

THE GREEN HORNETSHATTERED MASK - PART 1

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY SKYLINE (STOCK) - DAY

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT STREET SUBWAY ENTRANCE - DAY

A faded sign on a dirty brick wall. The sign reads "Front Street Subway" and "Entrance" with a diagonal arrow pointing towards the underground entrance, which is closed off by a large rusted gate with an equally rusted lock and chain; a sign that reads "CLOSED" is welded to the gate's iron bars.

THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS as a MAN approaches and stops in front of the gate, preventing him from entering. Undeterred, the man reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out a key. It fits the lock, the lock opens, and THE SOUND OF RUSTED METAL as the gate opens on its rusty hinges. The man walks down the stairs, his FOOTSTEPS ECHOING as he enters the subway tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT STREET SUBWAY PLATFORM

As the stranger reaches the bottom of the stairwell, we only see him from his torso down. He wears an expensive dark blue suit, white shirt, lavender tie. In his lapel he wears a black rose.

Within the closed subway station, old newspapers are blowing lightly on the dirty cement floor. Streaks of graffiti cover the walls. In the distance, one can hear the SOUND OF DISTANT SUBWAY TRAINS ECHO from the tunnels around the stranger.

Louder still is the SOUND OF APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS. The stranger turns to his right and sees --

ANGLE: TIGER MANN

TIGER MANN steps from out of the darkness of a nearby access tunnel. He is in his early 20's, wearing the usual gang attire of the times - blue jeans, high motorcycle boots, orange shirt, and a black leather jacket with strips of orange on the back, stylized to look like tiger stripes. His tough demeanor and no-nonsense attitude is enhanced when in the presence of his gang. His bravado masks his true feelings of fear and insecurity. He is a typical street bully who is powerful when in control and a coward when the tables are turned against him.

TIGER

You're late!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE: AUGUSTUS CAIN

The man's face is revealed to be that of AUGUSTUS CAIN - a distinguished man in his late 40's, well dressed, and gives the appearance of education and sophistication. His dark hair has flecks of gray, his eyes narrow and hawk-like, as is his facial features. He presents himself as a gentleman but this man can be ruthless and thuggish when challenged or threatened.

CAIN

I apologize, Mister Mann. I haven't woken this early since my army days. I trust you'll forgive me for the delay?

ANGLE: TIGER MANN

Tiger puffs on a cigarette, indifferent to Cain's apology.

TIGER

Skip it, pops! I can care less when ya left the old fogies home! You got da guns?

ANGLE: AUGUSTUS CAIN

CAIN shakes his head like a disapproving father.

CAIN

Ah, youth! Such impatience! It can be a FATAL character flaw, Mister Mann.

ANGLE: TIGER MANN

From out of the shadows behind Tiger comes TWO GANG MEMBERS, ready to beat some sense into Cain as soon as the order is given. One holds a crowbar while the other holds a baseball bat, both holding them menacingly. Tiger looks over his shoulder at his men, then looks at Cain and says --

TIGER

So's messing with da Cats!

ANGLE: AUGUSTUS CAIN

Cain, unfettered, smiles as he breathes in the aroma of the black rose.

CAIN

Mister Mann, let me explain two things to you. First, when I make a deal, I deliver. Second...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE: TIGER MANN AND GANG MEMBERS

WHOOSH! A silver staff slices through the darkness!

CLANG! The staff knocks out the two gang members!

THUD! Their bodies drop and hit the concrete!

CLOSE ON: TIGER MANN

Tiger's eyes go wide in shock. The cigarette dangles precariously out of his mouth, and then falls to the ground. In a desperate attempt to save himself, he reaches into his jacket to pull out his gun when --

WHOOSH! The point of the silver staff is pushed up against Tiger's throat! A closer look at the tip reveals that the staff is capped with a sharpened diamond point! Tiger starts to sweat; his skin turns white as he starts to fear for his life!

CAIN (V.O.)

I'm not easily intimidated!

ANGLE: THE ONE

From out of the shadows comes the hired assassin known only as THE ONE. He is visible only by the outline of his body - bald, Caucasian head, dark gray Mao suit, and red-tinted circular "granny" glasses that seem to glow in the darkness with a life of its own. He menacingly presses the silver staff harder against Tiger's throat. Tiger GRUNTS in pain as he feels the diamond point pressing harder into his skin.

ANGLE: AUGUSTUS CAIN

CAIN smiles after viewing his henchman's efficient technique.

CAIN

I think Mister Mann has understood my point. You may go now.

ANGLE: THE ONE

The One nods his head, then lowers the staff then blends back into the darkness from where he came.

ANGLE: TIGER MANN AND AUGUSTUS CAIN

Cain walks towards a visibly shaken Tiger, who's breathing heavily and wiping the sweat from his brow. Whatever bad attitude he had before meeting Cain has long since left him. Cain reaches into his suit and pulls out a silver cigarette case. Cain puts a cigarette to his mouth then extends the case to Tiger. With a shaky hand, Tiger pulls out a cigarette. Cain lights Tiger's cigarette as he says --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAIN

I understand you like to call yourself "Tiger",
Mister Mann. Very amusing this town of yours, you
criminal chaps and your pet names - wild jungle cats,
man-eating fish, green-colored insects! Very
amusing!

Tiger nods quickly as he takes a long drag of the cigarette, afraid to
say or do anything else that might get him killed. Cain now lights his
cigarette as he says --

CAIN

Believe me Tiger, our transaction will make you
KING of this urban jungle! Now that we've dispensed
with the pleasantries, I understand you and your men
are..."going fishing" this evening. Let's discuss
payment, shall we?

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER SIDE DOCKS (STOCK) - EVENING - ESTABLISH

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE

MEMBERS OF THE PIRANHAS GANG sit and lounge on the shipping crates and
forklifts. Their leader, VASQUEZ, paces the floor expectantly. In his
late 20's, he is very Latin in appearance and mannerisms. His face has
minor cuts and bruises, like he had just been in a fight recently. He
wears blue jeans, tan boots, a Mexican-style poncho, and beads and
medallions around his neck. Strapped to his hip is a 12-inch Bowie
hunting knife. His fingers tap the handle of the knife nervously as he
looks up at the wall clock. The clock reads "4:55PM".

ANGLE: VASQUEZ

VASQUEZ

Almost time, bros!

CAIN (V.O.)

The time is NOW, Mister Vasquez!

ANGLE: AUGUSTUS CAIN AND VASQUEZ

Cain enters the warehouse, alone. The Piranhas gang watches Cain
closely as he approaches, reminded of the story Vasquez told them about
his first meeting with Cain. Vasquez nervously approaches Cain and the
two men shake hands.

VASQUEZ

(Nervous)

Evening, sir! Good to see you again!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAIN

Good evening, Mister Vasquez. I see that you've taken our talk about manners to heart since our last meeting. I approve of the change.

CLOSE ON: VASQUEZ

Vasquez touches the bruises and cuts on his face as he remembers the beating he took last time. He then has a feeling that he's being watched. Vasquez looks up in the rafters. His eyes go wide as he sees --

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE RAFTERS

CLOSE ON: THE ONE

We see The One's right hand grip the metal railing as he leans over slightly, making sure Vasquez sees him. He still wears the same dark gray suit, a closer look at this hand shows a gold ring, shaped like a serpent, wrapped around his middle finger.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE

CLOSE ON: VASQUEZ

Vasquez tries to compose himself, looking back at Cain he says --

VASQUEZ

(Calm)

Yes. Thank you, sir!

ANGLE: VASQUEZ AND AUGUSTUS CAIN

Cain walks in the middle of the crowd of gang members, inspecting them, nodding to some in greeting. He turns to Vasquez and, with a salesman-like smile says --

CAIN

I'm happy to report that we've processed your payment, along with another business transaction from this morning, a few minutes ago. Our business is now complete. Good evening to you, gentlemen.

Cain turns on his heel and heads for the exit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON: VASQUEZ

Vasquez looks at his men, a look of anger growing on his face. He catches himself, then looks back up at the rafters, reminding himself he doesn't want The One to "improve his manners" like the last time. In a calm and controlled voice, he says --

VASQUEZ

Pardon me for asking, sir, but where's our stuff?

ANGLE: AUGUSTUS CAIN

Cain continues to walk towards the exit, stops, turns and says --

CAIN

You're sitting on them!

ANGLE: VASQUEZ AND GANG MEMBERS

Vasquez turns towards his men, orders them to get off the crates. One of his men hands him a crowbar.

ANGLE: CRATE

CRACK! Vasquez opens one of the crates. He reaches down and pulls out a military machine gun!

ANGLE: VASQUEZ AND GANG MEMBERS

Vasquez has the machine gun in his hands, holding it like he had a woman in his arms. He stares at it lovingly, sniffs the air, and says --

VASQUEZ

I LOVE that fresh, new M-18 smell. Bros, we're goin' Tiger huntin' tonight!

The Piranhas gang starts to cheer as they rip open the remaining crates.

ANGLE: AUGUSTUS CAIN

A slight smile grows on the face of Augustus Cain, obviously pleased with the profit he's made...and the future events that he has put into motion!

