

The Green Hornet

by Fran Striker

Number 821

Date Oct. 7, 1947

The Ring of the Green Hornet

(no. 2)

Britt, Case, Kato, Axford, Gunnigan, Burke.

John Q. Jarvis ...middle-aged, unscrupulous.
Surly and sharp.

Henry Wattlessuave lawyer.

Doris.....ingenue. (gets killed)

Copsmall part.

Newsboy.

Voicebit.

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annrc: Miss Case beat against a deadline as she tapped
the keys of her typewriter.

(TYPING)

The expression on her face was grim. The
editorial she typed had been dictated by Britt
Reid and it pulled no punches.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

When Gunnigan, the city editor came into the room,
she didn't look up until the work was done.

(STOP TYPING)

Case; Period!

(HIT FOUR KEYS)

Case; Thirty.

(PULL OUT PAPER)

Gunnigan; If the look on your face means anything, that
editorial's a lulu.

Case; Here it is, Gunnigan. And here's a special order
from the Boss.

(RUSTLE PAPER)

Gunnig; Another special order, eh?

Case; As of now, the Daily Sentinel is to use bold face type for the word "parole" whenever it appears on the front page.

Gunnig; Huh? Hey, what's the idea?

Case; Read the editorial.

Gunnig; Is Reid steamed up on paroles ?

Case; Ha!

Gunnig; I mean, more so than usual?

Case; Yes Gunnigan -- more so than usual. The parole of those mobsters you know--

Gunnig; Yeah. That was pr etty raw. Don't blame him. Out of the pokey after three years -- three out of ten.

Case; Read the lead on that editorial. Maybe that's a fact you didn't know.

Gunnig; "Every Federal Agent who has been killed in action, was killed by a criminal who was out on parole."

Case; Paroled because-- theoretically, he had reformed!

Gunnig; Hog wash! Reformed. () Hey, our lawyers wont sit still for this reference to John Q Jarvis!

Case; No?

Gunnig; Jarvis can sue for libel! He's big time. He's important! Influential! He's --

Case; Don't tell me, tell Mr. Reid.

Gunnig; (MOANS) Every so often he plays publisher - tries to fill his father's shoes - tries to throw his weight around - this reference to Jarvis -

Britt; (BACK) It stands as is.

Gunnig; Oh - hello Reid. Didn't hear you open your door -

Britt; (COMING IN)
/That editorial is for the next edition, Gunnigan.

Gunnig; But Reid, if we run this as you've written it -

Britt; What do you mean - "if" ?

Gunnig; (SIGHS) I hoped there was room for discussion.

Britt; Well there's not!

Gunnig; Jarvis won't like it.

Britt; He doesn't have to like it.

Gunnig; Look Boss - look out that window. D(ya see that big white building across the street? Jarvis offices take up the whole top floor.

Britt; So?

Gunnig; He owns the building! Also, he owns the block it stands on!

Britt; And I own this building - and the block it stands on.

Gunnig; But you shouldn't throw rocks at the neighbors!
Jarvis is big - he's influential - he can spank people -

Britt; I know -

Gunnig; He DOES spank people -

Britt; He spansks the wrong ones, Gunnigan. He's broken a lot of decent people to get where he is. And he's coddled crooks that should have cooked in the electric chair. Witness the hoodlums recently paroled.

Gunnig; Jarvis didn't parole 'em!

Britt; He helped, and helped a lot. His letters of recommendation carried a lot of weight with the parole board-- and Gunnigan, if you'll go thru the files, you'll find a number of other paroles that have been recommended by John Q. Jarvis... and secured by Attorney Henry Wattles!

Case; Mr. Reid, do you honestly think there's anything crooked -

Britt; That, Miss Case, is just what I'm asking editorially. Is there anything crooked between those two?

MUSIC SHARP BURST FADE UNDER

Newsboy: (ADLIB) Sentinal extry paper. Publisher charges racket in parole. Crooks get breaks. Read all about it, Sentinal extry paper.

MUSIC BURST TO FINISH.

Jarvis; (AT PHONE) There's no use arguing, Wattles, I am going to sue the Daily Sentinal. I've got to! Reid can't grample John Q. Jarvis in the mud! If you don't want to handle it, Wattles, I'll get another attorney -

Wattles; (PHONE) All right, Jarvis, if your mind is made up, I'll start proceedings.

