

The Green Hornet

by Fran Striker

Number 832

Date Nov 11

TOO HOT TO HANDLE

(31)

Britt, Case, Kato, Axford, Linda, Gunnigan.

Dan Reid.....!

Higgins.....Police commissioner.

Larsonsinister. Suave.

Pokey.....wrestler type. Dull. Slow. Thick.

Voice

Voice 2

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(USUAL OPENING)

(RR STATION B.G.)

Annrcr; It was early evening when the train from the West brought Britt Reid's father to the city. As he came into the station, he paused and looked for Britt. He saw an attractive girl approach with a smile of welcome..

(STEPS COME IN)

Linda; (APPROACHING) Mr. Reid. Hello!

Reid; Miss Travis! I didn't expect to see you here.

Linda; You're looking splendid. How was the trip?

Reid; Tiresome! Is my son here?

Linda; He's waiting for you at his apartment.

Reid; At his apartment!

Linda; Yes. He loaned me his convertible so I might meet you.

Reid; What's the matter with Britt? Is he injured?

Linda; No, no, nothing like that, Mr. Reid. He thought it would be better if I saw you alone - before you talk to him.

Reid; Confound it! What's going on? Why did Britt send for me?

Linda; Please, Mr. Reid - wait until we're in the car.

(FADE OUT STATION)

(FADE IN CAR RUNNING)

- Reid; Well, Miss Travis, let's have it. Why did Britt telephone and ask me to come here?
- Linda; Mr. Reid, you wanted me to give you a report on your son's activities -
- Reid; That's right.
- Linda; Before I left the West, I was prepared to dislike him.
- Reid; I know you were.
- Linda; I - I felt that he didn't appreciate the opportunities you gave him.
- Reid; Well?
- Linda; I - oh golly, I had no idea what I'd find.
- Reid; Great Scott! Is he worse than we expected?
- Linda; On the contrary, we were both wrong.
- Reid; Eh?
- Linda; Mr. Reid, you have a wonderful son. More wonderful than you or anyone else realizes. At least that's the way I feel about it.
- Reid; Well, this is a surprise.
- Linda; He's been doing incredible things, but he's right. I know he's right - or - or I'm just as crazy as he is.
- Reid; Linda, what are you talking about?

Linda; When I learned what he was doing, I told him that I was working for you and that I'd have to report to you. But he wanted to be the one to break the news.

Reid; What news?

Linda; I promised him I wouldn't tell you. I --- I don't know how you'll take it, Mr. Reid, but you should be proud of your son - very, very proud of him - because I --- I'm proud to be employed by a man like Britt Reid.

Reid; What in thunder has he been doing?

Linda; We'll be at the apartment in a few minutes. Then you'll learn everything.

(CAR UP AND OUT)

Reid; (FUMING, FADE IN) I want you to stop stalling, Britt. You've made all the proper inquiries about my health and my trip from the West. You've offered cigars, cigarettes and highballs, but confound it, there's just one thing I want!

Britt; Well, Dad, I ----

Reid; You and Miss Travis have something to tell me. What is it?

Linda; Perhaps I'd better go -

Reid; Perhaps you'd better stay!

Linda; Y-yes sir.

Britt; Dad - I - I don't know just where to begin. You've heard of the Green Hornet, haven't you?

Reid; (EXPLOSIVELY) Heard of him! I was the one who suggested that the Sentinel post a reward for his capture! And I can't understand why you haven't been able to get him!

Britt; *WELL---* You want it quick and straight, so here it is. I am the Green Hornet.

MUSIC: "STING," TRAIL OFF

Reid; (PAUSE) (CUE) And you're proud of him!

Linda; (STOUTLY) Yes I am!

Reid; Why?

Linda; Because of what he's done as the Green Hornet.

Reid; How did you know?

Linda; I -- I found it out by accident.

Britt; She found it out and earned the reward, but she couldn't take it because she was working for you.

Linda; Mr. Reid, I'm so sure that your son is right that I want to resign as your personal secretary and continue working for -- for the Daily Sentinel.

