Britt; Speak up!

Joe; One of them wore a ring. I - I guess the ring cut me.

Britt; Then they didn't wear gloves.

Joe; No.

Britt; Stay right where you are.

(PHONE HOOK ... DIAL 0)

Joe; What - what are you going to do?

Britt; Be quiet, Bennet. Hello, operator. This is an
emergency. Get the Police. The Norton cottage at
Sunset Bay. The name is Bennet -- and hurry!

(SLAM PHONE HOOK)

Joe; What did you do that for?

Britt;

Get this, Bennett. Those men weren't police detectives anymore than I am. They were hoodlums and if they didn't wear gloves they've left fingerprints all around this room. Tell the police to look at the inside door knob. Tell them to look at your suitcase which was obviously searched. Tell them to look anywhere else where those men might have left fingerprints. Tell them to find out who they are and why they slugged you. (FADING BACK) There's a lamp on the table. You can turn it on as soon as I've gone.

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

Joe;

A - a lamp .. a lamp on the table. Here it is.

(CHAIN SWITCH)

There. I wonder who -- (GASP) Gosh! Here! Right next to the telephone. The seal of the Green Hornet.

(CAR OUTSIDE) (START)

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER

(CAR RUNNING)

Britt;

Kato the answer is obvious. Those men weren't detectives.

Kato;

No, Mr. Britt.

Britt;

There's only one man who would want to know how much Bennett could tell. Just one man who would be in a position to put Bennett in that isolated cabin where he could be attacked by hoodlums.

Kato;

You mean Mr. Norton?

Britt; Yes. Paul Norton, and we're going to call on him right now.

MUSIC: BURST

Norton; Sanders, I can't say that I'm thoroughly in accord with what you've done.

Sanders; I admit it's drastic but we've got to know whether or not Bennett is dangerous to us.

Norton; But sending a couple of thugs out to call on him --

(RAP ON DOOR)

Sanders; I told them to report here at your house when they got thru.

Norton; Here! Confound it, Sanders! You shouldn'd do that.

Sanders; Why not, Norton? This is your party as much as it is mine.

(DOOR OPENS)

Butch; Hi.

Sanders; Come on in, Butch.

Butch; Come on in, Pete.

(STEPS IN, DOOR CLOSES)

Sanders; You two know Mr. Norton, Don't you?

Butch; Yeah. We know him b-y reputation, don't we, Pete?

Pete; Yeah.

Sanders; What did you find out?

Butch; Bennet don't know a thing.

Norton; Are you sure of that?

Butch; Dead sure. The way we handled him he'd have squealed if he'd known anything.

Norton; Maybe he'll squeal about the way you treated him.

Pete; (LAUGHS) He won't talk. We took care of that, didn't we, Butch?

Norton; You didn't kill him!

Butch; Naw. We made him think we were from the D.A.'s office. (CHUCKLES) He'll figure there's no use squawkin' to the cops.

Sanders; I hope you didn't go too far.

Pete; We didn't do nothin' that he won't get over. We just knocked him around a little bit.

Sanders; All right. That's all we wanted to know. Here's the cash I promised you.

Butch; Thanks Sanders.

Pete; You got any other jobs you want us to handle?

Sanders; When I have, I'll let you know.

Butch; Okay.

(DOOR OPENS)

AD LIB: (GOOD-BYE'S)

(DOOR CLOSES)

Norton; Well, Sanders, I must admit you had the right idea.

Sanders; It's good to know we have nothing to worry about.

Norton; Nothing except Butch and Pete. If they ever decide to talk, we --

Sanders; They won't. You see my little black notebook contains a few facts against those two. Facts I can use when necessary. Now what are you going to do ~~xx~~ with Bennett?

Norton; I'll install him as manager of one of the small stores and let him stay there a couple of months and then discharge him. It will be an example to the other boys. It'll prove that a man must have plenty of training before he's ready to take over management.

(RAP ON DOOR)

Sanders; I wonder if that's Butch coming back.

(DOOR OPENS)

Britt; Back up.

Sanders; W-what - what the!!

Norton; (GASPS) Masked!

Britt; Inside.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Sanders; You! You're the Green Hornet.

Britt; That saves introductions.

Norton; Is that a bomb in your hand?

Britt; No. But it may hit you with the impact of a bomb.

Sanders; It - it looks like a radio.

Britt; It is. It's tuned to the police wave length.

Sanders; What in the world ---

Britt; I've had a race against time. I wanted to get here before a certain police broadcast went on the air.

Norton; You came here to operate a radio for us?

Britt; Yes. I just came from Sunset Bay.

Norton; (GASPS)

Britt; From your beach cottage, Norton.

Radio; Car twenty-seven. Calling car twenty-seven...

Sanders; That radio ---

Britt; Maybe this is what we're waiting for.

Radio; Investigate complaint of barking dog four-oh-nine Spring Street.

Sanders; A barking dog!

Britt; That's not what we're waiting for. I dropped in to tell you two a few things. Bennett knows more than you think. He sold out to me.

Sanders; Sold out?

Britt; He knows better than to double cross me. That's why he took a beating from your hoodlums.

Norton; I don't believe you.

Britt; I thought you might be hard to convince. That's why I brought this radio.

Radio; Calling all cars! Calling all cars! All cars attention!

Britt; All cars. This may be the one. We can use a little more volume on this.

Radio; (UP A BIT) All cars -- be on watch for Green Hornet -- wanted in connection with attack at Sunset Bay.

Norton; (GASP) Sunset Bay!

Radio; All cars attention! Be on look out for Butch Dooley and Pete Loomis -- wanted for questioning.

Sanders; (GASP) Butch!

Norton; Pete!

Britt; That's a little more than I expected. They left their fingerprints around. The police must have had them on file.

