

CC 13

The Green Hornet

by Fran Striker

HOT CASH

Number ~~934~~ 739

Date 12/13

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Britt Reid	Case
Axford	Kato
Burke....as before	
Paul Miller.....	Middle aged, straight.
Augie Parker.....	Smooth schemer
Sam.....	Crook
Gus.....	Crook
Jack Miller.....	Ex-soldier. Twenty.
Voice.....	Bit
Voice 2.....	Bit
Cop	Bit

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(USUAL OPENING)

Anncre: Michael Axford had the latest edition of the Daily Sentinal in his hand and an angry expression on his face when he came into the office of Lenore Case.

Axford: A fine thing! That's what it is! A fine thing!

Case: Now Michael --

Axford: Look at this, Casey! Here's another murder an' it's done by another one o' them same kind o' guys that I been harpin' about!

Case: By whom?

Axford: Read it fer yerself!

SOUND: RUSTLE PAPER

Why in blazes can't the law hold them crooks in the hoosegow when they get 'em there? That's what I'd like tuh know! Why can't they do that an' stop this?

Case: If you'll keep quiet and let me see the paper I may know what you're talking about!

Axford: It's paroles! Oh-h-h it burns me up! Here's a guy that's sent down fer a ten tuh twenty rap! He gets a parole an' he's turned loose. Now he's killed a woman.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

Britt: (SLIGHTLY BACK) Axford!

Axford: Oh Reid, I wanted tuh see yez!

Britt: (COMING IN) I'm trying to think in my office. Can't you keep your voice down?

Case: (ASIDE) He should wear a muzzle!

Axford: Well it makes me mad, Reid. I tell yuh there's somethin' rotten in the way so many crooks get paroles!

Britt: Do you know that for a fact?

Axford: Well I -

Britt: You don't! You're just blowing off steam again.

Axford: But there's gotta be somethin' crooked when termites like this one in the paper get turned outta jail!

Britt: If there's something crooked, get the facts! Here. Give me that paper!

SOUND: SNATCH PAPER AND RUSTLE ADLIB AS

Look at this editorial page. Gunnigan's got a story on the loose parole system! He's got the cudgel out!

Case: Without mentioning names, Gunnigan's done a slick job of blasting the District Attorney.

Axford: Yuh mean, Pendleton?

Case: He's the D.A. isn't he?

Britt: Read this editorial, Axford. If you can get something to contribute, give it to Gunnigan! Or better yet, give it to Paul Miller - the assistant District Attorney!

Axford: Paul Miller?

Britt: Yes! He's trying to prove that there's a racket in paroles. () By the way I wonder how he's progressing?

Axford: Maybe I could find out. I could call on Miller an' ask him questions- sub-tel like --

Case: (ASIDE) That would help.

Britt: Before we go to that extreme, I'll see what I can do. Get him on the phone, Miss Case. I'll see if he'll have lunch with me.

MUSIC: BURST

Augie: (SOPE) Paul Miller, Paul Miller, Paul Miller! If I hear any more of that upstart I'll knock someone's ears down!

Sam: But Mr. Parker - he's out to smash us!

Gus: Sam's right, Augie. He's out to smash us an' -- an' he's in a fair way to do it!

Augie: You two make me tired! If you're going to turn yellow at the first sign of heat -- you're --

Sam: It ain't that!

Augie: Haven't we got the District Attorney with us?

Gus: What good's that if Miller's out for his scalp as well as ours?

Augie: Just remember that Pendleton is Miller's superior!

Sam: Yeah, but you gotta remember something else! The Daily Sentinel is on Miller's side! Did you see this editorial on the parole system?

Augie: Listen to me, both of you! I got you out of a jam, didn't I, Gus?

Gus: Yeah sure -

Augie: And you, Sam, didn't I save you from a few raps?

Sam: Yeah Mr. Parker, only -

Augie: Only what? I did it because Pendleton helped me! As long as I got the District Attorney on my side, there's nothing to worry about!

Sam: But Paul Miller has got his hands on some real evidence against us!

Augie: I talked to Pendleton about that a little while ago.

Gus: What'd he say?

Augie: We're going to get that evidence away from Paul Miller.

Gus: How?

Augie: Where's that cash from the Horton affair?

