

BROADCAST COPY

The Green Hornet

by Fran Striker

BALLOTS AND BLUSTER

Number ~~1022~~ 1020

Date

FRED TOOP

(USUAL OPENING)

Annex:

John Holland headed a corrupt political machine that had held the city in its grip for many years. Holland had been the Mayor for three successive terms and was running for his fourth term. His opponent, Grant Lucas, heading a reform ticket, had the support of thinking people who wanted clean government...including Britt Reid, publisher of the Daily Sentinel. // It was in the afternoon of the day before election when Lucas came to Britt's office.

Britt; I'm glad you dropped in, Lucas. If you hadn't, I'd have called on you.

Lucas; I wanted to thank you, Britt, for all you've done in my behalf.

Britt; It wasn't for you, Lucas. It was for the good of the city. That corrupt Holland machine must be thrown out!

Lucas; How does it look?

Britt; The political experts on our staff give you an even chance.

Lucas; (SIGH) An even chance - that and no more. Britt,
I've conducted a hard campaign. I've exposed
corruption in every department of the city. I've
proved Holland and his gang are crooks -

Britt; Have you heard the charges Holland's made against
you?

Lucas; Indeed I have! And I intend to sue him for
slander and libel!

Britt; He's accused you of crooked deals when you were a
member of the parole board- he's- -

Lucas; He's made a lot of charges against me! All of them
lies!

Britt; He daims you have lied about him.

Lucas; I have documentary proof of my charges against him.

Britt; He claims to have documentary proof of his charges
against you.

Lucas; Britt, you don't believe that?

Britt; No. I don't. But in the publis mind his charges do
much to offset yours.

Lucas; Is that what you wanted to tell me?

Britt; Eh?

Lucas; You said you were coming to see me, if I had not
dropped in here.

Britt; ~~Oh, yes.~~ No. () I wanted to ask you if you know what
Rod Mitchell intended to say in his speech tonig

Lucas; No. I don't know. I understand his radio time was paid for by a small group of independent voters.

Britt; Do you know which side Mitchell is on?

Lucas; Not definitely, but I'm not worried. A business man like Mitchell can't possibly condone the present corrupt machine.

Britt; Do you expect him to support you?

Lucas; Yes I do. And he's influential enough to swing a lot of votes.

Britt; Lucas, I'm going to tell you something off the record so you'll be prepared for a shock. You must not divulge the source of the information.

Lucas; Very well, Britt. What is it?

Britt; This morning one of our reporters was in the office of the radio station manager. There was a copy of Mitchell's speech on the desk. The manager left the room for a moment and our man had a chance to glance thru the speech. . .

Lucas; (TENSE) Yes?

Britt; Mitchell is going to deliver a devastating indictment — against you!

Lucas; (GASP) No! He can't!

Britt; He'll back every charge that Holland has made! He'll label you a thief, a bribe taker —

Lucas; Oh No! He can't! None of those charges are true!

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Britt; I know they're not true. But the point is, you'll have no chance to refute them. The election will be over - and Holland will probably be re-elected before you can start a lawsuit.

Lucas; Why is Mitchell doing such a thing? How in the name of Heaven did Holland get the support of a man like Rodney Mitchell?

Britt; That, Lucas, is the big question.

MUSIC INTERLUDE.

Anncr; Rodney Mitchell lived on the tenth floor of an apartment hotel. It was two hours before the time of his broadcast on election eve when he entered his room to dress for the occasion.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

Mitch; (MUTTER) Wonder who turned on the lights?

Britt; (BACK) I did.

Mitch; (GASP)

Britt; (BACK) Lock the door, Mitchell.

Mitch; That mask! Y-you're the Green Hornet!

Britt; (BACK) Lock it!

Mitch; Yes yes- don't shoot- I'm locking it-

DOOR LOCK

Britt; (BACK) Now come over here -

Mitch; How- how did you get in?

Britt; By the fire escape and a window. I came to cancell
your broadcast. You're not going to speak tonight.

Mitch; But I must! If it's money you want--

Britt; No.

