

The Green Hornet

By

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Based on characters created by George Trendle and Fran
Striker

WGA
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INT. A RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

VIDEO MONITORS

A half dozen of them built into the wall. All are tuned to different news and information channels. Only the one that displays CNN is audible.

A MAN -- late 60's, gray hair, glasses -- reads a newspaper in the living room. He reclines in a comfy chair and Hugh Hefner robe.

Doorbell DINGS.

The man sets down the paper, picks up the remote, and points. He gets up from the chair, and walks to the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The man walks to the door. He looks through the door peep-hole as he turns the lock.

POW!

The man is knocked back from the force of a gunshot.

The door...opens.

Two THUGS in work attire enter the hallway. Gloved hands. One holds a silencer-equipped weapon. They step over the man's dead body.

The two thugs fan out to different parts of the home. They're in a hurry.

MONTAGE:

#1 thug opens a desk drawer. He takes out papers, folders, and whatever else -- he throws them to the floor.

INT. BATHROOM

#2 thug scoops plastic bottles from the medicine cabinet onto the vanity. He examines a couple of containers -- takes what he wants.

INT. DEN

#1 thug handles a figurine -- he throws it against the wall. He then pushes a computer from a wooden desk onto the floor. Papers fly.

INT. BEDROOM

#2 thug pulls open drawer, after drawer. He empties the contents, and tosses each one aside.

END MONTAGE

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

#1 thug stands by a terrarium. With a glove-less hand, he holds an iguana. He seems to be talking to it. #2 thug appears in the b.g., as if ready to leave. As #1 thug puts the iguana back into it's home, he inadvertently knocks over the animal's watering container.

He grabs his glove, and walks toward the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The body of a lifeless man lays on the floor. The door...closes.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

A bejeweled finger presses the button to the second floor. A woman waits.

Elevator doors...OPEN

to the hustle and bustle of THE DAILY SENTINEL, editing department. Phones ring, fingers type, computers hum. WORKERS to and fro. Cubicles would just get in the way here.

There is only one office in sight. The door is already open, and behind the desk sits the man in charge:

BRITT REID -- 35, classic good looks, commanding --

INT. BRITT'S OFFICE - DAY

BRITT (ON PHONE)

Yes...yes...yes, Dad, I know. Your connections in this town are invaluable to the paper...Yes, but...I just think a more direct approach would...yes...Oh, I know.

Britt sees a visitor -- dark haired, shapely, 30 year old, CC FULLER. Decked to the nines. Quite an eye-full.

BRITT (CONTD)

O.k...o.k...o.k...Dad...Dad, gotta go...bye.

HANGS UP

BRITT

CC, long time no see. What brings you around these parts? Slow day at the ads?

CC

You owe me an afternoon on your yacht, remember?
(beat)
Just kidding. Actually, I'm here for a lunch date.

BRITT

Oh...Who with?

CC

The new guy, Rex, you know...

BRITT

Rex...Rex...Oh yeah, the one John brought over from the competition. Just what we need here, a spy.

CC

Oh, come now, Britt. You know as well as I, he has excellent credentials.

BRITT

I was talking about you.

CC

Well, I...

Before this argument can get started, Britt's secretary, LENORE "CASEY" CASE -- red-head, late 20's, gorgeous -- interrupts with a KNOCK. What a beautiful smile.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

Sorry, Mr. Reid. Mike Axford is on the hot-line. Say's it's important.

BRITT

Thanks, Casey.

Casey exits the doorway, but not before she gives a once-over glare at marketing figure, CC. These two statuesque beauties seem to mix like oil and water. Some history there.

BRITT

(to CC)

I've gotta get this. Talk to you later, CC.

CC

Later, darling...

As Britt waves CC out the door, he picks up the phone --

BRITT (ON PHONE)

Reid, here.

INT. CAR - DAY

Police reporter MIKE AXFORD -- shirt sleeves rolled up, hard nosed, 40's, smokes -- sits in his car. On the phone.

MIKE (ON PHONE)

Britt, I'm picking up some serious chatter about a homicide, happened just a while ago. Not sure, but it sounds like the same area where John Paul just bought that new condo. They said something about the Sentinel...I didn't catch it but...

BRITT (ON PHONE)

What's the address?

Britt writes down the address, hangs up. He stands, grabs his coat, and leaves the office.

EXT. JOHN PAUL'S CONDO - DAY

Britt arrives in his sports car at the taped-off crime scene, and parks. He can see that COPS and MEDICS are in no hurry. They're busy in and around John's condo.

Britt gets out of the car, and starts to run up the walkway...past REPORTERS. Mike stops him halfway --

MIKE

Britt...Britt, there's nothing we can do. Hold on...It's a crime scene in there.

BRITT

Is it...John?

MIKE

...Sorry...

BRITT

Who did this? What happened?

MIKE

They don't know.

(beat)

He was shot...sometime last night.

BRITT

Do they have anything?

MIKE

Nothing they'll let out, yet. Look...let me talk to my guy on the inside, after things calm down a bit around here. You gonna be home?

BRITT

...Yea.

MIKE

O.k., I'll call you there.
Britt...sorry, mate.

Britt gets into his car. He tries to hold back the tears. He dials a number.

BRITT (ON PHONE)

Dad, John's been murdered...

INT. BRITT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Britt, Casey, and District Attorney, FRANK SCANLON -- 50's, big and tall in the suit department, African American -- are all in stunned grief as they relive the day's tragic events. A wall of TV monitors are on.

Britt's driver, KATO -- 25, agile, alert -- sees to it that everyone is comfortable. When guests are gathered and he's on the clock, this Asian firecracker says very little.

NOTE: Asian character names denote likely Asian accents.

FRANK

As far as we can tell, there's no sign of forced entry. That could mean he knew his attacker, and let him in. Or, the guy had a key.

BRITT

Mike said, the place was tossed. Robbery?

FRANK

Not enough to go on, yet. Forensics are still there. But, with John's position at the Sentinel, politics and crime reporting, all that...my guess is it's more than robbery.

Attention is drawn toward one of the TV SCREENS. A photo of John Paul appears. Casey picks up the remote, and turns up the volume --

NEWSPERSON (ON TV)

...one of our own today. John Paul, executive producer here at KSFI, was gunned down last night in his San Fransisco home. There is no apparent motive for the killing, but police sources say robbery may...

CASEY

The coward didn't even give him a chance to hand anything over. They just...shot him.

NEWSPERSON (CONT'D)

...John Paul along with one time publisher, Dan Reid, started the Daily Sentinel newspaper 30 years

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NEWSPERSON (CONT'D) (cont'd)
*ago. He then acquired KSFI, a TV
 news affiliate of...*

The doorbell RINGS. Kato walks to the door and opens it for Britt's father, DAN REID. Grey, 70s, cane.

KATO
 Mr. Reid.

DAN
 Kato.

He hands Kato his coat. Britt steps over to comfort his dad.

BRITT
 Kato, please, maybe some drinks.

KATO
 Certainly.

DAN
 (to Britt)
 I called Jan... She's tore apart.

BRITT
 Anyone with her?

DAN
 Her sister's there.
 (pause)
 Frank, do you have anything yet?

FRANK
 No, Dan. Like I was sayin' to these guys, no sign of break and entry. But hard tellin' if he knew his attacker or attackers. My men are still at the scene.

Kato serves the guests their usual as they continue --

FRANK (CONT'D)
 We should know soon how this all went down. Britt, can I meet with you tomorrow? Go over John's latest contacts, schedules, files...

BRITT
 Sure.

FRANK
I'll show myself out.

BRITT
Thanks, Frank.

Frank puts on his hat and walks o.s.

DAN
(sits down)
I've known him for years.
Best man at his and Jan's
wedding...we started the paper
together.

CASEY
(comforting)
You two went way back. I'm so
sorry, Dan...this is just...

Britt walks over to the fireplace. He stares into the
flames.

DAN
Who would do this?

BRITT
I'll find out who did this, Dad.
(looks at kato)
I won't rest until we do.

EXT. SENTINEL BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. JOHN PAUL'S FORMER OFFICE - DAY

MOVERS take out the old, and bring in the new. They walk
past REX DAMON -- white, 30's, square jaw, clean-cut,
GQ. And TOMMY CHEW -- Asian, late 30's, tall, greasy hair,
snappy suit. These two are in an oddly upbeat mood, given
the tragic events of yesterday.

The place is magnificent, and so is the view outside
-- through a glass wall.

REX
You know, this would have taken...

Movers walk by, Rex lowers his voice.

(CONTINUED)

REX (CONT'D)

...This would have taken another five years. And it couldn't have happened at a better time.

TOMMY

Yes, your right. Things did turn out rather well.

Tommy walks over, and sits on Rex's new desk. He picks up a souvenir -- examines it.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And how do you plan on spending your new found corporate capitol?

REX

What do you mean?

TOMMY

I mean, our little operation. There's still a lot of product waiting to be moved. We both have much invested.

REX

I get it...Look, I've been thinking. We've made a lot on that...project.

TOMMY

Yes, we have.

REX

With those new buyers coming in, maybe it'd be a good time for me to...you know, to bow out. With my cut, of course.

This angers Tommy as he not so gently SWATS a couple of pictures off the desk, onto the floor. Movers leave.

TOMMY

You think you can leave me hang just like that? You got more to lose than me. YOU HERE 'CAUSE WE PUT YOU HERE.

Tommy pushes Rex back with a couple of jolts to the chest with his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You bow out when I SAY YOU BOW OUT.

REX

Hey...We can work this out...

TOMMY

BULLSHIT, Mr. newsman. You talk too much.

Tommy pulls out a micro-recorder, holds it up to Rex's face, and hits play --

REX

(recorded)

...so you say the next shipment will be even higher quality. No cut... pure heroin?

OTHER VOICE

(recorded)

I'm sure you'll be pleased. The Vice President will be in town two days before, so security will be down...

Rex turns white. He has to sit down on the couch. Tommy CLICKS the recorder off, and puts it back in his pocket.

TOMMY

So...no more talk of backing out. We need something of you.

REX

What?

TOMMY

We need ability to communicate anywhere. In real-time. Without being detected. Nowadays, with wiretaps, scanners, and other security filters, is virtually impossible.

REX

What do you want from me?

TOMMY

Your TV station for two week.

REX

You've got to be kidding.

(CONTINUED)

Rex is back on his feet. Nervous. He goes for a drink at the mini-bar.

TOMMY

Not at all. With right people in key position within the Sentinel, anything possible. If anyone can manipulate information...it's newsman.

REX

(pours a Scotch)
You're mad.

Tommy takes out a piece of paper. He sets it on the table.

TOMMY

This is short list of people to fire.

REX

I can't...

TOMMY

This will be done by three day, or tape go to D.A.

Tommy starts toward the door. He stops.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh. By the way...your take will increase five percent.

Rex perks up a bit.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I knew you'd like that.

Tommy exits. Rex takes another gulp of Scotch.

INT. CITY HALL - POLICE LAB - NIGHT

A LAB PERSON examines what may be incriminating points of a fingerprint, through a hi-tech microscope.

LAB PERSON

There it is, sir.

Frank takes a look through the microscope lens.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK

O.K., let's clean it up...enter it
in the database, asap.

LAB PERSON

You got it.

FRANK

Maybe our killer has a thing for
iguanas.

EXT. BRITT'S HOME - NIGHT

Kato pulls the town-car up near the front door, and
parks. Headlights turn...OFF.

INT. BRITT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Britt opens the entrance door and, Kato follows him inside.

BRITT

Ya know, Kato...I almost
forgot. This week's the paper's
anniversary party. How're we gonna
pull this one off?

KATO

It will be rough with John Paul
not...

PHONE RINGS

Britt hands Kato his coat, picks up the phone, and answers--

BRITT (ON PHONE)

Reid, here.

P.O.V. FOLLOWS PHONE CONVERSATION AS DEEMED NECESSARY

FRANK (ON PHONE)

Britt, we got a match on a print we
lifted. It belongs to a Mr. Yau
Xchan. Thirty-four years
old...Chinese national. Works at a
refinery at the docks. Known most
recently for an attempt last year
to smuggle over a quarter ton of
dope into Frisco, via commercial
shipping.

(CONTINUED)

BRITT

Yea.

FRANK

That was intercepted by the coastguard. We couldn't prove Xchan had anything to do with it, but our informants say otherwise. I'll...send ya a picture.

BRITT

Do you have a residence?

FRANK

Fifty-three, eighty-three H street. Apartment number four.

BRITT

Workplace?

Britt writes down this information.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Good work, Frank. Give me a couple hours.

FRANK

Britt...be careful. These guys mean business.

BRITT

Will do.

HANGS UP

BRITT

(to Kato)

Frank says a print they got belongs to a known smuggler. Works at the docks.

KATO

Docks. Seems to be a lot of Chinese mafia activity there lately.

BRITT

Yea, John's crew did a whole week of reporting on organized gangs in that area. I think it was last year. There's so many ships in and out of there...catchin' smugglers is next to impossible.

(CONTINUED)

KATO

What this guy want with John Paul?

Britt picks up the paper he'd just written the info on.

BRITT

Let's go ask Mr. Yau Xchan. Maybe
he's home. Tonight.

Britt and Kato separate into two different parts of the house.

MONTAGE:

ROOM #1) Clothes are tossed on a bed one by one.

ROOM #2) Clothes are tossed on a chair one by one.

ROOM #1) Secret closet opens to reveal green suits.

ROOM #2) Closet opened to reveal black pants and jackets.

ROOM #1) Green shirt on. Hands adjust tie.

ROOM #2) KATO faces and is reflected by a mirror. Seen from behind, he adjusts a black hat and mask with black-gloved hands. He does his best Bruce Lee pose in the mirror.

ROOM #1) The GREEN HORNET brushes lint off his long, green jacket with gloved hands. He puts on a green fedora. It goes well with his green mask.

ROOM #2) A black-gloved hand picks up car keys.

END MONTAGE

INT. BRITT'S GARAGE - NIGHT

A fake wall OPENS. Enter...the Green Hornet and Kato.

This portion of the garage contains a single sports car. Kato walks over to a secret lever, and pulls it toward himself. The sound of MACHINERY being engaged fills the room.

ANGLE SPORTS CAR UNDERCARRIAGE

Metal and padded clamps grab each tire and wheel. Most likely, this is a sound proof garage. With everything secure on the outside and inside of the sports car, the concrete floor and car FLIP OVER to reveal another car --

THE BLACK BEAUTY

(CONTINUED)

Kato gets into the driver's seat. Hornet gets into the backseat, to the right of Kato. Engine...ON. It's LOUD.

Clamps disengage.

INT. THE BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Computer keyboard flips out of the back of the front seat. The monitor screen comes down from the ceiling. Hornet types in an address for Kato to view on the dash screen.

HORNET

Address in...Freemont District.
Let's roll, Kato!

Kato again REVS the engine. The Black Beauty moves forward, and exits an already open garage door. The door comes...down.

EXT. NIGHT

The Black Beauty exits from a remote location of Britt's property. It SQUEALS a hard turn onto pavement, and ROARS off into the night.

ARIEL VIEW

of the Black Beauty as it travels on freeways and arterial streets. Traffic is moderate.

EXT. ALLY - NIGHT

The Black Beauty approaches an apartment building. Headlights turn...off. The vehicle stops.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Hornet examines the lighted main entrance through binoculars.

KATO

This is it.

HORNET

Yea...Looks like the best way in is that fire ladder.

(pause)

Kato, back up a bit. Let's send a bee around to the front windows.

Kato parks, and shuts OFF the engine. Hornet types commands into the car's customized computer system.

EXT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

What looks like a metallic BEE, raises from a small door on the back hood.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

More commands are typed, and this thing flies off.

INSERT SCREEN

Hornet brings up Xchan's photo on one corner of the screen, and the camera view from the bee on the remaining portion of the screen. A control stick guides the bee's flight.

HORNET

Let's see what we have...

BEE VIEW ANGLES --

APARTMENT WINDOWS:

#1) Kids and dad doing homework.

#2) Couple making out.

#3) No one home.

#4) XCHAN -- six foot, wife-beater, muscular, mustached, tatoos -- on the phone. A handgun lays on the table.

HORNET

Far corner apartment. One guy...No one else. He's got a gun on the table. Turn around...

The bee sees his face.

HORNET (CONT'D)

...That's him.

KATO

Excellent.

HORNET

Let's go say hello, Kato.

Parked in the shadows, the Hornet and Kato get out of the car. Doors close silently, and lock.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

They walk over to the fire escape ladder. Hornet gives Kato a boost up to the ladder. Kato pulls it down, and both climb to the second floor. They enter the premises through an open window.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kato walks before Hornet -- who controls the bee view from his hand-held.

BEE VIEW:

Camera lens sees a man walk toward the window as he talks on the phone.

