

The Green Hornet
by Fran Striker

RULE OF THREE

Number: 847

Date: 2/24/48

Britt, Kato, Case, Higgins, Axford

DeMargo Smooth, heavy

Finch About 45, high strung chemist

Ransom Insurance man, straight

Miss Timmons Small part, mature, Sentinel
employee about 43

Stewardess (On Plane) (Doubled by girl)

Voice Small part - Needham

Voice 2 Small part

Everett " "

Finley " "

~~Voice 3~~

~~Voice 4~~

~~Voice 5~~

} Double

~~girl (Double stewardess) Bit~~

* 8-9-10-12-13-15

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annrc; The big airliner was on the beam, southbound for
Ecuador. The day was clear; the flight was steady --

(PLANE MOTOR)

Then smoke was noticed coming from the baggage
compartment in the rear.

AD LIB: (STIR)

Annrc; The passengers were at first more curious than afraid.
In fact there was no time for fear--

(EXPLOSION)

MUSIC: BURST

The crash of the plane was headline news for one
edition of the Daily Sentinel. There were no facts
available for a follow-up story except the verified
casualty lists which lay on the desk of Britt Reid,
the publisher.

Britt; The same old routine, Miss Case. The authorities
are investigating.

Case; And that's probably the last we'll hear of it.

Britt; I suppose there's not much to investigate after a crash like that. No survivors and not much of the plane left.

Case; You saw the statements from those men on the ground.

Britt; Yes, a couple of farmers -

Case; They said the tail of the plane just seemed to fly apart in mid-air.

Britt; I don't see anyone I know on this casualty list.

Case; There's only one man from the city.

Britt; He's a young fellow named Morris. Have Axford or someone check on him. See if he has any relatives.

Case; We've already checked. He hasn't. He was on his way to South America for the DeMargo Corporation.

Britt; The DeMargo Corporation, eh?

Case; They have extensive nitrate holdings --

Britt; Yes, I know. I've heard about John DeMargo. He's nearly on the rocks!

MUSIC: BURST

(FADE IN SWITCHBOARD)

Girl; (AD LIBBING) This is the DeMargo Corporation, Good morning.

(AD LIB PLUGS AT SWITCHBOARD)

Just a moment, please, I'll connect you. () Good morning - DeMargo Corporation -- just a moment. I'll connect you with the laboratory.

Ransom; Pardon me, young lady -

Girl; Yes sir.

Ransom; Here's my card. I'd like to see Mr. DeMargo.

Girl; Just a moment, sir. () There's a Mr. Ransom to see you, Mr. DeMargo. He's from the Time Insurance Company.

Ransom; I have a settlement for the death of Ralph Morris -

Girl; Yes sir. () Go right in, Mr. Ransom. He's expecting you.

Ransom; Thanks.

(COUPLE OF STEPS) (DOOR OPENS)

DeMargo; Come in, Ransom. Come in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

It didn't take you long to get here after your phone call.

Ransom; I came right over. I called first to make sure you were in. I wanted to deal with you personally.

DeMargo; This is my head chemist — Mr. Finch.

Finch; Glad to know you, Mr. Ransom.

Ransom; I have a check here payable to the DeMargo Corporation. It's a full settlement on the policy of Ralph Morris— Twenty-five thousand dollars.

DeMargo; (SIGHS) Poor compensation for a man's life, eh Finch?

Finch; Indeed it is.

Ransom; If you'll just sign this release, Mr. DeMargo -

DeMargo; Yes. Yes, of course.

Finch; No?

Finch; Has anyone found out what caused that accident?
DeMargo; I may be. (SIGNING NAME)

Finch; Has anyone found out what caused that accident?

Ransom; I don't know, Mr. Finch. I don't know anymore about
DeMargo; it than you do.

DeMargo; There you are, Ransom.

Ransom; Thank you.

DeMargo; Thank you.

Ransom; I'll leave my card in case you're interested in insurance
DeMargo; of a different type.

DeMargo; I may be. If I am I'll call you.

Ransom; Fine. Good day, sir -

AD LIB: (GOOD DAY'S)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

DeMargo; (CUE) Twenty-five thousand dollars. Look at it, Finch.
Ransom; It couldn't have come at a better time. If that plane
DeMargo; had left on schedule, we wouldn't have had this check.

Finch; No?

DeMargo; I was at the airport to see Morris off. His plane was
Ransom; an hour late. We were walking around the Terminal to
DeMargo; kill time and just happened to see a slot machine that
AD LIB: sold insurance for the flights. I put some coins into
Ransom; the thing to see how it worked -- more curiosity than
DeMargo; anything else, and made the company the payee. Here's
DeMargo; what we have to show for it.

