

The Green Hornet, created by Geo. W. Trendle.

Road to Ruin
by Fran Striker
Number 405

Date DEC 30, 1945

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Britt, Kato, Case, Axford, Lowry
Judge Lamont....fine type of elderly man.
John...spoiled 19 year old. Judge's son
Blaze...a night club singer.
Sammy...smooth gambler.
Voice, Cop and Cop 2....bits.

The Green Hornet

STRIKER

Number: 905

Date: DEC. 30, 1948

ROAD TO RUIN

(USUAL OPENING)

(GAVEL THREE TIMES)

Annor; Judge Lamont had been on the bench for many years, but never in all that time had he been confronted by a situation as difficult as the one that was represented by a nineteen-year old boy. John would have been good looking if the sallowness of dissipation had not been so firmly stamped on his face.

Judge; John, the officer states that you drove fifty miles an hour; went thru a stop street and two red traffic lights. He pursued you for ten blocks before he caught you. How do you plead?

John; Well I --I - I guess I plead guilty.

Judge; I'll not say anything about your companions in the car or the officer's testimony that they had been drinking. You've been warned repeatedly about your friends and your night life. This time I deem it my duty to issue more than a warning or a fine. I therefore sentence you to serve ten days in the county jail.

Ad lib; (STIR)

John; Jail! But Judge— Dad! Dad, you can't put me
in jail!

MUSIC: "Sting"

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSSES FAST)

Axford; Sufferin' snakes, Casey, did yez hear the news!

Anncr; Michael Axford was bubbling over with excitement
when he came into the office of Miss Case, secretary
to Britt Reid, the young millionaire publisher of
the Daily Sentinel. The attractive girl looked up
tolerantly.

Case; What's the latest, Michael?

Axford; I was just over to the court -- to Judge Lamont's
court. His own son was on the docket fer reckless
drivin'.

Case; You mean to say John Lamont came to trial in his
own father's court?

Axford; I guess the Judge asked fer the case to give the
kid a lesson. But anyhow, he handed out ten days
in jail!

Case; Oh—

Axford; Well what's the matter? Is that all you can say?

Case; I'm awfully sorry for the Judge. He's one of the
finest men I've ever known.

Axford; Well the kid had it comin' to him. He's been in
one jam after another since he busted out o' college.
You shoul d hear what the cops at headquarters have
to say about him.

Case; About John?

Axford; Yeah. That lad is travelin' wit' a bad crowd. He's been seen at half a dozen gamblin' places.

Case; I wonder if Mr. Reid knows that.

Axford; Maybe not. All the lads at the cops headquarters have been tryin' to soft-peddle John Lamont's activities because o' the old Judge.

Case; Judge Lamont has had a lot to say about organized crime in this city. He's been leading a crusade against gambling.

Axford; That I know.

Case; As a matter of fact, Mr. Reid is working on an editorial right now--

Axford; Then he's in his office. Maybe I better tell him about what happened.

(DOOR OPENS BACK)

Case; Oh, Mr. Reid.

Axford; Hey, Reid--

Britt; (COMING IN) I thought I heard your voice, Axford.

Axford; I was just tellin' Casey the news. Judge Lamont has sentenced his son to ten days!

Britt; Yes I know. Gunnigan just phoned me from the city room.

Axford; By golly, impartiality like that ought to go a long ways toward reelectin' the Judge.

Britt; He's not going to run for reelection.

Axford; He's not?

Case; But he's been on the bench for years!

Britt; He feels there's a more important job for him. He wants to devote full time to his fight against the gambling syndicate.

Axford; But can't he work on that an' still be Judge?

Britt; Apparently he thinks not.

Axford; Hey, Reid, all the boys at the cops headquarters knows that Sammy Harris runs the gamblin' ring. As a matter o' fact, there's talk that he's expandin' into handlin' narcotics.

Britt; Knowing that doesn't mean a thing, Axford. Someone has to get proof against Harris.

Axford; Is that what Judge Lamont is goin' to try to do?

Britt; Yes. There are places in this town that run wide open. The law can't seem to do anything about them.

Axford; You mean nite clubs?