Reid; Oh don't be foolish! () So you created the character of the Green Hornet! Why did you do it, son? Haven't you always had everything you wanted?

Britt; I sure have, Dad. Things have been handed to me on a silver platter from the time I was a kid. And when it was time for me to go to work, you gave me the Daily Sentinel and a competent staff to run it.

Reid; I hoped the responsibility of managing a newspaper would be good for you.

Britt; I think it was. I learned about things that I never knew existed.

Reid; Eh?

Britt; I saw political grafters and confidence men bend the law nearly double without actually breaking it. I had inside information on political bribes. I knew of crooks in our government and there wasn't a thing that could be done about them. We couldn't even publish their activities because the law couldn't get proof that would hold up in court. A lot of criminals went free because of tricky laws and red tape -

Reid; But the Green Hornet -- everyone thinks the Hornet is a criminal --

Britt; Dad, I could see only one way to get those rats. Someone had to meet them and play the game their way - with no holds barred. Putting them in jail was the most important thing in the world to me. It came ahead of the newspaper - ahead of my reputation - ahead of everything. If you'll look at the records, you'll see that I was successful. Maybe I was wrong, but --

Linda; No, no! You were not wrong!

Reid; Who knows about this?

Britt; Kato, Linda Travis and now you. I'm sorry, Dad, sorry you had to know about it. Things were going along fine until you sent Linda here. When she learned the identity of the Green Hornet, she was honor bound to pass it on to you. I -- I wanted to be the one to tell you. Now you have it.

Reid; (LEVEL) Now that the secret is out, what are you going to do?

Britt; The secret is not out, unless you let it out. Kato has shared the secret with me. Linda will share it. It could be shared with you.

Linda; Mr. Reid, regardless of what the public thinks, there isn't a single charge against the Green Hornet. The police haven't a thing on him.

Reid; There were charges! The Sentinel has been offering a reward -

Linda; (EAGER) But the record is clean now. The last murder charge was wiped off the books a few days ago.

Reid; You'd forego the reward to keep this secret?

Linda; I don't want that kind of money!

Reid; (MUTTER) You can't buy loyalty like that.

Linda; There's such a need for someone like the Green Hornet.

Britt; It's up to you, Dad. Are you with me?

Annex; (CLOSE) After announcing his identity, Britt Reid hadn't taken his eyes off his father. He had seen various emotions - shock, disbelief, controlled anger- in the strong, rugged face. This had given way to a hurt expression, but as he explained his position Britt saw his father's chin come up. Then, during a momentary silence the eyes of father and son met. Between the two there flashed a spark of mutual understanding. A look of confidence came into Britt Reid's clean ~~in~~ cut features and the older man looked proud. Then there was a faint grin that expanded to a chuckle ---

Reid; (CHUCKLES)

Britt; (SURPRISED) Dad - you're not angry?

Reid; Angry? How can I be angry with you? I know exactly how you feel because I went thru the same thing.

Britt; You?

Reid; Look at that picture on the wall! The man on that horse is one of your ancestors, and those hills are in Texas! When I was a boy, I rode with that man! I saw him six-gun his way thru red tape and ride rough-shod over crooks who thought they were too smart for the law. He rode for justice!

I gave you the Daily Sentinel because I knew you'd learn a lot about smart crooks that the law couldn't get. I hoped you'd do something about those crooks, just as your pioneer ancestors did. I wanted to see you use the paper as a crusading weapon! I wanted to see the sparks fly! But nothing came.

Britt; But Dad -

Reid; I was disappointed, son. I wondered what was the matter with you - wondered why the American Meritage didn't assert itself. That's why I sent Linda here. I sent her to find out what was wrong with you, and now I learn --- why confound it, Britt, you're more like the man in that picture than I dreamed you could be. This is the biggest thing that's ever happened to me. This ---
(VOICE BREAKS)

Britt; (SOFTLY) Dad -

Reid; You and Linda will have to forgive an old man his emotions.

Britt; Aw gee, Dad -

Reid; Old man? What am I saying? I feel younger than I've been for twenty years. More than that! I'm with you, boy. I'm with you all the way. If I can help the Green Hornet, stamp out crooks it will be just like it was back in those Texas hills when I helped the man in that picture.

