

The Green Hornet

by Fran Striker

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GIRL IN PERIL

(USUAL OPENING)

Annex; In the last adventure of the Green Hornet, Britt Reid was responsible for the capture of men named Dryden and Gilpin - head men in the numbers racket. He met and fought them in the home of the police commissioner. That was at about ten forty five. At half past ten, on that same evening a car moved slowly past the commissioner's home. The two men in the machine were well dressed and had the appearance of business men. They didn't look like members of the numbers racket.

(CAR RUNNING)

AP?

Al; That's the commissioner's house. I'll drive slow while you look and see if there's a light on the third floor.

Carslake; There is a light up there, Al. Is that Dryden's room?

Al; Yeah. He said he'd leave the back door unlocked so we could walk right in.

Carslake; I don't see any cars around. Are we the only ones that're to see him tonight?

(CAR STOPS)

Al; All I know is that he and Gilpin will be there to give us our cut for the past week.

Carslake; Hey, Al! Take a look up there! It looks to me like that window's been smashed!

Al; (EFFORT) Lemme lean over and see. () Yeah, it's smashed! Don't get out!

Carslake; What are you going to do?

(CAR STARTING, GEARS, ETC., SUSTAIN)

Al; We'll go down to the corner drug store and telephone Dryden to make sure everything's okay. I haven't liked the set-up since he cut in.

Carslake; He was smart to get a job as houseman in the home of the police commissioner. It put him on the inside of things so he could tip us off when the law was going to raid one of our places.

Al; We did all right without Dryden. I don't like having a guy like that in town. He could be dangerous.

Carslake; Well, you know the situation, Al. We had to take him in.

(CAR STOPPING) (FAINT STREET NOISES)

Al; I'll park right behind that convertible. We'll go into the drug store and telephone.

Carslake; We can thank the Daily Sentinel and those editorials for gettin' the police steamed up about our racket.

Al; Carslake! Speakin' of the Sentinel, get a load of the license plate on that convertible right ahead of us.

Carslake; What about it?

Al; That car belongs to Britt Reid, the publisher of the Sentinel.

Carslake; Yeah? What's he doing in this neighborhood?

Al; How do I know? I'd like to ^{PUNCH} ~~push~~ him in the nose for those stories he's written about us.

Carslake; (CHUCKLES) He's probably in that drug store. Why don't you go ahead and pop him.

(CAR DOOR OPENING)

Al; Don't crack wise.

(BIZ. OF GETTING OUT OF CAR)

Carslake; I'll go with you. I want to get some cigarettes.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS, STEPS SUSTAINING)

Al; I wonder what Reid's doing in this part of the city --

Carslake; He and Higgins are pretty good friends. Maybe he came to call on the Commissioner and found he wasn't home.

Al; I don't know --

(DOOR OPENS, STEPS INTO STORE, DOOR CLOSSES)
(CUT STREET NOISES)

Al; (CUE, LOW) See anything of Reid?

Carslake; (LOW) No. The store's just about empty. I don't see anyone but that dame at the phone in back.

Girl; (APPROACHING) Something for you gentlemen?

Carslake; I want to get some cigarettes --

Girl; Right there, sir - the machine.

Carslake; Yeah, I see it.

(GET CIGARETTES FROM MACHINE AS:)

Al; I want to use your telephone. You got a booth here?

Girl; No sir. Just the phone on the ledge in the rear. It's being used right now.

Al; I'll wait. Come on, Carslake. We'll go back to the phone.

(SOFT STEPS SUSTAIN AS:)

Carslake; Yeah. Maybe that babe'll hurry her call if she sees someone waiting to use the phone.

Al; Well set up. Wonder what her face is like?

Carslake; Maybe she's drivin' Reid's car.

Al; Could be.

Linda; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Police headquarters, yes! Is Commissioner Higgins there?

Al; (LOW, TENSE) Hey, Carslake! Get a load of that!

Linda; (SLIGHTLY BACK) This is Linda Travis of the Daily Sentinal.

