

The Green Hornet

by Fran Striker

Number 825

Date 9/23/47

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Death on the Flying Trapeze

Britt, Case, Kato, Gunnigan, Axford Burk

Drexel.....slick crook

Moose.....ex wrestler.

Red (Joe).....crook

Pete.....crook

Cop.....straight

Dalton.....one line

2-3 boys....adlib lines.

Voice bit

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(USUAL OPENING)

(FAINT B.G. OF CITY STREET)

(METALLIC CLINKS)

Annor; Working under cover of darkness, half a dozen youthful figures surrounded a gleaming new car. They seemed to know exactly how to proceed despite the darkness. The car had been jacked up and supported on blocks of wood so the wheels could be taken off. The fog lights and spot lights were already detached.

Boy; (SOFT) Hurry up with that wrench. I've got to get this bolt loose so we can get the bumper.

Boy 2; We should have brought more tools.

Boy 3; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Hey, jiggers! Throw the stuff in the truck and let's lam. Someone's coming!

(SCURRYING FEET)

(AD LIB TOSSING STUFF INTO TRUCK)

AD LIB: I hate to leave the front wheels!

Never mind! Get into the truck!

You drive, Joe.

AD LIB: Hey, that's a cop!
(con'td.)

Cop; (BACK) Hey there! What's goin' on?

Boy; Step on the starter! Let's go!

Boy 2; He's got a flashlight!

(CAR STARTING)

Cop; (BACK) Hey there yuh spalpeens!

(CAR START & FADE FAST)

(COMING IN, AD LIBBING) Stop! Stop in the name of
the law!

MUSIC: SHARP BURST

Cop; (EXCITED) I tried tuh catch 'em, but I didn't have a
chance! I didn't have no car tuh chase 'em with.

Britt; You say they were boys?

Cop; That's what they were, Mr. Reid. That's why I didn't
shoot. They looked like high school kids.

Britt; (WOEFULLY) I can see enough to know that my new
convertible has been stripped beyond bar essentials.
Turn your flashlight inside, will you?

Cop; Now look at that, Mr. Reid. By goolly, they even
went tuh work on the dashboard.

Britt; Cigarette lighter - clock --

Cop; Look. They was even tryin' tuh take off the seat
covers!

Britt; Fog lights -- spot lights --

Cop; I'm tellin' yuh, Mr. Reid, this is like an organized racket. There's too many cases of cars bein' stripped.

Britt; Equipment of this sort wouldn't be easy to sell. Under normal conditions, kids wouldn't have an outlet for it.

Cop; You're right.

Britt; I wonder if some modern Fagan is organizing kids of school age.

Cop; It wouldn't surprise me none. I wonder what can be done about it.

Britt; I know one thing that can be done and I'm going to take care of it as soon as I can get a cab and go to my office.

MUSIC: BURST

(CITY ROOM B.G.)

Gunnigan; More coffee, Axford?

Axford; I don't mind if I do, Gunnigan. Thanks.

(POURING COFFEE)

Gunnigan; How come you're not at police headquarters tonight?

Axford; Oh I was there. I just dropped by the office on me way home.

Gunnigan; Oh.

Axford; Y'know, it's kind o' nice down here at night. It's a lot more peaceful - soft of.

Gunnigan; Peacefull!

Axford; (LAUGHS) Yeah, durin' the day, yer always in such a spin, yuh don't have time tuh lean back in yer chair an' talk sociable.

Gunnigan; (LAUGHS) We put the edition to bed a few minutes before you came in. (YAWNS) Guess I'll knock off. I -- () Don't tell me!

Axford; What's the matter?

Gunnigan; Look. The boss.

Axford; Holy Crow, what's Britt Reid doin' down here at one o'clock in the mornin'?

(STEPS COMING IN)

Voice; (BACK) Howdy, Mr. Reid.

Gunnigan; Looks like he's sore about something. (PROJECT) Hi, boss.

Axford; Hey, Reid, I thought you was at the Club. I ee

Britt; Glad you're here, Axford. You too, Gunnigan. Come into my office.

(CHAIRS SCRAPE)

Gunnigan; What's up?