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

OPENING CREDITS

FADE IN:

NARRATOR

Another challenge for the GREEN HORNET, his aide KATO, and their rolling arsenal THE BLACK BEAUTY! On police record a wanted criminal, the Green Hornet is really BRITT REID, owner/publisher of the DAILY SENTINEL, his dual identity known only to his SECRETARY and to the DISTRICT ATTORNEY. And now, to protect the rights and lives of decent citizens, RIDES THE GREEN HORNET!

RUN CAST LIST.

FINISH OPENING CREDITS.

FADE OUT:

END OF OPENING CREDITS

ACT I

FADE IN.

EXT. BRITT REID'S APARTMENT (STOCK) - NIGHT - ESTABLISH

CUT TO:

INT. BRITT REID'S APARTMENT - KATO'S TRAINING ROOM

BRITT REID is undergoing a martial arts training session with KATO. They are in Kato's training room - padded floor, assorted weights and workout benches, and martial arts banners and weapons populate the room. In the far corner, a life size practice dummy and a boxer's punching bag hang from the ceiling; both are well-worn, looking like they've been punched through time and time again.

The trademark of Kato's training room - all four walls, floor to ceiling, are lined with mirrors!

CLOSE ON: KATO

Kato's eyes are intense, not a bead of sweat on his face. He's cool, calm, and centered. A slight smile appears on his face as he says --

KATO
(Menacing)

All right, Green Hornet! Prepare to die!

CLOSE ON: BRITT REID

Britt's eyes are intense, sweat dripping from his face, hair messed and he's breathing somewhat heavily, feeling fatigued.

BRITT
(Cocky)

Think so, huh? Let's see how good you are!

ANGLE: BRITT AND KATO

Britt wears a baggy, light gray sweat-suit drenched with sweat. Kato wears a one piece, tight black workout suit that perfectly shows off his wiry and muscular form. Both men wear padded gloves and shoes used for martial arts training.

CLOSE ON: BRITT

Britt charges towards Kato, gives a KARATE YELL as he raises his left foot towards Kato's head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON: KATO

"HAI!!!" Kato intercepts Britt's leg in mid air! Quicker than the eye can see, he twists it in one motion, lifting Britt off his feet and --

SLAM! Britt hits the padded floor hard, face first!

CLOSE ON: BRITT REID

Britt struggles to turn on his back, groaning in pain...and from embarrassment!

CLOSE ON: KATO

Kato looks down at Britt and shakes his head.

KATO

What was that?

CLOSE ON: BRITT

BRITT

A flying sidekick.

CLOSE ON: KATO

KATO

I know what you were trying to do but WHAT where you doing?

ANGLE: BRITT REID AND KATO

Kato reaches down and helps Britt to his feet. Britt rubs the back of his neck, trying to massage the pain away.

KATO

What you were doing was getting angry. Remember, what I told you last week - emotional content, NOT anger!

BRITT

"Emotional content"...right! Got it!

Kato walks towards the weapons wall.

KATO

I've been teaching you that move for two weeks and you still haven't gotten it right!

BRITT

Maybe I need a new teacher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATO takes two bamboo staffs off the wall, holding each one in both hands as he turns to Britt and says --

KATO
(Admonishing)

Maybe YOU need to stop going to The Pony Room every night!

Kato tosses one of the staffs at Britt.

CLOSE ON: BRITT REID

Britt grabs the staff in mid-air using both hands.

BRITT

A friend of mine once told me "Man cannot live on crime-fighting alone!"

CLOSE ON: KATO

Kato takes his staff and WHIRLS and TWIRLS the staff in his hands, over his head, and around his back in a masterful skill of speed and control! He holds his staff out towards Britt in a "ready" position.

KATO

A friend of mine once told me "The female form weakens the mind and slows the body!"

ANGLE: BRITT REID AND KATO

Both combatants charge at each other, bamboo staffs connecting with a loud CRACK!

BRITT

Whatever sensei told you that wouldn't be a friend of mine!

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! They start to spar with one another.

KATO

He would find you reckless and undisciplined believe me!

Kato quickly moves to his left, somersaults twice, forcing Britt to move to his right. Kato throws two parries at Britt and --

CLOSE ON: BRITT REID

Britt turns on his heel in defense!

BRITT

Glad all my employee's have such kind words...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRACK! CRACK! Britt blocks Kato's parries flawlessly. A smile comes to the young publisher's face as he says --

BRITT
About my abilities, Kato!

CLOSE ON: KATO

Kato nods his head in approval.

KATO
At least you learned SOMETHING I taught you!

ANGLE: BRITT REID AND KATO

Britt and Kato start to circle one another, looking for an opening of attack.

BRITT
Don't try to change the subject! You don't approve of my social life?

KATO
I didn't say that. Just a life I wouldn't lead.

BRITT
I see...

Britt drops his shoulder and swings the staff three times towards Kato.

WHOOSH! WHOOSH! WHOOSH! Kato ducks and dodges them without effort.

A look of frustration appears on Britt's face as he contemplates his next move. After a few seconds, a sly smile replaces the frown as he says --

BRITT
As I recall, it's been some time since you've had a date with - what did your friend call it? - the "female form"?

Kato takes three swings at Britt.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! Britt blocks them but stumbles back slightly as he feels the force of the blows. He knows he's struck a nerve!

BRITT
Ah, so THAT'S it!

KATO
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

Oh, nothing! (Pause) Of course, there was that one girl you told me about once, back in Hong Kong. Mai Lin, right? Wonder what she's up to these days?

Kato lets out a loud "HAI!" as he charges Britt!

Britt eyes go wide as he spots the opening he was looking for! He sharply turns and locks his staff under Kato's, turning it sharply to his right! Kato goes airborne and --

SLAM! Kato hits the mat hard, face first!

CLOSE ON: KATO

BAM! Kato brings his fist down hard on the mat in frustration! He quickly turns on his back and looks back up at Britt.

CLOSE ON: BRITT

Britt rests the staff in front of him, leaning on it slightly. A smile on his face as looks down at Kato and says --

BRITT

You were saying something before about "emotional content"?

CLOSE ON: KATO

KATO

Who? Me?

CLOSE ON: BRITT

Britt smiles as he leans over slightly to help Kato up when THE TELEPHONE RINGS in his study. He looks over to one of the nearby workout benches, takes a towel draped over the seat. Before he reaches the door, he takes the towel and --

CLOSE ON: KATO

The towel drops on Kato's face with a FLOP!

BRITT (V.O.)

Relax! I'll get it!

Kato violently grabs the towel off his face, still mad at his mistake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. BRITT REID'S APARTMENT - STUDY

Britt walks around the corner and enters his study. He removes the karate gloves and reaches for the beige phone on his desk. He places the receiver to his ear and says --

BRITT
Hello? (Pause) Yes, Miss Case?

Kato enters the room. The towel is wrapped around his neck, holding the ends tightly in his hands. His mind is preoccupied with memories of the woman known as Mai Lin.

BRITT
(Surprised and Shocked)
WHAT? How long ago?

Britt takes the receiver away from his ear and turns to Kato.

BRITT
Kato, put the Sentinel News broadcast feed on the TV. Quick!

CLOSE ON: TELEVISION

Kato moves over to the television in the far corner of the study.

CLICK! The television news feed appears on the screen.

An ANCHORMAN is seated behind a desk with a map of the world behind him. The desk has a small sign that reads "DSTV". In a deep, baritone voice, he says --

ANCHORMAN
And, in a hail of bullets and explosions, two rival gangs spread their rumble onto the city streets.

ANGLE: BRITT REID AND KATO

Both men watch the events unfold on the television screen. They look at each other with concern.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)
The two gangs, known as the Tiger-Cats and the Piranhas, began their rumble moments ago. Once the police arrived, they turned and ran, but not before some gang members opened fire on nearby shops and businesses! While property damage is extensive, there is no report on police or civilian casualties at this time...

BRITT
Shut it off, Kato.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kato frowns as he walks over to the television and shuts it off with a CLICK! Britt puts the phone back to his ear.

BRITT

Miss Case, tell the night desk to get photographers down to the scene. Then call Axford. Tell him to get down there, fast. Thanks!

Britt hangs up the phone, then moves around the desk and stands in front of Kato.

BRITT

You know anything about those gangs, Kato?

KATO

Street thugs, mostly runaways. The Cats' leader calls himself "Tiger Mann".

Britt looks at Kato incredulously upon hearing the leader's name.

BRITT

Tiger MANN? You're joking!

KATO

(Defensive)

Don't look at me! You started it...GREEN Hornet!

Britt nods his head and smiles, realizing Kato's got a point!

KATO (CONT'D)

Word on the street is that Mann used to run protection for Dan Carley last year.

BRITT

And Carley's still in prison after we stopped him from getting the "Silent Gun" six months ago.

KATO

Could he be behind this?

BRITT

He's still locked up while his conviction goes through the appellate courts so either Carley's running the show from prison...or this "Tiger Mann" has a new boss.

THE TELEPHONE RINGS again. Kato walks over to the phone and answers it.

KATO

Mister Reid's residence? (Pause) Yes. Hold please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kato holds the phone out to Britt.

KATO

It's Mister Scanlon.

Britt takes the receiver from Kato. He turns and sits down behind the desk, turning the speakerphone on.

BRITT

Having a uneventful night, Frank?

CUT TO:

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY SCANLON'S OFFICE

D.A. FRANK SCANLON sits behind his desk, papers and teletypes cover the top. He reaches out for one of the teletype reports as he says --

SCANLON

Anything BUT, Britt! I take it you watch your own news network?

