

The Green Hornet
by Fran Striker

"The Woman in Black"

Number: 858

Date: May 11, '48

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Britt, Case, Kato, Axford

Pamela Gordon Woman of thirty. Worldly, ultra sophisticated, very suave, smooth and sleek. Feline.

Dr. Rupert Ponderous. Middle-aged, a man of power and influence. Sidney Greenstreet.

Croyden Lean, weasel-like, but cultured. Very cold and calculating. About 35.

Gus Just tough. Not a gangster, but as murderous as one.

Jackson A Sentinel reporter who gets bumped off. (Small part)

Voice Small part.

X P 10, 11,

CUTS - 2-3-4-5-9-
10-11-12-13-14

[Signature]
15 - All about Jackson

29 - Include murder

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(USUAL OPENING)

Annex; Britt Reid, the youthful publisher of the influential paper The Daily Sentinel, had reached his office earlier than usual to dictate another in a special series of articles opposing a man named Rupert.

Britt; (FADING IN) (DICTATING) -- and in our editorial opinion, Doctor Rupert's stubborn refusal to deny the accusations that have been hurled against him, is a tacit admission of guilt. () Type it up, Miss Case, and let me read it before you send it to the composing room.

Case; Check.

Britt; Anything else calling for immediate attention?
Letters - phone calls -

Case; No, but Michael Axford is still in the outer office with Mr. Jackson.

Britt; Tell them to come in. I'll see what Axford's up to.

Case; (FADING BACK) Very well.

Britt; Just a minute, Miss Case. Who is this fellow Jackson?

Case; (SLIGHTLY BACK) I don't know. But he's young and - well - he looks capable.

Britt; All right, let's have him.

(DOOR OPENS BACK)

Case; (BACK) All right, Michael. It's your turn.

Axford; (FARTHER BACK) Come on in, Jackson. We'll see what Reid has tuh say.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

(COMING IN) Reid, this is Jim Jackson.

AD LIB: (GREETINGS)

Britt; Sit down both of you.

AD LIB: (THANKS)

Axford; He got in touch with me after seein' one o' my stories about the Green Hornet.

Britt; Indeed?

Jackson; Mr. Reid, I've been following the activities of the Green Hornet, and I have an idea.

Britt; Yes?

Axford; I was tellin' Jackson all I knowed about him -

Jackson; What I heard bears out my suspicion.

Britt; What's that?

Jackson; The Green Hornet's done a whale of a lot of good around this part of the country, and I'd like to take a page from his book.

Britt; (SLIGHT LAUGH) I'm afraid I don't follow you.

Axford; Tell him everything you told me, Jackson, an' show him them clippings.

Jackson; Mr. Reid, I've been around. I've been a private detective, a newspaper man and a professional soldier. I did some fighting in Spain and had a part in a couple of revolutions in Central America.

Britt; A sort of soldier of fortune, eh?

Jackson; You could call me that.

Britt; You're looking for a job?

Jackson; Yes and no. I've picked my job. I'm after a story but I want to be sure I can sell it before I stick my neck out to get it.

Axford; I thought you'd be interested, Reid. It deals with that Dr. Rupert we've been writin' about.

Jackson; I've clipped every one of your articles, Mr. Reid, and a lot of other stuff that's been published about Dr. Rupert.

Britt; He's a controversial individual.

Jackson; Your paper has taken the stand that he's not to be trusted in a government position where he'll have access to confidential records.

Britt; Yes, we've taken that position.

Jackson; Why?

Britt; Dr. Rupert himself may be all right, but he's been seen in company with people who are known to have associated with international trouble makers, foreign agents and saboteurs.

Jackson; Mr. Reid, how would you like proof that Dr. Rupert is in direct contact with foreign agents?

Britt; Proof?

Jackson; That's what I said.

Britt; How can you prove that Rupert is in contact with enemy agents?

Jackson; Photographs.

Britt; Jackson, if you have anything like that, you'd better take it to the Federal authorities.

Jackson; Wouldn't you like to turn it over to the Federal authorities after you've scored a beat with your Daily Sentinel?

Britt; Let me see the photograph.

Jackson; I haven't got it -- yet. I'll have to risk my neck to get it. In fact, I'll have to do --(SLIGHT LAUGH) I'll have to emulate the Green Hornet.