BACK TO SCENE

Hornet motions Kato to get ready. Hornet KNOCKS on an apartment door. He sees on the hand-held screen that Xchan approaches the door. Hornet motions with an arm, and from an almost stationary position, Kato DROP-KICKS the door.

INT. XCHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

- Door BREAKS from its hinges -- SLAMS against Xchan. He lands on the floor.

- Xchan does a tuck 'n roll, runs for his gun, but Kato trips him from behind.

- Kato grabs a chair, and SMASHES it over Xchan's back.

- Xchan maneuvers to his feet. He blocks Kato's attack.

Hornet walks over to the table where a handgun lays. He picks it up and empties the gun's bullets onto the floor.

- Kato KICKS Xchan against the wall, then throws him over a table. An ornate vase falls from the table -- SMASHES to the floor.

EXT. XCHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BEE VIEW

through the window. Long, vertical window shades are jostled, and violently pulled down from their tracks. Kato apparently kicks something on the floor -- several times -- as the Hornet stands by.

INT. XCHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Xchan is seated into a chair. This guy's hurtin'. The Hornet pulls up a chair beside him. In the b.g., Kato wipes blood from his gloved hands with a white table cloth.

HORNET
How's it goin', Xchan?
(beat)
Just a couple a questions, now...

From an inside pocket, the Hornet takes out what looks like a small wand that telescopes to about a foot in length.

HORNET (CONT'D)
The shooting, three days ago. A
condo off Grant Avenue. Were you
there?

No answer. Hornet grabs Xchan's hair, pulls his head back, and GAGS him with smoke from the end of the wand. Kato secures Xchan to the chair.

HORNET (CONT'D)
One more time. Were you involved
in the condo murder three days ago?

XCHAN
YES...(cough)...YES...

HORNET
Who pulled the trigger?

No answer -- more smoke.

XCHAN
I DID IT. I DID IT!

HORNET
Why did you kill him?

XCHAN
(cough)Money...Paid...

HORNET
Who paid you?

XCHAN
choo...Choo...CHOO...CHOO...CHOO...

His eyes are glazed. Pee drips under his chair.

SIRENS approach.

(CONTINUED)

KATO

Cops.

HORNET

Cuff him...let's go.

Hornet throws restraints to Kato. Kato cuffs Xchan to the chair.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

They exit the apartment. In the hallway, Hornet gives a tip of the hat to inquisitive neighbors. A young lady takes a second look. A kid is pulled back inside.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Kato slides the ladder back down, and descends. The Hornet follows him. They hit the ground, and run to the Black Beauty. They get in.

The Black Beauty SQUEALS away, lights off, down the alley. The electronic bee catches up, and makes a soft landing on its launch pad. It lowers and disappears. The car turns onto a busy street, and soon...blends in with traffic.

EXT. ESTABLISHING - SENTINEL BUILDING - DAY

INT. EDITING FLOOR - DAY

Elevator doors OPENS, and Britt walks out. He passes Casey's desk.

BRITT

Good morning, Casey.

CASEY

Oh, Mr. Reid. There's someone here to see you. Bill, the camera man. Doesn't sound too happy.

BRITT

Thanks, Casey.

Britt walks over to BILL -- European, 50's, graying hair, from the "old country". He waves Bill into --

INT. BRITT'S OFFICE - DAY

BRITT

Bill, what's on your mind?

BILL

Throw my new boss out on his ass.

BRITT

Well...the stock holders won't let me do that. What's the problem?

BILL

He's firing all my good guys. New program director, new graphics, new producer...

BRITT

John did say he was going to make some changes...

BILL

He's bringin' in all these guys I haven't even heard of. What's goin' on?

BRITT

Look...let me talk to Rex and see what's up. I'm sure he's got an explanation.

Britt offers a comforting hand on Bill's shoulder as they walk toward the door.

BILL

Maybe one needed to go...but...

BRITT

I know. I'll talk to him. But in the meantime, Bill, don't worry about your job.

BILL

Alright...Thanks, Mr. Reid.

Bill exits. Britt contemplates for a beat. He presses the intercom button.

BRITT

Casey, hold my calls.

EXT. FOOD COURT - DAY

Britt walks through the food court for a short time when he sees Rex and a Sentinel EMPLOYEE on a working lunch break. He approaches, and greets the two men.

BRITT

Gentlemen...Can I talk to you a minute, Rex?

REX

Oh...Yes.

(to employee)

Let's go over this at...three.

The employee gathers his paperwork, stands up, acknowledges Britt, and walks o.s.

REX (CONT'D)

Have a seat, Britt. How's things downstairs?

Britt takes a seat.

BRITT

Good...good. I hear you've made some changes regarding the staff.

REX

Yes, I've brought in some new people that I've crossed paths with over the years.

BRITT

Yea, well...Why jettison so much good talent?

REX

As you know, John was looking at some far reaching changes in the TV news department...

BRITT

Format changes...

REX

...graphics, personality, direction. It's all there. Britt, I'm bringing in some great people.

BRITT

All unknowns. Where are they from?

(CONTINUED)

REX

From all over the country...stars
in their disciplines...cream of the
crop. You'll see...

BRITT

Yes, I'll be watching. In the
meantime,
(stands to leave)
no more personnel changes.

Rex gestures in agreement. Britt walks o.s.

REX

Later.

BRITT

as he walks away from the table. In the b.g., Rex takes out
his cell phone, and dials.

Britt walks back to work as Mike catches up with him.

MIKE

Britt...Britt, wait up. Did you
hear the Hornet was out last night?

BRITT

No.

MIKE

Well, they found his victim...a
bloody mess, in an
apartment. Turns out the guy's a
suspect in John Paul's murder.

Britt halts their walk. Mike has his note pad out.

BRITT

Good. What'd the cops get out of
him?

MIKE

Nothing. He clammed up, lawyered
up and bailed out...a million
dollars.

BRITT

What? Who posted bail?

They continue their walk.

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Some Asian dame.

(checks notes)

Sue Ann Lee. The guy's name is Yau Xchan. Works on the docks. Known smuggler...I've seen his name before. Gang connections.

BRITT

O.k., get this story out as soon as possible. Include the name of who he works for. Let's heat things up.

Mike and Britt stride up the Sentinel stairs.

INT. SENTINEL - EDITING FLOOR - DAY

Bill makes sure things are in order with his camera CREW as he works his way to the TV editing room. He pokes his head into --

INT. EDITING ROOM - DAY

BILL

You guys ready for tonight?

The three men in the room are not all that friendly.

BRUCE KONIG, TV editor, 30's, stalky build, comes over to the door and holds it almost shut.

KONIG

Yea...hey, Bill...we're just tightening things up a bit here. Uh...can I help you?

BILL

Just gonna add my usual two cents.

KONIG

Oh...Thanks. I think we got it covered...don't we boys?

The other two men nod in agreement --

ENGINEER

No problems here.

(CONTINUED)

KONIG

Alright...thanks, Bill. We'll let you know if there's anything...

Konig closes the door -- in Bill's face. Bill walks away from the door confused. Angry.

INT. SENTINEL - NEWS DEPARTMENT - DAY

Britt walks through the newspaper editing floor. He confers briefly with a couple of WRITERS on the way to his office. As he approaches Casey's desk --

BRITT

Casey, can I see you in my office, please?

Casey rises, walks from behind her desk and follows Britt into --

INT. BRITT'S OFFICE - SAME

BRITT

Help me out here. How am I gonna throw this anniversary party for the paper? With John gone? Half the TV news crew fired...I've gotta invite TV.

CASEY

This is a tough one.

Casey sits on the sofa.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Maybe you could have it at your place instead of here. I mean, you have that new addition to your pool patio.

BRITT

Yea...I did expand out there.
(pause) Good idea. Tell ya what...why don't you take the day off tomorrow, call the events and catering service we hired...you know how big my place is. Tell them we're moving it there. Work out the details...

(CONTINUED)

CASEY
Thanks for the time off.

BRITT
Sure.

Casey stands to exit.

CASEY
Will that be all?

BRITT
I think so. Thanks, Casey.

Casey exits Britt's office. On the way out she catches him looking. She smiles and continues to her desk.

BRITT
(loudly)
Oh...And get hold of that band we
had last year.

EXT. BRITT'S HOME - POOL AREA - NIGHT

SINGER SCREAMS!

ANGLE ON

SINGER
(sings)
*I FEEL GOOD... LIKE I KNEW THAT I
WOULD... I FEEL GOOD... LIKE I KNEW
THAT I WOULD NOW. SO GOOD...SO
GOOD...I GOT...*

Business associates, movers, shakers, and those high and low on the media totem-pole are gathered at Britt's lavish estate for this -- the 25th ANNIVERSARY OF THE DAILY SENTINEL. Tux and gowns all over. The dance floor's full under stringer lights. Steaks are smokin' on the grill under the gazebo.

Dan, Mike and Mike's wife, ALICE are at the same table. Britt and Casey join them.

MIKE
So Britt, I'm still waiting for
someone to jump in the
pool. Remember your last party?
(to Alice)
No one went home dry that night.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE
Yes, I remember...

BRITT
I think Dad got 'em started last
time.

Dan makes a half-hearted dive sign with one hand. The music STOPS...and into a softer SONG as guests mingle and chat. An older lady asks Dan to dance. They move to the dance floor. These two know each other.

With an arm around the back of Casey's chair, Britt leans closer to her --

BRITT
Thanks.

CASEY
For what?

BRITT
For bringing your aunt to the party. She's a great distraction for Dad. This is the first time I've seen him smile since...

CASEY
Well, ya know...she's had her eye on Dan for a while.

A SERVER puts drinks on the table.

BRITT
Yea. I could tell...But Dad's a little slow in the moves department.

CASEY
Oh. Is that where you get it from?

Britt picks up his drink -- sips.

Rex holds court with his cronies at a table over by the garden waterfall.

Britt eyes this motley crew -- Smith, 30's, big and bald -- Jordan, tall, muscular, 40's. Konig and a WOMAN are also at the table. Britt decides to walk to their table, and chat.

They seem to clam up when he approaches. Drink in hand --

BRITT

I trust everyone's enjoying themselves...

REX

Britt...great party, you bet. Hey, I don't think you've met my new TV crew.

BRITT

No, I haven't...

REX

That's Ray Jordon, second engineer. Bruce Konig, editor. Tim Smith, graphics. My assistant producer, Tommy Chew and his uh...fiance, Sue Ann Lee.

Britt nods to each one. When he takes Sue Ann's hand in greeting...it clicks. He's heard this name before. SUE ANN LEE -- Asian, pretty, stacked, late 20's, fake blond.

BRITT

Welcome...I've seen your work gentlemen. Impressive. If you'd like anything from the bar, just ask Kato. Keep up the good work...Excuse me.

Britt mingles, greets, and eventually makes his way to Kato.

BRITT

Kato.

(motions him over)

What did Xchan say when I asked who hired him?

KATO

Choo...Choo...

BRITT

Rex's new assistant producer is named Tommy Chew. He's at Rex's table. So is the woman that bailed Xchan out of jail.

They move out of the way for caterers.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Something's goin' on. We need to find out about it. (pause)
Go get a pen...put it on their table.

(CONTINUED)

Britt downs the rest of his icy drink.

KATO
Right away, Mr. Britt.

From a distance, Britt studies Rex's table. He crunches ice to the beat of the band.

LATER:

ANGLE

THE BAND is rockin' a country twang. Party guests concur with an ass shakin' line dance. Some struggle, but hey...high heels and champagne will do that.

Kato approaches Rex's table. This time, he notices that CC has made a fashionably late arrival; in full plumage. Smokin'. She sets her Versace on the table, and chats with guests while Kato helps settle her "gucci" into the chair.

KATO
Ms. CC.
(slight bow)

CC
Kato, wonderful shindig you have here.

CC writes something down on a piece of paper and hands it to a lady friend. She clips the pen to her rather low-cut top. Very awkward for Kato to retrieve.

KATO
(gets out his note pad)
So glad to see you made it. Drinks on the house. May I take the orders?

CC
Yes, let's see...I'll have...

Kato fakes not having a pen. CC is distracted by friends, so this doesn't work.

KATO
Pardon me, I'll be right back.

Time for a plan of action. Kato makes his way over to Britt's table.

(CONTINUED)

KATO
 (in Britt's ear)
 Need to talk.

BRITT
 (to guests)
 Excuse me.

Britt stands, Kato leads him aside.

KATO
 I left pen on Rex's table. Went to
 get back, and saw CC put in...

Kato emotes a cleavage situation. Britt takes a quick
 glance at CC, over at the table.

BRITT
 (sigh)
 Get some drinks...meet me at their
 table.

Britt walks toward Rex's table. He adjusts his tie, slicks
 back his hair, and lifts a glass of white wine from a
 server's tray. He drinks most of it immediately.

Britt arrives at the table.

BRITT
 CC, glad you could make it.

CC
 Britt...

He bends down for cheek kisses --

CC (CONT'D)
 What an adorable addition to your
 pool area.
 (eyes Britt)
 Just adorable.

Kato sets drinks down on the oposite side of the table.

BRITT
 Thanks. Uh...Have you noticed the
 marble...oops!

Britt spills wine onto CC's "twins". He feigns
 embarrassment while he removes the pen, and sets it on a
 napkin.

BRITT (CONT'D)

Damn...

He picks up the napkin, causing the pen to fall to the floor.

BRITT (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry...CC, I...

He begins to dab CC's smooth, wet, glistening...skin. CC gently lays hold of Britt's hand.

CC

Let me help you, darling.

Britt lets her take over. He kicks the pen under the table to Kato, who stands opposite of him. Kato bends down, picks it up, and places it on his drink tray.

BRITT

CC...again, I apologize...

CC

No harm, darling. Next time, I'll join you for a glass...on me.

BRITT

(to guests at the table)

Enjoy your evening, everyone.

Britt strolls o.s.

Kato tends to the drinks on the table. He finishes up there, and walks to a nearby tray stand. He sets the tray on the stand, and exits the area down a garden path. He disappears into the night.

INT. BRITT'S HOME - STUDY - LATER

Kato sits at a computer as he listens on headphones. Clicks mouse. Documents. Much of what he listens to is inaudible. He bends an ear closer to make out conversations. Britt enters the room.

BRITT

Casey has the party on auto pilot, Kato. Did we get anything?

KATO

Mostly music and water.

Britt stands behind Kato. Kato switches to audio monitors

--

(CONTINUED)

WATER SOUNDS

BRITT
 (listening)
 Damn waterfall...

KATO
 Yes, but listen to this.

Kato manipulates the computer mouse.

#1 VOICE (RECORDED)
*All of our distributors are in
 place...we can...or if...China
 White...trucks ready to...*

BRITT
 Wait... back that up.

Kato points the mouse. Click.

#1 VOICE (RECORDED)
*of our distributors are in
 place...we can...or if...China
 White...trucks ready to...*

#2 VOICE (RECORDED)
*fake game...great idea. No
 one...Sentinel is gonna...*

#3 VOICE (RECORDED)
*The only ones...worry
 about...Bill...nosy engineer and
 Reid...if he finds out...*

#1 VOICE (RECORDED)
Bill, we take care of tonight...

Kato CLICKS out. Sits back.

BRITT
 China White. That's fentanyl.

KATO
 Or heroin.

BRITT
 Or both. Truck loads, it sounds
 like. And the Sentinel?
 (beat)
 And what about Bill?

(CONTINUED)

KATO

Don't like sound of that.

BRITT

Neither do I. He's still here.

(looks at his watch)

We'll follow Bill home tonight. I'll get Casey to close up here. She can stall Bill. Suit up...twenty minutes... I'll meet you in the garage.

(walks o.s.)

KATO

Right away.

Kato backs the chair away from the computer.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

The Hornet and Kato watch as the last few of Britt's guests, some a little tipsy, exit the party. They get into their valet delivered vehicles. Sleek and shiny, the Black Beauty blends right in.

There's Bill as he and his wife, KATHY, try to pull out of Britt's driveway. Other guests drive slow, or walk across the street. No one's in a hurry tonight. Some, still party. Hornet and Kato observe -- follow.

EXT. DARK ROAD - DRIVING - NIGHT

Bill picks up speed on the main road. Kato allows distance.

LATER

Kato notices a black S.U.V. fall in behind Bill's vehicle, shortly before he makes it home.

KATO

Boss...

HORNET

Drop back a bit, Kato.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Bill pulls into his driveway as Kato parks in the street.

THUMP...SQUEAL...CRASH...

the S.U.V. rear ends Bill's car, and SLAMS it into the garage door. The door bends and CRACKS from the force.

HORNET

WHAT the??...Let's go.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Hornet and Kato get out of the car, shut the doors, and see three men -- stockings over their faces -- two with baseball bats. They SMASH the windows of Bill's car, and pull him out. The beatin' starts.

Our bad-ass heroes run by the S.U.V. Good thing Kato grabbed his nunchucks. Hornet takes something out of his pocket. He sticks it under the wheel well.