Britt; Nite clubs with gambling rooms in the rear.

Axford; That's it! Sammy Harris controls 'em!

Britt; John Lamont is just one of many boys who think it's smart to travel with a fast, sporting crowd -- the sort of acquaintances they make in the places run by the syndicate.

Case; Now Judge Lamont will be more determined than ever to put that syndicate out of business.

Axford; I I'm tellin' yez, Casey, he's up against a tough proposition.

Case; It's too bad there isn't some way we might help him.

Britt; We'll let him know that the facilities of the Daily Sentinel are at his disposal. (FADING) Miss Case, if you'll come into my office I'll dictate some changes in the editorial I was writing.

MUSIC: Interlude, Fade Under:

Annex; John Lamont served his ten day stretch, and on the day he was to be released, Britt ~~held~~ called a meeting of several members of his staff.

Britt; Lowry, Hawks, Binney, Axford, all of you - you're to get a new assignment-- a secret one.

Axford; That's right up my alley!

Britt; You've all seen our editorials about Judge Lamont.

Ad lib; (AGREEMENT)

Britt; His son is to be released after a ten day term in the county jail.

Lowry; That kid ought to be spanked for hurting the Judge as he has done.

Britt; I want to know what he's doing in the future.

Lowry; Come again, Boss?

Britt; Keep an eye on John Lamont. Find out where he spends his time in the evening. Get a line on his acquaintance -- bring me all the facts you can gather.

Axford; What're yez goin' to do wit' them facts, Reid?

Britt; Axford, you said the police knew quite a bit
about young Lamont.

Axford; What they do, Reid.

Britt; I want to know more about him than they do.

Lowry; Feature story?

Britt; No, Lowry. Judge Lamont is a good friend of mine.
I'd like to forestall trouble, if possible.

Ad lib; (MURMURS)

Anner; Lenore Case and Britt Reid exchanged significant
glances. The girl was the only one in the room who
knew that Britt was also the mysterious Green
Hornet. She rightly guessed that he was using the
facilities of his newspaper in the hope of getting
information on which the Green Hornet might act to
smash the gambling syndicate!

MUSIC: Burst to Finish

The next day reports began to come in.

Axford; Last nite, Reid, I saw young Lamont at the Sunrise
Club. He was dancin' wit' a smooth lookin' red-
head who sings in the place.

MUSIC: Sharp "Sting"

Lowry; I saw Lamont at the Lucky Seven with Blaze Petersen.
I think he'd been gambling, and I think he lost.

MUSIC: "Sting"

Voice; I couldn't get into the back room, Mr. Reid, but I saw young Lamont go in there. It was two hours before he came out and he certainly looked unhappy.

Britt; All right, Joe. Thank you.

Voice; It's all there in the written report.

Britt; Stay on the job and keep me informed.

(DOOR OPENS, BACK)

Case; (BACK) Mr. Reid--

Britt; Come in, Miss Case.

Voice; (FADING) I'll report again tomorrow, Mr. Reid.

Britt; Right.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

Case; John Lamont is right back in the groove, isn't he?

Britt; He certainly is, Miss Case.

Case; I've seen the reports since he finished his ten day jail term.

Britt; He's either losing a lot of cash or using up a lot of credit.

Case; I--

Britt; Yes?

Case; Well- I - (SIGH) I guess it was too much to expect.

Britt; What are you talking about?

Case; Oh, it's-- it's just that I rather hoped the Green Hornet might do something about John Lamont.

Britt; Don't give up hope, Miss Case.

Case; Then you're planning something?

Britt; No. I'm trying to think of something that might be done, but so far, I have no plan. () Miss case, call Judge Lamont. Get him on the phone for me. I'm going to ask him if he'll see me this evening.

Case; An interview?

Britt; No, the Judge and Dad have been friends for many years. This is just a social call.

MUSIC: Interlude

Annccr; The sad-faced Judge was in his library that evening. He sat at a large desk, his head resting on his cupped hands. He wasn't aware of his son until John spoke.

John; Dad - I thought you were expecting company.

Judge; Oh - oh, hello, John.

John; Isn't Mr. Reid calling?

