

The Green Hornet

by Fran Striker

MARKED MONEY

Number 829

Date 10-21-47

NOTE

THIS SCRIPT REPLACES "GRAFT WILL OUT."

Britt, Case, Kato, Axford, Gunnigan.

Doc Shottin.....middle aged, straight.

Red Pomeroy.....crook.

Stewardess.....ingenue. Small part.

Linda Travisas before.

Copbit.

Voice.....bit.

Voice 2.....bit

Senior Reid,.....opening page, only.

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(USUAL OPENING)

(PHONE IN BG)

Annex; The big plane neared the end of a cross-country flight. Linda Travis, seated in the rear, took out a letter and read it for the last time. Her mission was a confidential one. After years of service as a private, confidential secretary to Britt Reid's father, the attractive girl was en route to the metropolis to learn how Britt was conducting himself as publisher of the Daily Sentinel.

Senior; (FILTER) My instructions, Linda, are few... Britt must not know that you are employed by me. Get a position of some kind on the staff of the Daily Sentinel. Report to me regularly. I must know whether or not my son is knuckling down to business. You'd better destroy this letter.

Linda; (SOFT) O.K. chief - I'll destroy the letter.

(TEARING LETTER.)

Stewardess; (COMING IN) Is your safety belt fastened?

Linda; Safety belt?

Stewardess; Yes, Miss Travis. We'll be landing in five minutes.

Linda; Oh. (SLIGHT LAUGH) We've made good time.

Stewardess; You can see the airport- right over there.

Linda; Sure enough.

Stewardess; We'll circle to come in against the wind.

Linda; It's been a lovely flight. I - (BREAK OFF) Oh mercy -
look down there.

Stewardess; Eh?

Linda; Right below. There's been an accident on that highway.

Stewardess; Um-m. Rath- Er!

Linda; Looks as if that car rolled over a few times after it
hit the ditch.

Stewardess; Must've happened just a few minutes ago. The ambulance
is just arriving -

(PLANE UP, FADE OUT)

(FADE IN CROWD NOISES)

(AMBULANCE FADING IN AND STOPPING)

Cop; All right, get back, boys. Get back everybody!
Give the doctor room!

Voice; Do you have any facts, officer?

Cop; Yeah. That convertible left the road and rolled
over two or three times. Maybe you can save him,
I don't know.

Voice; Come on, Joe. Bring the stretcher.

(STEPS SUSTAIN AS:)

Cop; No one saw it happen.

Voice; Was there just one man in the car?

Cop; I guess so.

Voice; Must've lost control of his car.

Cop; Doc, he lost control because he was shot!

Voice; Shot?

Cop; See for yourself.

(STEPS HALT)

Got a bullet thru the left side.

Voice; (LOW WHISTLE) Any idea who did it, officer?

Cop; No, but I know there are a lot of guys who had a grudge against that bird.

Voice; Yeah?

Cop; Yeah. He used to be a cheap punk - a petty racketeer. Then he began to get big. He muscled his way to big time and on the way up, he stepped on plenty of his pals. His name is Jerry Jerome.

Voice; Um-m. Pretty well banged up.

Cop; Doc, if you don't mind, I'll ride the ambulance with you. Jerome might name the gunman if he regains consciousness.

Voice; Yeah - if he regains consciousness!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annex; Linda Travis thought no more about the accident she had viewed from the air until after she had checked in at her hotel and gone to the Daily Sentinal Building. Then, to her surprise, she learned that the accident was front page news.

(STREET NOISES)

NEWSBOY: (AD LIBBING) Sentinal, Extra Paper! Read all about the highway shooting! Jerry Jerome near death! Read all about it! Extra Paper!

Linda; (MUTTERING) That gives me an entering wedge. I'll at least have something to talk about.

(FADE STREET NOISES OUT)

(FADE IN CITY ROOM) (B.G.)

Linda; Pardon me, is Mr. Reid's office on this floor?

Axford; Huh? Reid's office? Oh yes'm. Yuh go right thru here. This is the city room - an' thru that door at the far side. Then there's a little hall an' then a door that opens intuh the office o' Britt Reid's secretary. Her name is Miss Case - Lenore Case.

Linda; Thanks a lot.

Axford; I'm goin' that way. I'll go wit' yez so's yuh don't git lost.

Linda; Oh thanks.

Britt; (BACK) But confound it, Gunnigan, I tell you there's got to be some way to get in there!