Carslake; (LOW, TENSE) Hey, she's -

Al; (LOW) Shut up. I want to hear this.

Linda; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Tell the commissioner to get to his home right away. Mr. Reid went there to accuse Dryden of heading the numbers racket and they're fighting! Tell the Commissioner it's a matter of life and death!

Al; (LOW AND TENSE) Gilpin's with Dryden. If Higgins gets there they'll both be in a spot.

Carslake; We could call and warn 'em.

Al; Too late. The Commissioner's already got word. We've got to take action.

Carslake; Al, what d'you mean?

Al; You'll see.

Linda; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Thank you!

(PHONE HOOK)

(STARTLED) Oh! I didn't know anyone was here --

Al; It's all right, lady. You through with that phone?

Linda; Yes. (FADING) I'm thru.

(HIGH HEELED STEPS SUSTAINING)

Al; (CLOSE) Come on, Carslake. We're goin' after her.

(STEPS SUSTAINING AS:)

Carslake; (LOW) Listen, Al, what're you goin' to do?

Al; (LOW) Shut up and come along!

Carslake; Aren't you going to use the phone?

Al; No. I've got a better plan.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE SLIGHTLY BACK)

Girl; Did you change your mind about phoning?

Al; What's it to you, sister?

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

(SOFT STREET NOISES)

(STEPS ON WALK)

Miss Travis --

Linda; (SLIGHTLY BACK) (STARTLED) Who ---

(COUPLE OF STEPS ON SIDEWALK)

Al; You're getting into the wrong car.

Linda; The wrong car!

Al; You're riding in the car in back.

Linda; What are you talking about? Who are you? How do you know me?

Al; We happened to hear the phone call you just made, and lady, that was a mistake!

Linda; (GASP)

Al; Now don't start anything or you'll be a dead tomato! Just get into that car and I won't have to use this gun.

Linda; (GASP) A gun! Wh-where are you taking me?

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

Al; Get in there. () You drive, Carslake.

Carslake; I'll get in the other side.

Al; In you go, Linda.

(GETTING INTO CAR, CAR DOOR SLAMS)

Linda; If you think you can get away with an abduction like this you're crazy!

(AD LIB OPENING AND CLOSING OF 2ND DOOR)

Al; That phone call you just made is likely to blow our business sky high.

Linda; You're in the numbers racket --

Al; That's right, sister, and you're going to be a hostage for the boys you just threw to the cops.

(STEP ON STARTER)

Linda; Where are you taking me?

Al ; You're going to meet a girl called Molly and you're going to be nice and cosy in an underground hideout. If the cops get our pals, I'll telephone Britt Reid and make a little proposition!

(CAR STARTS, FULL UP AND INTO:)

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER

Anncr; Commissioner Higgins and a couple of picked men from police headquarters lost no time. With the siren wide open they raced to the Commissioner's home and hurried to the third floor where they found Britt Reid in a hand to hand struggle. Dryden and Gilpen were captured and there was evidence in Dryden's room to prove that the pair were leaders of the numbers racket.

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH

Meanwhile, Linda Travis found herself in a dingy apartment next door to Gilpin's Tailor Shop where she met the woman called Molly.

Molly; What's the matter with you, Al? Have you lost your mind?

Al; Don't get lippy with me!

Molly; But bringin' this girl here! What are we going to do with her?

Al; Hang on to her.

Molly; Not me, brother!

Al; Oh yes, you, Molly. We can keep her in that place that was fitted up downstairs. She can yell her head off if she wants to, an' no one can hear her.

Linda; I'll not be there long.

Al; You'll be there as long as we want to keep you.

Molly; Al, I don't like it. We -

Al; You don't have to like it. The cops are going to get Dryden and Gilpin, and I can't take any chances on those two.

Molly; If they're caught, it's their own funeral.

Al; Yeah - it ~~is~~ unless they try to make it soft for themselves by tellin' the cops a few things. Then it's my funeral.

