

The Green Hornet

by Fran Striker

Number 842

Date 1/20/48

A MATTER OF EVIDENCE

Britt, Kato, Case, Axford, Burke, Higgins.

Donald.....hot-heated man of 25

Cranshaw.....political boss

Trig.....small part. Gambler.

Voice.....small part.

Voice 2.....small part.

Cop.....bit (dbld)

* P 8

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annex; The Daily Sentinel was strongly opposed to Boss Cranshaw and the political machine he represented. Nevertheless, there were Sentinel reporters at the big political rally. Michael Axford and Lenore Case sat down in front near the reporters, columnists, and radio men.

(ROOM NOISES)

Axford; Looks like the meetin' is goin' tuh get underway in a couple o' minutes, Casey.

Case; UH-huh. And I don't think I care for this kind of reporting.

Axford; Me neither. I'm a man of action. I like it better when things are buzzin'.

Case; Look at Boss Cranshaw up there. That smirk of his! I detest men like that!

Axford; By golly, Reid's many a time said he'd like tuh stick a pin in Cranshaw an' see if hot air whooshed out -- like from a balloon.

Case; Michael, is it true that Cranshaw owns that big gambling house?

Axford; The Garden? Sure it is. But nothin' can never be proved. I know Commissioner Higgins' would like tuh get the goods on Cranshaw.

Case; Michael, look.

Axford; Huh?

Case; Over there in the front row. Isn't that one of our men?

Axford; Where?

Case; The fellow in the light suit. It is. It's that chap who works in the advertising department.

Axford; Jim Donald, sure enough. Now what do you suppose he's doin' at a rally like this? It can't be he's backin' the Cranshaw machine.

Voice; (BACK) Ladies and gentlemen -

(ROOM NOISES HUSH)

Axford; Well, here we go, Casey. Sharpen yer pencil.

Voice; (BACK) As Chairman of tonight's meeting' I give you that public spirited individual; that man who is well known for his generosity, for his interest in public welfare, and the friend of the working man --

Axford; (MUTTERS) Hog wash!

Voice; (BACK) I give you big Bill Cranshaw!

(APPLAUSE, BROKEN BY:)

Donaldy; (SHOUTING) Cranshaw, you're a dirty crook!

AD LIB: (MURMURS)

Case; Michael, look at Donald!

Donald; (BACK, GOING ON) Becuase of you and your crooked gambling games, I've lost everything I had!

Axford; Hey! He's blowin' his top!

Donald; I swore I'd get you and I'll do it! Take this!

~~Michael;~~ ~~(SPEAKS)~~

Case; Michael! He has a gun!

Cranshaw; Look out! (YELL) Don't shoot!

Donald;! (YELLS) Take it!

(TWO SHOTS, CONFUSION)

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER

Newsboy; Sentinal, extra, paper! Boss Cranshaw ducks bullet!
Shots fired during rally! Read all about it!
Sentinal, extra, paper!

MUSIC: BURST AND UNDER

Axford; I'm a peace lovin' man, but by golly, Reid, I'd sooner see Cranshaw's name in the obituaries than the headlines.

Case; Michael!

Britt; I know what you mean, Axford.

Axford; That guy Donald is a punk shot. He missed him by a mile.

Case; Men like Cranshaw lead a charmed life.

Britt; It's too bad young ^{DONALD} ~~Cranshaw~~ is connected with the Sentinal. Cranshaw hates us and all members of our staff.

Axford; That he does.

Britt; He'll see that Donald gets the limit.

Case; I spoke to your attorney, Mr. Reid, as you told me to. He said he'd handle the situation.

Britt; Good. As soon as young Donald is released on bail, I want you to talk to him, Miss Case.

Case; Me? But Mr. Reid, maybe someone with more experience--

Britt; You wanted to be a reporter.

Case; Yes, but--

Britt; Talk to Donald and find out why he took a couple of shots at Cranshaw.

Axford; Reid, we told yez he said that Cranshaw had broke him.