Axford; (CHUCKLES) That's Britt Reid over there.

Linda; I see.

Axford; Me - my name is Axford. Michael Axford. Just step over this way, Miss.

(STEPS FADING BACK)

Britt; (FADING IN) What about Lowry? He's always bragged that he can get into any place. Can't he get into that hospital room and be on hand when and if Jerry Jerome regains consciousness?

Gunnigan; Lowry's over at the hospital right now. He called a few minutes ago. The information desk in the lobby is as close as he can get to Jerome.

Britt; Who is with Jerome? Does he know that?

Gunnigan; The doctor and nurses, that's all.

Britt; What doctor's on the case?

Gunnigan; Doc Shottin, and Reid, he's one medico that can't be bull-dozed. He's been hand in glove with Jerry Jerome's hoodlums for a long time!

Britt; Gunnigan, who do you think shot Jerome?

Gunnigan; I'd lay two to one on Rod ~~Peasay~~^{POMEROY}.

Britt; ^{POMEROY} ~~Peasay~~, eh?

Gunnigan; Sure. He used to control the bookie parlors here in town. Also had the coin machines until Jerome took over.

Britt; Didn't ^{POMEROY} ~~Peasay~~ and Jerome use to be partners?

Gunnigan; Sure they did. They dabbled in everything, including blackmail and extortion. Then they split.

Britt; Jerome took over.

Gunnigan; Right. Jerome went up and ~~he~~^{POMEROY} went down.

Britt; If we could only get a man in that hospital room. I tell you, Gunnigan, if Jerome regains consciousness, his statement will be an eight column banner.

Gunnigan; Yeah, if we could get it exclusive.

Britt; I know the superintendent of that hospital. He's obligated to this newspaper.

Gunnigan; Don't mean a thing, boss. Not even the super can get a reporter in to a room where the doctor in charge says no.

Axford; (COMING IN) Hey, Reid, I just took a young lady into the office.

Britt; I saw you, Axford.

Axford; Oh yuh did, eh? Say, isn't she all right? (CHUCKLES) By golly, she's smart, too.

Britt; See you later, Gunnigan.

Gunnigan; Yeah. If you can think of a way to get into that hospital room, let me know.

(STEPS SUSTAIN ING)

(CITY ROOM FADES BACK)

Axford; Reid, that girl's name is Travis. Miss Linda Travis.

Britt; Some other time, Axford. I'm trying to think of angles.

Axford; Yeah, but Reid, this girl -- she --

Britt; Excuse me --

(DOOR OPENS)

(CITY ROOM OUT)

Case; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Oh, Mr. Reid --

Linda; So this is Mr. Reid!

Axford; Yeah. Reid, this is Miss Linda Travis --

Britt; How do you do, Miss Travis.

Linda; Mr. Reid I want to go to work for this newspaper.

Axford; I was tellin' her, Reid, that right how yer up
tuh yer ears tryin' tuh cover the Jerome shootin'.

Linda; I read about it in your last edition.

Britt; I see. () Miss Case, get the superintendent of
that hospital on the line.

Case; Very well.

Britt; We've simply got to get a man in Jerome's room.

Case; Gertie, get Doctor Stebbins for Mr. Reid. () I'll
hold this line open. (TURNING) Mr. Reid, what makes
you so sure Jerome will squeal if he regains
consciousness?

Britt; Call it a hunch if you like --

Linda; Does it have to be a man?

Britt; Huh?

- Linda; I mean to say, you want someone in the room of that
- that hoodlum who was shot in case he regains
consciousness and makes a statement. Is that it,
Mr. Reid?
- Britt; That is it, Miss Travis.
- Linda; How about a nurse?
- Britt; Eh?
- Linda; (EAGERLY) Mr. Reid, I'm a trained nurse —
- Britt; You are?
- Linda; Yes. Perhaps I could get in there easier than a
reporter - especially if you talk to the superindent
of the hosp ital.
- Britt; You said your name was Travis.
- Linda; Yes sir.
- Britt; You want a job -
- Linda; Indeed I do.
- Britt; Al Right. You get over to that hospital and if you're on
hand to get any statement that Jerry Jerome happens
to make, ~~you can consider yourself an employee of~~
YOU'LL HAVE A JOB WITH
the Daily Sentinal.
- Case; Hello - hello, Gertie. () Mr. Reid, Doctor Stebbins
is on the line.
- Britt; Give me that phone. () Hello, Stebbins, Reid calling.
I'm sending a nurse over to your hospital. () (ASIDE)
Credentials with you?
- Linda; Yes sir.