Britt; You just want to be sure I'll buy the pictures. Is that it?

Jackson; Yeah. And after I've proved I can deliver the goods, I'd like to talk about a steady job.

Britt; How do you expect to get such a photograph?

Jackson; Dr. Rupert is taking guests aboard his yacht for a weekend cruise. Thru a member of his crew I know he's to have a midnight rendezvous a couple of miles off shore.

Britt; I see. All right, Jackson. Go to it. If the picture is what you say it is, I'll buy it and pay what's fair.

Jackson; That's okay, Mr. Reid, I know you'll be fair. That's why I want a job with your newspaper.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(SEA, ROLLING WAVES, SMALL OUTBOARD MOTOR)

Annor; That night Jackson guided a small outboard toward a large white yacht that lay at anchor.

(CUT MOTOR)

When he was still some distance away, he cut the motor, fitted oars into locks and proceeded as silently as possible.

(WAVES UP & UNDER:)

Meanwhile, aboard the cruiser, Dr. Rupert and a well-dressed woman walked thru a companionway and paused at a stateroom door.

(STEPS COMING TO HALT)

Pamela; (POUTING) Is this discrimination or do you plan to have all the guests confined to staterooms?

Rupert; My dear Pamela - -

Pam; (SOFT LAUGH) It's all right, Doctor.

(DOOR OPENS)

Rupert; You know, my dear, I am involved in top secret affairs. This meeting - -

Pam; Don't apologize, dear boy. I'll wait in my stateroom until your meeting is over.

Rupert; Thanks, Pamela. Thanks for understanding.

(DOOR CLOSSES) (A FEW STEPS AS OTHER STEPS
COME IN AND STOP)

Croyden; Oh there you are, Rupert.

Rupert; I was just telling Miss Gordon she would have to remain in her stateroom for a few minutes.

Croyden; I wish you wouldn't mix business and pleasure. I don't like having your friends on board during a meeting as important as this.

Rupert; But, Croyden, by having guests the cruise becomes a harmless pleasure trip. Without guests the newspapers might wonder why I put to sea.

Croyden; Guests are all right as long as you stick to stupid ones but Pamela Gordon is smart.

Rupert; You're right, Croyden, she is smart. She's too smart to make trouble for me even if she did suspect the truth.

Croyden; I hope so. Let's get to the main salon.

(STEPS SUSTAINING)

Rupert; Did Tarleton and Derrick get aboard without difficulty?

Croyden; Yes they're waiting for you.

(STEPS HALT) (DOOR OPENS)

Voice; (BACK) Here is Doctor Rupert.

Rupert; Ah, good evening gentlemen. Glad to see you. Close the door, Croyden.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

Voice; Have you any documents to turn over?

Rupert; I have and I think you'll find they are even more valuable than the last ones.

Voice; Dr. Rupert, according to the newspapers, there is a likelihood that you will lose your post with the government.

Rupert; (LAUGHS) Don't worry about that. In my position, a man cannot be dismissed because some of his acquaintances are of questionable character. As long as my personal record is above board, I am secure. () Here. See what you think of this document. It's top secret.

(RUSTLE PAPER)

Croyden; (SUDDENLY) Rupert, look! That other door!

AD LIB: (STIR)

Voice; Who's that?

Rupert; (CRY OUT) He has a camera!

Croyden; I'll get him!

(FAST SHOT)

Rupert; You missed! Get after him!

(DOOR SLAMS, RUNNING STEPS AS:)

Annrc; As Jackson ran, clutching his camera, he knew that he'd be shot before he could hope to reach the end of the long companionway. He halted abruptly at a door, jerked it open and stepped into a cabin.

(DOOR OPEN & SLAM)

Pamela; (CRY OF SURPRISE)

(DOOR BEING LOCKED AS:)

Jackson; I have no gun but this camera case is heavy enough to crack your skull if you try to yell.

Pamela; (POISED) Mercy, you are an abrupt individual. Did I hear a shot?

Jackson; You did. I don't know whether your friends saw me come into this room or not.

(RATTLING DOOR) (HAMMERING ON DOOR ADLIBBED THRU:)

Pamela; Obviously you were seen.