Britt; That's just it, Axford. I want the details and I think Miss Case can get them.

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH

Case; Oh, Jim, why did you do it?

Donald; What's the difference, Miss Case?

Case; You should have known you couldn't get away with anything like that in a crowded auditorium. You're lucky your bullets didn't wound Cranshaw!

Donald; Lucky! Huh!

Case; Or worse, you might have killed him!

Donald; I wish I had! () I'll get him! I'll get Cranshaw if it's the last thing I do!

Case; What did he do to you?

Donald; His crooked games ruined me!

Case; Crooked games?

Donald; Roulette! That gambling place called "The Garden."

Case; Oh. So that's it. You went to the Garden and lost.

Donald; I lost all right. I lost everything. Savings - home-
yes, even Madge...she's sure to die, now that I can't
help her.

Case; Madge? Your wife?

Donald; Yeah. Aw what's the use of talking about it.

Case; Go ahead, Jim. Let's have the story.

Donald; (SIGHS) It's an old one. Madge needs an operation,
then a change of climate, a lot of rest and the
right food - all those things. Well, I couldn't do
it on my salary, so I took a few hundred bucks I'd
saved, and went to the garden.

Case; And lost.

Donald; I lost, but I thought I had the game figured out.
I was sure I could beat it. So I went in hock. Borrowed
all I could get on my house and insurance, and
went back to the garden. That game's as crooked as
a corkscrew. It's as crooked as everything else
that Cranshaw touches!

- Case; So you lost your cash. What about Madge?
- Donald; Well - we- we can't afford the things she needs, so she- she may have three months -- six months--
- Case; Jim, I don't get it. Why did you shoot at Cranshaw? How could ~~that~~ help you - or Madge?
- Donald; Aw - why go into that? I - I just wanted to get that crook. That's all.
- Case; You're not even ~~sure~~ that Cranshaw owns the Garden.
- Donald; Yes I am. Everyone knows it. Cranshaw owns three quarters interest. The rest is owned by Trig Burley.
- Case; Well ... if you wanted to get Cranshaw, why didn't you get evidence that he operates a gambling place and turn it over to the police?
- Donald; Humph. The police can't touch him. He's too big.
- Case; I doubt that.
- Donald; Besides, he's got secret exits and hiding places. By the time a raiding squad gets in, everything is out of sight.
- Case; Jim, if you'd only gone to Britt Reid with your trouble--
- Donald; The Boss? He has headaches of his own without worrying about small fry - like me. I'm just - that is, I WAS just a cog in his machine.
- Case; Oh, is that so! Well he posted your bail! And he's hired lawyers to handle your case--

Donald; Look, Miss Case. What happens to me doesn't matter. I'm washed up. Tell Mr. Reid not to bother about me. If he wants to do something worth while, he can go after Boss Cranshaw!

Case; Like you did, I suppose.

Donald; No. Reid doesn't need a gun. He's got power and influence. He should be able to find some way to put Cranshaw out of business so other saps like me wont get in a spot like- like this.

Case; Jim, Mr. Reid is thinking along the same line.

Donald; Huh?

Case; Do you know where he is right now?

Donald; How'd I know?

Case; He's at the Civic club with police commissioner Higgens. They met to discuss Boss Cranshaw!

MUSIC INTERLUDE.

(RESTAURANT BACKGROUND)

Britt; Tell me this, Higgens. Why are you and the police sonhelpless? Is Cranshaw bigger than the law?

Higgens; You know the answer, Britt. It's the old story of securing evidence that will stand up in court.

Britt; Evidence!

Higgens; Evidence that there is gambling at the garden, and evidence that Cranshaw owns the place.

Britt; I understand he owns about three-quarters interest.

Higgins; Yes. The other owner is a ratty character named Trig Burley.

Britt; A good, old-fashioned raid might get results.

Higgins; (SHORT LAUGH) As if we haven't tried it. In the first place, Cranshaw has a pipeline into most of the city departments. He gets an advance tip-off on a raid.

