

The Green Hornet

by Fran Striker

Number 830

Date 10/28/47

EXPOSED

Britt, Case, Kato, Axford, Burke, Travis

Clip Phalan.....weasel-like crook.

Jordan.....District Attorney.

Marquand.....crook. Heavy.

Zandercrook.

Gates.....crook.

Voice.....hotel clerk. Bit.

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(USUAL OPENING)

(CAR RUNNING, TRAFFIC B.G.)

Annecr; ^{SEARCEANT}~~Inspector~~ Burke drove slowly through the city streets, dividing his attention between the traffic and the attractive girl who sat at his side. His pal, Michael Axford, was also in the front seat of the police car -

Axford; By golly, Burke, me an' Miss Travis appreciate the lift.

Burke; That's all right, Axford. I was goin' past the Sentinal office anyway.

Annecr; Linda Travis had been a reporter for less than a week. She had gotten her job on merit. No one suspected that she had come from the west expressly to work for the Daily Sentinal so she could give regular reports to Britt Reid's father - telling how Britt conducted himself as publisher of the influential newspaper.

Burke; How d'ya like workin' fer the Sentinal, Miss Travis?

Linda; I like the work.

Axford; She li kes the work better'n the boss, (LAUGHS) Eh Linda?

Burke; (SURPRISE) Yuh don't like Britt Reid? Why most girls--

Linda; I didn't say that!

Axford; (CHUCKLES) Y'see, Burke, Reid pinned her ears back a couple o' times.

Linda; I don't like my ears - pinned back.

Axford; She wanted tuh do some investigatin' on the Green Hornet, like I been doin'. An' Reid told her tuh follow orders, an' let him worry about the Green Hornet.

Burke; Oh-h. So that's why the two of yez have been lookin' through all the records at the cops headquarters.

Axford; Yeah. I been sort of helpin' Linda.

Linda; I'm particularly interested in that - that -

Burke; (FILLS IN) That crook!

Linda; I don't know about that.

Burke; About the Hornet's bein' a crook?

Axford; Holy Crow, Linda! There's no doubt about it. He-

Linda; Axford, the biggest charges against the Hornet were two murders and extortion.

Axford; Sufferin' Snakes - they don't come no bigger!

Linda; But he was cleared of one murder and the extortion charge when Pomeroy confessed.

Axford; Leavin' a murder rap that'll put the Hornet in the electric chair when he's caught.

Burke; Tuh say nothin' of a string o' robberies as long as yer arm -

Linda; Robin Hood was a bandit -

Axford; (SHARPLY) Hey Burke, look at that lug up ahead. His license plate is danglin'

Burke; I'd better speed up an' warn him.

(CAR FASTER)

Axford; I'll open the window on this side an' tell him. Step on it, Burke, we'll show Linda how we used tuh work together when I was on the cops -

Linda; Have to cat ch him first.

Burke; That spalpeen! Is he tryin' tuh race wit' me?

Axford; Give him the siren!

Burke; That I will! () An' you needn't tell me my business!

(SIREN)

Linda; He's going faster.

Axford; Burke, now you can ticket him fer speedin'! Step on it!

Burke; What's he think this is! () Hang on! I'll make him stop! I'll crowd him tuh the curb!

(BRIEF BREAK FOR CAR AND SIREN, CUT SIREN AND SUSTAIN TWO CARS)

Axford; (YELLS) Pull over there! Pull intuh the curb!

(CARS STOPPING) (DOORS OPEN)

Axford; (GETTING OUT) Hey it's Clip Phalan - he's done time for counterfeitin' !

Clip; Now wait- listen -

Burke; (COMING IN) Clip Phalan! How long since you got out o' jail!

Clip; Three months! And you got nothin' on me!

Burke; Now take it easy. You don't have to get out o' yer car. I just want to know why you were runnin' from us!

Clip; I wasn't. I - I was only - I -

Axford; Why're you so nervous, Phalan? You act like you was caught wit' the goods or somethin' !

Clip; (SHARP) Get away from my car!

Burke; You gone back into counterfeitin' ?

Clip; Keep out o' there! You can't look in my car! You -

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

Axford; What've you got in the back seat -

Clip; (FRENZIED) Stop it! Lemme alone. Y'can't do that!

Axford; Hey Burke, look. He's loaded down wit' labels fer hair tonic, an' cold cream -

Clip; (VIOLENT WRENCH) Lemme go!