Mitch; What do you want?

Britt; I want to know why you're backing a crook like Holland.

Mitch; I don't see why you're concerned.

Britt; You're not the type to support Holland. He must have
a very strong hold on you. Was the speech to be a
blackmail pay-off?

Mitch; I'll not answer.

Britt; Very well. We'll wait here. I may learn something
when Holland phones to see why you're not on the air.

Mitch; (PANIC) I must broadcast! I must I tell you!

Britt; Tell me more. What is Holland's hold on you?

Mitch; If I tell you - will you let me go?

Britt; That depends. But you may be sure you'll not leave
this room if you don't tell me.

Mitch; I- I'll talk. I'll take a chance. It goes back a
good many years. I was young. I became associated
with a group of men in a stock promotion. I didn't
realize that it was an out-and-out swindle. But it
was! Those men made a clean-up and left the city -

Britt; Leaving you to face the music, eh?

Mitchell; Yes, but I didn't face it. I ran away - changed my name and started a new life. Holland learned about my past. He'll expose me unless I follow instructions.

Britt; But surely the statute of limitations has expired.

Mitchell; I'm in no danger of going to jail - but Holland will disgrace me - - ruin me!

Britt; So - to save your reputation, you're ready to broadcast a lot of lies about Grant Lucas.

Mitchell; They're not lies! Holland has documentary proof of everything!

Britt; Did you see the proof?

Mitchell; No, but Holland swore he had it and he's smart enough to know that we'd both face action for criminal libel if there were no proof. Now I've answered your questions. Will you go?

Britt; No. I'm staying here and so are you. You'll make no broadcast tonight. If necessary, I'll knock you out with gas from this weapon to keep you here.

Mitchell; (SIGHS) You win. May I telephone to cancel the broadcast - - so they'll not be looking for me?

Britt; Go ahead. But be careful what you say.

(PHONE HOOK)

Mitchell; I'll have to place the call thru the switchboard. ()
Hello, Operator. This is Rodney Mitchell. (SUDDEN)
Send help! The Green Hornet - -

Britt; (EFFORT) You ---

Mitchell; - - (EFFORT) Here to kill me!
Britt; (EFFORT) Give me that phone!

Mitch; (EFFORT) Fooled you!

Britt; (EFFORT) Get back!

SLAM PHONE

Mitch; (BACK) You're too late in closing the phone. The police will be here in a moment.

Britt; They'll not find me here. I'm leaving, Mitchell. But I'll make sure you don't broadcast. The gas from this gun will - (SHARP BREAK) What did you put into your mouth?

Mitch; (BACK) A capsule. A quick - painless - poison.

Britt; Mitchell!

Mitch; (BACK) I've had it ready for a long time. Now- go ahead- use- use that gun - n-nothing can hurt me- now-

Britt; Mitchell, you fool, you fool!

Mitch; (GASPING) I - I always said - I'd rather die - than than face-~~n~~- disgrace-

FALLING BODY

MUSIC BURST. FADE UNDER

(Anncr:

The Green Hornet paused only long enough to learn that Mitchell was indeed dead. Then he hurried to the fire escape and down the side of the building to a dark alley where his black car was parked with the engine idling. Kate, Britt Reid's faithful valet, and one of the few who knew that the publisher was also the Green Hornet, was at the wheel-

(SNEAK IN CAR IDLING) (RUNNING STEPS) (CAR DOOR
SLAM AS:)

Britt; Get going, Kato! Get away from here!

(CAR START & SUSTAIN AS:)

Kato; There trouble?

Britt; Yes! Mitchell tricked me! He called for help, then took poison. The Police will find him dead and they'll jump to the conclusion that he was killed by the Green Hornet.

Kato; Commissioner your friend. He know Green Hornet never kill.

Britt; Even Commissioner Higgins will lift his eyebrows when this news breaks!

MUSIC: Burst & under:

Cue
Anncr; A few minutes later Kato went to the radio station, ~~in the~~ in the ~~disguise~~ of a messenger boy. He delivered a message cancelling Mitchell's broadcast and picked up the typewritten speech that would not be made.