Britt; But if --

Higgins; Even if he didn't have a tip, a raid would be ineffectual. The raiding party would have to go thru the restaurant and a corridor behind the restaurant to reach the gambling room. By the time they got there they'd find nothing but a few people gathered around small tables with refreshments.

Britt; They get the gambling equipment out of sight, eh?

* Higgins; Yes. Also some of the patrons - thru a ^{concealed} rear door.

Britt; Suppose the police were to attack very suddenly thru that rear door?

Higgins; We can't locate it. I (BREAK OFF) What is it, Joe?

Voice 2; A message was left at the door for you, Commissioner Higgins.

Higgins; Thanks, Joe. () Excuse me, Britt. It may be urgent.

(OPENING ENVELOPE)

- Britt; If it is, we can continue our discussion another time. There must be some way to get evidence against the Garden and prove that Cranshaw is the owner.
- Higgins; Well! (CHUCKLES) This is interesting.
- Britt; Yes?
- Higgins; Cranshaw has been at headquarters demanding protection.
- Britt; He has the audacity to make demands on the police?
- Higgins; He has a threatening letter -- he's very much concerned ~~worried~~ about it.
- Britt; I'm glad to know that he can be worried.
- Higgins; Apparently he's very worried. He has requested a twenty-four hour a day guard -
- Britt; Was this --this threatening letter signed?
- Higgins; Oh yes. Yes, Britt, it was signed. (ASIDE) As if you didn't know. It was signed by the Green Hornet.
- Britt; So Cranshaw is afraid of the Green Hornet! Well!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

- Anncr; During the next few days Boss Cranshaw had a police escort when he left his home, and a guard when he remained inside - and more threats from the Green Hornet
- Cranshaw; (HOTLY) Another letter! Look at this, Burke! Another threat from the Green Hornet!
- Burke; Well, golly, Mr. Cranshaw, yuh can't blame that on the cops.
- Cranshaw; What's being done about these threats? This is the third one that has come by mail!

Burke; There've been some phone calls, too, haven't there?

Cranshaw; Yes, yes, of course! Why don't you police do something?

Burke; We're guardin' you. What more d'you want?

Cranshaw; I mean about this Hornet! Why is a man like that allowed to threaten a citizen like me? Why isn't he found and arrested?

Burke; As far as the police know, he hasn't broken any laws.

Cranshaw; Broken no laws! What about these threats? What about them?

Burke; Now, Mr. Cranshaw, yuh needn't get too excited about what he says in those letters --

(PHONE RINGS)

Cranshaw; The phone!

Burke; You want me to answer it?

Cranshaw; No no, Burke! I'll answer it!

(PHONE HOOK)

Hello. () Listen! Wait a minute! Don't hang up! I want to speak to you! () Hello. Hello! (Ø Confound!

(PHONE HOOK)

Burke; Was it - the same guy?

Cranshaw; Yes. I tell you, Burke, I'll not tolerate these threats!

(DOOR BELL)

Burke; Is that your front door bell?

Cranshaw; Wait, Burke! Stay here! There's another policeman on duty near the door.

Burke; All right, all right, Mr. Cranshaw. Take it easy. I'm not leavin' yez alone.

(RAP ON DOOR)

Cranshaw; (STARTLED) The door!

Burke; (CALLS) Who is it?

Cop; (OUTSIDE DOOR) Burke, there was a special delivery letter for Mr. Cranshaw -

Cranshaw; Tell him to slide it beneath the door.

Burke; (PROJECT A BIT) Slide it under the door.

Cranshaw; ! You - yru open it.

Burke; By golly, Mr. Cranshaw, you sure are lettin' the Hornet get under yer skin.

Cranshaw; Go ahead, open that! See what it says.

(OPENING LETTER)

Burke; You seem tuh take it for granted it's another threat from the Green Hornet.

Cranshaw; I-is - it?