Gus: It's locked up in the box! Ten grand!

Sam: We can't touch it, Mr. Parker. It's hot as a firecracker!

Gus: Yeah! The cops have the number of every bill!

Augie: I know that, you dope! Pendleton told us the cops were watching for it.

Gus: What about it?

Augie: Gus, go get a thousand dollars of that money.

Gus: B-but Augie, if that dough is found on me, I'll -

Augie: Do what you're told! It won't be found on you! It's going to be found on someone else!

Gus: Who?

Augie: I've got to call him right now and make arrangements.

SOUND: DIALING PHONE AS -

Sam: You're goin' to frame someone with that hot cash?

Augie: That, Sam, is the general idea.

Sam: Who?

Augie: A guy named Jack. He's the twenty year old son of the assistant D.A.

Gus: You mean -

Sam: Holy Smoke!

Augie: (TO PHONE) Hello! I want to speak to John Miller.
() Oh, is this you, Miller? () I've heard that you were looking for a good position. (FADING OUT)
Well that's fine. I think we can get together -

SOUND: FADE IN STREET NOISES, TRAFFIC ETC.

Axford: (SHOUTING) Hey Jack - Jack Miller -

Jack: (BACK) Eh?

Axford: Here I am, in this car!

Jack: (APPROACHING) Why it's Mr. Axford!

Axford: Hello Jack. Sufferin' Snakes, it's good tuh see yez again.

Jack: What're you sitting here at the curb for?

Axford: I'm waitin' fer my boss. When did yez get out o' the army?

Jack: A couple of months ago.

Axford: Say now, ain't that fine? Here, get in an' talk fer a while.

Jack:-- I'd like to Mr. Axford, but I've got to shove on. I'm going to see about a job.

Axford: Yeah? Good fer you! Speakin' of jobs, yer old man's doin' a fine job. By golly, if he can bust that parole racket it'll land him right in the governor's chair!

Jack: He's pretty worried about things.

Axford: Yeah? I bet he is. Good Gravy, he's tryin' tuh fight somethin' big!

Jack: There's been a lot of pressure on him.

Axford: Well you tell him that he c'n count on me an' Britt Reid tuh stand back o' him.

Jack: I'll tell him.

Axford: Come tuh think of it, yuh won't have tuh! He's right there in the Civic Club havin' lunch wit' Reid right now.

Jack: Oh -

Axford: That's why I'm sittin' here. I'm holdin' Reid's car so's he won't get ticketed fer parkin'.

Jack: I guess I'd better go along. I've got to get over to Seventeenth Street.

Axford: I'll tell yer father that I seen yuh.

SOUND: FADE STREET NOISES OUT

SOUND: FADE IN DINING ROOM

Miller: Well Britt, that was a fine meal. Thanks.

Britt: We should do this more often, Miller.

Miller: (SLIGHT LAUGH) If you get no more information or news than you did today, it won't be a good investment.

Britt: I didn't come for news. I just wanted to let you know that my paper's back of you one hundred percent.

Miller: Even though it means fighting my superior?

Britt: Pendleton? Of course. () By the way, are you sure there's a racket in our parole system?

Miller: Britt, I'll tell you this much. When you find a state that's free and easy with paroles, you'll find a state in which there is collusion between the criminal leaders and the men in office!

Britt: That's pretty strong.

Miller: Not half strong enough. When I'm ready to act, you'll gasp at conditions in this state! Some of our highest officials are working hand in glove with crooks. Paroles are bought and paid for with money gained in the racket for which the prisoner is convicted!

Britt: Are you guessing at those statements, Miller?

Miller: I am not! I already have proof of some of the things. When I get more proof, I'll let you have the story.

Britt: Good!

Miller: Look here, Britt, I have a suspicion - and this is strictly confidential - that the man directly over me is working with the parole racketeers.

Britt: You don't mean --

Miller: Pendleton!

Britt: Phew!

Miller: That's why I must be so careful.

Britt: Miller, when you're ready for the blow-off, let me know!

Miller: I shall. () I didn't realize it was so late. I've got to get back to my office.

Britt: I'll drive you over. Axford is holding my car at the front door.

SOUND: FADE OUT DINING ROOM

SOUND: FADE IN STREET NOISES

Britt : Axford, you know Paul Miller, don't you?

