

The Green Hornet  
by Fran Striker

"Matrimony Limited"

Number: 865-

Date: June 29, 1948

Britt Reid, Case, Kato, Axford, Higgins

Doc Robinson ..... A smooth, hypocritical  
four-flusher, sanctimonious  
manner. Middle age.

Barry Gowans ..... Age 35. Personality boy.  
"Hale fellow, well met."

Sadie ..... Rather slangy. Dizzy  
blonde type. Gum chewing  
telephone operator. 22-23

Copy Boy ..... Small part

Newsboy ..... Bit - as usual

Voice ..... Bit

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(USUAL OPENING)

(TYPING)

Annex; For some time Michael Axford had been engrossed in a cheap magazine. Lenore Case, secretary of Britt Reid, influential publisher of the Daily Sentinel, had taken advantage of the period of silence to transcribe an editorial Britt had dictated.

(FINISH TYPING - PULL PAPER FROM  
MACHINE)

Case; There. I hope this stands without much revision.

Ax ford; That's that, Casey?

Case; An editorial Mr. Reid has written about the new trend -- women who advertise for a husband with ten thousand dollars.

Axford; By golly, Casey, that's right in line wit' this magazine. Look at it. It's called "Cupid's Helpmate."

Case; How touching.

Axford; It's full o' pictures an' descriptions o' men an' women that are lookin' fer husbands an' wives.

Case; What are you doing with it?

Axford; Reid gave it to me an' said fer me tuh look it over.

Case; Let me see it.

(RUSTLE PAPER)

Axford; If yer interested, Casey — there's a farmer in Arkansas---

Case; Save it.

Axford; It sort o' ties up wit' Reid doin' an editorial on women advertisin' fer husbands. I wonder what he's got on his mind.

Case; So do I.

(DOOR OPENS)

Britt; (BACK, COMING IN) Miss Case, did you finish that editorial?

Case; Here it is, Mr. Reid.

Britt; I'll go thru it. There may be a revision or two,

Axford; Reid, about this "Cupid's Helpmate" magazine---

Britt; Did you look it over?

Axford; Yeah. But why?

Britt; The recent publicity about women who advertise for husbands has given an impetus to magazines of that sort. I'd like to know whether or not those things are on the level.

Axford; Well now, Reid, if yer askin' me fer an opinion---

Britt; I want a story based on research -- not on personal opinion.

Axford; Huh?

Britt; Cupid's Helpmate is published here in town by a Doctor Robinson. Go to the office and see what you can learn.

Axford; Aw-w-ww now Reid, golly -- I'll feel foolish callin' at the office o' Cupid's Helpmate. What if Burke or some o' the lads from cops headquarters see me goin' in there?

Britt; Get going, Axford. You haven't had a by-line for a couple of weeks.

Axford; (SIGHS) All right, Reid, I'll do it. (FADING)  
"Cupid's Helpmate!" Oh-h golly!

(DOOR OPEN & CLOSE)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(AD LIB TELEPHONE SWITCHBOARD)

Sadie; Cupid's Helpmate. Good morning. Dr. Robinson?  
Just a moment, please.

Axford; Say, Miss--

Sadie; Did you wish somethin'?

Axford; Yeah. I'm from the Daily Sentinel. And I'm here tuh get a story about yer racket.

Sadie; Racket! I like that! Cupid's Helpmate is not a racket, I'll have you know! What's more Doctor Robinson takes his work very serious.

Axford; Doctor Robinson, eh?

Sadie; He doesn't want publicity and he doesn't give interviews.

Axford; But I —

(DOOR OPENS, SLIGHTLY BACK)

Barry; (BACK) Hiyuh, Sadie.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(COMING IN) Is the boss in?

Axford; Sufferin' snakes, it's Barry Gowans!

Barry; Huh?

Axford; Imagine findin' you here! (LAUGHS) You don't mean tuh say yer lookin' for a wife thru Cupid's Helpmate!

Barry; Sorry, mister, you must have the wrong party.

Axford; You — you mean tuh say yer not Barry Gowans?

Barry; Never heard the name. Sadie, is the Doc in?

Sadie; He's talkin' on the phone.

