

The Green Homet

by Fran Striker

Number 831

Date Nov 4th 1947

GRAFT CROSSES A BRIDGE

Britt

Axford

Case

Kato

Linda

Adrian Lash...Middle-aged, high strung politico.

Jaekle.....hard-boiled attorney. 35.

Hawks.....newshound.

Mulroy.....crook.

Copbit.

CUTS ON ORIGINAL.

8-9-18

The Green Hornet
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Number: _____

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GRAFT CROSSES
A BRIDGE

(USUAL OPENING)

Anncr; Britt Reid reached the Daily Sentinal Building earlier than usual. His manner was preoccupied, his face was tense and drawn, and he was hollow-eyed from sleeplessness.

(DOOR OPENS)

Axford; Hi, Reid -

Britt; Hello, Axford. Good morning, Miss Case.

Case; Good morning, Mr. Reid.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

Britt; Any calls?

Case; The phone was ringing when I got here ten minutes ago. Yesterday's editorial struck oil.

Britt; Who called?

Case; Adrian Lash, the highway commissioner. He didn't like what you said about the ^{EAST RIVER} ~~high-level~~ bridge.

Britt; I didn't expect him to.

Axford; (CONCERNED) Reid, you look kind o' peaked an' pale around the gills. Aren't yez fealin' well?

Britt; I'm all right.

Case; Mr. Lash may start trouble. He said he'd be here in person to demand a retraction of some of the things you said.

Britt; Has Miss Travis been in?

Case; Mr. Reid, it's only ten minutes after nine.

Britt; I'm expecting her.

Case; Oh.

Britt; Send her into my office as soon as she arrives.

Case; What about Adrian Lash?

Britt; (FADING BACK) If he wants to start anything, refer him to the legal department.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

Case; Well, how do you like that!

Axford; By golly, Casey, the lad has got me worried.

Case; Expecting Miss Travis! Humh!

Axford; I wonder what happened last night.

Case; Axford, you don't think Mr. Reid could have fallen in love!

Axford; (CONCERNEDLY) It's nothin' like that, Casey, the lad is worried. By golly, he's got somethin' on his mind.

Case; Gosh, Michael, I wonder if there's anything we can do about it.

Axford; I wish I knew, Casey. I sure wish I knew.

MUSIC: "PING," TRAIL OFF

Annrc; Britt Reid had been thru a night of worry and mental torture. Linda Travis, the newest of his reporters, had sought refuge in a car to avoid an impending gunfight. To her dismay, she learned that it was the car of the Green Hornet, but it was too late to escape. Crouching on the floor of the rear seat, she was taken to the secret hiding place where she learned that Britt Reid was the Green Hornet. Stunned by her discovery, she told that she had been sent by Britt's father to learn how the young publisher was conducting himself. Now she would have to tell her employer that his son was the Green Hornet. She and Britt wanted to break the crushing news in a way that would hurt the fine old gentleman as little as possible. Linda agreed to say nothing until she met Britt in his office the next morning.

(CLOCK TICKING, FADE IN & OUT)

The minutes dragged. Britt tried to work, but found himself unable to concentrate.

Britt; (MUTTERS) Ten o'clock. Where is that girl? I wonder if I should telephone her.

MUSIC: TENSION, UP AND UNDER:

(CLOCK TICKING)

Annrc; He paced the floor of his office, looked out the windows — returned to his desk. Another hour went by.

Britt; (MUTTERS) Eleven o'clock.

(BUZZER)

Britt; (MUTTERS HURRIEDLY) At last! That must be -

(CLICK)

(EAGERLY) Yes, Miss Case! What is it? Is ---

Case; (ON INTER-COM) Mr. Reid, Adrian Lash is here. He insists on speaking to you about that editorial.

Britt; Tell Adrian Lash I meant what I said in that editorial! I have nothing more to say.

Case; (ON INTER-COM) Very well, I'll tell him.

(CLICK)

Britt; (MUTTERS) Adrian Lash! Humph! How unimportant he's become.

(DOOR OPENS FAST)

Lash; (BACK) See here, Reid! I'll not be brushed off!
(COMING IN) I want to speak to you!

Axford; (BACK) Come out o' there! We told yez Reid wasn't tuh be disturbed!

Britt; Never mind, Axford. () Come in and close the door.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Axford; (COMING IN) I'll take him out if you say so.

Britt; Wait.

Lash; This editorial!

(RATTLE PAPER)

I'm advised that you personally wrote it!