Axford: Sure I do! How are yez Mr. Miller?

Miller: Fine, Axford.

Britt: Slide in back, Axford. I'll drive.

SOUND: CAR DOOR OPENS

Axford: (EFFORT AS HE MOVES) Your son was here a few minutes ago, Miller.

Miller: Jack?

Axford: Yeah. He was on his way to see about a job!

Miller: A job? What kind of a job?

Axford: He didn't say.

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS. CUT TRAFFIC

SOUND: STEP ON STARTER

All's I know is that it was someplace on Seventeenth Street.

SOUND: CAR START AND FADE OUT

SOUND: FADE IN ROOM NOISES

Voice: I want two on Firefly -- on the nose --

Voice 2: Get the bets down, the fourth race is comin' up.

Jack: Pardon me, ~~but~~ is this four oh nine Seventeenth?

Voice: Yeah.

Jack: This is a bookie place.

Voice: What'd you think, fella?

Gus: (APPROACHING) That's him officer. I think he's the one lifted my watch --

Cop: Say you -

Jack: Me?

Cop: Yes you! I want to have a talk with you.
Headquarters. Get it ?

Jack: What's the matter?

Cop: We'll see.

Jack: Take your hands out of my pocket, you can't search
me!

Cop: Shut up or I'll haul you in for patronizing a
gambling place. Hey - what's this roll of money -

Jack: Who put that money in my pocket?

Cop: Oh! So it ain't yours eh? This ~~mm~~ looks like
big money - must be over a thousand bucks here.

Gus: Maybe he stole that too! See if he's got my watch!

Jack: I didn't steal anything! I don't know where that
cash came from!

Cop: Wait a minute - maybe this is the cash we've been
lookin' for.

Jack: What are you talking about?

Cop: Hey! It is!

Jack: It is what?

Cop: Kid, you've got hot cash!

Jack: What?

Cop: That's right! This is the Horton money! The hottest
cash in town!

MUSIC: HIT HARD, CHAOTIC, FADE UNDER
SOUND: STREET NOISES

Newsboy: Sentinal Paper, extry paper... Miller held in
extortion plot... Son of official found in
gambling place... Sentinal Paper... read all
about it.... (FADES)

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH

Axford: That kid ain't no more in the Horton extortion
plot than I am!

Case: Just the same, Mike Axford, it looks bad for him.

Axford: By golly, it looks worse than bad! The poor kid
is in fer it, wit' Pendleton the D.A.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

Britt: (APPROACHING) Axford, what's there to this story
about Jack Miller?

Axford: Reid, it's a rotten, dirty frame-up, that's what
it is.

Britt: Framed very neatly!

Axford: That's what he says Reid.

Case: I'll bet Pendleton is gloating.

Britt: I suppose so -

Case: He'll have a field day when he prosecutes the son
of his assistant.

Axford: Oh golly - it's a rotten deal! Why would anyone
frame Jack Miller?

Britt: Axford, keep in close touch with developments and keep me posted.

Axford: That I will, Reid.

Britt: Miss Case, I'll be in my office, but I don't want to see anyone.

Case: Very well.

Britt: Get Paul Miller on the phone for me.

Case: The private line?

Britt: Yes! (FADES) That will be all.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSE

Axford: Now what d'you think is on his mind?

Case: Same thing that's on mine!

Axford: What's that Casey?

Case: Someone has framed Jack Miller, and the more his case is investigated, the tighter the frame will become. I'm sorry for him!

MUSIC: INTERLUDE - FADE UNDER

Anner: Britt Reid spent the afternoon alone in his office, thinking - planning - trying to arrive at conclusions while he went through back copies of the Daily Sentinel...

Britt: Horton extortion money -

SOUND: RUSTLE PAPERS

Britt: Here it is. Augie Parker's gang was suspected, but nothing could be proved. Um-m --- Pendleton himself was in charge of that investigation.

SOUND: RUSTLE PAPERS

Britt: Here's where Pendleton recommended parole--- one of Augie Parker's friends.