Axford; Look here, fella, if you're not Barry Gowans — the sam guy that got into a jam peddlin' fake oil stock, then my name's not Michael Axford.

Barry; My name is Van Pearl.

Sadie; I guess you can go in now, Mr. VanPearl. Dr. Robinson's hung up.

Barry; Thanks, Sadie.

(STEPS SUSTAIN AS:)

Axford; (FADING BACK) By golly, if that don't beat all!

Barry; (DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

Robinson; (BACK) Hi, Van.

Barry; Hey, Robinson, what's that reporter doing here?

Robinson; Reporter?

Barry; Mike Axford of the Daily Sentinel. He's outside buzzing Sadie.

Robinson; I didn't know anyone was out there.

Barry; Well there is and he recognized me. He called me Barry Gowans.

Robinson; You told me you weren't known in this town.

Barry; I forgot about Axford.

Robinson; How does he know you?

Barry; Axford was visiting a cousin in Oswego when his cousin nailed me on that phoney oil stock.

Robinson; Did you admit you were Barry Gowans?

Barry; Of course not. I told him my name was Van Pearl.

Robinson; All right, stick to it. Confound it, I'd never have teamed up with you if I'd known you had a record in Oswego.

Barry; I told you about it.

Robinson; Yes you told me about it, but not until we'd put over the first of our deals -- when you were using the name of Barry Gowans.

Barry; Now listen, Doc, anytime you don't like the set-up, just say so and we'll split.

Robinson; We can't split and you know it. We're in too deep!

Barry; All right, so we stick together.

Robinson; But not because I like it. I can't forget how you threw your partner to the cops in Oswego to save your own neck. Don't try any double cross plays with me, because I have enough evidence in my files to hang you!

Barry; You're in on anything that happens to me, Robinson. Remember that. Now let's get down to business. What about Sadie? How much does she know?

Robinson; As far as she's concerned, we're running a legitimate magazine.

Barry; If that guy Axford puts ideas into her head, she's likely to start snooping through your files looking for something about my background. Maybe you better get rid of her.

Robinson; I'll think it over. Now I have a new deal for you — Van Pearl. A chance to use your new identity.

Barry; Not too fast, Doc. I still have a wife in Rochester where I'm known as Porter.

Robinson; How is she?

- Barry; Mrs. Porter is failing rapidly.
- Robinson; No chance for anyone to suspect a slow poison, is there?
- Barry; Doc, give me credit for more brains than that!
- Robinson; How's her insurance?
- Barry; It's all in order. I made sure of that.
- Robinson; Okay. Now - here's a woman in Watertown that just signed up with our Bureau.
- Barry; Um-m. Not a bad picture.
- Robinson; Here's the dope on her. She has some property and about forty thousand dollars in good investments.
- Barry; I'll start corresponding with her right away -- as Van Pearl.
- Robinson; How much longer do you think this Mrs. Porter affair will hang on?
- Barry; Not long. When I get back I'll see if I can hurry things up a little bit. Then I can concentrate on Watertown!

## MUSIC: INTERLUDE

- Annex; It was late afternoon when Michael Axford finished an exhaustive check-up on the man he knew as Barry Gowans. He came into the office and his pockets were bulging with scribbled notes. He sat down at the desk of Britt Reid's secretary, spread out his notes and turned to the typewriter.



Axford; (MUTTERING) Now let me see. Which o' these gadgets was it Casey told me never tuh touch?

(DOOR OPENS BACK)

Case; (BACK) Michael!

Axford; Oooops! Oh golly, Casey, I thought you'd gone fer the day! Is Reid in his office?

Case; (COMING IN) No, but he may be back to check the final draft of that editorial on women who advertise for husbands. I've left it on his desk.

Axford; Uh- it's about time fer you tuh be quittin' fer the day --

Case; Not as long as you have your eye on my typewriter.

Axford; Aw-w now Casey, I've got somethin' red hot. By golly, I think it's a big racket. I got tuh type it up fer Reid.

Case; What's it about?

Axford; It's right in line wit' his editorial. I got it at that Cupid's Helpmate magazine.

Case; (SIGHS) Very well, Michael, give me the facts. I'll type them so the boss can read them.