Molly; They can't prove anything against you, Al.

Al; They can prove plenty. Remember I wasn't always in the numbers racket. And neither were you, Carslake.

Carslake; I know.

Al; Dryden still has a certain gun and some other evidence that'll tie us into the Limpy Ryan murder.

Molly; Oh gosh, Al! I forgot all about that!

Al; Well you hadn't better be forgetting. We've got to get Dryden out of the cops hands or else! And that's why I brought this dame here.

- Al; Shut up. I know what I'm doing. Now take her downstairs and see that she's comfortable. You go along, Carslake.
- Carslake; Okay.
- Molly; How long are you going to keep her here?
- Al; I don't know.
- Molly; She'll have to have food -
- Al; That wouldn't be any problem if you were the right kind of a dame.
- Molly; Don't give me that, Al. Why should I wear myself out cookin' food?
- Carslake; You can fix up something here, can't you, Molly?
- Molly; No I can't.
- Al; I'll take care of the food. Stop beefin'. I'll have it sent in from the beanery across the street.
- Carslake; Where you going now?
- Al; Out. I'm going to watch for the next edition of the Sentinel and see what happens to Dryden and Gilpin.
- MUSIC: (BURST, OPTIONAL)
- (STREET NOISES)
- NEWSBOY: (AD LIBBING) Sentinel, extra, paper! Police nab leaders of numbers racket! Read all about it! Sentinel, Ex --
- Al; Hey, kid -
- BOY: Paper, mister?
- Al; Yeah --

(RUSTLE PAPER)

Al; Keep the change -

BOY: Thanks, mister. (FADING AD LIBBING) Sentinel, extra,
paper!

(STREET NOISES UP AND UNDER: STEPS ON
WALK) (DOOR OPEN AND CLOSES)

(RESTAURANT B.G.)

Voice; (BACK) Two hamburgers! Give 'em the works!

George; Hello, Al. Cup of coffee?

Al; Not right now, George. Anyone in the phone booth?

George; No. No one. How's things?

Al; Molly's sick.

George; Oh that is too bad. I am so sorry. It is serious -
I hope not?

Al; She'll be all right in a day or so. But meanwhile, I'll
have to have some meals sent over to the apartment for
her. You know how Molly is about cookin'.

George; Sure, sure, I know. I fix up good meals.

Al; Okay George. I'll see you later about 'em. I've got to
make a phone call.

(STEPS, PHONE BOOTH DOOR CLOSES)

MUSIC: TENSION, B.G.

(COIN INTO SLOT)

Al; (MUTTERS) Got the number of Reid's apartment right here
somewhere ----- Yeah here it is.

(DIALING)

Al; I hope he's home. If he isn't, I'll have to try around until I locate him.

Annrc; (CLOSE) At that very moment, Britt Reid was in his apartment. He had been calling Linda Travis. He was worried because he couldn't locate the girl. Neither could he account for the fact that his car had been abandoned in front of the drug store ----

(PHONE RINGING AT FAR END, THEN CLICK)

Britt; (FILTER) Hello --

Al; Listen, Reid -- and get this the first time because I'm not going to repeat it. Thanks to you the cops have captured Dryden and Gilpin, but we've captured Linda Travis. She is going to be held until Dryden and Gilpin are free -- and I mean free -- not just out on bail. You'd better see that the charges against those two are dropped or the girl's life won't be worth a dime!

(PHONE HOOK)

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER

Annrc; Britt Reid was momentarily stunned by the news that Linda had been captured. Then he went into action. He telephoned his secretary, Lenore Case, Gunnigan, the city editor, and several other members of the staff of the Daily Sentinel. To each one he said the same thing:

Britt; There's an emergency. I want to meet you at the office just as soon as possible. And you'd better be prepared to stay the rest of the night!

(PHONE HOOK)

Axford; Sufferin' snakes, Reid, what are yez goin' tuh do about Miss Travis?

Britt; I'm going to find her, Axford, if it's humanly possible. Where's Kato?