BRITT (V.O.)

(Filtered Through Phone)

Every once in a while. How bad is it?

SCANLON

Very! Casualty reports just came in from the officers on the scene. Six gang members and four civilians killed.

CUT TO:

INT. BRITT REID'S APARTMENT - STUDY

Britt shakes his head. At his side, Kato squeezes his fists in anger.

SCANLON (V.O.)

(Filtered Through Phone)

A whole city block destroyed. Shops and markets burned up. All this and NO arrests! The only gang members we found are now on their way to the morgue.

BRITT

So you don't have anything to go on?

SCANLON (V.O.)

(Filtered Through Phone)

Not necessarily. You might find this of interest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY SCANLON'S OFFICE

Scanlon picks up another teletype report on his desk.

SCANLON

We're not releasing this to the press so don't think you're getting an exclusive for tomorrow's edition of the Daily Sentinel. Forensics is still going over the scene but we did manage to find one of the weapons used - an M-18 machine gun. Military issue.

BRITT (V.O.)

(Filtered Through Phone)

War surplus?

SCANLON

No. It's fresh off the assembly line, Britt. Serial numbers are filed down but the department's weapons expert said it's the latest military issue. It couldn't have been made more than a few months ago.

CUT TO:

INT. BRITT REID'S APARTMENT - STUDY

SCANLON (V.O.)

(Filtered Through Phone)

Wherever these kids got those weapons, they sure didn't get it out of the back of a pickup truck...unless it had U.S. Army license plates!

Britt looks up at Kato.

BRITT

At least that answers the question about how they caused so much destruction.

KATO

But we still don't know HOW they got the guns?

SCANLON (V.O.)

(Filtered Through Phone)

I already spoke to my contacts at the Department of Defense and the FBI. They know nothing about a missing weapons shipment. I called the local Army base but they were surprisingly tight-lipped on the subject.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

That IS surprising! Could the weapons have come from the base?

SCANLON (V.O.)

(Filtered Through Phone)

I thought the same thing. I have a call in with the base commander, a General Parker, but he hasn't returned my call. In the mean time, I figured I'd check with you to see if you could pick up any... BUZZ from the streets.

Britt smiles slightly at Scanlon's bad pun.

BRITT

Not yet, Frank, but I'll see what we can do. By the way, do the police know the whereabouts of the Piranhas or the Tiger-Cats now?

CUT TO:

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY SCANLON'S OFFICE

SCANLON

The Piranhas are regular nomads; never in the same place twice! The Tiger-Cats were last seen loitering the old Front Street subway station.

CUT TO:

INT. BRITT REID'S APARTMENT - STUDY

SCANLON (V.O.)

(Filtered Through Phone)

Patrol cars have already been there. No sign of them.

BRITT

Thanks, Frank! I'll let you know what we find out.

CUT TO:

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY SCANLON'S OFFICE

SCANLON

I'll be in touch. Oh! I wouldn't recommend taking the Black Beauty out for a drive tonight. We have all available men combing the streets looking for the gangs and they're not in a good mood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. BRITT REID'S APARTMENT - STUDY

SCANLON (V.O.)

(Filtered Through Phone)

I don't have to tell you what would happen if they were to run into the Green Hornet, do I?

BRITT

I'll keep it in mind, Frank! Thanks!

Britt shuts off the speakerphone. He gets up and walks over to foyer, looking outside, contemplating his next move. Kato walks up next to his employer.

KATO

What do we do?

BRITT

Scanlon's right. There's too much heat on the streets for the Green Hornet to join the search. (Pause) You said before that Tiger Mann used to run protection for Dan Carley, right?

KATO

Yeah. Why?

BRITT

If I remember right, some of Carley's boys used to run protection near Front Street. May be one of them could shed some light on where Mann and his gang could be hiding.

KATO

You going to use "The Hive"?

BRITT

Now's a good time to test it out.

Britt and Kato walk over to the bookcase behind Britt's desk. Britt reaches for three of the books in the case, pulls them down on their secret hinges and --

ANGLE: BOOKCASE

CLICK! A section of the bookcase rises into the ceiling.

A large television screen moves forward.

From the bottom, a computer keyboard rose up and locked into position. Between the keyboard and the monitor is a four-by-eight rectangular box, centered with a horizontal slot with three light bulbs beneath it. The left-most bulb is lit "red".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON: BRITT REID

Britt reaches into his desk drawer and pulls out a plastic computer punch card, no bigger than a credit card. The card, of course, is green in color.

CLOSE ON: SLOT

Britt inserts the punch card into slot. A few computerized HUMS and WHIRS. The light bulbs go from "red" to "yellow" to "green".

CLOSE ON: MONITOR

The screen comes to life, showing the symbol of the Green Hornet on the monitor screen. A BUZZING NOIZE indicates that the computer database system known as "The Hive" is online!

ANGLE: BRITT REID AND KATO

Britt begins to type on the keyboard. The keys CLICK as his fingers move across them.

BRITT

We've spent the last year programming this new computer data-base with all known criminal activity, criminal records, with cross-reference to our own case logs. So, let's see what "The Hive" comes back with when we add Carley's name...with known associates operating near Front Street.

"The Hive" computer HUMS and WHIRS, processing the information.

CLOSE ON: MONITOR

BLEEP! The monitor screen changes from the Hornet logo to display the following words, yellow text on black background:

NAME: CHUCK BENDER
 ADDRESS: 1472 CAPITAL AVENUE
 OFFENSE: EXTORTION, SENTENCE SERVED. CURRENTLY ON PAROLE.
 LAST KNOWN WHEREBAOUTS: LUCKY'S BAR, 1731 FRONT & 23rd
 STREET

ANGLE: BRITT REID AND KATO

Britt and Kato both smile at the results. Britt looks up at Kato and says --

BRITT

Kato, get the Black Beauty ready to roll!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. LUCKY'S BAR - CORNER OF FRONT AND 23rd STREET

A rundown hole-in-the-wall bar in a equally rundown neighborhood. The red neon sign on top of the building blinks "LUCKY'S". A patron stumbles into the entranceway as sleek, super-powered car known as the THE BLACK BEAUTY pulls up across the street from the bar.

The GREEN HORNET and KATO are in their familiar disguises - Kato in his black chauffeur's uniform and mask, the Hornet wearing his green overcoat, fedora, and mask. Kato sits behind the wheel while the Hornet looks out at the bar from the back seat. Kato leans back to talk to the Hornet.

GREEN HORNET
(Sarcastic)

Nice place Bender has here.

KATO
(Sarcastic)

I can't wait to see his customers!

GREEN HORNET
Probably went to the same school-of-hard-knocks
as Bender. Better play this one by the book, Kato.

KATO
Check!

GREEN HORNET
Let's go!

The Hornet and Kato exit the Black Beauty.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCKY'S BAR

Like the outside, the inside of Lucky's bar is seedy and dirty. Only a few people are in the place, some slurring their words, some passed out. From out of the back storeroom comes CHUCK BENDER, a case of whiskey in his hands. BENDER, in his mid-20's but looks like his in his 40's, has seen his youth pass him by. Once trim and athletic, fat now covers muscle but he's still tough in a fight. He places the case of whiskey down on the bar as he hears THE RING OF A TIN BELL as the front door opens.

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET

The Hornet enters the bar, holding the collapsed Hornet Sting weapon in his left hand. He looks around at the patrons, then looks at Bender.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREEN HORNET

Hello, Bender! I see your taste in friends has improved since you left the state pen.

CLOSE ON: BENDER

Bender's eyes go wide slightly as he takes a step back.

BENDER

The Green Hornet! You...you get outta here! You're scarin' my customers!

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET AND BENDER

The Hornet walks towards the bar.

GREEN HORNET

Oh, I think your "customers" are too busy with Mister Jack Daniels and Mister Johnnie Walker to waste their time with us, Bender. We need to talk.

Scared, Bender starts to back away from the Hornet, headed towards the back storeroom. His hand reaches back behind him, feeling for the door knob.

BENDER

I ain't got nothin' ta say ta ya!

Suddenly, Bender runs into someone. He quickly turns and sees Kato standing between him and the door. Kato smiles, grabs Bender's shoulder hard, then escorts him back towards the Hornet.

CLOSE ON: GREEN HORNET

GREEN HORNET

Now that I've got your attention, I understand that you used to work for "Big Dan" Carley some time ago.

CLOSE ON: BENDER

BENDER

Yeah, for two years. Right before I got picked up by da fuzz.

CLOSE ON: GREEN HORNET

GREEN HORNET

And that you used to run protection with a kid named "Tiger Mann"?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON: BENDER

Bender has a disgusted look on his face at the mention of the name.

BENDER

TIGER Mann...bah!

Bender spits on the floor of his bar.

BENDER

That punk's the reason I got sent upstate!

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET, KATO, AND BENDER

GREEN HORNET

Good! Then I don't have to ask you twice. Where can I find him?

BENDER

(Defiant)

Why should I tell ya?

GREEN HORNET

Let's just say it's your...civic duty! He and his playmates have something I want.