From inside his coat, the Hornet takes out *his* bat. This weapon telescopes out to about three feet. They approach the situation --

HORNET

HEY...Can we play?

#1 THUG

(points his bat)

This ain't your concern, fly!

Two of these guys make a move toward Kato. He takes a ready stance. Hornet continues toward #1 thug.

HORNET

Aw, c'mon.

- #1 thug swings his bat at the Hornet. Hornet blocks it with his weapon. #1 thug spins and swings again but HITS the side of Bill's car.

- Hornet charges and tackles #1 thug. A thunderous BANG as they fall against the garage door.

- #2 thug swings his bat at Kato who uses his nunchucks to catch the bat. Kato holds the bat with his arm as he side-kicks #3 thug in the FACE. #3 thug falls o.s.

(CONTINUED)

- #2 thug won't let go of the bat until his head gets WHACKED with Kato's nunchucks. This back-handed move allows Kato to follow through. He trips #2 thug who falls hard. Hornet lands a punch in the b.g.

- #3 thug manages a fist to the face of Kato. Kato drops his weapon and falls against the S.U.V. He grabs Kato by the shirt. Wrong move --

- Kato holds #3 thug's arm in place as he SMASHES the guy's face with a gloved fist -- twice. #3 thug staggers back and Kato KICKS his head from a standing position. The guy eats pavement.

BILL is unconscious on the driveway pavement while feet and legs of those that battle, scramble around him.

- #1 thug is much bigger close up. After he gives a few BLOWS to the body, this one's got the upper hand on the hat-less Hornet. The guy produces a very visible KNIFE, and draws it back. But, before he stabs the Hornet --

- A spinning, five-pronged BLADE comes from nowhere, and embeds itself into the back of #1 thug's neck. He SCREAMS, and drops the knife. Hornet gives him an elbow to the face.

- #2 thug is airborne for a split...second before he lands with a THUD -- upside down -- against Bill's vehicle.

#3 THUG

Let's get outta here!

All three losers do their best to retreat back to the S.U.V. with their dignity. Their motor skills. Their lives.

The S.U.V. backs out of the driveway. Tires SQUEAL as they drive away.

Kathy comes to with a bloody nose, and is now hysterical. Kato comes around to check on her. He opens her side door and tries to calm her. She SCREAMS at the sight of Kato.

This is too NOISY. He slams the door shut just as she leans her face closer to the window. The door window hits her in the face. She's out cold. Kato looks at Hornet. Oops.

The Hornet re-positions his fedora.

Bill lays on the ground. Bleeding. Hornet slaps his face a couple of times to bring him around. Bill's eyes open a bit. Still groggy, he feels the Hornet take his cell phone. The Hornet stands, turns his back, dials, and talks --

(CONTINUED)

HORNET
(on phone)
Send an ambulance. 523 La Mesa
Drive. Hurry.

Hornet does not turn off Bill's phone. He sets it by Bill's face, and motions Kato to head toward the Black Beauty.

At the car, Kato gets in front, Hornet gets in back to the right of Kato. The Black Beauty peels out.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - DRIVING - NIGHT

The keyboard flips out. The screen comes down.

KATO
Saw you place bug.

HORNET
Yup.

Hornet types commands into the computer.

INSERT COMPUTER SCREEN - MAP

The Hornet views a red blip that moves along roads in the immediate suburbs. Kato hits the gas, and they ROAR away.

HORNET (CONT'D)
Turn right here...

Kato turns right -- tires SQUEAL.

HORNET (CONT'D)
Take a left...

Kato whips around another corner. They make a mile or two straight run.

Hornet calculates the map on-screen --

HORNET (CONT'D)
Take a right here...there's a
freeway entrance to your left.

Kato turns right. And there's the freeway entrance ahead on the left. The speedometer hits ninety, half-way up the ramp.

INT. S.U.V. - DRIVING - SAME

ANGLE

A small, bladed object protrudes from human flesh.

SMITH
ARRGGH...GET THIS DAMN THING OUTTA
MY NECK!

JORDON
Hold still...

Jordon grasps the blade, makes a face, and pulls it out of the back of Smith's neck.

SMITH
GOD DAMN!

Konig watches the rear-view mirror with a bloody eye as he drives. He feels Smith's pain. Literally.

KONIG
I THINK THAT'S THEM BEHIND US.

Jordon sits in back.

He grabs a shotgun. He clicks the shell into it's chamber.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT - DRIVING

KATO'S P.O.V.

A rifle is poised and aimed out of the S.U.V. side window. Kato hits the breaks and swerves just in time before the shotgun BLAST. The Black Beauty spins a smokin' 360.

HORNET
O.k. Let's drop back. We'll track
where they go. Meet 'em there.

EXT. FISH CANNERY - NIGHT

The black S.U.V. approaches a cyclone fence. They stop and HONK the horn. A SECURITY GUARD opens the gate. The S.U.V. enters. It stops. Lights...off. The bad guys exit the vehicle.

(CONTINUED)

KONIG
Is the boss here?

SECURITY
I think so.

SMITH
(off his injury)
Let's get inside...I gotta take
care of this.

They walk toward the building. Smith holds back the blood with a rag. The rhythmic sound of machinery is inescapable.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - NIGHT

The Black Beauty creeps forward on this cracked, oily road. Few lights illuminate the street, but steam, and the occasional truck, do indicate activity is still underway.

Kato parks and turns the low beams...off.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

HORNET
It's a cannery...not much
security...don't see any cameras.

KATO
Cut through fence?

HORNET
Yea. Let's do it.

Kato pops the trunk open.

EXT. FISH CANNERY - NIGHT

The Hornet exits the Black Beauty, closes his door, and walks to the trunk. Kato gets out and looks around -- he assesses the situation. They meet in front of the car. Hornet carries the cutters. They make their way toward the fence.

At a shadowed part of the fence the Hornet clips a section big enough to push through. They enter the perimeter.

HORNET
Let's find that vehicle.

INT. FISH CANNERY - MAKESHIFT OFFICE - NIGHT

TOMMY

WHAT?

SMITH

They were just...there. I don't know where they came from.

TOMMY

You IDIOTS! They follow you here?

JORDON

No...Shotgun took care of them.

TOMMY

You better hope so. I sent you to do job. Bill's still in picture. YOU BLEW IT!

KONIG

It wasn't our fault. They just...

Tommy back-hands Konig in the face --

TOMMY

Another mistake like that, and you end up in dumpster.

Konig steams, but can only take it. He rubs his face with the back of his hand.

TOMMY

Go. GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!

Konig, Jordon, and Smith exit. Tommy SLAMS the door shut.

EXT. FISH CANNERY - NIGHT

Crouched behind the black S.U.V., Kato reaches for the heel of his shoe, and produces what looks like a clay substance. He takes a metal object from his pocket, and pushes it securely into the clay.

He runs a few feet to a dumpster. Reaching in the dumpster, he sticks the clay substance to the inside. Kato makes sure the coast is clear. He sprints back over to where the Hornet waits behind a wall.

HORNET

Alright. Let's find a way in.

(CONTINUED)

Hornet and Kato stay close to shadows of the building as they search the premises.

They soon see activity through dirty windows on the ground floor. Tommy is visible through a window -- on the second floor.

HORNET
(looks up to window)
We need to get up there.

KATO
(points)
There's door.

They approach that door. Kato examines the lock.

KATO
Handle on inside.

HORNET
Get ready for that distraction,
Kato.

Kato sets his watch. Hornet takes out the baton. It telescopes to length. He adjusts the settings, and points the end about an inch from the door lock.

HORNET
Set...

KATO
Five, four, three, two, now.

The dumpster EXPLODES!

So does the lock on the door due to an intense energy SURGE from the end of the Hornet's weapon.

Our crime fighters back off into the shadows as several men rush out of a main entrance to see what just blew up.

INT. FISH CANNERY - UNKNOWN ROOMS - NIGHT

A door opens. Hornet, then Kato enter a dark room with a doorway that leads to a lit corridor. They walk into the hallway, guns ready. Hornet motions Kato to the corner of this corridor, and the next. The Hornet walks up stairs as he inserts a small listening device into his ear.

(CONTINUED)

HORNET (ON EARPHONE)

Test com.

KATO (V.O. EARPHONE)

Check.

On the second floor stair landing, Hornet approaches the door to the lit room seen from outside. He twists the handle. It's locked. He gets out the trusty lock pick-kit, and in no time, the door is...open.

INT. MAKESHIFT OFFICE - NIGHT

HORNET (ON EARPHONE)

Someone's office. Very fly-by-night.

Worn furniture, brown walls, dirty lamp. Maps are on a desk. The Hornet takes out a micro-camera, and begins to position and photograph these maps.

Hornet opens one drawer -- another. The next one contains a folder, which he takes out, and lays on the desk. He opens it. Looks at one page. Another. Another. A few words catch his eye on this page --

INSERT

KSFI NUMBERS CHALLENGE: ROUND ONE

Name: T

Address: ####

TIME: ##:## hours

CAMERA CLICKS --

KATO (V.O. EARPHONE)

Three men on their way down hall.
You have ten seconds.

The Hornet replaces the page into the folder, and the folder is placed back into the drawer. He closes the drawer.

HORNET

Smoke blast, Kato...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kato already has a device in hand. Tommy Chew and two of his men speak Chinese as they walk down the hall. That is, until they are knocked to the floor by a concussive BLAST.

The small explosion gives the Hornet and Kato enough time to meet at the entrance door of the unlit room, through which they first entered. They exit the building.

EXT. FISH CANNERY - NIGHT

Hornet and Kato run for the shadows. The bad guys cough, cuss, and rub their eyes as one SHOTS his handgun in the general direction of our daring duo. Kato returns FIRE. The thugs scatter.

Escape is interrupted when Hornet and Kato come upon barking dogs, and their HANDLERS, in attack mode. They stop in their tracks. Kato produces another small object, and throws it to the ground. A BLINDING LIGHT frightens the canines. They WHIMPER and run o.s. The handlers are not as smart --

- #1 Handler takes a swing and a miss at Kato. Kato gives him a hard foot to the face. One down.

- #2 Handler's swift karate chops test the hat-less Hornet's defensive skills. Until Kato comes from behind with an elbow BLOW to the back of the head. Two down.

The Hornet quickly runs his fingers through his hair, and lands his fedora at just the right tilt.

HORNET

(to Kato)

These darned Asians put up a good fight, Kato.

KATO

Yes we do, boss.

Hornet and Kato continue to run for the fence. The thugs have regained their bearings, and aren't far behind.

Kato, then Hornet exit the perimeter through the same fence opening they cut through earlier. Once through, the Hornet closes the opening, and secures it shut with handcuffs.

As the thugs reach the fence they are very disappointed. A couple of useless GUNSHOTS into the night followed by empty CLICKS, and they're forced to give it up.

The Hornet and Kato run to the Black Beauty. They reach the car, and get in. Kato, front seat -- Hornet in back. They PEEL OUT.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Hornet looks behind, and notices --

LIGHTS of a vehicle as it closes in on the Black Beauty.

HORNET
Drive offensively, Kato.

INT. S.U.V. - NIGHT

Two thugs haul ass, as they try to catch up to the Black Beauty.

JORDON
Get up there!

Konig floors it, as Jordon leans out the window with a handgun. BANG!...BANG! Jordon sits back in the vehicle --

JORDON(CONT'D)
Damn thing's bullet-proof. RUN EM'
OFF THE ROAD!

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

REFLECTION OF KATO

in the rear view mirror as he observes the S.U.V. get close behind. It's dangerous at this speed. But necessary.

A small door on the dash opens to reveal buttons and switches. Kato flips a switch and --

INT. S.U.V. - NIGHT

from behind the Black Beauty, smoke bellows out. In an instant, the men inside can no longer see the road. Konig tries to control the vehicle.

KONIG
I CAN'T SEE!...SHIT.

(CONTINUED)

JORDON
WATCH OUT!...

They SMASH into a parked car, or machinery or,...SOMETHING!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD - NIGHT

The S.U.V. flips, and lands with a...THUD. Upside-down, it skids a few yards and...stops. The two men manage to get out before it bursts into flames, and EXPLODES.

The Black Beauty ROARS away. Smokey tail lights glow as it squeals a distant turn.

INT. BRITT'S BEDROOM - DAY

PHONE RINGS

Britt opens an eye, turns over in bed, and looks at the clock. This RINGING has got to stop. He reaches for the phone. Ouch. And answers --

P.O.V. FOLLOWS PHONE CONVERSATION AS DEEMED NECESSARY

BRITT (ON PHONE)
Reid, here.

Britt sits up -- rubs his ribs. Ouch.

FRANK (ON PHONE)
WHAT ARE YOU GUYS DOIN'?...Ya
knocked the crap outta Bill's
wife...now everyone thinks the
Green Hornet beat up Bill. AND DID
YA HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH A
SHOTGUN ON THE FREEWAY?

BRITT
Kinda...

FRANK
The explosion down by the docks?

BRITT
...guilty.

FRANK
Well, I hope you enjoyed all the
attention, CUZ' YOUR ALL OVER THE
DAMN NEWS!

(CONTINUED)

BRITT
(groans)
Ohh...

FRANK
Now, look...You guys are gettin'
close to somethin'. I know it has
somethin' to do with Xchan...We
need to bring him in now, or he's
gonna split the country.

BRITT
Frank, we need to shut 'em down for
good this time. Xchan will go down
with the rest of them, but I need
more time.

FRANK
(pause)
Alright. But if he tries to fly
the coop, the cops will do a...

BRITT (ON PHONE)
Thanks, Frank...gotta go...bye.

HANGS UP

Britt eases out of bed, and walks over to the mirror. He looks at the reflection of his left side. Now that's a bruise. He puts on a robe, and exits the bedroom.

INT. BRITT'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Britt pours a cup of coffee, and reaches for the aspirin. He shakes a couple out, downs them with the coffee, and looks up to see Kato, outside -- gloved, and shirtless, as he spars with a punching bag.

Britt picks up a newspaper, coffee, sunglasses, and phone. He walks toward the sliding glass doors.

EXT. BRITT'S HOME - BACK PATIO - DAY

Britt walks outside. It's too bright. He puts on shades.

KATO
Hey, Mr. Britt.
(punch, punch)

(CONTINUED)

BRITT

What are you doing? Did you get any sleep?

KATO

Oh yea. But it's a beautiful day...can't miss.
(punch, punch)

Britt walks over to a poolside table. He lays down the paper, and cellphone, sips some coffee, and takes a seat -- slowly. A laptop computer is close by.

BRITT

Frank called...hot under the collar. I guess we're in trouble.

KATO

(kick)

No surprise...

Britt opens the newspaper, and begins to read.

BRITT

Ah...just under the fold. The Green Hornet strikes...
(scanning the article)
...Looks like Kathy just saw us...Says Bill was beat up real bad...took him to the hospital.

Kato halts his workout.

KATO

Wonder what thugs look like.
(punch, punch)

The cellphone is within easy reach. Britt picks it up, scrolls through the numbers, and dials.

BRITT

I guess this is where I call Bill's wife...see how they are...act stupid.

Doorbell RINGS

Kato stops his workout, and walks to the sliding glass doors. He opens and enters --

INT. BRITT'S HOME - DAY

As he walks through the house, Kato takes off his gloves. Sets them on a table. The doorbell RINGS again --

KATO
COMING...

Kato opens the door to see two lovely women; Casey, and the dark-haired, doe eyed, LISA...20's. Both dressed for summer fun. Knock-outs.

LISA
Hi, Kato.

KATO
Good morning, ladies.

Kato welcomes them in, and closes the door.

CASEY
Is Britt here?

KATO
He's out back.

The three stroll past the living room.

CASEY
I thought I'd drag Lisa over...since she couldn't make it last night.

LISA
Yea...early class, today.

KATO
We missed you.

LISA
I know...

EXT. BRITT'S HOME - POOL AREA - DAY

Kato leads them out to the back patio area. Britt sets down the phone.

BRITT
Hi, girls.

(CONTINUED)

KATO
Can I get you anything?

CASEY
I'll take some coffee, please.

LISA
Orange juice...I'll help.

Kato and Lisa go back inside. Casey walks over to Britt.

CASEY
Rough night?

BRITT
You might say...

Britt flips the newspaper over. Casey sits down, and begins to read the section that Britt points out.

CASEY
...Oh no...
(reads further)
How's Bill?
(reads further)
How's Kathy?

BRITT
Hospital patched 'em up. They're home now. Kathy says they're not doing too bad, but...

CASEY
What happened?

BRITT
We heard something might happen to him after the party, so we followed 'em home.

CASEY
I wondered why you guys left in such a hurry.

BRITT
Yea, well when we got there...

Lisa brings over a cup of coffee. She sets it on the table.

CASEY
Thanks, Lisa.

LISA

I'm gonna go watch Kato.

Lisa walks back to where Kato works out.

BRITT

When we got there, three guys had him out of the truck, beatin' the shit out of him.