Britt; Come on.

(STEPS SUSTAINING AS:)

Axford; Hey, Reid, is there anythin' wrong? Golly, yer actin' like you was mad at somethin'!

Britt; I am.

Axford; Oh golly --

Gunnigan; Now look here, boss, if you don't like the way I handled the Markheim story --

Britt; I didn't even see it.

(DOOR OPENS)

Axford; Is it somethin' I've done?

Britt; No! Come on in.

Axford; Maybe -- uh -- somethin' I -- uh -- haven't done. Is that it?

(DOOR CLOSES)

Britt; No! Sit down. We can talk here in the outer office.

Gunnigan; (SITTING DOWN) Okay, let's have it.

Britt; Gunnigan, when racketeers enlist the help of kids in school ~~in~~ it's time something was done about it.

Gunnigan; Huh?

Axford; Kids in school?

Britt; An hour ago, about three hundred dollars worth of accessories, and some wheels and tires were taken from my new car.

Axford; Oh golly.

Britt; The thieves were kids in their teens. I think they were members of an organized gang.

Gunnigan; The radiator ornament was busted off of my car two weeks after I got it.

Britt; Malicious mischief, Gunnigan. That's bad enough, but this goes beyond it. This thievery is pretty far reaching and Prosecutor Roscoe Dalton had better do something about it.

Axford; He's the guy the Sentinal backed fer office.

Britt; Exactly. We backed him because his record was good and he was going to clean up the city.

Gunnigan; You want to write the editorial or do you want me to do it?

Britt; I'll do the editorial, Gunnigan. You cover some other angles. Any photographers around?

Gunnigan; I think Schultz is still here.

Britt; Send him over to get some shots of my car. Axford, you get hold of your pal Sergeant Burke. Find out how many other cars have been stripped and what the police are doing about it.

Axford; That I will.

Gunnigan; If we work on this for a couple of days, we can get a pretty big story.

Britt; A couple of days my eye! I want it in the next edition. It's got to hit the streets at nine a. m. because I'm going to call Roscoe Dalton at ten and see what he proposes to do in the way of smashing a racket before some Fagan makes hardened criminals out of boys who should be playing football!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE FADE UNDER

Annecr; Roscoe Dalton saw the morning edition. His face became stern, his lips compressed. He reached his office earlier than usual. . .

Dalton; Call the Daily Sentinal. I want to speak to Britt Reid as soon as he reaches his office!

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH.

Annecr; The prosecutor was not the only one for whom the Sentinal had special significance. Sam Drexel went thru several articles, reading them slowly, then reading them again, before he made a comment. .

RUSTLE NEWSPAPER.

Drexel; Joe, the boys should never have stripped Britt Reid's car.

Joe; I know it, Drexel. I told them to lay off the cars of guys with influence. Reid is steamed up.

Drexel; Photographs, an editorial, a special article, and an open letter to Roscoe Dalton! Joe, I don't like this! Dalton is troublesome enough, without the goading these articles will give him!

Joe; Too bad you can't get to Dalton with some cash.

Drexel; I tried, and it was the biggest mistake I ever made. He got suspicious as soon as I sounded him out, and he's been watching me ever since.

Joe; I think he's been watching our warehouse too. A couple of the boys have seen him in the neighborhood.

Drexel; Dalton, in person?

Joe; Yeah. He's playing the Lone Wolf game - won't even trust the assistants on his staff.

Drexel; Joe, I don't like it. (SLOWLY) I tell you, I don't like it. I've spent a lot of time and money building my organization and finding outlets for auto accessories -

Joe; That's another thing. Dalton was in the store on tenth street - he was looking at fog lights - said the stock didn't look brand new -

Drexel; Um-m. () Hoe, we'd better take steps right away.

Joe; Yeah.

Drexel; Dalton goes to Moose Marten's gymnasium every day. Get hold of ~~Harold~~ Pete. We'll handle Dalton's next work-out.

MUSIC INTERLUDE.

Anncr; It was nearly noon. Britt Reid was in his office when his secretary, Lenore Case came thru the door -

(DOOR OPENS)

Case; (COMING IN) Mr. Reid, here are those police reports you wanted typed.