Britt; (PROUDLY) Linda, now what do you think of my Dad?

Reid; Linda, you've passed up the chance to get the Sentinel reward but don't you worry, I'll see to it that you don't lose a thing.

Linda; I know I won't.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc; The next day found Britt Reid's father lunching at the Civic Club with one of his oldest friends -- the Commissioner of Police --

(RESTAURANT B.G.)

Reid; Confidentially, Higgins, I had a special reason for wanting to see you today.

Higgins; You could have knocked me over with a feather when you telephoned. You see, Dad, I was just about to call your son and give him an exclusive story.

Reid; That can wait. Let me tell you my news. Higgins, today I learned the identity of the Green Hornet!

Higgins; You have?

Reid; Yes. I'm not going to tell you -- not just yet, but I know who he is and where he can be reached. And I know something else. He's on your side of the law.

Higgins; You know, Dan, I began to suspect that.

Reid; You did?

Higgins; After he saved the life of the district attorney, I looked back over some of the records and realized that the Green Hornet blazed a good many trails for the police to follow.

Reid; (CHUCKLES) And now, Jimmy, that I know where to reach him, he can be of even more help.

Higgins; You'd better tell the new Commissioner.

Reid; What new Commissioner?

Higgins; Dan, I said I had some news for you. Here it is.

(RUSTLE PAPER)

You can take this statement with you. I'm resigning as Police Commissioner.

Reid; (EXPLOSIVELY) You're what! Now see here, Higgins, you can't resign!

Higgins; I've got to do it. It's that or -- well -- the truth of it is, Reid, Larry Larsen has me over a barrel.

Reid; Larry Larsen? Isn't that the name of the roadhouse operator who was picked up on a narcotic charge?

Higgins; That's the guy.

Reid; He's got you over a barrel? I don't believe it. Why that dirty, greasy, weasel-faced maggot --

Higgins; You seem to know him.

Reid; I read the papers every day and I saw his picture. What's he got on you?

Higgins; Photographs of my son.

Reid; How is the boy?

Higgins; Fine. He's living in Grove City with his wife and daughter, and he's doing fine. He's a Councilman and there's talk of him for the next mayor.

Reid; Is that so?

Higgins; Ronnie has a fine career ahead of him. I wouldn't let anything interfere with it.

Reid; You said Larson had photographs.

Higgins; Yes. Ronnie was here to visit, a bout a year ago. He went to Larson's road house - went alone, which was a mistake. When he came home, he told how some knockout drops had been put into his highball, and how he'd been robbed of his wallet. That's when I started goin' after Larson.

Reid; That crook!

Higgins; I got plenty of evidence against Larson. The best of it, I got personally. I'm the chief witness against him. I can put Larson and half a dozen of his pals behind the bars on narcotics charges. But Dan, I don't dare do it.

Reid; Tell me the rest.

Higgins; Ronnie wasn't drugged so he could be robbed. He was drugged so Larson could get photographs made! He showed them to me! Pictures of Ronnie, lookin' stupified, an' sittin' at a table in a private room with Larson, Pokey Smot, and several other drug peddlers.

Reid; That's bad.

Higgins; You've got to see the pictures to know how bad. They make it look like Ronnie is Palsy Walsy with that pack of rats. If the pictures were released, they'd ruin the boy.

Reid; What's Larson's price?

Higgins; He'll give me the pictures and negatives when I give him the evidence I collected. I've got to do it.... so I'm resigning as commissioner. Then I'll deal with him.

Reid; And Larson will beat the narcotic charge for lack of evidence!

Higgins; Um-m. Not very nice , is it Dan?

Reid; No.

Higgins; But you'd do as much for Britt! You know you would!

Reid; Where does Larson keep those pictures?

Higgins; So mewhere in his office at the road house. He's got a secret hiding place.

Reid; Jim. Remember when we were younger-- the days back in Texas? In those days we'd have found a way to deal with Larson.

Higgins;! I know what you're thinking about, Dan, but it's no use. Rough stuff wont go with Larson.