Judge; Yes. He'll be here presently. Sit down, my boy.

John; I can't. I have a date. I-

Judge; Again tonite?

John; Why not?

Judge; This will be the fourth nite in succession-

John; Yeah! But before that there were ten nights in succession when I didn't go anywhere.

Judge; John, I - I had hoped that would be a lesson to you-

John; Lesson! Humph.

Judge; I- I wonder where I have failed with you, boy? I've tried to do everything for you-- but somehow I - I seem to have failed as a father. Perhaps if your mother had lived -- or perhaps if you had different friends--

John; What's the matter with my friends? A fellow's got to have some fun, hasn't he?

(DOOR BELL)

There's the door. It must be Mr. Reid.

Judge; The maid will admit him-

John; I'll run along. See you in the morning.

Judge; Can't you wait and meet Mr. Reid?

John; I've met him. (FADING) Give him my regards. Good night, Dad.

Judge; Good night, John. (PAUSE) (SIGH) (MUTTER)
I wish I knew where I have failed as a father-

Maid; (BACK) Judge Lamont - Mr. Reid is calling.

Britt; (COMING IN) Good evening, Judge.

Judge; Britt. I'm very glad to see you. Sit down there.

Britt; Thanks. Is John around?

Judge; He just left. I - I wanted him to stay, but he--
well, he had an engagement.

Britt; Um.

Judge; I'm worried about him, Britt. He's traveling with
people who gamble and drink--

Britt; You know that?

HJudge; I hear things.

Britt; So do I!

Judge; Um! Britt, that's a pointed remark. You gave
something to tell me?

Britt; Judge Lamont, I don't know what Jack is doing
a single thing that's out of line-- but I can
tell you this! The sooner you smash the Sammy
Harris outfit, the better it will be for John!

Judge; (SLOWLY) I see.

Britt; Are you getting anywhere in your campaign to
smash the gamblers?

Judge; (SOFT LAUGH) Britt, have you been talking to your
father?

Britt; No. He's on the West Coast. Why?

Judge; I had a wire from him today. He said the same thing
you did. He said, "Are you getting anywhere in your
campaign to smash the gamblers. If you need help,
let me know."

Britt; That - that's a strange message. How did you answer it?

Judge; I haven't answered it. You see, Britt, if I tell him I need help, the old fire-eater is likely to fly right back from the Coast to try to help me.

Britt; (SOFT LAUGH)

Judge; As a matter of fact, I think I'm nearly at the end of the trail.

Britt; Really?

Judge; Yes. I suddenly and unexpectedly came into possession of very important information.

Britt; Concerning Sammy Harris?

Judge; That's right. It may be enough to send him to a Federal prison.

Britt; Not on gambling charges.

Judge; On narcotic traffic.

Britt; (LOW WHISTLE)

Judge; Perhaps if I wait a little while I can tell your father I have reached my goal.

Britt; Does Harris suspect you have any information?

Judge; I hope not. If he suspected it, I - well, he'd do anything to get it away from me. Anything up to and including murder.

MUSIC:

(DANCE ORCHESTRA B.G.)

(NITE CLUB NOISES)

Annrc; That same evening John Lamont was seated at a table in the Sunrise Club, one of a number of places operated by Sammy Harris and his syndicate. The attractive red-headed girl at the table was a singer. She was known as Blaze Petersen.

John; Aw, sit still, Blaze.

Blaze; I've got to go, Johnny, I've got to go and dab on a little powder before my next number. But I'll hurry back when I'm thru singing.

MUSIC: Up thru pause

(DOOR CLOSES)

MUSIC: Cuts to Soft B.G.

Voice 2; Hey Blaze. YOU'd better hurry to your dressing room. The big boss is waiting for you.

Blaze; Sammy Harris?

Voice 2; Who else?

Blaze; Thanks.

(STEPS THRU HALL AS:)

(TO HERSELF) Must be something important if Sammy comes here at this hour.

(DOOR OPENS & CLOSES)

CUT THE REST OF THE MUSIC:

Sam; Listen, Blaze, is young Lamont^t here tonight?