Jarvis; My mind is definitely made up.

Wattles; (PHONE) Now as to that other matter -

Jarvis; Wattles, In view of this publicity, I'd better not write any more letters of recommendation.

Wattles; (PHONE) Joe is counting on you.

Jarvis; You'll have to get Joe out without my help.

Wattles; (PHONE) But Jarvis, he took the rap and kept his mouth shut. If he talks, a lot of your friends will be - er - shall I say, embarrassed.

Jarvis; Wattles, can't you get the parole without a letter from me?

Wattles; (PHONE) I'll need all the influence I can get. I won't use your letter unless it's necessary, but I must have it just in case. Money is no object to Joe, you know that.

Jarvis; Very well, but I don't like to do it. Joe's going to have to pay thru the nose.

Wattles; (PHONE) There's ten thousand dollars in it, Jarvis.

Jarvis; I'll write the letter this afternoon. Send your man to my home tonight to pick it up. And see that he brings ten thousand with him.

Wattles; (PHONE) Your home tonight, eh? Will anyone be there?

Jarvis; No. I'll be sure no one's there between eight and ten. I — — — hold the line a minute, Wattles. I want to make sure nothing will interfere with that appointment tonight.

MUSIC: SOFT TENSION, B.G.

Annecr; A shrewd expression crossed the hard, deeply lined face of the influential John Q. Jarvis. He laid the phone gently on his desk pad, then moved silently across the deep rug and opened the door to his outer office. He stood there for a moment, his cold eyes fixed on the slender girl holding a phone to her ear, while she cupped the mouthpiece —

Jarvis; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Listening in, Miss Howell?

Doris; (STARTLED GASP)

MUSIC: SHARP BURST, FINISH

(SLAM PHONE HOOK)

Jarvis; (COMING IN) How interesting.

Doris; M-mister Jarvis — I — I

Jarvis; Excuse me.

(PICK UP PHONE)

Hello, Wattles, I'll call you back after I've disposed of a little problem.

(PHONE HOOK)

Doris; M-mister Jarvis, I — I

Jarvis; So you were listening on the extension.

Doris; I -- I just picked up the phone.

Jarvis; Doris, please don't bother to lie.

Doris; (EXPLOSIVELY) All right, Mr. Jarvis, I won't bother to lie! I did hear you make an appointment.

Jarvis; That's better.

Doris; I heard enough to confirm my suspicions. The Sentinel was right. You and Wattles have been cutting a lot of plums. You've been paid for your letters of recommendation -- for your influential help in getting Wattle's clients out of jail.

Jarvis; My dear child, you're so naive. You shouldn't try to act like a -- a G Man.

Doris; (HOT) And why not? My brother was a G Man.

Jarvis; Eh?

Doris; (HOTTER) Howell is not my real name. My real name is Melvin. My brother was Jack Melvin. Does that name mean anything to you?

Jarvis; No, it doesn't.

Doris; (FURIOUS) Well here's a name that does. Pete Varney! You wrote a letter in his behalf. Remember? Quote -- I have known this young man for a number of years and feel confident that he has been a victim of bad companions. I am ^{SURE} ~~confident~~ that if given a chance to redeem himself, etc., etc., etc., Unquote. Pete Varney got his parole-- yes, you bet he did and three weeks later he killed my brother!

Jarvis; Doris, I'm very sorry.

Doris; Oh don't break out in tears!

Jarvis; I trusted you. I thought ~~we~~ we were getting along splendidly and now -- to learn that you came here to spy on me --

Doris; I have one day's pay coming. You may keep that.

Jarvis; My dear child, you misunderstand the entire situation. Give me a chance to explain -

Doris; Explain!

Jarvis; I'm sure I can make you understand. I'll tell you what. I have a couple of phone calls to make. You go wash your face and powder your nose, then come into my office and let's talk things over.

Doris; I suppose you're going to offer me a bribe, is that it?

Jarvis; I know better than that. I don't want you to leave me until you've heard my side of the case. Please give me thirty minutes.

Doris; Well, this is something! The great Mr. John Q. Jarvis saying please! Very well. I'll listen to you.

MUSIC: BURST, AND UNDER

Annecr; Had Doris Melvin known the nature of a phone call Jarvis made while she washed away the tears of rage, she would have left the building without stopping for her hat -

Jarvis; I can keep her here for half an hour. She will leave by the front door. Gray tweed suit, blue hat and hand bag...