Britt; Oh yes. Thanks, Miss Case.

Case; You said you wanted to take them with you when you met Roscoe Dalton for lunch.

Britt; I do.

Case; I can't believe that an organization is making criminals out of high school kids.

Britt; You can't argue with those police reports.

Case; I had no idea there was so much looting of automobiles. I do hope Mr. Dalton can smash that gang.

Britt; He's going to. When I talked to him on the phone, he told me confidentially that he has evidence to give him an entering wedge. He knows a couple of men in the gang and says there are at least ten of them. He wants them all.

Case; I wish there were some way they could be made an example of, but I doubt it.

Britt; What do you mean?

Case; Oh you know how it is, Mr. Reid. There'll be arrests, there'll be long-dragged-out trials, and even if a couple do go to jail for a few years, they'll all be paroled.

Britt; That's one thing I want to take up with Dalton. These Fagata have got to get the limit and then some to show those high school boys where they're heading!

(DOOR OPEN FAST, BACK)

Britt; Someone just came in the outer office-

Axford; (BACK) Hey Reid!

Case; Oh dear, Michael Axford!

Axford; (COMING IN) Hey, Reid, I've got tuh tell yez the news! Sufferin' Snakes, hang ontuh yer chair an' wait 'til yuh hear what I got tuh say!!

Britt; Axford, please relax. If you have news, take it to the city desk.

Axford; I did!

Britt; Then excuse me. I must leave immediately. I'm meeting Roscoe Dalton for lunch at the Civic Club.

Axford; That's what you think! Only yer not! Casey, yuh can scratch that date off the desk pad! Dalton won't be there!

Case; Why not?

Axford; Roscoe Dalton was killed an hour ago.

Britt; What?

Case; Killed?

Axford; Yeah, he fell off'n the flyin' trapeeze!

Britt; Back up, Axford. Take it easy. Give me the facts.

Axford; It was an accident. He was at Moose Martin's gymnasium exercisin' like he does every day. He was on the trapeeze when he had a heart attack. He fell head first, landin' on the floor.

Case; Are you sure it was a heart attack?

Axford; All I know is what come into the city room whils't
I was there.

Britt; I want more facts!

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER

(CITY ROOM) (B.C.)

Britt; Straddle this thing, Gunnigan. Cover every angle of
Dalton's death. Check with his doctor, his insurance
company -- his wife --

Gunnigan; Reid, he was alone in the gymnasium. He had a stroke,
that's all.

Axford; The police are satisfied.

Britt; Well I'm not.

Voice; (COMING IN FAST) Hey, Gunnigan! () Oh Hello, ^{Boe,} ~~Reid.~~
I had Moose Martin's gymnasium on the phone. Talked
to Moose himself ---

Gunnigan; Dalton went to that gym everyday for a workout before
lunch.

Britt; What's Moose got to say about it?

Voice; Here's his statement just as he gave it to me. It
rules out any chance of foul play.

Britt; Nevertheless I don't want this thing to grow cold.
Get this, Gunnigan -

Gunnigan; Yeah -

Britt; Dalton was loaded for big game. Keep close tabs on his assistant and make sure he doesn't abandon the hunting expedition.

(PHONE RINGS)

Gunnigan; Okay, boss. Leave it to me.

(PHONE HOOK)

City desk -

Britt; That goes for you, too, Axford. Keep hammering.

Axford; Yeah, sure.

Gunnigan; It's your secretary, boss. Moose Martin's calling. He's on the phone -- your private line.

Axford; Moose Martin? He's the guy wit' the gym where Dalton died.

Britt; I'll take it in my office.

Gunnigan; How'd he get the number of your unlisted phone?

MUSIC: BURST

Moose; You see, Mr. Reid, I found your phone number in Mr. Dalton's pocket. I gotta tell you things, see? I don't want no trouble with the cops. I don't want to get mixed up with a lot of questionin', that's why I'm phoinin' you, see? Maybe what I gotta say would give a new slant on Mr. Dalton's death, see?