Axford; Hey -

(RUNNING STEPS FADE FAST AS*)

Burke; (YELLING) Come back here. We want to talk to you!

Linda; (SLIGHTLY BACK) He went into that alley!

Axford; Got away! By golly, Burke, he's guilty o' somethin' - an' it must be connected wit' those labels fer hair tonic an' cold cream!

(MUSIC INTERLUDE)

Axford; (FADING IN) There was two big cases full o' labels in his car, Casey.

Case; Please, Axford. I've got to finish typing Mr. Reid's letters.

Axford; But these labels - they was for hair tonic an' cold cream, an' cough syrup an' mouth wash an' that sun-tan stuff the girls use-

Case; Did you tell Mr. Reid?

Axford; Sure. He's checkin' up wit' Gunnigan.

Case; I suppose Miss Travis is helping.

Axford; She's gone out. I don't know where she went.

(DOOR OPENS)

Britt; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Axford, you're on the track of something.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Sxford; How's that, Reid?

Britt; I think Phalan is involved in a new racket that's been operating in the city.

Axford; Yeah?

Britt; Some outfit has been making cosmetic and patent medicines and peddling them to small drug stores at very low prices.

Axford; What's wrong wit' that?

Britt; These crooks pay no licenses or fees, and they use nationally advertised trade names and counterfeit labels.

Case; Oh gosh. What a racket.

Britt; With inferior materials and no advertising to pay for, they can cut prices at least fifty percent.

Axford; Then Clip Phalan was counterfeitin' the labels!

Case; It wouldn't take an expert counterfeiter to do that.

Britt; No, but he'd be good at it -

Case; Are the druggists in on the racket?

Britt; The District Attorney doesn't think so. He's questioned several of them. They buy the goods in job lots and pay cash. They thought they were buying warehouse surplus. They didn't know that the goods weren't genuine.

Axford; It's District Attorney Jordan workin' on the case?

Britt; Yes. () Here Miss Case, call this number, will you?

Case; Yes sir.

(PHONE HOOK)

Britt - It's a cheap hotel, known as Victory Arms.

Case; Line please -

DIALING

Britt; See if Phalan is registered there.

Axford; How'd you find out where he's livin' ?

Britt; Checked on the registration of his car. Miss Travis had the license number.

Case; (MUTTER) That gal doesn't miss a trick.

Britt; Eh?

Case; (TO PHONE) Hello. Do you have a Mr. Phalan registered?

Axford; I got the license number too. I suppose Burke will be checkin' - the same as you -

Case; He's registered, but not in.

Britt; Thanks Miss Case. That's all I want to know.

Case; (TO PHONE) Thank you.

(PHONE HOOK)

Axford; Reid, if the cops get Phalan, he'll probably spill everything!

Britt; The police will have a dragnet out. Axford, you cover headquarters. If Phalan is found, I want you on hand to get the story. Get going.

Axford; (FADING) O.K. Reid. Leave it tuh me.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

Britt; Miss Case, I'm going over to Phalan's hotel. I might be able to get into his room ahead of the police.

Case; The police wont lose any time searching his quarters, for a lead on the rest of the gang.

Britt; If I can't get there ahead of the police, perhaps I can be on hand when they make their search.

MUSIC INTERLUDE.

Annrc; The Victory Arms was an old hotel with three floors and no elevator.

(STEPS ON LINOLEUM FLOOR)

As Britt Reid crossed the dingy, linoleum covered lobby, he saw a girl on duty at the telephone switchboard near the stairs. Much to his surprise, the girl was no stranger.

(STEPS HALT)

Britt; Linda- uh - Miss Travis.

Linda; How do you do, Mr. Reid.

Britt; What are you doing here?

Linda; Running the switchboard. I gave the girl twenty dollars to persuade her to let me take her place.

Britt; B-but how-

Linda; Your city edition told me about Clip Phalan's racket. Are the police still looking for Phalan?

Britt; Yes. Have they been here?

Linda; Just left a little while ago. They found a lot of evidence in his room. Materials for printing labels -

Britt; I see.

Linda; I suppose you traced Phalan's car license?

Britt; Is that how you found out where he lives?

Linda; Of course. I thought I might learn about his friends or associates by taking the incoming calls.

Britt; Phalan hasn't been here?

Linda; No.

Britt; Miss Travis, did anyone give you this assignment?

Linda; No Mr. Reid. It was my own idea. I was under the impression that an inside track might be of value in case there's a break in the Phalan case.

Britt; Um-m.