Reid; Wait a minute, Jim! Put this resignation away!

Higgins; But-

Reid; You sit tight! I told you I knew the Green Hornet!
Let me give him the facts and see what happens.

Higgins; There's nothing the Green Hornet can do. No one can
get the photos of Ronnie unless Larson tells where
they're hidden! And Larson won't tell! No one can make
him tell!

Reid; I wouldn't be so sure about that, Jim. I've got a lot
of confidence in the Green Hornet!

MUSIC INTERLUDE.

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

COMMERCIAL.

Annrc; Britt Reid's father made a phone call from the Civic
club. . .

Reid; Britt, are you sure it's all right to talk on this
phone. () Well, I've just finished lunch with the
police commissioner, and here's what he's up against!

MUSIC BURST AND FADE UNDER

Annrc; After talking to his father, Britt Reid left the
Sentinal office and hurried to his apartment.

(FADE IN PHONE RINGING, BACK)

The phone was ringing when he arrived.

(PHONE HOOK, BACK)

Kato; (BACK) Mr. Reid's apartment.

Anner; He heard Kato answering - -

(DOOR CLOSES)

Britt; (CALLS) Is that for me, Kato?

Kato; (COMING IN) Yes Mr. Britt. Miss Travis calls from office.

Britt; I left word for her to call when she came in. () Hello Miss Travis. I'm going to be tied up at home for a couple of hours. When I get back to the office, I want to see everything that's available about Larry Larson and his gang. You'll find a lot of items in the morgue. (FADING) Axford will help you dig it out--

MUSIC: BURST AND UNDER

Britt; Now, Kato, I'll need your help in the laboratory!

Kato; Yes, Mr. Britt.

Britt; We're going to prepare some letters on special paper!

Kato; For what, Mr. Britt?

Britt; Tonight the Green Hornet is going to visit Larry Larsen's roadhouse!

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH

Axford; Golly, Casey, look at all the stuff me an' Miss Travis got together about Larry Larsen!

Case; This office looks like a rummage sale.

Linda; I'll pick everything up and get it in order for Mr. Reid.

Axford; Larson is due to take a rap on a narcotics charge. He's hot news, these days. Is Reid goin' tuh have you do a special story about him an' his gang?

Linda; I don't know what Mr. Reid's plans are/

Case; Probably Human Interest.

Linda; Oh, Miss Case, do you think so?

Case; Isn't that your specialty?

Linda; I haven't specialized - yet.

Case; You will.

(PICK UP PAPERS)

Axford; Say, if yuh want the dope on Larson, you should go an' visit his roadhouse.

Case; (THROW IN) Michael -

Axford; (SAILS ON) In spite o' Larson bein' a crook, they got good food there, an' music an' dancin' - -

Linda; A splendid idea, Mr. Axford.

Axford; Now if you wanted tuh go, I could likely-

Linda; I'll speak to Mr. Reid when he comes in. (FADING) I'd better take these clippings into his office.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.

Case; (GROANS) Oh Axford, you dope!

Axford; Well I - I was figurin' yuh help the youngster out.

Case; As if she needed help.

Axford; She can't go to Larson's place alone.

Case; She wont! And you wont be the guy to take her.

Axford; No?

Case; Oh, Michael, can't you see? She's set her sails for Mr. Reid! () Do you have to give her ideas - you - you Dan Cupid!

MUSIC BURST AND UNDER

Britt; I do want you to go to Larson's, Miss Travis. I'll call for you at eleven.

Linda; So late, Mr. Reid/

Britt; Before I call for you, I'm going there with Kato - as the Green Hornet.

MUSIC BURST. CUT TO MOOD MUSIC.BG

Annex; It was nine o'clock when Britt Reid was ready to move out as the Green Hornet. Stepping thru a secret panel in the rear of a closet in the bedroom, he 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)

Annex; 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 rain-drenched darkness.

CAR OUT.

RAIN FADE FULL UP THEN INTO

MUSIC BURST TO FINISH.

SOUND BG OF NITE CLUB.

DANCE MUSIC BACKGROUND.