CASEY

Oh, my God...

BRITT

Then, all hell breaks loose. We got the best of 'em...chased 'em on the freeway. That's where the shotgun comes in.

CASEY

Who are these guys? What do they want with Bill?

BRITT

(rubs ribs)

I can't say right now, Casey. If you knew, you could be in danger. It's all too close to home.

CASEY

Does it have to do with John's murder?

BRITT

(beat)

Yes. That's all I can say.

CASEY

(looks Britt over)

You're hurt...open up...come on Britt, let me see...

Britt opens his robe. Casey takes a look. Ouch.

BRITT

It's alright...

CASEY

Oh, you poor thing. Are your ribs broken?

(CONTINUED)

BRITT

No, no...just bruised a bit.

Casey stands, walks behind Britt, and begins to rub his shoulders.

CASEY

Now, you better just stay in bed for a day or two. Start fresh Monday.

BRITT

Yea, you're probably right.

CASEY

Good...Lisa and I were going to take you, and Kato out to dinner and a movie. But you just stay here. Relax.

BRITT

Yea...Umm...that feels good.

CASEY

We're gonna kidnap Kato for a while though.

BRITT

Go right ahead.

CASEY

I'll check on you later.

BRITT

O.k...I'll be here.

Casey walks over to Kato and Lisa. Britt opens the newspaper, and from the b.g. Kato yells --

KATO

LATER, BOSS.

Britt waves goodbye to them as they enter the house. He reads for a moment, but is too distracted.

Britt positions the laptop in front of himself, and types in a command. He sits back with his coffee and contemplates the image on the screen.

INSERT SCREEN

A PHOTO of a page. The top of the page reads:

KSFI NUMBERS CHALLENGE: ROUND ONE

Below this text are rows of four digit numbers.

EXT. SENTINEL BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. SENTINEL - EDITING FLOOR - SAME

ANGLE CLOCK

MON. 10:20AM

and Casey is hard at work as she directs phone calls. Types information. Files her nails. Quite the multi-tasker.

BRITT (V.O. SPEAKER)
Casey, come in here a moment
please.

CASEY
(presses button)
Right away.

INT. BRITT'S OFFICE - DAY

Casey enters. Britt sits behind his desk, a document in front of him.

BRITT
What's this look like to you?

Britt turns the paper for Casey to see. She picks it up and reads.

CASEY
Oh...This looks like that new TV
game they have in development.

BRITT
Game?

CASEY
Yea. It sounds fun. The winner
gets cash...prizes. It's supposed
to air during news breaks.

BRITT
Hmm...I'll have to watch.

CASEY
I think it airs tonight.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASEY (cont'd)
So...How're you feeling today?

BRITT
Much better.

CASEY
(starts to exit)
Britt...Be more careful next time
you guys go knockin'.

BRITT
Thank you, Casey.

Britt stands, and starts to follow Casey out of the office.

BRITT (CONT'D)
I think I'll find out a little more
about this game. Do you know if
Rex is around?

They both exit Britt's office.

CASEY
I saw him earlier.

BRITT
I'll be right back.

Britt walks o.s.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

DING

Elevator doors open and Britt steps into --

INT. TV NEWS DEPARTMENT - DAY

The pace is a bit faster on this floor. Britt greets a few familiar faces as he strolls toward Rex's office.

He notices a couple of workers have some nasty injuries. A bandaged hand here, a limp there. One guy has a fat lip and black eye.

Britt's heart pumps a little faster as he realizes just who these men with the injuries are. One guy wears a neck brace. He's encountered *this* one close-up before. Britt greets him with a friendly slap on the back.

(CONTINUED)

BRITT
How's it goin' uh...

SMITH
ARRGGH!..Tim...Smith.

BRITT
Smith. Have you seen Rex?

SMITH
He's in his office.

BRITT
Thanks...See ya around.

Britt continues on with a slight smile on his face.

INT. REX'S OFFICE - DAY

Fingers type.

KNOCK KNOCK

Rex looks up, and halts work at the computer. He clicks out.

REX
Britt...c'mon in. What's up?

BRITT
Oh, I just heard about the new game.
(sits down)
Sounds interesting. Are we playing for the big bucks here?

REX
Well, what we're doing is giving away two thousand dollars and vouchers for dinner...tickets to games...shows. Works out pretty well for our sponsors, and the station as well.

BRITT
Sounds like good, solid promotion. Global Marketing in on this?

REX
Yea. CC did a good job settin' it all up. She's a real go getter.

(CONTINUED)

BRITT

She came up with the idea?

REX

Uh...We all kinda put our heads together on this one. Gonna try it for a couple a weeks...see what happens.

BRITT

Great...

(gets up)

I hear it starts tonight.

REX

During the six o'clock.

BRITT

By the way, why all the injuries around here?

REX

(beat)

Football game this weekend, I heard. Blowin' off a little steam...you know...

(nervous laugh)

BRITT

(nods)

See ya later, Rex.

Britt stands up from the chair and walks o.s. Rex gestures a cynical salute as Britt exits the office.

INT. SENTINEL - EDITING FLOOR - DAY

DING

Elevator doors open and Britt walks out. He goes straight for his office. As he passes Casey's desk --

CASEY

Oh Britt, Mike's here to see you. I sent him on in.

BRITT

Thanks, Casey.

INT. BRITT'S OFFICE - DAY

Britt enters.

BRITT

Mike, what's goin' on out there?

Mike is seated. Britt takes a seat behind his desk.

MIKE

That piece we did about the explosions down by the docks the other night?

BRITT

Yes, I read that. Good reporting.

MIKE

Boss, I think there's more to it than just chemicals catchin' fire in a dumpster.

BRITT

Oh?

MIKE

I did some snoopin' around.
(takes out his notepad)
Found out there was a lot more activity there that night. A truck was involved in a chase...somehow ended up destroyed. Now, I saw it behind a building. Completely wrecked...burned out.

BRITT

What's that all about?

MIKE

What I heard, there was a break-in...gunshots...

BRITT

What?

MIKE

Most of the workers around the cannery didn't wanna talk about it...at all. The police report doesn't even scratch the surface as far as I'm concerned...

(CONTINUED)

BRITT

I'm afraid we should just let the cops pursue this one.

MIKE

There could be a much bigger story here...Another thing, the Green Hornet was spotted in the area that night, and...

BRITT

Mike, like I said, let the cops investigate this...I can't put my reporters in danger.

MIKE

O.k...But, I'd like to stay on this just a little longer...from a distance.

BRITT

Alright...you look over *their* shoulder. From a distance.

MIKE

Good enough, I guess...

BRITT

Anything else?
(joking)
Get outta here.

Mike stands up, and walks o.s. Britt gets back to work.

INT. TV NEWS DEPARTMENT - PRODUCTION SET - NIGHT

The evening news is in progress. Rex and Tommy pay close attention to this edition as the weather report is being broadcast. Headsets on. Crew at work.

STUDIO CAMERA ANGLE:

WEATHERMAN

...temperatures this evening with a few scattered clouds. The extended forecast...

(chart appears)

much the same through Saturday, with low pressure causing some precipitation as we enter this weekend. But all in all, a wonderful few days ahead. Terri...

(CONTINUED)

TERRI

Thanks, Phil. And now, the moment we've all been waiting for. KSFI is proud to present our first round of SUPER SECRET NUMBERS CHALLENGE. As we said at the top of the...

TOMMY (ON HEADSET)

And stand by graphics.

SMITH (ON HEADSET)

Standing by.

TERRI

...hope by now you've logged onto KSFI dot com, and entered this, our first round...

REX (ON HEAD SET)

Fade to background...and graphics...

TERRI

...numbers and letter code are...

REX (ON HEAD SET)

...go.

INT. BRITT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Britt sits on the sofa. Kato stands by. They watch a TV screen, and listen to the numbers announced on KSFI. Britt writes them down.

TERRI

...T as in Tylor, seven, four, eight, three, and ten...Those are the numbers for today's Super Secret Numbers Challenge. And be sure to log onto KSFI dot com for...

Britt MUTES the TV, and sets the remote on the table. He studies the information retrieved at the docks -- the Super Secret Numbers. Kato takes a seat. Cracks a water.

BRITT

I think I got something, Kato.

(CONTINUED)

KATO
What's that, boss?

BRITT
The first four numbers are here on
this page. Next to the letter,
T. Could be an address.

An intrigued Britt stands, and walks over to a lap top on a
living room table. He sits, clicks, and types away.

BRITT (CONT'D)
Let's see...a topographical map of
San Fransisco.
(type, type etc.)
Here we go.
(type)

INSERT SCREEN

A NASA-like view of the earth from miles above zooms in
quickly to the San Fransisco area. Another CLICK or two and
we see tops of buildings. CLICK and there's the location --

BRITT (CONT'D)
Seventy-four, eighty-seven, Tylor.

He looks at his watch, and manipulates the dial on its face.

BRITT (CONT'D)
Last number could represent the
time. 10pm?

Kato looks over Britt's shoulder.

KATO
This is wild, boss.

CLICK, and the SCREEN zooms in for a closer look --

BRITT
Here...Clay Street and
Tylor. Ten-O'clock...tonight.
And we'll be there. Let's suit up,
Kato.

INT. BRITT'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The Green Hornet and Kato enter through the secret
wall. Kato steps over to the hidden lever, and pulls. The
sound of MACHINERY ENGAGING -- a sports car and floor flip
over to reveal...the Black Beauty.

(CONTINUED)

Kato opens the driver's door and enters. The Hornet sits in the back seat, to the right of Kato.

Kato REVS the engine a couple of times, and the car exits through an already OPEN garage door. The door CLOSES.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

The Black Beauty approaches a location. The Hornet sees a sign through darkness and rain -- "FRISCO STORAGE".

HORNET

That's it...

(looks at watch)

ten o'clock...and I see trucks.

They park, and watch as trucks marked "ACME VASE" are being loaded with boxes that are more or less consistent in size.

HORNET (CONT'D)

We need to see what's in those boxes, Kato.

MOMENTS LATER:

From inside the car they observe a truck leaving Frisco Storage. The Hornet and Kato follow.

HORNET

Pull ahead of him, Kato. We'll throw down some tacks.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

Kato maneuvers the Black Beauty directly in front of the truck.

ANGLE

the bottom rear of the Black Beauty as small objects fall onto the wet road.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

The driver notices poor steering ability --

DRIVER

I think we have flat...shit.

(CONTINUED)

PASSENGER

Pull over.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

The truck turns down a side street and pulls over. The two men exit the truck, and examine the tires. They meet at the driver's side.

DRIVER

Front right's flat.

PASSENGER

What'd we run over?

DRIVER

I don't know...

(looks up)

Damn rain...I'll get the jack, get the spare.

The passenger walks to the other side, and starts to unhook the tire from under the truck.

He hears the sound of metal hit the ground on the driver's side. He stops what he's doing --

PASSENGER

Hey.

He shrugs, and continues to remove the tire. Once removed, the passenger rolls the tire to the driver's side. He sees his partner sprawled out on the ground -- unconscious.

A TAP on the shoulder, and tire man turns around. His P.O.V. --

KATO

FIST

BLACK

INT. BACK OF TRUCK - NIGHT

DARKNESS - A BLAST

The back door of the truck rolls...up. The Hornet and Kato climb in. Flashlights shine on boxes seen loaded earlier. These are neatly stacked half-way to the ceiling.

(CONTINUED)

KATO

Here we go.

HORNET

Open it up.

Quick thinker, Kato already has a knife in hand. He presses it's button...the blade flips out. He opens one box. Another. Both contain ornate vases. The Hornet reaches inside one of them. He takes out a tightly wrapped package, and shines a light.

HORNET

Hmm. What's this?

The Hornet whips out a knife from near his ankle. He cuts the package, and examines a brown powdery substance.

HORNET (CONT'D)

Heroin.

Kato holds up, and shines a light on a baggie full of --

KATO

Pills.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

The Green Hornet and Kato exit the back of the truck. Kato rolls the door back down as the Hornet reaches for his cell phone. He punches a pre-dialed number.

As they walk past the two uncomfortable truckers who are now gagged and cuffed to the truck undercarriage --

HORNET (ON PHONE)

Frank...

INT. FRANK'S HOME - BEDROOM - SAME

Frank rolls over in bed, grabs the phone, and answers --

FRANK (ON PHONE)

What?

HORNET (V.O.)

Send someone downtown to Clay and Taylor. I got a present for ya.

CLICK --

Frank hangs up the phone.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

The Hornet and Kato are next to the Black Beauty. Hornet pockets his phone.

HORNET

Let's get back to that storage place.

They open doors, and get into the car.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

They approach Frisco Storage again. This time, no activity. Lights are dim. No one inside.

HORNET

That was quick...in and out.

KATO

Must been just three trucks.

HORNET

Yep...Let's get outta this rain...I hate rain.

KATO

I know, boss.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

BLACK BEAUTY

as Kato does a slight fishtail, and off they go.

INT. BRITT'S GARAGE - LATER

The Black Beauty and floor underneath, flip over to reveal...a sports car. The sound of MACHINERY DISENGAGE, our wet warriors remove their hats, masks and gloves.

Britt hits a wall switch. Kato flips a light switch. The secret wall opens, and they both enter the elevator.

INT. BRITT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A hidden door opens, and Britt walks out, coat and disguise in hand. He places his things on a chair. Britt again presses a pre-dialed number --

BRITT (ON PHONE)
Frank...where ya at?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Frank sits illuminated. Wet. Emergency lights flicker through the windows, and rain outside his vehicle.

P.O.V. FOLLOWS PHONE CONVERSATION AS DEEMED NECESSARY

FRANK (ON PHONE)
Downtown. I met the cops here. Good work...except for the two dead bodies ya left me.

BRITT
What? That can't be...

FRANK
Oh, yes it can. Cuffed and executed. This ain't no way to save taxpayer money, boys.

BRITT
Fuck.
(a beat)
Frank, they were alive when we left, I swear...

FRANK
Yea, well...I told you these guys mean business. Next time, stash 'em somewhere...ALIVE!

BRITT
What else did you find?

FRANK
Lotta brown sugar. Lotta pills. They're gonna tow all this shit back to the lab...
(knuckle taps on window)
Gotta go.

HANGS UP

Britt tosses the phone on the bed. He throws off his fake tie, and un-buttons his shirt.

EXT. SENTINEL BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. SENTINEL - TV NEWS DEPARTMENT - SAME

CASEY walks through the sound stage at a happy pace. She carries a folder of papers, sees Bill, and tracks him down.

CASEY

Bill, how're ya doin' today? I see you've got your bandages off.

BILL

Gettin' better....thanks, Casey. Hey, sign my cast.

Bill takes a marker from his shirt pocket, and hands it to Casey.

CASEY

Sure.

(begins to write)

You got a lot of writing on here!

BILL

Yea. Seems everyone wants to sign it... 'cept the new guys.

CASEY

You intimidate them Bill.

(hands back the marker)

You got yours in a fight.

BILL

You're, right. They got theirs in a silly game.

CASEY

(chuckles)

Hey, is Rex around here? I have some headlines for him.

BILL

He's in the editing room with the rest of the snobs.

CASEY

Thanks, Bill.

(CONTINUED)

Casey continues toward, and arrives at the TV editing room door. The door is ajar. She begins to knock but can't resist a listen in on the conversation inside:

VOICE #1 (V.O.)

...see the Hornet, shoot him on sight...the driver too. I want them both dead. Ten-thousand bounty on each of em'.

VOICE #2 (V.O.)

No shit! Like I said, it's about time we get serious about them two. We can't afford to lose any more dope...(pause)

The door opens, and there stands --

TOMMY

Casey, what are you...here for?

Casey swallows hard before she regains her composure.

CASEY

I...just brought by some headlines for Rex to go over. I heard he was here and...

Rex eases Tommy away from the door, and positions himself just inside the editing room doorway.

REX

Casey...

CASEY

Rex, I just have some headlines you might want to go over. But if your busy...

REX

That's alright...
(holds out hand)
I'll look em' over.

Casey takes papers out of a folder.

CASEY

(hands over papers)
If you have any questions, you know where to find me.

REX
(looks her in the eye)
Yes...I do.

Could that have been the evil eye? No way -- maybe -- as Casey walks away from this awkward moment. Rex shuts the door. Casey clutches the folder close to her chest, and keeps her head down as she moves toward the elevator.

BILL
See you, Casey.

CASEY
(looks over)
Bye, Bill.

Keep movin'. Elevator's close.

Finally, she enters the elevator. Casey, almost frantic, punches buttons to get the door to...close.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

She looks skyward, and lets out a very deep breath.

DING --

INT. SENTINEL - EDITING FLOOR - DAY

Doors...open. Casey exits the elevator, and hurries to her desk. She puts down her folder, and sits in her chair. She then dials a number, and puts the receiver to her ear.

BRITT (V.O.)
This is Reid.