Linda; As a matter of fact, I have a phone number for you.

Britt; You have?

Linda; The same man called three times since I came on the board. The last time he left his name and number and a message for Phalan to call as soon as he comes in. His name is Marquand.

Britt; (THINKING) Marquand- Marquand-

Linda; Here's the number. I looked in the phone book, but there is no Marquand listed before such a number.

Britt; Um-m.

Linda; There's probably a numerical phone book in the office. You can probably locate Marquand through that, if you are interested.

Britt; Did you tell the police anything about these calls?

Linda; Mr. Reid, I'm trying to work for the Sentinel. If we can locate Phalan, it should be good for a page one streamer and a credit line.

Britt; Miss Travis, did you ever work for a newspaper?

Linda; No sir.

Britt; Well then, you must have been very closely associated with a top-notch newspaper man.

Linda That's as close to a compliment as you've come. Are you going to turn that phone number over to the police, or go after circulation for the Sentinel?

Britt; I'll take charge of the phone number. You forget about it.

Linda; Mr. Reid - When I was at police headquarters I made an interesting observation about the Green Hornet.

Britt; (FREEZE) You did?

Linda; He's not nearly as bad as he's been painted. He's suspected of a lot of crimes @ but there is really just one actual charge against him! The murder of John Stoddard.

Britt; Miss Travis, I told you not to worry about the Green Hornet.

Linda; But Mr. Reid, I'm not worried! I'm just interested!

MUSIC PING AND TRAIL OFF.

Annrc; Britt realized that this was an exceptional girl. She was keen-minded - smart! Her interest in the Green Hornet might prove dangerous!

Linda; (OVERLAP ANNCR) how can one help being interested when your paper offers a twenty-five thousand dollar reward. (SIGH WISTFULLY) Gee, how I'd like that cash!

Britt; (KINDLY) Miss Travis, please concentrate on your newspaper job until you've mastered it. Then, if you want to go after that reward, I'll say nothing about it.

Linda; Very well. Shall I stay on this switchboard?

Britt; Yes. It's a good idea.

Linda; I'll have to bribe the relief operator when she comes on duty at seven.

Britt; Spend what's necessary and turn in an expense account. If anything turns up and you can't reach me, call Axford. He'll be at police headquarters.

Linda; Yes sir.

Britt; District Attorney Jordan is personally interested in the counterfeit cosmetic racket. He may come here to ask questions about Phalan. Don't let him know that you work for the Sentinel.

Linda; I understand.

Britt; Our next edition breaks the news that Phalan is being hunted. After that, things may happen fast.

MUSIC SHARP BURST.

NEWSBOY: Sentinal extry paper. Counterfeiter sought by police.
Evidence found in abandoned car. Dragnet out for
Clip Phalan. Sentinal, extry paper.

MUSIC TRAIL OFF.

Annecr; There was a dirty building on the waterfront.
it looked like an abandoned warehouse, but it wasn't
as empty as it appeared. A large room at the rear
had been equipped for the manufacture of certain items
that were sold to drug stores. There were thasse men
in that room - and they had seen the latest edition
of the Daily Sentinal.

Marquand; This headline will break things wide open.

Zander; I tell you, Marquand, it was a mistake to give
that printing job to a rat like Phalan. If he's
caught, he'll squeal.

Gates; Zander is right! He'll tell all he knows about us.

Marquand; Boys, we have a good supply of labels. We don't need
Phalan any more.

Gates; Of course we don't.

Marquand; He called me a little while ago. He knew that the
cops were after him. I told him to get out of town.

Zander; That's not good enough!

Marquand; Hold on, Zander. Let me finish. He'll go to his room
at the Victory Arms, pack his things, and clear out.

Gates; The cops are probably watching his hotel -

Marquand; I warned him of that and told him to enter his room by way of the fire escape and the window. I told him we'd meet him there - to pay him off.

Zander; We owe him for that last batch of hair tonic labels-

Marquand; We'll pay off with this gun! It's the one that killed John Stoddard!

Gates; Um-m. The police have that murder charged to the Green Hornet.

Marquand; Because we left a Green Hornet seal near Stoddard's body. Here is another seal! We'll pin Phalan's death on the Green Hornet.

MUSIC INTERLUDE.

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

COMMERCIAL

Annrc; Britt Reid's valet was the only living person who knew that the young publisher was also the Green Hornet. He was with Britt in the luxurious apartment.

Britt; Kato, I think this is going to be the night of nights.