Axford; (IMPORTANT) All right! I'll dictate to yuh. Now tuh start with, Doc Robinson has a guy workin' for him under the name o' Van Pearl -- only that's not his right name. I knew the Spalpeen when he was sellin' phoney oil stock in Oswego. You got that?

Case; (MUTTERING) Phoney oil stock in Oswego. ( ) Go on.

Axford; Checkin' up on Gowans, I find he married a woman in Oswego just after he got out o' that oil scrape. She died sudden an' he collected insurance. By golly, I'd be willin' tuh bet he murdered her!

Case; ! Don't toss off anything like that unless you have proof.

Axford; On this is only fer Reid. () Now as tuh Robinson, he's a phoney. He's been in more rackets than you can shake a stick at. Of course I got no proof, but I got plenty o' suspicions which I'll pass on tuh Reid fer checkin'.

Case; Fire away, Michael.

Axford; (FADING OUT) Before he got that magazine goin', Doc Robinson swindled a lot o' people wit' a phoney biography publishin' racket. An' before that he was sellin' fake medicines--- (FADES)

MUSIC: COVER

Annrc; That evening in his apartment, Britt Reid picked up the bulldog edition of the Daily Sentinel.

(RUSTLE PAPER)

Britt; I meant to get back to the office and send thru a special article for this edition. () But it will be just as good tomorrow. I --

MUSIC: STING

Kato; Mr. Britt -what is trouble?

Britt; Kato! This page one article- by Michael Axford --

Kato; Yes?

Britt; Axford's made all kinds of charges against Doctor Robinson - his magazine, and a man named Van Pearl, alias Gowans who works for him. He calls Robinson a swindler - a charlatan - he charges Gowans with larceny and murder!

(PHONE RINGS)

Kato; The phone.

Britt; I'll get it.

(SNATCH PHONE)

Reid speaking.

Axford; (PHONE) Reid, this is Axford-

Britt; I was just going to call you, Axford! Do you have absolute proof of the things you said in the bulldog?

Axford; (PHONE) Oh, Reid, it's a terrible mistake--

Britt; Answer my question! Can you prove your charges?

Axford; (PHONE) That's the trouble, Reid. I've got no proof for any o' them.

Britt; (EXPLODING) You what? You can't prove them?

Axford; (PHONE) I called so's I could explain--

Britt; Not on the phone! Get over to the office right away. I'll meet you there!

(SLAM PHONE HOOK)

Kato; Is serious, Mr. Britt?

Britt; Someone pulled the biggest blunder in the history of the fourth estate. I'm on my way to the office, Kato. Phone Miss Case and ask her to meet me there.

## MUSIC BURST

## CITY ROOM NOISES.

Annecr; With a copy of the Sentinel in his hand, Britt Reid paused in the city room on his way to the office--

Britt; How DID it happen?

Voice; Just a minute, Mr. Reid, let me get <sup>the</sup> a copy boy.  
(CALLS) Hey, Copy.

Copy; (APPROACHING) Yes sir.

Voice; You were sent to get a special article from Mr. Reid's office-- remember?

Copy; Yes sir. Gunnigan said it was one that Mr. Reid was doing-- something about matrimony--

Britt; And the article that's published here, is what you took from my desk?

Copy; Yes sir.

Voice; You told us to be on the lookout for it, Mr. Reid.

Britt; For an editorial! Not for THIS. I asked Axford to get some data for me. THIS is his report! It wasn't for publication!

Voice; But it was on your desk --

Britt; Never mind the alibis. I'll see you again after I've talked to Axford.

(DOOR OPENS & CLOSES) (CUT CITY ROOM)

(FAST STEPS THRU CORRIDOR) (DOOR OPENS)

Case; (SPEAKING) -- Oh just a moment, Mr. Reid. Your son has just come in.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Britt; Great scott, Miss Case! Is that --

Case; (SOFT) It is. Your father's calling from the Coast.

Britt; About Axford's story?

Case; Yes. He saw it on the special wire and called to see if we had proof.

Britt; What did you tell him?

Case; I told him we had nothing but a libel suit.

Britt; Helpmate. (SIGHS) I might as well face it. ()  
Hello, Dad.