- Britt; I did and I meant every word of it. Now that you're here, Lash, I'll give it to you straight. You're trying to get an appropriation thru the Council. You want three million dollars to build a new bridge over the East River.
- Lash; It's needed! You know very well how traffic is snarled on the present bridge.
- Britt; And you're to blame! You've had that bridge under repair all summer. There hasn't been a time when more than two lanes were open.
- Lash; The repairs were necessary!
- Britt; Maybe, but those repairs could have been made in three weeks! Moreover, you put the ferry line out of business.
- Lash; The ferry line! You blame me because Tug Maxwell went broke!
- Britt; He says you started the litigation that broke him.
- Lash; He lies!
- Britt; I've been in communication with him, Lash. He has proof that you put him out of business.
- Lash; Proof! Have you seen it?
- Britt; He's going to give it to me today and if it's what I think it is, you'd better look for a rat hole and crawl in!
- Axford; That's tellin' him, Reid.

Britt; You've schemed so people will think we need a new bridge. If you get that appropriation you'll divide a nice plum with the contractor! Well you won't get it if I can prevent it.

Lash; You - you -

Britt; Now get out of here!

Axford; You heard the boss!

Lash; (FADING BACK) I'll go, Reid, but I warn you, you'll hear from my lawyers! You can't get away with some of those published statements and insinuations!

(DOOR OPENS FAST)

Axford; (BACK) Come on, Lash! This is the way out! () I'll be out here, Reid, if yuh need me for anythin'.

Britt; All right, Axford.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(MUTTERING) I wonder where she is.

(TICKING CLOCK, UP AND DOWN)

After eleven. Getting on toward noon.

(TICKING CLOCK UP AND DOWN)

I wonder if anything can have happened.

(INTER-COM BUZZ)

Britt; (MURMURS) This has got to be Linda!

(CLICK)

(TENSE) Yes Miss Case?

Case; (ON INTER-COM) Miss Travis is here.

Britt; (EAGERLY) Send her in! Send her right in, Miss Case.

Case; (INTER-COM) That's what I thought. (ASIDE) Go right in.

(CLICK)

Britt; (MURMURS) At last!

(DOOR OPENS)

Miss Travis! Good morning.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Linda; Good morning? Mr. Reid.

Britt; Please sit down. I expected you earlier.

Linda; I read this morning's paper. The district attorney had quite a bit to say about the Green Hornet.

Britt; Yes, he did.

Linda; He credits the Hornet with saving his life. Then he states that the murder charge against the Green Hornet was wiped off the books with the capture of Marquand and the rest of that gang.

- Britt; The Hornet has been charged with a number of crimes, several of them murders.
- Linda; But not anymore! The slate is clean, Mr. Reid. I checked on it.
- Britt; Even though the police have no definite charges, the Hornet is looked upon as a crook by most people, including my Dad.
- Linda; Y-yes. I know.
- Britt; It was Dad who insisted that the Sentinel post a reward for the capture of the Green Hornet.
- Linda; After the statements of the District Attorney, public opinion may change -
- Britt; I wonder!
- Linda; At any rate, Mr. Reid, I've thought things over since - since last night. I-I've decided that there is only one thing I can do. I've got to telephone your father. I thought I'd ask him to come here. When he arrives, he can be told that you - you're the Green Hornet. One of us must tell him. You or - or I.
- Britt; Miss Travis, it will do you no good to phone. You can't reach him.
- Linda; Why not?
- Britt; I called him last night.
- Linda; You've sent him somewhere - so I can't tell him! You -
- Britt; I told him something had happened, and he'd better get here as quickly as possible.

- Linda; Oh!
- Britt; He's on the train right now.
- Linda; Then you will break the news? You'll tell him you're the Green Hornet?
- Britt; Yes, ~~Miss Travis~~, and when I get thru talking to him, there'll be nothing for you to say.
- Linda; (PAUSE) Thanks, Mr. Reid.
- Britt; I'm proud of what I've done as the Green Hornet. I'd do the same thing over again. When I see Dad I'll lay all the cards on the table - face up, and - well -- he's my Dad! I have a hunch that when he knows everything, he'll be on my side.
- Linda; Oh I - I do hope so.
- Britt; And now, Miss Travis --- about you.
- Linda; What about me?
- Britt; You came here to see how things were going. You came to get facts for my father. To get them, you went to work for the Sentinel.
- Linda; (RUEFULLY) I got them.
- Britt; Then that job is finished?
- Linda; ^S -- ~~Then~~ I'm fired, eh?
- Britt; I didn't say that. You have the makings of a crack reporter.
- Linda; You mean that?