Kato; How is that, Mr. Britt.

Britt; There was a time when the police had a lot of crimes charged against the Green Hornet. We've cleared up all but the John Stoddard murder.

Kato; Yes sir.

Britt; Tonight we may find the man who committed that crime.

Kato; Only clue was seal of Green Hornet.

Britt; A counterfeit seal, Kato! I think it was made by the gang that's been using counterfeit labels on fake cosmetics!

Kato; You have line on gang?

Britt; Clip Phalan was one of them. One of his pals tried to reach Clip by phone. He left a phone number. I traced that number and found an old warehouse on the waterfront. It looks deserted.

Kato; You have examined the place?

Britt; I just came from there. It's not as empty as it seems. As soon as I get the mask and guns, we're going back! We're going inside and see if we can find a man named Marquand!

MUSIC INTERLUDE.

Annecr; Acting as the Green Hornet, Britt Reid drove the sleek black car toward the waterfront warehouse. Meanwhile, Linda Travis was still on duty at the Victory Arms.

ADLIB PLUGS AT SWITCHBOARD.

Linda; Victory Arms. () No sir. He hasn't been in.

(PLUGS. STEPS APPROACH AND HALT AS-)

Mardan; I beg your pardon -

Linda; Yes sir?

Jordan; My name is Jordan. I'm the District attorney.

Linda; Oh - how do you do sir.

Jordan; I'd like to ask a few questions about Mr. Phalan.

Linda; The police have been here several times.

Jordan; Yes. I know that, but I -

Phalan; (BACK, FRANTIC) No no, please, not that-

Linda; (GASP)

(TWO SHOTS, BACK)

Jordan; Those were shots!

Voice; (SLIGHTLY BACK) What's going on upstairs?

(RUNNING STEPS, ON STAIRS)

Jordan; I'll find out!

Voice; (BACK) Miss. Miss. Get back to your switchboard!

Jordan; (RUNNING) He's talking to you.

Linda; (RUNNING) He's just the night clerk!

(FINISH STAIRS. RUN ON FLOOR)

Phalan; (BACK) Gasp)- Help - Help -

Linda; There- that open door- that's Phalan!

Voice; He didn't come through the lobby. How did he get in.

(STEPS IN AND STOP)

Phalan; (GASPING) The - the double crossers - -

Voice; Wha- what happened?

Linda; Can't you see? He's been shot!

Jordan; Steady, Phalan. Lean on me. I'll help you to the bed.

Voice; Oh dear- this is terrible- terrible-

Phalan; (GASPING) They- they came- that window- fire escape-

Jordan; Who?

Phalan; G-get them -

Jordan; Lie down here. () You get some water.

Voice; (FADING BACK) Some right here-

Phalan; (GASPING) G-get them - L-Lambert warehouse -

Jordan; Lambert warehouse? On Harbor street?

Phalan; Y-yes - waterfront- Harbor street - (EXPIRES)

Linda; Is he dead?

Jordan; Yes. I guess so.

Voice; (SLIGHTLY BACK) SHARP EXCLAMATION) Look! Look here!
On this table - it's the seal of the Green Hornet!

Linda; Oh no!

Jordan; The Green Hornet! Well at last we have a clue and I'm following it right away! The Lambert Warehouse -

Voice; I didn't know Phalan was in his room. The police will think I lied to them. I -

Jordan; Listen to me! Call the police. Tell them Phalan is here - dead. Then see that nothing is touched.

Voice; Yes sir, yes sir, whatever you say.

Jordan; Tell the police I've gone to the Lambert warehouse to get the Green Hornet!

VOICE: (SHARPLY) You, Miss! You heard what he said! Get to the switchboard and call the police!

LINDA: (FADING FAST) Get someone else to handle this job! I've quit!

VOICE: (AD LIBBING, CALLING) Wait! Come back here! You can't quit! Come back, I tell you!

MUSIC: BURST - FADE UNDER

STREET NOISES

ANNCR: Linda Travis was outside the hotel when the District Attorney got into his car and sped away.

(CAR START AND FADE)

She hailed a cab - -

LINDA: (GETTING INTO CAB) Take me to the waterfront as fast as possible!

(CAR DOOR SLAMS) (CAR STARTS)

Let me out near Harbor Street!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

AnnCR: Britt Reid didn't know that the District attorney, followed by Linda Travis were heading for the old warehouse. He guided the car of the Green Hornet along a dark street - stopping across the street from his destination.