Britt; She'll have her credentials with her. Can you put her on that Jerome case?

Axford; (MUTTERS) By golly, youngster, it looks like yer goin' tuh git a break.

Britt; Now just a minute, Dr. Stebbings, I'm not asking you to let a reporter into the room. Miss Travis is a nurse. Dr. Shottin can't object to that.

Case; (ASIDE) Are you really a nurse?

Linda; Yes..

Case; Don't ever bluff around Britt Reid because he'll call you everytime.

Britt; All right, Stebbins. Thanks a lot.

(PHONE HOOK)

Miss Travis, go over to the General Hospital and report to Dr. Stebbins. He'll do the best he can to get you into Jerry Jerome's room.

Linda; Very well.

Britt; Axford, you'd better go along — just in case.

Axford; By golly, Reid, that's a good idea.

Linda; In case of what?

Britt; Miss Travis, I don't think you're going into any danger, but we're not going to take chances —

Linda; Danger?

Britt; Jerry Jerome is a crook. The police have little on him, but he's guilty of almost everything in the book, including murder and extortion -

Linda; Oh!

Britt; His doctor - Doctor Shottin has managed to stay on the right side of the law, but he's generally recognized as a gangster doctor.

Linda; Oh how exciting.

Britt; He was called in because his name was in Jerome's pocket as the person to be called in case of accident. You'll have to watch your step -

Linda; Very well, Mr. Reid.

Britt; Now get going and good luck to you.

Axford; Come on, Miss Travis. We c'n go in my car. It's right down at the curb.

(DOOR OPENS)

See yez later, Reid.

Britt; Right.

(DOOR CLOSES)

I Well, that may be a break, Miss Case.

Case; Uh-huh. It may be. But there's something about that girl -

Britt; Something about her?

Case; I don't know what it is, Mr. Reid. But there's something - something she's not telling.

Britt; (LAUGHS) Nonsense --

Case; It's not nonsense! It's a woman's intuition. Don't you trust her too far, Mr. Reid. That's all I've got to say!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Anncr; At the General Hospital, Dr. Shottin had left his patient momentarily to talk to a man whose shifty eyes and furtive manner stamped him as an unsavory individual. His name was Pomeroy --

Shottin; You want to know if there's a chance for Jerome, eh, Pomeroy?

Rod; That's what I asked.

Shottin; Worried?

Rod; None of your business, Doc.

Shottin; (SOFT CHUCKLE) You needn't worry about me, Rod. If I ever told all I know about you and some of the others --

Rod; Save it. Just answer my question.

Shottin; Jerome hasn't one ~~chance~~ chance in a hundred.

Rod;! Good! Now tell me this. Is he likely to recover consciousness?

Shottin; That's doubtful - very doubtful.

Rod; All right. Now get this. I want you to stay with him all the time - night and day an' don't worry about your fee. I'll see that you're paid. If Jerome gets conscious I want to know what he says.

Shottin; I see.

- Rod; You tell me and nobody else - not even the cops.
- Shotton; Um - you're asking a great deal.
- Rod; I know what I'm askin', Doc. You've always been paid well for what you did.
- Shottin; I'll do what I can, Rod, but tell me, why did you shoot him?
- Rod; Who says I shot him?
- Shottin; (SOFT CHUCKLE) Don't hold out on me, Rod.
- Rod; The dirty double-crosser had it comin'! He tried to frame me in the Talbot deal -
- Shottin; The Talbot deal?
- Rod; Yeah. The two of us collected twenty grand from Talbot on a little extortion proposition. After we got the dough, we found out the cash was too hot to handle. Talbot had kept a record of the numbers on the bills.
- Shottin; But Talbot was killed -
- Rod; That's right. Jerry Jerome did the shootin', but he used a gun that was registered in my name. I didn't even know Talbot was dead until after Jerome had got my fingerprints on the gun. Then he told me. He's had that gun ever since, holdin' it over my head, threatenin' to turn it into the law if I didn't pay whatever he wanted. Well, I've paid. Yes I've paid and paid until Jerome got all I had. But I'm square with him now.
- Shottin; What you say is a great surprise to me.
- Rod; Yeah?