MUSIC: Burst to finish.

Cue
Anncr; The next day reports of a record turnout of voters came from all parts of the city. It was late afternoon when Michael Axford came into Britt Reid's office.

Britt; Sit down, Axford. Tell me how things look.

Axford; D'yuh mean about the election or about the Mitchell case?

Britt; Is there anything new on the Mitchell case?

Axford; Not yet. The Coroner's goin' tuh do an autopsy. Me, I think the Green Hornet bumped the guy off.

Britt; This isn't the first time you've suspected the Green Hornet of murder.

Axford; But golly, Reid, look at the evidence!

Britt; As I understand it, there's only the word of the girl at the telephone switchboard.

Axford; But under oath she said Mitchell phoned for help, an' he told her the Hornet was with him - an' was goin' to kill him. Under Oath she said that, Reid. By golly, this time it looks like the Green Hornet really did it.

Britt; I'll reserve my opinion until the investigation is finished. () How does the election look?

Axford; Well - there's a heavy vote. That should be in Lucas' favor. On the other hand, Lucas is bound to lose a lot o' votes because o' the things John Holland said.

Britt; I'm sure of that.

Axford; Reid, I've seen lots of bitter election campaigns in my day, but I never heard anyone go as far as Holland did in callin' Lucas a crook!

Britt; I hope Lucas files charges against Holland.

Axford; He's got tuh do it, Reid! If he don't, everyone'll figure that Holland was tellin' the truth.

Britt; I'll tell Lucas you said that.

Axford; When are you goin' to see him?

Britt; Tonight. I'm spending the evening at his home - to listen to the returns.

MUSIC BURST. FADE UNDER.

SOUND STREET NOISES. SHOUTS AND CHEERS.

Newsboy; (ADLIB) Sentinal extry paper. Election final.
Lucas wins. Holland concedes victory. Machine
beaten. Ready all about it- (FADE ADLIBBING)

MUSIC BURST, THEN UNDER. SNEAK OUT

(Anncr; The results were known at midnite. It was a
great victory for good government / a mandate
from an aroused public / grown tired and disgusted
with corrupt officials...

~~FADE IN STREET NOISES.~~

cue
(Anncr; Britt Reid / and a dozen other close friends were with
Lucas in his home-

ADLIB: Congratulations, Grant.
You did it, fella.
Great work.
You showed 'em.

Lucas; (LAUGHING AND THANKING)

Britt; You put it over, Grant.

Greas; Britt! You and your newspaper - I owe you more
than I can ever repay. Your support - -

Britt; Forget my support, Grant. Just remember your pledge
to the people.

Lucas; I'll not forget that!

Britt; One more thing - are you going to let Holland get
away with libel and slander?

Lucas; No! He made a lot of charges against me during the campaign. He'll retract those charges or I'll sue him for all he's worth.

MUSIC INTERLUDE.

Anner; It was a few days after the election when Michael Axford, a Sentinel reporter and former ^{DETECTIVE} came into the outer office where Britt Reid's secretary, Lenore Case, was working at her typewriter.

TYPING. SNEAK IN. STOP AS DOOR CLOSES.

Axford; (COMING IN) Hi, Casey.

Case; Hello, Michael. What's new on the death of Rodney Mitchell?

Axford; The cops haven't issued a report yet. U've been workin' on somethin' else.

Case; I thought so. Did you ask your friends at police headquarters to check on men who had been released from prison on parole?

Axford; Well - yuh see, Casey, Holland had so much to say about Grant Lucas bein' crooked whilst he was headin' the parole board-- I thought--

Case; Mr. Reid told you those charges were not true.

Axford; All the same, I thought I'd do some checkin' on my own- () but how did you know?

Case; Your friend, Sergeant Burke telephoned from police headquarters.

Axf rpd Oh - () I* I asked Burke to help me. What'd he say?

Case; Here's the message. It's about a character named Malloy.