Axford; I sent him out tuh the kitchen tuh fix a pot o' coffee before we start out.

Britt; Tell him to put it in a thermos bottle and we'll take it with us.

Axford; Right.

(DIALLING PHONE)

Britt; And tell him to get my car out. I'll be ready as soon as I've called the police commissioner.

Axford; (FADING) I'll go tell Kato --

Britt; (MUTTERS) That girl's got to be found no matter what it takes! This might be a case for the Green Hornet!

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

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

(COMMERCIAL)

Annrc; It was late at night, after midnite, in fact, when Britt Reid went to his office. Lenore Case, his secretary, Gunnigan, the city editor, and several of the crack reporters and columnists were on hand. In a few words the young publisher told about the capture of Linda Travis, and the price of her freedom.

Gunnigan; The police can't let those crooks go free.

Britt; Of course not, Gunnigan. And even if they did, I doubt that it would help.

Case; If Linda has seen her captors, they'll not dare let her go.

Voice; What about the police?

Britt; I've talked to the commissioner. Axford has gone to get some pictures from the private files. Now here's what I want you men to do. Go thru our records and dig up all you can about every hoodlum in the city. Gunnigan, you prepare a list of the ones who might be involved in the numbers racket.

Gunnigan; Right.

(DOOR OPENS)

Case; Here's Axford.

ADLIB. (GREETINGS)

(DOOR CLOSES)

Axford; (COMING IN) Hey Reid, here's a lot o' pitchers o' hoodlums from the police files.

Britt; Give them to Gunnigan. () I think Linda Travis was captured in or near a drug store close to Higgen's home. Lowry, you go to that store with a picture of Linda and pictures of known racketeers. See if the clerk can tell anything.

Voice 2; Right.

Gunnigan; We can discard this picture of Limpy Ryan. He's been dead for some time. The cops are still looking for the man who killed him.

Britt; Give the rest to Lowry so he can get started. Then get at the records.

MUSIC BURST AND UNDER

Annex; Ed Lowry set out for the all night drug store and the city room became a beehive of activity. Records, clippings and photographs were brought from dusty files, the information condensed and copies made. It was two o'clock in the morning when Gunnigan entered Britt Reid's office- - -

Britt; How did Lowry make out?

Gunnigan; The clerk remembered Linda. She said two men came into the store while Linda was phoning. They followed her out.

Britt; Could she identify the men?

Gunnigan; Not from any pictures Lowry had with him. I just sent him back there with another batch.

(MUSIC BURST AND UNDER)

Annex; Britt contacted the police commissioner to compare notes. Then he and Lenore Case studied data as it came from the city room. It was half an hour later when Gunnigan rushed in --

(DOOR OPENS FAST)

Gunnigan; (COMING IN) Hey, Reid, I just heard from Lowry!

Britt; What's the report?

Case; Is it good?

Gunnigan; The drug clerk identified the two men. Their names are Al Spinner and Joe Carslake.

Britt; Never heard of them.

Gunnigan; They haven't had much publicity.

Britt; Miss Case, get the Commissioner on the phone. At last we've got something to go on.

Case; Right.

(DIALLING PHONE, SLIGHTLY BACK)

Britt; Now, Gunnigan, we've got to get the lowdown on those two. Send the leg men out to hit the night spots. Get all you can, but be careful. If we tip our hand it might mean curtains for Linda.

Gunnigan; You're telling me.

Case; (BACK) Commissioner Higgins please. Mr. Reid calling.

Britt; Get their address, the names of their friends - anything you can and tell the men to call me. I'll be here until we break this thing.

Gunnigan; (FADING) I'm on my way!

Case; The Commissioner is on the phone.

Britt; Thanks. Hello, Commissioner. The boys we want are Al Spinner and Joe Carslake. I'm sending you their pictures.