Burke; Yeah, just like the last one.

Cranshaw; How much longer is this going to go on? What is the Hornet trying to do? What is his game?

Burke; Golly, Mr. Cranshaw, I --

Cranshaw; Don't argue with me! Go to that telephone and call Commissioner Higgins! Tell him that I demand the immediate arrest of the Green Hornet!

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER:

Axford; Oh, golly, Reid, yuh should hear the way Cranshaw is howlin' for the arrest o' the Green Hornet!

Britt; Is that so, Axford?

Axford; Yeah. It seems like everytime Cranshaw turns around there's another letter or phone call or somethin' from the Green Hornet! Two or three letters everyday an' phone calls at all hours o' the day an' night!

Britt; What's being done about it?

Axford; Well, the cops have got the drag net out lookin' fer the Hornet, but golly, Reid, what good does that do? How do the cops expect tuh catch that spalpeen? Even I can't catch him.

Britt; Cranshaw is worried?

Axford; Worried? (LAUGHS) Oh golly, accordin' tuh Burke, he's plenty scairt!

Britt; I see.

Axford; I wonder what the Green Hornet is goin' tuh do next. An' I'm not the only one that's wonderin'! (LAUGHS) Burke is wonderin', an' so is Cranshaw, an' so is Commissioner Higgins!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

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

(COMMERCIAL)

Annrcr; Britt Reid's dislike for the political boss, Big Bill Cranshaw, became crystallized when a young man in the advertising department lost everything in the notorious gambling place that Cranshaw secretly owned.

Britt; I have it on good authority, Kato, our campaign has been effective.

Annrcr; The young publisher was in his apartment with Kato, his faithful Filipino valet.

Britt; The warning letters and phone calls have gotten under Cranshaw's skin. He's badly frightened.

Kato; What does Commissioner Higgins think?

Britt; Commissioner Higgins admits that the police can do nothing about Cranshaw's gambling place. He's hoping the campaign of the Green Hornet will bear fruit.

Kato; How you work that?

Britt; One of the Sentinel reporters told me about the back way out of the gambling room. I know where the door is, but I don't know how to open it. We've got to make Cranshaw open that door for the police and the police have got to get in fast before the gambling equipment can be concealed.

Kato; What we do?

Britt; I just talked to Axford. He's at Cranshaw's home. His friend Sergeant Purke and several other policemen are guarding the boss.

Kato; (SURPRISED) And Axford is there?

Britt; Axford and representatives of the other papers. They're all waiting for the Hornet to make a move.

Kato; (CHUCKLING) Last message from Green Hornet to Cranshaw was effective.

Britt; Yes it was, Kato. Cranshaw was made to understand that there will be a showdown tonight. ~~xxxx~~

Kato; How we do that with police guard near Cranshaw?

Britt; We'll have to trust to luck and the Black Beauty. Did you check the car?

Kato; It is ready for action.

Britt; We haven't used the smoke screen in a long time. Is that smoke throwing device in order?

Kato; Oh yes sir.

Britt; Well probably need it tonight.

Kato; How soon we go out as Green Hornet?

Britt; Right away. As soon as I get this hand grenade —

(OPEN DRAWER)

Kato; (SURPRISED) Mr. Britt, you have hand grenade bomb in dresser drawer!

Britt; I've been working with this one, Kato. It's special.

(CLOSE DRAWER)

Britt; Let's go!

Anncr; 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)

Anncr; 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

Anncr; Boss Cranshaw's irritation and nervousness had been increasing hourly. His nerves had been made raw by the repeated notes and telephone calls from the Green Hornet. He paced the floor of his home uneasily. In the large library were Sergeant Burke and another uniformed policeman, also reporters, including Michael Axford, of the Daily Sentinel.

Axford; By golly, Cranshaw, if you don't stop pacin' the floor, you'll wear a path in the carpet.

Cranshaw; (SHARPLY) What of it?