Blaze; Yeah, he's out front right now. What's up, Sammy?

Sam; He don't know you're my girl, does he?

Blaze; (LAUGHS) Of course not. He thinks I'm his girl.

Sam; Good. Now get this, baby. I had you promote the kid because I thought he might be useful.

Blaze; Well?

Sam; He's needed right now. You remember Trigger Bates, don't you?

Blaze; Sure, he's in a penitentiary out in Kansas, isn't he?

Sam; No. He got out. The little rat, he squealed his way out. Signed affidavits and told everything he knew. He gave names and dates and places--

Blaze; Why that--

Sam; I got the tip-off from a pal of mine who has an "In" with one of the guards--

Blaze; Trigger could tell plenty about you.

Sam; He did and everything he told was sent to Judge Lamont.

Blaze; Gosh, Sammy, how did you learn that?

Sam; It cost plenty to find that out. Did you give young Lamont the story I told you to?

Blaze; Sure, I told him my father was an important man in town and for that reason I used an assumed name. (SOFT LAUGH) He's been trying to figure out who my father is.

Sam; Good going, baby. We've got to use that kid tonite. Now here's what you're to do and remember, if you muff it, I'll be a gone goose.

MUSIC: Interlude

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

(COMMERCIAL)

Annrc; After Blaze Petersen received her instructions from Sammy Harris, she spoke to the orchestra leader cancelling her song, then rejoined John Lamong at a ringside table in the Sunrise Club.

(ROOM NOISES)

John; Intermission, Blaze.

Blaze; Yes, Johnnie, and I --I'm glad.

John; But I thought you were going to sing.

Blaze; No. (NERVOUSLY) not -- not tonight. I -I'm too worried.

John; Worried?

Blaze; Oh I, I can't tell you. There's no use worrying you with -with my personal problems.

John; What's a friend for if not to help?

Blaze; Well, you see, Johnnie, it's - it's (SIGHS) I might as well tell you everything. You know that place where we bet on horses?

John; Yes.

- Blaze; Well -I - I lost some money there and I gave them a check for five hundred dollars, and -- (SOB) the check wasn't good. Oh, I didn't mean to pass a bad check. I knew I could get the money and put it into the bank the very next morning -- and I got the money. I sold some of my stock. Then I didn't get a chance to go to the bank. I put the money in father's safe at home.
- John; Is it there now?
- Blaze; Yes, but the trouble is, Johnnie, the man who has the bad check is here -- he's watching me and I just know he'll (SOB) well, he's very angry. I can't leave here to go and get the cash. He wouldn't let me. He'd think I was trying to run out on him.
- John; Can't you phone your father?
- Blaze; There's no one at home. Father and Mother went away for a few days and closed up the house. (SOB) Oh if there were only some way I could get that money.
- John; I should think someone could go and get it for you.
- Blaze; But who could I trust with five hundred dollars? I -- Johnnie -- you! (LAUGHS) I trust you, of course! Would you go there and get the money for me?
- John; Yes, but -- (LAUGH) I don't know where you live. You've kept that a secret.

Blaze; I guess I'll have to give you the address, and I'll give you the combination to the safe and a key to the house. You can be back here inside of an hour. Then everything will be all right.

MUSIC: Interlude

AnnCR; In the meantime Britt Reid was enjoying the evening with his father's friend old Judge Lamont. It was around eleven o'clock when the telephone rang.

(PHONE AND PHONE HOOK)

Judge; Yes? () Mr Reid. Yes, he's right here. ()
For you, Britt.

Britt; Thanks. () Hello. () Oh yes, Miss Case. ()
Is that so? () Very well. Thank you. Wait there, I'll be right over.

(PHONE HOOK)

Judge Lamont, that was my office.

Judge; Oh?

Britt; I hate to break off the evening. It's been most enjoyable. But I'll have to go. A story has come in that needs my personal attention.

MUSIC: Burst

AnnCR; In the meantime John Lamont had driven to a suburban home - an address given him by Blaze Petersen. He fitted a key into the lock, opened a door and stepped inside without suspecting that instead of being the home of Blaze's father, it was the home of Sammy Harris, head man of the gambling syndicate.