Croyden; (BEYOND DOOR) Open this door!

Rupert; (BEYOND DOOR) Pamela! Pamela, unlock this door!
(SUSTAIN ADLIB)

Croyden; (BEYOND DOOR) (AD LIB DEMANDS TO OPEN UP)

Jackson; (TALKING FAST) Listen to me. You're Pamela Gordon. You're Doctor Rupert's friend. Maybe you're lined up with him, but maybe not. Did you know that he's working with foreign agents -- selling out the United States?

Pamela; (GASP) No! I - I didn't know that.

Jackson; Maybe you're telling the truth. Maybe not. In any event I have nothing to lose by trusting you. I took a long chance to come here and get a picture. It's in this camera. I'll toss it under your bed. (SLIGHT EFFORT)

(SLIGHT THUD)

Rupert; (BEYOND DOOR) (COMING OUT OF AD LIB) We know you're in there! You can't escape! Unlock the door or we'll shoot our way in!

Pamela; Rupert means that. He will shoot.

Jackson; I know it. I'm a gone goose, but I won't mind so much if Rupert is smashed. You can tell him I threw the camera thru the porthole, then deliver the film to Britt Reid of the Daily Sentinel. He'll know what to do with it.

Pamela; What makes you think I'd turn against Rupert?

Jackson; You probably won't, but I'm telling you what you can do - - just in case.

Rupert; (BEYOND DOOR) Shoot the lock!

(TWO SHOTS) (RATTLE DOOR)

Croyden; (BEYOND DOOR) That did it!

(DOOR OPENS HARD)

(NORMAL) Get your hands up!

Pamela; Don't shoot! Don't shoot! He's not armed!

Rupert; Pamela, do you know this man?

Pamela; I never saw him before a minute ago. He rushed in here and - and made threats.

Rupert; So you thought you could hide, eh?

Croyden; Who are you? What are you doing on this boat?

Jackson; I came to get a photograph.

Rupert; You thought you could get away with such a bold - -

Jackson; I gambled with long odds and I lost. That's all there is to it. If you want my camera, you'll have to follow it thru that porthole and down to the bottom of the sea.

Croyden; Who sent you here?

Rupert; Wait, Croyden. ~~Wait~~ Take him to the salon for -
 X interrogation. *I'd join you there.*

Croyden; You heard what the doctor said. Get going.

(STEPS FADING BACK AS:)

Pamela; Oh Rupert, I was so frightened.

Rupert; You, Pamela, frightened?

Pamela; Well I - -

Rupert; I thought nothing could shake your poise.

Pamela; Well after all he threatened to crush my skull if I made an outcry. Who is he? What was he talking about?

Rupert; I'll tell you all about it later, Pamela. You stay here in your room until I've finished questioning our uninvited guest.

MUSIC: BURST, FADE UNDER:

Rupert; Who are you? Who sent you here?

Croyden; What did you intend to do with that picture?

Jackson; I told you I wasn't answering questions.

Rupert; There are ways to change your mind.

Jackson; There's no way to change my mind. You can do what you want, but I won't talk.

Croyden; Not even to save your life?

Jackson; (HARD LAUGH) Save my life! You're not kidding anybody. I know what's ahead of me whether I talk or not.

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH

Annrcr; In her stateroom Pamela Gordon retrieved the photography equipment from beneath the bed. She took out the exposed film and concealed it, then opened an unused film and tossed the wrapping thru the porthole.

(HANDLING CAMERA)

She placed this in the camera, and then, without warning the door opened.

(DOOR OPENS)

Pamela; Oh Rupert, I'm glad you're here.

Rupert; (SLIGHTLY BACK) What is that?

(DOOR CLOSES)

Pamela; A camera -- his camera!

Rupert; (COMING IN) He said he threw it out the porthole.

Pamela; He threw it under the bed.

Rupert; Why didn't you tell me this before?

Pamela; Dear boy I wasn't sure. He came in here so suddenly - slammed the door and made threats - I - I knew that he threw his camera somewhere, but I didn't see where it went. I thought it was beneath the bed, but I ~~couldn't be~~ ^{wasn't} sure.

*

Rupert; What were you doing with it when I came in?