SOUND: RUSTLE PAPERS

Britt: In view of what Paul Miller knows -- the parole racket -- Augie Parker -- Pendleton -- and the frame-up... It's incredible! I wonder --

MUSIC: CRESCENDO, THEN FADE UNDER

Annex: The young publisher rose and locked the door of his office to make sure he would be uninterrupted. Then he picked up a phone that didn't go through the office switchboard -- one that didn't even go through the desk of his secretary --

SOUND: DIALING

It was a phone that he used when he wanted to talk to Kato on affairs that were strictly confidential -- affairs of the Green Hornet!

Britt: Kato! () Paul Miller has an appointment with Augie Parker this afternoon. () They'll meet in Miller's office, after hours. I want to know what is said in that conference! () I don't know how you can find out. You'll have to get there in some way. () Yes, you might try that! The welfare of this state may depend on that interview. Use any means, but find out what's said!

MUSIC: BURST TO FINISH

Annrcr: That evening, Britt waited restlessly in his apartment until Michael Axford had, as usual, gone to spend the evening with his friends at police headquarters.

Axford: Well, I'll be goin' along now, Reid.

Britt: See what's new in the Miller case.

Axford: I sure will!

Kato: You hat, Mr. Axford.

Axford: Oh, than^{ks}, Kato. I'll see yez later.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN'S

Britt: Good night.

Axford: Night.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSES

Britt: (TENSE) Kato, how did you make out at Miller's office?

Kato: Mr. Britt, I found means to get into adjoining office.

Britt: Yes?

Kato: I took small recording machine with device to bring voices through walls. I think conversation will bring great surprise. Machine is in bedroom.

Britt: Come on. I want to hear it!

MUSIC

Annrcr: We will continue with Act Two of the Green Hornet adventure in just a moment.

COMMERCIAL

Annecr: In his bedroom, Britt Reid stood before a small recording machine with which Kato had picked up a conversation in the office of Paul Miller, the assistant District Attorney.

Britt: Paul Miller would hit the ceiling if he knew this record had been made. He told me in the strictest confidence that he had a date with Augie Parker.

Kato: Yes, Mr. Britt.

Britt: Go ahead. Start the machine. Let's hear what they said.

SOUND: CLICK OF SWITCH

Kato: First part of talk is unimportant. I will start here.

Parker: (RECORD) You see, Miller, I heard about the spot your son was in.

Britt: (CLOSE) That's Augie Parker.

Miller: (RECORD) What about it?

Parker: (RECORD) He'll never get anyone to believe that he was framed.

Miller: (RECORD) He told me that the Horton money was planted on him. I believe it.

Parker: (RECORD) Too bad you're not the jury.

Miller: (RECORD) Parker, just why did you want to see me?

Parker: (FADE INTO NORMAL) To have a little talk with you, Miller. Let's get down to facts. I could help your kid out of this spot he's in. But I'll need a little help from you.

Miller: What do you mean?

Parker: I know as well as you do that the kid wasn't in on the Horton game.

Miller: Well?

Parker: I know he's been framed, an' I know who did it.

Miller: I'm not dealing with you, Parker. I know what you're into. I know the connections you have, and the rackets you've been working.

Parker: Yeah? Then we understand, don't we Miller? You know that by the time Pendleton gets through with Jack, the kid won't have a leg to stand on. He'll go down for the limit.

Miller: You forget the jury may require something in the way of witnesses.

Parker: There'll be witnesses. Plenty of them.

Miller: Perjuring themselves.

Parker: That's another little thing that calls for proving, and it'll be mighty hard to prove. I can clear your son. I can show that he was framed by turning the crooks that got the Horton dough over to the law.

Miller: And what do I have to do?

Parker: You've got some evidence against friends of mine. I want that evidence -

Miller: You want a lot, Parker.

Parker: I'm giving a lot. I'm keeping your son out of jail.

Miller: How soon do you want the answer?

Parker: (FADE TO RECORD) Pendleton won't waste any time putting this case through for trial. You'll have to think fast.

Miller: (RECORD) I'll give you my answer tomorrow.

Parker: (RECORD) No later!

Miller: (RECORD) Until tomorrow, then.

Kato: That is all, Mr. Britt.

SOUND: CLICK

Britt: You've done a swell job, Kato. That verifies a lot of things that I suspected.

Kato: Yes Mr. Britt.

Britt: Augie Parker said he'd turn the Horton extortionists over to the law. I wonder if he plans to double cross his pals?

Kato: I do not know.