CASEY (ON PHONE)
Britt, I need to discuss something
with you...not over the phone.

INT. POLICE GARAGE - DAY

BRITT has his cell phone to ear. Mike and Frank watch crime lab TECHNICIANS at work as they inspect the dope TRUCK in the b.g.

P.O.V. FOLLOWS PHONE CONVERSATION AS DEEMED NECESSARY

(CONTINUED)

BRITT (ON PHONE)

Well, I'm at the police station
right now.

(looks behind him)

I guess I've seen enough here. Can
we meet for lunch?

CASEY (V.O.)

Yes, meet me at the Watering
Hole. I'm leaving now.

BRITT (ON PHONE)

Sure, Casey...what's up?

CLICK

Britt looks at his cell phone -- puts it away.

INT. SENTINEL - EDITING FLOOR - DAY

Casey gathers her coat and purse. She walks by a
co-worker's cubicle.

CASEY

Dennis, I'm going to lunch.

He nods at her, and continues to work.

EXT. SENTINEL BUILDING - DAY

Casey strides down the stairs, and continues a brisk walk to
her destination. She walks in the same direction as
traffic.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - DAY

Casey approaches the crosswalk at a crowded
intersection. She has to stop with the other
PEDESTRIANS. She seems in a bit of a hurry. Lights change,
and everyone crosses the street.

As Casey walks, she hears a familiar voice --

LISA

CASEY!

Casey stops, and turns around.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY
(waves)
Hi, Lisa...

A LARGE MAN grabs Casey's hair, and torso from behind. She kicks and SCREAMS! This big guy in dark glasses shoves her into the open door of a black B.M.W. -- four door.

INT. B.M.W. - DAY

Casey is forced into the back seat where another MAN with a white cloth awaits. She struggles between the two men. The man to her left is Xchan. He puts the cloth to her face. Within seconds, Casey is asleep.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - DAY

Lisa runs up to the vehicle as it pulls away. She HITS the windows with her hands as she SCREAMS --

LISA
YOU SON OF A BITCH...CASEY, CASEY!!

Lisa runs alongside as far as she can, but can't keep up. The bad guys drive away in mid-day traffic.

EXT. BRITT'S HOME - DAY

KATO polishes a Corvette. He stops to answer the PHONE.

KATO (ON PHONE)
Kato...

P.O.V. FOLLOWS PHONE CONVERSATION AS DEEMED NECESSARY

LISA (ON PHONE)
Kato, Casey's been kidnapped!

KATO
Where, HOW?!

LISA
Downtown, I just saw it...some guy picked her up, and threw her into a black car!!

KATO
You get license?

(CONTINUED)

LISA

No, I couldn't...it had something over it...Kato, what are we gonna do?!

KATO

O.k...be calm. I have to call Britt...I call you right back.

HANGS UP

Kato walks away from the car, and towards the house. He dials a number as he enters --

INT. BRITT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

P.O.V. FOLLOWS PHONE CONVERSATION AS DEEMED NECESSARY --

INT. CAR - DRIVING - DAY

BRITT (ON PHONE)

Reid here.

KATO (ON PHONE)

Boss, Lisa just called...she saw some guy grab Casey, and throw her in a car! Sounds like kidnap.

BRITT

Shit! What kind of car...did she get a license?

KATO

No...Black car.

BRITT

O.k. Call Lisa, and tell her to go to the police station...I'll be there.

KATO

Right.

HANGS UP

Britt flips a u-turn, and dials a number --

BRITT (ON PHONE)

Frank...Casey's been kidnapped...

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Britt pulls up to the front of the station, and gets out of his sports car. He runs up the stairs, and through the doors.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Lisa sits on a bench in the hallway, as uniformed OFFICERS question her and two other witnesses. Frank stands nearby, as Britt walks over.

BRITT
(to Frank)
How much did she see?

FRANK
Black B.M.W. four door...Big man in sunglasses. That's about it. They say the license plate was taped over.

Frank motions Britt to walk down the hall with him for a private conversation. As they walk --

FRANK (CONT'D)
This has to do with John's murder...smugglin' dope. Casey knew somethin'...

BRITT
Your right.

FRANK
I'm gonna bring in Xchan for questioning...It's time.

They halt their walk --

BRITT
You better find him before I do.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - POOL ROOM - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

CASEY chews a bite of food. She swats the plate onto the floor. It SHATTERS a couple of feet away. She grabs a bottled water, cracks the seal, unscrews the cap, and takes a big swig. The news report on a TV in the b.g. draws Casey's attention while in mid-gulp.

(CONTINUED)

NEWSPERSON (ON TV)
*...tonight we regret to report a
missing person...one of our own,
(photo of Casey appears on
screen)
Lenore Case was apparently abducted
this afternoon from a busy downtown
street. Witnesses say...*

FOOTSTEPS -- keys RATTLE

just outside the room, and in walks --

TOMMY
So, how's my little...

CASEY
(stands up)
EAT SHIT TOMMY! You let me outta
here RIGHT NOW! This is all over
the news, they'll run it day and
night.
(points to TV)
There's witnesses, they saw
everything!

TOMMY
Don't you worry Casey, we'll be
safe right here until...

ANGLE CASEY from behind as she watches Tommy talk. Half a
pool stick is hidden behind her back -- held in place by
belted pants.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
...until we're done with a little
project we're working...

Casey whips out the pool stick from behind and, takes a
swing at Tommy.

Tommy catches Casey's wrist before the stick connects. He
bends her wrist, she drops the stick. Tommy SLAPS Casey's
face. This knocks her to the floor. She wipes the blood
from her lip -- glares at Tommy.

TOMMY
Don't you get spicy with me...You
want to be alive when they find
you...

Xchan walks in.

(CONTINUED)

XCHAN
Everything alright?

TOMMY
Yea...
(points at Casey)
Like I say, you keep it down or we
put you down.

Tommy turns, and begins to walk upstairs. As Xchan turns to follow, Casey takes hold of a vase, and throws it hard. It SMASHES against the back of Xchan's head. Tommy turns in the doorway in time to see him fall to the ground.

Xchan shakes it off -- GROWLS -- gets up, and moves to pounce on Casey. Tommy holds him back.

TOMMY
Not now...HEY!...You can do this
later.
(motions toward the door)

Tommy and Xchan exit the room. Casey leans against the pool table. She folds her arms, and looks at the stairway. She hears a door...close, and lock.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

The Green Hornet and Kato wait across the street from GATSBYS. This is an upscale bar located near downtown. The Hornet sits in back -- reads the newspaper. Tinted windows obscure their identity.

KATO
Must be happy hour.

HORNET
I think it's just that Rex is a
lush.

KATO
Good...Answers will come easier
that way.

Rex exits the bar with a woman.

KATO (CONT'D)
There he is.

HORNET
Who's that with him?
(looks through binoculars)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HORNET (cont'd)
It's CC...and...she's getting in
her car...

Focused binoculars watch as a valet parks a car in front of this couple -- Rex opens the car door for CC. She lets him have a peck on the cheek before she gets in.

HORNET (CONT'D)
Alright...she's gone.

Kato drives to the other side of this one way street. As Rex walks down the sidewalk in the direction of traffic, Kato stops the car alongside the curb, a few feet in front of him.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Kato gets out of the car, and opens the rear driver's side door. He motions Rex to get in.

REX
(stops)
What is this...halloween?

REX'S P.O.V. --

KATO

FIST

BLACK

EXT. REMOTE PARK - NIGHT

Kato holds Rex against a wall. Rex COUGHS and GAGS smoke. A dirty light bulb illuminates this interrogation --

KATO
One more time...Where is Lenore
Case?

REX
I...don't know.
(cough, cough)

Kato SLAPS Rex's face a couple of times -- again, pushes him hard against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

Another stream of smoke comes from the end of a small wand. The Hornet manipulates this device. Smoke engulfs Rex's face. The Hornet back's away, and stands patiently aside.

REX
STOP!...I can't...
(cough, cough)

KATO
WHERE is Lenore Case?

Rex is compelled to answer.

REX
She's...I don't...

KATO
(slams him again)
WHERE?

REX
T-T-Tommy's place...531 Bowdish
street...yellow house.

Kato lets Rex fall to the ground -- a COUGHING, PUKING heap. Hornet breaks a cell phone in half, and throws it to the ground. He hands plastic restraints Kato.

MOMENTS LATER

REX sits, dazed and confused, one hand cuffed to the bathroom door. Through the haze, he watches the Black Beauty roll away.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - DRIVING - NIGHT

Kato drives. The Hornet looks at map information on the computer, and drinks bottled water while he sits in back.

An anxious Hornet looks at his watch -- looks out the window.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

AERIAL VIEW

of the Black Beauty as it moves through moderate traffic.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The Black Beauty slows, and parks a few feet from a neighborhood intersection.

Headlights turn...off, and flip over. This leaves flat metal where once were headlights.

Across the street -- a house.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

HORNET

That's gotta be the house...looks yellow to me. What do ya think?

KATO

Agree...need closer look though.

HORNET

(typing)

Let's send a bee over there.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A small door pops OPEN near the trunk of the car. Out comes a device with small FLUTTERING wings. It becomes airborne, and hovers for a moment...then turns toward the direction of the yellow house. It flies away.

The bee flies up to the front door, and hovers --

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

INSERT

Computer screen shows what the bee camera sees -- 531.

HORNET

Five, three, one.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

The bee flies to a side window -- hovers. It flies to another window -- hovers.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - SAME

HORNET (CONT'D)

So far, all the curtains are drawn.

INSERT SCREEN

Computer screen shows another entrance.

HORNET (CONT'D)

There's the back door...no one in sight.

(pause)

Another window...curtain shut. O.k....front window.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

The bee takes off over to the front of the house once again. This time it hovers in front of the living room window. Through the lens of the bee camera, the Hornet sees three MEN --

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - SAME

HORNET (CONT'D)

Here we go...I see...Tommy, two goons...and...Xchan.

(pause)

Casey's not in the room.

The bee view sees the front entrance of the house. It ZOOMS IN on the landing to the door.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A cigar hangs from Xchan's mouth as he and two GOONS sit at a table. They drink, smoke, and play cards. A TV is on. The men speak in a foreign tongue.

Tommy enters the room from a hallway while he dials a number. He waits for an answer but none comes. As he pockets the cell phone, Tommy hears a loud CRASH outside. The men stop their game and conversation.

As they drop everything, and stand, the ROAR of an engine becomes clearer -- CLOSER. Frozen, they all look toward the front window and entrance.

XCHAN's facial expression allows his cigar to fall from his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

SMASH -- CRASH -- ROAR!

The Black Beauty enters in a VIOLENT way. The door and half the wall are DESTROYED as this LOUD, armored beast is driven into the living room. One MAN becomes pinned between the car and the entertainment center.

Tommy runs down the hallway -- Xchan dives on, and over the front hood of the Black Beauty. He lands on his feet, and runs down the hallway.

One GOON is left able to respond. He grabs a nearby machine gun, jumps on the sofa, and begins to SHOOT. Bullets PING and RICOCHET off the Black Beauty.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - SAME

The Green Hornet sits in the passenger seat. He FIRES an external machine gun from within the car. This weapon is located near the windshield, and is aimed much like a searchlight in a police vehicle.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

During this FIRE-FIGHT, the sofa on which the goon stands is badly SHOT UP. Pieces of it fly through the air. He can no longer stand on this thing.

The shooter drops his weapon, jumps from the couch, and escapes out an open window.

The Hornet and Kato exit the Black Beauty. Kato un-holsters his handgun and, with caution, walks down the dark hallway.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Hornet catches up to Kato as we hear --

CASEY (V.O.)
I'M IN HERE!!...HELLO...
(pounds on door)
I'M IN HERE!!

HORNET
Hold on, Casey!

Hornet motions to proceed down the hall. They do this -- guns drawn. As they move forward, the situation gets dark and dangerous -- until they hear tires SQUEAL away.

(CONTINUED)

Kato runs down the hallway to the back entrance. Handgun at the ready, he looks outside the open door in time to see tail lights speed away.

Hornet is at the door that Casey is behind. Telescopic weapon in hand. He warns --

HORNET

CASEY...stand away from the
door...away from the door!

CASEY (V.O.)

I AM!!

With a quick BLAST, the door is open. Casey runs up the stairs, and hugs the Hornet.

Kato holsters his handgun, and starts to walk back down the hallway. He gets jumped from behind. This must be the same goon that escaped through the window.

The Hornet stays with Casey. He guides her forward toward the car -- in the living room. Gun ready, he'll shoot anything that gets in their way.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

- While both are on the floor, Kato manages to KICK this attacker away.

- Both get to their feet. The attacker gives a roundhouse that KNOCKS Kato onto a table.

- Kato rolls off the table, and blocks a couple of well placed karate chops.

- Kato grabs the guy's arm, and flips him onto the floor. As Kato nearly delivers a heel of a hand to the forehead, the attacker rolls over, and is back on his feet.

- The attacker charges at Kato but is hip flipped -- again to the floor. As he gets up, Kato grabs a rolling pin, and WHAPS the guy upside the head.

- The attacker falls against the wall, but comes back for more.

- Kato DROP-KICKS the guy. He SLAMS hard against the wall. A few more punches to the face from Kato, and this fight is over.

The Hornet pokes his head into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

HORNET
Kato...You done?

KATO
Yea, boss.

HORNET
Let's roll.

Kato kicks kitchenware and a chair out of the way. He follows the Hornet to the car -- in the living room.

HALLWAY

KATO
Is Casey alright?

HORNET
She's fine.

INT. RENTAL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hornet types information on his hand-held. Kato sees a MAN pinned between the car, and the entertainment center.

KATO
(points)
What about him?

HORNET
He's good...I gave him somethin'
for the pain.

They get into the car -- close the doors. As the Black Beauty backs out of the living room, we see the guy that was pinned -- on the floor. Barely conscious, but alive.

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

The Black Beauty backs out of the house. Through the low RUMBLE of the engine, the CRUNCH of glass and rubble can be heard.

Once out on the street, the car is positioned to drive forward. Onlookers have gathered.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

HORNET

Oh, come on people...go back to bed.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

The Black Beauty PEELS OUT, and is down the road in seconds. Neighbors gawk and talk.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Hornet looks out the rear window. The bee catches up and lands on its launch pad. It descends into the car. Headlights begin to follow.

HORNET

Here comes...some hero.

KATO

Tacks?

HORNET

(looks behind)

Yea.

Kato flips a switch on the dash. Casey watches wide-eyed.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

ANGLE

TACKS as they TINKLE and bounce on the pavement when the Black Beauty drives by. The pursuing vehicle drives over them. POP go the tires. FLOP, FLOP as it pulls over.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

Kato and Hornet listen for activity on the police scanner --

DISPATCHER (FILTERED)

*One Adam eight...One Adam
eight...see the man...five
thirty-one Bowdish...report of a
car driven through a house...shots
fired...one man...*

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

So, I betcha want to know how I got myself...

KATO

SHH!

Casey buttons up, and joins in on the listen. This all seems to be part of the routine.

INT. BRITT'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Casey and Britt walk toward the secret door -- Kato pulls a lever in the b.g. MACHINERY ENGAGES. Casey looks on in amazement as The Black Beauty, and floor beneath it, flip over to reveal...a sports car.

BRITT

So, how much did you say the reward for our hide is?

CASEY

Huh?

(eyes in amazement)

Oh...ten-thousand dollars each.

BRITT

The guy that jumped Kato must have had that in mind.

Kato strolls over. He takes off his hat and gloves.

KATO

He'll spend that much at hospital.

Britt and Casey concur as the three continue through the secret door. The door...closes.

INT. REX'S OFFICE - DAY

Rex sits behind his desk -- groggy and unshaven. He needs another cup of coffee and a shower. The coffee will do. He sounds as bad as he looks. Like an all-night rock star, up way too early.

REX (ON PHONE)

Yes, yes, we should get started on the Chinese New Year thing...You did it last year?...Fine...fine, couple a minutes of last years footage...

(CONTINUED)

(head in hand)
 Yea, yea put it in the weather too.
 (to secretary)
 MAJ, MORE COFFEE, PLEASE.
 (to caller)
 Casey...what about it, they found
 her didn't they?...I mean...did
 they?...Well, yea...yea...Sure,
 keep runnin' it.

MAJ enters with a cup of coffee. She sets it on Rex's desk and takes the empty cup. Where's the thanks? She walks o.s. Rex takes a gulp.

REX (CONT'D)
 And tomorrow we've got the last
 secret numbers game to play...yes,
 and...
 (sees Tommy)
 look... just get all that lined up
 ...yea, get it goin'.

HANGS UP

Tommy enters Rex's office -- closes the door behind him.

TOMMY
 So, where's Casey?

REX
 I don't know. You had her.
 (a beat)
 _What...did the Green Hornet kick
 your ass again?

TOMMY
 Somebody tipped them off.
 Where were you last night? I
 called...no answer.