Britt; *Yes, but* You can't work for this paper and someone else at the same time, Miss Travis. I demand one hundred percent loyalty to the Daily Sentinel.

Linda; Mr. Reid, I — I have regretted coming here under false colors. I haven't liked it a bit. I — I want to keep my job as a reporter — and under your terms.

Britt; Not working for Dad any longer?

Linda; No. One hundred percent for the Sentinel.

Britt; Fine. I'll not worry about you. Let things rest until Dad gets here. In the meantime, we'll get on with running a newspaper.

Linda; Thanks, Mr. Reid. I'm ready for orders.

Britt; *THEN* Come with me. I'll take you to Tug Maxwell's place.

Linda; Tug Maxwell?

Britt; An old man who used to run a ferry line across the river.

(DOOR OPENS)

Axford; Here they are now!

Casey; Mr. Reid, have you decided who you're going to send out to get that evidence from Tug Maxwell?

Britt; Yes, Miss Case. I'm going myself.

Axford; Reid, if yer goin' alone, maybe I should go along wit' yez

Britt; I'm not going alone.

Case; Oh?

Britt; I'm taking Miss Travis. Tug Maxwell is human interest and that's an angle I think she can cover.

(DOOR OPENS)

I'll be back as soon as possible.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

Case; Human Interest!

Axford; Well anyhow, Casey, Reid looks better than he did when he came in.

Case; You've got something there, Michael — darn it!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(CAR RUNNING)

Annor; As Britt drove his convertible toward the dock that had once been used as a ferry landing, he told about the Highway Commissioner's graft plans and explained how he hoped to spike them.

Britt; Tug Maxwell had operated the ferry for years. Then Lash went after him.

Linda; How?

Britt; A lot of things. He had stooges start law suits. Other stooges damaged the boat and equipment. He finally broke Maxwell. But Tug's a fighter. He got documented proof that Lash was behind these things. When he saw the Sentinel take a stand against the new bridge, he called me. We might be able to make a case against Adrian Lash.

Linda; If he can be exposed, it should spike the appropriation.

(CAR STOPS, B.G. OF WATERFRONT, WATER
LAPPING PILES, ETC.)

BRITT: HERE WE ARE —

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

Britt; Tug Maxwell has been living in that little shack.

(BIZ OF GETTING OUT OF CAR)

Linda; Oh what a shame.

Britt; Watch your step. It's muddy —

Linda; What if you can't establish proof that Lash is a crook?

(CAR DOOR SLAMS)

(FOOTSTEPS AS:)

Britt; He'll probably get a three million dollar appropriation
to build a new bridge and split a quarter of a million
graft with his contractor pal.

(STEPS HALT)

Linda; Is Tug expecting you?

Britt; Yes, I told him I'd be here early this afternoon.

(RAP ON DOOR, DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN)

Linda; Oh, the door wasn't latched!

Britt; (SLIGHT PROJECTION) Tug! We're here!

(DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN THE REST OF THE WAY)

I wonder where — (BREAK OF ABRUPTLY)

Linda; (SHARP INTAKE) Mr. Reid!

Britt; Great scott!

(COUPLE OF STEPS)

Linda; Is - is that T-Tug Maxwell?

Britt; Yes. Close that door!

(DOOR SQUEAKS CLOSED)

Linda; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Is - is he dead?

Britt; I think he is.

Linda; There's a note on the table -

Britt; Don't touch anything! () Dead -

Linda; (PAUSE) What's that?

Britt; A brown bottle labelled poison!

Linda; Oh -

Britt; Empty -

Linda; Mr. Reid, he committed suicide.

Britt; I doubt it.

Linda; But this note - it's a suicide note. Why would he take poison when he knew you'd be here in a little while?

Britt; I don't think it's suicide. I think it's murder!

Linda; Murder! Would Adrian Lash go that far?

Britt; He knew Maxwell was going to give me evidence. I'll bet all the tea in China, that evidence has been stolen!

Linda; How can you prove it?

Britt; I wonder - -

Linda; Oh Mr. Reid, that poor little old man! Look at him!
First he was robbed of his business - then killed -
Can't something be done to bring out the truth?

Britt; The police would call this a suicide. The case would
be closed and Adrian Lash would be in the clear.