ANGLE: TWO DRUNKS AT A TABLE

Two DRUNKS are drinking it up at a nearby table. Both are dressed like longshoremen. DRUNK 1 is skinny and gaunt, like all he does is consume alcohol instead of food. DRUNK 2 looks like all he does is eat but is a rough and tough customer. Drunk 1 is slumped over his shot glass when he's stirred away by Bender and the Hornet's headed conversation.

BENDER (V.O.)

After what he 'n his boys did tonight, no wonder yer lookin' for him. Why don't youse guys try da subway station down on Front Street?

GREEN HORNET (V.O.)

Front Street's hotter than those buildings he and his men blew up downtown!

Drunk 1 looks at the Hornet, then back at his half-empty shot glass, then back at the Hornet. He elbows Drunk 2 awake. Drunk 2 groans and stirs back to consciousness.

DRUNK 2

What...What ya doin'?

DRUNK 1

Look!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Drunk 1 points in the Hornet's direction.

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET, KATO, AND BENDER

They continue their heated conversation.

ANGLE: TWO DRUNKS AT THE TABLE

Drunk 2 starts to focus his eyes at what Drunk 1 is pointing at.

DRUNK 1

Either da whiskey's getting' ta me or that's da
Green Hornet!

DRUNK 2

"Da Green Hornet". Bah! Big deal!

Drunk 2 takes another careful sip of his whiskey, then looks at Kato.

DRUNK 2

Who's da runt in the black mask behind Bender?

DRUNK 1

Don't know! Nobody knows 'is name. All I know is
ya don't wanna mess with 'im! He's pretty tough!

DRUNK 2

Ah, he's nothin'! I could take 'im!

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET, KATO, AND BENDER

The Hornet leans over the bar and grabs Bender by his shirt, an annoyed and impatient look on his face as he says --

GREEN HORNET

Enough games, Bender! Where is he?

BENDER

I'm tellin' ya! I don't know and I don't care where
da rat is!

The Hornet nods his head slowly, then motions to Kato to get out from behind the bar. Kato grabs Bender by the arm and pulls him from behind the bar.

BENDER

(Nervous)

Hey...HEY! What you doin'?

The Hornet extends the Hornet's Sting emitter, then pulls out the handle from the Sting's inner casing. The Hornet points the Sting at the liquor bottles stacked up behind the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREEN HORNET

Hope you have plenty of inventory, Bender!

The Hornet presses the trigger and A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE fills the room as the sonic weapon - the Hornet Sting - activates.

ANGLE: BAR

The bottles behind the bar start to SHAKE. Then --

GLASS SHATTERS and EXPLODES!

Liquor is sprayed against the back wall and drips down to the floor of the bar!

CLOSE ON: BENDER

A horrified look on his face as he screams --

BENDER

NO! My BAR!!!

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET, KATO, AND BENDER

The Hornet nods his head, approving of the damage he's done. He collapses the Hornet's Sting as he motions to Bender.

GREEN HORNET

Now, are you going to tell me where he is or do I have to ask one of your customers for a match?

BENDER

All right! All right! (Pause) I don't know fer sure but he's got a chick that lives off of South Street 'n Central...at least, he used ta when we worked fer Carley. Name's Jeannie. Jeannie Brand.

The Hornet and Kato walk towards the front door. They pass the table where Drunk 1 and Drunk 2 are sitting.

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET, KATO, AND THE TWO DRUNKS AT THE TABLE

Drunk 2 gets up and puts his hand on Kato's chest. Drunk 2 towers over him, grinning like a wolf looking at a lamb, as he says --

DRUNK 2

I hear ya pretty tough, shorty!

KATO

You don't want to find out.

DRUNK 2

I told me friend here I could knock ya out!

(CONTINEUD)

CONTINUED:

The Hornet smiles slightly as he takes a few steps away from his chauffer, knowing what's going to happen next. Kato looks up at Drunk 2, grins at him and says --

KATO

What are you going to do? BREATHE on ME?

Drunk 2's face becomes enraged. He raises his arm back to strike Kato.

DRUNK 2

Why you LITTLE...

Kato grabs Drunk 2's arm, extends it and twists it. Drunk 2 SCREAMS in pain!

"HAI!!!" Kato kicks Drunk 2 in the stomach with his foot, doubling him forward!

"HAI!!!" Kato brings his knee up and hits Drunk 2's chin, sending his head flying upward!

"HAI-EEEEEE!!!" Kato sends Drunk 2 flying backwards onto the table with a lightning quick backhand.

Drunk 1 quickly gets up, shot glass in hand, right before Drunk 2 hits the table with a loud CRASH!

Drunk 1 looks at Kato. Kato curls his fingers at Drunk 1, daring him to attack him. Drunk 1 holds his hands up in "surrender", scared stiff.

DRUNK 1

I told 'im not ta mess with ya! I swear!

The Hornet looks around the bar, the rest of the patrons not even moving, oblivious to what's just happened. He looks back at Bender and says --

GREEN HORNET

Sorry about the additional damage, Bender! Put it on my tab. I'll be back to pay up...unless I find out you LIED to me!

The Green Hornet and Kato exit the bar.

CLOSE ON: BENDER

Nervous, sweaty, and shaken, Bender rubs his hand through his sweat-drenched hair.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN.

EXT. JEANNIE BRAND'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - ESTABLISH

CUT TO:

INT. JEANNIE BRAND'S APARTMENT

Within the small studio apartment, Tiger stands at one of the windows, holding the cheap, plastic window curtain aside as he looks out onto the city's streets. He hears POLICE SIRENS echoing in the distance. He turns to look at JEANNIE BRAND, lounging invitingly on the couch, cigarette in hand and Tiger on her mind. Jeannie is in her late teens, going on 30! Wearing tight white Capri pants, tight white halter top that shows off an impressive figure. Her hair is pulled back in a pony tail, her face made up with too much makeup, like a little girl pretending to be a grown-up by looking like one. Jeannie seductively blows out cigarette smoke as she says --

JEANNIE

Baby! Relax! The cops won't find you here. You're safe!

ANGLE: TIGER

Tiger shuts the curtain, reaching into his pocket for another cigarette as he turns to Jeannie and says --

TIGER

Famous last words, kitten! I got every clown with a badge lookin' for me and da boys.

Tiger sits down next to Jeannie on the couch. She seductively massages his shoulders then lights his cigarette with hers as she says --

JEANNIE

Don't worry, baby! After tonight, Da Man's gotta have some nerve to mess with ya. Nobody's gonna mess with my BIG, STRONG TIGER!

Jeannie pulls the cigarette out of Tiger's mouth and she kisses him hard and long.

Throughout the room comes the SOUND OF THE HORNET'S STING!

CLOSE ON: DOOR - DOOR KNOB

Smoke starts to billow from the door knob as it's lights on fire!

BOOM! The lock explodes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE: APARTMENT DOOR

The Green Hornet and Kato rush into the room in a cloud of smoke!

ANGLE: TIGER MANN AND JEANNIE BRAND

Tiger and Jeannie jump up from the couch and see the Hornet and Kato. Jeannie grabs Tiger's arm in fear as she points to the pair and says --

JEANNIE

Leslie! It's the GREEN HORNET!

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET AND KATO

The Hornet and Kato look at each other briefly as Jeannie says Tiger's real name. Kato looks at Tiger and says the expected --

KATO

(Teasing)

Leslie?

ANGLE: TIGER MANN AND JEANNIE BRAND

Tiger looks at them sheepishly and admits --

TIGER

Would you take orders from a gang leader named "Leslie"? Least I'm not some SQUARE callin' myself "The Green Hornet"!

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET AND KATO

As the Hornet approaches Tiger, he gestures with the business end of the Hornet's Sting as he says --

GREEN HORNET

Don't get SMART, Leslie! I'm here to complement you on your work tonight. I'm impressed... and I don't impress easily.

CLOSE ON: TIGER MANN

TIGER

(Smiling)

You...you mean that?

CLOSE ON: GREEN HORNET

GREEN HORNET

Yes. It took a lot of nerve to take out your opposition like that. (Pause) In fact, I could use someone like you and your men. Big opportunity...and BIG PAY!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE: TIGER MANN AND JEANNIE BRAND

TIGER

You liked it, huh?

Tiger's smile starts to grow as he pushes Jeannie off his arm. She lets out a girlish YELP! as she's pushed aside.

ANGLE: TIGER MANN, GREEN HORNET, AND KATO

Tiger rushes up to the Hornet and Kato, very animated as he says --

TIGER (CONT'D)

You should've seen us, man! We had everythin'!
Colt revolvers, double-action rifles, flame-
throwers...

GREEN HORNET

And M-18 machine guns.

Tiger's smile quickly fades away as the Hornet's words sink in.

TIGER

What machine guns? (Pause) We didn't have
any M-18's!

GREEN HORNET

A M-18 was left behind and found by the police.
If your gang didn't have them, then the Piranhas
did.

TIGER

Is that...is that what they hit us back with?

The Hornet nods. He shoots Kato a conspiratory glance as he adds --

GREEN HORNET

That's right! You wouldn't happen to know where the
Piranhas could have gotten their hands on military
assault weapons...would you?

The Hornet anxiously waits to see if Tiger takes the bait. Tiger's face starts to go red with anger.

TIGER

Nah, that can't be! He said...

GREEN HORNET

Who said?

CLOSE ON: TIGER MANN

Tiger shakes his head nervously, afraid to say anything more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIGER

Nothin', man! Nobody said nothin'!