MUSIC: Soft b.g. tension

- Annecr; Following the directions given by the girl, John found a small den and in one corner, a safe. He crouched, pressed the button of a flashlight, and began operations on the dial.
- John; (MUTTERING) Twenty-two --- then back to thirty-five --- twice around---
- Annecr; In his concentration, young Lamont was unaware that two others had entered the house. They stood behind him at the doorway to the den.
- John; --- now open.
- Annecr; He gripped the handle to open the safe but at that moment a switch clicked and the room was flooded with light.
- John; (GASP OF SURPRISE)
- Sam; Okay, bella. Hoist 'em.
- John; Wha - what - who---
- Sam; Caught you with the goods, eh? Cracking my safe.
- John; No no - you -- (GASPS) Blaze! You here! I - I-don't understand---
- Blaze; The acting's ended, Johnny.
- John; Acting? Is this -- this your father?
- Sam; Her father? (LAUGHS) I'm her boy friend. The name is Sammy Harris.

John; ! Sammy Harris! You're the man -- the head man --
that is the man Dad--

Sam; (CHUCKLES) Yeah, the man your father would like
to get. This is my home and that's my safe.

John; Blaze, you told me -- I thought--

Blaze; Skip it, Johnny.

John; But you sent me here. You gave me a key--

Sam; Let me tell you something, Johnny. If anyone
checks they'dl find that that was a brand new key
made from a wax impression by Joe the Key Maker on
Tenth Avenue. It was ordered by a guy named
John Lamont, and Joe will identify you as the man
who bought it.

John; What is this? A frame-up?

Sam; You guessed it, Jonhhy. Now let me tell you some
more about it. An investigation will show that
you talked to Mike Miller. You discussed safes
with him and paid him to tell you the combination
to my safe.

John; That's an outright lie! I never heard of anyone
named Mike Miller!

Sam; Mike's testimony would stand up in court, Johnny.
He'd swear to anything for me. I've got you framed
for a safe cracking job. On top of everything else
your fingerprints are on that box. Besides that,
you're up to your ears in gambling debts. If I
called the cops, you'll get ten years.

- John; You two-- -- Blaze, you double crossing little--
- Blaze; Save it, Johnny.
- Sam; You were after the money to make good the ten grand you lost to me last week.
- John; I didn't lose any money like that! I owe one hundred dollars at the Sunrise Club and that's all.
- Sam; I own the Sunrise Club, and that I.O.U. you signed now reads ten thousand dollars. You see, Johnnie, I've got you facing a ten year term, and maybe I can put your father back of bars with you.
- John; You leave Dad out of this!
- Sam; There's some papers inside that safe-- papers the Judge would do most anything to get his hands on. (CHUCKLES) I've got a smart lawyer. Maybe he could make a jury think your father backed this play -- sent you to burgle my safe to get evidence against me.
- John; Why you--
- Sam; But there's no need for going to jail. Play ball with me and you'll be in the clear.
- Blaze; And you'd better do it, Johnny.
- Sam; All I want from you is a little favor. You go home and open your father's strongbox. Bring me the papers that're in it.
- John; I can't do that.

Sam; You'd better, Johnny. Because if you don't, I'll put you and maybe your father behind the bars.

John; You must be afraid of the documents my father has.

Sam; Maybe. Maybe not. The point is, he has documents that I want. Now get going and I'll wait here until two a.m. If you're not back by that time I'll call the cops. When they get here they'll find my safe empty. I'll report a robbery. The law can take it from there -- starting with your fingerprints.

John; I - I guess you win, Harris. But oh what a blind fool I've been. (EXPLOSIVELY) I trusted you!

Blaze; You're not the first one, Johnny.

Sam; Shove off, Kid. But be sure you're back by two a.m.!

MUSIC:

Annrc; It was just about then that Britt Reid entered his office in the Daily Sentinel Building and found Lenore Case there waiting.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES)

Britt; Miss Case, you're working overtime tonight.

Case; I wanted to catch up on some work, Mr. Reid. So I just happened to be here when Lowry called in. He had some information about John Lamont. He wanted you to know it right away.