REX
 I went to a bar. Got drunk...lost
 my cell somewhere.
 (sips coffee)
 Where's Casey?

TOMMY
 Hornet took her.

Rex sits back in disgust.

(CONTINUED)

REX

Shit. You shoulda offed her.

TOMMY

We needed few days...body would start to stink.

REX

You wrap it in plastic...put it in trash bags...WHATEVER. Now what?

TOMMY

We do last numbers game tonight.

REX

It's to late...tonight's show is already in production...

TOMMY

You tell them TONIGHT!

REX

Look...a shipment like this needs a distraction. If we wait 'till tomorrow, the celebration...the fireworks would be a perfect...

TOMMY

We will do the numbers tonight, or I drop our little tape in the mailbox...do I make myself clear?

Rex grits his teeth -- looks at his coffee.

REX

(a beat)

Alright...I'll call the floor.

He picks up the phone -- begins to dial.

TOMMY

Good...everything ready to go. If Hornet and that driver show...we're ready for them, too.

INT. BRITT'S OFFICE - DAY

BRITT (ON PHONE)

...yes, yes...and one more thing...take that Hornet crashes through house story, and put it on page three, below the fold...No, I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRITT (ON PHONE) (cont'd)
 don't care what Mike says, there's
 bigger fish to fry...That's
 right...later.

HANGS UP

HELEN, 50's, Casey's temp replacement, calls in on the
 intercom --

HELEN (V.O.)
 There's a Miss CC here to see you,
 Sir.

BRITT
 Thanks, Helen. Send her in.

INT. SENTINEL - EDITING FLOOR - DAY

HELEN
 Go right in.

CC walks over and into --

INT. BRITT'S OFFICE - DAY

CC
 Britt, before you say anything,
 just let me say...Lenore and I
 haven't been the best of
 friends...at times, down-right
 bitchy. But if there's anything I
 can do to help...

BRITT
 Thanks CC...I know. The cops are
 on this one hard. No one's letting
 up until we find her.

CC
 Any leads yet?

Phone RINGS -- Britt picks up.

BRITT
 (to CC)
 Hang on...
 (to caller)
 Reid.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Mike checks notes. Phone to ear.

(CONTINUED)

P.O.V. FOLLOWS PHONE CONVERSATION AS DEEMED NECESSARY.

MIKE (ON PHONE)

Mike here...They I.D.'d the two bodies that were handcuffed under that truck the other night. Both were Chinese nationals. Both had work visas, and were employed by the same fireworks company -- Explosive Entertainment.

BRITT

(pause)

Never heard of 'em. From here?

MIKE

The truck was rented locally...but get this, a fingerprint the cops had on file belongs to one of these guys...Ben Lee...brother of Sue Ann Lee. The dame that bailed Xchan out.

BRITT

Well...small world.

MIKE

Yep.

BRITT

O.k., good work. We'll put it in as a follow up.

MIKE

I'll write it up for tomorrow. About Casey...

BRITT

Frank have any word yet?

MIKE

No...not yet, Britt.

BRITT

Alright, come on back.

HANGS UP

CC

Anything?

(CONTINUED)

BRITT
(shakes his head)

No.

Britt's phone RINGS. He picks it up, puts it to his ear, and hears a familiar voice.

BRITT (ON PHONE)
(smiling)

Hey...

CC notices the smile and up-beat lilt in Britt's voice. Is this another woman? Her jaw almost drops.

BRITT (CONT'D)
CC, I have to take this...

CC shows herself out. As she pauses just outside the door, her bewilderment is evident.

INT. BRITT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kato reclines on the couch. The TV is on -- "Enter The Dragon". An empty dinner plate, except for chopsticks, sits on the table in front of him. He tries to keep his eyes open, but this attempt is futile. He nods off.

INT. FINE DINNING ESTABLISHMENT - NIGHT

Britt and Casey enjoy each other's company, and a delightful main course -- at a secluded, candlelit table. A WAITER tops off their wineglasses.

BRITT
...and when dad and I brought Kato over here, from Japan, it didn't take him long to adjust.

CASEY
He told Lisa his martial arts training helped.

BRITT
We got him the best trainer in Chinatown. It...eased him into our culture. His focus was amazing.

CASEY
Well...you guys saved his life...bringing him over here.

(CONTINUED)

BRITT

Kato's brother, Tao, almost got them *both* killed over there in Hong Kong. That man was bad news...

INT. BRITT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kato sleeps on the couch. Restless. Tossing...turning.

KATO DREAMING:

EXT. ALLY-WAY - NIGHT

This downtown area is poorly lit, dank and dirty. Any rat would feel at home here. Human or otherwise.

KATO fights for his life. He's up against three MEN. Each is well versed at karate. Kato seems not yet trained for such combat. These three Asian thugs PUNCH and KICK Kato around, almost effortlessly. He does his best to fight back.

A MOBSTER stands nearby. He points a handgun at a MAN lying on the ground -- still alive.

MOBSTER

(subtitled)

YOU SEE WHAT I DO TO THOSE THAT
STEAL FROM ME?

EXT. HONG KONG CITY STREET - NIGHT

Chinese billboards. Asian culture everywhere.

Two MEN in the shadows halt their walk to get into a car. They hear a gun SHOT!

BACK TO SCENE

KATO

NO!

EXT. HONG KONG CITY STREET - NIGHT

The two faces illuminate...BRITT and his father, DAN. Both look younger. After they hear the gunshot, Britt takes off running down the ally. Dan seems to...object.

Britt moves toward the sound of the gunshot. Before he turns a corner, he sees a steel pipe roll on the ground.

EXT. ALLY-WAY - NIGHT

Two thugs hold Kato against a wall. He can hardly stand. The mobster points his gun at Kato.

- A pipe lands heavy on the mobster's arm. The force KNOCKS the gun to the ground.

- The pipe SMASHES against the mobster's face. He's out.

- Two thugs make a move toward Britt. He's good with a bat, but not that good. Britt sees the gun on the ground.

EXT. HONG KONG CITY STREET - NIGHT

Dan sits in the car on the driver's side.

POW! POW!

and one thug runs out from the ally...down the street.

With one arm around Britt's shoulders, Kato is helped to the car. He's put in the back seat.

ANGLE

The car speeds away.

END KATO'S DREAM

INT. BRITT'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A restless Kato sleeps on the couch. Still tossing...turning.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. FINE DINNING ESTABLISHMENT - NIGHT

Britt entertains Casey at their table. Casey listens, laughs...wineglass in hand, very much at ease.

BRITT

...and the next thing you know, I'm wearing a mask and cowboy outfit to school. Second grade. I can't believe my mom let...ya know...she even *made* the mask and shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY
(chuckles)
I bet you were a hit...so cute.

BRITT
Some of my friends thought it was cool. But the next year...teacher wouldn't go for it.

CASEY
No? What a meanie.

Head waiter, JERRY -- 40s, slicked-back black hair, mustache, skinny -- walks over to their table.

JERRY
(accent)
I hope you both enjoyed your meal, Mr. Reid?

BRITT
Oh yes, we sure did, Jerry.

CASEY
(nods)
Mmm.

JERRY
Maybe you would like to for dessert try the lemon cream soufflés...

BRITT
I don't know...
(to Casey)
What do you think?

CASEY
I can't eat another bite.

BRITT
I think it's about to throw in the towel.

JERRY
Very well.

Jerry SNAPS his fingers in the air to have the check delivered.

JERRY(CONT'D)
You two have a wonderful evening.

(CONTINUED)

BRITT
Thanks, Jerry.

CASEY
Thank you, Jerry.

A WAITER comes over with the check.

BRITT
(to Casey)
I have a friend who has a wine shop
a few blocks away...

Britt pays in cash, and leaves a healthy tip --

WAITER
Thank you, Sir.

Britt stands up, and helps Casey with her chair.

BRITT
Feel like takin' a walk?

CASEY
Sounds like just the thing.

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Britt and Casey enjoy the sights and sounds as they stroll downtown. A breeze forces Casey closer to Britt for some body heat. He does not mind.

CASEY
I just thought of something. I'm
supposed to be missing...What'll
your wine shop friend say?

BRITT
Nothing...He won't even ask.
(points)
Look at that!

The back of a semi-truck is open. Inside, bright heads and bodies of dragon-like creatures great and small.

WORKERS are inside a warehouse. They take inventory of festive garb and gear while loudly discussing tomorrow's Chinese New Year street party -- in a Chinese dialect of course.

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

It's gonna be a madhouse
tomorrow. I can't wait.

BRITT

You'll still be kidnapped, I'm
afraid.

Our two friends make their way past the men and props. They continue around the corner of the building and begin to walk down a street that is a little less lit.

CASEY

Kidnapped...could be worse.

Britt and Casey start to approach an illuminated driveway. Busy here too -- men carry boxes marked EXPLOSIVE ENTERTAINMENT from a building into a U-Haul. The large door is rolled up and open.

Casey's P.O.V.

A man passes boxes -- one by one -- up to another MAN who stands in the back of the truck. She's seen this guy before. Casey stops Britt in his tracks. She turns to face him --

CASEY

Kiss me.

BRITT

Huh?

Casey guides Britt's face toward hers. They kiss, and Casey whispers in his ear --

CASEY

It's one of them...

BRITT

Who?

CASEY

(whispers)

Kidnappers.

Britt pulls her closer.

BRITT

(looks)

Did he see you?

(CONTINUED)

CASEY

No.

BRITT

O.k., let's walk back the way we came.

Britt turns around, and both walk back around the corner from where they came.

BRITT

You're sure about that guy...

CASEY

Britt, I'm positive.

INT. TOWN CAR - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Britt and Casey pull up and park across the street from where her kidnapper and other workers continue to load boxes into the truck. Tinted windows obscure our couple's identity. They observe --

CASEY

I'd know that bastard anywhere.

From inside the building steps Tommy dressed mostly in white. Xchan follows.

BRITT

There's Tommy.

(beat)

And there's Xchan...Looks like the party's on.

Britt whips out his cell phone, and calls a pre-dialed number. It RINGS.

P.O.V. FOLLOWS PHONE CONVERSATION AS DEEMED NECESSARY

BRITT (ON PHONE)

Kato...Somethin's goin' down in Chinatown.

KATO (ON PHONE)

What's up, Mr. Britt?

BRITT

Chew, Xchan, and the whole damn gang are here loading a shipment of... something. Remember that Explosive Entertainment company...

(CONTINUED)

KATO

Yes, those two dead truckers worked there.

BRITT

Well, guess what these boxes are marked. Look...This place is at Tenth on Ash. Meet me at the north side garage in about...
(looks at watch)
thirty minuets.

KATO

See you there, boss.
HANGS UP

BRITT

I wonder if they did the numbers game tonight.

CASEY

The numbers game?

BRITT

(beat)
It's a long story...

CASEY

Britt...we have time.

The town car drives away.

EXT. A REMOTE PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

The town car pulls up behind a bitchin' black car and parks. Lights...off.

INT. TOWN CAR - NIGHT

Casey sits in the driver's seat. Britt finishes up putting on the Hornet disguise in the back seat.

BRITT

O.k...What're you gonna do when you leave here?

CASEY

Drive back to your place, go to the computer. I click on the green icon, type in...
(looks at palm)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CASEY (cont'd)
one-two-one-five-eight, and wait
for your call.

BRITT
And what about the bee view?

CASEY
Navigate with the stick
controller...don't get too close to
anything...

HORNET
(adjusts mask)
It'll already be in the air, so
don't worry about takeoff. I'll
land the bee by remote, but if I
somehow can't...

CASEY
I fly it into a wall...it blows up.

Hornet opens the car door, and gets out...as does
Casey. They meet in front of the car.

EXT. A REMOTE PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

HORNET
Go to the house, and stay put. If
they find you...

CASEY
(touches Britt)
You be careful.

Casey walks to the driver's side of the town car, and gets
in through the already open door.

Hornet walks over to *this* Black Beauty, opens a rear door,
and gets in. They drive away in opposite directions.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

KATO
Hey, boss.

HORNET
Kato, tell me they didn't run the
numbers game tonight.

(CONTINUED)

KATO
Don't know, Mr. Britt. I watched
"Return of The Dragon".

HORNET
Again?

KATO
Found new move they did...

HORNET
You'll need it. Tonight.

The Hornet brings the computer screen down and the keyboard within reach.

The screen illuminates Hornet's face. Outside lights whiz by as he types away.

INSERT

computer SCREEN as icons and logos begin to scroll down.

HORNET
(reads the page)
Yep...There it is...They did
the game. Damn!

KATO
Must be getting too hot for Tommy.

He flips the screen back up.

HORNET
Xchan's got nothin' to lose,
either. Frank has enough on him
for murder. He knows it.

KATO
Mr. Britt, look at this.

"Explosive Entertainment" trucks drive by in the opposite direction -- three of them.

HORNET
Turn around...follow em'.

EXT. A REMOTE CITY STREET - NIGHT

BLACK BEAUTY

u-turns, and begins to follow the last of the three trucks.

The truck in the right-hand lane of traffic turns right -- down a one-way street. The Black Beauty follows.

Stop-light ahead -- as the Black Beauty slows to a stop, beside them they see a large flat nosed company truck. The logo: "Explosive Entertainment" on the side.

HORNET

(pause)

I have an idea, Kato...

INSIDE THE TRUCK --

DRIVER and PASSENGER -- they look legit.

The sparse traffic continues. The Black Beauty inches in front of the truck before they reach the next intersection.

RED LIGHT:

Truck and cars stop.

Traffic waits.

GREEN LIGHT:

The Black Beauty stays put in front of the truck -- blocks it from going forward. Other vehicles continue down this dark one-way street.

With a low sounding HISS, the Black Beauty begins to bellow thick gray smoke from the rear undercarriage. Within seconds, it engulfs the exterior of the truck cab.

INT. FLAT-NOSED TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

The outside view from the inside of the cab is greatly obscured. Thick Chinese accents cuss about thick damn smoke!

TAP TAP

on the driver's side window -- DRIVER leans close to see who...SMASH! A gloved FIST through SHATTERED glass SLAMS driver's face. His head whips back.

PASSENGER

looks over as his partner's assault becomes apparent. The passenger's door is flung open -- he's yanked out and thrown to the ground. His hat falls off.

EXT. ONE-WAY STREET - NIGHT

PASSENGER

trys to get up but a hard shoe CONNECTS to the side of his head. He lands on his back. Stunned.

PASSENGER'S P.O.V.

A dark silhouette in a long coat comes down -- a knee rests on his chest. Ouch! A hand-held stick comes down to his face. SMOKE. Can't breath. Must...breath!

BLACK-OUT

COUGH, CAUGH, gag, gag...!

INT. FLAT-NOSED TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

Kato drives.

KATO (IN EAR RADIO)

Wish we got more info from those two.

HORNET (V.O. EAR RADIO)

Yea...got the location out of em', though. I guess we'll see when we get there...I'm right behind you.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - DRIVING - NIGHT

HORNET, driving, looks out through the side window -- he watches city lights and nightlife pass by. The Chinese New Year is close.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

HELECOPTOR VIEW

of the top of the flat-nosed white truck as it travels an urban arterial, through moderate traffic.

EXT. THE DOCKS - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The truck and Black Beauty approach the perimeter of the docks.

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - NIGHT

HORNET
(on radio)
Let's park here, Kato.

Hornet flips a u-turn, and parks the Black Beauty in the direction of escape.

EXT. DOCK PARIMETER - STREET - NIGHT

Kato slows, and stops the truck.

INT. FLAT-NOSED TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

Hornet opens the passenger door, and gets in. The truck proceeds forward. The Hornet takes off his mask. Britt puts on a baseball cap -- a gift from *another* passenger.

BRITT
Don't let 'em see your face.

Kato turns to face Britt. Kato wears a mustache. No mask.

KATO
How's this?

BRITT
(half laughing)
That's great, Kato.

KATO
I knew would come in handy.

BRITT
(motions ahead)
Here we go...

They drive up to a guarded entrance. The security arm is up. A guard waves them through. This "guard" is Ray Jordon.

INT. GUARDHOUSE - NIGHT

ANGLE

on two GUARDS on the floor in back -- tied up.

BACK TO SCENE

KATO
(off Jordon)
There's familiar face.

BRITT
TV crew.

KATO
Small world.

BRITT
Here we go...
(points)

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

Kato drives this truck over next to the other trucks. It's a dark corner of the loading area. He parks. Engine, lights...OFF. The cab faces toward the water where. A large ship is docked nearby. The passenger side is very close to the next parked truck.

INT. FLAT-NOSED TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

Hornet and Kato adjust their masks. Both men unholster their handguns -- check CLIPS -- re-holster weapons. Hornet opens the passenger door, looks around and...exits. Kato gets out.

They head toward the front of the trucks. Once there, they hop over a metal rail, and drop down to a lower level of the dock. The next level is water -- twelve feet down. This walk-way isn't very wide either.