Axford; That's "Fingers" Malloy. He used to be a safe cracker before he went to jail. He was paroled whilst Grant Lucas headed the board. He - () Holy Crow, Casey, is this what Burke said?

Case; I wrote it just as he gave it to me.

Axford; Malloy is livin' at the Carlton Arms Hotel! That's a high-priced place!

Case; The thought occurred to me.

Axford; That goon couldn't afford the Carlton Arms on what he'd earn by honest work. He must've gone back tuh crime.

Case; If he has, it will look bad for Grant Lucas.

Axford; By golly, maybe Holland was right! Maybe Lucas did take bribes from crooks who wanted paroles--

Case; (SHARPLY) Michael!

Axford; But Casey-- I was only thinkin' !

Case; Don't think such things! Britt Reid and the Daily Sentinel are backing Lucas all the way!

Axford; But the election's over--

Case; We are now backing him in his libel action against John Holland. If Lucas is a "wrong guy" we're sunk!

Axford; Well I'm callin' on Finger's Malloy right now! I'll find out how he's payin' Carlton Arms prices! (FADES) I'll see yuh later.

DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.

MUSIC BREAK

Annex;

Later that day Grant Lucas, the Mayor elect, came to Britt Reid's office. He looked tired and drawn and his face was set in grim lines.

DOOR CLOSES.

Britt;

Sit down, Grant. Have a cigarette and relax.

Lucas;

Thanks, Britt. (SITS)

ADLIB BIZ OF CIGARETTE

Britt;

You look as though you've had a rough time.

Lucas;

My attorney and I have just finished our conference with John Holland.

Britt;

You told me you were to see him today.

Lucas;

And I promised to let you know what happened.

Britt;

Did he agree to retract the charges he made against you?

Lucas;

No! He invited me to go ahead and sue him.

Britt;

Start at the beginning, Grant. Tell me everything.

Lucas;

Well, my attorney showed him a list of specific accusations he had made publicly on the air and in the press. He read the list carefully, then he leaned back in his chair. (FADING) He smirked like a cat that's stolen cream--

Holland;

(CROSS FADE) Frankly, Lucas, I expected you to threaten me with action unless I retracted--

Lucas; Holland, my attorney and I would like to know your intentions.

Holland; There'll be no retraction.

Voice; In that case, Sir, we shall - -

Holland; One moment, Counsellor. Let's go over this list of charges. Take this first one. Lucas, I said that you collected bribes and payoffs when you were on the parole board.

Lucas; That's an outright lie!

Holland; Is it? If I'm dragged into court, I'll present documentary proof that it is a true statement. Now this second item - you claim that I stated you paid a blackmailer five thousand dollars for certain incriminating photographs.

Lucas; You did say that!

Holland; I admit saying. I'll say it again, because it is true.

Lucas; There's not a word of truth in it. I never knew a blackmailer.

Holland; I have proof.

Lucas; How can there be proof of something that's wholly untrue?

Holland; (CHUCKLES) That, Mr. Lucas, is just the point. I have the proof, so it must be true!

Voice; Mr. Holland. My client- -

Holland; (CUT IN) Please let me continue. This third item -- I said that you, Lucas, bought a piece of real estate and sold it within a few months for a government project. Isn't it true that you made over twenty thousand dollars on that deal?

Lucas; Yes. But I didn't know, when I bought the property, that the government would buy it. You purposely distorted the facts--

Holland; There's no need to go on thru this list. I have proof of everything I said. It is locked in my safe at home. Lucas, you and your attorney came here to give me an ultimatum. You threatened court action unless I retracted my charges. Well there'll be no retraction! On the other hand, I'll give you just twenty-four hours to resign from your new office.

Lucas; What?

Holland; Unless you step out as Mayor, I'll turn over to the newspapers the sworn affidavits, photostat copies of records and everything else. You'll be thrown out when that evidence comes to light. (FADE) Think it over.

Lucas; (CROSS FADE) He wasn't bluffing, Britt. I don't see how he could have proof that I'm a -- a crook -- and yet--

Britt; Many honest men have been discredited by a corrupt political machine. What are you going to do? Resign?