MUSIC: BURST AND UNDER

Annex; Britt Reid maintained a trying vigil thru the long hours of the night while Miss Case stood by faithfully. One after another his men called in. Time after time the commissioner called, but there was no report but failure. No one seemed to know where Spinner and Carslake might be found. Dawn came thru the windows and another day began.

Britt; If we had just one address... just something to start from.

Case; Mr. Reid, why don't you lie down for an hour or so? I'll stand by the telephone.

Britt; No. I want to be on hand if anyone gets information --

MUSIC: UP AND UNDER:

Annex; There were three hours more of discouraging waiting. The morning was well advanced when the door of Britt Reid's office opened --

MUSIC: SHARP BURST TO FINISH

-- A swarthy man with dark hair stood hesitantly in the opening. He held something wrapped in a newspaper --

Case; Mr. Reid can't see any ----

George; (BACK) You Mr. Reid? You the one I want to see.

Britt; (TIRED) Look, Fella --

George; Wait. Let me show you. I have a plate from my restaurant --

(UNWRAPPING)

- George; I run the restaurant on Fourteenth Street. I send breakfast across the street this morning. It's big breakfast - eggs and bacon and bottle catsup. The dishes, they come back dirty and this plate - it is covered with catsup. I hold beneath the faucet, I rinse -- then I see --
- Britt; Great scott! It's Linda's writing!
- George; There is writing on plate.
- Case; What's it say?
- Britt; "Take this to Mr. Reid of the Daily Sentinal and he'll give you fifty dollars." () Just the other day in a restaurant she showed how her ball point pen wrote on everything, including china.
- Case; She wrote this, protected it with her clear nail polish, and covered it with catsup.
- George; It say you give fifty dollars --
- Britt; You'll get a hundred if you'll tell me where you delivered breakfast.
- George; It is right across the street from my restaurant - an apartment house. It is a good fellow who lives there. He comes often to my restaurant.
- Britt; Why did he have breakfast sent over this morning?
- George; His wife - she is sick.
- Britt; Look at these two pictures. Do you recognize them?
- George; Oh sure, sure. This is my friend Al. He is the one who ordered breakfast.

Britt; Now we know that Linda is alive and where to find her!
Get the Commissioner! We'll call at that apartment!

MUSIC: BURST

Britt; (EXPLOSIVELY) We went there, Kato. We saw the apartment!
We talked to Al! We talked to Carslake — and our hands
are tied!

Anner; It was that evening in Britt Reid's apartment. The
young publisher's face was drawn with worry as he talked
to his faithful valet.

Kato; Police no help, Mr. Britt?

Britt; The Commissioner will do anything I suggest. He's had
men watching the apartment all day. A tray of food was
sent over from the restaurant at noon, and another one
at dinner time.

Kato; You think it for Miss Travis?

Britt; Of course it is.

Kato; Then you know she still alive.

Britt; She's still alive, but I know she'll be killed if
there's any move against Al.

Kato; You talk to him?

Britt; Yes. When we went there this morning. Higgins pretended
that Dryden had given him the name of Al and Carslake.
He told those crooks it was just a routine questioning.
But it didn't fool them.

Kato; It did not?

Britt; No. Al dropped a couple of remarks that were calculated to be significant in case we suspected he held Linda. He made me understand she'd die if the police made a move.

Kato; What is to be done?

Britt; We've no idea how many crooks are in that organization. There might be two and there might be a dozen. One of them would surely kill Linda so she couldn't testify against them if the police close in. The chances are we'd never even find the girl.

Kato; Perhaps Green Hornet do something?

Britt; I asked Higgins to hold everything until tomorrow to give me a chance. There must be some way the Hornet can act—some way the police can't use. If we could just get everyone out of that apartment — I — (SUDDEN BREAK)
Kato, I have an idea!

Kato; (EAGERLY) Is good!

Britt; Get the mask and gun, while I get some things from the vault and call the commissioner to let him know my plan. Get ready to travel! I've thought of a move for the Green Hornet!