CAR STOPPING. WATERFRONT BG

Britt; There it is, Kato. We'll try to get in that window.

Kato; I am to go with you?

Britt; Yes. Put your mask on and bring your gun.

(GETTING OUT OF CAR)

Kato; We leave car here?

Britt; It'll be all right. This street's rarely used.

(STEPS CROSSING STREET AW)

Kato; Building looks dark and deserted.

Britt; That's the way it's supposed to look. I'm sure we'll find activity inside.

(STEPS HALT)

Kato; Window is close to ground -

Britt; (MUTTERS) A break for us. (EFFORT) this should open it.

(CLICK) (OPEN WINDOW)

That does it. (CLIMB THRU WINDOW) I'll go first.

Kato; I watch street -

Britt; There. Come on, Kato - () Herry - a car has just turned into this block.

(WATERFRONT FADES BACK AS CAR FADES IN)

Kato; (CUE) I am in.

Britt; Just in time. I - (BREAK) (TENSE) Kato - look! That car has stopped at the curb - () come on - this way.

- Britt; Just in time. A little later and the people in that car might have seen you. I - (BREAK) Kato - that car is stopping at the curb. This way. Back from the window -
- Kato; Man is getting out of car -
- Britt; Great Scott! It's Jordan, the D.A. () Let's get back some more -
- Kato; (LOWER, MORE TENSE) Someone comes from rear of building -
- Britt; (LOWER) Get back of this crate -
- MUSIC SOFT TENSION, BG)
- Ann cr; Jordan, the fighting, courageous district attorney came through the open window. He was inside the dark building when a flashlight fell on his face and a sharp voice spoke -
- Gates; Freeze, Mister. You're covered.
- Jordan; (GASP)
- Zander; It's Jordan! The D A !
- Gates; Take his gun.
- Jordan; Who are you?
- Gates; You'll find out soon enough.
- Xander; Here's the rod. I got it.
- Gates; Get going. The boss'll want to talk to you, Jordan.

(STEPS SUSTAIN)

Zander; You got nerve, forcin' the window open. (CHUCKLE)
Didn't you ever hear of burglar alarms?

Jordan; The window was wired, eh?

Zander; Sure. We knew the minute you opened it.

Jordan; (SURPRISE) The minute I opened it? But I -

(STEPS HALT)

Gates; I'll open the door.

(DOOR OPENS)

Zander; We got him, Marquand. It's the D A in person!

Marquand; Um-m. Well, Jordan, what brings you here?

Jordan; You may as well know it, Marquand. Clip P_halan
lived long enough to talk! He squealed on you -

Marquand; He did eh?

Jordan; Quite a place you have here! A regular cosmetic
factory! Quite a racket, but hardly up to the
Green Hornet. Which one of you is the Hornet?

Marquand; So you sailed for that, eh? (LAUGHS) You think one
of us is the Green Hornet.

Zander; D'ya think we'd leave our trade mark if that was true?

Jordan; So you're not the Hornet!

Marquand; We can counterfeit Hornet seals as well as cosmetic
labels -

Jordan; I see.

- Gates; Boss, we'd better deal with him fast. If Phalan squealed before he died, the cops might be on the way.
- Marquand; All right, Gates. Take care of him. Sorry, Jordan, but you've got to go the way Phalan went.
- Gates; We frame the Hornet for this murder, too?
- Marquand; Yes. Here is a seal, and here is the gun. Use this pistol so the bullet will match up with the slugs that killed Phalan and John Stoddart.
- Jordan; (SURPRISE) You killed Stoddart?
- Marquand; What do you think?
- Jordan; Then the Hornet wasn't guilty after all! I wonder how many other times he's been framed?
- Marquand; Not nearly as much as he's going to be in the future. Handy things, these little labels.
- Gates; Where'll we do the job, Marquand?
- Marquand; Take him outside— get a few blocks from here, then shoot him.
- Gates; You heard him, Jordan. We'll go out the window you came in.
- Britt; (BACK) No you wont!
- ADLIB; (SURPRISE)
- Marquand; That mask!
- Gates; The Hornet! I'll show —

(TWO FAST SHOTS)

Gates; (TELL IN PAIN)

Zander; He's got a pal!

Britt; Good work!

Kato; I got that one!

Britt; I'll use this gun on you!

Zander; (CRY OUT) Gas! (ADLIB GAGGING)

Marquand; (EFFORT) I'll get you!