Lucas; No! I'll fight Holland to the end!

Britt; That's the talk! We backed your campaign because you were a fighter. Keep fighting and we'll stick with you!

MUSIC BURST

~~Annex; We'll continue our adventure in just a moment.~~

MIDDLE
~~COLUMB STAL~~

Annex; ~~You, back to the adventure.~~ Grant Lucas left Britt Reid's office determined to fight John Holland to a finish and assured of the support of the Daily Sentinel. When Miss Case entered the office an hour later, she found the young publisher in deep thought.

DOOR CLOSES.

Case; These letters are ready for your signature, Mr. Reid.

Britt; Thanks. () Miss Case, I wonder if we've made a mistake?

Case; Mistake?

Britt; In backing Grant Lucas!

Case; (DUBIOUS) Well-i-i-

Britt; (SHARPLY) Miss Case! I expected your emphatic assurance that Lucas was right! Instead, you have a doubt -

Case; Mr. Reid, I didn't have a chance to tell you where Michael Axford went.

Britt; Where did he go? And what's that to do with your doubt about Lucas?

Case; Axford has a line on a man who was paroled when Lucas was on the board.

Britt; What's the man's name?

Case; Malloy. Nicknamed "Fingers." Axford went to see him. Apparently Malloy is living in high style at the Carlton Arms.

Britt; Oh.

DOOR OPENS FAST.

Axford; (BACK) Hey Reid-

Case; (ASIDE) Now you'll hear it first hand.

DOOR CLOSES.

Axford; (COMING IN) I think I've got news!

Britt; I hear you've been calling on Fingers Malloy.

Axford; That I have, Reid. And he's up to somethin'!

Britt; Is it true that he's living in the Carlton Arms?

Axford; Yeah! That's where I saw him. I had to wait a long time, but finally I saw him goin' thru the lobby so I went up to him. He didn't want to talk, but I went right up to his room with him.

Britt; What's his source of income?

Axford; He wouldn't tell me. I was tryin' to get it out of him when the phone rang. I made him answer the phone whilst I held the receiver to my ear.

Case; Rather high handed.

Axford; Ah, Malloy is used to bein' pushed around. He didn't mind.

Britt; Learn anything?

Axford; Well, a low voice - sort of muffled soundin' - says "Are you all set for tonight." I signalled Malloy to say "Yes," an' then the voice said he was just checkin' up to make sure. Then he hung up.

Case; I wonder what's cooking tonight?

Axford; Malloy wouldn't tell me. He wouldn't say a word. But he's up to somethin' Reid! An' if he's caught, he'll go back to the hoosegow for breakin' parole. That'll look bad for Grant Lucas.

Britt; Yes.

Case; Axford, why don't you shadow Malloy and see where he goes tonight?

Axford; It wouldn't do any good, Casey. He's a slippery one. He's used to shakin' off men who try to follow him. If he's up to somethin' - mark my words - there's no man alive can keep him in sight. He knows all the tricks.

Britt; What are you doing tonight, Axford?

Axford; I'll try to follow Malloy - then if I lose him, I'll go to the cops headquarters an' see what happens - if anything. Maybe I'll get the report on Mitchell's death! Maybe the cops'll decide it was the work o' the Green Hornet.

MUSIC INTERLUDE.

Annex;

That evening during dinner in his apartment Britt was quiet and thoughtful. After dinner he sat at a desk in his library and considered the Lucas situation from every angle. Finally he rose to his feet and called Kato. The faithful Filipino came to the door.

Britt; Kato, Holland may be bluffing - or Lucas may be lying. One or the other must be the case.

Kato; You think Mister Lucas tell lie?

Britt; No! I've known him for a long time. I've never known him to be involved in anything that was shady. Certainly he never took bribes when he was on the parole board.

Kato; In that case, Mr. Britt, must be that Holland make big bluff.

Britt; That's not like John Holland! He must have something in the way of evidence to back his charges.

Kato; You tell me evidence is in Holland home- in safe.

Britt; That's what Holland told Lucas.