Crouched low, our intruders walk toward the ship. They search for a bird's eye view of tonight's activities.

HORNET
(off docked ship)
Quite the operation we have here.

They stop and watch from the shadows. A forklift rolls into place. On its forks sits a big, metal container. Large enough to walk around in, this box is open on one side.

(CONTINUED)

WORKERS have set up lights on stands. They begin to unload boxes from the trucks, and stack them in the container. A bit nippy, we can see their breaths.

HORNET (CONT'D)
(off ship)
We need to get up there.

Kato motions to stairs that lead up to the ship deck. There's a guard at the bottom.

ANGLE GUARD

Out of nowhere -- THWAK -- a karate chop to the back of his neck. He drops his shotgun, and hits the ground like a sack of potatoes. He's dragged o.s.

Hornet and Kato run up poorly lit boarding stairs.

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

XCHAN begins to pace as he smokes a cigar. A machine gun hangs by his side. He keeps a sharp eye on the workers and immediate area. In the b.g., men transfer boxes from trucks, into the forklift container.

Konig runs over to Xchan --

KONIG
A couple a drivers are missing.

XCHAN
Where are they?

Konig shrugs. Xchan shoves him away. In the b.g., the forklift begins to raise the container to the ship's deck.

XCHAN (CONT'D)
FIND THEM.
(slams cigar to the ground)
Motherf...

Xchan starts to walk toward the ship. He stops and takes out a two-way radio -- looks up at the ship.

XCHAN (ON RADIO)
Tommy...TOMMY.

TOMMY (V.O. FILTERED)
Yea.

XCHAN (ON RADIO)
We have two driver missing.

INT. SHIP CABIN - NIGHT

TOMMY (ON RADIO)

(beat)

Find them.

Tommy sets down the radio, and turl;ns around. He, the ships CAPTAIN -- 40's, white, frowns a lot -- and a gang KINGPIN -- big, 30's, black, tats -- relax in relative comfort. Drinks are already served. Nice white shirt, Tommy.

CAPTAIN

Something wrong?

TOMMY

(walks over)

No...Everything fine.

Tommy sits down on a sofa. There are two silver suitcases and a kilo of dope on a nearby table.

KINGPIN

I hear you guys got some kinda phantom hero screwin' with you.

TOMMY

That's all been taken care of.

CAPTAIN

Why'd you call us in a day early?

TOMMY

Was planned this way...power of surprise.

The Captain and Kingpin look at each other -- yea right.

TOMMY

REX. GET OUT HERE.

Toilet...flush. Rex exits a bathroom. That must have been a good line --

REX

(sniffs)

Now that's the real thing!

(sniffs)

Yea!...that's what I'm talkin'.

Rex sits. He drinks. Tommy lightly slaps Rex on the arm -- points to his nose. Rex wipes powder off.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN

How long's this gonna take?

TOMMY

As soon as my men get product on ship, we unload fireworks...all done. Relax.

KINGPIN

(takes a sip)

Relax? I can't believe we made it this far. The Coast Guard...port security...

TOMMY

It helps when brother runs Port Authority.

EXT. SHIP DECK - NIGHT

The Hornet and Kato watch below from the shadows above as workers finish loading the container again. It begins to rise to the deck. The Hornet observes through binoculars --

HORNET

No one has a firearm down there...except Xchan. What do ya make of that?

FOOTSTEPS --

and Kato and Hornet move into the shadows. Two guards sweep flashlights around as they pass by.

HORNET hides behind ship equipment. He takes out his hand-held, and begins to program commands.

EXT. DOCK PERIMETER - STREET - NIGHT

BLACK BEAUTY

A small door opens, and out comes the bee camera from near the trunk. Wings begin to flutter. Up, and...WHOOSH -- it flies away.

The bee hovers a short distance above the Black Beauty.

A WINO stumbles by -- stops -- looks up, and rubs his eyes in amazement. That's the biggest damn bee he ever seen!

BACK TO SCENE

HORNET types more commands on the hand-held computer.

EXT. SHIP DECK - NIGHT

Hornet puts the hand-held away and takes out his cell phone. He punches a pre-dialed number.

HORNET (ON PHONE)

Casey...

INT. BRITT'S HOME - NIGHT

P.O.V. FOLLOWS PHONE CONVERSATION AS DEEMED NECESSARY

CASEY (ON SPEAKER PHONE)

I'm ready.

Casey watches the computer screen. On it she sees the camera-view from the bee.

HORNET (ON PHONE)

You should be a hundred yards from where we are. We're on a docked ship. Three trucks loading cargo...there's a forklift...

BEE VIEW

as it flies in the night sky above the docks below. Trucks are illuminated in the distance.

CLOSER as it views a ship. Men are at work in and around the trucks. Body heat illuminates those in the shadows.

CASEY

(operating bee control)

I see the trucks...and the ship.

HORNET

On the ship's deck...find anyone walking the deck.

Casey controls the bee's flight from bow to stern...and then some.

CASEY

Two men on the ocean side of the ship...That's all I see...no, hold on. There's men in a room...

INSERT SCREEN:

(CONTINUED)

Tommy, Rex and the gang are seen in the ship cabin from a short distance. The bee glides up and down...to and fro.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I see Rex...I can't tell...how many...

HORNET

Alright, dock side...how many at the forklift on deck?

BEE VIEW

as the camera flies to the other side of the ship. There's more light here. More men too. They unload the forklift.

(cont'd)

Two guys are by the forklift. Their unloading...boxes.

HORNET

Stand by, Casey.

EXT. SHIP DECK - NIGHT

The Hornet closes his phone.

HORNET

(motions to Kato)

Two up front...forklift.

Hornet and Kato step over to a wall, and walk along its shadow.

They approach a hallway-like break in the wall. Kato motions to Hornet that he'll take this way to the other side. Hornet concurs. He takes another route.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND KATO

as he steps around pipes, conduit and other maritime equipment. He keeps an eye out in front and behind as he walks down this narrow corridor.

He gets to the sea side of the ship just as two GUARDS walk by. They don't see him. Kato steps out of the shadows behind them after they pass. He speaks Chinese --

KATO

(sub-titled)

Hey. Let me kick your ass.

(CONTINUED)

Both men turn around, and make a move toward toward Kato. He stands his ground.

- #1 guard swings first but Kato moves just out of reach. Kato gives the guy a fist to the ribs.

- Kato turns and KICKS high to the sky. He knows that #2 guard's face will be waiting. WHACK -- he's right. #2 guard falls backwards -- on deck. Ouch.

- #1 guard is on his feet. This time with a knife. He stabs at Kato -- to the left, and to the right. Kato bobs and weaves.

- Kato manages to catch the guy's arm and bend his wrist -- the attacker DROPS the knife, and is forced to bend forward. Kato's knee SLAMS his face. He goes down.

- #2 guard KICKS Kato in the ribs. Kato falls against the rail. He notices the cold sea below.

- As Kato tries not to fall in, #2 guard swings and misses. Kato moves to the side and is met with a roundhouse. He staggers back, but stays on his feet.

- Kato and his shiny black shoe meet #2 guard's head. The guy is knocked off his feet.

- #1 guard comes at Kato. Same knife, same ugly face. Kato knocks the knife out of the guy's hand, grabs his shirt, pulls him close, and flips him overboard.

- #1 guard manages to grab the bottom rail and deck -- kinda. He starts to yell.

KATO
(one finger)
Shhh.

Kato casually kicks his struggling foe's fingers loose. #1 guard falls...still trying to grasp -- ANYTHING!...SPLASH.

THUD

Startled, Kato turns around to see that #2 guard has just eaten the deck, again. He's out. Over the guard stands --

THE GREEN HORNET

in all his crime-fighting glory. Foggy work lights illuminate his silhouette from behind. Badness.

INT. SHIP CABIN - NIGHT

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Tommy opens the door, in walks Xchan. Uzi at his side, he's pissed and doesn't care who's in the room.

XCHAN

Two drivers still missing, and guy at bottom of stairs was knocked out.

(cocks shells into chamber)
Hornet and driver is on ship...

TOMMY

Put that away!...No firearms on deck...

KINGPIN

The Hornet...I heard of that guy. Ain't he dead yet?

TOMMY

(to Xchan)

Get two more men up on deck. NO GUNS.

Xchan starts out the door. Tommy stops him. In Chinese --

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(Chinese-subtitled)

You leave that here! Too much fireworks. Leave it HERE.

Xchan doesn't like this. He releases the clip, it DROPS on the table. He exits the cabin with the weapon.

EXT. SHIP CABIN - NIGHT

XCHAN (ON RADIO)

Hey!

EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Konig helps a groggy guard regain consciousness.

KONIG (ON RADIO)

Yea, what.

XCHAN (V.O. FILTERED)

Send men up here. Tell them to we got problems...Hornet.

(CONTINUED)

KONIG

No shit...

Konig hustles over to a couple of busy thugs, and relays Xchan's instructions. They stop what they're doing, and run o.s. Konig gets back to work.

EXT. SHIP DECK - NIGHT

From the shadows above, Hornet and Kato survey the deck toward the bow of the ship.

ANGLE

boxes marked "Explosive Entertainment". They're stacked on either side of an imaginary isle that leads to the forklift un-loading area.

Two WORKERS use carts to wheel boxes over to a platform elevator that descends to the lower deck. They unload the boxes onto and near the platform.

A worker presses a control button. He rides the elevator down.

The other guy starts to walk back but is grabbed on either side by the Hornet and Kato. He can't scream with Kato's fingers around his throat. The cargo lowers in the b.g.

This worker is helped back to the elevator shaft, and thrown down to the level it has descended. He SLAMS on top of the boxes below.

The Hornet ZAPS the control panel with his trusty stinger baton. SPARKS fly as our duo look away. The baton telescopes back. The Hornet re-holsters it.

KATO

Smoke this...

Kato tosses a TEAR-GAS node down to the elevator boys.

COUGH-COUGH!

Kato runs over to the boxes on deck. He begins to smash them open. These boxes are marked "EXPLOSIVE ENTERTAINMENT". He pulls out a white package -- dope.

BUZZ

Hornet answers his PHONE --

(CONTINUED)

HORNET (ON PHONE)

Yea.

CASEY (ON PHONE)

Four men coming your way...armed. Be careful, Britt...please.

HORNET

(hangs up phone)

Kato, we've got...

XCHAN (O.S.)

Gentlemen...

Xchan and his two thugs come out of the night in an instant. #2 guard, unsteady, face bloody and bruised, joins them. These men fan out to corner the Hornet and Kato. "EXPLOSIVE ENTERTAINMENT" boxes stacked all around.

Xchan has disobeyed orders. He holds his Uzi, slams a clip in, pulls a round into place. It's cocked and leveled at the two intruders.

XCHAN (CONT'D)

Please give me reason not to kill you *before* we remove silly mask.

The Hornet quick-draws his pistol from a shoulder holster under his jacket. He obviously has practiced this. He points it at the stack of wooden boxes to his immediate right. The surrounding thugs take a step back. They look at Xchan.

Xchan steps forward in a rage -- he YELLS something in the Chinese language.

Kato draws his weapon, and points it at a cargo box just next to him...to his left.

ANGLE on Xchan. A tense beat. Forklift engine idles o.s.

HORNET

Up to you, Xchan...How do you wanna do this?

XCHAN

This will be my pleasure.

Xchan disengages the machine-gun clip, again. It falls to the deck...CLUNK.

BEE VIEW

(CONTINUED)

watches these men square off.

BACK TO SCENE

Xchan unstraps his Uzi to use as a club. Hornet, then Kato re-holster their weapons. Each takes a defensive stance.

- #2 guard owes Kato one. He makes the first move. Kato answers with a kick to the chest. #2 guard falls backwards o.s.

- #1 thug swings at the Hornet. The Hornet maneuvers, and holds him by the neck. Hornet KICKS #2 thug in the nads. #2 thug assumes a fetal position -- on the deck.

- As Kato PULLS #1 thug away from the Hornet's clutches --

- Xchan takes a swing and a miss at Hornet's head -- SMASH goes the Uzi against cargo. Hornet tackles Xchan. He's made this move before...better luck this time.

- As the Hornet and Xchan tumble over equipment in the b.g., Kato has a dazed #1 thug by the neck of his shirt, from behind -- he's taken the guy's club, and uses him as a shield against his other two foes. #2 guard THUMPS #1 thug a couple of times with a bat as he tries to get at Kato. Hornet and Xchan wrestle and punch it out on the deck.

- A gloved hand grabs the Uzi -- which lays next to a green fedora. Both men are almost to their feet when...WHACK! Hornet lands the Uzi muzzle upside Xchan's head. He goes down hard. Hornet stands with the Uzi, and picks up his hat.

- #1 thug lays motionless on the deck, but Kato is backed against the cargo. He has his hands full with the other two. Hornet to the rescue --

- #2 guard SWINGS the bat at Kato's head as #2 thug lunges with a knife. Kato ducks the bat just in time as he takes hold of #2 thug's arm, and flips him to the deck. In a crouched position, Kato KICKS this fool in the head. Done.

- Hornet is in the middle of a clubbing dual with #2 guard -- bat against Uzi. The Uzi is KNOCKED away from the Hornet's hands, but he WHIPS around, and dislocates bat dude's knee. This is finished with a PUNCH to the face.

Hornet and Kato notice the sound of forklift machinery change GEARS. In the b.g., the cargo box and lift pull back.

HORNET

(CONTINUED)

Let's get a ride down...

Hornet and Kato look toward the direction of the cargo box as it lowers.

CLICK-CLACK

An ammo clip slams into the Uzi o.s.

THUGS rise and scramble o.s.

Hornet and Kato turn around to see --

XCHAN

as he FIRES the machine-gun in the air -- RAT-TA-TAT...

He levels it at the Hornet and Kato. Pulls the trigger --

Nothing...jammed! Xchan hits the Uzi. He's got a clear shot. No boxes directly behind Hornet and Kato.

The Hornet and Kato look toward the lift. The two sprint toward the lowering container.

BEE VIEW

hovers close to catch a glimpse of the action.

Our daring duo are about to jump to the container when --

Xchas FIRES. Kato is hit. He falls forward, and...overboard.

The Hornet jumps overboard -- He spins and FIRES an already drawn handgun at Xchan.

It's odd how adrenalin makes the minds eye see in slow motion during such a firefight.

A bullet rips through Xchan's shoulder. He catches air, and falls backwards...lands on deck.

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

The Hornet and Kato SLAM onto the top of the lowering cargo container. Hornet loses his gun -- it bounces across this metal roof. Just out of reach. Kato, in pain, rolls over the gun.

A WORKER operates the NOISY forklift as it lowers the container.

(CONTINUED)

ON DECK:

XCHAN sits up, shakes his head. He looks at his bloody left shoulder.

He grabs the Uzi with his right hand and stands up. He walks toward the NOISE of the forklift.

ON TOP OF THE CONTAINER:

HORNET

Kato...gimme my gun.

(Kato groans)

Kato, roll over! Get my...shit.

BEE VIEW

sees Xchan as he walks to the edge of the ship. The bee flies forward.

ON DECK:

Xchan HEARS something, and looks up to his right. He sees the bee in time to watch it fly into a stack of wooden boxes marked..."Explosive Entertainment".

KA-BOOM!!!...BOOM!...BOOM!...BOOM!...

The EXPLOSION and debris totally engulf Xchan.

FIREWORKS go off in all directions on deck and in the sky. Colorful shrapnel HITS here -- a concussive BLAST there.

INT. SHIP CABIN - NIGHT

Everyone is on their feet.

CAPTAIN

What the hell?!

The Captain, Tommy, Rex and Kingpin run for the door. Tommy gets there first and opens it. They step out and see --

EXT. SHIP CABIN - NIGHT

FIREWORKS

going off at the bow of the ship. It's LOUD and brilliant. Not to mention dangerous. They watch -- hands and arms protect face and body.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN
(throws drink down)

GOD DAMN...

TOMMY
GET INSIDE!

INT. SHIP CABIN - NIGHT

They run back to safety inside, and try to grasp the reality of what is happening.

KINGPIN
It's the Green Hornet!...This is the kind of SHIT that sombitch pulls...I knew it, I knew he was on to you guys!...I shoulda backed outta this deal AS SOON AS YOU GUYS STARTED CHANGIN' SHIT...

Explosions rumble, outside.

TOMMY
SHUT UP!

The Captain grabs Tommy by the throat.

CAPTAIN
What about my SHIP, ASSHOLE?!

Tommy's backed against a wall. Mean looks, bad vibes. Explosions. Think fast --

TOMMY
Look...We, we still have two suit case of money. We split half and half...I hide you out for few days...Ship burns, no bodies found, long vacation.

A tense beat as they think this through.

CAPTAIN
(points gun away)
Get the cases.

Tommy looks at the table -- no suitcases.

TOMMY
Where's Rex?