- Finch; It's a lot more than Ralph Morris was worth.
- DeMargo; Yes it is. But on the other hand, I'll have to send three men to South America to take his place.
- Finch; If you'd had three of our men on the plane that crashed, and each one insured to the limit --
- DeMargo; Un-m. Seventy-five thousand dollars. Finch - let's go to the laboratory! I want to discuss something very private!

MUSIC: BURST

- Anncr; It was ten days later when Britt Reid and his friend Police Commissioner Higgins were in the Civic Club at luncheon time. They had been talking about generalities when John DeMargo passed their table.

(B.G. RESTAURANT NOISES)

- Demargo; How do you do, gentlemen.
- Higgins; Hello, DeMargo.
- Britt; How do you do.
- Higgins; (CUE) There goes a man who's on thin ice.
- Britt; DeMargo?
- Higgins; Yes. His nitrate firm made a lot of money during the war, but he wasn't too careful with the contracts he had with the government. He had to return a lot of his profits.
- Britt; I know that.

- Higgins; He lost just about all he had left in the wheat market. If it hadn't been for that airline crash a week or so ago, he'd have had to shut down his laboratory.
- Britt; Just a minute, Commissioner Higgins. What do you mean?
- Higgins; He was sending a man down to South America to try to negotiate some contracts.
- Britt; Yes. A fellow named Ralph Morris. He was killed.
- Higgins; The death paid off. DeMargo collected twenty-five thousand dollars insurance.
- Britt; (LOW WHISTLE) So that's it.
- Higgins; Didn't you know?
- Britt; I know he has been advertising in the Daily Sentinel, and figured he was getting cash from somewhere, But I didn't think much about it.
- Higgins; I've been noticing his ad, Britt, and wondering what he's up to. It's a pretty good ad.
- Britt; Six inches.
- Higgins; It's been running for over a week.
- Britt; Mes. What about it, Commissioner Higgins?
- Higgins; Is it that hard for him to find a man to replace Ralph Morris?
- Britt; It shouldn't be.
- Higgins; (SLIGHT LAUGH) Maybe the Sentinel is slipping. Maybe you're not getting results for your advertisers.

Britt; You know, you've given me something to think about. I'm going to check on that ad as soon as I get back to the office!

MUSIC: BURST

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

Case; You rang for me, Mr. Reid.

Britt; Miss Case, you haven't been out on a story for some time.

Case; That's too true, Mr. Reid.

Britt; I've just sent for Miss Timmons from the advertising department. I want you to hear what she has to say and it may lead to an assignment for you.

Case; Here's hoping.

(DOOR OPENS)

Timmons; (BACK) Yes, Mr. Reid?

Britt; Please come in, Miss Timmons.

(DOOR CLOSES)

How long have we been running this ad for the DeMargo Corporation?

Timmons; The ad?

Britt; This one (READING) "Young man wanted for career in South America. Must be unattached and unencumbered. Veterans preferred. College education desirable, but not necessary." There's a lot more to it, but you're familiar with it, aren't you?

Timmons; Oh yes sir.

- Britt; Seems to me I've seen this in the paper for several days.
- Timmons; This is the seventh day we've ran it, Mr. Reid.
- Britt; Well, what's the matter? Aren't we getting results for DeMargo?
- Timmons; Well, he's hard to suit. He's getting a lot of applicants, but only about one man out of twenty can qualify for the work he has in mind.
- Britt; Even so it shouldn't be necessary for DeMargo to run the ad as long as this to get a man for work in South America.
- Timmons; A man? Mr. Reid, he's already hired ten.
- Case; Ten?
- Britt; Are you sure?
- Timmons; Yes sir.
- Britt; That doesn't sound like a corporation that's practically on the rocks.
- Timmons; I don't know about that, Mr. Reid. They ordered the advertising and we're giving it to them and apparently they're satisfied with the results they're getting.
- Britt; I suppose if DeMargo's satisfied, I have no cause for complaint. That's all Miss Timmons. Thank you.
- Timmons; Yes sir. (FADING BACK)
- (DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)
- Britt; What do you make of it, Miss Case.