Kato; Mr. Britt- there one way to know truth.

Britt; Um. One way - and only one way!

Kato; Look into safe in Holland home.

Britt; That's it, Kato! That's what I decided. ~~Um.~~

OVER

Continued
OVER

Anner;

Britt Reid and Kato went to the bedroom of the apartment and assembled the mask, the gas weapon, and the other equipment of the Green Hornet.

Kato;

You find way to open safe in Holland home, Mr. Britt.

Britt;

I think I'll manage to persuade John Holland to open his own safe - and show me the contents.

Kato;

Is good.

Britt;

Is the *Black Beauty* Ready?

Kato;

Yes. *Come on*

A

MUSIC HORNET BG

Anner;

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 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.

STEP INTO CAR. STARTER AS

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.

CAR UP AND OUT.

FAINT STREET NOISES. B.G.

Anner;

BLACK BEAUTY

cue
 Annecr; Britt Reid parked the ~~car~~ on a dark street that ran past the gardens behind John Holland's luxurious home. ~~He pointed to a wing of the~~

~~house.~~

~~Britt; Holland's library is in that wing, Kato.~~

~~Kato; That where he keep safe?~~

~~Britt; I think so.~~

~~Kato; Hard to tell whether room lighted or not.~~

~~Britt; There are lights in the room - but they're almost blacked out by heavy drapes.~~

~~Kato; You know ?~~

~~Britt; I've been in the house.~~

~~Kato; Is good. Hope Holland there now.~~

~~Britt; So do I. I want a showdown. You stay here with the car.~~

MUSIC TENSION BG

cue
 Annecr; Britt crossed the lawn and reached the french doors of the library without making a sound. He used a small, strong instrument on the lock and the door swung out on well-oiled hinges. *cue* He stepped in, with heavy drapes between himself and the room, and closed the door. *cue* Tense in every muscle he parted the drapes a fraction of an inch. The room looked empty. Then Holland entered with a small man at his side-

MUSIC TRAIL OUT.

Holland; (COMING IN) Are you sure no one followed you here, Malloy ?

Fingers; Dead sure! I know all the tricks for makin' sure I'm not followed. (CHUCKLES) There was a guy from the newspaper who thought he was goin' to follow me--

Holland; (TENSE) A newspaper man?

Fibger; I know the lug. His name is Axford. He used to be a cop.

Holland; If he followed you here--

Finger; Naw. Not a chance.

Holland; Maybe the police followed you. They keep close tabs on a paroled man.

Fibgers; You're tellin' me? They even had me watched all the time I was workin' up in Millvale--

Holland; Well-- if you're sure you were not trailed to my home--

Finger; I'm sure. But I don't see where it would make any difference. This job's on the level, isn't it?

Holland; (QUICKLY) Oh yes-- yes, of course.

Fingers; Where's Grant Lucas? I thought he'd be here.

Holland; No, Malloy. He couldn't make it.

Fingers; You said he'd be.

Holland; He hoped to be here, but he's very busy. He had to change his plans.

Fingers; I sort of wanted to thank him for all he's done to help me. I never even had the chance to thank him for gettin' me into the factory in Millvale.

Holland; You'll have a much better job from now on.

Fingers; Yeah! Gosh, it doesn't seem possible that a man like Lucas is interested in seein' a guy like me get ahead. And lendin' me money, too -

Holland; That was only so you could come here from Millvale. How do you like the room he took in the Carlton for you?

Fingers; Swell. Gosh what a place! () But what's the dope on the new job Lucas promised me?

Holland; I have all the details. They're in that safe. Help yourself while I make a phone call.

Fingers; (TENSE) Huh? You mean, you want me to open that safe?

Holland; (LAUGHS) Don't be alarmed, Malloy.

Fingers; I'm thru with openin' safes! No more of that for me!

Holland; That one is unlocked. Just swing open the door.

Fingers; Oh -

Holland; You'll find a brown envelope with details of your new job.

Fingers; O.K. (FADE BACK) I'll get it.