Britt; He gave you the facts?

- Case; Yes and as I told you on the phone I thought Ed Lowry's news was quite important.
- Britt; Let's have it.
- Case; Well Lowry saw John Lamont with that singer, Blaze Petersen at the Sunrise Club.
- Britt; That's no news.
- Case; The red headed Blaze wrote something down on a slip of paper and handed it to John. Then she gave him what Lowry thought was a key. After that John left the place alone. Ed Lowry followed him.
- Britt; Then what?
- Case; Well he drove to a place in the suburbs. Lowry recognized it as the home of Sammy Harris.
- Britt; Sammy Harris, eh? Um. I don't like that.
- Case; The house was dark, but Lamont unlocked the door and went inside. A couple of minutes later another car drove up and stopped in front of the house.
- Britt; Who was in that one?
- Case; Wait 'til you hear. It was Sammy Harris himself and Blaze Petersen was with him. They left the car, went around to the side door of the house and went inside. Lowry watched for a while and nothing happened. There was a drug store nearby and he called to try to pass what he had seen on to you. Gosh, Mr. Reid, what do you make of it?

Britt; I don't know, Miss Case, but it doesn't look good to me. Especially in view of what the Judge told me.

Case; What's that?

Britt; He has some affidavits and other evidence to smash Sammy Harris and his gang. If Harris knows that, there's no telling what he might do.

Case; I told Lowry I'd get in touch with you. He's to call back for instructions.

Britt; When he calls tell him he might as well go home. Tell him I said he should give me a report as usual in the morning.

Case; Mr. Reid, are- are you going to let it go at that?

Britt; No, Miss Case, I'll take over from here.

MUSIC: Fade Under:

Annecr; Britt Reid hurried to his apartment and found Kato, his faithful Filipino valet, one of the privileged few who knew him as the Green Hornet, waiting up.

Britt; Kato, I'm glad you're up and dressed.

Kato; Mr. Britt, is something wrong?

Britt; I don't know. We're going to find out. Come with me.

Kato; Where we go?

Britt; We're going to find out why John Lamont had a key to the home of Sammy Harris. We're going out as the Green Hornet.

MUSIC: Burst, Fade Under:

AnnCR;

Britt secured the mask and weapon, as well as the hat and coat that he used in his role as the Green Hornet. Then 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 passageway 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)

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;

Britt circled the block and saw nothing of Ed Lowry's car, so he decided that the reporter had left the neighborhood. Then he parked the Black Beauty and left Kato at the wheel. Moving like a shadow, the Green Hornet used a special key to let himself into Sam Harris' home thru a rear door. As he crept thru a corridor toward the front he heard two people in the reception hall.

Blaze;

You see, Sam, there's no one here.

Sam;

I guess you're right, Blaze. But I was sure I heard a door squeak.

Blaze; Lamont couldn't get in. You took the key away from him. () Sam, is it necessary to kill him?

Sam; Yes.

Blaze; Even if he has the evidence from his father's safe?

Sam; I've got to do it, Blaze. I've opened my own safe without disturbing Lamont's fingerprints. I'm going to plug him and tell the cops I caught him in the act of looting the box.

Blaze; But you've got him in an air-tight frame-up.

Sam; I'm taking no chances.

(DOOR BELL)

Blaze; There he is.

Sam; I'll let him in.

(DOOR OPENS)

(CUE) Hello, Lamont. Come on in. Did you get this papers?

John; I -I have them. Here they are.

(DOOR CLOSES)

Sam; Go into the den.

John; Hey, what's the gun for?

Sam; I said into the den. Come on, Blaze. You too. I want you where I can see you.

Blaze; I wouldn't double-cross you, Sam. Not even for young handsome.

(DOOR CLOSES)
(DOOR BELL)

Yes.

John; Your safe is open.

Sam; That's right. You opened it, sonny boy and I shot you in self-defense.

John; Shot me? You mean-- no no!

Britt; (BACK) Drop it, Sam!

Sam; What the--

Blaze; The Green Hornet!

Britt; Take it!