- Case; It sounds like expansion.
- Britt; What in the world is the DeMargo Corporation going to do with ten men in South America?
- Case; DeMargo's not stopping with ten. He has ten and he's still advertising!
- Britt; Why?
- Case; (SLIGHT LAUGH) Well, Mr. Reid, I'm sure I don't know.
- Britt; That's your assignment.
- Case; Huh?
- Britt; Find out.
- Case; Do you suspect anything underhanded?
- Britt; Where DeMargo's concerned I'd suspect anything.
- Case; Such as?
- Britt; I've known of organizations whose chief income is derived from the people they supposedly hire. See if DeMargo is making these young fellows pay anything to get their jobs.--I mean, deposit maney as evidence of good faith or buy stock in the corporation or something of that sort.
- Case; Has he ever done anything like that?
- Britt; No, but there's always a first time and when a man as unscrupulous as DeMargo gets as close to bankruptcy as DeMargo -- there's no telling what he might try to do.
- Case; I'll try to talk to some of the new employees and see what I can learn.

Britt; Good idea, Miss Case. Talk to as many as you can and get Axford to help you.

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER:

Case; It sounds like a splendid opportunity for you, Mr. Needham.

Voice; You bet it is. It's the chance of a lifetime! Mr. DeMargo is sending me right out. I take off next week.

MUSIC: BURST AND UNDER

Axford; Well now tell me all about it, Darwin.

Voice 2; There's quite a few of us. We train for a few weeks, then move to South America. A few of the boys are going down there next week.

MUSIC: BURST & UNDER:

Voice 3; Stock in the DeMargo firm?

Case; Do you own any?

Voice 3; No, but I'd like to! DeMargo's got big plans. He's training about twenty of us to expand the South American territory. (FADING) You see, Miss Case, here's how he figures --

MUSIC: BURST & UNDER:

Voice 4; I'm leaving with a couple of the boys next week and the rest will come down later. (FADING) Gosh, imagine a trip by plane to South America.

Voice 5; (CROSS FADE) DeMargo's mighty particular about the men he hires -- you should hear all the questions he asked me --

Voice 6; (CROSS FADE) It's the chance of a lifetime -- I'm going to make the most of it --

Voice 7; (CROSS FADE) After a year down there, I'll have a chance at an executive job -- that's what DeMargo promised --

MUSIC: SNEAK IN)

VOICES: (AD LIB CROSS FADES) Yeah, I'm going down next week. I'm not sure, but DeMargo'll send me down as soon as possible.

Going by plane.

The chance of a lifetime!

It's the break I've been waiting for.

There's risk, but I'm alone in the world -- you gotta take some risk if you want tuh get anywheres --

MUSIC: CRESCENDO TO BURST, FINISH.

Case; There's the report, Mr. Reid.

Axford; Yeah, Casey an' I pooled our interviews an' put the whole report on one paper. You got it right there, Reid.

Britt; You've both done very well. I thought you might have trouble finding these men.

Axford; Casey got a line on them. (CHUCKLES) Don't ask how.

Case; A reporter doesn't tell his sources--

Britt; I'll not ask.

Axford; We talked tuh twelve guys altogether, an' they're all enthused about the DeMargo outfit.

Britt; So far I can't see any signs of a racket.

Case; Nor I, Mr. Reid. Not one of those fellows was asked to pay out a dime. And they're all drawing weekly pay.

Axford; Reid, maybe DeMargo is on the level. Maybe he really is goin' tuh expand in South America.

Britt; It's possible but hard to believe.

Case; He plans to send about twenty men to South America. Three of them are leaving next week, by plane!

(MUSIC: BURST)

(PLANE FLYING)

Voice; Hey, Stewardess, is that the ocean?

Girl; Yes. We're just leaving the Florida coast. That's the last you'll see of the United States. The next land you'll see will be - -

(EXPLOSION)

MUSIC: SHARP BURST

NEWSBOY: Sentinal, extry, paper! Plane explodes! Air Tragedy Over Florida Coast! Three local men lost in mystery explosion! Sentinal, extry, paper!

MUSIC: BURST

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

(COMMERCIAL)

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

Britt; Good morning, Miss Case.

- Case; Oh, Mr. Reid, did you - (CATCH IN VOICE - that air crash - -
- Reid; I saw the headlines.
- Axford; Golly, Reid, it - it's awful. I - I talked tuh two o' those young fellas that was killed -
- Case; I - I knew Jim Needham. He was so enthused -- so full of life and hope - and how ---
- Britt; Has there been any further word about the tragedy?
- Case; No sir.
- Axford; An' there won't be. The plane's gone an' no survivors. An' that's all there is to it.
- Britt; That hat - it looks like Comish ---
- Case; (CUT IN) Oh yes - he's here.
- Britt; Commissioner Higgins?
- Case; Yes. I - I knew it would be all right. I asked him to go right into your office and wait -
- Britt; Good.
- Axford; (FADING BACK) I asked him what he wanted, Reid, but he didn't say -
- (DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)
- Higgins; (BACK) Hello, Britt.
- Britt; Glad to see you Commissioner Higgins -
- Higgins; Hope you don't mind the way I made myself at home?
- Britt; Not at all.