Linda; Can't someone do something?

Britt; Have you any suggestions?

Linda; (IMPULSIVELY) Yes! Er - I - uh --- I mean - No.

Britt; I believe you're thinking the same thing I am. Miss
Travis, don't pass judgement until the job is done.

Linda; The - the job?

Britt; When I'm thru, you'll see why I became the Green Hornet!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

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

(COMMERCIAL)

- Anner; After carefully examining the one room home of Tug Maxwell, Britt Reid changed the scene while Linda Travis watched, wide-eyed. He put the suicide note into his pocket.
- Britt; It's probably forged anyway.
- Linda; Couldn't that be proved by comparing it to samples of his handwriting?
- Britt; What samples? The place has been cleaned out. Letters, documents - everything is gone. There's not a line in Maxwell's handwriting.
- Linda; What are you going to do with that bottle?
- Britt; I'll take it with me. It probably held the poison that killed the old man.

(TWO FAST STEPS)

Look at the waterglasses on this shelf. All dusty except these two. These are spotless. Pretty good evidence that someone had a beer with the old man, poisoned his drink, then washed the glasses and put them away.

- Linda; There's an empty beer bottle in that basket -
- Britt; I saw it. Pick it up with your handkerchief and put it on the sink beside these glasses.

(GLASSES DOWN)

Don't get your fingerprints on it -

- Linda; I'm being careful.

(BOTTLE DOWN)

Britt; That does it.

Linda; Mr. Reid, I don't get it.

Britt; When we came here, the note and the empty poison bottle beside Maxwell's body, made the case look like a suicide.

Linda; But now there's nothing to indicate a suicide.

Britt; The police will find a dead man, and evidence to indicate that someone came here, drank a beer with him - poisoned his beer, then washed the glasses and wiped away all fingerprints.

Linda; The police will call it murder!

Britt; They'll call it by its right name! () Now, one thing more - to guarantee action.

Linda; What have you there?

Britt; Just a little paper seal - to stick on this table.

Linda; (GASP) The seal of the Green Hornet!

Britt; How do you like helping the Hornet juggle evidence?

Linda; G-g-gosh-- - the- the police will charge the Hornet with murder!

Britt; It's happened before.

Linda; Yes but you - the Hornet was finally in the clear. The last charge had been cleaned up! Now-- -

Britt; YOU know that the Hornet didn't kill Tug Maxwell.

Linda; But the police- the public.

Britt; If my plans work out, the Hornet wont be suspected for long. Now come along, we've got to find a phone and call the Sentinal. We've just made a headline!

MUSIC BURST, FADE UNDER

Britt; ..yes Gunnigan. Miss Travis and I found him dead. Give the assignment to Hawks. Send him to Maxwell's place. Miss Travis will meet him there! () No, I'll call the police. Send Axford to headquarters to cover the story from that angle. () What's that? The seal? How dodyou expect ME to know anything about the Green Hornet! I've gøven you the facts. Make the most of them!

PHONE HOOK. COIN INTO PHONE, DIALING AS

Linda; Gosh Mr. Reid, the way you operate-

Britt; You stick close to Hawks. He's a sharp reporter and you'll learn a lot. Stay with him and you' might be in at the finish! () Hello - police headquarters! Britt Reid calling. I want to report a murder!

MUSIC BURST TO FINISH.

Boy; Sentinal extry paper! G^{reen} Hornet sign found at murder scene. Waterfront character pøisoned. Read all about it -Sentinal extry paper- (FADE)

Annrcr; That evening, soon after the Daily Sentinel hit the streets, Britt Reid prepared to move out as the Green Hornet. He called Kato, his faithful valet to his bedroom.

Britt; We're going to take a long chance, Kato. We've got to play a tight game.

Kato; Yes, Mr. Britt. What about girl?

Britt; She can be trusted. Come on, Kato.

Kato; Where we go?

Britt; I'm going to deliver a brown bottle to Adrian Lash.
(GRIMLY) Before Dad gets to town, I'll show Linda Travis the significance of the Green Hornet!

MUSIC: TENSION B.G.

Annrcr; 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)

Britt Reid pressed a button. The great car roared into life. A section of the wall raised automatically, then closed as the gleaming Black Beauty sped into the darkness.

(CAR UP AND INTO:)

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH

Annrcr; Meanwhile, Adrian Lash had seen the glaring headlines and called his attorney to his home.