(HARSH RASPING AD LIB AT FAR END  
OF TELEPHONE - UNINTELLIGIBLE)

Britt; Dad - stop shouting. I can't hear a word you say.

(SOUND CONTINUES)

Case; (MURMURS) Oh brother!

Britt; Yes, I admit we've made a mistake. We'll have a red hot libel suit on our hands.

## (RAPPING SOUND ON PHONE)

Britt; Yes, I know I'm responsible, and I'll do something about it. The fault is Gunnigan's. I've asked him to be sure my initials are on every item that goes thru my office. He didn't follow instructions. He should be fired for such a blunder!

Case; (GIGGLES) That's telling him.

Britt; Oh! You want me to keep him, eh? ( ) Yes, yes, of course a man can make a mistake. ( ) What's that?  
 ( ) Oh, I see ( ) Um-m ( ) part of my job eh? ( ) Umhum--  
 ( ) let you know! Humph. You'll probably know what's happening as soon as I do. Good night.

## PHONE HOOK.

Case; Your father doesn't miss a thing.

Britt; Quote- a good executive has to overcome the mistakes of his subordinates- anyone can make a mistake- am I a milksob or a two fisted publisher who'll find a way to make that libel story stick. Unquote.

Case; You'll have to get proof that the published story is true.

Britt; Just how did that get into print? How did it get on my desk?

Case; Axford had a lot of theories about Cupid's Helpmate and the men who run it. I typed them up for him and left them for you to see. The editorial was on the other side of the desk. The copy boy saw a story on matrimoney and took it to the composing room. Coming from your office- it was featured on page one.

Britt; If it wasn't so serious, it would be funny! I wish you could have heard Dad soften down when he learned that his pet, Gunnigan, had slipped.

Case; You have a stiff assignment.

Britt; Yes. I've got to fight and win a libel suit to save the neck of Gunnigan. Well - Axford saw a lot of smoke! We've got to find the FIRE! If necessary, I'll go after Van Pearl and Robinson - as the Green Hornet.

MUSIC BURST.

To P19.

Britt; I wonder if we could prove that we published the truth.

Case; That's what your father would like to see. He used to be at his best when he was fighting a libel suit and he expects the same of you.

Britt; We'll see what develops in the morning. If Robinson and Van Pearl decide to play rough, I may have to use the role of the Green Hornet!

MUSIC: BURST

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

(COMMERCIAL)

Annccr; Britt Reid was at his office early on the morning after the disastrous appearance of Michael Axford's libelous story about Doctor Robinson, the man who called himself Van Pearl, and the Cupid's Helpmate magazine.

Britt; I suppose there's no use taking any steps until we hear from Robinson's attorney.

Case; That will probably be quite soon.

(DOOR OPENS)

Britt; Speaking of -- (BREAK OFF) Oh -- it's Commissioner Higgins.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Higgins; Good morning, Britt.

AD LIB; (GREETINGS)



Britt; How are you, Commissioner? I've been expecting a libel suit.

Higgins; Last night's story by Axford?

Britt; Yes.

Higgins; That's why I'm here. If Axford's charges are true, I'd like to take action.

Britt; They may be true, but we can't prove them.

Higgins; That man named Gowans in Oswego -- it's quite possible he and Van Pearl are the same individual. Gowans just seems to have dropped out of existence after the death of his wife.

Case; It shouldn't be difficult to prove whether or not Van Pearl and Gowans are the same man.

Higgins; What do you plan to do, Britt?

Britt; Dad telephoned last night. He wants me to fight.

Higgins; (CHUCKLES) He would.

Britt; But I have nothing to fight with. I haven't a leg to stand on.

Higgins; I'll do what I can, but I can't promise much. We've been keeping an eye on Robinson and that maga zine of his. His past is a little shady, but he's managed to keep a jump ahead of the law.

(DOOR OPENS)

Higgins; (MUTTERS) More company.

Sadie; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Mr. Reid?

Britt; I've nothing to fight with yet - but when I start digging, strange things might be turned up.

Higgins; I'll do what I can to help you, Britt, but I can't promise very much. We've been keeping an eye on Robinson and his magazine. His past is shady, but he's managed to keep a jump ahead of the law.

DOOR OPENS.