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET AND TIGER MANN

The Hornet takes a few steps forward and gets right in Tiger's face.

GREEN HORNET

(Angry)

Don't give me that! This man sold you weapons, then sold weapons to your rivals! And now you're protecting HIM?

Tiger looks down at his feet, like he's a boy being scolded by his father.

TIGER

(Softly)

He said he'd send...HIM to KILL me if I told anyone...

The Hornet grabs Tiger by his jacket with both hands.

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET, KATO, TIGER MANN, AND JEANNIE BRAND

Jeannie starts to run over to Tiger. Kato takes one step forward and shoots her a look, warning her to back away.

GREEN HORNET

Three of your men are dead and all you're doing is worrying about what's going to happen to you? I thought I was dealing with a leader of men, not some COWARD more concerned with saving his own skin than getting revenge!

The Hornet lets go of Tiger, throwing him back against the wall with a loud SLAM!

Jeannie rushes to his side, caring for him like an injured child. She glares back at the Hornet and says --

JEANNIE

You don't have to take that from this CREEP, Tiger! Show 'em how tough ya are!

Tiger pushes her away again!

TIGER

SHUT UP, will ya! Tryin' to think...

Tiger puts his hands to his face, trying to think of his next move. The Hornet and Kato watch Tiger, failing to notice Jeannie slowly making her way to the phone resting on an end-table near the end of the couch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREEN HORNET

Who's your connection, Tiger? Who set you up with him?

Tiger exhales sharply, looking back at Jeannie, choosing his words carefully. He then looks back at the Hornet and says --

TIGER

I don't know HIS name. I don't know where he is...just one of my boys made got his name from this guy 'n then we did business.

GREEN HORNET

Where's your "boy" now?

TIGER

(Angry)

On a slab with Bennie 'n Slade. He was da first ta get it when the shootin' started.

ANGLE: JEANNIE BRAND

Jeannie reaches the end table. Instead of picking up the phone's receiver, she opens the drawer. Inside the drawer are a silver revolver...and a black rose! Jeannie picks up the revolver and points it at the three men.

JEANNIE

(Menacingly)

Enough squealin', BABY!

CLOSE ON: TIGER MANN

His eyes go wide with fear.

TIGER

(Scared)

Kitten? What're doin'?

CLOSE ON: JEANNIE BRAND

A devilish grin comes to her ruby red lips.

JEANNIE

Shuttin' ya up fer good, LESLIE! Boss-man thought you'd crack!

Jeannie points the gun directly at Tiger!

CLOSE ON: TIGER

Tiger starts to sweat, his eyes dart back at Jeannie, then at the Hornet. He tugs on the Hornet's jacket sleeve, then points at Jeannie as he says --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIGER
(Frantic)

It's HER! SHE set me up with HIM! She's da
one you want, not me! I'll tell ya anything
you want ta know, just don't let her kill me!
PLEASE!

CLOSE ON: KATO

Kato's eyes narrow as he looks at Jeannie's gun hand. Quick as a cat,
he extends his right hand towards Jeannie and --

CLOSE ON: JEANNIE'S GUN HAND

WHIZ!!! A Hornet dart hits Jeannie, the sharp tip embedding itself in
her wrist!

Jeannie CRIES in pain!

The gun hits the floor with a dull THUD!

ANGLE: TIGER MANN

Tiger's eyes go from fear to rage! He reaches inside his jacket and
pulls out his gun!

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET

Quickly, the Hornet pulls out his Gas Gun, points it at Tiger, and --

HISSSSSS!!! The Hornet pulls the trigger on the Gas Gun!

CLOSE ON: TIGER MANN

GREEN MIST hits Tiger in the face. He starts to GASP for air. His
eyes roll back in his head. He collapses to the floor, knocked
unconscious by the Green Gas!

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET, KATO, AND JEANNIE BRAND

Jeannie's holding her right hand in pain. Kato rushes over to her and
picks up the gun. He unloads it, then takes the Hornet dart out of her
wrist. Jeannie tries to rub the pain away as Kato look at her. He
shakes his head, disapprovingly, then forces her to sit down on the
couch. The Hornet walks over to the phone. He picks it up and hands
the receiver to Jeannie.

GREEN HORNET

I believe you have a phone call to make.

Jeannie reluctantly takes the phone from the Hornet and she starts to
dial.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS - *S.S. PATROIT RISING* - NIGHT - ESTABLISH

A 50-foot luxury yacht is moored in the boatyard. Two shadowy figures start to make their approach. They climb on board, not waiting for permission to come aboard!

CUT TO:

EXT. *PATROIT RISING* - DECK

THREE GUARDS walk up and down the deck of the boat, each holding automatic weapons. They look like they're searching for something...or someone! Once the guards pass, the Green Hornet and Kato jump on to the deck, then head out in opposite directions.

CUT TO:

INT. *PATROIT RISING* - STATEHOUSE

Augustus Cain sits in a black leather chair within the posh surroundings on the *Patriot Rising*. Cool and calm as when we last saw him, he holds a brandy snifter in his hand, rotating the glass between his fingers.

From out on the deck, he hears THE SOUND OF PUNCHES BEING THROWN AND LANDED. A slight smile comes to his face as, a few seconds later, A SLIDING DOOR opens. He gets up from the chair and turns to see The Green Hornet and Kato standing in the entranceway.

GREEN HORNET

I thought this was supposed to be a friendly meeting, Mister Cain?

ANGLE: AUGUSTUS CAIN

Cain raises the snifter to the Hornet in mock salute.

CAIN

Well done, gentlemen! Forgive me but I was understandably curious to see if you and your man lived up to your reputations. The press often exaggerates events in order to sell newspapers; it's often difficult to distinguish between reality and fantasy.

Cain takes another sip of his brandy, savors it, then swallows hard.

CAIN (CONT'D)

I'm sure you above all else could understand the power the press can have. Take that newspaper publisher, from the Daily Sentinel...what's his name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET AND KATO

The Hornet's slightly taken aback by Cain's question.

GREEN HORNET

You mean Britt Reid? What's he have to do with this?

ANGLE: AUGUSTUS CAIN

Cain rests the brandy snifter down on a nearby table.

CAIN

Oh, nothing! Forget I mentioned it, Mister Hornet. Oh, forgive me! Do I call you "Mister Hornet" or do I just call you "Green"?

CLOSE ON: GREEN HORNET

The Hornet remains silent and his face shows annoyance at the question. Cain has his answer!

CLOSE ON: AUGUSTUS CAIN

A wry smile comes to Cain's face as he says --

CAIN

I guess not!

Cain reaches down to the table and opens a cigarette box. He takes out a cigarette and grabs a crystal, petrol lighter with his free hand.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Forgive me for being a tad presumptuous but I'm new in town. Of course, I've heard of you but I really didn't think you existed. But...here you are!

Cain lights the cigarette, inhaling and exhaling sharply.

CAIN (CONT'D)

So, I understand from my lovely associate that you wish to talk business?

CLOSE ON: GREEN HORNET

GREEN HORNET

"Talk business"? Yes. But not with you!

CLOSE ON: AUGUSTUS CAIN

CAIN

(Puzzled)

I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET AND KATO

GREEN HORNET

I don't DEAL with middle-men, Cain! I've done my homework on you. Wealthy importer of antiques, patron of the arts, entrepreneur, war hero...

CLOSE ON: AUGUSTUS CAIN

CAIN

Don't forget "sophisticate"!

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET AND KATO

GREEN HORNET

And thief, black marketer, and, as of a few hours ago, accessory to murder!

ANGLE: AUGUSTUS CAIN

A look of shock on his face!

CAIN

"Murder"? My dear boy, where do you get your information from? I'm merely a merchant in rare art and antiques. It's a modest business, really.

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET AND KATO

The Hornet looks around at the expensive furniture and décor of the stateroom, then looks back at Cain and says --

GREEN HORNET

Your "modest business" pays very well.

ANGLE: AUGUSTUS CAIN

CAIN

It's a living!

CLOSE ON: KATO

Kato's eyes glare at Cain as he says --

KATO

So is selling military weapons to a bunch of kids!

CLOSE ON: AUGUSTUS CAIN

Cain looks at Kato and scoffs --

CAIN

I didn't think he talked!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET AND KATO

Kato takes a few steps forward towards Cain, ready to sidekick him into the next century. The Hornet places his hand on his chest, stopping him in mid-stride.

GREEN HORNET

Not now!

ANGLE: AUGUSTUS CAIN

Cain has a look of relief on his face, knowing that he got away with one...and that he may not be as lucky the next time!

CAIN

The only weapons I have are for my guards on deck. I believe you...MET them when you came on board. I travel the world looking for the world's finest treasures, gentlemen.

Cain starts to walk the room, pointing out different items in his collection. The Hornet follows Cain with his eyes.

CAIN

Paintings from Degas and Picasso...Ming and Etruscan vases. Worth a pretty penny on the open market. This is why I have armed guards patrolling the decks when we're in port. As I sure you know, this city can be a DANGEROUS place with all these fiendish criminals running about...no offense!

He walks over to one of the Ming vases in the corner of the stateroom. The vase contains a bouquet of black roses. He picks out a bud, examines it, smells it, and then places it in his lapel.