Shottin; Yes indeed. The police and press, in fact everyone, blamed that Talbot extortion and murder on the Green Hornet -

Voice 2; (BEYOND DOOR, MUFFLED) Doc! Hey Doc! Doc Shottin!

Shottin; (LOW, TENSE) ^{Rod,} /That's Jerome!

Rod; Don't let him talk, see! Don't let him talk!

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN, BACK)

Voice 2; (WEAK & GASPING) Doc - wh-where are you? C-come here! Come here, Doc!

Linda; (BACK) Dr. Shottin, you'd better come in quickly! Your patient -

Shottin; Yes, yes I'll take charge.

Rod; Lemme in there!

Linda; (FADING IN) No you can't come in! No visitors!

Rod; Out of my way, see! (VIOLENT SHOVE)

Linda; (GASP) Why you - you -

(DOOR SLAMS)

Rod; What about it, Doc?

Voice 2; (GASPING AND FADING OUT) I -- I to-told -- I - I - told - the - n-nurse -- (MOANS)

Shottin; What's that?

Rod; What did he say? What'd he say, Doc?

Shottin; Dad. Nurse, the patient is dead.

Linda; I'll call the supervisor right away.

Rod; Wait a minute, Sister! What'd the patient tell you before he died?

Linda; Stand aside!

Rod; What'd he ---

Shottin; Stand aside, Pomeroy. Let the nurse go.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

Rod; Listen, Doc, Jerome told her somethin' an' I've got to know what it is!

Shottin; We'll talk to her as soon as she makes her report. Now relax, you have nothing to worry about. Jerome is dead.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

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

(COMMERCIAL)

~~XKXKX~~ (DIALING PHONE)

Annrc; It was evening when Jerry Jerome breathed his last. Linda Travis, serving as a nurse, did all that was required of her, then hurried to the public telephone in the hospital lobby. She called Britt Reid at home to give her report. Michael Axford stood at the open door of the booth.

Linda; Hello Mr. Reid. Miss Travis calling.

Axford; Tell him yuh got yerself a job!

Linda; Mr. Axford said I'd better report to you instead of to the city desk. () Well, here it is. Jerome is dead and he did make a statement. () Here's just what he said. ^{QUOTE -} "Tell the cops to look behind the tapestry in my living room. They can crack the Talbot case and get the guy that shot me at the same time." _{UNQUOTE.}

Axford; Sufferin' snakes!

Linda; Please, Mr. Axford!

Axford; Hey, is that what he told yuh? Is that what Jerome said? Good Gravy, Linda, I mean Miss Travis --

Linda; I can't hear you, Mr. Reid. Axford is making so much noise --

Axford; I wish you'd o' told me that before yuh called Reid!

Linda; Very well, Mr. Reid. Good-bye.

(PHONE HOOK)

He said I had a job.

Axford; Job! Sufferin' snakes! yuh got more'n a job Miss Travis! Why didn't yez tell me what Jerome said?

Linda; My instructions were to report to Mr. Reid directly.

Axford; But yez don't understand. That Talbot case -- d'yuh know what that was?

Linda; I haven't the slightest idea.

Axford; Well, that was an extortion an' a murder an' it was charged tuh the Green Hornet.

Linda; The Green Hornet?

Axford; Sufferin' Snakes, cookie, we got tuh look intuh this right away!

Linda; What do you mean?

Axford; I know where Jerry Jerome lived an' we're goin' there right now.

Linda; You've been particularly interested in this Green Hornet, haven't you, Mr. Axford?

Axford; That I have by golly! Come on, we'll get to my car an' I'll tell yuh all I know about him.

Linda; Perhaps I better report to Dr. Shottin -

Axford; There's no need for that. You come here for a certain job and yer job is done. Now let's git goin'. By golly, we're in the way of a page one head line.

Linda; Do you think we had better call the police first?

Axford; That's up to Reid if he wants to do it.

Linda; Very well. Whatever happens is your responsibility.

MUSIC: SHARP BURST

Rod; Hey, Shottin, look! Look out that window. Isn't that the nurse we're waitin' for?

Shottin; Yes. Yes it is Pomeroy.

Rod; You said she'd be comin' back to this floor.

Shottin; Apparently she has changed her mind.

Rod; But she knows somethin'. She knows what Herome said - and hey - look who's with her!

Shottin; Who?

Rodg Doc - somethin's up! There's somethin' funny about that dame! She's with Mike Axford of the Sentinel! They're getting into his car! Shottin, I don't like it. I'm goin' to follow 'em, an' if they go anywhere near the cops headquarters, they're goin' to get the same that Jerome got — only thru the head instead of thru the chest!