Lash; Look at this paper, Jaekle. Look at it.

(SHAKE PAPER.)

Jaekle; I've read it, Adrian.

Lash; It tells how Maxwell was going to produce certain evidence that would show that I'd put the ferryboat out of business. It intimates that I did it to increase traffic on the bridge. That I've gone all out to create the apparant need of a new bridge.

Jaekle And so you have.

Lash; Hold on! This article hints that I killed Maxwell to get those documents!

Jaekle; Then Maxwell did have evidence against you?

Lash; N_othing that would prove a felony. The evidence would have looked bad, that's all. It might have blocked the appropriation for the new bridge.

Jaekle; Where is the evidence now?

Lash; Jaekle! You think I stole it?

Jaekle; Come come, Lash. Unless you want to get another attorney, you'd better shoot straight with me. I've gotto know the FACTS.

Lash; Well I - I did get those papers. I burned them. They're gone.

Jaekle; Um-m.

Lash; But I wasn't near Maxwell's place! I was willing to pay for those papers. I sent a man with cash! Instead of paying, he must have killed Maxwell!

Jaekle; Who'd you send?

Lash; I - (BREAK) Jaekle, did you hear something in the next room?

Jaekle; No.

Lash; I heard a floorboard creak. I'm going to take a look. I didn't think anyone else was in the house.

(DOOR OPENS)

Jaekle; I don't see anyone -

Lash; Nor I. () Look! That window's open!

Jaekle; So I see.

Lash; And here- what's this on the table.

Jaekle; Looks like a medicine bottle.

Lash; Wonder where it came from. I^a - () It's labelled poison -

Britt; (BACK) That's what it held!

Lash; (GASP) Masked!

Jaekle; There he is! That corner!

Lash; The Green Hornet!

Britt; (COMING IN) I hoped you'd handle that bottle and put your fingerprints on it.

Lash; Wha- what's that? My - my fingerprints?

Britt; (SHARPLY) Drop it, Lash! Don't smear those prints!

(SLAP ARM) (BOTTLE FALLS TO RUG)

Lash; (STARTLED GASP)

Britt; I want that bottle. It held the poison that killed Maxwell. I brought it from his place.

Lash; What were you doing at Maxwell's?

Britt; I just happened to stop in. I wanted to ask him some questions. But he was dead and the stage was set to look like a suicide. I changed the props. Now I have your fingerprints on this bottle. If I turn it over to the police, you'll have things to explain.

Jaekle; You can't get away with a frame-up like this!

Britt; No? Did you read what the D. A. said about me?

Lash; Jaekle, he's managed to get the D.A. on his side -

Britt; You bet I have!

Jaekle; The police know you were at Maxwell's -

Britt; The fingerprints on this bottle will be pretty fair evidence that Lash was there too, and Lash has a motive *FOR KILLING THE MAN.*

Lash; But I wasn't there! I wasn't near his house!

Britt; You can't prove that.

Lash; But I - I

Britt; Who did the job for you, Lash?

Lash; I'll admit nothing!

Jaekle; (SUDDENLY) I'll take that bottle!

Britt; You fool!

Lash; (CRY OUT) Jaekle! Look out!

Jaekle; (AD LIB GASPS AND GAGS)

Lash; You shot him!

(FALLING BODY)

Britt; Gas! Do you want some?

Lash; No! No!

Britt; Then tell me who killed Maxwell!

Lash; I didn't want him killed. I - I sent a man with cash to pay him -- to buy what I - I wanted! Instead of that - my - my agent killed Maxwell and kept the cash.

Britt; Perhaps I'd better collect from him instead of you!

Lash; Yes, yes! That's it! He has five thousand dollars that he should have given Maxwell.

Britt; His name.

Lash; Y-you'll not involve me?

Britt; His name!!

Lash; M-Mulroy --- S- Steve Mulroy.

Britt; I want his address and a signed statement. Sit down at that desk and write out what you've just told me.

Lash; No no, I can't do that!

Britt; Who pays? You or Mulroy?

Lash; (MOANS)

Britt; Start writing!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(TYPEWRITER -- STOPS AS:)

(DOOR OPENS)

Linda; Oh, good evening, Miss Case.

Case; Hello, Travis.

(DOOR CLOSE)

Linda; I didn't think you'd be back. Do you often work at night?

Case; No. Do you?

Linda; Mr. Reid told me to stay close to Hawks on the Maxwell story.

Case; : Hawks is out in the city room.