CAIN

If my collection is the "business" you wish to discuss, then by all means, take what you like. They're all insured so I won't be at a financial loss, I assure you!

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET, KATO, AND AUGUSTUS CAIN

GREEN HORNET

I didn't come here for an art lesson, Cain. I know that you sold weapons to Tiger Mann and his gang. I want to know where you got them from!

CAIN

Ah, Miss Brand. What a VIVID imagination she has. I assure you that she's mistaken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREEN HORNET

Really?

CAIN

Oh, yes! You see, I met Miss Brand when I first arrived in your fair city a few weeks ago. You could say she gave me a...WARM welcome! (Pause) As I recall, I was thrilling her with stories of my recent acquisitions from Malaysia. She was intrigued by my ability to acquire almost anything I'd set my mind to. Now, she did mention this... Mann-fellow and if I knew of any arms dealers but I told her that selling weapons of destruction... "wasn't my bag", as the kids say these days!

The Hornet stares down Cain, a look of disbelief on his face.

CAIN (CONT'D)

A jilted lover seeking repayment for a broken heart, most likely! I'm sorry you had to go through all this trouble for nothing.

GREEN HORNET

You're forgetting something, Cain. I've done my homework on you. You've been involved with dirty-dealings since the end of the war. Yes, you've made money off of art and antiques...most of them obtained through rather...DUBIOUS sources! You're a fringe operator who's never been able to move up in the underworld, unable to catch up to the more talented players in town.

Cain shakes his head, incredulously.

CAIN

My, my, Mister Hornet. You seem to know a great many things. What's your secret?

GREEN HORNET

Let's just say I have certain...information available at a push of a button. (Pause) Bottom line, Cain! You want to do business in my town, you deal with the Green Hornet! Think of this city as being one of your exclusive country clubs back home. You want to join, you pay...starting with telling me the name of your weapons supplier!

CLOSE ON: AUGUSTUS CAIN

Cain takes a last puff of his cigarette, then extinguishes it in a nearby ashtray. He looks back up at the Hornet and says --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAIN

And suppose...just suppose I know what you're talking about. What's to prevent you from - what's the phrase you chaps use? - "muscling in" on my operation?

CLOSE ON: GREEN HORNET

GREEN HORNET

If you play it straight with me, pay my price, you get to stay in business. You get protection from the police, plus a rather substantial commission that will get you rich in the process! If you don't... I make sure you stay OUT of business! Permanently!

ANGLE: GREEN HORNET, KATO, AND AUGUSTUS CAIN

Cain rubs his chin in thought.

CAIN

I see your point. Well, if I had a hand in that terrible tragedy from earlier today, it could take some time to set up a meeting with my... "supplier", as it were.

GREEN HORNET

You have until noon tomorrow. And you better have an answer for me, Cain! No games!

The Hornet motions for Kato to follow him as the pair leave the stateroom and disembark the *Patriot Rising*.

Cain stares at the doorway, shaking his head in admiration.

CAIN

Amazing! Simply amazing! He's not so common a crook as I took him for!

A DOOR OPENS from the rear of the stateroom and The One enters. He walks up and stands next to Cain, looking at the open door leading to the deck of the boat.

As in the subway and the warehouse, The One wears the same dark gray two-piece Mao suit with the same color gray shoes. In the light of the stateroom, we now see that his skin is a deathly pale, stark white and very faded. Slim in build, the only hair on his body is a dyed blonde goatee on his face, long, full whiskers meeting at a point just below the top of his throat. He still wears the red-lens glasses. He leans on the silver staff in front of him with both hands.

CAIN

Impressive, aren't they?

The One remains silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAIN (CONT'D)

What do you think?

The One opens his mouth to speak. When he talks, it's with a low-pitched, raspy voice. He speaks with an accent that sounds like a mix of English, German, with a pronouncement of an Asian with certain words.

THE ONE

The Green one fought well but is reckless and undisciplined. The one in Black is skilled but is too disciplined. His skill can kill but he chooses not to. (Pause) They can be dealt with very easily.

Cain smiles and turns to face the mystery man.

CAIN

Bold words, my friend! The police, his own kind, many have failed to stop him. Yet he underestimates me and overestimates his position...and that is a FATAL flaw!

Cain's eyes shift to the ceiling as he says in a normal voice --

CAIN (CONT'D)

George. Come here.

Cain walks back to the table and reaches for another cigarette.

CAIN (CONT'D)

Perhaps if the Green Hornet were running for his life, he'd be less concerned with other people's business. MY business, in particular.

The cabin DOOR OPENS again and out steps GEORGE, carrying a plastic tape recording reel in his hand. George is in his mid-30's, talk, lanky, slow in speech.

GEORGE

Yeah, boss?

Cain points to the tape in George's hand.

CAIN

Is that the recording of the Hornet's voice, George?

GEORGE

Yep! It's all set 'n ready to go!

CAIN

Then you know what to do! Let me hear it before you make the call. Understood?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Sure thing, boss! When I'm done, his own mother won't be able to tell the difference!

CAIN

Just make sure you get it right. No mistakes!

George lowers his eyes and nods his head. He turns back to the cabin door and the DOOR CLOSES as he leaves.

ANGLE: AUGUSTUS CAIN AND THE ONE

Cain lights the cigarette in his mouth. Through clenched teeth, he says to The One --

CAIN

Get our employer on the phone.

The One makes his way to the leather chair and sits down.

CLOSE ON: THE ONE

He sits in his chair and holds the silver staff like a king holding his scepter. On closer inspection, the staff is slightly longer than a normal walking cane. The top handle is shaped like a cross, the ends extending down vertically, coming to a razor sharp point like a eagle's talon. The One looks up at Cain and in a insolent voice says --

THE ONE

I am neither HIS chauffeur...nor YOUR lackey!

Cain exhales smoke and shrugs his shoulders as he walks over to the ship to shore phone. Picking up the receiver, he DIALS THE ROTARY PHONE number of his employer. After a few seconds, Cain says into the receiver --

CAIN

This is Cain. (Pause) Yes, I KNOW never to call you at this time of night, sir! (Pause) Yes, I spoke to him. It went as expected. (Pause) Yes, I do have an idea in mind to rectify the situation but...I do need to ask you a question, sir. Your new "Interceptor", by any chance, does it come in black?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

EXT. DAILY SENTINEL BUILDING (STOCK) - DAY - ESTABLISH

CUT TO:

INT. DAILY SENTINEL BUILDING - BRITT REID'S OFFICE

Britt Reid sits at his desk going over proofs for the late edition. Into his office strides his lovely and leggy secretary, LENORE CASE, pen and notepad in hand. "Casey" stops in front of his desk and says --

CASEY

Mister Reid, you wanted to work on your speech for the Commerce Association dinner?

Britt looks up at the wall clock. It reads "11:55AM".

BRITT

Sorry, Miss Case. Come in.

She's wearing the latest "Mod" fashions - a pink and white flowered blouse, short pink skirt, white high-heeled, thigh-high boots. Her reddish-blond hair done up in a bun and she wears very little makeup; a natural, beautiful young woman. Casey comes around to the chair in front of Britt's desk, crossing her shapely legs as she sits.

Britt's eyes follows her as she sits down, admiring her form.

CLOSE ON: LENORE CASE

Casey looks at Britt for a few seconds and says --

CASEY

You seem distracted today.

CLOSE ON: BRITT REID

Britt eyes widen slightly and his face starts to blush, thinking that she saw him admiring her. He composes himself, grins, and says --

BRITT

In more ways than one! You might say that a deadline's going to be missed in about five minutes...and for once I'm not talking about Mike...

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR and in comes --

CLOSE ON: MIKE AXFORD

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE AXFORD, former police officer, bodyguard to the Reid family, and ace crime reporter storms his way into Britt's office.

ANGLE: BRITT REID, LENORE CASE, AND MIKE AXFORD

Britt looks at Casey and says --

BRITT

Speak of the devil!

CASEY

At least he bothered to KNOCK this time!

The old newshound and curmudgeon holds out a teletype and shakes it in Britt's direction. Obviously, something has Mike's "Irish" up as he says --

AXFORD

Well, he's done it again!

Britt looks at Casey, then up at Mike, waiting to hear what he's complaining about now.

BRITT

The mailman delivered your copy of Playboy to your sweet ol' Irish mother's house again?

Casey puts her hand to her mouth, trying to stop from laughing.

AXFORD

No, no, and NO, Britt! This isn't time for jokes!

Axford slams the teletype on Britt's desk, right in front of him.

AXFORD (CONT'D)

Take a look at that!

CLOSE ON: BRITT REID

Britt takes the teletype in his hands and reads it to himself.

CLOSE ON: MIKE AXFORD

AXFORD

They're trying to pull that same stunt, just like the time we got that ad after that lady doctor got snatched by the Green Hornet after that drug bust on that boat, the *Sally Bell*!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON: LENORE CASE

Casey looks at Britt knowingly as she says --

CASEY

I always thought the Green Hornet RESCUED that doctor, not kidnapped her?

CLOSE ON: MIKE AXFORD

AXFORD

Details, details! The Hornet was mixed up in that drug deal up to his lil' green hat! He probably let the doc go so they wouldn't slap a kidnapping charge on him if he got caught!