- Higgins; Thought you'd be interested in something I learned a little while ago -
- Britt; Yes?
- Higgins; Three of the DeMargo men were on that plane crash -
- Britt; I know it.
- Higgins; Did you know that each of the three was insured to the limit?
- Britt; No! Is that so?
- Higgins; With the DeMargo Corporation as the beneficiary. He'll collect seventy-five thousand dollars.
- Britt; (LOW WHISTLE) That's important money.
- Higgins; That's what I thought.
- Britt; Commissioner Higgins, do you think the insurance will be paid?
- Higgins; Why not? DeMargo can claim that he had an investment in those men. He insured them to protect the investment.
- Britt; But he just collected on that other fellow. Doesn't it look suspicious to you?
- Higgins; Britt, the deal smells to high heaven, but what can be proved? The plane practically disintegrated in mid-air and fell into the ocean!
- Britt; You're suspicious, eh?
- Higgins; I'd give a lot to be in a position to corner DeMargo and hammer the truth out of him!
- Britt; Um-m -- I see --

- Higgins; But I can't get the truth. Neither can you!
- Britt; But the Green Hornet --
- Higgins; If I were the Green Hornet, I wouldn't call on DeMargo.
- Britt; No?
- Higgins;! I'd call on his chief chemist -- a man named Finch. DeMargo is sharp. He couldn't be cracked, but Finch is a different type of man.
- Britt; Finch -- he owns stock in DeMargo's company.
- Higgins; And he's high-strung; and emotional.
- Britt; That's a good idea, Commissioner Higgins.
- Higgins; (SIGHS) Even if you get the truth, I don't know what you'll do with it. We can't make any use of a confession secured under duress by the Green Hornet. But you may think of something --

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

- Annex; Britt Reid had no plans other than following the police commissioner's suggestion. He called Kato, his faithful Filipino valet to his side that evening, and prepared to call on Finch as the Green Hornet!

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER:

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)

Annrc; 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

Britt; Here, Kato, hold this weapon while I unlock the door -

(HANDLING KEYS)

Kato; You sure this where Mr. Finch live?

Britt; Yes. I thought he'd be home, but he hasn't answered the door bell.

Kato; You wait for him inside?

Britt; That's right.

(UNLOCKING DOOR)

Kato; Plenty lights in place.

Britt; Yes.

(OPEN DOOR) (FALLING BODY SLIGHTLY BACK)

Kato; What that?

Britt; (TENSE) Don't know! Let me have the gun! Close that door!

(DOOR CLOSES SOFTLY)

Finch; (BACK) (GROANING)

Kato; Someone in room over there.

Britt; We'll soon find out who it is.

(TWO STEPS) (DOOR OPENS)

Finch; (GROANS)

Kato; There on floor!

Britt; Finch, what's the matter with you!

Finch; (GROANING) Ca-can't take it!

Britt; This bottle -- () Finch, have you taken poison?

Finch; (WEAK) Y-y-you -- th-that m-mask --

Britt; Find the telephone. Get a doctor here right away!

Kato; (FADING) Yes sir.

Finch; (WEAK) N-no no. I don't - don't want to live. I - I'm a murderer -- three men --

Britt; Are you talking about the plane that blew up?

Finch; Al - all the other passengers, too. I - (BREAK)

Britt; Talk, Finch! How did you do it?

Finch; A - a brief case locked -- a - a time bomb --

Britt; A time bomb in a briefcase?

Finch; I tried - tried to back out --

Britt; You made the bomb?

Finch; M-made several. DeMargo and - and me -- I - I tried to back out -- tried to persuade him --change his mind--
(WEAK GROAN)

Britt; Finch! Finch, listen to me! I'm going to get DeMargo!

Finch; He - he's too smart. Y-y-you can't -- already gotten away with murder -- get away with it again ..

Britt; Again?

Finch; Two weeks. (WEAK GROAN) (WEAKER) Two weeks -
(EXPIRES)

Britt; Finch! (PAUSE)

Kato; (FADING IN) Hello - hello - this is Doctor Porter?