MUSIC: BURST & UNDER

Doris; No, Mr. Jarvis, you have not made your point. What I said half an hour ago still goes! I'm going to the Daily Sentinel with what I know about you! And don't you try to stop me!

MUSIC: BURST AND UNDER

Anncr; At that moment, directly across the street in another large building, Britt Reid stood at the open door -

Britt; I may be gone all afternoon, Miss Case. You can probably reach me at the Civic Club.

Case; Very well, Mr. Reid.

Britt; And you might tell Gunnigan that I haven't changed my policy. I want to keep hammering at the parole racket. You tell Gunnigan what I said still goes!

MUSIC: ONE SHARP PING

(STREET NOISES)

Voice; Hi, Mr. Reid.

Britt; Hello, Sam. My car been brought around yet?

Voice; No sir. Not yet.

Doris; (BACK) Oh Mr. Reid -

Britt; Who's that? Who called me?

Voice; I don't know.

Doris; (BACK) Yoo-hoo, Mr. Reid!

Voice; There she is, across the street. That girl in the gray suit. (GRINNING) Neat trick, eh, Mr. Reid?

Britt; (STARTING ACROSS) I suppose I'll have to wait. I --
 (SUDDEN EXCLAMATION) Look out there!

Voice; Look out! Get back on the curb!

(BIZ OF BEING STRUCK BY CAR)

Doris; (SCREAMS)

AD LIB: (SHOUTS AND YELLS)

Voice; Holy smoke, she's hit hard!

(RUNNING STEPS ON CONCRETE AS:)

(CAR FADES FAST)

AD LIB: (B.G.) I saw it!) (Get that car! Get the number!)
 (Someone call a doctor!) (How'd it happen?) (Get
 after that car?) (ETC.)

(RUNNING STEPS STOP)

Doris; (GROANS)

Britt; Keep back, all of you! Don't try to touch her! Don't
 anyone move her!

Voice; Gosh, Mr. Reid.

Britt; Sam, go into the lobby of the Jarvis Building and call
 an ambulance.

Voice; Right, Mr. Reid.

Doris; (WEAK) (FALTERING) Mr. Reid, I -

Britt; Take it easy. Lie perfectly still. We're going to
 get help for you.

Doris; (FALTERING) No-no use. Listen, something-to-tell-you---

AD LIB: (B.G.) Keep back! Keep back! Mr. Reid knows what he's doing!

Doris; (CLOSE) Bend down --- listen --- I - I was killed because of what I knew.

Britt; What do you mean?

Doris; (WEAK AND VERY SOFT) Closer - bend -blosor -

Britt; Yes.

Doris; (WHISPERING) Wattles- Jarvis --- tonight --- Wattles - paying - to get letter ---

Britt; (SHARPLY) What's that?

Doris; Jarvis house tonight --- letter for Joe Carter ---
(EXPIRES)

Jarvis; (APPROACHING) Let me through there! Let me thru, I tell you. I'm John Q. Jarvis. I saw that accident.

AD LIB: (STIR)

Jarvis; Oh, you're here, eh, Reid.

Britt; Yes, Jarvis. I was the first to reach this young lady.

Jarvis; Saw the whole thing! Saw the whole thing from my window. That driver must be caught! Hit and run! Fine thing. Streets aren't safe anymore.

Britt; Do you know this young lady?

Jarvis; Know her? Yes, of course I do. She worked for me. How badly is she hurt?

Britt; She's dead.

Jarvis; No! You don't say! Did she say any — uh — did she — uh — make any request — I mean — was she able to talk?

Britt; I guess she was killed just about instantly.

MUSIC: BURST

Anner; Britt Reid's valet, Kato, the only living man who knew that the young publisher was also the Green Hornet, was surprised when Britt came into his luxurious apartment early in the afternoon.

(DOOR SLAMS)

He was even more surprised at Britt's intense manner.

Kato; What is it, Mr. Britt?

Britt; Kato, we have a lot to do this afternoon. I have some information about John Q. Jarvis. There's an outside chance that we can expose him and his lawyer friend.

Kato; How is that, Mr. Britt.

Britt; There's to be a pay-off tonight. Jarvis is going to collect in cash for a letter he's giving Henry Wattles. It's exactly as I intimated in the Sentinel.