(PHONE HOOK)

Holland; I'll make my phone call, then go over the data with you/

(DIALLING PHONE)

Fingers; (BACK) Hey - this safe is empty!

Holland; (HARD) Stand back and keep quiet!

Fingers; (STARTLED) A gun!

Holland; (HARD) Keep your mouth shut, Malloy, or I'll shoot!

Fingers; B - but - - wha - - what?

Holland; (TO PHONE) Hello! Police Headquarters. This is John Holland.

Fingers; (GASPS) Holland!

Holland; I've been robbed. Come to my home. And hurry.

(SLAM PHONE)

Fingers; Y -you -- you're John Holland? Say, what is this? You made me think your name was Brown. You told me you were acting for Grant Lucas. If you are Holland, you're no friend of Grant Lucas. You're the heel who told all those dirty lies about him!

Holland; Yeah. That's right, Fingers. I told a lot of things about Grant Lucas. And as far as the public knows, I had documentary proof of everything I said. I'll spread the word that the evidence was here in my safe - I'll accuse Lucas of sending you to steal it!

Fingers; But the safe is empty! You - (BREAK) I get it!
Yuh never did have any proof against him!

Holland; The evidence will back my story, Malloy. Your fingerprints will be found on the safe. Your safecracking record is well known. Furthermore, Lucas headed the board that paroled you - so it is reasonable to suppose you'd rob me, as a favor to him!

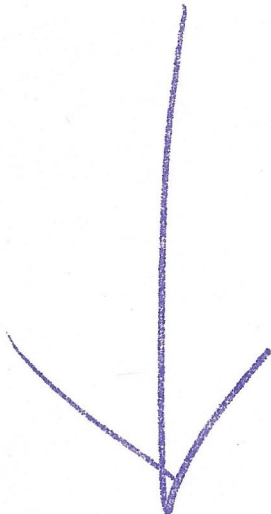
Fingers; (RAGING) Why you schemin' rat! You had all this in mind when yuh sent me cash to come here from Millvale an' reserved a room for me at that swell hotel!

Holland; That's right. You see, Fingers, it's an air tight case! Now you'd better clear out and stay away from the cops. If you're caught, you'll go back to finish your jail term for violation of your parole.

Fingers; I'm not goin'. I'll stay 'til the cops come an' I'll tell them the truth! They'll see that there's nothin' in that safe.

Holland; Get out or I'll shoot you! I'll kill you! The Police will have to say I was within my rights.

Fingers; Even if I'm found dead, it'll spike your story about me makin' off with papers from your safe!



Holland; A gallant gesture, Malloy, but it wouldn't help Lucas. I'd simply say you had an accomplice who escaped.

Fingers; You -

Holland; What's it to be? Are you going to get out- or take a bullet between the eyes?

Britt; ((BACK) He'll do neither one!

Fibgers; (GASP) He was behind the drapes -

Holland; You! The Green Hornet!

Britt; (COMING IN) Drop the gun, Holland!

Fingers; Lemme out of here -

Britt; Stand still! What about that gun?

GUN FALLS

Holland; I- I've dropped it- don't shoot-

Britt; Kick it toward me.

KICK GUN ON CARPET.

Britt; Thanks.

Holla d; Wha- what do - do you want ?

Britt; Holland, you know what happened to Mitchell on the night he was to broadcast.

Holland; Yyou killed him -

Britt; Well - he did die! Perhaps that's a clue as to what may happen to you.

Holland; No no - don't kill me! Please don't kill me!

Britt; Why not?

Holland; You'll make it even worse for Lucas! There's already suspicion that the Hornet worked for him on the Mitchell death! If I'm found dead -

Britt; You might be found shot with your own gun, Holland! There'd be nothing to connect the Green Hornet -

Holland; No no, please, please don't shoot me!

Fingers; Let me out of here first! If I'm found by the cops at the scene of a murder--

Holland; No! There can't be a murder! I - I don't want to die! I-

Britt; The price of your life comes high, Holland.

Holland; Name it. That's all. Just name it.