Radio; Green Hornet at large! All cars be -- (CUT OFF ABRUPTLY AS:)

(SWITCH)

Britt; I suppose neither of you two know why Dooley and Loomis went to Sunset Bay.

Sanders; Of course not.

Norton; We know nothing about those two.

Britt; Then how do you account for this?

(JERK DOOR OPEN)

Britt; Take a look out there beside the walk.

Norton; Who - who is that?

Britt; There are two men there. The men I just mentioned.

Sanders; Butch and Pete!

Norton; You killed them!

Britt; They're not dead but they'll be unconscious until the police get hold of them.

Norton; (FRANTIC) You brought them here! You brought them here yourself and you're trying to frame me!

Britt; You and I both know that's a lie! I saw them coming out of this house, Norton. Don't try to bluff me.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

Norton; You can't prove --

Britt; I don't have to prove anything. I'm not tied up with red tape like the district attorney was.

Sanders; Let me handle this, Norton. Look here, mister, you're after something. What is it?

Britt; Now you're talking sense.

Sanders; You say you've got Bennet on your side.

Britt; Bennet told me all I need to know about you two but I'm willing to let both of you out of this with a clean slate.

Norton; What do you mean?

Britt; I can collect from the men who helped you put over shoddy goods at high prices on the school department.

- Sanders; What do you want of those people?
- Britt; What do you think?
- Sanders; I'm not thinking. I want to know from you. What are you after?
- Britt; There are a lot of things money can't buy. Favors, for example -- protection --
- Norton; Protection -- so that's why you've been able to avoid capture by the police.
- Britt; Perhaps. Now speak up. You two have been in collusion with someone in the city hall and I want to know who it is.
- Norton; What do we get for telling?
- Britt; The promise that I won't tell the law where to find the two men on the front lawn. The change to bring them in here and hide them until they recover consciousness, then put them where the law won't find them.
- Sanders; I - I don't know. I --
- Britt; Those two will squeal, Sanders, you know they will. And Bennett will identify them as the men who attacked him. And there's a lot Bennett can tell. A lot he didn't tell Britt Reid when he was working for the Sentinel.
- Norton; You win. The man you want is named Potter.
- Britt; The name doesn't mean anything.

Norton; He's the one who switched vouchers around so I got the order for school supplies.

Britt; Mes and he juggled invoices so you filled the order with cut rate goods. But I've got to have proof.

Sanders; We've told you his name. What more proof do you want?

Britt; Do you think Potter's going to give me what I want unless I can show him evidence that will expose him? Talk sense.

Norton; Well, we --

Britt; You keep records. You're holding something over Potter's head. Where is it?

Norton; Now look here, Hornet --

Britt; No. You look here. The prowler cars are looking for those men on the front lawn. Sooner or later they'll come down your street. They'll find 'em. Your time is short, Norton.

Norton; I want to think it over.

Britt; All right, you think it over while I call the police and tell them where to find the men they're looking for.

(PHONE HOOK, DIAL "0")

Norton; No no! Put down that phone!

Sanders; Don't call! Here's the evidence you want! This notebook!

Britt; Operator, tell the police the Green Hornet is here!

Sanders; Put that phone down.

Norton; Hang up!

Britt; Paul Norton's home ---

Sanders; (EFFORT) You ---

(BLOW)

Britt; Want it rough, eh?

Norton; (SCREAMS) Look out, Sanders!

Britt; (EFFORT) Let's do it this way!

(SCUFFLE)

Sanders; (EFFORT) I'll show you!

(BLOW)

(FALLING BODY)

Britt; That takes care of him. Now it's your turn, Norton!

Norton; No np!!

Britt; I'll use this gun on you.

Norton; (PANIC) Don't -- please don't!! We gave you what you wanted. You called the police! You broke your promise.

Britt; How does it feel to have a promise broken? What about the promises you've made? Promises to veterans who fought for you and all your money?

Norton; (FRANTICALLY) I'll take that gun! (EFFORT)

Britt; Take it!

Norton; (SHARP GASP) (COUGHING AND GAGGING)

(FALLING BODY)

Britt; (MUTTERS) Too bad he attacked me so soon. I had a lot more to say to him. I'll have to say it thru the columns in the Daily Sentinel.

(DOOR OPENS)

(DISTANT SIRENS APPROACHING)

(MUTTERS) Police are moving fast.

(STEPS CROSSING PORCH & DOWN STAIRS AS:)

(RUNNING) Have to get away from here in a hurry.

(A FEW FAST STEPS ON CONCRETE)

Kato; (CUE) Mr. Britt. Police are coming.

Britt; And we're going! Start the car, Kato! The police will find everything they need.

(HORNET CAR START AND FADE)

MUSIC: BURST

New
Axford; (EXCITEDLY) An' I was at the cops headquarters, Reid, when they brought 'em all in! Sufferin' Snakes, it was a field day!

Britt; Did you call in the story?

Axford; Sure. I called it tuh the Sentinel, but let me tell yez, the cops have got Norton an' Sanders an' a notebook full o' evidence that the D.A. can use an' they's two hoodlums that beat up young Bennett. An' they's evidence against a guy named Potter ...

Britt; Potter? The councilman?

Axford; The same. Holy Crow, the whole Norton racket is tuh
be blown sky high! The law's got everyone exceptin'
the Green Hornet!

Britt; And how was the Green Hornet involved?

Axford; That's what nobody can figure out. He's either
involved all the way or not at all. Your guess
is as good as mine!

MUSIC: BURST

NEWSBOYS: (AD LIBBING) Sentinal paper! Extry Paper! Norton
held on new Charges! Cut rate magnate indicted for
graft! Green Hornet named in assault! Read all
about it! Green Hornet still at large!

THEME