Britt; (PHONE) Stay right there, Moose, I'll be over as soon as I can get there.

Moose; Yeah, okay, Mr. Reid. I'll be here in the gymnasium.

(PHONE HOOK)

Red; (SLIGHTLY BACK) You will, eh?

Moose; (STARTLED) Huh? Hey, how'd you guys get in here?

Pete; The door was open.

(DOOR SLAM)

Who were you talkin' to?

Moose; It was Mr. Reid of the Daily Sentinal. I ---

Red; (VERY COLD) Oh Mr. Reid, eh?

Moose; (STARTLED) Hey, Red, put that gun down.

Red; You talk too much.

Moose; No no! Now listen ---

Pete; Hold it, Red. Reid's already on his way here. If he finds Moose dead, there's sure to be some fireworks.

Red; There'll be fireworks anyhow.

Pete; Not if Moose is smart. () Listen to me, Moose. When Britt Reid gets here, you'd better be plenty smart because if the truth comes out, there'll be a murder rap!

Moose; I don't want to get mixed up in nothin' like that!

Red; You're already mixed up in it. You're in murder up to your cauliflower ears.

Pete; Shut up, Red. Lemme talk to him. Get this, Moose. That publisher's on the way here. He'll need some careful handlin'. Now here's what you're to do!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annncr; We'll continue our story in just a moment --

(COMMERCIAL)

(POLICE CAR RACING, SIREN, ETC.)

Annncr; Sergeant Burke of Police Headquarters raced thru the streets to Moose Martin's Gymnasium in response to a telephone call from Axford.

(CAR SKIDDING TO STOP)

(STREET NOISES)

(SECOND CAR COMING IN & STOPPING, DOORS OPEN)

He came to a stop at the curb just an instant ahead of Britt Reid and Michael Axford.

Axford; (BACK, YELLING) There's Burke now! Hi there, Burke!
(COMING IN) Glad yez got here in time!

Burke; What's cookin' Axford? Oh hello, Mr. Reid.

Britt; (COMING IN) Hello, Burke. It was Axford's idea to have you here.

Axford; Yeah. Moose Martin's got things tuh say!

(STEPS ON WALK, SUSTAIN AS:)

Burke; What's it about?

Britt; I think it's connected with the Dalton death.

Axford; There's maybe been foul play.

Burke; No! You don't say.

Britt; Here we are --

(STEPS HALT, DOOR OPENS)

Britt; I've never been to this gymnasium -

(STEPS INTO ROOM, DOOR CLOSES)

Burke; It's pretty good, Mr. Reid. This here is the office.
The gymnasium's thru that door ahead.

(DOOR OPENS)

Moose; (COMING IN) Howdy, gents.

Burke; Hello, Martin. This is Mr. Reid o' the Daily Sentinel.

Axford; An' I'm Mike Axford.

Moose; Glad tuh know yuh, Mr. Reid. If it's a rubdown or a
workout yuh want, yuh come tuh the right place, see.

Britt; I'm here because you phoned me.

Moose; Me? There must be some mistake -

Britt; There's no mistake. You called me about half an hour ago.
You said you'd found my phone number in Mr. Dalton's
pocket.

Moose; (STIFFLY) I don't know nothin' about Mr. Dalton's pocket.
I didn't call yuh, see?

Britt; (CARELESSLY) Well, Moose, I'd like to see your
gymnasium before I leave.

Moose; (EAGERLY) Sure. Surething, Mr. Reid. It's right in
here.

(DOOR OPENS)

Britt; Axford, you and Burke wait there in the office. I'd like
to talk to Moose privately.

Axford; Okay, Reid.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Moose; Now there's no need of you questionin' me, Mr. Reid.
I told you I didn't know nothin', see?

Britt; You lied. You brought me down here for nothing. Now
tell the truth or I'll beat it out of you.

Moose; Huh?

Britt; (EFFORT)

(PUNCH ON CHIN)

Moose; (GASPS) Why you — you —

Britt; (EFFORT) Try this on your stomach!

(BLOW)

Moose; (GRUNTS) I'll fix yuh!