Pamela; Doing with it? (SLIGHT LAUGH) After all, you didn't want me to bring it directly to you -- or did you? You told me to wait here.

Rupert; All right, I'll take it. We'll have the film developed when we reach shore.

Pamela; Might a girl ask questions about the camera's owner?

Rupert; (SHORTLY) No.

Pamela; (HURT) Oh, Rupert -

Rupert; We have returned him to the small boat in which he came from shore.

Pamela; Oh then he's gone.

Rupert; (POINTEDLY) Yes, Pamela, he is gone.

Pamela; What a shame. He might have been - interesting.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

AFTERNOON

Annex; It was the following Monday when Lenore Case entered Britt Reid's private office with a copy of the Daily Sentinel in her hand and a curious expression on her face.

(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)

Britt; Yes Miss Case?

Case; (COMING IN) In this edition there's an obscure item on page two -

(RUSTLE PAPER)

Right here.

Britt; Oh that. I saw it.

Case; An unidentified dead man found drifting in a rented outboard motor boat.

Britt; What about it, Miss Case?

Case; Michael just came in with a follow up.

Britt; Yes?

Case; The man had been killed by a heavy blow with a blunt instrument, and Mr. Reid, he was working for you.

Britt; What?

Case; It's the man who called himself Jackson.

Britt; He was going to get evidence against Dr. Rupert.

Case; That's right.

Britt; (EXPLOSIVELY) Murdered, eh? Well someone's going to pay for that!

Case; Dr. Rupert's yacht came into port this morning. One of the weekend guests is waiting to talk to you.

Britt; Oh is that so? Who is he?

Case; It's a she. Her name is Pamela Gordon.

Britt; I'll see her right away.

Case; Oh, Mr. Reid, I - I do hope you can make someone pay for Jackson's death. He - he was such an admirer of the Green Hornet.

Britt; I'm going to try. Send in Pamela Gordon.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

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

(COMMERCIAL)

Annecr; And now to continue. Britt Reid leaned back in his chair and faced the sophisticated woman in black who had recently been one of the weekend guests on Dr. Rupert's yacht.

Pamela; While I was aboard the Rupert boat, Dr. Rupert had a meeting at sea.

Britt; Yes?

Pamela; The guests were given the impression that this meeting was in connection with Dr. Rupert's confidential work for the Federal government. We were asked to remain in our cabins. During the meeting I heard a shot, then a man burst into my room, locked the door, and threw his camera and case under the bed.

Britt; (TENSE) Then what?

Pamela; He told me that Dr. Rupert was working with enemy agents, and said something about a film that was in his camera, and asked me to deliver it to you.

Britt; Where is it?

Pamela; While your friend was being questioned, I had a chance to substitute an unexposed film which Dr. Rupert got.

Britt; Where is the film?

Pamela; It's in a safe place, Mr. Reid. I can deliver it to you for a price.

Britt; Miss Gordon, Jackson was found dead.

Pamela; Jackson. So that was his name.

Britt; He gave his life to get ^a ~~that~~ picture ^{that would} ~~in the hope~~ ~~of proving~~ ^e that Dr. Rupert was working with enemy agents. ~~The welfare of our country may~~ --

Pamela; ~~(CUTTING IN)~~ Mr. Reid, I am a mercenary person.

If I give you the film, ~~I will~~ ^{will} ~~know how you put it.~~ ~~Dr. Rupert's~~ ^{Dr. Rupert} ~~enmity.~~ ~~He has been very generous.~~ ^{will} ~~he is in jail.~~

Britt; All right, what's your price?

Pamela; If the picture is all that it is supposed to be, Mr. Reid, I shall expect five thousand dollars.

Britt; How soon can you deliver?

Pamela; Within an hour.

Britt; I'll be in my apartment. The address is --

Pamela; I know the address - also the phone number.

~~One thing more, Mr. Reid. It will do you no good to report what I have said to the police or Federal agents. If you do, I'll deny everything.~~

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(STREET NOISES)

Annrc; A car stood at the curb in front of the Daily Sentinel Building. With Croyden there was a man whose face was cold and hard.

Croyden: Start the motor, Gus. Here she comes.

Gus; Right.