MUSIC: SHARP BURST

Annccr; Stepping thru a secret panel in the rear of a closet in the bedroom, Britt Reid and Kato went along a narrow passageway built within the walls of the apartment itself. This passage led to an adjoining building, which fronted on a dark side street. Though supposedly abandoned, this building served as the hiding place for the sleek, super-powered Black Beauty, streamlined car of the Green Hornet!

(STEPS INTO CAR, CAR STARTING, BACK)

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 darkness!

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH

Annex: The old, three-story apartment house was owned by the woman called Molly. The furtive tenants of the upper floors were the kind of people who neither asked nor answered questions. A basement room had been soundproofed and had often served as a prison for those whom Molly's friends wanted to hold captive.

Molly; Y'see, Honey, the boys helped me pay for this place so I'm obligated to 'em.

Linda; Yes, I see, Molly.

Molly; There's no use tryin' to bribe me. It'd be worth my life if I was to let you out. Besides, Al and Carslake are always on the watch.

Linda; Can't they get it thru their heads that this wont get them anywhere? The police wont turn Dryden and Gilpin loose... except on bail.

Molly; They wont settle for bail. They wont to be free, all the way. Al figures your boss has a lot of influence with the police.

Linda; Not that much, and he wouldn't use it if he had! I'm just a reporter and I'm expected to take what comes! Crooks can't be turned loose, to help me.

Molly; Just between you an' me an' the gatepost, nothin' could help you. You heard too much.

Linda; You mean - about Al and Carslake killing Limpy Ryan?

Molly; Yeah. The boys wouldn't of talked so much in front of you, if they'd intended to let you go.

Linda; Then why don't they kill me and get it over with. Save themselves thr trouble of bringing in food-

Molly; They may have to show proof that you're alive to deal with Reid.

Linda; But they can't deal with him. He wont deal. He- -

(DOOR SNATCHED OPEN)(DISTANT CONFUSION)

Molly; What's this?

Al; (SLIGHTLY BACK)(EXCITED) Hey Molly.

Molly; I smell smoke!

Al; The place upstairs is full of it!

Linda; A fire!

Carslake; (BACK(Hurry, Al! It's getting worse all the time!
(COUGHING) Get out of here.

Molly; (COUGHS) It's comin' in here!

Al; The whole building's full of it. (COUGHS) People upstairs are getting out.

Molly; (COUGHS) Some yap cookin' -

Al; (COUGHS) Not that. The place is on fire. Come on. Get out. It'll go fast.

(INCREASE Distant CONFUSION)

Linda; (COUGHS) Let's hurry!

Al: Not you! Get back there!

Molly; Al! Put the gun down! (COUGHS)

Al: Shut up, Molly. (COUGHS) Get out.

Molly; But the girl -

Al: She stays here!

Molly; Yuh can't leave her to burn -

Al: She wont feel it! (COUGHS) Get out, d'ya hear?

Carlake; (COMING IN) Hurry- Al - Molly- come on -

Molly; Listen Al, give the girl a chance. She-

Al; A chance to send us to the chair? () Joe, get Molly outta here.

Carlake; (EFFORT) Come on, Molly. (FADING) Out you go.

Molly; (FADING BACK)(ADLIB COUGHS AND PLEASE) Don't shoot her, Al. Don't do it!

Linda; (COUGHING) P-please, Al, d-don't shoot. I -

Al; Sorry. It's got ta be this way.

Britt; (BACK) Drop it, Al!

Al; (STARTLED) W hat the-

Linda; (GASP) You -

Al; The Green Hornet!

Britt; (COMING IN) Try this gas along with the smoke you're
breathing!

Al; (VIOLENT COUGHING)(GAGGING)

Britt; That's the beginning. The end will come behind bars.

(FALLING BODY)

(DISTANT FIRE SIRENS)

Linda; (SOBS) You did get here. You did find me. (COUGHS)

Britt; This way, Linda.

Linda; You can't leave him there on the floor- he'll be
burned alive!

Britt; No he wont. There's no fire! (Ø) Come with me!