(FAST BLOWS, GRUNTS, SCUFFLING FEET, ETC.)

This'll fix you!

(BLOW, FALLING BODY)

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

Burke; Hey! What's this?

Axford; Sufferin' snakes! Reid! Reid! What's the matter?

Britt; (GASPING) Help me up, Axford.

Burke; Yuh big gorilla, pickin' on a guy fifty pounds lighter than you!

Axford; Reid, are yez all right?

Britt; Y-yes, I - I guess so. () You won't get away with this, Moose. I'm charging you with assault and battery!

Moose; You can't do that! You started it!

Axford; That's a hot one! Tell that to a judge! You got six inches an' sixty pounds on Reid!

Moose; (WAILING) But he hit me first!

Axford; Hah! Reid's not that crazy!

Britt; Martin, I'll see you in court!

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER

NEWSBOY: Extra, Paper! Sentinel, Paper! Publisher charges Assault and Battery! Former heavyweight accused! Red all about it! Sentinel, Extra, Paper! (FADES OUT)

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

Annrc; That evening, in his apartment, Britt Reid was on the phone talking to Axford while Kato, his faithful valet and the only living person who knew that the young publisher was also the Green Hornet, stood by.

Britt; (TO PHONE) Axford, there's a chance that Dad may come in on the midnight plane for a short visit. I wish you'd be at the airport in case I can't make it. My jaw feels as if I stopped a battering ram. () Okay, Axford, thanks. I knew I could count on you.

(PHONE HOOK)

Britt; There, Kato. That takes care of that!

Kato; Is father really coming tonight?

Britt; Not that I know of. I said there was a "chance."
(CHUCKLES) A slim one.

Kato; Then why ---

Britt; If my plans work out, I'll need Axford at the airport
at midnight.

Kato; I do not understand.

Britt; Kato, I think I could take Moose Marton. He's slow
and muscle-bound.

Kato; Why you let him knock you down?

Britt; Moose lied to me. On the phone he said he had something
to tell about Dalton's death. When I got there, he
had changed his mind. I couldn't be mistaken about
his voice.

kato; Yes?

Britt; Someone got to him before I reached his gymnasium and
told him to keep his mouth shut. Kato, if Dalton
didn't die by heart attack or accident, he died by
murder. The man who made Moose turn clam knows plenty,
and Moose knows that man!

Kato; Perhaps if you tell Police, they make Moose talk.

Britt; He'll have to be softened up first.

Kato; He is out on bail now?

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Britt; Yes, Kato. You see, ~~Not a chance, Kato!~~ Moose called me because he didn't want to tangle with the police. If he wouldn't tell me what he knew, he surely wouldn't tell the cops - unless something happens to change his mind.

Kato; What are plans, Mr. Britt?

Britt; I had an inspiration, Kato, a sudden one. I acted on it, and goaded Moose. I made headlines when I let him knock me down. Tonight the Green Hornet's going to make use of those headlines. Get the mask and gun ready while I call the airline and make a reservation in behalf of Moose Martin!

MUSIC: BURST

Annex; Stepping thru 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, super-powered 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!

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH

(RAP ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS)

Britt; I want to see you, Moose! Back up, we'll talk inside!

Moose; Hey! What the --

Britt; Get in there!

(DOOR SLAMS)

Moose; That mask --

Britt; Take your eyes off the mask long enough to look at the headline in this newspaper!

(RUSTLE PAPER)

Moose; Yeah, that --

Britt; You dumb ox! You've got yourself in a fine fix! When you go into court, they'll get you on the witness stand and then the fireworks will begin!

Moose; But who --

Britt; Why'd you have to slug this publisher?

Moose; But he started it! He slugged me! The papers got it all wrong. He --

Britt; (SHARPLY) What's that?

Moose; I said --

Britt; (CUT IN) He slugged you! You mean he started the fight?

Moose; Yeah. He started it, see!

Britt; Why?

Moose; I don't know! I didn't do nothin' to him! And, anyway, what's it to you? Why --

Britt; (CUTTING IN) Give it to me straight! I've got to know. Did Reid hit you first?

Moose; Yeah.