(START CAR AS--BIZ OF STEPPING OUT)

Croyden; I'll get out so she can sit between us. (PROJECT)
Miss Gordon.

Pamela; (APPROACHING) Why Mr. Croyden - fancy meeting you
here! What a coincidence. (HARD) What's the game,
Croyden. Am I being followed?

Croyden; We're going your way. Get into the car.

(STEPPING INTO CAR AS--)

Pamela; Dear old Rupert mightn't like it when he hears
you've threatened me with a gun in your pocket -

Croyden; Dear old Rupert gave us orders.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS. CAR START AND SUSTAIN AS)

Pamela; (CUE) Might I ask where we are going?

Croyden; Your apartment.

Pamela; What fun.

Croyden; Get this, Pamela. There's nothing gunny about it.
The Doc had Gus watch you from the time you left
the cruiser. Meanwhile he had that film developed.

Pamela; Oh yes, the film. How were the pictures?

Croyden; The film was blank.

Pamela; Oh.

Croyden; When Gus called to report that you'd gone into the Daily Sentinal building, Rupert sent me to meet Gus and wait for you - with instructions.

Pamela; What kind of instructions?

Croyden; We're to get the film you took out of that camera/

Pamela; Film I took out ?

Croyden; Don't be evasive, Pamela. It's out of character. You removed the exposed film and put in a new one. You made two mistakes. You didn't put the film in right, and you left some of the tinfoil wrapping in the stateroom.

Gus; If you turned that film over to the newspaper- - -

Pamela; And what if I did?

Croyden; You'll find out, "what if" when we get to your apartment!

Pamela; Oh stop it, Croyden. Don't try to act like a movie gangster.

Croyden; Get this straight, Pamela. Rupert wants that film. He'll pay for it. He'll top any deal you've made with the Daily Sentinal.

Pamela; How do you know I've made a deal?

Croyden; Because I know you! With you, money talks louder than anything else. You've never missed a chance to cash in, and you wouldn't miss this chance.

Pamela; Rupert must be desperate to pay more than the
Sentinal. Jackson must have been right.

Croyden; What's that?

Pamela; The man who took the picture said he had proof that
Rupert was working with enemy agents.

Croyden; Rupert will pay to get the film. If you don't give
it to him - well, you'll never enjoy the cash you
hope to get from the Daily Sentinal.

Pamela; You and Rupert win. I'd like to give it to you, but—

Croyden; But what?

Pamela; I haven't it.

Croyden; You've already given it to the newspaper?

Pamela; Not exactly— you see, I checked the film in the
railroad station, where it would be safe.

Croyden; Then give me the claim check.

Pamela; I - I can't do that. My - er- my friend has it.

Croyden; Your friend?

Pamela; Britt Reid, of the Daily Sentinal.

Croyden; (SNARLS) Why you -

Pamela; Calm down, Croyden. I'll phone and ask him to
bring the check to my apartment.

CAR UP AND OUT.

MUSIC BURST.

Anncr; Britt Reid was in his apartment. He had just finished telling Kato about the Woman in Black and the camera film in her possession.

Britt; Her name, Kato, is Pamela Gordon. An opportunist if I ever saw one.

Kato; Yes Mr. Britt.

(PHONE RINGS)

Britt; I'll get the phone.

(HOOK)

Hello?

Pamela; (PHONE) Hello, Britt. I'm so glad I caught you at home.

Britt; (CONFUSED) Eh?

Pamela; (PHONE) This is Pamela.

Britt; Oh - oh Yes!

Pamela; (PHONE) Darling, when I was in your office I gave you a claim check. Remember?

Britt; A - A claim -

Pamela; (RUSHING ON) The claim check for - for a certain camera film. () Britt, I must have it back - as quickly as possible.

Britt; I see.

Pamela; (PHONE) Be a dear and bring it to me, wont you? You know where I live - the Carlton Terrace -

Britt; (GUARDED) I think I understand -

Pamela; (PHONE) I hope you do!

Britt; I'll be there as soon as possible.

(PHONE HOOK)

You heard my end of that conversation, Kato!

Kato; It not mean much.

Britt; It was Miss Gordon! She was speaking for the benefit of someone in her apartment. She was giving the impression that I had a claim check, for the camera film. Wants me to bring it to her apartment right away.