Axford; Nothin'. I was just---

Cranshaw; A house full of cops and newshounds is enough to make anyone nervous.

Burke; Take my word for it, Cranshaw, we don't like the company any more than you do!

(DOOR OPENS QUICKLY)

Cranshaw; (STARTLED) What the — () Oh, it's you.

Voice; ✓ I'm sorry, Mr. Cranshaw, I didn't mean to startle you.

Burke; What's up, Moran?

Voice; ✓ A car just turned into the block. It's coming this way slowly.

Axford; Holy Crow! Maybe that's the Hornet!

Cranshaw; (NERVOUSLY) Get your guns out! Get your guns ready, boys!

Voice; ✓ If you look out the window you can see it.

Axford; Lemme look!

Burke; Hey, Axford, who you shovin'?

Axford; I'm goin' tuh be out on the front porch! I'm goin' tuh be ready tuh take a shot at the tires o' that car if it proves tuh be the Hornet!

Burke; Here it comes!

Voice; ✓ Hey, whoever is drivin', he's thrown a spotlight on the house!

Burke; (STARTLED) Hey, look — somethin' comin' —

(CRASH OF GLASS)

Voice; ✓ The window!

Cranshaw; What is it?

Burke; Get back! Get out o' the way! Looks like a bomb!

Cranshaw; A bomb!

AD LIB: (CONFUSION)

(RUNNING STEPS)

(HORNET HORN & CAR START, FADING FAST)

Axford; (BACK, YELLING) Burke, Moran! All of yez! It is the Green Hornet!

AD LIB: Get after him! Look out for that bomb! Get out of the library! Get some water! Call the fire department! Get after the Green Hornet! (ETC., INTO:)

MUSIC: BURST

(CAR RUNNING FAST, POLICE SIRENS BACK)

Annrcr; Sitting behind the wheel of the Black Beauty, Britt Reid, wearing the mask of the Green Hornet led the police on a wild chase thru the city streets --

Britt; Are they gaining on us, Kato?

Kato; No, Mr. Britt. We hold our own.

Britt; How many cars took after us?

Kato; I count three as we leave vicinity of Cranshaw home.

Britt; I wonder how Cranshaw behaved when he saw that hand grenade go thru his window...

Kato; Is probably nervous, waiting for explosion.

Britt; He'll wait a long time if he waits for that dud to explode.

Kato; Is true.

Britt; Now, Kato, we've got to get away from those police for a few minutes.

Kato; Yes sir.

Britt; Get ready to turn on the smoke. We'll put the police in an artificial fog and by the time we reach the four corners up ahead they won't know which way we went. Now, Kato, the smoke screen!

Kato; It turned on!

(CAR TAKES CORNER ON TWO WHEELS, SKIDS AND SLIDES AS:)

Britt; (YELLS) Hang on, Kato! Tough turn.

Kato; (PAUSE, CUE) Plenty smoke in back.

Britt; Another turn coming up. Here we go!

(SECOND TURN)

(CUE) Now to double back to Cranshaw's place. Cross your fingers, Kato, and hope that he's still there.

(CAR FULL UP & INTO:)

MUSIC: BURST

Annccr; One guard had remained with Cranshaw when the other policemen and the newspapermen left in pursuit of the Green Hornet.

Cran; Are - are you sure that bomb wont go off?

Voice 2; Of course I'm sure. You can see for yourself, the pin hasn't been pulled. You can relax, Cranshaw.

Cran: Relax! Humph! With all your vigilance, the Hornet would have blown up my home, if he'd pulled the pin on that bomb.

Voice 2; He wont get another chance. The boys will run him down.

Cran: Wait a minute!

Voice 2; Huh?

Cran: Be quiet. I heard something.

Voice 2; Some of the boys might've returned. I -

Britt; (SLIGHTLY BACK) You're wrong.

Cran: (STARTLED) There -

Voice 2; Masked! (EFFORT) I'll -

Cran; The Hornet-

Voice 2; I'll get -

Britt; (EFFORT) Take it, Copper!