Linda; No fire?

Britt; Just a lot of smoke from bombs that I tossed around the
place.

Linda; (GASP) There- Molly and Carslake -

Britt; I got them when they left your prison a minute ago.
They'll stay unconscious till the police find them.
() Come down this hall!

(STEPS SUSTAINING)

Linda; Y-you know your way around-

Britt; I scouted the building before I started the smoke shells.

Linda; B-but why, why'd you come as the Green Hornet?

Britt; I didn't know who might see me. I couldn't use these methods as Britt Reid. () Besides, Linda, I was prepared to kill - if necessary.

(STEPS HALT)

Linda; Not much smoke here.

Britt; This is a back door. Kato's waiting out there in the Black Beauty. Wait a couple of minutes, then go out to the front of the building. The police are on the way.

Linda; I've a lot to tell the police. Al and Carslake killed a man named Limpy Ryan. Dryden has the evidence. That's why they let ~~xxx~~ Dryden into the numbers racket. That's why they wanted to get him out of jail. They were afraid he'd squeal.

Britt; Good! Give that information to the law, then write the story.

Linda; How'll I explain the Green Hornet being here?

Britt; Here! This is how! Tell the police I came to crack the Ryan murder because some of the gang tried to frame me for it! Saving you was merely incidental! Now I've go to get away before the police come-

Linda; Britt! Just a minute!

Britt; (SURPRISED) Eh?

Linda; Listen to me- I- I've got to speak now! I - I'll write the story - but that's all. After that I - well I thought I'd like newspaper work, but I can't take it. I - I'm going back to the west!

Britt; But Linda -

Linda; Please! I've thought everything over! I - I want to settle it now -

Britt; This isn't the time or place to talk about that -

Linda; I've more to say - if - if I don't say it now, I may never be able to say it. I - I think you're grand. You're a fine man - you - (SOBS) Oh golly- ()

Britt, I'll always keep your secret. You carry on as the Green Hornet. You - your father and I will be very proud when we read what you've done-

Britt; You're upset -

Linda; I know what I'm saying. (SNIFFLE) Now get going. Y-you can't let the Hornet get all- t-t-tangled up with a girl. () Go on, darn you - smoke's in my eyes (CRYING LAUGH) makes m-me look like I'm c-crying-

(MUSIC BURST)

Case; Axford, why're you looking so glum?

Axford; (SIGHS) I keep thinkin' of Linda- leavin'

Case; You too! Well I think the west is just fine- forher.

Axford; She had such a nice career started! Her story on the Ryan murder was a lulu. I wonder why she left?

Case; You wouldn't understand. Neither would Britt Reid. No man would understand.

Axford; An' why not?

Case; Because you don't know what it's like for a girl to care very very much for a man who's not the marrying kind.

Axford; (DAZED) Oh-h-h-h golly - I didn't know she felt that way about ME!

Case; (GULPS) Oh my!

(DOOR OPENS)

Britt; Axford! What's the matter? You look dazed!

Case; He is.

Britt; Gunnigan's looking for you. You'd better go to the city room.

Axford; (DAZED) Yes sir. Right away.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Case; He's thinking of Miss Travis.

Britt; Um. I understand.

Case; Uh-uh. You don't. But Mr. Reid, I'd like to speak about something--

Britt; Yes ?

Case; I've been around here for a long time and I know the Sentinel policy. I'd like a chance to get into the field and cover a story.

Britt; You, Miss Case?

Case; Yes. You haven't replaced Miss Travis. Can't I try that job?

Britt; The game was too rough for Linda-

Case; (MURMUR) The guy never knew-

Britt; Eh?

Case; It wont be too rough for me.

Britt; All right Miss Case. You'll get your chance, but just remember- whatever happens, you asked for it-

(MUSIC BURST

Boy; Sentinal, Extry paper. Read all about the Ryan Murder. Sentinal reporter's evidence nails killers. Dryden turns states evidence. Read all about it. Sentinal, extry paper.

theme