Annex; Larry Larson had a private table in one rear corner of his roadhouse. He looked up as a bull-necked man with cauliflower ears approached...

Larson; What is it, Pokey?

Pokey; Hey Boss, y'better come out back. There's a guy - -

Larson; Tell him nothing doing. We don't handle anything but food and legal liquor while the heat's on. You -

Pokey; He don't want tuh make a buy, Boss.

Larson; Then why don't he come in?

Pokey; You better come an' talk to him, Boss. (LOWER) ~~HE~~
~~HE SAYS HE'S FROM THE POLICE,~~ HE SAYS HE'S FROM THE POLICE,

Larson; ~~What?~~ Why can't they leave me alone till my trial?

Pokey; I got an umbrella at the back door for yuh - -

Larson; Come on. You stick close and keep your gun handy.

FADE BG UP UNDER AND OUT AND

FADE IN STEADY RAIN AS-

Anner; His study of the newspaper clippings, many of which described the Larson roadhouse, had given Britt Reid a fairly complete knowledge of the layout. Both he and Kato wore masks as they waited in the Black Beauty, near a small, rear door. Presently they saw two men advance through the rain -

Britt; (LOW) The smaller one is Larson.

Kato; (LOW) Me see.

Pokey; (COMING IN) Here he is, Boss.

Larson; What do you want?

Britt; Kill the flashlight, Larson.

Larson; You're the Hornet.

Britt; Did you guess that, or did Chubby tell you.

Larson; What d'you want?

Britt; I brought a present for you.

Larson; Meaning what?

Britt; A couple of letters. Spill your flashlight on them and notice the name.

Larson; Watch him, Pokey.

Pokey; Yeah, I am, Boss.

Larson; (MUTTERS) Higgens. Police Commissioner Higgens.

Britt; I got them a little moist,.. but they'll dry out.

Larson; (LOW WHISTLE) Where'd you get these?

Britt; Interesting reading, eh? The Commissioner would be in a spot if those were published.

Larson; Yeah. Plenty. How'd you get them?

Britt; You know better than to ask that, Larson.

Larson; Is this straight? Did Higgins really ~~get a message~~ ^{ACCEPT BRIBES} in the Turner affair?

Britt; Why don't you ask Higgins?

Larson; ~~Why are you bringing these to me?~~ ^{IF THE LETTERS ARE ON THE LEVEL, THEY'LL PROVE THAT HIGGINS IS A CROOK. WHY DO YOU BRING THEM TO ME?}

Britt; You need them. You're going on trial in a week or so. Higgins is the main witness against you and your pals.

Pokey; That he is, Boss!

Britt; He might be interested in a deal. Those letters, in exchange for the evidence he has against you.

Larson; Where do you come in?

Britt; After you beat the rap, you can help me.

Larson; How?

Britt; You read the papers. You saw what the D A said about me.

Larson; Yeah. He's done a fast switch. He's for you!

Britt; I want Higgins to be the same way.

Larson; You mean -

Britt; You didn't think the D A really liked me - or did you?

Larson; Um-m. So you had some - some letters or something - that mentioned the D A ?

Britt; What do you think?

Larson; I get it.

Britt; Use those letters if you need to, and I'll see you
after your trial.

Larson; Um.

Britt; And be careful of them. They're dynamite. Don't put them
where they can be found.

Larson; Don't worry.

Britt; I mean that. Higgins might send a prowler to crack your
safe--

Larson; I got a good hiding place. () How'd they get so damp?

Britt; I was out in the rain.

(STEP ON STARTER)

I'll see you, Larson.

(CAR START AND FADE)

Pokey; (CUE) Gosh, Boss, what d'ya make of that?

Larson; I don't know, Pokey.

Pokey; You goin' to use the letters?

Larson; With those photos of Ron Higgins, I wont need 'em.
But I'll look 'em over. Here. Put 'em in the hiding
place -- you know where. I'll go over them after we close
up.