Higgins; (MUTTERS) More company.

Sadie; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Mr. Reid?

Britt; Yes?

Sadie; (SLIGHTLY BACK) Then you're the man I want to see.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(COMING IN) I'm Miss Sadie Martin and you cost me my job.

Britt; I?

Sadie; Yeah. And it was a good job, too. I was with the Cupid's Helpmate, but they gave me the sack this morning.

Case; For what?

Sadie; On account of that story your paper had last night. They said I'd been shooting off my mouth to that reporter.

Higgins; I'll be getting along, Britt.

Britt; Oh - all right, Commissioner Higgins.

Higgins; (FADING BACK) I'll let you know if I learn anything.

Britt; Thanks.

(DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

Sadie; Hey, was that the police commissioner?

Britt; Yes.

Sadie; Gosh! He's a friend of yours?

Britt; I hope so.

- Sadie; Well Mr. Reid, you're going to need friends - you're going to need plenty of them. Robinson and Van Pearl are talking to their lawyer right now. That's why I came here when I got the air.
- Britt; Why?
- Sadie; Because I need a job and you need me. Look, Mr. Reid. Maybe I can help you a lot.
- Britt; How?
- Sadie; Well, I don't know about all the statements in that article, but I do know that Robinson and Van Pearl were in on some pretty shady deals.
- Case; How do you know?
- Sadie; From some of the things that have been said and some of the telephone calls I've heard. I know Robinson has some stuff in his files - stuff he's holding over Gowan's head. Y'see, neither of those guys trusts the other. Now if I was workin' for you, I could maybe get into those files at night. I've still got a key to the office.
- Britt; And if you were caught, you'd be named as a representative of the Daily Sentinel. Thanks, Miss Martin, but that's not our way of doing business.
- Sadie; Well, gee I only thought--
- Britt; I'm sorry our story cost you a job. I can put you on temporarily in the classified department.
- Sadie; Well, a job's a job and I can't be choosey.

Britt; Wait in the lobby until Mr. Jackson sends for you.

Sadie; (FADING BACK) O.K. Mr. Reid, Thanks/

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

Britt; Miss Case, phone Jackson. Tell him about that girl and tell him to hire her, temporarily at least. We may need some information from her.

Case; What do you make of her, Mr. Reid?

~~Britt; Go down the corridor. See Mr. Jackson. You'll find his name on a door straight down the corridor. Tell him I sent you to him.~~

~~Sadie; (FADING BACK) Okay, Mr. Reid. Thanks.~~

~~(DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE)~~

~~Case; What do you make of that?~~

Britt; She may be telling the truth, and she may have been sent here to keep an eye on us. In either case, she'll be out of the way in the classifieds.

Case; Mr. Reid, I thought I saw you register interest when she spoke of certain evidence in Robinson's file.

Britt; I tried to hide the interest.

Case; You were only partially successful.

Britt; I had been considering the feasibility of visiting the Cupid's Helpmate office tonight. What Miss Martin said clinched the plan.

Case; That's what I thought. But Mr. Reid, you'll have to be awfully careful - especially while you're looking thru Robinson's files.

Britt; If I'm seen, I'll be wearing a mask.

Case; Oh. I understand.

Britt; I'm going there as the Green Hornet.

Case; There's just one trouble.

Britt; What's that?

Case; If you do find something what can you do with it?  
You can't very well admit getting it from Robinson's office.

Britt; That's a problem that can wait. First of all I'm going to see what I can find.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annor; During the afternoon, Britt heard from the attorney representing Cupid's Helpmate and knew that he was facing a serious lawsuit. That evening, he called his valet to the bedroom in his apartment. The faithful Filipino looked surprised when he saw Britt holding the top coat, hat and mask of the Green Hornet.

Kato; You go out as Hornet tonight, Mr. Britt?

Britt; Yes, Kato. We're going to inspect Doc Robinson's files. Bring the small camera.

Kato; You have keys?

Britt; Yes, I have everything else we'll need.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annor; 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 C/R -

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 SHARP BURST) (THEN BG TENSION)

Annrc; Ten minutes later, the car was parked in darkness near the dingy, two floor building that housed Robinson's office and printing plant. Special keys unlocked the doors to admit the Green Hornet.