Voice 2; (GASPING) Y-you - (ADLIB COUGHS

Cran; Wait! Don't shoot me! Don't use that gas on me!

(FALLING BODY)

Britt; (BOOMING IN) Shut up, Cranshaw, or you'll get worse than the guard. () (EFFORT) Come with me!

Cran; (STRUGGLING) Let me go! () Where're you taking me?

Britt; (EFFORT) Come on! I'll give you a chance to save your neck!

(STEPS, DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. CAR IDLING ETC
IN BG AS-)

Annex; With the guard unconscious on the floor, Cranshaw struggled feebly in the iron grip of the Green Hornet. He was fairly dragged from the house to a black car that waited in the driveway. The man at the wheel was masked.

Britt; (EFFORT) Get ^{INTO} ~~the~~ that car!

(DISTANT SIRENS FADING IN)

Kato; Police!

Britt; I hear them!

Cran; Y-you can't g-get away with this!

Britt; The police lost ground fumbling thru a smoke screen, but they'll be after us again.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS)

Go straight ahead! Drive thru the fence at the rear and cut over that field to the next street.

(CAR IN ZOOMING START, BUMP AND RIP FENCE)

(FADE OUT HORNET CAR, FADE IN POLICE CAR)

Axford; (YELLING) Therehe goes, Burke! Tuh the right at the corner!

Burke; Save yer wind, Axford. I got eyes.

Axford; (DELIGHTED) By golly, it's like old times tuh be chasin' the Green Hornet! Reid an' everyone else said there was no charges against him! Well you just wait, Burke! There'll be plenty o' charges after this night, an' Cranshaw will make 'em! () Step on the gas! Keep that car in sight!

(FADE OUT POLICE CAR, FADE IN HORNET CAR)

Britt; We've got to shake the cops before I can talk to you.

Cranshaw; What do you want of me? I've done nothing to you! Why've you threatened me?

Britt; Get this, Cranshaw, if the cops get too close, I'll have to rub you out. I don't want to do that. I want to talk to you; get the facts I want and let you go.

Cranshaw; What facts?

Britt; We can't talk with the police so close.

(CAR STOPPING SUDDENLY, DOOR OPENS)

Cranshaw; We're stopping!

Britt; The driver had instructions. Come on, get out! You know this place!

(BIZ OF LEAVING CAR, POLICE CAR APPROACHING)

Kato; Police coming close --

Britt; Turn on the smoke screen again, then get out of here!

(GUSHING SMOKE)

Get going!

HORNET CAR START & FADE, RUNNING STEPS
SUSTAIN, POLICE CARS APPROACHING)

Cranshaw; Where are you going?

Britt; We're going somewhere to talk without police interference,
and you know where it is!

(SUSTAIN RUNNING STEPS & POLICE CARS AS:)

Annex; The Green Hornet hurried Cranshaw thru an alley between
two old buildings. The smoke screen that concealed the
Black Beauty had thinned slightly as the police cars
stopped at the curb near the alley.

(POLICE CARS STOPPING BACK)

Cranshaw; The police are stopping!

Britt; We've got to get away. Your life depends on it --

(RUNNING STEPS STOP AS:)

Annex; The Hornet stopped at a shed built against the rear of an
old building. There appeared to be a solid wall of wood
but the masked man knew otherwise --

Britt; Hurry, Cranshaw! Where's that button that opens this
thing?

Cranshaw; But wait! You --

Britt; Make it fast if you value your life!

Cranshaw; I -- I'm opening it -- concealed button here --

(GARAGE DOOR OPENING)

Anncr; The entire side of the wall swung up like a suspended garage door, and revealed a passageway. Then a police spotlight pierced the alley and struck the Hornet and Cranshaw.

Cranshaw; The police! They've seen this door!

Britt; Go on! Go ahead!

AD LIB: (BACK) There he is! That's Cranshaw an' the Hornet!