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

Kato and a hatless Hornet stand atop the forklift container -- they take pot SHOTS at workers nearby. These unarmed men high-tail it in all directions. NOISY fireworks overhead.

HORNET
YOU ALRIGHT, KATO?

KATO
YEA...
(ouch)
Good thing for vest.

HORNET
(shoots)
Yea...YA GOT A SECOND CHAN...

RAT-TA-TAT-TAT-PING-PING

Konig approaches fast. He drives an ATV -- FIRES a machine gun with the other hand. Bullets PING and RICOCHET off the metal cargo container.

HORNET (CONT'D)
GET DOWN.

Kato crouches down below the line of fire. Hornet takes careful aim.

POW!

With marksman-like accuracy, a bullet penetrates Konig's forehead. He falls backwards off the oncoming vehicle. The ATV coasts to a stop -- near the forklift.

KATO
(points)
Boss.

Hornet does a double take as he looks in the direction of the boarding stairs of the ship. Tommy, the Captain, and Kingpin wait no time as they de-board the ship.

BACK TO SCENE

HORNET
(picks up fedora)
Let's get off this thing.

Hornet then Kato climb off the top of the container, and down the forklift. They hit the ground, and run to the ATV.

(CONTINUED)

The engine IDLES. Kato hops on, and REVS this machine.

KATO
ONE OF THEM LOOKED LIKE TOMMY.

HORNET
LET'S ROLL!

Hornet sits behind Kato on this four wheeler. They drive toward Tommy's direction.

Hornet points to the tail-lights of a dark car. Tires SCREECH as the car drives away. Kato slows.

HORNET (CONT'D)
To the Black Beauty, Kato.

Kato REVS the engine, and takes off out of the area.

Hornet and Kato drive past the guard house...Hornet's handgun held ready. No one there.

EXT. DOCK PERIMETER - STREET - NIGHT

Kato and Hornet pull up along-side an industrial building, and park the ATV in the shadows.

Police helicopters fly overhead in the direction of the burning ship. Hornet and Kato look toward the sky --

HORNET
Here they come.

They dismount the ATV, and walk over to the Black Beauty. They open the doors and get in. Kato in the driver's seat...Hornet in back. Kato just loves to --

PEEL OUT!

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - DRIVING - NIGHT

HORNET
They've got a good head
start...Take a left here.

Kato begins to turn left but SKIDS to a stop.

KATO
Damn.

(CONTINUED)

FIRETRUCKS race toward them down this street. Forget this left...Kato peels out backwards, whips the front end around, and continues forward. Smoke flyin'.

HORNET

Sorry 'bout that, Kato...Next left.

Kato WHIPS a left turn. As they haul ass between buildings, they observe several emergency vehicles head to the early fireworks display. SIRENS and LIGHTS blare and glare.

HORNET (CONT'D)

What'd we do now, Kato?

KATO

Just caught in middle, boss.

HORNET

(smiles)

Yea.

Hornet presses a number on his phone.

HORNET (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Casey...Well done.

EXT. A REMOTE PART OF TOWN - NIGHT

THE BLACK BEAUTY

SQUEELS a right turn. Tail lights disappear into the night.

INT. REX'S SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Rex drives his Ferrari through the outskirts of town to the sound of classical music on the RADIO. He pats the two suitcases in the passenger seat. This two-hundred thousand dollar car is equipped with a voice activated phone --

REX

(to phone)

CC.

He waits as it dials and...RING...RING...

CC (V.O.)

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

REX (ON PHONE)
CC...you home?

INT. CC'S OFFICE - NIGHT

P.O.V. FOLLOWS PHONE CONVERSATION AS DEEMED NECESARRY

CC (ON PHONE)
No, I'm at the office finishing up
a few things.

REX
How 'bout I come by and pick you
up? We'll go out for a nightcap.

CC
I don't know, Rex...It's been a
long day, and I...

REX
I really need to talk to you...

CC (ON PHONE)
(rolls her eyes)
Alright...I'll be here. Call me
when you get to the door.

REX (V.O.)
O.k., baby.

CC closes her cell phone, and lays it in an open
briefcase. She takes papers out of her briefcase, lays them
down next to the computer.

RING

CC reaches in the briefcase, picks up the phone, answers --

P.O.V. FOLLOWS PHONE CONVERSATION AS DEEMED NECESSARY

CC (ON PHONE)
Hello...

TOMMY (ON PHONE)
CC, Tommy here...You seen Rex?

CC
No, I haven't....He just called
though...Said he wanted to go
out. He'll be here soon. Should I
tell him to call you?

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

No, no, no. You two just go have good time...Don't even tell him I call.

CC

You sure?...

TOMMY

Yes, yes...Don't even tell him I call.

CC (ON PHONE)

Well, o.k. I'm sure he'll call you later, Tommy...alright...bye, bye.

CC closes the phone, sets it down, and turns to walk away.

RING

She picks up the phone...again. Damn it.

CC (ON PHONE)

What?

INT. BLACK BEAUTY - DRIVING - NIGHT

BRITT (ON PHONE)

Oops. I'm sorry, CC. Musta pressed the wrong button.

P.O.V. FOLLOWS PHONE CONVERSATION AS DEEMED NECESSARY

CC (ON PHONE)

Hello, Britt.

BRITT

So how's things?

CC

Oh...ya know. I'm just tidying up at the office.

BRITT

This late?

CC

(lights a cigarette)
My work's never done, honey.

(CONTINUED)

BRITT
(laughs)
Sure. You and Rex still good?

CC
Eh...We're going out for drinks
tonight. He likes to drink.

BRITT
Oh?...Where?

CC
I don't know. He's coming by here.

BRITT
Well, good. I hope you
two...Oh...Call comin' in. Gotta
go.

HANGS UP

BACK SEAT OF THE BLACK BEAUTY --

HORNET
To Global Marketing, Kato.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked in front of the Global Marketing building, Tommy is in the driver's seat, Kingpin to his right. Captain is in the back seat.

They watch as CC comes to the front door to let Rex in. The door and part of the entrance way wall are made of plate glass. CC opens the door -- flips her cigarette out. Rex carries two silver suitcases inside. She locks the door.

CAPTAIN
That son of a bitch...

KINGPIN
She's dead, too.

INT. GLOBAL MARKETING BUILDING - NIGHT

CC and REX walk up a dimly-lit stairway and landing.

CC
So, what did you say you have in
those cases?

(CONTINUED)

REX

No, no. Now just answer the question...Where would you go to spend the rest of your life...tonight?

CC

I don't know...The Bahamas...

REX

The Bahamas...

CC

Yea, sure.
Now what's in there?

They walk into --

INT. CC'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rex sets the cases on the couch. CC stands, arms folded.

REX

You ready?

He opens a case. CC's eyes widen -- mouth agape.

REX (CONT'D)

Two tickets to paradise.

CC

Where...the hell...did you get so--much--money?

REX

Sold a coupla cars.

CC

Bullshit.

EXT. GLOBAL MARKETING BUILDING - NIGHT

Tommy, Kingpin and Captain walk across the street toward the front of the building. Kingpin pulls out a handgun, and FIRES at the glass door -- it SHATTERS!

BACK TO SCENE

CC

What the hell was that?!

(CONTINUED)

REX
(closes case)
Did you tell anyone I'm here?

CC
Tommy...

REX
(opens eyes)
No!...We gotta get the fuck out.

Rex takes a pistol from his ankle holster. CC grabs her phone.

CC
Hey...I don't want anything to do with this.

REX
To late...
(checks bullets)
They'll kill us both.

Rex gives CC a money case, takes one himself, and motions her out of the office and down the hall. He turns OFF the lights. FOOTSTEPS are heard coming upstairs. Rex and CC take a left from CC's office, and soon enter --

A Large Room

with many cubicles. All lights are off or dim, save for a few computer screens.

Rex and CC run, heads down, over to an isle between cubicles and the front windows. Safety's just outside -- of this *second* floor suite.

POW! POW!

Glass BREAKS, computers SPARK and SHATTER as bullets rip through.

KINGPIN
AIN'T NOWHERE TO HIDE, YOU PIECE O'
SHIT.

CC and Rex hide under a desk. Kingpin starts to walk down this window-side isle. Weapon ready.

Rex returns fire -- POW! POW!

Kingpin retreats.

(CONTINUED)

REX
(to CC)
Cops'll be here any minute, right?

CC
No. I turned off the alarm.

REX
What?!

EXT. GLOBAL MARKETING BUILDING - NIGHT

A SECURITY LIGHT

SHATTERS -- Darkness. Glass TINKLES to the pavement.

Gloved hands manipulate a lock pick. Kato stands watch. The lock is breached, and Hornet opens the door. It's dark inside this back entrance.

KATO
Shots came from upstairs.

HORNET
Don't shoot unless you have
to...CC's in there.

INT. GLOBAL MARKETING BUILDING - NIGHT

Kato leads the way. They run up carpeted stairs to the mid-landing, then...second floor. Kato looks around the corner, and begins to turn down this hallway --

POW!

Part of the wall above Kato's head SPLINTERS and falls to the floor. He runs left, down an unlit hallway.

HORNET looks for something. He sees a potted plant -- on a roll-away table.

CAPTAIN AND TOMMY

take advantage of the outside light illumination through clear glass of the perimeter hallway entrance where Hornet has paused. Captain and Tommy walk forward down this hallway.

TOMMY
END OF LINE REX.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN
GIVE IT UP, ASSHOLE!

O.S. --

POW!

CC SCREAMS.

POW!

WORKSPACE ROOM:

KINGPIN
THEY'RE IN HERE!

BACK TO HALLWAY

Captain stops in his tracks -- looks at Tommy.

CAPTAIN
(off hallway intruders)
Who's this?

- A shadow moves across the end of the hallway.
- Captain SHOOTS -- POW! POW!
- The pot, plant and dirt EXPLODE and fall from the rolling table as it passes to the other side of the entrance.
- Hornet whips his arm around the corner and fires -- POW.
- The Captain is thrown backwards from the force of a bullet to the torso. He HITS the floor -- dead.
- Tommy makes a mad dash for safety...back the other way.

The Hornet runs past the dead body, to the hallway intersection. He looks around the corner. No Tommy. He then goes back to the heap that lays on the floor.

O.S.:

POW!...POW!

CC SCREAMS.

KINGPIN (O.S.)
HEY! GET IN HERE.

HORNET puts a finger to his ear piece.

HORNET (ON EARPHONE)
 (quiet)
 Kato...Where ya at?

KATO (V.O. EARPHONE)
 (quiet)
 Second floor...big room, lots of
 work-spaces.
 (POW!)
 They shoot at each other...CC is by
 Rex!

As Kato communicates all this, Hornet takes the handgun from Captain's lifeless fingers, empties its bullets into his own hand, and puts them in his coat pocket. He checks the chamber and throws the gun to the floor.

INT. GLOBAL MARKETING BUILDING - NIGHT

Rex and CC are crouched under a desk. A metal filing cabinet shields them as --

KINGPIN stands and FIRES! He's got them trapped.

KINGPIN
 AIN'T NO WAY OUTTA HERE REXY
 BABY! Now...YOU JUST TOSS OVER
 THEM CASES...YOU CAN WALK AWAY.

SILENCE - SMOKE - SWEAT

KINGPIN (CONT'D)
 O.k....Have it your way...

Kingpin starts to move in for the kill.

HORNET (O.S.)
 Hey...

As Kingpin turns his gun toward Hornet --

Hornet points and shoots -- POW! The force of the bullet SLAMS Kingpin against a section of the window -- It SHATTERS. Kingpin falls to the floor.

Hornet rounds a corner --

Rex stands behind CC. Arm knife to her throat. Hornet points his weapon at Rex.

(CONTINUED)

REX
Back off! I'll slit her fuckin'
throat. I mean it.

CC winces...too scared to move much. Hornet lowers his gun.

REX (CONT'D)
THROW IT OUT THE WINDOW!

Hornet reluctantly throws it out. He steps back.

REX (CONT'D)
(to CC)
Pick up the cases...NOW!

CC bends to pick them up. Rex holds her shirt neck.

REX (CONT'D)
(to Hornet)
I've come too far to let this
go. And neither you, or your
driver, will get in the way. Or
this bitch is dead!

CC
Rex...Let me go!

Rex looks away from the Hornet for a split second. He looks
back -- No Hornet.

REX
(to CC)
Get goin'...that way.

They walk toward the back of the room. CC carries both
cases. Blade to her back.

CC
Rex, you're gonna get caught...It's
not too late to...

REX
Shut up!

Rex keeps one hand on CC and watch's his back as they move
forward. They turn a corner -- wall to the right, cubicles
on the left. CC and Rex continue forward until, from a dark
recess along the wall--

Kato KICKS the knife out of Rex's hand. CC looks behind,
drops the cases and runs o.s. Kato proceeds to pounce on
Rex. Rex does his best.

BACK TO HORNET

(CONTINUED)

Hornet begins to walk back down the perimeter hallway to meet up with Kato, but Tommy blocks the way with a gun pointed at the Hornet's head.

A violent struggle is heard o.s. Hornet's eyes dart to the shadowy floor. No gun.

TOMMY

You can die quickly...

(points gun at groin)

Or you can die slowly...TAKE OFF
MASK!

ANGLE FROM BEHIND HORNET

as he takes off his hat and mask. Tommy's eyes widen.

BRITT

Now I'll have to kill ya.

TOMMY

Your business partner suffered much
less than you are about to.

Britt walks toward Tommy. Tommy pulls the trigger --

CLICK - CLICK

- Tommy throws down the gun and high-kicks at Britt.

- Britt thwarts this attack -- He kicks Tommy's other leg out from under him. Tommy's down. He tries to get up but gets a shoe to the face.

- Tommy falls backwards, rolls and is up again. His hair is messed, lip is split and there's blood on his new white shirt. He's pissed.

- Tommy spins and side-KICKS Britt. Britt SLAMS against a wall. Tommy connects again -- Britt's done playing around.

- Britt pulls Tommy close enough to deliver a forehead to the face. Tommy reels back but still stands. A PUNCH in the face bounces him off a wall. Britt flips Tommy to the floor -- KICKS him in the head, again.

Tommy's on his back...movin' slow. He gets to his hands and knees. Britt stands in the shadows. Ready.

BRITT

Get up.

(CONTINUED)

Tommy reaches for his ankle. A SWITCHBLADE...he's on his feet, and lunges at Britt with this knife. Britt grabs Tommy's right arm and holds it in place with *his* left.

TOMMY'S P.O.V.

A green gloved fist -- PUNCH -- right in the kisser.

Tommy staggers back...back...BACK! He trips over Kingpin's dead body, and falls out of the broken window. He SCREAMS!

Britt picks up his mask, walks over to the broken window. He looks down to the ground and sees --

EXT. GLOBAL MARKETING BUILDING - NIGHT

TOMMY's motionless body laying in the well manicured vegetation below. A metal sprinkler protrudes up through his bloody chest. Timed sprinklers turn...ON.

BACK TO HORNET

HORNET
(donning the mask and fedora)

KATO.

KATO
IN HERE, BOSS.

Hornet walks through the main room, and around cubicles to where Kato confronted Rex.

Damage is done to the surrounding work area, but Kato hasn't broken a sweat. Rex is out cold. Hornet assesses the situation.

HORNET
Good job...Did we record any of
this?

Kato produces a small recording device.

A money case is opened, and the recorder is placed inside.

REX is cuffed to a rail. Money cases are cuffed to his ankles. Hornet and Kato walk down stairs in the b.g.

EXT. GLOBAL MARKETING BUILDING - NIGHT

Hornet re-holsters his handgun as he and Kato stroll through a half-lit parking lot. The Hornet looks back.

HORNET
(shakes his head)
Tommy...Tommy...Tommy.

KATO
And Rex. Guy's were too greedy.

HORNET
Yep...They all were.
(he halts their walk)
You think we should call the cops?

KATO
CC's got that covered, boss.

They continue their walk.

HORNET
Yea...you're right. Our work's
done here.

They arrive at the Black Beauty -- parked in the shadows.

ANGLE

Global Marketing building is in the b.g.

HORNET (CONT'D)
(removes fedora)
I feel like a drink. How bout you,
Kato?

KATO
No...Have to get up early...pick up
Lisa, and go to celebration.

Hornet and Kato open car doors. Hornet removes his mask. Fixes his hair --

BRITT
I'm sleepin' in.

KATO
(smiles, shakes his head)
Yea right, boss.

(CONTINUED)

BRITT

What...

KATO

You know what I think Mr. Britt?

BRITT

(breaks eye contact)

What?

KATO

I think you and Casey...

They halt this little chat to turn, hear and see --

SIRENS--LIGHTS--COPS

haul ass from the other side of the parking lot.

BRITT

Let's roll, Kato.

Britt and Kato get into the car. The Black Beauty PEELS OUT. Cops give chase. Smoke bellows from pipes in back of the car. Tail-lights disappear in smoke, distance, and dust.

THE END