Britt: Kato! We're going to call on Paul Miller.

Kato: Tonight?

Britt: Right now. I want the mask of the Green Hornet!

Kato: Will get it right away.

MUSIC: INTERLUDE

Annrcr: 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, superpowered, Black Beauty - streamlined car of the Green Hornet.

SOUND: STEP INTO CAR. STARTER

Annrcr: 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.

SOUND: CAR UP AND OUT

Annrcr: At police headquarters, Michael Axford was trying to convince his friend, Sergeant Burke, that Jack Miller had been framed -

Axford: He ain't the type tuh be a crook I tell yez!

Burke: There ain't no type fer crooks, Axford! You can't tell a thing about a guy by what he looks like.

Axford: But he's Paul Miller's son!

Burke: Even that don't cut no ice.

Axford: Look here, how'd yuh happen tuh pick him up? Tell me that.

Burke: One of the boys was near that bookie place. Some guy said that his watch had been stolen and pointed Miller out as the one that stole it. The cash was in his pocket.

Axford: But no watch?

Burke: No.

Axford: Who said he'd lost a watch?

Burke: Didn't get his name. He disappeared when the Horton dough was found.

Axford: Well don't it stand tuh reason he could o' put the dough in Miller's pocket?

Burke: Look Axford - we found four witnesses to identify Miller as bein' at the Horton home a couple days before the extortion game was pulled.

Axford: Them identifications could be faked!

Burke: Too far-fetched, Axford. Miller's in the thing up to his neck, there ain't no two ways about it.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

Axford: Yer phone --

Burke
~~Lo?:~~ Lo? () Yeah Louis, what's---- () Who?

Axford: What's up?

Burke
~~Lo?:~~ The Green Hornet!

Axford: Sufferin' Snakes! Where- why- an' who?

Burke
~~Lo?:~~ Yeah - yeah, sure thing. () Paul Miller's?

Axford: Good Gravy! What's he tellin' yez?

Burke: Right away!

SOUND: PHONE HOOK

Burke: Axford, it's the Green Hornet! He's at Paul Miller's place!

Axford: Holy Crow! I gotta go wit' yez!

Burke: Listen, you're all the time hornin' in -

Axford: I'm a reporter! I'm workin' on the Hornet! Come on. I got me own car right outside.

SOUND: FAST STEPS
DOOR SNATCHED OPEN

Burke: Jim -

Voice: What's up?

Burke: Come on. New lead on the Green Hornet!

Voice: Wow!

Axford: He's at the home of the Assistant District Attorney.

Voice: Let's go!

MUSIC: FAST INTERLUDE

FADE DOWN

SOUND: SIRENS ETC.

MUSIC: CRESCENDO FULL

Miller: (WAKING) (GROAN) He - he was here --- he shot me ---
He - he used some sort of gas.

Axford: The Green Hornet eh?

Miller: Y-yes -

Axford: How long ago was it?

Burke: How long yuh been knocked out, Mr. Miller?

Miller: I - I don't know -

Axford: How'd yuh call headquarters?

Miller: I - I didn't. I - I don't recall -- he came here -
holding a weapon at me -

Axford: What'd he want?

Burke: What'd he do?

Miller: He - he said that he - he came from - from - oh
Lord - I can't tell! I -

Burke: Talk up!

Axford: Miller, you better tell us everything.

Burke: If yuh don't, Mister Pendleton will be mighty
glad tuh hear about you aidin' an' abettin' the
work of the Green Hornet -

Miller: Good Lord -

Burke: He'll make yuh tell, Miller. What did the Hornet
come here for?

Miller: Pendleton! That - that -

Axford: What'd the Green Hornet want?

Burke: If yuh don't tell us, Pendleton will make you tell -

Miller: He - he wanted the contents of my private safe.

Axford: There in the corner?

Miller: Y-yes.

Burke: Hey - he's opened it!

Miller: What?

Axford: Look, it's blowed open --

Miller: Then he has the material. He has the evidence I gathered.

Axford: Sufferin' Snakes, is that what he was after?

Burke: There's his sticker on the safe. The mark of the Green Hornet!

Miller: He's stolen everything, he -- he --

Burke: Hey, there's a message here!

Axford: What's it say?

Burke: It's fer Miller.