Burke; (BACK) Come on, boys! After 'em!

(RUNNING STEPS)

Anncr; Shaken by fear, and confused by the Hornet's prodding demands for fast action, Cranshaw ran thru the long corridor with the masked man at his heels. He was only vaguely aware of the other shouts from far behind --

AD LIB: (COPS YELLS, ECHO EFFECT, FAR BACK)

(CLOSE)

Britt; /Keep going, Cranshaw! Right thru the door into the gambling room!

(STEPS HALT QUICKLY) (POUNING STEPS
BACK) (SNATCH DOOR OPEN, ROOM NOISES)

Anncr; The room was filled with well-dressed people who were gathered around roulette tables --

AD LIB: (STIR OF SURPRISE)

Trig; (ANGRY) Cranshaw! What's this mean?

Cranshaw; (GASPING) Trig - Trig -- the Hornet --

Trig; You've opened the door! The cops are coming!

Cranshaw; (GASPING) But the Hornet - he - where did he go?

AD LIB: (INCREASING CONFUSION)

Annex; The Green Hornet had gone on thru the room without pausing and into the empty corridor between the gambling room and the restaurant. He paused just long enough to snatch off his mask and remove his coat. The coat was reversible. He put it on inside out, then entered the restaurant and sauntered thru to the front door. The diners had no knowledge of the confusion in the gambling room.

Burke; Get 'em up, all of yuh! It's the law speakin'!

Axford; Burke! Burke! This is the evidence you wanted!

Burke; Quiet down, all of yuh. Take it easy. We just want the guys who run this place! Line up at that wall.

Cop; An' make it snappy.

AD LIB: (SUBSIDES)

Cranshaw; Officer, officer, the Green Hornet! Get the Green Hornet!

Burke; Save it, Cranshaw! We got you an' Trig Burley, an' a fine lot of evidence against yuh.

Cranshaw; But I -- I --

Trig; YOU! You mealy mouthed fathead! Why'd you lead the cops here? Why'd you do it, Cranshaw?

Cranshaw; W-well, I -- I --

Burke; Is this your gamblin' place, Cranshaw?

Cranshaw; No no - I - uh -

Trig; Oh yes it is! You needn't think you can throw me an' the boys to the wolves and become a white knight by leadin' a raid on the Garden. Listen, copper, he's the owner of this joint, and I can prove it!

MUSIC: BURST

Britt; (FADE IN CHUCKLING) It was easier than I hoped, Kato. Cranshaw led the police right into the Garden.

Kato; You have trouble getting away, Mr. Britt?

Britt; Not a bit. I went thru the gambling room to a corridor and took off my disguise. I was able to go thru the restaurant without being noticed.

(DIALLING PHONE)

Kato; And Cranshaw lead police in raid on own place! (LAUGHS)
Is very good.

Britt; I'm going to make two phone calls, and then to bed.

Kato; You dial private number of police commissioner.

Britt; Yes. And then I'm going to call Jim Donald and tell him to watch for the next edition of the Daily Sentinel.

Kato; You think he go to prison?

Britt; Perhaps for a short time, but we'll hold his job for him and we'll see that his wife gets medical care. After all, Kato, it was a public service to put Boss Cranshaw out of business, and Jim Donald is the one who started it. () Hello, Commissioner. Britt Reid calling. I -- (PAUSE) (SLIGHT LAUGH) You've heard about it, eh? Then you'll not need to wait for the headlines. (PAUSE) Yes, I suppose I have gotten several policemen somewhat steamed up, but I'm interested mainly in what the police commissioner thinks of the Green Hornet. (PAUSE) You do, eh? Well, that's all that's necessary. If everything is okay with you, I'm satisfied.

MUSIC:

NEWSBOY: Sentinal, extry, paper! Green Hornet leads police in raid on Garden Gambling Dive! Cranshaw named as owner! Big Boss exposed as Gambling operator! Read all about it! Sentinal, Extry, paper!

THEME