ANGLE: BRITT REID, LENORE CASE, AND MIKE AXFORD

Axford taps the teletype in Britt's hand with his index finger.

CASEY

Anyway, THAT was listed in the personal column this morning!

Britt reads the teletype aloud.

BRITT

"To Mr. Green. Supplier not available to talk personally. You'll see his answer at noon today."

AXFORD

That HAS to be a message for the Green Hornet!

Britt looks up at Mike, trying to think about the message's meaning.

BRITT

You might be right about that, Mike.

CASEY

But what does it mean "see his answer at noon today"?

Britt searches for an answer. Axford looks down at Britt, annoyed, and waiting for an action from his boss. THE PHONE RINGS on Britt's desk. Casey gets up and answers the phone, standing in between Britt and Axford.

CASEY

Mister Reid's office. (Pause) I'm sorry? Who did you say was calling?

Casey recognizes the voice on the other end of the phone, then shoots a look of concern to Britt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASEY (CONT'D)

Yes. One moment please.

Casey shakes her head in disbelief as she hands the receiver to Britt.

BRITT

What's wrong?

CASEY

The man on the phone. He says he's the Green Hornet!

Axford slams his fist hard on Britt's desk with a loud BANG!

AXFORD

(Angry)

The Green Hornet! Calling here! Of all the NERVE!

Britt shoots Axford a look to quiet him. He cautiously puts the receiver to his ear.

BRITT

Hello?

The voice on the other end of the phone talks in short, clipped sentences and words.

GREEN HORNET (V.O.)
(Filtered Through Phone)

Britt Reid?

Britt's eyes go wide in shock as he recognizes the voice as his own!

BRITT

Yes! Who is this?

GREEN HORNET (V.O.)
(Filtered Through Phone)

This is - the Green Hornet! This is my town! The police - have never been - able to - catch me. Now - I will make sure - they will - pay my price! Think of it as one of your exclusive country clubs - Reid - you want to join, you pay my price!

BRITT

(Angry)

What do you mean? Pay WHAT "price"?

GREEN HORNET (V.O.)
(Filtered Through Phone)

You will - have my - answer at noon.

CLICK! The telephone line goes dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

Hello? HELLO!

Britt slams the phone down on the receiver with a loud BANG!

AXFORD

What's that devil up to now?

Britt takes a deep breath to calm himself down. He looks up at the wall clock and says -

BRITT

I don't know, Mike. Whatever it is, we'll find out in...

CLOSE ON: WALL CLOCK

The clock reads "11:59AM". The sweep hand inches closer to the top of the clock.

BRITT (V.O.)

Ten seconds!

CLOSE ON: BRITT REID

Britt watches the clock move closer to noon.

CLOSE ON: LENORE CASE AND MIKE AXFORD

They too watch the clock move to twelve noon. Axford bites his lower lip in nervous anticipation.

CLOSE ON: WALL CLOCK

The sweep hand moves past "12". Five seconds pass, then ten.

ANGLE: BRITT REID, LENORE CASE, AND MIKE AXFORD

Axford, hands on hips, shakes his head as he says --

AXFORD

Well, it looks like the Green Hornet is all bark and no...

From inside the city room, ALL THE TELEPHONES RING, almost in unison. Britt swivels in his desk chair, turning to the window that gives him a view of the city room. Britt rises out of his chair and storms out of his office, Casey and Axford in tow.

CUT TO:

INT. DAILY SENTINEL BUILDING - CITY ROOM

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All of the SECRETARIES and REPORTERS are all scrambling to their desks, picking up phones left and right. Axford cuts a path through the crowd. Britt and Casey follow. Axford reaches for the phone on his desk and says --

AXFORD
(Yelling)
Sentinel! Axford! (Pause) Sarge, that you? Sarge,
speak up, I can't hear you!

Axford turns to the reporters around him, motioning them to be quiet.

AXFORD (CONT'D)
What's that, sarge? He WHAT? Wait! I can't
hear...sarge? SARGE!

The phone line goes dead. Axford SLAMS the phone down in anger. He stares out, blankly, as he says --

AXFORD (CONT'D)
He's finally done it! He's gone crazy!

Britt pulls on Mike's arm, trying to get him to come "back to earth".

BRITT
Who, Mike? What's happened?

Axford turns his head slowly to meet Britt's gaze.

AXFORD
The Green Hornet! He just blew up police headquarters!

CLOSE ON: BRITT REID AND LENORE CASE

A look of shock both Britt and Casey's face.

BRITT
What do you mean "blew up"?

CLOSE ON: AXFORD

AXFORD
Just that! That car of his...Sergeant Burke down
at headquarters said he fired rockets into the
building...then the phone line went dead!

ANGLE: BRITT REID, LENORE CASE, AND MIKE AXFORD

Axford reaches for his hat and coat, draped on his desk chair. He quickly puts the hat on his head, mashing it slightly in the process. He turns to Britt and says --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AXFORD
I'm going down there, Britt! The Hornet's gone
TOO FAR this time!

Axford cuts through the crowd and heads towards the elevators.

Britt watches Mike leave, then puts a hand on Casey's shoulder. He looks at her and says --

BRITT
(Whispering)
Get Scanlon on the private line. Hurry!

CASEY
Yes, Mister Reid!

Casey cuts her way through the crowd, back towards the office. Britt stands alone, fists clenched tight in anger as he says --

BRITT
(Angry whisper)
Cain!

CUT TO:

INT. DAILY SENTINEL BUILDING - BRITT REID'S OFFICE

Britt walks back into his office as Casey turns to him, handing him the receiver.

CASEY
I have Mister Scanlon on the phone, Mister Reid.

Britt takes the phone from Casey.

BRITT
Thanks, Miss Case.

He puts the phone to his ear and says -

BRITT (CONT'D)
Frank?

CUT TO:

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY SCANLON'S OFFICE

Scanlon rips paper out of the teletype machine in his office as he says -

SCANLON
I hate to say it, Britt, but I was hoping you were
out in the Black Beauty instead of in your office!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. DAILY SENTINEL BUILDING - BRITT REID'S OFFICE

BRITT

Sorry to disappoint you, Frank! Any idea who's behind the attack?

SCANLON (V.O.)

(Filtered Through Phone)

Well, if you believe the eyewitness reports, the perpetrators were driving a black armored car. Driver dressed in black, passenger dressed in green. Both men were wearing masks!

BRITT

Cain really knows how to put on a show!

CUT TO:

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY SCANLON'S OFFICE

Scanlon removes his glasses, a surprised and curious look on his face.

SCANLON

Who?

BRITT (V.O.)

(Filtered Through Phone)

It's a long story, Frank. Just trust me!

Scanlon takes the phone base in hand and walks to a nearby window, looking out on the street below.

SCANLON

Maybe so but it's real MESS, Britt! Whoever was driving that armored car did a bang-up job in crippling the police force. The question is what will be his...next...move...

CUT TO:

INT. DAILY SENTINEL BUILDING - BRITT REID'S OFFICE

BRITT

(Concerned)

Frank! What is it?

SCANLON (V.O.)

(Filtered Through Phone)

Oh, my...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT
(Yelling)

Frank! What's wrong?

CUT TO:

EXT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY SCANLON'S OFFICE

Approaching the building comes an approaching car - the black armored "INTERCEPTOR"! The menacing vehicle stops in front of the building.

ANGLE: INTERCEPTOR

This war machine looks like a supped-up hot rod, only that it has wheels made for a 18-wheeler truck. Instead of a roof, a clear, plastic and glass bubble. The driver and passenger can easily be seen by anyone on the outside. Like Scanlon told Britt, both men are wearing near-duplicates of the Green Hornet and Kato disguises!

CUT TO:

INT. INTERCEPTOR - DRIVER'S SEAT

CLOSE ON: FAKE KATO

In the driver's seat sits the FAKE KATO, an Asian male of about 25 years of age. He reaches down and flips a series of switches on the Interceptor control panel.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERCEPTOR

CLOSE ON: WEAPONS ARRAY

Twin machine guns rise from the hood of the vehicle while a missile launcher with four missile ports rises from the trunk. The launcher is pointed up at the building.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERCEPTOR - DRIVER'S SEAT

The Fake Kato looks back at the passenger seat and meets the approving eyes of the FAKE GREEN HORNET, a Caucasian male wearing a good imitation of the Hornet's mask and fedora. The Fake Green Hornet nods at Fake Kato.

CLOSE ON: INSTRUMENT PANEL

Fake Kato presses a red button with a gloved finger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERCEPTOR

CLOSE ON: WEAPONS ARRAY

WHOOSH!!!!!! FOUR MISSILES fire out of the launcher!

CUT TO:

EXT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY SCANLON'S OFFICE

BOOM! All four missiles IMPACT the building! FIRE ERUPTS and GLASS and STONE SHATTER from the impact!

CUT TO:

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY SCANLON'S OFFICE

The office starts to shake as Scanlon grabs on to the desk to steady himself. Pieces of plaster start to snow down on the district attorney as he shouts into the phone --

SCANLON
(Yelling)

Britt! If you can hear me, it's the fake Hornet! He's firing...

The ceiling collapses on Scanlon with a loud CRASH! Scanlon becomes engulfed in the smoke and ash as he falls to the floor!

CUT TO:

INT. DAILY SENTINEL BUILDING - BRITT REID'S OFFICE

Britt's eyes go wide as he yells --

BRITT

Frank? FRANK!