ADLIB SOFT MOVEMENTS. CLICKS, ETC.

Working with smooth efficiency by the light of a small pocket torch, he inspected the contents of Robinson's desk. Presently he found some items of particular interest.

Britt; (LOW WHISTLE) These are potential dynamite!

Annrc; Then he heard a floor board creak in the outer room.

Britt; (MUTTER) Someone's there. () Coming here.

(DOOR OPENS QUICKLY)

Annrc; The door swung open. The light flash<sup>d</sup> on -

Doc: (STARTLED) What the -

Britt; (SHARP EFFORT) Sorry!

(FAST STEPS - BLOW) (STAGGERING)

Doc: (Take blow)



(RUNNING STEPS - FLOOR, THEN STREET)

Annex; The Hornet's sudden charge caught Robinson off balance. A sharp blow sent him staggering against the wall and gave Britt the seconds needed to run from the building to the car where Kato waited with the motor idling.

(CAR DOOR SLAMS - CAR STARTS AS:)

Britt; Get going, Kato. Robinson came in while I was there!

Kato; He see you with mask?

Britt; For a split second. I slugged him almost as soon as he turned on the lights. Drive around, Kato, while I examine these documents and photographs.

Kato; What are pictures?

Britt; They're identified as Gowans of Oswego, Porter of Rochester, and Van Pearl of this city. I'm sure it's the same man with three identities. The ears are identical!

Kato; What we do now?

Britt; Here's an address, Kato - Van Pearl's address. We'll go there!

Kato; What we do?

Britt; I have some fairly solid evidence against him. I'm going to make him squeal.

Kato; But why not deliver evidence to police?

Britt; It would dispose of Van Pearl or Gowans - or whatever he calls himself, but it would leave Doc Robinson in the clear. I want both of them. Now listen carefully, Kato.

Kato; Yes sir.

Britt; I'll get out of the car at Van Pearl's home. You watch through a window. If you see me talking to Van Pearl, find a pay telephone somewhere and call Commissioner Higgins.

Kato; Yes sir. What shall I tell Commissioner?

Britt; Suggest that he go to Van Pearl's house for the purpose of asking questions in connection with the Sentinal story. Tell him the Green Hornet will be there. He'll understand.

Kato; Very well, Mr. Britt.

Britt; I'll try to time things so that the Commissioner will hear Van Pearl telling all he knows about Robinson. When the Commissioner comes in, the Hornet will escape and Van Pearl will think Higgins saved his life.

Kato; Then Commissioner will have evidence against Van Pearl and Robinson.

Britt; I certainly hope so.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

(SOFT B.G. MUSIC)

Annex; Van Pearl sat alone in his home listening to a radio. He thought he heard the faint click of an opening door somewhere in the rear of the house. He turned off the radio and tensed.

(CLICK SWITCH - CUT RADIO)

Barry; (MUTTERS) I wonder what that was. () Sounded like someone in the house. I better look around.

(DOOR OPENS, SLIGHTLY BACK)

Britt; (BACK) Hello, Van Pearl. Or shall I call you Gowans?

Barry; Masked! Who -- what -- You're the Green Hornet!

MUSIC: STING

Annex; When Kato, who was watching thru a window, saw the masked man with Van Pearl, he hurried to the car and drove away to telephone Commissioner Higgins. In the meantime, the Green Hornet drew a gun.

Barry; What do you want?

Britt; Gowans, did you think you could get away with murder?

Barry; You're wrong. My name's not Gowans. My name's Van Pearl. I --

Britt; It was Gowans in Oswego and it's Porter in Rochester.

Barry; But I--

Britt; I'm here to square things for that Oswego job.

Barry; Wait! Wait, don't shoot me! Wait, listen! It's all a mistake!