Kato; You tell police?

Britt; Police! What could the police do? Those two crooks would deny everything. They've got to be caught flat-footed.

Kato; You have plans?

JOHN Q. JARVIS: (b.o.) Keep back! Keep back! Mr. Reid
what he's doing!

Britt; Yes, Kato, I have. I don't know how they'll work out, but it's worth a try. (FADING BACK) Let me get that ring out of the secret compartment here in my desk.

(OPENING COMPARTMENT)

Kato; (PLEASED) You like ring I made?

Britt; (BACK) I owe my life to it, Kato. Don't forget that.

Kato; (MORE PLEASED) Yes sir.

Britt; (BACK) Here we are. (COMING IN) You made this in your little work shop, didn't you?

Kato; Yes sir.

Britt; Kato, is there any of the material left?

Kato; Yes, Mr. Britt. Why do you ask?

Britt; Because I want two more rings like this one. You'll have to work fast. I'm going to need them tonight. You might make this receptacle beneath the covering a little deeper because I'm going to have a message in there and be sure the cover carries this same emblem of the Green Hornet. Meanwhile, Kato, you call the office and talk to Axford.

Kato; What shall I say?

Britt; I'll tell you, Kato, and be sure you say exactly what I tell you. Axford doesn't know it, but he's going to be busy tonight. He's going to help the Green Hornet!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annecr; We'll continue our story in just a moment

(COMMERCIAL)

Annecr; It was mid-afternoon when Britt Reid returned to his office, much to the surprise of Miss Case.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSES)

Case; Oh golly, Mr. Reid, I just told Axford you wouldn't be back this afternoon. When you left you said -

Britt; I know, Miss Case. I saw Axford in the City Room. I intended to spend the afternoon at the Club, but well, seeing that girl killed - I wasn't in a mood for games.

Case; Wasn't that terrible! I understand she worked for John Jarvis.

Britt; Yes, she did.

Case; The poor thing.

Britt; Check up on her, Miss Case. I - well, I feel sort of responsible. She was starting across the street to meet me when she was struck.

Case; I know --

Britt; If she has any relatives, I want to do something for them.

Case; I'll learn all I can.

Britt; Thanks.

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

Case; (THROWAWAY) I knew it --

Axford; Hey, Reid, I gotta see yez!

Britt; Oh Axford, for what?

Yes, Karo, I have. I don't know how they'll come out, but it's worth a try. (SHOUTS BACK)

Axford; You get right into yer office. It's private an' confidential.

Britt; But Miss Case is -

Axford; It's too special for even her tuh hear! Now git in there an' I'm not foolin'!

Case; (FADING BACK) Well how do you like that!

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES AS:)

Britt; Axford, this had better be good!

Axford; It is, by golly. Kato called a little while before you come in an' he talked to me.

Britt; How nice.

Axford; Don't you make light o' this! He said he was worried on account o' you actin' on what you was told wit' the dyin' breath o' that girl from Jarvis' place.

Britt; Kato, worried?

Axford; What'd that girl tell yez?

Britt; Axford, the story is that she died without speaking.

Axford; She mumbled an' whispered, but you was the only one that was close enough tuh hear her.

Britt; What makes you think I heard anything coherent?

Axford; I'm tellin' yez! It's on account o' what Kato said.

Britt; What was that?

Axford; Answer yes or no! Did she tell yez that the Green Horne was likely tuh be makin' a secret call on Wattles tuhnight?

Britt; (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) Axford, what an idea.

Axford; That don't answer yes or no.

Britt; Well, that's as close to an answer as you'll get.

Axford; All right then! All right, by golly! That means that she did, an' you figure tuh sneak out tuhnight an' try tuh nail the Green Hornet single handed.

Britt; But Axford, where in the world would Doris Melvin get information like that?

Axford; How do I know?

Britt; (LAUGHS) That wild imagination of yours.

Axford; Don't laugh it off! Reid, I'm supposed tuh be yer bodyguard. Yer old man hired me tuh see that nothin' happened tuh yez! Now you can't be goin' out huntin' anythin' as dangerous as the Green Hornet! Reid - yuh -

Britt; Axford, that's the last thing I'd do.

Axford; Yah! I bet it is!

Britt; If you want to know my plans for the evening, I'm dating Miss Yvonne-Hunter-Calhoun.