Britt; (MUTTER) I'll take the phone.

(HANG UP PHONE)

Kato; You cut off phone -

Britt; Doctor Porter isn't needed, Kato. Finch is dead.
There's nothing we can do for him! Let's get out of
here!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Demargo; Boys, I've called you together to lay the cards on the
table. The DeMargo Corporation has been struck a mighty
blow. We not only lost fine men in the plane tragedy
— we lost a beloved associate when Mr. Finch mistakenly
took heart tablets in place of sleeping pills. But we
must carry on. Men have died in behalf of the DeMargo
Corporation, and their deaths must not have been in vain.
I propose to send you fellows out next Monday —

AD LIB: (STIR)

DeMargo; Our South American office is desperately in need of
help. You must go with insufficient training and do
your best.

EVERETT
Voice 2

(BACK) Are we going by plane?

FINLEY
Voice 3

(BACK) There've already been two plane crack-up's.
What about the rule of three?

DeMargo; When I hired you men I told you that you'd be in a country that was steeped in superstition, and that there was no place in the DeMargo Corporation for superstitious individuals. If any of you want to back out, this is the time to do it. Otherwise, prepare to leave by plane next Monday night!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

Case; I called Commissioner Higgins, Mr. Reid, but he was on another line. He'll call back.

Britt; Thanks, Miss Case.

Case; I wondered if you'd seen this article --

Britt; Another DeMargo crew leaving for South America next Monday. Yes, I saw it.

Case; Mr. DeMargo is sending ten men on this plane.

Britt; Quite a crew.

Case; I can't stop thinking of the rule of three, Mr. Reid. There have already been two explosions.

Britt; I don't believe in the rule of three.

Case; I've been wondering if DeMargo has all ten of those men insured. If something happened on this flight --

Britt; Miss Case, I think there'll be a lot of activity on this flight.

(PHONE RINGS)

Excuse me.

Case; That's the commissioner.

(PHONE HOOK)

Britt; Hello -

Higgins; (PHONE) Hello, Britt. You called me.

Britt; Yes, Commissioner Higgins. You said something about going to Florida for a little vacation.

Higgins; (PHONE) Did I?

Britt; There's a plane leaving next Monday night for South America -

Higgins; (PHONE) I read about it in the paper. Abother DeMargo crew.

Britt; Yes. I wonder if you could get a seat on that plane.

Higgins; (PHONE) You suggest it?

Britt; Yes. I suggest it.

Higgins; (PHONE) I'll get a seat.

Britt; Good! And don't worry about the rule of three!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrc; On Monday night, a couple of hours before plane time, the Green Hornet and Kato once more moved into action. They went to the home of John DeMargo and made an entrance thru a rear window. DeMargo was at the telephone

DeMargo; All set eh? Glad to hear it, Finley. Now remember, I'm trusting you with some very valuable documents. Keep that brief case right with you at all times and when you get to Ecuador, hand it to Mr. Gonzales. He has the key to open it. () LAUGHS) Very well, Finley. Happy landings!

(PHONE HOOK)

DeMargo; (MUTTER) Happy landings! (CHUCKLE) Let me see, ten times twenty-five thousand -

Britt; (CHANGED VOICE) Stop there!

Demargo; That mask! The Green Hornet!

MUSIC: HORNET PING

Britt; (DISGUISED VOICE) I have something for you DeMargo! Take it!

DEmargo; (AD LIB CRY OUT, THEN GAGGING, COUGHING, ETC.)

(FALLING BODY)

Kato; Gas act very quick on him.

Britt; I gave him a heavy dose, Kato. I want him to stay unconscious for some time.

Kaot; Yes sir.

Britt; Now give me a hand. We've got to get him to the car. Then we'll visit Jack Dayton!

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER

Anncr; On the way to Jack Dayton's home with the unconscious form of John DeMargo in the Black Beauty, Britt Reid paused at a drug store long enough to telephone a private hospital.

Britt; Yes, an ambulance, please - right away. The name is Dayton - Jack Dayton - (FADE OUT) The address is 3417 Fourteenth Avenue --

MUSIC: BURST FADE UNDER:

Annex; At Dayton's home, the masked man rang the door bell.
Dayton answered.

(DOOR OPENS)

Voice 3; Hey! What's the mask mean?

Britt; Sorry, Dayton, but you're not going to South America.
You're going to take a nap.

Voice 3; (AD LIBS) Hey, what's the idea! Put that gun down!
(COUGHS)

Britt; Sorry, but your nap is going to save a lot of lives!