MUSIC: BURST

(CAR RUNNING FAST)

Anncr; Britt Reid drove his convertible as fast as he dared to reach the home of Jerry Jerome as quickly as possible. At his side, rode Kato, his faithful valet, and the only living person who knew that the young publisher was also the Green Hornet.

Britt; Hang on, Kato! Sharp turn.

(CAR TURNS)

Kato; This car not as fast as Black Beauty.

Britt; Kato, you have the gas weapon, haven't you?

Kato; Yes sir.

Britt; I don't expect we'll need it tonight, but it's just as well to be prepared.

Kato; You not use Hornet mask?

Britt; No, Kato. Tonight I can function as myself — Britt Reid.

Kato; Is good.

Britt; The role of the Green Hornet is becoming more dangerous all the time!

Kato; Yes, Mr. Britt.

Britt; We can't go on forever. (SIGHS) I wonder what the end will be like.

Kato; There is where Jerome lived.

Britt; Right. We'll see what's behind the tapestry - if we can solve the Talbot case, we can remove one of the black marks that's been chalked against the Hornet.

MUSIC: BURST

Anncr; Britt left his car in the rear of the suburban home, then stationed Kato to stand guard, and went inside.

(CAR APPROACHING)

A few minutes later, Michael Axford drove up with Linda Travis in his car.

(CAR STOPS)

Linda; Mr. Axford, someone is there ahead of us!

Axford; By golly, yer right, Miss Travis. There's lights in the house!

Linda; N ow what?

Axford; We go right ahead. You're goin' tuh stay here in me car or come inside wit' me?

Linda; I'm staying with you.

(EXIT FROM CAR)

(COUPLE OF STEPS)

Axford; Look! The door is open! We can go right in an' -

Linda; Mr. Axford! Look who's there!

Axford; Reid!

Britt; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Come right in, Axford! You too,
Miss Travis.

Linda; Well, Mr. Reid, aren't you working overtime?

Britt; Miss Travis, now that you're working for the press
you'll soon realize that the job calls for twenty-four
hours a day.

Linda; Mercy! It sounds grim.

(STEPS IN, DOOR CLOSES)

Axford; Reid, did yez come here wit' the same idea we had?

Britt; I thought I'd like to make sure of our beat before
the police are notified.

Axford; What'd yuh find?

Britt; Nothing yet. I just got here a couple of minutes
ahead of you. We'll go in the living room and look
behind the tapestry.

Axford; I didn't see yer car -

Britt; I left it around in back.

Linda; There's a tapestry.

Britt; Perhaps that's the one Jereme meant.

Axford; I'll pull it to the side and we'll see what's in back of it.

Britt; If it deals with the Talbot case, I have a pretty fair idea -

Axford; Look, there's a panel in the wall.

Britt; See if you can open it.

Axford; I'll try.

Linda; What do you think we'll find, Mr. Reid?

Britt; Talbot was murdered because he used some marked money to pay some extortionists -

Linda; Oh.

Britt; The money never turned up.

Axford; I got this thing -

(OPEN CUPBOARD)

There.

Britt; See what's in it.

Axford; Reid, there's cash here! Lots of it! All stacked up!

Linda; Oh-h golly!

Britt; Don't touch that gun, Axford!

Axford; I wasn't goin' tuh!

Britt; It may have fingerprints on it.

Axford; Holy Crow, Reid, if this is the Talbot extortion money an' if this is the gun that killed Talbot, then the Green Hornet didn't have nothin' tuh do wit' the case

Britt; That's good reasoning, Axford.

Linda; That's very interesting. I wonder how many other -

Rod; (BACK) Get 'em up!

Axford; What the --

Linda; (STARTLED CRY) You!

Rod; (BACK) Hello, nurse.

Britt; Pomeroy! What are you doing here?

Rod; I could ask the same question, mister, only I got no time tuh waste. Turn around all three of yuh! Face the wall. I've got tuh tie you up an' move yuh.

Britt; Move us?

Rod; I'll have to get a couple of my boys to help with this. It's too bad Mr. Reid, but you know too much.

Britt; I begin to understand. You and Jerome were pretty thick at one time. I wonder if you were together on the Talbot extortion.

Rod; Maybe so. Maybe so. Now turn around and face the wall quick.