Britt; (SLOWLY) How do you like that! He's wise. He knows you held out on him when he went to your place. That's why he slugged you. He knew you'd slap back so he could bring charges against you!

Moose; But I don't get it! I --

Britt; Reid wanted to get you in court -- on a witness stand -- then the law would catch you in a lie -- perjury. The cops would want to examine you further -- they'd take you in a little room and then you'd really sweat! You'd spill all you know about the Dalton murder!

Moose; I don't know nothin', see? I --

Britt; Don't lie to me! You know who I am, don't you?

Moose; T-the Green Hornet. But I didn't know you were workin' with --

Britt; With whom?

Moose; -- the others.

Britt; You nearly told Britt Reid all you knew!

Moose; I - I was only goin' to tell him that Mr. Dalton had a check-up in my gym class an' he didn't have no weak heart.

Britt; What else were you going to tell?

Moose; Stop wavin' that gun, will yuh?

Britt; What else?

Moose; I - I was only goin' tuh tell Mr. Reid how Red said he wanted tuh play a gag on Dalton', an' gave me ten bucks tuh go out fer an hour so's he could take charge of Mr. Dalton's exercises.

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Britt; Oh that's all you were going to say! You'd put Red on the spot to save your own neck!

Moose; I don't want no trouble ---

Britt; You'll have plenty of trouble if the cops get you! They'll make you talk!

Moose; No no ---

Britt; They'll strap you to a chair, turn on bright lights, lights that will almost burn your eyes out! They'll hammer questions at you. You'll get no food, no sleep, no rest! They won't let up! They'll hammer, hammer, hammer, day and night until you crack! You'll spill all you know to save your own neck and the rest of the gang will fry for murder. (HARDER) I ought to let you have it right now! Right here!

Moose; No wait! Listen, mister, listen, I ---

Britt; Shut up! You've got to get out of town!

Moose; But I can't! I got my gym! My business -

Britt; Some of the boys wanted to rub you out ~~right now~~ but I think we can fix it so's that publisher won't drag you into court. Then you can come back. We'll keep in touch with you. Now come on, I'll take you to the airport.

Moose; But I can't go without packin'. I ---

Britt; There's your hat. That's all you need.

(DOOR OPENS, FAINT STREET NOISES)

Moose; B-but - but ...

Britt; I'll provide you with cash. Your reservation has been made.

(STEPS TO PORCH)

(DOOR CLOSES)

Moose; You don't gimme time tuh think. You --

(STEPS DOWN, THEN ON WALK)

Britt; You don't have to think. We'll keep in touch with you
and give you orders.

(CAR COME IN FAST & SKID TO STOP)

(CONTINUING) You do as I say or I'll let you have this gun.

Moose; Hey! That car! That belongs tuh --

(SHOT BACK)

(YELL) They're shootin'!

Britt; (EFFORT) This way! Come on!

(RUNN ING STEPS)

(A COUPLE OF SHOTS BACK)

Moose; They're shootin' at me!

Britt; (RUNN ING) Now you see what I mean!

(STEPS HALT SHARPLY, CAR DOOR JERKED OPEN)

(EFFORT) Get in there!

(A COUPLE MORE SHOTS BACK)

(CAR STARTER)

Moose; (GRUNTING) Hey listen, I --

Britt; Shut up! () Give me that forty-five, I'll give those
birds something to think about.

Kato; Here -

(SHOT BACK, BULLET HITS CAR)

Moose; (YELLING) That bullet hit the car!

Britt; Let 'em try these on their windshield!

(SEVERAL FAST SHOTS CLOSE)

Get going!

(CAR DOOR SLAMS, HORNET CAR STARTS FAST)

MUSIC: BURST

(CAR COMES TO FAST HALT)

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

Britt; Get out, Moose! It's only a half a mile walk to the airport! Be sure you're on that plane!

Moose; (GRUNTING) Don't shove!

Britt; (EFFORT) Out you go!

(CAR DOOR SLAMS, CAR STARTS, SUSTAIN AS:)

Britt; That takes care of him, Kato. Let me out near the airport, then go on home.