- Britt; I suppose you thought you'd covered your tracks pretty well after you left Oswego, but the Sentinel gave the tip-off.
- Barry; That reporter was wrong. I tell you my name's not Gowans!
- Britt; These photographs don't lie. Take a look at them.  
(EFFORT)
- Barry; (GASP) Wh-where did you get those?
- Britt; From your partner's office. Doc is thru with you. After that article in the paper, you're too dangerous to him.
- Barry; Listen! Listen to me! What's he paying you?
- Britt; I didn't say he was paying me anything. I came here on behalf of the woman you killed in Oswego.
- Barry; But you must have a deal with Robinson! Tell me what it is. I'll top it! I'll make you a better offer.
- Britt; You haven't enough cash!
- Barry; Listen to me. I - we - we can make a deal! I know plenty about Robinson, and he'll pay to keep it secret. He's got a big lawsuit against the Sentinel. It'll blow sky high if I tell what I know about him. You can make him pay!
- Britt; You're beginning to sound interesting. Keep talking.
- Robinson; (BACK) I wouldn't.
- Barry; (GASP) Robinson!

Britt; (SHARPLY) What the--

Robinson; (BACK) (SHARPLY) Hold it! Drop that gun!

Britt; Well! Doc Robinson in person.

Robinson; (BACK) Drop it, I said!

(GUN FALLS)

That's better. (COMING IN) If you're the one who left the rear door open, thank you.

Barry; Doc! Listen to me!

Robinson; Ready to double cross me, weren't you?

Barry; I - I -

Robinson; I thought you had sent that Green Hornet to steal ah - certain documents and photos from my desk. That's what brought me here.

Barry; I didn't send him! He--

Robinson; So I gathered, from what I overheard.

Barry; He went to the office on his own. He's a friend - or relative of the woman is Oswego - He--

Robinson; I'm not interested!

Barry; He was going to shoot me!

Robinson; And YOU were going to double cross me--

Barry; No, No! I was only stalling! Stalling for time. That's all. I -

Robinson; Liar! You'd betray me sooner or later - I'll trust you no further.

Robinson; I'm not interested.

Barry; (MORE FRANTIC) Wait, Wait, Doc. Listen -

Robinson; RAT!

Barry; (CRY OUT)

SHOT.

Barry; (TAKE IT)

FALLING BODY

Britt; (SHARP EFFORT) You -

Robinson; (FAST) No you don't! Get back there! ( ) That's it.  
You're next, Hornet!

Britt; Robinson, you can't get away with murder!

Robinson; Murder? (HARD LAUGH) He got what he deserved. Now, as  
for you - it wont be hard to arrange thkngs so the law  
will think you two killed each other. Just a matter of  
arrangeing the scene. This is - (ADLIB SURPRISE AS-)

(CRASH OF GLASS)

Higgins; (BACK) Drop the gun!

Robinson; (STARTLED) Who -

*WIN FALLS*

Britt; The police! (FADING EAST) I'm leaving.

Higgins; (BACK) Hold on! Stay where you are!

TWO SHOTS

Watch it, Doc! Don't you try a break!

Robinson; But that Hornet - get him! He'll get out the back door-

Higgins; (COMING IN) I missed him, because I was holding a gun on YOU. I'll not miss if YOU try a break. Stand right over there and keep your hands up.

Robinson; But I - I-

Higgins; I'm taking you in, Robinson. You shot Van Pearl!

MUSIC BURST.

Annor; It was later the same night when Britt Reid dropped in at the office of Police Commissioner Higgins.

Higgins; I expected you, Britt. I picked up the gun you dropped at Gowan's place. () Here.

Britt; Thanks. And thanks for coming in a hurry.

Higgins; Robinson had you in a spot- didn't he?

Britt; I didn't expect him to go gunning for Gowans. But it worked out all right - didn't it?

Higgins; Well, rather. Robinson talked- and so did Gowans.

Britt; Then he's not dead?

Higgins; No. He'll live to pay for the murder of a woman in Oswego - and the attempted murder of one in Rochester. You needn't worry about a libel suit, Britt. Axford's article was wrong in only one respect -

Britt; How's that?

Higgins; He understated the criminal activities of ~~Max~~ - of Cupid's Helpmates!

Britt; That will be corrected in the next edition.

Higgins; Good. And be sure the next edition shows your Dad that you're not slipping.

Britt; How's that?

Higgins; Put in a word about the Green Hornet.

MUSIC BURST

Boy; Sentinal extry paper. Murder racket exposed. Magazine publishers held. Police Head sees Green Hornet. Sentinal extry paper.

theme.