Sam; (SCREAMING) You -- (GAGGING, AD LIBBED)

(GUN FALLS)

Blaze; Sam! Sam, shoot him! What's the matter? Pick up your gun!

Britt; You too.

Blaze; (GASPING)

(FALLING BODIES)

John; You - you --

Britt; Now you're dealing with me Lamont. So you robbed your father.

John; Wait, listen--

Britt; I know some of the facts and I can guess the rest. (EFFORT) Are these the documents that came from your father's safe?

John; Y-Y-yes.

(SIRENS IN FRONT OF HOUSE)

Britt; Stand still while I look out the window --it's
a police car.

John; (GASPS) Police!

Britt; Did they follow you here?

John; I --I don't know.

Britt; (EFFORT) Listen to me, John. Get this straight.
I've got to have the facts. Were you seen by anyone
when you stole these documents?

John; No. No, but I heard Dad coming down the stairs
as I left thru the rear window. He must have found
the safe open -- the papers gone -

(DOOR BELL)

Cop; (OUTSIDE) This is the law, Harris.

(RAPPING ON DOOR BACK)

John; They'll find me here!

Britt; Listen to me--

(HAMMERING ON DOOR)

Axford; Open up! We know you're in there, Harris.

Cop; (OUTSIDE) We're coming in one way or the other!
Open this door!

Britt; I'm going to try to save your neck, Lamont. This
is going to be a job of the Green Hornet and don't
you tell anyone otherwise! I tricked you into coming
here.

John; You - you're wiping my fingerprints off that safe.

Britt; Of course I am, you fool! But pay attention to what I'm saying! You came here. I gassed you, and that's all you know. That's your story and you stick to it.

John; But - But why - why are you helping me?

Britt; Reasons of my own. But from now on you go straight -- or else.

John; Wait! Wait, what are you going to do with that gun?

Britt; I'm going to gas you to save your Neck.

John; (CRY OUT) No no!

Axford; (OUTSIDE) Come on! We'll smash our way in!

John; (GASPING AND GAGGING)

(SMASHING DOOR)

Cop; That does it!

Axford; Look! There goes someone toward the back!

Cop; (YELL) Stop in the name o' the law!

Axford; It's the Green Hornet!

Cop; 2) Look in the den! Great day there's three of 'em sprawled on the floor!

Axford; An' the safe wide open!

Cop; (FADING) I'm goin' after the Hornet!

Axford; (FADING) I'm with yez!

Cop; (BACK, SHOUTING) You boys see about things in the den!

Cop; 2) By golly, there's names on that floor. Sammy Harris - the big shot, an' Johnny Lamont, the Judge's son. Oh my!

MUSIC: Burst

Axford; (FADING IN) There was no use of us chasin' the Green Hornet, Reid. His car was waitin' for the getaway the same as usual.

Britt; But Axford, you said something about John Lamont-

Axford; Aw, his story don't make no sense. He says he was tricked into goin' to the Harris place by the Green Hornet an' gassed when he got there.

Britt; What about Sam Harris' story?

Axford; (LAUGHS) Oh golly, is he talkin' in circles! He's tryin' to say he was framed an' double cross, an' tryin' to involve young Lamont an' the Judge, an' everyone else.

Britt; Did he deny sending the Hornet to steal those documents from the Judge's home?

Axford; He sure did deny it, but what's his denial mean when we found the stolen documents in Harris' safe together with a lot of other stuff to make a case against the gamblin' syndicate.

(DOOR OPENS)

Judge; (COMING IN) Britt-

Britt; Judge Lamont. Good morning.

Judge; Britt, I want you to be the first to know it. My case against Sam Harris is complete.

Britt; That's fine. I'm glad to hear it/

Judge; There's a lot I don't understand, most of it pertaining to the Green Hornet. But I'm not going to try to understand it. I think my son has had a scare he'll never forget. I think he'll be different from now on.

Axford; Hey Judge, did you say the case against Sammy Harris was complete?

Judge; He and his whole gang are headed for the Federal penitentiary.

Axford; Sufferin' Snakes, that's a story for the Sentinal!

MUSIC: Burst

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MUSIC: Theme