Axford; Oh yuh are, eh?

Britt; You don't believe me?

Axford; Reid, I'm warnin' yez! Don't try tuh put anythin' over on me! Don't do it! Because if yuh do, by golly, I'll catch yez at it! ~~XXXX~~ (FADING) That's all I got tuh say!

(DOOR OPENS)

Britt; Where are you going now?

Axford; (BACK) Tuh the cops headquarters! I got somethin' tuh take up wit' my friend Sergeant Burke.

(DOOR CLOSES)

MUSIC: SHARP BREAK, (Optional)

Burke; Axford, sometimes I wonder if yuh know what yer talkin' about.

Axford; Burke, yuh can save yer insults fer the commissioner. I'm tellin' yez, we got tuh move mighty secret tuhnight on account o' Britt Reid.

Burke; If I had a nickel for everytime I've gone on a wild goose chase with you, thinkin' we were goin' to catch the Green Hornet —

Axford; But I tell yez, Burke, there's somethin' to it tonight! I can tell by the way Reid's actin'. Oh golly, he was mad when he found that Kato had betrayed a confidence.

Burke; Kato did it for Reid's own good, and he should appreciate it.

Axford; Sure he did. Kato knows that Reid's lovin' of excitement is likely tuh git him intuh trouble when he figures on tanglin' wit' the Green Hornet! Now, Burke, are yuh wit' me?

Burke; (SIGHS) All right.

Axford; W'see, Burke, it makes a lot o' sense fer the Green Hornet tuh he mixed up wit' Wattles an' Jarvis on this parole racket. Now if we work it right tuhnigh, we can get that Hornet! We'll get him fer keeps, an, oh golly! (LAUGHS) Won't Reid feel foolish when he has his fibs rammed down his throat!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anncr; At dinner that evening, Britt Reid talked about his date with Yvonne Hunter-Calhoun. Axford nodded with a knowing grin. Britt left the apartment early, but he didn't go far. He waited at the corner until Axford drove away and then he hurried back.

Britt; Now, Kato, we'll work fast.

Kato; Here are Green Hornet rings, Mr. Britt. Your own and two others.

Britt; Good. I have a little note to fit beneath the cover of one of them.

Kato; Mask and gun are also ready.

Britt; All right, then we'll get going.

Kato; You think Axford will watch home of Mr. Wattles?

Britt; Of course he will. Right now he's on his way to police headquarters to pick up his pal Burke. We'll have to hurry. I want to leave one of these rings at Wattles' front door and get away before Axford reaches the vicinity.

MUSIC —

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: FADE UNDER

(CAR STOPPING)

Annex; The Black Beauty stopped in front of a large suburban home. A masked figure hurried to the door, left a small package in the mail box, rang the bell, then returned to the car.

(CAR IDLING, DOOR SLAMS)

Britt; Get going, Kato! Now we'll go near the home of John Q. Jarvis and wait until a messenger has come and gone.

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH

Jarvis; (FADING IN) Thank you, thank you very much and be sure to see that this envelope is delivered to Mr. Wattles immediately. Goodnight.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Jarvis; (HUMMING AND MUTTERING) I hated to write another letter but after all, ten thousand dollars is not to be sneezed at. (HUM SLIGHTLY) Make sure it's all here.

(OPEN ENVELOPE)

I'll put it in my safe in the den. (MUMBLES) One thousand, five hundred, two thousand, two - five - three -

(DOOR OPENS SLOWLY)

Huh - no light in the den -- I thought I'd left one --

(WALL SWITCH, DOOR CLOSSES)

Britt; Hello, Jarvis.

Jarvis; (GASP) What the -- you! That mask!

Britt; I'll take that money!

Jarvis; Put that gun down.

Britt; Glad to, now that I know you're not going to make any sudden moves.

Jarvis; Where did you come from? What are you doing here?

Britt; I came from the outside through that window and I'm here to collect. That's too much money to be lying around loose! (EFFORT) Give it here.

(RUSTLE MONEY)

Jarvis; (FRANTIC) No no! I'll show you!

Britt; (STARTLED) Why you -

Jarvis; (STRUGGLING) You'll not get out as easily as you got in!
(GRUNTING AND FIGHTING, AD LIBBED)

(BUMPING TABLE, JARRING CHAIRS, ETC.)