Miller: Let me see it --

Burke: Hold on! He says, "I'll try an' get Parker to get your son off in payment for the evidence, but not unless you keep your mouth shut."

Axford: Sufferin' Snakes!

Burke: Augie Parker!

Axford: That's where the Hornet's at right now!

Burke: Who called the cops?

Kato: (APPROACHING) Mr. Axford --

Axford: Kato! What're you doin' here?

Kato: I saw the Hornet.

Axford: What?

Kato: I was passing the house -- the Hornet left it.

Axford: Yeah? On yer way ~~back~~ back from yer friend's place eh?

Kato: Yes sir. I telephoned.

Axford: It was you that called the cops eh?

Kato: Yes sir.

Axford: Good fer you Kato! If yuh hadn't, by golly, we'd have never got this tip off - Miller wouldn't have talked - an' we wouldn't be startin' fer Augie Parker's place right now -

Burke: Let's go get Parker an' the Hornet!

Miller: But wait - the Hornet says -

Burke: We'll take this note along, Miller - you sit tight!

Axford: Good work Kato!

Kato: I waited to see if you came here, Mr. Axford -

Axford: Well git fer home now an' tell Reid I'm out on business. Tell him I'm closin' in on the Green Hornet!

MUSIC: CHAOTIC INTERLUDE FADE DOWN

Anner: Gus and Sam were in Augie Parker's home --

Parker: Miller'll come through all right boys, and then we'll have all the evidence he's gathered against us.

Gus: Here's hopin'.

Sam: I knew you'd figure somethin', Mr. Parker.

Parker: (CHUCKLE) He thinks I'll give him the guys that got the Horton money.

Gus: Who's the fall guy goin' to be?

Parker: There won't be one. (CHUCKLE)

Sam: No?

Parker: Not by a long shot. What can Miller do about it? He can't say that I promised to find a man to take his kid's rap because he turned over a lot of evidence to me, can he? - (BREAK) - Say, did one of you mugs leave the door open?

Gus: Not me.

Sam: Gus come in behind me -

Parker: There's a draft in here, I -

Britt: I came in.

All: (ADLIB SURPRISE)

Parker: What the - that mask -

Gus: The Hornet!

Sam: The Green Hornet!

Britt: Sit still, I'm here to make a deal with you!

Parker: B-but - how- what- who---

Britt: Shut up Parker - I have some stuff you can use.

Parker: What do you mean?

Britt: Evidence that Miller has collected.

Parker: What?

Britt: Take a look at it. I'll put it on this table.

Parker: The documents!

Gus: Affidavits!

Sam: Evidence!

Parker: Where'd you get this?

Britt: Look it over and make sure it's bonafide!

Parker: It is. This is all the stuff that -

Britt: There's evidence to prove that collusion exists between you and certain men who can grant paroles. There are sworn statements of men who paid for their parole -

Parker: Gosh!

Gus: It's the real McCoy, boss.

Britt: It came from the private safe of Paul Miller. What's it worth to you?

Parker: How'd you get it?

Britt: Careful, I still have all of you covered. I took it from Miller's safe tonight.

Parker: You did?

Britt: Of course. Furthermore, I have left my mark there so no one else will get the blame for smashing open the safe.

Parker: Um. How much d'you want?

Britt: Ten thousand dollars!

Parker: Ten thousand!

Britt: That's cheap for what you're getting.

Parker: Yeah?

Britt: Take it or leave it!

Parker: Well! (SHREWD) Maybe we can make a deal.

Gus: Listen boss, if this guy cracked Miller's safe, you'll be the one to be blamed for it, won't yuh?

Britt: I said I took care of that. Parker won't be blamed when the police find the Green Hornet's seal on the safe. I have no time to waste. Make up your mind.

Parker: Seems to me there's something phoney about this deal.

Britt: Very well, then let the police have this evidence.

Gus: No, no!

Britt: I've already prepared an envelope, stamped it and addressed it to the police. You'll buy this stuff at my price or I'll take it out of here with me.

Parker: I'll buy it!

Britt: Then get the cash.

Parker: I - I'll pay you tomorrow. I'll have to get the cash.

Britt: You have cash in that desk. You always keep a large amount on hand.

Parker: You win. I'll get it. (FADING BACK) Stay right there.