Kato; What you do, Mr. Britt?

Britt; She's in a spot! A bad spot! Rupert must have learned that she has that film.

Kato; Perhaps trouble is of her own making.

Britt; Even so, we've got to play the game if we hope to get that film! I'm going to her apartment.

Kato; You go as Green Hornet?

Britt; I can't do that. I've got to go as Britt Reid! But the Green Hornet may ~~not~~ have a part in the program! Now let me see- I've got to have a claim check - almost any kind will do -

Kato; I have old one from Waiter's and Butler's club-

Britt; Get it! Then get out the mask and equipment of the Green Hornet!

Kato; But Mr. Britt, you say- -

Britt; I'M going as Britt Reid, but you'll be close by with the black beauty. I'll give you instructions while we get ready.

MUSIC INTERLUDE. FADE UNDER.

Anncr; A few moments later, Britt Reid and Kato stepped thru a secret panel in the rear of the bedroom closet, then 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.

Britt; You'll take this car, Kato, and follow instructions.

Kato; I park in rear of terrace and wait.

Britt; Yes. I'll go in my convertible.

(STEPS INTO CAR) (ADLIB CAR BIZ)

Anncr; Kato 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 night.

CAR OUT.

Britt returned to his bedroom, and a moment later, left the apartment.

MUSIC UP TO FINISH.

Gus; I'm tired of waiting.

Croyden: Pamela, if you're stalling--

Pamela: Britt Reid'll be here, Croyden. Give him time. He had to come from the other side of the city.

Croyden; He's published some pretty strong stuff against Doc Rupert. Wait till the doc hears that you and Reid are on a "first name" basis!

Pamela; Don't be a square! Reid means nothing to me.

(DOOR BELL)

Oh -

Gus; Maybe that's him.

Pamela; I'll see.

Croyden; Wait! Gus, you stand over there. I'll stand here, and we'll both cover him when he steps thru the door. You give a tip-off, Pamela, and you'll regret it! Now, open the door.

(DOOR OPENS)

Pamela; Britt! Hello!

Britt; I came as quickly as possible.

Pamela; You're a dear! Step in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Croyden; Stand still!

Britt; (STARTLED) What's this?

Gus; Just what it looks like!

Croyden; Keep him covered, Gus! I'll search him!

Britt; The double cross, eh?

Pamela; Oh-h Mr. Reid- you- you stepped right into it!

Britt; I came as you asked me to.

Pamela; Yes, but I - I thought- -

Gus; Keep the hands up!

Britt; If it's the claim check you want, it's in my vest pocket!

Croyden; I have it!

Pamela; (GASP OF SURPRISE)

Britt; You needn't have had gunmen here, Pamela. I'd have given you the claim check. After all, it is yours, you know.

Gus; Has he got a gun?

Croyden; Nope.

Britt; Why should I carry a gun.

Croyden; There's nothing but a number on this. Where's it for?

Britt; Pamela can tell you.

Pamela; B-but I -

Croyden; Give out, Pamela!n And be quick or -

Pamela; ItO it's the Railroad station - the west end-

Croyden; Thanks .

Britt; (GASPS) Look! That window!

Croyden; Watch him, Gus (He's trying an old trick!

Britt; That mask! It's the Green Hornet!

Pamela; (STARTLED GASP)

(GUN SHOT)
(SMASH GLASS)

Gus; (STARTLED) Hey, Croyden!

Pamela; The lights!

Britt; (CRY OUT) Look out!

ADLIB: (WILD CONFUSION) (GRUNTS AND GROANS)

FIGHT) (SCUFFLE, BLOWS, FURNITURE, ETC)

Anncr; Kato wore the mask of the Green Hornet as he fired thru the window to smash the light. An instant later there was wild confusion in the darkness. Britt Reid went into action with his fists swinging like sledge hammers. Kato came thru the broken window and brought the Hornet's gas gun into play. Pamela fell, unconscious, then Croyden and the man called Gus!

FIGHT IS OVER)

Britt; (BREATHLESS) That does it! Now give me the mask and coat!

Kato; Is right here. I thru it thru window.