(SCUFFLE)

Annex; Jarvis was not one to be easily intimidated, nor was he a man to see ten thousand dollars slip from his clutch without a fight. He grappled with the masked man and the two struggled frantically in an effort to get ~~xx~~ the upper hand. Jarvis didn't know that this was part of the Green Hornet's plan. He didn't know that the athletic figure made sure that a ring slid from his finger and fell to the floor during the struggles.

Britt; (STRUGGLING) More nerve than I thought, Jarvis. But you won't hold me! (MIGHTY EFFORT) Here!

(STUNNING BLOW)

(FALLING BODY)

(FADING FAST) That'll hold you!

Jarvis; (DAZED) Y-you - c-come back- come back with that money! Oh my chin! I - I nearly had him. (BIZ OF GETTING UP) The nerve of him!

(HORNET CAR START OUTSIDE, FADES)

I - I wonder why he didn't shoot me - he had the chance.
I - (BREAK OFF ABRUPTLY) Hello, what's this? A ring --
(PAUSE) Well, the Green Hornet's ring, eh. Curious thing. I - well, what do you know about this --

Annex; The metallic cover of the ring had slid partly to the side and in the space beneath Jarvis found a bit of thin paper folded small -

(UNFOLDING PAPER)

Annex; There were but a few words on the paper, but they were sufficient to bring a flush of anger to the face of the influential man.

Jarvis; (FURIOUS AND COLD) That dirty double crossing — well, we'll see about this! We'll see about this right away!

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER

(CAR COMING TO HALT, STREET B.G., FAINT)

(CAR DOOR OPENS AS:)

Britt; I'll get out here, Kato, and walk to the garage for my convertible.

Kato; Yes, Mr. Britt.

Britt; Oh, hand me that envelope. I'll drop it in a mailbox. An anonymous contribution to the orphan asylum. Ten thousand will help a lot.

Kato; Yes sir.

Britt; From now on, the success of the Hornet's plan depends on Oxford. Put the Black Beauty away and go to bed. I have a date with Yvonne Hunter-Calhoun. Don't wait up for me, Kato. I'll be late.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS, CAR STARTS)

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH

(FADE IN DOOR BELL RINGING)

Wattles; (CALLS) Coming!

(UNLOCK AND OPEN DOOR)

Wattles; Jarvis!

Jarvis; Surprised to see me, eh, Wattles?

Wattles; Well - rather. Will you come in?

Jarvis; You bet I'll come in!

(DOOR SLAMS)

Wattles; What's the matter with you, Jarvis?

Jarvis; Did you receive the letter you wanted?

Wattles; Yes. Come into the library.

(DOOR OPENS)

(DOOR SLAMS)

Jarvis; Where is the letter?

Wattles; It's in my desk right over here. I intended to take it to my office in the morning.

Jarvis; Very interesting. I - (BREAK OFF) That ring!

Wattles; Curious, isn't it? I found it in my mail box a couple of hours ago.

Jarvis; Oh you did, eh?

Wattles; See here, Jarvis, what's eating you anyway? If you have a chip on your shoulder, you better speak up.

Jarvis; I, too, have a ring like that. Here. Take a look -

Wattles; So you have. I wonder if there's some new kind of advertising campaign - someone trying to capitalize on the Green Hornet's notoriety.

Jarvis; Th the tune of ten thousand dollars, eh, Wattles,
you're in league with the Green Hornet!

Wattles; Well of all -

Jarvis; Don't deny it! He lost this ring in my home! Your
orders were inside it!

Wattles; (FLABBERGASTED) My orders - What do you mean?

Jarvis; This note. "Watch until you see messenger leave Jay's
home, then pick up ten grand. Signed W." That
message was inside the ring. I suppose you were
preparing further orders for him to be delivered in
that one, eh?

Wattles; No no!

Jarvis; Liar!

Wattles; Put down that gun!

Jarvis; Give me back the letter I wrote!

Wattles; But I haven't got your money!

Jarvis; Pretty smart, Wattles. Pay me ten thousand for a letter
and then send the Green Hornet to get it back. Where's
that letter?

Wattles; You're the one that's trying to pull a fast one, Jarvis.
You got your ten thousand, and I propose to keep the
letter you wrote!

Jarvis; You forget that I'm holding a gun!