Britt: Make it fast.

Gus: (AWED) Gosh - so- so you're really the Green Hornet.

Britt: If any of you birds try to tip the cops that I came here, you'll regret it.

Gus: Gosh no. We wouldn't do that!

Britt: (SLIGHT PROJECT) How about it, Parker?

Parker: (APPROACHING) Here's your money.

Britt: Let's have a look at it. () Watch yourself.
Don't try anything fancy -

Parker: It's all here - Ten grand.

Britt: (SLOWLY) Parker, you wouldn't try to pass any
hot cash on me would you?

Parker: Wh- why n-no. Course not -

Britt: There's nine grand of the Horton money that hasn't
shown up yet. Read the number off one of those
bills - I'll see if it's here in my little notebook -

Parker: Y-yeah - sure -

Britt: Not that one. Take a bill from the center. Read
that number.

Parker: Uh - er - G 801 818 64 -

Britt: Let me see it! (EFFORT)

Parker: Now wait -

Britt: Liar! Thought you'd be smart eh? Unload the
Horton money! This is hot cash and I won't touch it!

SOUND: SLAP BILLS TO FLOOR

Gus: Oh golly -

Parker: Wait!

SOUND: SQUAD CAR STOPPING OUTSIDE

Gus: Hey, that sounds like the cops!

Sam: Holy Smoke!

Parker: (BACK) Is that the cops?

Gus: Hey! They've stopped out front!

Britt: You squealed on me --

Sam: Not me --

Britt: You tipped them off some way.

Gus: We didn't.

Sam: We didn't know you'd be here.

Britt : Rats. Take this --

Sam: (SCREAMS) Gas -- it's gas -- (CHOKING)

Parker: Listen Hornet, in the name of heaven, listen --

Britt: Snakes!

Sam: (HOWLS) He's got me!

Parker: Don't -- don't shoot --

SOUND: FALLING BODIES, ADLIBBING COUGHING

Axford: (OUTSIDE) What's goin' on in there?

Parker: (SCREAMS) The Hornet!

Britt: Got your hiding place wide open, Parker. Good enough. Now eat this gas!

Parker: (SCREAMS)

SOUND: HAMMERING ON DOOR

Axford: (OUTSIDE) Smash the door in.

SOUND: DOOR BURSTS OPEN

Burke

~~Sam~~: Hey, look at them. They're knocked out.

Axford: Holy Crow! The Hornet.

Burke: There he is, sittin' in that chair!

Axford: I got yuh covered, Hornet, make a move an' we'll drill yuh -

Burke: Take that mask off him!

Axford: Hey, here's what was took from Miller's place -

Voice: (BACK) Here's dough, look at it -- all kinds of it.

Axford: Take the mask off the Green Hornet!

Burke: I'll git it!

Axford: I'll drill him if he moves!

Burke: There!

Axford: Ah, shucks, he's slipped us again. That ain't the Hornet, that's Augie Parker - knocked out wit' that gas like his two pals is.

Burke: Blast it all! Where's the Hornet gone?

SOUND: HORNET HORN

Axford: That's his horn. He's makin' his escape!

Voice: That car - that's his. He got away again.

Burke: There ain't no use in chasin' him.

Axford: Boys, look what I got here!

Burke: What is it, Axford?

Axford: By golly, here's all kinds o' papers that was in this desk. Hey, these'll blow the lid of the City Hall sky high.

MUSIC: BURST

Axford: (FADING IN) (BREATHLESSLY) And Reid - there was evidence that Parker an' Pendleton was in cahoots - an' Jack Miller'll be cleared of all charges, an' we found that the cash was the Horton money - the hot cash -

Britt: (BORED) Oh Axford, did you wake me up to tell me that?

Axford: Sufferin' Snakes, Reid! Ain't that news? Ain't it somethin' tuh smash the crooked D.A.? An' smash the Parker gang? An' smash the parole racket? An' clear Jack Miller?

Britt: The way you came into the apartment, Axford, I thought you'd captured the Green Hornet!

Axford: Oh yuh did eh? Humph! Well I'm savin' him fer another night when I ain't so busy!

MUSIC: BURST

Boy: Sentinal Paper! Extry paper! Parole Expose!
Pendleton in parole racket! Green Hornet still
at large!

THEME