MUSIC INTERLUDE. FADE UNDER

CAR RUNNING

- Anner; The roadhouse was within the city limits, but in a thinly populated area. Britt drove toward downtown at a moderate speed.
- Britt; You've been watching behind, Kato?
- Kato; Yes Mr. Britt. We aren't followed.
- Britt; Didn't think we'd be. Now remember the plan. I'll get a taxicab at the city limit. I'll call for Linda and go back to Larson's as a guest.
- Kato; Yes sir.
- Britt; Linda will call the police and give them an anonymous tip, so they'll be on hand.
- Kato; Yes sir.
- Britt; You'll have to watch for them when you take the Black Beauty back to Larson's.
- Kato; I saw place among trees where car can be concealed.
- Britt; Keep it there until you hear shooting. Then come fast! I'll open fire, if no one else does.
- Kato; I understand.
- Britt; Axford's at police headquarters, and Dad is with Commissioner Higgins. I guess we're all set for the showdown. From now on, it's up to those moist envelopes!

CAR UP AND OUT.

MUSIC BURST TO FINISH.

RESTAURANT BACKGROUND

- Anncr; Britt Reid looked at his watch for the tenth time since he and Linda Travis had arrived at Larson's Restaurant.
- Britt; Getting close to midnight -
- Linda; The police should be somewhere near at hand -
- Britt; What did you tell them, Linda.
- Linda; I said exactly what you told me to. I said I had overheard a conversation. Someone said a load of white stuff would be delivered to Larson at midnight.
- Britt; That's all you said?
- Linda; Uh-huh.
- Britt; It should be enough.
- Linda; I hope they don't catch Kato -
- Britt; He'll stay well back.
- Linda; It's () (NERVOUS LAUGH) Now I'm the one who's looking at a watch.
- Britt; (MUTTERING) I hope Kato and I were accurate in fixing the time it would take for those letters to dry out...
- Linda; What if your plan fails?
- Britt; I'll have to think of another plan. Linda, this is the most important of all the Green Hornet's affairs! This one is partly for Dad.
- Linda; Your success will mean a lot to him. Commissioner Higgins is his oldest friend, isn't he?

Britt; Yes. They - (BREAK OFF) (TENSE) Linda. Watch Larson.
That gorilla named Pokey just went to his table.

Linda; (TENSE) Maybe this is it.

BRITT: I think it is. Excuse me, Linda. I've got to see a
couple of men...about some smoke!

MUSIC TENSION FADE UNDER

Annrc; Britt Reid tried to appear casual as he left the dining
room. Alone in a hall, he hurried to a corridor, and as
he headed toward the rear of the building, he draw a mask
and gun from beneath his dinner jacket. Meanwhile,
Larson and Pokey hurried to the office -

FAST STEPS SUSTAINING AS

Larson; Is anyone in my office.

Poley; No Boss. I was there alone, watchin' like usual, when I
seen the smoke comin' thru cracks in the wall !

Larson; Fine thing!

((DECK DOOR OPEN))

Pokey; (GASP) Boss! Now lookat the smoke! It's thick.

Larson; (EFFORT) Confound it! Close that door.

DOOR CLOSES)

Grab that fire extinguisher.

Pokey; Yeh, sure.

Larson; Something's caught fire in the hiding place!

Pokey; What could it be?

Larson; How do I know? (EFFORT) Got to get that panel open!
() OUCH ! It's too hot to touch!

Pokey; Lookat the smoke pour thru the cracks!

Larson; Give me that fire extinguisher! Smash the panel with your
gun barrel!

Pokey; Right!

(SMASHING PANEL)

Larson; I'll turn the extinguisher on it.

(FIRE EXTINGUISHER)

(FRENZIED) Hit it again. Hurry!

(FINISH SMASHING)

That does it.

Pokey; Lookat the flames!

Larson; (FRENZIED) I've got to save the photos! Got to save them.

Pokey; Yer lickin' it! Turn the stream tuh the left.

Larson; Reach in. Pull everything out to the floor.

Pokey; O.K. Boss.

(STOP EXTINGUISHER) (PULL SMALL CANS AND WET
PAPERS TO FLOOR)

Larson; Hurry! I've got to find the photos!