Britt slams the phone down on the cradle, his face in rage! After a few seconds of thought, he turns to Casey and says --

BRITT (CONT'D)

Casey, call Kato! Tell him to meet me at the boat yard, at the *Patriot Rising*!

Britt heads to the door. Casey grabs his arm to stop him from leaving.

CASEY

You're going as Britt Reid?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRITT

The Hornet can't show his face in public now without every cop looking to put a bullet in him after today! Augustus Cain's seen to that!

CASEY

I don't understand. How did Cain get you to say those words on the phone? That WAS your voice!

BRITT

Kato and I paid him a visit last night. He must've recorded our conversation. Pieced together the right words and sentences to get the incriminating evidence he needed. (Pause) I should've known he was up to something with all those questions he asked me! (Pause) I underestimated him. I won't make that mistake twice!

CASEY

But, if Cain finds out who you are, he can use that tape against you, prove that you're the Green Hornet! You can't face him now!

Britt takes Casey in both arms, stressing his point.

BRITT

People are DYING out there, Casey! For all we know Frank could already be dead. (Pause) Even if Cain finds out I'm the Green Hornet, he's going to pay for what he's done!

Britt leaves his office towards his private elevator. Casey slowly walks over to the phone, then picks up the phone to call Kato.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCKS - AFTERNOON

Day is turning into night as Britt Reid pulls up his convertible across from the dock master's office. He gets out of the car, closing the door behind him. He's wearing a black overcoat, black hat, and dark sunglasses, doing his best to hide his identity. As he makes his way towards the office, he hears THE SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS and FIRE ENGINES in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK MASTER'S OFFICE

Waiting to meet Britt outside the office is Kato. Kato is sitting on a yellow Yamaha motorcycle, the ENGINE PURRS for a few moments, then Kato turns off the engine as Britt approaches. Kato also wears dark sunglasses, a black turtleneck, dark blue jeans and black motorcycle boots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE: BRITT REID AND KATO

Kato gets off the bike and makes his way towards the boat slips. Britt follows.

KATO
I got here ten minutes ago.

Kato points to one of the boat slips.

ANGLE: EMPTY BOAT SLIP.

The slip that moored the *Patriot Rising* last night is empty!

KATO (V.O.)
I talked to the dock master. He said the boat
left before dawn. No destination was on file.

ANGLE: BRITT REID AND KATO

Britt walks to the edge of the slip, looking out at the open space where the boat was last night. Behind Britt and Kato, on a nearby bench is A SLEEPING TRAMP. The tramp is apparently sleeping.

BRITT
It's gotten worse, Kato. On the way over, the
radio said that the "Hornet" attacked the Federal
building after City Hall. Whoever Cain has operating
that war machine, he's taken out the city's government
and law enforcement in one fatal swoop!

Kato shakes his head in disgust, looking quickly at the tramp behind him.

KATO
Not to mention setting us up in the process! If
Cain left this morning, then who do you think...

Kato takes another look at the tramp on the bench. Britt looks at Kato, then at what he's looking at.

ANGLE: BRITT REID, KATO, AND SLEEPING TRAMP

Britt and Kato walk over to the bench. They notice that the tramp is not a he but a SHE! The woman is laying on her side. She's wearing a well-worn green fedora, green overcoat, white Capri pants, and white high-heeled shoes. Britt looks at Kato, then turns the woman on her back. The fedora falls off her head as they see...

CLOSE ON: SLEEPING TRAMP

The lifeless eyes of Jeannie Brand stare up at Britt and Kato!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON: BRITT REID AND KATO

BRITT

Jeannie Brand! Another loose end tied up!

Britt angles his head and see that a piece of paper is tacked onto the jacket. He reaches down and rips it away.

CLOSE ON: BRITT REID AND PAPER

He unfolds the paper in his hand.

The paper reads:

"She didn't suffer...much!
Hard to kill a woman.
Easier to kill a Hornet!"

CLOSE ON: BRITT REID AND KATO

Britt's hands start to shake as he crumples up the note in his fists!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT III

EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

INT. BRITT REID'S APARTMENT - STUDY

Britt, Kato, and Casey sit in Britt's study, watching the Sentinel News Service. Britt sits in his desk chair, Kato at his side. Casey sits in the far chair next to the sliding glass door that leads to the foyer. She cradles the hot cup of coffee in her hands as she watches the news report.

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

Reports are still coming in. Five dead in the city hall attack, including, sadly...Mayor Walter Scott. Twenty wounded, including Deputy Mayor Robert Bradley and District Attorney Frank Scanlon.

A look of relief on Kato and Casey's face as she says --

CASEY

Thank heaven!

Britt face remains cold as stone as he intently listens to the broadcaster.

ANGLE: TELEVISION SCREEN

The news anchorman pauses for a moment, putting a hand to the microphone in his ear. He looks up and faces the camera and says --

ANCHORMAN

This just in! We've just received word of another attack, moments ago, by the Green Hornet!

ANGLE: BRITT REID

Britt's face contorts in anger as he says --

BRITT
(Angry)

WHAT?

ANGLE: TELEVISION SCREEN

The Sentinel anchorman looks solemnly at the paper in his hands as he reports --

ANCHORMAN

The Hornet attacked the World Market building. The only casualty...a four year old boy, who was walking out of a nearby newspaper shop, was killed by falling debris. The police have withheld the boy's name until the family has been notified.

ANGLE: BRITT REID, KATO, AND LENORE CASE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Britt SLAMS! his fist in anger on the desk. He gets up and faces the TV screen, rubbing his eyes, trying to wipe away the anger and fatigue he feels at the moment.

Kato rushes to his side and pleads --

KATO

We have to do SOMETHING! We can't just SIT HERE!

Before Britt can answer, they hear --

ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, the governor will be making a statement shortly. We now go live to the capital for the governor's press conference.

ANGLE: TELEVISION SCREEN

The news program cuts to the press conference. The GOVERNOR stands at the podium, surrounded by military types and government "suits". The governor addresses the throng of press in front of him.

GOVERNOR

I don't need to remind you of the heinous acts committed today. To be brief, with local government and police crippled by these attacks, I use my powers, as governor, to declare a city wide "state of emergency". As such, I've accepted the army's offer of policing the city's streets, protecting our city's citizens from the increasing criminal element.

CLOSE ON: BRITT REID

GOVERNOR (V.O.)

With that in mind, I now introduce the commander, responsible for coordinating civil and police activities until the deputy mayor and surviving police and civic leaders are able to return to duty and serve the city. Ladies and gentlemen, may I introduce, General Theodore Parker.

ANGLE: TELEVISION SCREEN

GENERAL THEODORE PARKER, a gruff, no-nonsense military man in his early 60's, makes his way to the podium. He shakes the governor's hand, then pauses at the podium, looking at the press in front of him. He takes a deep breath and says --

GENERAL PARKER

This is a sad day but rest assured this day will be remembered for the day this great city's criminal element were led on the path of justice and retribution. Our crusade to bring this nest

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

of vipers to righteousness begins now, starting with the man who has caused so much death and destruction the last two days!

The crowd starts to stir at the general's words.

GENERAL PARKER (CONT'D)

Yes, I said "the last two", for we have evidence in our possession that the man responsible for today's attacks was the mastermind behind the gang war that took the lives of so many...

The general stops to compose himself, almost if he's fighting back tears.

GENERAL PARKER (CONT'D)

So many of our city's youth! That MAN is...

CLOSE ON: BRITT REID

GENERAL PARKER (CONT'D)

The Green Hornet!

Britt starts to shake his head, thinking if things could get any worse!

CLOSE ON: TELEVISION SCREEN

GENERAL PARKER (CONT'D)

Therefore, as my first official act, we have a warrant for the apprehension of the Green Hornet! In short, ladies and gentlemen, WAR has been declared! We will hunt him, we will find him, and he will be brought to justice...by ANY means necessary!

A low rumble starts to rise from the press gallery. General Parker looks around the room, pleased as the results of his speech. He looks directly into the camera and says --

GENERAL PARKER (CONT'D)

That's all!

The general turns away from the crowd as reporters shout follow-up questions at the general and the governor. The governor and the general shake hands again, followed by the other military types and government officials, patting the general on the back, wishing him luck. One of the "suits" pushes his way towards the general.

ANGLE: BRITT REID, KATO, AND LENORE CASE

Britt leans his body in, staring at the screen, watching closely. He sees something familiar about the man extending his hand to the general.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE: TELEVISION SCREEN

The general takes the man's hand and shakes it vigorously. Part of the crowd on the stage starts to move out of the way, giving Britt, Kato, and Casey a full view of the man - Augustus Cain! Cain leans in and whispers something into the general's ear. The general nods and smiles at Cain.

KATO (V.O.)

Cain! And the general!

ANGLE: BRITT REID, KATO, AND LENORE CASE

Casey continues to look at the screen in stunned disbelief.

Kato looks at Britt, watching for his reaction.

Britt gaze burns at the television.

CLOSE ON: BRITT REID

BRITT

They want a "war"? They're going to GET ONE!

Britt takes the television remote control in his hands. He points it at the television and CLICK!...

FLASH FADE OUT.

Screen text reads: "TO BE CONTINUED..."

END OF EPILOGUE

END OF PART 1