Wattles; Listen to me! I told you Joe had to be paroled! If
that parole doesn't go thru he'll tell all he knows and
it'll be plenty! I've got to have your letter!

Jarvis; Give me the letter!

Wattles; Jarvis, I've left a message. If anything happens to me, the truth about you will be known! Including the name of the man you hired to run down Doris Melvin!

Jarvis; Why you —

Wattles; (STRUGGLING) Give me that gun, you fool!

(GUN SHOT)

Axford; (COMING IN) Give it to me!

Burke; (COMING IN) Out o' the way, Axford! Break it up, you two!

Axford; (EFFORT) Grab 'em, Burke! The spalpeens!

Cop; (COMING IN) I signalled the rest of the boys outside. They'll be here.

Wattles; (AD LIBBING) What's this? Police!

Jarvis; (STRUGGLING) Let go of me!

Axford; (STRUGGLING) Not on yer life! Yuh spalpeen!

Wattles; (STRUGGLING) Take yer hands off me! Let me go, do you hear!

Burke; Take it easy, Wattles. There'll be no more shootin'.
(MIGHTY EFFORT) Get back there!

Wattles; Ouch!

Burke; Now be standin' still! Ted, you go into that desk. See if you can find the letter these two was speakin' about!

(DESK DRAWER, BACK)

Cop; (BACK A BIT) That I will, Burke.

Wattles; What's the meaning of this? Where did you come from?

Axford; Wattles, me an' Burke heard you two! So you're payin' Jarvis fer letters that'll help git crooks paroled!

Cop; (BACK) Hey, here's a letter signed by Jarvis.

Burke; Good.

Cop; Listen to this! (READS) "I have known this young man for a number of years and feel confident that he has been a victim of bad companions ----"

Axford; Ho ho!

Burke; Save the rest, Ted. That'll make good readin' fer the district attorney.

Axford; By golly, it'll make good readin' in the Daily Sentinel! Lemme at that telephone!

MUSIC: BURST)

(DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

Britt; Axford! You still up?

Axford; Yeah, I waited tuh tell yez -- (SNIFFING) By golly, Reid, yuh smell like a beauty parlor or somethin'.

Britt; (DREAMILY) Yvonne always has the most exotic perfume.

Axford; Then yuh did have a date.

Britt; Of course!

Axford; Oh, golly! I mistrusted yez!

Britt; (LAUGHS) You thought I was going to try to capture the Green Hornet at Henry Wattles' place. I told you that was just a wild goose chase.

Axford; Ye-eah, maybe it was, an' maybe it wasn't.

Britt; What do you mean?

Axford; Well, Reid, I - that is, me an' Burke went there -

Britt; (LAUGHS) You didn't!

Axford; We did! We waited outside the window real quiet like with a couple o' other cops standin' around in case the Hornet did show up.

Britt; And of course he didn't.

Axford; No, but Reid, the girl was partly right, she got the wrong house, that's all.

Britt; What?

Axford; Yeah, the Hornet went tuh Jarvis' house instead o' Wattles, an' he stole ten thousand dollars that Wattles had paid tuh Jarvis fer a bribe.

Britt; Bribe?

Axford; I'm tellin' yez. Jarvis came tuh Wattles place an' they got tuh accusin' each other o' double-crossin' on account of each one had a Green Hornet ring. Oh golly, we got witnesses an' everythin'! What yuh said in the Sentinal was right. An, Reid, on top of everythin' else, we found out that Doris Melvin was murdered!

Britt; Murdered?

Axford; That she was! Wattles an' Jarvis saw that the game was up an' each one told all he knew about the other! The cops have got the name o' the guy that Jarvis hired tuh run down the girl. They'll have him before mornin'!

Britt; Now!

Axford; Yes sir, Reid, me an' Burke got the goods tuh smash the parole racket!

Britt; But Axford, where does the Green Hornet come into the picture?

Axford; We don't know that, Reid. That's the funny part of it. We got intuh the picture all right enough, an' got out wit' ten thousand dollars, but neither Jarvis nor Wattles knew a blamed thing that'd lead us tuh the Green Hornet!

MUSIC: BURST

NEWSBOY: Sentinal, Paper, Extra! Jarvis and attorney indicted in parole racket! Ten thousand dollar bribe missing! Green Hornet suspected! Green Hornet still at large! Sentinal Extra, Paper!

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