Pokey; These cans of white stuff-

Larson; Is said the photos! Never mind those cans. Find the envelope with the Higgins pictures-

Pokey; What's this?

Larson; (FRANTIC) Almost completely burned-

(HANDLE ENVELOPE)

Pokey; That looks like it-

Larson; (MOANS) Look! Look!

Pokey; Them negatives burn like gunpowder-

Larson; The prints are useless!

Britt; (BACK) I want some of that stuff!

Pokey; (STARTLED) Boss!

Larson; You! Where'd you come from?

Britt; You were too busy to hear the door open - Can't be trusted with documents, can you, Larson?

Larson; Listen -

Britt; I'll take those papers!

Larson; No you don't!

Poley; Get back!

Britt; Want to shoot it out, eh?

SHOTS.

Pokey; (SCREAM)

Larson; You -

Britt; (EFFORT) And this is for you, Larson..

(BLOW, FALLING BODY)

Poley; (FADING BACK, ADLIB) My arm, my arm is busted, help me-

(RUNNING STEPS SUSTAIN. ROOM THEN GRAVEL)

Ann cr; Leaving Larson unconscious and Pokey shot, Britt dashed thru a rear door and across the open space behind the building.

(POLICE WHISTLE)

ADLIB; (BACK) There he goes. Stop him. He's headin' for the trees.

Ann cr; He heard a police whistle, and the shouts of the police who had been waiting, but he kept going toward an orchard. A car came out of the darkness to meet him -

(STEPS HALT. CAR COME IN FAST AND STOP)

Britt; Kato, Here's the mask, the gun and the documents from Larson's secret hiding place - what's left of them.

Kato; Police come this way -

Britt; They'll think I've escaped in the car. I'll hide among the trees until it's safe to go around to the front and rejoin Linda. I'll meet you at the apartment. Get going.

(CAR START FAST - FADE)

(RUNNING STEPS COMING IN) (STOPPING)

Voice; He's got away. No use runnin' any farther.

Voice 2; That car was waitin' for him!

Voice 1 Who was it?

Voice; He came from that rear door.

Axford; (BACK) Hey boys-

Voice 2; Axford's at the door now-

Axford; (BACK) Come quick! See what I found in Larson's office.

MUSIC BURST.

OUTDOOR NOISES.

Annrc; Britt and Linda were part of the crowd that pressed curiously while police moved in the office. Half an hour later, the couple stood in front of the roadhouse, waiting for a cab.

BRITT: (CHUCKLES) It was funny when Pokey tried to explain things. He simply added to the confusion.

Linda; The police don't know whether the drugs were in that wall compartment or delivered by the man who escaped.

Britt; It doesn't matter. They have Larson and his pals in custody again.

Linda; Did you know there would be dope in the secret hiding place?

Britt; No! That was just a bit of luck!

Linda; Mr. Reid- just what made those letters you gave Larson, burst into flames?

Britt; A chemical that Kato prepared. He can explain it to you while I'm preparing a package to deliver to the police commissioner.

Linda; I wish I could see the commissioner's face when he realizes that Larson no longer has a hold on him.

Britt; I wish I could see Dad's face.

Linda; He's at Mr. Higgin's home?

Britt; Yes. And those two old cronies haven't much longer to wait.

(MUSIC SHARP BURST, SHARP CUT)

Annccr; The evening had been long for Higgins, and the father of Britt Reid. Both were dozing when the doorbell rang--

(DOOR BELL)

Both were instantly wide awake-- on their feet and hurrying to the door--

(RUNNING STEPS)

Reid; Maybe this is it, Jim!

Higgins; Reid, if I could believe that --

(STEPS STOP. JERK DOOR OPEN. PACKET DROPS)

Something dropped.

Reid; I'll get it. It was tucked beside the doorknob.

Higgins; There's a car at the curb!

(CAR BACK, START AND FADE.)

~~Reid;~~ Hey Redd, Reid, was that the Green Hornet.

Reid; Look, Jim! The packet is for you. There's writing on it.

Higgins; What's it say?

Reid; With my compliments... the Green Hornet. Looks like your in the clear, Jimmy!