Britt; Oh yes? (EFFORT)

(SMASHING BLOW, CHAIR FALLS, BODY FALLS)

Jordan; A haymaker! You got all three of them!

Britt; That does it, Jordan!

Jordan; B-but you- where did you come from?

Britt; I'm the one who sounded the alarm by opening that window - just ahead of you!

Jordan; You - you saved my life!

Britt; Jordan - you heard what they said about the Stoddart murder!

Jordan; Yes! And they have the murder gun. You'll be cleared! I'll promise you that! You saved my life - I - I've had you figured all wrong!

~~Britt;~~

Britt; I wish you could plant that impression in the minds of some of the men at police headquarters!

Jordan; Believe me! I'll do it!

(FADING IN POLICE SIRENS)

Kato; Police are coming!

Jordan; I sent word that I'd be here!

Britt; That's our cue to travel! Those are your prisoners,
Jordan!

Jordan; I promise you - they'll get the works!

MUSIC SHARP BURST.

POLICE CARS, FADING IN. WATERFRONT BG)

Anner; Linda Travis had followed the District Attorney. She had watched him go thru the window, and then had stood behind a low, sleek car to await further developments. She heard the gunshots - then sirens. Police cars swung into the block from both sides and raced toward the place where the girl was waiting. Without thinking, she leaped into the rear seat of the car, closed the door, and crouched on the floor.

CAR DOOR SLAMS.

RUNNING STEPS APPROACH.

Anner; She heard running steps, the front door of the car jerked open -

DOOR OPENS.

Britt; Get in. I'll drive.

Kato; Police cars come from both ways.

CARS SKIDDING TO STOP. DOOR SLAMS. STARTER.

Britt; Have to make a run for it!

MUSIC SNEAK IN AND SUSTAIN
CAR STARTS. HORNEY HORN.

Britt; (YELLS) Hang on!

ADLIB: (BACK)(YELLS OF THE HORNET. STOP HIM. GET HIM ETC.

SHOTS, FADING BACK

AnnCR; Linda realized that she rode in the car of the Green
Hornet! Panic gripped the girl. She was helpless.
There was no escape from the careening car that dashed
through the city streets! There were sharp turns,
skids, side-sways! Then a fast, straight run!
One more sharp turn and then -

CAR STOPS

A sudden halt.

MUSIC PING TO FINISH.

AnnCR; The car had reached a destination. Linda heard a door
close -

SLIDING DOOR CLOSE. CAR DOORS OPEN

Kato; Hope we have no more such close escapes.

Britt; I hope that story has been covered!

AnnCR; There was something familiar about that voice - but it
was too incredible - Linda couldn't believe what she
heard.

Britt; Axford was at headquarters. He must have moved out with
the police. I - (GASP) Kato! There's someone on the
floor of the back seat. Come on - get out of there!

Linda; I - I am -

Britt; (GASP) Linda Travis!

Linda; And- and you - B-Britt Reid- () You're the Green
Hornet-

Britt; How did you find - this car?

Linda; I - I followed the District Attorney. When the police
came, I - I hid. I - I didn't know this was the
Hornet's car -

Britt; Why did you hide?

Linda; Y-you assigned me to the switchboard - t-told me to
forget the Green Hornet. () I - I didn't want
Axford to find me near the waregouse- and- and
learn that I had disobeyed you.

Britt; (BITTERLY) Disobeyed me?

Linda; Funny, isn't it-

Britt; All the forces of the law- the F B I - the newspapers-
even Axford - I've dodged them all - and you -
(SIGH) well -

Linda; You're no more disappointed than I am. I - I suppose
the answer is obvious. You- you've got to kill me.

Britt; The Green Hornet is not a murderer.

Linda; Y-you can't let me go.

Britt; There's a twentyfive thousand dollar reward ~~for you~~
waiting for you - and I'm the guy who has to pay it.
Ironic, isn't it.

~~Linda; Ironic? Yes! More so than you think! I - I can't~~

Linda; Ironic, yes. More ironic than you think! I can't accept the reward! I can't say a word about this-

Britt; What?

Linda; (SOBS) Oh I don't know what to do! I - I've got to think - I-

Britt; What's the matter with you?

Linda; Matter! There's plenty the matter! I'm working for your father! I've got to report to him! I've got to tell him that Britt Reid is the Green Hornet!

MUSIC BURST.

NEWSBOY: Sentinal extry paper. Green Hornet cleared of murder charges. D A announces racket smashed. Credits Hornet with saving life. Sentinal extry paper.

theme