Britt; (GETTING INTO COAT) Keep an eye on those two!
Better give 'em another shot of gas to keep them out for a time.

Kato; Yes sir.

Britt; I'll carry Pamela into the next room. When she awakens,
I'll talk to her as - the Green Hornet!

(MUSIC BURST)

Pamela; (WAKING) Wha- where-

Britt; (CHANGED VOICE) Snap out of it!

Pamela; That mask- you - the- the Green Hornet!

Britt; I'm after a film and you know where it is!

Pamela; B-but-

Britt; Your boy friends are out cold in the next room! You'll
not kid me as you did them!

Pamela; B-but how- how did you know-

Britt; Rupert talked in the wrong places! The film! Where
is it? (PAUSE) Well? Shall I get rough?

Pamela; Y-you win. It- it's here- beneath this mattress -
(EFFORT) Here you are.

Britt; Thanks! Now you may go back to sleep!

Pamela; (GASPS) No no - don't shoot me again - (COUGHS)

Britt; Sorry! But I can't have you interfering with my
escape.

Pamela; (GASPS AND FLIES OUT)

LOOK OPEN AND CLOSE)

Britt; (CUE) I have it, Kato!

Kato; Is good!

Britt; (EFFORT) Take the Hornet's gear and the film!
Put the film in an envelope and send it to me at the
office.

Kato; But you -

Britt; I'm staying here until Pamela regains consciousness.
You get going!

MUSIC BURST.

Pamela; (WAKING) Oh- oh dear -

Britt; You'll be all right, Miss Gordon. Here, drink this.

Pamela; M-Mre. Reid -

Britt; I opened my eyes a few minutes ago -

Pamela; Those- those two - Croyden and Gus-

Britt; They're still unconscious in the other room. I tied
them, and called the police.

Pamela; The police!

Britt; You tried a pretty shabby trick -

Pamela; B-but Mr. Reid- I thought you'd understand. I thought
you'd do something- you must have understood that I
-- I was fibbing when I said I'd given you a claim
check - I thought you'd know that I was helpless -

Britt; I did! And I brought that phoney claim check in the hope of stalling until I could learn more about the situation. I didn't know the Green Hornet was working with you.

Pamela; But he's not! He's working independantly! He came here while you were unconscious! He made me give him the film!

(POLICE SIRENS APPROACHING)

Britt; The real one?

Pamela; Yes! He has it! I - I couldn't bluff HIM!

Britt; Well! Doctor Rupert wont like that!

Pamela; The police! I hear them."

Britt; They can take Croyden and Gus. I'll file charges and you'd better back them up!

MUSIC BURST.

Anncr; It was the following day when Lemore Case came into Britt Reid's office with a photograph in her hand.

Case; Here it is, Mr. Reid - and it's a lulu!

Britt; The picture that came by mail, eh Miss Case?

Case; Un-m. By mail! Those two who are talking to Rupert in the ship's cabin are rather notorious-

Britt; (LOW WHISTLE) Derrick and Tarleton! They were deported a year ago. This WILL cook Rupert's goose!

(DOOR OPENS)

Axford; (COMING IN) Hey Reid, the Woman in Black is here-

Pamela; (COMING IN) Never mind announcing me!

Britt; Miss Gordon!

Pamela; Yes! I - I received a letter, this morning. It said that the - the film was being sent to you!

Britt; Here is the picture that was on the film!

Pamela; Oh - then you did receive it!

Britt; You said you had a letter-

Pamela; It- it was from the Green Hornet.

Britt; I suppose you want the payment I agreed upon.

Pamela; No I don't! I don't want a dime, and I came to tell you so! With that picture, the Hornet could have collected thousands of dollars from Rupert. But he forgot money - when the welfare of the country was at stake. I guess if HE can do that - I can! I'm pretty mercenary, but I can be as - as big as the Green Hornet

Case; (MUTTERS) That's what you think!

Britt; Here, Miss Case! You know where to send this picture! And then send another copy to the composing room! We'll be ready to smash the story when the Federal agents give the word!

MUSIC BURST.

Boy; Sentinel, extry paper! Photo proves Rupert in league with enemy agents. Green Hornet sends film to Sentinel publisher. Read all about it. Sentinel, extry paper.