Kato; But Mr. Britt -

Britt; I've got to make sure Axford collars Moose!

MUSIC: BURST

(AIRPORT B.G.)

Axford; Hey look, Burke, here comes Reid.

Burke; Sure enough.

Britt; (COMING IN) Hello, Axford. Has the plane arrived?

Axford; Not yet, Reid.

Burke; Hi, Mr. Reid. Axford didn't expect you tuh get here.

Britt; I felt pretty good, so I thought I'd ride out.

Axford; Did yuh take a cab?

Britt; There was no use bringing my car. I knew you'd be here with yours. I (BREAK OFF) Axford, look ove r there. Isn't that Moose Martin buying a ticket?

Axford; Sufferin' Snakes, so it is!

Britt; He's supposed to be in court in the morning. Do you suppose he's taking a run-out?

Axford; By golly, if he is --- Come on, Burke, let's go talk tuh him.

(STEPS SUSTAINING)

Britt; I'll go with you.

Burke; He's lookin' around like he was nervous.

Britt; Axford, I wonder if he really does know something about the Dalton affair. Maybe he's afraid to appear in court.

Axford; Hey there, Moose! Where you goin'?

Moose; (STARTLED) Huh?

Britt; Leaving town, Moose?

Moose; Hey now listen! Wait ---

Burke; I thought you had a date with the judge in the mornin' --

Moose; I - I

- Burke; It'll look funny if you run out, Moose. Speakin' as a cop, I'd say yuh better go back home.
- Moose; No no, I can't!
- Britt; What are you afraid of?
- Moose; The Green Hornet told me to get out!
- Axford; The Green Hornet!!!
- Britt; Why?
- Moose; (WAILING) I didn't do nothin'!
- Britt; Enough of that, Moose! You held out on me at noon today. You know something about Dalton's death!
- Moose; I didn't do it! Oh, how'd I get into this anyhow?
- Britt; So the Hornet wanted you out of town. Is he one of the gang that killed Dalton?
- Moose; I guess so. He —
- Britt; (CUT IN) Then Dalton was murdered!
- Moose; (WILDLY) I didn't say that!
- Axford; Sufferin' snakes, Burke! Did yuh hear that? This guy knows things!
- Burke; I got ears! Come on, Moose, I'm takin' you in as a witness!
- Moose; They'll kill me! They'll kill me if I squeal!
- Britt; Moose, listen to me. If a man's in jail, he can't hurt you. You tell all you know and the police will start a round-up!

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER

Red; (SCREAMING) Sure I threatened Moose, but I didn't kill Dalton! It was Pete! He smashed him with an Indian Club.

Pete; (HOWLS) Squealer! You helped make it look like an accident.

Red; I'm going to save my neck! I'll help the law!

Burke; Keep talkin'.

Red; The guy you want is ^{DREXEL!} ~~Dexter!~~

MUSIC: BURST, UNDER

Burke; Come on, Dexter --

^{DREXEL!}
Dexter; If those punks think I'll take the rap, they're crazy! I'll turn State's evidence, too! Get out your pencil and write these names down!

MUSIC: BURST & UNDER

(POLICE SIREN)

Burke; (SHOUTING) Oh boy what a round-up! We pick up Kline and Findlay next an' that'll just about tag the whole gang!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

Britt; Kato, according to Axford the police have eleven men in custody -- all of them directly or indirectly involved in the Dalton murder.

Kato; Is very good.

Britt; Better than I had expected. Miss Case said she hoped the men in the gang would be made an example of so the school boys who worked for them would see where they're heading.

Kato; What happen to boys?

Britt; : The police are going to help them. If they'll stay straight from now on, they have nothing to worry about. And Kato, I think when they read the morning paper and see the big shots heading for the electric chair, they'll realize that crime doesn't pay!

MUSIC: BURST

NEWSBOY: Sentinal, Paper, Extra Paper! Dalton death called murder! Modern Fagans rounded up! Crooks turn State's Evidence! Warehouse full of loot uncovered! Green Hornet sought as member of gang! Green Hornet still at large! Sentinal, Extra! Paper!

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