Britt; Better do as he says, Axford.

Linda; There are three of us here. He can't shoot all of us at one time. If we jump him ---

Britt; Don't try it, Miss Travis. Face the wall as he says.

Linda; One man against three of us --

- Rod; You better move quick or I'll cut it down to two.
- Linda; Very well.
- Britt; There are times when discretion is the better part
of valor.
- Linda; I dare say you're right, Mr. Reid. But I still
think we could have gotten the better of him if
a couple of us had acted with aggression.
- Rod; (SLIGHTLY BACK, GASPING) Wh-wh-what the -- w-who
- Axford; Hey! What's the matter wit' him?
- Linda; The lights! Who turned out the lights?
- Britt; (EFFORT) This ought to hold you!
- (SMASHING BLOW)
- (FALLING BODY)
- Axford; Reid! Reid!
- Britt; Take care of Miss Travis!
- Linda; (FADING BACK) Get some light in here! I can't see
a thing!
- Axford; Wait 'till I find one of the lamps! Reid, where are
yez! Where are yez! (FADING BACK)
- Britt; (PROJECT)S Watch the girl, Axford! ~~I'm chasing~~ ^{I WANT TO GET}
~~someone~~ THIS MAN
- (RUNNING STEPS SUSTAINING)
- (DOOR OPENS QUICKLY)
- (STEPS SUSTAINING)

Annex; Britt Reid knew what happened. He ^{had} left Kato outside as a guard in case someone like Rod Pomeroy appeared on the scene. He joined his faithful valet in the darkness near his car.

SOFT

Britt; Good work, Kato.

Kato; First I give gas to man with gun, then turn out lights.

Britt; Kato, Axford and Miss Travis must think the Green Hornet came here. You'll have to go home alone.

Kato; Yes sir.

Britt; You may have to walk.

Kato; ! Is all right.

Britt; Those two must think I came alone.

Kato; I understand. See, lights ^{just} come on in house.

Britt; Axford found the switch. Get going, Kato and I'll see you later.

Kato; Yes sir.

Axford; (BACK) Reid! Hey Reid, where are yez?

Britt; (CALLS) Right here, Axford! He got away!

Axford; (COMING IN) Who got away, Reid? Who was it?

Britt; Who do you suppose?

Axford; I'm askin'.

Linda; Who was it, Mr. Reid?

Britt; I caught up with him, but he held a gun on me. He said he followed Rod here for the express purpose of removing the stigma of the Talbot murder.

Axford; Reid, it's the Hornet yuh mean?

Britt; Right. What about Rod Pomeroy?

Axford; He's out cold as a mackerel.

Linda; Didn't you hit him?

Britt; Yes, but he was already wobbling.

Linda; Where is this Green Hornet now?

Britt; Gone. Didn't you hear his car?

Linda; No, I didn't.

Axford; It's mighty quiet sometimes, Miss Travis. By golly, that Hornet can move around like a shadow.

Linda; So it seems.

Britt; Axford, you go inside and call the police. Wait for them. You can turn Rod Pomeroy, the Talbot money and a gun over to them.

Axford; But Reid, what about you?

Britt; Miss Travis and I will go back to the office. We've got a headline for the next edition, and we're counting on you for the follow-up.

MUSIC: BURST

(CITY ROOM B.G.)

Britt; That's what I said, Gunnigan. Rod Pomeroy had the drop on all three of us. For once we can give the Green Hornet a boost instead of a rap.

Gunnigan; We can do more than that, Reid. We can take two off the list of crimes that are chalked against the Hornet!

Britt; Um-m. That's right, Gunnigan.

Linda; If the Hornet is not guilty of the Talbot robbery and murder - perhaps he's innocent of several other crimes!

Voice (COMING IN) Here Mr. Gunnigan. This just came from Oxford.

Gunnigan; Good.

Britt; Is that what we're waiting for?

Gunnigan; It is! The police found that the gun belonged to Pomeroy - and it was the gun that killed Talbot. The cash was Talbot's marked money. It's an open-shut case again at Pomeroy. Now we can smash the next edition!

Linda; I'm interested in the Green Hornet! And you should feel as I do, Mr. Reid! After all, HE gave you the chance to run this story! If it hadn't been for him, we'd have all been killed.

(MUSIC BURST

Boy; Sentinel extra paper. Used all about the Talbot murder. Pomeroy held. Green Hornet cleared of charges. Sentinel extra paper.