(FALLING BODY)

(AMBULANCE APPROACHING)

Kato; Here come ambulance you send for.

Britt; Just in time, Kato.

Kato; You think men in white coats take DeMargo to plane
in place of Dayton?

Britt; Kato, we'll have to leave the men in the ambulance here
with Dayton. And we'll have to leave the Black Beauty
in the alley until we get back.

Kato; Where we go, Mr. Britt?

Britt; You and I are going to wear the white coats and drive
the ambulance!

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH

(PLANE IN FLIGHT)

Higgins; How's the man who was carried on board, stewardess?

- Stewardess; Mr. Dayton?
- Higgins; Is that his name?
- Steward; Yes, Commissioner Higgins. He's still sleeping.
- Finley; (LAUGHS) That's one way to travel without getting air sick, eh, Everett?
- Everett; Yeah, sure is. (LAUGHS) I didn't know Dayton drank.
- Steward; It's not funny!
- Finley; Oh, don't get sore, lady. You don't begrudge a man a farewell party, do you?
- Teward; I've been on this job three years and I thought I'd seen everything, but this is the first time I've had a passenger brought on board on a stretcher!
- Higgins; What are you doing for him, Stewardess?
- Stewardess; Just keeping him covered. He'll probably be all right by the time we reach Miami.
- DeMargo; (BACK) (CRY OUT) (SHARPLY) Where am I?
- AD LIB; (STIR) He's coming to!
- Finley; He's awake!
- Steward; I'd better go to him.
- DeMargo; (FADING IN) We're in the air! How did I get here?
- Steward; Please, Mr. Dayton --
- Demargo; My name is not Dayton! I'm John DeMargo!
- AD LIB; (STIR) Hey, it's the boss!
- Everett; What's he doing here?

- Steward; Nonsense. Now if you'll jus: lie back, I'll get you a drink of water and --
- DeMargo; (STRUGGLING) No no! Let me up! That bag! That bag!
- Finley; You mean this?
- Demargo; Get rid of it, do you hear! Throw it overboard!
Get rid of it!
- Higgins; What's the matter with that bag?
- Demargo; It's a bomb! (SOBBING FRANTICALLY) Oh, heaven help us! It's a bomb timed to explode!
- AD LIB: (STIR)
- Steward; Explode?
- Fineley; What do you mean?
- Higgins; Is that what happened on those other flights?
- Demargo; (SOBBING) The first one -- no no! Not the first one! But the second one -- a bomb like that one in the bag --
- Higgins; (SHARPLY) You know all about it, eh? You planned the bomb, eh DeMargo? You wanted to crack up another plane and collect insurance!
- DeMargo; I admit it! (SOBBING) I confess! Just get rid of the bomb! Save me! Save me! (WAILS) Oh I don't know how I got here!
- Higgins; Stewardess, can you get rid of this briefcase?
- Steward; I'll take it to the pilot. He could drop it overboard in some remote section.

Higgins; Then come back and see me. I want the pilot to radio the chief of police in Miami to meet the plane at the airport and pick up a murderer!

Steward; (FADING) Yes sir.

DeMargo; (SOBS) I don't know how I got here! I don't know I tell you!

Everett; You dirty rat!

DeMargo; The last thing I remember was -- I was home -- I looked up -- a --a man was there. A masked man -- It was the Green Hornet!

MUSIC: BURST

(EXPLOSION)

Annex; The bomb exploded harmlessly in remote hills and the next day the Sentinel had headlines of a different nature.

Case; There's the story, Mr. Reid. DeMargo admits part in multiple murders. Air disaster solved.

Britt; (CHUCKLES) Look at this. Higgins credits the Green Hornet.

Case; He's not the only one who credits the Green Hornet!

Britt; I wonder what Dayton will think when he reads that headline.

Case; And I wonder what those men who rode the ambulance will think. I'll bet they had a lot of questions to ask when they regained consciousness in Dayton's home.

Britt; Well, they found the ambulance parked at the curb just as they had left it -- minus gasoline enough to go to and from the airport.

Case; If you'll okay that headline, Mr. Reid, I'll take it to the composing room.

Britt; What do you think, Miss Case?

Case; I? Oh Mr. Reid, you know it's okay with me.

MUSIC: BURST

NEWSBOY: Sentinel, extra, paper! Air disaster solved! DeMargo confession explains air crash! Police commissioner gives credit to Green Hornet! Sentinel, extra, paper!

THEME