Linda; Yes, he's doing a follow-up. (SLIGHT LAUGH) Trying to write between the lines.

Case; Mr. Reid did that in the last edition. He practically called Lash a murderer.

Linda; I've just finished a character sketch of old Tug Maxwell. I hope Mr. Reid likes it.

Case; He probably will.

Linda; I borrowed your typewriter. Hope you don't mind.

Case; Axford uses it half the time. That machine can take anything.

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

- Hawks; Hey Linda -- oh - hello, Casey -- Look at this! Oh brother! This is it!
- Case; Hawks, what's the matter with you?
- Hawks; Some guy just brought this envelope. It's a statement signed by Adrian Lash. He names Steve Mulroy as the Maxwell murderer!
- Linda; Oh gosh!
- Hawks; I've already called the police. They're on their way to Mulroy's house and so am I! Listen, Casey, if Reid calls, tell him where I've gone.
- Linda; I'm supposed to go with you -
- Hawks; Well what are you waiting for? Come along!
- Case; Mr. Reid will want to know more about it! Where'd the statement come from? Who sent it?
- Hawks; (FADING) Tell him it came from the Green Hornet!
- MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER
- (POLICE SIREN AND CAR COMING TO HALT)
- Axford; There's where Mulroy lives!
- (AD LIB GETTING OUT OF CAR)
- Cop; C'mon, you guys! Doyle, you and Jackson watch the rear so Mulroy don't get away!
- Axford; There's Hawks! (PROJECT) Hey, Hawks!
- Cop; Who's the dame?
- Axford; Oh golly - it's Miss Travis.

(FOOTSTEPS COMING IN FAST)

Hawks; (COMING IN) Hi, Axford. It looks like we're just in time!

Axford; Yeah. Miss Travis you better stay back.

Linda; But Mr. Axford -

Hawks; I'll take care of her.

(CAR COMING TO SKIDDING STOP BACK)

Cop; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Come on, boys. We'll call on Mulroy!

Linda; There's Mr. Reid's car.

Hawks; And Reid. He must have called the office.

Britt; (APPROACHING) Did you people just get here?

Hawks; Yeah. Did you call the office?

Britt; Yes.

Axford; Come on! The cops are closin' in on Mulroy!

MUSIC: BURST, SHARP CUT

Cop; We're takin' you in, Mulroy! An' it's my duty to tell you that anything you say can be used against you!

Mulroy; (HOWLING) That dirty double crossing rat!

Britt; There's no use trying to deny the charge, Mulroy. Lash can prove that he sent you to call on Maxwell.

Mulroy; That squealer! He's in this as deep as I am! I didn't give him all the papers I got from Maxwell. He needn't think I'll take this rap alone. I can prove that he's in it! I can show what Maxwell had on him!

Hawks; Now you're talking!

Cop; Take him away, boys. Book him for the murder of Tug Maxwell! Then we'll go get Lash!

AD LIB: (FADING BACK)

Mulroy; (FADING BACK) If there's anything I hate it's a squealer! I'll get square with Lash! He can't do this to me!

Axford; : Oh golly, Reid, what a story for the Sentinel!

Britt; Stay with the police, Axford. Follow thru.

Axford; (FADING) That I will.

Britt; Hawks, you'd better call in. You have a lead for the next edition.

Hawks; (FADING) There's a phone in the next room.

Linda; And I?

Britt; Miss Travis, you've done a day's work. I'll drive you home.

MUSIC: BURST

(CAR RUNNING)

Britt; — so when Lash realized what he was up against, he signed the statement, but instead of using it to call on Mulroy, the Green Hornet sent it to the Daily Sentinel.

Linda; I wish you could have seen Hawks when he received it.

Britt; (CHUCKLES) I can imagine him. Now, does that answer all your questions?

graft and murder. You know - I - I'm awful proud to
be on the side of the Green Hornet.

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Linda;

Uh-huh. It explains a lot of things, Mr. Reid. () If
the Green Hornet hadn't juggled evidence, Tug Maxwell
would have been called a suicide... the citizens would
have gotten a three million dollar bill for a new
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Uh-huh. It explains a lot of things, Mr. Reid. () If
the Green Hornet hadn't juggled evidence, Tug Maxwell
would have been called a suicide... the citizens would
have gotten a three million dollar bill for a new
bridge .. and Adrian Lash would have gotten away with
graft and murder. You know - I - I'm awful proud to
be on the side of the Green Hornet.