Britt; You'll have to sign a retraction of all the charges you made against Grant Lucas!

Holland; ~~Then~~ you are working for him.

Britt; I'm working for good government! How about that retraction?

Holland; I- I can't do that. It would ruin me!

Britt; Ruin you? What do you suppose a bullet in the head would do?

Holland; B - but --

Britt; Malloy, you'd better wipe your fingerprints off ~~the~~
~~safe~~ that safe.

Fingers; You'll let me?

Britt; Go ahead.

Fingers; Gosh! Thanks!

Britt; What about it, Holland? The bullet or the retraction?

Holland; This - this is - -

Britt; It's your own kind of game, Holland! You have only
until we hear the police cars to make up your mind!

Holland; I'll sign - - I'll sign the retraction!

Britt; And that's not all! You're going to call the Police
and tell them the truth about Rodney Mitchell's suicide!

Holland; No no - - not that!

Britt; Yes, even that. You're going to make a clean breast
of everything! (VERY HARD) Aren't you?

Holland; (COMPLETELY LICKED) Yes - yes - - you win. Are -are
you going to write out what you want me to sign?

Britt; No. You call Grant Lucas and tell him your decision.

Holland; (LICKED) I -- I'll do it.

Britt; You'll have to, because now you're stuck. You cannot
produce evidence to back your charges against Lucas.
With no fingerprints on that safe, your story of stolen
evidence will be laughed at!

Holland; But -but the police are on the way here! Wha - what
shall I tell them?

Britt; Tell them you made a mistake. () Come on, Malloy.

MUSIC: Burst

Anncr;

The following morning when Britt Reid ^{ENTERED} ~~was~~ his office he found Michael Axford waiting in a high state of excitement. And Lenore Case sat at her desk wearing a wide smile ---

Axford; Oh golly, Reid - wait'll yuh hear the news. It'll be out wit' an eight column headline!

Britt; What is it, Axford?

Axford; Holland is retractin' all he said about Grant Lucas!

Britt; Indeed.

Case; It's true, Mr. Reid.

Axford; It happened last night. I was at the cops headquarters when a call came from Holland. He said he'd been robbed. I went wit' Sergeant Burke an' the others in the scout car to Holland's house.

Britt; Had Holland been robbed?

Axford; Naw! He changed his tune. He told the cops he'd sent for them to make a clean breast o' his part in the suicide of Rodney Mitchell.

Britt; That should remove your suspicions of the Green Hornet.

Axford; Yeah, Reid, but that's not all. He said he wanted tuh talk to Grant Lucas, too - an' he called him, an' the two met last night. () Holy Crow! (LAUGHS) Yuh should've been there!

Britt; Were you?

- Axford; That I was, Reid. Holland never had a shred of evidence against Grant Lucas! All the time he was runnin' a bluff!
- Britt; Then Lucas really had him with a criminal libel action.
- Axford; That he did, an' Holland knew it. He offered Lucas to settle for any amount o' cash, but Lucas didn't want the dough.
- Case; What did he want?
- Axford; A public retraction of all the charges. An' Reid, he got it. There'll be a copy o' that retraction in the next edition o' the Sentinel!
- Britt; Well, Axford, you had a busy evening. (LAUGHS) I thought you intended to keep an eye on Fingers Malloy.
- Axford; I started out to do that same, but I lost him ---
- Case; You mean, he lost you!
- Axford; Anyhow, after that I went to the cops. I checked on Malloy this mornin'. He told me he came here for a few days of high livin'. Now he's goin' back to his job in Millvale.
- Britt; Then he is doing honest work?
- Axford; That he is, Reid.
- Case; He was here only for a three day holiday, Mr. Reid. He's a credit to Grant Lucas.
- Britt; Well, that traps up the Lucas case and gives the Sentinel a banner headline.

New 31 7/16/52

MUSIC: "Sting."

Newsboy: Sentinel paper. Green Hornet cleared of suspicion
in Mitchell death! Coroner says suicide! Read all
about the Holland statement. Grant Lucas wins row!
Sentinel extra paper - -

Theme